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This data was put in my
hands by Wago and
I was unable to do the
biographic job required at
that time shortly after
Wago's death.

Oakley Johnson

3-1-62

WAGO M. LINDSAY

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DATE 11-1-83 BY SP-6 BJS/STW

It is 1955.
And I am nearing 75.

What did life mean to me?

(Expand)

Wagenbuecht

3-19-71

Comrades:

This is apparently an
effort at Autobiography by
Welfred Wagenbuecht.

Oakley Johnson

Accidentally, as in countless births before my time, I saw daylight in Goerlitz, Germany, in 1881.

I saw daylight without recognition. And not knowing what was happening around me and to me, I was brought to the United States at the age of one and a half years.

My father was a shoemaker and cobbler. His meanderings as an apprentice, from town to town learning his trade under numerous meisters had ended. He married, settled down in his own little shop, and did not do at all well. To support a family became a problem and the lure of doing better in the U.S.A., the inducement which was causing millions to migrate from Europe to America, became an influence in his day-to-day struggle.

With this went a basic political reason. Bismark and the Kaiser did not agree with his political point of view. In a small town where Socialist comrades were few, forced to salute and assume the attitude of a menial towards the military and anyone who wore the slightest resemblance to a military uniform, even if it was but a braid-decorated cap, he felt himself surrounded by Bismark's agents, mentally hemmed in.

To halt the growth of the Social Democrats, faced with a wave of strikes, to behead the formation of trade unions, Bismark, the blood and iron chancellor, incessantly demanded anti-labor legislation. His opportunity came in 1878, in which year two attempts were made to assassinate the Kaiser. Bismark liquidated the Reichstag. New elections were held. Police terror was initiated against the workers. The new Reichstag passed the exceptional laws against labor and the Socialists that Bismark demanded.

The press of the labor movement was closed down. Leaders were sent to prison and exiled. Organizations were outlawed. Spies had their day. Bebel and Liebknecht were accused of high treason; — sentence two years.

Father packed up his family and the feather bedding and landed in Cleveland, Ohio, the south side, at Jefferson Avenue and Herschel Street. Father, mother, son in arms and me age 1½ years. Maybe he was spotted *man, like many others, he ran away to avoid military service in the Federal Army,* and fled. I do not know. I do know he was the kind of man who would not keep his mouth shut.

It is here where memory begins, with the recognition of the smell and taste of leather. Poor folks populated the neighborhood, so very poor. Irish and Polish Catholics, and German Lutherans, many children, and fathers earning a wage of from 90 cents a day for unskilled labor to \$1.75 a day for skilled.

On one corner a grocery store where we ~~were~~ would lift potatoes and take them a mile to the woods to bake. On the opposite corner a saloon, with beer at a nickle a glass and a glass as big as your head. Families bought it by the can, broke in an egg, added a little sugar and stirred; a lift after a hard days' work of ten, eleven, yes twelve hours, and a luxury. On this corner the teen-age boys gathered to discuss their adolescent problems and spark their campaigns against my father.

There was a candy store, the window of which attracted us like a magnet, and where rather hysterical discussions would take place as to what we would buy with our next penny. And the barber shop, shave five cents, haircut 10 cents.

In this block my father rented a store front, living rooms in the rear, next to a variety store owned by the only Jewish family in the neighborhood.

My father was a good shoemaker and cobbler. Tailors, cabinet makers, bakers, gunsmiths (machinists) and others who learned their trade in the "old country" were good at it. Father knew how to select a side of leather. No ready cut soles and heels in those days. Buying leather meant buying a whole tanned hide. He would cut soles with a trained eye, so that they would equal each other in thickness and texture, avoiding flaws, soak them in water and then pound them on an iron on his knees to solidify

the leather's cells until they were tough.

In a neighborhood peopled with poor folks the shoes brought in for repair were usually in poor shape, worn until the soles were nearly non-existent. These were days when paved streets were not yet generally in fashion and a planked or brick sidewalk in front of a home was a sign of affluence. In rains and winter thaws with soles worn through, the shoe became a suction pump, and with dirt inside and outside, cobbling was a dirty job.

No gentlemen's boots, or ladies fine shoes ever reached him for repair. He did turn out tough, wearing work shoes for the railroaders on the Nickle Plate. With cinder roadbeds and continuous walking due to hand coupling, railroaders shoes had to be built to wear. He hand-made them at \$4.50 a pair.

He was a free thinker, which meant, as I remember, being a mixture of an agnostic and infidel. He brought his understanding of heaven and hell along with him from Germany. He would give his opinion on the after-life to anyone who would give him an opening in the course of any conversation.

In the early 1500's great resentment developed against the Catholic hierarchy. The Pope, rapacious for money and even more riches, sent his traffickers into Germany with their array of indulgences. For givenness of sin, religious relics and insignia, even church offices could be bought at a price and compulsion to buy was usual. The peasants, under feudal class rule, oppressed and exploited as land slaves, the plebians, the feudal princes and the developing merchant class raised opposition to these salesmen of religion. The peasants' hatred stemmed from the additional social stress and exploitation they were subject to. The rich wanted all their profits in their own coffers and not exported to Rome.

Martin Luther, in 1517 posted a declaration on the church door in Wittenberg, protesting ~~and~~ against the Pope's indulgence business: The reformation was on.

It was in this period of the birth of capitalism, at first as a merchant class, that free thinking developed. Judgement was that Luther may be some better than the Pope but both were no good for the people. Germany was torn, in turmoil based on conflicting interests, devastated by wars and the only unity apparent was that the exploiters in combination with the religious interests, were all stomping on the necks of the poor folks and slaughtering them in their internecine wars.

Luther, after encouraging the rebellious mood of the people turned his back upon them and ~~never~~ gave his support to the princes who used the Reformation to increase their possessions. When the peasant revolts occurred in which hundreds of thousands of peasants and plebians sacrificed their lives, he advocated "that they should be knocked to pieces, strangled and stabbed, by everybody who can do it, just as one must kill a mad dog. And if thou diest, thou art blessed".

In this gory situation Luther also had a taste for blood. Said he, "Why do we not seize, with arms in hand, all those ~~and~~ evil teachers of perdition, those popes, bishops, cardinals, and the entire crew of Roman Sodom? Why do we not wash our hands in their blood?"

Princes, Kaisers, Emperors, Devine right to rule.

Their rule pamperized the population.

Devine right lost its meaning.

Devine right: God-given right to rule.

Free thinking developed in Europe, opposed to both Catholics and Lutherans, denouncing the religious dogmas of both camps and their thievery and thirst for blood. As a Free Thinker, father was loaded with a constant urge to explode religious concepts.

Living among Catholics and Lutherans, ~~with~~ he the only one of his kind in the community.

These were days of the vengeful God - heaven and a harp, or burn forever in hell were the two choices. Lightning and thunder constituted a warning to the sinners from an angry God, and children and grown folks would hide in dark corners or underneath the bed to avoid God's wrath. A clap of thunder was God's voice, warning all those who failed to go to church, who forgot to pray.

Father was aggressive and in command of logic. He did not bother much with a tactical approach. His interest was in laying his adversary low with well-aimed blows at superstitious conceptions, at every pronouncement that was contrary to his materialistic viewpoint.

Did you ever see an angel, or the devil, he would ask? Do angels ride the pure white clouds playing their harps, as religious pictures portrayed? Must be millions of them up there, he would say, and then would drift a little to the vulgar and add that in all his life he had never seen any of their droppings in the street or on the roofs. Angels are souls, they do not eat? Do they breath, do they see, do they hear, and the harps? I hear no music. Are the harps also souls, and do good harps die here below and go to heaven? And if angels are the souls of those who died below while on their good behaviour, then it is the souls of sinners who are condemned to hell to burn everlastingly. But there is nothing combustible about a soul, it cannot burn, and the good God would never burn any of His children forever, would never burn them at all, would never allow them to become sinners. This is how it would go, with plenty of variations.

