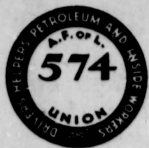


DAILY STRIKE BULLETIN

UNITED
LABOR
ACTION

THE ORGANIZER



TWO TWENTY-FIVE

SOUTH THIRD STREET

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY JULY 24, 1934

SMASH THE
CITIZENS
ALLIANCE

Volume I, No. 9

Price one cent

Try To Suppress Our Daily!

Rally Tonight By Workmen's Circle For 574

Prominent Union Leaders To Address Meeting

Leaders of Local 574 and of the general Minneapolis labor movement will be the speakers at a monster mass meeting to be held tonight at the Labor Lyceum, 1426 6th Ave. N., at 8:30 p. m. President William S. Brown of Local 574; Emory Nelson, Secretary of the Central Labor Union; Robley Cramer, editor of the Minneapolis Labor Review; Vincent Dunne of Local 574's Organizing Committee; Farrell Dobbs, Editor of *The Organizer*, will be among the speakers.

The meeting, being held under the auspices of the Minneapolis District Committee of the Workmen's Circle, a fraternal organization, is for the purpose of protesting against the murder of Henry B. Ness and the wounding of almost two-score other pickets by Bloody Johannes' police. The committee running the meeting has called upon every man and woman of the working class and all friends of militant labor to attend and add their voices to the chorus of protest.

"Local 574," reads a leaflet widely distributed by this committee, "demands the support of every workingman and woman in Minneapolis in the struggle against the unholy crew of the Citizens Alliance. Union labor is threatened. Smash the conspiracy of the profit-mad exploiters of labor!"

Important announcements concerning the progress of the strike will be made at the meeting and resolutions will be proposed. All out to the Labor Lyceum, mass meeting of protest!

ERA Strikers Set Up Strike Committee

At a meeting of delegates from the various ERA projects held yesterday it was unanimously decided to call out all ERA workers to strike for the following demands:

1. A thirty-hour week;
2. Pay at prevailing trade union rates;
3. Payment to be made weekly on the job.

The Central Committee of ERA workers then constituted itself a Strike Committee. Additional delegates will be added as additional projects go out on strike and give credentials to delegates. Every 50 workers are entitled to one representative on the Strike Committee. Headquarters will be at 333 S. Third St., in the offices of the Minneapolis Central Council of Workers.

In a statement issued by the ERA Workers' Strike Committee last night, it is pointed out that the ERA workers are also striking in sympathy with the demands of Local 574. The statement expresses gratitude to 574 for "the fine fight they are pulling up to raise living standards and for the liberal assistance given us to organize and improve our conditions." At the same time as it voted for strike action, the Central Committee adopted a vigorous protest against the brutal murder of Henry B. Ness and the shooting of 574's picketers.

AT THE GRAVE OF OUR MARTYR

*We Will Not
Fail You...*



Local 574 States Its Position

The following self-explanatory letter was sent today by Local 574 to the federal mediators now in town in connection with the Minneapolis strike:

July 23, 1934.

Rev. Francis J. Haas,
Mr. E. H. Dunnigan,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Sirs:

Our Committee has given thorough and careful consideration to your letter of July 23, together with your previous memorandum of July 21. We formulated our position in regard to your first proposal in the form of a memorandum of the same date. We now wish to record that position formally on all the points covered, as follows:

1. The strike to be called off at once subject to the ratification of the agreement by the Strike Committee of 100 and the membership meeting of Local 574, provided the employers sign an agreement in writing with the Union, embodying the following points:
2. All employees now on strike are to be reinstated at once to their former positions without discrimination.
3. The order of the Regional Labor Board of May 25 will remain in force in all particulars except insofar as it is changed by the provisions of any agreement arrived at on the basis of this memorandum.
4. Inside workers are defined as all employees of the firm exclusive of truck and vehicle operators, helpers and platform men, office workers and salesmen. A salesman is defined as an employee who devotes his entire time to selling.
5. No inside worker as defined in paragraph four, helper or platform man, is to be paid less than 45 cents per hour. Time and one-half is to be paid for all overtime, that is all time worked in excess of eight hours within any one day. Work on Sundays and holidays shall be paid at the rate of double time.
6. No operator of a truck or vehicle shall be paid less than 55 cents per hour. Time and one-half is to be paid for all overtime, that is, all time worked in excess of eight hours within any one day. Work on Sundays and holidays shall be paid at the rate of double time.
7. All employees now receiving more than the hourly rates specified for their respective classifications in paragraphs 5 and 6 shall receive not less than their present hourly rates of pay.

