



THOMPSON SPREADS THE WORD OF IWW IN THE EAST

Because your friendly gadfly has been even later getting his copy in than the editor, he can happily state that this noble rag can be in the hands of the readers "on schedule" now that the postal workers have found sufficient reason to go back to work. Believe me, it's not because the Prez had the soldier boys scabbing on them either.

Well, anyway, let's see what the truckers and trainmen can do now. Maybe someday all us working stiffs will pool our collective brains and tell Bosso to take his long-term contracts and shove 'em. We got no need for contracts if we know how to stick together on a day-to-day basis. Of course such a thing needs rank and file control, none of this lifetime picard stuff. That's why this rag gets put out.

It looks like Switzerland, that long touted independent bastion of democracy, is spawning an embryo Hitler. James Schwarzenbach, who is a capitalist, a book publisher, and a member of parliament, is starting up a neo-Brown Shirt movement in that gentle land. A true demagogue, he is stirring up resentment among native Swiss workers against the emigrants and day workers who live in neighboring countries. The largest of this group of foreign workers, who happen to be Italian, he refers to as crude and ignorant beggars, and, with the consistency characteristic of his breed, further tries to alarm the native population by saying these "beggars" are capable of studying, working hard, and improving their status, meaning, of course, that they will become top dogs over the Swiss.

A letter from a Panama correspondent who wishes to remain anonymous (mailed from the Canal Zone for obvious reasons of health), tells about the lack of democracy there. Newspaper correspondents from the States write flattering articles but never come anywhere close to telling the real situation. All press releases and outgoing information must first pass the approval of the Police Force who control the judicial power as exists in Panama. Said correspondent would like to know how these American newspaper reporters and visiting dignitaries can close their eyes to such a situation when Panama gets all its military and economic aid from the States. Shore looks like Ole Unkie Ess is going to have a lot of Viet Nams on his hands.

Not only that, but Unk is beginning to have a bit of grief in his own back yard. The Red Man, who is getting redder every day, has been on the warpath again. An old treaty that says that Government land no longer used by the Government can revert back to the Indians has been giving

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Fred Thomson (second from left, next to Teddy Roosevelt), widely-known Wobbly and all around gooa guy arrived in Waterloo friday night, and received a rousing welcome from the internationally acclaimed and locally defamed Gabriel Dumont Memorial Chowder and Marching Band. "Swell," said Fred. - Courtesy of The Chevron, Waterloo, Ontario

THERE'S LIFE ON THE CAMPUS

I've spent much of March getting back into the groove with the campus rebels... at Roosevelt in Chicago March 1, at Waterloo, Ontario March 5 to 14, and at hectic Buffalo in mid-month. At all three I've been warmed by the interest so many students and faculty members take in the

problems the IWW has been organizing to handle, and in the IWW proposals about what to do with them.

At Roosevelt a history class jumped from how the Knights of Labor urged solidarity to a short history of the IWW, and some are working to put theory into practice by forming a local branch of the IWW Educational Workers Industrial

Union 620 there. They want to raise the pay of part-time University employees. For this they need the backing of other students (more students, they feel, than are likely to join just for the principle of the thing); and so, they feel, why not build a bargaining agency that can give all the students some practical service?

Student interest in the IWW

at Waterloo led the College of Integrated Studies to invite me to discuss the IWW and related labor history every afternoon for a week. (Lecture subjects ran: the function of labor solidarity in a world market; a short history of the IWW; difficulties historians have in writing about the IWW; some personal reminiscences of 55 years of radical hopes from 1915 to 1970; and—perhaps with considerable crust—"If I Were a Student", exploring why the sound and fury of recent years, signifying a vast body of discontent, has not yielded more concrete results.)

As I stepped off the train at Waterloo (I rode the cushions this time) I was greeted by the Gabriel Dumont Memorial Chowder and Marching Band, rendering "Solidarity Forever" and carrying a big banner of welcome. They escorted me to the Gabriel Dumont "commune", where I noted that despite the subversive efforts of Women's Liberation, beautiful girls still prepare beautiful food. Waterloo is the location of the first local of Educational Workers IU 620.

That evening a phone call came in from Regina that a group of 50 there was set to get its charter and join Waterloo and Vancouver in spreading 620 across the map. In the Kitchener - Waterloo industrial area, these Wobs concern themselves with many off-campus issues: organizing folks on relief, fighting against evictions and for better nutrition for working-class kids.

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BERKELEY FOOD WORKERS ORGANIZE

Berkeley, California—At the "Caffee Giovanni" a group of workers have organized into a union which they have titled "Avanti Popolo" after the old Italian Left labor song. The union is now awaiting NLRB recognition for the 40-odd employees of the \$3,000-a-day business.

As early as December 4, an election was set by the NLRB. As soon as this was announced, three of the main agitators were fired, and the management began a program of "pep talks" for the kitchen help which were successful in that the final outcome of the voting was evenly split.

This election was held to be void by the NLRB when it was established that the workers had indeed been intimidated, so a new election was slated for February 13.

In the interim, employees prepared a contract to be presented to the management which will specify:

—a grievance procedure to halt arbitrary firings and a call for a hiring policy that will reflect the racial make-up

of the community which the restaurant serves:

- that women be paid the same as men for similar work, and that they be paid a graduated scale for overtime;
- that the company provide

adequate insurance to cover on-the-job injuries.

Naturally, the management is challenging the February 13 election in an effort to stall recognition of the union, but the NLRB has yet to decide.

***** New Location For General Headquarters *****

THE GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD HAS RECENTLY MOVED INTO LARGER OFFICE SPACE WITHIN THE SAME AREA AS THE OLD HEADQUARTERS. ALL DELEGATES AND CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE MAKE NOTE OF THE NEW ADDRESS:

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
2440 NORTH LINCOLN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60614

NEW HEADQUARTERS

A horde of dust-covered, sweating workers shoveling a seemingly-endless mountain into barrows hauled away and dumped by others. Dust masks and bandannas covering their faces, they still cough in the cloud of dust that is raised with every thrust of the shovel... The building of the

pyramids? The work on the Grand Coulee Dam?

No, friends, this is just the beginning of the struggles that will culminate in a new IWW General Headquarters (now completed) and a new branch hall for Chicago, one that will accommodate hundreds of people easily, where benefits are already being contemplated

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DON'T BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES

EDITORIAL

IT'S OVER BUT STILL WORTH TALKIN' ABOUT

As of the writing of this editorial the postal workers' strike is going strong in the two largest cities in the nation with no sign of settlement in view.

The Prez's threat to call out the troops can result in some disastrous comic-opera consequences. If the mail of the two largest post offices in the nation falls into the hands of the military and their well-known efficiency, there is no better way that Dicky-nik could further the cause of the strikers.

The significant thing in the eyes of your editor is that here are a large group of workers who realize the economic power that lies in their collective grasp and obviously do not consider it an unpatriotic act to strike against the Government.

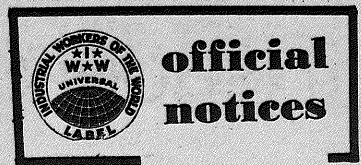
increase the personnel in the postal department to lighten the load of those already employed and render far better postal service to the inhabitants of this land.

However, as any good student of history knows, governments or any other ruling bodies do not arrive at such conclusions of their own accord. They only arrive at such conclusions after some strong encouragement via the collective economic action of the people.

From the days of World War Two when the coal miners told President Roosevelt that if he thought he could mine coal with bayonets he should go right ahead, it's been firmly established in the minds of good labor people that there is no such thing as "you can't strike against the Government"!

If patriotism still means "love of country", it is people like the postal workers who are using the best weapon at their disposal to fight the war against poverty who are the true patriots. They are the ones who make the real history!

- CAC



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

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).

CHICAGO: Chicago Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2440 North Lincoln (LI 9-5045). Lionel Bottari is the Branch Secretary.

DENVER: Write to Delegate Gary Cox, 7126 Inca Way, Denver, Colorado 80221. Drop around and help organize a mile-high branch.

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).

LAWRENCE: The Stationary Delegate is John Wismiller, 1301 Louisiana, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone: 842-5701.

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397), Van Nuys area: Srafrprint Co-op, E. W. I. U. #620, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California 91901. Phone: (781-7589) or (782-6185) Dan Family, Job Delegate.

NEW HAVEN: Contact IWW Delegate Bob Cook, 18 Court Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511.

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

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone SA 4-4895.

