

## Reflections on Sabotage

By Fred Freyr.

It is really tragic, this economically determined inability of the Bourgeois to justly value Sabotage that makes him cry against it as cowardly and dirty and sneaky. We laugh at him, because he cannot hurt us who have learned to stand upright, and they stand afar while they hurl their anathemas. Yet there is one, the would-be-intellectual, who has grasped the modern class struggle in some phases and whom we therefore give a place to speak, telling us that the practice of Sabotage is destructive of character, will react to our dereliction upon ourselves, for, says he (and looks important) 'once you grow into the habit of destroying, you will be its slave, when times require the opposite characteristic.'

Poor would-be-intellectual! he thinks of General Sherman's soldiers "who got the habit;" he classes us with the hired and trained (just like a dog); murderers of the army and navy, who kill and devastate for a mess of pottage; he cannot see—and that's the tragedy—how pitiful he looks, trying to measure OUR actions by the two-foot yardstick of the capitalists, the Bourgeois' motive of petty personal hate and trickery and narrow selfishness.

And here I take also issue with all apologists of Sabotage who, with good intention no doubt, draw a parallel between the always low and dirty, more often absolutely contemptible and mean and dangerous methods of capitalists to get the filthy lucre, and the working class weapon, Sabotage, saying that the capitalist practiced Sabotage from time immemorial. Would you drag down in the mire of the capitalist or Bourgeois motive, which is crystallized in one word: Pig-Ethics, one of our weapons for the emancipation, not only of the working class, but of all mankind? I think you would not—you only forgot, under the wish of spreading the knowledge of Sabotage, that something which is ennobling, charter-building, man-making, cannot at the same time be the extreme opposite.

Yes, Emerson (whom the would-be-intellectual quotes) IS right. "Everything we do in life we do for ourselves," our thoughts and actions react upon us to the better or the worse; yes, that is just the reason why capitalism is synonymous with DIRT—under whose rule the important thing is not to be a man, but to have money, which places no value on man and womanhood beyond the price, for which it can be trampled down and crushed or bought and bribed.

Those cannibals that feed on blood and happiness of little children, that, leechlike, fasten themselves upon foreign nations (through the loan) with money coined from OUR sweat and blood, financing wars or helping a bloody beast to suppress a revolution, who cheat and steal, kill, maim and corrupt, for nothing but filthy gain.

To speak of Sabotage as destroying character! I'm glad I hear you fellow-workers, you rebels, laugh! Even the wornout gods up there in junk assemblage laugh! A hearty laugh is sign of strength and, even if it be sometimes scornful, sometimes grim, it has no hate, no spirit of revenge, or of getting even in its freeing sounds. It speaks of the vision and ideal in our mind and the never flagging determination to realize the same. We are sure, what the outcome must be, for life is on OUR side, in fact we are life itself; the "other class" is like a diseased limb, which nature is trying to save by infusion of fresh blood and building of new tissue and, if too far gone, she will saw off or amputate the rotten limb.

WE ARE THE NUCLEUS OF A NEW SOCIETY AND A BETTER ONE, and we who live in it—even now mentally—are better men than those who decry and call us immoral. AND WE KNOW IT, AND SAY IT. We can smile. We shall smile, and—SABOTAGE THE BOSS.

## Hellion Hudson Rules Merryville.

Or How Congressman Aswell's Masters "uplift the Negro."

On Oct. 18th, 1913, our colored minister, D. R. Hancock, went to Merryville to attend some church affairs and personal business. Soon after arriving in Merryville he was accosted by an officer of the "Law and Order" gang whose name is Hudson. Hudson asked: "Old man, what is your business here?" In reply the minister stated that he was there "to look after some church affairs." The "Law and Order" thug then asked if he (the minister) "was in any way connected with the Union," to which the minister replied, "no."

Then the "thug" (Hudson) says: "Old man," I guess you had better get up the road." "What for?" asked the minister: "Don't matter a damn what your business may be, you better catch the hack," says the "thug." All this in presence of witnesses, colored and white. The thug (Hudson) called the minister and the man who was with the minister says: "Are you calling me?" To which Hudson answered, "No, it's that other old long whiskered S— of a B—." This same Hudson "thug" went in company with other thugs with shot-guns to the train where this minister bought his ticket and boarded the train to leave Merryville. The man with the shot gun even went so far as to climb on the train to make sure that the minister was aboard, then reported to Hudson that he was gone.

Walter Waller (colored) 192 Forsyth St., Beaumont, Texas, was told by the "Law and Order" thugs that if he (Waller) "would beat hell out of this old long bearded S— of a B—" that they or he (Hudson) would pay his fine and give him a dollar for the job.

This colored man has been a minister of the gospel for 35 years; he is well known in Newton, Tex., and all over Calcasieu, Beauregard and Vernon Parishes.

COMMENT.—The above piece of infamy is the second or third of its kind to be reported to THE VOICE on this thug Hudson within the last few months. This old colored preacher has absolutely nothing to do with the Forest and Lumber Workers Union; was on a peaceable mission, working for the "Lord Jesus Christ" and not for the terrible I. W. W., and, so, we would like to know what "Jesus" (?) Servant (?) the "Reverend" McQuiston thinks of the action of this thug Hudson of the "Good Citizens League?" Also we would like to hear a little howl from the Reverend Foster, but will we? NIT.

Further, its about time that this hellion's hand was called and that "dear Uncle Gus" be notified to take up Hud's "deputy sheriff" commission, if he has issued one to the thug, and if he has not, we demand that Sheriff Martin immediately place Hudson under arrest for his crimes.