Not that he failed to hold forth on the topic of the poor versus the rich. In the struggle to provide for his family, in the conditions of the working-class families around him, how to get butter for the bread, or how to get bread at all, was a problem.. He was one of the "old country" free thinkers who probably thought that religion and capitalism had to be fought against equally, or that before workers could effectively struggle against capitalism

they would have to throw their religion overboard. He was to learn better in the panic of 1893.

Those with whom he argued in his shop would go out into the neighborhood and repeat these blasphemies and become highly provoked. The teen-age youth picked it up and would gather at the corner of Brown's saloon, and encouraged by adults a little loaded with beer, planned campaigns against him and us, his sons, four of us by that time.

There was another count against my father in this proletarian neighborhood. He was a radical. On the wall of our home there hung the pictures of the Haymarket martyrs, the name of each under the photograph of each — Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, Fielden, Schwab, Neebe.

The budding labor movement experienced its first round in fighting the charge of conspiring against ~~the~~ employers in the Shoemakers strike, Philadelphia, 1806. The workers had assembled because of discontent with their wages and had decided to demand an increase. Their leaders were arrested and charged with not being content to work at the usual prices, and that they combined, conspired, unlawfully agreed that they would work only for higher prices, this caused damage and injury to the masters employing them and did unlawfully meet and corruptly conspire. The strike was lost. The jury found them guilty of combining to raise wages.

Down the following years, struggles of ^{the} labor movement were defeated through force and violence by the capitalist class and by prosecutions for conspiracy by its courts.

Charges of labor "conspiring" were galore in the years that followed. When in the 1880's the demand for the 8-hour day electrified the labor movement, a period when ~~the~~ organization of workers into unions began to strike deep roots, workers by the dozens had been shot. Terror in its manifold application had been used by the capitalists to crush strikes, to halt the organization of the workingclass.

In 1886, at a meeting in Haymarket Square, which was about to adjourn, a bomb was thrown by someone to this day unknown. Parsons, Spies, etc., who spoke at the meeting were arrested and charged with conspiracy to commit murder. Seven men were sentenced to die. Judge Gary admitted that no evidence existed that these men, anarchists in philosophy, had personally any connection with the bomb, or anyone who threw it. But the charge of conspiracy can cover ground that is not there and make connections with the non-existent.

Judge Gary held that these labor leaders, agitators for the 8-hour day, had influenced somebody by advice, somebody not known, to throw the bomb that caused Degan's (a policeman's) death.

The evidence at the trial did not and could not prove that the unknown person who threw the bomb was influenced by the speeches of the 8-hour day advocates. They were not convicted because a bomb was thrown. They were convicted because they fought for trade union organization, for the 8-hour day, for the rights and needs of labor, and against rapacious and terror inciting employers.

Parsons truly said that if he is executed it will be because ^{damn} he is an Anarchist, not because ^{damn} he is a murderer; because of what I have thought and spoken and written in the past, and not because of the Haymarket ~~bomb~~ bomb.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Four had been hanged. Sentences of three had been commuted. The names were German and reading them and studying their photographs ^{on the wall of our home} I experienced a measure of pride. Here were fighters whose lives were ended because they led struggles for better lives for the poor. Displaying their pictures in our living room required a boldness that comes from an abundance of courage. They were Anarchists. My father was a Social Democrat. Yet in struggle against the exploiting employers they were joined.

These were days of struggle. The cruelty and viciousness of the capitalist class seemed boundless. Incessantly the workingclass stormed the front of capitalism. Lashed by the whip of poverty, deeply hurt by the misery and suffering of their families, bulwarked by the conviction that their cause was just, there developed a militancy which made the employers fearful of maintaining their hold on their system of robbery of the poor for riches for the few.

This was the climate of 1886-1896, and father, unsupported by organization of any kind in his neighborhood, economic or political, braved the opposition of the neighborhood by displaying the photos of the Haymarket martyrs in the living room. And he was a FreeThinker. And he wouldn't keep his

mouth shut.

He was incessantly attacked. The corner gang called him vile names, stole money out of his shop, spread a boycott against having shoes repaired by him, threw stones through his shop windows, attacked us, his sons, if we were caught some distance from home. They pushed my brother and I off a steep bank into the river one day, into water over our heads. We couldn't swim. We nearly drowned.

Father would leave his bench numerous times during the day and stand in the doorway looking up and down the street, on guard and also wondering what next would happen. I remember a day when he was deeply angered, arose from his bench with his last strap in hand, jumped the back yard fence, walked to the saloon corner, caught the gang of grown youngsters unaware, rushed them and lashed them mercilessly. These "gang" members ran blocks in all directions to save their hides.

And I remember trying to emulate him when one day a group of husky grammar school boys, all of Irish parentage, meandered up the street towards the shop. My next oldest brother and I were standing in the door-way. We held a hurried "battle" conference. In a fist fight we were outnumbered and would suffer defeat and a good beating. I remembered a blackjack hidden in the kitchen. Father had found it at a picnic we had attended where Anarchists and Socialists had engaged in physical combat over their respective philosophies, after a day of socialibility with beer. With this weapon in hand we stood our ground, in fact, brother and I managed an offensive. The leader of the group reeled across the street into the arms of a Jewish storekeeper who asked me what hit him; and that ended the fight. Ended it until an hour later a policeman came from the precinct station, collared me and marched me to jail. Ten fists against our four and a blackjack may have seemed that we had unfair premacy? But down these years our family had always gotten the worst of it and a little pride swelled the immature heads of brother and I. We were for days the subject of neighborhood discourse.

I must have included myself as a partner in the constant defensive activity we were forced into. The opposition was numerous and we were only one family. We two older brothers had enrolled in the Free Thinkers' Sunday School. We walked to the Social Turner Hall, one hour's travel west, each Sunday, where we were instructed in astronomy as an antidote to the heaven of the clergy. We were conditioned by the years of persecution, sparked by the clergy, fortified by the lessons in astronomy to fight on father's side and to view all expressions of superstition as in the classification of fairy tales.

My friend Jake lived on "Dutch Hill", about three blocks from our house towards the lowlands, the pasture - the Cuyahoga river valley. "Dutch Hill" consisted of a row of rotting and shakey shacks, painted by the soot of soft coal smoke from passing freight trains. The shacks backed up into an embankment in the rear and in a rain or thaw the dirt and filth would wash from the rear of the yard to the front and down a ditch to the gully. That is the reason the outdoor privies on "Dutch Hill" were all erected in the front yard, otherwise the excrement would flood the yard and be dragged into the shacks by the feet of waves of children who lived there.

Going to visit Jake was always an experience in pungent odors, especially when the bucket brigade and the tank wagons delayed the ^{privy} emptying process. The privy at our house was far into the backyard and here we did not have so much connection between what we had eaten a day or two ago and what we were about to eat. About five blocks from Jake's home, on the highlands overlooking the Cuyahoga valley, a big square brick house, with a very large yard, and a barn full of cows, excited the constant interest of neighborhood boys and girls. Here was where ^{the poor folk's children} they brought potato peelings and other edibles for the cows, and in return were paid one cent or two cents, depending on the amount. And this was candy money.

It was rumored that the elderly lady to whom we merchandized the peelings

was related to John D. Rockefeller. However, this may have been a false deduction arrived at because there were a cluster of oil storage tanks in the path leading to her pasture. Yet it may have been true. She constantly admonished us to save the pennies she gave us.

