Organize!

by Eugene V. Debs


Firemen of the United States, organize! Organize for mutual protection. Not for the purpose of antagonizing our employers, but for the holier, nobler purpose of charity. Charity to our own craftsmen. We must sustain each other in the hour of danger. We must take care of the fatherless and husbandless. When death and disaster have entered the homes of one of our craft we must fly to the rescue. Our hands must be the ones to sustain the weak. Firemen can not afford to pay the high premiums exacted by insurance companies for life policies; therefore, we must insure each other. We are used to danger and hard usage ourselves, but our wives and children, our mothers and sisters must not be left to buffet with fate alone when we are gone. The faster we organize, the larger is the sum we can afford to pay for a death or a total disability.

Fellow craftsmen! You who love your dear ones at home, stop! Consider! Death may overtake you on the rail; the foot board may never again feel your sturdy tramp. What then will become of little Charlie, or Bennie, or little Cora? What then will become of your darling wife or mother? Come and join with us in our holy cause. Humanity says, come. Loved ones say, come. Duty says, come.