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ALL WEALTH
MUST GO
TO LABOR

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 66, NUMBER 6 - W. N. 1275

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS JUNE 1969

10 CENTS

JUNE IS BLAST-OFF MONTH FOR AGRICULTURE DRIVE!

Migratory Labor To Be In Full Swing

With a grape harvest scheduled to begin about June 1 Coachella Valley (California) grape growers have an eye on the State's southern border, where they expect to tap Mexico's bountiful supply of available workers. At the same time, on the home front they are asking the Riverside County Board of Supervisors to pass a "law" that will prevent farm workers from calling a strike in the Valley this summer.

Not surprisingly the Board of Supervisors are willing to try. They have the County Counsel, the Sheriff, and the District Attorney at work now drafting what they hope will be a "constitutional and workable" law under which workers with guts enough to strike for a union and union conditions can be jailed and fined.

Meanwhile, a number of Valley farm workers set out on a hundred-mile hike from Indio to the border to publicize the pending struggle which is guaranteed to erupt if employers persist in their plan to start the grape harvest

(continued on Page 4)



QUARTER MILLION WORKERS OUT ON MAY DAY IN BRITAIN

(special to the IW)

Some 250,000 workers stopped work in Great Britain for a number of reasons. The main reason given by most

strikers for the largest strike since the general strike of 1926 was the Labour Government's proposed legislation, which many unionists believe is a

shabby attempt to shackle the more-militant members of the unions.

Marches and demonstrations took place throughout the country, giving an indication of the depth of feeling aroused by the so-called Labour Government's proposals.

About 18,000 workers marched through the streets of London in the largest May Day parade held there in 30 years. On Merseyside some 50,000 workers took the day off and marched through the Liverpool Streets, taking by surprise even the most optimistic of observers.

The national press, which with few exceptions had kept a tight lid on any comment about the May Day strike preparations was rewarded for its pains by enforced closure

for the day when print workers ceased production in London and Glasgow. However some northern editions were printed in a reduced form.

Building sites, car factories, the docks, and even Parliament were affected by the one-day work stoppage. (The workers at "Her Majesty's Stationery Office" stopped work, stopping production of Hansard, the Parliamentary paper.)

The Trades Union Conference is to re-convene on June 5 for an emergency conference. Calls for a one-day total general strike have already been made, and it remains to be seen what this new wave of industrial militancy could mean.

C. Beadle
Selby, England

L A WOBS SUPPORT GRAPE BOYCOTT

Los Angeles (WNS)—IWW members and supporters in the LA area joined in the grape strikers' international boycott against Safeway Stores by picketing outside local stores on Saturday, May 10.

At the store in East Los Angeles where this reporter picketed, Chicano, black, and Anglo Wobblies were among over a hundred demonstrators in a spirited picket line that for all practical purposes brought business to a standstill.

The United Farm Workers

Organizing Committee is asking all consumers to stop patronizing the Safeway stores until they agree to help poverty-stricken farm workers by refusing to sell grapes, as other large supermarkets have done. Pressure like this will be instrumental in making millionaire growers recognize the Union.

One picket wearing an IWW button was black worker Shelly Wells, former organizer for the Retail Clerks Union and a

(continued on Page 4)

Editorial

Freedom of Dissent is No Luxury!

Every now and then you will encounter a devotee of one of the current Socialist leaders on the contemporary Global scene who will invariably sing the praises of the great strides that are taking place under this leader's benevolent guidance. You will, provided that you are not a die-hard reactionary, acknowledge that there has been a considerable change over the system of this leader's predecessor as far as the economic welfare of the ordinary working stiff in that particular spot of the Globe is concerned.

But you may then ask a few questions about things that have been disturbing you of late, such as the obvious clamp-down on any diversity of opinion under the regime of this leader. Since the blood-suckers who thrived under the predecessor's regime have either long-ago departed for a healthier part of the World or made their peace with the new liberator, you will have the temerity to inquire why it is that the ones who are suppressed are advocates of a better society and have, in fact, contributed their efforts toward the deposition of the old tyrant, but whose only crime is an ideological difference with those who are in power.

Your revolutionary will then patiently explain to you that periods of transition are crucial times when forces of reaction are seeking to undermine the progress that is being made, and that for the time being we have to forego the luxury of free speech and dissent, which has to take second place to building up a strong administration that will insure a better society for all.

To this we can wax scriptural and say: "Beware of the false prophets!" — or we can express it in more proletarian terms by referring to the well-known by-product of the male bovine.

In our book, telling someone that under certain conditions freedom of dissent is a luxury is like telling a hungry man that food is a luxury that he can do without for the time being, or telling a drowning man that air is a luxury that he can forego under the circumstances. While it is true that one can exist in an iron lung, and that hundreds of millions exist and manage to procreate in our bountiful World without ever knowing any but a gnawing stomach, it is irrefutable that people under these conditions are neither developing into healthy specimens of humanity nor procreating healthy specimens of humanity.

So it is with human society! The reason human society has taken so long to get where it is and still has such a long way to go is that along with a maldistribution of creature necessities, there has also been a concentration of the making of decisions in the hands of a disproportionately-small segment of the World's population. For that reason we must emphatically reject any contention that freedom of expression and the right to disagree or question is a privilege reserved only for those who happen to be on the top. The right to talk, question, disagree, and discuss is every bit as important as the right to have a full stomach. And remember, anyone who is reluctant to leave his ideas open to challenge obviously realizes that his ideas are not going to benefit human society as a whole.

— CAC

Attention Subscriber:

If you have renewed your subscription to this paper within the past two months and find that your expiration number, following your name on the wrapper, hasn't been boosted as yet, we wish to set your mind at rest, as this will be taken care of with the July issue.

W. H. Westman, Business Manager

"HELP!"

We here at General Headquarters are up against a serious shortage of copies of the April and May issues of the Industrial Worker. (Business is picking up.) We need a supply on hand to fill requests for back issues from time to time. If any of you bundle-order subscribers have any copies left over that you don't know what to do with, just send them back to us and we'll love the ever-lovin' stuffin's out of you.

Attention, Field Correspondents!



The deadline for the July issue of the Industrial Worker shall be June 16th. All copy shall be in this office by that date!

— The Editor



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



INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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Carlos Cortéz Editor

CARL KELLER, 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 individuals writing or editing the same.

