

As if things weren't bad enough for the working stiffs of the United States, what with having very inadequate medical insurance that rates way below that of most European countries, recent statistics disclosed by the World Health Organization are not going to do much to re-assure them.

Despite the fact that more money is spent here on gimcracks to live longer and healthier, Americans do not live as long as other people. The life expectancy of 66.8 years for American males puts them 26th in line compared to other nations, while their female counterparts do a little better by being only 12th on the list with a life expectancy of 73.7 years. (Bless the ladies; they always have the last word!)

The countries where people live longer are not only the Northern European countries, but such long-known poverty stricken areas as Japan, Jamaica, the Mediterranean, and other places. It is interesting to note that despite all the information from our stateside scribes as to the high rate of immorality, alcoholism, and suicide, Sweden leads in the longevity sweepstakes. This is indeed a staggering blow to chastity and capitalism!

Sweden has even begun to invade our sanctuary of free enterprise and double standards with a dangerous propagandistic weapon in the form of a movie called "I Am Curious (Yellow)". Your reporter, being a schmutziger alte mensch at heart, recently planked down an hour and a half of his take-home pay at the movie house to see what all the fuss was about. I could have taken the li'l woman into the hall of mirrors, locked us in, and saved the money, since there were even the political discussions included in the film in which some very good points were brought out and which I felt were the highlights. Aside from that you will see nothing in this movie that you won't see in any good old American stag film. The only difference being that in the staggyes you won't get any intellectual dialogue.

One good thing about the relaxation on censorship that has been taking place is that it is knocking hell out of the pornography industry—and yours truly loves to see capitalistic enterprises getting the hell knocked out of them.

People were surprised here in Old Windy when the Black Panthers formed a coalition with the Young Patriots, a Southern White Appalachian group. In another trouble spot, two other groups long associated with entertaining mutual enmity, the Negroes and Poles who comprise the overwhelming majority of Detroit's population, have decided that it is to their mutual advantage to try to form an alliance. With trends like this there may be hope for the old "melting pot" yet. And let's not be making any cracks about chitlin's and mushrooms!

Senator Jimmy Eastland, the Mississippi Democrat, has labored and brought forth US Senate Bill 12, which has already been approved by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The esteemed solon says that his bill will strengthen the internal security of the United States (depending on what your point of view is). It is designed to overrule or circumvent most

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LABOR  
PRODUCES  
ALL WEALTH

ORGANIZATION  
EDUCATION  
EMANCIPATION

ALL WEALTH  
MUST GO  
TO LABOR

# Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 66, NUMBER 11 - W. N. 1280

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS NOVEMBER 1969

10 CENTS

## HIGH-PRICED RECESSION?

A new employment statistic, the job vacancy rate, is about to appear. Other countries have been using it, and the decision to develop it here may

have come from concern over the rise in the official unemployment rate from 3.3% last winter to 3.5% in August and 4% in September. It may

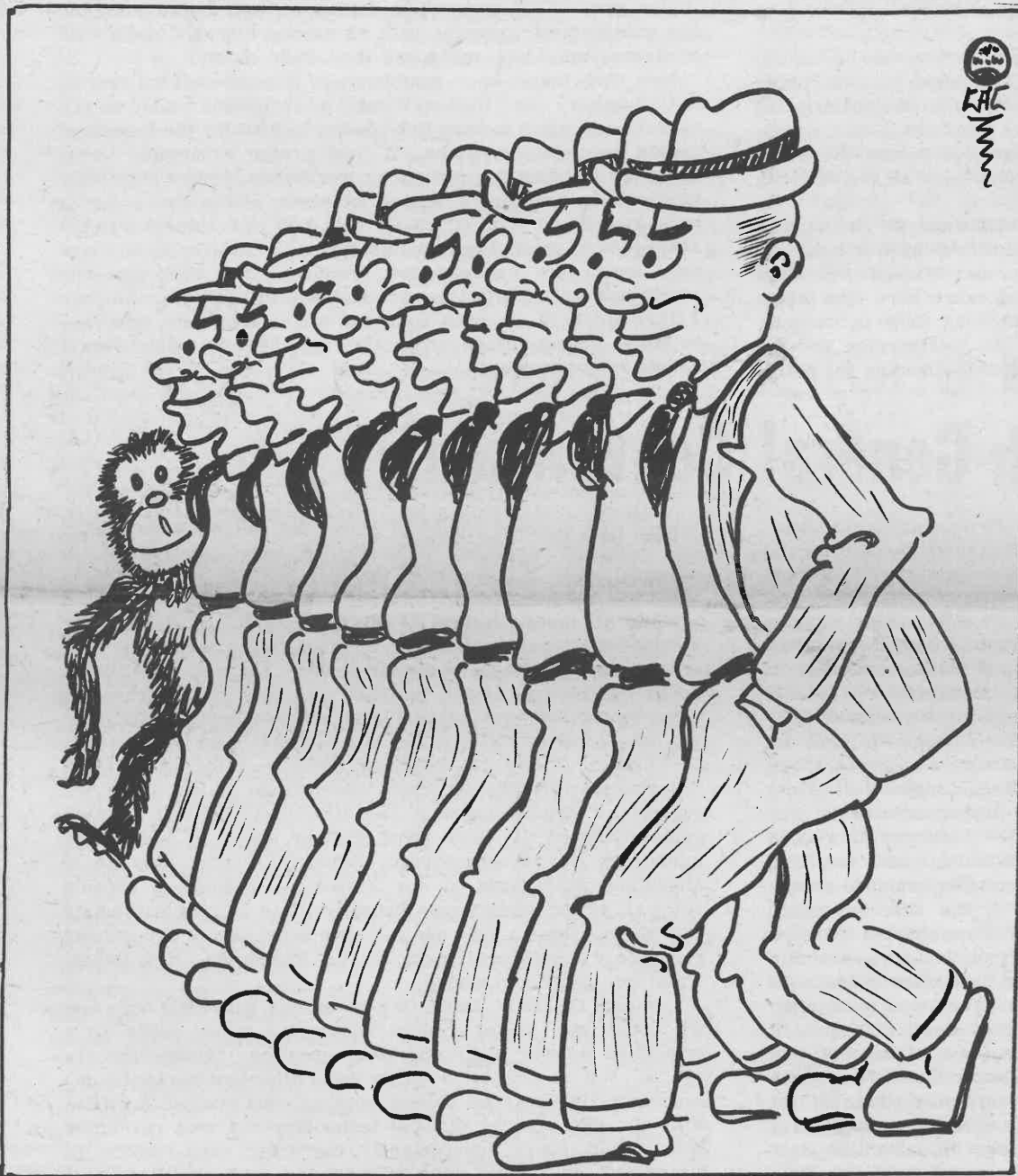
be soothing to subtract the number of unfilled jobs for astronomers and physicists from the number of recent lay-offs and hard-core

unemployed.

Some economists have been saying that a 4% unemployment rate would bring the rate of price inflation down to 2%. But now that they had 350,000 more jobless in September than in August, and still more thousands added since, they worry about accumulating inventories, and a drop in the rate of growth of the economy overall from 7% in the spring of 1968 to nearly zero. With the labor force growing and being ever more productive they figure it takes a 4% rate of economic growth to hold the unemployment rate steady. The forthcoming statistic, this job vacancy rate, may discourage that sort of thinking and recognize that a million dollars worth of growth in automation equipment doesn't have quite the same effect as a million-dollar growth in the kindergarten supply business. If the new statistic excludes the jobs that stay vacant because they pay only in peanuts, it may sharpen the picture.

But now that the official unemployment figure hit 4%, are prices dropping? Not that one would notice, and economists are starting to talk about a high-price depression, and even managing to blame it all on those who produce the goods, not on those who only set fancy prices on them. Fortune for October, anticipating that contracts expiring in 1970 will make it a year of epic union battles and negotiations, worries that "a new round of expensive settlements could present the nation with the worst of two because of large military expenditures and other

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## BRITISH WOBBLY REPORT ON LONDON HOUSING FIGHT

"I was paying three pounds and ten shillings for two rooms in 32 Cheshire Street, London E-1. The ceiling kept caving in; the place teemed with rats; the stairs were rotten; the toilet didn't work; my four kiddies were terrified."

This was how Mrs. Christine Shannon summed up what it used to be like, for six years, for her and her four children. She and her family are members of a growing army of working-class people on the receiving end of some of the

natural effects of capitalism.

According to the self-styled British "Labour" Government, Mrs. Shannon was housed in suitable accommodations. The Government "experts" only allow that approximately 19,000 people are homeless in

Britain today. A recent private survey concluded that a more accurate figure is 3,000,000 people. Mrs. Shannon, and the millions like her, are discovered by the "experts" as being homeless. Hence, the massive difference in figures. Mrs. Shannon and her children recently moved. Helped by the London Squatters Campaign, they seized a flat owned by Tower Hamlets Council in London's east end. The flat, along with approximately 60 others, had been empty for nearly 18 months.

Working-class people in Britain are starting to get off their knees. Squatting is one of the methods adopted by working people fighting for what today is accepted as a natural right—a home. Britain's housing crisis

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## PATERSON WORKERS PREFER END OF WAR TO FAT CONTRACTS

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—A hundred workers who make bullet-proof vests, body bags (which are used to transport the dead from the fields), and other items used in Vietnam called for an immediate end to the war even though peace could mean lay-offs for them. At a lunchtime plant-gate rally keyed to the nationwide Moratorium, spokesmen for Lite Industries Employees at 57 State Street, Paterson,

denounced as a "fraud" not only "this obscene war", but also the implicit assumption that "wars mean good jobs on a long-term basis".

Members of Local 404 of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America, a union that has consistently condemned the war since its inception, came out strongly for an immediate end to "this disastrous adventure" in spite

of the fact that they could be laid off were peace to "break out".

Jose A. Lugo, UE Local 404 President; Ed Bloch, UE International Representative; and Carl Weinger of Rutgers University highlighted the feelings of those present by nailing "as a fraud the monstrous notion that taking over somebody else's country will solve our job problems here". — UE Labor News

**DON'T BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES**

editorial

## BEWARE OF TROJAN HORSES BEARING GREEPS!



The recent activities in Chicago on the part of a group known as the Weatherman faction of SDS not only have brought fire from the reactionary press, but also have merited the criticism of most other facets of the radical and anti-war movement along with avowals of non-association. It goes without saying that running down the street and smashing every windshield in sight is not the way to win over sympathizers to the movement. The professed purpose of this group was to show their sympathy and solidarity with

the blacks, Latins, and other oppressed peoples in their struggle against the Establishment. However the organizations representing these oppressed groups saw fit to issue a public statement denying any association with this faction of extremists or any approval of their actions. Quite naturally, these neighborhood groups, having lived every day of their lives with police breathing down their necks, know the score a lot better than, and don't need any assistance from, middle-class kids who can scamper back to their middle-class homes in other parts of the country when the going gets tough. Furthermore these "Weathermen" not only did not contribute anything to the oppressed or anti-war movement, but in reality did a gross disservice by giving the reactionary journalists a field day in playing up their hi-jinks as being representative of the movement in general.

