

HOP-PICKING RIOTS ARE INVESTIGATED

Federal Investigators Learn Detectives Arrested Suspects on Wholesale Plan

MEN DETAINED SECRETLY

Witnesses Say Some of Prisoners Were Deprived of Counsel for Long Periods—Riots Declared "Universal Protest"

San Francisco, Aug. 28.—The activities of a National detective agency in the Wheatland hop workers' riots of a year ago, which resulted in four deaths, were under the scrutiny of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission today.

Some of the salient features developed were: District Attorney Stanwood, of Yuba County, employed the detectives, saw that some of them were made deputy sheriffs and advised them generally regarding their operations.

Many Prisoners Held

A large number of men were arrested in different parts of the state and elsewhere on "John Doe" warrants, charging murder and conspiracy and held for long periods without being arraigned or being permitted to communicate with their friends.

Alfred Nelson, under arrest as a suspect, was attacked by R. B. Cradlebaugh, a detective who was "sweating" the prisoner. Later due to the activities of District Attorney McKenzie, of Contra Costa County, Cradlebaugh was fined \$1000 and sentenced to a year in jail. Nelson was transferred from one coast city to another for a week after his arrest to keep him in hiding before he finally was placed in jail at Martinez. Eventually he was released.

Fred Suhr, who, with Richard Ford, is under sentence for second-degree murder in connection with the four murders which took place at the time of the riots, was under arrest for weeks before he was permitted to see counsel. One night while he was in jail at Fresno on his way to San Francisco he was placed in a cell with a private detective who interrogated him at length while other operatives in an adjoining bathroom took down the conversation by means of a telephone device.

One Suspect Insane, Another Suicide

Allan Johnson, a suspect, went insane after his release from jail and Nels Nelson, another suspect, committed suicide. Nelson had not been arrested by the private detectives.

Suhr and Ford were convicted on the charge that their agitation caused the riots. Austin Lewis, one of the attorneys who defended them, took exception to this allegation.

"The movement at the Durst ranch, where the trouble took place was spontaneous and not due to agitators," he testified. "It was a universal protest against conditions, such as lack of drinking water in the fields and toilet facilities.

"The hop-pickers did not assemble until the Thursday before the Saturday when the protest meeting was held. Twenty-seven languages were spoken among the workers, so it is obvious that it would have been impossible for a few Americans to have started the movement."

According to Mr. Lewis, local Japanese newspapers in the last three months have been carrying appeals to their readers to remain away from the hop fields until conditions are improved and Ford and Suhr are released from jail. Their cases now are up on appeal.

(From Portland "Oregonian," of Saturday, August 29th, 1914.)

SHAME ON NEVADA

Tonopah, Nev., Aug. 27.—John Panener, National Organizer of I. W. W., was sentenced to the pen for a term of not less than twelve months or more than eighteen months for protecting himself against a mob. It's the worst piece of railroading that has happened in the western country. The solidarity of the workers in this community is better for it though, for it has penetrated the solid ivory of the reactionary workers. But we must appeal the case and free him; to do this it will take a thousand dollars. Will YOU help? There is a splendid field in Nevada for One Big Union, and Panener started the seed. Let us free him and organize the state. Send all contributions to Mrs. Minnie Abbott, box 876, Tonopah, Nev.

MINNIE ABBOTT,
Secretary-Treasurer;
H. E. MCGUCKIN,
F. ELLISON,
G. E. STEVENS,
Defense Committee.

BIG TACOMA SMOKER

A big smoker will be held in their Hall by the Tacoma Locals of the I. W. W. on Labor Day at 8 P. M. The admission is 25 cents and a good time assured. Refreshments free.

Might is right. Get right, you cuss.

WHAT FOOLS THESE CAPITALISTS BE!

"Life for the unemployed during the coming winter will not be easy in Portland. This in effect will be the wording of a warning to be sent throughout the country in the next few weeks to head off any influx of idle laborers." So says the Oregonian, August 29.

We have not the slightest doubt that every city on the coast will promptly send similar warnings through the country. We also know that there will be an influx of idle laborers in all these cities. Why? Because the loggers who are now working, but who will be laid off before winter, are not going to sit on a stump and look at their summer's work all next winter. They will drift into town. The laborers on the railroad grade will not stay in a deserted grading camp and live on frogs, fungus and fishbait. They will tramp to town. The unemployed farm laborers will not stay on the farm and feed on hay, even if the farmers were generous enough to donate a bale or two—which they ain't. They will take up their beds and hike to town.

The State Board of Control, the City Commission, and the Board of County Commissioners have decided that the unemployed shall be given "hard work and little pay." They are to build joy-ride roads. If they don't like that they will be made to work on the rockpits. This will practically mean that the wage slave system has gone bankrupt and that a system of peonage will be established. It remains to be seen how our free-born American sovereigns will like that. For myself, I must admit that my objections are mostly psychological; I don't like the word, or the idea of peonage.

