THE FORE RIVER STRIKERS
A STUDY IN ALLEGIANCE DYNAMICS

by

MILTON L. VOGEL

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
and
MASTER OF SCIENCE

at the

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
(1948)

Signature of Author....
Department of Economics and Engineering
May 20, 1948

Certified by...
Thesis Supervisor

Chairman, Department Committee on Graduate Students
THE FORE RIVER STRIKERS

A STUDY IN ALLEGIANCE DYNAMICS
## Table of Contents

- Preface
  - Ted Ross .................................................. 1
- Introduction .................................................. 13
- Part I - The Time and The Place ............................. 18
  - John Reilly ................................................. 19
- The Heritage .................................................... 29
  - Early Industry ............................................... 29
  - Pre-Revolutionary Struggles ................................ 31
  - The Revolution ............................................... 32
  - Post Revolutionary Days .................................... 34
  - Jacksonian Democracy ....................................... 35
  - Struggle Against Slavery ................................... 37
  - Early Labor Struggles ....................................... 39
- Glen Cowdry ..................................................... 42
- The Industry .................................................... 45
- John Almquist ................................................. 50
- Modern Quincy .................................................. 55
- Gregory Dombros ............................................... 72
- Jock McCann ..................................................... 75
  - Clydeside Unionism ........................................... 76
  - Glasgow Socialists .......................................... 80
  - Quincy ......................................................... 83
  - The Fort River Yard ......................................... 84
  - Early Labor History ......................................... 86
PREFACE

While this study arose in a situation of Industrial Conflict, the primary concern is with the Human Conflict in the industrial context.

The bulk of the thesis, therefore, and the major determinant of direction throughout the study, are the data obtained in the intensive interviews.

To insure the maintainance throughout, of this "human" orientation, the interviews are presented in the body of the thesis itself, and are more-or-less integrated into the discussions immediately surrounding them. The "more-or-less" is a necessary function of the fact that, while we can write of only one factor at a time, no striker could talk in such a restricted manner.

I am indebted to the leaders of Local 5 for their sincere cooperation, and I am especially grateful for having been able to meet and know Mrs. Margaret McGill, "the best damn unionist Quincy has ever known."

M.L. Vogel
TED ROSS*

The Quincy Patriot Ledger on Saturday, September 13, carried a half-page CIO ad featuring the photographs of a dozen Local 5 old timers. The ad carried the caption, "We Worked for Bethlehem for a Total of Four Centuries - now we are working for ourselves by striking - for a better life for each of us. We will go back to work only when the company signs with the union."

Thirty-three of the four hundred years accumulated by the twelve men were contributed by Ted Ross, a small, nervous, diffident Irishman whose union record shows $54.00 in relief payments, eight tours of picket duty, and seniority over 109 of the 272 in his department.

Ted, who is fifty-two years old, lives in his own eight room brick house in Quincy Center, about two miles from the Fore River main gate. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, where, at the age of fifteen, he followed in his father's footsteps by working in the shipyards as a fitter-learner.

*While the facts and events detailed in this and all succeeding case stories are true and accurate, names and other personal references have been changed to insure the anonymity of respondents.
Of the twelve, seven scabbed and the other five would never have gone back - no matter how long the strike lasted.

We worked for Bethlehem a total of almost 4 centuries...

Now we are working for ourselves

By Solidly Striking With Our Union, Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, CIO.

For

- Real Seniority  - Decent Wages  - Job Protection

→ We Will Work for Bethlehem Again ←

When our fellow employees work again under a fair collective bargaining agreement mutually satisfactory to both the company and the union - we spent 400 years working for Bethlehem... And the result was a lockout! We are spending a few weeks working for ourselves and the result will be a better life for each of us.

We will go back to work when the company signs with that union, and so will the other 2300 strikers.

Members Local 5, Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, C.I.O.
In 1914, with the outbreak of the war, Ted came to the United States. With the Fore River Yard then at the start of its war-time boom, he easily got a job as an apprentice machinist. While his mother was reluctant to see Ted go into the shipbuilding industry, she was persuaded by the Apprentice School supervisor, J. N. Larkin (who is now Vice-President of the Bethlehem Steel Co.) that work at the Quincy yard would be safe, profitable, and steady.

As far as Ted Ross is concerned, Bethlehem has delivered on its promises. Says he, "We have no car now - I sold it during the strike - but since I've worked down at the Yard I've bought seven new cars, the first in 1915. I've bought and improved this house. I saved enough so that we managed to ride out the strike without too much trouble. And remember, I've got a growing family - two boys, fifteen and nine - who eat more in a day than some of those old couples eat in a week.

"The company has been good and kind to me always - ever since Mr. Larkin promised my mother he'd take care of me.

"Of course, they can't afford to be too good. Would you, if you were the company? We never had a
union until the Independent came along. The old Representation Plan was a substitute for a union and spoke for the men, but the Independent had too much corruption in it. The delegates were paid by the company, y'know, and I guess they licked themselves. There was all kinds of favoritism in raises and bonuses and contracts. Why, of the ninety delegates over half of them would be at the races all the time. They said they were for the men, but in the main I'd say they worked for the company. Wouldn't you say so?

"Now I believe in unions. I think they're okay at Fore River if their demands aren't too excessive. The CIO came in and really cleaned up the corruption but they've always been too radical.

"Now the CIO got a lot of things done and claimed credit for a lot of things, but I think those things would have come along anyhow. Take vacations. The old Representation Plan used to fight for a week's vacation; they never got it, but it was coming. The CIO put it in the contract and in 1946 I got a two weeks vacation with pay for the first time in thirty years. The CIO claimed credit for it, but it was coming anyways.

"I joined the CIO way back in 1941. I was just
fed up with the Indy's behavior; I think the whole yard was, too. Of course, most of the 14,000 at the yard weren't regular shipbuilders and thought the CIO was a communist union. But they don't think that anymore. The CIO is always busy fighting the reds.

"The CIO men at the yard are 100% interested in the union and for the working man. I work with them and know them. Boyson is a good man. If he had been president we'd all have been back to work sooner. He's a better fighter, talks straight from the heart and is very well liked.

"I joined the CIO on my own, but lots of men were joining at that time.

"I never thought there would be a strike. We had such a beautiful shop, wonderful conditions - everything fine. I was getting $65.00 average and at the time there was nothing doing in the machine shop. They were just holding us and paying us good wages when there was really no work to do. That's why I stick up for the company.

"I'll tell you, there would never have been a strike if they had a secret ballot. It was no time for a strike. But, gosh, out on the hill, if I saw you put up your hand for the strike and you were watching me, I'd hafta put up my hand.
"The day before the strike began my foreman came over while I was greasing my machine getting it ready for the strike, and said, 'This is more serious than these fellows think.' But we all thought it would be over in a few weeks and we'd all go back to work.

"No strike should ever go over three-four weeks, especially where there are kids. They have to keep right on eating, strike or no strike.

"I didn't mind staying out one month. There was work to do around the house and vacation time coming up anyway. I sure was poison around the neighborhood, though. Everyone I met would say, 'You shouldn't have gone out on strike. What did you go out for?' All the merchants were against us - shut off all the credit, and when you'd ask them for anything they'd say, 'Well, your job's waiting for you, why don't you go back to work?'

"Nobody could get any jobs. As soon as you said you worked at Fore River, out you went. I tried to lie a few times, but I couldn't do it. You can be sure that anyone who got jobs got it through knowing somebody, through pull. But I've got no pull. Wherever I'd look for a job I'd get the same story. 'What did you want to strike for. There's no work down there now. Now's no time to strike.'
"I sold my car, a '36 Chevvie, for $350 and cashed in my war bonds, $1400 worth, to pay my bills. I'd had a $700 job done on the house in May. I bet I was putting out double what these families with no youngsters were spending. I went to the bank to get a loan on my house. I told the man what I wanted and he said, 'Yes, that's what I'm here for.' When I told him I worked at Fore River, he said it was too bad but he had to refuse. 'Your best bet is to go back to work before they close down the yard,' he says.

"The CIO tried to help those who were bad off. I heard of cases where they paid rent, coal, oil, and even paid doctor bills for a birth. We didn't need it real bad but I got some little help from the union. Some food, oil, and money. It was coming in, I figured, so I might as well get some of it. My wife was disgusted. She considered it charity and said that I should go back to work before taking charity, but I didn't want to go back until the strike was over.

"I did a lot of picketing at first. Before they got the injunction there were about twenty men to each gate in four hour shifts, about one hundred men to every gate each day. I took the six A. M. shift to get out of the house and keep in practice getting up in the morning. Spent a lot of time around the CIO
hall to find out what was going on. I wanted to watch those guys. There was so much money and everything coming in I knew someone must be getting something out of it; that's why the strike just went on. That place was a madhouse. Everybody would have a streak of despondency once in a while. Then the 'phone would ring and McGonnigal would yell out, 'Quiet everyone, this is a call from New York' or Washington. And we'd all sorta hold our breath and watch and wait for him to tell us what it was all about. And then he'd hang up and walk away whispering in the ear of one of the officers without anybody knowing what was going on. You can be sure nobody liked that much.

"The company was so persistent in saying 'no' to everything that the CIO asked for. They were right in one thing, though. They wanted some exceptions to the seniority clause so that the company could keep some of the better workers. There was a crackerjack mechanic in the shop who was lined up for a lay-off. He had only twelve years seniority. The foreman went up to the front office to keep the man but was told he couldn't. He sure was a crackerjack machinist and did such good, fast, accurate work on the planes but they hadda lay him off, and some old deadhead who could hardly do the job took his place.
"Now the company can keep the good men out of seniority; Bethlehem held out for that provision in the contract.

"The CIO used to say that Bethlehem considered it a sin for a man to grow old, but I went to an Old Timers meeting and Mr. Larkin asked me if I knew of any old timer who had gotten a rotten deal from the company and I thought and had to admit I didn't.

Wekeman was there, too, and said, 'This is not a lock-out. Your jobs are waiting for you. Come back and take them.'

"There were some of the men who went back as soon as they could. Some who had never joined the union were back after two weeks.

"To offset any feelings of going in, the CIO held meetings and spread rumors of settlements. You'd always hear, 'We expect such and such by tomorrow and then it will be all over.' But nothing was ever settled and the neighbors would just sneer and jeer at you. No sympathy at all.

"Now I wouldn't call myself a strikebreaker. I never would have gone back, but, well, this Wednesday night I'd stayed late down at the union hall with my friend Billy Campbell, So this Thursday morning about three weeks before the end of the strike I'm sleeping
late when I hear the dog barking and then my wife calls, 'Ted, there's two men down here to see you.' I came down and sat here and Mr. Perry, my foreman, sat right where you're sitting and first thing he says is, 'Ross, we want you back at work.' And then my wife jumps in and this other foreman, too. I tried to put him off — till Monday at least. I thought if I just got him out of the house I'd be okay and I wouldn't have to go, but he forced me to go right then and there. We went in his car and on the way over I warned him, 'Mr. Perry, I'll do my own job but don't expect me to touch a single tool or work or machine of any other man. I'm just taking my own job back.'

"I don't even know who was on the picket line when we drove through the gates. I sorta crouched down and pulled my hat down over my eyes so I couldn't see anybody.

"When I got to the shop I was surprised to see that there were fifty-two men already back in my department. Jim had said he knew for a fact that only nine were back, but here I could count fifty-two. Jim lied about this and he probably lied about a lot of other things, too, like negotiations and such.

"Maybe half of the men who were back were old timers."
"They were afraid the company would rehire just so many and then leave them out in the cold. We were all pretty much up against it, couldn't get unemployment insurance, couldn't get other jobs, couldn't get any sympathy, and the cold weather coming on. There were very few really first class mechanics back, and practically none of the Scotch or English people. I guess a picket line is kinda sacred to them.

"Some of the fellows were pretty happy about what they'd done but I felt like there was some sort of blemish on me and wondered if I'd ever be able to live it down. I was the only one in my gang of five who were back that had kids. I'm sure it must have cost me at least twice as much to live as the rest of them what with the kids and all. I'm sure they must have saved up something during the war; they didn't have to come back. My boss, Mr. Almquist, hadn't come back yet so there wasn't much to do but for as long as I was there I never touched a single machine or tool of any of the men still out on that picket line. My heart bled for them because I knew how desperate and scared some of them were getting.

"The night of the first day I went in, Thursday, I called up my friend Billy and told him, 'Please
don't look down on me, Billy, but I had to go in today.'

"Well, hell, Ted," he said, "I went in myself this morning. I didn't intend to, was just sorta kidding around with the pickets pretending I was going in and them they began to get tough about it and I got pretty damned mad. So I just turned around and walked right in and I'm darned glad for it.'

"We worked all that weekend and them on Monday when one of the other fellows called to pick me up I didn't feel so good so I stayed out sick for a few days until Mr. Perry came and forced me to go back with him.