A CHEER FOR ROBIN HOOD

He who lives in luxury while half the world starves should take a second look at his conscience up there in the ivory tower. Though poor people might not live just across the street from that grand place, little children could go supperless to bed within easy walking distance of his well-stocked kitchen.

The boasted American way of life does not bridge the gap between rich and poor. It was not intended to do so. One of the luxuries of that life is the right to separate oneself from the poor.

We of the radical opposition do not favor measures smacking of reformism, but since it does not seem likely that we shall come into power for at least a few years yet, it might be beneficial to our cause to assist in the casting of a few monkey wrenches into the works while awaiting the big bust. Like rooting for the guaranteed annual income, or getting in on the free food stamp act, for instance.

Take it away from the rich and feed the poor. This is good working-class language from my point of view. That Robin Hood lad did have a proper, down-to-earth social philosophy suitable to those early times.

The World's poor have had some notable advocates down through the ages. Take the case of the young Jewish carpenter who denied the rich entrance into a Dreamland in the Sky.

Then there was the dark-skinned Indian who led his poverty-stricken countrymen in peaceful but successful rebellion against the British Empire. And there was our own black man, a Georgia preacher, who carried the banner of civil rights to victory for the descendants of Southern slaves, though he fell victim to an assassin's bullet at the end.

These were not only champions of the poor, they were men of peace who—so we may well believe—went down in death that other men might live more abundantly.

We who fly the red banner of radicalism can say, as these good men might say, could they be here among us, that our race is the human race, our country the Earth, and our religion the brotherhood of man.

J. F. McDaniels

WOBBLY ANTI-WAR POSTERS (\$1.00 each)



2422 N. Halsted Street

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LETTERS

April 21, 1969

Fellow Worker Editor:

I read your editorial in the April issue, and I admire the fire and energy you possess in your writing.

I see you have a good class analysis: that is, the ruling class are tight, and they are smart, and they NOW possess all the qualities that we want the worker to possess, in that their practice is solidarity.

First off: Your publication of the anti-worker picture in the IW was honest, but like man, did you ever see a bosses' publication publish info on the weaknesses of the ruling clique? Now don't get hot; I want to keep things on an even keel here. Thus from the bosses we learn not to fortify the weaknesses of an already weak working class. You committed a small crime against the worker in publishing that picture, in that it FORTIFIES a fact that we are trying to overcome by developing solidarity through working-class struggles.

If my letters seem idealistic then I deserve every ounce of criticism that you put forth, for that is not what I mean. I mean yes, my co-workers are in rough shape; but to overcome this we must put forth the idea in theory and practice that we, because we built this world with our hands, are better than the lazy pigs who rule over us. On a material level this is so—despite the rampant anti-people boss ideas in our heads; and we must fight these ideas so that we

can gain the RIGHT to inherit what is ours.

About your pictures (which are incidentally "right" in political content). The bosses do profit from war. Are we to expect they don't? Does the picture lead us to believe that they might not want war? But do the workers profit from war? When our kids are cannon-fodder, when inflation makes living rougher, in fact the picture is a lie designed to fortify the bosses' ideas in our noggins that force us as workers to remain divided and weak. You cannot win fellow workers over by attacking them for what they are.

Class hatred is essential to get rid of our bosses (or put 'em to work). It is essential because they hate us, like they have us hating each other in good shape too. If we working folk don't learn how to hate the bosses, then we cannot fight them effectively. All your anti-worker things are correct in your editorial. But don't spread them around to fellow workers. Hell, man, they are 90% convinced that they are sneaking sniveling scum anyhow, so why help the bosses to convince them? You got class hatred, but it's for our class too.

— New Hampshire Wob

Editor's Reply:

First let me apologize for not printing your letter in full; but aside from that, I have nothing to apologize for. We really don't have too much disagreement. I don't believe that I have exposed anything about the weakness of our class that the Boss Class doesn't already know, as it is not only the Boss Class's business to know how weak we are, but

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it is that class that stuffs all the weakness into our heads. I am only hoping that the least we can do is to stop helping Mr. Boss do the stuffing; and as far as I am concerned it is never out of order to make an honest appraisal of our own condition. Only then can we really seriously begin to organize.

— CAC

AN SOS FROM THE WAR RESISTERS' LEAGUE

On the night of May 9 the War Resisters' League was suddenly cut off from all 10,000 of its members and friends across the country. This was accomplished by a group of unknown persons who broke into the office and stole ALL membership cards and address stencils. In addition they wrecked the premises, dumped all literature and files, and smashed office equipment.

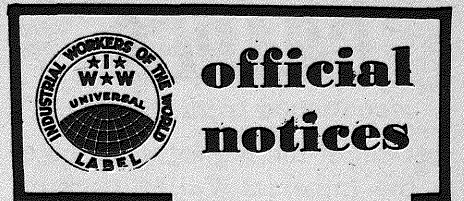
Thus the War Resisters' League has to re-construct its list from scratch. It is urgent that every person who was on the list write the League at its new headquarters, 339 Lafayette Street, New York City 10012, giving his name, address, and zip code.

KINDLY BRING THIS NOTICE TO THE ATTENTION OF YOUR MEMBERSHIP TO HELP US IN THIS CRISIS.

Dorice McDaniels

NEW WOB MAGAZINE

The members of IU 620 in Vancouver, British Columbia are publishing a theoretical magazine devoted to the need of organizing in the education and communication industry.



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

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

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

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

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

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397).

Write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 33463, Los Angeles, California 90033.

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

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

SAN FRANCISCO: See Michael Mack, Branch Secretary, 425 Presidio Avenue. Get involved in the action. Keep informed. It's been done by others.

SEATTLE IWW office at 307 Jones Building, 3rd Avenue and Union Street, open from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day except Monday.

VANCOUVER, British Columbia: Write to Stationary Delegate J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement, or phone 738-7864

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

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

Preámbulo de los Trabajadores del Mundo

La clase trabajadora y la clase patronal no tiene nada en común. No puede haber paz, mientras el hambre y la necesidad se encuentre entre millones de trabajadores en tanto que unos cuantos, que componen la clase patronal, tengan todas las delicias de la vida.

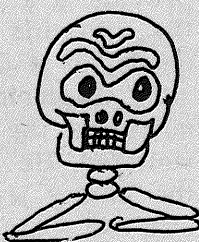
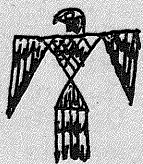
Entre estas dos clases habrá lucha hasta que los trabajadores del Mundo se organicen, como clase, tomen posesión de la tierra y la maquinaria de producción y abulan el sistema de salarios.

