

STRIKE BULLETIN

Published weekly Wednesday by the Illinois Central System Publication
Subscription Rates: \$4 a year, six months, 25c.
Single copies, 10c.
Publication Room & Freudenstein Bldg.
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CLINTON, ILL.

Clinton, Illinois, June 17, 1913.

Paducah.

The scab work here is not the old kind. On the old days, the scabs were kept in the yards, but now they are scattered all over the place. The scabs here are not the old kind, but they are the same as the ones in the yards. They are not the old kind, but they are the same as the ones in the yards. They are not the old kind, but they are the same as the ones in the yards.

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Clinton.

Another wreck was averted here when passenger train 124 was leaving the station. Just as the train was pulling out for the north the brake rigging fell from the mail car. Had the train got started at any rate of speed, the probabilities are that there would have been another serious wreck. This all happened after the train had been inspected by "Pat Richardson's international scabs."

A good many of the engineers running out of here have their kids scabbing at the bull pen. The kids are not there because they want to be, but because the Old Hoggers drive them to it. This demonstrates the unionism of engineers. To them, the word "union" means nothing. It is a kind of word that implies no principle. These kids, however, can produce no more for the company than the rest of the bastille imps. The transgression is worthy of special mention only because they are the posterity of an unprincipled aggregation of mis-called union men whose heads are so congested with dollar marks that they allow these unfortunate parts of themselves to be prostituted by the Illinois Central.

Train service in the passenger department is very irregular, and but very few people are traveling over the lines. Nothing to speak of is being done in the freight department, and it is evident that the company will not be able to pay dividends, judging from the little business done in this section of the country.

Evansville.

Since our last report the round house has been on fire twice, but it seems that the dump is too scabby to burn. The scabs are getting drunk and are a sorry-looking outfit. Trains are few and far between, and engine failures are numerous. There are 150 bad order cars here, and all the scabs are unable to relieve the situation. There is no power here to do business with, and no business to do even if power could be had, as the shippers are getting next to the Old Hog. Summing up the situation the company has dropped into a very peculiar position, and as far as the strikers are concerned they will stay with the battle until the last scab is exterminated.

Vicksburg.

The company is experiencing the same serious troubles here. Among the recent propositions here at the bull pen was Scab Apprentice Jim Myers who goes to Algiers to work for twenty cents an hour as a handy man. Trains are running as much as six hours late. Jim Buford, the scab, is also scabbing on the yard. He wiggles the knife at the bull pen. There are 47 dead engines and 160 bad order cars in the shops and yards here. Many cases

have been instituted against the company in court. Engine 403 left the passenger station 20 minutes late because the megers disconnected the air hose from the air pipe and did not know how to connect it. Three loaded coal cars went to pieces in the yards.

Train 99 was wrecked at Port Gibson, tearing up a mile of track and delaying passengers for seven hours. The company is discharging all the white scabs and filling their places with negroes. The scabs only get through the yard at overtime. A scab painter after a month's vacation is now back at work. He was given a vacation because the company did not need him. Now he is scabbing at the yard in the car department. Everything indicates that the company has reached a very stage.

At Springfield, Va. splitters called to see us on the way south. Passenger engine 2193 came in with a cylinder head knocked out. The passengers number about four to each train. Engine 14 came in double headed on a passenger train with the cylinder head knocked out and piston bent. The company is playing chuckers with the fool order cars, as they are being moved up and down the road just to try them out at times. At any rate they seem to be at their last puff.

Mattoon.

As for the bunch in this old town, you can count on them for a hundred per cent until the war is over, and judging from local conditions this does not seem to be very far off. Engine 161, which belongs to the Springfield division, is getting some dope before she goes back. The scabs made an attempt to weld the frame on No. 1929 and made a bum job out of it. Some of the old switch engines have been placed in road service. The pilot was torn off No. 1902. It was so low that it caught in the road crossing. This is some more of their safety first. Passenger engine 100 broke the main driver and tore things up in great style, delaying trains for five hours. The engine had to be skidded into Indianapolis. A C. H. & D. boiler maker at Olney is reported as having corked up an I. C. engine.