"When the strike was over quite a few of the men wouldn't talk to me but who cares. Boyson is still a sorehead but George Mortimer, the CIO secretary, talked to me the first day and said he was wondering about what the strikebreakers were going to do to the union and now what the union was going to do to the strikebreakers. There was a lot of talk of big fines we would have to pay to the CIO and lots of the men sent in their resignations to the CIO. But, well, I didn't. They had stripped me of all my funds and led us like sheep to the slaughter. You can be sure that if there's another strike I'll be back inside of one week."
"And all I had done was take my own job back and didn't touch a thing of anybody else's. We should have worked right through the negotiations and saved all that grief and money.

"I remember as we drove through the picket lines I thought, 'Those fellows probably need the money as bad as I do. God help them to do the right thing. God help me if I'm doing wrong."
Did y'ever notice that scabs are always running away - but nobody's ever chasing them?"

Ted Ross and Billy Campbell
INTRODUCTION
Most of us, most of the time, live off the "top of our heads" - "off the cuff."

We meet the daily problems; we make ends meet; we love and hate and die; on what is usually a mentally superficial plane. Most of the situations thrust at all of us by our ever dynamic environment we easily, often automatically, solve on the attitudinal level. As we meet more and more concrete situations we develop habitual patterns of evaluation. We rarely have the time, or interest, to question the attitudes we hold. So long as they lead us to evaluations which seem not overly contradictory, we remain satisfied and complacent.

Sometimes, however, we are subjected to an experience which is entirely new. We have no specific attitude we can fall back on. No easy rationalization presents itself. To meet the situation we must dig, crash through our habit patterns, go beyond our attitudes.

To make a decision, to answer the question "Which side are you on?", we are compelled to reconstruct and conceptualize our basic frames of reference; our standards of judgement. We must drag into our consciousness the values and assumptions we have always taken for granted. We must unearth the premises which have become a part of us.
The five month Fore River Shipyard strike was such an experience to many of the twenty-four hundred workers at Bethlehem's Quincy Yard. From the day the strike started, June 26, 1947 to November 10, when it ended, the challenge was continually hurled at the shipbuilders "Are you with us - or against us. You must decide now." As each passing day brought its effects and influences to bear on the men, decisions were made and remade, withdrawn, postponed, and reasserted.

This thesis will attempt to examine the manner in which some of the strikers met, or dodged, the challenge.

Ideally, this would be a study in the motivations of the men as they declared for the union - or for the company - or neither. Evidently, however, it is impossible to derive, even for one man, a rigorous knowledge of his motivations without a complete case history of the individual. Rarely will even this be sufficient. To know the real origins of the present drives of the individual worker in an area of such personal conflict and high ego-involvement as this strike, it would probably be necessary to make a complete personality study of the man, such as a psychonalyst might conduct.

Obviously, with the inevitable time-lag and the inadequate interviewing facilities, this was not possible. However, within the limits mentioned, it was possible to discover some of the principal variables and mechanisms in operation in this (to many strikers) traumatic experience.
The psychologist* contends that so intermeshed are the factors of environment and personality that an exhaustive study of any one individual in a culture of society can, in principle, completely define and describe the social structure of which he is a part. The integration of the differential of society (the individual) yields the picture of the total society.

Since this too was obviously impossible of accomplishment, the innerse operation was attempted. To fill out the inadequate (for deterministic analysis) story of the individual, the society and background in which he is operating and by which he has been effected, are detailed. Thus, by differentiating the total picture, it was hoped to approach and approximate some idea of the differential - the individual.

In practical terms of procedure and technique, this meant that as much corroborative data as could be reached was collected to buttress, complement or refute facts and impressions gained from the intensive two to three hour interviews with, in the main, randomly selected individuals. Certain representative people were also interviewed on a less intensive basis on topics concerning background, history, social organization and sentiments.

To the extent that it seemed to impinge and effect the individual striker in his behavior, the history and

*Erich Fromm - Man For Himself
social structure of Quincy; the problem of the shipbuilding industry and the Fore River yard; the story of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, CIO, and Local 5; and a chronological report and discussion of the strike are herein recorded.

To that extent is this thesis a single study. Organizationally, however, it falls into two distinct parts:

I. "The Time and the Place -"

II. " - and the People"
Part I - The Time and Place
I once had my fortune told. "Work or starve" - that's my fortune. I'm fifty years old and that's always been my fortune.

The erectors work in gangs of four - no, five, I guess. There'll be four of us riggers putting the plate into place and one crane operator. The craneman is supposed to be part of the gang, but he isn't really. The different gangs seldom get together; we build a hut on the hull where we meet and get our contracts, but the gangs keep separate pretty much of the time. Within the gang we get along fine; we've never had any trouble because we can't afford it. In the erection gang every man's life depends on the next fellow. You have to keep thinking of the other fellow all the time or accidents will happen.

We had a good safety committee working but during the war these barbers and shoesalesmen came into the yard and there were a lot of accidents.

It's dangerous enough work as it is, but, on top of that, they always like to start the boats in the winter. So in the snow and sleet and ice, you've got an open boat to work on and in the summer when it's sunny and dry, and it might be pleasant to work outside, well, then your work is inside where it's like a furnace. I think I'd go crazy working in an office or shop all day; I'd rather be outside.
They say they have to start the boats in the winter because then the metal is all contracted and it's better to weld. Most shipbuilders prefer riveted ships; it's only the scientists that like the welded ships. Welding cost the jobs of an awful lot of good men down at the yard. Why one welder probably takes the place of three or four men in the riveting gang; there's the riveter and the holder-on, the passer-boy and the heater-boy. If one welder replaces three gangs, that's one taking the place of twelve men. That's why labor doesn't like welded ships.

The company's always been fair and square to me. You hear lots of talk about how cruel and unfair they are; that they don't care how good a job you do as much as who you know and what clubs you belong to. But I've been there for twenty-seven years now and while at one time it as much as cost your job to breath a word against the boss and you couldn't call your life your own, well, now that's pretty much stopped. Sure there was some discrimination, but that's just human nature. I'd say that those fellows who are always hollering against the company are just a bunch of crybabies - soreheads.

One thing, though - this Bill Collins who just died in Texas. He was Vice-President of Bethlehem Steel and used to be General Manager here at Fore River. Now he was a man who was well-liked by everybody. He was never a bully. He never felt his job; you could come in at any time with your troubles and talk to him. He had a smile for everyone, white-collar or grease-face alike, and the
men would really work for him. He was like Eisenhower, but this Sammy Wakeman who's there now - he's like MacArthur. Just frowns and scowls at everyone. There would never have been a strike if Collins was here. Sam's father, Wiley, was another good man.

Nobody wants a strike - everybody gets hurt in a strike. I guess it's only the soreheads and the communists that want strikes.

I was just listening to Fulton Lewis and he was saying how the PAC is full of communists. They like to come into unions and spoil them. They make trouble for everyone. I believe in doing a good day's work. I like my job and I want to get a good day's pay for my work. But the communists, they want to get something for nothing. They always talk as if the Government owed you a living. They can't ever be fair - never had a good word to say for the company. They just knocked it all the time.

I'll tell you that's what kept me out of the union. This organizer they sent here, Lucien Koch, he was a red right in with Stalin. There were any number of reds around and they were so brazen. Come right into your house and talk their communistic stuff. The men in the yard wouldn't join the CIO because they were scared it was full of reds and they had the feeling that communists just couldn't be trusted - in unions or anywhere else. Everyone thought the CIO meant communists and communists meant strikes. The reason the CIO lost the 1941 election was that
the miners went out on strike the day of the election; we'd never had a strike here and nobody ever wanted one.

Take the strike we just had. There was nothing to strike over. The yard was on the downgrade and everyone knew it. If there had been a secret ballot there would have been no strike, but as it was, well, it was against my better judgement but everyone else voted to strike so I did. I knew then it would be a long strike. The company just couldn't afford to give in at that time. It sure was the wrong time for a strike, but the way we heard it, negotiations had been going on for months and all the company knew how to say was "no."

Well, once the strike was on, I was a striker. Things started getting bad after the first month but then I got a job house painting through a friend of mine. During the war most of the older men were able to save something in bonds. They really used to overwork themselves, not for the money alone, but making warships was putting ships under the feet of our boys and those men put their heart and soul into it.

But all my big money went into this here house. We bought it right after we were married in the boom year of 1928. It's a former government house and we took a terrible licking on it. Then, besides that, we have two youngsters, both at the St. Joseph's Parochial School up the street, and the old folks, too. That's seven in all
that I'm supporting.

I'd say that most of the old timers were in a better financial position than we were. We had all kinds of medical bills, hayfever shots and all. Jobs all over seemed to be on the downgrade. Carpenters and painters and plumbers didn't have much trouble getting jobs, but others, like machinists, could get jobs only if they knew somebody. Other places just wouldn't hire strikers. I guess Bethlehem put pressure on them - big business sticks together; they've got a union, too.

The company had everybody behind them and they did some pretty bad things. Like Wakeman taking those steel shipments out and getting the police to help him. In the dead of night and on the Lord's day, too.

Then that injunction. The first judge was fair to the union and wouldn't do it, so they got another biased judge to issue the injunction. The papers never said anything about the strike until the men started to come back. The men had the whole world against them. The storekeepers, places you'd done business in for years and years, when you ask for credit they'd say "So and so went back to work - did you know?" They never gave a cent's credit.

I never knew there were men going back till I read it in the papers. I used to go down to the hall about three times a week until I started painting - then I couldn't go anymore.
After a while I started getting calls from my bosses. They'd say "There are so many in now; how about you." And then the Independent started spreading the rumor that the company would take only 800 men back and then they'd close the gates. I don't think the company had anything to do with that.

I used to think about my going back and even talked about it with the painters I was working with. But I knew all along I was just kidding myself. I'd try to get myself sore at the union, mad enough so I could go back through the pickets. But I knew all along that I could never do it. Maybe if I didn't have any children I could do it; I know for sure that I didn't want my son to be known as the son of a "scab", a man who had sold out his fellow workers. After all, "Union is Unity", I've always known that. A scab is the lowest kind of man in the world. I guess I'm just the kind of guy who, if I never got a job, I could never scab.

Lucky for me, my wife feels the same way about it. Even stronger, I think. I'm from Canada but she was brought up in Lowell, a mill city, where the unions had to fight so hard to get anywhere that the men just had to stick together. She took a job as a nurse. I think she would rather work and support me and the family for the rest of her life than have me go in and be a strikebreaker. A lot of men weren't as lucky as me; their wives were always after them to go back.
I certainly didn't think much of the men who went in but on the other hand, I didn't call them "scabs." After all, they weren't taking anyone else's job - they were only taking their own back.

I do feel, though, that if all the men had stayed out the settlement would have been better than it was. Maybe we should have tried to keep them from going in, but they're a bunch of good men at the yard and nobody wanted to start any rough stuff. Besides, we thought it that's the kind of people they are, there's nothing you can do about it. Anyway, there was hardly anybody in until they read that hundreds were back at Baltimore.

I really believe, though, that the company, deep down, had more respect for the man who stuck it out than for the scab. After all, any man who would double-cross his union would double-cross his company if he got the chance.

It was hard; there were rough times. Men lost their savings and their homes. But it seemed to me that the ones who went back weren't as hard up as some others who stayed out all the way. Those who were hard up got help from the union. They never turned anyone down. We got a ten dollar food order a few days before the end of the strike and it helped a lot. Of course, the chances are that a few of the men abused the relief but on the whole, nobody wanted to ask for it; you wanted to leave what was there for those who needed it more than you did, those with really large families or sickness.
The union did the best it could. Everybody’s hollering at Jim now. They forget how hard he worked. Lots of times he never went home at all. He had a danged hard job, and had a baby coming at the same time.

Boyson couldn’t have done a better job. He just about lived down at the union hall, too. I can’t see why men want union jobs.

Ever since the Representation Plan went floolie, when there was all that unrest in 1933 (I was laid off for eighteen months then) the men have been trying to get some security. The company union men couldn’t, or rather they wouldn’t, represent the men. They were too busy at the beach and the horse races.

Under the Representation Plan, when the man had a grievance, the delegate would talk it over with the foreman and that’s all there ever was to it. The men wanted a real union where these grievances are brought up to the union hall and everybody discusses it and then the strength of the whole union is put up to get what’s right for one man. The men want to be fair. They want to be fair to the company and they want the company to be fair to them. They sometimes bawl out a man on the job who isn’t doing his work right or good enough. The men see it even before the bosses do. Local 5 is a democratic union; everyone can say his piece and I’d have joined a long time ago if it weren’t for the communists in the union. By the time the first contract was signed, in 1946, the reds had
been laid off and I joined. I never did go to many meet-
ings, though. My department joined 100%.