Jake was a romantic and talkative sort of boy. With him we made expeditions, off and on, to Jennings Avenue, a mile or more inland, out of the bounds of our poverty stricken neighborhood. We would travel west, through a public park, and there, on the other side of the woodsy park were the mansions. Here ladies were to be seen riding in carriages drawn by spans of spirited, glossy horses, imbibing the sunshine and fresh air. No "Dutch Hill" stench here.

We would press our faces between the pickets of the high wrought iron fencing to see what we could see. ^{Through} The fancy edifice porches and gables and windows all around the beautiful landscaping we would watch the stableman curry and brush the horses as they were brought out of a building that harmonized in architecture with the mansion. To Jake the horses did not live in a barn or stable. He said, "that horse-house is a better house than our house is". And we wondered on which of these estates Rockefeller lived.

Rockefeller and oil were of interest to many in these years. The smell of oil from the Cleveland refineries, which were predominant at the time, mingled with the odor of Rockefeller's unscrupulous manipulations by which he ~~rose~~ rose to ^{predominance} predominance.

*Took coal oil as medicine -
internally - externally*

Oil first received attention in the area of Titusville, Pennsylvania, in the early 1850's, gathered from the surface of creeks it was bottled and sold as a remedy that had great curative powers. Good as a liniment, taken by spoon internally, it was advertised to cure many ailments, including cholera and consumption. *In our home coal oil was a household remedy. For a sore throat it was taken by spoon. For aches and pains it was put over an*

Then the drilling for oil began and its accompanying land speculation; drawn out by horse and wagen, shipped out on barges, piped to the railroads, yet in ten years only 1200 of the 5500 wells dug produced. The country swarmed with brokers, speculators, stock companies. Bogus oil companies used the names of Civil War generals to sell shares, and Philadelphia was in top place with hundreds of these fake companies operating.

The oil diggers wanted their own refineries at the point of production. A combination between the existant refineries and the railroads opposed this. Sharp struggles ensued.

When 13-years old Rockefeller's father moved from a farm in New York to onenear Cleveland. It is recorded that his first job was with a produce commission house as bookkeeper at \$50.00 for three months' work. He became a partner and increased his savings by sales to the army in the Civil War. He sold his share of the commission business and invested in oil, with a man who had discovered a more economical method of refining.

There were about 26 independent refineries in Cleveland. Rockefeller approached each of them with a proposal for a combine. This proposal demanded that each refinery be appraised by him, He would pay cash or issue stock. In collusion with the railroad barons who were granting him a 25% to 50% kickback in freight rates, he held the winning hand. Even Scoffield and Company, with refinery interests worth \$150,000 was compelled to sell at 50 cent on the dollar.

With this auspicious beginning in chicanery and ruthless ~~organ~~ acquisition the Standard Oil Company was born in 1870 with Rockefeller as president. It

came out on top, through foul weather and fair, despite all the attacks against it, the legislation aimed to control it, the court actions against it, and charges of conspiracy.

And so there appeared upon the scene, in this growing capitalist country, growing also in workingclass protest, and indignation, the richest man, along with him we had Carnegie, Gary and Morgan in Steel, Vanderbilt, Harriman and Gould in railroad and J. Pierpont Morgan, the bankers, all travelled the same path of theft and usurpation, all grabbing the country's land and natural resources, all getting rich no matter how, all filching from the workingclass the product of their labor power, from where through profits, from labor's arduous and long hours of toil, their riches originated.

My mother died of tuberculosis at age 28. She had borne four sons. Aunt Emilie, who lived nearby, shared the household tasks with father and under their supervision the older sons learned how to do the dishes, scrub the floors and wash clothes on the scrub-board, by hand, in a wooden tub of hot soapy water. These days come vividly to mind because, besides going to school these new house-keeping tasks were thrust upon me and took hours away from my play-time.

Father was the buyer for the family, and due to a lessening income from cobbling, and the expense of feeding four always hungry, growing sons, he shopped and bargained for everything he bought. A barrel of flour from the grocers, out of which we would sift the maggots; a side of veal from the butchers, smelly enough to nauseate us, which he would bathe in vitriol for ^{and} cleansing ~~the~~ germ annihilation; plucks from the small slaughter house two miles distant — the whole innards of a pig; heart, lungs, liver and all else, from which we also made sausage — at five cents a pluck; heads of animals for head cheese; herring from Holland in little barrels, and cheap; and coffee he made from roasted grains.

On very rare occasions we had butter in the house quite stale and rancid. Father buttered all of the bread. He knew how to butter it lightly and when we complained that we could not taste the butter he told us that we did not understand how to eat buttered bread. Buttered bread, he said, should always be eaten by turning it upside down so the butter ^{side} would hit the tongue.

Then also, there was the constant war against bed bugs, flies and rats. Between ten and eleven each night father would visit our beds and carry on a massacre of bed bugs. And weekly we boys would transport bedsteads and mattresses to the back yard and soak their hiding and breeding place with coal oil. We spread poison for the rats, but the rats in the neighborhood were too numerous for the poison we could afford. And the flies — the swarms

of them remained constant. We would darken the house and chase them towards the light of the open kitchen door and out. But in an hour they were back. Screens had not yet been invented.

The 1893 panic came down upon the workingclass and other segments of the population with a dull thud. Shops, mines, industry big and little, closed up,— thousands of them. Hundreds of banks locked their doors. There were an estimated 15,000 commercial bankruptcies. Railroads and other industries went into receivership. Millions of workers were jobless and endlessly on the hunt for a chance to earn a dollar at anything. They froze in long charity soup lines.

To the rich the panic was an Act of God. They advised the starving families to commune with God about it - they were not to blame. When Jacob Coxey's Army of tattered jobless arrived in Washington, D.C., the rulers of the country arrested the leaders for walking on the grass of their own capital city.

For the last 50 years the capitalist, consolidating into combinations and trusts had fattened from the productivity of the workingclass and what they confiscated of the national domain. The panic had the result of temporarily curtailing their profits, but they still possessed their millions, their riches, and it was said that Rockefeller had become the first millionaire ^{millionaire} billionaire.

Discourses and discussions on foreign trade, silver or gold standards, the tariff, an income tax, increased the overcast of the already clouded sky. Henry ADAMS SAID: "Society here, as well as in Europe, is shaking". Bishop Lawrence declared: "Godliness is in league with riches."

Cleveland, our neighborhood, seemed in the direct path of this economic tornado. Father disappeared from home for days at a time. We moved into an alley, a saving on rent. The sharp staccato sounds of his hammer beating sole-leather on an iron last had ceased as had the more subdued sound of soling a shoe with wooden pegs. There were no shoes to fix. Some bread to eat was the stupendous problem every family faced.

Once a week we two older boys walked to the ^{west} side of the city, to Wilhelms print shop on Pearl Street, to fold a German Socialist paper father edited. He travelled on a belt that reached from Buffalo to Chicago. This was where the German immigrants and refugees had settled, those who left were homeless after the 1848 war, those who came later because of Bismark's anti-Socialist laws, several million of them. He made speeches, organized, sold papers and literature. Arriving home from time to time he would now and then bring a few groceries, but mostly he came empty-handed and empty in pocket.

We children would visit this aunt or that uncle, there were six of them, for a mouthful of food. Or one or another of them would visit us and bring a few bites to eat. A rumpus arose, relatives demanding that father stay at home and take care of his family. Uncle Herman, father's brother and a tailor, ^{and father} actually shook each other by the hair one night at a conference of relative held to convince father to stick to his last. This happened because the relatives had learned that father's family had gone without food for two days. I remember this incident clearly. Father was away making speeches. We were sitting in the kitchen, growing colder by the minute on a zero night and debating whether to spend the last dime we had on a loaf of bread or a bag of coal. Coal won, and I took the home-made bobsled to the valley, a mile away, to buy it.

