

LEFT SIDE

Not only are the mine owners in the hills of Kentucky a buncha bastards, but so are the local funeral directors there. They're getting \$1500 and up to bury the poor stiff who get killed in the mines. Considering the widows of these dead miners collect \$500 compensation from the State and just another \$250 from Social Security, they remain in hock for another 750 clams. The song that Tennessee Ernie sang a few years back still rings true.

Tombstone peddlers high-pressure the widows with the line of what would their neighbors think if they didn't have a decent monument for their dear departed. Sound like a familiar line?

I only remember one tombstone dealer that I had any respect for. He was in the joint with me during World War II. Seems he was against wars even if such personal beliefs were detrimental to his economic interests.

If you happen to be black and down on your luck in Alabama, the only way you can collect welfare is to have a white sponsor for whom of course you must agree to do flunky work.

If you are down on your luck and you're collecting welfare, whatever your color is, you can always expect visits from snoops at any time of day or night, despite the old saw that your home is your castle.

More money is spent on paying snoopers to ferret out wage-earners flopping where welfare is received than what goes to the welfare recipients.

No such money is spent on snooping on the recipients of government subsidies to airlines, steamship companies, railroads, agricultural combines, or mailers of junk mail.

The double standard in our great land seems to apply to more than just our sex lives.

According to the Monterey, California Unemployment Insurance Office: "Jobless men with long hair can no longer collect unemployment insurance benefits."

A trio of scissorbills found out that barbering without a license or union card—not to mention a little matter like the customer's consent—can become pretty expensive. They grabbed a long-haired youth in Tonawanda, New York, roughed him up, and cut off his long hair. In order to settle out of court, they had to fork him over \$1,368 for personal damages.

For those of you who like to watch the boob-tube, there's another family situation comedy that you may find both interesting and worthwhile. Not only is it a cut above the others of the genre, but it shows a bit of hope for improvement of boob-tube fare. Archie, a scissorbill working stiff, is head of the house, with his wife, his daughter, and a son-in-law who happens to be one of those long-haired student types who—just opposite to Archie—is a liberal thinker and espouser of liberal causes. The main dialogue revolves around the polarization of ideas between father and son-in-law, which thus far has been providing some sharp comedy. All of the characters are portrayed with sympathy, and here is an excellent example of how people can be together even while being at each other's throats. Give it a try. You might like it.

Polaroid Incorporated have been getting themselves a little bad PR lately. They've been selling their photo ID system to the South African Government to use for the pass books required for all black workers in that country. The workers at Polaroid's factory are calling for a boycott of all Polaroid products until Polaroid gets out of South Africa altogether.

A unionist suggested some years ago that we change things around a little by having one week of hate and 51 weeks of brotherhood.

In the same spirit, famed cartoonist Bill Mauldin did a cartoon showing a pair of soldiers on the battlefield with the bombs bursting all around them, one saying to the other: "Why not shoot on holidays and have a cease-fire the rest of the time?"

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LABOR
PRODUCES
ALL WEALTH

ORGANIZATION
EDUCATION
EMANCIPATION

ALL WEALTH
MUST GO
TO LABOR

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 68, NUMBER 3 — W. N. 1296

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 1971

15 CENTS

'HIP' CAPITALISTS AS SQUARE AS ANY

Chicago (WNS)

On January 7 a majority of employees at Hip Products Incorporated, 1500 West Monroe, decided they wanted to become a branch of the IWW and bargain collectively through the use of the union. As mentioned in the last issue, the company buys and sells goods which are directed toward the

"youth market", particularly the "hip" and "peace"-oriented crowd.

Some of the issues that the members wanted to talk over with the bosses were: a raise from \$1.60 to \$2.25 an hour; the abolition of the lie-detector tests during which personal questions were asked of employees with a tacit threat of dismissal

should they refuse to answer; the end of "lock-ins" to enforce overtime against the workers' wills; the installation of first-aid facilities at the plant along with someone trained in handling medical emergencies; an end to the intimidation of workers by the bosses and their scissorbills; a lunch area to be kept clear of all merchandise where there could be vending machines; repair and maintenance of bathrooms; paid vacations for employees; and break times in the morning and afternoon.

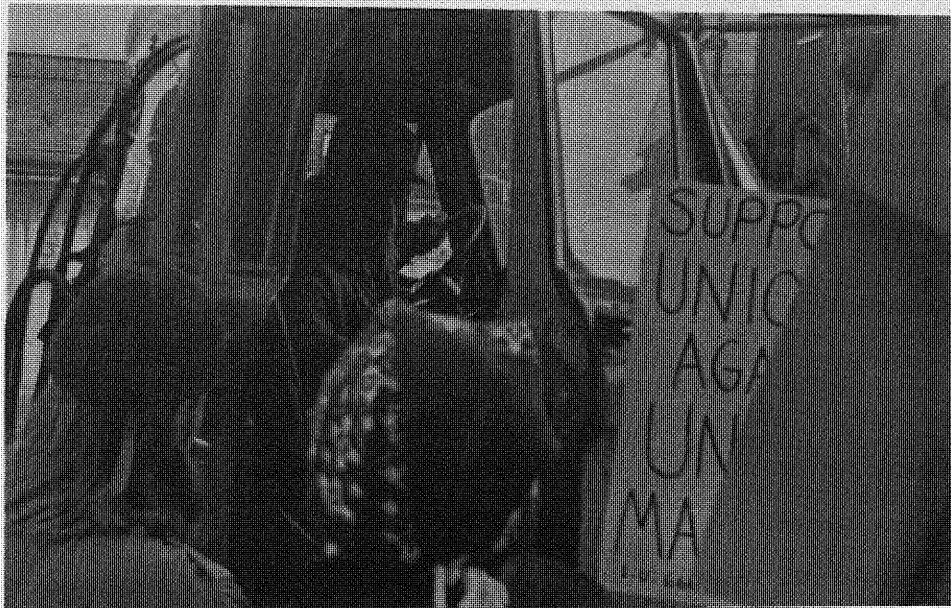
The following day, a Friday, the boss tried to fire one of the union members, giving rise to a confrontation with the new IWWs. The boss, backing down in favor of more cowardly actions in future, promptly reinstated the worker. The next Monday six of the workers were fired, being told they had been absent or tardy too often. Some of them had regularly been late and often absent, but now this was suddenly grounds for dismissal. The boss lied that these were the only grounds and that it had nothing to do with the formation of an IWW union, but naturally the workers saw right through these falsifications and promptly petitioned the NLRB on learning that their boss would not reinstate them even though he was breaking the law. At that time the victims of this capitalist's caprice decided not to call a strike, but to wait and see what the NLRB would do. As of this date (February 15) they have had the services of an investigator, but little in the way of positive action.

Two weeks after the firing, the workers who were off the job met with the Fellow Workers who were still inside and voted to set up an informational picket line. The object of this was to inform the buyers and truckers of this company's union-busting, anti-working-class attitude. The actual line was set up on January 25 and is currently in its fourth week.

On the line the Fellow Workers received many heartening remarks from individual truck drivers, 80% of whom refused to cross the picket line. The few that did, for one reason or other, were very apologetic and promised not to come back. Some very hostile attitudes toward Hip Products and other companies that treat working people in such an unfair manner were expressed by these fine union men. Buyers who were informed of the Hip policies also were largely decided not to do further business.

In spite of the fact that the picket line resulted in a loss of business for these capitalists, they still refused to back down from their unfair and illegal termination of the union workers. Although the outfit had previously told all prospective black employees: "Don't call me, I'll call you," and hired white and Spanish exclusively, the picket line seemed to bring a change of heart, and the plant suddenly boasted four new black employees. All of these new workers were hired after the layoffs. One black Fellow Worker composed a leaflet telling of his experience of trying to get a job at Hip for over a year without success,

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The above photos were taken at the picket line set up by Fellow Workers of IU 469 at Hip Products in Chicago. In one the FWs are being interrogated by members of the special "labor affairs" detail of Chicago's

Police Department. As can be seen, truck drivers not only have been friendly, but also have taken the initiative of refusing to cross the picket line to either pick up or deliver any materials to the company.

Rockin' Chair Collectors, WHY STAND IN LINE?

Men and women, millions of us, in the unemployment offices across the nation — we stand in line.

We don't like to stand in line. Our legs grow weary. Our heads get dizzy. Now and then a person faints standing in line. We would much prefer either to be producing more of the good things in life or to relax and enjoy the things we have produced. Instead, as though we had been bewitched, by the millions we stand in line.

Either there is enough of the things we need, or there isn't. If there isn't enough, why can't we have jobs producing what we need? If there is really enough, why can't we sit back and enjoy this abundance we

have created?

You know why. When we had a job we worked for wages and did what we were told to do. The stuff we produced ended up belonging to the company that paid us. Often it was stuff we wouldn't want, such as war materials and the like. We have not managed our own lives and our own work. Instead, our lives and our work have been mismanaged for us by employers, bankers, and politicians. And the politicians and bankers and employers who mismanaged our lives — they are not here with us standing in line. They planned it that way.

Let us get together to plan it differently ... by neighborhood or by our own kind of

work, and with those already in the plight we will be in soon if we don't get a job... all of us to back each other up, and to back up our fellow workers who still have jobs if they are on strike. For together we can do things that we cannot do alone.

But why stand in line? We are here to collect our insurance. No other agency asks us to stand in line. Even the butcher and the baker give us a number card and a seat. Why can't our "public servant" do as well? Why stand in line?

— Unemployed Workers, Chicago Branch, Industrial Workers of the World



BERKELEY: See Oakland-Berkeley

BUFFALO: Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 (716-377-6073)

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.

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).

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, Srafsprint Co-op, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California 91901 (781-7589 or 782-6185).

MADISON: The local delegate is Robert Moody, Post Office Box 2142, Madison, Wisconsin 53701. Or see the people at Riley's Liquor Store on State Street.

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).

OAKLAND - BERKELEY: Richard Ellington is now secretary of the Oakland-Berkeley Branch. Address all communications and such to him at 6448 Irwin Court, Oakland 94609 Phone: 658-0293.

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, Field Correspondents!

The deadline for the April issue of the Industrial Worker shall be on March 15. All copy intended for the April 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



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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



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



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It should be understood by members and others who read this paper that it is the policy of the IWW, 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.

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Reader's Soapbox



A REITERATION

Fellow Worker Editor:

Of course the IWW is not "outdated". In my criticism I referred to its rhetoric, not the organization. There is a difference, or I wouldn't carry a card.

I realize that I overstated my case, but these are questions I feel should be raised and discussed. I am just a working stiff and not a brilliant theoretician by any means, so I do not plan to carry on a debate of semantics. As a working man I do know that the workers will not respond to dead rhetoric. Our ideas must contain life. They must deal with the working man's problems in the terminology he understands, or we will go on talking to ourselves. Why should I have to spend four hours explaining every obscure phrase in IWW literature? Why not make them more clear to begin with?

First let me say that these arguments are not meant to be personal. When the battles are fought my rifle will stand with those who oppose the exploitation of man by man, regardless of their rhetoric. I am arguing here only with the terminology we are using.

When I take exception to the phrase "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common", I do so because I can see that very motto hanging over the desk of Henry Ford. It bothers me that we can't find a more-enlightened attitude. Class divisions are artificial, created by men of power to weaken us, and we should not reinforce such class lines by parroting the mottoes of Henry Fords in our preamble. Our attitude should be that we do not recognize a legal ruling class. Of course I realize there are groups of men who benefit from the exploitation of the weak, but I certainly would not write a preamble which formally recognizes them as a "ruling class".

When I noted the change in management from family management to huge networks of bureaucrats and stockholders, I did so in an attempt to point out that reform is a liberal illusion. Nothing short of revolution could change the system we live under, because this system is no longer under human control. As long as workers see General Motors as being run by a group of "men", there is always hope in the liberal heart that these men can be reached and shown the light. But these visions are exploded when one realizes that there is no single group of men who control General Motors. There is a complex system which has no human heart to reach.

It is easy to organize around the hatred of a small group of J. P. Morgans, but then are we any closer to the heart of the problem? Could Henry Ford II really change the operation of his plants? Or would he be locked up as an eccentric if he were to try? The decisions of large corporations are now institutional and well entrenched. Any man who does not make

the "right" decisions is thrown out of the organization; and if he happens to be an owner, he is bought out and considered an eccentric. No, my friends, there are no bogey men you can blame everything on now. That is a delusion we find comforting, but it simply isn't true.

Sure, there is a small group of men who benefit greatly from this system; but they could not change it even if they could find the heart. The system now operates on the power of its own inertia. I know that this is a difficult fact to face, because it makes revolution more than the simple task of unseating a few powerful men. It means many many attitudes must be transformed. People must be well informed, and this will take time—maybe too much time. But it must be done if this system is really going to change. And by "informed" I don't mean pumping heads full of convenient illusions. I mean facing the truth of things no matter how uncomfortable we find that truth.

I'm really not interested in the parlor sport of socialist intellectuals. Whether our system should be labeled "socialism for the rich", "state capitalism", or "the corporate-liberal state". Who gives a shit, and how does a label put bread on a table? I want to know who runs this system. Give me some names, not some more rhetoric about "ruling class". Is it under the control of this proverbial clique of wealthy men? If so, prove it. Or are they too now just willing victims of a system gone wild? And if the latter is true, how do we fight that kind of a revolution? Should we waste our energy fighting that willing group of rich people even if they really don't have the power to change anything? Where should our energy be directed? These are the questions that haunt this working man.

