

Waterloo.

Our courage and enthusiasm in the strike situation is mounting higher and higher each day, while the stock of the struck roads keeps sinking lower and lower. The so-called white scabs are becoming disgusted, and are quitting because of the many impositions heaped upon them by the foreman, and the company is filling their places with black scabs. The blacker the scabs, the better they are liked.

A disastrous freight wreck was narrowly avoided when a car just ahead of the caboose jumped the track and tore things up generally, delaying a bunch of stock men and frightening them almost to death. There are now 14 dead engines in the round house here, and many more lying dead in the yards. One Will Place, an ex-engineer, and now a scab, was nearly drowned in the cinder pit. It required strenuous efforts on the part of the scab rescuers to extract him from the mud and water. There are now only 20 crews working on the east end, while before the strike there were 82. Another consignment of niggers has arrived here to do the scab act. The I. C. special train pulling the Waterloo "Boosters" required all the assistance the petty management could give it before it could be got out of town. It was surely a joke to see the scabs and bosses jumping around the engine at the depot on an occasion of this nature, and it was fully demonstrated that they are strictly up against it. The company has lost nearly all the fruit business on the west. Engine 1072 fell down on train 402 before getting out of town, which delayed the train for some time, but not much was lost, as this train, like the rest of them, does not carry enough passengers to pay expenses.

Mounds.

The situation here is becoming worse for the company. Rolling stock is getting so rotten that it cannot get over the road. Road men are much dissatisfied with conditions to which they are subjected, some of them saying that the company is trying to agitate a disturbance among them. But there is no danger of anything like this, for they will do just as they are ordered by the company. They are so devoid of principle as to let scabs come right in and go braking on the road, and when they allow this, we think they will stand for anything. There is not much doing in the passenger department and everything is looking blue for the bull pen imps.

Oakland

We are on the trail of the railroad companies and will never give up until we have them backed into a corner where they will have to recognize our union. The road men tell us that conditions on the road have become so deplorable as to pass human comprehension. All the boys are working for the success of the dance which we are going to pull off on the 12th of June, and it is needless to mention that it will be a success. We have a good picket line and a fighting army. Trains are running late, and the pickets are keeping the scabs on the run.

Cherokee.

The company is having its troubles here. There are six dead engines in the round house and one of the scabs ran an engine through the round house wall, which caused a little more excitement. Engine 1924 blew out a cylinder head, engine 1827 is out of commission and so is No. 501, because of the lack of proper repairs. The passenger trains have run very nearly on time for the last week, but as they are not hauling any passengers we presume that they do not make the station stops, and thus have been successful in making up some time.

Sacramento.

John Marshall, of Salt Lake City, a scab machinist who has been here for nine months, got six years at Folsom for forgery. He will now have a chance to repay the state what it has cost us to take care of him. The scabs here say they cannot earn their salt working for the company, and they are very much dissatisfied. Sacramento has become an unhealthy community for scabs, and some 1500 of them have left here within the last few months, many of them carrying with them the greetings of the rebel army of Sacramento.

Fort Dodge.

The Gypsum City is all to the merry, and the Old Hog is grunting in the same old rut, with no relief possible until she signs up with the shop men's union. John Harnahan, the boiler maker deserter, has taken his kid to the bastille with him. The kid worked for a while before the strike as an apprentice, but the old man loved him so much that he wanted him branded for life as a scab, and so he took him along with him to the altars of disgrace. Trains are running late and only a few of them are being operated because of the lack of business.

Cairo.

Everything in the river city is to the good for the strikers. The company has had to increase the capacity of the dead tracks to make room for the dead ones arriving. Freight engines are being used in passenger service out

of here. A man was injured here when the engine on train No. 5 ran into him at the depot. A box car jumped the track the other day at Bridge Junction and tore things up. Scabs are coming and going, none of them staying very long.

Hempstead, Tex.

Hempstead's Big 8 are as solid as ever. The strikebreakers are getting very nervous, as they can now recognize the handwriting on the wall. It is the same old song, but a good one. Trains are running late, bad order cars and engine failures are many, and the company might as well admit it is whipped, for it surely will be in the very near future.

Freeport.

(By M. C. Jenkins.)
We answered the call on Sept. 30, 1911, with 280 union men and 48 sympathizers. We are standing today with but few desertions from our ranks and none from the sympathizers. We have fought this long-drawn-out battle for our rights and decent working conditions under sanitary rules and at a just compensation. And we stand today just as we did when we came out—insisting on a Federation, fumigation and no compromise.

