

THE LUMBERJACK

EDITORIALS

Education

Organization

Emancipation



Freedom in

Industrial

Democracy

Published Weekly by National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern District.
Office of Publication:
335 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.
COVINGTON HALL, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Yearly, United States\$1.00
Six Months, United States50
Foreign, Yearly 1.50
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (in Canada)02 1/2
Bundle Orders, Per Copy (in United States)02
Bundles, Orders of 500 or more (Spot Cash) Per Copy01 1/2
Single Copies05

PLEASE NOTE.

In sending money for the paper do not mix it with monies intended for the organization, as the paper carries a separate account.
Cash must accompany all orders.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION OF FOREST AND LUMBER WORKERS—SOUTHERN DISTRICT.
District Headquarters 1194 Gould Avenue, Alexandria, Louisiana
Jay Smith Secretary Southern District
EXECUTIVE BOARD—SOUTHERN DISTRICT.
Ed. Lehman, E. E. Shaw, E. L. Ashworth, P. M. Collins, D. R. Gordon.

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRATIONS.

Your subscription expires with the issue number opposite your name on wrapper. If you do not wish to miss a copy you should renew your subscription at least two weeks before expiration.
Please notify us if you do not receive your papers regularly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter July 5 1913, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the act of August 24, 1912.



SUBSCRIBE TO THE LUMBERJACK.

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 capitalism, 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.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE LUMBERJACK.

PREAMBULO DE LOS TRABAJADORES INDUSTRIALES DEL MUNDO.

La clase trabajadora y la clase patronal no tienen nada en común. No puede haber paz mientras el hambre y la necesidad sea sentida por millones de trabajadores, en tanto que unos pocos que componen la clase patronal disfruten de todas las delicias de la vida.

Entre esas dos clases habrá lucha hasta que los trabajadores del mundo se organicen como una clase, tomen posesión de la tierra y la maquinaria de producción y abulan el sistema de salario.

La centralización de la dirección de las industrias en las manos de unos pocos cada vez menos, imposibilita a las Uniones de oficios para luchar victoriosamente con el siempre creciente poder de la clase capitalista, porque las Uniones de oficios han creado una situación que empuja a un grupo de trabajadores de la misma industria, ayudando así al común enemigo para ser derrotados en las luchas del salario. Mas todavía, las Uniones de oficios ayudan a la clase patronal induciendo a los trabajadores a creer que sus intereses son los mismos de sus patronos.

Estas pesimas condiciones pueden ser cambiadas si el interes de la clase trabajadora se une en una Organización formada de tal modo que todos sus miembros en cualquiera industria, o en todas las industrias si es necesario, cesen de trabajar solidarizandose con sus companeros de cualquier departamento, haciendo así: "la injuria hecha a uno, la injuria hecha a todos." En lugar del lema conservador: "un buen salario por un buen día de trabajo," nosotros debemos inscribir en nuestro Estandarte nuestra divisa revolucionaria: "Abolición del sistema de salarios."

Es la misión histórica de la clase trabajadora, hacer desaparecer el capitalismo; el ejército de productores debe ser organizado no únicamente para la lucha diaria con el capitalismo, sino para regularizar la producción cuando este haya sido derribado. Organizándonos industrialmente, formaremos la estructura de la nueva sociedad, dentro del cascarón de la vieja. mos la estructura de la nueva sociedad, dentro del cascarón de la vieja.

Conociendo por tanto, que tal organización es absolutamente necesaria para nuestra emancipación, nos unimos bajo una verdadera Organización:

"EL OBRERO TIENE DERECHO AL PRODUCTO INTEGRO DE SU TRABAJO."

"LOOK-A-HERE, LUMBERJACK!"

"Look-a-here, Lumberjack! If you like this paper, don't be stingy. Thousands of other timber workers haven't subscribed simply because they don't know we're here. We have hundreds of names of workers to whom a sample copy of The Lumberjack should go, but no funds to send out the papers. Kick into our "Sample Fund" and every dime will reach ten workers and make them rebels to help whip the Sawdust Ring.

ITA EST.

It has been said that "A good Indian is a dead Indian." That is a lie, for some of the finest men The Lumberjack has ever known are Indians or men with Indian blood in their veins. But the saying reminds us that a good gunman and a good detective is—"O buddy I am longing for the Spring!"

There are "good" men who are Bosses, but mankind never saw and never will see a "good Boss."

