



UNEMPLOYED—After a carving in wood by Garvens, of Berlin

## Retrenchment Hits Hollywood!

**T**HE capitalists show every indication of enforcing a policy of retrenchment in industry.

This policy is being pushed in the building industry in particular. Bankers are curtailing loans and are taking other steps to reduce building operations to the lowest figure possible. The aim is to cut wages and destroy unionism, if possible.

Other industries are following suit. Among them is the movie industry. In this industry the stars are being treated just like the rest of the "hands." They are being **laid off!** Imagine! Laid off!! Movie stars, laid off!!! The ostensible excuse is "to cut down the cost of production," which, in other words, means to create a condition of unemployment that will make a reduction of salaries and wages possible. This is the aim of the whole retrenchment policy, namely, to slash incomes, whether large or small! An attack on unionism will accompany it later, quite naturally!

### "Kept At Work"

The leader in the movie retrenchment policy is the Famous Players corporation. It has stopped all production activities, according to October 26th dispatches from New York. No more pictures will be made by this corporation, so the dispatches say, "until production cost is reduced to a common sense basis," which means a basis that will enable the corporation to reap even more than the present enormous profits. This stoppage of production means that drastic cuts in the working forces have

been made in every department at both the Long Island and the Hollywood studios of this corporation.

"At the Long Island studios Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson are at work on pictures. These stars will be the only ones kept at work," say the dispatches. Notice the language: "kept at work!" And when speaking of movie stars, too!

"Other leading players who will be affected by this suspension besides Miss Swanson and Meighan are Pola Negri, Charles de Roche, Glenn Hunter, Mary Astor, Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, William S. Hart and Walter Hiers. Besides 300 lesser players and such directors as James Cruze and Sam Wood, about 2,000 clerical and technical workers will have their work curtailed." So say the dispatches. What do you know about that? As the dispatches say:

"The announcement comes as one of the most drastic in the movie industry in years and means that hundreds of screen actors and actresses, writers and technical men will be forced to seek elsewhere for work."

Heretofore, it has been believed that, thanks to their peculiar talent, movie stars are not subject to the effects of capitalism. But here we see them forced out of employment in a general wage reduction movement. As a result, a repetition of the depression of 1920 is likely. On that occasion, the Rialto—that portion of Broadway, N. Y., fre-



# Russia, Saviour of Capitalist Europe

By NEIL GORDON

**S**OVIET Russia Pictorial, official organ of The Friends of Soviet Russia for November, makes interesting reading. For one thing its contents confirm the existence of an alliance between Soviet Russia and Imperialistic France. We are told on P. 235, "It is an open secret in the European capitals that steps are now taken to pave the way for a complete resumption of political and economic relations between France and Russia. As a matter of fact, many people believe that France will be the first European country to conclude a practical arrangement with the Workers' and Peasants' Republic." (Bold face ours.)

Another communist organ, The Workers' Dreadnought, London, England, sheds light on the cause of this alliance, when it says in its No. 31, Oct. 20th:

"Now that the Soviet Government is asking for permanent capitalist investments, and protesting that the capitalist investor will have the protection and support of the Russian Government, the smaller fry of believers in Capitalism, who do not take part in high politics, are all ready to support extended trade with Soviet Russia. They hope that such trade may better the general business of this country, and so improve their own affairs. Therefore, the cry, 'Trade with Russia,' is apt to win their support."

## Important Statements

These statements are both very important, as they enable one to understand conditions as they effect developments throughout Europe. For one thing, they show that there is no possibility of "red communism" sweeping Europe. For the first thing to be noted is that no such communism exists in Europe today. The communism that was once red communism died when NEP (new economic policy) was born.

quented by actors and stage employes generally—was thronged with unemployed. Benefit performances for their relief was the order of the day. Such is soon likely to be the condition of affairs again.

The men and women in the movie industry are not likely to retain an unalterable love for capitalism under any and all conditions. They may turn against it in time. Especially is this likely if the Players' corporation persists in its intention "not to resume until the salaries as well as the production costs" come down.

LATER—Dispatches from Los Angeles, dated October 28th, say that other companies will follow the lead of the Famous Players and shut down for ten weeks. It is said that 125,000 men and women will be affected; and that the shut-down spells disaster for thousands. Hollywood regards ten weeks of idleness as a tragedy.

Thirty-four

As a result the communism that we behold today, and that is generally referred to as "red communism" is Russian state communism. This communism is based on Russian state policies and its sole aim is to promote those policies. As we have just seen, these policies are inherently capitalistic. That is, they are formed with an eye to inducing, protecting and supporting capitalist investment in Russia and, at the same time, promoting Russian trade. And they are made in alliance with the dominant national interests in Europe today, viz., those of France and Russia. Under the circumstances to imagine that this "communism" is red and that it will sweep Europe in a revolutionary way, is to imagine something that has no basis in fact and that is, accordingly, impossible.

A couple of years ago, The Nation, liberal weekly organ, characterized Russia as the savior of capitalism, in that it offered opportunities for trade and development such as would safeguard capitalism from the destructive effects of the world-war. What we may expect to see in Europe is The Nation characterization come true! Russia, because of its own necessity for capitalist development, cannot from the very nature of its requirements, be anything else than a saviour of capitalism, especially throughout Europe. Such is the logic of events; such is the iron law of economic determinism.

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## THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM

**I**N the last thirty years we have watched the balance of power shift from the hands of the public into those of an industro-financial hierarchy composed of a few hundred persons, representing our trusts, railroads, banks and insurance companies. And while these persons are neither better nor worse, nor more intelligent or stupid than the rest of us, they are, nevertheless, for the most part, narrow men, mainly specialists in money making, and actuated by a rather unreflecting instinct of acquisition. For this reason we cannot accept their control of the country as either inevitable or beneficial. To change this control, to relocate power, is the paramount problem of the people of the United States.—Amos Pinchot, "Railroads and the Mechanics of Social Power," The Nation.

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## REVOLT WINS INCREASE

The Brockton, Mass., shoeworkers' revolt was not in vain. Tho the shoeworkers were defeated and driven back into the Boot and Shoeworkers' Union, the bosses have announced a 10 per cent wage increase. This puts wages back to war levels.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# Conveyor Makes Shoe Worker Appendage

It used to take 21 days to make a shoe—now 4½ days. From the time the stock was cut until the finished shoe was packed, it took 21 days. A system of conveying parts and finished products was installed in the modern factory and the time was reduced to four and a half days. As in the Ford plants, the worker was paced by a machine, that is, he was made an appendage to the conveyor and had to work accordingly. The conveyor has other advantages. It eliminates confusion; reduces floor and table space, which is used for more production; and, at the same time, insures a steady flow of goods through a plant with a minimum of interruption.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOE

SAYS A SHOE EXPERT:

“How many persons know that in the making of a man’s good shoes, there are 181 separate operations? How many know that a shoe of that type is the most COSMOPOLITAN article manufactured?”

“Take a high-grade shoe with a patent leather top. The vamp is made of Russian horse-hide, tanned in this country with a bichromate of potash formerly obtained from Germany. The top, in all probability, is made from the skin of a goat raised in South America, tanned in Philadelphia with gambier brought from the East Indies. Wool oil from Michigan makes it soft and pliable. The brilliance of the patent leather is obtained by polishing it with a composition containing lampblack and turpentine from North Carolina, linseed oil from Ohio, damer from New Zealand, couchone and asphalt from South America, wood naphtha from Michigan, benzine from Pennsylvania, amber from the Baltic sea, sandarac from Africa, mastic from the Island of Scio, Greece, flemi from Asia and Cuban lac.

“The lacing hooks and eyelets are made in Connecticut, the material in them consisting of alloys of zinc from the mines of Joplin, Mo., and copper from the Lake Superior district. Agatine, an ebony-like substance containing eight distinct ingredients gathered in Asia, South America and the United States is used to coat them. The Australian kangaroo furnishes the leather for the tongue, the lining of which is felt, made in New York state from the wool of sheep grown in Ohio. This felt is glued to the back of the tongue with gum arabic from the Near East.

“The outer sole is obtained from the back of a Texas steer, tanned in Kentucky with bark from Tennessee, while the inner sole is made from the home-tanned hides of California cattle. The lifts of the heel are made from South American leather, and the dextrine

which holds them together comes from Illinois corn fields. Before leaving South America the leather is partially preserved with chenang. The sole of heavy oak is stitched to a welt cut from Texas leather and made into

welting in Pennsylvania. The welt is stitched to the insole and upper with linen thread made from flax grown in Belgium and spun in Scotland. This thread is lubricated and strengthened with wax made from resin and tar extracted from the pine trees of North and South Carolina.”

Thirty-five



# The Wreck of the Silk Special

(Continued from page 25.)

the next moment he found himself crushed beneath a deadening weight, as the 1425 turned sideways and pinned him beneath the boiler.

Outside, pandemonium reigned. Groans, shrieks, prayers and blasphemies were whipped from the mouths of the passengers of the limited and carried into the night by the storm. Flames sprang up in the wreckage and the scene resembled some mad dream of a hashish eater—flame and storm vieing with each other for the lives of those not killed when the 1425 plowed its way thru the sides of the sleepers.

Under the boiler of the 1425 the fireman was suffering the tortures of the damned. Steam from the broken flues was parboiling him as he lay unable to move. "This is the end," he gasped—"serves me right, I had no business scabbing on the shopmen, that wobbly delegate was right, but I've found it out too late."

Big Jeff, he of the iron nerve, had not suffered before he passed out. The first impact had crushed him into a bloody pulp and they found him hours later with his hand glued in a death grip on the throttle. Tommy Moore and the two brakemen miraculously escaped serious injury and made their way with all haste towards the engine to see what had happened to their comrades. But one look sufficed to tell them the sad story and brushing the tears from their eyes, they turned to do what they could for the victims on the limited.

The operator at Red Tower, frantically working his instrument, was sending the news to Portola and a couple of hours later the 'big hook' arrived with doctors and nurses.

Fifty seven persons had been killed on the limited, besides scores of others terribly injured.

The usual investigation followed—but the findings were vague, as the findings of such investigations generally are. They reported that the wreck was the result of the silk special side-swiping the limited—but no mention was made of the cause.

Defective equipment had played such a large part in so many wrecks during the months just passed that it was deemed inadvisable to call attention to the fact that the broken truck hanger had been found lying between the rails at the exact point where the 1425 had made its fatal plunge.

\* \* \*

It was only a contributing factor anyway. The fireman could have told them that something far more important had been broken—broken long before, when the dividing lines of craft unionism had broken the solidarity of labor and had bound the road men with a contract which compelled them to take defective equipment out on the road to murder unsuspecting victims of the railroad companies' greed. With unbroken solidarity the roadmen could

## Martyrs

By VERA MOLLER

(Suggested by Painting by Remington)

"I wish the Indians would kill me first, but they're building me a fire. Therefore I leave this token to tell you I died game." (O. W.)

ONLY a skeleton pinned down with arrows,  
Signs of a fire, a word scratched on a spur,  
And men with cold horror striking to the marrow,  
Behold a comrade's name thru tears that blur.

Only an endless stretch of sun-scorched plain,  
What use to rage and curse out to the sky?  
Back to the saddle and the trail again,  
There's still the fight. Friend past all hope,  
goodbye.

Only a body hanging to a bridge,  
Only a bruised corpse, wrapped in convict clothes;  
Only a victim of a brutal mob,  
Defiance showing to the last death throes.  
WE need no sign to know that THEY died game,  
We know what gave courage to each heart.  
Give them the earth, The red rose, when we may,  
There's still the fight, press on, we'll do our part.

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## Civilization

By J. BERNEDINE TEVIG

THE kiss of hate, the smile of deceit,  
In the eye the glint of steel.  
The laughter of scorn, the friendship of jealousy,  
The mingling of repellent units;  
Convictions suppressed by lying lips,  
Truth killed by insincerity,  
A world of guile!  
The soul imprisoned by this covenant of sham  
Hopelessly beats the bars of hypocrisy  
And eats into self to still its insatiable hunger.  
Life a mockery—an empty husk.  
Ah, if this be civilization  
Would that I knew naught but savagery,  
For then I, who worship at the shrine of truth,  
Am a pagan!

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have won the strike for the shopmen and the silk special would not have crashed into the limited. The fireman who saw the truth too late need not have roasted under his engine. Big Jeff might have lived a long life of useful service, and the mills in the east would not have waited in vain for that particular load of silk. But when the solidarity of labor is broken dire consequences result—as the world is slowly finding out.



# As Our Enemies

## See Us

—The wolves of capitalism, with vicious fangs—a freak of the imagination without real analogy, biological or otherwise.



—Contributed Cartoon

# As We

## See

# Ourselves

An organization of workers determined, with the help of our friends and despite the persecution of our opponents, to prevail.

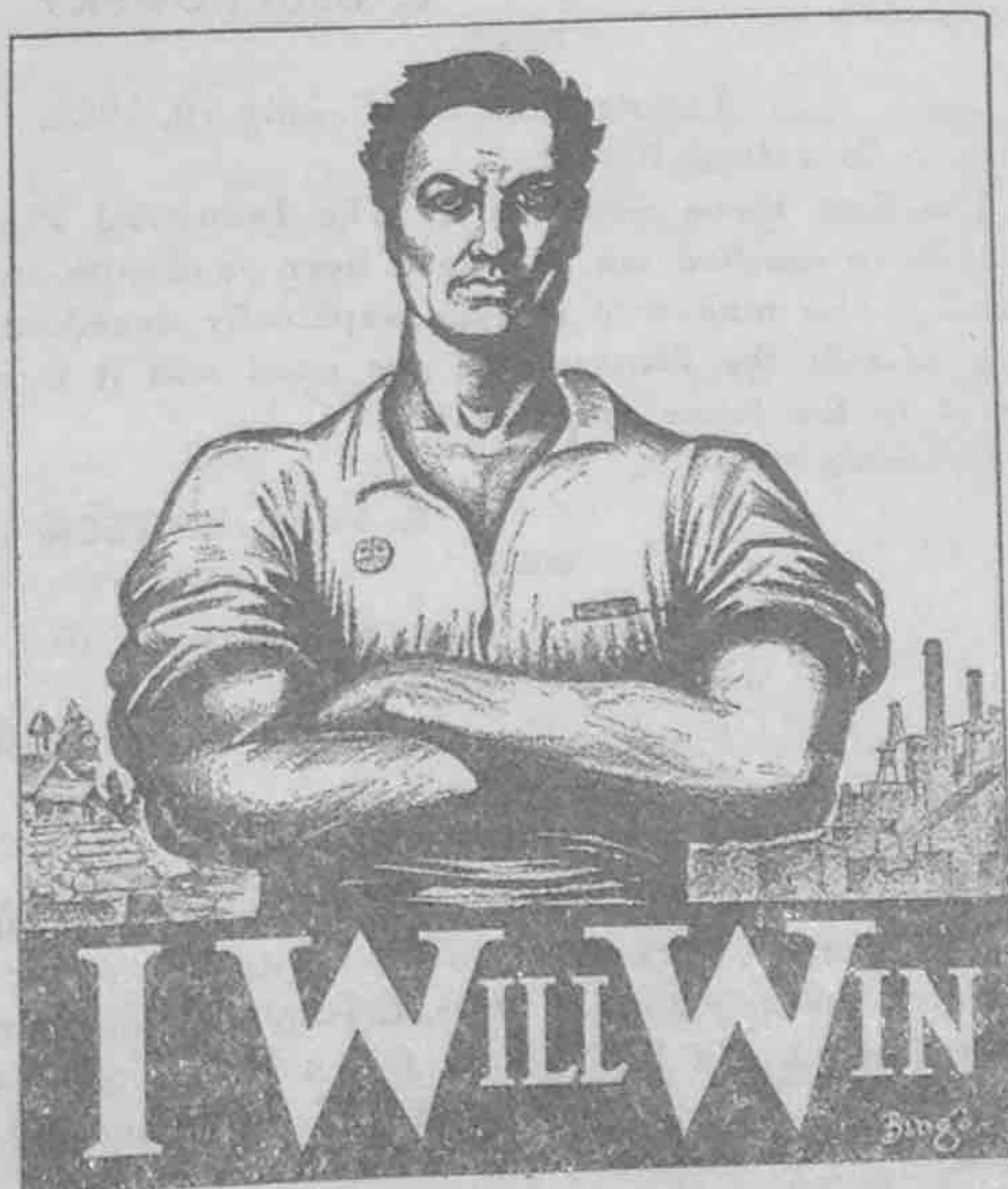


—From Los Angeles Times

# As Our Friends

## See Us

The watchdogs of labor, ever on guard to secure its product.



