

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

VOL. I

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One Dollar a Year

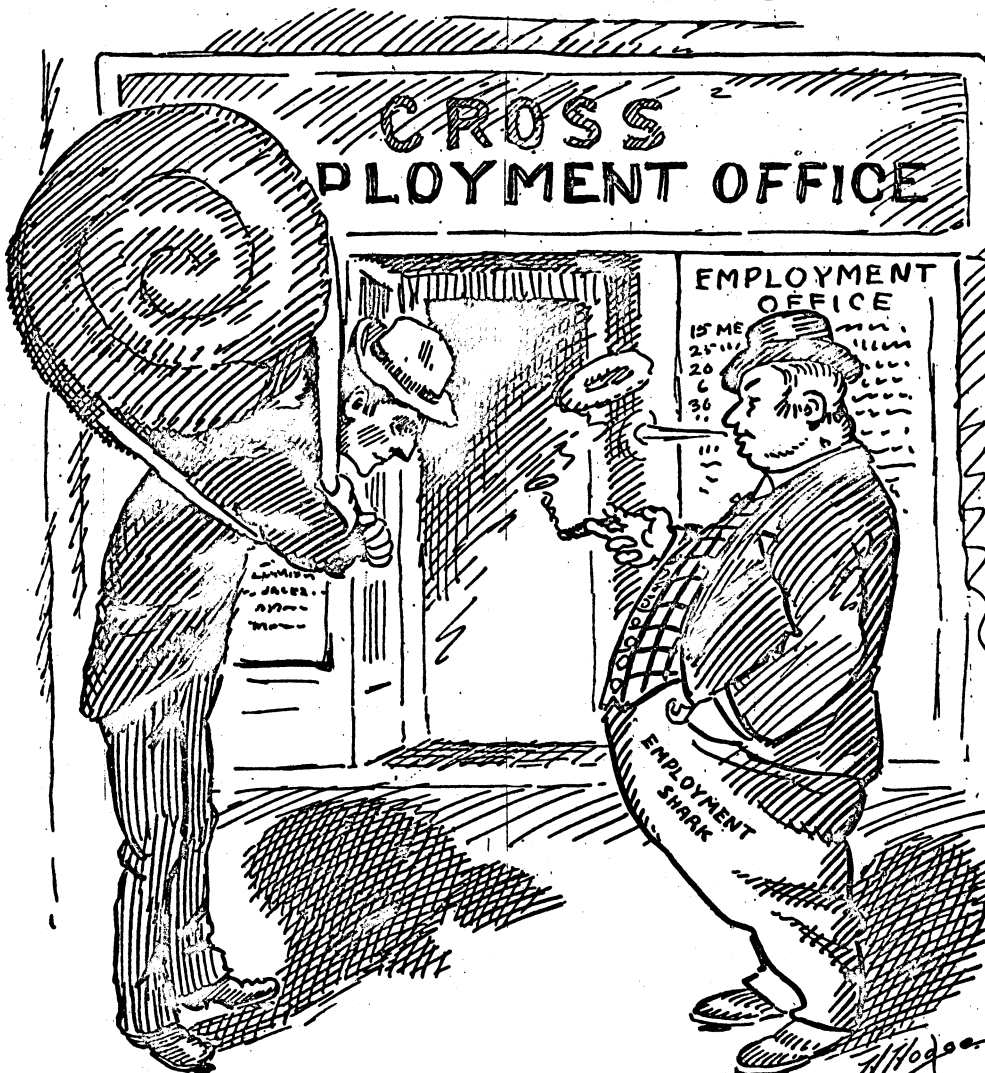
No. 13

THE MONTANA STRIKE IS THE REAL THING

Tuesday, June 1, J. H. Walsh, the National Organizer, arrived in Eureka and proposed to hold a street meeting. On Wednesday Flathead County, Hangman, O'Connell, and up the peaceable meeting of the Union Walsh continued his remarks in Dugas. The citizens were provided with several boxes of eggs, with which to rotten egg the women who were in Walsh's party. This, however, was prevented by the lumber jacks and drivers who were present. At Baker's camp, the men are back at work for the scale. A few men began scabbing at Eureka, but have since been persuaded to quit Walsh, the National Organizer. Walsh is having good success with the I. W. W. and which is with him on a trip through Montana. He has held meetings at Kalispell, Eureka, as well as Somers, Montana. A boom at the mouth of the Flathead has broken up and the logs are all out in the Flathead lake and are a total loss to the company. The level of the water in the lake has been raised still higher, by the tears of the I. W. W. men who are weeping over the loss of their company! On the whole the prospects for the strike are better than ever. In a word, the strike has been carried out in the way the Union men have stuck to their guns and a victory is at hand. The following letter is from the strike committee at Fortine, in regard to a former article in the Worker. Owing to advices received by the editor, it seems the men who were working were referred to in terms which are thought to be too severe. Eureka, Mont., June 8, 1909.—The strike is about the same; there are three of the scabs back to work. They are three Flat Broz. From their statements they intend to work, but so much to make money, but to get even with the working class, as they have themselves once employed men. Then they are sore about the article in the last number of the I. W. W. about the "sick, yellow scabs" being given off their work. The article might be good literature for the paper, but it certainly hasn't done well here. The boys quit work, all of them, and many are staying with us now, admitting they were in the wrong, but could not see it at the time. Now, many of these boys are on their hands and feet with us and it will do no good to abuse them. Yours for the I. W. W. WM. ROBINSON, Exec. Committee, Fortine, Mont.