We had seven out of twenty-eight who scabbed. Three
of them were cranemen and the other four were in one gang.
This gang-leader, Kirby Orr, was the one who led a back
to work movement. Funny thing, though, the craneman for
Kirby's gang never did scab.

The fellows in Local 5 may be good union men but they
sure made a mistake in calling that strike. There's no
sense for anyone to strike now. It's just like a cat
chasing his tail. First there's higher wages, then higher
prices; the working man gets nowhere. He doesn't get a
chance to save any money, and you'll see, this whole thing
will end up with a depression.

You'd think that the men in government would know and
would do something to bring prices down. Under rationing,
at least, you could get some of the things you needed.
You can't buy anything now - meat, butter, milk, eggs.

It's just that the politicians don't care about the
working people. They sell them out all the time. The
vets are sure getting a bad deal, too. During the war we
could turn out thousands of ships overnight, but we can't
build houses for people. It's a disgrace.

These politicians think they're so superior. Like
Bradford, a member of the aristocracy. They've got their
union and they look out for themselves. Republicans were
never known to be for labor anyhow.
You know, our own national policy is creating communism right here. It's only the peoples' background and religion that keep them from turning communistic. Look at this Third Party now - put up by the reds. They just make it harder for decent unions to do anything.

The contract we have now isn't very good but it's a contract for two years - protection for two years. If not for the CIO there would be nothing to keep Bethlehem from paying us eighty cents an hour or even fifty cents, like they did during the depression.

That was a horrible thing the depression, horrible. It's unthinkable, intolerable, that men should have no work, that vets should have no houses. It's wrong for people to go without. Any man who is willing to do a day's work should get decent housing, food, security, and some comforts, too.
"IN THIS HISTORIC CITY STILL FLOWS THAT COURAGE AND
SPIRIT THAT MARK ANOTHER GLORIOUS CHAPTER DESTINED TO
ENDURE WITH THOSE EARLY TRADITIONS SO NOBLY UPHELD IN THE
PAST."

So reads the memorial in Quincy Center, dedicated to
more than seven thousand Quincy citizens who upheld the
progressive traditions of their historic city in the last
war of national liberation.

Early Industry

Ever since its founding in 1634 the history of Quincy
has been inextricably bound with the continuing fight for
freedom and the growth of the nation's maritime and ship-
building industry.

So enmeshed were the two twin interests of the early
colonies that even then the shipbuilding interests were
accorded a special place before the law. Shortly after
"The Blessing of the Bay", the first large ship (35 tons
burden), built in Massachusetts, was launched at Goose
Point, Hingham on July 4, 1631, the General Court ordered
that all ships used in fisheries be freed from taxes
and duties for seven years and that all ship carpenters
be exempted from military duty.

The General Court Act of 1641 read:

Whereas the country is now in hand with the building
of ships, which is a business of great importance for the common good and therefore suitable care is to be taken that is be well performed -: It is therefore ordered that when any ship is to be built within this jurisdiction the owner shall appoint and put in some able man to survey the work and workmen. -

Three years later the Court further urged that a shipbuilding cooperative be started for the betterment of the industry. All concerned with shipbuilding - artisans who fashioned the plank, merchants who supplied the material, seamen - all became equal owners of the enterprise.

Since, even in the 1650's, the industry was plagued with the problems of labor scarcity and the tendencies of workmen to shift from yard to yard, Alexander Adams, a master craftsman, set up a stabilizing program for the training of apprentices.

In order to supply labor for the iron works, one of Quincy's first industries, some 270 Scoth prisoners of war, captured by Cromwell at Dunbar, were sent to America. After gaining their freedom, these Scotch workers stayed to form the first cohesive group of Scotsman in the New World, the nucleus of the large Scotch population in Quincy today.
Pre-Revolutionary Struggles

Among the early settlers of Quincy were American's first radicals - Edmund Quincy, Ann Hutchinson, Harry Vane, Reverend Wheelright, and William Goddington. Hating oppression and intolerance, these colonists organized the first struggle for freedom of expression in the New World. They found intolerable the methods and ideals of Governor Winthrop and his small ruling clique of Puritan Church leaders, who, claiming that were God's chosen rulers, sponsored the same type of Church-State dictatorship in Massachusetts as the settlers had fled from in Europe.

Particularly did Ann Hutchinson, pioneering for basic rights for women, resent the dictate from Governor Winthrop: "women belong solely in the household and have no rights to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger." Taking her place among the revolutionists fighting the Hitlerism of their time, Ann Hutchinson became the object of abuse and ridicule for her "UnAmerican activities."

Her actions in organizing the first women's club in America led the church leaders to drive all "heretics" and "radicals" out of the Quincy settlement. They fled to Rhode Island where, in one savage Indian attack, most of them were wiped out. Goddington survived to become
Rhode Island's first Governor. Sir Harry Vane, the internationalist, badly wounded and discouraged, left the colonies to join his friend Oliver Cromwell in London. When Cromwell was overthrown and the monarchy re-established Vane was beheaded for his revolutionary activities. He was later immortalized in a poem by Milton.

Massachusetts missed a great destiny when the freedom loving intellectuals of Quincy were forced to leave the colony; however the ideas of these pioneers of freedom had become deeply rooted in the farmers and craftsmen of the town and were shortly to bear fruit.

The Revolution

It was during America's struggle for Independence that Quincy made its outstanding contributions. Who will ever forget John Hancock whose bold signature on the Declaration of Independence was penned "big enough for all foreign tyrants to see without their spectacles." Hancock was a college educated wealthy merchant who placed his national interests above his class interests, to ally himself with the farmers and artisans of New England.

If John Adams had died the day after the Declaration of Independence, he would have had a permanent place among the immortals of the American Revolution. As he became older, Adams lost his flaming rebellious ideas, reverting to reaction. The principal proof of his reaction was the
signing of the infamous Alien and Sedition Laws, which were aimed at silencing the Jeffersonian Democratic Clubs and curbing the growing friendship of the American people with the French and Irish revolutionists who were seeking refuge in this nation. Adams wrote the "Discourses of Davilla", one of the most savage attacks on democracy which he had grown to hate. Thomas Paine's writings were spoiled for him; they were "too democratical". Fourteen years after his retirement Adams wrote from his library in Quincy to John Taylor, the following:

"Remember, Democracy never lives long. It soon wastes, exhausts and murders itself. There never was a democracy that never committed suicide." John Adams' distrust of the masses led him to believe that the common citizens of Quincy were "insensible to the common joy" of each victory toward independence. True, the Tories had captured leading positions in the town, but in June 1777 the mounting resentment against the Tories reached the boiling point and at a town hall meeting the citizens drew up a list of "dangerous tories". Later the two most powerful traitors, Pastor Winslow of the local Church of England and the notorious Samuel Quincy, men of special privilege and high position, were driven out of the colonies. Quincy gave hundreds of its youth to the armed forces of the Revolution; its local militia fought pitched battles on Moon Island and Germantown with British warboats
which attempted landings.

Post War Revolutionary Days

The Post War period brought inflation to the hard pressed farmers of New England through the greedy actions of profiteering bankers of Boston who printed worthless money, ("not worth a Continental"), increased prices of necessary commodities, and hastily grabbed away farms from their debt ridden occupants. This led to the famous "Shay's Rebellion" of western Massachusetts where the persecuted, hungry farmers revolted and fought with the State militia until outnumbered, they were crushed. Feeling the same poverty, the common people of Quincy displayed their sympathy with the victims of Shay's Rebellion in a stormy town hall meeting at which Azariah Faxon won support for his immortal manifesto. The Faxon manifesto, later to be called "communistic" by conservative historians, warned the General Court to fight for a program taxing the wealthy, lowering the salaries of bureaucrats and stopping the arbitrary power of the landlord attorneys to ruthlessly seize the peoples' lands for debts. While deploring the violence in the Western part of the State, the resolution instructed their representatives to work for the adopted program and promising them "their names would shine brighter in the annals of America by preserving the invaluable liberties of their own people than if they were to carry the Terror
of their Arms to the Gibraltar."

Unlike his father, John Quincy Adams became more progressive as he grew older. In his youth John Quincy Adams tolled the Federalist Party during their treasonable appeasing of England at a time when the British navy was interfering with America's freedom of the seas. Adams aroused the wrath of the Federalists when he supported a Jeffersonian rally at Faneuil Hall to protest Britain's treatment. His most creditable work was his magnificent and victorious fight for the right to petition Congress. The Southern slave owning bloc applied the "gag law" to him until he mustered enough strength to defeat them. This early battle against slavery led by the younger Adams paved the way for future abolitionists to achieve victory.

Quincy's contribution in the 2nd war for Independence (1812) was felt despite the treasonable activities of the "Fifth Column" of that day who controlled the commonwealth - the powerful shipowning merchants who advocated "appeasement" of Britain.

Jacksonian Democracy

With the failure of the West Quincy hills to yield enough iron ore to support the Iron Works, Quincy's industrial interests began to center on shipbuilding. In 1755 the industry was encouraged and assisted to expand by a vote in the town meeting. By 1789 a Quincy
Point yard launched the "Massachusetts", the largest U.S. merchant vessel, into the Fore River.

On the sandy shores of what is now called Germantown a German colony founded a glass works.

In 1752 Kings Chapel in Boston was built with Quincy granite. The sudden demand so frightened the town fathers that, fearing the supply of rock would give out, they passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of Quincy granite for outside purposes. But the town of Quincy underwent a metamorphosis when in 1826 the Granite Railroad Quarry was tapped to find stone to build Bunker Hill Monument. (The horse-drawn eight wheeled cars which carried the granite blocks from South Quincy to Neponset wharf was America's first railroad.)

The granite industry had till then been carried on by local settlers. But the superior quality of the stone unearthed demanded first class workmen and a call was sent out for an ever increasing number of craftsmen from Aberdeen, Scotland, then one of the leading granite centers of the world.

New quarries were opened and in 1837 there were more than five hundred workers employed in Quincy's granite industry. These workers brought a new spirit to Quincy politics. It was this new democratic spirit nationally that brought about the election of Andrew Jackson as President, that also on a smaller scale drove
out of office the local reactionary town hall moderator, Thomas Greenleaf. Frightened that they might lose their powerful grip on the political control of the nation, powerful business interests organized one of the most disgraceful movements in America's history.

It was officially sponsored by an organization known as the "American Party", but became known as the "Know Nothing" movement because of its members who plotted their campaigns "undercover." It attracted a large section of the native born population and was aimed at the foreign born workers, principally the Irish and the Catholics. These poison peddlers, setting the too-familiar pattern, forged stories like "Maria Monk" smearing Catholicism and attempting to convince the "loyal Americans" that the Pope and his followers were seeking control of America.

This anti-Irish crusade hit Quincy hard and for several years the local purveyors of filthy bigotry managed to divide worker from worker. Anti-Catholicism continued until the election of Abraham Lincoln as President, when the burning issue of slavery united the people of Quincy again.

Struggle Against Slavery

Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, was one of the few members of her sex in the Revolutionary days who received enough education to write and read well. More democratic than her husband, Abigail had high praise for
Tom Paine's "Common Sense" and was a passionate believer in equal rights for women. In her diary is the following denunciation of slavery:

"I wish there were not a slave in the province; it always seemed to me a most iniquitous scheme to fight for ourselves, for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have."

As early as March 1775 the town hall meeting in Quincy passed a resolution forbidding the citizens to purchase or import slaves and refusing to sell any commodities to anyone engaged in the slave trade. Following the traditions of Abigail and John Quincy Adams, another member of that family, Charles Francis Adams, made an outstanding fight against slavery while acting as Lincoln's ambassador to London. The greatest assistance that Ambassador Adams received in England to keep Britain from actively collaborating with the Confederacy against the North in the Civil War was from the British workers who mobilized against their nation's pro-slavery policy and extended the hand of friendship to American workers in their struggle against slavery. The British workers' demonstrations and strikes that aided Mr. Adams' policy of keeping Britain neutral were organized by Karl Marx and the First International.

Quincy during the Civil War became wild with patriotic ardor, self-sacrifice and heroism were the order of the day. Nearly a thousand of its citizens participated in the war on the Union side.
Following the Civil War, Charles Francis Adams as Mayor of Quincy introduced a radical reform in the local school system. Adams brought Col. Francis W. Parker, a Union war hero, to Quincy as Superintendent of Schools. Parker's system of teaching appealed to the reasoning of the pupil, abolished the inhuman punishments given backward children such as whippings, beatings, and various means of torture. Quincy became a center of advanced teaching methods and educators visited the city to study Parker's successful system.

