



CALIFORNIA ITS VICTIMS



Intro:

In the land of the native son via Oakland:

The rippling sound of the gentle waters at the bow of the boat was interrupted by the voice of a youth struggling for information:

"What is that red mansion with the funny roof up on the hill?"

Stranger: "Why, don't you know what that is—Where do you live, young man?"

Native Son: "I was born and raised right here in California."

Stranger: "And you don't know what that is! That is San Quentin—San Quentin penitentiary."

Native Son: "Funny, I didn't know it—I have heard about it, but didn't know where it was—come to think of it, it does look kind of drab."

Stranger: "Drab, you said it, and do you know there are over a hundred men in there that NEVER committed a crime?"

Native Son: "No—is that so?"

—Yes, that's so—and, again the silence was broken by the rippling waters at the bow of the boat.

Isn't it queer, in every revolt against oppression, the good citizen's first thought has been, turn the prisoners loose. There must be and have been a very good reason for that thought.

The People versus John Doe—Hah, Ha, Haw! And when the People go on a rampage the very first thing they do is Turn! John! Doe! Loose!—People versus John!—John and the People belong to the same lodge. Why, they went to school together!

The question persists, are the "men behind the bars" to receive our whole hearted and undivided support? Shall we so arrange our activities as to include the preservation of the interests of those whom capitalism "deigns" to persecute the most? And, in connection with this, let me remind the membership that we are dealing with Justice and Duty, not with MEN and most certainly not with Moneys.

Next comes our duty to humanity. Now it grieves me sorely to note that hundreds of thousands of Wobblies throughout our air country have plainly ignored this duty. Ever before, the Wobblies has been alive to the debt he owes humanity and has hobbled round doing the chores that called upon

his spirit of helpfulness. Alas! All that is history! Tears:

Men and women and children, yea, widows and orphans—may die like fleas from eating California fruits, yet the Wobblies have not caused warnings to be printed in various localities giving the facts regarding dangers lurking in unclean fruit.

Hoof and Mouth disease may spread to the inner-councils of the A. F. of L., yet the Wobblies in ten thousand hamlets have refrained getting out a hand bill and pointing out in simple language the danger of becoming contaminated with this disease—Now regardless of how they feel towards the A. F. of L., they should remember they are forgetting Humanity.

Supposing the Hiredmen's and Bosses' Party should become a victim of this dread scourge. Where would we be politically? 'Sposing Foster gets it, before his long expected trial comes off. 'Sposing it spreads to the Third-Rail International? 'Sposing! 'Sposing! Where is then the man or woman among us that can say we have done our full duty?

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It might be argued that, in these hard times the burden would be too great and that running a life saving station is not strictly Industrial Unionism, but I say every life that can be saved now we can line up later as members of our Great and Good Organization . . . we must not rely on others. Ole can't do it all. Let Boomer et al burst forth in the good old style. Else—else a terrible blow has not been struck . . . at the few who rob the many.

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FLOUR CITY

The City Beautiful, on the Gateway: Archie Sinclair holding forth hoarse as a rusty hinge. This makes his second offense right in the presence of our worthy self and a great and discriminating audience—this is proper, too, since Fellow Worker Sinclair's subject is criminal syndicalism and its latest invirtuous hot-bed—California, and its victims. Archie has a habit of saying things, at the same time giving his hearers every chance, associating briefly his subject with a batch of cues—That boy has consideration for us hard hearers.

His diction comes direct from Forests, Mines, Factories and Mills. . . .

Credit? Oh, we take the credit—Isn't he our fellow worker?

Sometimes I think Archie is too serious. F. W. Thompson was here, but made his escape, speaking the night before we arrived—Minneapolis is more lucky than "some of the rest of us." More power to OUR speakers!

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Minneapolis: "The offer of the Washburn-Crosby Company to install a radio-tossing station ten times as powerful as WLAG and to provide half the maintenance cost, if the civic organizations of the twin

cities will underwrite the other half, is both public spirited and timely."—So it is. And seeing as how the employees of Washburn-Crosby Company are only a small fraction of the twin cities radioussers, it would be 20 times more, public spirited (and timely to the point of exactitude) if the Washburn-Crosby Company diverted the cost of the "tossing-station" (including the eminent half-cost of maintenance) to the underpaid workers in its plants—to the end that they too might purchase receiving sets.

The Washburn-Crosby Company has three ways of raising the \$100,000, probable cost of radio-tossing station and the \$50,000, or more, the cost of maintenance (if it has not already done so, through one or all three methods). Following: First, it may lower the wages of its employees. (This is likely). Second, it may raise the price of flour (the product of its employees. This, too, has tempting features). Third, it may pay less for grain. Now, it may divide the costs of the station into three equal parts, place them on employees, flour-consumers and grain "raisers," or it may decide to place the cost of it on any one of the three (employees, consumers or growers).

Or, it may place the full cost of the station on each of the three and make a business proposition of it—public spirited and timely. I am inclined and disposed to the belief that this latter proposition will appeal strongly to this company, but I cannot see why the company does not go about it in a more direct manner. Why not get out a subscription list and let the farmers, consumers and employees donate the "outfit" to the City of Minneapolis—it amounts to the same thing.

Why call it "The Gold Medal Station, WLAG: (in honor of Washburn and Crosby). Why not name it Extra-Legal-Taxation Station, blah?

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We note in this article (ahead) that A. F. of L. still clings to trade unionism. "Trade" (swap) is right, but where's the trade (skill)? If you have no trade join the Wobblies. We never trade our wealth for our livelihood. We expect the other fellow to put up or shut up. Pay me is our motto.

If you still think you have a trade, I'd advise you to quit the stuff—'lookit' what happened to Wallace Reid. A lil' will-power's all it takes.