

# HUMAN HUNGER + OPPRESSION = SOCIAL REVOLUTION

ONE UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS.  
FREE LAND, FREE INDUSTRIES  
THE WORLD OVER.

Organization  is Power

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# THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Owned by the Rebel Clan of Toil

An Injury to One is an Injury to All

VOL. II—NO. 34

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914

MIGHT IS RIGHT

## “Businessmen” Sneak Yellowlegs Into Butte, Mont.

According to the Portland “Journal” of August 31st, Governor Stewart of Montana was “mobilizing” the militia to reduce the miners of Butte to “order.” We who have seen it, all know what this sort of “order” means to working class organizations. It means, if successful, the complete destruction of the Local Unions and the subordination of the entire community to the rule of trust managers and gunmen.

As usual the miners are being charged, directly and by insinuation, with committing and intending to commit, every crime that can be dreamed of by the rotten defectives and politicians of the trust and the still rottener social buzzards that masquerade under the names of the “Citizens’ Alliance” up here and of “Good Citizens Leagues” down South.

In the Portland “Oregonian” of September 1st, under the big black headline, “Miners Threaten to Set Butte Afire,” all sorts of lurid and hair-raising stories are told of what the miners intend to do.

The press ditspatches in these papers say that warrants have been issued for the arrest of President McDonald of the Mine Workers’ Union, but that Sheriff Driscoll is afraid to pull off the outrage. It is also stated that District Attorney MacCaffery issued a warrant for the arrest of a Helena newspaper man who, after the Butte papers had entered a conspiracy of silence with the “businessmen” as to the coming of the Yellowlegs, brought his papers to Butte in autos and sold them on the streets. The newspaper man was charged with “inciting a disturbance.” In other words, he was declared a criminal for telling the truth, and so are all truth-tellers to capitalist society and their henchmen, especially to district attorneys, it would seem.

On top of this the “businessmen” are trying to have United States regulars stationed around Butte to be in readiness when the “riots” come—if said “riots” don’t come fast enough to suit said “businessmen,” we guess it won’t be hard to have another employment shark office blown up to start it. But starting “riots” is one thing and ending them another. Sometimes they have ended only in revolution. But Uncle Trusty is, it would seem, preparing to march on Butte, else we would not be reading all these incitements to “law and order,” which means that working men are to be thrown into jail and third degree while the Rileys and the rest of the Trust’s Labor Leaders and politicians can commit any crime in the calendar and go free.

As to the real facts in the case, the entire new trouble at Butte seems to have been brought about by the Copper Trust trying to blacklist all read union men out of the mines. But we reserve further comment until we hear from the Butte Rebels more fully. In the meantime, let all class conscious workingmen keep their eyes fixed on Butte and not be fooled by the capitalist press into not aiding their brothers.

“Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.”

### WAR

By Adolf Wolff in “Mother Earth”  
Behold the minions of “Law and Order,”  
The guardian angels of “Property and Life,”  
Behold their blood-drenched standards waving  
In breezes pestilential, sowing death,  
Disease, despair and devastation.  
Behold their priests implore their helpless gods  
To grant their arms omnipotence in murder.  
Oh, will those who survive this mighty carnage  
At last perceive that all these cursed rulers  
Stand only for the LAW of death  
And the ORDER of destruction?

THE VOICE IN CLUBS OF FOUR (4)  
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## WOBBLE ARMY SURROUNDS FORT DURST WORKERS, DEFEND YOURSELVES!

### FREE-FOOTED CLAN OF TOIL CHALLENGES THE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORKERS BY DEFECTIVES AND GUNMEN FOR THE PLUTOCRACY.

All Decent, Liberty-Loving People Will Support the Rebel Legion in this History Making Skirmish Against Entrenched and Shameless Greed.