In regard to the four-hour day and the argument that technology can make that possible, I see that as a typical American bourgeois attitude. If we were discussing only the American people under the present imperialistic set-up of acquiring our raw materials, maybe this would be true. But if we are discussing worldwide hunger and poverty and an end to imperialism, can we encourage American workers to demand more and more leisure time—the good life? Is this realistic thinking, or simply manipulative? Who can say for certain that everyone can have a four-hour day and everyone can have food and homes? I don't think that anyone can say that for certain, so let's take first things first—hunger and poverty.

As to my criticism of the lovers of history, I know that one must read history to examine past mistakes, but there is a difference between doing that and indulging in mere self-aggrandizement. I don't see the articles on IWW history being written for the lessons which can be learned from them and applied to the present. Instead, I see them as pure back-slapping.

It is so much easier and healthier to live in the glory of past battles than to live and make new ones. This is the trap of the old soldiers and old radicals. Beware of that trap, my old friends. It is also easier to point to past victory when we are criticized rather than look honestly at the weakness of our present. But it is our present that is important to the hungry.

Sometimes it seems to me that we are more concerned with protecting the image of the "Old IWW" than we are with waging revolution. I get the impression that some people consider all IWW past as "sacred holy ground". Why else the weird reaction because a young man accused Joe Hill of smoking pot? Who cares? Nothing at all is sacred to me—neither the Virgin Mary nor Joe Hill. Any organization becoming more concerned with its own image than with revolution deserves to die, because its very existence is counter-revolutionary!

I fully realize that if it weren't for those who clung tightly to Wobbly history there wouldn't be any organization left on which to build. We all owe them a great deal for that. But now I question whether the past might also smother the present.

I would like to hear the views of some of the rest of you Wobs. Is the IWW really capable of moving into 1971 and speaking to today's working class? I want to know, because I want my energies placed with the living!

—Gary Cox

ANOTHER SUGGESTION

Fellow Worker Editor:

Gary Cox, in his letter reprinted in the January 1971 Industrial Worker, brought up a very good point when he said the IWW must modernize its rhetoric to adopt to the changing situation in the real world.

A good place to start is to modernize the language of the Preamble. There is no good reason why the wording of the Preamble shouldn't be changed to be made a little more comprehensible to today's average worker.

First and foremost we should steer clear of using the words "wage system" to refer to the system we are trying to abolish. Most working people look in complete bewilderment at the phrase "abolition of the wage system". Worse yet, this phrase sometimes turns them off right away, as they sometimes confuse this with abolition of wages and a direct attack on their only means of support. It would be far better to advocate "abolition of the profit system"—since the term "profit system" is much more comprehensible to people than the term "wage system" and leads to far less misinterpretation. In fact "abolition of the Capitalist system" might be better still.

I also agree that the first sentence: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." is also liable to misinterpretation. It implies that we are denying the humanity we share even with members of the capitalist class. It would be better to start out: "There is a basic conflict of interests between the working class and the employing class." It might even be good to change the whole first paragraph to something like:

"There is a basic conflict of interests between the owners of industry, whose interests are best served by paying workers as little as possible so that they can maximize their profits, and the people working for them, whose interests are best served by receiving the highest possible benefit for the work they perform. There can be no real peace or freedom as long as powerlessness is felt by the millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class reign unopposed."

In this way we could speak clearly and directly to both the problem of low wages and the problem of alienation, and at the same time outline the class system.

My suggestions are not meant as a final word on this subject, as further changes may be needed to clarify our Preamble, and much discussion should go on before we go ahead and make any changes.

Yours for the OBU!

Larry Cornett

PS: It is good to belong to one of the few organizations on the Left that allows any criticism of its language and its program in the pages of its official newspaper. It makes much more interesting reading than the stale one-line dogma so prevalent in so much of the Leftist press.

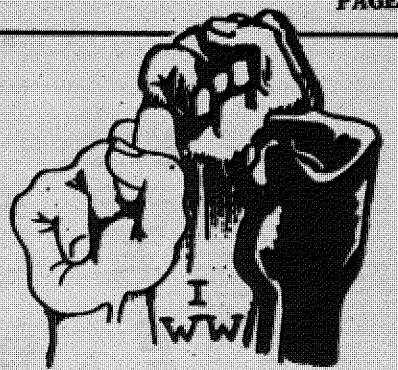
FROM CEDAR RAPIDS

Dear Editor:

I read the January issue of the IW with much interest. I think it's wonderful how the Panthers are helping poor children to attend school by providing shoes and free breakfasts and health clinics. This is great—I can't see how anyone can find fault with them, for that is showing real concern for humanity.

I hate to see a race war happen, but it's probably inevitable—though for different reasons than some people think. Most of the blacks that I met in the St. Louis ghetto were suspicious of whites and preferred to be with their own kind. I notice some of

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

SAN DIEGO: Contact Stationary Delegate Darryl Van Fleet, Post Office Box 1332, San Diego 92112.

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:

SURREY: The IWW Stationary Delegate for Surrey is David Pickett, c/o Syndicalist Workers Federation, 259 Hillcross Avenue Morden, Surrey, England.

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.

Reader's Soapbox

(continued from Page 3)

the biggest entertainers in show biz had white wives and eventually married black women.

There are two ways to look at this. When a white woman takes a black man, she is depriving some black woman of her kind of man. I believe in being friends with anyone who wants to be friends with me; but actual marriage is something else.

I was married 28 years to the best man I knew — or I thought he was the best man. I wouldn't want to marry again. I don't booze. I don't go to church. So I'm alone with my books and television. I bore five children and nearly died with every one of them. Life is a miracle, but I wouldn't want to go through that again. I was an unwanted child who was tyrannized first by my father and then by my husband. I'm for women's liberation, and I'm for men's liberation, too.

I think every worker is a wage slave and deserves better. Labor does produce all wealth, and all wealth should go to labor. I believe in the brotherhood of man, and I think that economic equality is absolutely essential to insure peace on Earth. Man's inhumanity to man must stop! Either we work together for our mutual welfare and survival, or we perish from the face of the Earth.

Fraternally,

Virginia Heeren

A CHEER FROM THE BRONX

Fellow Worker Editor:

Enclosed is the lettuce (union-picked, of course) for the next 24 issues of the IW. Congratulations on the lino cut which appeared on the back page of the January issue. It was very popular with all the old men on the subway. I guess they didn't see the baby, or the caption either, or they would have realized she wasn't in it for profit.

"As long as the Sun will shine and as long as the milk of Motherhood flows there is hope for the World." Remember those treaties George Washington signed with the first Americans?

They were good "as long as the Sun will shine, as long as the waters flow, as long as the moon will rise, and as long as the grass shall grow". NOW you know what's behind all this pollution. Secondly, doctors are advising young mothers not to nurse their babies, because the DDT content in mother's milk has been found to be above "acceptable" standards.

Now what were you saying...?

Robert Roth
Bronx, New York

(...that we should keep on organizing for a better World in which the original milk containers are far preferable to any paper cartons, if only to help solve the disposal problem. Assuming the doctors are sincere and not collecting clout from vested dairy interests, the fact remains that quadruped mothers breathe the same polluted air as biped mothers. — Editor)

PRIORITIES FROM TACOMA

Fellow Worker Editor:

Here is my tardy response to your poll in the January Industrial Worker.

Top social priorities, in order of their urgency (though all are related):

(1) Resistance to fascism: the defense of groups and individuals being persecuted for opposition to the established economic and political system.

(2) Support of the struggles of all racial minorities against economic and cultural discrimination.

(3) Education of the white working class and white Left in an attempt to overcome their racial prejudice and isolation.

(4) Resistance to war and militarism.

(5) Support of all workers in economic struggles against their employers and in struggles for democracy within the unions.

Areas in which the labor movement is wrong-headed, in order of the damage they do to working people:

(1) Sanctity of contracts: barriers to solidarity.

(2) Lack of internal democracy.

(3) Emphasis on political action.

(4) Apprenticeship programs: a corrupt and discriminatory system of nepotism in many cases.

(5) Community involvement in campaigns such as United Fund that exploit workers.

Yours for Solidarity,

Ottillie Markholt

FROM SPOKANE

Fellow Workers:

Enclosed is \$2 for a renewal of my subscription to the IW. Keep up the good work. I am honored that three of my poems were picked as the best selection in last March's issue. I concur in the selection of Fred Thompson's "The Straight Dope" as the best for the year. Too many of us seek escape in drugs and drink. I hope to have more poems for you in the future.

Gordon L. Herman

WOMEN WOBBLIES

In my experience with many "radical" organizations, the typical reaction to any woman who did more than the shit work was to load her down with more shit work. If a woman in one of these organizations stepped out of line far enough to express an opinion at a meeting, the male members pointedly ignored her, and took up their conversation where it had left off, just as if she had never spoken. Unfortunately, the reaction on the part of the women in such organizations has been to try to out-man the men. Everyone is probably familiar by now with the hard-featured, tough woman, who wears combat boots and talks like a truck driver, that can be seen incessantly these days. Hopefully, as these women become more secure, this will change.

In the type of organization in which this phenomenon exists (mainly a variety of Marxist, Marxist-Leninist, Trotskyist, or similarly-designated group), the principal problem stems from the fact that members of such groups are invariably really liberal reformers who, at least subconsciously, have incredibly-bourgeois values. Along with their liberal reformism goes the classic masculine syndrome of Middle America, the castration complex.

Now the psychiatrists would like us to believe that this castration complex is caused by a domineering parent. Anyone with a clear understanding of capitalism, however, will realize that it is in fact created by the feelings of helplessness engendered in all of us from birth by the economic and hence the social system. The fact that they don't know this is proof of the liberalism of all those castrated "Marxists".

The IWW is the only organization I know of in which most of the male members are not burdened with either castration fears or complete lack of understanding of how the system works. Women workers have from the very beginning of the IWW been fully accepted and fully participated. But the IWW is not perfect by a long shot.

At the 1970 General Convention, the IWW membership in effect refused to face the very-real issue of women's liberation. Beyond a half-hearted resolution saying simply that "women workers should not be discriminated against on the basis of their sex", the woman question was largely ignored.

The IWW is very much a working-class organization, and while the male Wobbly is willing to accept a female fellow worker

Bolshevism-Old & New

Marx wrote that historical events occur first as tragedy, then as farce. He should have added that in some instances tragedy and farce accompany both visitations.

This thought persists when by-products of the Russian Revolution are looked at. Half a century or so ago, when Bolsheviks decided to bless the rest of the world with the true formula for proletarian revolution, the result was certainly tragic and farcical as well. The offspring of this Bolshevism, the Communist International and its many member parties, instead of advancing the workers' cause, added abundantly to the existing confusion and disorganization, and did more to push bona fide Socialism into the background than the avowed capitalists could have done with a giant effort by their own agencies.

Lenin was a strong believer in the ends justifying the means, which in practice meant that Bolshevism's goal, regarded as worthy, justified even unworthy means to reach it. Following this theme, the world was divided into two camps: one supporting and dominated by the Leninists, embodying all virtue; the other standing in opposition, embodying the vilest dregs of humanity. There was neither need nor time to debate the limitations of opponents. The time had come for action. The world revolution was at hand. The Bolsheviks had proven their worth, and all others had to be swept to perdition.

After skirmishing with Trotsky, Stalin took over from Lenin and uncovered in his opponents a new depth of depravity. They became, to the unflinching faithful, social fascists, hirelings of Hitler and Mussolini. Even orthodox Communists fell victim to the theory that the end justifies the means, and the numbers buried in ignominy and blood in its furtherance will never become fully known. It is known, however, that they included most of those in the forefront of the Bolshevik rise to power.

In the scramblings and maneuverings accompanying Russia's rise as a leading (state) capitalist nation, the Communist International died. With its passing went some of the viler features of the surviving Communist Parties, which became reduced over the years from their sharp-fanged past to outright and primarily-toothless upholders of capitalism — both in Russia and at home.

A sampling of "Communism's" pathetic present came into view in a recent outburst by Joe Zuken, the Communist alderman on the Winnipeg City Council, who said it was a "nauseating situation" that the chief of police who had resigned six months before had not been replaced. To Joe this was an "intolerable" situation, and he stormed at the police commission for "incompetence and inefficiency" in not having appointed a new chief. All workers waiting to get their heads bashed in will be equally aggrieved.

But history repeats itself, just as tragic and just as farcical, and the old-fashioned Leninist-Stalinist capers have been duly revived. To hand is a journal, the People's Canada Daily News, describing itself as the "First National Daily Newspaper of the Canadian Working Class and People". This daily reflects the outlook of the Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist), which in turn reflects the outlook of Chinese (state) capitalism, in much the same way as the other Marxist-Leninist Communist Party reflects the outlook of Russian state capitalism.

The People's Canada Daily News turns the clock back half a century. Bristling with invective, it charges forth into nearly everything that moves. A Toronto Globe and Mail reporter asks for an interview, with the result, after three weeks' deliberation, of the declaration that "The Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist) will not allow its spokesmen to give interviews to those whose motive is to (1) slander communism, (2) father information for espionage, and (3) serve imperialism and not the Canadian people." Also the Party declares that the chief information source for the espionage services working against the progressive people of Canada is the "holy alliance of the Left", and exhorts all its members and supporters to take the proper precautions to keep US imperialist agents out of the people's ranks.

