

LEFT SIDE

One chap in New York City who was hard up for an apartment where lodgings are hard to come by figured if he faked a card identifying himself as a "City Housing Inspector", no sane landlord would refuse to rent to him. He flashed his credential at the first landlord he saw, but before he had a chance to ask for an apartment he was handed \$50 in cash. Forgetting his quest for housing, he embarked upon a lucrative business for himself and had cleared more than ten grand within four months. He still would be going strong if he hadn't gotten too smart for his britches and started to make the landlords cash bad checks. Now this budding capitalist is reflecting on his improvidence in the slammer.

In that great metropolis, as in other metropolises, the payoff is an established way of life. But the most bizarre payoff was that of the long-hair couple who satisfied their rent-gouger with a pound of hashish.

According to recent statistics, 94% of American households have television sets, while only 91% have bathtubs. More brains are being washed in this great nation than bodies.

If you wanted to know what the doctor's scribbled message to the pharmacist on the prescription blank means, it's usually: "I got my \$15, now it's your turn."

The lot of the Viet Nam veterans coming home is quite a bit different from that of the GIs of other wars. They're deprived not only of ticker-tape parades, but also of the benefits returning vets had in other wars. OK guys, we got nice red cards for you.

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 68, NUMBER 1 — W. N. 1294

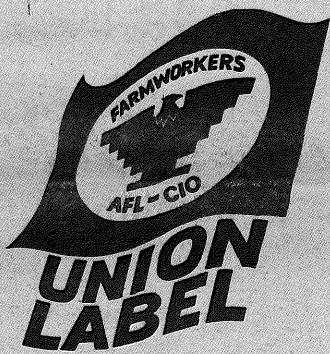
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS JANUARY 1971

15 CENTS



"Just Another GOD - DAMN Year !"

EAT ONLY



GRAPES!



IF CESAR CAN GO TO JAIL, YOU CAN AT LEAST TAKE THE TROUBLE TO MAKE SURE NO SCABS HANDLE YOUR LETTUCE. ESSENCE DU SCAB MAKES LOUSY SALAD DRESSING!

editorial:

GET WITH IT NOW, & CELEBRATE LATER!

Another year has passed, and as we enter yet another it becomes incumbent upon us to say more than just "Happy New Year". Despite the fact that not only the numbers of the IWW have been growing as well as the general growth of a movement seeking a better World all over that is opposing the insane rush toward oblivion at the behest of an oligarchical power structure, that same power structure has been marshaling its forces in excess of our feeble efforts, which it would be extremely naive on our part to lose cognizance of.

Things in general, in the light of this, do not look very bright, and the term "Happy New Year" has a hollow ring to it. Our paychecks are engaged in an increasingly - losing tug of war with the cost of living, no matter how many pay increases we get for ourselves. The air we breathe is getting filthier every day, and even the mighty Oceans are being ruined by the Devil-may-care attitude on the part of the World's money giants, whereby even the deep-sea fish on our grocery shelves are contaminated with mercury poisoning. The war in Southeast Asia, despite the peace-poor efforts on the part of our derriere-visaged World "leaders", shows no sign of de-escalating. The population of the Human Race is exploding far over its potential under the present economy to produce for itself, and the top men of this World couldn't care less.

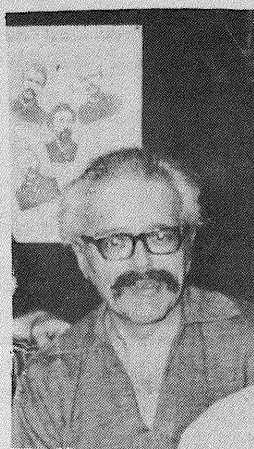
All of this may sound like a pessimistic cry of despair, but it is only intended as a realistic appraisal of things as they are. The fact that folks like us are still alive and kicking, spending our "spare" time, whether we publish a radical journal or just talk things over with less-informed fellow workers on the job or in the local beer joint, is sufficient evidence of an irrepressible optimism and of an abiding faith in the genus of the animal kingdom to which we belong.

While we can take heart in the fact that the "movement" in this decade is in a far-healthier state than the mere whimper it was in preceding decades, we also must take into consideration that the iron heel, despite some obviously - stupid blunders and a general up-tight attitude that betrays a crack in its shell, is showing all the symptoms of shaping up for a last-ditch stand.

It is incumbent upon all of us to organize more than we have ever organized before and not to be diverted by any of the romanticist or escapist embellishments invariably found on the periphery of any movement toward a better World.

Looking at the situation today with open eyes, we know the New Society is not exactly "around the corner"; but the work we can do during this age will be that much less work our kids will have to do.

—CAC



BERKELEY: See Oakland-Berkeley

BUFFALO: Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 (716-877-6073)

CAMBRIDGE: Write IWW, Post Office Box 454, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA: Contact Delegate G. C. Graves, Box 2249 Station A, Champaign, Illinois 61820, or look for the street musician with the steel guitar.

CHICAGO: The Chicago Branch meetings are now being held on the first Friday of every month at 2440 North Lincoln, LI9-5045. Cathy Gresher is the Chicago Branch Secretary.

CLEVELAND: The delegate for the Cleveland area is Larry Cornett at 13347 Caves Road, Chesterland, Ohio 44026.

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.

HONOLULU: The job delegate of IU 450, IWW, can be contacted at Vanguard Press, 12 North School Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96817.

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, Ithaca, New York 14850 (607-273-0535 or 607-273-1899).

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

LOS ANGELES: Mike Dale is the secretary of the Los Angeles Branch. He can be contacted at 1419 North Fairfax, Apartment 6, Los Angeles, California 90046. For immediate information call Dorice McDaniels, OR 7-8397. In the Van Nuys area the job delegates for EWIU 620 are the Dan Family, Srafrprint Co-op, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California 91901 (781-7589 or 782-6185).

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL: For information on the IWW, write to Jim Cain, Post Office Box 9885, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

NEW YORK: For IWW delegate service and information, phone Chuck Derrevere at 674-7108.

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

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"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

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Carlos Cortez, Editor

Lionel Bottari, General Secretary-Treasurer

W. H. Westman, Business Manager

It should be understood by members and others who read this paper that it is the policy of the I.W.W. to designate as OFFICIAL any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. Anything not so designated is not official. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual writing or editing the same.

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

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

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

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

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

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

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

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

In order to save money on postage and also on added labor, we ask Industrial Worker subscribers to renew subscriptions on expiration.

To ascertain the standing of your subscription, look at the number following your name on the wrapper. The number of this issue is 1292. If your number on the wrapper is lower, your subscription has expired.

Hoping to have your co-operation in keeping your subscription in good standing, we are

Yours for a world of peace without the exploitation of labor
Carlos Cortez, Editor
W. H. Westman, Business Manager

IWW STICKERS NOW AVAILABLE

Members: Write to Headquarters for stickers for your area. Non-members and Collectors: The IWW has a selection of 12 different stickers, some new and some reproductions of the old classics, for sale at 50¢ each, postage included. Write to: Stickers, care of General Secretary, 2440 North Lincoln, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

FEBRUARY DEADLINE

The deadline for the February issue of the Industrial Worker shall be on January 10. All copy intended for the February issue should arrive in this office by that date. To further expedite the editing of this organ and to avoid confusion, all copy being submitted for publication should be addressed to the editor apart from official business with General Headquarters. And please, Fellow Workers, when sending in typewritten copy, double-space the damn stuff. Typesetting charges are doubled for all single-spaced copy! — The Editor



Reader's Soapbox



A. P. B.

Fellow Worker Editor:

I have been acting in the past as an IWW delegate. Last spring, during a period of prolonged illness, the boat on which I live sank, destroying the records that I had of persons who paid me dues and initiation fees for the IWW. Many of these Fellow Workers are very transient so that I can no longer reach them, and in many cases I do not remember their names. Would it be possible for the Industrial Worker to run a paragraph explaining this problem and asking people who turned money over to me to get in touch with me or with the Industrial Worker telling us how much and for what months they paid me so that I can send the money in and rectify the problem as much as possible?

Stan Iverson
c/o ID Bookstore
1408 Northeast 42
Seattle, Washington 98105

CONSPIRACY COVERAGE

Dear Compadre Editor:

I have sent you a little copy in the past, some of which you saw fit to use. I'm now covering the Seattle Conspiracy Trial for an English publication, and thought you might like to use a bit of it too. They won't mind. You will have few if any overlapping subscribers.

I believe the Wobs are the only Old Left outfit the kids have any respect for today, which is as it should be.

Sincerest Best Wishes

Robert D. Casey

THANKS F. W. HOCHBERG

Fellow Worker Editor:

F. W. Hochberg's reply gives me the satisfaction of knowing that my comment hasn't been a total loss, and my admonition to think about it found some response. But obviously the issue still needs a lot more thinking about it and a lot less oburgation. That was the implied purpose of my article — naturally we can't cover in detail every phase of a book-length subject in just a few short paragraphs, and thus it becomes easy to add or subtract convenient implications that prove nothing.

I'm well aware of the facts of life, as I've had three-quarters of a century to learn them. And I learned long ago that "WO-men" are one half of man-kind, and the slaves in the one half are proportionate to the slaves in the other half of man-kind.

The class division applies equally in both halves or sexes as that of workers versus parasites.

I don't hate women as such; but I do hate all bosses — whether they wear pants or skirts. For sixty years I've been fighting to abolish them, both through organization and individually. Fifty years ago I walked out of a managerial position where fifteen women and four men were employed, when the owner shouted at the women like a mule-skinner. Oh yes, I understand all the diverse means and methods of oppression that most WO-men and lots of WE-men are confronted by, but sending more politicians to Washington will only solve the problem of some politicians, and never the problem of working women.

I want liberation for all man-kind totally and not just partial liberation for certain segments. What if women eventually got equal pay and opportunity after fifty years like they got the franchise — wouldn't they still be slaves to the profiteering bosses? Is that worth looking forward to or wasting a lifetime for?

Let them help abolish the profit system and become really free and equal in an economic democracy, where they need not depend on a boss or a marriage license for their livelihood.

H. J. P.

A CASE OF POT

Fellow Worker Editor:

In the November issue of the Industrial Worker, you carried an article entitled "The Straight Dope".

First of all, if you want some straight dope, why don't you smoke some like Joe Hill used to do. REEFER, baby. Yippee!

Second of all, Fellow Worker Fred knows as much about drugs as Spiro knows about history. Shit, come off it man. This article sounds something like a piece which would come out of Life or Look or both.

Third, a representative from the fascist Amerika puppet government in Washington, N. Johnson, head (unhead) of the FCC, is used to support Fred's position. What a crock.

The Black Panther Party has already taken a constitutional position condemning hard drugs such as speed and heroin while also favoring the legalization of marijuana. Isn't this an intelligent position?

— Fellow Worker Stephen

(Editor's note: I've read a lot of accounts and heard a lot of personal reminiscences about Joe Hill, and also heard him accused of just about everything under the Sun, but this is the first time I ever heard that he smoked Mary Jane. If he did, then it goes without saying the capitalist press would have had a Roman holiday on that one. You better not talk about Spiro, baby! I myself, because of certain associations attendant to my ethnic background, am aware of the fact that MJ is about as pernicious as a suburban ladies' tea (the drinking variety) party, even less so. Among the Chicanos who use the stuff, when they have it they smoke it, and when they don't have it, "ni modo"; so I just don't understand why so many of these neophyte Anglos make like they have withdrawal symptoms when they run out of it and are willing to pay half a C-note for a lousy packet of the stuff to some slickster who pays his clout to the system in order to keep operating. Your letter only lends further credence to FW Thompson's article. CAC)

FROM SEATTLE

Fellow Worker Editor:

The city of Seattle is still shaking from the unemployment DTs. In the last few

years the Navy has given Seattle about \$90,000,000 in wages for workmen in this district, even for construction that went to other districts; but it's just been announced the Navy won't have any more work for the Seattle district.

Minus \$90,000,000 in an already high unemployment district is not exactly good news. Many colleges have just announced that tuition will be raised from \$270 a year to \$660, which is quite a jump. This means of course that many students won't be able to finish their courses.