We have fought starvation, privation and humiliation; we have stood together shoulder to shoulder on the picket lines under adverse weather conditions; we have gathered information, compiled it and kept other points informed as to the conditions here; we are continuing to do these things and will do them it takes another year to win Federation.

From the machinists' organization we have lost E. Holsinger, Wm. Dick, G. Fotherby, C. Secker and Wm. Rantz.

From the car men's organization we have lost M. O'Neil, S. Green, Wm. Cox, H. Rippberger, J. Rippberger, G. Bentz, J. Riedel, Buck Richards, H. Setters, J. Baker, H. Lorenze, M. Gleason, J. Bach, H. Muhr and Ed Brown.

From the blacksmiths we have lost only one—Fred Snyder.

From the boiler makers we have lost Con Sullivan and — Powell.

From the painters—none.

From the S. M. W.—none.

From the pipe fitters—none.

From the F. L. U.—none.

The boiler makers' helpers all stuck to the I. C. They are I. Goodwin, M. Marvin, H. Murphy, Jackson, O. Bowers, J. Seiferman.

This makes a total of 25 union scabs, as the others do not count. Of the home-grown variety we have J. Aue, E. L. Evans, F. Licht, G. Rhinehart, A. Woolsey, Arnold, F. Botts, E. Rippberger, T. Deemer, A. Bodenstine, F. Harrison, Norton, J. Shearer, Faust, J. Cotton, Louis Kohn, F. Stump, J. P. Stuckey, four Dagoes, six Greeks, and 13 niggers.

Wrecks, collisions, derailments and delayed trains have been and are of daily occurrence. Freight moves when it can. Important shipments have been delayed for days, waiting for motive power.

The U. S. government has 69 cases of violations of hours of service which were transferred to Chicago last week, and there are numerous other cases of personal injury now pending in the courts, on account of the incompetent scallies that have allowed defective equipment to pass without inspection or repair. Other employees have suffered penalties on account of the defective equipment and inferior mechanics.

Recently 600 tons of coal and 12 cars were lost and traffic tied up for 24 hours when a defective brake beam dropped down on a bridge and wrecked 110 feet of the structure. Now suppose this had happened to the passenger train that was following. Would they have admitted defective equipment when they reported the number of lives lost? We guess not. The same old thread-bare excuse would have been used—high water caused the rails to spread.

Another notable wreck just out of Freeport was when No. 5 tore up 700 feet of track near Apple River and was delayed about 20 hours. And then again, when No. 2, the Omaha Limited, went all over the country near Everts and was delayed 12 hours.

The next big wreck was when No. 8 and

Ext. West Engine No. 1561 locked horns with No. 8 and the 1561 lost a pair of cylinders.

The next was when No. 5's diner started across the country just west of Dubuque, Ia., and landed on top of a bridge.

Nearly every week the I. C. uses the C. G. W. tracks between here and Galena Junction or from here to the C. G. W. crossing near Chicago and then again the C. & N. W. comes in mighty handy between here and Rockford.

Next you hear that 30 cars of bananas were frozen at Clinton on account of a failure of the motive power.

Twenty-three cars of fruit and merchandise were ditched near Kappa; another one at Warren; an engine was derailed near Apple River, and another at Hillside.

Sixteen hundred class engines are rapidly going to pieces. Engines 1941 and 885 were burned. Two engines came together at Monterey street.

No. 402 arrived 30 minutes late and when the train stopped at the depot it was found that one wheel had lost a tire, an axle was badly bent, and the floor of a car damaged.

Another engine lost a truck at Monroe, Wis., and still another lost its side rods and delayed the north train. The engine on train 402 stripped itself and stopped on center at Coleman, and had to wait until another engine came along to help it out. This engine also died before reaching Chicago and another had to be called on to get the train into town.

The engine on train No. 1 died at Scales Mound and when train No. 401 came along the engine on it was pressed into service on No. 1 and No. 401 had to wait until a freight train came along so the same trick could be played on the freight train.

One of the 1600 class was burned at the Cedarville bridge crossing. Yard engines took charge of the train and stored it away.

The west end wrecker stuck in the tunnel at East Dubuque while going to a wreck at Portage. Another wreck took place at Grant. An engine was derailed in the tunnel. The west end wrecker was derailed at Portage while going to a wreck at Galena. These little incidents are all fresh in your memory, as they happened right in or near Freeport.

Frank McMann has filed suit for \$81,000.00 for the loss of both his arms while fixing a defective brake beam on his train at Amboy.