"The Militant Minority". An ever-changing body within the social organism whose presence cannot be denied, but whose functions carried to the extreme claimed by its devotees simply means that the ancient Greek idea of the rulership of the Aristocracy is the logical and correct form of social organization.

Sneer at it, ye who will, but the Democracy is the ONLY hope of the world. Only when the mass of mankind are fired with the spirit of freedom, only then will be INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY be a possibility. Only then, and not until then, will the race move forward out of the slums to the lost city of Quivera.

There are two great NECESSITIES around which the race evolves—the necessity to live and the necessity to love. The first involves man's right to food, clothing and shelter, without which he cannot love; the second involves the life of the race itself, all that lifts it above the plane of brute existence. Man, therefore, self-immolates himself when he does not destroy that which interferes with his predestined necessity. Capitalism is the arch-enemy of LIFE and LOVE.

The STATE and the UNION are natural enemies. The first is a CLASS organization, the second a SOCIAL. The first is based on PROPERTY, the second on MAN. Within the confines of the STATE there can never be COMMONWEALTH.

Stockade the world, O my Masters, if you will, but WHEREVER GOES THE WORKING CLASS, THERE GOES THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION!

I REPEAT: TRUTH CONQUERS, MIGHT IS RIGHT. ORGANIZATION IS POWER, ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

"THE BONEHEAD'S PRAYER."

By W. M. WITT.

Written for The Lumberjack. All papers are at liberty to copy, for like salvation, it's FREE.

PRAYER:

Lord and Master, President of the nefarious Sawmill Operators' Association and chief ram-rod for the "Sawdust Ring." We do humbly bow at thy sacred feet.

We have assembled this beautiful evening to render thanks unto thee for the multitude of blessings showered upon us. Chief among these has been your ability to provide us with plenty of work. This thou hast done, and we believe will be so long as it conserves thy interest.

But Master we live in mortal dread that something might sometime happen to prevent thee from furnishing us with regular employment. In that event we would speedily pass away, our demise being due to the lack of physical nourishment.

Blessed Master we need constant work, because you know we never read or think, and when physical action is suspended we are at a loss to know what to do with ourselves, or how to pass the time away. For that reason we employ thee to give us eternal work.

Master some people have told us that just because we work and produce all things, that we are entitled to the full products of our labor. But, that cannot be true, for such was never the case.

And again, Master, your constituents have told us repeatedly that these people who dare assert that a man should enjoy the fruits of his labor, that they are mere agitators who seek to spread discontent and mar the serenity which now prevades "Our Republic." This we believe Master and always will.

Master it is most gratifying to us to know that at all thy industrial institutions thou hast scattered around men to guard us. These are noble men, but they are known as gunmen by the discontented workers who, of course, always constitute the "lawless element." We think these gunmen the very highest type of true manhood. They PROTECT us. Occasionally they may prevent some raving discontented mortal from coming around and telling us that if we want more pay we will first have to organize and then ask for it. Or some fool thing like that.

Master thou knowest the things that we have need of. You know what you are able to pay us, and for us to ask thee for any more, that would be the very essence of audacity. And under no circumstances will we ever quit our job, for that would be the equivalent of suicide. Rest assured, Gentle Master, that we will never be guilty of pulling off any such rash stunts as that. This we guarantee.

Gracious Master we feel very grateful, that by conforming to all thy rules an regulations that we are permitted to abide upon thy property. Unfortunately we are not by nature fitted to dwell in the air or out upon the waters, so while our feet are allowed to remain upon the soil, our gratitude is boundless. Master we may at times fall short of what is called "efficiency," but we feel certain that you can never accuse us of ingratitude, that lowest trait in the human makeup.

We thank thee for the roof over our heads protecting us from sunshine and rain, and for wages enough to partially clothe and feed our families. Merciful Master we would offer special thanks for thy

fore-thought in providing us with doctors, who will sell us pills when we are sick and bind our limbs when they are sawed off or cut up. This act of thine in surrounding us with an abundance of medical skill is by many of the workers recognized to be the very acme of exploiting perfection. But, we think it should be defined as true Christianity, because such a lofty thought would never invade the mind of any one except they be a follower of the lowly Nazarene.