Seattle is not the only city on the Coast that is now suffering from unemployment. Governor Ronald Reagan of California has stated that the state income has declined \$80,000,000 from last year while Welfare cases have risen \$60,000,000, and that anyone capable of working will be cut off whether they have a job or not. Only the ones who are unable to work or are too old will be cut off of the rolls. (And they say crime in the streets is rising!)

Los Angeles claims nearly 12% of its workforce is unemployed. On top of that, about 100 Hollywood stars held a meeting to organize a campaign to get the Federal Government to ban all foreign films from this country. They say Hollywood is dying because it cannot compete with European films because many European actors don't pay any income tax.

Among the main speakers at the meeting were Gene Barry and Senator-elect John Tunney. If all the things Governor Reagan said at that meeting are true, the whole state of California is just about bankrupt.

Films are a multi-billion-dollar industry and I remember when some big industries told the US Government to keep hands off their business operations and they would work out their own problems.

I wonder what happened?

—J. W. Fain
X 325044

TERRORISM

To the Editor:

The resolution of the IWW Convention on "terrorism", with which I am in strong fraternal agreement, cries for expansion. Among other things it gives the false first impression of being opposed to a direct and appealing program of action (bombing) with what reads like — but of course isn't — an appeal to adhere to a theory. It also fails to take up several points that may occur immediately to critics. In short, in the interest of brevity it is inadequate as an exposition of all the IWW is in relation to the specific issue of terrorism, and this is a serious fault in dealing with an issue of such great currency and in trying to reach youngsters who are not familiar with IWW ideology and cannot read between the lines.

Regarding points not dealt with, the IWW resolution offers the argument that the goal of revolutionists must be to take over the means of production, not to destroy capital assets created by human labor and capable of potential production for use, not profit. Fine; agreed. Unfortunately, some capital properties have no right to exist. Examples include all factories designed from scratch solely for production of napalm, weapons of bacteriological warfare, unnecessary goods for conspicuous consumption, or the like, and not readily economically convertible to production for use; most armories; jails. The list obviously can be expanded. These are technically capital assets; however a post-revolutionary society would want to get rid of them.

Even when a factory is capable of being converted to production for use, there are many — such as those used for military production — whose present social function is counter-revolutionary in the most overt and extreme sense, and in today's social environment efforts to take them over by direct action and convert them are just an invitation to martyrdom; nor, surely, is the moment of drastic revolutionary change so near to us in the future as to excuse their present function on the grounds that very shortly they will be given another function. It may well be so far off that the factories will be obsolete by then. One could also argue that bombing of them, an effective

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PHILADELPHIA: Call Jarama Jahn at SA 4-4895 or drop in at 2054 South Salford, Philadelphia 19143.

SAN DIEGO: Contact Daryl B. Van Fleet at Post Office Box 1332, 3303 Second Avenue, San Diego, California 92103.

SAN FRANCISCO: The Branch Secretary is Don Castleberry, 1631 Lake Street, San Francisco 94121 (221-9131).

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

SEATTLE: Contact the Seattle Branch Secretary, Bob Horsley, at San Vito Press, 501 19th Street East, Seattle, Washington 98102. Stationary Delegate Stan Iverson can be contacted through the ID Bookstore, 1408 Northeast 42nd Street, Seattle, Washington 98105.

SIOUX CITY: The Sioux City IWW office and day care center is at 2515 Correctionville Road, Sioux City, Iowa 51107.

VANCOUVER: Contact Secretary M. C. Warrior, 427 East 20th Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

WATERLOO: IWW Student Branch at University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario. Tom Patterson, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

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

YELLOW SPRINGS: The office is located at 102 Dayton Street, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. Ken Freedman is Branch Secretary. Stationary Delegate Scott McNeil can be contacted at 101 Tower Court, Yellow Springs 45387.

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.

GUAM: Shelby Shapiro is the stationary delegate for Guam. Communicate with him through Post Office Box 864, Agana, Guam 96910 (746-4435).

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

REBEL VOICES

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

Reader's Soapbox

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clandestine move devoted to the proposition that some property should not be allowed to exist, might fetter the warlords, and at least would make certain activities less profitable and hence less important to the owning class.

And the IWW as an original direct-action organization devoted to the proposition that the revolution is right now, superficially is saying the same thing that the nihilists are saying. This means they are more ready to listen to the IWW than to any other "Old Left" organization. That is why the IWW's statements on a matter such as this must not have obvious holes in them and must be spelled out in detail. There are a great many people to be gathered, and the IWW should not throw away its chance to gather them.

What's needed here, I think, is some spelling out of what it means in practice to "build the new society within the shell of the old".

The cardinal sin of revolutionists is impatience. It leads to three false roads: Bolshevism, which seeks to seize the state and make a revolution from the top down, and in the end is counter-revolutionary, exchanging one set of bosses for another; Reformism, which focuses on what can actually be obtained by democratic means, and loses sight of revolutionary goals to the point of being counter-revolutionary; and Utopianism, which tends to remove revolutionists from social struggle and is for that reason counter-revolutionary. The alternative, that of counseling patience and education while history ripens, has little appeal and leads to dogmatic rigidity, as the history of the SLP so well documents.

That leaves what is now being labeled "revolutionary other-culturism", in which people live now as though the revolution had happened, so far as society permits, and seek constantly to build from the ground up social structures supportive of the new society, and to alter or destroy those supportive of the present society but destructive of the new society, through all non-clandestine means available, including direct action.

There are many activities that build the new society within the shell of the old. The IWW is itself an organization for activities of this sort in the labor field. Communes and workers' co-ops can be closely related activities. The co-op movement, even at its worst, as a structure for rich, oppressive farmers, still is structurally revolutionary because it is genuine power to the people; if sometimes this means some people at the expense of other people, that is no less true of organized labor. Then there are a raft of issues of social change that can be either reformist or revolutionary, that can produce social structures which must be a target of revolution, or structures which are supportive of the new society.

An issue of this sort currently rising again to political prominence is socialized medicine. This can be a statist nightmare meaning more and more bureaucracy and government, increasing the people's sense of powerlessness; or it can be organized, as in Saskatchewan, through consumer co-ops, with people reclaiming the power of decision-making in this area of their lives and with a potential, once distributive justice is achieved, of eliminating the role of the state altogether; or it can be run through union plans, which switches the struggle for revolution around this issue to the struggle to create democratic and radical unions. Pending legislation may permit, or even emphasize, the second and third possibilities, or may discourage them; so here is an immediate gut issue of high interest to anyone serious about building the new society within the shell of the old or about the goal of the withering away of the state.

Now, in this context, the objection to bombing plainly lies in the fact that it has

to be done by clandestine organization, which (1) encourages repression, (2) does nothing and can do nothing to build the new society within the shell of the old, because that can only be done openly, and (3) draws people away from the real work of building the new society within the shell of the old. The revolution is indeed now, but not in that form. Direct action is one of its methods, but conspiratorial direct action is not. The IWW resolution says all this, but in terms that will be cryptic to most of those at whom it is supposedly directed. It even notes that revolution now is joyful — a point worth much greater stress when one considers the awful dreariness of the lives young nihilists make for themselves.

The revolution began a long time ago, it is going on today, it will continue indefinitely, and it is fun — that's the tremendous appeal of the IWW. Let it never be sold short!

— R. W. Tucker

(And I still say brevity has its virtues. Ed.)

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD — AWAKEN!!

Fellow Worker Editor:

For many of the older members of the IWW, this article may look like blasphemy. I ask you to read this with an open mind, for if the IWW is to become a thriving organization in the 1970s we must bring it up to date. The basic ideas of the IWW remain relevant for our times. In fact, I believe the atmosphere is better now for IWW philosophy than it was in 1905. But the rhetoric, the words we use, the makeup of the working class, the economic system we are dealing with — these things always are in motion; and we must be flexible enough to keep pace with these changes if we want to have life as an organization. We can paralyze ourselves by worshipping our own past — our history — by building an image and forcing ourselves to remain within the framework of that image. All of life moves and flows, and nothing remains constant in this universe. I feel new life throbbing within the IWW. Let it flow.

Take a look at the preamble to the IWW constitution, for example. The very first sentence: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." That may have been a fair statement in 1905, and is still the general attitude of management today; but still many of us in today's working class know that statement is not true.

We have a great deal in common with the employing class. Many of those who consider themselves managers in today's factories are really only hired hands. They won't admit the fact, but we know better and should reflect our insight in our literature. We also know that rich people need air to breathe, water to drink, food to eat, and forests to produce oxygen and lumber, just as much as we do. After they've destroyed the environment, they too will drop dead. We may have to do battle with the so-called "employing class" because they do not see that we have a great deal in common; but let's let that be their mistake and not ours.

The "employing class" of 1970 is quite different from the "employing class" of 1905. There is no more family management of large corporations. In most cases today, management is a very complex network of bureaucrats and stockholders; but we go on talking about the "employing class" as if we were still dealing with the Vanderbilts, the J. P. Morgans, et cetera.

The fact is we no longer have Capitalism in large corporations. We have a system of Socialism for the rich, and Welfare and wages for the poor. The Capitalism that existed in 1905 is gone. Every major corporation would collapse if it weren't subsidized by government — by our tax dollars. So when we stick to the theme "workers must do away with Capitalism", we are fighting ghosts. The corporations have already done that job themselves. Even the corporate farmers are up to their armpits in Socialism, being propped up by government subsidies, and they love it — as long as the workers do not share in it; as long as there is no power in the hands of the workers. No, we should not be

fighting "Capitalism". Rather we should be pointing out to the workers that the rich have chosen socialism for themselves, but have refused to let the working class in on the deal. We should be talking in terms of making this socialism both democratic and universal.

And what about the phrase "abolition of the wage system"? Maybe that phrase meant something to the worker of 1905, but who the Hell knows what it means today? The modern worker looks at that phrase in complete bewilderment, as if we had said "abolish the practice of eating". Let's use terms the modern worker can identify with, such as "abolition of profit", "abolition of interest on money", "abolition of powerlessness", "abolition of economic insecurity" — anything he could relate to.

"The four-hour day." How can we fight for a four-hour day and an end to hunger at the same time? In order to supply the growing population with food, homes, and the like, we may all have to put in 12 hours a day. We don't have any idea how many hours a day it will take to supply these needs, but we must be consistent. Either we are serious about ending poverty or we aren't. If we aren't, then count me out.

Today's worker is starved for several things. One, he wants control over his own life. He feels powerless and wants that changed. Two, he wants to do work that is meaningful, like building homes for people in need, growing food, et cetera. Three, he wants economic security. You don't have to con him with bullshit like four-hour days because that doesn't fill any of his deepest needs. He would gladly work 12 hours if he felt he had a voice in what is done, if he felt that what he does is important, if he felt necessary; in other words, if he felt he has some really good reason to exist.

Let's get out of the 1905 rhetoric. We don't need it. It's killing us. We need to

speak to the needs of today's working class — their "alienation", to use Marcuse's word. And the IWW is the only organization around today that can do it. We're the only organization today that really wants to put control back in the working class's hands. Industrial democracy speaks to that need. The Socialist Party and Communist Party only want to use the working class so that they can become the new masters of our fate. We are the only labor organization that really gives a shit about producing for the needs of the people — black, brown, red, yellow, and white — the people. We're the only labor organization that is really serious about economic security for all — employed and unemployed alike. At this point in history, it's not the fault of the unemployed that there is not meaningful work for everyone, and when we speak of workers we must include our unemployed brothers and sisters as part of the working class.

These are just a few of the changes in rhetoric I think are needed if we are to relate to the problems of today's working class. A new preamble as a first step, a new analysis of today's economic system, a new analysis of today's working class.

IWW history is fantastic. The posters, the slogans, the songs were great and very apropos for 1905 and 1915. It's great fun, very romantic, to relive those times; but, there is a revolution taking place NOW — RIGHT NOW. Let's get our heads out of the history books and bring the IWW into 1971 — stripped for action. If I read one more book report on the history of the IWW in the Industrial Worker, I'm going to puke.

— Gary Cox

(Editor's note: I'm afraid I will have to send you a bucket, but thanks for providing more meat for discussion in these pages.)