A meeting addressed by an NDPer is "reported", the report declaring (to give only a sampling of the verbal color) that the speaker gave "no support for the Czech people in their struggle against the Soviet social imperialist invaders" and that the "social fascists" and "nazis or neo-nazis" would not go "unpunished".

It is amusing to see the Muscovite Communists given a large spoonful of their own time-dishonored rallying cries and ferocious slogans: "Lackeys of Soviet Social Imperialism, Get Out of Canada!" "Down With the New Tsars!" "Soviet Social Imperialists, Hands Off China!" — all very familiar to many old-time observers, the imperialists of another day being anywhere outside Russia, and the "Hands Off!" being "Hands Off Russia!"

Chairman Mao, on the other hand, is now accorded the idolatry once reserved solely for Stalin, with the "Little Red Book" being brandished and quoted liberally as well as slavishly. It looks like some of the workers are headed for another ride.

—J. Milne (reprinted from Fulcrum, the Journal of the Socialist Party of Canada)

News Agents Wanted

The Industrial Worker is in need of added news agents and news boys to sell the publication with other IWW literature.

The Industrial Worker sells for 15c a copy and the commission to the agents or news boys is 10c per copy. The commission on song books and other literature is 40 per cent.

Anyone interested in the offer please communicate with "Industrial Worker, 2440 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Illinois, 60614" W. H. Westman, Business Manager

Teacher: "What is bacteria?"

Pupil: "Back entrance to the cafeteria."

VOICES FROM INSIDE

Dear Comrades:

You say you sent a copy of the Industrial Worker — that I haven't seen. They have a habit of defining the reading matter that comes through the mails as "subversive" or otherwise "detrimental to the safety of the institution"...this is when they don't want you to get anything progressive. You see there is a strong racist and hard-hat mentality among the guards here, along with a heavy overt racism as an additional factor — especially since the recent prison rebellions and the aftermath of extreme repression have given them a stronger stick to wield over the penal population. And because we had demonstrations of support from both black and white radicals they are very uptight about "communists" and "Reds". Especially with inmates like myself who have been or are identified as "radical agitators", they try to keep those kinds of materials from us...they might "infect" us. Did you send the IW under separate cover, or with the pamphlets? I'm also trying to find out about some books on black history and Marxism that were mailed to me from the International Publishers — they too are missing. They say we can get them from the publishers, and then they deny them to us.

On the prison situation I have various articles that I have been trying to have published, and there's a chance that I could have them mailed to you. As of now we are somewhat hampered in trying to develop resistance to this insanity, because the authorities here have developed a program of repression that has us completely at their mercy. Our greatest strength is in our numbers, and we can't use it because we stay locked in our cells almost all the time. So-called leader-agitators, including myself, have been separated from the main population and are kept isolated in special areas of the jail — all-day lock-up, no visitors, no showers, hassles with mail, lights kept on in the cells, and 24-hour surveillance...all kinds of harassment, threats, and intimidation. They have what is known as the "Goon Squad" — beat-up kids who roll out on the floor in their full battle array any time there is a threat of protest — like banging of cell doors or any other noisemaking. They will open the cell they feel the noise is coming from and beat the inmates with ax handles, billy clubs, and blackjacks. They'll throw tear gas into a five-by-seven cell with two people in it. All deaths are classified as either suicide or accidental. Now this is not Down South Mississippi, but "Fun City" New York — Up North Mississippi.

Right now what we are trying to do is to get the sentenced prisoners who work here to strike behind a demand for the minimum wage mandated for all employees by State and Federal law...We also have been circulating a petition, to have some people on the outside present it to Mayor Lindsay and Commissioner of Corrections George McGrath. Our efforts have been restricted because of the lock-up and also because they have the sentenced prisoners divided by various means, such as threat of punishment or the fear of losing "good time". There is a three-way ethnic split: black, white, and Latin. Blacks and Latins have more empathy, but there is a severe language and cultural barrier — most of the whites are racists, overtly holding on

to their white-skin privileges. And though there is an element among them which is radically oriented, this element clashes with the hard-hat mentality of the working class whites, whose favorite expressions to put down the radical whites are "queer", "long-haired freak", "Nigger-lover", "Go join the Marines and be a man!". They're all petty thieves aspiring to be gangsters. No understanding of the forces that brought them to prison, only their stupid prejudice. Since blacks and Latins are the enormous majority in here (95%), however, we move regardless of what the whites do or say. In all the rebellions they have followed our leadership, so there hasn't been very much hassle. I guess they ultimately realize that we suffer the same oppression...that is, when they don't have the benefit of their white-skin privilege. I guess despite their heavy resistance to accepting the reality, some of it seeps into their consciousness.

You see, comrades, there are two basic realities in this society today. Oppression of the white working class as a whole still cannot be compared to the oppression of black and Latin peoples, because our own oppression is total — we are the colonial subjects within the mother country. We not only suffer from economic exploitation and political domination at the hands of the US ruling class, but also suffer from social and racial discrimination from all classes of whites. There is an essential difference between the world of white workers and the world of black workers. White workers belong to a different world — an entirely distinct economic and social reality...a reality that labor leaders and the ruling class use to manipulate them with racism. The reason I differ on the organizing of black people along ethnic lines is that historically working-class organizations that sought to organize blacks have usually emerged from some condescending form of paternalistic racism (mostly unconscious) intended to organize black people around the reality of white people. This has been the failing of all Leftist organizations when dealing with blacks. This has been a thing where whites defined policy, strategy, and tactics, and blacks were just there. The labor movement and so-called civil-rights movement have failed to rally the masses of black people behind their programs. Because of this whites have generally been in leadership positions, with maybe a few token blacks as window-dressing.

Now blacks must also share part of the responsibility for acceding to this state of ideological flunkeyism, because they did not make the effort to assert themselves and make their views and interests known. The developments of the past years in which blacks have sought to define or control the strategy and tactics of their struggle cannot be viewed as anything but positive, because people invariably pursue their own interests. The masses of white working-class people relate to leadership of the captive unions because these are the ones who apparently seek their interests. The union leadership and the Democratic Party reflect the aspirations of the white working class.

Black people as a whole are beginning to realize that to be free they must have self-determination and control over the factors that affect their lives. If others do this for them they have no real freedom, so blacks and other minorities feel that they must have organizations which seek their interests...that before they seek unity with others, they must be unified. I am not so naive that I don't realize that certain elements of the black population are committed to the values of capitalist society, but the current reality of the black colonial situation is such that we have no capitalist class — no industrial bourgeoisie with a vested interest in the capitalist and imperialist system as it exists. We have many blacks with capitalist interests and bourgeois values, but no control or power over the military-industrial complex. So, excluding a small minority of blacks, there is a basis for all-black unity in opposition not to whites, but to capitalist structure. By virtue of being the most oppressed and exploited segment of the population, it is of necessity the most-revolutionary as it stands, and from what we have why should not black and Third World people desire the overthrow of capitalist society. Some

of the most-revolutionary developments in unionism today come from blacks who make revolutionary demands on the unions, especially in the UAW, where they have called wildcat strikes, supported by some of the revolutionary white workers. Blacks today are proving their leadership abilities everywhere.

STOVER-LAMM

Fellow Workers:

By the time you get this Mike Lamm and I will have gone on trial here in Oakland for "crimes of violence against the state". We have been in jail since a police and FBI raid on an alleged nitro factory last May. We have been branded by the state as "criminals" and "subversives". January 4, after seven long months behind bars, we finally had a chance to tell our side of the story in the courts.

The state's hysterical cries of "law and order" have set quite a stage for our trial. Under their phony guise of "law to the land" the prosecution hopes to railroad us to the pen. As the class struggle sharpens here in America, the ruling class are desperately relying on phony conspiracies and trumped up criminal charges to try to halt the tide of revolution. Our arrest and confinement on "criminal" charges is nothing more than a thinly veiled politically motivated attempt to suppress radical activity.

We are not guilty! Before a jury of 12 men and women we shall try to prove our innocence. Our only crime has been to believe in the Class Struggle. If this be a crime, then every honest person should be a criminal.

As radicals we recognize the fact that we are not likely to get a fair trial in the courts. The courts haven't changed since a poor shoe cobbler and a poor fish peddler stood before them many years ago. Sacco and Vanzetti paid the penalty for believing in the Working Class with their lives. Should we be convicted, the state is asking that the mandatory sentence of life in the State Prison be imposed. Should our trial go badly for us, there is a possibility that we may never see daylight again.

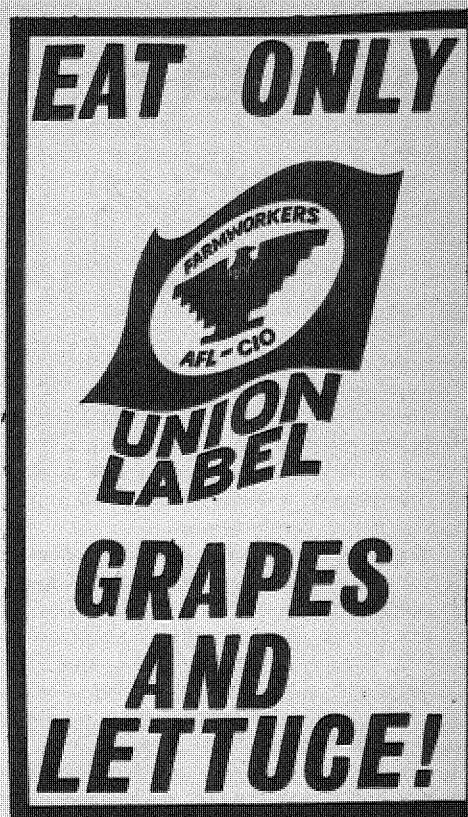
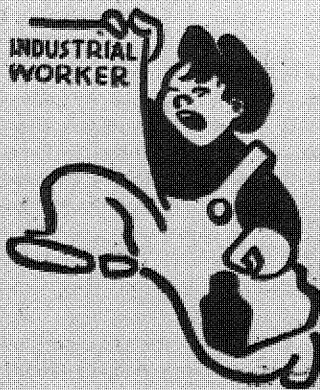
As much as I value my freedom, there is something I value even more. Freedom for the oppressed and the downtrodden! Freedom for the masses! Freedom to eat, and to live a productive life! Intellectual freedom! Freedom from the slavery of the tyrannical capitalist system! These are the things I hold most dear.

It is hard to describe all the emotions I feel, the thoughts that run through my mind tonight as I look at the shadows of the bars on a bare steel wall. There are so many things that I miss. Little things of freedom that one never misses until they are snatched away. But there is one thing I know. If again I had to make a choice between fighting for the good of the Working Class or being "free" in the midst of a repressive society, I would not trade my jail cell for Rockefeller's mansion. If we must go to prison because we believe in revolution, then so it must be. But our consolation lies in knowing our comrades outside are getting it on.

Our defense committee told us that the General Defense Fund has helped out a little on the bread for our defense. I hope things are going well with the one big union — Organize!

Yours for the OBU!

Ed Stover
X 324234



Someone has written to express surprise that the Industrial Worker is still advising its readers to eat only union-picked grapes now that the big grape growers have been pretty well brought into line. Your editor doesn't know precisely what the situation is in other parts of the country, but in his immediate stamping grounds he has been noticing that there are still stores which do not display the union label on grapes or on the boxes in which they come. There is reason to believe that this situation is not peculiar to the Windy City alone, and thus we still wish to remind our readers, both new and long-standing, to remain vigilant when buying grapes as well as lettuce.

Pinkertons Menace Canadian Campuses

Pinkerton's, the ill-famed union-busting thug supply, now offer a special campus snooping service, at least in Canada. They offer to detect "subversive elements both within and without the university".

The student publication Chevron at the University of Waterloo, Ontario, published a feature on the situation January 26 under the title heading "Charging Windmills With Rent-a-Cops". It seems that Pinkertons combine the offer of a clamp on campus unrest with a profitable private blacklist service to prospective future employers of the students. There is a long history of industrial espionage in which Pinkertons and the like have engaged, and this history is filled with incidents in which the finks have started up a little activity to repress whenever business seemed dull. In one advertisement Pinkerton's boast: "When Pinkerton's do pre-hiring investigations, you can be more than sure new employees will return your investment."

The Chevron article concludes: "From access to RCMP files to co-operation with local police forces and company officials, Pinkerton's have managed to maintain a permanent private blacklist which has no legal status of its own."

Pinkerton's thus get paid by universities for campus security, but also maintain a very salable and profitable by-product of sorting the students into undesirables and a select supply of trained seals. Thus even pro-capitalist students who show too much independence from that point of view would be as undesirable as Maoists.

Here is a bread-and-butter issue which concerns all students and all who would keep the lights of mankind lit. Shall the universities serve mankind as places for the free exchange of information and ideas, or shall they revert to mere aggregates of yes-men terrorized by a blacklist?

In industry militant unionism drove the Pinkertons into furtive futility. They need an outside union on the campus too.

WITHOUT RANK & FILE CONTROL LABOR HAS NO FREEDOM— EVEN IN THE UNITED STATES!

by Peter Suto

The country's richest labor union, the United Mine Workers (UMW), with their \$88,000,000 spending money in the hands of Tony Boyle, reach their destination—the Federal Government on one side and the rank-and-file committees on the other side pulling the rope on Boyle's neck.

With the 13-month-old murder of Jack Yablonski and his wife and daughter, and the new mining regulation for the miners' safety, strip mining also is under attack on two counts—first for defilement of the atmosphere in the form of particulate matter and noxious fumes arising from its combustion, and second for the land ravage and associated damage attending extraction—particularly where the stripping method is employed.