While a lot of newsprint and television film was devoted to the Weatherman faction of SDS, little if anything was said about the activities of the other faction of SDS who had participated in a march and rally along with Black Panthers, Young Lords, Young Patriots, and just plain neighborhood people. Here was a united action involving several thousand—but all the publicity was given to a few hundred!

It would be easy to write off the Weathermen as just a group of over-enthusiastic, inexperienced kids who have a long way to go in knowing how to initiate a proper balance of ideology and methods; but there is something more here than meets the eye. In other words, there's something fishy in Sardinia.

During the disturbances between the Weathermen and the cops, the press and TV were continually lauding the police

for the restraint they were using in handling this group. Quite true, they were using considerable restraint in contrast to their treatment of the demonstrators as well as innocent bystanders during last year's Democratic Convention. This year the cops' heads were actually being busted, and they were using restraint; while last year they were busting the heads of peaceful demonstrators. It is apparent that the boys in blue know when to "over-react" and when not to. Also they were given the opportunity to vindicate themselves with respect to last year's actions, and the Weathermen have rendered valuable assistance to the prosecution of the defendants who are charged with deliberately planning last year's melee during the Convention.

In another part of this paper it is mentioned that one of the defendants in the "Chicago Conspiracy" trial now in session has some unsavory connections with the Federal Government. His father holds a posh Government job, and he rents an office in a Government-owned building and is permitted to travel abroad while under indictment. Combine this with a group who come to destroy valuable property besides smashing cops' heads, and the picture comes clear: agent provocateur!

Wherever there has been any kind of a movement or anything approaching a movement, there have invariably been those who worked for the opposition whose job it was to infiltrate this movement with the sole purpose of bringing discredit to it in the eyes of the general population as well as providing the law-enforcement agencies with an excuse to crack down with whatever repressive measures they could muster.

Now that there is a semblance of a movement building up in this country (No Virginia, there's no revolution yet!), we can expect once again to have to be on the lookout for the legions of agents provocateur—finks, if you prefer a simpler term. If you're standing for something worthwhile, you're invariably jeopardizing someone's selfish interests, and you're going to have to keep on your guard for this type of creature. It is not always easy to distinguish this type of creature, as he looks very much like you're fellow creatures; but when someone starts advocating extreme actions that will put you and your Fellow Workers out on a limb and will tend to harm your face with the uncommitted rather than enhance it, you can start becoming suspicious.

—CAC

## On To The 29th General Convention!

I am not wont to contribute to the IW as much as I should; deadlines seem to sneak up on me and pass me by before I am able to get something together. It is a tribute to FW Keller when one realizes that he was able to manage as both GST and the editor of the IW.

I did feel it my responsibility to contribute something to this last issue before the convening of the 29th convention in Chicago on November 29 and 30. I again experienced mental paralysis as I sat down to try to inspire the membership to attend if at all possible. Perhaps the enthusiasm could be instilled by giving an idea of some of the issues to be discussed—co-op eligibility, student syndicalism, support of local activities by GHQs, modernizing our propaganda media, our relationship to other movements on the Left, growth record over the past year, problems of retaining and involving members after they sign up, and the growth of campus groups since the student resolution adopted at the '68 convention.

But this all fell short of my feelings of anticipation (perhaps anxiety is a better word) as the convention approaches. It's been an eventful year since we met last September in the wake of the Democratic Convention melee. The once-promising, libertarian SDS seems to have destroyed itself in a spate of rhetoric, adventurous actions with no base of support, and ideologic irrelevance. Eight men are being tried about three miles from this typewriter for exercising their First Amendment rights. Repression is rampant, striking many groups whom we don't necessarily agree with, but whose right to exist and agitate we will fight for and support. The War drags on. The peace movement is respectable now that even businessmen are involved. (The stock market is sick.) It becomes more and more clear that the big boys in Washington are satisfying fewer and fewer. Polarization of the society accelerates, with many workers struggling to maintain their chains. When the pressure becomes ineluctable and the troops are finally brought home, they will represent a challenge and opportunity to the Left. They can become another generation of Legionnaires or become a virile segment of dedicated radicals. (What should be more radicalizing than

seeing your buddies ripped to pieces for purposes unknown?) The outcome depends primarily on our effectiveness in communicating that we hated the War because we loved them (AND the Vietnamese).

While all these exciting or discouraging things come down, FW Westman and myself still sit here in the same old hall; overtly the picture may appear to have changed little. But it really has changed much; perhaps it is only visible from this more-omniscient vantage point. Signups have been accelerating. We have a foot and a leg in the door of a suburban factory north of Chicago. Within the next year the IWW will cease to be an organization that is as much history as reality. With the release of the Widerburg Joe Hill film we will become mass-mythified. I don't know whether this will help us or injure us; the foreknowledge, however, should help us to formulate propaganda to our advantage. Perhaps a capsule roll call of the sites where brushfire Wob activity now exists that was not there a year ago will give some idea of our nascent resurgence: Buffalo, Denver, L.A., Vancouver, New Haven, Waterloo, Seattle, Lansing.

I joined the IWW about five years ago with little hope that we could any longer change history. I joined more as a principled answer to the old labor question: "Which side are you on?" It is with all humility that I offer that the continuing American revolution is calling upon us, and who can deny that with our (the working class's) technology any real revolution here would spark (guarantee?) the total emancipation of humanity? It is WE who plowed the prairies (the most productive in mankind's history). It is WE who built the cities (the largest, tallest, grimmest, most polluted), where THEY trade. Dug the mines, built the workshops, laid EVERY mile of railroad. (I forget the statistics of colliers per mile.)

We confront a constituency of youth who are totally disillusioned and who therefore offer the possibility of becoming totally committed. We DO live in a global village; history IS irrelevant. But since we must form the structure of the new society within the shell of the old, we will, to some extent, be forced to use yesterday's tools to do today's job. One of these tools is the recognition of one's own legitimacy, a real need of the present movement. There is no other organization on the Left which has had continual life, has suffered more and remained more principled, has been more characteristically native yet avowedly internationalist (in word and deed), and pioneered more tactics to be later used in other struggles. We all need to feel a part of something larger than ourselves, a tradition which mutually confirms that we as humans are more important than any institution.

Are we equal to the task? When I confront myself and stark reality, try to hold myself at arm's length and say "YOU are supposed to be one of the spark plugs for the Idea that you feel to be the last, best hope for humanity!" Ha! We are all doomed to the iron heel. "Pessimism of the intelligence, optimism of the will" is the way Gramsci put it.

I implore you, FWs, to prove that our collective will is more noble than our meager, mortal intelligences. Come let us conspire together; we can do no less. Chicago November 29-30.

Al Just  
General Secretary Treasurer  
Industrial Workers of the World



**BERKELEY:** The Branch Secretary is Robert Rush, 1723 10th Street.

**CHICAGO:** Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2422 North Halsted Street. Write to Branch Secretary W. H. Westman.

**BUFFALO:** Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 or through Peace and Freedom, 507 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14222 (716-884-0426).

**DULUTH:** Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559 (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

**HOUSTON:** Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I.U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

**ITHACA:** Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

**LOS ANGELES:** Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397) or write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 33463, Los Angeles, California 90033 (213-225-9304).

**NEW YORK:** For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

**PHILADELPHIA:** Write to Jarama Jain, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone WA 3-6691

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Michael Mack, 177 Harlod Avenue, San Francisco, California 94112. Phone: 584-4507.

**SEATTLE:** The Seattle Branch is moving out of the Jones Building October 26, and until a new hall is opened inquiry to reach IWW delegates can be made at the ID Bookstore opposite the university or by phoning Herb Edwards, WE 7-2513.

**VANCOUVER:** IWW Stationary Delegate: J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement. Education Workers IU 620: 607 Queens Avenue, New Westminster, British Columbia (L. Gambone, Secretary).

**WATERLOO:** IWW Student-Teacher Branch at University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Cyril Levitt, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

**YAKIMA:** Write to Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.

### OVERSEAS BRANCHES

**AUSTRALIA:** Bert Armstrong, 20 Barton Street, Concord, New South Wales.

**GREAT BRITAIN:** LONDON: Colin Beadle, 49 Lausanne Road, Horney, London N. 8.

**HARTEPOOL (NORTHEAST ENGLAND):** Brian Carter, 1 Ormesby Road, Seaton Estate, Hartepool, County Durham.

**SWEDEN:** David Sund, Harpundsavgen 44, 124-40 Bandhagen.

### REBEL VOICES

Reprinted copies of Joyce Kilmer's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from bookstores at \$4.95 each.

"An Injury to One Is an Injury to All" • One Union One Label One Enemy



### INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Official Organ of The Industrial Workers of the World  
Owned and Issued Monthly By  
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

2422 N. Halsted Street Chicago, Ill., 60614 Phone: LI 9-5045

Second-Class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois

Editorial and Business Offices of the Industrial Worker are at  
2422 North Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill., 60614

SUBSCRIPTION RATES		No Paid or Commercial Advertising accepted.
36 issues .....	\$6.00	Make all Remittances payable to "INDUSTRIAL WORKER"
24 issues .....	\$4.00	
12 issues .....	\$2.00	

Carlos Cortez Editor  
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# Reader's Soapbox

## FOUR-HOUR DAY NOT SOLUTION

Fellow Worker Editor:

I fail to see how four hours work for eight hours pay will solve the problems of the working class any more than eight hours work for twelve hours pay solved them fifty years ago. In fact, if the working man is led to believe this is true, it will only serve the ruling class in the end and help it to remain in control that much longer.

If we were to go that route more people would be put to work—that is true; but the cost of goods would double, and my eight hours pay would go only half as far as it did before.

The ruling class would resist such an effort, but the conglomerates eventually would take a four-hour day in stride. As long as the rich few retain control of prices and the final say-so on what goods shall be produced, there will be poverty and slavery. They will see to that because they feel that they must keep the working class in constant fear of going hungry to keep them working. I would be willing to bet that the corporate liberals suggest just such a change in working hours in the next decade.