\$50 Awarded To Best In Industrial Worker In 1970

As announced in the February issue of the Industrial Worker, Fellow Worker J. F. McDaniels had donated \$50 to the paper to be used as an award to the person submitting the best original literary composition printed during the year 1970 — or, in his words, the best from the viewpoint of literary excellence and social significance in the opinion of the editor.

Your editor, in making his selections, may be at variance with certain quarters in his judgment of what constitutes literary excellence, insofar as he, like the majority who submit material to this paper, is far from being a professional writer. The selections of "literary excellence", therefore, are, in the editor's opinion, those that best hold the attention of the reader and have the most-pertinent messages of contemporary social significance.

Unfortunately this reflects only one man's opinion, and understandably there may be disagreement as to the choices listed. According to the specifications of the endowment, one writer will receive the award for the "best" of 1970. Thus the editor has made his selection in this manner: One piece was selected from each issue as the best for that month, one of these to be selected as the prize winner and the rest to be considered as "honorable mentions". There are no second or third prizes, as first there are no awards to accompany them, and second (and most important) your editor does not believe in a grading system. If something is good enough to appear in this paper, it's because it is considered material meritorious in promoting the ideas of this paper and the organization it represents, which in your editor's esteem makes it prize material.

Below are listed what your editor considers the outstanding articles for each month of 1970:

January: What Is A Boss? by X 325505
February: Killer's Paradise, by X 324599
March: Three Poems, by Gordon L. Herman
April: Pollution — Accident Or Design? by Gary Cox
May: Plumber Bummer, by Eugene Nelson
June: Lawful License To Murder, by X 270597
July: Three Poems, by "Hard Hat"
August: An Anarchist In Cuba, by Ronald Kevin Romano
September: Migratory Workers, by J. W. Fain
October: A Sure Way To Stop The War, by X 325818
November: The Straight Dope, by Fred Thompson
December: On The Road Again: The Hobo And The Hippie, by Patrick Murfin

The piece selected from the above listing of outstanding articles is Fred Thompson's "The Straight Dope", and FW Thompson is the recipient of the half-hundred. Your editor wants it to be understood that this in no way relegates the other submissions to inferior status, as from a strictly literary standpoint this piece may not measure up to some of the others. But in this paper social significance is likewise a deciding factor, and your editor has considered this piece one of the most-pertinent articles not only to those of us who are engaged in trying to make this a better World, but also to those whom we are trying to reach. Fred not only is one of our most-prolific writers, but also has been and still is our most-indefatigable "Jimmy Higgins Worker". For those who may as yet be unfamiliar with that term, it means one who does all the dirty work around organization headquarters, such as all the tedium of addressing envelopes, et cetera, and sweeping up the mess afterward. It is an honor and a privilege to present an award to so deserving a Fellow Worker.

— CAC

The Seattle Conspiracy Trial

by Robert D. Casey

The legal conspiracy web engulfed the Pacific Northwest area this month with the beginning of the trial of the Seattle Seven. (There were originally eight, but one, Michael Justesen, hasn't seen fit to submit to the Establishment's judicial process—a fast-growing tendency today.)

The trial was moved to Tacoma, though the acts all occurred in Seattle, where the defense would prefer the trial to be held. Tacoma is a notoriously conservative town. The demonstration-riot occurred on February 17, occasioned by a protest of the sentences handed down in Chicago. To the original Conspiracy defendants, the charges here are pretty much the same: conspiring to damage Federal property (although no one is actually charged with damaging any Government property); crossing state lines to incite to riot; telephone calls for the same purpose; and so on. The pattern appears to be set.

The preliminary motions—pretty much standardized now—attempted to get the Government's case thrown out; the judge to disqualify himself, as an active member of the Establishment and therefore biased (he was also asked to name any stocks that he owned which had war profits, but said that he had none); the jury to really be the peer group of the defendants in age; the trial to be moved back to Seattle; and so forth. All the motions were denied, of course, but Judge Boldt went to great length to create a liberal image.

The next day began the ordeal of jury selection. His Honor took the bench at 9:50 a.m. while the defendants and most of the spectators stood up and greeted him with the clenched-fist salute. Then one of their number announced that they would

"remain standing in silence for one minute in honor of the Vietnamese killed by the United States in Vietnam". The judge made no comment and the minute passed in total silence. However shortly thereafter he had two of the spectators ejected from the courtroom for laughing immoderately—in the wrong places. As they were being escorted out defendant Joe Kelly gave them the clenched-fist salute once more.

Defense attorney Michael Tigar, himself a professor of law at UCLA, charged Judge Boldt with going "far beyond" his powers if "each ripple of laughter" led to bouncing of a spectator. But his logic didn't seem to make much of an impression on the bench.

Another exchange occurred when Mrs. Stern angrily accused the judge of having dismissed a prospective young juror solely because of his age. "He comes the closest to being one of our peers," she said. Most of the 120 prospective jurors are either middle-aged or older, and few young people were called.

Still another verbal clash occurred when defendant Michael Lerner, himself an associate professor at the University of Washington, attempted to introduce David T. Dellinger to the courtroom. Because of his experience in Chicago, the defense wished Dellinger to speak briefly to the prospective jurors here. But Judge Boldt denied the request.

The following day provided still more fireworks when junior-high-school teacher Dean McNee from nearby Hoquiam, about 22 years old, was removed by peremptory challenge from the Government. In answer to questioning McNee had said that he supported demonstrations against the war in Vietnam, that he had had a friend in college who was a member of the Students for a Democratic Society, and that he had

nothing against protest via demonstrations so long as the demonstrations remained non-violent. He was the second youthful jury prospect rejected by the prosecution, which seems to be determined to have a middle-aged group of the judge's peers in the box. With McNee's rejection the court spectators staged an angry and noisy walkout. But there were no fisticuffs this time.

A further clash, different and potentially much more serious, occurred when the question of FBI "surveillance" came up. Prosecutor Stan Pitkin gave his personal promise that the defendants would not be under observation during the trial, which unintentionally set off angry confrontation. The defendants shouted that they had been constantly spied on, their homes and their families watched and telephones bugged, and that they couldn't even consult with their attorneys without J. Edgar Hoover's boys trying to eavesdrop.

Defendant Jeffrey Dowd angrily sprang across the room and shook his finger in Pitkin's face as he shouted that FBI agents had come to his home "posing as gas men" and that the next one he saw around his place he was going to shoot! As they left the courtroom for the forenoon recess, Dowd stepped in front of Pitkin and quietly told him they "were going to come over, in the middle of the night, and show you what it feels like".

The foregoing incident illustrates the difference between Chicago a bare year ago and Seattle today. The mood is much uglier. Spiro's work has been well done. Talk of retaliation comes quickly and naturally now. Hardly anyone voices hopes for acquittal.

The third day provided the inevitable bomb scare. Judge Boldt cleared the court

about 11:35 a.m., but no bomb was found. All the employees were asked to leave the building. Some cynical observers suspected that it was all staged for the benefit of the jurors to impress upon them the dangerous nature of the defendants and supporters.

The next day produced one of the wildest eruptions so far when the Government used another peremptory challenge to remove another youthful jury prospect. He was J. T. Cawdrey, director of the Tacoma and Pierce County Narcotics Center (funded by the Government) and a youthful-looking person. Under cross-examination he had said that he thinks "that the Vietnam War should be ended as soon as possible and that demonstrations are the way to do it".

When Pitkin used a peremptory challenge to remove Cawdrey the spectators erupted into a wild protest. A half-dozen were ejected, shouting and screaming at the bench. Defendant Susan Stern went to the aid of a girl, about 21, who was battling two marshals, shouting at them: "Let go of her, you bastards!"

Another burly youth defied the marshals to take him out, but his friends got him to leave of his own volition. Defense attorney Jeffrey Steinborn said he had personally witnessed a marshal with a blackjack in the subduing of the young lady. Judge Boldt thereupon requested the marshals not to bare their blackjacks in his courtroom.

After relative quiet had been restored, Michael Lerner, acting as his own attorney, declared: "I believe that the Government's conduct... is the height of contempt... by taking away all persons young or otherwise who held opinions even vaguely close to those of the defendants." When the judge mounted the bench again following the noon

(continued on Page 6)

Riddles For Rebels

Pat Kovalik



HARASSMENT IN DIEGO

After the December issue of the IW was printed, the Chicago office got a report on the San Diego case from Mike Dale, the IWW secretary in LA, followed by further information from Jim Bumpas and a phone call from Attorney Bummer. When the December issue went to press, we had to rely on earlier issues of the Street Journal, a December 7 phone call from FW Van Fleet, and what we could dig out of the San Diego Union. Here is later information:

On November 5, the San Diego County Grand Jury indicted Carlos Calderon, David Rico, and Ricardo Gonzalves, each on one count of "criminal syndicalism" and "possession, manufacture, and disposal of firebombs". Calderon was also charged with "soliciting commission of a murder".

SEATTLE

(continued from Page 5)

recess he was greeted with raised fists and shouts of "power to the people!"

Tension continued to build as it became apparent that the Government was going to have its way in securing a middle-aged jury, Establishment oriented, not of the defendants' peer group, but of the judge's.

In conclusion a commentary is in order — not on the trial's outcome, which is a foregone conclusion, but on some of the other implications involved. For the real importance of these things lies outside the courtroom, not inside it.

The drama is being played out against a background of growing fascism in America. As Nixon purges all independent types from the ruling group — even such conservatives as Hickel or a liberal court clown like Moynihan — no one can seriously doubt any longer that the Southerners are just about ready to make their putsch, to set up their New Confederacy, which in its final form will closely resemble the regime now in South Africa. Like that one, to be created by strictly legal methods. A white racist police state, voted in by the democratic process, by appealing to all that's worst — and predominant — in the electorate. All strictly by the book.

Now no one has ever doubted that the non-white minorities are going to fight fascism here to the bitter end. They talk about and prepare for little else. But no one knows what the white kids in the New Left are going to do, when all the chips are really down: join the so-called "Rainbow Coalition", under non-white leadership, or go the way of the "good Germans" when they faced their historical crisis.

This is the basis of the Eldridge Cleaver and Stokely Carmichael debates in Algeria. To oversimplify, Cleaver says they will join them and wage a class war, not a race war. Carmichael says this sounds fine, but that the majority of white youths will not fight their own race when it gets down to the nitty gritty. That blacks must make their allies with the rest of the non-white world whether they want to or not in order to survive. That the failure of the white liberals and radicals to stand with them will make this a race war no matter what the Panthers do.

Perhaps an event that occurred during the days of jury selection best illustrates the moment of history we are now in: A well-prepared anti-war demonstration to protest the bombing attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong was held. Virtually no one came. Less than 200! Rick Silverman, president of the University of Washington student body, told the reporters: "People aren't marching anymore."

All across the country the colleges are strangely silent. The white youth here is facing one of the most difficult decisions in history: to join the non-whites against the majority of their own race, or to quit, cop out — drugs, Canada, or whatever. For it is now their awesome choice: Is it to be a class war or a race war? The Seattle Conspiracy Trial may provide us with an answer.

The charges stem from an article in the July issue of El Barrio showing how a firebomb is constructed. El Barrio is a newspaper for the Chicano community of San Diego, produced in coalition with the Street Journal, printed in an IWW shop and distributed by vendors organized in the IWW. They have stepped on many toes, and the office serving these two publications has been firebombed and shot up several times.

Bail was set at \$6,250 each. Calderon was arrested the night of the indictment, and Rico and Gonzalves turned themselves in a week later. All are now out on bail raised by people in the community giving what they could, several putting up their houses or cars. More funds will be needed, and contributions can be addressed either directly to The Defense Fund, 3303 Second Avenue, San Diego, California 92103, or to the General Defense Committee here at Chicago Headquarters, specifying that the money is for the San Diego case. Attorney Ted Bummer (pronounced Boomer), who is defending Calderon, promises to keep this office informed. Mary Harvey represents Rico; John Porter represents Gonzalves.

FW Mike Dale explains: "The feeling in San Diego is that the local power structure was shook up by the brown-white coalition. Calderon is a former Brown Beret Deputy Minister of Education. Rico and Gonzalves are active Berets. The Brown Berets have much support in the local Barrio, and have initiated several community-control projects....No IWWs were directly involved but there was a close relation between the Brown Berets and the Wobblies."

