

DAILY STRIKE BULLETIN

UNITED
LABOR
ACTION

THE ORGANIZER



TWO TWENTY-FIVE

SOUTH THIRD STREET

SMASH THE
CITIZENS
ALLIANCE

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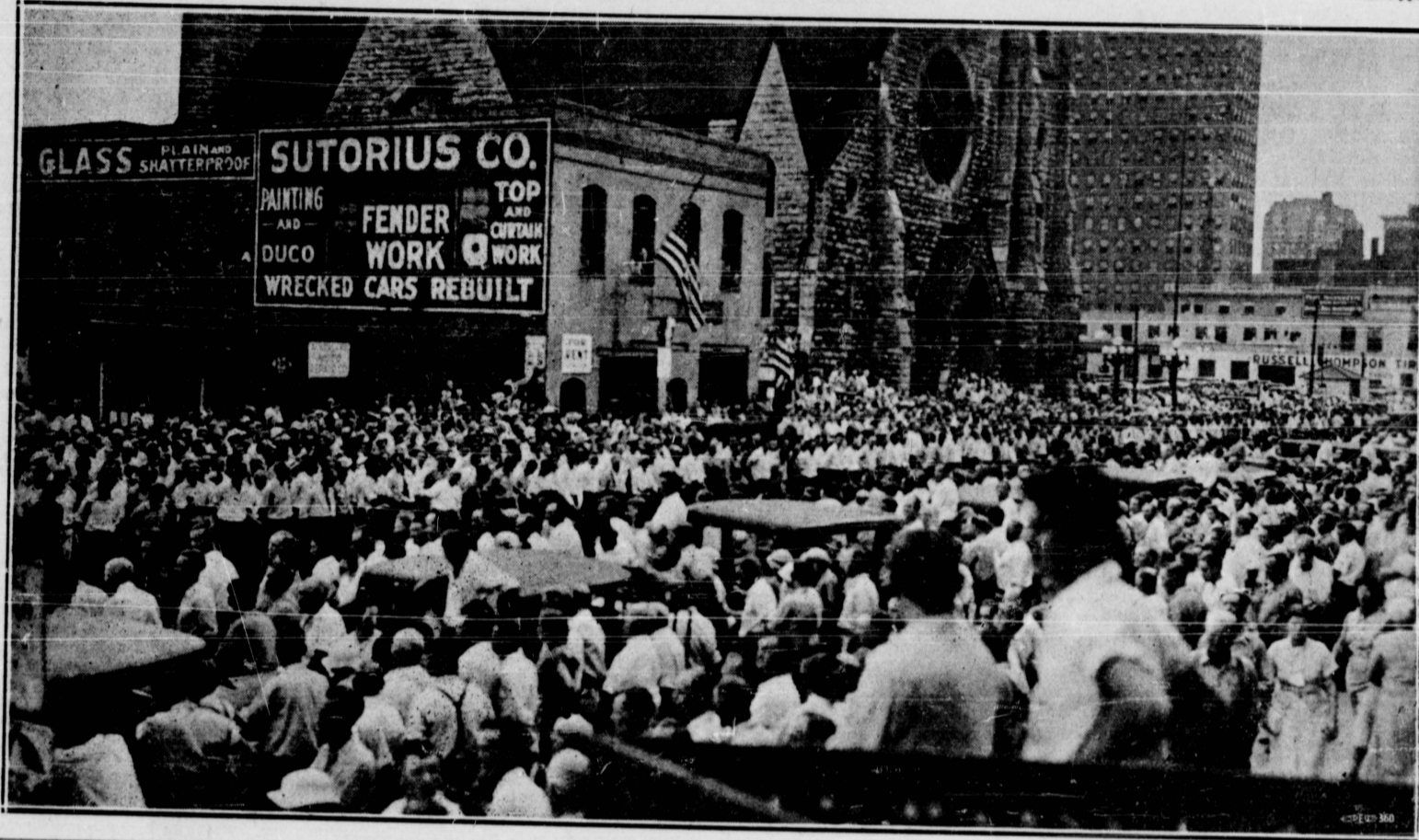
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1934

Price one cent

40,000 Attend Ness Funeral

Thousands Before Strike Headquarters for Ness Funeral

Photograph by
L. Pype



Imposing Rites For Victim Of Bloody Friday

Hundreds of Autos Follow In Huge Procession

One of the most solemn and impressive gatherings ever witnessed in the city of Minneapolis, was seen when 40,000 workmen and women assembled to pay tribute to the first martyr of Local 574, Henry B. Ness.