The capitalist system will go to any lengths to keep people believing in the old Puritan ethic: "Everyone should work; it's a sin to be unemployed." They would be glad to go to the four-hour day or to make work, like moving coal from one pile to another, to keep this myth going. If all the goods that people need can be produced with a minimum of manual labor thanks to modern technology, then why not have more "unemployment"? What are machines for if not to free man from the slavery of labor and the pain of hunger? We live in a new era, an era of super-abundance. There is no longer a need for everyone to work while at the same time there is no longer any excuse for anyone going hungry, naked, or homeless. The only thing standing in the way of abundance for all is our own lack of courage to take control of production.

We don't need a four-hour

day, we need worker control of industry. We don't need higher wages, we need control over prices. We don't have to fight automation to preserve our jobs, we need to produce for the needs of the many instead of the profit of a few.

What sense does it make to be running our plants at 50% of their potential when people need homes and clothes and books? What sense does it make to pay farmers not to plant when people are hungry? What sense does it make to hold back on automation when so many need so much? Let the plants run full blast. Let the farmers plant. Let the people eat. We don't want a four-hour day—we want control. —Gary Cox  
X325428

*(Editor's reply): Your point is well made that a shorter work day will not be the solution to the Working Class's problems any more than any step short of complete control of the machinery of production by those who are the actual producers. Furthermore, it should have been clearly understood that that was not the intent of the editorial. In among the vast army of workers who still remember the IWW, they remember us because of a few extra cents an hour the Organization has won them, some better working conditions on the job, or the mere fact of winning a bargaining position on the job rather than the end view of establishing a completely new society.*

*True, the IWW has made its most profound impression in the implementation of immediate demands, or what some elitists would refer to as "reformist measures". It is likewise true that many of the workers whose relative affluence has been a result of pioneer unionism on the part of the IWW no longer think of the IWW, much less of its end goals of workers' control of industry. Between conditions as they are today and the conditions we foresee in the future is a very large gulf. There are certain things that should have been implemented long ago, and because these things that are needed today are not the realization of a perfect society, that does not rule out their value. Every*

*step forward is a step in the right direction—especially if it is a step made by the Working Class itself.*

*While we must never lose sight of working toward the establishment of a new society, we must also remember that there exist today conditions that merit the attention of every class-conscious worker as each condition presents itself as an opportunity to put another dent in the armor of a faulty economic system. The Haymarket Anarchists did not hesitate in giving their all toward the establishment of such "reformist measures" as the eight-hour day.*

## MORE ON SDS CONFAB

Dear Comrade Editor:

I too feel that your support of the anti-working-class factions of SDS is uncharacteristic of your usual revolutionary line. For those unsympathetic to both the Weatherman and PL factions may I introduce you to two other factions.

The New York Labor Committee takes a solid working-class line but does not base its line on the writings of any Soviet or Chinese demi-god. The Independent Socialist Club, while a Trotskyite group, have declared themselves in revolutionary opposition to all "socialist" governments because of their lack of workers' democracy. I feel that this is a step which the entire Left should take.

Anyone dismayed by the actions of the two major SDS factions should check into these two smaller groups.

Yours for the Revolution,  
Jeff Smith

*(Editor's reply): I fail to recall any support given to any faction of SDS, either "pro" or "anti" Working Class, in the pages of the Industrial Worker on the part of myself or the writer of the article on the SDS convention. Such a designation is rather ridiculous to apply in the case of an organization which is obviously composed of people who have not as yet entered the Working Class or have not come from Working Class backgrounds. The simple truth is that whatever Working Class youth are involved in today's struggle are so involved either within the classic "Old Left" or in one of the ethnic militant organizations. This is not casting any doubt on the sincerity of the motives of those who belong to student organizations. It is a matter of being able to work in a situation where one is most familiar and able to do the most effective work.*

*I am glad to pass on the information of these two smaller student groups to whomever may be interested.*



# THE WAR OF FIVE PRESIDENTS

Five leaders of the Establishment, Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, have, each in his turn, committed the nation to major participation in that mortal disturbance of the world's peace known as the Vietnam War. They have done this without a formal declaration of war by either Congress or the people. They have, by choice, waged war against a weaker people who have desperately and successfully defended themselves from outrageous invasion of their homeland by troops of an alien race.

Since 1950, when Truman promised military assistance to the provisional government of South Vietnam, we have increased that support to the point where there are now, in this year of 1969, half a million fighting men in that unhappy land.

The American people, sensing defeat in this prolonged and uncalled-for struggle, are aroused to such a pitch that there is rioting in the streets. The classes and the masses have had enough of this War of the Five Presidents. They resent the arrogant clumsiness of the Establishment in leading us into the Vietnam cesspool of blood and destruction. Patriots and churchly dignitaries, from right and from left, are clamoring for peace after all these years of needless warfare.

The sons of the Establishment are losing their lives in the stinking jungles of tropical Asia, and that is little to the liking of those who govern us from their cushioned seats in Washington. They are human, you know, though thoughtful and conscientious American citizens would question their humanity.

I would call this war America's greatest shame of the century. It has been, from slow start to hopeful finish, an act of stupidity committed by ambitious politicians of average intelligence, intended to stop the spread of communism in Southeast Asia. This fear of Marxist philosophy that permeates the capitalist mind everywhere profoundly influences Establishmentarian thinking.

Think it over, you young conscripts of my country: five unscrupulous men in top governmental places are responsible for the death of more than one hundred thousand people in a small country on the other side of the world, where YOU have no right to be.

J. F. McDaniels

# Stone Walls

"Johnny Cash at San Quentin", Columbia Record CS 9827 (Stereo), \$4.79

Johnny Cash, who up to a short time ago had been known mainly among the devotees of Country and Western music, has been getting a great deal of recognition from the folk music fans. And well that he should—especially since he is the genuine article. His first recording, "Folsom Prison Blues", made a number of years back, has been a steady seller which eventually prompted a recording session and concert right in Folsom Prison itself which has become extremely popular.

This latest recording was made during the televising of a program, "Johnny Cash at San Quentin Prison", by Granada Television of Great Britain for viewing over there. As the photographs on the jacket lining indicate, this concert was given in the mess hall (No mistake about that!) along with the uninhibited response of the inmates. While some may find they can listen to this record in pure pleasure, yours truly cannot say the same, knowing well through experience the hunger of men in prison for a little entertainment or some token of contact with the outside.

Johnny is excellent at this sort of thing in that he knows how to relate to a gang of cons and share a mutual feeling. On this record he does a number of his standards plus some new ones. Your reviewer got a kick out of hearing "The Wreck of the Old 97", which he heard the last time on an old wind-up Victorola when he was in knee britches. Johnny Cash is a dude who has been through the mill and can sing his songs with conviction—especially songs he has written. Among his compositions aside from "Folsom", there are "Starkville City Jail" and "A Boy Named Sue" a story about a lad who grew up tough because his dad hung a girl's name on him. But the song on this record that got the biggest response from the inmate audience was the song he had written especially for that night's concert:

## SAN QUENTIN

San Quentin, you been livin' Hell to me;  
You goaded me since 1963.  
I've seen 'em come and go and I've seen 'em die,  
And long ago I stopped askin' why.

San Quentin, I hate every inch of you;  
You cut me and you scarred me through and through;  
And I'll walk out a wiser, weaker man.  
Mister Congressman, why can't you understand?

San Quentin, what good do you think you do?  
Do you think I'll be different when you're through?  
You bent my heart and mind and warped my soul;  
Your stone walls turned my blood a little cold.

San Quentin, may you rot and burn in Hell!  
May your walls fall and may I live to tell!  
May all the World forget you ever stood,  
And may the whole World regret you did no good!

San Quentin, you been livin' Hell to me!

I don't have to point out where the biggest shouts of approval from the cons came. But in case you're curious, listen to the record. It's worth it.

— C. C. Redcloud

## III. I. W. W.'S PRINCIPFÖRKLARING.

### INLEDNING TILL I. W. W.'S KONSTITUTION.

Arbetarklassen och arbetstjänstklasserna hava ingenting gemensamt. Det kan icke bli någon fred, så länge miljoner av det arbetande folket leva i nöd och umbäranden, medan det fåtal, som utgöra överklassen hava allt detta livets goda.

Mellan dessa två klasser måste en strid pågå, tills hela världens arbetare organisera sig såsom klass, taga jorden och produktionsmaskineriet i besittning och avskaffa lönesystemet.

Vi finna, att centraliseringen av ledningen av industrierna på allt färre händer gör det omöjligt för yrkesförbunden att mäta sig med arbetstjänstklassens alltjämt växande makt. Yrkesförbunden alstra ett tillstånd, som tillåter en grupp av arbetare att komma i konflikt med en annan grupp inom samma industri, därigenom bidragande till ömsesidigt nederlag i lönestrider. Därför måste yrkesförbunden arbetstjänstklassen att vilseleda arbetarklassen till den tron, att arbetarklassen har gemensamma intressen med arbetstjänstklasserna.

Dessa förhållanden kunna ändras, och arbetarklassens intressen upprätthållas endast genom en organisation så formad, att alla dess medlemmar inom en industri eller alla industrier, om nödvändigt, kunna nedläggas arbetet, närhelst en strejk eller lockout pågår i någon del därav, sålunda görande en oförrätt mot en till en oförrätt mot alla.

I stället för det konservativa valspråket: "En god daglön för ett gott dagsverke", måste vi på vår fana nedskriva det revolutionära mottot: "Bort med lönesystemet."

Det är arbetarklassens historiska uppgift att avskaffa kapitalismen. Produktionsarmén måste organiseras icke endast för de dagliga striderna mot kapitalister, utan även för att bedriva produktionen, när kapitalismen blivit störtad. Genom att organisera oss industriellt uppbygga vi det nya samhällsstrukturen inom det gamla väggarna.

## Attention, Field Correspondents!

Because of the forthcoming General Convention and the consequent activity that will be occupying these offices during the last weeks of the month, it is necessary to move up the date of the deadline. The deadline for the December issue of the Industrial Worker will be Saturday, November 15. All copy for the December issue should be in the office by that date.

— The Editor

## LEFT SIDE

(continued from Page 1)

liberal decisions that have been made by the Supreme Court within the last 15 years. As a Yale professor recently commented, the Bill could make it a crime to support civil - rights, Negro, or anti - war groups in this country. Move over, Chicago 8; looks like you got company coming.

And speaking of the Chicago 8, who are getting the treatment at Big Dicky's Kangaroo Korral, the Government produced one witness who backfired in its face under cross-examination. Contrary to the charges of the Government, the defense drew out of this witness, who had infiltrated the National Mobilization Committee at the behest of the Government, the following admissions: that leaders of the demonstrations had repeatedly stressed the importance of keeping all demonstrations non - violent, that violence was expected from the police, and that

demonstration marshals were trained to keep demonstrators and police separated.