Encontramos que la centralización del manejo de las industrias imposibilita a los grupos o sindicatos en confederaciones los incapacita para luchar ventajosamente contra el creciente poder de la clase patronal. Porque los trabajadores agrupados de esa manera han creado una situación tal que hace que un grupo de trabajadores luche contra otro grupo de trabajadores en la misma industria, ayudando así a ser derrotados en las luchas del salario. Más todavía esas agrupaciones ayudan a la clase patronal engañando a los trabajadores haciéndoles creer a los trabajadores que sus intereses son los mismos que los de sus patrones.

Estas condiciones pueden ser cambiadas y el interés de la clase trabajadora, sostenerse solamente por una organización formada de tal manera que todos sus miembros en una industria o en todas las industrias, si es necesario, gocen de trabajar, en todo tiempo que haya huelga o cierre en un departamento, haciendo así que una injuria es un injuria a todos.

En lugar lema conservador de "Un buen salario por un buen día de trabajo" nosotros debemos inscribir en nuestra bandera nuestra divisa revolucionaria, "Abolición del sistema de salarios".

Es la histórica misión de la clase trabajadora hacer desaparecer el capitalismo. El ejército de la producción debe ser organizado, no solamente para la lucha diaria contra el capitalismo, pero también para llevar a cabo la producción y distribución cuando el capitalismo, haya sido derrocado. Organizaciones Industrialmente nosotros formamos la estructura de la nueva sociedad, dentro del cascarón de la vieja.



GRAPES

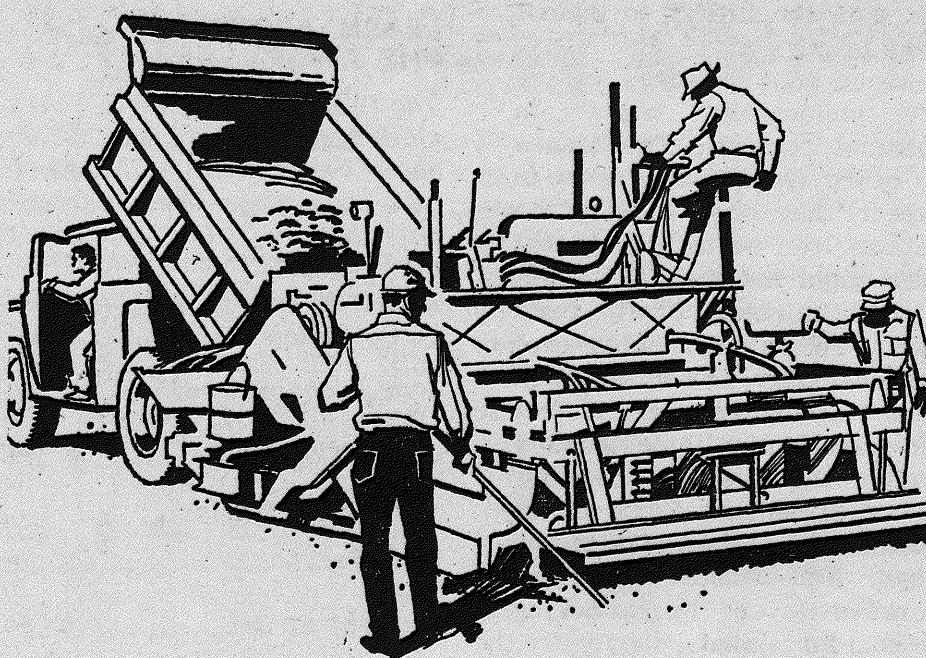
(continued from Page 1)

veteran of the big lettuce strike in the Imperial Valley back in the 30s. He is also a member of a little-theater group that the IWW is forming in L.A.

Among the other pickets was former UFWOC organizer Tony Mendez, a picket captain in the earliest days of the Delano Grape Strike who later was in charge of boycott activities in Vancouver, British Columbia, where he met a number of the Wobs. Mendez said talking with the Vancouver Wobs got him thinking seriously about the IWW approach to world problems.

The manager of the store where your reporter was picketing got so uptight that he charged 50 yards across the parking lot to upbraid my 10-year-old daughter for touching the handle of his car door. He then proceeded to take movies of the pickets.

Pickets near the store window reported never more than six customers inside at a time, and over 80% of the cars entering the parking lot drove out again without stopping. A driver of a bread truck said



the store ordered only 10% of its normal bread supply for the day. The boycott is growing in strength in both the USA and foreign nations, notably Sweden and England. In Sweden the syndicalist union, Sveriges Arbetares Centralorganisation, like the IWW, has officially endorsed and is giving 100% backing to the boycott. Grape imports from the US have been brought to a halt.

Peel me an apple—they're just as healthy.

—Pito Genio

Get It Straight

The I.W.W. It's First 50 Years

Don't miss this account of the Wobblies through the stirring years from 1905 to 1955.

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REBEL VOICES

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

BUILDING WAGES

The Labor Department says construction workers' wages this spring have taken the lead again. With fringe benefits included, the new average at the end of the first quarter of 1969 was \$5.91. About 60 or 70 cents of this is "fringe". The national average without fringe ranged from \$4.06 for laborers to \$5.86 for bricklayers. There is strange talk about these wages being "too high", but at \$4 per hour it takes 40 hours every week, rain or shine, 50 weeks in the year to make the \$8,000 needed to support a family in minimum comfort. Of course most of us are not doing that. The construction worker has the advantage that skyscrapers are not built in low-wage areas and moved around the world—but the components increasingly are.

Good Question

There are 65 million TV sets in our country and only 45 million bath tubs. Are you one of the 20 million dirty guys watching TV? —Smiles.



FARM LABOR FACES NEW WRINKLES ALONG WITH SAME OLD PROBLEMS

(continued from Page 1)

without first making peace with the farm workers' union, and to warn their brothers in Mexico to check on the kind of jobs California labor recruiters offer them this summer.

Speaking for organized farm labor in this area is the AFL-CIO United Farm Workers. But the fight, here dramatized by cross-country marchers and publicized by a continuing boycott of California table grapes, is the result of conditions that are uniformly bad wherever industry squeezes its profits out of the hides of seasonal labor, and worker resistance is growing everywhere.