Kalispell, June 8th, 1909. Everything closed again at Somers. Peachie, the Superintendent, had to run the electric light plant last night. Spats all tied up at Somers. What river drivers are working will go out each today. 600,000 feet of logs are lost to the company. The only thing they are short of is money. The women are picketing at Somers. Wells ordered the women off the company ground this morning, stating that there was an injunction on. The Union women told him to go to heaven. Twenty more deputies were sent to Somers yesterday afternoon. They are mostly red light district bums and stiffies that won't work, except when there is big money stabling labor. A corporation can buy injunctions and deputy sheriffs here, the same as buying beer in a saloon. The enclosed statement of the Hangman in a saloon at Eureka, and how he came through with the money to a I. W. W. man, is a sample of the lies told by corporation hirelings. After his story the order he stated that he was away from Kalispell, which shows where the money comes from. The Flathead Lumber association says they will never come through to the I. W. W., which shows that the whole association is fighting us. The women at Somers are the stuff. The company has paid out more money for injunctions, sheriff's deputies and Pinkertons than would have paid all the demands of the Union men for the next two years. C. J. Shelton, an I. W. W. man who won the \$125 suit from the sheriff, was offered \$125 a month to act as deputy sheriff. O'Connell, the sheriff, offered him the money. There is easy money here for any scabber who will close his mouth and be a company sucker, and help to knife labor. The Eureka Lumber Co. has offered a large sum of money to the photographer who took pictures of the boxes of eggs and mauls of the Eureka Lumber Co. and the riot at Eureka. People in Libby, Mont., are offering a large sum for the photos to show up the law-breaker in Eureka. Both Libby and Eureka are fighting for the county seat. Enclosed find new posters just out. HESLERWOOD. The following contributions have been received by the Executive Committee of Spokane I. W. W. since the last issue of the paper: Previously acknowledged \$126.80 John Foss .50 L. Lyman .50 L. Hearin .50 L. Lofholm 1.00 W. Buchman 1.00 W. Lamar 1.00 W. Myers 1.00 W. Yagelich 1.00 W. Monard 2.00 W. Gerashy 1.00 W. Brown 1.00 W. Elyuk 1.00 W. Erkman .50 W. Harkness 1.00 W. Adams 1.00 Paff, Los Angeles, Cal. 1.00 Turner, Los Angeles, Cal. 1.00 W. Mueseth 1.00 Total \$146.20

LAW IN EUREKA. Overheard a young man, who has acted as a lawyer lately, say: "The laborers are protected by law—meaning scabs—and if these fellows don't behave we'll put them out of town. They'll have to go." JULIUS PETERSEN.



BLANKET STIFF AND EMPLOYMENT SHARK--WHICH SIDE IS YOUR HUMP ON?

WOODLAND NOTES--FROM THE JUNGLES.