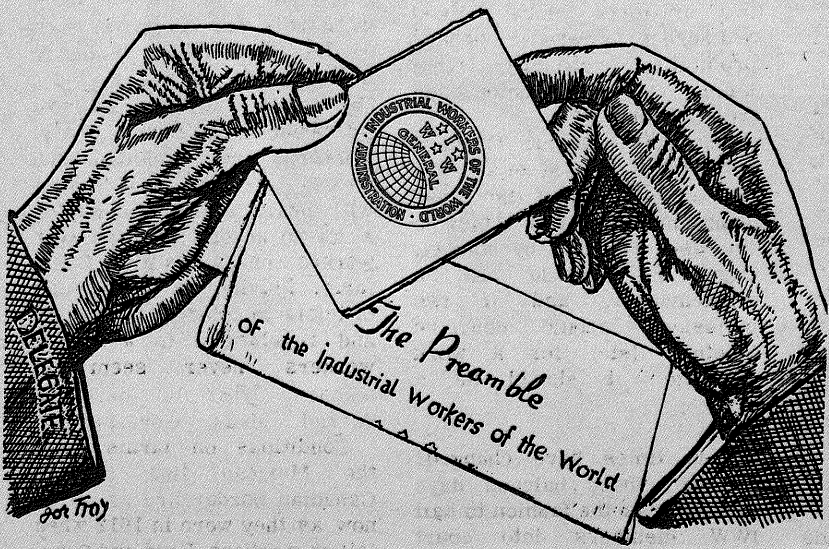
PHOENIX: Ruth Sheridan is the Stationary Delegate for the IWW, Post Office Box 13065, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

SAN FRANCISCO: Michael Mack, 1010 Powhattan Street, San Francisco, California 94110 (584-4507).

SANTA ROSA: Write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 7037, Santa Rosa, California 95401.

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 IW bookstore opposite the university.

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) (continued on Page 3)



PROΛΟΓΟΜΕΝΑ
«Η Εργατική τάξις και η εργοδότηρια δὲν ἔχουσιν οὐδὲν τὸ κοινόν. Εἶναι ἀδύνατον νὰ ὑπάρξη εἰρήνη ἐνὸς ἢ τοῦ αὐτοῦ καὶ ἡ ἀνάγκη μαστίζει ὀλόκληρα ἑκατομμύρια ἐργατικοῦ λαοῦ καὶ οἱ ὀλίγοι οὐτις ἀποτελοῦσι τὴν ἐργοδότηριαν τάξιν, ἔχουν ὅλα τὰ ἀγαθὰ τῆς ζωῆς.
«Μετὰ τὸ αὐτῶν τῶν τάξεων πρέπει νὰ ἐξακολουθῆ ὁ ἀγὼν ἕως ὅτου οἱ ἐργάται ὅλου τοῦ κόσμου, ἀφοῦ ὀργανωθῶν ὡς μία τάξις, καταλάβουν τὴν γῆν καὶ τὰ μηχανήματα τῆς παραγωγῆς καὶ καταργήσωσι τὸ σύστημα τοῦ μισθοῦ.
«Βλέπομεν ὅτι ἡ συγκέντρωσις τῆς διαχειρήσεως τῆς βιομηχανίας, ἀπὸ ὀλίγας εἰς ὀλιγοτέρας χεῖρας, ἀφαιρεῖ τὴν δύναμιν τῶν συντεχνικῶν ἐνώσεων τοῦ νὰ ἀντιπεζύρωται κατὰ τῆς ὁσμῆρας ἀξιοποιήσεως τῶν δυνάμεων τῆς ἐργοδοτήριας τάξεως. Αἱ συντεχνικαὶ ἐνώσεις παρῶσάξουν μίαν τοιαύτην κατάστασιν πραγμάτων, ἥτις ἐπιτρέπει εἰς μίαν τάξιν ἐργατῶν ν' ἀντιτάσσεται ἐναντίον ἄλλης τάξεως ἐργατῶν εἰς τὴν ἰδίαν βιομηχανίαν, προκαλοῦσα τοιοῦτοτρόπως τὴν ἥτταν ἀμφοτέρων κατὰ τὸν περὶ μισθοῦ πόλεμον. Ἐπὶ πλέον, αἱ συντεχνικαὶ ἐνώσεις βοηθοῦν τὴν ἐργοδοτήριαν τάξιν νὰ ἀποπληρῆσῃ τοὺς ἐργάτας μὲ τὴν δοξασίαν, ὅτι οὗτοι ἔχουσι κοινὰ συμφέροντα μὲ τοὺς ἐργοδότες.
«Αὐταὶ αἱ καταστάσεις δύνανται ν' ἀλλάξουν καὶ τὰ συμφέροντα τῶν ἐργατῶν νὰ ὑποστηρηθῶν μόνον ὑπὸ μίαν ὀργανώσεως ἰδρυθείσης κατὰ τρόπον, ὥστε ὅλα τὰ μέλη τῆς, εἰς ὅποιανδήποτε βιομηχανίαν ἢ εἰς ὅλας τὰς βιομηχανίας εἰς εἰς ἀνάγκη, νὰ παύουν τὴν ἐργασίαν ὅπουδήποτε εἶναι ἀπεργία, προξενούντες βλάβην εἰς ἕνα καὶ ὅλους.
«Ἀντὶ τοῦ συντηρητικοῦ ἀξιώματος «εἰκονοποιητικῆς μισθῶς ἀντὶ μίαν ἡμερησίας ἐργασίας» ἡμεῖς πρέπει νὰ ἐπιγράψωμεν εἰς τὴν σημαίαν μας τὸ ἐπαναστατικὸν σύνθημα «κατάργησις τοῦ συστήματος τοῦ μισθοῦ».
«Ἡ ἱστορικὴ ἀποστολὴ τῆς ἐργατικῆς τάξεως εἶναι νὰ ἐξαφανίσῃ τὸν πλουτοκρατισμὸν. Ὁ στρατὸς τῆς παραγωγῆς πρέπει νὰ ὀργανωθῆ ὅχι μόνον διὰ τὸν καθημερινὸν ἀγῶνα μετὰ τῶν κεφαλαιοῦχων, ἀλλὰ καὶ νὰ διαχειρισθῆ τὴν παραγωγὴν μετὰ τὴν ἐκθρόνισιν τῶν κεφαλαιοῦχων. Ὁργανούμενοι βιομηχανικῶς, ἰδρύομεν τὸ οἰκονομικὸν τῆς νέας κοινωνίας ἐντὸς τοῦ κελύφους τῆς παλαιᾶς.»

THE HISTORICAL ARCHIVES DEPARTMENT OF THE IWW IS IN NEED OF CERTAIN JOE HILL MATERIAL THAT IS NO LONGER ON HAND AT CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS. ANYONE IN POSSESSION OF TRANSLATIONS TO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, OTHER THAN SWEDISH OR FINNISH, OF JOE HILL'S SONGS, PLEASE CONTACT FRED THOMPSON AT THE CHICAGO OFFICE.

Solidarity Bookshop are now begun, and Branch members are looking forward to the vast opportunities that the new location at 2440 North Lincoln, in the center of the local radical community, will offer. Also projected for the future is a new ceiling, which will have to span the approximately 100-by-50-foot main hall, as the present one is in disrepair and constructed of obsolete materials. Additional damage was done when a worker took a short-cut through it recently. (He was uninjured.) A stage will be constructed with the left-over bowling alley, and it is hoped that live bands and mixed-media shows will highlight future Branch socials and fund-raising activities.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

The deadline for the May issue of the Industrial Worker will be Wednesday, April 15. This will be the May Day issue, which we hope to get into the readers' hands by May 1. Pending approval from the General Executive Board, I hope to make this an expanded May Day edition. I will appreciate as much copy as all correspondents can produce. Remember, all copy for the May issue must be in this office by April 15 at the latest. - The Editor

INDUSTRIAL WORKER Official Organ of The Industrial Workers of the World. Owned and Issued Monthly By INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD. 2440 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Illinois, 60614 Phone: LI 9-5045. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 36 issues \$6.00, 24 issues \$4.00, 12 issues \$2.00. Carlos Cortez, Editor. AL JUST, General Secretary-Treasurer. W. H. Westman, Business Manager.

NEW HEADQUARTERS

(continued from Page 1) of material that comprised the furniture and archives of the old office at 2422 North Halsted, where the IWW had its headquarters for over 30 years. Needless to say, a great deal of material accumulated in that time, and it took over 10 truckloads and more than a week to move it all. Among the things that were moved were three safes, all easily in the 500-pound-plus class. The General Headquarters was the first thing to be set up. For this a new floor had to be built by Branch carpenters and then surfaced with red tile. It has several advantages over the old Headquarters, in that it can be locked and closed off from the rest of the hall, thereby eliminating the minor pilferage that sometimes used to inconvenience our General Secretary and Office Manager. The major tasks of building rooms for our projected print shop, reading room, and library and quarters for the

Reader's Soapbox



FROM SEATTLE

Fellow Worker Editor,

When in the course of human events it behooves me to say a few words about conditions that are building up in Seattle:

The Boeing Company has just announced the layoff of 12,000 men for the year, with more layoffs to come in April. The Seattle police are running true to form with their club-swinging and spraying of tear gas on protestors.