The UMW contract with the mine owners expires in October, just before the dead of winter. There will be trials of the five accused of murdering the Yablonskis. Tony Boyle has to explain where some of the \$11,000,000 went, sans receipts, bank holding, the loss of \$3,000,000 in pension income, and the non-interest-bearing \$70,000,000 in the Union-owned National Bank of Washington. There are more than \$5,000,000 in unpaid and unlisted loans to be explained because they haven't been repaid.

There are fiduciary suits demanding the repayment of \$75,000,000 on one matter, and there is an item of between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000 lost in pension income because some \$70,000,000 at one time and \$33,000,000 at another time were deposited in non-interest-paying accounts. And there is the National Bank of Washington, which Mr. John L. Lewis "bought" in the 1940s. The UMW now owns 75% of the Bank, and Tony Boyle is one of the directors.

There are other legal actions by the rank-and-file committees tied in with the effort of the new "democratic politics"—probably destined for success—to nullify Boyle's 1969 election. There is a demand to give 19 of the district the right to vote for their own district presidents.

For 40 years John L. Lewis owned this untouchable, impregnable, and unsearchable empire. Who would dare to ask Mr. Lewis for the receipts for hundreds of millions of the coal diggers' money?

IWW

is the
working class
organized
in its own
interests

CONTROVERSY OVER STRIP MINING

In West Virginia the wives of the strip miners are demonstrating in the capitol at Charleston, where the State Legislature is debating whether to abolish strip mining entirely in the State. The wives of the strip miners want them to stay, for their bread and butter. The same thing is happening in Ohio—the miners' wives demonstrating while their men are working.

Kentucky attorney Harry M. Coudill, the main speaker at the meeting, reminded his listeners that "there is only one effort" and that "it will not grow". The alternative to this is to continue to ruin America's land to subsidize foreign manufacturers in very large measure. For example just a week or so ago it was reported in the Wall Street

Journal that 26,450 cars full of coal were waiting at Hampton Road, Virginia to be shipped overseas. They get the coal, and we get the ruined land, the silted creeks, and the polluted water.

Mr. James B. Reilly, vice president of the Consolidated Coal Company, addressed himself to the problems of strip mining. According to the press, he said that the conservationists who demand that the strip miners do a better job are stupid idiots, socialists, and commies who don't know what they're talking about and should be knocked down and subjected to "the ridicule they deserve".

The strip mining issue is in the Boyling Pot at this time. It shows how much social and industrial education—and Industrial Unionism—the public and miners need.



*revolution
is not
pennies
from heaven!*

At first, it's more dollars from the boss; and then, more dollars and no boss; and then, lots and lots of goods and services reasonably performed and fairly exchanged, and a brand new holiday on the calendar—a day to consider what took us so long.

Robert Rohr
X 326626

Rocks: "My father left a million dollars when he died."

Socks: "My father left the Earth when he died."

Tom Barker: Did The I W W Try To Burn Sydney To Spring Him Out Of Jail?

Fifty years ago Tom Barker was one of the most successful IWW organizers on two continents. He passed away recently in Camden, England, at age 83. A full-page feature in the January 1 London Tribune traces his career in England, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, and Chile as an organizer for the IWW, followed by years of service to the Soviet Government as a recruiter of skilled workers for the Kusbaz Project and as a world salesman for Soviet petroleum, all without ever having joined the Communist Party, and a score of years with the Labour Party, some of them spent as Lord Mayor of Saint Pancras, where he

flew the red flag over the town hall.

His varied functions and affiliations did not wipe out his early IWW outlook, most particularly his practical concern with on-the-job organizing, which he contrasted with the multiplicity of craft unions which divide British workers. Mitchel quotes him as saying: "The IWW philosophy was one union on one job. We haven't got it here yet. We have craft unionism hanging on and no real effort to end it, although there is a great deal of latent solidarity."

He was born in 1887, and as one of nine children of a farm laborer put in his early years odd-jobbing at various farms, then

at the ripe age of 15 became a Liverpool "milk roundsman". He joined the army and thus got some schooling, and in 1909 he became a tram conductor in Liverpool, got into trouble over trying to start a union, and went to New Zealand, where he pursued the same two occupations. He became the secretary of New Zealand's Socialist Party and also edited The Industrial Unionist, advocating the program of the IWW, which he had just joined.

In the general strike in Wellington in 1913, Barker's activity led to a charge of sedition. He was imprisoned with Peter Fraser (later premier), got out on bond in 1914, and skipped to Australia. There he fought and defeated plans for compulsory military service, but was arrested for a cartoon showing how capitalists profited from war. A major campaign for his release resulted in a number of Wobblies being charged with planning to burn down Sydney, and Barker was ordered deported.

England refused him on the grounds that in his paper Direct Action he had referred to the King as "George the Least, by the grace of God and the ignorance of the working class, Emperor of the Britons and a million-pound shareholder in US Steel".

Along with others he was placed under police guard and dumped in Chile in 1918. There he found congenial fellow unionists, and helped build IWW waterfront branches or similar local syndicalist organizations in various South American ports. Then he went to Europe to agitate for the release of his Australian fellow workers, visited in Russia, married a ballet dancer, and was induced by Lenin and Haywood to recruit for the Kusbaz Project.

Barker's pamphlet "Story of the Sea", published half a century ago by the IWW, tells the marine transport end of the story. It is rare. There is more in E. C. Fry's "Tom Barker and the IWW" (Canberra, 1965). But the most-exciting part makes Ian Turner's book "Sydney's Burning" a thriller, even though it is history written by a history professor.

We Have It Now!
SYDNEY'S BURNING
Trials of IWW in Australia
Ian Turner, paperback, 264 pages, \$2

JOAN LONDON PASSES AWAY

Joan London, a lifelong supporter of labor and the radical movement, died last month in Oakland, California at age 70.

A subscriber to the Industrial Worker to the day of her death, Joan—who was once a Trotsky supporter—told me last year that she had come to consider herself an anarcho-syndicalist, and that her father Jack had considered the emergence of the IWW as the greatest hope for the world.

Shortly before she died Joan was able to read the first favorable reviews of her newly-released book (co-authored with Henry Anderson) on the farm labor scene: "So Shall Ye Reap". She had been a charter member and board director of Citizens for Farm Labor, a Northern California group which aroused interest in the suffering of farm workers several years before the Delano strike, and which was an important factor in sustaining that effort.

Joan also worked for many years as the librarian of the San Francisco Federation of Labor, and she was also the author of "The Life and Times of Jack London", containing much valuable information about turn-of-the-century radical movements in America and intimate glimpses of Wobs like George Speed, one of her father's closest and most-respected friends.

She is survived by her son, Bart Abbott, the co-founder with Jerry Rubin of the Vietnam Day Committee, and by several grandchildren, most of whom are veterans

of the Venceremos Brigade, and all of whom are militant radicals.

Joan London's great contribution to a better world for all will not be forgotten.

—Pito Perez

CHICAGO FREE SPEECH NIGHT

Every Wednesday evening is very lively at the IWW Hall in Chicago at 2440 North Lincoln. At 7 p.m. people from the local community, whether members or not, get together to discuss community problems. They get through about 8, and then Free Speech Night starts.

It has several purposes: to give all a chance to get things off their chests; to develop experienced speakers; to arouse discussion on important ideas and on the suppressed news; and to train us to keep our cool under trying circumstances. For this last reason a part of every Free Speech Night is used for a practice at heckling speakers and handling hecklers.

REBEL VOICES

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

Would-Be Leaders

Don't talk to me of leadership!
I'm fed up with all dictatorship.
If your ambition is to lead the band,
Then I bid you — go to Hellgoland!

Don't talk to me of your revolution;
Your palaver only makes confusion.
Don't peddle bunk that's long passe,
I won't buy your cunning this late day.

Until you practice what you preach,
You're just another would-be leach;
That tries to latch on to my back
And take the place of the old flea-pack.
Your brand of so-called revolution
Looks to me like downright devolution.

Would you consent to carry out
The mandates of the rank and file?
Or do you to leadership aspire?
To shout epithets at the watchdogs,
And the pillars of the establishment
Will not improve our environment.

So you think the government needs fixin'
By voting your clique into power?
Do you think you could do more than Nixin?
If you do, you are a fool or liar!

Unless you have the sense to realize
Where your inherent native power lies,
You'll go on forever chasing shadows,
And remain a slave to robber barons.

Your trouble isn't in the White House!
Join the Wobblies now and find out
That it's the boss who owns your workplace,
And also owns the guy you vote for!
If you want your rights and freedom back,
You must learn to give the boss the sack!

H. J. Pfaff

what living alone in a hotel room means to me

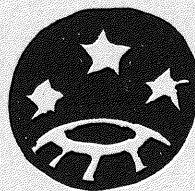
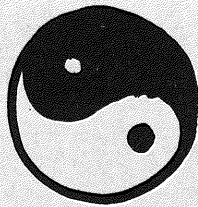
There is no rush hour where I groom,
But if there were I'd swing a broom,
Avail the crowd a skewered doom,
And eat them all inside my room.

Robert Rohr
X 326626

status quo

Status quo is a mouthful of yawn
where flies come and go as they please.
Change is acres of forest rustling their
leaves together knowing full well
they are trees.

Robert Rohr
X 326626



Musings of a Wobbly



And what about yourself? I hear it asked
— the title under which you write and its
signature underneath?

Well, the term "Wobbly" had its origin
in a time when the membership, for all its
fighting stance against wage exploitation,
could hold still now and then long enough
to unwind and laugh at comic situations
such as arose when a Chinese cook unable
to pronounce the letter W is supposed to
have said: I Wobbly Wobbly, and the men
who overheard him had the good sense of
humor to accept it as a monicker, aware of
the fact that once in a while their logic was
indeed a little wobbly, above all when they
thought that the abolition of wage slavery
was just around the corner.

Came 1940. Pat Read took over as the
editor of the Industrial Worker from FW
Carl Keller, who had printed a few items
of mine, one of which hit the mark in its
lampooning of the Bank of America. So FW
Read took my next effort, decided to name
it "Amusing Musings", and decided to use
the pseudonym "Enness Ellae", which was
an alliteration of my initials, N. S., and my
place of residence, L. A. I had no difficulty
deciphering it, and agreed to future use of
the signature, changing the title to what it
is now and has been for about 30 years.

In "them" days I still had the ability to
laugh at myself as well as at the antics of
Mr. Capitalist, who worked so hard at his
money-grubbing, and at Mr. Block, who
"was born by mistake" and made FW Joe
Hill "ache". But today, after watching Mr.
Capitalist raping, killing, and devastating,
exactly following the script of the parody
on the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers",
by John F. Kendrick (IWW Songbook, 28th
Edition, Page 12, "Christians at War"),
I must confess that even trying to be witty
is quite out of place.

So far my explanation of the reason for
my silence. I thought it "time for a change"
after reading the February issue of the IW,
a tremendous improvement over previous
issues. My likes: "Left Side"; "Editorial";
Virgil J. Vogel's able reply to a certain
Gary Cox; Din Crowley's confession of
faith under CCC, "Caution, Collaboration,
Collapse", precise exposition of Industrial
Unionism; and many other bright features,
such as "The Harsh Facts", by FW Fred
Thompson.

"The serialized "Adventures of an Indian
Mestizo" rang a bell. It was early in the
month of November 1919 when FW Pedro

Coria said goodbye to me in front of the
County Jail in L.A. About six weeks before
a number of us Wobs had been indicted for
Criminal Syndicalism. Ten of us had been
arrested in late September, and after being
arraigned within the prescribed 72 hours
had been thrown into the County Jail. I was
let loose on bail the same day FW Coria
was arrested and lodged with the other
members. His late arrival had caused the
prosecution to bull a boner. They omitted
to arraign him within the prescribed time.
Our mouthpieces advised him to keep quiet,
and so he did. Subsequently he was sprung
on a writ.

I met him at the jail entrance the day
he walked out, he to leave for his native
Mexico, I to stay and stand trial later, and
it was not until years later, when I was
writing regularly for the IW, that I began
hearing from him once in a while. He had
remained the good fighter of yore, relating
the rotten conditions of the workers down
in Mexico and the almost hopeless struggle
of the few class-conscious workers for a
better life. He translated into Spanish the
IWW pamphlet "One Big Union for All
Workers", and sent me a couple of copies
which remain in my possession to this day
("Una Sola y Grande Union de Todos los
Trabajadores"). A couple of recent visits
to Mexico have left no doubt in my mind
how right FW Coria was in his complaints.
The conditions, above all in rural Mexico,
remind one of living in the Fourteenth
Century.

Returning to FW Vogel's letter "Are We
Outdated" (Reply to Gary Cox), it is indeed
singular still to have bipeds running around
like beheaded chickens who seemingly have
not advanced up to Benjamin Franklin, who
declared that all useful work could be
performed in four hours a day. Someone
should throw them FW Thompson's article
"The Harsh Facts". It should set most of
them straight, provided there is still a ray
of hope for awakening left in them and they
do not belong to the family of Mr. Block,
of whom Joe Hill sang: "Mr. Block, you
were born by mistake, you make me ache."

Outdated? Yes indeed. I am past 80, but
still a little energy is left in me. The only
thing that ails me is a pain in the neck,
caused by looking behind me for followers
up front as I trudge up Freedom Hill on the
trail of Industrial Unionism.

