



SHOP

BULLETIN

V

VOL. 1

JANUARY, 1936

NO. 6



ISSUED BY

METAL & MACHINERY WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION NO. 440

Walter P. Reuther Library, Wayne State University
No reproduction without permission

Issued by:
Organization Committee I.U. 440,
Industrial Workers of the World.

Address all communications to:

One Big Union Bulletin,
8622 Buckeye Road,
Phone, Garfield 7114

1936.

The City Organization Committee wishes you a happy and prosperous New Year. We hope that the union will enjoy your continuous loyalty and support. Remember that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A good resolution is to be a better union man with each passing year.

The I.W.W. is rapidly becoming the mainstay of Cleveland Labor. The militant fight the I.W.W. puts up in the interests of the working class is gaining recognition in labor circles. We confidently expect to see the I.W.W. grow by leaps and bounds during 1936.

WAR AND FASCISM.

The Third U.S. Congress Against War & Fascism which met in this city on the third, fourth and fifth of January has turned the spotlight of public interest on the problem presented by the scourge of war and the terror of fascism.

War, as all thinking people know, is almost inevitable under a capitalist economy. As long as the strong powers of the world are feverishly competing with one another for a market for their surplus goods the threat of war is always present.

Fascism is the last refuge of capitalism. With the failure of the

capitalists to solve the problem of distributing the enormous amount of goods and services that the collective energy of society has produced, comes a cry of unrest and dissatisfaction from the workers. The capitalists no longer trust the ability of a democratic government to save their system and replace the old form of government with a fascist dictatorship.

Under Fascism all civil liberties are suspended. The right to organize into unions is taken away and existing unions are destroyed. The worker becomes a voiceless and powerless cog in a machine for the perpetuation of the profit system.

The I.W.W. since its birth has been against all capitalist wars. During the last war the I.W.W. was persecuted and villified because of this stand. However, we are proud of our heroic martyrs who gave their lives and liberty for their convictions.

Today the I.W.W. stands vindicated for its stand during the late war. Millions of people are beginning to understand the forces that are clamoring for war.

The I.W.W. offers a sane solution for the stopping of War & Fascism. Organize for a GENERAL STRIKE TO END WAR. Marshall the forces of Labor into ONE BIG UNION of ALL WORKERS as a bulwark against Fascism and, and for the building of a WORKERS' WORLD.

"440" MEETINGS.

On the first Monday of each month a general Membership Meeting is held at 8622 Buckeye Road. These meetings always produce interesting discussions. The secretary makes his financial statement to the membership and an audit committee is elected to look over his books.

BE PRESENT AT THE NEXT MEETING.

DRAPEL NETS.

Jerry and Whitey are debating every day about which of them has the biggest nose. It seems to us that if Jerry would shave off his mustache that he would have the edge on Whitey. The only way the question can be settled will be by the shop taking a collection to bring Jimmy Durante here to decide the argument.

John Bednorik, (Betty) had his tonsils removed about two years ago in the hope of gaining weight. Instead of gaining, he lost ten pounds. His doctor next suggested that "Betty" give up smoking cigarettes.

The doctor does not know that "Betty" keeps a pipe as big as a house and as hot as a furnace going during the dinner hour. (We will say nothing about the smell.) It is rumored that the company is thinking of asking "Betty" to keep his pipe lit all day. It is thought that no steam heat will be needed if "Betty" will cooperate, thus saving the company money.

We have just found out why Ralph Cephart is sort of nuts lately. At Pauline's one evening, Ralph's girl friend set Pauline's hair. One of the boys gave Ralph a glass of hair setting glue. Ralph, thinking it was wine, drank it. Ralph has been a steady Ex-Lax customer ever since. It is no use, Ralph is as tight as a drum.

Did you know that some rascal got away with Whitey's new teeth from the dentist's office just before Christmas? Poor Whitey had no teeth for the heavy eating during the holidays. He put in plenty of time doing some heavy drinking though, sort of drowning your sorrows, eh Whitey?