Thirty-seven



# What Pioneer Readers Say of It

Wallace, Idaho, Sept. 24, 1923.

I THINK that the young Pioneer is just wonderful and getting better. There is no good reason why the workers could not have the best and most constructive publication in the United States. Am enclosing \$2.40 for a bundle order of 20 October issue.

Yours for smaller jails and bigger public forums.

EMIL SCKROMARS

Banksville, Pa., Sept. 26, 1923.

Sample copy of Pioneer received, and am enclosing one dollar for six months' sub.

The Pioneer is far better than I expected, and if it keeps up to the Sept. standard, a large circulation should surely be built up.

I might state that I have been sending each week's issue of Sol for the last two years to my brother in England, who says that of all the radical papers and periodicals he reads, the Sol is the best working class paper of all.

Yours for Industrial Unionism.

FRED MOORE

New York, October 19, 1923.

Pioneer is fine. It is interesting and extremely instructive as an intellectual guide. There is none in our country like our magazine. Besides it is truly proletarian and yet it is not deprived of artistic value.

I push it and sell a few copies of it, too. I will endeavor to make some thinking slaves happy by acquainting them with such a splendid piece of revolutionary literature as The Industrial Pioneer. Enclosed find their names; please send them sample copies.

Sincere regards and cheerful greetings,

B. OSUCHOWSKY

Los Angeles, Calif., July 10, 1923.

Editor, Industrial Pioneer:

The first three numbers of The Industrial Pioneer have reached me and have been read with interest. The magazine is typographically excellent, well edited; the illustrations are good and it is a credit to the labor movement.

Fraternally yours,

R. H. HORNBECK

1605 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.  
July 15, 1923.

The Industrial Pioneer,  
1001 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Recently I have been reading The Industrial Pioneer and am very much pleased with its appearance and spirit. Such a magazine has a wide field of usefulness. It fills a long felt want. No. 3 is instructive, entertaining and at the same time dignified.

Thirty-eight

Most of the articles in the July number are of good quality, two of them at least deserve very special mention. "Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples" is exceptionally good. Quite a number of students, calling on me, have remarked its excellence. Also, they have referred to "Revolutionary History and the Workers." The subject matter of this last, is to my mind, of the greatest importance to the working class. Writings of this description should be sought out and published more frequently than has been customary in the past. Possibly the author, Mr. Pasquale Russo, has some more of the same kind of information in the "back of his head."

At any rate, Mr. Editor, both articles were all too brief and it seems to me that both Science and History should be featured. Those writers interested in Science and History should be encouraged.

Wishing the Industrial Pioneer every success, I am, respectfully,

SAMUEL W. BALL

South San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 18, 1923.

Editor Industrial Pioneer,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I lately bought a copy of your magazine—October issue—and I like it very much. I think that there is a good field for such a magazine, as we have none now. The Liberator has become Communistic, while the Nation is a newspaper, not a magazine.

With best wishes for the success of your venture, I remain, yours respectfully,

JAMES DEEGAN

Basil Taylor, editor of The Dawn, Leith, Edinburgh, Scotland, writes:

"I was very pleased with the matter in the Industrial Pioneer; although I do not altogether agree with your opinions, I can admire the fighting spirit of the IWW. I would like to circulate the Pioneer in this country."

The above are only a few of many favorable opinions regarding Industrial Pioneer received at the office of the latter. The secretary of the Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330 writes, for instance, from San Francisco, Cal.:

"Please send us 15 more copies of the October Pioneer. The October issue is very good."

The secretary of the New York branch of the same industrial union also writes:

"The 25 copies of Industrial Pioneer that I received yesterday were sold in ten minutes. Kindly send me another 25 copies at once."

The Paterson, N. J., Branch of the Textile Workers' Industrial Union No. 400, disposed of its first bundle of October Pioneers so easily that it sent for another one. That is, it doubled its order.

Libraries, university students, labor writers, social students and others are becoming interested in the Pioneer, subscribing for it and requesting copies and the filling of orders for certain issues.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# WOBBLES

## FITTING THE FITTER

Plutocratic Diner.—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig!

Placid Waiter.—I am doing my best, sir.

## ARCHEOLOGICAL NOTE

A canoe belonging to the stone age was recently dug out of a farm in Astbury, Cheshire, England. That's nothing. There's lots of workers in this country still floating around in mental canoes originally devised even before the stone age was in existence.

## A LESSON IN TOLERANCE

We do not like abstract definitions. We prefer concrete illustrations. What, then, for a lesson in tolerance? Well, we would say to have a Knights of Columbus baseball team play the Knights of the Ez Kixx team, with a Negro umpire, and the proceeds to go to a Jewish orphan asylum.

That would be good old-fashioned Americanism.

—The Messenger

## IF SHAKESPEARE ONLY KNEW

By JAMES DEEGAN

O H! Romeo, your time's too slow;

No longer you're an ace!

Your wooing meek against the Sheik,

Would never see first base.

And Juliet, an old-time pet

Fades from the picture, too.

Great gobs of gloom would haunt his tomb,

If Shakespeare only knew!

New every hack from Los to Sac,

Writes of the passion grand.

Peddle their wares in droves and pairs

Out West in Movieland.

With rambling plot of God knows what,

The same as Macbeth's stew;

I'll bet two bits, he'd throw some fits

If Shakespeare only knew!

Good taste it blunts with strenuous stunts,

The same as Dempsey trains;

With everything science can bring,

Except a little brains.

The product's punk, they can this junk,

And call it art that's new.

In his old grave he couldn't behave,

If Shakespeare only knew!



BARNUM GOMPERS

Exhibiting The Only Living Dinosaur in Capitalist Captivity.

## A LITTLE LEMONADE

Back in the good old days before the Eighteenth Amendment took all the joy out of life, a boomer switchman was working for the Santa Fe at Point Richmond. One night when a few drinks had made the world look particularly bright he had occasion to call up the yard-office.

Making the connection, he inquired, "Say, have you got a car of sugar down there?"

The yardmaster answered in the negative and inquired in turn, "What in h—l do you want a car of sugar for?"

"Oh," said our friend, "we just kicked a car of lemons off the car-float into the bay and I thought if you had some sugar up there we might have a little lemonade."

## ROOM FOR MORE

One night, a number of years ago, a switching crew had some work to do at the Vesta No. 4., the largest coal mine in the world, situated on the Monongahela river above Pittsburg, Pa.

The next morning the trainmaster received the following wire from the conductor:—

"Twenty-two cars of coal went into the river here last night. There is room for twenty-two more at the same place. Please accept my resignation."

## NO; A LA CAPITALISM!

"Horse meat is being served in Berlin cafes," says a news item. The service, evidently, is a-la-cart.

Thirty-nine



# Modern Industrialism

(Continued from page 20.)

thousands of American lives and the injury of tens of thousands more. In his 1919 St. Louis speech, Woodrow Wilson said, "The seed of war is industrial and commercial rivalry. This war is an industrial and commercial war." Rear-Admiral Niblack also says, "No one can, however, make a thorough and impartial inquiry into the causes of war without realizing their roots run deep into the soil of trade rivalry and economic aspirations."

The trade rivalries of the capitalists of this country are bringing them into competition with England, France and Japan; while their economic aspirations cause them to want to dominate Mexico, South America and Russia; in all of which they will meet tremendous opposition, such as will shake the world once it gets into hostile action. In brief, modern industrialism, in its present manifestations and tendencies, is a menace to society and world peace. It threatens a world cataclysm, such as will justify the contention that it is the epitome of insanity; and therefore to be stamped out as one would stamp out a devastating pestilence of extensive scope.

How to prevent this climax of modern industrialism is the serious thought of all men not enamoured with its suicidal tendencies, or insane platitudes. First men must realize the vast scope of modern industrialism, that is, its transcendental character. It overthrows religion, law, state, national boundaries, everything. It is the greatest factor in all society, driving us all, with the sweep of a tornado, into cataclysmic ruin.

## The New Era

Listen to the words of Wm. Kay Wallace, in the preface of his book, "The Trend of History" wherein he says:

"We are standing on the threshold of an unpolitical age. Politics has fallen from its high estate . . . . The preeminence of the state politically conceived has been called into question . . . Other forms of corporate organization are pressing for recognition. We may in turn see arising before our eyes a new, great social organization . . . in its essence unpolitical . . . 'Industrialism,' which may serve to denominate this new institution, is a social and economic system, only indirectly political. Such would appear to be the trend of history."

Recall, in this connection, the prominence of Stinnes in German affairs, of Schneider in French affairs, of Ford in American affairs, and then grasp the tremendous overpowering character of industrialism; and then realize that only in industrialism can humanity be saved. That only through a unionism of the working class therein, as integrated, consolidated and internationalized as modern industrialism itself, will modern industrialism become democratic and a blessing to mankind, instead of a

Forty

# The Argonaut Mine

By DOUGLAS ROBSON

MOTHERS, mothers, bury your sons;  
Bury the sons you have lost in the strife,  
Heroes who died in the battle of life.  
Shed the salt tear on the chill, wasted face,  
Silently walk to the burying place,  
All that you gave  
Lies cold in the grave.  
Mothers, mothers, bury your sons.

Wives and sweethearts, bury your men.  
Ah, what do you think as you droop your head  
O'er the face of your unrecognizable dead?  
Do you picture them trapped in the poisonous mine,  
Gasping, battling for life in each narrow confine,  
While strong arms tear the barriers down to behold  
Death reigning alone in that prison of gold?  
Does your sorrow abate  
When you say "It is Fate?"  
Wives and sweethearts, bury your men.

Sons and daughters, bury your sires.  
Cold and inert is the fatherly hand;  
Cold as the earth where you sorrowing stand:  
You are young, you are strong, while you stand  
at the grave

Does your manhood not question the power that  
gave

Your fathers to death? List, I, who now speak,  
Have toiled with the dew of the mine on my cheek,  
In the warrens of death I have seen strong men die,  
To uphold Mammon's temples resplendent and high.  
Is your womanhood true?  
Speaks your manhood for you?  
Sons and daughters, bury your sires.

Labor! Labor, bury your dead.  
Yet pause e'er you turn from the mothering sod;  
Think! Think! Shall you always attribute to God  
The gaps in your ranks and the sorrows and tears,  
The agonies, tortures, the thousands of years  
Of hunger, injustice, oppression and pain,  
The prison, the scaffold, the inanimate chain  
That shackles your manhood and binds you to  
earth,

That stifles your joy at the moment of birth?  
No! No! You must wake, you must ponder and  
think,

Bid reason no longer from reasoning shrink;  
Stand upright; let all the world echo your cry,  
The how and wherefore, the thundering WHY?  
Labor, Labor, bury your dead.

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curse as at present. Then will modern plutocratic industrialism, with its class and world wars, give way to world industrialism by the world's industrial workers, with its peace and happiness for all society.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# The Lynching of Bud Williams

Coleman Tracy, a Retired Deputy Sheriff, Relates Some of His Most Thrilling Experience in the Cotton Fields of Dixie.

By ADAM NOIR

Yes, I've seen a lot of strange things done in the name of law and order, and I've taken part in some, but I believe the lynching of Bud Williams was about the rankest piece of injustice I ever had anything to do with.

You see, it was like this:

Cotton picking is paid for by weight picked. An average hand can pick about 250 pounds per day. The autumn before I was twenty-five years old, the price was 35 cents per hundred pounds, about 87 cents per day.

When the cost of living was at its lowest, such a wage would hardly suffice to keep one alive and well. That year there had been a sharp advance in the price of necessities and there was much hunger and discontent among the working people of the South.

Bud Williams, a negro preacher, came from the state of Mississippi. He was picking cotton on one of the larger plantations—and preaching on Sunday at a little church in the woods.

It seems that he did not confine himself to the usual orthodox interpretation of his texts, and a rumor got afloat that he was exhorting his congregation to organize and demand 40 cents per hundred pounds for picking cotton.

I can masquerade as a negro pretty well. So, I was instructed to stain my face to resemble a mulatto, and slip into his congregation to learn the facts.

The preacher's talk was mild enough. But, he did insist that all cotton pickers, white and black, should get together and demand a higher wage.

I noticed quite a sprinkling of white faces in his congregation, and their owners seemed to approve of his proposition. At least, they were eagerly attentive to his words.

Two of these whites, George Anderson and his wife, Tillie, were known to me. Both of them openly voiced their opinion that the two races should quit quarreling about the color of their skin and the texture of their hair and stand together against the rich land owners.

\* \* \*

I reported what I heard and otherwise observed, without addition or subtraction or comment of any kind, but it appeared impossible for the "higher-ups" to interpret it the way I saw it. The story soon got about that Bud Williams was preaching race equality; intermarriage and the like. I denied this as emphatically as I could, but to no avail. The sheriff took my deputy badge and advised me to get out of the country. Uncle Bill then threw

down his badge and resigned. This action caused the sheriff to apologize and reinstate both of us.

A few days later we were sent over in the west end of the county. While we were away, a mob was raised—in which, I am certain, the sheriff participated—which burned the church in the woods and chased Bud Williams into the swamp.

About the time the church was burned, George Anderson got a job making cypress shakes, or clapboards, to cover a barn. Tillie, who was chilling anyway, quit working out and stayed home to pick out a little patch of cotton of their own.

George worked about a mile from home, and it was the custom for Tillie to take his noon lunch out to him each day. She rode a white mule, bareback, and sitting with both legs on one side, as was the style for women in those days.

Some four or five days after Bud Williams disappeared, Tillie failed to arrive with the lunch. Thinking she perhaps had a harder chill than usual, George worked on until three o'clock and then started home. About half way, he found Tillie lying by the road-side, dead.

The neighbors and the coroner were summoned. As a deputy sheriff, I went with the coroner to summon witnesses and the like, and make arrests if it became necessary.

Tillie had quite evidently been killed by striking her head on a "cypress knee," or root growth which protrudes from the ground at irregular intervals around cypress trees, and bears a fancied resemblance to the closely doubled human knee. In fact, her head still rested on the "knee" just as it had first struck. And, there was no other mark of violence about her. The tin lard pail containing lunch was close by. The mule tracks showed plainly that it had "shied" or jumped sideways.

With this evidence, and the common knowledge that mules will, on occasion, shy at anything or nothing, the cause and manner of death seemed plain.

The affair might have ended there had not a strange foot-print been discovered in the road, about one hundred feet from where the body lay. Someone claimed to recognize this as the foot-print of Bud Williams; and some idiot suggested the possibility of rape.

Acting on this foolish suggestion, a re-examination of the body was demanded. The coroner quickly exploded the rape theory with evidence so convincing that no sane person could doubt. Not one there present but admitted the impossibility of such a crime having been attempted.

When I reached town next day, Colonel Caruth-

Forty-one



ers—on whose plantation Williams had been working—was drunk, and telling everyone who would listen that it was a plain case of murder and attempted rape, and that Bud Williams was the guilty party. By noon he had a lot of men believing him, and just drunk enough to do anything he might suggest. As a clincher, he offered a hundred dollars reward to anyone who would bring in Williams, dead or alive.

I wanted to arrest Caruthers, but no justice would issue a warrant; and, I knew I would start trouble if I tried to take him without one. Along in the middle of the afternoon, he, and a party of about twenty, rode out of town with the avowed intention of capturing Bud Williams.

I did not like the looks of things. There was no telling what those drunken hoodlums might do to the negro should they find him there in the swamp, so I swore to a complaint charging him with vagrancy and went out to bring him in for safe-keeping.

I remembered seeing Anderson and his wife at one of Williams' meetings, so I went direct to him.