8. Seniority rights agreed to on the basis of the Order of the Regional Labor Board of May 25 shall remain in full force and effect.

9. Wage increases are to be retroactive to May 26.

10. The foregoing provisions apply to the market group which is defined as including fruit, produce, packers, wholesale grocers, fish houses.

11. With respect to the non-market group all the above provisions shall apply except paragraph 4, which is to be replaced by the following: Inside workers in the non-market group are to be defined as all employees in the warehouses and shipping department, including shipping and receiving clerks.

12. In the event of an increase in the cost of living amounting to ten per cent or more as indicated by United States Government reports, the Union shall have the right to open negotiations for a corresponding adjustment of wages.

13. The agreement which is signed by the employers on the basis of this memorandum is to remain in force for one year from the date of signing.

In regard to your letter of July 23, we take the following position:

1. The question of wages must be settled as an indispensable prerequisite for the ending of the strike. This approach to the question is also indicated in points 5 and 6 of your memorandum of July 21. Our bad experiences after the May strike compel the Union to take this position, as an adjustment of the dispute is impossible upon the basis of the present scale of wages without definite wage increases and the establishment of definite wage minimums for the different categories of employees.

2. Upon the settlement of the wage question, we will agree to the establishment of an arbitration board to consist of two representatives of our Union, two representatives of the employers and an agreed upon fifth member. This board shall act for the adjustment of individual disputes which cannot be settled by agreement.

3. Upon the settlement of the wage question, if the authority of the Union to represent the employees in the negotiation and adjustment of these disputes is then challenged, the Union will agree to group elections, provided that the Union has representation on the body which supervises the election.

Yours very truly,
Local 574.

Threatening To Prosecute Our Strike Paper

Citizens Alliance Is Seen Behind New Move

Two separate attempts are under way to suppress *The Organizer*, daily strike bulletin of Local 574, the first strike daily in the history of the American labor movement.

One attempt is managed directly by the Citizens Alliance, which is bringing pressure on printers to get them to refuse to print the strike organ.

A second attempt also has the Citizens Alliance back of it. According to this morning's papers, unnamed persons have handed copies of *The Organizer* to County Attorney Goff, asking him to bring charges of criminal syndicalism against those responsible for the publication of *The Organizer*.

Anyone convicted of criminal syndicalism under Minnesota law is subject to a fine of \$1,000 or five years in jail on each count, or both.

Criminal syndicalism means workers joining together in a union and asking the bosses for higher wages or better working conditions. It is considered one of the meanest crimes a worker can commit against the bosses.

The Minnesota criminal syndicalism law has not been enforced since 1921 or 1922. That the Citizens Alliance now attempts to get the County Attorney to dig up this statute and smash *The Organizer* with it, is clear evidence of how badly the bosses are on the run. They are getting out their heavy artillery, since shotguns have failed to do the job.

The Organizer has been a thorn in the sides of the bosses. Its 10,000 daily copies are read by at least one hundred thousand people in Minneapolis. As long as this is the case the bosses' lies are not believed.

When the boss press reports that thousands of strikers have returned to work and that trucks are moving, it is *The Organizer* which proves the contrary and brings to the people of Minneapolis the truth and the views of the strikers.

The bosses are trying to suppress *The Organizer*.

This paper does not intend to be suppressed.

This paper is coming out as long as this strike lasts.

It is coming out no matter what kind of Hitler stunt is used by the Citizens Alliance to shut up the freedom of the press.