1848 -
Socialist
from across - their
contribution to Socialism
in U.S.A. - well-mannered Book
Military - Trade
First International
Weydemayer
Letters to Americans - willing
August 1848

Emp. P. 257-263
1848 - decline
of movement in U.S.A.
Appendix

Fortune blessed us that same night. Father came home and we were soon sitting at the kitchen table with six links of garlic sausage and two loaves of bread.

Children, and men and women trekked down the hills towards the railroad in these bitter days of 1893-94 picking coke and unburned bits of coal from the ashes of emptied locomotive fire-boxes dumped near the roundhouse. They walked up and down the tracks, here and there ~~sixking~~ finding a lump of coal jarred from a coal car in switching operations. They became bolder, posted lookouts and pried coal off of the cars with long sticks. Chased by railroad detectives occasionally, they never-the-less increased in numbers (and I was there). ~~^~~ Hundreds of cars of coal standing on the tracks and families blue with cold? And no money to buy. They all understood there was something wrong here, and that it was not they that were out of step, and they were not stealing - --?

To me father grew in stature during these days. People, the poor neighborhood families began to talk about him, not as formerly, denouncing him as a heretic and sinner, and a radical and anarchist. He had included Cleveland's public square in his schedule of activity. First in the German language, then in all the English he could command, and he tried to clarify the masses of all nationalities who gathered there on the basic problem of why no work and who is guilty. Masses of workers had surged through the Cuyahoga Valley, through the flats containing nut and bolt shops, factories of varied kinds, all closed and dark. In their wrath they broke hundreds of windows and smashed down doors. The air seethed with protest and denunciation. They flocked to hear speakers at the public square in the center of the city. Trade union speakers and politicians and those who counselled faith in God.

few repairs / 12 years old / class struggle

Father placed heavy emphasis on the Socialist solution. Strikes and strikes, and unemployment down the many years, and who clubs you, shoots you, jails you? The capitalists say no when you demand a living wage, and then they put into action their lackies, their politicians, and they issue orders to the police, the militia, the courts and - defeat. The solution was to elect workers to office by casting ballots for the party that stands for Socialism and depose the capitalist ~~rank~~ class and institute the Cooperative Commonwealth.

He burned the thieving rich to a crisp in the heat of his attacks. He had a voice that carried. His quick, firm movements among the thousands that came to the public square meeting always seemed challenging. He reasoned to a conclusion in a positive way. The unemployed found his name hard to pronounce. He became known as "the little shoemaker from the South Side," and they would ask "is the little Socialist shoemaker going to speak today?" because there was a juncture, a solidarity of sentiment between what he said and what they thought. He expressed their mass mood.

Many nationalities gathered at these meetings, varied in their religion, Catholics, Lutherans, Protestants. It was here that father learned with some finality, that making all workers Free Thinkers, abolishing their belief in God ~~was~~ a first essential to develop in them enough intelligence to recognize their class position was not a prerequisite to the struggle for food, clothing and shelter. The preachings of priests and ministers advising the families of the poor and unemployed to suffer here below, bear your poverty and misery, and when you die you will enter the golden gate into heaven and be an angel, was an admonition that contradicted nature. The unemployed just had to have something to eat now, this side of heaven, and

gathered for struggle to get it. And many devout Christians began to develop comradeship with father and he with them.

It was during these years, at the age of twelve, that I took part in my first labor struggle. The horse drawn street cars on a feeder line that served the South Side, had been replaced by electric cars. Stable men, drivers, repair crews, who lived with their families at the end of the line, lost their jobs. The rage of the neighborhood increased daily. The union had no remedy. A crowd of men, women and children went into action one day, attacked the electric street car, broke windows, tore down the trolley and then overturned it. The two policemen assigned to this trouble spot rushed in to protect the motorman and marched him, between them, away from the enraged demonstrators. A group of children followed them down the street shouting and taunting the police. Then I threw a half a brick at the trio. The police turned to attack us, and I ran. The police changed their minds and returned to guide the motorman to safety.

My South Side environment did not have within it any content that would lead to thoughts of raising myself about it. I was a replica of all the youngsters around us and no one ever encouraged me to be something big when I grew up and to lay the groundwork for it now.

When then, graduating from grammar school in 1894, at the age of 13, I was praised by those close to me for being a smart youngster because most pupils graduated at 14, and after; no suggestion came forward that I ~~might~~ ought to go to high school and college. All the boys in our neighborhood who graduated from grammar school went to work. There were those who did not graduate at 14. They went to work without obtaining a diploma. These were parents living in circumstances such as made them long for the day when the oldest in the family

would be able to earn a dollar to help buy food.

I cherished my diploma. I exhibited it to those who wanted to glance at such an important document. I got a job and went to work.

I got a job at \$1.50 a week, pushing a delivery cart in the downtown area of the city. I carried the morning Plain Dealer in the "low down" tough "Whiskey Island" section of the city, near the lake waterfront. I worked in a stove foundry mounting gas burners which took their toll among the poor because they were made cheaply, assembled carelessly and exploded. I worked in a lithograph shop and learned accuracy in color press feeding. Here I picked up typhoid fever from the filthy rags used to wash ink from the rollers. I carried it into the family and soon all four brothers were in bed.

My father, at the time, was a follower of the water cure fad, as many thousands of others were, who took to walking in the dewy grass of the morning, and believed in hot ~~xxx~~ or cold applications for aches and pains, and who had lost their faith in ~~xxx~~ and respect for the men of medicine. Father soaked a bed sheet in cold water, wrapped it around us, put us to bed, piled bedding on top of us, and we sweated in a total fashion for an hour. Then a luke-warm bath and to bed. None of us died.

I worked on a farm, - a poor farmer's farm, at \$5.00 a month. The farmer would collect butter, cottage cheese, other odds and ends from other poor farmers around him. He would mix the farm butter with an equal part of creamery butter from the dairy and would mold it into pound bricks and sell it as a pure farmer's product. Twice a week he would drive 25 miles to the Cleveland farmer's market to sell his wares. I got into an argument with him, I contending that four weeks constituted a month, he holding to the calendar month. I held to my under-

standing that \$5.00 was due me every four weeks, and quit.

(Insert)

Neue Zeit

S.D. Gather at our home.

long heated discussions.

Revisionism - Bernstein, etc.

Would listen.

Progress of Socialism in Germany.

The hard times of 1893 stretched in 1896. Landing a job equalled a miracle. Out of work my father tried to teach me the cobbler's trade. He had very little shoe repairing to do. Families had to have bread before they thought of soles and heels. And my helping to cobble did not bring in any extra money, what with not enough work to keep father busy. Also, I missed my ten cents a week spending money.

I got a job on the iron ore docks shovelling dumped ore into buckets. Muscled Negro and Slavic workers shovelled in a steady rythm. I had to strain my whole body to lift the large scoop shovel of ore to the height of my neck to get the ore into the bucket. I remember the workers closest to me cautioning me to take it easy or I would not last the day. A few days of this, my back and muscles stiff and lame, and I ~~was~~ had to quit, having developed a hernia as big as my fist.

Several sallies into the restaurant and saloon industry captivated me because of the opportunity for a good meal. There were jobs open

off and on, working a few hours during the noon-day period. And a meal here was a drastic change for the better from the noon lunch I used to carry from home - two whole wheat jelly sandwiches for months on end and nothing else.