If one report I heard is true, Seattle is now the suicide center of the nation, as more suicides have occurred here than in any other city, per capita population. As usual, politicians and police have been trying to figure out why. When thousands of men lose their jobs and see their families hungry and in need of medical care, depression and mental shock sets in,

whereupon anything can and often does happen.

The Boeing layoffs are not the only ones in Seattle. The Transit Department is also getting in on the act. There was a referendum in last year's election to determine whether or not every household would pay a dollar a month to support the transit system. The proposal failed, bringing on the layoff which in turn deprived certain commuters of transit service.

The transit system claims it is losing \$300,000 per month, and unless subsidy comes from Federal or State Government there will be more layoffs. The State Welfare Department is contemplating cutting down on aid to mothers and to dependent children. Hospital costs in Seattle, like anyplace else, are so expensive that many people have to forego basic treatment because they can't afford to pay the 20% charged by hospitals.

Those who are working and making from \$5 to \$7 an hour and think they are well off should take a closer look. Many of them, should they lose their jobs, would lose more than just their jobs. Many of them have homes on which they have paid several thousand dollars. All that including the furnishings could be washed down the drain.

Altogether it is a beautiful picture—but one that I don't like to look at.

— J. W. Fain
X 325044

What Do We Aim To Do?

If you want to know what we aim to do, the fullest answer is given in the 128-page book by Justus Ebert:

THE I.W.W. IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

This is the fifth revised edition of a classic of the labor movement. We have it available now at token price of 25 cents a copy, with a 40 per cent discount on orders for 10 or more.

Order from I.W.W.
2422 N. Halsted Street
Chicago, Ill. 60614



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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.

YELLOW SPRINGS: Contact IWW Stationary Delegate Scott McNeil, 101 Tower Court, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45887.

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.

"WORLD INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM!"

Production, Distribution, Acquisition, and Consumption: these four words, equal and relative, spell the story of human life. At no point may the balance be disturbed. Production is the basis; neither distribution, nor appropriation, nor consumption can be had except of goods in being. If production increases under a sane knowledge, every human being is benefitted. But under the present competition of capitalism, this contradiction appears: Instead of human benefit, the whole social system is shaken. Prices fall, wages shrink—and all in proportion to the growth of production. This latter system the IWW was born to abolish.

So in 1905 appeared a new realistic scheme of life known as World Industrial Unionism. Every producer should be organized in his special capacity. All private concerns are ignored. In the social world and in political relations the individual is free—his obligation is only one. Every human being must contribute to the general welfare, and this should be balanced by the need of all to respond to the duty that "An Injury to One Is an Injury to All." Self and selfishness fade away, and an interdependent human race stands erect and proud. Misery vanishes. Happiness reigns. To gain these ends, the IWW was born and still lives. It has faced its responsibility along a bloodstained trail beset by terror and brutality, but it still lives. It shall triumph.

Mistakes of individuals, groups, and factions have hindered, halted, and sometimes confused. Shortcuts have been heralded as revelations. But there is only one path toward a new life,

Here we go again. Another recession, slowdown, or hard time, as it used to be called, is upon us. Prosperity is a short time staying. Has it ever been any different. It is of no use to bemoan the tax money wasted on the moon madness or the war in Viet Nam. If both of these makework boondoggles were canceled tomorrow, nothing basic would have changed. In fact, many workers would be laid off if they were stopped.

"I hate to pay taxes to support evil," goes a common lament. Don't sweat; no worker has ever paid a dime in federal income taxes. But you say: "The boss withholds the tax out of my pay." He does, but only on paper. You never see the actual cash. We are put through an annual song and dance every April 15. This is done to give us a supposed stake in the system. We think such things as: "I pay my taxes...I'm a good citizen... (et cetera)." Actually the boss sweats HIS taxes and HIS profits out of HIS workers' hides. He sends in HIS taxes to ye old government. He pays those taxes with our labor.

The Rockefellers, Fords, DuPonts, and their ilk feed off their fellow capitalists when they get tax monies and/or relief. It is then a case of boss eat boss; hurray! It is no concern of any worker. The point I am trying to make is that the Federal Government could just as easily double or triple corporation taxes and skip the whole income-tax bit with its falderal. Why don't

they? Because if they did the workers might wise up and see that they have no part in running the country.

If taxes were to be cut, wages would be cut in proportion, either directly or more deviously by inflation. And don't worry about the Government spending all the money saved by peace in Viet Nam on projects to help the American people, silent or otherwise. They will spend

just enough to pacify the un-silent minority, which could be a majority if they would wake up. Guaranteed incomes, draft reform, and improved social services are sops to head off any real improvement. We work most of our lives to earn a little social insecurity. It will always be so, unless we organize to change it once and for all.

— Gordon L. Herman

Musings of a Wobbly

FROM L. A. TIMES:

"DAVIS WARNS OF PERILS IN POLICE LABOR UNION"

"URGES CITY COUNCIL TO PASS ORDINANCE BANNING SUCH GROUPS"

"Police Chief Edward M. Davis warned Wednesday that the city is going to lose control of its police force 'in another two or three years' unless ordinances are passed prohibiting officers from joining a labor union and from striking."

"Continued Davis: 'Officers being hired here at an average age of 23 are just like other young men all over America who feel rejected by society. Organizing should be a misdemeanor, and if two policemen should conspire together (sic) for a work stoppage, it should be a felony....'"

How times have changed! I recall those halcyon days when it was the fashion to hail IWW members into court on charges of Criminal Syndicalism, and the DA was outraged because the Organization had failed to provide for the unionization of policemen. That proves they are against the Government, he told the jury among other things. But what has Chief Davis in mind when he speaks of policemen conspiring for a work stoppage? Does he fear embarrassment now that at some future date when his hirelings might be engaged in a raid, or armed with tear gas and clubs charging into a crowd of people, they would suddenly call the whole thing off, disgusted with the spilling of blood in violation of the Constitution? Perish the thought!

"FARM GROUP TO SUE, ASK ENFORCEMENT OF LABOR OFFICE LAWS"

According to H. Bernstein in the L. A. Times, a group of farm workers will file suit in federal court against Labor Secretary George Shultz and officials of the State's Farm Labor Service, demanding that the Government either shut down all 42 of California's farm-labor employment offices or enforce all laws regulating such offices by July 1. CHARGES: The state offices are grower controlled, grower dominated, grower staffed, and anti-farm-worker, and they knowingly refer workers to growers who refuse to abide by State laws, pay substandard wages, employ illegal aliens, violate State sanitation laws, and endanger the lives of workers by using massive doses of toxic (deadly) insecticides.

Nearly 50 farm workers met with Shultz in San

Francisco last week, but Shultz was non-committal. Robert Gnaizda, attorney for CRLA (California Rural Legal Assistance), charges: Each government agency we have called on to enforce the laws has sent us to another agency; so now we are asking that the entire system be shut down and a new office opened with a "fair employment plan" adopted under a committee composed of two farm workers, two growers, and a US Government man to oversee operations....

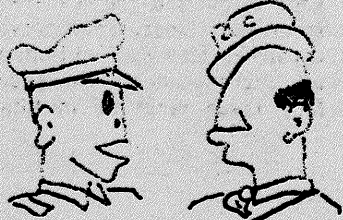
It's the old, old balogna (pronounced baloney). Farm workers are exploited and abused to the limit traffic will bear. And that's saying a lot to anyone who has ever worked on a Pacific Coast farm. Relying on Government officials to enforce labor rules and regulations is a fallacy workers never seem to unlearn. What is there so sacred about Government?

Conditions on farms from the Mexican line to the Canadian border are as rotten now as they were in 1912 when fellow workers Ford and Suhr, in an IWW attempt to overthrow the outrageous situation in the California hop fields, became the victims of a vicious frame engineered by the same rural barons who induced the Legislature to adopt the heinous Criminal Syndicalism law. Sooner or later true industrial unionism will have to put a stop to this condition, by abolishing farm workers' exploitation entirely, and usher in the workers' commonwealth. But without expecting a speedy result such as this, what would happen if the Teamsters did their share in bringing the exploiters to heel? With their assistance the farm-labor dilemma could have been solved long ago. But that wish may also be remote. The Teamsters seem to think that they have it made, and that this is all that matters. They have built up an enormous treasury which they use for quite something other than helping other workers to emancipate themselves. They recently invested \$13,500,000 in a real-estate scheme that now appears to be on the rocks. Isn't that a shame?