Enness Ellae

SURVIVING THE FUTURE

(first of a new series)

by Patrick Murfin

Prophecy seems to have become a vogue
on the Left in recent months. There are
predictions variously of revolution and
repression, of means and methods, of the
disintegration of the environment, collapse
of the economy, race war, and generational
homocide. The only major problem with
these various predictions is that they all
have been made from the rather narrow
viewpoints of the special interests and fail
to take into account the very extraordinary
complexity of the contemporary American
society.

We live in a world that no one, no group,
no government, and no computer can fully
comprehend. An action taken here is sure
to produce a chain of unforeseeable effects
in a variety of apparently-unrelated areas.
Solutions, a concept that lies at the very
heart of the American consciousness, are
impossible in the old and complete sense.
Prophecy and solution are equally difficult
if not impossible.

Still, it seems safe to say that there is a
malaise in the land, a vague fear fed by
alienation from an increasingly impersonal
and overcrowded cybernetic society where
identity denied to the individual must be
taken up by the group. Visible groupings
of all types — ethnic, racial, religious,
geographical, generational, political, and
social — take on added significance while
individuals turn to them for reinforcement
of otherwise virtually unavailable personal
identification.

Now the natural posture for increasingly
important but still rather vulnerable group
identities is one of defense. Any group that
is identifiable by a name or a label must
necessarily compete with other groups for
attention as well as for material benefits
that the group considers rightfully its own.
This tends to lead to a vague, seemingly
unreasonable hostility and fear between
groups — blacks and whites, "hard hats"
and hippies, liberals and radicals, working
people and corporate executives. No doubt

a sociologist would note that this kind of
inter-group rivalry-fear-hatred syndrome
is strong evidence of disintegration of the
very fabric not just of the government but
of the society itself.

Combine these modern phenomena with
the influences of tremendous uncontrolled
technological growth, increasingly larger
and less-effective bureaucracies, galloping
pollution, runaway population growth, an
over-extended and inflated economy, and
external political pressure maneuvering,
and one can come up with a pretty dismal
picture of the near future in America. We
are faced with the spectre of not solely
revolution or repression, depression, race
warfare, communication breakdown, and
environmental collapse, but rather all of
them at once. We can hardly imagine it.
In fact we can't imagine it.

Look around you. It's beginning. The
future is now.

(Next: Facing the Future with the Tools
of the Past)

SPRING'S HERE!

Spring's coming...and so are rallies
for peace, housing, eats, and sundry other
good causes. The folks who sponsored the
earlier mobilizations and coalitions during
recent years met in February and ironed
out some differences in tactics and agreed
that the late April and May 1 and 2 demos
should aim at non-violence and maximum
participation, urging those who insist on
more-aggressive action to save it for a
later week.

While some question the effectiveness of
more peaceful peace marches, just about
all rebel souls like to see those that are
called well-attended. They likewise offer
opportunities to get IWW papers, leaflets,
et cetera into the hands of those who seem
most likely to help us organize something
more constructive and hopefully also more
effective. So: Get ready; get set; and go!

AT LAST, A MOVIE WITH THE TRUTH ABOUT GEN'L CUSTER!

"Little Big Man"

Cinema Center Technicolor Production

Starring Dustin Hoffman, Faye Dunaway, Chief Dan George, and Richard Mulligan

A couple of weeks ago your reviewer thought he had seen the best yet in Indian movies, and now he intends to top that with the movie under discussion here. To avoid any misleading, it must be mentioned that this film covers other aspects of life in the early West, but the principal theme is that of the Indians and the raw deal that was dealt them.

Though the basic theme is tragic, there are many humorous episodes throughout the story line, especially as handled by Dustin Hoffman in the protagonist's role. This seems to be an indication of a more mature trend in cinema art in this nation, the intermingling of comedy and tragedy, which in reality is a true portrayal of life.

The story unfolds in a succession of reminiscent episodes as told by an old man who is close to the end of his days. The movie opens up in a home for the aged in which a 121-year-old man is interviewed about his life among the Cheyenne Indians. The interviewer, complete with horn-rim glasses and tape recorder, does not take any stock in the old man's assertions of having been in the battle of the Little Big Horn, but in order to get the material on the Cheyennes listens to the whole story.

The old man, Jack Crabb, comes West with his family as a boy, is raised by the Cheyennes among whom he earns the name Little Big Man, and later becomes through various stages of his youth a gunslinger, pitchman, missionary's flunkie, drunkard, hermit, and Indian scout for Custer, but always returns to the Indian band he grew up with.

In his initial encounter with Custer he is overcome with admiration, but in his later encounters the Custer egomania becomes more obvious, and while Little Big Man is at a peaceful encampment of his tribe he witnesses the massacre of the entire encampment by a platoon of cavalry under Custer. He sees his Indian wife and baby son ruthlessly shot down, and from then on

he is dedicated to killing Custer. Through his machinations the famous Battle of the Little Big Horn comes about, during which Custer gets his just due.

The supporting role of Old Lodge Skins, who teaches Little Big Man the Cheyenne way of life, is magnificently portrayed by Chief Dan George. In this movie Indians speak the regular idiomatic English rather than the ugh-heap-um chatter of the old Hollywood flicks, and this among other factors, such as the Cheyennes referring to their own tribe as the Human Beings, lends an authenticity that has not been achieved in other movies.

The massacre of the Indians is the only real violence depicted in the film, and if one takes the trouble to check the rather hard-to-come-by actual historic accounts of the relations between the Indians and the Federal Government, there is clearly no exaggeration whatever. In fact incidents such as those were quite common and still have their modern-day counterparts, as in Southeast Asia, which has been figuring prominently in the news this past year.

Not only is this film an excellent story with a very capable cast of actors, Indian and white, but the cinematography also is beautifully done. That with a succession of biting satirical jabs at some long-standing sacred cows makes it well worth seeing. Yours truly recommends it most heartily.

— C. C. Redcloud

A Good Suggestion

(The following is a letter sent to a draft board in Texas by a Fellow Worker there.)

Dear Workers at the Lubbock Draft Board:

Times is plenty hard right now. All over this country there's all kinds of people, even healthy young men and women, out of work standing in the breadlines. A friend of mine called down from Chicago just the other day. He says that lines there is four times as long as he can ever remember 'em before. And that friend's been watching there for many years.

It surely seems that jobs are hard to get. And jobs I know are real important to most people. To live decent, folks have to work. Yet I just caint see how any honest folks can do certain kinds of low-down work. Not that a person doing low-down work is mean hisself, but just that he would naturally get pulled down by his work.

Now what I mean is that you draftboard workers may be fine folks. But your jobs is getting you down. You ought to all quit and try for honest work. Even breadlines is however better than what you do now. For the folks in the breadlines never really hurt anybody. They don't help send young boys off to die. They don't send out them awful letters with eagles in the corner that signify separations and deaths. They don't wreck homes and leave young girls crying.

Why don't you quit your jobs?

The woes and miseries of this world are not among the things that can be squashed by American soldiers and American army machines. Helplessness, hunger, sickness,

poverty, lovelessness, old age, these things don't never seem to go away no matter how many soldiers and army machines America makes.

Why don't you quit your jobs?

— Paul Daniel Turner

quad

I am
A human being.
I inhabit
My own miserere house.
Unlike Freud, I will
My libido
To no heroes; let them
All die
In subordinate clauses.

— Gordon L. Herman

BOOK REVIEW

"The Anarchist Cookbook"

by William Powell

Introduction by Peter Bergman

Paperback, \$5.95

Lyle Stuart Incorporated
239 Park Avenue South
New York City 10003

The word anarchist has long covered a multitude of sins. According to the Greek word from which it is derived, it simply means without rule. Many great thinkers have dedicated themselves to the principle that the less control there is in a society, the better that society is, and have even gone farther in working to bring about such a society. These thinkers were, either by self-admission or by the lives they lived, anarchists.

In the brief career of your reviewer, he has encountered many who have adopted that self-designation as handy camouflage for non-committal activity and/or outright irresponsibility.

The Prefatory Note on Anarchism Today which constitutes the first chapter of this book seems to deal in vague generalities with no real historical background devoted to ideology. Ho Chi Minh and Mao are both mentioned, for example, whereas none of the anarchist thinkers, past or present, are mentioned at all.

The second chapter of the book is wholly devoted to drugs, from marijuana and LSD up to the hard stuff like cocaine and heroin with frequent side excursions into getting your jollies from such sources as peanuts and banana skins. As to what this has to do with either Anarchism or World-saving in general, your guess is as good as mine.

The rest of the book deals with how to make bombs and other weapons, how to gouge eyes and testicles, how to commit sabotage, and what have you. It will likely make interesting reading at Congressional witch-hunt sessions some day, but those birds wouldn't know the difference.

Perhaps your reviewer just ain't with it, but he just couldn't find any reference to how to organize the people in this World who do the back work to stop the machinery and really throw a monkey wrench into the System. If you want to know how to make all sorts of incendiary devices (excepting nuclear ones), this is the book for you. But if you want a serious blueprint on how to bring about a better society, you will have to look somewhere else.

— Punapilvi

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.)

LIFE ON CAMPUS

Santa Barbara students commented on the Laos invasion threat February 8 by setting fire to ROTC. The Fire Department this time cooled it all with soft treatment. A lot of the people opposed that invasion.

At Merritt College (Oakland, California) a student strike on February 1 protested the cutback in funds and services at this predominantly black, brown, and Oriental campus.

At Berkeley the students, the Federation of Teachers, and some in other unions all pledged their backing for the maids and the

janitors in the AFSCME. (Solidarity strains craft structures, but wins.)

Army spying on civilians has now been traced all the way back to coverage of the student demonstration at Whitman College (Walla Walla, Washington) in 1965.

Students strike in Britain too. Around the end of November a one-day strike at Esse University protested the addition of several new punishments by a disciplinary committee to those already handed out in local courts. Double jeopardy?

LEFT SIDE

(continued from Page 1)

To show that we still have enough liars in our midst, one of the psychologists from the University of Louisville conducted a survey among 3,416 people and came up with the assertion that the average citizen of the US thinks about religion during the day about twice as often as he thinks about sex.

But these folks are small potatoes when compared to the real pros. In Washington, where a big bash was held at the Franco Embassy in honor of Prince Juan Carlos, who has been designated as Generalissimo Franco's successor, Tricky Dicky praised the regime of that nation as "young and forward-looking", and the Prince said in return that what he liked most about the United States was its "moral values".

At the same bash were those great liberals, Senators Kennedy and McGovern and Justice Douglas, plus wives. Harken all ye who still place trust in politicians!

And a DC judge recently ruled that even if a restaurant patron breaks a tooth on it, a pit in a martini olive is not a foreign object. Nice to know that xenophobia is dying out in this land of ours.

UNEMPLOYMENT & CULTURE



The government people counted 780,000 more unemployed in January than they did in December. But they are a cheerful lot, and so they tell us the "seasonally adjusted rate" for unemployment actually went down

from 6.2% in December to a mere 6.0% in January. Januarys have usually proven so much tougher than Decembers that they believe we should have expected the ranks of the unemployed to have grown by more than this 780,000. So even though you have no paycheck, why not be light-hearted (or light-headed) about this less-than-nothing sort of unemployment? Or was it that the winter came early this year?

Statistics can be selected to mislead. Statistical distortion runs deep in the talk about unemployment: It is deceptive even to think of men and women as statistics. It is deceptive to view an unused surplus of workers the way one views an unused surplus of oats. The Government has tried

to apply its remedy for surplus oats to surplus men — by all the horrible gods of our savage ancestors they have tried — but it just doesn't work. Wars will never end unemployment.

The roots of unemployment run deep into everything we've learned to do, everything that wasn't with us when we were born — the whole vast complex the anthropologists call our "culture". We are shocked when we hear that in Hawaii they used to throw virgin maidens into the volcano on Mauna Loa to appease the gods. Yet we are not shocked when we hear people on the street or on radio or TV say of the Los Angeles earthquake that it may make more jobs. We are culturally conditioned to think that

more work is such a blessing that when we say such things we do not feel that we are more superstition-cursed and irrational than those who tossed virgins into glowing craters.

A Daily News reporter notes that Joliet grocery stores these days are selling lots of macaroni but very little meat, for the arsenal has slowed down, and folks wish it hadn't. In Vienna, West Virginia, where the people choke on the output of Union Carbide chimneys, they worry also that the company says compliance with federal anti-pollution deadlines make it lay off one in twelve this September and about one in three next year.

Surely everyone knows that the needless advertising in newspapers makes needless work in pulp mills and needless pollution in streams; that we could all get around much faster if we had only about a third of our present motor vehicles but used them more rationally; that half of the sulfur dioxide in the air comes from the power plants of utility companies, and the more brightly-lit marquees and air conditioners and waste of power we have, the more sulfur dioxide; in short that our lives are menaced with the pollution that comes from work that need not be done. Yet the Machinists IAM is promoting a boycott of Wisconsin cheese because a Senator from Wisconsin leads the opposition to the federal handout for supersonic transport planes that will do inestimable damage to get a few of the jet set to Paris one cocktail quicker. It isn't that the Union is committed to a savage religion (certainly not Christianity) that worships work.

Ours is a culture that views plenty of work as the greatest of social blessings. It makes it the goal of our lives to collect all that we can of things made by work, and if possible to use the accumulation to make sure that others can't work without adding to our pile; and to do this production must be restricted so it can be sold for more than it cost. Is it really a puzzle that in such a culture some can't find jobs, and now and then millions are unemployed?