Early Labor Struggles

Immediately after the Civil War, there were great hardships for the working people of America. Inflation between 1860 and 1865 increased the price of butter from 8¢ a lb. to 52¢, potatoes from $1.00 to $6.50 a bushel, and sugar from 5¢ to 22¢ a lb. Northern manufacturers now had complete control of government and began an unrestrained exploitation of the continent, looting the public land by railroads and beginning the first monopolies. The labor movement in the North grew in leaps and bounds to fight against the intolerable conditions, starvation wages, and long hours. The Knights of Labor preceded the American Federation of Labor. It began as a secret organization in 1869 by garment cutters in Philadelphia. At the 1884 Convention of the AFL, a resolution was passed to work for an eight-hour day after May 1, 1886. On this historic May Day began one of the bloodiest class
struggles in America that resulted in a wave of reaction, frame-ups, and the beginnings of "red-baiting."

Quincy was not immune from these class struggles. In 1887 a branch of Knights of Labor was formed in the quarry district of West Quincy which organized demonstrations and strikes on May Day of that year for the national eight hour day struggle. Earlier in that year, the Knights and their many allies among Quincy's working class population, organized a delegation to the annual town hall meeting where they succeeded in passing articles increasing the pay of the town's employees from $1.50 a day to $2.00 and cutting hours from ten to nine a day. Old John Quincy Adams II, town hall moderator, wrote the following in his diary:

"A new power was to make itself felt....for a solid phalanx of men, young, earnest, and very energetic, but of a different type of bearing and face from the old attendant of meetings, crowded the benches."

The conservative Board of Selectmen obstinately refused to recognize the vote to improve the conditions of the town workers calling it a "robbery of treasury and taxpayer." So the labor organization again organized their members and friends to attend the next town hall meeting in 1888. A tremendous crowd overflowed the town hall and the meeting was transferred to the larger "Coliseum", a large wooden barracks, where the Board of
Selectmen were forced to reverse their former decision and obey the will of the majority.

The town hall meeting, now cried the town fathers, had outlived its usefulness. It had become too alive and democratic, so after toying with the idea of a city charter for some time, the town hall form of government was abolished and Quincy became a city in 1889.

At the turn of the century even greater labor struggles began to take place, principally among the crafts of the American Federation of Labor. In 1902 the Quincy Central Labor Union was formed. The International Granite Cutters Union began in Quincy and fought many bitter struggles to achieve its closed shop and win a higher standard of living for its Italian, Scotch, Finnish, and other workers. While Granite had brought wealth to some of the city's manufacturers, it also brought death to many of the granite cutters. Premature death and ill health came to Quincy's granite cutters in the form of "silicosis", now called "stonecutters' consumption." It took many years and many lives before the Granite Cutters Union won legislation forcing employers to provide preventative measures for their employees.
GLEN COWDRY

Glen Cowdry wears an identification badge bearing the initials "YB". To the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation "YB" means the maintenance Department. To Glen Cowdry "YB" means "Yard Burn".

This slight, nervously aggressive Irishman presents a front which is highly defiant, blunt, and self-righteous. But it is only a front to cover up a timid and frightened personality. Mrs. Cowdry and their GI son, however, make no pretense of covering up their acute sense of fear. Fear of saying anything which might antagonize anyone.

"Well," said Glen, with his arms folded across his chest, "that damned union and its strike cost me my house - we had to move into this lousy shack."

"It wasn't the strike that made us sell and you know it," screamed Mrs. Cowdry. "I swear I'll go crazy if I have to stay here much longer. Here out in Roughs Neck, the worst and slummiest part of Quincy, in this stinking chicken coop over the wop's diner. I swear I'll go crazy. What do you wanna do, lose your job? Get in trouble with the CIO? Why don't you shut up! You don't know anything about it."
"Fore River's always used me right", continued Glen. "I've no complaints. Maybe there should be a union - I don't know - but the Independent was just as good as the CIO. Do you know - some years back the AFL said the CIO was communistic. It's hard to tell who are the communists down here but the communists always cause strikes - don't they? - and we just had a strike - didn't we? - never had a strike before the CIO came in. There must be communists in that union, the way they act!"

"Glen, for God's sake, you don't know anything - will you shut up! You don't have nothing to say."

"Y'know, the company had a better seniority than the union. The Fore River would transfer a man from one department to another when he got too old to do his job. That way at least he keeps working and money keeps coming in. Of course it would be better if he got some kind of supervisor's job - what with all the knowledge he has of how to do the job better and faster. Instead they put him on sweeping or stuff like that. But with the CIO seniority, if a man gets too old to do his job, out he goes and the CIO doesn't care if he goes on the welfare. They don't support him. They don't care."
"Y'know, I wouldn't take a cent of that CIO relief - I paid enough into it - but I wouldn't touch a cent of their money. Besides, they're making all the men pay it back to the union. The company helped out some, sent wood and such to the homes of the men who went back to work."

"What do you know about that - for God's sake - you don't know nothing about it. Who do you know had to pay back the CIO? How come we never got nothing from the company? I'll go crazy in this place, I swear. Maybe I am already."

"One thing about this place, when there's a high tide and east wind we don't hafta worry about getting flooded like we did in the old place. I went back before the end of the strike, y'know, and resigned too. The CIO people were just a bunch of liars. One thing after another. Just tried to keep the strike going. First it was the rates - that was settled; then they yelled seniority; then stayed out for some little scrap yard - as if scrap yards had anything to do with shipbuilding."
THE INDUSTRY

Not even a feeble approach to the problem of understanding the motivations of the Fore River shipyard workers can be made without some comprehension of the unique and almost insane nature of their industry and their company. When it is realized how tremendous has been the impact, on the industrial workers, of seeing nineteen workers leave Bethlehem Quincy and Hingham yards since 1943 for every man that stayed, then some important insight into his psychology has been gained.

Dizzy alternation between feast and famine has been the rule, not the exception of shipbuilding in the United States. Lush war periods have been invariably followed by years of starvation and cutthroat bidding. These conditions, while typical for all repair and conversion yards, reach their extreme in new-construction yards such as the Fore River yard.

At four different times, during the working history of many of the men now at the yard, the Fore River Yard has been the only private new-construction yard open on the East Coast. Despite continuous threats and rumors to the contrary, the Fore River Yard has never closed down. On two occasions only the machinists, working on non-ship production, kept the yard open.

A few employment figures garnered from the Quincy Patriot Ledger will serve to underline the unstable nature of the yard.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Approx. No. Employed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>January 1916</td>
<td>4,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 1916</td>
<td>9,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918</td>
<td>18,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>15,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>6,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 1922</td>
<td>3,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 1922</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 1922</td>
<td>1,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>3,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>1,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>6,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 1933</td>
<td>650</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 1933</td>
<td>1,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 1934</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 1934</td>
<td>3,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 1935</td>
<td>5,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>4,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>3,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>6,700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December 1940</td>
<td>10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 1941</td>
<td>14,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 1943</td>
<td>31,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 1945</td>
<td>17,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 1946</td>
<td>11,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 1946</td>
<td>8,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December 1946</td>
<td>5,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 1947</td>
<td>2,400</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
There are journeymen in thirty separate and apprenticeable crafts working in Fore River's many shops. They work in the machine shop, fitting line shafts, turning bucket blades, balancing turbine rotors, and fabricating and finishing off a myriad of small fittings; the plate shop where they shape the ribs and plates which form the hull, together with the parts which are assembled into boilers, condensers, etc.; the sheet metal shop where the "tin-knockers" cut and weld ventilators and ducts; the blacksmith shop where hinges, and bolts, and pipe hangers; the pipe shop; the galvanizing shop; the coppersmith shop; the pattern shop; the mold-loft; and the foundry. Other trades work on the ship. Among them the gas and arc welders, the "smoke-eaters"; the chippers and caulkers; the ship-fitters; holters; reamers; riveters; drillers; riggers; carpenters; and high above them all, the cranemen.

While the yard equipment represents a tremendous capital investment, what with its cranes, trucks, tractors, drydocks, etc., the investment is ridiculously low when compared to the capital investment in a typical automotive plant employing a comparable number of men. When this is considered, it is apparent that a shipyard has very little to sell but the know-how of its workers. Forty percent of the cost of the finished ship are labor costs.

Following the nineteenth century shipping boom, American shipping companies engaged in foreign trade have typically been losing enterprises. Whether this is due to their own inefficiencies or to economic factors beyond their
control is beside the point. The fact remains that they have been able to convince the government that the latter reason is controlling. Chief among the many reasons for the poor position of the shipbuilders is the fact that, except in times of war, when shipping needs increase and submarines sink ships faster than they can be built, there are more bottoms available vying for the world's trade than there is trade to fill them. Though cutthroat competition can be and has been controlled by "conferences", price maintenance alone cannot make the business profitable. Changes in world trade are always unpredictable. Finally, and most important of all to the Fore River people, it costs more to construct, operate, and maintain American ships, largely because of the higher American wage level. It has been estimated that the U.S. labor costs are forty percent higher than the foreign average. This is a tremendous incentive for American shipping interests to have their vessels built in foreign yards. Obviously their product is among the most easily transported.

However, the shipping industry refused to face their inherent disadvantages. Since colonial days they have gone to the government with heavy arsenals of arguments for subsidies, and they seem to have won the day. One of their main, though intangible, arguments - "The prestige of the United States, its traditions at sea, its flag, all but prohibit the thought of allowing the American Merchant Marine to vanish forever from the sea."

*Fortune, Our Ships (New York, 1938)
It is clear that without subsidization American shipping and the Fore River yard would vanish. Realizing this, the Fore River workers, their union, the company, and the entire City of Quincy have often banded into a solid political group to pressure for increased federal subsidization. From rather feeble beginnings, today, under the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, construction subsidies up to fifty percent of cost and operation subsidies up to fifty percent are provided.

Despite these favorable advantages the picture for the future continues gloomy. According to Standard and Poors, Industry Survey of December 10, 1947, "Earnings outlook generally unfavorable.

"Shipyards are running out of contracts. Transoceanic ship operators are affected by rising costs and there is keener competition for available work. A virtual shutdown of large ship construction facilities is in prospect possibly by mid-1948 if no new orders are obtained soon."
JOHN ALMQUIST

Ted Ross' boss, John Almquist, has the greatest seniority of anyone in his department, having worked continuously at Fore River since 1908. He is fifty-six years old and if he ever decides to quit the shipyard, he can undoubtedly make a good living posing for "Gentleman of Distinction" ads. He and his wife live alone in their large musty finely overfurnished house in Quincy Center not more than one quarter of a mile from the Ross home. He joined IUMSWA in November, 1946. He resigned from the IUMSWA in November, 1947. He picketed four times.

"I wouldn't be apt to say much against the company," he says. "After all, you don't stay for forty years with a company you don't like do you? No, I've no complaints to make; I've always had a fair break all along. Of course, I would have liked to have kept my supervisor's job but they had to cut down after the war and I'd rather be working with the tools than be out on the street. Wouldn't you?

"I'm of Swedish descent and it seems as if the Swedes are just naturally mechanically inclined, there is such a high concentration of them in all machine shops, don't you think so?
"We in the machine shops never have occasion to go out on the boats. We stay in our dry warm shop all the time. I guess you wouldn't call us ship workers then, would you?

"Way back during World War I I used to belong to the AFL but that just dropped out once the war was over. I think collective bargaining is a good thing and is necessary in dealing with a big company like Bethlehem. So, if you're going to have collective bargaining, then it seems as if you have to have unions, don't you think so? These days everyone has unions to represent them.

"I joined the CIO about a year ago. It was entirely my own idea. I just decided that I needed some organization through which I could contact the company. Never did belong to the Independent. I was a supervisor then.

"I don't have many friends inside the CIO; in fact, I'm not too close socially with any of the people at Fore River. Mostly my friends are those we know from the Swedish Church and the lodges. I belong to the Long Service Club, though, and the Graduate Apprentices Club, too.

"There's been very little need for a union at the yard. Most of the complaints are molehills blown up
to look like mountains. Like these stories of discrimination by foreman in favor of their friends and relatives. I always feel that a fellow is better off if he minds his own business. Don't you feel that way too?"

"Actually, I never look for trouble. That's why I never thought there would be a strike. I never took notice of what either side was saying and first I knew of it, the vote to strike had already been taken. But even then I still thought it would be settled.

"Once the strike started I just took a vacation for the whole time and lived off my savings. There was a little pressure, of course, with no money coming in and nobody likes to tap his savings, but it wasn't at all unbearable.

"I understand the union had a relief set-up to help the men; but it must have been an awfully small number who needed the union's help. Any man who'd worked for a few years down at the yard, and especially during the war, could easily put aside enough to carry him through for twenty weeks.

"Besides, there were plenty of jobs for anyone who wanted to work.