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND THE REGULAR

MONTHLY 440 CLUB MEETING, 36-38 W. STATE ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO, 3RD OF MARCH, 1935.

BYE-BYE UNTIL NEXT TIME.

Did you know that John Kenick has a girl? Wait until the wedding boys, he will wake up after that.

Did you know that the rabbit fancier, "Mr" John Bus, is taking up navigation? New Year's morning John was seen "navigating" from one side of the street to the other. Then he finally reached home the rabbits failed to recognize him.

Did you know that Dominic once had dinner with Heille Sallasie?

Did you know that Joe Lidicky is practicing for the fat man's race which will take place next July at the "440" picnic?

MIKE LINDWAY.

On the 26th day of January, the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio will hear the case of the State of Ohio versus Mike Lindway. Mr. Wolf, our attorney, is confident that we will win the case.

In about two weeks the membership will receive a financial statement as to the amount of money collected for this case, and, how it was spent. Ask your committeeman for a chance to read the statement, he will have one shortly.

Mike Lindway is a great credit to the I.W.W. His fine spirit and stout heart should be an inspiration to all of us. Mike with his ready smile and cheery word is enough to put pep into a dead man. The "Bulletin" is hoping for the best for Mike, a true soldier in the class war.

Keep your eye on the Industrial Worker for a complete story of the hearing in Columbus.

ORGANIZE RIGHT *****

Organize industrially; organize right! This is the call to the downtrodden heard all over the world. In increasing numbers the workers of every country are enlightening themselves on the subject, and everywhere the workers are preparing for organization in which they will find the embodiment of their collective power and the instrument for direct action, as occasion and conditions may command. All countries of the world are governed, principally, in the interests of the small class controlling industrial combinations. Whenever the workers aimed heavy blows at these interests directly, that is, when they refused to serve temporarily, in the production process of these industries the exploiting class all over the world burst out in frantic denunciations of the forces that had so little regard for private property.

The industrial unionists propose to organize the workers for more militant action within the present icy society, so that, with every advance gained, the workers will gain an appetite for more and for all, and will find the means to get it.

And in all these days of unrest and struggle, industrial unionists are preparing the administrative, the productive agencies, for the industrial commonwealth. Representatives elected by workers, organized in their industrial unions will constitute the industrial parliament of the future, taking care of municipal, national and international affairs:

DUES **

The membership of I.U. 440 overwhelmingly voted in favor of 75¢ monthly dues. This will provide the union with the tools for better work. We will be able to build up a reserve fund for troubles in the future.

The 'WORKERS' ADDRESS (Apologies to Abe Lincoln) *****

One score and ten years ago our fellow-workers brought forth upon this continent a new organization conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the position that All men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil War testing whether the Capitalists and the Workers so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We are here to put this organization into use. But it never will be in use until the workers organize into One Big Union.

From:

The Young Recruit

INVITATION TO MURDER *****

By PAUL SALEM

Invitations are being written up. Soon they will be sent out. Will you accept?

Will you accept the invitation to do the murdering?

Will you accept the invitation to be murdered?

When imperialistic nations, maneuvered by oily strings reaching behind the scenes, clash--- it results in this thing called war.

If you are an I.W.W. you know what causes modern wars.

If you are not an I.W.W., line up, become one, and find out what the cause is.

If you are an I.W.W. you know what to do to prevent wars.

If you are not an I.W.W. become one and help to prevent wars. You can!

THE UNION BUTTON *****

Wear the union button on the job. We reiterate this again and again to all of you.

AMERICAN STOVE ENAMEL DIV.

Who is the boss in the Spraying Dept.? The "Bulletin" offers a few suggestions that might solve the GREAT MYSTERY. How are these guesses? Sir Carl, the Peppercorn, Gallant John, of the House of Walters Cautious Casey, and---- Mustache Morris. If you can solve the mystery let the rest of the division in on it. Every body should really know who the boss is.