One evening a striker dropped into A. E. Mincum's grocery store and left a Grave Yard Special on his counter. As soon as the grocer saw what it was he got madder than a wet hen, tore it up and kicked it under the counter. This man is a member of the B. of L. E. of the Illinois Central, and when the bull pen was in its glory he sold large quantities of groceries to the scabs. "It's all right; the strikers will be there when the scabs are sleeping under the willows, far, far away, and furthermore the strikers will be here to give the scab-loving merchants the chilly shake," and this will take place in the near future when the strike will be a thing of the past.

East St. Louis.

The same deplorable conditions exist here. Engine 815 had an air pump failure. Engine 2009 failed at Pinckneyville, the throttle becoming disconnected. Engine 823 failed and reach rod was broken. Engine 833 failed, corner of mud ring blown out. Engine 813 failed, piston broken. Engine 1023 failed, valve stem gland broken.

The company is giving the engineers regular engines again, but at that they can hardly make two trips with the same engine. Engine 822, just from Burnside, threw a tire in the new yards and is in the shop for another link overhauling. Engine 823 failed on train 32. Engine 91 ran into a Southern engine at the Southern crossing. The Southern engine had the crossing and the I. C. engine was coming down the track. The engineer applied the brakes but they would not set, and so the I. C. engine went about 200 feet into the Southern engine. (Safety first.) Bud Mullconery is having his troubles. He could not get along with the bull heads and now he is having the same trouble with the white trash. He was successful in getting one of his near relatives to come and go to work for him.

Indianapolis.

The scrap piles from Burnside which are arriving here are good examples of scab workmanship. Engine 200, one of the products that was all dolled up by the scabs at Burnside, is laid up here. She has lost the R. M. driving wheel and that a serious wreck did not occur was a miracle. Engine 1921, just off the drop pit, is back again because of hot boxes. Charley Brown, the scab who has been chased every place he has gone, got canned here. He has succeeded in getting back to work and now has the drop pit job with a negro helper. This fellow has worked at several places on the I. C. during the last year, and from all indications he is now at the end of his rope.

Fulton.

The situation here is more favorable than ever. There are plenty of scabs and bad order cars here, but about the only thing the scabs are doing is chancing them. Trains are running late and scabs are busy picking up the wrecks. Road men are kicking because of the condition of the equipment, and the strikers are as firm as ever.

McComb.

The Illinois Central has experienced another week of railroading under strike conditions during which they were encountered by some terrible opposition. Passenger trains are running late and engine failures are numerous. The National Order of W. O. W. applied to the I. C. for a special train to be run from Peoria to Chicago, but the I. C. refused to run it. The I. C. is now running a special train from Springfield which was to be a private but the scabs were informed that the scabs were to be run on the same day as the I. C. train.

Worth N. K. is a scab who is running a private train. He had been with the I. C. for some time, but he was discharged because he was a scab. He is now running a private train from Peoria to Chicago, but the I. C. is not running it. The I. C. is now running a special train from Springfield which was to be a private but the scabs were informed that the scabs were to be run on the same day as the I. C. train. The I. C. is now running a special train from Springfield which was to be a private but the scabs were informed that the scabs were to be run on the same day as the I. C. train.

Ogden, Utah.

Among the many things of interest at Ogden we wish to inform you that one Joseph Semm, an all-around dead beat, who scabbed here in 1912, and later left, beating his board bill, has returned recently with the Campbell Carnival company, with which company he has a job beating a tom-tom. He was looked up by the officers and forced to pay his board bill. Scab Geo. Allen, who paid a fine here and did time on the rock pile for attempting to take the life of his brother-in-law, also returned with the carnival company. He was mixed up in a gun play during his stay here, and the good judge gave him 90 days more on the rock pile and a \$50 fine.

Jack Kaddough, the scab foreman in the coach department, who remained loyal to the company when the call was made for the foremen to come out, has had his troubles. The first hard luck Jack had was when his wife refused to live with him because he was a scab. Next he was discharged with a warning never to show up again around the company's premises. It happened that Supt. Manson's car was sent to the shops and \$6000.00 appropriated for its rehabilitation, but after Jack and his bull pen imps were through with it, they had overdrawn the appropriation to such an extent that the scab labor and material charged up to the job amounted to \$26,000.00. The result was that Jack was told that his relation with his pay check was amputated.

Brother Robert Mcchesney, a member of the machinists No. 127, has departed for the land whence no traveler returns. In his death we lose a faithful and devoted worker. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

Champaign.