Or is it a puzzle that both the rate of unemployment and the cost of living have gone up? Suppose our benighted ancestors had lived on oats and knew only one other industry, the production of spears. Suppose the top man of the tribe ran it on our wage system and gave the hands pieces of green paper with which to buy oatmeal whether they raised oats or made spears. Suppose the chief of the neighboring tribe made a face at him, and he decided to create a big stockpile of spears, taking many from the oat fields for this purpose. Would it really surprise you if they soon had to give more pieces of green paper for the same bag of oats? And now if he laid off some from the arsenal, should they demand more "defense contracts", or insist on a campaign to sell their spears to their fearsome neighbors?

We are up against something bigger than unemployment, bigger than war and the military-industrial complex, bigger than pollution. We are up against this entire package. We are up against an irrational, savage, outmoded culture.

We cannot do much about it piecemeal, try though we must. We must, for example, cope with unemployment while cutting down on the work that creates the pollution that threatens our survival. More people must lose their jobs than have ever been hit by any depression. Some jobs must go because of technological change. Some must go to achieve geographic redistribution of both population and industry. Some must go because their products or by-products are things that should not be made. Some must go because it is just plain silly to herd millions into skyscrapers to write letters at each other and deluge us with junk mail. We must aim at less work and more living. This is a major cultural transition. No one should be much worse off for losing his job. This sort of problem can be solved in terms of engineering, but not in terms of making a profit.

— Fred Thompson

Was Joe Hill Guilty?

Labor History (Winter 1971) devotes 39 pages to James Morris's complaint that Foner's "Case of Joe Hill" is in large part cribbed from Morris's as-yet-unpublished manuscript filed at Labadie Collection in Ann Arbor; Foner's reply; and Ebner's review of Gibbs Smith's biography of Hill. Regrettably this adds little to our store of information and much to the confusion that surrounds the Hill trial. (The magazine is its usual informative self in other matters, and this issue includes Michael Brook's annual listing of articles on labor history, somehow missing Foner's standout article on Ben Fletcher and IWW relations with black workers that appeared in January's Journal of Negro History.)

These historians seem compelled to affirm and re-affirm that Joe Hill did not prove himself innocent of the murder of the grocer Morrison. Certainly Joe could not prove himself innocent. Neither could thousands of others who could not prove where they were that Saturday night as the Morrisons prepared to close their store, the elder Morrison dragging a sack of potatoes across the floor, as two masked men came in, hurriedly shot the Morrisons to the cry of "We've got you now!", and ran off. That is why logic requires that the accuser prove guilt, but does not require that the defendant prove innocence. Joe stuck to that elementary proposition, and died for it.

The only basis the police had for Joe's arrest, the only argument the Supreme Court of Utah had for his execution, was that he had been shot that night, and there was the possibility, but not the certainty, that the younger Morrison might have shot at one of the assassins. Morris is best known for his outstanding study of how the conflicts in the AFL led to the CIO. I have not read his unpublished manuscript, but the secondary sources say he concludes that Joe did not get a fair trial, but at the same time concludes that Joe very likely was guilty anyway. He gets there by making the assumption that the Morrison gun was fired at Hill, and the bullet went through Hill and lodged in the ceiling, where the police didn't think to look for it.

The bullets went through the lower part of Hill's jacket and the upper part of his chest and out through the back of his jacket as though his arms had been raised to the ceiling, and yet made no hole through his overcoat. So Morris's assumption requires the further assumption that this bullet did a perfect job of reweaving the hole it made as it passed through the overcoat. But in fact there is no substantial proof that the Morrison gun was fired at all; the one bullet missing is consistent with the Salt Lake police practice of having one already discharged for the hammer to rest on as an extra safety precaution, and Morrison had served on that police force.

Another professor, Vernon Jensen, has muddled the evidence. In the Industrial and Labor Relations Review (April 1951), he said that Doctor McHugh, who had treated Hill's bullet wound, had told him that Hill

had confessed the Morrison murder to him. McHugh's story as relayed by Jensen ran that he had been out of town the day after the Morrison murder, and returned late in the day, learning of the murder then, and upon visiting Joe to see how he was doing asked him whether he had shot Morrison. Joe was in a room off the boarding-house kitchen, half-dazed from loss of blood and sedatives, and surely had been hearing something throughout the day of this chief item of local news.

According to the Jensen narrative, Hill told McHugh that he had gone there to rob the grocery, the grocer had pointed a gun at him, and he had fired in self-defense. The police and trial records all agree on the physical circumstances of the grocery store closing, the grocer dragging a sack of potatoes near where the gun was kept, and the complete absence of any attempt at robbery in this obviously-revenge-type killing. The remarks attributed to Joe Hill do not fit the various mutually-consistent accounts of the situation. They are the sort of remarks with which Hill in his condition might ironically reply to the questions of the doctor. It is quite possible that McHugh told Jensen the truth about what Hill said, and that Jensen recorded it accurately, without its reflecting in any way on the innocence of Joe Hill. It merely reflects their inability to understand irony.

Yet a third argument attacks Joe Hill's credibility on the grounds that he said he

left the Eselius boarding house that night without a gun, but arrived at the Doctor's with one. This is not inconsistent if Joe took that gun from his assailant, and there is evidence that he did in the letters that the defense lawyer received from Buffalo, which stated so and showed knowledge of other unpublicized facts of such a nature that they would seem to have been written by Joe Hill's assailant. Later Hill tried to locate this gun and establish his purchase of it in order to show that it could not have been the murder weapon. How could the gun that he took from his assailant be the gun that he'd bought earlier? It readily could be if Hill left the boarding house before his roommate Applequist (as the records indicate), leaving his gun there, and if the roommate left later on, taking the gun, and if Hill later in some place not very far from McHugh's home (seven miles from the grocery store), with his jacket on but his overcoat off, startled Applequist and was shot by him. And if his pal Applequist would not come forth and say so, then what point would Hill have in saying that this had happened?

It is only under especially - favorable circumstances that the innocent can prove their innocence. And that is the main issue in the Hill case, along with the counterpart question: Why had the Establishment to kill this man it could not prove guilty?

— Fred Thompson

Human Stupidity!

Walter B. Pitkin, in his book titled "A Short Introduction to the Outline of Human Stupidity" (a book to be read by all, with more truth than poetry), has the following to say on the subject of lawyers:

The cornerstone of chaos is the lawyer. When, some time after the year 2,000, and perhaps earlier, detached, well-informed historians depict the Nineteenth and the Twentieth Centuries in the US of America, they will show, as nobody else can show, how the center, the heart, the brains, and the spirit of the unparalleled criminality of those dark ages of the capitalistic plutocracy were members of the American Bar Association of the USA. Whoever tells this story ought to dedicate his book to Jesus, who was the first to tell the truth about the lawyers (Luke XI, 46:52), thereby becoming himself despised and rejected of men.

For at least another generation, and maybe much longer, it will be unsafe to tell more than half the truth about this putrid, rotten, and degenerate profession, for its power is immense and ever ready for evil. It literally rules the United States of America. As convincing liars, they are masters. He was a clever observer who first remarked that the United States of America's form of government is actually a soviet of lawyers. Check the membership of all national, city, and state legislative

bodies, if you want the full proof. The overwhelming majority is and always has been a rabble of shysters, and imps of hell with hidden horns, and also young jerks in search of practice, criminals hired by corrupt interests, and here and there, with vast empty spaces between them, a thin sprinkling of honest attorneys, who have nothing better to do.

All of these fellows have been drilled in the most pernicious and stupid formalism ever devised. Rome even at its vilest had nothing to equal the training and point of view of a US of America lawyer; and no one is quicker to admit this than an intelligent and honorable attorney, if you can find one. He will tell you (but not for publication) that because so much time must be devoted to learning the highly-organized nonsense called law, most of the lawyers never learn anything else.

— Din Crowley

Politician: "Did your paper say I was a liar and scoundrel?"

Editor: "It did not."

Politician: "Well, some paper in this town said so."

Editor: "It may be our competitor down the street. He always prints state news."

Adventures of an Indian Mestizo

by Pedro Coria
(translated by Eugene Nelson)

Part III

(The narrator, at the age of 18, came from his native Mexico to the United States in search of more experience as a foundry worker. Riding freights to Chicago in 1905 he suffered a lot of hunger and privation before finally finding work in a foundry. Shortly afterward a strike broke out, and although as a helper he was excluded from the union, he honored the picket line and was out of work again. In the aftermath of the strike he compares the foundry worker craft union with the IWW.)

To all the propaganda he heard in those days was added what he heard about the IWW. The IWW was trying to organize all the workers of the world into one big union—not to remove some people from power and put others in their place, but so that there would no longer be any parasites at all in society and industry would finally be organized for the benefit of all humanity instead of the few members of the master class. The foundry workers' union that he finally was allowed to join—only because of the strike—was organized under the direction of a leader who had a salary of about \$1500 a year (about \$15,000 today).

These observations made the narrator realize that the only union that goes to the heart of the problem is the IWW, because in that union there are no big shots. The local branch secretaries do no more than carry out the wishes of the rank and file. At each meeting a committee is elected to check the membership cards, and the dues are extremely low. The communications liaison is the General Secretary Treasurer who carries on communications with all the branches in the most economical way, and directors are not needed. For this reason alone it has been the most-persecuted of all organizations, since its enemies could not corrupt it—and so they decided to try to infiltrate it. It is without any doubt the strongest of organizations, not in numbers but in the convictions and conscience of its members.

So the narrator joined the IWW, and thus a new period in his life began. An active agitator and organizer like all the other Wobblies, he traveled about now more than ever. On a number of occasions he almost fell into the clutches of the railroad bulls. He finally made his way West, and worked for some time in Seattle, Washington.

The year 1909 arrived. This was the year of the meeting between President Taft and General Diaz in Ciudad Juarez, across the Rio Bravo from El Paso, Texas. At the time the narrator found himself in Ciudad Juarez, where he ran into an old friend from the military industrial school of his youth. The friend's name was Jesus Mondragon, and he now a sergeant in the Presidential guard. His old friend was so delighted to see him that he invited him to return with him to Mexico City. He was so insistent that he finally accepted the offer, and he rode to Mexico City in the special car of the Presidential guard.

The sergeant tried to persuade him to join the Army, and said he could arrange for him to start as a second sergeant. But he explained his new ideas to his old friend—that everyone should share in the useful work of the world. The sergeant retorted that everything is work, and that his work was better because it was more patriotic.

To this our narrator replied: "When I was a soldier I learned that being a soldier does no good to anybody. From the instant you shoulder arms it's obvious that nothing good can come from it. Better to wield a tool—regardless of what kind it may be."

His arguments rubbed the sergeant the wrong way, and they ended up parting in bitterness. They never saw one another again.

Our protagonist worked for a while in Mexico City at the Johnston Iron Works.

But before long he decided to return to the US, since he was used to being an active member of the IWW. Again—as always—riding the siddoor Pullmans, he made his way to Denver, where he found a new job.

Leaving work one day in 1910, he went into a cantina for a draft beer. Inside the bar some North American was talking to two Mexicans about the possibility of a new revolution in Mexico. Since he had sympathized somewhat with the Mexican Liberal Party he joined the group, and the North American invited them to his home.

Once there he produced a map of Mexico which sported little flags—red ones which showed where rebel troops were located, and tricolors which showed the location of federal troops. The North American was trying to get together a list of names and addresses of possible volunteers for the revolution so that when the time came they could take them where they were needed.

The narrator glanced to one side of the little room and noticed the commission of a captain in the United States Army. From that moment he lost all sympathy for the revolution against General Diaz and the outcome of the Taft-Diaz conference, which was roughly as follows: Taft said to Diaz: "If we are going to be good neighbors, you have to do this and this and this." To which General Diaz must have told him "No." And this must have been the principal reason for the outbreak of the Mexican Revolution. This was the conclusion he came to.

A few months later Francisco I. Madero, one of the supporters of "Regeneracion" in Saint Louis, Missouri, launched his candidacy for President of the Republic, forming the No-Re-election Party. Flores Magon, head of the Liberal Party (but actually an anarchist—translator's note), blew his stack. And why not! After all his work in laying the groundwork for the revolution, Madero had stolen his fire. It was then that Magon sent out a call to action to the Liberal Party members in Los Angeles. A great many of his followers congregated there, joined by many US supporters (including a number of Wobs—translator's note), and they decided to join in the revolution.

He went to Los Angeles about this time too, but he did not take part, since he felt it would result not in an effective change that would benefit the workers, but only in good business for the wealthy and powerful.

Later, while living in Nebraska, Magon learned that a force of Liberals led by Praxedes Guerrero had engaged a force of Federales at Janos, Chihuahua. Guerrero was killed in the battle.

Meanwhile Madero, who had been briefly imprisoned in San Luis Potosi, got out of jail and went immediately to San Antonio, Texas to organize his forces. With him were Andres Molina Enriquez; Vasquez Gomez; Abraham Gonzalez; Transvaal war veteran General Wiljoen; and many other adventurers.

On moving into the State of Chihuahua Abraham Gonzalez, who was idolized by the people, joined forces with Pascual Orozco, Pancho Villa, and a multitude of followers. Their first action occurred after the battle at Janos. The Maderistas finally cornered the Liberals, and once disarmed the Liberals were told they could either join the Maderistas in the ranks or get out of the country. One of those who switched his loyalty to Madero was the lawyer Lazaro Gutierrez de Lara, who had been an organizer with the Western Federation of Miners and had organized the miners of Cananea. With him went Antonio Villareal and Jose Ines Salazar.