Men and their families, from every trade and industry, Union men and unorganized, employed and unemployed, came from all parts of the city to honor the first man to give his life so that others might live, the fearless warrior who was shot down in cold blood by Johannes, the Murderer, shot in the back by cowards who dared not face him.

Not a policeman was in sight as the grim thousands gathered at the call of 574. Starting from the funeral parlor, they marched to the strike headquarters at the old Sutorius Garage, packing the streets until not a person could squeeze through. In front of the headquarters, a temporary stand had been erected and a broadcasting apparatus set up, from which last tributes were paid the heroic martyr.

William S. Brown, president of Local 574, spoke about the fighter whom he had known so well and who was so beloved by all the men. He was so overcome with emotion as he spoke about the man by whose side he had fought many good battles, that he was unable to say more than a few brief words.

Albert Goldman, the noted labor attorney from Chicago who is now attached to the Union's legal staff, followed him on the tribune. In solemn, well-chosen words, he excoriated the murderers of the dead man, not only those who shot him down, but those higher up who had given the orders for his assassination.

The last speaker was Chaplain Nelson of the Post of the National Veterans' Association to which Henry Ness had belonged. His invocation was a touching tribute to the intrepid soldier who had so fearlessly fought for himself, his family, and for his brothers—for his Union.

The echo of the last address having died down, the massed thousands wheeled into marching columns behind the coffin of the dead. Following them was a cavalcade of hundreds upon hundreds of automobiles filled with workmen who swung into line.

So magnificent and startling a demonstration has not been seen in Minneapolis in years. By the tens of thousands, the workers of Minneapolis displayed a solidarity with 574 and its martyr which flung into the teeth of their detractors the lie that the labor movement of the city is not behind the truckers and inside men on strike. By the tens of thousands, the workers of Minneapolis showed their hatred and horror of the murderous attacks of the police and the masters from whom they take their orders. By the tens of thousands, the Minneapolis workers bowed their heads at the grave of a hero and soldier of the labor movement.

Farewell, body of Henry Ness!
Hail, your immortal fighting spirit!

Wave of Strikes Continues Rise Over Country

Chicago Packing Houses Now In Walkout

The crushing of the San Francisco general strike, which the capitalists of the whole country hoped would discourage labor in its struggle for decent living conditions, has not stemmed the rising tide of working class militancy. Aside from the drivers, helpers and inside men of Minneapolis, other important strikes continue while new waves of workers in all regions are coming out to battle for existence.

In Chicago 1,500 stock handlers have succeeded in tying up the whole stockyard system. Straw bosses are out in the pens trying to feed cattle. The bosses set up a hypocritical cry that for men to strike and leave cattle unfed and unwatered is cruelty to animals. Of their own cruelty to the workers they say nothing. If a steer dies, they lose some invested capital; if a worker starves they don't give a damn.

In Detroit the Licensed Tugmen's Protective Assn. is still on strike, sewing up much of the Great Lakes traffic. In Butte, Mont., 5,000 copper miners and smeltermen are on the picket line; 15,000 more are preparing to join them. In Parkersburg, W. Va., tool makers are striking despite a reign of terror by State Troopers. In Los Angeles knit hosiery workers are out. The workers of Kohler Village, Wis., continue their fight for recognition of the union, higher wages and a 30-hour week.

In Rochester, N. Y., truck drivers are striking against the Sibley, Lindsay, Curr Co.

THE TALK ABOUT MARTIAL LAW

There is increasing talk about establishing martial law in Minneapolis. Some reports even indicate the possibility of martial law being established by the time this issue of *The Organizer* is on the press. The thousands of National Guardsmen encamped in the city are to take control in the present strike situation and regulate all activity by force of their military authority and arms.

The establishment of martial law means a recognition that a state of war exists which cannot be dealt with by the ordinary police authorities. And, in a certain sense, it cannot be denied that a state of war does exist in Minneapolis. It is a war in which thousands of workmen are fighting for something more than a hard crust of bread for themselves and their families, fighting for a right to live like human beings. It is a war of cruelly exploited workmen against a predatory band of business barons who still think they can rule over labor like the feudal lords ruled over the serfs—barons of commerce and finance who are set upon bringing to their knees the slaves who are determined to stand up like men.