The attack on these Brown Berets is no doubt intended to intimidate the IWW and break up the brown-white coalition.

LA FOOD CO-OP

The IWW members in Los Angeles have successfully launched a consumers' food buying co-operative to which they have welcomed fifty or so fellow eaters who are not at latest report IWW members yet, and will welcome more.

Jim Bumpas writes us: "There is no mark-up on any of the goods we distribute. Everyone shares in the work and expenses, and we have all been learning the value of co-operative labor, neither sold nor bought in order to satisfy the serious needs in our community of high unemployment."

NEW HALL

Yellow Springs, Ohio (WNS) — The IWW has opened an office at 102 Dayton Street, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. Ken Freedman (secretary of the Yellow Springs Branch) writes: "We are renting an office in an old granary behind some railroad tracks, and it looks ethnic as Hell."

INDUSTRIAL WORKER SUSTAINING FUND

The following contributions to the IW's sustaining fund have been received since those published in the last issue of the IW:

John Harold.....	\$ 10.00
Gaddard Graves.....	1.00
Joseph Vizi.....	10.00
John Buzai.....	10.00
Louis Lefkovits.....	20.00
Louis Tarcai.....	6.00
Anthony Hulber.....	5.00
Mary Varaljai.....	10.00
A Friend.....	8.00
John Feczko.....	10.00
C. R. Walker.....	10.00
George W. Anderson.....	8.00
Walter S. Chesbro.....	20.00



DOW CHEMICAL EXPLOITS U S FARM WORKERS

Bud Antle Incorporated, largest producer of scab lettuce in the US, found himself in financial trouble in 1961. He sold 17,000 of his 43,000 acres to Dow Chemical, which in turn leased it back to him. Dow supplies Antle with wrappers and boxes for lettuce. YES, ANTLE LETTUCE COMES TO YOU WRAPPED UP BY THE COMPANY THAT BROUGHT YOU NAPALM!

Dow also sends Antle pesticides, the use of which the United Farm Workers' Union wants to restrict for the safety of workers and consumers alike.

C. F. Weaver, the president of Dow's Financial Corporation, sits on the five-man board of directors at Bud Antle. Antle is failing in health, and the reins of the Antle Corporation are being held firmly by Dow.

On October 6, Antle-Dow obtained an injunction prohibiting any strikes at Antle fields, prohibiting a consumer boycott of Antle lettuce, and forcing UFOC organizers to tell people there is no boycott against Antle lettuce. Union attorneys have advised that the injunction is unconstitutional and filed a notice of appeal.

At a hearing to determine the right to appeal, the judge said he would suspend the injunction pending a decision on the appeal if UFOC posted \$2,750,000 bond. (The life savings of all the striking farm workers would not even come close to \$2,750,000.)

UFOC sympathizers held demonstrations against Dow's oppression of farm workers at the Dow plant in Seattle, Washington. Antle called the UFOC Seattle office to say "Lay off Dow or you'll be in big trouble!"

Cesar Chavez sent a telegram to Dow requesting meetings to discuss oppression of farm workers on November 20, and Dow made no reply. On November 23, Chavez was charged with violating the injunction. He was questioned for six hours and was ordered to appear in court on contempt charges for continuing the boycott of Antle lettuce. He has since been sentenced, and as of this writing is in jail.

Fellow Workers, we can help the Farm Workers in their just fight. DON'T BUY SCAB LETTUCE! We should demand to see the Farmworkers Union Label on the shipping carton of any lettuce we see on

sale. If a store handles scab lettuce, then we should help initiate a boycott campaign against it. We should help to picket and leaflet stores handling non-union lettuce. Protest Dow's oppression of farm workers by picketing Dow offices and boycotting Dow products, especially Saran Wrap. Also the United Farm Workers have asked their supporters to send telegrams of protest to Herbert D. Doan, President, Dow Chemical Corporation, Midland, Michigan (telephone 517-636-1000) informing them that we are boycotting all their products until a union contract is signed with the Farm Workers. This struggle is a struggle in which all good union men should take an active part.

X 325818

INDIA

From the Indian Worker Independence Day Issue (August 17), we gathered these shots of India's labor situation: Between February and June 1970, 124 miners were killed in job accidents, and the Government is trying to locate jobs for 670 unemployed mining engineers. When five members of the parliamentary Lok Sabha asked India's Labor Minister whether it was true that national unemployment had increased at the end of each of the five-year plans, and was expected to increase at the end of the present fourth such plan, the Minister answered that he could not say because he had no reliable statistics. Yet this paper does give detailed figures for changes in employment, showing the public sector steadily over-reaching non-Government employment: "Of 166 lakh employed, 100 lakh are in the public sector and 66 lakh in the private sector." In 1961 the total for both sectors was 121 lakh. (A lakh equals 100,000.)

There is more and more urban guerrilla fighting, especially in West Bengal and its capital, Calcutta. This is largely due to the activity of the Naxalites, a Maoist youth group largely drawn from Indian college dropouts and graduates. Raymond Coffee, in the Chicago Daily News of November 20, noted a difference between them and the American Weathermen. Coffee feels that the Weathermen reject the opportunity to cash in on their education, while Naxalite dropouts exhort: "Smash the universities because they give us master's degrees but no jobs."

Police, using terrorism as their excuse, beat, torture, and kill students and ask questions afterward. One young man was shot by police as he painted a slogan on a wall.

The Indian communist movement is split three ways — the old CPI, inclined toward Moscow; CPI Marxists, who are definitely pro-Moscow; and CPI M-Ls, pro-Mao. And some of the fighting is between these three groups.

What Is Foreign Aid ?

"Taking from the poor in a rich country to give to the rich in a poor country" — UE News

Geo. Anderson.....	10.00
Nels Petersen.....	7.00
H. M. E.....	7.06
Jack Clayton.....	10.00
John P. Hoyer.....	10.00

Total..... \$172.06

Previously Acknowledged..... \$1,029.10

Grand Total as of December 17... \$1,201.16

Many thanks, Fellow Workers, for your financial support to help keep the wheels rolling in our educational work for a better social order for the World Working Class.

Carlos Cortez, Editor

MISSISSIPPI

Laurel, Mississippi (December 11, 1970) —Employees and former employees of the giant Masonite plant here have started a campaign to get the US Justice Department to investigate "numerous violations of our civil rights and humanity".

Six members of Local 5-443 of the AFL-CIO International Woodworkers of America told reporters several hundred workers have started a petition drive. They charge the company with hazardous working conditions, discrimination against black and women workers, pollution of air and water, and falsifying safety records.

They also charge local, county, and state law-enforcement officers and officials with harassing Masonite workers by blacklists, arrests, and beatings, and falsely accusing white union members of affiliation with the Ku Klux Klan.

The employees charge: "They want to break the back of organized labor in the South. We think we are fighting a battle for the entire labor movement in the South, and we think the corporations in the South picked us to spearhead their campaign."

Several hundred present and former Masonite employees have formed into the Committee for Better Union Leadership (CBUL). About 25% of the CBUL members are black and 75% white.

The CBUL includes 231 workers who were sent letters saying they would not be rehired after a 7 1/2-month strike at Masonite in 1967. Other CBUL members are workers who were called back after the strike but were placed on different jobs they could not do and who "had to give it up and get out".

Still other CBUL members are employed now at Masonite but are dissatisfied with conditions there. This was demonstrated

HOUSING REMOVAL

"Urban Renewal", according to the Government's General Accounting Office, spent \$7,000,000,000 between 1949 and the end of 1968, with the net result of cutting down the number of housing units by 315,000.

In short, it tore down seven housing units for every two units it put up. Since the housing it tore down was the sort that rented at a low figure, and most of the housing it put up rented for a higher figure, most of those who used to live in the houses it tore down have had to move into premises so bad that before this "urban renewal" no landlord could find a tenant to take them.

All of this could be handled in a very different way. Decent low-cost housing could be erected on vacant land as the first step. Then the residents in old buildings that should be demolished could be given first chance to occupy the new buildings. Then their old buildings could be taken down to make room for more houses, playgrounds, and such. But it won't be done that way if the real-estate run it. In fact it's not likely to be done that way unless those who live in these areas organize to make it happen that way!

Panther Shoes

The Black Panther Party is setting up an unusual shoe factory. Its core consists of ex-convicts who learned shoe-making in prison. They'll teach others the trade, and produce shoes to be either sold at cost to the poor or given free to those who cannot pay.

Already the Panthers have been getting and providing shoes for kids who couldn't go to school without them, as well as free breakfasts and an expanding health clinic operation. They have also inaugurated their own "bussing plan", to enable relatives to visit prisoners — not necessarily Panthers — who are often walled in three or four hundred miles from their homes.

December 9 when employees voted 816 to 340 to reject the company's latest contract offer.

CBUL members also have grievances against the international union (IWA), with which their local union is affiliated. After militant activity during the 1967 strike, the local was placed under trusteeship by the international, which took control out of the hands of local officers. The local has filed court action against its trusteeship, which is pending in the US Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans.

The 1967 strike action ended when the international signed a contract without consulting the local — what is generally called a "sweetheart" contract. Now the IWA international is accusing Masonite in court of having violated even that contract.

Masonite, which is Mississippi's largest manufacturing enterprise and also a world leader in the hardboard industry, realized a profit of over \$14,000,000 last year. The concern owns several sawmill operations, and recently absorbed the timber, sawmill, and other manufacturing holdings of Hood Industries. It also has a large plant in South Africa.

At a press conference, CBUL spokesmen said that their petition will be circulated extensively, especially in Mississippi, to inform the public of Masonite's activities and to gain supporters for an impartial federal investigation of the CBUL charges.

— Southern Conference Educational Fund

OIL WORKERS FIGHT POLLUTION

Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers are bargaining this year with the oil companies and will be bargaining next year with the major chemical suppliers. From the oil companies they insist on a tenth of a cent per barrel of oil to go into a fund to fight pollution and related hazards. This would yield about \$3,500,000 a year for research to cope with these problems, to be directed by a body composed of one from the union, one from the employer collective, and one scientist or medical doctor selected by the two. From the chemical industries, which are somewhat less automated than the oil producers, they plan to get two cents per manhour from the employers for a similar fund.

This year United Rubber Workers also put in a provision for the industry-union financing of a university research project.

UNIONISM PAYS

Belatedly the Census Bureau has come up with a document entitled "Labor Union Membership in 1966", from data compiled in 1967's Survey of Economic Opportunity, comparing union and non-union pay rates.

The median for all full-time workers in unions was \$6,824, while the median for non-union workers was \$5,705. The union advantage was 28% for clerical workers, 44% for construction craftsmen, and 70% for service workers.

TORY TAFT-HARTLEY

Part of the background of the sensational British strikes — slowdown electric power dim-out or garbage collectors' strike — is the fear that the Tory Government may put an end to such practices with their own version of the Taft-Hartley Act. It lists 15 different practices as illegal and provides for the fining of unions engaging in them. It is especially aimed at the 95% of strikes that are not officially authorized and at the habit of settling disputes on the shop floor.

Learn About The I W W

The IWW, Its First Fifty Years (203 pages clothbound, 33% off on five or more) .. \$3.00

General Strike..... .20

World Labor Needs A Union..... .25

Unemployment And The Machine..... .10

IWW Songbook..... .40

Sheet Music

The International..... .25

Rebel Girl..... .25

Workers Of The World Awaken..... .25

(40% discount on ten or more of the above)

Works From Other Publishers

Dubofsky: We Shall Be All..... \$12.50

Kornbluh: Rebel Voices (Anthology)... 4.95

Gibbs Smith: Joe Hill..... 7.00

(We are currently out of One Big Union and Theory and Practice, but expect revisions and also new literature to become available soon.)

Union Odds' n' Ends

ECOLOGY VERSUS BUSINESS

Two items illustrate why the business system cannot be expected to cope with our ecological perils. While aircraft provide serious pollution, and the aviation industry is crying about red ink with only half its seats filled, the industry flies twice as many flights as are necessary to carry its

passengers, aiming to obtain competitive advantages.