Angie is hoping its a girl. We hope its sextuplets, all future wooblies. No kidding Angie, best of luck to you and your husband.

Helen and Betty are both flashing sprinklers. Congrats to Beulah. Who is the next one?

Who is the little person called, "MAIN STREET".

A PLUM TO ALL JOB BRANCHES.

We want to make the bulletin as interesting as possible. This month we are short on news and gossip from many shops. Please try to send something in for the next issue.

THE OPEN SHOP SONG.

Work your hardest every day,
Save a second every way,
Worry not about your pay,
And, still old Snoop will say--

"Faster now--speed up boe's,
Here's the way that thing goes,
Put monkey wrenches on your toes,
Use the pliers with your nose.

Hold the hammer in your right,
With your left, screw things tight,
If it loosens just a mite,
Use your teeth and take a bite,"

WEAR THE BUTTON ON THE JOB.

REPUBLIC BRASS.

We hope the fellow workers enjoyed the Holidays.

"Jerry the Greek" cooked supper for his family last Monday. It was Thursday before any of them were able to get out of bed because of indigestion.

Bert Gordon is back with us again. He has a fine coat of Miami Tan and is feeling fine.

THIS AND THAT.

Did you know that we have been making a mistake about our organizer? It is not due to beer drinking that he is getting fat. Joe Ruks has been taking him home lastly of a Sunday for dinner. We hear that Mrs. Ruks is some cook. Well, at least we are glad to know that Frank don't drink.

John May of New Process causes Walter no end of trouble every morning. Walter you know, picks John up and takes him to work. It is a tough job pulling a drunk out of bed. Use a bucket of ice water. Walter. We are sure that Mrs. May won't mind.

Ask Alex Boris who the beautiful lady is who called him Clark Gable at a poker game some time ago. If Alex is bashful ask Johnny Marin-sic, he is in on the "know".

Joe, the secretary might know a thing or two about how to change a womans mind. We have every confidence in his ability of persuasion, if he has a glass of beer handy.

A tip for Carl Peppers. Somebody was seen talking to one of your lady members the other day. Not in the shop, guess where?

Don't try to figure this one out.

OHIO FOUNDRY.

Our job branch has got off to a good start for 1936. The new shop Committee looks good on paper and we feel confident will not fail us on the fields of action.

Our City Organization Man, George Ehrman Sr., is a good man for a good job. Do your stuff George.

We will have lots of beer soon. The boys and girls who missed the last meeting will pay for it. We hope we have more such special meetings in the future with ten or twenty members present. Beer always tastes better when you get it for nothing. Thanks boys.

Pay your dues to any one of the following delegates: Pete Zelch, George Ehrman Jr., and Wm. Schnieder. One delegate for each shift. Service with a smile is our motto. Don't forget the deadline.

We all deeply regret the passing of our fellow worker Mike Kocak. The tragic manner of his death increases our grief.

HUNGER

That a word--hunger--in the human understanding? We rarely think of other than the belly form of hunger. Because that is so elemental, and the workers have ever been compelled to fight so desperately to assuage it. Yet in a world where there is such abundance of beauty in fine music, drama, sculpture, letters and other arts and sciences confusing to man aesthetically, emotional and intellectual good, deprivations of these satisfactions is a very real sort of hunger for those with the faintest appetite for them. But what can the degradation, the denail be called that goes so deep that it renders most of the slaves insensible even to their aspiration? How long could this monstrous capitalism survive if the workers understood their loss and resented it? Capitalism is synonymous with violence, and the handmaid of chaos. Its beneficiaries care less for us than for drag-horses. While we work we are suffered to receive oats and a stall. Continued on next page.

Drapers All Night Party was a success. You could tell by the Wobbling of the Wobblies.

MID WINTER PARTY.

Given By:

I.W.W.W. MEMBERS AT THE AMERICAN STOVE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8 AT 8:00 P.M. *Til?

MORGAN HALL 1550 E. 40 ST.

FRAM BEER-----FREE EATS.