\* \* \*

When I convinced Anderson that my arrest of Williams would be a friendly act, he volunteered to guide me to his hiding place, which we reached about one o'clock next morning.

After dodging about a lot to avoid contact with Caruthers and his gang, I got my prisoner safely lodged in jail about ten a. m.

\* \* \*

While I was waiting in the office to get a receipt for my prisoner, Uncle Bill was given some warrants to serve, away over in the swamp, a two-day trip, there and back. I was ordered to go along. We started at once.

When we were well out of town, we turned down a side road and talked matters over.

Certain remarks I had accidentally overheard while in the sheriff's office caused me to suspect that there was a plan afoot to lynch Williams, that the sheriff was a party to this plan, and that we had been sent away so there would be no interference. Uncle Bill agreed that I was probably right, but did not see how we could alter circumstances; orders were orders, and he was for going on and serving the warrants he had been entrusted with.

I grew impatient and told him he might go on, or go to hell, if he chose, but I was going back and stay in town until I could feel sure there was not going to be any foul play.

I expected he would take offense at this outbreak and maybe want to fight, but he didn't. When he saw that I was determined to go back, he gave in and said he would go along and see me through. After a long talk, in which we discussed contingencies and developed our plans, we shook hands on it and rode back to town.

We did not ride all the way into town, but

picketed our horses in a thick grove in one corner of the cemetery and, by traversing side streets and alleys, made our way to the back room of a saloon which was handling a lot of whiskey that had never paid revenue tax. It did not take long to convince the proprietor that our presence must not be disclosed.

We stayed in this room all afternoon, the proprietor bringing us food and drink, and keeping us posted on current happenings.

Long before dark, we knew positively that the jail would be raided that night.

When darkness fell, we walked to the court house—just across the street from the jail—and took up a position under a large rose bush.

About eight o'clock, shadowy forms began to gather on the corner a half block away. When they began to move up street toward the jail we ran across and entered the jail office.

The sheriff and night jailer were there alone. They were greatly surprised to see us, but said they were glad we came so opportunely, as they expected trouble.

Uncle Bill stopped with the sheriff, while I went upstairs to a window overlooking the jail entrance.

When the mob reached the lower step the sheriff walked out on the landing and asked them what they wanted. They said they wanted Bud Williams. He then told them they could not have Williams; and, that he had Bill Chatterton and Cole Tracy there to back him up.

I know now that he intended his announcement of our presence as a warning to the mob; but I do not think they grasped its significance. For they just laughed and hooted and started up the steps.

Uncle Bill quickly stepped forward and fired into the crowd—dropping his man. They wavered somewhat, and I fired twice, dropping a man each shot.

Uncle Bill was just in the act of firing again when the sheriff, who was behind him, raised his revolver and shot him in the back of the head. I instantly lowered the muzzle of my weapon and shot the sheriff in the top of the head. Then, something—I think it was the jailer's "blackjack" hit me on the head and I went to sleep.

When I became conscious again I was handcuffed and in a cell. I could hear people moving about in the office and called to them. There was hurried talking, in a tone which indicated argument, and a voice which I recognized as that of Colonel Caruthers, said: "No, we can't afford to do anything like that. We would have the whole state up in arms." "Just leave him where he is 'til midnight. Then, turn him loose and see that he gets out of the country and stays out."

I then heard a sound of dragging, and the tramping of many feet. After that, all was still.

Shortly after midnight, four men came and loaded me into a closed carriage. They took me into the country about five miles and told me to "GIT."



On our way, and just at the outskirts of the town, we passed near a little flickering fire under some trees. One of my guards asked me to guess what it meant, but I declined. They then told me, with much boasting, that it was there they had roasted Bud Williams.

They chained him to a tree, brought packing cases and empty barrels, broke them up and built a pyramid around him and poured several gallons of coal oil over all. When all was ready, Colonel Caruthers fired it with his own hand.

\* \* \*

Well, what happened next is a matter of local history.

Uncle Bill was not killed after all. When he felt the muzzle of the gun against his head he "ducked" and received nothing more than a scalp wound, the most painful feature of which was the powder burn.

At the special election, held to choose a new sheriff, he was elected, and I was elevated to the position of chief deputy.

The sequel to the lynching happened a couple of years of years later, and, for cold-blooded fiendishness beats anything I ever heard of. But, perhaps I'd better tell it, it might prove interesting.

\* \* \*

You know, in that part of the country there was, at the time of this story, mile upon mile of unbroken forest. Perhaps half of this timber was oak, beech, hickory, pecan, etc., the nuts and acorns of which make most excellent pig feed.

People living in, or adjacent to these forests did not bother to feed their growing pigs, but turned them loose in the woods and let them rustle for themselves.

At convenient intervals, the owners would round up the young ones and mark, or brand them. Such as were best suited to the purpose, were confined in pens in order to make the flesh more firm than that which had been fed upon "mast" alone. The others were turned back into the woods.

Quite naturally, many escaped the fattening pen from year to year, until they became very old. With increasing age, they became increasingly wild and savage.

It sometimes happened that one's "Wild Hog Claim" did not yield the number of young pigs required and some of the older ones were captured and confined. It takes a pretty good pen to hold these old timers. It must be made of thick logs, and at least six feet high; for they can jump surprisingly, and, on the approach of a human being, will charge at the logs with the fierceness of a tiger.

\* \* \*

Colonel Caruthers had three of these wild pigs in a stout pen. Being naturally of a cruel and barbarous disposition, he frequently amused himself by standing on the side of the pen and jabbing them with a long stick, just to see them rave. Nor would he quit until they dropped from sheer exhaustion.



In that country, people did not keep their chickens confined, but gave them free range of the grounds, and permitted them to nest wherever they could find a suitable place; which was usually somewhere about the barn. Hunting hen's nests was a regular occupation with those who had supervision of the family larder.

Caruthers had a negro cook whose duty it was to gather up the eggs each day. One day this cook came running into the house and reported that Caruthers had fallen into the wild hog pen.

Mrs. Caruthers and an old maid daughter—Lavinia—with the cook—Mary Huggins—were the only persons about the premises. There was not a man within a half mile.

They all seized clubs and belabored the pigs vigorously, but to no avail. They may as well have beaten the stout logs of the pen. The pigs only grunted, and continued their maceration of the not yet dead, Colonel. Nor did their work of destruction cease until a half hour later when a passing neighbor shot the pigs and dragged from the pen the dish-pan full of bones and mire covered flesh—all that remained of the victim.

Mary Huggins fought the pigs as vigorously as did the others, and her manifestations of grief and horror appeared to be as genuine. Nevertheless, in his death agony, Caruthers shouted out something which the daughter interpreted as a statement that the cook had pushed him into the pen.



It really did not seem probable that Caruthers had lost his balance and toppled into the pen accidentally, so, acting on the testimony of the daughter, the coroner decided that he came to his death at the hand of Mary Huggins. She was promptly lodged in jail, charged with murder in the first degree.

Justice moves swiftly where negroes are concerned, and in less than ten days Mary Huggins was tried and sentenced to hang. The date of execution being set for the Friday following Thanksgiving—about six weeks away.

To the very last, Mary protested her innocence, and, notwithstanding the verdict, the official conscience was somewhat perturbed over the possibility of executing an innocent person. So the effort to secure a confession was continued with redoubled energy. Because of my exceptional skill at obtaining the confidence of negro prisoners, I was detailed to get this confession.

I visited her in her cell almost every day, and we became very good friends indeed. But it was not until ten days prior to the date of execution that I accomplished my task. The story she told was a corker:

Altho known as Mary Huggins, she was in reality Mary Williams; a sister to Bud Williams. When she learned of the lynching she was cooking for a white family in New Orleans, but gave up her position and came "up river" for the fixed and sworn purpose of revenge.

It was easy for her to fix upon Colonel Caruthers as the prime instigator of her brother's death; and, because of her superior ability as a cook, comparatively easy to secure a position in the Caruthers' household.

She planned to poison Caruthers, but when the wild pigs were brought on the place a more fiendish plan was evolved. (She said: "More FITTING plan"). In passing to and from the barn on her egg gathering trips she frequently saw Caruthers teasing the pigs. Awaiting a time when there was no one near to effect a rescue, she slipped up behind him, grasped his ankles and pushed him into the pen.

She could have waited until he was dead before giving the alarm, and thus have avoided any chance of discovery, but her long brooding over the torture of her brother made her bitter and she deliberately called the wife and daughter out that they might witness the death agony of the husband and father.

I wrote the confession and she signed it. It was given to the newspapers but none of them published it. Most of them contained only the bare statement that Mary Huggins had confessed. One or two hinted at "some fancied wrong" as the motive.

Caruthers deserved death. In my mind there was no question on that point. I could have shot him with pleasure had a plausible excuse presented itself. I could not but regard Mary Huggins as a sort of God-sent avenging angel—though the form of exe-

cution was just a trifle more horrible than I could have wished. And, I determined to save her if it was in any way possible.

I thought over the matter all night. There seemed very little chance of a reprieve, and none whatever of a commutation of sentence; to say nothing of a pardon. There was just one way: The prisoner must escape.

\* \* \*

In the old days, there was practically no attempt at segregation of sexes in the jails. True, the two sexes were never confined in the same cell together, but they did occupy adjoining cells with nothing but bars between; and, all cells opened into one common corridor.

In this jail where Mary Huggins was confined there was a suite of rooms, directly over the office, which had formerly been used as living rooms by the jailer and his family. When Uncle Bill took charge he moved the jailer out and remodelled these rooms so they could be used for the detention of female prisoners.

It was in one of these rooms that Mary awaited death. Being the only woman in the jail (the practice of employing a jail matron had not yet been introduced) she was practically isolated.

The next several days I put in perfecting my plans—and quietly borrowing small sums of money, until the total amounted to more than sixteen hundred dollars. A sum which I deemed sufficient for my purpose. However, I did not see the Huggins woman again 'til I had every detail worked out. I then visited her several times and had her rehearse the part she was to play.

\* \* \*

Beginning a few days before execution, it is, or was, customary to place a "Death Watch" over condemned prisoners. That is, a guard would be stationed at the door of the death cell, night and day. Because the official "Death Cell" was in the men's ward, Uncle Bill did not place Mary there but permitted her to remain where she was. He did, however, post the death watch.

I applied for, and received, the appointment as night guard on this death watch. When I asked for it, Uncle Bill smiled in a queer sort of way. I am sure now that he suspected my intent and secretly approved it.

The first night of my watch, I smuggled in to Mary Huggins a complete outfit of men's clothing. She spent nearly all night adjusting them to fit, but in the end achieved success. When I looked in, along about five o'clock next morning, it was a rather chunky, and very husky looking negro man that I saw. Before I went off shift she removed the masquerade and hid the garments in her bunk.

On the evening before the execution, the night jailer and I broached a bottle of port wine. I slipped some chloral into his glass, and when I went on guard he was dead to the world.

As soon as all was quiet, Mary passed out every garment and vestige of women's clothing and I took it down and burned it in the jail furnace. After-



would startle the warden good, and kindling a coal fire over them so they would leave no trace.

At exactly 11 P. M. I opened her door and we slipped downstairs, past the drugged jailer and out into the night.

The court house was a two story building surrounded by a clock tower. This tower was ten feet square, and extended above the roof of the building some twenty-five feet. There were four dials six feet in diameter. Attached to the wall, just below the south dial, was the clock machinery. The floor, or bottom of the clock, was at a height so that a person could stand and look through the key holes in the dials and see the street below. These key holes were merely ornamental, and had been closed with black painted boards to keep out pigeons and other birds. The bell stood on a frame in the center of the floor, and could be sounded by pulling a rope from below, as well as by the striker, or hammer, of the clock.

The room was entered by climbing a ladder from a room on the second floor and crawling through a trap door. The janitor used to climb this ladder once each week to wind the clock, but it was pretty hard on his old joints, and he rigged up a sprocket wheel and chain belt so he could do his winding from below. One result of this innovation was that the clock room was not visited, on an average, once a year.

There was no one on duty in the court house from nine thirty P. M. to four A. M. and uninterrupted access was easy for one as well acquainted with the building as I.

In the several nights between the time Mary Huggins made her confession and that of my taking the night shift on the death watch I had been busy provisioning this room. I carried up a quantity of crackers, cheese, sardines, boiled ham, etc. Enough to last a hungry person eight or ten days.

The weather was pretty cold, so I carried up six heavy quilts, four large lanterns and ten gallons of coal oil. (By chinking the cracks with rags or paper and lighting all four lanterns the room could be kept comfortably warm.)

In addition to the above, I carried up two two-gallon jugs of water, a can opener for the sardines, a butcher knife, a box of matches, a tin funnel for filling the lanterns, and an empty candy pail for garbage.

It required a lot of scheming to procure and assemble all these things without attracting attention, but, a judicious use of funds made it possible.

That afternoon I placed in my pockets a pair of old gloves and a pair of wool socks which I had worn for a week. When we reached the lower step to the jail, I caused Mary to slip on the gloves. I then gave her the socks and had her pull them on over her shoes. When she was quite ready, I took her astride my shoulders and carried her across the street, into the court house and up to the ladder leading to the clock.

Sending her up the ladder ahead of me, I gave her a few words of instruction, told her I would

come for her at the end of eight days, closed the trap and hurried back to the jail. By eleven forty-five P. M. I was at my post at the door of the vacant cell.

The sheriff came down at 5 o'clock next morning to prepare for the execution. In the office down stairs he found the night jailer just beginning to recover from the effect of the chloral. Hurrying up stairs, he found me, apparently, in about the same condition as the jailer. The cell door was open and the prisoner gone.

After letting them work over me for a half hour or so, I "revived" enough to tell them the last thing I remembered was drinking a glass of port wine with the night jailer. He of course told a similar story.

We were both rather hazy as to where the wine came from, but each expressed the belief that the other had provided it. I looked the jailer straight in the eye and told him that he knew perfectly well where the wine came from, and that I did not provide it.

He was mortally afraid of me, and interpreted that straight look as a threat of bodily harm. So, he admitted ownership of the wine, but said it was some he had procured several weeks before, and, as he patronized ALL the saloons, could not remember where he bought it. Both of us were believed to be officers of sterling integrity and unfailing devotion to duty, so the matter of the drugged wine was dismissed as an unsolvable riddle.

The blood-hounds were brought to the vacant cell and permitted to smell of the sheets and pillow on the bunk. They took up the trail and followed it to the jail steps, but could go no further. No amount of circling could enable them to pick up the trail again.

The country was scoured for miles around for traces of the escaped prisoner. Every negro cabin, and many white homes, were searched. As always happens, many rumors came in to the effect that Mary Huggins had been seen in this, that, or the other locality. Many suspects were arrested in neighboring towns.

\* \* \*

My object in leaving Mary in the clock tower for eight days was to allow time for the hunt to subside. Also, it would give me time to drop out of sight without arousing suspicion.

Three days after the escape, I pretended to receive a letter from mother saying father was very ill and begging me to come home at once. To carry out the deception, I did go home, but stayed only one night.

The next morning, I pledged my sister to secrecy and engaged her assistance. After I had, supposedly, started to catch the morning train, we slipped back and surreptitiously entered a vacant cabin at the lower end of the farm. There, she clipped my hair so short that no one could tell whether it was straight or kinky. Then, with the aid of a pot of home-made walnut stain, she colored my head, face, shoulders and arms a beautiful golden-brown.

So perfect was my disguise that when, a couple of



days later, I stepped off the train and, absentmindedly, entered my favorite restaurant and ordered a meal the proprietor chased me out with a gun. (In the south, negroes are not permitted to enter white restaurants or hotels except as servants or other hired help.)

That night, while the court house clock was proclaiming the hour of twelve, I was creeping up the ladder to Mary Huggins' retreat. At the last stroke of the bell I raised the trap door and peeped in.

Mary was awake of course—a dead person could not remain asleep while that clock was striking—and she made a lunge with the butcher knife that certainly would have done for me had I not quickly withdrawn my head and dropped the trap door. It took quite a while to convince her of my identity.

All four of the lanterns were going and, altho it was bitter cold outside, it was as warm as toast in the clock room. Mary was in high spirit, and so pleased to see me that I had to pretend anger to avoid a scene.