It is coming out, and it is going to continue to tell the truth about the labor-sweating bosses, the labor-hating Citizens Alliance, and the blood-thirsty city administration.

There are not enough jail cells in all the jails in the State of Minnesota to hold all the "criminal syndicalists" in this city today.

This is the workers' paper, not only the paper of 574, but of the striking ERA workers, of the striking laundry and dry cleaning workers, of the entire working class of this city! They buy it; they pay for it with their pennies and often, in gratitude, with more than pennies; they read it; they love it. It is their weapon, their voice, their shield. They will not relinquish it.

**ONLY COWARDS SURRENDER—
BUT UNION MEN FIGHT!**

News and Views

The Bugle and Drum Corps which so deeply moved the thousands of friends at Headquarters last night when they played Taps for Brother Henry B. Ness, was provided by the National Veterans' Assn.

Addressing the evening meeting outside Headquarters last night, President Brown of 574 called forth a tremendous response when he wound up with this statement: "Let us workers either get decent wages and living conditions, or let us join Henry Ness."

The Emergency Hospital at Strike Headquarters now has three staff doctors available for emergency calls, as well as the regular doctor on 24-hour duty. In addition to the regular nurse, there are now 25 registered nurses available for emergency calls 24 hours a day. Victims of Bloody Johannes' attack are having their wounds dressed daily at Strike Emergency Hospital.

The Farm Holiday Association has decided to ship and process livestock to furnish fresh roasts and steaks for the Commissary at Strike Headquarters. The American Co-operative Trade Exchange is assisting in the dressing of the beef. The first shipments are expected tomorrow.

"It cannot too often be pointed out," said Vince Dunne at last night's mass meeting outside Headquarters, "that workers in this industry have sometimes gotten their weekly pay in the shape of rotten vegetables and that for a long time they were considered lucky to get as much as \$12 a week for anywhere between 48 and 70 hours' work."

"But," Brother Dunne went on to say, "this strike far transcends the question of a few dollars more or less for the truck drivers. It is a question for the whole labor movement. Are the bosses to be allowed to tell the workers whom they are to have in their Union and who the Union officials are to be or are the mass of workers concerned to have the right to control their own organizations? This is the main question involved in 574's historic struggle. If we win, the workers of Minneapolis will speak out in their own voice and this will be a Union town. And we mean to win at all costs."

A man wandered into strike Headquarters yesterday who was identified as having been a special deputy in the May strike. When this was pointed out to him, he left in a hurry. In going downstairs he fell and damaged himself a bit. When he got up he found a stick lying nearby and beat himself over the head and shoulders with it. No telling what people will do in hot weather!

The charge made over the microphone by 574's Radio Announcer that the Chief Reporter of The Organizer stole his cigar is a damnable lie. The Reporter takes this means of defending himself against such attacks. He knows very well that the Radio Announcer's cigars are made of cabbage and he wouldn't touch one with a ten foot cigarholder.

Have you read in the bosses' papers how all the strikers returned to work yesterday? That is why the picket line at 4 a. m. yesterday morning was four times the size as on any other day of the strike. Or are we nuts?

Friends: The Editor needs copies of back numbers of The Organizer to send to trade unions throughout the country. Please bring all back numbers to the main office at Strike Headquarters for the Editor.

Do you remember what General Somebody said to President Somebody (one free copy of The Organizer to the picketer who can fill in the names): We will fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer.

And what a summer!

THE MINNEAPOLIS MASSACRE

An Eye-Witness Account of Bloody Friday

On Friday, July 20, at 11 a. m., a call was issued for all pickets at General Drivers' Headquarters to hold themselves in readiness for action. While waiting for further instructions we discussed possible destinations. Few of us thought that trouble was really going to start. We had been hopping out on emergency calls every few hours since the first day of the strike. Just the day before our boys rushed out on a tip that police intended to convoy a truck, only to discover that the truck contained hospital supplies. Now, it is known throughout the city that the union permits the hospital trucks to operate unmolested. The police convoy was a deliberate attempt to create the impression that the strikers were interfering with hospital deliveries. The pickets upon learning that the convoyed truck contained hospital supplies immediately returned to headquarters.

