

SOLIDARITY
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICE
112 HAMILTON AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

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SUBSCRIPTION:
ONE YEAR \$1.00 THREE MONTHS .50
SIX MONTHS .75
CANADIAN AND FOREIGN .80
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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER APRIL 19, 1917, AT THE POST OFFICE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, UNDER PERMIT NO. 1077.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
General Headquarters—Room 307-164 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

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A Tip To The Munition Factory Workers

Here's an innocent-looking item of news appearing in the daily papers this week:

"Hartford, Conn., Aug. 8.—No general strike of New England machinists will be called to enforce the demands for the eight hour day, according to William H. Johnston, international president of the Machinists' Association, after a conference here today, attended by sixteen vice presidents and organizers of the union from the New England states. It was decided, however, to begin at once a general campaign of organization. The shops which have not yet granted the demands will be dealt with separately and if this fails, Mr. Johnson added, strikes may follow."

Just what this means, will no doubt be quite plain to all readers of Solidarity who are acquainted with the methods of procedure in vogue with craft unionists. For the benefit of others, however, we will outline the method a little more clearly. Let it be noted, first of all, that just now is a wonderful opportunity to improve the conditions of the workers generally in the metal and machinery factories, particularly those devoted to the production of war munitions. We say, "the workers GENERALLY." That means all the slaves in the munition factories—unskilled as well as skilled; machine-tenders as well as so-called mechanics.

But is that the purpose of the International Association of Machinists, one of the "tape-worm" joints of the American Federation of Labor? On the contrary, the I. A. M. is only working to improve the condition of those "skilled" workers whom it classifies or separates from the remainder, under the name of "machinists." These "craftsmen," through their particular union, are to seek an eight hour day and a wage scale for themselves only; and if the same be granted by the bosses, that little union will claim the right to sign a time agreement binding its members to keep on working in case other groups of workers in the same shop but not embraced by that "union" should go on strike for these same demands.

This is shown very clearly in the news item quoted: President Johnston, in fact, is making a bid to that effect, to the owners of the munition factories. To them he says in effect: "We, the machinists in your factories, will settle with you separately, and for ourselves only. We leave you to take care of the other workers in your shops. We shall not attempt any general movement in behalf of ALL the workers—that would be INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM; and we are craft unionists. You bosses may take as a model of our good intentions to yourselves, the South Bethlehem, Pa., steel workers' strike of 1910, which our I. A. M. broke by making an individual craft agreement with Schwab, leaving the many thousands of workers outside our ranks in the lurch, so that the Bethlehem steel works have remained non-union to this day. We might also recite to you innumerable other strikes of a similar nature, showing our craft exclusiveness and our failure to promote industrial solidarity. Remember, we are for the machinists ONLY; you need not fear any One Big Union or I. W. W. move on our part."

So the wonderful opportunity for improved conditions in the metal factories is to be lost—unless the rest of the workers, especially the unskilled there, wake up and start a general movement from the bottom up, to compel the bosses to grant more wages and a shorter workday in detail throughout the industry. Even the threat of a general strike should suffice under present conditions. The profit on war orders is too big a stake for the owners, to warrant them bringing a fight upon themselves before their delivery. Of course, if they can settle with one little group of workers alone, and thus use this group to keep the rest quiet, so much the better for the bosses. They will then wear the smile that never comes off while walking away with the swag. But they can be made to come across with better conditions for all workers concerned, if the latter will only put it up to them.

So, our tip to the munition factory workers is this: Don't depend upon the I. A. M. or other A. F. of L. craft unions to get conditions for you. Organize in One Big Union yourselves, and put it up to the bosses directly through your own shop committees and meetings, and not through the one "president" and the "sixteen vice presidents" of a so-called craft union, whose history shows its willingness to sell you out in its negotiations with the shop owners. Join the I. W. W., and make a general move in behalf of yourselves and all the rest of your fellow workers.