We made two parcels of the bedding and small quantity of remaining provisions, extinguished the lanterns—taking one along—climbed down the ladder and made our way to the outer air.

\* \* \*

When preparing for the jail delivery, I purchased a sixteen foot canoe and hid it in a cane-brake a few yards from the river and about seven miles from town. We reached this boat just at daylight. On our way, Mary told me she had been kept awake so much by the striking of the clock that she felt light headed, or dizzy, so as soon as we got the canoe launched I made her lie down in the bottom, covered her with bedding, pushed off and started down stream.

For four days we traveled down stream before entering the Mississippi. Paddling all day and camping on the bank at night.

We were perfectly safe, for two negroes in a boat is a common enough sight in that country, and I knew every foot of our river and was able to choose secluded spots for camping. Mary slept nearly all the time, with her face covered up; and, I told the few people we met that she was awfully sick and I thought she had smallpox.

She was masquerading as a man, so we had to choose a man's name for her. I thought it no harm to give her the name of an old time colored friend of mine, so I called her "Bill Kidd"—though I usually addressed her as "Kidd" or "Shorty." She took a cue from my color and invariably addressed me as "Mr. Brown."

The trip down the Mississippi consumed three weeks, and was uneventful enough to satisfy the most indolent. We arrived in New Orleans on Christmas Day.

We loafed around there several days before anything turned up to further our plans. But when these plans finally did get furtherance it was in a way as unexpected as it was agreeable.

One day "Shorty" went into a saloon to get a drink. In the course of conversation with the bar-

tender he said his name was "Bill Kidd." A giant negro, with white hair, and a steel hook in the place of his right hand, asked how he came by that name. "Shorty" told some kind of plausible yarn, and the one-handed negro said his name was also "Bill Kidd."

As soon as "Shorty" told me this, we started out to hunt the one-handed "Bill Kidd." Two days later we found him.

He was as pleased to see me as Mary had been that night when I took her away from the clock room—and almost as demonstrative. He had a long tale of adventure to relate, and we passed many hours regaling each other with stories of our exploits.

Kidd said he was second mate on a small Mexican steamer carrying freight between Vera Cruz and New Orleans. When I told him Mary Huggins' story he offered to get her a job as cook on his ship. As the object in coming to New Orleans was to ship Mary out of United States jurisdiction, we accepted his offer.

The ship was sailing next day. So, in the morning I went with them and saw Mary signed on as cook. Still masquerading as a man, and going under the name of "Bill Kidd" NEPHEW OF THE SECOND MATE.

We parted in private. I knew Mary was going to make a scene and I wanted no witnesses to my embarrassment. At the last moment, that black woman—that human tigress—broke down and wept as if her heart would break. She simply raved; said she would kill herself if I did not go along, and a lot more such nonsense.

I gave her five hundred dollars and told her that when she reached Mexico she must stay there, AND NEVER EVEN THINK OF COMING BACK.

It took so long to get rid of that walnut stain, and let my hair grow to a reasonable length, that it was nearly two months before I dared return.

On New Years Day the janitor thought to celebrate by oiling the clock. The evidence of human occupation found in the clock room was the subject of a nine days' wonder. Up to this day, I have never heard anyone guess, even approximately, their true significance.

Along in March I received a letter bearing the Mexico City post mark. It was from Mary Huggins. She was cooking in a hotel and made a specialty of catering to American and other foreign trade.

Even now, after all these years, I receive occasional letters from Mary. And, I often think of going down there some time just to see her and talk over old times. However, her name is not Mary Huggins any more. Neither is it "Bill Kidd" or "Shorty." It is "Mrs. Mary Blanco." She has married Captain Ramon Blanco—a gentleman standing rather high in the Mexican Government.

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**Begin The New Year Right. Subscribe For Industrial Pioneer For 1924. \$2.00 a Year.**



# Winter in Working Class Families

A SURE sign of approaching winter." No, not some natural phenomenon, but women of Chicago gathering coal and bits of wood for the coming winter spell is that "sure sign."

The cold winter's shadows send a chill thru the hovels of the poor quarters of the city's workers, long, long ahead of the actual signs of the oncoming season. Mothers, remembering their children's comfort, hustle about gathering cinders, coal and bits of wood for kindling to be used when the severe weather makes its entry.

One often wonders how do workers, who work long hours for small pay get along? How do they live and raise families? How does poverty, generally, subsist?

From what we know of workers' lives and living, we know that, what may be termed well paid workers, employed all the time, are either always in debt or very close to it. It is pretty well known, too, that city employes, for instance, are the prey of all kinds of money lending sharks and that their pay envelopes are mortgaged 'way in advance, and so are the others.

Workers who occupy "flats," have families and raise children, always look to the pay envelopes as merely of transient value, more in the nature of a carrier, a messenger to be delivered to the various parties interested in it. If they own homes, it is taxes to meet, interest on first and second mortgages and on money borrowed, for doctor bills, clothes, gifts, etc., to pay. One must present a cheery front, the same as the neighbor. And the neighbor, the same as the first party, except for the few most fortunate, is equally in debt. If no homes are owned, then it is the landlord who gets the bulk of the money earned.

## "Always In Debt"

Few workers, higher paid or poorer, are out of debt, that is, the ones who like to live almost like human beings: i. e., have homes, families, electric light, baths, etc., etc. The others who still lead the life of our ancestors, whose wives have coal kitchen stoves and whose tiny little flats are located in obsolete buildings that are relics of ancient history, and who "save" for a rainy day, they too, are on the narrow margin of starvation and debt. One month, no, even one week out of work and stinting, scrimping and borrowing is the rule.

Many is the home that is miserable and on the point of being broken up because the bread winner fails to secure employment in short order. The children must have shoes, gas bills must be met and other obligations attended to.

The high salaried worker is no better off than the cheaper paid employe. The difference between the two is the every day way of living. The one lives better than the other: i. e., on a higher plane. He can borrow more, has prestige and in a pinch, "can do" somebody out of something. That is all. But homes are lost and little flats broken up when

mortgages can't be paid and obligations met. And how these workers do work!

Salesmen of various kinds of merchandise—candy, dry goods, cigars—have the longest work day. Of them it can, more truly, be said than of the proverbial coal miner, that they hardly ever see their children. A salesman who is still selling goods where the writer worked not so long ago, would make his calls to the store as late as 11:30 P. M. Another one would be at the store before it was opened in the morning. Others would come all hours, both day and evening; and many were the tales of woe these workers had to tell, about long hours and poor pay and bad treatment and discrimination. One of them, who owned his own home in a suburb, was obliged to sell it before he would have lost it, to the mortgage holder. It was also a drain on him that he could not stand. After work hours he was obliged to build fires and attend to the furnace in the winter time and do other unheard of things in and around the house in the summer time; after an arduous day of labor.

## Doctor Bills, Too

The doctor bill, too, is of no small consequence. The family must be kept small and the child or children have their ills and aches and the physician is a household friend and his "fee" is rather large.

Homes there are that could not possibly exist as homes if it were not for the fact that the grown children work and help keep them. These homes have their struggles, too; for the young folks have their needs and requirements that must be satisfied, but where the household depends largely on the income of one bread winner, the struggle is intense.

So much for the better paid workers. But how do the very low paid workers manage to get along? How can they work for the low pay they receive and keep up families—and they often have quite large families of little children. They live poorly in hovels in the worst parts of the cities and their



A SURE SIGN OF APPROACHING WINTER.

Women living in the vicinity of Wentworth Avenue and 16th Street have begun gathering fuel along railway right of ways in anticipation of an early cold season.

—From Chicago Tribune



children are in tatters. Even at that it would seem as though the pay envelope is not big enough to meet even these meagre requirements. And it isn't. And so the mothers must go out to pick up coal along the railroad tracks, the debris of buildings, a stray limb of a tree or the like in order to make ends meet. Some women, too, go to work and keep the house after work hours. Other mothers, to be sure, take work in at the house, where even the youngest children play a part in helping along with the work in some form or other. Still others go out and do washing or take in washing and so manage to keep the wolf from the door and perhaps lay by a dollar for the no-work period. And thus we see the signs of the approaching winter by the way the women of Chicago, as the example of an industrial city, pick, load and carry their wood on their heads for the winter season.

#### All on American Soil

To be sure these women are not American women. Their very appearance betrays their origin; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that these women are obliged to gather their fuel where they can, on American soil, while their husbands work for American owners of American industries. And were they to rebel and refuse to do that kind of work it would not be possible for the "foreign" workers to work for the low pay they are doled out. Nor is the low pay characteristic of the foreign worker. The native worker is in no better plight. If his woman does not carry wood in the same fashion as her outlawed sister does she is obliged to do many things in order to help meet expenses. She works, in the house or in the shop, and is often obliged to share her little abode with "boarders." "Keeping" rooming houses is a typical aid to incomes applied by the American wife. No easy life is hers. And it is because of the help she is able to lend financially, that the American worker's home is held together.

Also were they to have a higher standard of living generally, a broader vision, and better requirements. Should they want the comforts of life, not its struggles—and should they seek to better their conditions and the chances of their offspring it would be next to impossible for them to get along on the earnings of their husbands. And it isn't. In every case where the woman resolves to work and have, rather than to stay at home and live on short rations, she very soon discovers that in spite of her two pay checks she is still short of funds when the week end comes around.

#### Join a Union!

While the workers' wages may be larger now than they ever were, the cost of living is also higher and when the week is ended it is several days later in the race with the pay envelope. Were the women of this country to keep the old time standard of morals, that the women's place is the home, it would be impossible for American men to work for the low wages paid them in this age of "high wages."

And so the workers who do not belong to un-

## A Shovel Stiff's Hopes

By DORMAN N. HARRIS

I DO not strive for great renown  
Or for glittering jewels or gold,  
I would not wear the master's crown  
Of present day, or old.

I only want each man's own right  
That there'll no slavery be,  
And enjoy nature as we might,  
When every man is free.

But the industries and sciences,  
Yes, those we'll want, why sure,  
So look out, hungry tyrants,  
Soon you'll be getting poor—

When the workers join the OBU  
All throughout the land,  
We'll change this society for a new,  
Directed by our hand.

To me, oh, that will be a pleasure,  
Not for the parasite so sweet—  
For work he'll have instead of leisure  
If he expects to eat.

I'll show him how to use the spade  
And pick the hardened clay,  
And earn his keep without our aid  
And then I'll say good day.

And go teach some other parasite  
This trade I've learned so well,  
So bread they'll earn and bed at night,  
And the rest can go to h—l.

---

ions or are afraid of workers' organizations, stint and suffer and get along on the cheapest and poorest of food and clothing, and live in clap trap shambles. Unionism, while not perfect, gives the workers some improvements, that the workers alone as individuals could never achieve. Were all the workers organized as they should be in one Industrial Union, whether they be laborers or salaried workers, their conditions would be immeasurably improved and such things as women carrying loads of fuel on their heads would be unknown.

Let us therefore organize ourselves and reach out for the better things of life and instead of being "meek and humble and satisfied with our lot" let us demand good living, comfort, leisure and the beauties of the creations of science and invention. Let us also imbue the same spirit and outlook in our fellow creatures to the end that they may demand and get all the wealth and art and pleasure that the rich and their tribe are able to enjoy.

J. D. C.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# Workers Education: Now or Future

THE Workers' Dreadnought of London, England, a communist organ, is much concerned about workers' education. It wants to know, substantially, if the workers shall be educated for capitalism, or to operate production and distribution under communism?

As this question seems to agitate some of the workers in this country also, it might be well to answer by asking another, namely, how shall the workers who are to be prepared for communism function while waiting for that event to happen? In other words, of what practical importance will such preparation be to the working class?

## An Intellectual Minority

The idea that a certain section of the working class may be set aside to take the place of technicians and managers in the days to come is only theoretically possible but otherwise there's nothing to it. These workingmen will know a lot about running industry on paper; but they will be without experience and of no value, except to pose as half-baked intellectuals, to the detriment of the workers generally.

Besides, this idea is born of a misconception as to the mission of the working class movement. This movement is not formed to create managers and technicians, but to organize the entire working class. Managers and technicians are being made by capitalism. And they are being ground down by capitalism; and are beginning to turn against it, as a result. They, too, must be organized as a part of the working class.

Take, for instance, the depression of 1920, when, according to the press, over 5,000 technicians, engineers, etc., were out of employment, with many on the verge of starvation. This incident in their otherwise placid lives opened the eyes of many of them. They became very much discontented, as a result. Another depression, such as is now again appearing on the horizon, will serve to open the eyes of still more of them.

## Technicians Alive to Social Defects

In fact, some of the most prominent of American engineers are growing critical of the capitalist system. One of them, Mortimer E. Cooley, president Federated American Engineering Societies and dean of the engineering schools of the University of Michigan, is quoted in a Sept. Industrial Pioneer editorial as saying:

"Unless a new point of view is adopted which will remove the reasons for the growing distrust and suspicion in the ranks of the workers, an uncontrollable situation will result."

Such a situation is coming. Look at Germany, where the technical schools have made intellectual labor a drug on the market and driven the technicians into the ranks of the proletariat. The depression of 1920, already referred to, and the increasing number of situations wanted advertise-



GOLOS TRUZENIKA

Or "Voice of Labor," Russian I. W. W. organ, is celebrating its fifth year of existence. This beautiful cartoon, reprinted from its columns, expresses its victory over many forces that tried, in vain, to mow it down.

ments inserted in the leading Sunday papers, foreshadow a similar condition of affairs here also before long. The U. S. A. is steadily increasing its technical forces at a rate that precludes their complete absorption and use. Even now technical men, organized as Labor Bureaus, Incorporated, are giving labor organizations expert aid and advice in conflicts with employers and corporations. These tendencies will grow.

Under the circumstances, why set up another class of intellectuals, viz., the theoretical technicians and managers, to lord it over us? Why not seek to diffuse among all workers a wide-spread knowledge of modern production and distribution, while at the same time, preparing to win the technicians and managers over to us? Such tactics will tend to make all the workers under capitalism a unit against it. Especially will this be the case in the event of a capitalist collapse following another war, such as appears in the offing. Then all men will tend to work against capitalism; and then may we hope most for its undoing and overthrow.

Organize the working class. Capitalism will take care of the creation of technicians and managers for the new society.

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Forty-nine



# The I.W.W. In Convention Assembled

(Continued from Page 16)

By-laws were revised. Resolutions to move headquarters from New York to Chicago and for higher dues (\$1 and 75 cents are suggested to take the place of the present 50 cents dues), will be put to a referendum vote. A referendum was also favored on the question as to whether political prisoners accepting conditional clemency should be retained as members.

It was recommended that the *Marine Worker* be issued in Spanish as well as in English, one paper in Spanish, and one in English. The Secretary-Treasurer of 510 is to act as editor of the *Marine Worker*.

Four delegates to the General Convention were voted.

The question of international relations loomed large, quite logically, in the marine transport workers' convention. A letter from the RILU urging severance from the IWW and affiliation with that body, was answered by refusing to do the first and pledging co-operation in strikes of all international marine workers' organizations.

It was the opinion of the convention that the MTW could organize the world over, without affiliating with any of the existing marine unions. The creation of districts—French district, etc.—was urged to this end, in place of one general administration, which is held to be too expensive.

The convention favored small sporadic strikes as being more effective than the big ones.

The California boycott is to be put into effect something like the strike on the job. California products are to be discriminated against in every way possible.

The convention also decided to ask the general organization to place all deep-water and coast-wise fishery workers under the head of Marine Transport Workers.

Greetings were extended to all class war prisoners and steps taken to secure their release.

A special resolution took up the case of the Centralia victims. The convention pledged its economic and all other power to secure their release.

## 520 CONVENTION

Railroad Workers' Industrial Union No. 520, met on November 5th to 10th inclusive. Delegates were present from many western, mid-west and eastern points; all actual railroad men.

The formulation of by-laws and a program of organization occupied much of the convention's time.

Resolutions were adopted recommending that the General Convention of the IWW make changes in the General constitution that will allow of greater autonomy in industrial union activities.