"The strike was always on the verge of settling - always almost settled. You never knew what to believe.
I went down and picketed once or twice just to find out what was new - and also to relieve the monotony of loafing. The propaganda was just as bad coming from both sides. You could never hold either side to anything it said. You see, the whole thing was run from outside, from New York, and nobody here at Quincy could do much about it. I'm sure that Local 5 did the best it could. They never tried to blindfold the men. When they made mistakes it was because they didn't know any better and not because they were trying to deceive anyone. I think they were right in insisting on that seniority clause. A company should recognize its responsibilities to its older workers. Don't you think so?

"Toward the end you wouldn't see the men around when you went up to the Square and you knew they were in working. I went back one week before the strike was over. All the men in my own gang were back and needed me. Quite a few, well over half of the machine shop, were already back and you didn't feel like being the last one in - not that I believed that story about hiring just so many and then closing the gates. But you don't like to be the last one. Most men had had enough and everyone felt it was all over anyhow... Nobody knew what was going on and everyone was fed up with the union and had enough.
"I felt very natural about coming back. After all, it was my own job I was going to do, no one else's. There was no bitterness against anybody - either before or after the strike was over - no name-calling or anything else.

"Everyone had had enough and nobody would begrudge the man who came back. What a man did was his own business - everything was the same as before.

"Now that the CIO has a two year contract I should think the men would keep it. Don't you?"
MODERN QUINCY

Quincy today is a throbbing but declining city of 82,000. It has long since ceded its title as "Boston's Bedroom" to more prosperous communities.

While the bulk, about 70%, of its wage earners are still Boston commuters, there are over one hundred and twenty-six local concerns, employing in June, 1947, over seven thousand workers. Approximately half of the locally employed people are Bethlehem Steel's Quincy Yard workers. In 1943 the Fore River and Hingham yards employed over fifty-three thousand.

Although only ten miles south of Boston, Quincy serves as the local market center for the outlying towns of Braintree, Weymouth, Milton, Hingham and the South Shore communities.

Quincy is still a Republican city, but the 94% vote the Republicans got in 1916 remains an all-time high.

The city owes much to the Scots, Italians, Swedes, Jews, and Syrians who came to work in its quarries and shipyards and who contributed generously to the city's artistic, intellectual, and civic development. The thirty-two churches may be credited, in part, to a fund left to the Quincy churches to "aid the breaking down of religious prejudice in the belief that a better understanding of the religious faith of one another is one of the most important movements in the world."
Almost a personification of the ideal expressed on the preceding page is the Reverend Bedros Baharian, Pastor of the Quincy Point Congregational Church, which is some five hundred feet from Fore River’s gate. Reverend Baharian is a young and forceful leader who has never been satisfied that his effectiveness in his community shall be limited to teaching and preaching. Instead he has assumed a vital action role in which he usually has the loyal support of not only his parish of five hundred families but the entire shipyard area as well. While he recognizes that his primary responsibility is to be sensitive to the needs of his parish and to provide them with the spiritual guidance they may require, Reverend Baharian has never hesitated to declare himself on any issues about which he felt strongly. The many nicks on his windpipe testify that the rash pastor has stuck his neck out and taken stands with which his less progressive bosses and parish have disagreed.

Seeking an answer to his soul-reaching question, "Was our church enough of a true House of God....How far would the congregation follow me in a practical application of my teaching in the area of Christian brotherhood?", Bedros Baharian in 1946 began his adventure in enlightened racial relationships.

That summer twenty young people between the ages of thirteen and nineteen from the Grace Congregational Church in Harlem arrived in Quincy to spend two weeks as guests
of the young people of the Quincy Point Church. Although housing for the visitors was obviously a problem, by the time they arrived more beds than were needed were available. Adjustments were made with surprising quickness and ease. One youngster who shared a bed with her New York guest enthused, "After the first few minutes I forgot any color difference; it seemed as if we had been living together from the beginning of time."

As there are no Negro residents in Quincy this was a new and not wholly welcome experience for Reverend Baharian's parishioners. However, after the first face to face meetings with the young Negro visitors, the conversion to more democratic attitudes was complete. The following year a similar group of Quincy Point youngsters repaid the visit with a two week stay at their Harlem friends' homes.

The only disturbing feature of the experience to Mr. Baharian was that such a project should be considered so daring and unusual. "I hope," he said, "that some day such visits will be taken for granted as perfectly natural. If every church throughout the country would try such projects there would soon be no race riots or race tensions anywhere in the nation."

With his passionate interest in the people of his parish and his anxiety to provide them with leadership in their daily lives, it was to be expected that the Reverend Baharian would make no secret of how he felt about the

*Advance - October, 1946*
labor problems of the yard - and about the strike. Although he states that, "You can't impose on people - you can only lead them as far as they will permit, as far as they want to follow", Mr. Baharian has often preached pro-union sermons which he felt had to be made, even though the sentiments were rejected by seventy-five percent of his parish. During the strike he, in company with Father Shortell of Boston College, addressed and inspired the Local 5 strikers. When he was called by his lay bosses, some of whom are Fore River executives, to explain why he had not gotten their permission to speak to the strikers, he answered that he knew they would disapprove and prohibit the address. He felt that he had to make it and so went ahead without their clearance.

The pastor feels, however, that while the majority of his parish (ninety-five percent of whom are Scottish ship-workers) may disagree with his pro-labor stand, he is nevertheless effective. He points out, with obvious pride, that while almost fifty percent of all the Fore River workers "broke strike" only about twenty percent of his parishioners were scabs. Reverend Baharian claims that his stand is only incidentally pro-union; fundamentally, it is "pro fellow-men." Most of the men, he feels, were pleased that their pastor should take an interest in their strike.
While only about ten percent of the four hundred and seventy strikers in his parish were able to find work during the strike, Mr. Beharian found that not over six families fell behind in their financial responsibility to the church. Attendance was very good throughout the entire strike and the collections, ranging in individual contributions from seventy-five cents to two dollars a week, came in as regularly as always.

While the church had announced that needy families should call on the church for help and had urged that all people assume the responsibility of calling the church if they thought their neighbors in need, throughout the entire strike, the church received not one call for help.

In supporting his shipbuilders in their fight, Reverend Baharian was following the example set some thirteen years before by a Methodist Minister of a nearby East Braintree church.

In 1935, after helping to organize the Cities Service Workers of Braintree, the Reverend Owen A. Knox hitchhiked to Camden, New Jersey to help Johnny Green and Local 1 of the IUMSWA win its strike against the New York Shipbuilding Company. On the way, Reverend Knox stopped off at a Methodist Church and wrote back the following comment:

".........A friendly church of middle class people who were sincere in their worship, but like a good many churches rather ineffective insofar as any practical program is
concerned....The Pastor brought a good exhortation about 'Be not weary in well doing' but was quite vague about what one was to do.....He did think it was a shame to have movies on Sunday and very bad for women to smoke cigarettes. No comment at all about any labor situation and world issues were laid aside....

"His community is soon to face one of the most drastic strikes in years, one that will tie up almost all the industries in Reading and vitally effect twenty thousand employees and their families. But he probably has no idea that this is imminent and won't until he reads about it in his morning paper. The church and ministry are sincere but rather far removed from the dusty road that the Christ travelled. He knew the destitute, the blind, the lepers, and the problems of the hungry."

This same criticism can today be levelled at the church to which almost all the French-Canadian, Irish, and Italian Catholics at Quincy Point belong - St. Joseph's Church.

There are about six hundred and fifty families in Father Bryson's parish, and most of them are the families of Fore River workers. The church operates a school which is attended by about three hundred and fifty children. The church, its rectory, the school are all run on the monies contributed in the collection boxes, masses, and occasional Holy name parties, contests, and dances.
An average Sunday contribution is twenty-five cents. Although church finances dropped considerably during the strike, the church stood ready to help the needy. There was very little call for relief, however, and on the few occasions that the church sought out those they thought needed aid, the offers to help were turned down.

As Father Bryson explains it, "These are good, level-headed, loyal people here. Although Quincy Point is known as a tough neighborhood, what with the bar-rooms and slums here, we have the best record in juvenile delinquency in all Quincy. They are hard to arouse, but once they make up their minds, they generally stick to it.

"They don't particularly like the CIO but once they went out on strike, they stuck with it for as long as they could.

"They are proud of their work, proud of the ships they have built, and proud of their company. It was hard for them to find out from the union what was really happening; you never knew what was going on behind the scenes.

"They would come in with their problems and we would tell them that we wouldn't permit them to carry on the strike controversy in the church; they would have to leave it outside. In general, they didn't strain themselves too much. When things began to pile up, they went back to work. But we would never tolerate any name calling or recriminations in church."
"My business is to save souls. We couldn't tell if the strike was justified or not. We thought it wasn't, but the church can't stick its neck out. No matter how we feel about it personally, we can't commit the church. All we can do is maybe try and teach the union leaders to be good and moral. We can't supply leadership."

Quincy in recent times has been relatively free of any national or religious tensions. While there is a suggestion of concentration of various ethnic groups in different parts of this city, this appears to be more a function of the periods during which the people came to Quincy rather than a result of any policy of segregation or non-assimilation.

The population of Quincy increased by 50.4% in the ten years preceding 1930. Most of that increase was due to the influx of immigrants fleeing the post-war depression in Europe. From 1930 to 1940 the population increased only 5.3% to seventy-six thousand.

About thirty percent of the 1940 population of Quincy was foreign born. These consisted of almost five thousand Canadians; three thousand Italians; three thousand Scots; two thousand English; fifteen hundred Swedes; one thousand Jews; and some few hundred each of Finns, Syrians, Greeks, and Irish.

Then, as today, over sixty percent of the Quincy families owned their own homes, and of the seventeen thousand
dwellings, almost fifteen thousand are small single family homes.

In Quincy Point, where the shipyard is located, over half of the twenty-seven hundred dwelling units were built in the few years before and during the first World War. Most of them were government erected for the workers and Navy personnel of the Fore River yard. Many of the new immigrants, especially the Scotch who came to work in the shipyard, moved into and soon bought these houses. This represented a tremendous relinquishment of autonomy of movement on the part of these ship workers. The housing had been originally built as a sort of adjunct to the shipyard and was thenceforth psychologically seen as such. Since there is no such concept as "normalcy" in a shipyard, any number set as the "normal" complement of the yard would be fictitious. However, it is probable that from thirty-five hundred to four thousand workers think of themselves as regular Quincy yard employees. The majority of these people live in 1) Quincy Center, 2) Quincy Point, and 3) Hough's Neck in that roughly decreasing order of financial status.

Indicative of the trend which the entire city is undergoing is the gradual depression of these three sections with increasing industrialization of the city. At one time Quincy Center was the home of the "aristocracy" not only of Quincy society, but that of Greater Boston as well.
When it became more fashionable to live further in the suburbs, this "elite" moved, and their places were taken by families who today are the "aristocracy" of the shipyard. These are the old timer tool maker, machinist, draftsman, and white collar worker. Rents paid are typically forty-five to seventy dollars in Quincy Center, twenty-eight to forty in Quincy Point, and as low as twenty in Hough's Neck. Those on the Point who own their own homes pay about one hundred and thirty dollars a year in taxes.

The typical Quincy Point shipworker is, like Jack McCann, a Scottish shipfitter with twenty-three years at the yard. While he owns his home, he still makes monthly payments on the mortgage. He owns no car because he wants none. He saved during the lush war years about eight thousand dollars. The strike cost him fifteen hundred dollars.

He grew up in a context in which the union was as much a natural part of the whole work situation as the tools he worked with. Conditions in Quincy were quite different and were far from being conducive to militant unionism. Being a highly specialized craftsman in the specialized field of new ship construction, he has little choice but to work at Fore River.

As far as the City of Quincy is concerned, he is the
true "shipworker". Only during wars is he accorded much social recognition and even then it is grudgingly given. There was a time when "your father's a shipworker" was a very harsh and effective schoolboy taunt. That it is somewhat still one today is attested to in the Dombros and Wheeling interviews. The shipworker was once shunned on the street cars. Perhaps he wore his clothes too long between washings. Perhaps it was other factors.

The shipworker was looked on as a rough, hard-drinking and illiterate kind of man who could never stay long enough in one community to plant roots. He was a transient worker, staying only as long at one place as the hull under construction required his craft.

In addition to the feeling of revulsion this generated on the part of the genteel Quincy aristocrat, there was also a feeling of awe. The shipbuilder's trade was a dangerous and romantic one. Although he had a greasy face, he created things of great beauty.

The danger inherent in many of the ship-crafts has always acted as a unifying force. A force directed against the company to improve work conditions and increase disability compensations.

A shipworker knows that for his widow to get his death benefits, he must die within the confines of the yard. In the work experience of many at the yard is the memory of men fallen from stagings into the hold, hoisted up in a basket, thrown into the ambulance, and pronounced dead on
arrival at the city hospital. Invariably the company has maintained the death occurred outside the yard. The widow received nothing from the company but the crushed body of her husband.