Those who remained loyal to the Liberal Party crossed the border into Texas and tried to reorganize their forces, but they were attacked by the Texas Rangers. Three of the survivors, Juan Rivera, Charles Cline, and Jose Maria Rangel, all were sentenced to 99 years in prison. Through the efforts of the Mexican Government from 1935 to 1940, the only survivor, Jose Maria Rangel, was finally released.

In less than two months the narrator was

back in Los Angeles again, working at the Western Gas Engine Foundry on North Main Street. The McNamara Brothers were very active in the labor movement at that time. When a general strike erupted among the iron workers, General Otis, the owner of the Los Angeles Times, took advantage of the situation to have the newspaper's antiquated building blown up and frame the McNamara Brothers and a man named McManigal for the dynamiting. At the end of a year-long trial the McNamaras were sent to prison and McManigal was set free, since he was an agent of the newspaper owner, Otis.

The narrator continued to keep up with events in Mexico. However he still felt that a real workers' revolution was not merely a matter of an uprising in which some new politicians, and those who owned arms, snatched up all the benefits.

After their loss to the forces of Madero, the leaders of the Mexican Liberal Party revealed their true colors and declared themselves anarchists. They continued to publish "Regeneracion" with contributions from all over the world, even from poor rebellious workers on the African island of Fernando Poo. An enormous enthusiasm was generated far and wide, since it was announced in "Regeneracion" that the new anarchist society was already established in Northwestern Mexico, especially around Sonora. Without doubt some of the people innocently believed that half a dozen of them could start a society without any government. Two such wishful thinkers were Fernando Palomares and Quirino Limon. The former had a price on his head even before the revolution, and ended up selling newspapers on the streets of Los Angeles.

The author and other Spanish-speaking members of the IWW were opposed to the continuing misrepresentation of things by "Regeneracion", just as had been done to the workers of Russia during the change of power from the Czar to Kerensky to Lenin. This occasioned the author's traveling to Sonora, where his friends Jose Maria Herrera; the Yaqui Cayetano Montenegro; and Primitivo Muro, purveyor to Villa's army, were located at the time. But upon arriving in Cananea, he learned that the former two had been imprisoned.

Next he made his way to Hermosillo, where he went to work in a foundry owned by Jose Aguilar, son of the state treasurer. Finally he had a chance to see his friends Herrera and Montenegro. But about that time Pascual Orozco's forces were routed at Bachimba Rellano, and they invaded Sonora and drew near Hermosillo, which they apparently were planning to capture.

Meanwhile the Governor of Sonora sent a commission all over the city inviting all the workers and the populace in general to a public meeting called to form a corps of volunteers to defend the city.

Since our narrator was opposed to both politics and violence, he refused at first to attend; but his fellow workers argued with him until he finally agreed to go. About nine o'clock the workers began to gather in the park before the Governor's palace. Some of them were there to attend the rally, and others attended mass in the cathedral on the other side of the park.

As at all meetings of this type, everyone began discussing the new turn of events. Being neither weak nor lazy, the narrator got up and began to speak to the crowd against the idea of forming a militia. The result was that the people rejected the Governor's ideas, and the meeting broke up peacefully.

But the next day, a Monday, as he was leaving work at four in the afternoon, he found guns pointed at him from right and left and heard the words "Hands up!"

Immediately a third man began to search him, but found no arms, as none of the IWW members there used any weapon but that of reason. Then they ordered him to start walking.

"Where are we going?"

"To the penitentiary—get going."

So they marched him to the penitentiary

near the foot of a barren hill, and he was locked up in an underground dungeon that contained several cells.

As he entered the dungeon a voice shot forth: "Now they're bringing you too? I've been here since noon. It was another IWW."

After they had been held incommunicado for three days, they took them before the Governor. They told him that he had been accused of sedition, and began to question him. They asked him why he was opposed to the defense of the city. He answered that he was not opposed—that what he had said was that as workers they had to defend nothing more than their work and the products of that work, without attacking anyone, let alone murdering them. That if anyone wanted to defend the rest of the city then the ones who should do it were the merchants—that is to say, those who had interests to defend.

What we have to defend is our work and what it produces, he said, and we must do this at all costs. But we can't do this with rifles, but only at the point of production and by means of the union. But a union without parasites—because that is the only name for the "leaders" who have prostituted most unions and turned their members into herds of oxen ready for the slave market.

After he got tired of listening to him—for the truth is something a complacent official never likes to hear or never has heard—the Governor stood up and said: "Look, you. There's no doubt that you are right about some of the things you say, but my duty as Governor is to consign you to the district judge in Nogales."

In the face of such a benevolent and tolerant attitude on the part of Governor Maytorena, what more could our narrator say than: "Thank you very much, SIR!"

So he had to go back to the penitentiary. And there he was thrown into contact with the fellow workers he was looking for—Herrera and Montenegro. The latter was from the Yaqui Indian tribe—tall and sturdy. But neither of them could read or write.

The days passed. One day they asked him to read a paper to them. Then a general named Vega who was being held incommunicado asked him to do the same for him. And from that time on he was a secretary. Out of gratitude for his help the general asked his own lawyer to defend the narrator.

The days went by without anything new happening, and in desperation they began to try to figure out how to escape from their prison. The three of them agreed to begin by winning over a newspaperman named Orozco, who was a Zapatista. This done, they began to bring the other prisoners into their scheme one by one. The first to throw in with them were 28 Yaquis. They kept on until everyone in the prison was in accord with the plan, except for one of the three trustees, in whom they did not have enough confidence to confide.

All—and everyone—was ready. Each man was armed with something, if only a sharpened stick. One day at three in the afternoon the plan was announced. Every morning the warden and the captain of the guard made their way through the entire prison, opening and closing one door after another. When they arrived at a certain dark place they would be disarmed and forced to order the guards to surrender. Then they would release all the prisoners and lock up all the guards in their places.

This done, Orozco would impersonate the warden, General Vega the captain of the guard, and someone else the telephone operator. When the guards were relieved they would lock up the new crew of guards. Then they would march to the Governor's palace and take the Governor prisoner.

That afternoon, shortly before he locked them in for the night, they decided to take the third trustee into their confidence. They told him what they had in mind, and he hypocritically applauded the project. They all contentedly waited to be locked in their cells, and for the hour of liberation

(continued on Page 11)

mestizo

(continued from Page 10)

on the following day.

But they were bitterly disillusioned. The following day the hour of the opening of the cells arrived and nothing happened. In fact the cells were not opened until after the changing of the guard. Then a group of soldiers arrived and went from cell to cell searching for the prisoners' improvised weapons. When the investigation was over three days later, they were all locked up in separate cells. Later it was learned that the third trustee had exposed them to the warden. Thanks to the magnanimity of Governor Maytorena, several prisoners were spared from being shot.

Some months later our "hero" was told that he would be released on condition that he make a public declaration before the district judge in Nogales. Since he did not have a single centavo for this purpose, he was told that he could take care of it by doing a little work for the Mayor of Nogales, repairing some iron lattices. Finally leaving the prison half-naked and penniless, he had to satisfy his hunger at a very beautiful and bounteous public park. (If only every town and village had a park like that one, filled with orange trees!)

So the outcast had to continue his travels in customary fashion, riding a side-door Pullman to Nogales, not out of taste but out of necessity. On arrival he promptly presented himself at his hotel, the city jail, and the Mayor told him of the work he had to do to be pronounced free by the district court.

Once released, he returned again to the United States. Since he had been in Sonora for nearly a year, he had to rejoin the IWW and pay his back dues in the International Foundry Workers Union.

He went to work again for the Western Gas Engine Company in Los Angeles and dedicated himself to aiding fellow workers in the Latin section of the IWW, consisting mainly of Mexicans, Spaniards, Italians.

A few days later he went to San Diego for the famous free-speech fight. Unlike many other similar Wobbly free-speech struggles, this one was lost, not due to any lack of effort on the part of the IWWs, but due to the layout of the city: there was only one entrance, and a small force of ruffians was enough to keep out workers from adjoining areas.

Our narrator returned to Los Angeles, and at about the same time the followers of the Mexican Liberal Party tried to take over Baja California. The Wobblies were opposed because they knew the workers there would receive no benefits, because they were lacking sufficient revolutionary consciousness, and the only beneficiaries would be the leaders and those who had financed them. (According to some of the historians, about half of the rebel army which managed to capture and hold Tijuana and Mexicali for several months was made up of Mexican and American Wobblies. — translator's note) This prompted a dispute between the Mexican Liberal Party and the IWW members, and an extremely-vexed Flores Magon made many false accusations in an article in "Regeneracion" entitled "The Mob Rears Up on Its Hind Legs".

This made matters even worse, and the IWW counterattacked in its own newspaper, "The Rebel". It declared that no real social revolution had occurred as a result of the invasion of Baja California, and that the invasion was being financed largely by Harry Chandler, son-in-law of General Otis of the LA Times. It added, however, that good intentions motivated some of the participants, such as Quirino Limon and Jack Mosby, who was arrested for violating the neutrality laws and died on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. (There is some reason to believe that Chandler and other rich capitalists who owned property in Mexico, unknown at first to the Liberal Party and the IWW, did encourage the invasion in hopes that the US Government would intervene and annex Baja California. — translator's note)

A little later — it was 1912 now — the Argentine Government exiled a number of workers to Tierra del Fuego. The IWW in

Los Angeles organized a demonstration of protest, and the police attacked them. A number of demonstrators were wounded, and about 30 were arrested and beaten on their way to the jail, some so badly that they lost consciousness. Our narrator was dealt such a brutal blow on the head that he was unable to sleep that night. The next day they were all sentenced to 60 days at hard labor.

Then they took them to a jail on the east side of the city. About five or six o'clock that afternoon, just as it was getting dark, they began to get out of the paddy wagon and line up at the entrance to the prison. Our narrator suddenly made a dash for the shadows, and the cops never saw him again.

(to be continued)

REPRESSION NOTES, USA

The Alabama Law Enforcement Agency has asked for a \$47,000 federal subsidy for a new "secret police detail whose members would all dress in black and ride at night in unmarked black cars". It says the detail is "to make maximum use of the opportunity to question suspects during the hours of darkness".

Justice Department says FBI ain't racist — "Of 18,592 employees, 1520 are black, 257 are Spanish-speaking, 7 are Indians, and 53 are Oriental." This 18,592 includes 7910 special operatives.

The Kent Grand Jury Report has been ruled illegal and ordered destroyed by the District Court in Cleveland, but still the indictments endure. Sister Jacques Egan, named as a co-conspirator with Father Berrigan to kidnap Kissinger, but yet not indicted, is now a "prisoner of conscience" in Harrisburg for having refused to answer Grand Jury questions.

Knopf has now published "Whose Heaven, Whose Earth?", by Thomas and Marjorie Melville, noted for having napalmed the Catonsville, Maryland draft records. Their book explains why they now seek in the movement what they once looked for as priest and nun in the Church.... George Jackson (Soledad Brothers) has published his "Prison Letters". He and eight other California prisoners have questioned the constitutionality of the state law making a death sentence mandatory for convicts who kill anyone except another convict.

The trial has started in Buffalo of the 19 charged with burning an ROTC office in October 1969.... In Fresno Virgil Lewis, 18, has been convicted of burning down a million-dollar computer in May.... In New York anti-war Juan Farinas has drawn two years.... In Baltimore Marshall Conway, Black Panther, after superficial defense by a court-appointed lawyer, was convicted of killing a policeman; he was denied the help of the lawyer of his choice, who was very much available, but in jail with him.... The Seale defense had used up 54 out of 60 peremptory challenges as of February 1.

As of this writing 15 members of the Committee to Combat Fascism are on trial for having moved a dozen homeless black Memphis families into unused housing — defense motion for change of venue granted.

An orderly Los Angeles protest against police brutality January 31, sponsored by the Chicago Moratorium Committee, was turned by others as it dispersed into still another march down Whittier Boulevard, scene of last August's police riot. There police lying in wait killed five, injured scores, and arrested ninety.

In Detroit John Sinclair, Pun Plamondon, and Jack Forest of the White Panthers are on trial charged with conspiring to bomb the secret CIA offices in September 1968. Kunstler and Weinglass defend. Before the trial Julian Bond and Alan Ginsberg sought inclusion of 18-year-olds on the jury panel since Michigan has lowered its voting age. Chief stoolie in this case is "Mad Bomber" David Valler.

In Chicago Linda Evans, 23, surrenders to serve three months, to be followed by three years' parole, with any violation of same to be punishable by three to twenty years, for her role in the October 1969 Days of Rage; but she has not knuckled down to the Establishment or the System.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER SUSTAINING FUND

The following are contributions to the IW sustaining fund received since those which were published in the last issue of the IW:

Matt J. Leppala	\$ 2.00
Melcolm Archibald	3.00
B. Olson	10.00
Robert D. Casey	8.00
B. Yelensky	2.00
Anonymous	15.00
Ottillie Markholt	10.00
George Gatzmeyer	5.00

Harry L. Diehl	6.00
Gilbert Mers	10.00
Total	\$71.00

Previously Acknowledged..... \$1,514.48

Grand Total (February 18) \$1,585.48

Many thanks Fellow Workers for your help.