In this war of poverty against wealth, of labor against capital, there is no room for a "No Man's Land" of neutrality. You are either on the side of the men and their families who refuse any longer to live on fourteen, or twelve, or ten dollars a week, or you are on the side of the men who refuse to grant them a higher wage. You are either on the side of the men who strike, or you are on the side of those who want to smash the strike. You are either for the right to peaceful picketing, or you are for the "right" of the police to massacre the pickets. You are either for the right of the workers to organize their own Union to defend themselves, or you are for the "right" of the employers to crush the Union.

Whom and what will they protect? We never asked for protection from the Guard. We have no "property" to protect. The employers have. It is their properties and their profits extorted from our labor that they want protected. It is their scabs, and their scab trucks, sent out to rob us of our bread, that they want protected. We never called for the troops. The employers did. We call for their withdrawal.

The employers are desperate, and whatever noise you hear from them is whistling in the dark to keep up courage. We have sewed them up and they know it. Their proudest boast is that they have been able to make 22 trips in one day, under the heaviest police convoys. That means less than one-fourth of one per cent of the number of trips made per normal day in Minneapolis, based on the conservative figure of 3,000 trucks involved in the strike, which usually make a minimum of 3 trips a day! We don't need the Guard to stop scab trucks. But the employers need it to convoy them through.

Is it "riots" that the Guard will prevent? Scabs and scab truck movements—these cause riots. Police shooting down unarmed workers—this causes riots. Where there is no scab or police interference—there is quiet. Look at the imposing demonstration of 40,000 workers at Henry Ness' funeral yesterday where, without a policeman in sight, the workers themselves maintained perfect order during the ceremony and all along the long line of march.

Another illusion that prevails among employers is that if the Guard is sent into action, that means the defeat of the strike. Fighting 574 has no such idea! The only ones who can defeat this strike are the strikers themselves. Their cause is lost if they weaken, if they break ranks, if they lose their fighting spirit. And this is just what they will not do.

We know from rich experience: Clumsy, cowardly scabs cannot move trucks. Policemen's clubs cannot move trucks. Deputies' badges cannot move trucks. Guardsmen's bayonets, tear-gas guns or trench helmets cannot move trucks. Yes, not even field artillery has ever been known to move trucks.

You need truck drivers and helpers and platform men and inside men to move trucks.

And they are all in the ranks of 574. And that's where they are going to stay. And under its banner they are going to win. No force has yet been produced that can rob them of victory unless they voluntarily submit to the tyranny of the employers, unless they surrender.

Only cowards surrender—but Union men fight!

And the men of 574 are Union men!

News and Views

The record price for an Organizer—obtained by Sister Ida Brand—\$3.00 for one copy.

John Belor, close to death for several days after he was shot by the police yeggs, may now recover. The news that the fight is going forward has cheered him immensely say the doctors.

State Representative Dewey Johnson, speaking over Station 574 last night, said that "the people of Minneapolis, rich and poor, will not tolerate another massacre in our streets." A good idea—but where are the rich who have complained about it? We have only heard them praising the cops, as has the Civic and Commercial Association. No—the rich are not with us. This is the fight of the workers and allied with them all the oppressed and poor.

Mary Jane Hatcher: Your mother says it's fine to work at the Commissary, but 24 hours straight is plenty. Come home and rest.

To all wives of pickets: The Editor refuses to publish letters to pickets until they have been away from home more than five days straight. And note—picketing is not grounds for divorce. If you want to see the boys, come down to Headquarters and work in the Commissary. After the strike . . . well, you'll see.

William Kenny, 80 S. 13th St., a member of 574, reports seeing a group of Guardsmen entering a beer parlor on 6th and 4th Ave. S. He said to them, "You're in the army now." One rookie answered: "Well, we're not bragging about it."

Our reporter notes that the armory is now equipped with heavy wire netting against attackers. What is the National Guard worried about? Do they expect to offend the bosses and to be physically attacked by Dayton, say, or Bearman? We do not like the looks of that sort of thing.

A picket informs us of the following: Yesterday at about 9 a.m. the coppers moved a truck containing three wheelbarrows and a tool box. Sixteen squad cars were needed. The job cost about \$1.00. The protection cost the taxpayers about \$200.00.

Strike Emergency Hospital cared for five heat prostrations yesterday. But when 574 begins to put real heat on the bosses, there will be dozens of prostrations among them. The fight has just begun!