When further asked if he had seen demonstrators throwing anything at the police or making any bodily attacks on the police, both questions had to be answered in the negative. But when asked about instances of police brutality against the demonstrators, he answered yes on all questions. Looks like the Government witness can't even build up a case against the Chicago 8! Well, they still have the newspapers.

Legal expert Sherman Skolnick of the Chicago Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts has come across with a few juicy tid-bits that he just dug up. Rennie Davis, one of the defendants of the Chicago 8, leased the office for the Chicago Conspiracy in an office building owned by the Federal Government; his father has held a major position in the administration of the Federal Government ever since the Truman Administration; and he was permitted to go beyond the jurisdiction of the Chicago federal court as well as out of the country while under criminal prosecution. Rennie, when confronted with this, reportedly flipped his wig, but did not come up with any satisfactory explanation. Sounds pretty unsavory from someone who stands in front of assembled crowds of young people and shouts about the "pigs". Wonder what connection he has with the "Weatherman" characters.

So much has been blathered in the daily blurbs about "street gangs" like the Blackstone Rangers, who prefer the title Black P. Stone Nation now, and what a menace they are to the safety of every straight law-abiding citizen fearing for his pristine young daughter and apple pie flavored with cyclamate. Every time these young dudes have a tumble among themselves it is invariably blown up as a bloody gang war; and whenever there is an unsolved murder or a mugging, you know who gets the credit.

But when something like this happens, the newspapers are conspicuous by their silence: Recently here in Chicago there was a power failure along a section of the Elevated tracks and a train was stranded between stations. The people

(continued on Page 8)



## Prästen och slaven

Mel: Till det härliga land.  
Våra präster stå upp titt och fått.  
Lär oss skilja på synd och på rätt  
Men begär du ett torrt stycke bröd  
De dig svara med trossäker glöd.

## Kör:

Du får mat, o kamrat,  
Uti himmelens ljuvliga stat.  
Svält förnöjd, i guds höjd  
Får du mat på förgyllade fat.

Sedan svältningsarmén får du se  
Och de sjunga, de klappa, de be.  
Tills de fått allt ditt mynt i sin häv  
Då så får du som mat för ditt skrov.

Ja, sen pingstvännerna du ock ser.  
Och de skraka och väsnas och ber.  
Giv ditt mynt allt till Jesu behag  
Han vill stilla din hunger i dag.

Om du kämpar för barn och för viv,  
Gör ditt bästa utav detta liv.  
Du en syndare är och man spår,  
När du dör du till helvete går.

Arbetsmän, slutet er nu till oss.  
Hand i hand vi för frihet skall slåss.  
När sen världen vi ha, mat och säng,  
Utsugarna får denna refräng.

## Kör:

Snart, ja snart, får du mat.  
När du blir bra till kock, ej till gnat.  
Hugg dig ved, var ej lat,  
Du får mat uti himmelens stat.

Joe Hill. Översatt av Ture Nerman.

## REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.

WARREN K. BILLINGS SPEAKS  
AT JOE HILL MEMORIAL IN LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES (WNS)—Celebrated Class War prisoner Warren K. Billings of the famed Billings - Mooney frame-up trial spoke to a packed house at the Haymarket here October 7 in a program sponsored by the IWW commemorating the birth of Joe Hill.

Still full of fight at the age of 75, in spite of his 23 years in prison after being framed for the Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco in 1916, Billings launched his speech by urging everyone in the audience to join the IWW and help in bringing about a Workers' World.

The diminutive but fiery Working Class Hero proceeded to recount some of his activities in early strikes when workers knew how to educate scabs quickly and persuasively and how to persuade recalcitrant machines to halt production.

Billings, a watchmaker since his release from prison in 1939, has held a number of top leadership positions in that unions and has been active in the radical and anti-war movements. Last year he spoke to a large audience at the IWW hall in Seattle.

In one of the high points of his talk, he told how he tried to rescue Joe Hill before his execution in Salt Lake City in 1915. In Denver at the time, he learned of a cache of arms the Ludlow strikers had hidden away in the mountains around

For the I.W.W. the month of November has a very special significance. The Haymarket martyrs those courageous pioneers of the eight-hour day movement were foully framed and put to death in November 1887. It was in November, 1915, that Joe Hill, the I.W.W. song writer, and poet faced the firing squad in Salt Lake City for his union activities. It was in November, 1919, that the I.W.W. logger, Wesley Everest also a veteran with a Distinguished Service medal was lynched by the minions of greed-maddened Lumber Interests of the west. In November it is fitting that we should remember Frank Little, I.W.W. metal miner, murdered in Butte, Montana, at his post of duty by the gun thugs of the

Anaconda Copper Company in 1917.

It is fitting also that we recall the names of John Looney, Hugo Gerlot, A. Robinowitz, Gustave Johnson Baran and others who were shot down like dogs on the steamer "VERONA" at Everett, Washington. And it is fitting also that we should remember reverently Sacco and Vanzetti, Mooney, Billings and all other workers martyred for their devotion to the Cause of Labor. Memorial meetings should be held in every part of the country and every part of the world to honor the men and women who have sacrificed life and liberty in order that the divided forces of Labor might be united, in order that the bright morning of Emancipation from wage-slavery might dawn for all of us.

Hats off to the trail-blazers and pioneers of Economic Freedom! We owe them a debt of gratitude which can only be paid by the reverence of the entire working class for whom their sacrifices were made.

NOVEMBER should not be a month of mourning but a month of increased activity on every industrial battle front. This year the dying words of Joe Hill, "Don't mourn; organize" have added significance. It is no sign of weakness for us to honor our dead. We should draw courage and inspiration from the fact that they lived fearlessly and died gamely, fighting the same enemy that we are fighting today, and fighting for the same goal.

Echoes of the Past:  
Who Threw the Bomb?

On July 17, 1969, there appeared in the Chicago Daily News, in the column called "Beeline", the following question:

"Can you tell me about the large monument with a figure that looks like death, located in Waldheim Cemetery?"

The answer was as follows: "The monument was erected in 1887 (error, 1893) over the graves of the men hanged—and a fifth who committed suicide before the deed could be done—as inciters of the Haymarket riot on May 4, 1886, in which policemen and bystanders were killed by a bomb explosion during a mass meeting in Haymarket Square. The

meeting was called to protest police action in which a striker was shot and killed at the McCormick Harvester Works a day earlier. THE BOMB THROWER NEVER WAS FOUND."

On May 5, 1969, there appeared in the Chicago Tribune an article called "Ghosts in the Sunlight", subtitled "Bloody Memories of the Haymarket Square Riots", describing a meeting held May 4 at Haymarket Square. William Granger, in describing this meeting, wrote the following:

"There were ghosts in the bright sunshine at Haymarket Square Sunday. Everything was different and everything was the same as it had been 83 years before. The Union men had called a meeting as they had called one May 4, 1886. The police came as they had before—it was 83 years after someone threw a bomb during a workers' rally. For the first time, workers gathered again in the square at Desplaines and Randolph to honor those dead with a black wreath. William Neebe, grandson of Oscar W. Neebe, one of those pardoned by Governor Altgeld, spoke. He said: 'My mother and my wife did not want me to come here. They told me that it would get me into trouble with them. Who are they?' he asked."

In the June 1968 issue of Steel Labor, publication of the United Steel Workers of America, there appeared an article entitled "Has Labor Forgotten Its History?", showing a picture of the Haymarket Monument at Waldheim Cemetery and asking the question:

"Who were the heroes of the 1886 Haymarket Tragedy? The Chicago Police or the Labor Leaders who were hanged following a period of hysteria?" This was followed by a quote from George Santayana: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." The same issue recites that the "Haymarket Businessmen's Association have issued a silver-plated brass medal, at \$3.25 each, to commemorate the police heroism and to perpetuate a historic fraud".

Several months ago there appeared, in the Chicago Tribune, a review by Jack McPhaul of a book written by Fredrick R. Schmidt entitled

"He Chose", dealing with the life of Doctor Ernst Schmidt, Chicago's first Coroner and a leader in the efforts to save from the gallows the men HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE THROWING OF THE BOMB and the death of the policemen. This book is based on a compilation of notes left by Doctor Schmidt, who died in 1900, and privately published by the author. After many months of effort, I was able to procure a copy of this book, which deals at length with the history of the Haymarket Tragedy and again raises the question: "Who threw the bomb?"

About 50 years ago, Frank Harris wrote a novel entitled "The Bomb" which opens with these lines:

"My name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I am the man who threw the bomb in Haymarket Square in 1886."

Rudolph Schnaubelt was one of the many arrested after the Haymarket event, questioned by the police, and released. He then disappeared, and the police spread the story that they had made a mistake and released the actual thrower of the bomb.

Many books have been written dealing with the Haymarket affair, but all have stated that the identity of the person who threw the bomb has never been established. One of the most historic and comprehensive studies of this event is "The Haymarket Affair", by Henry David.

Harry Barnard, in his book "Eagle Forgotten", dealing with the life of John Peter Altgeld, dwells extensively on the Haymarket matter; and Sigmund Zeisler, one of the attorneys for the defense, in his book "The Haymarket Riot", both clearly demonstrate that there is no evidence to indicate who was the bomb thrower.

However about three years ago there appeared an article in the Chicago Tribune, written by Doctor Zeisler, son of Sigmund Zeisler, in which he stated that his father had told him who threw the bomb, but that he had promised his father that he would not divulge the name until all parties who might be affected had passed away, and that now he could tell that RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT THREW THE BOMB.

However, reading the book

# WE REMEMBER

## HAYMARKET MARTYRS' LAST STEPS



"He Chose", we find that Doctor Zeisler's statement is not correct.

Quoting from "He Chose", we read the following:

"As to the identity of the bomb-tosser, Doctor Zeisler relates that his father would often tell his family the following story about the Haymarket affair: 'Doctor Schmidt told me some years ago, after the trial, that none of the defendants had thrown the bomb. How do you know that? I asked. Because I know who did throw the bomb, he replied. Tell me who it was, I begged. I can't tell you now, but I promise I will tell you before I die, he replied. But he died without telling me.'"

From this it appears that Sigmund Zeisler did not know who threw the bomb, and therefore could not have told his son.

Fredrick Schmidt states that in 1935 Doctor Zeisler said: "Several months before the death of Doctor Otto Schmidt, a son of Ernst Schmidt, I told Doctor Otto Schmidt that his father had told my father, who died in 1931, that he knew who threw the bomb in Haymarket Square, and he had promised my father he would tell him, but did not do so. I then asked: 'Did your father tell you who threw the bomb?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'Inasmuch as my father promised your father he would tell him and did not keep his promise, I think I should tell you. Yes, I will tell you. IT WAS SCHNAUBELT.'"