A Trip at Jim Hill's Expense After an Exciting Skirmish With a Gun Man. W. Smith and myself left Tuesday for Hilliard to catch a freight for Newport. We were skirmishing around about an hour; finally we lay down on the grass out of sight. To our surprise "bang! bang!" went a gun; bullets flying close by. We were marching down the center of Jim Hill's yard, when out jumped the gun man. After a few cross words, he marched us back out of the yard, which he said was "private property." The next day we got a ticket to go to Wrencrest free fare, and no fee. We decided to get off at Newport. We hiked up the new grade about seven miles when before we were told to go another 20 miles before we would strike a big skinners' camp. We got back to Newport and got a handout; a piece of mince-pie and a doughnut. We slept in a boxcar that night and were offered a job on the section next morning, but we decided to hike over Jim Hill's road to an extra-rang about 10 miles this side of Sandpoint to get supper. We got as far as Priest River, when we came to a jungle camp fire. Five I. W. W. men boiling up and cooking a mulligan. You should have seen the banquet!—nice forgotten scenery, and a beautiful river; but I forgot, these five men had been through the same jungle as ourselves the day before. We were just about two hours behind them. It is too bad we have got to leave the jungles to look for a master up in the mountains in a lumber camp; the weather is so nice and an I. W. W. jungle makes things so pleasant! Some of the men are taking a bath in the river, and another is out shooting. I wish some of the employment sharks were here. I would like to say that you can't get a job on the surfacing crew in Newport without buying the job and paying your fare, and a man could not get any information around Newport unless he were a "live one" and the paper-collared stiff would show him where to head in at. John Gundlach walked around what you call the old town, and he could see nothing only some barrel stiffs with the ladies of easy virtue. He saw two of the latter with their arms around a "live one" relieving him of what he had in his pockets. Spencer has just arrived with the onions, veal, Lion brand coffee, boarding house brand of cream, and he is cooking, and Morninstar is flunking. We have cabbage, tomatoes and spuds. Well, I can't express my feelings at the swell time we're having here. Don't forget to send some strike notices down with the next man that comes this way. You better send some to Sandpoint, will reach there in two or three days and I'll stick them up. This letter is subject to alterations and it will be continued. I'll quit writing now till after dinner. Well, the big feast is over and they decided that anybody that looks for a master after that feed, he is not class-conscious. Be sure and give us a line in the paper. Bowman, Smith, Spencer, Matthews, Morningstar, Gundlach, Dutton.

Don't forget to dig up for the strikers. Address: No. 421, I. W. W. Kalispell, Montana