### MAGNIFICENT AUDACITY OF INDUSTRIALISTS CONSCIOUS OF THE JUSTICE OF THEIR CAUSE STIRS ENTIRE WORLD OF LABOR.

#### HOPS ROTTING

Wheatland, Aug. 24th, 1914

“The writer had a look over the Durst ranch today (from the outside) at the rate the crop is being harvested it will take six weeks more. In the meanwhile with the August sun burning hot, the hops are taking on a reddish tinge, a sign of over-ripeness; let the good work continue, and the hops will rot.”

Later August 24th

“The strike on the Hop Barons still continues and is successful. No scabs are coming in with the exception of a few stragglers who generally fail to go on the job. The gun-men, it is reported, are carrying on a reign of terror inside the camps and spying on the girls at night; two of them were fired even by Durst for such dirty tactics.”

9.45 A. M.

One of the thugs just took a shot at a picket for refusing to move on—the county road.

11.15 A. M.

The City Marshall and two thugs, one who did the shooting, had the nerve to come and demand the arrest of the Fellow-workers who was shot at. They came without a warrant, but they soon beat it when they saw the determined faces about them. We are waiting for their next move. Hoping it will be made soon.”

A letter just received at Sacramento from a woman in England sending money for some Ford and Suhr voluntary assessment stamps. Showing that the publicity in this case is not only Nation-wide, but is World-wide.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART, FELLOW-WORKER?

#### S. P. “NEUTRALITY”

Wheatland, August 25th, 1914

At midnight last night about a dozen shots were fired in the Durst’s hop-field. The shooting could be plainly heard by us in our camp. It is rumored that Durst’s gun-men were firing at a party of hop-pickers who were returning from Wheatland and on their way to their own tents. Up to date we are able to get no further details on the matter, but will inform you as soon as we get further particulars.

The S. P. railroad bulls are acting as scab-herders and using their efforts to induce the workers that are brought here to go to work for Mr. Durst. They try to talk all newcomers into going to work as scabs. But they are not making a success of it.

When we first came to Wheatland, Mr. Greene, chief of the S. P. special agents, informed us that the S. P. was “neutral”. But since the first day picketing was started, the S. P. railroad bulls have worked night and day to gather scabs for the Durst hop-fields. Besides that they had tried time and time

again to start trouble with our pickets, but all without avail.

THESE MEN ARE DOING THEIR PART. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

#### “I. W. W. WILL KILL YOU”

Wheatland, August 26th, 1914

“A picker who came in to the headquarters just now, told us that 30 Greeks had quit from the Durst ranch yesterday, and headed north. About 50 more are to quit today. He further stated that if all the Greeks were to quit, the ranch would be tied up completely as they are the best pickers up there, and a large portion of the crop is already over-ripe for lack of pickers. Over-ripe hops are hops gone to waste unpicked. He further stated that the guards intimidate the pickers and the manner in which they endeavor to get them at the depot is as follows: They tell everybody that comes off the train, “Those I. W. W. men will kill you if you do not get on this wagon at once.” Such are the desperate measures that the scab-herders are now reduced to for the purpose of securing pickers. Inside the ranches, the guards have instituted a reign of terror, precisely as was anticipated. None are safe from their insults and browbeating, and it is said that two of them were actually fired by Durst for spying on the women in the camp.

Such is Government by gun-men in California’s hop ranches. As yet all holds good on the picket line, and we are still keeping up our effective work.

#### SCABS AND GUN-MEN EAT EACH OTHER

Wheatland, August 27th, 1914

No hop-pickers came to Wheatland yesterday. Our picketing around the S. P. depot has turned out to be a great success. No serious trouble took place yesterday except that the gun-men beat up a scab hop-picker and gave him quite a trimming. We are unable to get full particulars, but it seems that he was being cheated by the Durst’s scales, was receiving short weight.

Durst’s henchmen started a rumor around town yesterday that the Wobblies were going to start trouble today.

This was done for the purpose of inciting the citizens of Wheatland, but up to the hour of writing, 11.45 A. M., there has been no such trouble.

Later

We have just discovered that the scab who was beaten up by the gun-men managed to bite off part of one of the gun-men’s finger. We should worry about damage to scabs and gun-men.