Fellow Worker John Collins, card No. 123456, had his card sent to the jungles of Kansas by an individual named "John Smith" who claimed to be an I. W. W., and who when asked to show his card could not produce it. All secretaries and members should be on

*** A Retrospect On Ten Years Of The I. W. W.**

Marx and Engels over fifty years ago penned in the immortal Manifesto: "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles."

In the city of Chicago in 1904 representatives of labor organizations and radical thought gathered together and wrote the Industrial Union manifesto, starting out with "Social relations and groupings only reflect mechanical and industrial conditions." The Communist Manifesto wound up its statement to the workers of the world with: "In place of the old bourgeois society with its classes and class antagonism we shall have an association in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all." The Industrial Unionists in Chicago closed their appeal to the many times betrayed and defeated wage workers of America: "A labor organization to correctly represent the working class must combine the wage workers in such a way that it can most successfully fight the battles and protect the interests of the working people of today in their struggle for fewer hours, more wages and better conditions, offering a final solution of the labor problem, build an organization whose growth and development will be the structure of an industrial democracy of workers, a workers' co-operative republic, which must finally burst the shell of capitalist government and be the agency by which the working people will operate the industries and appropriate the products to themselves."

In July, 1905, men of various thought gathered at what William D. Haywood then fittingly called "The Continental Congress of the Working Class," to confederate the workers of the country into a working class movement that shall have for its purpose the emancipation of the working class from the slave bondage of capitalism."

The men and women gathered there represented various views, yet most of them builded better than they knew. They launched forth into a world of struggles the labor organization that they little thought would in the short period of 10 years create so much concern and so much opposition on the part of the employers.

As Marx and Engels wrote in 1847: "A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of communism. All the powers of Old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre. Pope and Czar, Metternich and Guizot, French radicals and German police spies," so can we write now: A spectre is haunting America—the spectre of revolutionary unionism. All the powers of established institutions have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: Presidents, Cardinals, political economists, employers, radicals, politicians of all shades and agents provocateurs.

To the accusation brought by our enemies that in ten years we have been unable to unite the workers of this land into one association we can well reply that at least the fear of our ideas permeating the workers has been sufficient to unite strange elements into one bond in opposition to the revolutionary unionists of this country: Berger, with Morgan, Hillquit with Rockefeller, Gompers with Carnegie, William W. Hill with Golden, Roosevelt with Taft, each in their place and in their way, offering either balm or silver to the plug uglies and thugs of California, the copper collared spies of Montana, the State Constabulary of Pennsylvania, to the courts of New York and Massachusetts.

Men, who for reasons of their own in other matters of public interest show great opposition to one another, stand as one in their opposition to the I. W. W.

The I. W. W. is a menace and we can well reply to these gentlemen of various thoughts and colors that not only is the I. W. W. movement a menace and a danger to the pelf and the place that are enjoyed and held by the men and women who represent and speak for the various established institutions. If our opponents have any illusions about the ways of the world, long and bitter experience has taught the revolutionary unionists of America many a lesson. The one lesson most important of all that we have learned is the stern fact that the struggle of the working people for industrial freedom is the most serious undertaking that any class in history ever set out to accomplish. Bitter experience has also taught us that we are dealing with opponents who will leave no stone unturned; who will contest every inch of the ground by all means and methods at their command. They have no illusions about justice or right or morals; they place their faith in their ability to accomplish the purpose they set out for by whatever means are necessary. There is neither set principle nor set method in the way they carry on their fight. "Any and all means to accomplish our purpose in exploiting labor" is their motto. To establish the rule of the workers or, as the Germans would put it, "to conquer a place in the sun for ourselves," the workers must organize their industrial power and the capacity to produce for the purpose of accomplishing whatever purpose they wish and to succeed they must have no illusions. They must use any and all effective means, take every advantage of the employers' weakness to make the strength of the workers prevail. The question of right and just must only be measured by the question of necessity for the workers to accomplish their purpose.