Delegates were also elected to the General Convention.

Judging from the above salient points that have

been referred to it, the IWW General Convention will be an exceptionally interesting one—a landmark in the development of the organization.

The General Convention is in its preliminary sessions as *The Pioneer* goes to press. More about it next month.

## LABOR BANKS

There are 15 "labor" banks in this country. They were all founded between May 15, 1920, and October 15, 1923. Their resources are estimated at about \$44,000,000. In addition, one-third of a \$45,000,000 trust company in New York has been acquired by the Locomotive Engineers' Bank, and two-fifths of a \$15,000,000 bank in Washington has been bought by the Machinists' Union. Further, the United Mine Workers will open a new \$1,000,000 bank in Indianapolis soon.

Geo. Hinman, financial writer for the Hearst papers, say of the "labor" bank: "It is not radical; it is not revolutionary. It is simply business-like—as business-like as it is for employers or so-called capitalists to put their dollars to work." Another writer, David J. Saposs, calls it "trade-union capitalism."

Lloyd George contends that a war still more hideous than the last one is impending in Europe. This means another world-war that can only be prevented by the world's workers, regardless of race, color, creed or sex. Nationalism, whether Russian or American, must give way to internationalism, if the workers are to be aught else than victims of slaughter.

In 1920, the American Federation of Labor had a membership of 4,078,740. The membership in 1923, as reported by the executive council to the Portland convention, is 2,986,468. This represents a loss of 1,092,272 members in three years.

The Workers' Party, the latest political manifestation of communism in this country, claims a membership of 20,000. About 1,500 of these are English-speaking; the remainder are divided into language federations. There are about one-half the number of organized communists today as compared with 1919.

NEXT MONTH!

NEXT MONTH!

## SCANDINAVIA AND ITS LABOR MOVEMENT

By C. G. Andersen, Stockholm, Sweden

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# As Pioneer Readers See Things

## The Significance of the Modern City

FELLOW WORKER Geo. Williams in July and August *Industrial Pioneer*, "The Significance of the Modern City," invents a strange, and to say the least, brand new Political Economy. All work done in big cities is distribution, all work done outside of big cities is production. This classification was necessary in order to prove that the Bolsheviki could not organize distribution but production was O. K.

If I remember aright the first distress of the Russian revolutionists was lack of coal in Moscow and other places, because of flooding the Donetz coal mines; destruction of boilers and other mine equipment by the white guards. Second, after seven years of war the railroads, according to all reports, were a pile of junk scattered throughout all Russia.

And, most sensational of all, the crop failure in the Volga valley. Now all this is production and not distribution, according to Fellow Worker Williams's article.

But from different sources we gather that production in cities and big factories fell enormously under the workers' management, due in part at least, to inefficient management or lack of it. Possessing all the shooting irons, distribution did not bother the Bolsheviki at all, not till there was danger of having nothing more to distribute, did the now famous economic retreat began.

If Fellow Worker Williams had left the Russian Revolution alone and devoted his article to the facts and conditions at home his article would be the more significant, because it deals with facts not often dealt with in our publications, namely, the management of enormous industrial establishments of the cities, and their relations to basic industries of the country. After enumerating the importance of the city, he goes on to say that our numerical strength in cities is insignificant compared with the rural localities, especially of the West. He says, "There is a cause for it and whatever the cause it is one that certainly needs close study and adjustment of not only the city condition to our organization but of the IWW to the city."

### Hopeless Cases Redeemed

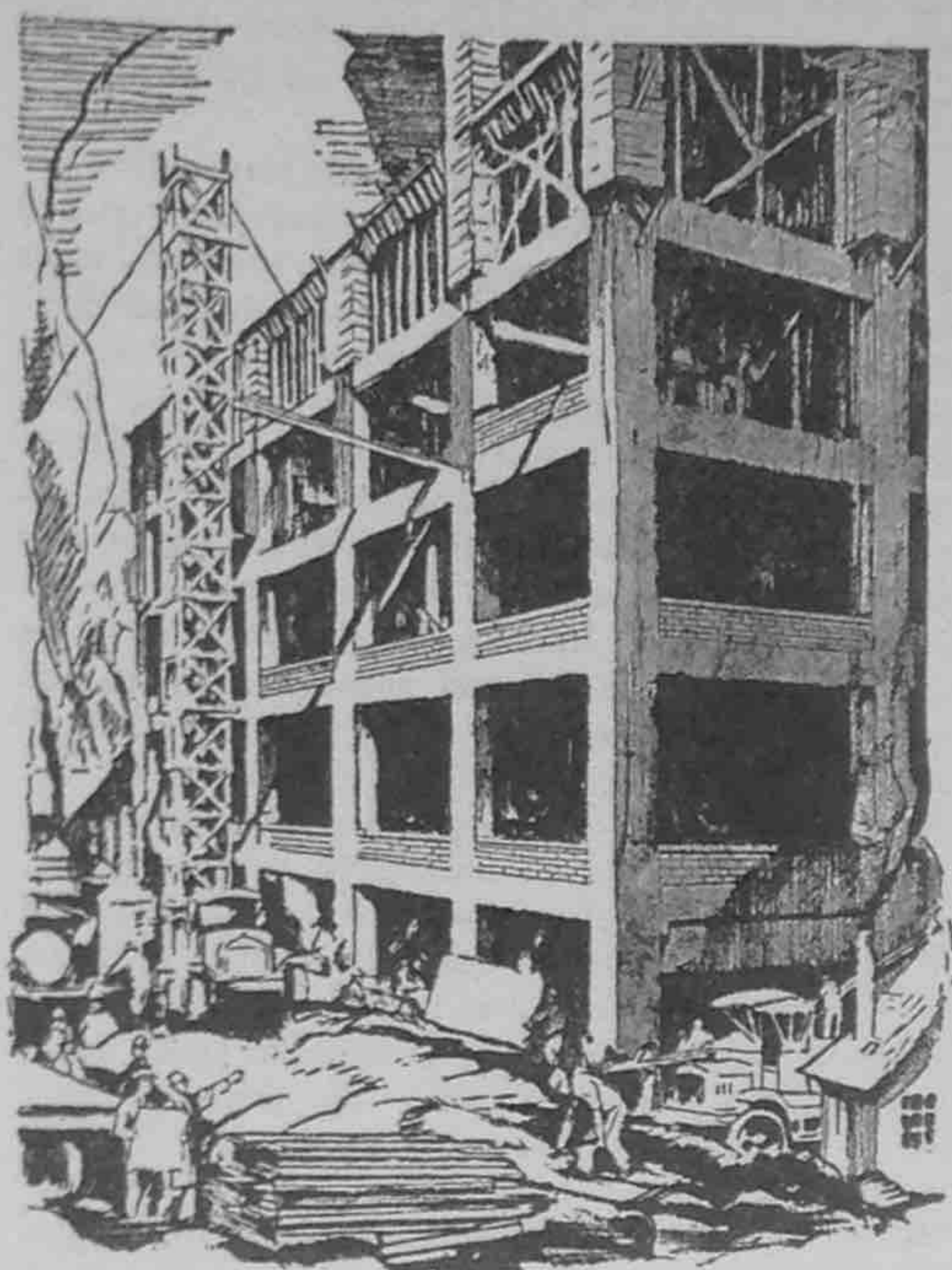
In order to attempt to contribute to the solution of the question I will confine myself to certain facts in the history of the IWW.

Up to October, 1916, the lumberjacks of the Spokane district were considered the hopeless scissor-bills. This applied to all migratory workers.

Many a winter up to that date we were paying the secretary of combined Spokane locals a weekly salary of about twelve dollars a week, not to say anything of hall rent, and the combined membership often fell below fifty.

Why the big change from the winter of 1916-17 up to now?

The change first took place in the methods of doing business within the IWW and the jacks rolled



BUILDING UP-TO-DATE CITY

in and stuck, as you all are familiar. Prior to this date our activities were those of a debating society of half a dozen political politicians, bawling out the bulls, salvation army, the scissor-bills, the preachers, etc. That the organization presupposed work done in a certain definite way never entered our heads, and the results were that the workers felt that we were a hopeless bunch of spittoon philosophers.

In theory we were non-political but in practice we were trying to transact our business on parliamentary lines with the most disastrous result. No organization, no industry, can be run on parliamentary law, because parliamentary law is the way to talk when there is a crowd, while organization or industry is a mass of work done in accordance with its nature.

In 1913 the IWW hall in Spokane needed a box for coal, so the question was brought up at a business meeting. From 8 till 12 p. m. we argued whether to buy a box or borrow or make one. When I left the hall this was what came to my mind, "How in the devil can this bunch manage logging, sawmills, farming, railways, etc.?" Well, I quit paying dues for two years.

### A Revolution

The old AWO—400—introduced entirely new methods of carrying on the work of the organization, namely, the delegate system. Needless to say under new methods we started to grow so fast that



we scared the bourgeoisie stiff; hence persecution.

If the ordinary working man listens to us wrangle, often over nothing, at our business meetings and then goes out in a big city like Chicago, this must come to his mind: "If this bunch thinks that they can run this gigantic outfit on political parliamentary lines they are bugs."

The Wobblies of the West during persecution developed methods of doing business peculiarly suited to them. Now from all reports those methods, ways and means are not succeeding in the industrial manufacturing East. Even the sawmills out West are not very strong. Experiments by branches, delegates, members in industrial centers, constructive criticism, and discussion, and special propaganda in the press may perhaps devise methods and means that will be successful in the big eastern manufacturing centers. Russian Revolution teaches us that committees elected and controlled by parliamentary methods falsely called "democratizing," cannot run industry (too many cooks spoil the soup). Debating societies can only talk, split themselves into factions and ultimately ruin anything. The study of how the boss manages industry and different organizations is our only solution. If every worker from accountants and bookkeepers to the sweepers, does the work as it ought to be done, the boss is a useless parasite—his primary function is to "can" the ones that do not fit, for one reason or another.

It has often been said that the general principles underlying the management of one industry are in general the same in all industries. If we learn to manage, control and transact business in general efficiently in our present IU the management of industries after we get them will be easy pickin's.

Reno, Nevada.

JOHN CRABAPPLE

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### FORD AS HIS WORKERS SEE HIM

**I**N your October issue, Geo. Williams, in his article, "Henry Ford, A Peculiar Entity," makes the statement near the close that, "There remains yet to come from an employe of the Ford plants a criticism of the working conditions."

I don't want him to feel that he can ever again say anything like that truthfully.

Perhaps I had best explain that I have been an employe of the Ford Motor Co. six months at an assembly plant where I am at present.

Curiosity and a purpose brought me here. Purpose holds me here in spite of the fact that I have had to endure more brutality, both ignorant and refined, than I ever thought I could endure under any circumstances.

My purpose in coming here was to find out why Ford has no labor troubles and in what manner could Ford employes be converted to the One Big Union ideas.

Of one thing I feel certain. Owing to the superlative Ford spy system, and the mental condition of the employes caused by it, ordinary IWW organ-

ization methods would be the height of folly. At best it would have to be slow underground work, or so it now seems to me.

The price the Ford laborer pays for his \$6.00 per day is the sacrifice of his manhood, likewise literally speaking, Ford's labor is the cheapest that I know of.

I sincerely hope Mr. Williams can conscientiously recognize this as a criticism and if he so desires I will give him any "Ford news" that I can. However, I must ask that you keep my name out of print, if I am to be of any value (in this unorganized field) for Industrial Unionism.

Trusting that I may be of some use in some way, I am, yours very truly.

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### CRITICISM OF RUSSIA

**O**N page 44 of the October Industrial Pioneer, we find the opinion expressed that Russia is becoming capitalistic.

I call the attention of the critic to the fact that the division of humanity into masters and slaves is unnatural, for all of us have equal needs and equal faculties; and that something wrong must be the cause of that anomaly; and that this cause is the stupidity of the ruled class, a disease produced by military obedience and developed by religion and servitude. The only way to eliminate that condition is to develop the people's intelligence.

Karl Marx and the writer of the criticism say that capitalism shows to the workers the injustice of that condition, and indeed it does. But what it doesn't show is how to do without masters.

So we see the people revolt, itself without cohesion or clear aim; and the instruments of capitalism crush and massacre it, to subdue it by terror; which still more stupifies the workers. It follows then that the only way to get out of slavery is through the door of instruction.

Now everybody knows that Soviet Russia is using its utmost efforts to rapidly educate the people, as every one must believe; otherwise that social system could not last long.

But the critic says that Russia is going back to capitalism because of the concessions. But, these concessions, which are only granted for a limited time, are a valuable source of revenue. It is also true that the co-operative societies are increasing there, every day. The more they develop the less hired workers capitalists will find there.

Ten years from now will be the fifteenth year of the Soviet Republic. By that time, the intellectual revolution in Russia will be completed; and due to this fact, all the workers will have joined the co-operative societies. What will capitalism do there, then?

Providence, R. I.

JOSE M. CUNHA.

(NOTE—Readers are advised to re-read articles criticised. It is a good habit, when reading, to check up statements made.—Editor.)



# 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 Bronko 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.

The cartoon I am enclosing was sent with the first letter I am sending.

SAM MURRAY, SU-410.

Oakland, California.

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.



**H**OW THE MEMORY DOTH LINGER.

A RECOLLECTION—Sam Murray as a Mexican Revolutionist, Drawn by 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.

Fifty-three



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 Girl" (Words and Music), which I hope will help to line up the women workers in the OBU, and I hope you will excuse me.

I see you made a big thing out of that Tipperary song. (We had secured nearly 50 dollars by selling it for 5 cents for the Joe Hill Defense.—S. M.) In fact, a whole lot more than I ever expected, I don't suppose that it would sell very well outside of Frisco, though by the way I got a letter from Swasey in NY and he told me that "Casey Jones" made quite a hit in London and "Casey Jones," he was an Angelino you know, and I never expected that he would leave Los Angeles at all.

The other day we got ten bucks from a company of soldiers stationed on the Mexican line. How is that old top? Maybe they are remembering some of the cigars in glass bottles that they smoked at the expense of the "Tierra e Libertad" bunch.

Don't know much about my case. The Sup. Court will "sit on" it sometime in the sweet bye and bye and that's all I know about it.

Give my best to the bunch.—Joe Hill.

IV.

County Jail, S. L. City, Mar. 22, 1915

Sam Murray, Napa, Cal.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Yours of March 13th at hand. I note that you have gone "back to nature" again and I must confess that it is making me a little homesick when you mention that "little cabin in the hills" stuff. You can talk about your dances, picnics and blow outs, and it won't affect me, but the "little cabin" stuff always gets my goat. That's the only life I know.

Yes, that Tipperary song is spreading like the smallpox they say. Sec. 69 tells me that there is a steady stream of silver from 'Frisco on account of it. 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. They are doing great work in N. Y. this year. The unemployed have been organized and have big meetings every night. Gurly Flynn, Geo. Swasey (the human phonograph) and other live ones are there, and Gurley F. tells me things are looking favorable for the OBU. The hearing of my case has been postponed they say, and they are trying to make me believe that it is for my benefit, but I'll tell you that it is damn hard for me to see where the benefit comes in at; damn hard.

Well, I have about a dozen letters to answer,  
Yours as ever,  
JOE HILL.

V.

S. L. Cy., June 6, 1915.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Your welcome letter received, and am glad to note that you are still

Fifty-four

sticking to your "little cabin in the hills!" I would like to get a little of that close to nature stuff myself for a couple of months in order to regain a little vitality, and a little flesh on my rotting bones. My case was argued on the 28th of May, and according to Judge Hilton, the results were satisfactory. He says he is sure of securing a reversal, and if so, there hardly will be another trial, for the simple reason that there won't be anything to try, if I can get a lawyer that will defend me.

With best wishes to all the rebels,  
Yours for the  
OBU,  
JOE HILL.

P. S. I've just found out that the Superior Court judges are getting ready to go on their vacation until next fall, so I guess there won't be anything decided on my case for some time. But "everything comes to him who waits" they say, and that's the only consolation I got now.—JOE.

VI.