#### GREEKS QUITTING. DURST WILD

Wheatland, August, 28th 1914

A large crowd of Greeks quit yesterday, but some of them who are natural born scabs, are still at work.

A Spanish hop picker quit yesterday because a gun-man insulted his wife by going into her tent after her husband had gone to work. He went up to her while she was asleep and pulled the blankets off her. Another picker who has just quit tells the same story. Last night a barn was burnt up about a mile from here. No one knows who did it, but in all likelihood it was the Thiel Agency in their efforts to frame up on the organization. But that bluff was called long ago.

Durst is reported to be a nervous wreck, that can not sleep above two hours out of the twenty-four. Two hundred hop-pickers who had finished their work at Lanigan and Fouse’s hop-field, refused to go to work for Durst. Yesterday a gun-man beat up a scab who “talked back” to him, and the scab bit him. For this the scab was fined \$30.00 and ten days imprisonment. This is the second gun-man that was bitten by a scab. We should worry if scabs and gun-men beat each other up.

The capitalist press publishes none of these things.

Wheatland Strike Publicity Committee.

By Max Boehm  
Workingmen, arouse, awake!  
Know your interests are at stake;  
Every wheel must stand still  
When it is your strong arms’ will!

It is a weary task, my brother—this of trying to awaken you to a sense of responsibility for my welfare and my material interests. I am lame and you pass me by unnoticed; I am blind and you avert your eyes; I am ill and helpless and you remain unconcerned; I am jobless and melancholy and you treat me as a joke; I am hungry and desperate and you shrug your shoulders. My wife and babe, clothed in rags and hidden from the public gaze, suffer want and privation. I “behold their tears and hear their cries” and I am goaded to madness!

Do I apply for work? They tell me that there are no jobs. If I beg they imprison me as a vagabond. If on the street corner I mount the soap box and to the public proclaim my misery, I am arrested for “obstructing traffic and for collecting a crowd.” If I steal to live— I am sent to jail.

I do not want to die. The world is so beautiful. I love the birds and the flowers and the blue sky and the green grass. Above all I love my wife and my baby, but—I know not what to do. At every turn I am baffled.

“Every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys.” Surrounded by all the refinements and luxuries of life, I am in the direst privation and need, in the coarsest poverty—degrading, brutalizing! I find myself vilified, persecuted, hounded. Purposely, maliciously vilified and lied about. Still until now I have managed to survive.

It is MY mother, and MY brothers and sisters that were killed, wantonly killed, at Calumet, when the false cry of fire was raised by capitalist assassins. It was MY mother and MY brothers and sisters that were cruelly, to the accompaniment of coarse gibes and jokes, murdered by uniformed assassins at Ludlow in the employ of the sordid, grasping, pitiless mineowners of Colorado.

They are MY brothers and sisters—aye, and yours, too, brother—who are toiling in mill and mine and factory, who are being killed and crippled and maimed each year by the million. They are MY brothers and sisters—mine and yours, all of them, and their wrongs cry aloud to us for redress.

And because I have dared to open my mouth in protest I was hung in Chicago in 1887 and my name was Albert Parsons. In 1905 in Denver I was rescued from the monster and my name was Bill Haywood.

Now, in jail in San Antonio, Texas, the master class has got me again, ferociously intent to murder me under forms of law because once more I have dared to raise my voice in protest against its atrocious, heartless methods of robbing the workers of their product. This time my name is Rangel and Cline. Tomorrow it may be yours. Tomorrow it may be your wife and child who are murdered by uniformed ruffians as at Ludlow, and it may be you raising your voice in protest and denunciation and you will take my place in capitalist jails and the same fell crowd will seek to blot out from your eyes the smiling sunlight and the loving throb from your heart as they are now seeking to blot it from mine.

Therefore in calling upon you to aid me in the persons of Rangel and Cline—to aid me to escape the horrible fate the master class has prepared for me I am asking you to save yourself from a similar fate.

(Send all contributions to the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund, room 108, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.)

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