Certainly, here in the "richest country in the richest state", there are millionaires who can figure low pay and the threat of hunger among their most valuable assets. Their proposed anti-strike ordinance is intended to protect that asset.

HAWAII

While California agrilords look to Mexico for help to keep down the living standard of farm slaves, at least one big Hawaiian company is attempting the same maneuver with the aid of California bred and trained farm hands. The Dole Company, biggest name in pineapples, this year again is offering transportation to and from the Islands to qualified hands who stay through the season. "Increased pay, also" is promised for "increased output"

Last year, a number of men hired in Fresno for work in Hawaii returned within a couple of weeks when they found they were expected to perform on the wrong side of a labor dispute.

This year Dole has launched a more-ambitious program, and other Hawaiian companies may follow suit, according to capitalist press reports. Dole and the other pineapple nabobs claim that there is a "shortage of able and willing field workers" in Hawaii. They use the identical words of the California ranchers in the latters' appeals for a free flow of hungry workers from Mexico.

Actually, Hawaii has no ample work force. Descendants of early immigrants from Japan, the Philippines, and other Asiatic countries still remain in the working class in sufficient number to more than fill all available jobs. They just are not breaking their necks to take seasonal field jobs at the wages offered.

For several years, farm labor organization has been effective enough in Hawaii to boost the pay for steady sugar and pineapple plantation workers to a level comparable to that of city industrial workers. As of now, the starting minimum wage on such year-round plantation jobs is \$2.19 per hour; on more skilled jobs, the beginner gets a minimum of \$3.72. But for seasonal field labor the bosses are offering only \$1.60 per hour.

So it seems the Hawaiian bosses are trying to apply the old US formula in reverse: they want to bring in cheap American labor to compete with the native stock.

SUBSTITUTE FOOD

Concern of politicians, scientists, and the press with ways of feeding the poor of the nation and with cheap substitutes for customary foods points to a fact commonly ignored: There is a considerable sentiment in ruling-class circles that favors feeding the jobless poor. This is in opposition to those who hold it's better to let 'em starve, since most of them are not likely ever to be needed for any worthy capitalist purpose.

Since 1966 the Government has shipped 812,000,000 tons of a food mixture called CSM to 117 countries. Average cost of the stuff delivered to the port of export was 8¢ a pound.

Department of Agriculture scientists estimate that 14 ounces of CSM is enough to provide a grown man with all the vitamins and proteins he needs for a day, and that if he adds a pinch or two of other nutrients he can even feel well-fed. He might even enjoy the eating if he supplies his own seasoning.

A US Senator from a grain-growing state who listened to the report on CSM at a Senate committee meeting declared with some enthusiasm that such a food will go a long way toward solving the

problem of malnutrition in the USA. A spokesman for the corn millers' federation told the Senators that packaged for retail, a five-pound sack would sell for 65¢.

Thus, with the co-operation of sufficiently starved-out humans, the cost of food per day per man could be reduced to a point below the price of a 12-ounce can of dog food. Everybody gains, nobody loses; except, of course, the poor sucker compelled to accept the final degradation of status below human level.

Two tests of reception of the product by people in the US are presently in progress, according to the Department. One of these is among San Bernardino Indians.

It will be quite some time before anyone openly advocates genocide to relieve taxpayers of the burden of the permanent poor. Once, it seemed that the time was close. It was when there was much opposition to the free distribution of food to the needy from all parts of the country, even from civilized North Dakota. But it turned out that the squawk came chiefly from merchants who have since been mollified by proposals that the poor be provided with a cash income which they can spend with the grocer. The poor like it better, too. Thus the Establishment progresses—in theory and promises. But it remains a lousy system, and it's getting worse. We better organize.

—Farm Hand

YAKIMA LETTER



The weather this past week has been extremely hot for this time of the year—up in the 90s. There is the heaviest bloom of apples that I have ever seen—all crops look extremely good except peaches which were winter-killed.

There will be plenty of work for everyone this year providing we don't have a killing frost—that is if you don't mind working for starvation wages, as that is all that is ever paid here. Thinning will start in the lower valley about June 1 and will work up this way. Wages vary from \$1.00 to \$1.65 an hour depending on which John Farmer you are working for and on the number of workers in the valley.

But it can also depend on how hard the workers try for a better way of life. Living conditions and working conditions are rotten and will remain so until we are organized under the banner of the One Big Union—the IWW. The point of production is the place to organize, and not on a bar stool; so if there are any of you foot-loose cats who are wondering what to do with all the time on your hands and would like to punch a few more holes in the System, come on out and give us a lift.

— Yakima Delegate

New York Notes

Things are getting a bit lively here in the New York-New Jersey area. Up until now the big boys have had to sweat rebellious students only on college campuses. Now all hell is busting loose in the high schools. Black students, who up till now have had to put up with the shabbiest schools, oldest texts, worst teachers, and most authoritarian restrictions on their behavior, are cutting loose all over. At the same time, even in the elite high schools for the upper-class and upper-middle class college-bound students, the kids—more radical and 10 times smarter than their fat-cat parents—have been organizing in such groups as the High School Union.

The demands have been varying from the revolutionary to such ordinary workaday privileges of adults as due process, freedom of speech, et cetera, all of which have traditionally been denied to minors under the law. At any rate the high schools are being plagued by walkouts, boycotts, protests against the giving of names to military recruiters, underground newspapers, and outright sabotage wherever the school authorities and cops have responded too brutally.

CHICAGO'S FINEST ARE AT IT AS ALWAYS

On Tuesday, April 29, IWW delegate Lionel Bottari was arrested with a group of Puerto Rican, Mexican, and black youths in the suburb of Chicago Heights on charges of unlawful possession of weapons and not having a license plate illuminator. Each of the 10 involved were subjected to the same identical charge based on a pair of tire tools found in the car in which they were riding.

This followed directly after an orderly meeting at which members of the IWW, the Young Lords, and the Comancheros discussed some organizational experiences and

methods. The Young Lords, a North Side group of young Puerto Ricans, and the Comancheros, a Chicago Heights group of Mexican American youths, are trying to gain some representation on the board of directors of the Chicago-area office of Economic Opportunity. It is apparent that the Chicago Heights Boys in Blue feel that there are some groups from which freedom of assembly should be withheld—as the absurdity of the charges plainly indicates.