Clansmen of the Working South, will you allow these brutal thugs of the Hudson type to assume the right to dictate what is law to OUR native land? Will you allow these murderers sent into our midst by the preying "Parson," John Henry Kirby and other alien Landlords and Capitalists to continue, without the least DANGER to themselves, their infamous role of Rurales of that British Plunderbund that styles itself the "Santa Fe Railroad System?" If you do continue to allow it there is not left in our veins a drop of the blood of the Ku Kluck Klan. Think of the insult of this tinhorn thug Hudson ordering the F. and L. W. out of existence! Think of it!!

L. U. 26, DENVER.

Fellow-Worker Pat Noonan has been elected secretary of No. 26 and the Local has moved its headquarters to 1643 Lawrence street, room 37, King Block. All correspondents and rebels take notice. PAT. NOONAN, Secretary.

## Rebel Machinists Call Autocracy

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26, 1913.

To the International President and General Executive Board of the International Association of Machinists.

Gentlemen: In the September issue of our Journal, under the head "Unauthorized Circulars," appears the following: "The circular issued by Carl E. Person, of the I. C. Federation, with the object of taking a general strike vote, is unauthorized by our International President and General Executive Board and should therefore be ignored."

The members of Woodlawn Lodge No. 492 are desirous of knowing what right the International President and General Executive Board have to rule as they did in regard to this circular letter sent out by Bro. Carl E. Person, inasmuch as Bro. Person was only asking for the expression of the rank and file in case the International President and Executive Board sent out a referendum ballot asking for a general strike.

We believe in the democratic management of our association and not by a few of the individual employes who are receiving their salaries from the rank and file of this association, and that the International President and General Executive Board should endeavor to execute the will of the membership and not try to rule it with their autocracy and try to advance their own individual ideas. Therefore Woodlawn Lodge No. 492 thinks that the International President and General Executive Board should be severely censured for the haste in trying to discourage the brothers who are still on the firing line of the Illinois Central, Harri-man lines and Pere Marquette and those working on other roads who are of the opinion that nothing but a general strike will bring the pending strikes to a successful termination, because it has been clearly shown that the International President and General Executive Board have neglected to provide the necessary finances by means of assessments or otherwise, to carry on this strike.

We insist that we have the right to get an expression of opinion, and any method which strangles an opportunity to do so must result in a great injury to our members in any struggle in which they may be engaged.

We are sending a copy of this letter to our International President and General Executive Board, the Journal, the Strike Bulletin, Liberator and the Unionist.

Other locals that are of the same opinion, please take action.

O. WALTERS, President,  
F. G. STEMLER, Rec. Sec.

Fred Hack, R. D. Fletcher, John Egerer,  
Committee.

Machinist Lodge No. 492.

From I. C. S. F. "Strike Bulletin" of October 21, 1913.

COMMENT.—And so the battleline of Industrial Democracy advances, and so the rebellion against the Autocracies spreads. Fall in or under the line, as you will, great "leaders" of the workers!

### CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

(By John G. Neirhardt.)

Tremble before thy chattles,  
Lords of the scheme of things!  
Fighters of all earth's battles,  
Ours is the might of kings!  
Guided by seers and sages,  
The world's heart-beats for a drum,  
Snapping the chains of ages,  
Out of the night we come!

Lend us no ear that pities!  
Offer no almoner's hand!  
Alms for the builders of cities!  
When will you understand?  
Down with your pride of birth  
And your golden gods of trade!  
A man is worth to his mother, Earth,  
All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers!  
We are no longer dumb!  
Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!  
Sweeping the earth—we come!  
Ranked in the world-wide dawn,  
Marching into the day!  
The night is gone and the sword is drawn  
And the scabbard is thrown away!

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TELEPHONE NUMBER 212

## WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

By C. Taber.

Stop looking to a tin god;  
Quit chasing the rainbow's line;  
And stop the ten hour slave-plod,  
And agitate for nine.

Then stop the Bosses' speed play,  
Cut out all the time-set trait;  
Just try the nine for one day,  
Then agitate for eight.

Don't whine with the looney tanks,  
And praise all the gods in heaven,  
But march in the rebel ranks—  
And kick like hell for seven.

Don't ask with a moral smile,  
(For you'll only get but six)  
Look round and, after a while,  
Demand, not pray for six.

And when you are in a sweat,  
And chained with the job-forged gyve,  
With shame 'mongst the slave-warpt set,  
Look up, and ask for five.

And when you've tasted nice things  
Why, you'll always irk for more,  
A five hour day, for sure, brings  
A stern demand for four.

All wealth is got by workers,  
Most any fool will agree;  
Then why give to the shirkers?—  
Cut down your hours to three.

And now, how can I be saved?  
Why! force the parasite crew  
To give back all I gave,  
And then work only—two.

### DERRY MEETINGS.

Meetings of Local No. 402 every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Derry (La.) school house; business of importance discussed and all good members will give us a hand in building up Local.

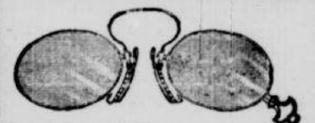
PAUL DERBONNE,  
Secretary of Local 402.

### A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With cautions step, as we traced our way through  
This intricate world as other folks do,  
May we still on our journey be able to view  
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;  
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;  
No friend is so true as a dollar or two;  
Through country and town, as we pass up and  
down,  
No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew,  
And the hand of a female divinity sue?  
You must always be ready the handsome to do,  
Although it should cost you a dollar or two,  
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,  
And affection is gained by a dollar or two.  
The best aid you can meet in advancing your suit  
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,  
And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified few?  
To enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew,  
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.  
The gospel is preached for a dollar or two,  
And salvation is claimed for a dollar or two;  
You may sin some at times, but the worst of all  
crimes,  
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.



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## The I. W. W. Preamble

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid in employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society with the shell of the old.



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