

They fired carefully, deliberately. They didn't fire to frighten—but to kill.

But they didn't shoot at those militiamen because the blood lust was in their veins. They shot because the memory of Ludlow was in their minds.

Soon after the battle started, Rockefeller's murderers at the Walsen mine turned their machine guns on the city of Walsenburg. Two men were killed there, while women and children crouched in terror in the basements of their homes.

Such was the battle of Walsenburg, in which 300 strikers Wednesday defended their position on a hill-top against about 200 so-called militiamen.

They tell me that one militiamen and ten gunmen were killed. It's too bad—but they shouldn't be militiamen and gunmen. They shouldn't be working for greedy coal operators against men and women and children who are striking for bread.

It wouldn't be so bad if they weren't working against the women and children. The men can stand their attacks. But when they kill wives and mothers and babies—kill them for hire—it's different.

I never knew braver or better men than those miners. They're rough; they're ignorant, but they're men. They love their families.

And I know that when they fought the militia at Walsenburg it was simply to protect their families.

It wasn't for revenge. It was from fear of another massacre.

The strikers under me occupied a position on a hill—"the Hogback." One-half mile back of them was their camp of Toltec, and stretching twelve miles back of that were seven other strikers' camps in which were fifteen hundred women and children. All that stood between John D. Rockefeller's murderers and these fifteen hundred women and children was "The Hogback" and the strikers on it.

And every man was thinking of Ludlow. Four men who had lost wives and children in the massacre there were in our ranks. They'd told the story of Ludlow, over and over again. They'd told how the militiamen and the gunmen, brought to Colorado to kill for hire, had trained their machine guns on the camp. They'd heard how the tents were set on fire, how the children screamed—and died in cruel flames!

And they were determined to die rather than let those militiamen reach the camp back of Walsenburg.

We didn't do wrong. We didn't resist officers of the law. We resisted men who have preyed on us for months, who have shot us down, who have burned our camps—and who have killed our women and children. That's the awful part.

The battle started Monday afternoon when Rockefeller's army opened fire on my automobile between Toltec and Walsenburg. Tuesday the militia, men wearing the uniform of the state of Colorado, but as much in Rockefeller's employ as the gunmen, arrived in Walsenburg. They boasted they were going to take "The Hogback" and wear "Rednecks," their derisive name for the strikers, as watch-charms. We heard of that; we swore we would die rather than give Rockefeller's murderers a chance to turn their machine guns on our women and children.

"The Hogback" is three miles long. We held the top of it. We only had one hundred armed men there. They crouched behind the rocks. The position was practically impregnable.

There were two hundred and fifty militiamen. There were over one hundred mine guards. They had nine machine guns. We had the advantage of position, but they outnumbered us, they had the machine guns, and were better organized.

The men under me are as brave as any in the world. They wouldn't work in dusty mine pits if they weren't. But they don't know our