CRAFT SCABBERY AND HOW IT WORKS

By Oscar Ameringer. There are three kinds of scabs—the professional, the amateur and union scab. The professional scab is usually a high-paid, high-skilled worker in the employ of strike-breaking and detective agencies. His position is that of a petty officer's in the regular scab army. The amateur scab brigade is composed of riff-raff, slum dwellers, rubes, imbeciles, college students and other undesirable citizens. The last, and by far the most important class is the union scab. Professional scabs are few and eminent. Amateur scabs are plentiful and deficient, and union scabs both numerous and capable. The professional scab knows what he is doing, does it well and for the sake of the long green only. The amateur scab, posing as a free born American citizen, who scorns to be fettered by union rules and regulations, gets much glory (?), little pay and when the strike is over he is given an honorable discharge in the region where Darwin searched for the missing link. The union scab receives less pay than the professional scab, works better than the amateur scab and don't know that he is a scab. He will take a pattern from a scab pattern-maker, cast it in a union mold, hand the casting to as lousy a scab as ever walked in shoe leather and then proudly produce a paid-up union card in testimony of his unionism. Way down in his heart he seems to have a lurking suspicion that there is something not altogether right in his actions, and it is characteristic of the union man who cooperates with scabs that he is ever ready to flash a union card in the face of innocent bystanders. He don't know that the rose under any other name is just as fragrant, he don't know that calling a cat a canary won't make the feline warble, and he don't know that helping to run the show while other workers bend all their energies in the opposite direction is scabbing. He relies on the name and seeks refuge behind a little pasteboard card. When a strike is declared it becomes the chief duty of the organization to effect a complete shutdown of the plant. For that purpose warnings are mailed, or wired, to other places, to prevent workmen from moving to the afflicted city. Pickets are stationed around the plant or factory, or harbor, to stop workers from taking the places of the strikers. Amateur scabs are coaxed, persuaded, or bullied away from the seat of the strike. Persuasion having no effect on the professional strikebreaker, he is sometimes treated with a hickbat shower. Shut down that plant, shut it down completely, is the watchword of the striker. Now, while all these things are going on and men are stopped in ones and twos, a steady stream of dinner pail parades pours through the factory gate. Why are they not molested? Oh! they're union men, belonging to a different craft than the one on strike. Instead of brickbats and insults it's "Hello, John! hello, Jim; howdy, Jack," and other expressions of good-fellowship. The "37 Varieties." You see, this is a carriage factory, and it is only the Amalgamated Association of Brim Stone and Emery Polishers that are striking. The Brotherhood of Oil Rag Wipers, the Fraternal Society of White Lead Daubers, the United Sons of Varnish Spreaders, the Benevolent Compilation of Wood Work Gluers, the Iron Benders' Sick and Death Benefit Union, the Oakdale Lodge of Coal Shovelers, the Martha Washington Lodge of Ash Wheelers, the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Oilers, the Engineers' Protective Lodge, the Stationary Firemen, the F. O. O. L. the A. S. B. E. S. Societies have nothing to do with the Amalgamated Association of Brim Stone and Emery Polishers. At the next regular meeting of those societies, ringing resolutions endorsing the strike of the Amalgamated Association of Brim Stone and Emery Polishers will be passed. Moral support is pledged and five dollars' worth of tickets is purchased for the dance given by the Ladies' Volunteer and Auxiliary Corps for the benefit of the Amalgamated Association of Brim Stone and Emery Polishers. The whole thing is like beating a man's brains out and then handing him a headache tablet. During a very bitterly fought molders' strike in a northern city the writer noticed one of the prettiest illustrations of the workings of plain scabbing and union scabbing. A dense mass of strikers and sympathizers had assembled in front of the factory awaiting the exit of the strikebreakers. Out they came and scabs and unionists in one dark mass. Stones, rotten eggs and other missiles began to fly, when one of the strikebreakers leaped on a store box and shouted frantically: "Stop it, stop it, for C—'s sake, stop it; you are hitting more unionists than scabs; you can't tell the difference." That's it. Wherever scabs and union men work harmoniously in the strikebreaking industry all hell can't tell the difference. To the murky conception of a union scab, scabbing is only wrong when practiced by a non-union man. To him the union card is a kind of a scab permit that guarantees him immunity from insults, brickbats and rotten eggs. After having instructed a green bunch of amateur scabs in the art of brimstone and emery polishing all day, he meets a striking brother in the evening and forthwith demonstrates his unionism by setting up the drinks for the latter. Union scabbing is the legitimate offspring of craft organization. It is begotten by ignorance, born of imbecility and nourished by inamy. My dear brother, I am sorry to see under contract to hunt you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here is my card. This is union scabbing. Chicago, June 4th, 1909. Fellow Worker Frederick Schade of Wilkes Barre, Pa., died, at the age of 72 years, on the 15th day of May. Fellow Worker Schade was a "Member at Large" of the I. W. W., and was a revolutionary socialist and industrialist.