Looking at the matter from a strictly economic point of view, it won't really make much difference to the workers. The slave-owning state, or county, or city, will have to provide food, clothing and shelter, and that is about as much as the workers ever get.

It will be interesting to watch the small business men grow rich and fat and prosperous on the profits of their trade with workingmen who haven't a "bean" in their pockets. They will continue to pay rent, and taxes, and light bills, and water bills. I remember that it was small business men who organized the respectable mobs in Aberdeen, in Marshfield, in San Diego, and in Florence. They will reap a rich reward next winter and next summer. Winter after next they will gather around the festive board to partake of the Salvation Army Christmas dinner, and to again solve the great problem: What in blazes will happen to the small business men in the co-operative commonwealth?

Note—Peonage is a form of slavery in which the master class has all the privileges of a chattel slave owner, with none of the slave owners responsibilities, and no economic interest in the life and health of the slave. Recent Mexican history amply illustrates peonage in all its PHASES and all its CONSEQUENCES.

PLUTE SKINEM AND ROBB

By J. S. Biscay

"It pays to Main"

Mr. Workingman: Lest you should think that we are only concerned with selfish schemes, we wish to point with pride to our support of scientific research. Just think of all the serums our human butchers have invented! None of them ever cured any one, but think of the practice the doctors get in injecting the dope into the young of the slaves. Some of our Boards of Health have even forced the slaves to hand over their children to be inoculated with all manner of filthy diseases. This helps boom the business of the medical fraternity that we would otherwise have to support. There is no reason why you should complain if your child comes from the hospital with some venereal disease. Remember that we endow these institutions and that the gentlemen with M. D. (mind deranged), after their name, must have experience in inoculating diseases before they are allowed to practice upon animals. You could not expect them to spend money for dogs and cats when the children of the slaves are to be had free? What matters it, if very few ever recover? Do not all our exponents preach for more babies? Surely you will not complain if your child is taken away from you to be carved, mangled, disemboweled, and finally returned dying of some disease. Really, how could you?

What right have you over your offsprings anyhow? You who toil and sweat for us, together with your wives and those children that have escaped the youthful doctors? It is such as the members of the awful I. W. W. that would complain and even resist what we are doing in the name of science. Keep far away from them. If you see one of those fellows, run like the devil was after you. He is even worse.

Don't think and don't complain.

D. Generate Khuss, Secy.

The scab is not human. Are you a human?

THE JOKE OF WAR

By Walker C. Smith

War is not serious. War is not a terrible thing, a thing of dread and doubt and terror. War is the most comical, the most absurd, the most uproariously funny thing mankind could possibly contemplate. War is not a tragedy. It is a joke. The blood that is shed lends added zest to the jest.

Persons with ingraining pessimism may weep over the maimed and killed or shed a bitter tear over the widows and orphans. Those who think in terms of dollars and cents may tearfully estimate the number of loaves of bread that might be bought for the money expended in the firing of a cannon. Economists may bemoan the loss in production due to the withdrawal of thousands of men from the fields of fruitful endeavor. But your true humorist can find naught but laughter in the spectacle of two sets of propertyless men offering themselves as targets in order to help the contending capitalists gain foreign markets for the surplus products the fighters may not have at home because of an insufficient wage.

Some may speak patriotic words of praise for the Red Cross nurses, but he who has been favored by the gods with a sense of humor can see only reasons for mirth in an organization whose avowed mission is to patch up the disabled targets on both sides and then send them anew into the fray, thus helping to undo the labor of both forces.

The ministrations of the clergy may cause divine ecstasy in the religious breast, but those who have an eye for ridiculous will smile, grin, giggle or laugh outright according to their varied natures, upon seeing the chaplain of each army praying and beseeching the self-same All-wise, All-powerful, Omnipotent God to crown their respective sides with victory. What a laughable complication were God to answer both prayers.

Is it not worthy a hearty laugh to witness the apostles of peace proclaiming the merits of their blow-hole armor plate while the makers of guns that will pierce that same armor plate are prating of the magnificent work of the Hague Peace Conference?

'Tis true that a single murder is an extremely serious matter, but wholesale legalized murder by patriots with patrimony is a side-splitting, rip-roaring, absurdly delicious farce. In fact the only serious thing about war is that the different combatants have just cause to hate each other because they have been brought into existence on opposite sides of imaginary boundary lines—in different parallels of latitude. For is it not a well known fact that no matter on which side of a national boundary line you are born, the people on the other side are no good and should speedily be exterminated. Outside of that sober and solemn fact—war is the greatest joke in the entire universe.