The Revolutionary Industrial Unionists have not failed. Those who say that we have, fail to understand that the Industrial Workers of the World is not merely a labor union whose scope is limited to getting men and women, irrespective of whether they have any desire to change the world, and grouping them into associations, whose only greatness is number, whose only efficiency is dues collecting, and whose greatest accomplishments are to sign contracts and protocols with employers and thus put the moral as well as the physical links about the wrists of the workers, binding them to their employers.

The Industrial Workers of the World is an organization that proposes to teach the workers the necessity of organization for the purpose of conducting their own struggle against the employers and at the same time train themselves for the time when they shall cease to be an army to invade the bosses' rights and profiting shall become the industrial army of occupation and production.

The capitalists do not fear the I. W. W. because the I. W. W. to accomplish its purpose, every day, seeks shorter hours and more wages; the capitalists fear and fight the Industrial Workers of the World because the Industrial Workers of the World teach the workers, every day, in the shop, the necessity and the advisability of the workers becoming the controllers of the particular industry in which they are employed. The employer may say that Socialism is a dream, that it will come in

some distant future, or in the language of the French King's arrogant reply: "After me, the deluge"—philosophically expressed: "I should worry." But in the immediate danger that is neither in the future nor problematical, but a question of today. Therefore he concludes to fight the menace.

The I. W. W. is not the first menace in history. All movements that started in the depths of humanity against those who were called upon to wear a menace. The black robed gentlemen, who sanctimoniously warn the employers and society of the I. W. W. menace can well turn to history and be reminded that the "hobo agitator of Nazareth" and his outcast followers were a menace to the Roman Empire and to its civilization, to its religion and its patriotism. The socialist leaders may read the early history of the movement and find in it against themselves the same expressions, the same kind epithets, they now use against "the bums," "the tramps" of the I. W. W., and so can all men and women who are opposed to us.

If we had been willing in all of these past ten years to subvert our ideas, to make peace with the employing class and their institutions, to sign protocols and contracts and wink at outrages committed upon the workers because the employers followed the union dues, can there be any question that the I. W. W. would have been a "success"? But we have refused. In the language of the Manifesto by Marx we "disdain to conceal our views and aims, we openly declare that our ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of the employers' rule."

We appreciate that the struggle between the employers and the workers is a struggle for the industries of the nation. Neither Boards of Arbitration nor Committees of Conciliation can breach the chasm that divides the two classes. Small questions may be settled in a way and for a time, but questions of this magnitude can not be settled in any such way. All efforts in the past have only been a temporary success, if success at all. In most cases they have been so many frauds perpetrated on the workers and so many advantages gained by the employers, that we must appeal to their moral friends and ask workers to settle the dispute with their employers through Boards of Arbitration, Committees of Conciliation and through the process of adding "one social law" to another. We have only to look to Europe to see that the ruling classes of each country follow the policies that affect the ruling class of the respective countries, have refused to leave even their great God to act as arbitrator for them. On the eve of battle the priests and the parsons of each country prayed to their God to give strength and right to their respective armed hosts. They did not pray for wisdom and the judgment and the impartiality of the Great Jehovah. They well know what they don't want us to know, and what we are learning in spite of them; that an oppressed class can only attain its freedom through its own exertions and neither Popes nor Czars nor Politicians nor Politicians nor Politicians nor Politicians of Battle will only give victory to the most numerous and best equipped battalions.

JOS. J. ETTOR.

A Chant Of The Struggle

By Charles Ableigh

O, you sleepers, look out from your
See the far-jung battle-field,
The deeds that there are done,
Hear you hear the tumult, the anguish
and the cheer.
As a myriad limbs of labor unfeathered,
one by one

A curling street,—
A dirty, hillward mounting street,—
The smell of something hot sweet,—
Clattered with me,
Hardy men,
Blue-shirted men,
staring men,
Drunken men,
In the hush and out again,
Crowding the shark's infested den,
Job hunger, booze hunger, food hunger,
The primal needs of life,
Of those too sun-tanned faces,
Branding them with their strife.