The P. D. & E. division had a serious wreck at Peoria, Ill. The roads from the south and east going into Peoria run over the same tracks and this is where the accident occurred. The Illinois Central passenger train had a hot box and one of the crew had to get out and pack it. There was no man out and the conductor was on the rear end of the train. A Big Four freight came along and slammed into the passenger train. The conductor jumped and the passengers made an unsuccessful effort to get out. The freight train, however, was successful in slowing down so that it was not going very fast when it hit the passenger train and because of this nobody was killed. This came pretty near being another Montz affair.

Everything is lovely in the University City. The trains are running late and the scabs are running time trying to get the work out for the company, but judging from the blue prints of time the only result of their efforts is to add expense to the company.

Algiers.

The scabs' strike here is a matter of much amusement to us. It is happened that Ross Steinhouse, the deserter from our ranks, was fired by the master mechanic for incompetency. His life time job was terminated somewhat suddenly, and Suicide Pete was favored with the position of foreman thus made vacant. The traitor Steinhouse, however, had enough influence with the rest of the bull pen imps to pull them out on strike. The scabs, of course, possessed no striking qualities, and after they had made their grandstand play they departed to do the scab act elsewhere.

One Geo. E. Stoner, a machinist from Paterson, N. J., formerly in the navy, scabbed here for three days, just long enough to get acquainted with some of the scabs. He wanted

I DO NOT RIDE OR SHIP OVER THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL OR HARRIMAN LINES DO YOU?

Pat wanted to favor him with scab but there was nothing doing for Stoner. He wanted \$2000 or nothing, so that evening he relieved Pat of his gold watch and other personal property, also a gold watch belonging to another roomer, and all told he departed with about \$2000 worth of such property as a scab carries with him when he travels. Paty has been drunk since he was relieved of his property, and is trying to drown his sorrows in Green River. Summing up the mechanical defects we want to economize space by informing you that conditions as far as the company is concerned are simply awful, and the rebel army is stoking the fires of the revolution with the same unswerving efforts.

Tracy, Calif.

The company is up against it here as badly as ever. Engine 1416 strapped herself on one side and delayed her train. The engine on passenger train 32 died and delayed the train. This train carried a lot of people who were going to a ball game, and needless to mention, they showed their indignation because of the inability of the company to get them to their destination.

The scabs are on the move, and trains are running very late. Switch engine 1090 is pounding so badly that it is keeping the natives awake nights and disturbing the peace during the day. A scab by the name of Flowers, who hails from Losgastos where he had a small ranch, came to show Tracy how to break a strike. He put on his last show when he tried to knock passenger train No. 6 off the track. Every bone in his body was broken and his family is now mourning his loss, but the strikers are not. If he had stayed on the ranch where he belonged, everything would have been well for him.

Princeton.

The situation remains about the same here, except that passenger trains are running later than in the past. Engine 731 has been out of the Paducah shops for a couple of weeks. While in the shop the scabs gave it a new flue sheet, and now the sheet is leaking all the way around the seam. Engine 873 is out of the Paducah shops and the driving boxes are running hot. Engine 675 burned off a pair of tank wheels. The public in general was very much relieved when engine 856 was taken out of switching service as they had to keep the blower on all the time to keep it alive, and it made all kinds of noise.

Engine 622 lost an ash pan and set a small bridge on fire, but the damage was small. Engine 604 came in dead. A wreck took place between here and Central City, delaying passenger train 103 three hours and 20 minutes.

Jackson, Miss.

No extraordinary changes in the situation. The company is as badly crippled in this section of the country as ever. Trains are running late, and engines are falling down. They do not last long when they get here after having been in the shops for a scab overhauling. From the way the officials are losing out, it looks as if something were going to happen in the near future. Some literature has been distributed here that the company does not approve it, and one of the local papers has commented on it by stating that the strike was settled, but from the way they are kicking we have good reason to believe that they are yet well aware of the fact that there is a strike on.

Council Bluffs.

The Old Hog is making strenuous efforts to navigate with her deteriorated bull pen facilities and the germs that have infested it, but as in the past they are unsuccessful. The few trains that are running are in a disorganized state of affairs and one good reason for this condition is the fact that they cannot induce enough passengers to risk their lives on their trains to get enough weight on them to hold them to a balance.

No extraordinary developments have taken place, but the company can look for them most any time. Our men are as firm as ever, and we can stand this just as long as the company, for we are out to win.