It's been quite some time since I contributed my mite to the efforts of the IWW to steer the working class into the direction of true labor industrial unionism. We do not seem much closer in that way than we were in, say: 1912. Labor "has not wilt". But eventually and inevitably, it must "will". It may be within the next 10 years, 20, 30... hardly.

Many of us will not see the promised new society, built within the shell of the old; but never mind that, so long as we have helped to maintain the great dream.

— Enness Ellae



POLLUTION— Accident Or De\$ign ?

Those people who think free enterprise means they have a right to buy and sell anything and everything (people, ideas, beauty, health, et cetera), and feel that this system somehow benefits the entire human race, have been developing a method to produce artificial sunshine and oxygen. When their plan has been fully developed they will then allow the air to become totally saturated with pollutants so that you and I will have to buy sunshine and oxygen from them in order to remain alive. Of course, for their plan to succeed they will have to develop a system whereby those who are too poor to afford their products will not be allowed to die in wholesale lots. This would bring on public indignation, ruin their image, and probably cause revolution. No, they will devise a system called "welfare" to give oxygen and sunshine to the needy. Not enough so they can remain healthy, understand, but enough to keep them alive. If the poor were able to be as healthy as the affluent, there would be no incentive to work in the sunshine and oxygen plants—which will be a very dangerous and boring occupation. There must be a fear of death or poor health to give people incentive.

Absurd, you say. Sunshine and oxygen are elements necessary for the survival of all life. No man has the right to withhold these elements from other organic life and sell them for profit. People would never allow such a grotesque enterprise....

Oh no? What about the other natural elements—earth and water, which in turn grow food and produce coal, oil, gas, wood, et cetera? We have been convinced that some men have the "right" to claim land, fence it, and refuse naked, starving bodies the use of it for growing food, making clothes, and building shelter; and by the same logic, if man finds a way to harness oxygen and sunshine, he will market it and we will love him for being kind enough to sell it to us. Such an enterprise would be no more grotesque than withholding food from the poor while corporation farmers are paid not to plant; or channeling water from the Rockies to wealthy corporation ranchers through areas where Mexican and Indian children die of malnutrition because there is

not water for their crops.

But if earth and water and raw materials are in the same category with oxygen and sunshine, to be shared according to need by all life on this planet, how did such a small minority of people gain control of them for their own profit and power? Witness Alaska, where velvet-tongued oil companies are removing Eskimo families who have occupied that land for thousands of years. "Have you one of these official-looking papers with the official-looking seal, and bearing the name of a very official-sounding official?" "No, Sir. My family has lived here for two thousand years, and we didn't know we needed one." "Well, that's too bad. You see, we do have the official papers. But to show you our heart is in the right place, since you don't understand legal matters, we won't charge you a penny for two thousand years back rent. But, you will have to leave so we can pump all that ugly old black stuff out of the ground. I'm sure they'll have a place for you to live in in Anchorage—er, suburb, where you'll be well taken care of."

Okay, so their titles to the land and their laws are all a fraud. They now have large armies and tanks and police departments to defend their claims to this planet, and those armies are very real. Now we agree that it would be nice if everyone had food and clothing, if no man were exploited, if imperialist wars would end; but we aren't arguing with the man's army. We have to live, too, you know.

Exactly the point. We do have to live. Up till now the major crimes of the ruling class have been bearable for those of us who aren't starving. The organized worker has been thrown an extra bone now and then to keep him quiet. But now, a change in the social order has left the stage of "wouldn't it be nice" and has become imperative if life is to survive on this planet. A few men, blinded by greed and a craving for power, have gained control of most of the economic and political machines on this Earth. Not only are they rattling H-bombs trying to decide which of them will control

all the wealth and all our lives, but they are destroying the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the natural resources our children will need in order to survive. It is no longer a question of justice. We are now in a position where we must pull an insane captain away from the controls of this ship we're all on, or we're going to the bottom together.

"But there have always been more slaves than slaveholders, and we've never been able to see the strength in our numbers," you say. "We've never been able to solve our differences long enough to gain our freedom. Some of us are Christian, some are not; some are black, some are white; some are socialists, some are democrats; and if nothing else, we'll argue over baseball teams. It is certain that as long as we remain so fragmented, we do not stand a chance of winning a revolution."

Fine. One of the biggest

mistakes we are making is assuming that we must all agree on some party line before we can work together. If this attitude continues we'll all choke to death on industrial waste screaming revolutionary rhetoric. It isn't necessary for us to settle all our differences. It is only necessary that we co-ordinate our efforts.

There is an organization that we can all belong to and still retain our individuality. The IWW guarantees the right of each local to control its own affairs. It is only necessary that we agree on a few basic principles: (1) that we want to survive, (2) that we are willing to co-operate with all other human beings to see that life does continue on this planet, and (3) that we believe democracy is the best way to run any institution. If we can agree on those points, then the IWW not only offers us the machinery for the revolution, the General Strike, but it also gives us the

structure for a new society—a society based on freedom and democracy; one where all power remains in the hands of the people. Most revolutions have failed, as far as I'm concerned, because they concentrated on dividing the wealth instead of the power. Redistribute the power, and the wealth will take care of itself.

This earth and everything on it belongs to us. Everything has been built from materials which were here long before man and from the labor of the working class. A dollar bill never constructed anything. The dollar bill and the rich man's laws are a fraud—a hoax on us all. Tear up his contracts, his deeds, his property rights. They are good for starting fires and nothing else, if we will stand together.

No bloody revolution is necessary. The General Strike is, in fact, massive non-violent resistance in the factories. If one looks at the numbers of fellow workers killed on their jobs every day, shutting down the mines and factories might even save lives. Sure, some of us would be killed for refusing to work, but how many of us are going to be killed if we continue to work under the present insane management?

Why the IWW? Because we need some kind of organization for both communication and co-operation both before and after a revolution. Before the revolution to insure success, and after the revolution to make sure the needs of the people are met. But at the same time we should not want an organization that dictates to its many members. If you're waiting to get all the working class to back one party line, or if you think twenty diverse groups can accomplish the revolution without some kind of co-operation, then you're dreaming. Besides, we should want to return power to the people, not merely switch tyrants. Organization, yes. Centralized power, no. We should have had enough of the empty, cold lives we lead under powerful bureaucracies. The IWW is built around the principle of voluntary co-operation rather than authoritarian dictatorship. We don't ask you to change your politics or your religion or your activities in your community. All those things are your own affair. All we ask is that when you're on the job, be a Wob. If you consider yourself a rebel and you're working, preach and practice revolutionary unionism where you work.

If the ecologists are right, we don't have time to argue over our minor differences. A revolution must take place, and it must take place soon if we are going to survive. The machinery to get the job done already exists. It's a little rusty because it hasn't been used much since the Palmer Raids, but it's still there and it's still as good as ever. Write your closest IWW delegate and find out what IWW stands for if you're not sure; or better yet, become your area's local delegate. Let's get it on the road—not only for a just society and a free society, but to insure that there will be a society.

— Gary Cox

To Mothers

Mother, where is your dear son today?
Is he in Viet Nam where death holds sway?
Has he left these shores for a land made red
By the blood of our boys and Viet Nam dead?

For what, dear mother, for what, I pray,
Is your boy being sent to Viet Nam today?
It's for greed, for gain, for world domain
By those who seek our boys to maim.

Mother, will you stand silent today
As your dear son is marched away
To sacrifice his life for selfish greed?
Ere it's too late, dear mother, take heed.

Speak out for peace, for the life of your son;
In peace there is victory, it has to be won.
Shout peace so its echo resounds o'er the land;
For peace, for the life of your son, take a stand.

— Alvina Hayman

"Operation Killer"

"Operation Killer", the target man:
Jungle law now rules the land.
Blood flows, the soil is red,
Victims of greed, the living and dead.

A land laid waste, this bloody crime
A ghoulish blot on the sands of time.
Arise and fight this jungle law,
To save mankind from its deadly claw.

