

First Anniversary of the Kidnapping of Moyer,
Haywood, and Pettibone in the Capitalist Conspiracy
to Russianize the United States
(February 16, 1907)

A gruesome anniversary we are commemorating today!

The legally authorized commission of a monstrous crime.

The kidnapping in the dead of night by two governors and a pack of Pinkerton bloodhounds of three honest, unoffending workingmen, their secret and swift abduction a thousand miles from home, and their incarceration in the separate, solitary cells of a state penitentiary.

All without a whisper of warning.

Without a hint of what it was for;

Or a ghost of a chance to protest,

Or to ask a question, or consult a lawyer, or make a defense, or even send word, a farewell word, to wife and child.

Not a sound! Not a sign!

Swift and violent deportation by an armed private mob — dazed and alone in the black solitude of a penitentiary cell.

That is the introduction to the story of the crime committed at Denver, Colorado, February 17th, 1906, one year ago — a crime that will mark distinctly the beginning of the end of wage slavey as certainly as October 16th, 1859, at Harper's Ferry, marked the beginning of the end of chattel slavery.

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Who wee the two governors to commit this dastardly assault?

Frank Gooding, of Idaho, and Jesse McDonald, of Colorado.

The political tools of the Mine and Smelter Trust — that is to say, the Standard Oil octopus.

Who were the victims of this midnight ambushade of Pinketon mercenaries, led by Gum-Shoe Gooding and Dark-Lantern McDonald at the behest of their Standard Oil masters?

Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood, and George A. Pettibone, president, secretary, and ex-board member, respectively, of the Western Federation of Miners.

What was their offense?

They had organized workingmen and had refused to betray them.

They could be neither bought, bribed, nor browbeaten.

Their incorruptibility marked them for murder.

In a state where mine and smelter brigands buy boldly and bodily the legislature, supreme court, and United States senatorship, *loyalty to labor is a crime against capital, punishable by death.*

Standard Oil has decreed it.

Two governors have approved it.

The United States supreme court has confirmed it and

The president of the United States has proclaimed it.

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The power of organized labor in the Rocky Mountains is centered in its tried and trusted leaders; this power must be destroyed. Everything else had succumbed, and so must this, to the iron rule and despotic sway of the looters. From governor to constable, the mine owners ran the whole gamut of public power. Officeholders were but the keyboard in the instrument of exploitation upon which they played at will.

They had bought or bullied everybody and everything — except one.

They had millions of easy money which they had filched from labor, and these millions had made them the executive, legislative, judicial, and military masters of the state.

But there was one thing these pirates still lacked, just one, and they were quick to realize it.

They lacked control of the magnificent labor organization known as the Western Federation of Miners.

This was the only wall between them and their Eden of unbridled power and plunder.

And this wall must be undermined by corruption, pierced by intimidation, or battered to the earth by brutal force.

But for once money failed of its magic power. The leaders were proof against temptation. They could not be debauched. They were above price.

And neither could they be frightened from their posts. They stood immovable as granite.

This sealed their fate.

They must now be removed by stealth or crushed by force.

The kidnapping of February 17th is the sequel.

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What excuse was made by the kidnapping governors for pouncing upon the leaders of the Western Federation and rushing them out of the state by special train?

A man had been killed in Idaho.

Who? Frank Steunenberg, once governor of that state and member of a labor union.

The leaders of the Western Federation did not know him and had never seen him.

But Governor Gooding said that a Pinkerton detective had said that another detective had told him that Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, who did not know and had not seen Steunenberg, and could have no possible interest in or connection with him, were in some way connected with his death.

Not that they had killed him. That could not be charged because they were a thousand miles away when it happened. But they had guilty knowledge of his death.

Who said so?

Just one person!

One one!

Who?

Harry Orchard.

Who is he?

A murderer.

To whom did he tell it?

To James McParland, alias "Jim McKenna."

Who is he?

Another murderer.

And both these murderers, Orchard and McParland, detectives, spies, and secret agents in the employ, and on the payroll, of the Mine Owners' Association!

This is the foundation, and all there is of it, for the kidnapping and proposed judicial massacre of the Federation leaders.

"They shall never leave Idaho alive."

The governor has said it,

And he is the state!

Their epitaph follows:

Kidnapped, Killed! —Gooding, Governor.

To sum up: Orchard told McParland, McParland told Gooding, and Gooding told McDonald.

The first two are the secret detectives and the last two are the political tools of the Mine Owners' Association.

These are the facts.

Black as ravens' wings.

Would you know more about Orchard, the poor degenerate?

He, himself, says he has committed twenty-six murders.

If this be true or false, his word, though supported by a thousand oaths, is worthless.

Utterly and everlastingly worthless.

Governor Gooding knows this and would not prosecute a stray dog on such information.

And yet he embraces purchased perjury as eagerly as a drowning man does a straw. It has the ring of gospel truth to ears attuned to his master's voice and is all sufficient to destroy the reputation of honest men, who have never known the taint of crime, and swing them from the gallows' tree with the expectation that their dislocated necks will mean death to the organized body of which they have been the official heads.