Harry Barnard, when asked for his opinion on the identity of the bomb-thrower, replied: "Unless you have very positive documentation, my advice is that you be cautious here. Doctor Otto Schmidt, second oldest son of Ernst Schmidt, gave Lloyd Lewis to understand that Ernst Schmidt believed the bomb-thrower to be Schnaubelt, but the youngest son told him that it was only a surmise; the same kind of surmise used by Frank Harris in writing his novel 'The Bomb'."

A reading of the foregoing clearly demonstrates that Doctor Zeisler's statement, made in the Chicago Tribune, that his father told him that Schnaubelt threw the bomb is contradicted by his own admission that his father died without telling him, and the second-hand information received from Doctor Otto Schmidt is also of a doubtful character.

While it is admitted that Louis Lingg made bombs, there is no showing that

Schnaubelt was intimate with Lingg, and the prosecution at the trial never attempted to establish any connection between Schnaubelt and Lingg.

In my many years of activity in the Pioneer Aid and Support Association, which supported the families of the Haymarket victims and built the Monument at Waldheim Cemetery in 1893, I had personal contact with a number of members of the organization who were present at the Haymarket meeting and were connected with the labor movement at that time, who assured me that they had no knowledge as to who threw the bomb and would have no reason to conceal such knowledge from me.

I refer particularly to Emil Arnold, who later became president of one of the locals of the Painter's Union and was president of the Pioneer Aid and Support Association; also John Pimoller, who preceded me as secretary and was on very friendly terms with me and discussed the matter with me on numerous occasions. Lucy Parsons, widow of Albert Parsons, one of the victims of the conspiracy who was judicially murdered, at all times denied any knowledge with reference to the throwing of the bomb.

It has always been the opinion of those who participated in the movement at that time that the bomb was thrown by a person having a personal enmity against the police who utilized the opportunity for personal revenge.

After the execution of the Haymarket martyrs, Doctor Ernst Schmidt wrote this poem:

'T were sweet, indeed,  
to close our eyes  
With those we cherish near,  
And drifted upward  
by their sighs,  
Soar to some calmer sphere;  
But whether on scaffold high  
Or in battle's van,  
The fittest place  
where man can die  
Is where he dies for man.

I firmly believe that the foregoing clearly demonstrates that the identity of the person who threw the bomb in Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886 is unknown, and that the stigma of the judicial murder of November 11, 1887 still rests upon those responsible for it.

Irving S. Abrams  
Secretary  
Pioneer Aid and  
Support Association

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

## Ballad of Wesley Everest

Part One

### The Woman and Wesley Everest

(1)  
There stood he, like a lion at bay,  
Trying to keep that mad mob away.  
Batter'd and torn, a sad, beaten werck  
Was Wesley Everest, a rope round his neck.  
Arms pinned behind him, yet in voice loud  
Cried out in scorn to that raging crowd:  
"You haven't the guts, in this light of day,  
To hang a man in the air high to sway.  
You'll wait till day's gone, till dark of night,  
When none can see you and gone is the light."

(Chorus)  
"Ten you will swing me high in the air  
With no one to aid me, just lynchers there.  
Then as the rope cuts deep into my throat,  
You, dirty cowards will jeer and will gloat.  
But while I am going to my cruel death  
I'll curse you all with my last dying breath."

(2)  
Whilst he was speaking, a woman came through  
That seething mob, that murderous crew;  
With eyes of anger, contempt in her frown  
She still'd that crowd and stared them right down;  
"You are but curs, just cowards," said she,  
For what you are doing to one like he."  
Silent they stood, like a crowd of deaf-mutes.  
Voiceless and fearful, like timid, dumb brutes;  
Then from his neck that rope she withdrew,  
Saying, "It fits best all them—but not you."

(Chorus)  
"Who was this woman? What was her name?  
No one could answer, nor whence she came?  
Perhaps it was Mary—the sanctified One—  
Who'd watched the hanging of her own Son,  
That other worker, long ago crucified  
On Calvary's hill, where hanging he'd died."

(3)  
West Everest listened as she made her plea,  
Then, "I thank you kindly, Madam," said he,  
"For doing your best to save my young life.  
I fought in France, to keep this world free,  
With Death always walking quite close to me,  
Forever near me in War's flaming hell.  
So why should I fear one whom I knew so well.  
Let them do to me their worst or their best,  
Still true to my class I'll go to my rest."

(Chorus)  
These were the men who, when danger dire  
Periled their country, drove prices higher.  
Kept wages low, added more hours of toil,  
Robbing their country, and workers the while;  
Wrapping themselves in the flag of their land,  
Posing as patriots—this profit mad band.

(4)  
Angel she was not, but woman right brave  
Turned to leave one she had tried to save.  
Sadly she left him with head bending low.  
All silent they stood and saw her walk slow.  
None tried to stop her, no one say "Nay,"  
But all stepped aside to give her pathway.  
She went ahead and a corner did turn,  
As they stood fearing that she might return,  
Afraid of her anger, scared of the frown  
Of that one human soul in that damned town.

(Chorus)  
Just one soul human, whose pity was great,  
Amid that great throng seething with hate;  
Just one brave woman who'd courage to tell  
What she had thought of those fiends from hell;  
Just one lonely woman—one of the best—  
Who'd fought to save Wesley Everest.

Part Two

### The Lynching of Wesley Everest

(5)  
They dragged him to jail, opened a door  
Of a dark cell with a cold, slimy floor.  
Left him alone there, with no hope of aid  
To bind up his wounds, as helpless he laid.  
Not even of water, a few soothing sips,  
Did any one bring to moisten his lips.  
Long he lay there till day turned to night,  
Then suddenly out went every light.  
Then he heard a tumult, heard a great shout,  
And knew they were coming to take him out.

(Chorus)  
He struggled hard and he got to his feet  
So's face to face his hangmen he would meet.  
He saw their flashlights, he heard a loud yell,  
"Where is that bastard? Where is his cell?  
They found his cell in their lights shone  
On Wesley Everest—he was the one."

(6)  
Outside the jail were three automobiles,  
A man with a gun at each of the wheels.  
To one of these cars they brought from his cell  
To one of those cars they brought from his cell  
The man, who they said, "They'd soon send to Hell."  
So to a bridge, that spanned a deep stream,  
They'd hang this man from its highest beam.  
To show all workers that they were the Law,  
Who'd crush all efforts to get wages more;  
And if this lynching was not quite enough  
They'd lynch a few more to show they were tough.

(Chorus)  
So, Wesley Everest, the first one to go,  
Would be the example, he'd be the show,  
To frighten workers afraid to speak loud,  
Who would stay quiet, be the meek and cowed;  
Accept low wages, work hard like a slave,  
Just as their bosses want them to behave.

(7)  
Who were these men who rode in those fine cars,  
Drinking their booze and smoking cigars.  
They were not workers, but men who were known  
As pillars of churches, the elite of the town;  
They were the Law there, they held the power,



Which they exerted each day and each hour;  
They knew that they would not serve any time.  
No matter how awful would be their crime,  
So they had no fear of punishment dread  
For lynching workers with rope, blade and lead.

(Chorus)  
They ran all things in that Lumber Trust town  
With but one object, to keep workers down.  
They'd smash their Union, and their hall raid,  
And would use terror to make them afraid,  
And if defiant, they still dared to rebel,  
They had their jail and would fill every cell.

(8)  
On that last ride, that would lead straight to death,  
One was among them from Hell's lowest depth.  
This was the man with the sharp razor blade  
Who'd use it obscenely e'er night would fade.  
When he was ready, he asked for consent,  
Which they all gave him by nodding assent;  
Then he bent low o'er Wesley Everest,  
Drew forth the blade, and its Sharpness did test,  
Then in one stroke a man's manhood did slay  
As screaming with pain—castrated, he lay.

(Chorus)  
May that scream of anguish ring in their ears,  
Thru' all the long hours of all the long years,  
May they dream always of that awful night,  
And cause them to wake and tremble with fright?  
May that bloody hand, that held the keen steel,  
Be wither'd forever and his pain feel.

(9)  
The ride was ended, the bridge was quite near,  
The riel was ended, the bridge was quite near.  
The lights from the cars had made all things clear.  
They dragged him round close to that high beam,  
Made their rope ready to end his life's dream.  
Three ropes they used to hang just one man,  
To make it last longer, that was their plan;  
First with the short rope they would let him drop,  
Then they would haul him again to the top;  
Twice more they changed ropes, and heaved until  
With that last rope, Wesley Everest hung still.

(Chorus)  
Oh! it was great, as with many Heave'o  
They swung him high, then dropped him low.  
This was the end of a young worker's life,  
The end of his dream of children and wife,  
A castrated man hung high on a beam  
On a high bridge that spans a deep stream.

(10)  
Before they left, to be sure he was dead  
They fill'd his body with volleys of lead;  
Then laughed to see their bullets hit flesh,  
which open'd his wounds so they bled afresh;  
Thus they made sport of a dead man all torn.  
Surely these cowards were not human born.  
Oh no! these were good and brave Legionnaires  
Who had just lynched a buddy of theirs;  
One who'd fought with them, far over the sea,  
To make, what they thought, would be a world free.

(Chorus)  
These brave Legionnaires, and business men, too,  
Form'd all together a most evil crew.  
Who proved by their deeds, on that awful night,  
They were not fit to live in human sight;  
And that they all wore the brand of the brute,  
The mark of the beast—and cowards to boot.

(11)  
When they had all gone, some one, it would seem,  
Cut down that body that swung from the beam.  
Brought it down gently to that stream below,  
Hoping to find still a spark of life's glow;  
But they soon found that this hope was in vain.  
So in that stream Wesley Everest was lain.  
To drift, with its flow, far from that sad scene  
Of his brutal death—the worst ever seen.  
But it could not be. His body was found,  
And at last buried in some unknown ground.

(Chorus)  
Where is that lone grave, that murderous men  
By stealth have hidden from all human ken?  
Where can he be, in what bleak and bare spot,  
Lies this brave worker?—by us not forgot.  
For no matter where we'll seek without rest  
That hidden grave of Wesley Everest.

(12)  
Can such things be in a land they call free,  
Where they let wild mobs be judge and jury;  
And lets them take anyone that they may choose,  
Castrate, then hang by the neck in a noose?  
That lets murderers roam free as the air,  
As though their crimes they were not aware?  
The Law's then a lie, so's judges and court  
For making lynching a legalized sport.  
Why is it that workers, both black and white,  
Always are victims of this hateful spite?

(Chorus)  
It's 'cause they hate all who know the right way  
To lead workers to a far, better day;  
To build up the Unions, gather the might  
Of all the workers to fight for the right;  
That's why they pick out our bravest and best,  
And lynch a man like Wesley Everest.