Here I learned how to clean spittoons and wash floors with brush and squeegee; how to wait on table; how to draw beer.

In one spot I worked there was served noonday lunch - a bowl of soup, a plate of meat with a mound of potatoes and rye bread stacked high on the tables, all for 15 cents, a big stein of beer five cents extra. And at five came the free lunch, fried liver, stewed lungs, tripe, headcheese, blood sausage and always large stacks of bread. The rules of etiquette were that a customer had to buy a beer before he could partake of the free lunch. The boss kept a sharp eye on his trade because many times two hungry workers would share one beer, and eat their fill. My weekly wage was \$5.00 and I worked from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m.

In time I progressed into eating and beer emporiums in a higher classification - meals 25 cents, 35 cents - where what was called a merchants lunch was served. I never could distinguish any merchant that compared with my mental picture of how a merchant should look and act. I probably visualized them as very affluent.

I joined the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union. / Business Agent Goldsmith was a leader in the A.F. of L. in Cleveland, and he recruited me, against that I gave as good reasons for joining as he gave me. I took my membership to be an earnest responsibility and attended meetings regularly. This few members did, and a union meeting of a dozen was an accomplishment.

After attending a few meetings it was announced, in the course of

a session, that a delegate to the Central Labor Body needed to be elected. I was elected to the post, wholly unaware of my duties. I went to the meeting of the Central Body, and listened intently. I felt honored at being elected and took pride in being among so many older trade unionists who had given many years to the struggles of labor. I then became aware that there was a division of opinion among the delegates. This centered around the question as to whether the working class and trade unions should remain on good terms with the employing class, collaborating with it, agreeing with those who invested and risked their riches in industries which gave employment and wages to millions of workers had the right to get returns from their investments; that the super-intelligence they had shown in accumulating wealth entitled them to further accumulations; or should labor conduct a determined, constant struggle for the many demands that would improve its standard of living and learn that these efforts must culminate on the political field through a Social victory and the abolition of capitalism.

John Bandlow and Max Hays led the grouping that believed in Socialism. John Bandlow would quote Marx and Engels and point to the historic role of the working class. Hays, as editor of the union paper, the Cleveland Citizen, which printed articles and editorials on the Socialist solution, gave attention to floor leadership in the discussions. The consequences of the 1893 panic, the suffering army of jobless, the miserable condition of their families was in the consciousness of the delegates, and Bandlow and Hays ^{This later} mastered a majority for their point of view. ^{and} I became part of this majority, but not for long. My business agent, Goldsmith, had me removed as delegate. So ended my membership in the Central Body, up to that time, at 17 years of age, the youngest delegate ever elected to that body.

INSERT

1890- to 1900

a) the formation of trusts

their lawlessness, theievery, briber y

b) The trust busters.

Stop growth of combines, turn back to
free competition.

c) McKinley, Bryan, 1892 - 1896 - 1900 elections.

1893 Panic; 1894 Full dinner pail - 1929 chicken
in every pot.

d) Greenback Party, Populists, etc.

e) Labor struggles

Now 11 in family

Buy home

Arguments re syndicalism - shor t cut O why get into rotten politics

Bought legislators and courts.

Out to the west.

My father had married again and five more children had been added to the family to make it eleven mouths to feed. In the later 1890s, father asked me if I would cooperate with him in buying a home, would I stay steadily at work and help pay for it. We obligated ourselves for \$1250, a tremendous sum it seemed to me. We moved west, near the farms, and we busied ourselves at once seeding down the deep back yard with vegetables. Every economy was put into force, every nickle and dime we could earn and save went into monthly payments. Having decided one day that we could afford a

pound of butter, father took the buttering of our bread out of our hands with the remark that we lacked skill. Pressing the butter into the bread was an error. Butter should be stroked lightly over the surface, which he then did, buttering the bread for all of us. When we complained that we could not taste the butter, he told us we must learn how to eat a slice of bread and butter, and the way to eat it was to turn the slice of bread so that the buttered side would be next to the tongue.

I I became quite efficient as a server of food and dispenser of drinks. I was speedy and accurate in billing, and also I was honest. Low wages had driven many restaurant workers to make a little extra on the side, which meant a loss to the proprietor, or even short-changing a customer who had a few drinks too many. This helped me to several good jobs. My wages were \$13.00 a week.

In 1900, approaching 20 years of age, my father engaged me in a discussion about my future. A letter had arrived from a relative of my step-mother, offering me a good job at the Central Hotel, Port Townsend, Washington. The eastern air was still filled with talk of the Klondike gold rush. Also it was generally accepted that wages in the west were high and jobs plentiful. Probably with some ~~nostalgia~~ nostalgia for his wanderings in his apprentice days in Germany, and also an earnest desire to help me towards increased earnings, I boarded a tourist railroad car and left home.

Arriving in Port Townsend^d was immediately disillusioned about the big west. The job offered me consisted of mopping floors, cleaning spittoons, meeting the boats to solicit customers for the rooms in the hotel, a square wooden structure/veranda all around. The town had enjoyed its boom as a port of call for sailing vessels coming down the Straits of San Juan de Fuca from the Pacific Ocean

with cargoes from the coast and the orient. Seeing a full rigged ship or a schooner sail into the bay was wonderful. My disappointment overshadowed this beauty, and the beauty of the water and land. My wages were to be \$25.00 a month.

With no money in pocket to go elsewhere, with a promise of promotion, I went to work. Actually there was nothing to be promoted to. The hotel, the few other retail stores, the town of 5,000 souls, was alive only in the sense that it was not yet quite dead. The boom had left it dying while being born. Three story new brick buildings, only with walls completed, windowless; empty stores; a little steel mill around the bay - a stock selling gamble, never in operation. Property, building lots and acreage selling for taxes, and no buyers.

If I advanced in no material way my education was promoted in Port Townsend. As disgusted as I felt by being shoved back five years in my earning capacity, shining shoes on the side to earn a few extra dimes, quartered in a dark depressing room, the worst in the decaying hotel, I learned more than I had known about the misery of others.

The sailor's boarding house, where the abused and terrorized men of the sea lived, existing from day to day hoping to be shipped out, actually enslaved because the sailors lived on credit and owed large amounts for board. And how they were shanghaied, by blows and whiskey to ship out against their will on ships with rotting bottoms or rotten captains! And there were skeletons of sailors who had drowned on the trip to the ship, or jumped overboard to get back to the shore, thumping the rocks on the bay's shore, picked clean by beautifully colored star fish.

Siwash Indian mothers peddled their daughters to soldiers and

some of the "top crust" of the town for fifty cents. And there was the general degradation in the red light district.

Soldiers from Fort Warden and Fort Flagler, lonely and dejected, looking for a little socialability, a friendly conversation, and at times going out into the pasture lands chasing sheep to satisfy their sex impulses.

Loggers from the lumber camps usually took the boat for Seattle, but some stopped over in this port city with their hundreds of dollars in big shiny gold pieces, were rolled for their money and had to borrow enough from the hotel owner to get back to a camp.

Such were the effects of capitalism - its demolition of human values.

I left these dismal surroundings (after two months) and went to Seattle. I wandered through skid row and found what was called the labor market. Here in numbers were dingy store fronts with "wanted" placards. What kind of workers were wanted; what were the wages? The jobs were for the lumber camps. But I was not a faller or trimmer, nor could I run a donkey engine, nor was I a cook, or even a second cook. There was a job for a flunky. When I asked what kind of work a flunky had to perform, I was told that it was a dining room job, waiting on loggers. This appealed to me and was in my line of experience. The \$30 a month wages did not, but I signed up.