Again the growth of industry in the South provided an opportunity to avoid the error of the North; instead, to attract industry, create jobs, and raise real-estate prices; practices are condoned in the South even worse than those that have despoiled the North.



By Marion Schöne

East German 'Joe Hill'

Alan Bush's operatic setting of the Barrie Stavis play, "The Man Who Never Died," involving the 1915 labor hero, Joe Hill, was premiered at the East Berlin Staatsoper in an elaborate production directed by Erhard Fischer and designed by Wilfrid Werz.

BOOK REVIEWS

Dance to a Different Drum

"The Trade Union Movement in Nigeria", by Wogu Ananaba (New York, Africana Publishing Corporation, 1970, 327 pages and index, \$9.50)

Brother Ananaba is an Easterner, like my friend Nehfu Chinwuba of Onitsha. His history of battles inside the Nigerian labor movement reminds me of Saturday night donnybrooks in Brislane's Bar, and also of friend Nehfu's advice on how to dance to a Nigerian orchestra.

"We never dance to the whole orchestra" said Nehfu. "Sometimes we dance to one drum, sometimes to another; sometimes we pick a different instrument and dance to that for awhile. Now, I am dancing to a different drum."

Unfortunately many drums that Nigerian labor has danced to have been political, and the question of alliance with international movements of varied political commitment has helped to divide the large number of relatively-weak localized one-plant unions which are already more than sufficiently plagued by Nigeria's division into three distinct regions. Tribal divisions parallel political regions: the East is largely Ibo; the West is Yoruba; the North is Hausa. There are also religious differences: East and West are more-deeply influenced by the Christian missions; the North is solid Moslem.

While Brother Ananaba makes a stab at objective reporting, he can't resist telling us that workers from the former Gold Coast (now Ghana), Liberia, and Sierra Leone were marked by "stubbornness and sometimes...criminal tendencies...." The regionally-controlled labor organizations other than his own have been motivated by "political considerations", while those in the East split from national bodies to get "a more serviceable organization...."

The political drum has been heard in Nigerian unions only since 1946. Before that time the Colonial Government had itself opposed the idea because it feared unions in the colonies might "fall under the domination of disaffected persons by whom their activities may be diverted to improper and mischievous ends". The quote is from Sidney Webb, the Fabian Socialist, in 1930 Great Britain's Secretary of State for the Colonies. With that long view dedicated to the interests of government bureaucracy for which so many socialists are justly famous, Webb recommended that, since unionization was inevitable, it ought to happen in the colonies under the guidance and control of the British Trade Union Act of 1871, providing for registration and for "responsibility".

The original entry into politics occurred when the TUC applied for formal affiliation with the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, in which publisher-politician Azikewe was a prime mover. Events since that time suggest for the Nigerian labor movement that it would have been "better they shoulda stood at home". Once the politicians began to realize the potential contribution of organized labor to the nationalist movement—and to their own individual political power—labor leaders were wooed left, right, and center. The TUC was a consistent supporter of nationalist developments, but unquestioningly stumped for certain features of the mother country such as a Labour Party. International politics is a central feature in the current split between Nigeria's four national union federations, with the ICFTU and the WFTU deeply involved.

Just as the peasant farmer in feudal society is bound to his lord's allotted chunk of land, the unionized worker in Nigeria is bound to the economically-weak one-plant union which is registered under Nigerian labor statutes to represent the worker in his dealings with his employer. The model union constitutions supplied by government have been so interpreted that the legally recognized bargaining unit is limited to a single factory or mercantile outlet of the employer.

In the ring with both hands tied behind him, the Nigerian unionist still has swung two general strikes: in 1945 and 1964. The first carried on for a month and a half, although the national leadership was split, most of the Joint Executive apparently in favor of negotiation. The eventual collective bargaining resulted in several concessions to the workers. The whole action took place during the life of the Defence Regulations, and two pro-labor daily papers were closed for a week by government order. According to government figures 42,951 workers were involved, and of these 41,165 were public employees—constituting the key sector originally involved. Public employees are a big slice of labor in any underdeveloped area, compared to the more-industrialized countries. A general strike with this kind of support is even more surprising when we recall the mouldy and largely-accepted line: "Civil servants just don't strike."

The 1964 action was a sit-down strike, directed basically at the various levels of government as employers and potential legislators of machinery for collective bargaining. It lasted two weeks, and was successful. Again, the success could be seen as surprising in view of the large proportion employed in public service. The Nigerian situation is similar to that in Ghana, where only 21% of those listed as "employed" are actually wage workers or apprentices, the balance being composed mainly of peasant farmers. And of those who are wage workers, 38% work for one or another of the government authorities. To top this, it is the government sector which has the most-rapid rate of growth.

In a typical parliamentary democracy of British model, with the political apparatus sitting on top of the economic and with the worker's attention distracted by various bits of paper, the Nigerian setup is a real labor headache. Of Nigeria's more-or-less 380,000 square miles, Northern Nigeria contains about 320,000 including two-thirds of the population. Most of the industrial development is concentrated on the coast, with the North having nothing much to show beyond the tin mines of the Jos Plateau. Even in the occasional highly-automated development, such as the Kaduna cotton mill, the raw material which accounts for the overwhelming bulk of human labor is produced by short-handled hoe on family farms of three or four acres, and moved to the weighing and grading platform by donkey-back.

The development of Nigerian railways and roads during this century has been highly influenced by political consideration. For those of us who might think transport developments are simply a response to the increasingly-complex economic structure, listen to Lord Lugard, speaking in 1901:

"By railway construction alone can we achieve the rapid concentration of troops and supplies, which would supersede the necessity for greatly increased local force...to guard our frontiers."

Unlike American railway unions, which were called "the aristocrats of labor" and said never to have won a strike (partly because they were split into so many op and non-op crafts), the Nigerian Railway Workers' Union has been one of the most militant. One of the things that has made militancy possible is the fact that the railwaymen of Nigeria have an industrial union. Ananaba concludes that:

"Industrial and general workers' unions appear to be the only types of unions suitable for Nigeria."

There isn't much doubt that Nigeria needs some general labor union structure such as that provided by the IWW or by District 50 of the Mineworkers. In a wage working population of well over a million, only 66,000 or so are covered by collective agreements. 40,000 of these are in mining.

With all its political twists (the author doesn't bother to mention who assassinated the Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, and the Moslem leader, Ahmadu Bello, Sardauna of Sokoto), Wogu Ananaba's

book provides an instructive small-stage performance of fratricide in the ranks of labor. It also paints a clear but unintended picture of the results of following the political carrot over the rim of the Grand Canyon.

When this reviewer was in Northern Nigeria with the ILO in the early 1960s, a story was going around about an alleged conversation between the old Emir and his nephew who had just returned from Britain:

"What have you learned on this trip to London?"

"Sir, I learned Trade Union."

"Is there money in it?"

"Yes, Sir. Much money."

"Start one!"

Cliff Bennett

Fence-Sitting Ambivalence

Milltown by Norman Clark

\$7.95

University of Washington Press

One may sit on a real fence and have a neutral opinion of the view on both sides, but no one can sit on the imaginary fence between the exploiters and the exploited and have a neutral, unbiased opinion. But a conscientious historian may believe that he can—and that is why he bears watching as you read what he has to say! That is especially true about a book dealing with the economic and industrial history of a community as it pertains to the inevitable conflict of the class struggle.

In trying to review such a book, one should first read the bibliography which reveals the sources of information. That would give the seasoned reader of critical mind a better chance of understanding right from the start. But I would not recommend that for one who is merely reading for pleasure. Therefore I am pleased that I read "Mill Town", by Norman H. Clark, without any preconceived judgment. It is an interesting and readable book with an easy-flowing style, and, allowing for phony unreliable sources of information in the latter part of the book, it is a fascinating history of Everett, Washington as it grew from a pioneer beginning into "Mill Town", the sawdust capital of the Northwest.

The author, a proficient writer with the understandable ambition to get his book published, evidently did his best to appear unbiased, thus helping the reader to enjoy the book as a good story. But regardless of his intention, the story of "Mill Town" and its baronical rulers comes through as a synopsis of autocratic capitalism in which pathological greed for property and money, bloody ruthless brutality against exploited and beaten-down wage slaves, and absence of all democratic principles—industrial, political, and social—are the general practice and Order of the Day.

Though the author of "Mill Town" gives meager credit to Walker C. Smith and his literary gem about the massacre, he gives credit to it with indication of wanting to be "fair to both sides". But with so many sources of "information" from the opposite side, it is doubtful that the author himself knew the extent of his bias! I can only remember my own as I first read about it in a logging camp in northern Washington. According to that report in the newspaper, the IWW was guilty of everything that had taken place at Everett. All the others were law-abiding innocent defenders. So mutely I expressed my opinion:

"Dose fellahs must've been crazy!"

Walker Smith could not have cared less about having been charged with prejudice. Knowing the man, I am sure that he would have had more reason to worry if he had been "neutral" about the whole matter. As

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a reader, writer, and newspaper man, he knew the American history quite well. He had witnessed the Bill of Rights of the Constitution being ignored and violated again and again during "labor trouble", when not only free speech and the right to free assembly were being abrogated by a one-sided "law and order" which protected anti-union employers, and in every major strike some worker had been killed by the gunmen of employers in every industrial community in America, dating back to the Revolution. And here was the diabolical outrage in Everett, perpetrated by scabs, drunk crazy vigilantes and "representatives of the Law", where scores of unarmed men had been tortured and more than a dozen had been killed.... And to mention the word "prejudice" in connection with the "Everett Massacre" would be like saying that the Jews were "prejudiced" against Hitler.

But Smith, as a reporter seeking the truth, did more to present both sides than any other author did. From the record of the trial, which lasted two months (March 5 to May 5, 1917), he published testimony of witnesses and arguments and statements of attorneys and judge. One need only read the book to verify that fact. As to who were guilty or innocent and who fired the "first shot", the jury had ample time to decide before returning a verdict of "not guilty". And don't forget, the war for "Democracy" had started and the unspeakable scissorbill war hysteria had commenced by that time.

It is a historical fact that thousands of workers, especially Northwestern loggers, joined the IWW about that time. I was one of them—or, in dramatic fashion, I may say that it was a "turning point" of my life. Aye, life was never the same after that! But that's another story. However, it was after I came to the chapter dealing with the IWW lumber strike in 1917 that I first began to check the veracity of author Clark and wonder about his sources. Because, as the saying goes, I was there....

Referring to Page 229 in "Mill Town": "...Almost all the woodworkers—one hundred thousand in the Pacific Northwest—abandoned the IWW and AFL and joined the Loyal Legion. With it, at least, they found their way to better wages, and they found an opportunity in rituals and allegiance to demonstrate their patriotism, which seemed very important in 1918... the government thus assured the mill owners of an obedient labor force, but it also demanded the mills accept the eight-hour day. While the war chewed up lumber at a fantastic pace, the industry found a rough sort of harmony."

Where did he get such "information"? To an old ex-logger it reads like something by the authors of Baron Munchausen and Paul Bunyan. By checking his sources of information I found it was from the daily press (at that time) and the 4-L bulletin. (Regarding the latter, I could fill this page

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AMBIVALENCE

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with lumberjack epithets, but never mind!) This bulletin was the publication of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, a company union by and for the employers and referred to by the IWW loggers as the "lousy loggers and lazy lumbermen". In fairness to Mr. Clark it may probably be assumed that he believed what he read and had no intention of telling a fantastic lie, but that is what the above statement surely is. Without a doubt, the lickspittles of the lumber trust were trying to "rub it in" as well as brainwash their readers.

Of course there were many who joined the "4Ls" during the war, most of them because pressure and intimidation were brought to bear on them and not because they wanted to join, especially among the homeguard sawmill slaves. But in every logging camp there were always a few genuine scissorbills who were brownnosing stoolpigeons who would have joined anything if ordered to do so. But 100,000 of them? I wonder what rock they were hiding under.

Whatever, why argue with history? Why lambast the poor deluded products and victims of a maladjusted social system in which men lack the moral courage and principles of rats?