MEN. 50¢ GOOD MUSIC. LADIES 25¢.

When unemployed the cuts vanish and the stall is removed. The big work beast must conquer the monster that bestializes him before manhood and womanhood in their finest flower, the flower of freedom, can flourish in the world, before hunger of body and of mind and heart are forever banished from the race.

We, the workers, are many, though divided because of ignorance. They, the capitalists, are few, but strong organizationally, ruthless in policy, grimly determined to increase in power and to perpetuate their dictatorship over the hopeless existence of a robbed class. The thoughtless might conclude that there is no ray of hope for the workers. Indeed, this despairing attitude is like a terrible paralysis, preventing many from acting for working class progress. We have reached an era where action may not much longer be delayed if we are to escape the heavy heel of a tyranny unprecedented in the annals of man.

Fascism in hydra-headed guise spreads across the world. Vast masses of people seem stunned into an apathy ill suited to their great need for the extension of liberty through industrial enfranchisement. Yet there is more than a ray of hope's light, for the workers have numerical ascendancy, theirs is the creative power and eagerness to build; social justice is a sense peculiarly their own, evolution favors them, they are educable. You who are low in spirit because the apathy magnifies itself in your vision, consider the strikes of the workers during the past two years; think of the courage of the vanguard of labor's hosts; regard their tact, imagination, solidarity. Hear them singing as they fight. Take heart in the thrilling spectacle of their defiance of outlaws in uniform and extra-legal mobs that would throttle the message of social upheaval. Then, with no despair: Up action and faith, for

truly, "Evolution makes hope scientific"!

Can we, having learned through battles how to fight, having suffered the miseries of defeat, the joys of victory over an implacable foe; can we see anything ahead for the working class but eventual triumph? Dare we the despondent thought of going down to the shambles under that Iron Heel limned by the fanciful London?

"O, Liberty, can man resign then, Once having felt thy generous flame"

The reaction, the fascist hordes, ultra-capitalistic agents by their desperate deeds but show the desperate straits of a decaying system. Our duty, that which should be the main-spring of our lives, the joy of our hearts, is to agitate without ceasing until we have proved the loaves to move the suffering, inert mass to revolt. They are educable; ours is to educate them. Our agitators have again and again caused them by the thousands to hurl defiance at the employers, to battle as an indomitable phalanx to victory after victory. Multiply our agitational power by every I.W.W. being a tireless agitator, and we can inspire the workers by the millions to challenge not alone capitalist routine of day to day production, but private ownership of the means of production itself.

For us the night is long but we envision the dawn, and in the all-pervading shadows of the unsocial derangement of capitalism we keep alight the bivouac, incendiary fires of hope and "fan the flames of discontent". The night will pass. Our species, the humble workers have built a world. The genius of the working class, laboring with hands and minds have shown that there need be no want, no hunger, no famine. On the ruins of the old society will rise a new world, home of a free race, happy and fair, friendly "without disease of flesh or brain".

THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;
Get canned, perhaps steel, maybe land in a prison
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

CHORUS

The faithful alarm clock
The rattling alarm clock;
The dollar alarm clock
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.
If everly weary I take a tin bucket
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary
And says we are hauling too much of a load,
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.
Then here's to the victim that just keeps alive.
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

NOV

"Renunciation" from the I. T. T. Song Book.

Then hungry millions are unfed
And little orphans weep,
I cannot eat in peace my bread,
Nor sing my grief to sleep.
Then thoughts arising from the heart
Are hampered in their flight,
I cannot sit and muse apart
Upon a dreamy night.

Then craven lies oft seek to blind
The eyes of blazing truth,
I cannot turn my maddened mind
To songs of love and youth,
Nor can I sing in lyric strains
Of private, little woes,
When greed is reaping golden gains
From bloody seeds it sows.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE.

By John Addington Symonds.

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their soul
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music fill the skies;
And every life shall be a song
Then all the earth is paradise.

TAKA YOUR BUITION ON THE JOB.