

EDITORIAL

STRANDED CLAMS IN LAWRENCE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE handsome increase of 22 and odd per cent., obtained by the striking mill workers of Lawrence for the lowest paid hands, and 5 per cent. for the better paid, and the victory greeted by that mass of proletarians with the *Marseillaise*, sung simultaneously in half a dozen languages, is a flashlight that lights a number of clams stranded high and dry within and without Lawrence.

Most prominently stranded of all is President John Golden of the A.F. of L. Under his inspiration, the textile operatives remained at work, scabbing in A.F. of L. regulation style upon the proletarians out on strike; under his inspiration, his Lawrence membership tried upon the Lawrence strikers what his Paterson ditto tried also upon the I.W.W. silk weavers there on strike—sought to bell-wether them back into the shops at the masters' old terms, and failed ignominiously. Pulling every wire that his Civic Federation and Militia of Christ connections placed into his hands, President John Golden did the masters' work—and got left.

Quite close to John Golden, in fact, close behind him, lies another sorry-looking clam, President M. William Wood of the American Woolen Company. His incantations in favor of the stockholders, who had nothing to live on but the dividends that they sucked from their employes, worked not worth a cent upon the latter. They failed to see the beauty of dividends for non-workers; they insisted upon dividends for themselves;—and got them.

Almost forming a cluster with these two, so closely does he huddle to them, is a third clam, a blinking clam, branded G.F.R.G. The specimen once walked on two legs, was arrested for robbing the mails, jumped into the Socialist Movement where he soon got to the end of his tether, and then became a pet of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, under whose inspiration he has been performing some unique statistics and arguments against the Socialist or Labor Movement. As a duck takes to a mill-pond,

G.F.R. Gordon had hied him to Lawrence the instant the strike broke out. It was one of those unfortunate coincidences that, no sooner did G.F.R.G. land in Lawrence when “dynamite finds” began to crop out, all of which were speedily hushed up, seeing they failed in their purpose of incriminating the strikers.—G.F.R.G. was left stranded.

Outside of Lawrence there is a sad bunch of clams strung together—the Socialist party Officialdom, who, while claiming “neutrality” towards Unionism, voted for Gompers at A.F. of L. conventions, and act as gougers for Gompers’s scab-herding concern. All along, their heart went out to the A.F. of L. operatives who remained at work, and scabbed upon the strikers. As all bona fide strikes of wage-slaves needs must do, the wage-slaves on strike in Lawrence fought, being opposed by, simultaneously the employer and his labor lieutenants. Thus the Lawrence strike was a struggle at once against the Woolen Company and the A.F. of L. The blow administered to the Company was a blow administered to the A.F. of L., and that blow smote the cheeks of the S.P. Officialdom—laying them out a bunch of clams on the beach.

Thus the victorious settlement of the Lawrence strike, which, despite its initial mistakes, quickly took its inspiration from the I.W.W., leaves a number of clams stranded on the beach of Time. Each clam is a study in itself on some element that the Labor Movement has to contend with—and all together constitute an instructive clam menagerie.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
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