The next day the Minneapolis Tribune carried a paid advertisement of the Employers Advisory Committee. Following is a quotation from the ad. "How do you like having our Minneapolis streets in the control of Communists? Is it not a fine spectacle—a splendid example of how dictatorship operates, when 44 city police must accompany one truckload of food to hospitals in dire need of it, as happened yesterday on the streets of Minneapolis in broad daylight?" What further proof than this is needed to prove the solid link between the police and the Employers Committee.

Suddenly we received the order to get moving. In a few minutes we were in the wholesale grocery district where some fifty cops armed with shot guns were already patrolling the streets.

For two hours we stood around wondering what was up for there was no truck in sight. Then at 2 p. m. drew near a tensing of bodies and nervous shifting of feet and heads among the police indicated that something was up. We were right, for a few minutes later about one hundred more cops hove into view escorting a large yellow truck. The truck without license plates and with the cab heavily wired pulled up to the loading platform of the Slocum-Bergren Co. Here a few boxes were loaded on to

the tune of scab and fink. At five past two the truck slowly pulled out. The truck loaded on 6th Avenue between 4th and 3rd Street No. It turned down 6th Ave. and then turned on 3rd Street toward 7th Ave. As it did a picket truck containing about 10 pickets followed. As the picket truck drew near the convoy, the police without warning let loose a barrage of fire. Pickets fell from the trucks, others rushed to pick up their wounded comrades; as they bent to pick up the injured, the police fired at them. Without pity and with unbelievably vicious and sadistic fury, the police shot and shot to kill the weaponless strikers whose only defense was to run and permit the steel slug to find homes in their heads, backs and feet. The bravery of the pickets was inspiring, many of them ran directly into the rain of bullets to pick up shattered comrades. One young worker received a full charge of buckshot in the back as he bent to pick up a wounded picket. Some of the police were merciful—they merely clubbed those that had already been shot instead of giving another dose for good measure.

A stocky blond picket carrying an unconscious worker towards a picket car was ordered to move faster by a cop who pointed his gun at his head. The picket stopped and his defiant eyes caused the cop to lower his gun and go looking for less determined prey.

A kid wearing bright red corduroy trousers who only an hour before was singing and tossing a ball to another picket, screamed, "Christ, I'm hit," as a bullet shattered his arm. I grabbed him and rushed him toward a picket car while he yelled, "Pick up some of the other fellows, I'm O. K." One of our pickets, a powerful fellow, reached out of his car to grab a police sergeant who had been wantonly emptying his automatic at the boys. He grabbed him in the crook of his arm and dragged him a block away where his gun was taken away and strikers fists pummeled him into unconsciousness. Notice this particularly. these pickets were being murdered

unmercifully and yet when they had taken this cop's gun away they did not shoot.

The rain of bullets then became a little heavier so I and three other pickets hopped a fence and walked back to headquarters. Here the scene was tragic. Pickets lay by the dozens lying all over the floor with blood flowing from their wounds, more coming in and no place to put them. The doctors would treat one after another who urged him to treat others first.

I left the headquarters in time to see a giant picket, whose bravery is unparalleled, walk over to a cop about a block away directing traffic and tell him he'd give him 2 seconds to beat it. That cop didn't take 2 seconds.

The Minneapolis papers printed hundreds of lies about what had happened but none was brazen enough to claim that the strikers had any weapons at all.

That night the union held a mass meeting. The bosses thought that the terrible massacre would scare the strikers back to work. The mass meeting gave powerful denial to this. Minn. labor is aroused; 15,000 workers jammed the meeting and shouted their intention of fighting on to victory. They shouted for the deposition of the murderous mayor and chief of police; they demanded retribution for the murders and showed that the bosses cannot manufacture enough bullets to ensnare the workers. "We will fight," was the cry from beginning till the end of this mighty demonstration.

