

Klu-Klux-Klan, that may try a lynching bee against our organizers.

Our organizers are meeting a situation of grave personal peril to themselves with the greatest heroism and sacrifice. This speaks not only for the organizers of the Union, but for the organizers sent in by the I.L.D. as well. Every effort must be made by the workers throughout the whole country to support the strikers and those organizations like the I.L.D. in their struggle for better conditions and for a militant union of their own.

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## *Strike Vignettes*

By JOHN H. OWENS.

**H**ERE they come as if it were a holiday. How happy they are, the young folks to be taking part in a strike. They are thrilled; the young girls laugh; some have on overalls; they flirt with the boys, the young national guardsmen, and even some of them cast admiring glances at Sroka the organizer who accompanied me, with his serious mien, yet youthful appearance.

The strike committee have colored bands around their arms. It distinguishes them. They are somebody. Why yesterday they were merely mill slaves living in company owned homes. Today they are rebels. Theirs is the tradition of resistance to tyranny. Yet, it means to them obedience to conscience. How pale and tired they look when one scrutinizes them too closely. They have the faces of youth, but the spirit of age.

But how could one expect to keep young in the great Brick Bastile of Loray. Never was slave in his dungeon more subjugated.

But see how easy it was to break the chains. "Just think of all the sunshine we have been missing," said a thin-faced little lassie. "I never knew our Southern sunshine was so wonderful before." She laughed. "Just think," she ran on, "It takes a strike to make me appreciate nature." Her comrades smiled, a soft golden smile. The Southern woman rarely laughs out loud.

They gathered around me in the hall. I spoke and outlined the class struggle. Astonishment came over many faces. I heard a whisper in the crowd; "I never heard a colored man make a speech before," a soft voice said. I walked outside and sat down on some boards behind the strike headquarters. Ellen Dawson came out and shook my hand, said a sincere word of greeting and went into the hall.

Courageous act, and psychological one. After that every striker was my friend. All doubts vanished. If Ellen Dawson vouched for me I must be alright. I remembered Ellen Dawson from the convention. The thin little Scotch girl, full of courage, life and resistance. And a strong speaking voice.

One proud young striker, A. C. Bryant, accompanied me on my first visit to the Negro mill workers quarters. He told me his troubles. He has five children and a tired wife. It was amusing. One home we visited was that of the Rev. Dave Sturgis, colored minister without charge, erstwhile mill worker; he was not at home. It appeared that Mrs. Sturgis had been washing for Bryant. Bryant mournfully declared: "Mrs. Sturgis, we all are striking now. There won't be any more clothes to wash for a long time. I guess we'll just have to wear them dirty."