Around midday yesterday they tried to move a couple of trucks from Skellets at 3rd and 6th Ave. S. About 100 picket cars snapped into action, encircled a square block, and after a stall of a couple hours the cops gave up.

At last night's mass meeting outside Headquarters, a reporter from the Tribune and another from the Journal turned up surrounded by 15 dicks. Brother Sloan at the microphone (we refuse to insult the machine by calling it a "mike"—that sounds too much like Bloody Johannes' monicker) called on all in the crowd sympathetic to the strike to say "Aye" for the benefit of the bosses' scribes. A thunderous roar was the answer. Brother Sloan invited the reporters to publish that in their rags. Let's all look for it.

Four pickets were arrested yesterday; their cases were dismissed. The cops pick people up just to disorganize the strike. This is one of their minor crimes.

The Minneapolis Social Science Study Club, Mrs. Alfred Carlson, Secretary, supports 574's strike and condemns Bloody Johannes for the orders he gave the police last Friday.

Remember Henry B. Ness—and fight on, brothers.

A PLEDGE TO A MARTYR

Excerpts From the Funeral Address of Attorney Albert Goldman

In my years of experience defending workers caught in the clutches of capitalist class justice, I have come to know well the brutality of police officers against pickets and workers' demonstrations. Now, from an examination of the available evidence, I am convinced that if ever anyone was guilty of malicious, premeditated murder and attempt to murder, it was the police who fired at the pickets last Friday and killed Henry B. Ness and wounded about fifty other workers. . . .

When a dumb cop shoots unarmed pickets, the pickets have a right to defend themselves, but the ones to blame are those who instructed the police: Johannes, Mayor Bainbridge, and the bosses behind them. All are equally guilty of murdering Henry B. Ness. . . .

When the police are instructed to shoot workers they are not told to make distinctions between races, nationalities, colors, creeds or political persuasions. They are told to shoot militant workers of any nationality, workers whether Democrats, Farmer-Laborites, Socialists or Communists. Thus the bosses, who try to create division in the ranks of the workers, make no distinctions when they want their police to shoot workers. . . .

The life of our murdered Brother typifies the lives of all workers. The social system gave him no chance. At an early age he was forced to work to earn a living and to make profits for his employer. Together with other workers, he was sent to kill and to be killed in the world war. What for? For freedom? No. For the

sake of profits and imperialist markets for the bosses. Mark these words! There is only one war, one struggle in which a worker has a real interest. That is the struggle of Labor against Capital. . . .

In 1929 came the terrible depression and Henry B. Ness learned what freedom the War had won. For him and millions of others, the freedom to starve and to be shot down while exercising the right of peaceful picketing. . . .

How long will the working masses tolerate a social system which gives to over 12,000,000 unemployed and their families the right to starve in the midst of plenty, which gives to millions more the right to be exploited and to receive a miserable wage? The answer has been given by the workers of Toledo, Milwaukee, Birmingham, Frisco, Portland, Seattle and Minneapolis. The answer is that there are millions of Nesses, workers ready to sacrifice their very lives if need be in the struggle against the exploiters and oppressors. . . .

One thing is sure. Workers begin to realize that they must organize and struggle. They must do everything for themselves. Millions of American workers had faith in the New Deal. Now they begin to see that a New Deal can come to them only through their own efforts, their own organization, struggle and sacrifice. . . .

This struggle against oppression is no easy task. On the side of the bosses are the police, the army, the courts. The Mayor of Minneapolis does not consider the lives of strikers

worth protecting. The only thing of importance to him is the protection of the bosses' property, the bosses' right to keep workers enslaved at low wages and in misery. . . .

What is the essence of this business of preserving law and order? If a man is on the side of the workers he will grant them the right to picket and stop trucks driven by scabs. I call that Law and Order. No trucks to be driven except by Union men—that is Law and Order. But if a man is on the bosses' side, he wants trucks to be driven by scabs without interference of pickets. Breaking the strike—that is what Bainbridge and Johannes and the bosses mean by "preserving Law and Order."

The workers have numbers and the fighting spirit of Henry B. Ness. Labor is on the march, a new militant spirit in its breast. If we have to die, it shall not be with heads bowed and knees bent, but fighting for freedom and a new world. We shall die, if we must, as did our beloved brother, Henry B. Ness.