— Alvina Hayman

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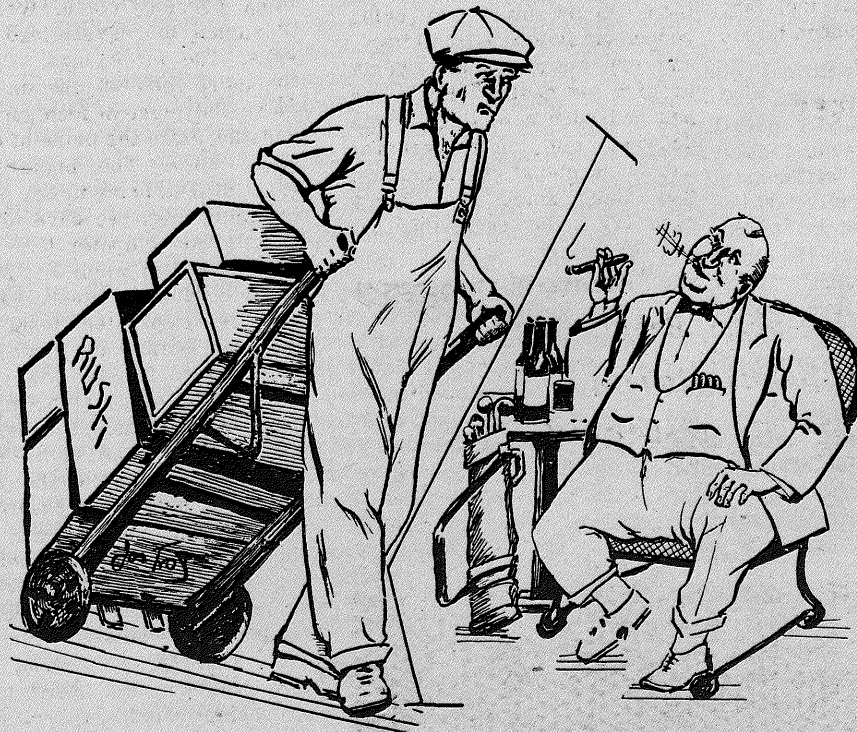
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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
OF THE WORLD

2422 North Halsted Street
Chicago, Illinois 60614



DOG TRACK STRIKE, RIGHT-TO-WORK STYLE

Arizona is a right-to-work state, which means that for the average Joe it's just a little harder to make a squawk about what you get to live on. Although 90 employees out of 104 in Local 640, Mutuel Employees, IBEW, went on strike against the Funk Greyhound Racing Circuit on February 4, they were denied recognition as the collective bargaining agent because the NLRB ruled that it had no jurisdiction in the case. Why? Because the employers were engaged not in a business but in a sport. This sport however makes a tidy business profit, a profit so tidy and suspicious that the State Auditors been asking a good deal of embarrassing questions lately.

The Greyhound racing track is a family business and has been in Arizona for 25 years, operating 63 days in Phoenix, 63 days in Apache Junction, and 63 days in Black Canyon. Workers at the track work from about 7:15 to 12 p.m. for an average of \$12 a shift. Those on strike are cashiers and ticket sellers, plus some money runners and calculating room employees.

Their big grievance is that a cashier is expected to make up his shortages each night but is not allowed to be present when the final count of money is made, nor can he question the count. Cashiers handle from \$4,000 to \$7,000 a night. The boss saves the bonding fee and the cashier is held responsible for his shortages, which are deducted from his pay.

Also, the customer's word is never challenged, and if a customer says he didn't get a ticket, the ticket seller can be suspended, fined, or forced to make up the shortage.

Work is scheduled not according to seniority, but according to the whim of the management. You may think you are scheduled to work the entire week, but if on a certain night your name isn't on the schedule, you don't work.

Other grievances include the benevolence whereby the Funks take credit for and choose the charitable purposes for which their employees donate four days without pay out of each year. How's that for paternalism? Employees would like the right to choose the charity they donate to and the amount they will donate, and get the credit for it themselves. Of course, a paid vacation for employees with the track for 10, 15, or 20 years is unheard of.

At this writing, March 19,

the Funks have refused to bargain with the IBEW local. An injunction permitting only two pickets at the gate is adhered to by the union. They are also getting help in their efforts to win recognition by their fellow workers employed by the American Totalizator Company (also an IBEW local) who will not cross the picket lines to service the machines leased to the dog track.

But, public support and knowledge of the track is practically non-existent. Very few people, many dues-paying union men themselves, refuse to cross the picket line. Some apologize either sheepishly or vociferously, but go in anyway. Many of them are unaware of and unconcerned about the troubles of their fellow workers. All look upon the dog track as yet another get-rich-quick operation or local "Lost Wages". The strike has had very little publicity in the newspapers, and no attempt has been made to get student support or the support of the radical and liberal community.

The two-man picket line and loyal union supporters haven't missed a night at the gate since February 5, which is a pretty doggone good record for a dogged bunch. Ray Duke from Fort Worth has been helping the local in its fight against the dog track owners. He's out there whenever the pickets are and also works behind the scenes to get news of the strike into the city papers.

Friends and fellow workers foolin' around fenix are urged to keep away from the dogs in solidarity with our fighting fellow underdogs in this right-to-work land.

— Ruth Sheridan
Phoenix Branch IWW

They Want To End Rank & File Contract Veto

Secretary of Labor George Schultz and a Nixon-appointed commission wanted to put an end to this practice of union members rejecting contract terms negotiated for them by their officers. They say it leads to inflationary increases, and are confident many top union officials would welcome a chance to avoid submitting their bargains to the hazards of a membership vote. The commission says in particular that only employees of the concern should ever vote on such a question, and not the union members employed elsewhere who still feel they have a strong interest in terms accepted.

REBEL VOICES

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

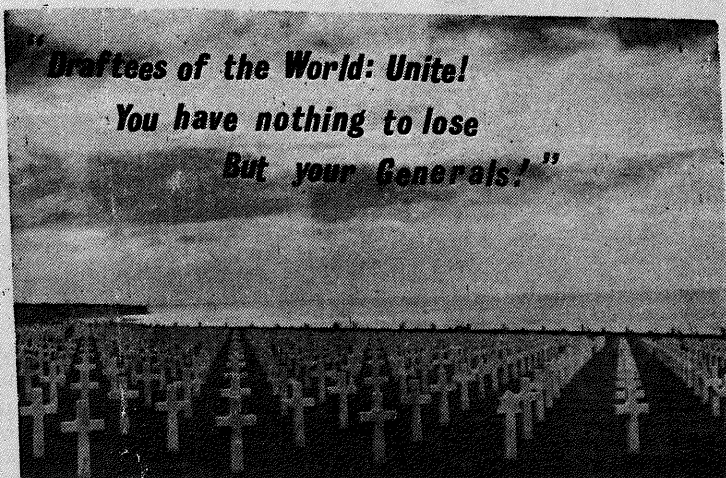
PAMPHLETS AVAILABLE

Two classic pamphlets are now available through the Fellow Workers at Peace and Freedom in Buffalo:

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by Emma Goldman (10¢)

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14222



As The Hen Sees It!

In the February National Geographic I read that just a few miles from my home on the outskirts of Los Angeles 2,000,000 white Leghorn hens live in one giant egg factory, and either produce eggs or die. It struck me that the readers of the Industrial Worker might be interested in an interview, if I could get it, to show how the industry looks to the hens who after all lay the eggs.

I found the arrangements to be as described in the magazine. Double rows of cages, each cage 16 by 18 inches with 5 hens per cage, housed 90,000 hens in each of the several buildings. I introduced myself to the hens, and found that a long bachelorhood in which I had many discussions with old hens fortunately did permit me to bridge the communication gap and get their point of view.

I was particularly interested in the statement of policy that management had given to the Geographic: "We keep track of the food eaten and the eggs collected in 2 rows among the 110 rows in each building. When production drops to the uneconomic point, all 90,000 birds are sold to processors for potpies or chicken soup. It doesn't pay to keep track of every row in the house, let alone individual hens; with 2,000,000 birds on hand, you have to rely on statistical sampling." I translated this policy statement into Leghorn, and asked the birds if they felt this arrangement was fair.

The response was such a clatter that I felt I might get thrown out of the building before I finished my interview. Thousands of the hens were clucking with the utmost indignation. They shook their heads and glared around with an air that as much as said; "I could name names if I cared to." Out of the din I could catch one sentiment being expressed by almost all of them: "Some hens don't even try hard to lay an egg, and so all of us have to suffer for the shortcomings and laziness of a few."

This wasn't quite the response I had expected. I had thought some might say it was far from fair to hold out to them, throughout an entire life of strenuous egg-laying, just one final reward: being made into chicken soup as soon as they missed a day or two. I had thought some old hen might ask what man had a right to make soup out of her or tell her to go lay an egg. I had hoped that some Patricia Hennery among them might object to being cooped up five to a small cage, and cry out "Give me liberty or give me death!" But if any hen had such a feeling, it was drowned out in the general outcry of mutual recrimination that since some hens didn't even try to lay eggs, they all had to suffer.