The speakers at the demonstration pointed out that almost all the wounded, of whom there were more than fifty, were hit in the back. Three strikers are in critical condition and one has already died. Twenty per cent of those injured were registered unemployed workers, members of the Minneapolis Central Council of Workers. The unemployed know that this is their battle also that is being fought.

Today the bosses announce through their press that more murders are in preparation. The mayor says trucks will be moved. The workers say they shall not move until their demand for a piece of bread is heeded by the bosses.

A Picket.

PEANUTS TO YOU

A Thrilling Melodrama in Four Scenes

Scene I: The office of a Police Chief. An overfed, thick-headed lug sits with his feet on the desk, smoking a fat cigar. The telephone rings.

Chief Mike: Hello.

The Voice: Hello, Chief Mike. This is Jordan-Winston Co. We have a call from one of our best customers out on Lake of the Isles. She wants a bag of peanuts for her pet monkey.

Chief Mike: Well, go ahead, deliver them.

The Voice: No. We need a convoy. The strikers are not humanitarian and they will not let us deliver these peanuts for a poor, starving monkey.

Chief Mike: Listen, my boys have icicles between their toes. Anyway, what's humanitarian got to do with it. Is a monkey human?

The Voice: You're a fine one to ask questions about what's human, you baboon. I said we want a convoy. Snap into it.

Chief Mike: O. K. boss, I'll fix it. (Hangs up phone).

Enter Sergeant Thug.

Chief Mike: Thug, take fifteen squad cars and go down to Jordan-Winston's warehouse. They are going to move a truck and want protection. Convoy the load for them.

Sergeant Thug: Me, Chief? I've got sore feet.

Chief Mike: Sore feet? You've got cold feet. Go ahead or I'll put you in the can for . . .

Sergeant Thug: O. K. Chief. I'll do it.

Scene II: A main thoroughfare. Traffic is halted while an impressive procession moves rapidly along the street. In front are five motor cops,

each with pistol at the ready. Next come five squad cars, each containing a driver and four cops. Each cop has a pistol and a shotgun. Behind them are two companies of militia with rifles, bayonets, machine guns and field pieces. Behind them is a float on which are a delegation of judges shouting, "We want no disorderly conduct!" Behind them is another float on which is a delegation from the Low and Odor League singing, "I've got those Red, Red Rooshian Blues."

Next is a float on which is a delegation from the Citizens Alliance reciting in chorus: "The highest law of civilization is profits for the boss!" Behind them is another float on which are several dozen brutish individuals wearing the prison uniforms of the State Penitentiaries of Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio, New York and points north, south, east and west. Pinned to the shirt of each is a Special Deputy's badge. Behind them are five more squad cars of cops and two more companies of militia. Overhead are airplanes armed with heavy bombs. In the midst of the procession is an armored truck equipped with machine guns, tear gas apparatus and a small cannon. In this truck are five armed guards and a clerk of Jordan-Winston. The clerk, a Mr. Fink, is holding in his lap a 1-lb. bag of peanuts.

Sirens blow, motors chug, guns and bayonets glint in the sunlight. At sixty miles an hour the procession dashes out to old Lady Gotrocks' estate.

Here and there on the road it passes a picket car. The cops all cock their guns. The pickets look at each other,

scratch their heads and ask themselves whether what they see is real or whether the heat is getting them.

Scene III: Mr. Boob, the guy who does not read The Organizer, is sitting at home in the evening. His wife asks him how the strike is developing.

Mr. Boob: Oh, it's practically over. The police are convoying trucks now and all transportation is normal. The papers say so.

Scene IV: In Chief Mike's office. As usual, the lug's feet are on the desk. The telephone rings.

Chief Mike: Hello.

A Voice: Hello, Chief. This is Lady Gotrocks. I want to thank you for convoying that truck to my estate. My dear monkey would have died without those peanuts.

Chief Mike: O. K. Madam. I'm glad they got there. Everything is normal again.