A good logging camp was one which was not crummy, infested by lice, and one in which food was good and plentiful. This camp was good. For breakfast, pancakes, ham and eggs in gigantic portions were piled high on large platters. There was also an endless flow of strong coffee. Later meals consisted of steaks, roasted meats, vegetables for the reaching; and reaching as many times as you pleased. I set

the tables, carried in the platters of steaming food, cleaned the tables, cleaned up. But it was a hemmed in life, just working, eating and sleeping. The only activity that had any content of social-ability was the nightly games of poker. I tried to learn the game. AFTER LOSING EACH MONTHS WAGES FOR THREE months I gave up by giving up the job.

Back in Seattle I looked up the headquarters of my union and ran into a strike of waitresses and waiters. They were in meeting, not many of them. The discussion gave me a thought or two and I made so bold as to take the floor. My suggestion had to do with broadening the strike. Only two restaurants were involved. I was invited to the platform by the officers. The result of it all was that I was asked to become the business agent and organizer of the bartenders.

I took occupation of a desk in labor headquarters, got a list of about twenty-five cafe workers paying dues, and twenty-five more who had lapsed. I felt myself challenged by this first post as a union official. I found that most of the twenty-five dues paying members worked down in the red light district. In attempting to collect dues I was constantly faced with the argument that the union was not of any use to them, was not getting them anything, and they wanted to know what happened to the dollars they paid in dues. Being a novice in labor policy and organization, and being but a grown kid to those world-wise veterans of the trade, I had difficulties in keeping the members we had and getting new ones seemed a distant objective.

Seattle was an open town, - really open. Anything could happen and just about everything did. It was a city of men. The Klondike gold rush had multiplied the male population, just as years before mining and the building of railroads had populated the west coast with men. Their experience with women was quite restricted to those who

came west to commercialize sex. Prostitution was a part of big business, as was gambling. It was a phase of the culture of the times. Men socialized with the women of these most colorful social centers, and they did not have to sneak in to spend an evening. An open town was not open only because of the absence of interference by the law, but open also because it was acceptable by those who peopled the towns.

Girls and women were recruited from all areas towards the east where they had little gainful employment, with promises of good jobs and high income. Arriving at their destination they either accepted what was offered them, there being little other choice, or they were broken in by the application of liquor and blows. Recruiting women was a business with its own policy and practice.

In Seattle, in the red light district, large two story wooden frame structures containing hundreds of small rooms, with a girl at each door, waited for the promenade of loggers and other workers, which took place each evening. The service charge was one dollar. For the better class of citizens parlor houses were available which had a homey atmosphere and where for \$5.00 the patrons could linger longer among well dressed ladies.

All the degradation of Barbary Coast, all the cruelty visited upon the California wage earner, all the disappointments and death suffered by the pioneers in the quest of gold, the whole backwash of the wild west, born of and stimulated by the rapacious grabbing for property and riches by the railroad tycoons and land barons, all this seemed to flow into Seattle.

In the houses for loggers competition among the girls was keen. It took many hours to score a \$5.00 income. They augmented their earnings by dancing with men in the large dance hall on the lower floor

at ten cents a dance, the house getting a large percentage of this. They devised various side-shows; nude dances, lesbian performances, sex orgies with a Shetland pony, picking up silver coins from corners of tables with their vagina, a room with peep holes where for money a sex act could be watched. They were bossed by pimps who secured the spot they worked and who could take it away; some pimps having a dozen girls in hand taking away their earnings.

The loggers were preyed upon by ruthless characters. To the large gambling halls which they patronized, and where ^{with pride and a challenge} they would stake up two hundred ^{to} five hundred dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces before the dealer - money saved after months of work in isolation in a camp, - every logger was a sucker. And, as occasionally happened, if a logger would leave a gambling device with gold in pocket to visit the girls, he was rolled for it. When unconscious he was dumped into the tide flats where he would drown in the tide.

This is in my memory because it was my first experience in the degradation which the seeds of poverty grew. I was ridiculed by my few union members because I did not drink, and they were against when I occasionally ventured a humane expression that expressed sympathy with the girls. The situation became one where I began to fear for my own safety.

When then a weather beaten, gnarled, rheumatic old man came to the labor center one day looking for the union, he was referred to me. He said he was looking for a man who would help him run his boarding house. I had no one to recommend, whereupon he gave me a visual once-over and in a fatherly way invited me to take the job.

I left my union business without giving notice, and actually, so it seemed to me, fled with him to Port Hadlock across the bay from

Port Townsend. At wages of \$50.00 a month, I was doing better now than at any time since leaving home to go west to earn big money. In the union work I barely existed on the dollar a month dues I collected. No one from the central leadership ever contacted me for per capita to the local or national. Now I again had a stipulated wage, meals and room free. I was rolling in wealth. I bought a horse and saddle for \$25.00.

However, the little village was also on the downgrade. The logging and lumber camp was running out of timber. When it would close down became a daily conjecture by the dwindling number of workers boarding with us. Yet I felt at home, enjoyed a measure of security and found the surroundings friendly. The workers were a jolly lot, and my employer was a witty Irish humorist.

I lasted as long as he could afford to pay me. Then back to Seattle with a determination that I would try to find some Socialists and give some time to help fight against the vulgarity and filth I had rubbed up against in that big town. Here people were made bad and lived a horrible existence. The beauty of nature was grandiose. Puget Sound and the tall firs, hemlocks, pines and cedars around the shores, the Cascade Mountains and their sentinel, Mt. Rainier, kissing the sky. There seemed to me a contradiction here, and there must be some good souls in Seattle who labored to induce people to harmonize with nature.

It is apparent, from all this, ^{with the time} that there was as yet no connection between me and the workers as a class force. I was motivated by humanitarian impulses. Just before leaving Cleveland I had engaged in discussions with a good friend of mine, Adolph Altenbend, whose family and youthful experiences paralleled mine. His father and mother had

migrated from Germany in the 1880's. His father was a Social Democrat, well-versed in the writings of Bebel, Liebknecht, Kautsky. Adolph argued for the organization of a Social Party which would eventually become strong, win a majority in the elections whereupon the workingclass would take over. I held that strong labor unions were the primary essential to win power. The unions, calling a national stoppage in all industries would force the capitalists to abdicate. This was the limit of our understanding.

My syndicalist leanings had their origin in my background. I had belonged to unions. I had not become a member of the Social Party. My father had never belonged to a union. He was an organized Socialist. The weight of my total experience, what with my father's years of activity and struggles was on his side. Parential influence being predominant, I decided to find the Socialists/as I walked down the gang-plank to shore.

A leaflet handed me on Yesler Way advertised a lecture on Surplus Value at a Socialist forum. The meeting place was a small room in a decreed building near Skid Row. The audience was small and all of them more than twice my age. Here I was informed that the workingclass was robbed by the capitalists at the point of production. The lecturer who had the appearance of just having arrived from a logging camp, held that all value was produced by labor; that if a worker produced \$10 in value as the result of a day's work, \$5.00 could be credited to material and overhead, the worker would receive \$2.50 in wages for his labor power, the balance of \$2.50 was pocketed by the owner of industry as his profit. This profit originated at the same source as the worker's wages and rightfully belonged to the worker, and would be given the worker if the full value produced by his labor power were

paid him. The capitalists rob him because they own the industries. The way out was the abolition of the capitalists private ownership and the institution of common ownership of all the means of production and distribution.

I was impressed by the language used, the phrases which flowed as fluently; surplus value, labor power, commodity, value and price, labor power as a commodity. Here was something deeper and more complex than I remembered hearing at the discussions I had occasionally overheard between my father and his Socialist comrades over a glass of wine. Karl Marx teaches us ~~is~~ was constantly on the tongue of the speaker. Learn your Marxian economics.