The 10 were held for almost 24 hours before being bailed

out. Top bail set for the group was \$10,000—a staggering amount considering that all come from poor working-class neighborhoods. More than half the bond money was put up by members of the Chicago IWW.

More will follow on the disposition of this case when the disclosure of full details will not jeopardize the verdict.

On May 4, the anniversary of the Haymarket affair, another class-oriented member of the working class joined the host of victims of the Chicago police. Manuel Ramos, a member of the Young Lords, was attending a birthday party when a disturbance in the street caught the attention of himself and fellow member Rafael Rivera. Upon emerging from the downstairs door, they were fired upon by an off-duty policeman whose bullets struck both men in the head.

Rivera was shot through the jaw and has since recovered, but Ramos was shot through the eye and died immediately.

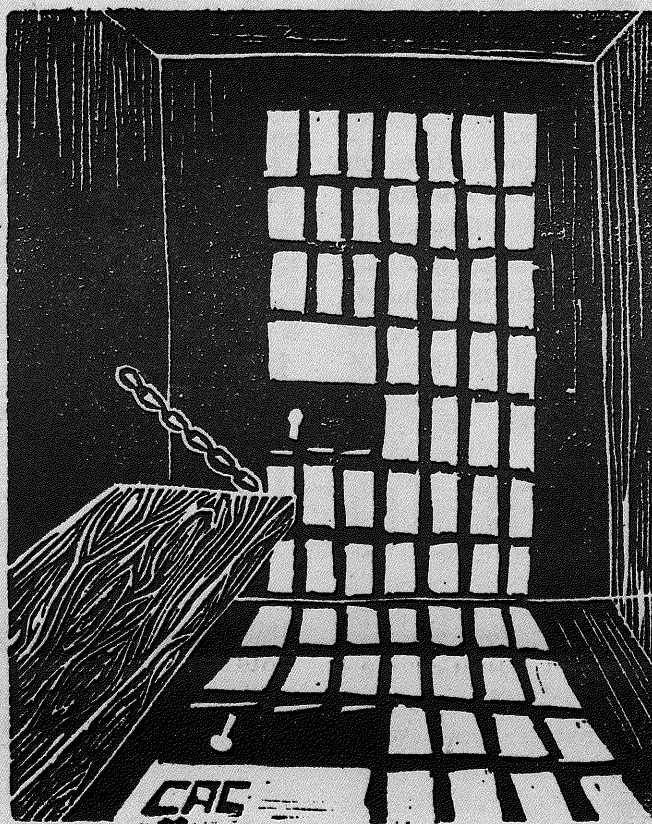
The police who arrived charged four others on the scene with various charges, for which the highest bail was set. This amounted to \$12,000, which was raised later at the Haymarket Memorial Meeting, at a Lincoln Park Be-In, and at the Playboy Theater, where an IWW delegate aided in raising \$400.

The following Monday a rally in Ramos's neighborhood preceded a march to the funeral home where Manuel was in state. The banner of the Industrial Workers of the World was among others leading the procession, more than 3,000 strong. After viewing the remains of the father of two children, the angered crowd marched upon the police station in whose district the murder occurred to protest this latest atrocity.

Among the large group that participated in this march, as well as the subsequent march to the graveyard following the funeral on Wednesday, were not only Puerto Ricans and Mexicans, but blacks, Appalachian whites, and other groups which make up the working-class spectrum of Chicago. At press time, representatives of these groups were occupying McCormick Theological Seminary in opposition to the Seminary's program of expansion, which has been displacing too many poor working-class people from their homes.

It is worth noting that these groups, which in the past were at odds due to superficial cultural differences, are now uniting in one big common group interest; and perhaps Chicago will take its place once again in working-class history.

L. B.



Show me a flag
That does not fly over prisons
A flag no man has died for
no law has lied for
no child cried for
Show me this flag
And I will call it
my own.

Jerry Marshall

The city has begun filling many of the high schools with newly-created, non-uniformed goon squads, but the kids are holding fast. Looks like the kids have a lot more savvy and solidarity than us adults.

On the other hand, to give credit to the adults, as I write the Ford plant in Mahwah, New Jersey still has not been able to quell the two-week-old wildcat which has ended production on the night shift and greatly reduced it on the day shift. That is two weeks so far! And the pressure is coming not just from the management, but from the "union", whose officers are on the payroll of the company, by the way. How do you like them apples, Reuther?

Speaking of apples, the local plutes don't care much for the Black Panthers' apples. In the most far-out frame-up in quite a few years, the cops have rounded up all they can catch

of the local Panther leadership and charged them with conspiring to blow up—among other things—several large department stores (where, as the Panthers pointed out, they would have killed a lot of poor working people both white and black) and such obvious targets of revolutionary violence as the Bronx Botanical Gardens. It would appear that the psychedelic revolution has at last reached the inner sanctum of the District Attorney's Office, where hippy racists drop acid and write warrants.

— Bill Goring



LEFT SIDE

JACK LONDON

The book "Jack London and His Times", written by his daughter, Joan London, will be available in a paperback edition in July. This is an important work written by a wonderful person. Watch for it.

NEEDED: \$193 A WEEK

The US Labor Department reckons that in areas of over 50,000 population, \$193 a week is needed to provide a "modest but adequate" standard of living for the typical urban family of four. Do you qualify?

CONFERENCE ON
WORKER CONTROL

The conference on workers' control in Sheffield, England March 29 and 30 was attended by 1,032 delegates, including representatives from 13 unions and several trade councils. There were delegates from Sweden, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and the US. Seminars were held on specific industries, on anti-union legislation, on international affairs, and on the future for workers' control.

POISON GAS

From May through August 27,000 tons of poison gas will be shipped from the arsenal near Denver and the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland for disposal at sea. Transportation across the country is a "grisly" hazard. Half the lot consists of outmoded World War II nerve-gas bombs. This material vaporizes, attacks the central nervous system, and maims or kills.

RIGHT TO STRIKE

The protest marches for the striking hospital workers in Charleston, South Carolina center on one issue: the Governor says the State and the hospital have no legal right to bargain with a union.