ROCKEFELLER'S THUGS BUSY IN DIXIE

Drumright, Oklahoma, August 26—In the month of December, 1913, Local No. 586, Oil Workers, was started and kept growing until it became a thorn in the Oil Trust's business and, on August 23rd, a bunch of tools of the Trust beat up Fellow Worker Charles Clinton when he was addressing a crowd of workingmen on the principles of One Big Union. He was badly bruised about the head and his right eye was also hurt very badly. This bunch of thugs numbers about 40 or 50 and declare they will not have any union of any kind in the Oil Fields.

The one who beat up Clinton boasts of being at San Diego and beating up members of the I. W. W. there. Our street meetings were interrupted twice before by this same bunch. They claim to be tool dressers and work 12 hours per day and claim to be satisfied at 50 cents per hour. Street meetings can be held by having a stronger bunch than the thugs. Drumright has four deputy sheriffs and a big force of policemen, but all had business elsewhere when the above occurred. I have been ordered not to speak on the streets of Drumright by the aforesaid bunch.

Our meetings have been conducted on an educational plan without referring to politics or religion or knocking other unions.

Fellow Workers, let us get together, have some team work and make the One Big Union a reality as well as an ideal. Let us find a method of co-operation among the live wires and not let one or two agitators get all beat up and driven out of a place where the I. W. W. can be made the means of awakening the doped working class. Yours for more of the goods,
A. A. RICE.

The soldier—a dude in uniform who never thinks. Use your head.

The Judge—a legalized murderer. Do you study law?

The gunman—the spawn of filth. Do you keep clean?

"INSURRECTION RATHER THAN WAR"

By Harry Floyd

Again we hear the beating of drums and the playing of martial music; the battlefield is staged once more in Europe; already there have been thousands of lives sacrificed in that little country called Belgium where Napoleon met his Waterloo. It is estimated that before this war is over there will be forty million bullet stoppers in arms.

We Industrialists must work harder than ever to show the Workers the fallacy of being made targets for King Capitalism.

Going to war today with all the modern machinery of butchery is the same as asking a man to go to hell. Society today is a huge travesty with its Hague Tribunals, churches, congresses, charitable institutions, etc., all representing kings, preachers, politicians, professors of bunkology, policemen, soldiers, sailors, etc. It's the civilized Christian state of modern savagery of scientific butchery.

Imagine Mr. Preacher, Politician or Banker with rifle in hand fighting in the trenches, living on hard tack, going on forced marches on short rations and then fighting pitched battles, exposing their soft flesh to the latest galling gun which fires three thousand shots per minute with the latest electrical appliances!

Mr. Workingman you are snubbed in the mill, mine and factory, you are tricked to the firing line and snubbed again; before you get heated up and want to fight for "your country," remember Homestead, Louisiana, Spokane, West Virginia, Calumet, San Diego, Lawrence, Paterson, Ludlow. We demanded bread and they gave us bullets—the same thing all over the world. Mr. Workingman, wake up, get the cobwebs brushed from your brain, think, act, line up with your class and refuse to be obedient to the class that orders but never works. Let us strike a blow at militarism, right now.

Let our slogan be that of the Italian workers: "Insurrection rather than war!"

SEATTLE FORMS GERMAN LEAGUE

On July 6th, 1914, a group of German speaking workers formed a German I. W. W. Propaganda League in Seattle.

The object is, first, to carry on agitation among the German workers on the coast; Second, to translate, publish and distribute all I. W. W. literature in German; third, to publish a German I. W. W. monthly paper.

All I. W. W. locals and members are requested to give us their moral support.

All charter members of German I. W. W. Pr. L., can now get their memberships books, as we have received charter and outfit.

Meetings (business) every Thursday, 8 P. M., 208 Second ave. S, Seattle, Wash., I. W. W. Hall. Frank Jackel, Sec.

IN MEMORIAM

60 S. Third St., Phoenix, Ariz., August 21, 1914. WHEREAS, Albert McIntosh, a veteran of the movements, Socialist and I. W. W., who died—in harness—lately at Holbrook, Arizona, had been denounced some time ago in Solidarity as an expelled member of the I. W. W., a dishonest man and a police stool-pigeon, we the members of the Local 272, I. W. W., Phoenix, Arizona, unanimously express our strong conviction, based upon our personal knowledge of the man and upon investigation of said charges, that said charges were brought against him in error, and that McIntosh was a true man, ardently devoted to the cause of the worker, a man of whom the movements he was connected with had every reason to be proud; whose memory will be cherished long by at least a few.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO READ B. E. NILSSON'S PAMPHLET

"Political Socialism Capturing the Government."

It will be sold to Locals and speakers at \$2.50 per hundred copies, postage prepaid, as long as they last. Single copies five cents. Profits made on orders sent direct to us will go to the maintenance of The Voice. "Capturing the Government" gives a pretty clear idea of why the political socialists are now fighting so fervently for their "Fatherlands" in Europe. Read it before your "Fatherland" calls you to arms, then you won't be fool enough to respond.

One union, one enemy. Come in; the water's fine.

An injury to one is an injury to all. Don't hurt yourself.

Organization is power. Organize!