After many experiences of this sort, men have agreed to an unwritten, unmentioned compact. Now when one of them suffers a bad fall, his fellows ring his body to prevent its removal before a physician can reach him, either for treatment or to pronounce him dead on Bethlehem property.

To this day Fore River men are covered by a special form of company insurance which, by special state statute, is exempt from the insurance laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Scots have always exerted a unionization influence far greater than their numbers would warrant. In fact, they have succeeded in superimposing their idea of unionism on the entire yard. They had always been the strongest labor leaders at the yard until the notorious defection of Westland, Mitchell, Sinclair, and Hardie. Since that time they have tended to retreat from the leading union roles in a somewhat shamefaced manner. When Jim McGonnigal came along, they saw an opportunity to resurrect themselves in the eyes of the entire yard. They have supported him almost to a man, more on the basis of his nationality and aggressive manner than on his worth as a leader.

Aside from the high frequency of Scots immediately
adjoining the yard, Quincy Point is the home of members of every ethnic group in the city. They live side by side and except for language difficulties on the part of the Italians and Jews, form a very well integrated community.

What few caste barriers exist are directed against the diminishing number of Syrians in the area. When power rivet guns and chippers began to replace the hand tools, Bethlehem imported workers from Syria. While many today are still in the yard, very few sons of the original immigrants have gone into shipyards. It is with a mixed feeling of ridicule and respect that the workers tell of old Diab Atten who, every work day for the past thirty-eight years, could be seen entering the yard at about five in the morning, carrying his lunch box and a small prayer rug. He would walk to the farthest dock, lay down the rug facing east, pray to his God, Allah. On the other hand, the community points with obvious pride to the many Syrian sons who have "made good" and become prominent in Quincy’s economic and political life. Assemblyman Louis George is of Syrian nationality.

There are very few of the Jewish families represented in the shipyard. For the most part they are the local merchants and the Boston trades and professional workers. While physically scattered throughout the whole of Quincy, even in the very exclusive Merrymount section, they nonetheless exhibit a great internal cohesiveness for purposes of religious, social, and Zionist activity.

Although early Quincy papers reveal many statements
and stories of an anti-Jewish character, there is little evidence of any of this kind of feeling today. Some of the older people tend to blame their ill-fortune on anti-semitism, but the young stoutly deny it. A prominent Jew, Joseph Grossman, is president of the Quincy Chamber of Commerce.

The Roman Catholics, consisting of French Canadians, Irish, and Italians, have on occasion banded together to combat the infrequent resurgence of old anti-Catholic feeling. More often, however, the Irish will vindictively spew forth anti-Italian sentiments. That this does not go very deeply into the community is indicated by the ignomious defeat of an Irish candidate for Assemblyman suffered when he attempted "wop-baiting" tactics.

In an intra-union election, however, the Scotch-Italian friction was very effectively exploited by some desperate Scotsmen.

Curiously, Quincy boasts of two distinct Scottish groups. In Quincy Point, as has already been described, live the shipbuilding Scots from the Glasgow and other South Scotland shipbuilding areas.

In South Quincy, near the quarries, lives an older, socially superior and numerically equal group of highland Scots. They are the issue of those old stone craftsmen who came from "Aberdeen awa" to work the quarries of the Granite City in the mid-1800's. Though farther removed from Scotland than the Quincy Point group, they tend to preserve the old
customs and festivals to a much greater extent than do the shipbuilders. They built and maintain the Walter Scott Hall to house their highly organized Clan McGregor and its auxiliaries. In the South Quincy Square the Burns Memorial Association has erected a granite statue of Robert Burns to honor, "the poet, who as a lover of Freedom and Democracy, penned an ode to Washington."

In a fairly superficial manner, these Dundee and Aberdeen Highlanders profess high disdain for the "stunted runts of the Glasgow slums - the Keelies". They proudly attribute their own superior height to their Danish ancestry.

There are few non-shipworkers in Quincy Point who exhibit a neutral attitude toward Bethlehem and the Fore River yard. Many of them have the same awe and fear of the omnipotent "Tin God" that most workers hold. They know that when Fore River prospers they prosper and the whole of Quincy prospers. Therefore, their "God" can do no wrong; and their sympathies were distinctly anti-strike in varying degrees.

Others on the Point resent the high-handed manner in which Bethlehem uses and discards its people. Perhaps they are the ones who had enlarged their facilities to accommodate Fore River's 31,000 workers and are now hopelessly overextended. They recall that Fore River took no responsibility toward making work for its people during the depression. They object to the manner in which Bethlehem has manipulated the city's politics and police force to its own ends.

As could be anticipated from its earliest days at Quincy to the present, the Bethlehem Steel Company, as the city's
largest taxpayer, has played a ruthless and irresponsible game. In November, 1916, Charles Schwab, Bethlehem's president, issued a warning to the Quincy City Hall that the Fore River yard would move to Philadelphia unless its taxes were lowered. And in March, 1946, by virtue of similar threats to close the yard, Bethlehem got tax abatements amounting to twenty-two million dollars and had its evaluation slashed six million dollars. In the thirty intervening years, only one man dared to buck Bethlehem. Mayor Bates, known as the "fighting Pilgrim" and "champion of the little man" discovered that the Fore River management had never paid their water bills. He immediately ordered the City Water Department to shut off the yard's water supply. That afternoon Fore River met its obligations.

There seems to be a seed of friction between Fore River workers and "City People" based on the fairly large differential in their respective wages. In the main, merchants and non-ship workers seem jealous and resentful. The jibe "you're making millions" is often thrown at ship workers. During the strike there were even expressions of glee on the part of some of these people. "The shipworkers were getting their comeuppance", they felt. There was very little sympathy for any workers who professed having financial difficulties. In a curious fashion the Fore River workers perpetuate this feeling by having a sense of
embarrassment over their relatively higher wages. Occasionally, however, they will reproach a storekeeper with "Don't forget, when we were getting our hundred and twenty a week you were, too."
Father was out the full time. As he would put it "A real man doesn't cross a picket line."

Actually, it was a matter of complete indifference to us kids as to who crossed that picket line. There would be talk on the train, going in to Boston "so and so's father went back" but no one cared. It didn't make any difference to any of us. I guess we were pretty fatalistic about the whole thing. We just decided we'd take whatever comes. Father wouldn't even think of going back so there was no sense arguing about it. The best thing we three girls could do was keep quiet and help out the best we could. None of us particularly liked being taken out of school to take jobs but father's always done the best he could for us so we didn't object to helping him when he needed it. Besides I can go back to school, Colby College, any time and working at the library is interesting and fun, too.

I'm the middle one; my youngest sister just graduated from the North Quincy High School. That's the school we all went to. It takes over half an hour to reach it and you'd think we would prefer to go to the Quincy High School which is just up the block from here. But, you see, Quincy High School gets most of the shipyard people from Quincy Point. They're a cheaper,
A real shipyard worker is a big heavy outside worker — gruff, crude, and uneducated. The work he does requires real strength; a delicate man couldn't do it. Now father is a small light man. I wouldn't call him a shipyard worker at all. He's a machinist; that's a job that's more skilled and requires more education and higher intelligence.

All in all, the shipyard's not a bad place — not a bad kind of life, so long as you stay with your own — away from the kind of people who live down at the Point, you know. There's really a good class of men in the machine shop. I don't think they would have come back before the strike was over. You know when a worker scabs he loses his manhood, my father says.

Now we're Polish-Americans. I don't know, but there seem to be many people with Polish names, but lots of them are Jews. It's funny but you never know; you live for years near them and then you find out. But there's never been any kind of discrimination around in Quincy.

Father never believed in unions. He worked there over thirty years, I guess, without any, and they never had a strike, but when everybody else in the machine shop joined, why he did, too. I know he
said that the union was right about the company wanting to get rid of the men over forty and hire back young men for less money.

I think the CIO helped out the ones who needed it so that those who went in weren't the poorer ones. They were the bosses' friends.
From Gourock on the Firth of Clyde, due south of fabled Loch Lomand, the River Clyde wends southeastward in an ever narrowing stream, sixteen miles to its apex at the metropolis Glasgow. In 1945 the Clyde carried into the North Channel the vessels of twenty-six shipyards, the products of Clydesiders of Gourock Princes Pier, Dumbarton, Renfrew, Yoker, and Govan. In 1895, when Jock McCann was born, there were over seventy shipyards along the banks of the Clyde.

Jock was born in the little town of Govan, an industrial community on the outskirts of Glasgow. His father, like most fathers of Govan was a shipbuilder, a shipwright in the great John Brown Shipyard which was destined to build, almost fifty years later, the beautiful "unarders, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. As a boy in the tenements of Govan, Jock easily fell in with a gang of "Glasgow Keelies". Their defiant manner, their distinctive garb, their tough manner, these all excited and intrigued him. He could not realize that the flat pancake cap on the side of the head, the collarless shirt, the string knotted muffler, the noisy gutta-percha shoes all covered a malnourished maladjusted and scared Dead End kid.
CLYDESIDE UNIONISM

When Jock was fourteen his father took him down to the union hall where he promptly signed a membership card in the United Society of Boilermakers. Even at that time the trade union feeling was so intense that "no man not belonging to the union even thinks of applying for a situation or would have any chance of obtaining one. It is, in fact, as impossible for a non-unionist plater, or rivetter to get work in a Clydeside shipyard as it is for him to take a flat in Glasgow without paying the rates."*

This compulsion, while absolutely complete, was so silent and unseen that it ceased to be apparent. Although unionists protested that they desired no member who did not join the union of his own free will, the principle of compulsory membership was nevertheless universal.

With his union book in his pocket and the union rules firmly in his mind, Jock McCann entered the John Brown Shipyard as a boilermaker-apprentice. For five years, at half the journeyman's wages, Jock learned his trade. At the same time, he learned his unionism.


Wm. Crawford wrote of non-unionists in 1870 - "Regard them as unfit companions for yourselves and your sons and unfit husbands for your daughters. Let them be branded, as it were, with the curse of Cain, as unfit to mingle in ordinary, honest, and respectable society."
So democratic were the Clyde unions at the time Jock joined, that they still maintained the old principle of compulsory officers. While the president was elected by the body, all the subordinate officers were chosen by rotation as their names stood in the union's books. Any man refusing to serve his term as an officer was fined and censured.

As is common in most European unions, the Boilermakers hall was much more than merely an office in which to conduct union business and a hall in which to hold meetings. Its most important function was in serving as a principal education and recreation center. The social lives of the entire families of the members revolved about the union hall.

As a union member, it was Jock's responsibility to attend classes in the theories and practices of Unionism, Socialism, the Cooperative movement, and kindred subjects. These classes were held at the union hall and were usually conducted by the shop stewards and other officers. Very often, during his apprenticeship, Jock would be called away from his job to accompany the steward in his grievance investigations or presentations to the bosses. No steward was permitted to approach a foreman alone on a grievance. He would always have three other union men, two journeymen and one apprentice with him whose function it was to witness the proceedings and insure that no private deals were being
arranged and, at the same time, to learn more of the technique of bargaining pending the time when they would be designated as stewards.

There were always some strikes going on among the many Clyde shipyards. There were always grievances that weren't being settled adequately or quickly enough. It was easy for them to strike. When they did, all union members in yard still working were assessed in order to pay strike benefits to the strikers. If the percentage of men out was small enough for it to be feasible, the strikers received in strike benefits almost their full wages. Even when, in general strikes, everyone was out pounding the bricks, the strike benefits never were less than one quarter the regular weekly pay. But never, for as long as he'd worked on the Clyde had Jock ever seen a picket line. When their yard was on strike, the strikers "loafed." They'd rest or attend to union duties at the hall. There was never any need for a picket line. All yards, all workers, would know that a strike was on and the struck yard would be avoided and shunned by all.

One of the more generous feelings toward men who would dare to work "under price" or on struck work is expressed in the following quotation from the Amended General Laws of the Amalgamated Society of Cordwainers (London 1867):

"A scab is to his trade what a traitor is to his country, and though both may be useful to one party in
troublesome times, when peace returns they are detested alike by all, so when help is wanted a scab is the last to contribute assistance, and the first to grasp a benefit he never labored to procure; he cares only for himself, but he sees not beyond the extent of a day; and for momentary and worthless approbation would betray his friends, family, class, and country. In short, he is a traitor on a small scale. He first sells the journeymen and is himself afterwards sold in his turn by his master, until at last he is despised by both and deserted by all. He is an enemy to himself, to the present age, and to posterity."