This year the fight is on again for public workers to organize, bargain, and strike. In Madison the firemen won it early and in May helped the students who had helped them win it (same day the Chicago firemen were busting down the SDS door for a copper raid). Last March the police in Pontiac, Michigan started clubbing the picket line of their fellow city employees and turned tear gas on them. The firemen joined the stop-work in protest and left the cops to do their work too. Teachers have made the right to strike a fact regardless of state laws in most places. Labor's dirtiest story in this field is (continued on Page 7)

SWEDES SEEK WORKER CONTROL

In Sweden there is a growing demand for workers' control of industry. Great dissatisfaction with conditions in state-owned ore mines has shown that nationalization is not enough. For years the SAC (a syndicalist minority union with only about 25,000 members) has been urging workers' control and proposing some here-and-now transition steps to put it into practice. It has won the support of the majority of the workers in some industries on these proposals. Last year as interest in workers' control spread through the World, even the majority union, the LO (for Landsorganisation), closely linked to the labor party, has become converted to the cause too.

At a recent conference on workers' control in Sheffield, England, Britta Grondahl, representing the SAC, presented a memorandum explaining that its recent policies have been shaped not only by inherited syndicalist ideals, but also by its

functional needs as a union bargaining for its members and by the facts of life it faces in the Swedish welfare state. Its current emphasis is on proven workability.

In 1945 nationalization of the stone-and-quarry industry



was under consideration. The Stone Workers' Federation, a SAC affiliate, won the support of a majority of the workers in this industry, including those in the LO unions, for its proposal that instead of nationalizing the industry, the workers engaged in it should run it through the formation of producer co-operatives. No decision either way was reached, but a producers' co-operative founded by the syndicalists does produce a fifth of the total stone-industry output in Sweden. SAC has a credit institute open to all SAC members who want to start producer co-ops.

Regarding iron-ore mining, the SAC memorandum states: "In 1955 the nationalization of the big ore field in the north of Sweden was imminent. SAC applied to the Swedish Government suggesting that the mines — if they were nationalized — should be put under workers' control. SAC was contemplating not any form of co-determination of the (continued on Page 8)

"that lucky purple blob!"

"Yes, Mrs. Jones...." The telephone answer girl pauses while she consults a non-existent list. Your number indicates you are entitled....Just drop into our office so we can match up the shape of the purple blob you received in the mail with our master chart to determine whether you get a color TV or a trip to Hawaii."

"Congratulations my friend!" chirps the phone solicitor. "You answered right. George Washington DID cut down the cherry tree! Now if you'll come into our office you are entitled to receive...."

So runs the latest sales pitch, a patter of nonsense that ensnares the gullible and insults the sophisticated. We are deluged with absurd promises, fantastic schemes, untenable plans for getting rich—for getting something for next-to-nothing. A home filled with furniture. A trip to Catalina. Free dog flea-powder for a year. Our 16 x 12 photograph posed with Smokey the Bear. Hot racing tips from Santa Anita.

Sometimes these golden opportunities knock on our front door. Sometimes they summon us to the phone just as we're stretching toward the ceiling on a tottering step-ladder, paint brush in hand. The mailman damns them as junk mail.

Ever mindful of legal involvement, these harbingers of spurious joy exercise caution in the specific words they use to convey their

message. "But Mr. Brown, we didn't promise you anything. There was no contest, so how could you WIN anything?"

Many firms on the shady side of the law maintain eminently-respectable offices in the "right" neighborhoods. Indeed, they lead sheltered lives for years behind discrete blue lettering that proclaims them to be buyers' leagues, profit-sharing clubs, insurance or brokerage firms. They may indeed pursue the occupation to which their licenses and letterheads entitle them. But their true fortunes lie in more-tenuous pursuits.

The hirelings who work for these dubious firms are usually an untrained, cynical, disadvantaged assortment of job-jopping women who find their bosses' nonchalant attitudes toward job skills and work records a real boon. The more fortunate of the lot include students, temporary housewives working toward such short-term goals as a down-payment on a home, and women lucky enough to require only part-time wages who can afford to run from occupational monstrosities. At least they are not permanently caught in this web of guile. By far the majority are the hopelessly stupid, uneducated, untrained, or racial-minority workers—the desperately-poor.

Among their ranks we find a disproportionate number of Negroes and Mexicans whose dark skins still disqualify them for good jobs. There are the widows and divorcees frantic with concern about small

children left poorly-attended in neighborhoods with high delinquency rates. There are the semi-ill women and those recovering from surgery. There are the anxious wives who must eke out support for themselves, and permanently ill or alcoholic or psychotic husbands who are home because they are too poor to afford hospital care, yet cannot qualify for relief. There are pitiable women who lack that all-important high-school diploma, who never had the opportunity or the wits to learn to type or pass a verbal aptitude test, who fell victim to shysters selling expensive merchandise on "easy" time payments, who are dodging unwanted husbands, who haven't quite managed to kick the drug or liquor habit, who must report regularly to the parole board.

Such social waste the lives of these women represent! No one wants or needs the tawdry services with which they ply the public. Their occupations are parenthetical to the main theme of providing the material and social utilities upon which a healthy society depends. Indeed, a symbiosis exists between the shyster employers who conjure up easy money-making schemes and these desperate parasites. They depend upon each other for their senseless economic existence. Though loathing their role of mutual dependence they form an odious and unwilling partnership to bilk the public.

Dorice McDaniels



THE SHED WORKER



Driving south toward Rio Grande City, one suddenly has the feeling of entering another country. At some indistinct point the "civilized" portion of the United States is left behind. Level pasture land gives way to wild rolling hills dotted with cactus. The wind howls. For miles there is not a house, nor a fellow human. One has the impression that he has come to the edge of the earth, that he is passing through some barren wasteland leading down to oblivion.

After miles of such desolation a rise is topped and Rio Grande City itself unfolds below, like an apparition from another century with its dusty streets and unpainted shacks standing starkly against the river beyond. To east and west stretch the vast farmlands slanting down to Mexico, where gangs of wage slaves toil under the broiling sun of summer or in the chilling winds of winter much like the Negroes of the Old South. One of the huge farms is even named, appropriately, Los Puertos PLANTATION. The workers live in indescribable poverty, many in hovels with dirt floors, no electricity, and no running water, and some in adobe huts as primitive as any in Mexico.

These are the field workers, who labor away their lives for as little as 40¢ an hour because they know of no way to escape. Once they struggled through life in bitter resignation. Now that the Union has come to Rio Grande City, they have at least a few shreds of hope to sustain them.