Utah State Prison, Aug. 12, 1915.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Yours of August 5th at hand, and as you see I have been moved to the state prison. The appeal was denied and I was up in court the other day and sentenced to be shot on the first day of October. We were all very much surprised at the decision, because we thought that I would be granted a new trial anyway. But as Judge Hilton says "the records of the lower court are so rotten they had to be covered somehow." I guess you can draw your conclusions from that statement. I wanted to drop the case right there and then, but from reports received from all parts of the country, I think that the case will be carried to the U. S. Supreme Court. I didn't think I'd be worth any more money. You know human life is kind of cheap this year anyway—but I guess the organization thinks otherwise and majority rule goes with me.

Well, I don't know anything new and hoping that you are successful in snaring the elusive doughnut, I remain,  
Yours for the OBU,

JOE HILL.

VII.

Utah State Prison, Sept. 9, 1915.

Sam Murray,  
Frisco, California.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Yours received O. K. Glad to hear that things are picking up. I see that you are employed at making bait for the German "sharks." Well, war certainly shows up the capitalist system in the right light. Millions of men are employed at making ships and others are hired to sink them. Scientific management, eh, wot?

As far as I can see, it doesn't make much difference which side wins, but I hope that one side will win, because a draw would only mean another war in a year or two. All these silly priests and old maid sewing circles that are moaning about peace at this time should be locked up in the crazy house as a menace to society. The war is the finest training school for rebels in the world and for

(Continued on Page 56)

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# War and Christmas — "Murder Will Out."

By ROBERT GRAYSON

PERHAPS not too vigorous a voice need be raised in calling on memory in a matter of again unveiling the tragic and brutal pictures of war propaganda. However, that may be, on various sides we hear voices of old men—as cries of repentance—telling the general "booboisie," or our alleged mass moron population, that not all the tales of German atrocities were true. This is a safe distance at which to discount such calumnies, and especially without hazard to its announcer if he chances to be a "statesman." So Francisco Nitti, formerly Italian premier, sets forth a very interesting indictment of all the European allies against Germany, in the Hearst newspapers for the 28th of October. His thoughts are worth reading for themselves, and in the light of our own victims of the Espionage Act carry added interest.

Mr. Nitti is no longer premier. He is getting old and nears the tomb with a wail of despair on his lips, withal consonant to Europe's actual situation, declaring that "Among the nations of continental Europe a moral code of robbery and murder prevails." And with respect to stories rife for so long in a British-propagandized America about Germany springing on Europe's throat he says (which is important merely because it is a confession of guilt and not a revelation) that "responsibility for the world conflict cannot be laid exclusively at the door of Germany and Austria-Hungary." While impeaching France and reproving Italy he is careful not to include Britain or America. One must have some support.

The most important paragraph of his article is summed up in this naive statement: "During the war we proclaimed that Germany and her allies were alone guilty, and that Germany was guilty of unbelievable outrages. Our excuse is that when a nation is at war fighting for its life, any means that kindles and increases resistance seems justified. I myself, in order to exalt the spirit of the Italians, have said and written that the responsibility of the war belonged to Germany.

"In war only one thing is necessary—to conquer. While the struggle is going on only one thing is necessary—victory. The enemy must be made as black as possible, inhuman in cruelty, wholly evil in purpose. But when the war is ended and danger over, truth should return."

## Worth Memorizing

That is worth memorizing, or at least remembering substantially. Because not many years shall pass without another war, one of such terrific proportions as to overshadow the huge bestiality of the recent one, which, by the way, seems to be continuing in the Ruhr. When once again our masters, the arbiters of human existence, who possess us because they own the economic machinery and can decree almost without protest that millions of Americans shall go into trenches to butcher workers of other countries; I repeat that when once again this



PROFIT ABOVE HUMANITY

economic oligarchy finds it to the advantage of an expansion policy to declare another war, press, pulpit and school will blaze with lies about the atrocities of the opponent, and these good Christian ladies and gentlemen will feel justified for reasons quoted above! Then heretofore calm, almost stolid, and always stupid workers will recoil at the horror of "foreigners" with so little humanity as to cut off hands or feet of little babies, to unsex men and to rip wombs out of women, and so on *ad damnum*.

Once again as national monomania of war whirls its foul mental fogs, and ingenious tales of the adversary's brutality cry out on every corner, in each alley, from so-called newspapers, conveniently purchased outright for the occasion, from altars ostensibly dedicated to him who died for preaching the Brotherhood of Man, from the schools that forever exalt war's alleged glamour, when all this degradation constitutes the pabulum of our masses, there will be some cries of protest, some clear voices "crying in the wilderness" and patriotism's glorious duty will again be exhibited in stifling these cries, jailing the men and women who dare to see the truth "out of season," or lynching them without hesitation.

## A Moral Collapse

Ex-premier Nitti and others of high station in a bourgeois world can see what they regard as a total moral collapse and an economic failure so far-reaching that it means no more or less, to their minds, than "the collapse of European civilization." The mighty are dying, their financial thrones creak dismally on slender, swaying sticks. So the heart crying out for past glory is a heart almost bled white. They want the "good, old days." Their hearts are



not winepresses that but crush the fruits of experience to flow forth at length a seasoned wine of wisdom and of the joy of living. No, these old men despair. Not only is their race almost run, but the power that was hereditary in masters is, too, nearing its last grave. Yet what should these great ones expect? Diurnal things may well melt into the past with skies glorified by beautiful sunsets, but can the long travail of human slavery, born in agony, matured in sweat and blood and tears, blissfully pass along as a being finding some sweet Nirvana?

I think not, and you have only to see this violence all around us together with the confessions of capitalistic incompetency that daily grow more numerous, to realize that the regime is sick unto death. If there is no hope for its recovery it behooves us to make haste, for life's strands are complex at best, and must be disentangled by intelligence. The germ of such intelligence is small, but it has power to grow, indeed must grow and arrange the affairs of mankind. There is no hope except that which is conceived of industrial freedom. Soft hands cannot always hold the reins, and purrings of aristocracy cannot guide humanity to any advance. It is for rough hands and strong tongues to remould and guide society by causing its elements to pour through channels of industrial democracy—all to work and all to eat.

#### The New Philosophy

All those who want the establishment of social justice, which is only attainable by inaugurating an industrial system that is sane and that does not rest on a foundation of mass servitude to privileged minorities, expect rulers to take umbrage at this new philosophy. To feel their wrath is part of the day's work, evidenced by the attitude of our rebels in prisons, yet inexplicable to all who do not feel the tireless driving force that animates evangelists of any kind. Most of the men and women who went to jail for being outspoken in this rallying of workers around the red standard of their economic deliverance had no wish to be martyrs, for such a desire is not normal. But they did not falter, they were consistent and they suffered. It is the story of man's advance throughout all ages, and that mankind did advance, over the bodies it destroyed only to venerate later, has caused it to be truly said: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church."

We owe them our support, we owe it to ourselves and to our class. Humanity, with capitalism's end, will know no death. But the might of our proletarian solidarity it must experience a real, thoroughgoing renaissance designed so that no man can live on his brother's labor, that there shall be no mansions, jewels, learpings and abundance of every material kind for any arrogant class of idlers and wasters, while the masses break their backs in excessive drudgery, existing in poverty and ignorance. Therefore, stand up for yourself and your class, it will inherit the earth. Refuse to be reduced by bourgeois propaganda to the common denominator of a fool. "To be or not to be" perplexed Hamlet,

just as it apparently distresses certain bourgeois encumbrances of the earth, but the virile, surging, singing workers whose youth is endless in their class, pressing on and up, with all of evolution's truths favoring their future and refusing to remain mute domesticated work-beasts feel an exultant cry of positive life and freedom and happiness in the deathless will "To be!"

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## JOE HILL'S LETTERS

(Continued from Page 54)

anti-militarists as well, and I hope that all the S. S. bills in the country will go over there.

Well, Sam, I don't know anything about my case. My attorneys told me to leave it all to them, and that makes it pretty soft for me to have someone else do the worrying for me.

I believe your good work on the coast is being felt at this end of the line, though.

With best wishes I am as ever yours,

JOE HILL.

### VIII.

(When the following was written, Joe expected to be shot within twenty-four hours, and all of us had given up hope. However, he later received a respite of something over a month, thus being forced to go over the strain of the last day on earth again.)

Utah State Prison, Sept. 30, 1915.

Sam Murray, 3345 17th St.,  
Frisco, Calif.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Well, Sam, I received your letter, but you shouldn't feel so sentimental about it. This dying business is not quite so bad as it is cracked up to be. I have always said "a new trial or die trying," and I'll show that I meant it. I was moved to another cell last night and have an armed guard in front of my cell. I was also given a swell feed for the first time in God knows how long, and that is one of the surest signs.

Well, Sam, you and me had a little pleasure at one time that few rebels have had the privilege of having, and I guess I've had my share of the fun after all. Now, just forget me, and say good-bye to the bunch.

Yours for the OBU,

JOE HILL.

P. S. Sent a letter to Caroline.

This was the last letter I got direct from Joe Hill. But we kept up the fight; telegraphed to the unions of Sweden, the Swedish Minister at Washington, who sent President Wilson a letter; who also wired the Governor of Utah, but to no avail, and the night before the execution finally took place we received together with some of the other organizations throughout the country, his famous farewell wire: "Goodbye, Forget me. Don't mourn, Organize." which we immediately answered, but which, as near as we could learn, he never received.



# A Worker's Wanderings from Italy to South America

By JOHN ASHBURN

IT is just about a year, that, disgusted with the rioting of the Fascist mobs in Italy, I decided to leave that country, as so many Italian Socialists and Radicals were forced to do. Although I was an alien in Italy and I worked peacefully, restricting myself to viewing the development of the political and economic situation, I was not safe with these bandits, who killed and tortured anyone, who had another opinion than theirs.

Once I got a copy of "Industrial Solidarity," in which paper I narrated something about the growing movements of the Fascists and their sainted leader, Mussolini; whom I marked as a corrupted politician, because he was financially backed by big industry. Accidentally a "blackshirt," knowing the English language took the newspaper out of my pocket in my working place and read this item signed with my name. This is a risky thing and so much the more, if you dare to write about the "Duke," as Mussolini's followers call him.

We had some quarrel and I avoided thru some trick to be beaten or forced to drink castor oil or shot down like a laborer, who was bold enough to read on a street corner the innocent "La Giustizia" (Justice), a reformist Socialist paper. A blackshirt passed by and asking him for what reason he reads the aforementioned newspaper and getting no answer from this intimidated worker except a whisper, the blackshirt shot down the unarmed workingman. Under such circumstances I did not feel quite at my ease and I determined, on departing from Milan, to go via Venice through Germany to Buenos Aires.

## A Fond Reminder

I took the night train from Milan to Venice bidding farewell to all fellow workers and comrades having to remain at their posts. As the train moved out on the Lombardian plain, illuminated by the emerging moon, I was reminded of Italy of two years ago, on the verge of social revolution. Malatesta, the great old leader, arrived in the harbor of Genoa from England, where he was exiled during many years, saluted by the steamship's whistles and then came the occupation of factories by the whole working class; the climax of this great historical revolutionary movement equaling in significance the Russian revolution.

All these Italian workers were full of idealism, which seems to be a gift of nature of this southern nation, that I did not encounter either in Germany or even in Russia. The movement declined steadily, due to the fact, that the Socialist and Confederation of Labor leaders betrayed the working class, step by step.

## Italy Amid Civil War

At the present time Italy is doomed to Mussolini's tyranny, worse than Germany during Bismarck's Socialist law

In the train one could see that Italy is amid civil

war. In the corridor of the car there are written the diverse slogans like: "Down with the Fascists!" "Down with the rascals!" "Long live Malatesta!" "Long live Lenin!" The latter is the only one of the Russian leaders, who is appreciated by the Italian workers. Others are never mentioned. The Italian railroad workers are the most severe enemy of the fascism and the foremost vanguard of the Italian radical, unpolitical Socialism, leaning toward IWW theories. These workers are not organized under the Confederation of Labor but they have a separate organization of their own adhered to the syndicalist confederation.

The train rushed through the fertile plains eastwards; I glanced at the last spurs of the Alps lying in the north. We had a little delay at the station of the university town Padua, on account of the turbulence of a Fascist squadron wanting to get into the train. They sang: "Giovinezza, giovinezza, primavera di bellezza . . ." whereupon the personnel of the train replied with: "Avanti popolo a la riscossa . . ." ("Forward, folk") to uproar.. accompanied by the sounds of some shots.

Finally the train drove out of the station. The mountains disappeared more and more from the horizon and a seabreeze began to blow and a wonderful sunrise was visible. The train left the peninsula and ran about 15 miles upon a stone bridge amidst short yellow waves of the Adriatic sea to the artificial island on which the medieval city of Venice is situated. Venice is built up thoroughly on piles driven in the low ground of the Adriatic sea, but in a few centuries this town will be no more an island of lake-dwellings, because the coast of the Italian peninsula is slowly moving out towards the sea.

## Entering Venice

At 6 o'clock in the morning I entered Venice. Few people were on the streets. Each step on the big stone flags sounded and echoed solemnly. I asked a Venetian fellow for the best way to Pallazzo San Marco and he responded with a very soft pronunciation in the Italian language, interwoven with some words of the Venetian dialect. Thus I took a "gondola" and drove along the Grand Canal. On both sides one can see "i palazzi" of the middle ages. The steps of these buildings are washed by the water and sometimes it runs even into the hall. A part of these old castles are abandoned and birds are the only inhabitants of the forgotten and sleeping houses, where once upon a time a gorgeous splendor and luxury displayed their might. After half an hour's gondola ride I went ashore on Piazza di San Marco, the center of the town. I also found here a solemn calmness, which lasted during the whole day, although it was not a festival day but a work-day. Venice seemed to me like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty in the well known fairy tale. She lives on the money brought in by foreigners.



Piazza San Marco, a large square, is surrounded by colonades and porticos. I saw the never missed feeding of the San Marco's doves.

Then I went into the Duke's palace, the so-called "palazzo del Doge," in which are sheltered galleries of pictures representing fine art such as we do not any more produce in our century of capitalistic industrialism. The guide led me to the prisons, in which suffered the revolutionists against this aristocratic republic that lived at that time as a parasite and sponger upon the diverse countries of Europe and the near Orient, as today Miami, Fla., or Los Angeles, Cal., are doing upon the toiling industrial centers and agricultural plains of North America; or as Monte Carlo is doing upon Europe and the casino near Montevideo, Uruguay, upon the South American continent. Indeed, it made some impressions on me seeing the small cells without a window, real tombs. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, the bed—all that is of cold stone. I entered each cell with some palpitation and as I felt the smell of mouldiness, it was like the wind of past ages.

I took the through train to Vienna the next morning. In the compartment I made the acquaintance of two young Boers from Transvaal, South African Union, who were travelling to the University of Vienna. I conversed with them upon the ranch upheaval and they told me that the IWW theories are getting a foothold in the Union on account of the general discontent reigning throughout the African continent since the war-end.

#### In the Steerage

Finally I arrived at Hamburg. I travelled as steerage passenger. The majority of these emigrants were German emigrants, most of them industrial workers, who went to either agricultural Argentine or Brazil. As I went to the pier I could make philosophical considerations. There were two vessels, one starting to South America, the other to North America. On the gangway of the former you could see underfed proletarians, disgusted with the old continent and having before them an unknown future. They have no relatives in the far, southern world and they are real pioneers destined to go into unpopulated areas, like the Pampas, Patagonia or Andean regions. On the gangway of the latter you could see well-dressed passengers, who know where to go; namely, to a more developed continent than they leave.

We departed at five o'clock. The relatives on the pier beckoned to their husbands, sons, sisters, brothers, daughters, etc., hoping they will become rich; but how many are going to go under, as I saw, they do not consider.

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### NOT HIM

Shop Foreman.—"You ain't one of them blokes wot drops their tools and scoots as soon as knock-off blows, are you?"

Lily White.—"Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put me tools away before the whistle goes."—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

Fifty-eight

## Our Business Corner

**W**E are not mourning. We say with Joe Hill, "Organize," and organize the proper way.

We have a splendid report to make. The Pioneer has just passed its 8th month Birthday, or eight months since the work on the Pioneer was actually begun.