SLAVE MARKET NEWS JOBS, WAGES, HOURS

NOTICE. The A. Y. P. E., of rather the Sucker's Convention, is strictly on the hog, and town is also. FRED. L. RHODA, L. U. 382, Seattle, Wa. NO. 12 I. W. W., LOS ANGELES. Things here are as usual, but the local is growing every day, and now we are going into a new hall next week. You can keep on sending the bundles of Workers of 100 copies. Local No. 12 sent \$23 to the lumber jacks in Montana. G. W. REESE. Literature Agent; Local No. 12, I. W. W., Los Angeles, California. CONRAD, MONTANA. Plenty of work here if the boys want it: no employment shark graft; \$2 a day for day men; \$10 a month for skinnners; board \$3.50 a week; good, clean camp; foreman O. K.—Benj. F. B. Gathany. RHYOLITE, NEVADA. Employed please find postoffice order for \$5 for five yearly subscriptions for the Industrial Worker. The fellow workers here think it is hot stuff and want you to keep it up.—Joe Russell. THAT NACHES JOB. Naches, Wash., June 10, 1909. We have conducted debates in J. M. C. A. tent here, Fellow Worker Montgomery, of Portland, was our best speaker. Work on Tieton, eight hours, making and placing concrete forms, from \$2 to \$2.60. More men needed at Government Reclamation office, North Yakima, for here, and for Bumping Lake. No employment agent fee. H. FLOYD. THE I. W. W. IN NEW ORLEANS. I believe you are getting out the best revolutionary working-class paper in the country. Things are moving slowly for us here, but we keep pegging away for the I. W. W. Our opponents long since have refused to face us openly and a large section of the workers is in open sympathy with us. I think it only a question of time now until they begin to come to us. The A. F. of L. leaders are moving heaven and earth to stave off their doom. We would make much better headway if it were not for the terrible industrial condition of the city. Thousands of workers have been out of work for months. COVINGTON HALL. THINGS IN WALLA WALLA. Walla Walla, June 2, 1909. As I am very busy (nit) I will write and let you and the boys know how things are out here. This country is full of little men at present, but there is a little haying going on, but wages are on the bum. The ranchers only want to pay from \$1.00 to \$1.25 a day, but we are holding out for \$2.00 or more. A lot of hungry scabbers and misson stiffs are going to work, but we have a few I. W. W. boys here and you can bet that we have our mulligan and Java, as we don't patronize the booze joints. Myself and two more boys went to Freewater, Ore., and put two strawberry patches on the bum by starting a strike while berries were ripening and had to be picked. Hoping this will find the I. W. W. in prosperous condition. Haying will be all O. K. in two weeks. F. GUNTHER. FROM FRED ISLER. Received the bundle of Industrial Workers and was pleased to get news from civilization. I am sorry not to be in a position to send you money to pay for the bundle and also the price of a sub; have not got a cent in my pocket and will have none until payday or until I quit my job. Nevertheless, hope you will trust me and send me the Worker, and as soon as I can dig some cash, will send it to you. I have been promoted from a mucker to a carman and that kind of a job beats a Missouri mule. We only work eight hours, but it is short and sweet. We simply work like hell. This place is a very cheerful and delightful spot, the hill is still covered with snow and the spring makes its appearance about the fourth of July. A man who walks 30 miles to such a location is indeed hungry for a job. The board is a little improvement upon a railroad camp, nevertheless it is none too good. There are two stores in town and they are not afraid to charge exorbitant prices for their wares; had to pay two dollars for an apology of an undershirt, and almost everything is sold on the same scale. Life divided between working in a mine and a bunk house has but little charm, and will be glad to get back to civilization before long. Will be glad to again come in contact with the I. W. W. in the near future. With best wishes to all the boys and to the I. W. W. in Spokane. FRED ISLER, Atlanta, Idaho. SEATTLE'S I. W. W. ON THE MOVE. Your letter at hand and carefully noted. We will give you all the news we possibly can get. Industrial unionism is slowly but surely gaining ground in Puget Sound country. First of all, the loggers are organizing fast and going into Seattle local, No. 432. At present a good many members are out in the camps working and doing agitation work. Until now we have not received any news whatsoever from Prince Rupert. There seems to be a strike on in Aberdeen. The two "leaders" of the so-called Anti-Employment Office league have separated. One of them, Mr. Thurber, is selling Tigerfat now. When he gets enough money he will start an employment office. The other man is selling Hallehujah songs. The organizing committee is advertising the Montana strike and doing all in their power to help Haulwood and the boys to win the strike. Walsh and his band will surely make things interesting in Montana. All in all, the outlook is better than ever for industrial unionism in this part of the country. FRANK JAKEL, Secretary Organizing Committee I. W. W.

SUNNY CALIFORNIA THE LAND OF SLAVES

Season in Redlands was over. So W. W. men set out for the...

At the first inception of the I. W. W., a charter was granted there and a crook was in control...

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA. It is hard for me to express my surprise and pleasure...

The slave market is pretty much over-supplied at the present...

Club Pool Parlors. Largest Pool Parlor in the City. 227 Howard Street...

Commelli & Benedetti. Dealers in CIGARS, TOBACCO, CONFEC-TIONERY AND NOTIONS...

RESSA BROS. POOL PARLOR, CIGARS, TOBACCO Grocery Store in Connection 416 Front Avenue

to sun, tossing foxtail with a little alfalfa... Fresno is about the costliest place to live...

There are a great number of Russians here, and they are mostly on the labor market. The Armenians are also here in force...

One of the strongest factors here in the agricultural line, is the Jap. But "our" farmers have found that they do not like Mr. Jap...

At the first inception of the I. W. W., a charter was granted there and a crook was in control who simply put organization out of the line...

I have divided the following into the Political Socialists here, until they believe it, i. e., "That these controlling the industrial power, always control the political power...