I thought: After all, these hens have led very sheltered lives: they lack acquaintance with the ways of the world; they have no general education; and they have been brought up to believe there is nothing so virtuous as laying an egg. But I persisted with a few probing questions. Didn't some of them feel that the managerial policy of sampling two rows only and consigning them all to the soup pot was in some way unfair? One biddy did say she wished she could lay before the management the evidence she had gathered in the cages right around her, for the variation in egg output from one cage to another showed that two rows out of 110 was an inadequate sample upon which to decide their fate, and she felt much concerned that simply because of using too small a sample 90,000 hens might be made into soup unjustly.

She had presented her argument with great dignity and rationality. I asked her would she feel it was fair to turn them all into soup if the sample could be proven statistically adequate. She hesitated, and I could see that she was beginning to question some assumptions she had never questioned before. During the lull, still another mathematically inclined hen spoke out loud and clear:

"The whole thing is a fraud. One day one of the managers dropped a trade journal on the floor right in front of me with charts that made the whole thing horribly clear. We are machines to convert feed into eggs. The more eggs we lay, the more feed we use, and the more the price of feed goes up and the more the price of eggs goes down. The higher the ratio of feed price to egg price the more eggs we have to lay to get that computer to let us stay alive. Our whole life force is objectified in the eggs we produce, separated from us, set over against us, made into an alienated force to lower the price of eggs and turn us into soup and potpies...there's nothing fair about it at all."

There was a great flurry of indignant clucking, accusations that this was the hen who was encouraging poor production and imperiling them all. Said some, if only the big boss knew about it, she would get it in the neck. One spoke up about the vice-president and his attitude on sophisticated, supercilious

snobs. A very few voices rose in her support; one wanted to know whether the computer formula itself was right, and what was meant by "the uneconomic point"—were they allowed to live as long as the price of the eggs they laid equaled the price of the food they ate, or was somebody else making something out of it? Another said that these mathematical nuts were as crazy as the Leghorn in the seventh row who claimed she had dreams and ancestral memories of a time when hens were free to fly all around.

This did get a rise out of the hen with the ancestral memories, and she defiantly said there was scientific verification that hens did not have to live five to a cage and have the length of their lives hinge on the price of eggs. She said there were such things as roosters who laid no eggs at all but sang beautiful songs of love to hens so that they sat on their eggs and felt the warm joys of motherhood; that the real purpose of a hen's life was not to lay eggs for other creatures to eat, but to go on adventures and scratch the great wide world for food, and raise families, and look at flowers and sunsets; their trouble, she clucked, was not the size of the sample or the correctness of the formula, or whether the computer itself was impersonal and fair, but simply that they were not free.

I wanted to glom that dear old gump and give her a good home for the rest of her natural days, with a rooster into the bargain, but at that point two guys walked in with a sheaf of paper and started talking about how they intended to change this and that in the building between the time they sold these hens and replaced them with a new lot next week. They asked me what I was doing, and I told them I was just interviewing the hens to find if they accepted as fair to them the statement of policy the management had given the National Geographic. The older of the two looked at me and said: "Get out of here before I call the men in the white jackets." In a whisper he added: "And don't let me see you talking to any of my workers, or telling them the Geographic says only one person in 43 is needed to produce food enough for all of us to eat."

— W. Pfeffer

FROM REDMEN TO REVELATIONS RARE

(BOOK REVIEWS)

AMERICAN INDIAN MEDICINE

Virgil J. Vogel (\$12.50)
University of Oklahoma Press
Norman, Oklahoma

THE PLUM PLUM PICKERS

Raymond Barrio (\$1.75)
Ventura Press
Box 2268, Sunnyvale
California 94087

REVELATION XXIII

A Portable Compendium of Terrestrial Inspiration
John J. Webster (\$1.00)
John J. Webster
3167 South 99th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53227

The first listed book in this diverse trio being reviewed in this article is the work of a fellow IWW member whose articles appear frequently in the columns of the Industrial Worker. Fellow Worker Vogel has devoted much of his life to research on labor history and the American Indian's contributions to national and World life. Because of the author's deep interest in labor history and its attending struggles, his research is also into the life style and values of this continent's earliest inhabitants, social attitudes and practices that are as yet viewed as idealistic goals by modern radicals. Such practice as communal ownership of the land, collective administration of production, women's rights, actual participatory democracy—that have long been slogans of all shades of radical reformers—have been actually practiced by the Indians, and where Indian societies remain whose culture has escaped being completely overthrown by the invading hordes, are still very much in practice. For those who can part with the \$12.50 or take the time to peruse it at their local library, this book will be a revelation. Due to the conditioning of the cheap-budget Hollywood potboilers and the Sunday supplements, far too many can only conceive of medicine among the Indians with the cartoon image of some naked character wearing a grotesque mask, shouting and hopping

around some hapless victim who is obviously less long for this World due to the solicitude of the "witch doctor".

The fact is that upwards of 200 of the entries in the American Pharmacopeia are herbs and drugs used by the Indians before the coming of European colonization. What is known as modern medicine today owes much to the many contributions of the Indians. Many of the remedies that had come about through countless generations of a people who had lived close to nature are being applied today by modern doctors, and many more have become part of the national lore of folk medicine.

This book cites numerous instances in which colonial settlements would have died out but for the intercession of neighborly Indians who had introduced hitherto unknown remedies to maladies which had plagued Europeans for centuries. Despite the fact that the Indians were looked upon as "savages" by the European settlers, their basic medical knowledge was far more advanced than that of the Europeans. As any primary school student of history knows, Washington died from too much blood letting, which was the practice of "civilized" doctors in those days. One of the many practices of the Whites that the Indians looked upon as stupidity was the practice of blood letting to cure a patient. It wasn't until generations later that white physicians took seriously the Indians advice that when a person is ill, he has need of every drop of his life-giving fluid, rather than being deprived of it.

This book of some 600 pages mentions all modern known fields of medicine in which the Indians of the Americas had more than just basic knowledge. A complete list of Indian contributions to herbology with the description of their properties and their curative effects that hitherto has not been amassed in one volume is offered here. Fellow Worker Vogel has made an

immense contribution to the field of knowledge, but only after months of tireless and dedicated research. For those who are interested in the medical sciences, the present book is of inestimable value. Besides, it also gives insight into what one segment of the Human Race has contributed to the general welfare of the whole World. As F.W. Vogel inscribed on my personal copy of this book: "...I believe our interest in our Red brothers is based on the fact that they grasped the meaning of that better society we are striving for."

The Plum Plum Pickers may sound like the title of a way-out boppy book. But it is a serious and realistic portrayal of the life and conditions of the Mexican agricultural workers in the fruit country of California. The author, whose own family is Mexican and who is very close to the actual situation, writes in an occasionally disjointed but mostly clearly descriptive manner of the seldom improving lot of the seasonal harvest workers and their families, who are at the mercy of large agricultural combines.

The lowest paid and most ruthlessly exploited workers in the country today, as you well know, are the agricultural workers who are hired at wages way below the minimum scale to engage in the most demanding type of labor from Sunup to Sunset. The employers of this labor are those who, through starvation wages and cut-throat competition, have amassed large agricultural empires and control the politics and economy of their areas.

This novel revolves around

the story lines of many individuals whose lives are very closely interwoven: the owner of the large fruit empire at the fictional town of Drawbridge; Quill, the pitiful manager of the camp for the agricultural workers and the "company store"; Schroeder, a smaller-scale but basically decent fruit grower who tries to give his workers a better break but still believes in capitalism; the Contratista, himself having started out as a fruitpicker, who brings in contract labor from his own race and collects his cut from each worker; and, last but not least, the braceros and their families.

The book, although a bitter chronicle, is not without humor. In one section of the book giving a description of the beautiful California countryside, the prose is interspersed with the wording from a leaflet put out by the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of California on "HOW TO PICK CANNING TOMATOES". Barrio makes much use of the technique of interspersing news items, radio broadcasts by Wasp politicians, and snatches of popular Mexican song lyrics with the story line.

One highlight of the book occurs when the big grower is arguing with the independent small grower who believes in treating his workers like human beings. The small independent grower believes in old-fashioned laissez-faire capitalism that he says is the neatest economic system ever devised by man, but the big grower shows him that progress doesn't stand still, that the big dog survives by eating the little dog, and that mechanization is going to see to that.

Without mentioning any but fictitious names, the author shows how the state is controlled by Wasp-oriented politicians who get support from the big agricultural monopolies, and how the workers themselves, through racial as well as economic discrimination and having to move from one harvest to another, never have the opportunity to settle down and better their conditions. These same conditions build up a growing resentment and resistance among the workers, who begin the first steps toward unionizing. This book, while depicting the degradation of the Chicano workers, is nevertheless full of Chicano pride, and the author himself does not arrive at any cut and dried ideological conclusions. He leaves that up to the reader, who he apparently is confident will arrive at his own proper conclusions. For a buck and six bits this is a book well worth looking into.