If the workers will be filled with such a spirit, they will not have to die. They will live and conquer the forces of exploitation, of reaction, of murder.

Brothers, Sisters, as we leave this demonstration we must bear in our hearts a fierce resolve to carry on Brother Ness's struggle. We must not fail him! We must avenge his murder. This we shall do if we struggle to win this strike, if we struggle to throw the exploiters from off our backs and to establish a new social order in which the worker may enjoy the fruits of his toil.

V. F. W. Against Johannes

Charging that the events of Bloody Friday were the result of "a conspiracy between the police administration and the employers involved in the dispute with the strikers," the Charles Chamberlain Post, 2614, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, yesterday unanimously adopted a resolution demanding the resignation of Bloody Mike Johannes from his job as Police Chief.

"There was nothing done by the strikers and the bystanders which justified the cold-blooded and unwarranted shooting and wounding of the strikers and bystanders," the resolution states: Copies of the resolution have been sent to Mayor A. G. Bainbridge and to Governor Olson, and to the City Council. Adjutant Chester J. Delmonico of the V. F. W. Post stated last night that his organization will push the fight against Johannes until he is ousted and put where he belongs.

M. C. C. W. Growing Fast

More than 800 new members were signed up by the Minneapolis Central Council of Workers today; many of them are ERA workers and all volunteered for picketing.

A meeting of the shop and job delegates at the M. C. C. W. was held yesterday to arrange for the organizing of the striking ERA workers.

At this meeting Sam Davis of the Communist party's Unemployed Councils appeared, demanding to be seated as a delegate representing the airport job, the old workhouse job and a third job on the south side. He was immediately challenged by a number of workers present from the airport and the old workhouse jobs. They denied that he had ever been authorized to represent them.

Davis could present no credentials. Asked what the third job was which he claimed to represent, he said he could not remember the name. Several delegates expressed dissatisfaction because Davis' organ, the Daily Worker, has printed misleading articles as to where unemployed pickets should register.

A motion was made and unanimously adopted that Davis not be seated as a delegate.

All unemployed desiring to register for picketing should report to the rear office in Strike Headquarters where the M. C. C. W. is enrolling pickets.

Strike Committee Orders

At last night's meeting of the Strike Committee of 100 a number of important decisions were reached. The Larsens, Engels, Young America and Birchwood creamery trucks are not to move until further orders; these trucks are driven by non-Union men, a situation intolerable to Local 574.

The Strike Committee also voted that all working members of 574 in sections of the industry not called out on strike shall be assessed one day's pay for the benefit of the strike fund.

The Committee also ratified preliminary actions taken up earlier in the day toward setting up a Coordinating Committee to perfect relations between the pickets of Local 574, the laundry and dry cleaning workers' pickets and the ERA pickets.

Ness Has Aviation Escort

Thanks are due to the Minneapolis Aviation Service for its part in furnishing an aeroplane escort for the funeral of Brother Henry Ness. The plane was piloted by Miller Wittig and owned by Angelo De Bompe. It is kept in the hangars of the Municipal Airport, Wold Chamberlain Field.

Thanks also are due to Agnes Conway and Rose Adams for taking down in shorthand the various addresses of the day.

Brother Unionists Help

Five members of the Ladies' Auxiliary visited two trade union meetings last night to sell The Organizer. At the meeting of the Street Railway Employees they sold 250 copies and at the meeting of the Electricians they sold 50 copies. Both Unions took copies of the anti-Johannes petition. The Electricians donated \$42.50 to 574's strike fund and ordered all members to make collections on their jobs. The Street Railway men will also make a donation.

Last night The Organizer was a few hours late getting to the office due to the fact that we had to change printers. The office was besieged with requests for the paper. And when it arrived the whole edition disappeared in one hour. Which reminds us: Please turn in all back numbers.

Another Boss Swindle

Much of the so-called truck movement—little as it is in any case—is a simple swindle to fool the people. A trade union member who was present reports the following incident as transpiring last Friday. A truckload of sugar was conveyed by a dozen squad cars. It stopped at Dahl's grocery, 3015 E. 25th St., and the cops delivered a sack of sugar. Mr. Dahl informed them that he had not ordered any sugar and did not want any. "We don't care what you do with the sugar," the cops said, "but we're delivering it and it stays here." They chucked it on the counter and left. Many local independent grocers have refused to handle scab merchandise.