Regardless of the credit and self-praise politicians and scabherders heaped upon themselves, the old-time loggers of the IWW know how the eight-hour day and better living and working conditions were won, and it need not be further emphasized here. But it may be of interest to mention that, when I returned to the woods in 1919 and visited a number of camps after being away during 1918, I met only one logger who admitted to having been a member of the 4Ls. As a foreman he had been an organizer. At the time I met him he was a hooktender and I was his rigging slinger. Being gregarious and unable to stand the silent treatment, he soon came around to join the IWW. But being an ambitious opportunist, he dropped out of the IWW and became a bootlegger of dubious reputation before he died.

Though logging was directly related to production of lumber and shingles, and was certainly of primary importance, there is nothing said in "Mill Town" about that part of the lumber industry — probably because the author lacked the right sources of information. If he had been able to dig up copies of the Lumber Workers Bulletin of the IWW, he would have been able to tell a truthful story about "cleaning up the woods". Job news in there was written by workers who had experience at "the point of production" and was not concocted by suckholing stooges of the sawdust kings.

The name of Ernest P. Marsh appears frequently in the latter part of this book, and he was evidently a major source of information. Being a politician and "labor leader", he often had his name in the daily press. I also heard him speak at the Labor Temple in Seattle. But I cannot in fairness claim that I knew the man or could judge his character — nor does that matter now. It may be taken for granted that as an ambitious man in varied activities as a "leader" he made both friends and enemies — but his reputation, at least among the lumber workers, was better than that of J. G. "Timber Worker Brown", another of Clark's sources of information. Inasmuch as Ernest Marsh was considered a prime source of information, it must be in order to mention that, according to the author, Marsh was an outspoken admirer of Samuel Gompers, the renegade Socialist who came to be the head of the AFL and the foremost advocate of the class collaboration theory. According to that theory, which thereafter became the applied practice of the AFL's "international" unions, the employees and employers were "brothers" and "partners in industry". That would be as natural as expecting the lion and the lamb to lie down together without the lamb being inside the lion, or a hungry unemployed worker and a 20-cent-an-hour sawdust slave being the "partners" and "brothers" of William C. Butler, banker-millionaire, financial Lord Almighty of Everett!

Incidentally, mentioned in this book is the real brother of banker Butler, Nicholas



LEADING CITIZENS: "WE declare WARS"



LEADING CITIZENS: "WE want WARS"

Murray Butler, the departed president of Columbia University. It was while in the latter position that he was quoted as saying that the anti-union scab was "the greatest hero in America". And surely he ought to know!

Thanks to the backhouse aroma from the pulp mills around Everett, one can smell the place for miles around the city — when the wind is in that direction. I can smell it where I am living, 30 miles from there. In driving through Everett, strangers have been known to look around at each other and wonder who "let one". But that, with the new interest in pollution and ecology, may, hopefully, be improved some day. It may, fearfully, take longer to eradicate the master and slave relationship which brought about the "Everett Massacre".

With the exception of "The IWW — The First Fifty Years", by Fred W. Thompson, every book on labor history written by either friend or foe during the last few decades has contained some sort of verbal funeral dirge about the passing of the IWW. "Mill Town" is no exception. And this was supposed to have taken place about the time of the First World War when the IWW "leaders" were put in jails and prisons. Now I do not believe that the latter helped the organization any, but neither was the IWW destroyed by that, or even harmed in its functional operation to any great extent. Of course, those who had been educated and trained to believe that our blessed "civilization" is the product of our great historical "leaders", such as Napoleon, Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, and scores of others that could be mentioned, would naturally assume that the organization outside would go all to pieces when the "leaders" were penned up on the inside. But it did not happen that way at all. Due to various causes, some industrial communities in which the IWW had been active in an earlier period did not recover after the War; but in the Pacific states, lumber, construction, and marine transport

workers had better functional organizations than before the War. And that condition lasted till the split in the Twenties. By "functional" I mean that the members were holding meetings on jobs where there had never been meetings before.

And this is no theoretical argument to combat some other theory or assumption. As a member of the Lumber Workers Industrial Union of the IWW I did what I could to function as job delegate, traveling delegate, stationary delegate, member of both the Northwest District Organization Committee and the General Organization Committee of the Lumber Workers, and as such I went back and forth through four western states. But I must admit that my activities were mostly with the loggers, in both "short log" and "long log" regions. It is not just my belief but a matter of record that Lumber Workers (not including mill workers) reached the highest peak of membership between 1919 and mid-1923. With such information, the author of "Mill Town" would have better understood why the lumber barons wanted to destroy the IWW office and hall at Centralia, and why they conspired to have it done in the name of "patriotism" by mis-informed former service men.

But why did the IWW "split" and go to pieces later? Surely not because Bill Haywood got sick and tired of the struggle and ran away to Russia.

At a conference of the Red Trade International at Leningrad, 1920, to which the IWW had been invited, Zinoviev made the threat that any organization that would not join with them would be "liquidated" — a strange word at that time, but later to become commonplace. In fact, Zinoviev himself was to become a victim of it when "Comrade" Stalin had him executed. While I shall not delve into those historic events, it may be in order to remind the readers that the IWW, though strongly favoring the Russian Revolution as such, chose not to affiliate with the RTUI.

Sitting It Out

"In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison", by Willard Gaylin, MD (Grosset Universal Library Paperback, UL 248, Grosset and Dunlap, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010, \$1.95, \$2.50 in Canada)

Doctor Gaylin, a psychiatrist, had gotten permission from the Federal Bureau of Prisons to enter two federal correctional institutions to conduct an interview series among war resisters who were imprisoned there for refusing to enter the Armed Forces. According to his own admission, the project was initiated with the idea of seeing what made these guys tick — what made them take what by the norm of the society that we live in was such extreme action, and in the process he became not only involved, but actually sympathetic and partisan to the cause of the conscientious objectors.

Your reviewer was interested in this book especially because, during World War Two, as a demi-derriered radical and fledgling in the ways of the World, he sat out a two-spot in the federal joint under similar circumstances. The bulk of this book consists of confabs between the shrink and a representative selection of objectors in prison which was interesting in that federal pens haven't changed any in a quarter of a century.

This can be of interest not only to the draftable young men who are considering what steps to take, but also to the general public who would like an insight not only into the characters of some of these COs and into modern federal prison conditions, but also into what some people will endure so as to live up to their personal integrity.

At the end of the book the author dwells on the inequities not only of the prisons

(continued on Page 12)

Meanwhile some of the IWW's active and well-known members had switched from "fellow workers" to "Comrades". And as the old saw goes, "the fat was in the fire". Those who were active inside the IWW to execute the edict of Zinoviev and company to liquidate the IWW were doing just that. Blindly, brainwashed, and tragically, some of those members who had been in prison and had suffered other hardships for the IWW were working openly and secretly to destroy the one organization that had been loyal to them. And supposedly unknown to them, the agents provocateur of employer associations were doing their bit to help with the liquidation. But be that as it may, any time you read or hear that the IWW died about the time of Zinoviev's threat, you should question the source; and I would advise the author of "Mill Town" to check again!

My own experience in Everett was in the spring of 1920. The stationary delegate wanted to quit, so I went there to take his place. But his room was raided by police that night, and he was robbed of all his supplies. So I had to go back to Seattle that night for more supplies. I was never arrested, but when I went to the jail to visit "Shorty Davis", the arrested delegate, I had a misunderstanding with one of the deputies resulting in Sheriff McCullough's charging in like an angry bull and hitting me on the forehead with the barrel of his gun. The jailer merely shook his head over the whole affair, but told me where I could get a doctor to sew me up. The doctor turned out to be prejudiced and insulting as he raved about recent happenings. So I got out of his chair, grabbed a piece of cotton, and stuck it in the open sore, at the same time telling the doctor that I did not want any "scabby son of a bitch" to patch me up. Then I hurried down to the station to get the interurban to Seattle, where a good doctor put in seven stitches. About that time I also learned the meaning of "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." I went right back to Everett and sold the Industrial Worker on the streets and in the pool and card rooms — and I was never bothered there after that. Yes, indeed — "Time passes!"....

HME 70-11

Adventures of an Indian Mestizo

by Pedro Coria
(translated by Eugene Nelson)

(Pedro Coria, a Wobbly all of his adult life, died last year in Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico at the age of 82. The day before his death he sent a financial contribution to IWW General Headquarters. Among many other activities as an IWW member, Pedro translated the One Big Union booklet and many other pieces of IWW literature into Spanish. Alvin Stalcup, an old-timer who knew him very well, wrote this about him: "Pedro Coria, Grand old war horse, was dedicated 100% to the IWW principles as long as I'd known him. Whenever I visited Pedro and his family in Mexico, I was always made to feel at home. FW Coria told me that he and Frank Little roomed together in Bisbee, Arizona in 1917 when Little was sent to Butte, Montana in order to organize the miners there, where he met his untimely death at the hands of the mine-owner thugs. Coria had also worked in one of the San Francisco iron foundries where Tom Mooney was employed. During the '30s Ralph Chaplin visited Pedro in Morelia. Unlike myself, Chaplin spoke good Spanish. When Pedro introduced me to his friends and neighbors, I felt embarrassed because I spoke no Spanish and they spoke no English; but he was always an excellent interpreter, and there was never any communication gap. What we need is many many more rebels like Pedro Coria who are dedicated all their lives to the OBU.")

His life began full of bitterness: when he was one year old his father died after having contracted pneumonia at work. His widowed mother remarried after a time, with the servant of a priest, thinking she would have a better life as the companion of someone who served a representative of God. But she was mistaken, and her new life was so brutal that she died from her husband's beatings.

After his mother's death, four-year-old Pedro was totally helpless. He had to look for work in the fields harvesting wheat and weeding, or carrying firewood on his back through the streets, trying to sell enough to get a few scraps to eat. He passed the next few years of his childhood in this way. In those days a boy who lived like this was thought of as a vagrant, and the municipal authorities seized him and sent him to the Porfirio Diaz Military-Industrial School, a correctional academy. His mind was still unformed, since he had never had anyone to implant ideas of any sort in his head, and it was here that he began to develop a personality of his own.

He began to receive military instruction. It seemed very strange to him when an officer yelled "Attention!" and they all chests out, and pulled their chins in with eyes to the front — so rapidly it seemed like an attack of nerves. This made his brain begin to function, and he began to think even harder when they began to teach him to shoot a gun. He began to realize that that sort of life was of no use to a human whatsoever, and that it was a better life harvesting wheat or carrying firewood on his back. And so it was that he began to think about deserting, and he did just that before he had been there a year.

One night, evading the vigilance of the sentinel, he sneaked out of his company barracks, made his way to a corral, and with the aid of a rope scaled the adobe wall and escaped. He walked out of the city to the north, wandering directionless for two days.

The night of the third day he arrived at a town called Puruandiro. Since in those days they already had telephones in the villages, he was afraid news of his escape might have reached the place. When dawn broke next morning and he began to wander through the streets, he suddenly came upon a policeman and became terrified. The cop noticed it and stopped to question him. He became even more terrified in answering the questions, and was taken to the police station. Sure enough, news of his escape

had already arrived. He had to confess his desertion from the military school, and he was promptly jailed.

After he had been locked up in a cell, one of the other prisoners took an interest in him and began to question him. He had apparently aroused either sympathy or compassion in the other prisoner, because as they stood talking a cry came to line up for lunch, and the man told him: "Look, muchacho, grab that jar over there by my things to put your atole (grub) in, but don't eat it. I'll tell you later what to do with it."

The boy did what he said, and the jailer dished out to him the "toro", consisting of six tortillas, a few beans, and the jar of atole. Following the advice of the man who had given him the jar, he ate the beans and the tortillas and put the jar of atole next to the man's things. After lunch the warden put the boy on the cleaning detail for a whole week.

After dark, when all the prisoners were locked up in their cells, his friend called to him and said: "Look, muchacho, over there where you're going to sleep, make a big circle with the atole, so you can sleep inside that circle."

The boy asked him why, and he replied it was so the bedbugs couldn't get at him. The atole constituted a trench against the "infantry". But still the "paratroopers" that fell from the ceiling feasted on the boy all night long.