There is another class of worker: the packing-shed worker, the elite of the agricultural laborers, the privileged few who now earn \$1.60 an hour only because of the Federal minimum wage which has somehow crept into this forgotten corner of America. In this land of poverty and scarcity, where industry and progress have been kept out by a corrupt and fearful power structure, these few jobs are sought eagerly and clung to desperately.

One cold, dry December day I left the tumbledown Union

office to visit one of these workers, to deliver to him the Union's weekly newsletter. The shed worker was about 35, but looked much older. His name was Beto. His plump, swarthy face was a strange mixture of despair and a rather jovial impish humor—more Irish than Mexican—perhaps the sort of desperate humor that is a cover for pain. He had a certain suggestion of the helpless, slow-moving cretin about him, at the same time that his deep-set hazel eyes shone through with a mute but irrepressible fire that seemed to say: I want to live and savor life, if I only knew how! He seemed like a child who was allowed to do a man's work, but who somehow had never been permitted to be a man in any other way.

I had finally tracked him down the week before as he sat talking with some companions in his broken-down car, parked beside the dusty highway in front of a deserted mansion from an earlier era. When I had explained about the Union, Beto had listened in wide-eyed wonder, his mood seeming to vary between fear and eager acceptance. As I held the authorization card out for him to sign, he seemed to withdraw into himself, paralyzed by indecision. Then one of his companions spoke—a gaunt man who turned out to be one of those rare beings in this part of the country: someone who had traveled to a city in the outside world and become a member of a labor union. "That is good—yes, that is a good thing!" his companion urged. And with a shrug and a smile of discovery Beto had with great effort signed the card.

Now I was seeing him again. I turned down the dirt road that led to the little ranchito where he lived near the river bank east of town. If Rio Grande City was a remnant of the last century, then the little group of shacks I was nearing now belonged to the century before that. In the dusty enclave of unpainted huts I was approaching there was not a hint of modern society;

it was impossible to believe that modern cities such as Houston and Dallas existed a few hours travel away. And this was the ELITE of the agricultural workers!

I parked and walked through the dust to the sorry imitation of a house where Beto lived with his parents. I knocked and was hesitantly invited in. Beto's mother, father, and sister sat about a rickety, unpainted table. They seemed to have about them the look of friendly but primitive people who fear the unknown. There was a silent desperation about the scene. Beto sat to one side. As I entered he rose and clumsily extended his hand, motioned me to a chair, then sank down in silence as if in fearful deference to the others in the room.

"Beto doesn't want to get involved in the Union. He needs his job," his mother said after a moment with a faint, worried smile, apparently unaware that her son had already signed the authorization card. I realized that the elderly couple must depend on their son for their scant subsistence. The brief utterance seemed to exhaust the woman, and she sat smiling uneasily, as if in apology.

Beto's sister sprang up self-consciously to fill the silence. "We have heard they might close the packing shed if the workers join the Union," she said apologetically. "We know the owners will bribe that government man to find out how everyone votes in the election at the shed, like they always do in other elections here," she went on.

Beto said nothing, but sat with head lowered sheepishly, and I could read nothing in the faint, mysterious smile on his cracked lips.

I strove to answer their fearful arguments one by one. "No one puts his name on the ballot, and even the government man who counts them cannot know how the people voted," I said. "The owners of the shed make good money, and it is very unlikely they will close it down. Besides, it is against the law to close down a business to try to keep out the Union."

They said nothing, but only sat in mute disbelief. I explained more about the Union and its purposes, but everything I said seemed to fall on deaf ears. After about 15 minutes I got up to leave.

"Adios," I said.

"Adios," said the mother with an ill-disguised sigh of relief.

I walked out into the chill afternoon. I started through the dust to my car. I felt an immense depression settle over me, as if I had been closed out by a cold wall of fear that had just shut irrevocably behind my back.

As I started to get into my car, a movement behind me caught my eye. I turned to see Beto standing mutely a few feet away, where he had followed me silently out from the shack.

He said nothing, but he had to say nothing. His expression told everything. Though his lips seemed unable to move, his eyes had the passionate appeal of a mute person striving to convey some message of desperate urgency. They seemed to say: Don't mind what those people back there said; I am with you. Please forgive them for what they said. I know you want to help me, and I want to help you. I want to do what is right. And I am not afraid.

Seeing him standing there like that, so helpless and innocent, smiling at me pleadingly like an idiot or a saint, a man and yet a child, it suddenly struck me as it never had before: **YOU'VE GOT PEOPLE'S LIVES IN YOUR HANDS.** You damned well better know what you're doing! And I thought of the two men who had been fired, four days before Christmas. **YOU'VE GOT PEOPLE'S LIVES IN YOUR HANDS.** In the romance and excitement of organizing drives and strikes, one forgot that at times.

"Don't worry, we're going to win," I told Beto, and turned to get in my car.

I waved goodbye and drove up out of that dusty place, and went home to study the Labor Management Relations Act.

—Pito Perez

LEFT SIDE

(continued from Page 6)

that of the 3,600 State Road Commission workers fired by the Governor of West Virginia last March for striking during a snowstorm. They have been replaced by workers who publicly and shamelessly have taken their place in a state that needs union education.

Brave

Son: Gee, Mom, none of the other guys are wearing lipstick.
Mother: Shut up, stupid, we're almost at the draft board.

FROM INDIANA, PENNSYLVANIA

Albert Rojas was the featured speaker at the May Day program on the Indiana campus of the University of Pennsylvania. Rojas, the Pittsburgh Area Co-ordinator for the grape boycott of the United Farm Workers, spoke on the grape pickers' strike following a showing of the films "This Union Cause" and "Decision in Delano".

A modest crowd had attended the program, but we are happy to say we sold a sizeable

amount of Industrial Workers and Wobbly literature. Indiana being a very conservative town the only other May Day observance here that I know of took place 50 years ago. I quote from the Indiana Evening Gazette for May 1, 1919:

"The attempt of the Radical Socialists, more familiarly known as Bolsheviki, to hold known as Bolsheviki, to hold a May Day parade demonstration in Indiana and Homer City as a protest

against the imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs, now engaged in serving a sentence for violation of the Espionage Act, had, up to one o'clock this afternoon, been a failure. The paraders gathering at Homer City were repeatedly charged by state police and by noon had begun to be discouraged."

Let it be known that the bosses of Indiana County, Pennsylvania are much more subtle now. They just ignore us and give us as little publicity as possible.