I loafed around this little hall for days. Workers would come to it all times of the day and discuss. They would gather in groups and argue then go out for a dish of pork and beans and come back for a night session. Nearly all of them chewed tobacco and their accuracy in hitting the spittoon was a thing to admire. I learned subsequently that uptown middle-class Socialists had dubbed them the spittoon philosophers saying all they did was gab and spit. Yet my interest was aroused. Can the capitalist class be unseated by voting in the elections for Socialism? Can it be abolished by the general strike?

I was to learn later that the entire Pacific Coast was afire with these discussions. Marx was being quoted. A dogmatic Marxism as I later learned. How to replace capitalism with Socialism was a topic that furnished plenty of fuel to heat the participants who grew loud and furious at times as they trimmed their utterances with colorful invectives. Yet all agreed that the wage workers must somehow come into their own and that Socialism was the answer.

my father said to
All this sparked in me a revolution in my existence. It awake

in me the need for an aim in life above and beyond just a job, wages, and whatever material needs they could satisfy, and which in the past had never been above a shabby day to day existence. My father's determined, courageous and unwavering way of life, his firm conviction that workers would eventually fashion the solidarity necessary for the big change, came back to me in memory of my boyhood days. I saw light ahead.

The Seattle Socialist introduced me to the organized Socialist movement. Its editor, Herman F. Titus, had given up his practice as a physician to give his time to this weekly. His wife, Hattie, from the income of a worker's rooming house, covered the weekly deficit.

One day Dr. Titus asked me whether I had a fondness for Boston baked beans. I replied in the affirmative, although I did not know why Boston was associated with Beans. I have never devoured a more savory dish of beans, or brown bread. And out of that supper came the suggestion that I become the manager of the Seattle Socialist. What did I know about managing? Nothing. But I accepted and was given lodging in the rooming house, \$5.00 a week, and an occasional supper of delicious Boston baked beans and brown bread.

I wrote an article for the paper on the life of the lumber jacks, and received praise for style and content. But I am afraid I made no contribution of any value in increasing the circulation or bringing in more income for the paper. However, my connections with the paper did propell me into the field of active Socialists more mature in years and knowledge.

There was E.E. Martin, State Secretary of the Social Party who labored all hours and untiringly, writing letters to a never ending list of members and sympathizers. His elegant Spencerian handwriting,

with all its flourishes captivated me. Emil Herman, strong and willing who toured the state with a heavy load of literature. He went everywhere, mostly on foot, to carry the message to the workers and poor farmers. McCorkle, Downey, McSlarrow, Wells, Kate Sadler and Burns, who was looked up to as a comrade with a good grasp of Marxism. And there was Mattie Allison, who travelled 30 miles to assistⁱⁿ the state office whenever she could spare a day or two. There was her father, Johnson, in his 70's, who, when I visited him now and then, would sit me down on the porch of his shack on an acre berry farm in Puyallup, and ask, "Did you ever read the Communist Manifesto," or "Have you read Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," and who would then read and discuss paragraphs from the two brochures. He regarded them of special importance.

Then came the big day! The day I was elected state organizer of the Social Party. It was decided that I be paid one dollar a day while on the road. Places to sleep and getting something to eat was left to my ingenuity. I was told that I would meet Socialists wherever I went who would be glad to feed and house me. On the road, with a weighty suitcase of literature, I found this to be true. The loggers, shingle-weavers, stump farmers were sincerely glad to meet me. They enjoyed talking with the Socialist organizer. They showed exceeding warmth for the common cause. Sentiment, sympathy, concern for the exploited wage earner; hatred of capitalism and all the iniquities it was guilty of, the poverty and misery of workers and their families, the cruelty and terror invoked by the rich upon the poor, all this was a fire within them. They were were happy to have someone with whom they could unburden their hopes and anger. Trade unions and Social Party branches were very weak; mostly non-existent. How to establish movement and organization around immediate demands.

of masses of workers and poor farmers had not been learned. To establish Socialism was their dream, and always vividly in mind. They seemed to live in an aura in which the Co-operative Commonwealth was the only objective. I was in the same boat.

Up and down the roads and wagon trails I wandered, and constantly wondered what lay ahead. I was surfeited with enthusiasm and this increased day by day, being inoculated by the enthusiasm of the workers I met. I had a list of Socialists and sympathizers who had contacted the State Secretary of the Socialist Party ^{by mail.} A few names of readers of the Seattle Socialist. And I gathered many more names. Everyone I talked to knew of another Socialist some miles away.

I met:

"stump farmers" who had promoted themselves out of the woods onto a couple of acres of logged off land and were at work digging, dynamiting, and clearing the land with block and tackle, to clear the acres for the first cultivation and seeding. With them I ate unleavened bread and sow belly. I contacted gandy dancers, section hands on the Great Northern Railroad. Then over spurs I ^{went to} ~~met~~ the logging camps and walked up skid roads to lumber jacks working in the woods. Day after day I walked and walked and talked and talked; and always I opened my suitcase to sell the literature. My report on my first month on the road showed an expense for railroad fare of about three dollars.

I had now entered the organized Socialist movement as a pioneer with a crusader's spirit. I was a pioneer in knowledge, and in practice and organization. I learned much from the Socialists I met. Above all I learned that there were many points of view as to how to obtain Socialism. I had become an agitator, pure and simple.

Then Dr. Titus organized a class for public speaking, to train street corner speakers, I joined. He admonished the class to 1) know what you are going to say; 2) say it so the listeners will understand you; 3) stop speaking when you are through saying what you had in mind to say. I selected as my topic an explanation of surplus value. I confused myself, ~~so~~ confused the audience, got shaky in the knees and dismounted from the soapbox in shame.

Street speaking, "soap boxing" was part of the activities of the Socialist Party. The more active Socialists in Seattle were enamored with the size of the audiences and their attentiveness. This was especially true of the first visit of Arthur Morrow Leung of San Francisco. He had the diction of an educated man. He would begin his meeting by telling those who gathered in front of him about the greatest man in history; the greatest because he was a social scientist and had ^{spent} ⁱⁿ many years ~~of~~ study of the human race and how it lived. He had discovered why there are rich and poor, workers and capitalists. He had analyzed the methods of production and distribution ~~and~~ of commodities under the capitalist system and had exposed the robbery of the workers by the owners of industry. This man, with whom hundreds of thousands like you are standing here, have joined in his thesis, is Karl Marx. The development of Science in all other fields takes second place to that of Marx, because it has to do with all of humanity; how it lives and suffers; how you who are listening to me live a life of hard toil and disappointments, without a measure of happiness or sufficient education and good health.

He spoke about Karl Marx and Das Kapital for an hour, in a fundamental yet picturesque way. Then abruptly he would say, "Das Kapital is a big book and requires heavy thinking and costs \$3.50. But if you want to learn ^{what} ~~about~~ Marx, whom I consider to be the greatest scientist, has to say about our future, the future of humanity, here is his Communist Manifesto. It will start you in the solving of the major problems we all face." He announced the price as 10 cents a copy and asked all those who wanted a copy to raise their hands. He would sell 250 copies to an audience of 300. He would then take a collection to pay for copies given free to those who could not spare a dime.

Other "soap boxers" from California toured the coast, all as free lancers. They had a message for the common folk and the urge to deliver it. They made their way as best they could. Through the sales of literature and collections they could buy something to eat and ~~have~~ ^{get} a place to sleep. Osborne, the blind orator ~~who~~ would say, "I am blind yet can see things so clearly. But you can see, then why are you blind?".