Richard Brazier, one of the "Leavenworth men," completed the Ballad of Wesley Everest just in time for his 80th birthday anniversary, May 1963.

## AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS

## INDIANS STILL HOLD OUT AGAINST PALEFACE

Having seen certain scant newspaper notices of rumbling among our redskin brothers in various parts of the country, the wife and I decided to take junior and spend our vacation in the Northeast, where things seem to be happening. First stop was the Allegheny Seneca reservation in Southwestern New York. Here the Indians lost their battle nine years ago to prevent the Federal Government from flooding 10,000 acres of their treaty guaranteed land by the Kinzua Dam. Four years ago they lost another battle to prevent their reservation from being cut in two by a freeway. Both acts violated treaty rights dating back to George Washington. The Dam caused the relocation of 700 Indians—half the reservation population—and the highway, known as the "Berlin Wall", creates a situation whereby an Indian living half a mile from his neighbor may have to travel 20 miles to visit him, because the freeway can only be crossed at interchanges.

At the east end of the reservation is Salamanca, a white town built on land leased from the Indians. On the edge of it is the Indian settlement of Jimersontown, where many of the flooded-out Indians were relocated. The Government built them modern but cheap houses and a community center as "reparations". But, as Seneca president George Heron testified nine years ago, no pink-walled ranch house could substitute for the land they loved: "To lose their homes on the reservation is really to lose a part of their life." We were shown through the new community center with its waxed floors and its modern furniture, visited an Indian church, and stopped at a house to buy a basket and a beaded headband, paying more than was asked. Each stop gave an excuse to ask questions. Despite an outward appearance of assimilation and conformity, many of these Indians cling to their language and culture. We saw a poster about an inter-tribal powwow being held at the Tonawanda Seneca reservation east of Buffalo, and hastened in that direction.

The Tonawanda reservation, 7,548 acres, is home to about 500 Seneca. They live in rather shabby cabins and clapboard shacks, usually of one or two rooms, scattered about in the woods. Directional signs helped us find our way to the powwow site, where we found a meadow filled with the tents of visiting Indians. I introduced myself to a group assembled under a tree, and was in turn introduced to Wallace "Mad Bear" Anderson, the noted militant of the Tuscarora tribe who was the chief organizer of this gathering. A former merchant seaman, he belongs to another of the Six Nations who were also partly flooded out of their homes by a dam built by the state. He distinguished himself in 1960 by leading groups of Indians who tried to stop the dam surveys, and was arrested. For his "agitation" among Canadian members of the Iroquois Confederation, he has been banned from Canada; but two weeks after we met him he slipped into Canada to take part in the continuation of the powwow at Maniwaki, Quebec. Mad Bear said we

could camp there free of charge and attend the public events, but that the convention sessions were limited to Indians.

We made camp beside the la crosse field, where Indian boys were playing that ancient aboriginal game which is the father of all white ball games, and made supper. In the evening we went over to the Long House, where Indians were seated on benches on both sides of the hall, while one of the tribal elders chanted something very rapidly in the Seneca language, apparently a prayer. At one end of the room was a huge iron pot filled with stew, and another filled with sweet corn, all of which was distributed to the gathering when the oration was finished.

Despite intermittent rain, a huge fire was built in the middle of the campground after dark, and Mad Bear announced that representatives of 37 tribes were present, with more expected. Indians from different parts of the United States and Canada, dressed in full costume, demonstrated tribal dances for the next two hours or so. This session was then formally adjourned, but no sooner had we crawled into our sleeping bags—while the rain pattered on the canvas—than the big drums began booming again, and we heard the jangle of bells and songs and whoops in the night. It continued till past 1 a.m.

Next day the convention met in a large tent—with perhaps a hundred Indians present. A few white eavesdroppers hung around the edge where the tent walls were rolled up, and I joined them. A young Mohawk in tribal costume picked up a string of wampum, and said it was a facsimile of the wampum given to the white man in 1652. He said it showed that the white people and red people were to live in brotherhood, but each in his own way. It was the intention of the Great Spirit that each should walk in his own path. An older Indian followed, saying that by the peace teaching of Dekanawida and Hiawatha, who formed the Iroquois Confederacy, the Six Nations would not fight each other, and therefore should not fight in the white man's wars, either. He had been trying to convince the Government that Indian boys should be exempt from the draft, as the Indian nations were partners, not subjects, of the United States. But the bureaucrats were not impressed by the story that the wampum told. Other speakers told of wrongs inflicted upon the Indians, and stressed that Indians must preserve their way of life and their land from white inroads.

When they adjourned for lunch, we went on our way. The powwow, which began on August 16, was to move to the Onondaga reservation near Syracuse on August 24. The Onondagas have always been the keepers of the central fire, their chief village being the capital of the Iroquois Confederation, which gave our colonial forefathers an example of unity which Benjamin Franklin urged them to adopt. From Onondaga the powwow was to move to the Mohawk Long House at Hogansburg, New York, for a few days, and lastly to Maniwaki, Quebec on August 29. The aim of all this was to present a united

survival front to the governments of the US and Canada.

After camping around New England we arrived among the Passamaquoddy of Eastern Maine on August 26. Before leaving home we had read a short item in the newspaper reporting that this tribe planned to set up a roadblock on a US highway on their reservation, and assess all cars a \$1 toll, and all trucks a \$2 toll, to raise funds for milk and medicine and to re-assert their claim to the land over which the road was built without their consent. Such direct action for a just cause was of great interest to us, and worth a detour to learn about.

The Passamaquoddy are the tribe to which George Washington wrote a letter on December 24, 1776, asking for (and getting) warriors to help him against the King of Great Britain. Today they have no relations with the Federal Government, but are supposed to be under the protection of the State of Maine, which, when created in 1820, inherited the responsibilities of the treaty signed with the Indians by the State of Massachusetts in 1794. The State of Maine maintains a Department of Indian Affairs to handle relations with the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot, who live near Old Town. Far from protecting them, its main activity, as reported by a writer for Ramparts last year, consists of "screwing" them. (See below.) Each of the two tribes is allowed to have a representative in the State Legislature, who may speak on or introduce bills relating to Indian affairs only, and may not vote. Because of this "representation", Indians can not vote for other members of the Legislature, though they are subject to its laws.

The 700 Passamaquoddy live in two main centers, one (called Pleasant Point) near Eastport, headed by Governor Eugene Francis, and the other near Princeton, headed by Governor John Stevens. (These titles are bestowed upon them by the State, but they are elected by their people.) On the highway north of Princeton is a sign identifying the region as Indian Township, consisting of 17,000 acres owned by the Passamaquoddy tribe and managed co-operatively by the University of Maine School of Forestry, the State of Maine Forest Service, and the Georgia Pacific-Saint Croix Paper Company. (The Indians do not control their own land.)

A mile west is the Indian village called Peter Dana Point—surrounded on three sides by the clear waters of Big Lake. We drove into it near sundown, and, as at most Indian towns, were immediately surrounded by droves of curious children. We stopped by a house which had a flag flying out front, and knocked on the door. I said I was a historian from Chicago seeking information about the road blockade. The man I was talking to turned out to be Albert Dana, the current Passamaquoddy representative in the State Legislature, who makes his living as a guide for hunters and fishermen. In an hour or so of conversation with him and his wife, Philomene, who is one of the six members of the tribal council, I learned that a crowd of Indians, joined

by some white sympathizers, blockaded the highway with their bodies on July 7, and succeeded in collecting \$42 in tolls before State Police began to push and drag them off the road. The Indians did not resist, but one man was arrested and fined \$50, which exceeded the amount of tolls collected. On the spot I paid a double toll as a contribution to the fine.

The immediate cause of the Passamaquoddy confrontation was the cutback in State funds for the Indians. In the present biennium the Legislature had cut the Indian budget to \$986,000, as compared to \$1,200,000 during the previous biennium. Consequently, milk for children and the aged and free prescription medicine had not been supplied for the past two years. The Indians hoped to dramatize the situation via their roadblock. Vast profits are extracted from their lands by the lumber and paper companies and the private lease-holders, but the Indians have no control over or even accounting of this money. They feel they are demanding only what belongs to them. They further maintain that they are capable of managing their own affairs.

Georgia Pacific employs less than half a dozen Indians. Its destructive cutting practice led in 1968 to two confrontations with the Indians, who forced a work stoppage. Dana said that the timber money goes into a trust fund controlled by whites. He had introduced a bill providing that 40% of the money go to each of the two Passamaquoddy reservations, and the rest to the fund. The reservation itself is run by a land-management commission consisting of five whites and only one Indian. The tribe are demanding that half of the members be Indians. They had never been consulted about white control over their land. (In 1968 they filed a \$150,000,000 damage suit against Massachusetts for selling, a long time ago, land which belonged to them.) Large portions of their land are controlled by white lease holders. Dana said he could never find out how, when, or from whom these leases were obtained. The revenue from them does not go to the Indians. Dana wanted an injunction to prevent the lease holders from selling or re-leasing these lands.

Moreover, the Indians were not consulted about the highway which bisects their reservation—or, for that matter, anything else affecting them. Governor Eugene Francis of Pleasant Point had recently halted a land survey by the telephone company which was being conducted without Indian consent. White attitudes toward them are somewhat like KKK attitudes toward black people in the South, and several murders of Indians by whites have gone unpunished. The Danas showed me numerous news clippings about their tribe, but as the sun had gone down I finished my coffee and asked about the camp grounds.

The Indian-run camp ground is less than a mile from the village, separated from it by a little bay. It has two cabins, each with three single beds minus bedding and a table (\$2 a night); tent sites with wooden platforms; and tables and fireplaces (\$1 a night)—all

beside the lake. The Indians have not yet learned to be greedy, I thought. We took a cabin, made supper outdoors and watched a huge full moon rise out of the waters of Big Lake. We heard a loon calling fish jumping out of the water and an owl hooting in the woods. After going to bed we heard some rustling and got up to watch a skunk munch at corn cobs. If you want quiet beauty away from crowds, this place.

Next morning I went back to the village. There is not a store, shop, or business place anywhere, although 255 people live there. There are a school, a Catholic church, and a community center—and all unpretentious. The rest of the structures are homes—most small, some old, dilapidated, and a few new. No sidewalks or curbs, street lighting, or other municipal gimmicks. I saw a pair of nuns and began a conversation. They took me into a two-room school, which has been maintained by the State since 1966 though it is run by a Catholic school taught by nuns and one lay teacher. The Passamaquoddy have been Catholic since their conversion by French Jesuits in the 17th Century. In other respects I had already learned, they cling to Indian culture, and speak their own language. A mute Indian boy pointed out a thunderbird around my neck. I asked if the children were taught about their own history and culture. Well, some were working on it somewhere in the archdiocese education office, but not had come down to them. The books I saw were the Bible and Jane type. It is the same in any school attended by Indians, whether federal, public, or parochial.