The majority of the other prisoners did not need this trench because at home their relatives made them very large sacks of manta (cotton), so they could get inside and tie the opening shut, and this is the way they managed to sleep without being bitten.

After he had been in the jail for two months, the mayor showed up one day accompanied by some state troopers called "Los Carnitas" (the little pieces of meat). They opened the cell, began to call the prisoners by name, and when they came out tied them up with a rope, twisting it about their arms just above the elbows and lashing it as tightly as they could to their backs. Then they tied them together in pairs, until they had 40 pairs of men. The young boy was among these prisoners.

Once this forced march was underway, they walked until about six in the evening. At this time a tremendous thunderstorm erupted. Then the soldiers halted and got together a mountain of firewood. They set fire to it and put the prisoners right next to the bonfire to dry out, without untying them. This took place northeast of the hill of Quinceo near Morelia, Michoacan.

The following day they arrived at the state capital, where the men were divided. Some were put with the "Carnitas" or state troopers, others with the Eighth Regiment. Others were sent to Tehuantepec Isthmus in Southern Mexico.

The youth of our story was sent back to the battalion that he had deserted in the military academy. He was sentenced to spend six months in a dungeon three feet by six, with no windows. The only sunlight entered through a tiny transom above the door. During these six months of solitary confinement, he was let out only once a day at five in the morning to clean up barracks and corridors.

When he had served his time and at last was let out of his cubicle, he realized that it would be impossible to evade military service. Worse yet, he realized that the only solution to his problems was to get a job in his free time so that eventually he could support himself and be independent, but he had no experience whatsoever at any craft that he could make a decent living at. So he got a job on the side at a workshop in the military base. And even though he approached the prospect with pessimism, once he began work he got caught up in it and threw himself into his work with all he had.

The result was that when they all had to line up for roll call and were cruelly left waiting for a long time at attention, he was so tired from working that he could hardly stand it. Often one of his legs would give

way, and as punishment he would be thrown in solitary or assigned to latrine duty. His legs gave way so often that for all the rest of the time he was in the military, most of his time was spent undergoing some type of punishment.

All this made him ponder on the role of the soldier in society and what use he was to mankind. Which was of more utility to the human being: all this marching around and "Attention! Column right! Shoulder arms! Forward march!" et cetera — or to produce some product? Actually it was of no value at all, and it seemed to him he would prefer to suffer the reproaches of a supervisor in any other type of work. Such thoughts gave him strength and helped him to endure four more years of this military servitude.

In the course of his final year the boy worked to the point of continual fatigue. Since the foreman of the workshop took note of how hard he worked, he never gave the boy any trouble — unlike the military authorities. And since he did his job with such eagerness, after the fourth year they gave him a certificate qualifying him as a journeyman workman. But in his last year the work was very hard and food was very scarce, and he began looking for some way to get more food.

He kept his eyes open, and one day he noticed that there was a loose board in one of the doors of the supply room; when it was removed a boy could squeeze through. Accompanied by another of the small boys of the battalion, one night he crept past the sentinel and sneaked into the supply room. They had a flour sack with them, and they filled it with pieces of sugar. Then they made their way to a huge pile of coal, where they hid the sack. Every day they would go to the hiding place and take out some of the sugar when no one was looking and trade it for bread and other food to stave off their hunger.

But since, as the saying goes, "between heaven and earth there are no secrets", some of their companions began to wonder how they were able to keep trading sugar for bread, and began to get wise. When he and his friend had to take more sugar one night in order to keep from starving, they were discovered by a couple of the other inmates. These told others, and soon half of the battalion was stealing sugar. The commander of the battalion learned what was going on and began grilling the boys. Some of them confessed and told on others, and our narrator was among the accused. The punishment was from 10 to 100 lashes with a bullwhip depending on the boy's age. The last boy punished was the narrator of this story.

When he was brought to the office of the commandant, the latter had him wait until he was finished with some work he was doing. Then he addressed the boy and asked him how the whole affair had come about. The boy told him how it had occurred, and explained that they had been driven to it by hunger. The commandant gave him a great deal of advice and reprimanded him severely. But he told him, to his surprise, that he was going to let him go free and would give him a certificate proving that he was a skilled workman. And what better than to know a trade?

"Look," the commandant said. "If they had trained me to be a workman, I'm sure I would have been happier than I am in the position I occupy, because in my position I am forced to follow military discipline, which obliges me to punish people. So I urge you to dedicate yourself to your work and to act like a man, a man without vices, and you will be happier."

A few days later he was released. Since on being freed he had to leave his uniform in the barracks, he was in a real fix, as he didn't have a single piece of clothing or anyone to loan him any. The foreman of the shop where he had been working offered to let him continue there as a civilian. But in spite of the fact that he was also the owner of a grocery store and a clothing store, he refused to let him buy so much as a shirt

or a pair of pants on credit. But a man named Lino Garcia who worked as a helper in the lithography shop, seeing that no one would help him, offered him not only some clothing but also the use of his house. And it was only because of this bit of charity that he was finally able to leave military servitude and start to work, this time like a real man.

Unfortunately, the boy was not liked by anyone. The foreman, who the entire time that he was in the military service had not reprimanded him once, now no longer was friendly to him, and treated him even more harshly than the other workers. They gave him a two-week job making some benches for a restaurant on a piecework basis, and he was delighted. He worked very hard and managed to get the job done on time. But all the other workers disliked him, and they ruined his work.

He begged the boss to pay him something for his sabotaged work, since he was not to blame, but he did not get a cent. Finally in desperation he asked the foreman that he at least loan him something to eat on so that he could keep working, but the most he would advance him was 10 pesos. The foreman agreed at last to pay him 15 pesos for the ruined work, but made him wait till next payday for his other five pesos.

When payday arrived he was given not the five pesos he had been promised, but only a mere two pesos for his necessities. He decided that he had taken all the abuse he could stand, and resolved not to return to work. The following day, which was a Sunday, he hopped on a freight train bound for Mexico City, where he arrived many hours later with only 10 centavos in his pocket.

Once in Mexico City he felt lost and terrified, and even was afraid to ask for work. He passed a few horrible days with nothing to eat and with nowhere to sleep. At night he would lie down on a bench in the Zocalo, but he would not be able to sleep for long before the jabs of police billyclubs would inform him that it was not a place for sleeping. So he spent several days running about from pillar to post, sleeping in various parks and entraceways covered with rags.

Then one day he chanced to meet a young fellow at a pulque stand who saw his rags and took pity on him. He treated him to a shot of pulque, along with its accompanying hord'oeuvre, which consisted of a tiny taco of maguey worms and avocado paste. The two youths began to confide in one another and were soon on friendly terms. It turned out that his new benefactor was a baker and offered to help him. He told him that if he would meet him at the bakery he worked at ("The Wide Street" on Louis Moya Street) at five o'clock that afternoon, he thought he could get him a job.

At five o'clock he was at the entrance to the bakery, awaiting his new friend. After a few minutes he arrived and told him: "See that man over there? He's the boss. In a minute he'll begin to read the names of the men as they go in to work. When he's about finished go stand near him and ask him if he needs a helper, and I'll bet he'll ask your name and tell you to go in to work."

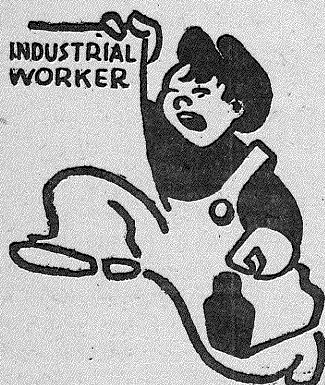
It happened just as the other boy had said it would, and the boss sent him into the bakery with the others to work. But the first thing he did was to stuff himself with bread until he was bursting. The thing he didn't like about the place was the weird behavior of the bakers. If he decided to take a nap during his dinner break, they would take a piece of paper smeared with lard, put some salt on it, set fire to it, and let the salt run down on him, burning his face and body. And they played many other cruel practical jokes on him. He could take it for only so long, and after he had been working there for a month he walked out one Saturday with the little money he had earned and didn't return.

Early the next Monday he was passing the railway station. Under an archway was a big group of men milling about, and he

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IWW

is the
working class
organized
in its own
interests



On The Road Again: The Hobo & The Hippy

Part II

by Patrick Murfin

You can go to any saloon or coffee house in any of the hip ghettos across the country and eventually hear the inevitable swapping of hitch-hiking stories. Thumbing is the socially-accepted way of "hippy" travel — in much the same way riding freights was the symbol of the hobo. And like the hobo, these young travelers eagerly exchange bits of information and advice on technique. It is widely known, for instance, that of all northern states, Wyoming is the hardest on hitch-hikers — not only can you draw a six-month stretch in the state pen, but the cowboys are fond of shaving and shearing "hippies" after having broken some bones. Similarly, a guy and girl together travel fastest, presumably because of the interest of drivers in the "hippy sex life". This is the kind of information that is regularly exchanged.

The long-haired travelers are not an uncommon sight along America's highways, carrying a satchel (or more frequently a knapsack) as they wait for rides. Where are they going? Well, in the summertime, maybe to a rock festival or perhaps just

out to the Coast to make a ritualistic visit to San Francisco and LA. These are the younger ones, the runaways, the equivalent of the old-time road kids. At 15 or 16 they go off looking for the mythical world they have heard about, where the "beautiful people" are. They are painfully vulnerable and somehow already desperately hurt by something they can't quite put their finger on — yet they have a kind of innocence about them.

What happens to them? Usually they are caught and sent home, or after a few days go home on their own. But those who don't or can't go home find a world of cockroach ridden crash pads, bad dope and bummers, panhandling, getting busted, VD, abortions or pregnancies, no money, uptight scenes with gang kids, street hustling, no jobs, little food, maybe speed, smack, downers, and death. Yet like those road kids before them they learn to live that life, they learn to draw some pride from what they are, they become street-wise and survival-sure, and with all of the objective horror of their situation, they learn to love the way they live.

By the time these boys and girls have reached their twenties, they have changed. There is a sinewy toughness about them and a healthy cynical view of life. They

may be paired up, may have a curiously bright-eyed child of their own, or may have become lone-wolfish and cautious. In any event, they are likely to be on the road again, either sticking out a thumb or rumbling along in patched-up, overloaded relics of automobiles or in VW busses made into campers. They finance the trips by working day-labor jobs, by selling their handicrafts in local head shops, by pushing dope, by performing in cheap saloons and coffee houses, by panhandling, by getting on Welfare, by stealing, by getting a steady job for a few weeks, by any method they can devise. Often they will hit a town and stay for the winter to work up a stake for the next year's trip. However they do it, there is a general philosophy: "Never worry about money; things will take care of themselves."

A young writer, Dan Liss, compared Chicago's hip ghetto to the "skid road" stretch of Madison Street, and somehow the comparison rings true. In both places a seamy, seedy kind of desperation exists side by side with a certain feeling of camaraderie. The skid roads were always a kind of wintering place for the migratory hobo workers — a place to go when the harvest, construction, or lumber work was finished for the season and when the cold winds made boxcars very uncomfortable places indeed. And it was a place to have a big time, to take the stake that had been worked for so hard and blow it on some cheap wine, whiskey, or women. It was also a place to go when completely down and out, where the missions would house and feed a hobo at the cost of being saved.

And the Street, the hip ghetto, is much the same thing. After the summer is gone and after the teeny-boppers and students who crowded it in the summer have left, the road freaks who have spent the summer everywhere from the Canadian Rockies to Galveston return. They are mostly tired and a whole lot broker than when they first started, except for the few who made a pile bringing grass over the Mexican border. They come back often without the car they started with, having abandoned it, too poor to repair it outside of some tiny town in New Mexico, maybe. And they come back without the "ol' lady" they started with, lonelier than they thought they could be.

These are the winter residents of the Street, crashing around until they can scrape together the bread for some kind of hole-in-the-wall apartment, living on brown rice and oatmeal until they can find work as a postman, headshop clerk, mechanic, factory hand, dishwasher, hospital orderly, waitress, bartender, warehouseman, cab driver, secretary, janitor, or anything they can find to keep themselves together for the hard winter months ahead. Many others line up with other down-and-outers at day labor offices while women go to temporary clerical agencies. Others go on Welfare. Some deal. It is only some vague feeling of community and the close circle of friends they draw around themselves that keeps them going during those successions of gray, cold days, waiting for the summer to come again and the road to open up.