Revelation XXIII A Portable Compendium of Terrestrial Inspiration, is a slim vest pocket-size tract of 60 pages selling for \$1 a copy, or it can be ordered 3 for \$2.00, 5 for \$3.00, 7 for \$4.00, and so on from the author's Milwaukee home.

In the introduction the author—or, if one wishes to be more exact, the compiler—states: "This collection of about 1200 selected quotations and squibs is a useful handbook to demolish any lingering doubt about the harmful effects of religious belief and of blind submission to authority and tradition...."

Indeed this is a formidable collection that contains the quotes not only of great men

(continued on Page 7)

ESTABLISHMENTARIANISM

The Cons,
Patient and stationary;
The Libs,
Hopeful and evolutionary;
The Rads,
Bold and revolutionary.

The Uppers,
Arrogant and commanding;
The Middles,
Aping and demanding;
The Lowers,
Lacking proper understanding.

The Elite,
For status quo unending;
The Profiteers,
For man's gain pretending;
The Poor,
For only life contending.

The Nation,
On wars abroad intent;
The Congress,
On home victories bent;
The People
Damn the Government!

— J. F. McDaniels



THE MENACE OF OBEDIENCE

Psychologist Stan Milgram, says February Esquire, has been proving that we are dangerously obedient. He has found that if we are told to do so, we will inflict excruciating pain on others whom we have no reason to want to hurt, simply out of our proneness to do as we are told.

Milgram wanted to check out the theory that German atrocities toward Jews resulted from some peculiar German readiness to obey orders to inflict pain. To get started he devised a test to measure at what level of pain-infliction most Americans

would refuse to obey orders to inflict more pain. For his test he avoided actual damage by hiring a good actor to make believe he was suffering very painful electrical shocks inflicted by those subjects who came to him purportedly to help him in testing some learning theory. He found that those who made the experiment—seriously believing that they were causing this man extreme pain, and finding it repulsive to inflict the pain—still went to almost no limit in doing so, if they were simply told to.

This horrifying revelation explains more than Viet Nam and Mai Lai. It explains why the atrocities of history have been committed by obedient men. Results were not the same for all cultural situations. Obedience, including this obedience hurting others, comes from training. Persons inflicting pain in obedience to orders put the responsibility for the pain on the persons giving orders. Irresponsibility and powerlessness are couples. Those who feel powerless cannot feel any more responsible for consequences of their acts than a falling leaf could feel responsible for where it alights.

redmen

(continued from Page 6)

of letters, politics, and theology, but of certain characters of history who were quite disreputable, like the captured pirate who said: "Because I pillage with one little ship, I am called a pirate; because you do it with a great navy, you are called an emperor."

From Voltaire: "Happiness will flourish when the last tyrant is strangled with the entrails of the last clergyman."

Ingersoll: "A neurotic builds castles in the air, a psychotic moves into them, and a psychiatrist collects the rent; but the mortgage is usually held by a clergyman."

Mark Twain: "If Christ were here now, there is one thing he would not be—a Christian."

The foregoing quotes are perhaps the reason why the introduction says that this book bears the imprimatur of the "atheist archbishop of Milwaukee", but the collection is not confined solely to the promotion of free thought and anti-clericalism. Many gems are of particular interest to Industrial Unionists and readers of the Industrial Worker in general.

Helen Keller: "The country is governed for the richest, for the corporations, the bankers, the land speculators, and the exploiters of labor."

John L. Lewis: "When a politician gets his mouth on the bungle of a honey barrel, he never lets go."

Upton Sinclair: "It's difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends on not understanding."

Napoleon: "Revolutions are like the most noxious dungheaps which bring into life the noblest vegetables."

Thomas Huxley: "Every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority."

Elbert Hubbard: "Editors, clerks, and clerics are examples of persons employed at unskilled mental labor." (I don't like that one!—Ed.)

Al Capone: "Don't get the idea that I'm one of those goddam radicals. Don't get the idea that I'm knocking the American system."

These few quotes selected at random have been reprinted here as the reviewer's best manner of recommending the little book to the reader as a good investment for a buck, and being quite confident that it will not enjoy an honored place on the bookshelf, but will rather serve as a daily missal to liven up the conversation wherever things get dull. See you next time I got some good books.

— C. C. Redcloud



JUSTICE?

The word "justice" has lost its meaning in these days of the "Conspiracy 8" trial. Certainly, no unprejudiced observer could have seen the trial as a just one: all defense motions with few exceptions denied, and all the prosecution's carried; an obviously prejudiced judge: a defendant chained and gagged for attempting to exercise rights that were theoretically his, then given a legally impossible sentence for his attempts (any sentencing for contempt of court for over six months must be deliberated by a jury); the lawyers for the defense sentenced along with the defendants. It is a list that is by no means complete, for

even after the trial the defendants were refused bond for being "too dangerous", while Cosa Nostra murderers enjoyed their third year of freedom under appeal bond from the same court. Bobby Seale is still in jail, serving a criminally-racist sentence.

We wonder why the seven were freed recently, on bond, and not the eighth. Why is Bobby Seale still in jail, when his conviction for contempt isn't even as severe as Dave Dellinger's, and a mistrial was declared on his conspiracy and interstate riot charges? Where are the publicity and bail attempts for this man? Does all this have anything to do with his race?

Productivity Up

As unemployment rose in recent months, so did productivity. Output per man-hour in the private sector rose at an annual rate of 2% for the last three months of 1969. A decline in productivity in earlier months

of the year brings the figure for all 12 months of 1969 to slightly less than 1% increase. In 1968 the increase was 3.3%. To some extent the variation checks inversely with the amount of overtime worked, overtime hours proving less productive than regular hours.

IWW

is the
working class
organized
in its own
interests

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FOREIGN AID

An American company has come up with a new "no throwback" type of hand grenade loaded with talc-size particles that float through the air and attach to moist skin and cause great discomfort. The largest single purchaser of this commodity is AID, to help governments friendly to the Pentagon control their people.

Federal Snow Job

"Federal expenditures on propagandizing the taxpayer are more than double the combined costs of news gathering by the two major United States wire services, the three major TV networks, and the 10 largest American newspapers." — John Leonard in the New York Times, March 17, 1970.

Support The IBP Strike! Don't Buy Scab Beef At A & P!

In Dubuque and Chicago, pickets forced the A&P stores to stop selling IBP meat. Now we are asking Iowa Cityans to help striking workers at Dakota City, Iowa achieve their goals of wages and fringe benefits similar to workers at other packing plants.

IBP is the richest beef packer in history, with \$18,000,000 in profits in the last two years.

Before the strike, IBP tried to force its employees to work for \$1 an hour less than the workers at other plants.

Before the union struck for fair conditions, there were at least 25 cases of women being paid less for the same amount of work.

Indians were hired for lower paying construction jobs. Only three Indians were allowed to work in the slaughter division, where wages are higher. There were over 300 other workers in that division.

Now that the workers have struck, the company is actively recruiting Indians as strike breakers. The company has also recruited some Mexican Americans from the Mexican border region, promising them "lifetime" jobs and room and board. No mention is made of the fact that a strike is on.

The Mexican Americans are required to pay, and must buy room and board from the company — in company - built slums. When they discover that a strike is on, they still must work for at least two weeks to make enough money to go back home.

The company has played up cases of so-called strikers' violence, such as the fire at a company VP's home in an attempt to divert the issue. The fire marshal's preliminary investigations proved that the union was not involved in the fire.

Yet few people have heard of the union picket who was shot

by an armed strikebreaker. If the workers are violent, then it can only be in response to the violence done to them by poor working conditions at the IBP plant. There was no front-page coverage of the almost daily injuries workers received—for which they got no company compensation.

All over the country, truckers, maritime workers, butchers, and others are refusing to handle IBP scab meat. YOU CAN HELP BY NOT BUYING IBP MEAT SOLD BY THE A & P.

If the butcher tries to tell you that the meat does not come from IBP, ask him to show you the federal meat stamps. The following numbers are from IBP plants: 244, 245, 245 a-d, 292 a, 935.

Wages before the strike were \$2.51 starting in the boning division and \$3.03 in the slaughter division. Wages at other union plants averaged \$3.72 starting.

The company supplied no fringe benefits—workers had to prepare for work on their own time, and were paid only \$8 a day hospitalization (paid by the Nebraska Workmen's Compensation, not by the company), and it often took three weeks for the company to send the state compensation.

At other union plants, the workers are given an hour paid time to prepare for work, and get rapid company-paid compensation for injuries.

