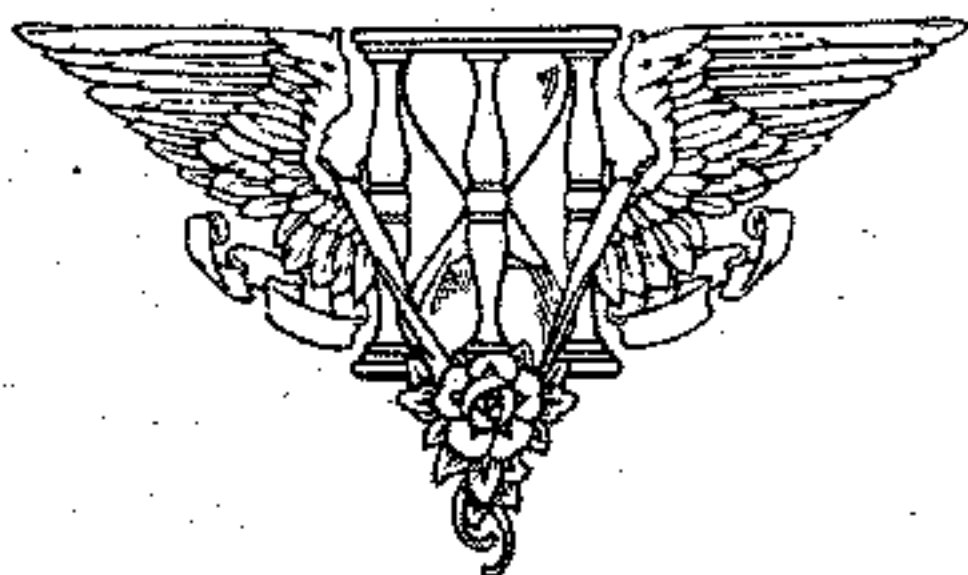


The Everett Massacre

By Walker C. Smith

A History of the Class Struggle
in the Lumber Industry



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EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

By Charles Ashleigh

[“* * * and then the Fellow Worker died, singing ‘Hold the Fort’ * * *”—From the report of a witness.]

Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night
Of poverty and injury and woe,—
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor’s right
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.
Bare hands against the master’s armored might!—
A dream to match the tools of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
The barricade spewed shots and mockery
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil’s host,—
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,—
Could not out-shriek one dying worker’s song!

Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!