Like skid road, the Street has its honky tonks and its almost-desperately-gay night spots. And like skid road it has its share of wretched, destroyed, useless, superfluous people — defeated men and women who had no childhood and were brought to speed, smack, downers, juice, prostitution, and hustling. These are the pathetic losers who lend a special air of corruption to the Street, and whom the straight society cannot differentiate from other long-hairs struggling still to make a way of life.

(to be continued)

JOE HILL DAY: NOVEMBER 19th - SALT LAKE CITY

Not much has changed since Joe Hill was executed in the "fair" city of Salt Lake — at least nothing has changed for the better from a workingman's point of view. The Mormon Church and the copper barons have an even-tighter stranglehold on the reins of power. The Church holds you down while the copper company rapes you; then you get to rest while they change positions.

The air in the valley is dark yellow from the filth that pours into the sky from the Kennecott Copper Corporation smokestack. The smog is so poisonous that many a Salt Lake bird is pushing daisies. The Mormon Church calms its anxious members by telling them: "Do not concern yourselves with worldly things, such as smog, for Christ is coming back soon and we will all leave this world for a better place." Kennecott, in the meantime, encourages its employees to attend church faithfully and, above all, to tithe. Wow — even the Mafia couldn't invent a sweeter racket.

Neither the Mormon Church nor the Kennecott Copper Corporation believes Christ is coming back next week, however, for they are both busy investing in new business ventures and new and expensive building programs. Kennecott took over \$80,000,000 in profit out of Utah last year, and has taken almost that much in the first three quarters of this year alone. It's hard telling just how many millions the Mormon Church has swindled the people out of, but it's easy to see that the working stiff in the state of Utah is caught in a merciless vice. That old vaudeville team, Miss Church and Mr. Big Business, is still cleaning up in Utah; and, as always, the public loves the show.

But something is changing. When I got off the train in Salt Lake City late at night, I was met by a group of young people who were to put me up for the three days that I stayed. I heard a rumbling and felt the ground shake a little beneath my feet. "What the Hell is that?" I asked. "It's the young people of Salt Lake City, rising up angry," they assured me. I felt electricity in the air, and I felt good.

A group called "We the People" had organized Joe Hill Day. The spark plugs for this event seemed to be Miss Pat Gareau and Miss Kathy Collard. Mother Jones is alive and in Utah.

This group is also involved in organizing a tenant union and a food co-op to support workers during an expected strike at the Kennecott Copper Corporation next month. The union at the plant and the young people are working together to organize this food co-op. The food prices in Salt Lake are outrageous, and the strike may be a long one. The Church probably owns the food chains, too.

Joe Hill Day was organized to bring a little labor history to the city of Salt Lake. Joe Hill, for some strange reason, has been left out of Utah history. The day just before I arrived, We the People had gone to the Mayor of Salt Lake to get the name of Sugar House Park, the site of the old penitentiary where Joe Hill was executed, changed to Joe Hill Park. But of course the Mayor wouldn't think of it. Name the park after a labor hero? In the state of Utah? Governor Spry would roll over in his grave.

The following morning Kathy Collard and I went on a local radio talk show, and Kathy did a fine job explaining why the name of the park should be changed. One woman called in to say that she had a master's degree in literature and had never heard of a poet/songwriter named Joe Hill.

The Joe Hill Memorial was held on the evening of November 20 in the basement of the Carpenters' Union Hall. I don't think that the carpenters were ready for the speeches they heard. The meeting was well attended — by possibly 150 people. Most of those in attendance were young people, but there was a liberal sprinkling of both old

and middle-aged people. One old Wob from the lumber camps on the West Coast was there — Albert Mikesell, a member of the IWW in 1918.

They had a spaghetti dinner, a little guitar music, and some labor speeches. There were a lot of IWW and Joe Hill posters hung around the room, and a table full of IWW literature. After the speeches the crowd broke into several small groups, to discuss revolution, to discuss revolution, to discuss revolution. All in all, I would say that we paid a fine tribute to Joe Hill and caused more than a little uneasiness in the higher circles of Salt Lake City. I think we will be hearing more from Salt Lake in the future — especially if they can swing their food co-op for striking Kennecott workers. This meeting was held in memory of Joe Hill, but they weren't mourning — they were organizing!

Crushing this new rebellion in Utah will not be as simple as shooting a few Wobblies. This time, the leaders of the Mormon Church will have to shoot their own children in order to protect their gold.

Gary Cox
Denver Branch

ACTIVIST Carries WOB Article

The magazine The Activist, which bills itself as the "oldest continuing student-run New Left publication", issued at Oberlin, Ohio, requested an article on how an old Wob like Fred Thompson looks at the current Left. Fred obliged, and his article is announced in the current fall issue along with other articles on "A Theory of Urban Guerrilla Warfare", "Life in an Autoplant", "A Working Class Perspective on Women's Liberation", and sundry other items that make a magazine. It is published at Post Office Box 163, Oberlin, Ohio 44074, at \$2 per year (25¢ for a sample copy).

mestizo

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entered their midst to see what was going on. The first thing he knew they started moving toward the cargo warehouse, and he let himself be carried along with the crowd.

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PRIORITIES

We are sometimes asked what difference it would make if a bunch of selfish unionists decided things instead of a bunch of selfish capitalists. Two recent news items regarding priorities give something of an answer. One relates to why a very-necessary child-care center was shut down, the other to a poll among Duluth unionists.

The Federal Government recently cut off a \$200,000 yearly grant to maintain a center in Chicago for the treatment of children who had been badly abused by crazy or sadistic parents. It gave as its reason for this "newer emphases and priorities".

Mike Royko, a Chicago columnist, explored some of the system's priorities: The cost of one M-60 tank would run the center for a year; the cost of one CH-54 helicopter would run it for 11 years; the 25% raise the Cook County Board of Commissioners recently voted themselves, raising salaries to \$20,000 a year for a meeting a month, would in less than three years make up the needed \$200,000.

In Duluth the central labor body's Education Committee recently ran a poll through the readers of the local Labor World to find what things the union members felt labor should most try to do something about. They were given a list of 26 items, and asked to rank the 26 in order of importance according to each member's personal feeling. To the surprise of many, conservation of lakes, air, and water ranked first, and higher wages for organized labor came in at the very end, 26th.

Because it gives as clear a picture of middle-of-the-road trade-union thinking as one can get, we print the ranking by these Duluth unionists of the entire 26 items. We are mystified, and so are those who conducted the poll, by some of the rankings, for example legislation for the elderly in second place, but service to non-union poor way down in 24th place. The Education Committee intends to give the Duluth unionists "an opportunity to rank the top ten, as a further guide to determining just what is of real importance to the active trade unionists".

- 1 Conservation of natural resources, lakes, air, water, et cetera
- 2 Legislation on behalf of the elderly
- 3 Recruitment of youth into the labor movement, training and education
- 4 Local state and federal tax overhaul studies and recommendations
- 5 Workmen's compensation legislation
- 6 National health care insurance and delivery programs
- 7 Safety on the job and safety legislation
- 8 New organization of non-organized establishments
- 9 Local political action (city, county, state)
- 10 Vocational education, program structure, extensions, broadening, et cetera
- 11 Training in "communications" for union leadership
- 12 Pre-retirement training for the workers
- 13 Collective bargaining technique training for workers
- 14 Unemployment compensation legislation
- 15 Vocational and vocational rehabilitation training programs
- 16 Union label promotions
- 17 Public relations training for union leadership
- 18 Social service and welfare programs for workers (community services)
- 19 Stewardship training for members and leaders
- 20 Human relations, race relations, et cetera
- 21 National political action
- 22 Changes in legislation to labor laws affecting organization
- 23 Consumer training for members and wives
- 24 Services to the non-union poor and underprivileged or disadvantaged
- 25 Advisory assistance to local school boards
- 26 Higher wages for organized labor

MAY WE POLL YOU?

That device intrigues us. We recognize that the readers of the Industrial Worker are likely to have a distinctive set of priorities, one that may help answer what difference it would make if the IWW grew into a decisive influence. The 26 items listed are not entirely appropriate for our readers. So let's make our own list to rank. Send in your individual list of five items you consider of top social importance, and another list of five items on which you think the labor movement, or society as a whole, or even the Left expends too much effort. From these we will make up a list of 20 or so, and submit it to our readers for ranking.

PRUNES DESTROYED

To keep up the price on dried prunes, the dried fruit industry this year destroyed 37,000 tons of this product.

Sitting it out

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themselves but also of the parole system, and how both institutions discriminate on the basis of race and religion. He pointedly brings out the fact that it is the lowest economic strata of working-class youth that have no escape from conscription into military service. The draft system favors those of higher economic strata, who can always get either student or professional deferments. Moreover, the imprisonment of the relatively-few who are resisters serves mainly as an example to frighten the majority into submission. This book is a testimony of one bug doctor who got educated by a small group of rebels.

— C. C. Redcloud

SPANISH "TRIAL"

During the trial of 16 Basque workers, priests, students, and housewife for offenses against the Franco dictatorship, the Basque nationalists informed the world in mid-December that they would do the same with their hostage as the Government did with the defendants.

Part of the background to this is given in the ICFTU protest to the Spanish Attorney General, which details reports of workers and students in Basauri Prison in Viscaya Province. This "gave details of the arrests of these workers and students and forms of torture to which they were subjected. They included beatings on all parts of the body including the testicles and soles of the feet, the water torture, running the gantlet, death threats, solitary confinement without bed or blankets, night-and-day interrogations, and so on."

MODEL MAKER DIES

Rube Goldberg, who designed the model for the arrangements by which capitalism feeds, clothes, and houses us, died at the age of 87 on December 8.

His cartoons were a fine tongue-in-cheek advocacy of a more-direct approach — in some cases, direct action. A statistical evaluation of some aspects of how his sort of model works is given in charts in the October 17, 1970 issue of Business Week, showing that US "trillion-dollar pie" gets sliced so income from wholesale and retail trade equals income from all manufacture of durable goods, while income from all finance, insurance, and real-estate sources equals the sum of the incomes produced by agriculture, forestry, fisheries, mining, construction, and transportation.

Sex Wage Gap

The gap between men's and women's wages is widening. When the Equal Pay Act of 1963 was enacted, the average full-time wage for women was \$2,417 less than that for men. By 1968 this gap had increased to \$3,207.

Most women work because they need the money; 42% of working women are single, widowed, or divorced. Of married women, 60% are in families whose family income would drop below \$7,000 if the women quit work.



Where Was IWW Start

Different histories have given different addresses for the Brand's Hall in which the founding convention of the IWW was held. In 1905 there were two Brand's Halls — one at the location then numbered 152 North Avenue, and another at the location then numbered 160 to 170 North Clark. Fellow Worker Calabrese has verified that the Chicago Tribune of June 27, 1905 says it was in Brand's Hall over a saloon at that North Clark Street location. But in 1909 the Chicago street numbering system was changed, and the Chicago Historical Society advises us that the 160 to 170 North Clark address of 1905 is now 643 to 659 North Clark, and the address given at 152 North Avenue would now be west of Halsted.

DROPOUTS

Students have been dropping out of high school in Chicago at the rate of 70 to 80 per day according to a Chicago Daily News dropout summary of December 1. In the last year 14,000 dropped out and 21,700 graduated. The dropout rate has increased 40% in 10 years. All 10 schools with the highest dropout rates are heavily black or black and Puerto Rican. Vocational schools fare better; though these schools are 78% black, their dropout rate is 8.5% compared to the general high-school rate of 10.4%.

Pressures can change this. A year ago Crane High had the highest dropout rate, 18%, ran wild, and was closed down; but Crane is now down to a 13.5% dropout rate.

Only one dropout in ten is pushed out for "inability to adjust to school environment". The need for money, marriage, and failure of the school to make the student feel that he could accomplish something by staying there rank high among the reasons given.

AS LONG AS
THE SUN
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& AS LONG AS
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THE WORLD