Lady Gotrocks: I'm so glad, Chief. Some day when you have time come up and play with my dear little ape. I'm sure you two would get on fine together.

Curtain.

A Note From the Organizer's Cartoonist

"Until Friday I took no part in 574's battle. But on Friday afternoon innocent men were horribly murdered by order of Johannes and Bainbridge. Behind this order stood the cruel and inhuman Citizens Alliance.

So now no honest and self-respecting man or woman can do anything but jump into the battle for 574.

I unreservedly place what talent I possess at the service of 574—and will continue to do so until the fiercest Citizens Alliance is smashed back and broken; until the puppet Bainbridge and the sadist Johannes are put where their foul selves are no longer in places of power."

(Signed) The Organizer's Cartoonist.

dere emily

Sunday

well kid, lots has happened since i wrot you last. i supoze you no some of it from readin saturday's Turtle Creek Gazette. well, heres the real dope.

friday afternoon early a bunch of us wer' over to the market to see whats what. they was a bunch of cops there, so harry goes up to them. "nothin moving here today but express stuff," they tell him. "ya better beat the boys." harry sez, "when the express stuff has moved we'll go if you will." "ok," they tells him. well, all of a sudden a truck dashes round the corner and backs up to a holedale grocers. then a dozen carloads of cops all armed with guns closes in. Nothing daunted, us pickets closes in on the scab truck. remember emily, we was equipped with nothin but our bare hands. what does the flatfeet do but begin to shoot into us. i never seen anything like it in my born days, emily. i didn't no people cud be so cruel. "are cops humans" is what i been asking myself. us picketers went down like tenpins altogether about 50 of us was hurt, some bad enuff to die. and then emily—well I didn't no we had so many guys that was so brave. it did a body's heart good to see it. with all the shootin and shoutin and blood and turmoil, our guys still wouldn't fall back before those 1/2?xx of cops. then a truck load of tin soldiers comes up with automatics, and so we finally picks up our men and goes back to headquarters. but get this emily, the cops could never have made us back down. not in minneapolis. not old 574.

and NOW are the boys determined to fite on? honest emily, what i seen yestiday was just like what war must be. except none of our fellows warmed. after what we went thru, i'll never believe people that laff at you when you say "class war."

Tuesday

kid i been so busy i ain't mailed this to you yet. if you see any minneapolis papers, dont believe a word they say, cuz there just drooling at the mouth. our strike is stronger than ever. on monday our picket lines was 4 or 5 times bigger'n ever before.

yestiday i happened to walk thru dayton's store, you no he hates us like poison, and i seen this sine on evry counter: "Because of the general strike of Drivers, we think it wise to suspend deliveries—so please take your packages with you." honest i almost split laffin. we too think its wise of daytons to suspend deliveries, kid.

and are those yellow so-and-sos of cops on the run. it seems there was an accident out in south minneapolis on monday afternoon. you no how usually just 1 car of cops comes to an accident. well, yestiday 10 squad cars full of cops with guns come out to the accident. there is a big crowd gathered aroun, and when this crowd spots the funny flatfoots, yells begin goin up: "o.k out, folks, here comes the murderers; watch yourselves or they'll shoot ya in the back." well the hole crowd begins to grumble and rumble at the cops so they runs for there cars and gets in and drives off. boy i wonder how it feels to be a cop and have the hole town hate you, like the cops in town here is hated.

this Harry Ness that was shot, emily, was a fine guy. he's laid out up at the mortuary and looks so nice and calm, and all day long and all nite too, streams of people pass by his body. some of em neel down, and some cry. harry is dressed in his army uniform which he wore overseas. purty tuff, emily. here's a guy that went thru every big battle in France durin the last war, only to be finally popped in the back in his home town by a cop who sneaked up behind him and then poured lead into his back from 5 ft. away. harry won decorations from 3 countries in the war, America and france and belgium.

say kid, i got to sine off now. its so hot that heat waves are shimmering off of the paper. thanks for the carton of smokes. i giv em aroun among the boys. but ya better start savin your money—for you no wht.

Mike.