Carlos Cortez, Editor
W. H. Westman, Business Manager

HIP PRODUCTS

(continued from Page 1)

while white friends of his were hired. Two Fellow Workers, John Sweeney and Tony Jackson, went together for jobs before this company changed its mind about prejudice. John, a white man, was asked to come back while Tony, a black man, was told "We'll call you if we need you."

Weather during the time the picket line has thus far endured has run the full gamut from sunny warm days with no wind at all to below-zero weather with strong gusts. Fellow Workers from nearby cities joined the workers and their Chicago Branch supporters on the line, trying their mettle against the elements. For the first week, the workers supported themselves from what small contributions could be raised locally, but it soon became clear that this would not be enough.

A letter was then sent out to as many members as postage money would permit and the Hip Organizing Committee began to receive donations from all across the country. Those who helped sent not only money, but also warm shoes and clothing. These were badly needed as the workers had little enough to live on even while working, let alone while out in the cold picketing and penniless. Some walked the line even though there were holes in their shoes, while the bosses drove around in their several new cars bought with labor stolen from these workers. One Fellow Worker contributed 24 pairs of boots, so there is no longer a problem of cold feet, except for some Fellow Workers who have not yet been seen either on the picket line or helping with expressions of solidarity or donations of time, goods, or money.

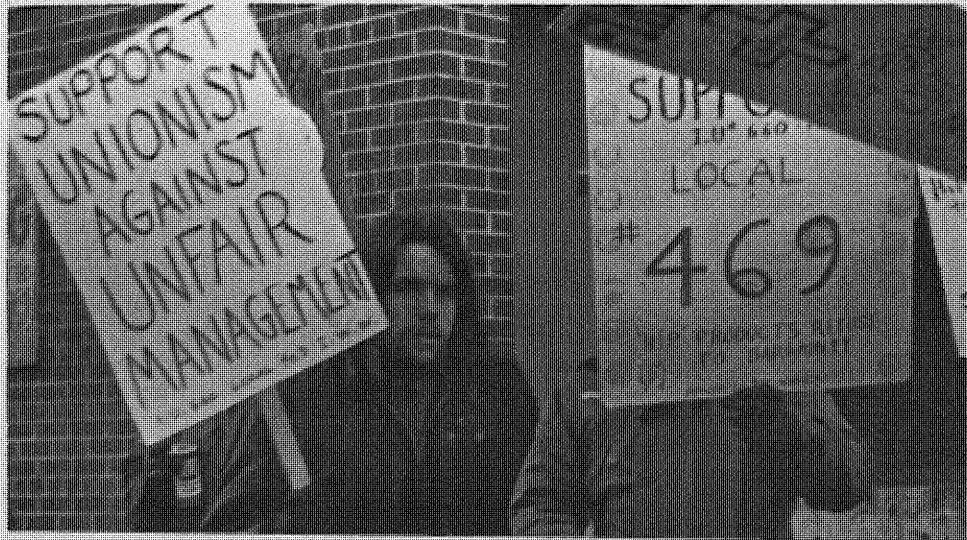
Those who manned the picket line, which has averaged about eight people every day so far, have consisted mainly of the Hip workers and some of the more-active Chicago-area delegates. Usually it was the "new-timers" who were on the line, with one notable exception. Joseph Vlad, of 90 years, who first joined the union in 1913 in Akron, Ohio, has spent more than a week on the line. As with all real IWWs, it is his wish to keep fighting until victory is won.

A great deal of help came from Fellow Workers in the Radical Student Union of the University of Illinois, who composed and printed up thousands of leaflets to give to those who might be customers of Hip's wares, and organized pickets on Saturdays to flood the Wells Street area (where Hip had five stores that they owned outright) with the story of what Hip Products stands for. This action caused so much trouble that the president of that company came down to personally supervise his wage slaves in the stores.

Other areas where Hip has offices were suddenly made aware of the IWW presence. The Fellow Workers from Austin of the Armadillo Press deserve to be especially praised for 600-mile-round-trip efforts to affect the opinions of those in the Dallas area. Thousands of leaflets, paid for by the IU 450 FWs, were distributed on the "strips" where young people congregate and to the workers and customers at the two main outlets where Hip merchandise is sold. A great deal of work toward the bringing of the company to the bargaining table took place in San Francisco, and is reported elsewhere in this issue.

The fired workers, remembering names of many of the outfits with which Hip did business, used the many city phone books in the public library to research addresses and then sent letters informing these firms of Hip's unfair actions. Fellow Workers who were skilled as typists made up offset plates for the letter and a news release. This in addition to the 10-odd leaflets that have come out of this fight.

The workers and their comrades on the picket line would again like to thank their Fellow Workers for their efforts in raising the money and donating the shoes and the clothing so necessary to keep this effort going. At this time there is no sign that the company, which is only part of a large corporation (See story in this issue.) will capitulate. Therefore it is necessary to call again on the faithful for their continued support, and on those who have only just learned of the issue to send what they can. Donations should be sent to Mike Agic, Secretary, Hip Organizing Committee, c/o IWW, 2440 North Lincoln, Chicago 60614.



Fotos by Johansson

Bay Area Supports Hip Workers

San Francisco Bay Area IWW members have been supporting the workers in the Chicago Hip Products dispute by means of informational picketing at San Francisco's Gift Show. This show is an annual event in

which wholesalers can hawk their largely worthless output to retail gift-shop owners in booths in the city's huge Civic Center convention area.

The branch secretary, FW Castleberry,

found out that Hip Products would have a booth at the show and put together a couple of leaflets from material which had been supplied by Chicago. Local Wobs passed out 5,000 leaflets or so to the buyers and

exhibitors at the show, which ran February 7 through 10 (Sunday through Wednesday). The leaflet explained in detail how Hip was ripping off its workers, and mentioned that actions are being planned to notify people in the neighborhoods of retailers pushing Hip items.

Another leaflet was passed out at San Francisco State College and in certain hip ghetto areas, asking for support for the Civic Center picketing. Numerous people expressed interest in the IWW as a result of that action.

A largely-favorable response from the Gift Show buyers apparently got the Hip big-shots present just a little bit worried. Although a few fascist types actually gave them orders because of their labor trouble, the buyers whose shops turn over most of that kind of merchandise appeared turned off to Hip. A number of both foreign and US wholesalers told the leafleters they'd refuse to patronize Hip, and many of the retailers already knew of them as a slick rip-off outfit.

Information gleaned from people in the industry makes Hip sound fairly notorious. They have a reputation for ripping off the rights to posters from the artists — asking to see a copy, then running it off and just distributing it themselves without paying the creator. Also, they are said to carry candles made virtually for free by naive hippies who get only some free dope, a bit of plastic food, and a few nights in a crash pad in return for their labor.

There is a story, said to originate with internal sources in the company itself, that the boss has discussed putting acid in the soft drinks, et cetera, at the Chicago plant, getting the workers stoned, and then calling in the pigs for a mass bust. Chicago IWWs beware: Now that you're out on the street, he may try a dope bust on the picket line.

"Corporate Research" On Hip Products

A little library spadework by FW Daryl Van Fleet gives the story on Hip Products and its big owning corporation, Arts and Leisure. The latter was created in March 1969 by a merger between Creative Card Company, a greeting-card outfit, and Arts International. Both were Chicago-based companies to start with, and the board of directors of Arts and Leisure all emerge from the boards of those two, and do not appear to have further connections in the world of finance. (Small-fry parasites.)

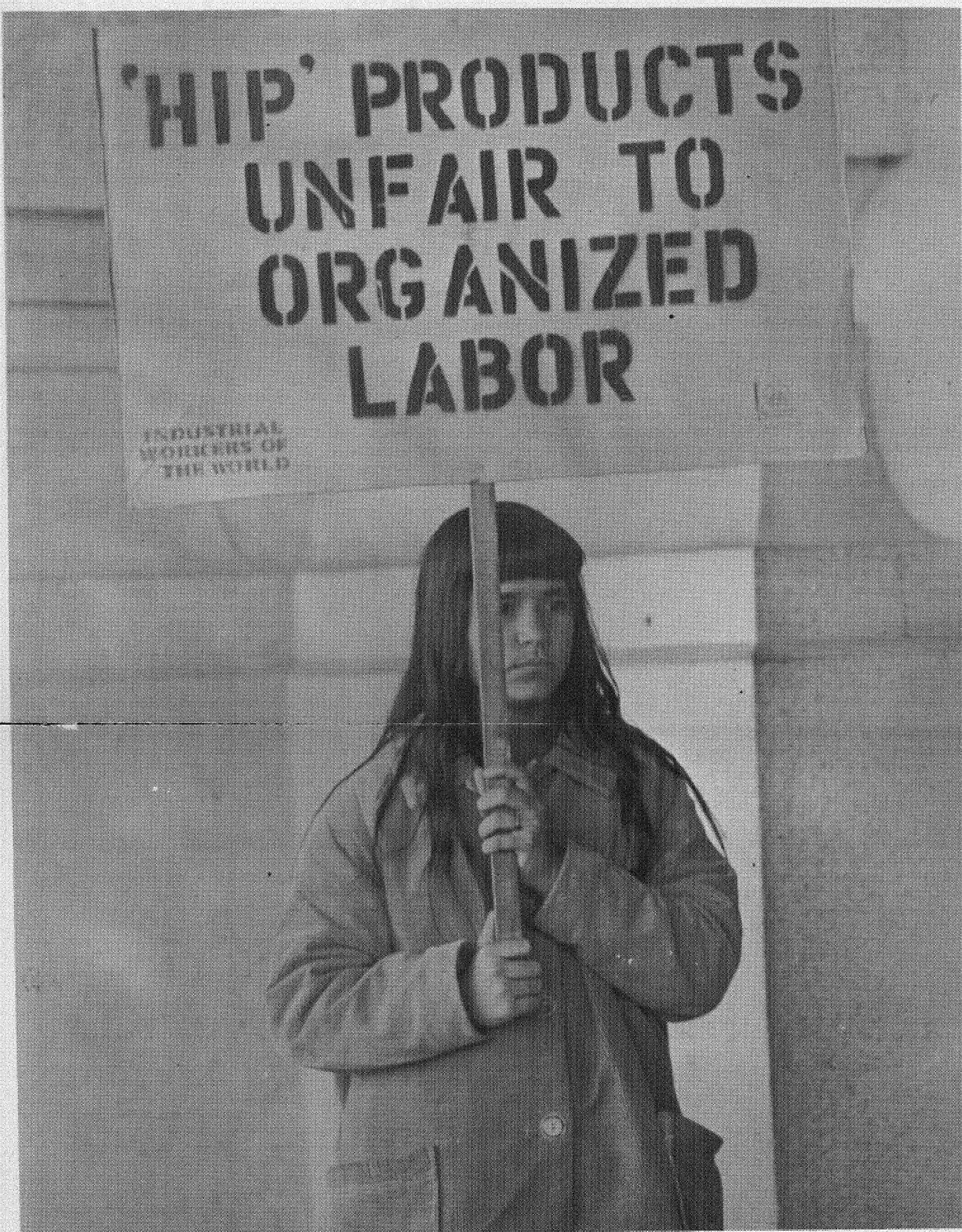
Arts and Leisure had 600 employees as of November 28, 1969, and added to their slave force by acquiring Hip in June 1970. Hip's gross sales for the preceding year, ending May 31, 1970, were \$1,500,000, and A and L's net sales for 1969, before Hip's acquisition, were \$11,700,000, of which the profits after taxes were \$460,000, or 42¢ per share of stock.

Arts and Leisure owns two big Chicago night clubs, Second City and Mr. Kelly's, and a national chain of 23 art galleries, dealing in originals for the snob market, as well as the greeting-card operation and a mail-order gifts-and-novelties shuck.

The greeting cards and novelties alone accounted for 50.3% of their total sales, the galleries 17.2%, and the entertainment and restaurant operations 32.5%.

FW Van Fleet, visiting in San Francisco, explains that corporate research ("power structure research") is not as tricky as it sounds. The Establishment publishes many records of ownership, profits, members of boards of directors, and each director's other positions in industry—all readily accessible so they can check up on each other when they negotiate business deals. Regular periodicals such as Standard and Poor's or Dun and Bradstreet are offered by public libraries.

FW Van Fleet says that a couple years ago a manual on power-structure research was circulating in San Diego, and suggests that we might publish another one so that people confronting anonymous companies will be able to find out who they're really dealing with. Any research buffs out there?



wobfoto by iijima

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY!

Today ordinary people are practically powerless. In the face of the rich barons of industry, we hold little real power over the decisions that affect our lives. The rich control the major means of production and hold the predominant power over our daily wages and working conditions. And only the rich or those with the support of the rich have the big money necessary to mount a successful campaign for any major public office. Democracy and one-man, one-vote equality of man have been perverted and betrayed until now the rich really control

this nation.

This situation can be changed and the rights of the people upheld only when we the common people have genuine power to control the decisions that affect our lives. True freedom can come only when workers control the industries, students and faculty members control the schools, and people control the institutions which affect their lives through direct democratic means, instituting a radical new form of society: Participatory Industrial Democracy. There must be an end to the Aristocracy of Money

if we are ever to be truly free and live in peace.

This change can take place only when we the people want it to take place. It can take place only if we the common people unite in one big union and claim that which is our natural birthright. The people built the country, its industries, and everything in it—and all these things belong to the people.

ALL POWER TO THE WORKING PEOPLE!

X 325818