The sisters suggested I talk to the priest, Father Coleman O'Toole. I knocked on his door across the road, and was graciously received. I said hello to Father, possibly to see the visitation. Father O'Toole filled me with a little history, showed me a map of Indian settlements in the maritime provinces heading for, and took me on a tour of the cemetery and the church, which has fine carvings of Indian saints, made by Indians. He is an Indian chaplain. Father O'Toole told me his salary is paid by the State in accordance with an old treaty.

One more place I wanted to visit was a shed about a mile from the village (formerly used as a house for the village supply) which bore a sign reading "Community Action Project". Father O'Toole took me there and introduced me to its director, John Stevens. It also happens to be governed by the Passamaquoddy of Indian township and is a militant champion of Indian cultural survival. The CAP, for he now works full-time, is funded by the Federal Government and represents the Federal money flowing into the reservation. The chief, who would have been called in old days, had a lot of visitors. Some bureaucrats from the Indian office at Augustine were investigating conditions.

(continued on Page 8)

# ANOTHER "LABOR HISTORIAN" WRITES A BOOK ABOUT THE WOBBLIES—so what else is new?

"WE SHALL BE ALL: A History of the IWW", by Melvyn Dubofsky, Quadrangle Books, Chicago, 1969; 484 pages plus 72 pages of footnotes and index; \$12.50

This book is an ample, very readable, and well-documented history of the IWW up to 1918, and very sketchy, misinformed, crowded comment on the IWW since that year.

Up to and through the big Chicago trial of Wobblies in 1918, Dubofsky builds on the previous digging of Brissenden, Hoxie, Levine, Gambis, and such later books as Dowell's 1939 account of criminal syndicalism laws, Preston's 1963 exposure of how government subserved the corporations in attacking the IWW, Tyler's 1967 "Rebels in the Woods", Foner's 1966 history, and Renshaw's more journalistic 1967 book "The Wobblies". He makes use of the scholarly articles by Ingham on our 1909 strike at McKees Rocks and Norman Clark on our battle for the right to speak and organize in Everett, Washington 1916 (both published in 1966), and of the extensive digging that other historical articles in the last 15-or-so years have recorded. He has looked into our periodicals, our convention minutes, and various as yet unpublished doctoral dissertations; explored the National Archives for Department of Labor and Department of Justice letters and reports; and found much new material in the papers of Frank P. Walsh of Industrial Commission fame and in the records of various lumber companies.

Dubofsky has organized this massive data into the most complete and readable account so far of the IWW up to the end of World War I. But even in that period there are some odd omissions. For 30 pages he elaborates on the already well-established fact that we didn't win in Paterson in 1913, forgets that this was chiefly because one can't win where the industry is moving to more modern plants in other places, and emphasizes an alleged lack of IWW practicality in getting into such troubles. But he forgets to write about the places where the opposite would be shown. There is only one short and misinforming paragraph about our obviously practical although unsuccessful efforts in Akron that same year which he could find detailed in Robert's history of the Rubber Workers, a book he

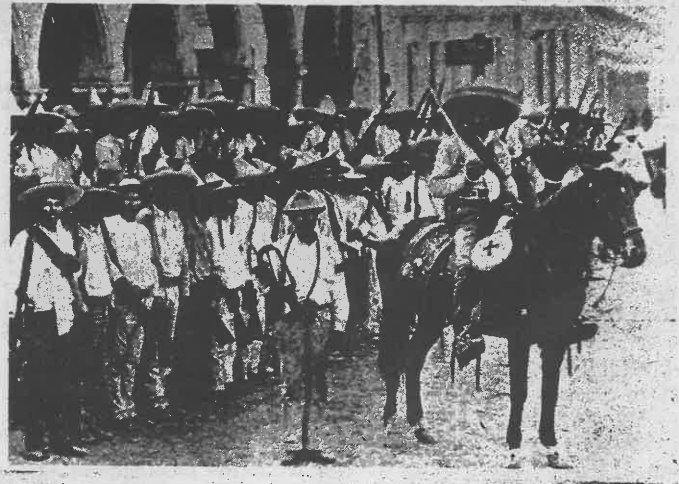
doesn't even mention—and only one sentence (Page 318) about IWW continuous job control on the docks of Philadelphia from 1913 to 1925—plus a later cramped and inaccurate account (Page 448) of how that control ended. There is no mention of Solvay Process, a very practical victory in 1916, or of the host of practical actions that kept the IWW alive and that are at least mentioned for this period in Brissenden or my own too-cramped "First Fifty Years". And of course eyes shut to such major evidence of IWW practicality and stability as steady representation of workers at various Cleveland metal working plants from 1934 to 1950. This does not seem to arise from any wish to harm, for his chapter on the Lawrence strike of 1912 outshines all previous accounts and treats our inability to hold the membership after the victory far more kindly than Wobblies themselves are likely to, for he has found documentary evidence to add to our own explanations: Employers shifted orders to mills in other places—evidence admittedly of the inadequacy of anything short of the One Big Industrial Union we haven't built yet but are still trying to.

The book is enlivened with numerous biographical sketches that I hope are more accurate than the almost complete mish-mash I find about myself. These include some odd errors. Herman Suhr (Page 298) was certainly not "mentally retarded" when I knew him. Haywood was not a lush (Page 460) here, nor pushed out of IWW activity prior to his flight to Russia; members simply felt he could do more good on the public platform than tied down to administrative detail. Dubofsky redeems himself somewhat by reference to items in D of J files showing that soon after WDH got to Russia he offered to return here if the Government would return the forfeited bond money, but got turned down. E. G. Flynn was not the only woman convicted under the Smith Act; so was Trotskyite Grace Carlson, and rather disgracefully with no protest from EGF. This book does disprove the Flynn account of how she escaped the

Chicago indictment. Joe Hill was not buried at Waldheim or anywhere else, but was cremated at Graceland; and his ashes were scattered over the world. (And why the comment on Page 312 that Joe's innocence was never established? Neither was the innocence of thousands of others who might have killed Morrison; that is why guilt, not innocence, needs to be proved.) The Non-Partisan League set out to reach an agreement with the Agricultural Workers in 1917, but were pressured by anti-NPL elevator "patriots" into voting the agreement down. And the IWW didn't die in 1939 either, as indicated in the strangely-garbled note on Page 528, and did have industrial union representation at its conventions through 1950.

If this book cut off at 1918 and purported to be a history of the IWW only to 1918, then a little patching would make it a most commendable history for that period. It should correct the errors and omissions already noted, and surely give some fairly complete account of the still untold Philadelphia story, and say something about such women as Matilda Robbins in the 1913 Studebaker strike, or Jane Street organizing the Denver housemaids in 1916; and something about the girls who made the Pittsburgh stogies, and the workers in the Pittsburgh packing plants; and something about IWW efforts in the garment trades and the coal mines, completely omitted here; and something about IWW activities and influence in other countries, so far dealt with among our critics only by Renshaw; and something about the Duluth-Superior dock strikes—and this time giving credit to a newspaper reporter for rescuing the kidnapped Frank Little.

But why should the account end with the big trials of 1918? Yes, they were supposed to end us, but we had even more numerous arrests and trials under the criminal syndicalism laws from 1920 to 1923, and still we weren't ended. Dubofsky almost overlooks all maritime IWW activity either before or after 1920, and his references do not include Taft's piece on them in the June 1939 Political Science Quarterly. He overlooks the fact that from 1920 to 1924 we completed a major job of



"We'll see you at the Conbention.... ¿Verda' Viejo?"

changing camp conditions in construction and lumber camps—something that had only gotten started during the war. He speaks of "the sterility of the IWW during the 1920s", saying nothing of the 1922 strike at Hetch-Hetchy, making just a brief mention of the Colorado coal strike of 1927 and 1928, and forgetting that this was a decade in which the AFL was getting nowhere.

"With the depression the IWW founded," Dubofsky says. But by a battery of soapboxers and a million leaflets, the IWW reversed the previous pattern of union decline in a depression, getting the unemployed to assure those who still had jobs they would show up at a strike only to reinforce the picket line and not to scab. In those depression years we conducted organizing campaigns in Detroit and Cleveland and elsewhere that showed we had learned something from our own history; we really started something nationwide with those little cards at Hudson Body "Sit Down and Watch Your Pay Go Up" in 1934; achieved a hitherto-unmatched stability in the Cleveland shops; negotiated an agreement with US Vanadium; and fought Weyerhaeuser in the woods of Idaho—all, it might seem, to disprove a series of myths persistently served up by labor historians. Sure, we have not yet accomplished what we set out to do in 1905, and that is why we are still in there trying—for what we set out to do needs more urgently today than ever to be done.

Many of the shortcomings of this big book come from the tendency of historians to

mirror previous accounts—and to hell with the facts. A document fits nicely into the process, much more readily than the safety devices that are still on the ore docks since they were put there after Frank Little's fight in 1913, or wet mining drills, or standard accommodations in lumber camps, or the recurrent idea on job problems—"Let's do it Wobbly style." This account also shows a sort of death wish for the subject under study. In his preface Dubofsky speaks of the IWW's "contemporary relevance", but implies that we are unacquainted with the young dissidents of today (He should come to a Wobbly meeting or social!), and he winds up here, much as in his Nation article of September 8, with a foreboding that when I and a few of my contemporaries "pass away, the IWW will die, for unlike the neighborhood, it cannot be renewed." All opposed to this notion vote Nay by keeping their dues paid.

Another recurrent idea in the book is the argument that by improving conditions we radicals undermine our efforts to radicalize our class. I want to express my hearty and well-established disagreement with this anti-labor argument in a separate article one of these days. But despite all these horrendous errors, there is a lot of good reading in this book, and if you don't feel like plunking down \$12.50 for it, put some pressure on your local library to buy a few copies. Non-members reading it are likely to decide they ought to help the IWW go ahead with its unfinished business.

Fred Thompson

## CHICAGO WOBBLIES ASSIST IN GRAPE-STRIKERS BOYCOTT

As the United Farm Workers strike of grape growers in California enters its fourth year, a new nationwide drive has been opened to stop the distribution of scab grapes. The focus of this drive is Jewel Tea Company, one of the largest supermarket chains in the country. Jewel recently broke its agreement with the farm workers and has re-stocked grapes—at the height of the holiday buying season. In response a boycott of Jewel has been called, and demonstrations are taking place nationally.

In Chicago the IWW has joined in the effort. On October 18 Wobs made up a large percentage of picketers on a march against two Jewel stores on the South Side in which three were arrested—two farm workers and one Wob, Larry Gibbs. These are only the latest in a series of harassing arrests that have taken place in this city where Jewel controls 38% of the retail food market. More and bigger actions are planned.