One of the most proud boasts a Scotch worker can make is that he has never taken "parish relief." The average Scot has a deep pervading, unreasoning fear of charity. To take charity is a disgraceful slur on his manhood. The conviction has been made explicit in the writing of Robbie Burns. Quite another thing, however, to most Scots, are the various benefits coming to them as union members. In addition to strike benefits, Jock's union distributed an Accident and Sickness Bonus; Dispute, Victimisation, Superannuation, Turn out, Unemployment, Death, Funeral, and Loss of Tool allowances. These benefits, together with the state unemployment, hospitalization, and social security benefits

* Industrial Democracy - Webb
were righteously and proudly taken since they were seen as coming to the workers from the contributions they had been making from their wages.

The Glasgow Socialists

Life as an apprentice boy was fairly happy for Jock. He worked fifty hours a week - nine hours every weekday and five hours on Saturday. This half-day Saturday was always a holiday. Season and weather permitting he would rush home from the yard, clean up and be off in the street cars to watch the soccer games in Glasgow. He was a passionate Glasgow rooter and the small bet he placed on the game only made it more interesting. Then, after his "glass and pint" he'd be off again, to the theatre, or to a socialist meeting. Following that, some fish and chips and then home again. Other times there would be the street car ride to Loch Lomand and a day at the beach.

Sunday was dead. There was nothing to do but take a walk, go to Church, take another walk - or stay home. Jock belonged to the Free Thought Society as did many in his Socialist Club. Most of the Gouan workers were Methodists or Congregationalists with a slight sprinkling of Roman Catholics.

With the start of the war, in 1914, Jock McCann registered for the conscription. At first he was assigned to work at his trade in the shipyard but late in 1914 he
was drafted into the Army. He served four years with the Scottish Highlanders and came back to Gouan with the choking cough the German gas had given him.

At a socialist dance in 1919 he met, and shortly thereafter married, his beautiful, highly idealistic Margaret. They rented a flat in Glasgow. (All workingmen rented - none ever owned their own homes.) It was a typical worker's flat - a room and a kitchen with alcoves in all walls of the room out of which jutted the beds. There were eight such flats in each Glasgow tenement. The McCanns lived on the top, the third floor, and they were fortunate, they had an inside toilet.

During the war the shipbuilders held a general strike in protest against high prices and rents. They refused to pay their rents. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, came to address them at the union hall, but before he could start his harangue, he was pelted with garbage and eggs and chased from the hall. The following day the main Glasgow paper carried the text of the speech he was to have delivered. It was interlarded with notations of "(cheers)" as if the speech has actually been made. The socialist paper, which printed the true story, was banned from the newsstands.

Like most shipbuilders, Jock never struggled very hard to save money. There were boom times and there were bust times but the McCanns never had any fear of being destitute. Jock did a good day's work for his day's pay and they were secure.
Directly after the end of the war shipbuilding on the Clyde fell off to a point where there was no new construction work being done. Glasgow began to simmer, then seethe. John McLean, an economics teacher at the University of Glasgow and a socialist leader was sent to prison for saying "God damn all armies." Three times he was sent - three times the workers' protests got him out. Willie Kirkwood and John Wheatly - who later became Labor M.P.'s were sent out to sea in an open boat as dangerous radicals.

In January, 1919, the forty hour week movement started in the Clyde shipcraft unions. A general strike was declared, with the support of the district organizations but without the backing of the national Trade Unions. Tens of thousands of shipyard workers demonstrated in Glasgow's George Square for the eight hour day. Suddenly, the police and militia attacked. The strikers answered bullets with rivets. Jock rode to the fray in a commandeered beer truck. The police were finally routed and the victorious workers, nursing their wounds, went home. Willie Kirkwood went to the hospital with a split head.

Belfast was the only other industrial center to follow the Clyde example. The rest of the country refused to call general strikes and the local strikes gradually broke down. The work was resumed under the terms of national agreements - the forty-eight hour week became the standard and the eight
hour day fight was lost.

In April, 1921, after two more years of slump, on "Black Friday" the Miners Federation was crushed by a tremendous show of military strength and reaction was on the rampage throughout the Isles.

QUINCY

It was in 1923, following a national shipyard lock-out that the McCanns with many other Clydeside shipbuilders left for the United States. To Jock, always adventuresome and carefree, this was an opportunity to discover and enjoy new sensations, new experiences. To most of his fellow travelers America was the refuge. They were tired of fighting, they wanted only the peace and security they hoped America offered.

There has been a large migration of over a thousand Aberdeen stone cutters to the Quincy quarries in the 1830's and ever since Bethlehem had recruited shipfitters from Glasgow and draftsmen from Chatham the Fore River yard was well known to Clydesiders. It was only natural then that they should head for Quincy with its renowned yard and its large Scotch population. But in 1923 there was no shipbuilding going on in the United States either.

From a wartime 18,000 the number employed at the Fore River yard had gone down to 1000 in 1922. Now in 1923, there were under 3000 at the yard constructing railroad locomotives, repairing ships, and doing minor work on the
carrier Lexington.

But for the newcomers, there was no work. For the first time Meg McCann really feared. Feared the day the rent was due, feared the changing weather and the sickness it brought. For the first time she was "scared blue". At home there had always been the union benefits, the Cooperative Societies and the Socialist Club to turn to. And since 1911 there had been state protection in the form of Health and Unemployment Insurance. But here there was only dog-eat-dog free enterprise - and the "parish relief" for the prideless.

One of the first things the McCanns did on arriving in America was to join the Socialist Club in Quincy. The Sacco-Vanzetti sanity trial had just ended and the liberal movement was in a tremendous foment. Jack transferred his Boilermaker membership to the A.F.L. Boilermakers.

As a journeyman in Glasgow Jack would never have considered taking a job below his station (or for that matter above it). To him a journeyman did journeyman's work and would never stoop to a laborer's job - or aspire to a boss's job. But he considered himself very lucky to be able to find, along with many other Clydesiders, a laborer's job on the Edison plant going up in Weymouth directly across the river from the shipyard.

THE FORE RIVER YARD

Finally, in early 1925, through an uncle who knew a foreman, Jack McCann became a molder's helper in the Fore
River foundry. The work, he found, was harder, dirtier, less precise, and faster than work at the Brown yards. In one day he did as much on wheel and rudder molds as he would have accomplished in a week at Brown's. On the Clyde the speed-up had not been tolerated. On entering a shop, a new worker would find out from the steward what his output should be, and he would never exceed that limit. At Fore River each worker tried to outdo his neighbor in order to please the foremen. Although his thirty-five cent an hour rate was lower than his former pay, the longer hours worked brought his weekly wages up.

After working for about half a year on fixtures for the two Argentine battleships, Jack was laid off for lack of work. Never before had he seen such a ruthless hiring and firing policy as Bethlehem then employed. In Scotland the companies had always attempted to spare their men the hardships of frequent short lay-offs. At Fore River, however, whenever there was no work to be done, even for a few days, the men were laid off—without any notice whatsoever. Then, when the company wanted them back again, they would be forced to report for work almost immediately after receiving the back-to-work notice. Such a policy, Jack found, made it impossible for him to take work elsewhere during his lay-offs. Neither the British, nor the American shipyards recognized any seniority criterion in their lay-offs and rehiring procedure. But, while the Scottish foreman attempted to lay-off last and rehire first the best workers in their
departments, the Fore River foremen, it seemed to Jack, decided who would continue working on the basis of personal whim and caprice. Relatives, naturally, were always assured their jobs, as where all those who managed to appeal to or please the foremen's ego. Jack was amazed to see workers bring gifts and money to the foreman and do all kinds of personal favors for him. Especially was this true of groups who, like the Italians, were most fearful of Bethlehem, could not speak the language, and had only the most meager of union history behind them. It was very common, then, for a foreman to go home loaded down with presents of wines, cakes, cheeses, and hand embroidered material. Reluctantly other, more proud groups, were forced to adopt the same tactics to keep their jobs.

EARLY LABOR HISTORY

Although Jack would not appreciate it, the Bethlehem Steel Company had long been concerned with the problems of labor relations. As far back as early 1916 a committee of Fore River foremen (including some, like J. H. Larkin, who are now top Bethlehem officers) visited fifteen of the country's biggest industrial plants. Their report was issued to all foremen and sub-foremen with a request for positive suggestions.

The report indicated that, of the fifteen companies visited: all had modern plumbing and supported visiting nurses and a staff of physicians; and all gave prizes for suggestions.
Twelve of the companies encouraged entertainment and provided athletic fields and clubhouses.

Eleven had lunchrooms and conducted classes in English. Ten published newspapers and ran Mutual Benefit Associations.

Seven operated libraries and provided pensions for their employees.

Six ran savings banks while two companies conducted retail stores for their employees.

Despite, however, this obvious interest in the welfare of its employees, the company could not escape its share of labor fights. As early as 1912, Fore River machinists trying to start a union found their meetings infiltrated by company spies who reported the ringleaders and got them quickly fired.

In May of 1916 the Quincy Patriot Ledger announced:-

"Fore River Strike"

"Jew Workmen Taking Place of Striking Reamers, Bolters, and Riveters"

The story explained that the 350 strikers were affiliated with a local branch of the IWW and were mostly Russians. The riveters had demanded higher pay and rejected the company's offer of twenty-five cents an hour.

Since, with the riveters out, the bolters and reamers had no work to do - they also walked out on strike.

Forty "Jew workmen" were then escorted by the city police into the yard and kept under constant guard while
they worked.

In a speech at M.I.T. Fore River's President Powell said, "Never in the history of shipbuilding have labor problems been so perplexing. If labor conditions continue to grow worse all shipyards in the United States will close down pending a re-adjustment of wages to a lower basis that will permit them to carry out their contracts without serious financial loss."

Meanwhile, the strikers had conducted a poll and determined that while seventy-eight of them were in a weak financial position, the remainder could afford to withstand a long strike. Accordingly, the seventy-eight were given fare and money and taking their tools with them, left Quincy for other shipbuilding centers, swearing they wouldn't return until the strikers demands were granted.

By this time, the company guards had erected tents and cabins inside the yard to prepare for the strikebreakers which the company was importing from New York.

The strikebreakers, who were brought directly by freight car into the yard, turned out to consist of one hundred and fifty Negroes and some fifty white shipworkers who were themselves on strike at their home yard and had been sent by their union to find jobs elsewhere.

In protest against the importation of these scabs, the Fore River Chippers and Caulkers joined the riveters in a sympathy strike.
Two weeks later the strikebreaker strikers from New York went on strike - against the Fore River Yard claiming that working conditions has been misrepresented to them, that the work was harder than their own in New York and that they were tired of living in tents under constant guard. They were leaving Fore River, they announced, to take the places of Standard Oil strikers in New York.

The strike ended soon after a flying squad of "14 Russians" had attacked and a group of seven guarded "loyal workers" and sent one of them to the hospital.

About four months later, long before the settlement of the strike, the Fore River riveters were out again, this time in protest over the rehiring of two former Quincy strikers who, when sent to find other jobs, had scabbed in a New York strike.

Profiting by the foremen's report, Fore River, in early 1917 donated a fifteen acre field and clubhouse to the workers. At the same time they voluntarily granted a 10% raise as a New Year's present. This brought the wages of three thousand of the yard's four thousand men up to thirty cents an hour while potatoes were selling at ten cents a pound.

With America's entrance into the World War, the yard went on a two shift schedule. The day shift worked ten hours and for forty-five minutes off for lunch; the night shift lasted thirteen hours with a full hour allowed for meals.
The Metal Trades Council of the A.F.L. had by then begun organizing the yard with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers taking the lead. When, under the A.S.E. the construction workers struck for pay equal to what Navy Yard workers were getting the company obtained an injunction restraining the strikers from threatening the strikebreakers.

Since the large majority of Fore River workers were of British origin, a troop of Sooth Highlanders held a recruiting drive at which they appealed to their countrymen to "come out from behind the women's skirts." With almost ten thousand men at the yard, the drive netted three recruits. The Highlanders left in disgust.

Despite a no-strike pledge by the Trades Council, the Amalgamated Machinists and Machinery Helpers, in November, 1917, struck the yard in protest to the rating of over eighty percent of the men as third class workers. Bolters, Reamers, Riveters, Crane men, "eater Boys, and Passer Boys quickly joined the strike which was described as being "due to the new and foreign element in the yard, most of whom can't even speak English. The oldtimers are not in favor of the strike."

In retaliation, the company submitted the names of the nine thousand strikers to the Exemption Board requesting that their occupational draft exemption be withdrawn. To emphasize the strike further, launchings of completed vessels were postponed. While refusing to join the strike, the
Plumbers, Steam Fitters and Pipefitters put on a drive to strengthen their union and lowered their $100 initiation fee for a bargain period of two weeks.

The strike ended with an arbitrator's award directing reclassification of many of the men and the adoption of the Navy Yard scale of wages. Under this scale helpers got 30 cents while first class men got 63 cents an hour.