Our record as an IWW educational and popular magazine is already established and that is no boast.

Our financial record is also fine. Beginning in May, with no funds at all, excepting what the General Office advanced, and with some comparatively small contributions from outside, we have been able not only to pay our expenses and our debts to the General Office; but also, show a surplus of \$143.09. Now, that is not bad.

However, we'll not stop here. Improvements must be made. We must spread out. We must reach the workers of this country and abroad with the message of Industrial Unionism. To that end, further funds are necessary and further investments.

Our first step in that direction is the special Christmas Amnesty issue to be out about the 25th of November. This Special Amnesty number, as will be seen, consists of 64 pages excellent material and splendid cartoons and pictures. Our regular issue is 48 pages

**Fellow Workers who are interested in the Christmas Amnesty Drive for the release of the boys in jail, should get busy and send in an order for the December issue. Do it now.**

If you are getting an order, you should double that order or multiply it. And those who are not on our mailing list, can send in the order with cash in advance or thru their respective unions, and these, even as small an order as for five, will be filled at once, and forwarded as soon as the magazine is off the press. Extra copies will be supplied as long as there are any left.

Send in subscriptions; names for sample copies; names and addresses of news stands and other dealers anywhere. Send in for a subscription book.

**You know the importance of the press to the capitalist, it is equally as important to us. Spread our press, all of it.**

The Industrial Pioneer for December will be especially good for that purpose.

Get readers, this is the thing. A reader is a friend any way, if nothing else.

You secure the reader and the Industrial Pioneer will break down his prejudices against the IWW, even if it has grown thick with moss.

The Industrial Pioneer is ploughing new ground and its short existence will show that the plow is not of the old-fashioned kind, but of the latest model, modern type.

In boosting the Pioneer of December you will accomplish a threefold task, viz: help boost the Christmas Amnesty drive; increase the circulation of your press and prepare the way for an increased membership. Let's go!

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# Gompers and Deportation

By FORREST EDWARDS

THE present immigration act, which limits the number of immigrants to be admitted to the United States from each of the foreign countries, becomes inoperative in 1924.

This law was passed when the capitalists of this country were in the clutch of a fear that a great influx of immigrants from war-torn Europe would bring with them "social" ideas which would make them dangerous and undesirable. Moreover, the industries which were turned from peace production to the manufacture of war material would again assume the old character, with decreased working forces and at a slackened pace, compared with the feverishness of war time. Also, those industries which serve equally the purpose of war and peace, which had been running at their utmost capacity to supply our large military force for a longer period than proved necessary, would reduce the production, and this would also automatically reduce the working force. A dangerous army of unemployed would thus be formed.

In addition, there was a military force of approximately four of the five million under arms to be demobilized and made available as civilians to assist in supplying the human needs of industry. Manifestly under such circumstances the capitalists felt safe in setting up bars against foreign labor.

There was persecution in this "patriotism," too, for if an unrestricted volume of immigration had been allowed entrance into the United States, when the immigrants arrived and competed with the veterans, the Europeans would get the jobs and the hollowness of the capitalists' pretended patriotism have been shown up.

## Open Shop Success

The open shop drive scored such success as proved the capitalist calculation about labor power had been sound. But the industrial boom which created a demand for labor during the past year or so, has proved that the national labor supply was not of such proportions as to enable the capitalists to have their own way to the extent that they desired and to which they had grown accustomed.

As a consequence we find their agents in Washington trying to influence congress to lift the ban higher, and their newspaper mouthpieces throughout the country are shouting about the hardships that the "labor shortage" was imposing upon "our" manufacturers.

A controversy arose as to whether the restrictions upon immigration should be relaxed, made more stringent, or removed entirely. Each contention had its supporters. Of course, Labor, through its "accredited representatives," had to contribute its share to the discussion. Sam Gompers was its spokesman.

Mr. Gompers insists that unrestricted immigration would work hardships and visit injustice upon

the working class of the United States. Therefore, he stands for such restrictions as would do justice to the oppressed of other countries but would not imperil the standards of the American workers and threaten the institutions of the United States. He suggests that intelligent immigrants would help, rather than hinder the country. He would gauge the intelligence of the would-be immigrants by a literacy test. There are many capitalists of 'liberal' tendencies who agree with Mr. Gompers. Very well, then; are these gentlemen and Mr. Gompers sincere in their suggestions? That there is a difference as well as a distinction between intelligence and being able to pass a literacy test will be waived.

But if intelligence is the test by which the entry of foreign nativity is to be determined, then by what test is its existence to be determined?

## Deportation Protested?

We have had, and still have, in the penitentiaries of the United States a number of I. W. W. prisoners of foreign nativity, who were not guilty of any crime or misdemeanor and who were imprisoned solely for the industrial opinions they held. These men would qualify with honors in the literacy test proposed by Mr. Gompers and those who agree with him about qualifications for entry into the United States. There are still men in Leavenworth prison, and out on bonds pending a court decision to decide whether or not they shall be deported, as others have previously been deported.

Will Mr. Gompers protest these deportations or, by his silence, give approval and endorsement?

If these men can be justly deported, then the literacy test that Mr. Gompers proposes has no value. And unless Mr. Gompers and those who support his views in relation to the literacy test for foreign immigrants, vindicate the sufficiency of the literacy test, by demanding that the government cease molesting these persons, they stand convicted of not believing in what they themselves propose.

A test is a test for all, or it is not a test but a subterfuge. If one with I. W. W. opinions can pass the test, then no impediment to their entry should be offered. Holding opinions formed in good faith and intelligently expressed, does not endanger democracy. Sam Gompers and his supporters know this. No man in America knows it better than Mr. Gompers.

But Sam is not a Democrat. If he were, the cause of the I. W. W. prisoners, both native and foreign would enlist his support; for, on their incarceration all labor in the United States is threatened. To submit a test for entry that will not hold inside the portals of the country, is to play the prettiest kind of politics.

Where are you, Mr. Gompers? You stand before the bar of working class opinion. Do you know the



# The Centralia Conspiracy

(Continued from Page 10)

ion are such that a verdict of guilty seems to be expected of us. But this, in fairness we cannot bring ourselves to return. The loggers are getting the worst of it, but if our verdict is 'not guilty' the Judge will declare it unsatisfactory. In addition to this we will be condemned and socially ostracised. Perhaps, too, the next jury will not be as generous as ourselves. There is no doubt about the killing, but we have no means of knowing from evidence submitted in court whether the killing was justified or not. Therefore let us give the Judge and the public any old kind of a verdict of guilty and at the same time demand of the Judge that he grant leniency to the defendants."

## Drilling Witnesses

The reasons the prosecution wanted the case confined to facts of the shooting, instead of the conspiracy of the Associated Industries' officials that precipitated the shooting, are easy to be seen. But how did they manage to drill their witnesses so that the story would sound plausible? What kind of "machine" did they use to "frame" their case and "make" witnesses in order to put their version of the shooting across? How could they best manage to keep the defense from reaching the jury with the real facts, or as many of the real facts as possible? The real story of this machiavellian plot to defeat the ends of justice has leaked out since the trial. A special investigator for the defense has given his findings to the world. It reads like a page from fiction—but it is the gospel truth.

In the first place, there was probably not more than one man out of every ten in the "parade" who

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immigrant who is knocking on the gate and the worker who has the courage of his convictions and exhibits the spirit of labor when inside? We don't care particularly where you stand, but where do you?

## An Elevating Factor

If you and your supporters insist that the principle of deportation is right, and should be applied to aliens who threaten the American standard, by reducing it to a still lower level, then we submit that not one of the aliens now held by the Department of Labor should, or could, justly be deported. On the contrary, since they are a real positive force for the raising of that standard to a still higher level, every resource of the American Federation of Labor should be used to prevent these deportations.

Moreover, there are thousands of aliens in this country who are used as scabs in the time of strike. They are the real force for the reduction of the American standards, and you know it. Yet, you nor none of your supporters have seen fit to insist upon the deportation of alien scabs. Why! Where do you stand?



LOREN ROBERTS

I. W. W. whose mind became affected by mob terrorism.

actually knew of the conspiracy of the "secret committee" to lynch the union secretary and destroy the union hall. The plan was to stampede the marchers into unlawful action at the opportune moment just as had been done previously in 1918, get the raid started and then use the rope. Not all of the legion boys who marched in that "parade" had murder in their hearts. Some of them may have wanted "rough-house" and would have delighted in the work of making things hot for the wobblies. But only a comparative few either desired or were prepared for a lynching bee. Those who harbored these sinister intentions were members of the "secret committee."

## Truthful Legionaires

At least two of them were killed in the raid. So there were legionaires who could testify truthfully that they were ignorant of the murderous purpose of the "parade." Some of these were located at the far ends of the procession and did not know what had happened until they were told about it or had read the hectic stories in the newspapers. Some of these testified on the witness stand that they thought the shooting took place before the raid started. There may have been a few legionaires who took this position—honestly. But for every legionaire of this type there were at least five who were willing and eager to make their testimony suit the case. These the prosecution without hesitation or scruples proceeded to use for "cat's paws." just as the lumber trust had used the legionaires in the "parade."

In all fairness it must be admitted that a con-



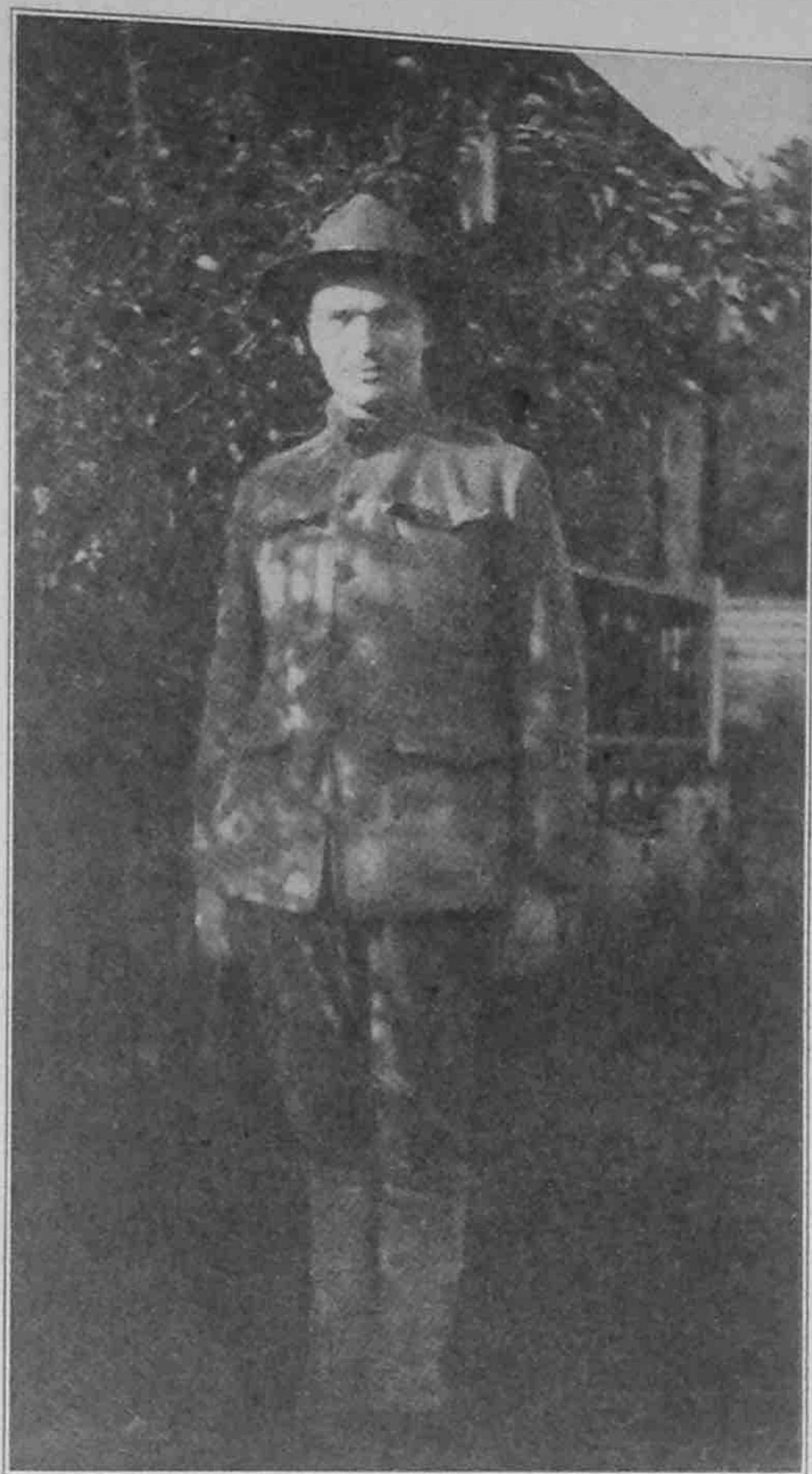
siderable number of legionaires were honest enough in the cause of truth and fairdealing to defy condemnation and ostracism and take the stand for the defense. It took courage to do this and too much credit cannot be given to them for their unselfish actions. Unfortunately the legionaires were not all of this type.

American Legion men had gathered together in considerable numbers in Montesano to attend the trial. The prosecution saw to this detail which, like the camping of regular troops on the courthouse lawn, was intended to create the proper "atmosphere." Tacoma, Centralia, Chehalis, Bellingham, Port Angeles, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Mt. Vernon, Anacortes and Bremerton—each of these towns and cities supplied its quota of delegates, all of them O. K.'d by the prosecution before they came. These men were sent to Montesano with the understanding that they were to submit to the orders of their commander, a Mr. Schant, a former army captain who was in charge of the Montesano American Legion. These men were paid four dollars a day by the lumber interests. In addition to this stipend they were given sleeping accommodations in the fire department section of the City Hall and in a garage nearby. This latter place was a veritable fortress, well supplied with high power rifles and ammunition of all kinds. A certain Lieut. Crawford of Mount Vernon was in charge of this little lumber trust army. The legionnaires did guard duty twenty-four hours each day in their fortress. The sentries were detailed by roster.

#### An Armed Camp

It must be remembered that these legionaires were private citizens, living in an armed camp of their own in the midst of a community that had ample protection from the customary law-enforcing machinery. Who armed them and gave them permission to camp in the heart of the city? Why had they been gathered together and for what purpose? Can it be that the lumber interests were waiting, as was openly intimated, for an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the defendants in case the jury did not do its "duty?"

Lieut. Balcon was in charge of the secret service work for the prosecution. Under him were several legionaires dressed like loggers and workmen. It was the duty of these lumber trust spies to gain the confidence of defense witnesses, learn in advance of the testimony they intended to give and, wherever possible, influence it to suit the programme of the prosecution. As soon as a defense witness had been interrogated by these sleuths, the findings were transmitted to Chief Balcon who was privileged to enter that part of the courtroom occupied by the attorneys. Balcon would then pass his information over to prosecution attorney Christiansen, who would in turn give it to prosecutors Cunningham or Able during the progress of the trial. Thus were the scales of Justice weighted in favor of the rich and powerful and against the penniless loggers who had dared to defend themselves from the mob.



WESLEY EVEREST

Overseas I. W. W. veteran lynched by lumber-trust mob.

#### Prosecutor Chief Detective

Christiansen was the most active of all the detectives for the prosecution. His position as Assistant State's Attorney afforded him absolute freedom of action. He had access to everything that went on at the courthouse and the American Legion fortress and headquarters. By examination of the subpoenas issued for the defense witnesses, it was a simple matter for him to keep the prosecution informed about all witnesses likely to be called.

It was a consistent policy of the prosecution to have each and every defense witness interviewed in advance. This was done for the purpose of obtaining advance information as to what the testimony would be and also to influence this testimony BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE to make it substantiate the prosecution's made-to-order case. To accomplish this end very elaborate methods were employed.