—Rob Innes

(Continued on Page 8)

HAYMARKET 1969

The wagon was the modern counterpart of the one from which Albert Parsons and others spoke on that fateful night of May 4, 1886 when the bomb was thrown in Chicago's Haymarket. It was placed about as close to the 1886 site as the modern highway exchanges that run through the area permit. From it, on this cheerful Sunday afternoon of May 4, 1969, officers of the Steelworkers, the Packinghouse Workers, and other unions told a crowd of several hundred the straight story of the eight-hour struggle and protest meeting of 83 years ago. They were the good speeches one would expect. Then came an advertising executive, O. W. Neebe, grandson of the Oscar Neebe who had been sentenced to 15 years as a Haymarket anarchist.

"My family said I should not come here and do this thing," he said, and went on to picture a childhood in which his anarchist grandfather was a never-to-be-mentioned skeleton in the family closet. As a boy he knew nothing of his grandfather's ideals, or of the struggle to win the eight-hour day, or of Governor Altgeld's pardoning statement—only that his grandfather had been in jail and that this was a disgrace. Then in his college days he had gone down to Mexico and had met an uncle who took him to the National Palace to see Diego Rivera's great mural, and had told him the truth—that a renowned part of this painting recorded what his grandfather and associates had done, and that in most of the world on May First men stop work and honor their memory.

Two codes of honor clashed. It was a world where one did not prosper by honoring old anarchists, and he had reached success in a profession that he described as "pimp to the business community". These values must be junked if mankind is to survive and we are to move ahead to what technology makes possible.

Frank Cedervall of the IWW was the first speaker to mention the latest police atrocity (the night before)—the murder of Manuel Ramos of the Puerto Rican Young Lords Organization and the wounding of Rafael Rivera, both of the victims, like their associates, unarmed. He urged donations for them, and during the speech of a United Farm Workers Organizing Committee delegate a collection was taken up. (Between films at the Playboy Theater that same afternoon, another IWW delegate, Lionel Bottari, took the stage and secured a collection of several hundred dollars for the same good cause. The Young Lords, once a Latin street gang, recently turned to constructive

confrontation of landlords and other evils in the Puerto Rican community—and have since been the subject of continued police harassment.)

Police have been holding annual commemorations at this site to sustain the distorted account of the Haymarket Affair. This was the first labor observance at the site, and it is expected to become a yearly event.

SING WOB SONGS

Old Wobbly songs are being sung again. In response to demands for the music, we have reprinted in sheet-music form two of Joe Hill's songs, "The Rebel Girl" and "Workers of the World Awaken". The music Joe wrote for the latter is a stirring and very singable march that should become part of the music of the entire radical movement today.

We have other old songs with music. There is the International. There is Rudolph Liebig's setting to that great poem "We have fed you all for a thousand years"—singable, dramatic, appropriate. We also have Liebig's setting to Douglas's poem "The Advancing Proletaire" and Douglas's translation of the Russian Workers' Funeral Song set to the music of Franz Beidel.

Two lyrics by Mary Gallagher, whom most will remember for her efforts on behalf of Tom Mooney, are with appropriate music on one sheet—an "Ancient Jewish Lullaby" and the "Child Laborers' Spring Song": "In the time of roses, through the weary hours, till the long day closes, we are making flowers with numb and aching fingers" All are songs fit for today, but especially Hill's lines "If the workers take a notion they can stop all speeding trains; every ship upon the ocean they can bind with mighty chains...." (25¢ per copy)

Swedes Seek Worker Control

(continued from Page 6)

West German model, but rather that employees in the mines should create a co-operative which would rent the mines from the State. The financial side would be arranged partly by a State loan and partly by subscribed shares issued to the workers. SAC's memorandum to the Government was distributed in 10,000 copies among the miners; copies were also sent to all members of Parliament."

The mine memorandum urged that this step was superior to nationalization in avoiding the costs of bureaucratic administration and giving the miners greater freedom and a motive that dispensed with all supervisory driving. "To elect their management in the same way as members of a union elect their leaders," said the proposal, "would mean a great improvement for the miners of the north...and open the way to industrial democracy and an increased chance for the masses to form their own lives in freedom."

This proposal was turned down. The mines were nationalized and were run so bureaucratically that conditions at the LKAB mines were denounced by Swedish writer Sara Lidman in her much-discussed book "The Mine", published last year. "The conditions denounced there," says Britta Grondahl, "once again awoke the public conscience to the unreasonableness and the unacceptability of the authoritative type of management." Since then the Government has imported some psychologists to advise it on how to cope with miners' repugnance to unreasonable authority.

Another popular writer, Folke Fridell, has written a series of novels based on his experience as a textile

worker. The SAC memorandum notes: "His descriptions gave vent to a demand for influence by the workers and for democratic relationships on the shop floor. The books contributed considerably to arousing interest and bringing about close-to-life discussion on industrial democracy in Sweden: novels reach a wider circle of readers than pamphlets and sociological literature." (Possibly the geography of such interest may be indicated by the fact that Folke Fridell's novels have been translated into German, Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, and Hebrew, but not into English.)

These internal bargaining and cultural developments have been reinforced by news from abroad. SAC's weekly Arbetaren devotes a page each issue to international labor news. (The American labor press usually runs about 1% of such news—per tabulation in Labor History Magazine last winter.) Arbetaren covered events in France last year with eye-witness reports, and has printed much on experiments in Yugoslavia and the German co-determination plan, which turns out to be a control over workers with the one advantage that the unions (which in Germany are to the Left of their parties) get a chance to start opposing managerial plans as they are hatching.

Up until very recently the view of the major labor confederation (LO) was that unions should confine themselves in bargaining and leave any plans for social reconstruction to the political parties. Under the impact of all these influences, domestic and external, the influential LO evening paper, Aftonbladet, has now come out for workers' control and for industrial democracy.

One should not understand that SAC or syndicalism generally has become wedded to a formula for social change by way of producers' co-operatives. It is a transition step that still leaves the colossal wastes of a social hierarchy, commodity culture, and competitive economy to be paid for out of the production of usable goods. Where it occurs in the more labor-intensive industries it can be expected, in the face of tendencies for prices to equalize profits on equal capital investments, to make no outstanding achievement in earnings over what vigorous unionism might wrest from capitalist employers. Its big advantage is that it shows that industries can be run and run well under worker control, and it sets up the practice of doing so.

— FT