The cinder pit man at Dubuque, Ia., has filed suit for \$50,000.00 for injuries sustained while trying to couple cars with defective appliances, and there are thousands of other claims that you never hear of in the papers, such as those arising from the wreck at Kim-mundy and Melvin, Ill., San Antonio, Tex., Montz, La., and hundreds of other wrecks that you never hear of, where hundreds of people are killed and injured and millions of dollars are lost to the shippers and patrons of the delapidated old railroad.

It seems that the stockholders like to be flim-flammed, not being satisfied with the mulcting they got in the car repair graft when they paid for side doors and roofs for their coal and flat cars and side stakes for their box cars.

And then we were forced to go on strike.

Now you, Mr. Merchants, who have stood back with your hands in your pockets and allowed things to follow their own courses, has the I. C. ever kept its promises to you? Promises of better train service, new depots and train sheds? We guess not. Go down and take a look and see if the old red depot with its patched platform is not there the same as ever, and then remember that when the company had 60 or 70 thugs, cut-throats and scum of the universe housed in its bull pen with gum-shoe thugs as guards, did you ever get an order for supplies? No; they sent to Chicago for what they wanted. You could get yours wherever you found them.

And next, we, the union men of Freeport, have supported your store and a great many of us own our own homes and are taxpayers the same as you.

And we have done all we could towards patronizing our home merchants, for as we succeed you are successful, and we all enjoy prosperity.

Under scab rule, the scabs work when they are sober, spend their money in Chicago, pay no taxes, and mooch all they can.

And when this strike is finally settled you can come out of your hole and pat us on the back and say "I knew you would win if you stuck," while the taste of the snow balls upon which we have existed for the past two win-



THE MAN BEHIND THE FENCE

ters, is still rank in our mouths. The lukewarm appreciation you have shown for our standard of principles and morals is like falling off the Stephenson street bridge in January.

Our many friends who have stuck by us in the hour of need and in our trials and tribulations will all be remembered, and those who have opposed us will also be remembered.

As the old saying is, it's a long road that has no turns, and the I. C. is getting close to the end.

We do not claim that all union men are angels, but we do claim that union principles will do more toward making better citizens and elevating mankind than the strike-breaking agency.

The cornerstones of our organizations are: Friendship, charity, unity and true brotherly love, our guide the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, our aims decent working conditions under sanitary regulations and a just compensation for what we do.

Central City, Ky.

(By J. F. Robarbs.)

In September, 1911, the shop men responded to the call of the strike, and all the rest of us, with the exception of the Mason brothers, who were working in the capacity of clerks here. Since that time we have had only one desertion from our ranks, leaving us 30 of the 21 who walked out. Within the first three days of the strike, 52 dagoes arrived here with 72 guards. However, when they were placed at work, they informed the foreman that they had not come to work, but only to break the strike. After remaining for thirty days they were sent home, and the company hired the whisky soaks and vagrants of the streets. After it was found that this element was useless as far as getting any work out of them was concerned, the company's emissaries were sent out to appeal to the country boys. They told them of the big money the company would pay, the life-time jobs they would get, and also of the pleasures of the city, but the few who were induced to come, soon found out that the emissary cry and the life-time job were only a dream. Later, they attempted to sue the company for making false promises, but as this was not feasible, they had to depart, a sadder and wiser aggregation of plow boys.

For nine months after the inception of the strike not a passenger train was inspected. Of late, a feeble attempt has been made to inspect them by an element that could not tell a hot box from a draw bar. Since the strike, the company has made an effort to have the strikers run out of town. Landlords were asked to put us out of their houses. Attempts were made to lure us to points where they could black-jack us, but the nearest they came to this was when the writer took five shots at a fellow who undertook to do some black-jacking. Later we were informed to make our getaway or some trimming would be done with iron rods, but when they are ready to play this part, they will find the rebel army right here on the job.

LITTLE FLINGS.

The good used to die young, now they live to keep the factories running.

Honesty is the best policy, but the cash register takes no one for granted.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow your credit may be cut off.

When a man complains because a machine has cut off his finger the boss thinks that he has no sense of humor.

Bryan will now have a chance to fill up state documents with what he doesn't know.

No one is in doubt as to what the English suffragette wants.—Coming Nation.

VARIATION.

This is, they say, a world of chance,

But really, at a pinch,

You'll have to own you have been shown

Some folks who have a cinch.—Coming Nation.

NOTICE TO MACHINISTS.

All machinists who have held membership in Danville Lodge No. 473, any time since November, 1911, up to the present time, are requested to forward their dues books to Percy Molyneux, Michigan St., Station B, Danville, Ill. Financial secretaries are also requested to forward any and all books that have been registered with 473 within the above mentioned time.

(Signed) Percy Molyneux,
Chairman Special Committee

I. A. of M. No. 473, Danville, Ill.