In addition the IWW has joined with representatives of 22 other international unions to form the Chicago Union Boycott Committee, and has taken a leading role in it. In this important committee, Teamsters, UAW, and AFL-CIO unions have joined with Wobs and other independents in a rare show of union solidarity.

Another hopeful sign is the apparent growing militancy of the Farm Workers. One of the Chicago leaders confided to General Secretary-Treasurer Al Just that after years of trying to get meaningful support out of liberal Democrats, many now realize that the only way to have freedom is to take the land.

BOYCOTT JEWEL!!

— Pat Murfin

POWER OF LABOR  
"Organized a little we control a little; organized more we control more; organized as a class we control everything."  
— B. H. Williams



Get it Straight  
The I.W.W.  
It's First 50 Years  
Don't miss this account of the Wobblies through the stirring years from 1866 to 1915.  
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Chicago 14

**LEFT SIDE**

(continued from Page 4)

who were stranded on this train did not know how much of the night would pass before the power was restored and they would be moving again. Fortunately they did not have to wait, because a group of young men wearing red berets came walking down the tracks with flashlights and helped everybody off the train and guided them to the closest station, keeping them away from the third rail, then helping them up to the platform. The whites who were on the train reported that they got the same helpful courtesy that the blacks got. If these dudes hate any whiteys, they don't hate the ones who ride on the Elevated!

Perhaps a change of personnel is due in the ranks of the welfare workers.

Stay away from cyclamate and grapes!

(continued from Page 1)  
non-productive outlays; they have risen so much that only construction workers have kept ahead of the prices. Fortune notes that the workers can say a 9.6% increase just holds them where they were, "by adding the long-term annual increase in productivity per manhour (3.2%) to the current annual rate of price inflation (6.4%)".

If prices do not come down from a cut in military outlay and from the belt-tightening of the thousands of additional unemployed, and of the million who fear they may be next—it will be because capitalists have become so well-organized and non-competitive that they can decide not to lower prices in the hopes of catching a few more sales: a lower price sells nothing to folks who are broke anyway. But the economic witch doctors must propitiate the gods whom they

**High-Priced Recession (!)**

serve. They do so by contending that it is the wages that lag behind the cost of living that push it up—which seems much like saying that the man losing a race to catch up with a bus is what pushes the bus ahead. Fortune's economists solemnly assure us: "At this point in the spiral, wage increases pump directly into still-higher prices."

Crocodile tears are being shed lest any increase in legal minimum wages may increase unemployment among those who need jobs the most, for their employer may figure that at the higher wage he can no longer gain a profit by hiring them. Any method of raising wages tends to shut down the most unprofitable and inefficient operations, for their a man's output just about paid his wage at the old rate. Those laid off should get jobs producing the stuff that workers will buy with their wage increase. But an economy

purchase to something workers want; near full employment the demand can be made only by this switch, and a rigidified capitalism resists adjusting itself to assure us the full benefit of our wage gains. To cope with modern capitalism, unions will have to start bargaining on a classwide basis about what work gets done. That is the remedy for high-price recessions.

Centuries ago our ancestors were told that poverty persisted because God had ordained that there be rich and poor, and that it was therefore futile and sinful for us to try to change this. In the last century and this the message has remained the same, except for "economic laws" replacing the name of the Lord.

After Malthus we were told that if workers got more pay they would beget more children, increase the competition for jobs as they grew up, and thus increase misery and want. When some common sense disproved this, we were told that since we really got paid with clothes and food and other consumable goods, no real increase in pay for all was possible, for there was just whatever fund of these things happened to be on hand to go around. When we answered that this only proved that we should be allowed to produce more of the sort of thing we wanted, and went ahead and organized and raised our pay and made profit seekers fish for our increase by hiring us to produce these things, their economists invented a wage-fund theory, and told us the average wage was the total paid out as wages divided by the number of workers, so if some did organize and get more, this only meant other workers must get less. When that got punctured they came up with "marginal utility" and a beautiful series of curves that reduce to the final absurdity that higher wages make more unemployment, and the way to cope with unemployment is to cut pay—something modern men realize would really bring

on a depression. And now comes Milton Friedman, who says unions can't override economic laws and raise wages anyway.

Now if these economists should prove correct, that is, if the established ways make it impossible for unions to raise real wages in a situation where six million are working at wages so low that steady work keeps them in real poverty, then it is time we got busy changing those established ways.

Whichever way we approach it, in forthcoming struggles unions will have to concern themselves with getting something to say about what work gets done—with making sure a rigidified capitalism does not prevent the production of the goods we want. In this world market this requires worldwide co-ordination of workers in dealing with management—whether it be a bunch of capitalists or a bunch of commissars.

— F. T.

**REVISED READING LIST**

The IWW has revised its four - page mimeographed reading list of sources on IWW history, and will mail it on request.

Ask your friends to subscribe to the Industrial Worker.

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.

**British IWW**

(continued from Page 1)

stems from the crisis of Western capitalism. To build houses is no longer very profitable; capital is hard to obtain; the system is showing signs of obsolescence. The first to suffer, as always, are the Working Class. Nearly 2,000,000 of Britain's houses are classed by the Government as "unfit for human habitation"—yet the building of office blocks and highly-expensive flats continues.

The London Squatters Campaign, for nearly a year, has helped expose the capitalist system for what it is: an exploitive machine for the benefit of a tiny minority. Members of the British IWW are active in the Campaign, your reporter having participated in the latest actions.

The morale of the squatters was boosted recently by the admission of the chairman of the Greater London Housing Committee that the squatting campaign had forced the Council to pledge to open all of the 5,000 empty GLC-owned houses for the London homeless. This is only a beginning.

As British capitalism staggers on from crisis to crisis, the workers are fighting back. A massive rent strike in London's east end still goes on regardless of threats. (One tenant barricaded his Council house with electrified barbed wire.) The wave of militant industrial actions continues unabated. Out of this conflict is being born a common identity... a common purpose... new ideas and modes of action. The British IWW is part of this wave that will one day sweep away the present chaos and build a society where people like Mrs. Shannon can have a decent home to live in.

Number 324966  
British Section IWW

**Indians Still With It!**

(continued from Page 6)

they didn't know!) Another one from Bell Telephone Company, whose surveyors had recently encountered Indian opposition. A young lawyer from Portland, Mr. Brant, deeply interested in Indian welfare, talking over his plan to put \$1,000 into the pockets of each Indian family this fall, with his project for having them make Christmas wreaths of native evergreens for sale in city churches. It worked well last year, and was to be extended this year, with all proceeds going to the Indians. Brant and his wife came by our camp that night, and I learned that he had been active in giving free legal services to the Indians at Pleasant Point.

Finally I got a chance to talk to Chief Stevens. He lives at "the strip", a row of Passamaquoddy houses just outside Princeton, five miles away. The main object of CAP, he informed me, was to find jobs for Indians. The figures were depressing. Twelve people worked for CAP, some of them young whites. Six Indians were employed by public agencies, and about the same number worked for the Georgia Pacific Company. A very few had other jobs. Some found seasonal work, but most were unemployed and on relief. In these beautiful surroundings, away from the public view, privation was rampant.

In education there had been a Head Start program, but it was a victim of budget reduction. Most Indian children never went past eighth grade. Some officials in the capital argued that they would go farther if they were educated in the English language, but the Indians won't buy that. Neither do I. Other minorities who are not bilingual (blacks and poor whites, for instance) have similar problems.

Do the Indians vote, take part in politics? Yes, most of them do. But they were not allowed to vote until 1956. How are health conditions? Pretty good, better than average for Indian communities. Problems—unemployment, alcoholism, lack of Indian control over Indian affairs. A law had been passed to give the Indians more control over their land (jointly with the State and the lumber company), and a meeting was set for Saturday to work out its implementation. Who built the new homes?

The State. Who decided who got them? Politicians decided. What were the results of the road blockade? Publicity: A Boston station, WKBG-TV, had made a half-hour documentary about the Indians, titled "Then We Shall Stand Up and Fight", but had not bothered to send a copy to the Indians. (It sells for \$80.) Some bureaucrats had come waltzing around, but the milk and the medicine were still not forthcoming.

I thanked the Governor for his time, promised to send him a copy of this story (He had also been present at the Seneca powwow.), and went back to the lakeside cabin. We stayed another night and saw another full moon come up, while a canoe painted like birchbark glided noiselessly across the lunar reflections on the calm water. I threw another log on the fire and smelled the scent of pine and other fir trees in the air. Something was missing. What did the big national parks have that was not here? Automobiles, noise, headlights, crowds...yes, even mosquitoes were missing. We heard the loon again, the fish darting at insects, and the owl hooting in the dark. How can one leave such a place and go back to the big city? Ah, it is the sad necessity imposed upon us by this economy, and the way we are bred—to earn money for survival. We left the next morning. But I knew why the Indians were still there.

(For more information on the Passamaquoddy, see "The Royal Screwing of the Passamaquoddy", by David Welsh, in "A Muckraker's Guide to 1968 and Other Horrors", published by Ramparts magazine.)  
Virgil J. Vogel

**WORLD BUSINESS**

"In 1967, the latest year for which figures are available, the book value of United States investments in Europe increased by 340% to \$17,900,000,000. In the last two years there has been a further sharp rise. In comparison the value of the European stake in the United States is estimated at only \$7,000,000,000."

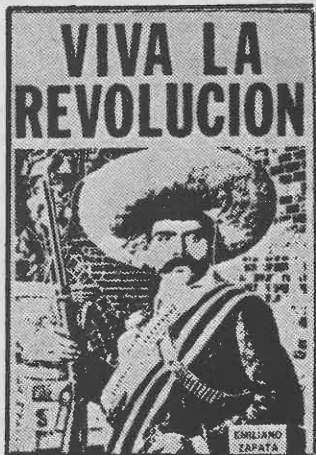
(Chicago Today financial page, October 8)

controlled by non-competitive capitalists may find no inducement to create such openings, and by their closed doors likewise prevent the production of the additional supplies our wage increase might buy, with these two results: (1) those who lost their jobs because it no longer paid to hire them don't get new jobs; and (2) the rest of us find that our wage boost just buys bigger price tags and not any more goods. That is the formula for a high-price depression.

Some crocodiles say workers should be prevented from harming themselves with wage demands by regulation of the bargaining wherever there is a tight labor market. They point to the experience that as we approach full employment, wage boosts tend to become illusory. This is so because a demand for more wages is a demand for more goods, and thus a demand that either unemployed workers be given jobs to produce those goods, or employed workers be shifted from producing something workers don't

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