Would you know more about McParland?

Go to the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, where stalk the ghosts of the victims his perfidy sent to the gibbet.

He joined the Molly Maguires to betray them.

For pay!

For thirty pieces.

The meanest Molly Maguire that eve lived was infinitely his moral superior.

Ask the reputable people of Pottsville, Shenandoah, and that region who James McParland, alias "Jim McKenna" is, and you will get his reputation at first hand.

The first man I asked about him, an old and respected citizen, answered: "Jim McKenna? The blackest-hearted villain that ever cut a throat, and if you ever see him, tell him I said so."

Go to Parsons, Kansas, where McParland made his rendezvous and where he and his pals had their deadfall a quarter of a century ago, and you will be told that his record there, every line of it, is written in the blackest infamy.

Upon the unsupported word of these two wretches, the constitutions of Colorado and Idaho and of the United States have been disemboweled by the very chief executives who had sworn to obey and support them.

And these outrageous violations of the organic law of the land, they tell us, as if they expected any sane human being to believe it, is to establish the supremacy of law and preserve the peace and order of society.

They have admitted the violation of the constitution, they have admitted the kidnapping, they have boasted like bullies that they are going to kill our comrades, and with the brutal insolence of villainy triumphant they have sneeringly asked: "What are you going to do about it?"

Time will show what we shall do about it.

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Let me ask every reader of the Appeal to read carefully every line of the story of this crime written by George H. Shoaf and printed on another page and then to pass the paper to some other person and to as many others as can be reached.

Shoaf was on the ground when the Independence platform was blown up, resulting in thirteen deaths, and was an eyewitness to the military maneuvers and strike scenes in the Cripple Creek district. He has personally gone over all the territory in Colorado and Idaho covered by the fierce struggle which reigned there during the past few years and interviewed all the leading figures on both sides, including governors, judges, military officers, detectives, labor leaders, strikers, and other interested persons. The knowledge of Shoaf is, therefore, at first hand, and absolutely reliable. He has been an eyewitness to much and a careful follower and close student of all, and his story of the historic struggle in the Rocky Mountains, culminating in the kidnapping and intended murder of the labor leaders, in the name of outraged law and order, should be familiar to every person not wholly dead to every sentiment of liberty and humanity.

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December 30, 1905 is the date of the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg. February 17, 1906, the date of the arrest of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, and March 5, 1907, the date of trial last set by the prosecution.

From the hour of their arrest, trial was promptly demanded and denied; demanded and denied ever since. Repeated postponements have taken place, all due to the prosecution and to reasons that come very nearly revealing themselves.

Why this long and inexcusable delay? These repeated postponements? Refusal of bail?

Is it the intention to let these men rot in prison since the American people have shown an unmistakable determination to see to it that they are not legally murdered?

If the trial is called March 5, the prisoners will then have been in jail almost thirteen months, saying nothing of their previous bullpen experience under Peabody military law.

What redress is there for this unspeakable outrage of the kidnapers, the suffering our brothers have endured, the torment and agony inflicted upon their loved ones?

In the eye of the law, as well as in fact, our comrades are absolutely innocent, and yet they have already been sentenced to more than a year of imprisonment and torture.

Let it not be imagined that this will be overlooked in the final reckoning.

Conspiracy, like murder, will out. Sooner or later the truth will be known. That crime has been committed is only too true, but the criminals are not in the Ada County jail. The finger of guilt points in another direction, and as steadily as the needle to the pole.

The men now under indictment were workingmen, plain, honest, and straightforward, who from their earliest youth have had to battle for a livelihood, and their affectionate devotion to their wives, their little children, and aged parents bears touching testimony to their blameless lives. Trained in the rugged school of honest labor, and graduated in all its privations and hardships, they have had neither time nor taste for the cultivation of criminal tendencies. Guile and duplicity had no part in forming their habits or

tainting their lives. These are the graces and accomplishments of the idle class, who live out of the sweat and misery of honest toil.

Chicanery and fraud, corruption and crime, are the vey essence of exploitation.

Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone had no hand in the buying or selling of the Colorado legislature, the corruption of the supreme court, or the cashing in of the United States senatorship.

Oh, no, these are the exclusive functions of the “upper class,” the graduates in “frenzied finance” and stock-jobbing statesmanship; the sinless saints of modern society, whose cant about law and order is the sum of all hypocrisy and a stench in the nostrils of honest men.

The moral lepers who rob the body economic and debauch the body politic are the instigators of the crimes that have cursed Colorado.

The miscreants who are responsible for the assassination charged against Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone are not workmen.

The buyers of legislatures are the patrons of kidnappers and the purveyors of assassination.

These crimes spring from the same source; they are closely related and go hand in hand.

The scene in Idaho will be shifted in due time. Millions of eyes are steadfastly fixed upon the actors. The puppets are now playing their parts. The strings are in the hands of persons behind the scenes and these unseen persons are the real villains in the performance.

The working class of the world are the lookers-on, and they will never suffer their innocent fellow workers to expiate the crimes of the guilty conspirators.