IN MINNEAPOLIS. The bundle of 100 papers that you sent me some time ago I have sold, and also the bundle of the May number...

On union, jobs, conditions are not much better; at least not for the laborers, who, on these jobs, get the same pay as stated before...

Also, it may not be out of the way to mention that "Minne" has a workhouse with a brick yard in connection, and a good police force to keep these institutions full-handed...

These, in short, are the conditions we are up against in Minneapolis. Altogether, this spells work for the members of I. W. W. here...

SEATTLE LOGGERS ARE 600 STRONG

From all accounts, the loggers of Puget Sound are beginning to know their business; they are organizing, not only in and around Seattle...

The loggers L. U. 432 has at present nearly 600 members and ever growing, will in the near future be one of the strongholds of organized lumberjacks on the Pacific Coast...

There are in Montana, at present, a large number of fellow workers belonging to the Lumber Industry of the I. W. W., of which 472 is an industrial union...

Loggers and Lumbermen's Industrial Union No. 432 is here to stay, and there is room in it for all loggers, single mill and sawmill workers on Puget Sound...

Have also got busy in spreading letters from Hestved and "Labor's Epitaph to a Scab" among the loggers in the camps and the fellow workers here...

CONDITIONS IN THE VARIOUS CAMPS. There is no fire at headquarters of the I. W. W., 308 James street, Seattle, Wash., a record of conditions, etc., existing in such logging camps...

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA. Your welcome letter of January 19th to hand. Am glad to hear that you are in good health. This camp is leader than at any time in its history...

Your letter of March 16th to hand. Am glad to hear that you are in good health. Howard got those papers O. K. Stokkenberg and Mike Davis are here...

saloon every evening, a little group here and there, still digging away (sighing). Will close now, hoping to hear from you soon.

I am the factory! Of my looks I boast not; I am ugly, squat, dark, even gloomy. My windows are covered with grime...

Wentey-eyed, desperate, forlorn, besieging me with prayers. To open my grim doors that they may find toll again...

I spread intelligence; I destroyed superstition; I taught labor how to think; I have been a hard taskmaster, but an excellent teacher...

When I shall be the servant of the people. I shall give way to better things, as worse things gave way to me...

At a meeting a week ago arranged by local 157, I. W. W., and held in the north end hall, 1017 Aunshup avenue, at which Joseph J. Ettor of the I. W. W., spoke in Italian...

At the meeting on Thursday evening held in Philan's hall, a good crowd was present. Mr. Ettor outlined the work of the I. W. W. in the coal fields...

Several applications were taken in at the meeting near the Pierce mill. About one thousand leaflets were given away and great interest evinced in the growth of the I. W. W. in the textile centers...

It would mean larger profits to those who have invested capital. The wages which have prevailed here resulted in serious hardship. It has been recently reported that many employers have been obliged to cut down their living expenses...

MINERS' STRUGGLE IN THE COAL FIELDS

The last act to the tragedy of the treason to the Coal Miners of the Anthracite Region: For the last three or four months the world of labor and all that depends on it...

We said in the last article published, dealing with the conditions of the anthracite mine workers, that whether there would be a strike or not a shameful defeat would await the coal miners...

For the benefit of those that may not be altogether acquainted with the conditions here, let us state in brief, the most serious class struggle what is probably the most serious class struggle any part of this country ever lived...

The year of 1906 came along, and again the miners showed their discontent, conventions of the regular order were held, then special conventions, then conferences with the operators...

Peace and tranquility hovered over the men of labor and the men of leisure for a long period. The masters were sure their slaves would not rebel until such time as the sacred contract expired, and why should they worry?

The year of 1909 comes to us and again attention is called to the fact of a class struggle between the mine workers and the mine owners. The national convention of the United Mine Workers amid pomp and applause, endorsed the demands of the anthracite mine workers...

At a meeting a week ago arranged by local 157, I. W. W., and held in the north end hall, 1017 Aunshup avenue, at which Joseph J. Ettor of the I. W. W., spoke in Italian, the hall was packed to the doors with Italian textile workers...

Several applications were taken in at the meeting near the Pierce mill. About one thousand leaflets were given away and great interest evinced in the growth of the I. W. W. in the textile centers...

IMPORTANT! WE must have our own I. W. W. Labor Exchange. Do not fail to write to your union or to the Editor of the Industrial Worker about the job you are working on...