Here's a tumble-down shack;
The door
Opens and shows three-acre or more
Smoking and reading and talking,
Walking with angry paces,
Nervously handaged upon the bars
And, through it all, the light
Of the Fight!

Walk down this corridor with me,
This iron corridor, corridor of woes,
See, in this stone-floored hall,
A dozen captives.
Are they singing low?
A plaintive song of exile?
Are they brooding, cringing, mealy-
mouthed and sly?
No!
A song mounts high,
As though to rend the walls of stone.

Defiant, joyous, searing,
The tides of life uprearing,
Bidding hope, for we are nearing
The fall of Moloch from his throne.

Here, a dingy street,
Factories, mills, around,
Silent,
Silent for the life has gone from
But, in the street,
A sound
Myriad-voiced, in a score of tongues.
A sea of faces, differing, yet alike
In the common fire that shines in
them,
In the common word on the lips of
Strike!
Strike, brothers, and gird your loins,
For hunger shall come,
And agony and strife,
And early death,
Red handed,
Striking out the life
Of those too sun-tanned faces,
Branding them with their strife.

I see the lone bearer of tidings,
Seasoned to prison and wandering,
Obscure and faithful,
To still the heart of song;
Building by word and act
The life that is to be.

I see, through a thousand conflicts,
And the mistakes,
And the faltering and stumbling,
Budding,
Rising through the dark tangle,
A new life and a new part.

Comrades, let us celebrate a new
Christmas;
And the nations of the earth shall
bow,
And the mighty be humbled;
For unto us shall a child be born:
Solidarity!

The Law and Order Gang

And the Harvest Workers.

Ed. Staley, a harvest hand, who had been working in the fields of Kansas, arrived in Fairbury, Neb., Tuesday, July 28. He chanced to make the acquaintance of another harvest worker, who invited him into a saloon to have a drink with him. While Staley and his fellow worker were enjoying their drink, three strangers handed up to the bar and told them they had been working in Kansas, and while on their way north had been held up by stick-up men, and their hard-earned harvest stake taken away from them, leaving them penniless.

On hearing the sad story of the town thugs, which the three strangers turned out to be, Staley and his friend proceeded to buy them a few drinks. After some time of drinking and talking about the good wages they would receive this fall in the Dakotas, Staley's friend was showing the results of a few too many drinks. One of the strangers seeing this, put his hand into the fellow's pocket, attempting to get his money.

Staley called the bartender's attention to the act; the proprietor of the saloon stepped in and on hearing the charges against the thief, ordered Staley from the place. Attempting to leave, Staley on reaching the street entrance, was attacked from behind by the three strangers. Just about that time, the chief of police came on the scene and while the three thugs pinned Staley's arms to his side the noble and heroic Staley, on his back and shoulders, and locked him up. Staley was turned loose the following morning, and while a black eye which he had received from the chief, and minus his money. S. SORENSON.

Joe Hill—A Tribute

By Richard Brazier

They have got you, Joe, they hold you in their dungeons dark and strong.
They seek to break your spirit true, to seal with death those burning lips, that sang our joys and wrong.

That flayed and shamed like molten lead, that seared the scars, like rebel know.

Your songs have told the story, for all the world to hear,
That thine the masters' glory, lie haunting pain and fear.

You've told the story, and hunger drive our girls to lives of shame,
But the white slave doubts no longer, and knows she's not to blame.

You've sung the worker's story, the wage slave's litaney;
You've sung our future glory, and our present misery.

Your songs have helped to lighten our weary round of toil;
Your life's love will lighten our burdens for awhile.

For the workers you have given the best that you can give,
And shall a felon's grave be your resting place in heaven?

No! not while hearts are beating in unison with yours,
Shall we take the streets, to open prison doors;

To bring you in the sunlight, to show the world you live;
In this war against the masters' might, as you oft have done.

And if at the masters' bidding, they were to take your life away,
Then every rebel living will know the reason why.

Join the One Big Union.

Get a Little Green Book.