Indians were hired for construction work at \$1.60 an hour, and not hired for other better-paying jobs. Women working in the boning division would sometimes be started at \$2.12 per hour; men were always started at \$2.51 per hour.

Almost 1200 workers are on strike at the Dakota City plant, and workers have been locked out of two other IBP plants.

— Norty Wheeler

Thompson's Travelogue

(continued from Page 1)

Unemployment hits hard in this area. This summer many contracts expire, and it is expected that workers will have to strike to gain anything. There will be fewer chances than usual for students to grab the summer jobs with which to earn next term's expenses. Some who may have studied the wrong economics lessons may figure it is OK to take struck jobs. So IU 620 plans an extensive educational campaign to make up for that missing college course on the Evils of Scabbery, explaining why union members and other intelligent beings figure that scabbing is so evil that they have been known to bust scabs in the nose.

In Buffalo, Fellow Worker Pfaff, the local delegate, and other members arranged a very warm Sunday afternoon session at Buffalo State Teachers College (the one that the cops aren't at), a visit with the New University Conference Sunday evening, and a chance to explain what sort of revolution the IWW wants to make and how it plans to make it to a seminar in revolutionary theories Monday.

There is an active and rather practical left in Buffalo. It has recently found a new voice in a lively paper called Cold Steel (951 West Ferry, Buffalo 14209). Around the corner The People's Bookshop has just finished painting and fixing shelves for a book shop, a print shop, and a reference library. Where the Irish congregate in Buffalo the Connolly Brigade marches on Saint Patrick's Day and is set to teach some lessons from Irish labor history. (Remember Easter Week?) There is a Student Health Organization, Youth Collective Conspiracy (high school rebels), Young Black People and their white counterpart People Against Racism, a Guerrilla Theatre, and frequent showings by Newsreel.

Here SDS still functions from Norton Union at the embattled State University where a Critical University "runs radical courses for credit for approximately 3,000 students" and Ecology Action relates pollution "to the social and political structure of America". EA has been helping the union at John Paul Getty's Nuclear Fuel Services plant in nearby Springville, asking for a union shop and a union

voice in safety practices. It struck for this last December, but settled just recently for wage gains only. Before the strike, Cornell physicists found it violating inadequate AEC regulations, creating hazards for its workers, for the community, and for the world at large through its waste disposal that runs to Lake Erie.

Crossing the Adirondacks in late winter from Buffalo to Amherst, Massachusetts, one looks at a world so beautiful we should not leave it to the mercies of profit-seekers. In Amherst the chief industry is education (IU 620) and the air is good to breathe. There a fine bunch of rebels are launching the Pioneer Valley General Membership Branch of the IWW, made up of students and workers both on and off campus. The students' Daily Collegian announced this wandering Wobbly, and two history professors turned over their auditoriums filled with a more or less captive audience for one-hour sessions on IWW history, and the students didn't seem to object to that at all.

Pioneer Valley Wobs are concerned lest some students, money hungry and jealous of building trades rates, may offer to scab if the construction workers on the campus walk out when their contracts expire on April 1. They echo the Waterloo anti-scab educational program with their own. Besides the classroom session the Wobs held one regular IWW promotional meeting in the Student Union where there was serious give and take about what they could do about the complex of crises facing us today. Life in the Valley, including nearby Northampton, is lit now by a new publication, The Carbunkle Review, named out of regard for the possibility that Karl Marx's carbuncles may have enhanced his distaste for capitalism. While the Wob recruiting meeting was on, the Student Senate resolved to call a strike against war April 15. The IWW Branch has a nice big flag all ready for such occasions.

Next stop was New Haven. There the air isn't so good, and every Sunday at 2 p.m. a guided "pollution tour of New Haven's leading polluters" leaves Bread and Roses Coffee Shop at 538 State Street, and at the end of the tour nominates the champion polluter of the week. So far they have not induced any corporate head to come to the coffee shop to accept the award—typically a large bottle of sample effluents, but have secured publicity thereby. The coffee shop dedor is definitely in the tradition set up by those girls who came into the IWW picket line during the 1912 strike in Lawrence with their banner reading "We Want Bread and Roses Too". Walls and tables are varnished montages of bits from radical publications, with the IWW well represented too.

Next door some lads were fixing up an Arts Lab part of the youth activities of "Number 9", where a staff of 10 young people run a store front at 649 State and welcome a dozen or so young workers on the average day facing a crisis over drugs, family tensions, or other devastation. Conversation made plain that they see these as part of the one big problem: the world is run to make money, not to

make people happy. Later I listened in the plush community center where they and a spokesman for the kindred group Rush (which specializes in fast help on bad trips) confronted the welfare establishment with the facts of life in a panel discussion, and won hands down. I noticed they wore red buttons with black kittens rampant, and found they took this symbol to mean that waitresses in restaurants, clerks in stores, and folks engaged in welfare should all tell it like it is. Up by the big square I ran into a large store front marked "New Politics Corner", where those who backed the McCarthy campaign now promote action for peace. They were wondering how to get an April 15 demonstration going without any money. This problem seemed typical of the many New Left efforts bursting out like the buds of spring: they grow out of the hopes and the small change of their supporters, not from foreign gold holdings, and I find them sprouting up everywhere.

In the evening Bob Cook arranged a lively give and take with those of the local left whose interests focus on the industrial front, and who therefore identify themselves as "The Labor Committee". Next, New York and Philly.

In New York, John Nicholas Beffel took me to the 50th Anniversary Banquet of the League for Mutual Aid. That was launched in 1920 to help dissidents of the left as they left jail. There I met oldrebels of many denominations, some of whom have gotten a bit moderate, but all of whom retained some warm memory of youthful fire. Our delegate Bill Goring arranged a meeting of IWW members and friends, and they are determined soon to open up a hall. If the postal workers can wake up, they asked, who can't?

Sunday evening I was invited to address the News and Letters group Monday, Beffel introduced me to his librarian friends who have been very co-operative in steering the students of IWW history to good sources, and I said "howdy" to the postal workers' "non-picket" line as I boarded the Pennsy.

In Philadelphia I was warmly greeted by our delegate and other dissidents: I met some art students at the Philadelphia College of arts who are studying ecology, and had a chance to participate in a discussion of how the present economic system prevents any effective coping with ecological problems.

I found an active black and radical bookstore opened up at 66660 Germantown Avenue, and also arranged that the SWP bookstore will carry our new pamphlet among other items of ours. These rebels have co-operated also in my search for sources on World War II Philadelphia labor history. The Black Panthers had been bombed out the previous week but a group of Quaker Activists was helping with the breakfast and clinic programs. The Resistance had been burned out Sunday, and MOBE has been housing it. I have been busy copying data from burnt scraps of index cards I found such co-operation among radical groups a source of strength.

— Fred Thompson

WORLD LABOR NEEDS A UNION

by FRED THOMPSON

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THEY

They are hiding behind the bushes. Games are played by grown men in gray-brown-red shirts. The Church counters with Neanderthalian rites: Raving, ranting, screaming at their slaves, push bastards!

— Gordon L. Herman

Letter of Instruction And/or Information

Treat them mean and keep them keen. Thus say the masters. Whilst back at the manor, snot drips from the noses of senile old gentlemen. They say kind words for all joked about their heroes' flyspecked bones. Order Pharaoh's funeral. (Be sure to heap praise on his heirs.) Signed, sealed, and delivered to the Satrap.

— Gordon L. Herman

THE VALLEY

My nostrils bite the air:
The dead air, the dying air.
I am afraid and angry at once.
An all-pervading gloom tears at my loins.
I run in circles under the hot sun.
My muscles ache in the snowy cotton,
It makes a man want eternal cold.
I saw the devil (old chap that he is).
He has a watch dog, a mansion, and a servant.
He dwells in the valley of the Shadow.
I saw him, and oh God, I wanted to get drunk.

— Gordon L. Herman

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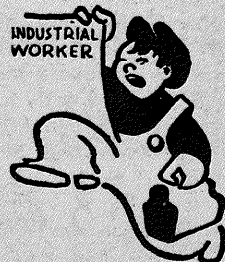
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LEFT SIDE

(continued from Page 1)

the great white fathers of today cause to regret the lavish promise of their predecessors. First Alcatraz fell to the hands of the Redskins, followed by an assault on Ellis Island, and the latest has been an attack on an old military reservation in Washington state which somehow got extra publicity because Jane Fonda was among the besiegers. It's a dayum bloody shame when even a wholesome American sex symbol gets seduced into the shenanigans of a bunch of un-Americans.

Actually, the worst thing that can be said about the Indians is that they had a pretty sloppy immigration policy.

It's a damn shame that we Americans got the highest standard of living in the World and can't afford it!