Tom Lewis, a worker agitator, who became a favorite, won his audiences with his sharp indictment of the capitalist class. There were no ends to the crimes he accused it of, and his sincere and heartfelt sympathy for ^{his} its victims got across to ~~the~~ audiences. He was of the workingclass, and the bond of solidarity that developed between him and his audience, because he knew how to say the things they ~~would~~ ~~likexkx~~ felt. He talked with them, not at them. He was witty, satirical, and had an abundance of humorous stories with class content.

We developed our own speakers and initiated a program of regular street meetings. Audiences were big and responsive. Night after night

we would tear capitalism to shreds and portray the advantages and beauties of Socialism. Came the day when our speakers were arrested for obstructing traffic, for taking collections, for selling literature without a license. We had begun to give some attention to capitalism in Seattle; The graft and corruption under the roof of City Hall, skid row, the unemployed, the crooked gambling halls and loggers found dead in the tide flats.

The fight for free speech was on. Our speakers manned the street corners every night and were arrested. The audience was dispersed by a dozen police. The speakers were bailed out and would again try to speak the following night. We rotated ten speakers at a meeting. All were jailed. Mothers with babies in their arms mounted the soap box. They were kept in Chief of Police Wappenstein's office awaiting bail.

(came from surrounding states. Filled jails. Had to release some to let more in - with babies in arms - make room for more.)

One day Dr. Titus climbed to a third story roof and for a half hour before the police could reach him, explained to those who could hear him why we were so tenacious in the struggle for freedom of speech and assembly. I, along with others, was jailed every night for a month. The City Hall did not have enough cells to hold all of us. We were shifted to the County Jail. Dozens at a time were imprisoned for want of bail.

The basis of the struggle was Socialism vs Capitalism. We did not understand the necessity to involve the labor unions and others who had no Socialist concept, in the fight for ^{the} constitutional rights which were being violated. The capitalist class was attacking us - Socialists - and we had to stand our ground and remain loyal to our

beliefs. We did not see that by attacking the rights of free speech and assembly the rights of every American was being violated, so we did not ask for a united front struggle against this outrage.

We lost the struggle. We did help to bring Wappenstein, the Chief of Police, a little closer to the end of his corrupt reign. Wappenstein, the bloated denerate, who in orgies in parlor houses in the red light district, would toast the ladies by pouring champagne down their vaginas.

We hugged the west coast in our quest for Socialism, in our agitation for the coming of THE DAY. Hoquiam and Aberdeen, near the ocean coast, where a big colony of Finnish Socialists worked in the largest saw mills making lumber, and from which point cargoes of it was shipped in sailing vessels into all parts of the world. We visited Renton and its coal miners. We travelled north to Everett, Sedro-Wolley and Bellingham. The accusation that the Socialist Party was apparent only during election campaigns was true in one sense. During an election we participated in a mass way to get votes for our candidates. Between elections we called on educational activities steadily and determinedly to make more Socialists. We felt that an organized movement around issues fell into the field of opportunism. It was the opinion of many of us that to advocate reforms created illusions among the workers, would tie them more closely to capitalism. Since capitalism was doomed to failure why patch up its weaknesses. We were opposed to compromise and political trading.

We were then, rather suddenly, involved in a great debate. In fact we created it by taking the offensive. From points East and South we saw an advancing score of speakers and writers advocating differing beliefs of what constituted Socialism and how to get it. Without a clear and united understanding how could we win the workers?

Walter Thomas Mills, a bearded, professorial lecturer, small in size but known as the little giant; spoke to large audiences advocating the abolition of the class struggle. He was for Socialism, he claimed but it should be attained not through struggle of the working class against the capitalist class, but by friendly cooperation. The capitalists could be educated to see that Socialism would benefit all of humanity, to understand the brotherhood of man had within it advantages for them far above the dog-eat-dog capitalist system.

The Seattle Socialist denounced his theory and its editor Dr. Titus challenged him to a debate. We advised him to take his dream to the capitalists and convert them and leave the workingclass to us. We accused Walter Thomas Mills of class collaboration, of trying to behead the struggle for Socialism by surrendering the workingclass to an endless and unlimited exploitation and persecution by the capitalists. We accused him of being an enemy masquerading as a Socialist.

We engaged in polemics with the Appeal to Reason, with post office Socialism, the contention here being that if the government can conduct so huge an enterprise as a national mail service then it also can institute national ownership of industries.

There was the growing into Socialism of the municipal ownership advocates. Win municipal ownership of the street car systems, of the gas and electrical services, and little by little Socialism will come.

We had those who wanted to take a short cut, holding the government should be induced to issue interest bearing bonds to all capitalists for all their holdings, and take over from there.

Gaylord Wilshire, with his 10 cents a year magazine, varied this somewhat by buying a gold mine, selling stock in it at 10 cents a share, and telling his readers that the road to Socialism lay in the direction of eventually buying one gold mine after another until there was so much gold concentrated in the stock holders hands that they could do anything.

The Milwaukee Socialists also had its day in this heterogeneous thinking and advocacy. Cheaper milk Socialism we named it. It consisted of a long list of immediate demands and reforms, with less than a gesture for Socialism as such and no mention of the class struggle or the coming revolution. It was a vote catching device, fooling the people to vote the ticket instead of making Socialists of them. Here there was displayed the other extreme. Our sectarianism was countered by crass opportunism.

It was during these days that I met big Bill Haywood. He went to a saloon in skid row, which we referred to as the "slave market", and over a mug of beer engaged in an exchange of thoughts. My recital of our activities did not seem to impress him. Although he did not wash them away as of no value, he wanted to know where our program of agitation and education, our campaign for Socialist candidates, came to grip with the capitalists the employers and exploiters of the workingclass. He wanted to know what we were doing to protect worker's wages and working conditions, to increase their living standards. He wanted to know at what point we Socialist actually engaged real live capitalists in combat. He thought us quite a dis-

tance removed from the heart and heat of the class struggle doing nothing but advocating and voting.

Looking down at me, his one eye piercing my complacency, I wilted a little. Maybe what we Socialists were accomplishing deserved credit, but were we really in the conflict with the enemy class or were we engaged in a measure of shadow-boxing. After all, Heywood was a leader in the Western Federation of Miners, famous nationally for its militancy, for its tough battles in behalf of its members. He must be weighted with experience and with the lessons derived from struggles.

We did not occupy the sidelines in the trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, charged with assassinating the governor of Idaho. The Seattle Socialist covered the trial, round by round, issuing editions of eight pages of testimony of the trial, exposing Orchard the stool-pigeon, denouncing the attempted frame-up by the mine owners. Dr. Titus was constantly in Boise, Idaho, and with others giving daily assistance to the procedure and conduct of the case. I was in Seattle in charge of the paper's distribution to an ever widening circle of readers.

Haywood case. Get what attorney. Name of
Gov. outcome of case.

1880's increase TU membership

Recovering from terror of the 1870's

1878 Election Socialist Alderman in Chicago and 4 to State
legislature.

Chicago Tribune - "The Socialists a lazy lout ... a pestilent
petrification, a long haired, brawling idiot"

Livid newspaper stories, scare headlines.

Repetition of Paris Commune in America.

Thousands are already under arms.

~~Ex~~

Coal Oil #7

In early 1850's oil was found floating down creeks in Pennsylvania .
Gathered it was peddled as a patent medicine, a cure for many ills,
cholera to consumption if taken internally, aches and pains if
rubbed in. Thirty years later it was still considered as a remedy
for sore throat and I gulped many teaspoonfuls.

From a patent medicine to the great Rockefeller fortune, to the
great automobile industry which oil powered.