#### Intelligence Chief

Lieut. Frank Van Gilder was one of the chief members of this Intelligence Department. Whenever possible this officious person visited prospective de-



fense witnesses before their arrival at Montesano and secured, or tried to secure, their testimony. Van Gilder's method of approach was suave but forceful. He always boasted that he "knew his stuff." And it was the smooth stuff that Van Gilder was supposed to put over. When this method failed to make the right kind of an impression on the witness other agents would follow him up with a different line. Threats and intimidation were indulged in and the witness would be informed in unmistakable language as to what their future in the community would be like and what would happen to him or her in case the testimony they were about to give would be found to be objectionable by the prosecution.

Upon the arrival of the defense witnesses at Montesano, Lieut. Balcon's forces took up their work at once and every effort made to interview those who had escaped Van Gilder's attentions. These men, in various attires intended to make them look as much like workers as possible, tried by confidential means to secure prospective testimony. Some defense witnesses were openly threatened in the court room immediately following their testimony. The arrest of two defense witnesses for perjury was part of the plan to intimidate other witnesses waiting their turn to go on the stand for the loggers.

#### High Speed Espionage

As the defendant's attorney, George Vanderveer, neared the conclusion of his case the espionage machinery of the prosecution was already operating at high speed to manufacture the rebuttal witnesses to impeach all of the important testimony of the defense. Assistant State's Attorney Christiansen was the man selected to put the polish on these 'made' witnesses. The testimony itself was 'framed' by Lieut. Van Gilder or his associates, before the witness was brought to Montesano. The finishing touch was put on by Attorney Christiansen. Then the witnesses were taken before special prosecutors for approval.

The above is merely a brief review of the many means used by the lumber trust to defeat the ends of justice at the Montesano trial. Even then there would of necessity be many angles of the sordid story still untold. The fact remains that at Montesano convincing proof was offered of the truthfulness of the statement that a workingman has no chance in an American court, especially if the workingman be a member of an unpopular and misunderstood labor union like the IWW. But the Centralia case proves more than this. It proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that until the workers gain economic power to match the power of the organized business interests labor prosecution will continue unabated. All power, then, to the class conscious and militant workers of the IWW who are determined to put a stop to such outrages against themselves and their class!

#### Outweighs All Cases

In the meantime we must not forget that the Centralia case outweighs all other IWW cases in importance. Not only are the sentences longer but

the effect of the case as it stands on the other cases is harmful in the extreme. It is said, for instance, that President Harding's stubbornness in refusing to consider the federal IWW cases was largely the result of his firm belief that the IWW loggers in Centralia fired without warning or provocation into a parade of marching ex-service men in uniform. It may be said, of course, that the foibles of a mere politician do not matter. If we had industrial power this statement would be far more true than it is today when we have such power only to a limited extent. President Harding's frame of mind is indicative of the frame of mind of the entire country. The capitalist newspapers, by poisoning the sources of public information at the head waters have made the hideous lie about our fellow workers in Walla Walla "stick."

It is up to us to undo their dirty work by convincing the entire country of the truth about the Centralia Conspiracy that sent the men who defended their hall to prison for from twenty-five to forty years. We owe this to the boys in Walla Walla and to our other imprisoned fellow workers whose cases will be affected by the Centralia case. In reality the Centralia case is the key to the entire IWW defense. Next in importance come the California state cases. These have a unique organization character that differentiate them from the Centralia case. The federal cases, on account of being the first and biggest IWW persecutions have had a large amount of publicity—perhaps more than their share. Strategically they are in a better position than any of the others as far as a general release is concerned. The federal cases have already cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and are costing great sums every year. Once these are disposed of the work of liberating the Centralia and various state cases will be greatly simplified.

#### Realizing Acts

Compared with the Centralia case the charges against the men in the federal and state cases seem trivial. Sooner or later (we all hope sooner) the various jails and prisons of the country will all give up their prey. But back of it all and overshadowing all is the stern, awful and inescapable fact that the Centralia boys are doomed for twenty-five to forty years in prison and for the gravest charge on the calendar of law—murder. The realization of this fact should bring to our minds the necessity of starting a real drive for the release of these fellow workers. Fundamentally the cases are all the same. It was for the crime of being members of the IWW that all of the men are now in prison. Different pretexts were used to land them there, that's all. Had the Centralia men not been IWW's they would never have been convicted. The Centralia case deserves all the support that can be given it. It deserves far more attention than has been given it. Nothing should be permitted to stand in the way of a united drive to liberate the victims of the lumber trust who went to prison for daring to defend their union hall.



# Christmas Conditions in Cleveland

By EDWARD LLOYD

BY the time you are reading this magazine the nations of the earth will be getting ready to celebrate, perhaps have celebrated, the birth of the "First Rebel." On all sides you will hear the time-honored expression, "Merry Christmas," and the inevitable reply, "Same to you and many of them."

The tinkle of the bell in the hands of "Santa Claus" as he stands besides a pot admonishing the public to "Keep the pot a-boiling" for the Salvation Army will be heard. "Volunteers" will be out in full force to cajole what money they can from an easy going throng, in fact, all in the mission field, big and little, will be out to get theirs while the getting is good.

Papers will appear with big head-lines about this and that organization, and the "charity" they have dispensed. Big, fat, pot-bellied heads of corporations will head the donation lists to relieve the poor, relieve the poor whom they have systematically robbed for ages that they may live in luxury. This will be the "Merry Christmas" of the exploited wage slave.

## Capitalist Generosity

The boot-licking press will write columns about their generosity, and everybody concerned will have a good time except the poor, for after the milk of human kindness has passed thru the separator of organized charity, very little is left except the skim, the cream has gone for "overhead," most of it into the coffers of the \$57,000,000.00 (fifty-seven million) corporation, that helper of the outcast, that blatant follower of the humble Nazarene, The Salvation Army.

We will hear about the kindness of the boss and the interest he takes in his employees, his magnificent "gifts," his high standing as a citizen, and his "patriotism."

But not a word will be printed of the sordid condition of the slaves who have to toil from morning to night that he might gather his ill-gotten millions. Nothing about the foul-smelling, rotten ventilated places they have to sweat and toil in that they may get the means to keep life in their bodies, nothing about the children who are being bled in their sweatshops, children in years but old in experience. Children deprived of their right to play, poor, worn-out, wizened, under-nourished and tubercular specimens of humanity, children sewing on buttons in tenements till the early hours of the morning to help get a pittance that will keep a shelter over their heads. Poor, cold, blue-looking children whom an ordinary man wants to take to his heart and love, the children who help provide the means for the "Philanthropist" to head the donations lists.

Nothing will be said about the packing house worker as he toils in the slime and filth of the "sanitary" packing plants, out of the route of visitors, nothing about the toiler in the fertilizing plant,

among the stench and filth, a stench so horrible that in some towns he must walk home after his day's work as the street car operators will not allow him to ride on a car, he smells so foul. Oh no, nothing like that will be printed.

## What of the Steel Worker

Nothing of the steel worker as the sweat gleams on his body before the hot furnaces, and then drags his weary body home too tired to sleep even. Do you wonder we have drug addicts. You may hear something of the "eight hour" day Judge Gary has granted them, and which seventy-five per cent of them have NOT got. Yes, it is possible that you will hear of the eight hour day, but you will hear nothing of the majority who are working ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a day.

The steel magnates claim they have the eight hour day, and yet you hear them singing, "Yes, we have no eight hours."

Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the largest Steel cities of the East. A few of the departments such as the machinists and mechanics are on an eight hour basis, but not one mill has the straight eight hour all through.

The steel trust may tell you about the eight hours they have on their boats on the Great Lakes. True, they have it in some departments where they were COMPELLED to install it, but the look-out and wheelmen do a twelve hour day. The engineers also do twelve hours, only the oilers, firemen and coal-passers get the eight hours.

Down by the Central blast furnace on Broadway, the writer was talking to some of the residents of that district, and one house was pointed out to him—it looked big enough to house two families in a pinch—and was informed that SEVEN DIFFERENT FAMILIES WERE LIVING IN THAT HOUSE, and from the number of children seen emerging from it, they must have to hang them up on hooks at night.

Yet we send missionaries to Africa to "civilize" the "savages."

The Otis Steel, The American Steel, and McKinney Steel are nearly all ten and twelve hours. The Atlas Car Shops and various other machine shops are also on the ten hour basis.

## "Home Brew" Interest

A great number of the employees of the steel mills are of European extraction, and appear to be very interested in "Home Brew." In the residential section around the mills the writer saw wagon loads of grapes being unloaded at various houses. This can have but one meaning.

Most of the small store-keepers are boot-leggers; this is not hear-say but the result of a personal investigation.

In certain parts of the city in the late hours of night and in the early morning the smell of a cooking mash is wafted to your nostrils. All the dry law



# We'll Run the Works

By FRANK S. MEYERS

THE shops, mills, mines and factories, no longer now are packed, and ever as the days go by, the rebel ones get sacked. Time was, when a fellow, that walked and talked and slept, could get a job most anywhere, if he had a little pep. But after counting up the profits, and the need for "slaves" grew less, the greedy "master class" did cry, We'll give these dogs a rest.

A few years back, the slogan was, we'll have to do our "bit" if not the "German Hun" will come, and he will use the whip. To get a job was easy then, the highest wage was paid, and as the "war clouds" gathered, the "Profiteers" did rave: We're in this war for freedom, we know we're in the right. We have no time for "slackers"; all must work or fight!

But things have changed since that time, no longer are we sought, for fighting in this army, or producing for our salt. To find a job you're lucky, that pays a living wage, to feed the wife and kiddies, is

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enforcers must have bad colds and be unable to smell, as very few arrests are made.

This suits Mr. Steel Trust O. K. It keeps the slave contented, he can work for less money, and has not got time to think about organizing. Commercialized vice is rampant here as it is in all Steel towns. Wild orgies have been exposed in one paper, but nothing is ever done about it.

A sad dreary sight can be seen any night on the West side when the Steel mills release their slaves for the day. On leaving the mill in the flats the workers climb to the high level bridge to catch the car for home. This takes four or five flights of stairs, and by the time they arrive at the top they are all in, and fall asleep on the pavement waiting for the car. Men with all their energy ground out of them, listless, almost lifeless, no hope ahead of them, Robots in embryo.

This is the class of people the IWW is now working amongst. Controlled papers are foaming at the mouth about the IWW. Perhaps some of us will have to come to an end as did Frank Little, but, WE ARE HERE TO STAY.

The tide of Industrial Unionism is surely rising, and will soon flood the land. The boss is beginning to see the handwriting on the wall and it is not expected that he will give up without a struggle. The battle will be long and fierce but when the workers realize their economic power, when they destroy a "union" that separates them, and pits one set of workers against another employed in the same industry, when they unite in the true ONE BIG UNION, when they carry the "red" card, the card of the Industrial Workers of the World, then we will be able to say as the season comes round, and say it from the bottom of our hearts:—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

mighty hard these days. Now we do not have to work or fight, victory has been won,—for the "Capitalistic Parasite"—for the "Workers" there was none. But listen to the bugle, of the one big union grand. It is the call to workers to come and give a hand. Let's organize together, the "One Big Union Way" "Industrial workers" everywhere, must see the light of day. Victory for the "toilers" in this and every land, will only be accomplished, when we united stand. For united we are standing, divided we will fall, let's get together, in the "One Big Union Stall." Craft unions and their leaders, today are out of place, industrial unions everywhere will have to take their place. For the "motto" of the grafters in the AFL divides up the workers, and makes their lives a hell. A fair day's work, for a fair day's pay, keeps you breaking even, the longer that you stay.

The world for the workers, this "motto" can't be beat. Those that do not work—neither shall they eat. Stop! producing for profit, for in that there's nothing fair; working for yourselves is better, where each and all get equal share. There'll be no "Capitalist masters" let's drive them from this earth; we'll need no labor "saviors" we'll then get what we're worth. "Wage workers," heed our warning, "Let's get the whole damn works," more pay and shorter hours, don't do away with "shirks." Come gather round our standard, we'll show you how to fight, not with bullets or machine gun,—but the weapon "General Strike." There won't be any "Parasites" after we are done, we'll run the "works" to suit ourselves, we'll all have lots of fun.

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## YUMPIN' YIMINY!

Ole Olesen had been working as an engine wiper and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as:

"Now Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive, too."

With these facts of economy pounded thoroughly into his head, Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility as fireman. The last query propounded was:

"Suppose you are on your engine, on a single track. You go around a curve and see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

"I grab the dam' oil can; I grab the dam' waste—and I yump!"

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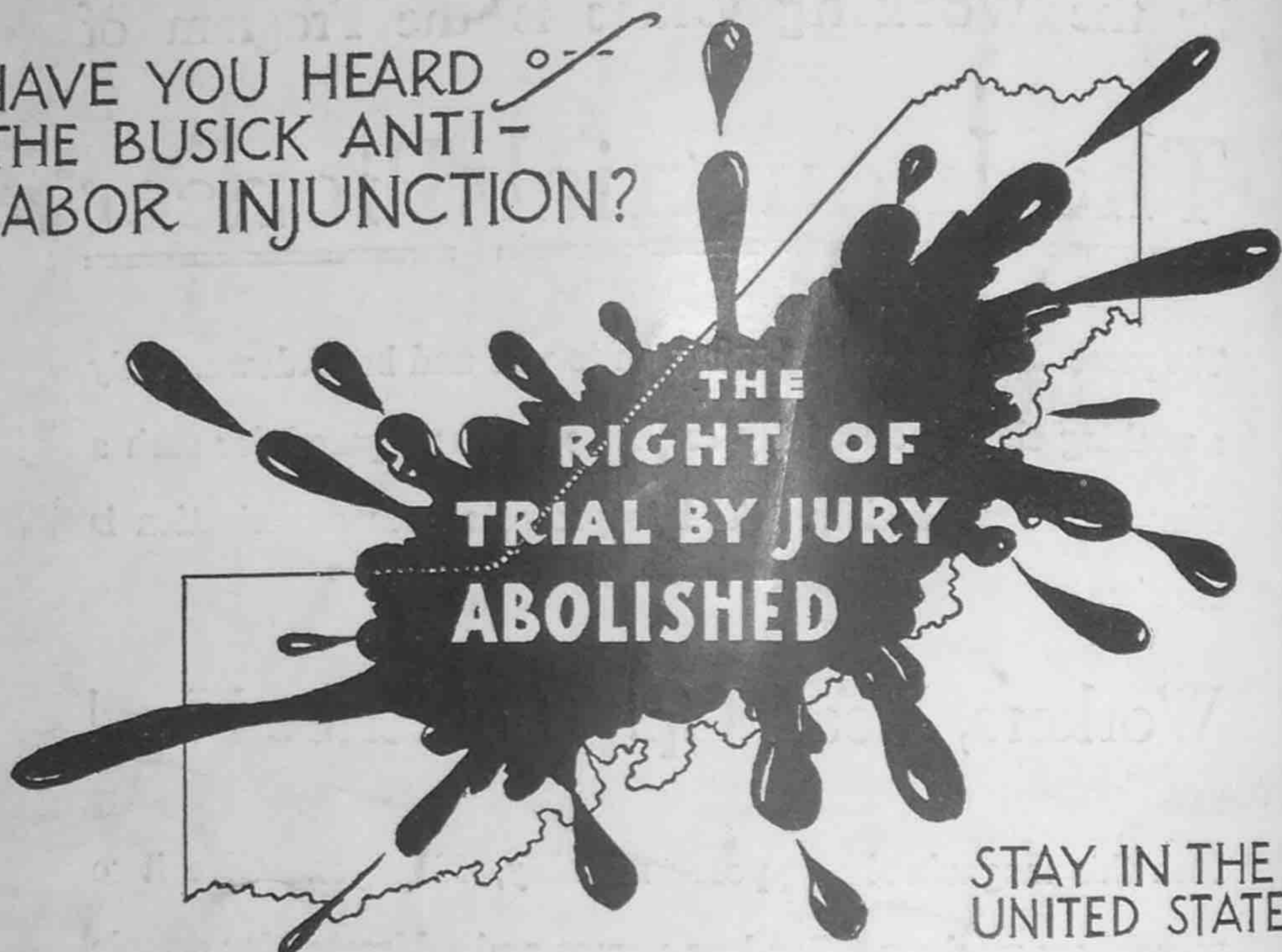
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