TRUCKS STICK IN TRACKS

They tried to move some merchandise from freight cars into the warehouse of Janney Semple Hill. The usual army of cops was on hand—plus about 600 pickets and sympathizers. The shoemakers, or whatever they are, who were handling the hand trucks got them stuck in the tracks. The assembled crowd gave the cops, finks and scabs the horse laugh. It was one of the lighter moments of the strike. After all, without any offense to shoemakers, they can make shoes, but they should stick to their last.

The Editor desires to call all readers' attention to the fact that letters are welcome and will be printed in The Strikers' Voice department.

Eye-Witnesses Called

All witnesses of the vicious attack of the police on strike pickets and bystanders at Sixth Ave. N. and Third Street last Friday afternoon are asked to communicate immediately with Mr. Irving H. Green, of the legal staff of Local 574. Mr. Green will be in his office tomorrow morning from 9 until 12 for the sole purpose of interviewing such eye-witnesses. Those who can appear at his office at that time are urged to do so. You can thus do a great service to the strike and to your fellow-workers now under charge by the police. Those who are not free Wednesday morning are asked to telephone Mr. Green at once to make a special appointment. His phone is Bridgeport 2285.

dere emily

kid, ya should a seen Harry Ness' funeral yestiday. 40,000 or so people took part. it was the biggest funeral ever held in this part of the country. at 3 oclock the procession begin to leave the undertakers. first comes the casket with the color guard. then our officers from 574. then some vets. then come us, about 5,000 members of 574, marchin along, not saying a word. i hear some man on the sidelines say, "why those damn drivers march better'n west pointers." how's that, emily? after us comes about 500 woinin auxiliary members. then comes lots of unions, and about 7,000 of these M. C. C. W.ers. And behind all of us marchers was thousands of cars. we stopped up traffic for an hour and a half.

goin over 8th st., the parade halts in front of strike headquarters and Bill Brown spoke, tellin what a fine man Harry was. then mister Goldman, thats our attorney from Chicago, made a long speech, tellin us that if workers has to die, the right way to die is like Harry did, fighting the bosses. he says in the last war, the workers of America went across to fight the workers of Germany. and what did the workers get out of it? freedom and democracy, says Goldman, very bitter and sourcastic like. freedom to be shot down in the streets when they try to get their just demands. he says the only war a worker has the right to fight in is the class war, and believe me, thats dead rite, emily.

after mister Goldman spoke, the Reverend Chas. Nelson offered up a fine prayer for Harry and then the parade got under way again.

the funeral comin when it did, and bein so long and all, it seems that we stopped most all the traffic in the down town part. some of the plutes which had to sit in there cars for an hour or so was very mad indeed. specially when some fellow in the crowd would holler at them to take off there hats. and believe me, they did.

and all the street cars had to stop, and all the motormen and conductors and the passengers would take off their hats to Harry. all except one conductor, a guy with a sourlooking puss. he wouldnt take off his lid, but bystanders kept hollerin at him, and then finally he did what a lot of us do some times. he pertended to walk in the car, and be very hot. so he pulled his cap off to wipe off his head, and then kept it off.

i here up by headquarters the fellos had a little trouble with a plute who couldnt get thru with his car. so he comes bustlin up rite in the middle of everything, and making loud noises about he had to get through that funeral procession. guys all around asked him to please be quiet, but he kept rite on. finally one of our marshalls went up and explained that nobody could bust through a funeral procession. but still this guy wouldnt shut up. so he got his hat nocked off. and everytime he put it back on, it got nocked off again. finally a guy goes up to him and says, "listen mister, i aint a member of 574, but this is a funeral procession and your goin to ack decent, see. all we want is for you to ack like a gennelman. take off your hat." well the guy wouldnt do it so this worker nocks his hat off once more, and then the plutes friends drag him back to his car. what makes plutes so ornery and mean, emily.

bein as how the funeral was so big and all, you would expect that the papers would say somethin about it, wouldnt you emily. but not our Minneapolis papers. about ten or 15 lines they give it. when 40,000 took part. but i notice that every paper uses thousands of words on this one bloke dillinger, and every one had an editorial on him. which just goes to show, emily, how unfair bosses papers is to the workers.

i'm goin upstares to grab a bite to eat, so i'll sine off now. be sure and ask your brother to send down those pants of mine. i need em real bad. tell him to forget the 2 bucks, as he has probly spent it for some of that rotten moon that Jake poisons Turtle Creek with.

Mike.