Master it is utterly impossible for us to render unto thee all the chanks due thee. Words fail us. The English language is inadequate. Without thee we would surely perish. Without thy colossal brain and restraining hand, what would we do? You stand between us and a prodigal life. For if we had access to even half the things we produce we might be a little extravagant and live too well. But as it is now, and always has been, we are compelled to practice the strictest economy and thereby live frugal and temperate lives. We consider this an immeasurable blessing. Master thou knowest that when it comes to intelligence that we are just a little removed from the horse, but what we lack in intellect, we, like the mule, can make up with instinct.

Master we have been told that all things come to those who wait, so if we lack any of the good things of life all we need to attain them is to just wait until th Egyptian pyramids reverse their position and rest upon their pointed ends.

But, Master, we are satisfied. The crumbs that fall from thy heavenly laden table will suffice to appease our hunger, and supply vitality sufficient for a lingering existence.

Blessed Master we would ask of thee just on little favor. It is in fear and trembling that we do so, but we would ask thee not to always hold us in scorn. We are dependent upon thee for every breath we draw. Yet sometimes we do feel just a little grieved to know that from thy exalted position we are viewed with the uttermost contempt.

Now gracious Master we will not weary thee with further thanks upon this blessed occasion, but now leave our destiny within the hollow of thy lily white hand feeling confident that you will do by us whatever in thy superior wisdom you may deem proper. Amen.

Your Brother "Brush Monkey" will now dismiss us by singing:

"Master, lover of my Toil,
Let me to thy workshop fly;
While my angry passions boil,
Work me harder till I die.
Work me, oh my Master, work me,
Till my time on earth is past;
Safe into some bullpen guide me,
O receive my bones at last.

THE "NIGGER SCAB."

A grave situation is rapidly developing in the South which all negroes who care at all for their race's advancement would do well to take note of and use all their powers against, and that is the using of the lowest types of their race, the niggers, as scabs in every struggle of the workers to better their condition. With every means at its command the I. W. W. has and is struggling to allay the antagonism of the races, to bring all the workers into ONE BIG UNION for the mutual protection and final freedom of all, but, if the negroes of the South lay down on the job and allow the niggers to continue to disgrace their race, no earthly power can prevent a disaster to their people.

In the name of Fellow-worker Gaines, who now lies in prison at Lake Charles, La., for loyalty to his class, and who must too, be defended, and in the name of the true and brave handful of negro workers, who have fought the good fight with us against the Lumber Trust, we, the I. W. W., appeal to the negro workers of the City of New Orleans to waken to their duty to their class and ostracise the nigger scabs of the United Fruit Company, until they will be glad to quit their dirty work.

Colored Fellow-workers! We appeal to you to awaken and to do your duty by your class!

TUCKER, UTAH STRIKE WON.

Fellow-worker:

Inclosed find \$1.00 for bundles of The Lumberjack. I just received a post-card from the Secretary of Local 69 stating that the Tucker, Utah, strike is settled and that they got 25 cents raise and better camp conditions, except one camp—the Doolen Brothers. He states that some of the crafts are talking of affiliating with us; namely, the Stone Cutters, Moulders and Granite Cutters. I am looking for some more news from strike committee soon.

Yours for the O. B. U.

H. C. SHERMAN, ...
Denver, Colo., June 30.

WE MUST.

By COVINGTON HALL.

From out their gloomy caverns, from their dungeons dank and cold,
The dead men rule the living and eternal empire hold;
Our fathers' bones forever weight our spirit's upward flight,
Their shrouds are held between us and the fullness of the light.

Across our yearning soul-sight, lo; the hand of Pluto rests,
And Javeth's heel still crushes out the flame within our breasts;
The word of Tamerlane and Torquemada still is law,
And cross and sword have power still the world to overawe.

The city by Potomac's chained to London's mouldy shrines,
And over all of London Rome's death-giving luster shines;
And back of Rome is Nineveh; and Semiramis sways,
Her sceptre blights the nations now as in the yesterdays.

The sinful eye of Solomon still casts its evil spell,
And Joseph has the power still to make of earth a hell;
The vampires, Calvin and Loyola, brood on Europe's breast,
The frown of werewolf Cortez falls athwart the glowing West.

Forever and forever, where the ark of freedom stands,
The dead men meet the living with their stern and harsh commands;
Forever and forever, on whatever soil we tread,
The army of the living fronts the army of the dead.

Forever and forever must truth's ever-seeking hosts,
Be ready to give battle to our sires' angry ghosts;
Forever and forever, on our onward upward march,
We must raze our father's tombstones and must break their temple's arch.