Within six months after the end of the war employment at the yard had dropped from 18,000 to 15,000 while the A.F.L. worked desperately to unify all the divergent crafts.

In September, 1919, with the Boston Police strike being crushed by the Navy and State Militia and the great steel strike looming, the A.F.L. prepared to call Fore River workers out on strike for three major issues:

"1. Closed Shop
2. Better Conditions
3. 100% Americanism"

With the advent of the disastrous steel strike, led by William Z. Foster, the A.F.L. everywhere came in for a treatment of virulent red-baiting.

Quincy itself was labeled in the local press as "a hot bed of Bolshevism." A Sunday School in West Quincy was described as run by the Soviet Party and taught free love, atheism, and contempt for democracy. Textbooks used were written by Jack London and Upton Sinclair.

About this time a professor James P. Potter of Clark
College in Worcester who had worked as a laborer at Fore River issued a report on the personnel policies of the yard. His major criticisms were that "since no man ever got thanks for extra work, everyone did as little as possible.......Men were rarely able to find out what his department was doing," and that laborers did helpers' work at laborers' pay.

Although the yard had announced a projected seven million dollar expansion in mid June, 1920, and Bethlehem President Grace had declared "I see nothing but prosperity ahead," within a year employment had tumbled from 7,000 to 4,000 and was still falling fast.

With the sudden cut in employment at the yards, the A.F.L. decided that the shipbuilding industry was no longer profitable and quietly withdrew, taking with it a treasury of some nine thousand dollars.

There were only 1,000 men working on the Lexington when in 1922 Fore River took on contracts to build, repair, and recondition locomotives.

THE E.R.P.

Soon after this in what was a radical departure from the prevalent method of eliminating industrial unrest through suppression of any employee activity, the Bethlehem Steel Company extended to the Fore River yard its Employee Representation Plan.
Under this plan all employees, without payment of any dues or fees, would vote to choose representatives who then met on various committees with management representatives to discuss: (1) rules, ways, and means; (2) wages, bonuses, and piecework; (3) safety and pensions. A grievance system was provided and representatives were paid by the company for time lost. There was never any doubt that the E.R.P. was totally company run, financed, and dominated. Nor was there any doubt that the E.R.P. would be tolerated by the company only so long as it suited the company to continue its support. However, it is important to remember that in 1923, with the "American Plan" well on its way in the ascendency, even the most farcical pretense of employee representation was a genuine step forward.

To Jack McCann, however, still thinking of unions in terms of the militant British pattern, the E.R.P. was, and forever remained, a joke and a hoax. Although there were many sincere union people who became active representatives in the hopes that even the little that the Plan permitted them to accomplish was all to the good, Jack knew that the instant any good for the men came from the E.R.P., it would be dropped like the proverbial potato. There was, therefore, no opportunity for Jack to press his kind of unionism until the election of Franklin Roosevelt brought the N.R.A. and enlightenment to Quincy.
THE IUMSWA

In the spring of 1934, Jack, as chairman of entertainment of the Quincy Socialist Local, invited the Players of the Brookwood Labor College to perform at a meeting at the Workmen's Circle Hall in Quincy Point.

Since 1921 the Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York, had been teaching students to understand the background of the labor movement, but it was not until the N.R.A. spelled out labor's right to organize that the school became effective. The Players, under the direction of Mark Starr, toured the country presenting "economics without tears" and labor's message to whomever would listen. And Jack McCann was listening.

They told him of Johnny Green, the scrappy Scot, also a Glasgow socialist who had organized almost three thousand workers at New York Ship in Camden, N.J. into an industrial union and was at that moment striking for recognition. To Jack, this was it - the IUMSWA (Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America) was his kind of unionism. At Jack's insistence Green sent up to Quincy the organizing brains of the IUMSWA, a former college teacher, Philip Van Gelder.

Van Gelder stayed at the McCanns that spring and in April, after Johnny Green's local had won both recognition and a 15% pay rise, the Fore River Organizing Campaign was started.

Meg McCann well remembers those first days when "people you knew since you were kids in Scotland would pass you as
if they never saw you before in their lives. Men from the yard were frightened for their lives to take the handbills that were distributed by the women of the Socialist Club. The men were getting sixteen dollars a week pay, but were scared blue to even read a leaflet. They'd say "no" as you came near them, or else they'd take it and without even looking at it, crumple it up and throw it away. Our first meeting - of twelve hundred at the yard, only nine men turned up - and they were mostly from the Socialist Club.

"It's really fantastic when you realize how much terrorism and intimidation there was of the men by the bosses. And not only the bosses themselves. Why the men had so much fear in them that they thought that if someone who worked near them was thinking or talking of a union of any kind of organization it would somehow get them into trouble. And there were lots of them that were such slaves to the bosses that they would spy and report on their fellow workers.

"Of course, everything was all sneaky and secret. There would be maybe fifteen different rates of pay for men doing the same work in the same shop. You never knew how much the other fellow was getting. All you knew was that one day you were getting a few cents less than before, and then you knew you'd done something you shouldn't have done. And all the men then were buying their own wee houses. They used to be government houses during the war and then the government sold them. They were good, little double houses; they sold
for forty-two hundred dollars then and are worth eleven thousand today. But most of the men would take these houses out on Quincy Point for a few hundred dollars down and pay for the rest off in rent. So there they were; the bosses knew they'd bought these houses right down by the yard. There were no other yards around where the men could work. They just had to stay at Fore River. Jack used to say that those little houses were used to keep the men from joining the union even better than did the fear of communism. And there sure was plenty of that.

"Oh, they were calling it a communist union even then, but it never was. Johnny Green was a good strong socialist then, very militant, very sincere. Van Gelder was just a professor but he was becoming a good socialist, too. Of course, in those day, why the communists and socialists got along pretty well together. Even Browder and Thomas got along. We used to hold joint meetings and May Day demonstrations with the communists. Our hall was always open to the communists.

"Yes, these men were frightened for their very lives. We were just reds - looking for trouble they said. The majority of them liked Roosevelt and had just gotten a little security in their lives - many just got back their houses from the banks through the government's help. They didn't want any trouble. It's funny - in Scotland they look on a communist as a worker - foremost a fighter for the working man. Here they look on him as a trouble maker,
and just as if he had leprosy.

"They sure were scared in those days. Scared to lose all the things they never had before. At home why nobody ever owned his house. Everyone lived the same - in a rented tenement flat - just a room and a kitchen. If you even took a larger place why people would think you were going high-hat and they wouldn't talk to you. They used to say that the street cleaner wouldn't speak to the sidewalk sweeper. Here everybody owned cars, and owned their homes - paying on the mortgage, that is - and gardens and all. Everybody trying to forget he's a working man, thinking maybe he can get a better break than the next fellow and become a white-collar man, or even a boss. Really ashamed to be known as a worker in the 'Black Trades'. You know, 'shipworkers are roughnecks and drunkards'; all of them like to feel toward their fellow-workers 'I'm only here as a shipyard worker because I've had bad breaks. I don't belong here but you fellows do; I'm really fit for much better things, but this is where you men belong!'

"Gosh, they sure were frightened for their lives then. They were afraid even to think against the company; they thought if you even looked cross-eyed at the boss you would be fired. And they were right.

"We had this first meeting in June, 1934, and nine men were there. Three of them plus Van Gelder were the IUMSWA organizing committee. That was Saturday and on Monday when they went into the yard, there was their time waiting for
them. That was Jack, Tom Kelly, and Hugh Wallace, all of
them on the organizing committee.

"That was too much for some of the good union men
around to take. They joined the IUMSWA as a kind of protest.
Even a couple of the company Representation delegates, like
Perkis and Jacob Van Vloten came over. But Boyson, he
still stuck with the ERP although he belonged to the A.F.L.
Machinists Union, too. We had one hundred and fifty mem-
bers by the next two weeks."

Three months later the New England Regional Labor
Board ordered that McCann, Wallace, and Kelly be rehired
before anyone else at Fore River, but meanwhile Jack worked as a
full time organizer for Local 5. He would take Van Gelder
around to meet the yard workers at their homes and get them
to send in cards to the regional board petitioning for a
Labor Board election.

THE FIRST SELLOUT

The IUMSWA held its first convention at the socialist
hall that September and Jerry Mitchell, Local 5 president,
became Vice-President of the General Executive Board and
John Sinclair, Local 5 Vice-President, became Executive
Secretary of G.E.B. The convention while persistently
fighting charges of communism by the E.R.P. and local
papers accomplished much business with a strong socialist
orientation. The preamble to the constitution they adopted
reads: "The Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding
Workers of America calls for the united front of all workers in the industry regardless of creed, color, nationality, religion, sex, or political affiliation. It bases itself on the principle of rank and file control, unrestricted trade union democracy, and at all times, an aggressive struggle for an ever higher standard of living.

"The IUMSWA further believes in a fraternal front with the membership of all other working class organizations which conduct activities for the furtherance of the economic, political, and educational interests of the working class."

Salaries of all national officers were limited to forty dollars a week, or the top journeyman's rate in the industry, whichever was lower. Old age pensions, a thirty hour week, and a National Labor Party were urged. The speed-up and incentive systems were scored.

A mass meeting conducted by Van Gelder at which he claimed forty percent of the Fore River workers for Local 5 brought about a company statement that the E.R.P. did not necessarily have exclusive representation of all workers at the yard. The IUMSWA men could appoint their own stewards to speak for them with management. But Bethlehem stoutly denied that this concession (to the N.R.A.) constituted recognition of IUMSWA.

Although still out of the yard, Jack was organizing when the NLRB reversed the regional board order to reinstate the fired IUMSWA men. At the same time, the NLRB
revealed that while it had received 308 IUMSWA cards requesting a representation election, it had 1525 company cards rejecting the election. Thirty-five men, confused, joking, or merely over-anxious to please, signed both ERP and IUMSWA cards. The board characterized Local 5 as "still in the organizing and formative state - men not sufficiently organized to come to meetings" - "the union collects no dues." On the basis of this, the board refused to sanction an election. Van Gelder pointed out that the ERP card had been distributed by the foremen and the men had been terrorized into signing them on the job, but the decision was in.

Thereupon Van Gelder decided on a change in tactics. If he could not beat the ERP by a frontal attack, he would bore from within. That March, when the candidates for election to the twenty-one Employee Representation Plan offices were announced, eleven of the sixty-three candidates were avowed IUMSWA men pledged to destroy the ERP. Six of the eleven IUMSWA men won places on the ERP hierarchy. Since, however, they were a minority in the twenty-one man board, they failed to win any of the ERP top positions.

Among those IUMSWA men who won ERP spots were Jeremiah Mitchell, Local 5 President and Vice-President of the G.E.B.; John Sinclair, Local 5 Vice-President and member of the G.E.B.; Jim Hardie, Secretary of Local 5, and William Westland, committeeman of Local 5.
In May 1935 the second Camden strike followed a Local 1 demand for a wage increase. The N.R.A. was declared illegal and the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Division at the Quincy yard, while freely admitting that Local 5 represented the majority of the men at Fore River, refused to grant the IUMSWA recognition.

Johnny Green's strike was two weeks old when Local 5 presented Fore River with recognition, seniority, and pay demands. The company agreed with the IUM committee but refused to put anything in writing. The committee threatened a strike and decided to ask the membership to vote for a strike at the following meeting.

Green and Van Gelder came up from Camden to address the meeting and to press for the strike as it would strengthen the hand of Local 1 in its struggle. Jack McCann joined them in their belief that a strike at that time would consolidate and strengthen Local 5 forces at the yard. But none of the local leaders now wanted the strike.

Sensing what was happening, Van Gelder demanded that all Local 5 men quit the E.R.P. McLean and Hicks did immediately. But after a meeting with the company Industrial Relations Director, Mitchell, Sinclair, Hardie, and Westland refused to resign, declaring that the IUMSWA was corrupt. (Today Mitchell is a foreman, Sinclair an assistant foreman, Westland a quarterman, and Hardie an Independent official.)
Van Vloten and Andy Banks had so such motives but feared that the union could not survive a strike. The strike vote never came before the body. Green and Van Gelder went home in defeat and disgust. From a peak of over 1500, Local 5 membership fell to about sixty.

That May Day was the last time the communists and the socialists, Browder and Thomas, marched together. Till then the socialists, while anti-communist in principle, looked toward Russia as the universal workers' fatherland. The IUMSWA meeting places were called "Red Halls" and the Coop house in which the Van Gelders lived, was proudly titled "Soviet House."

In 1935, however, the Trotsky followers were welcomed into the Socialist Party where they immediately brought on havoc. The socialists vanished into tiny confused splinter groups. To Jack and Maggie McCann this was more than just confusing and disheartening. They, whose whole hearts lay in the labor movement, were forced to stand helplessly by as the opposing factions grappled with one another, each more intent on the others' destruction than the progress of unionism for the shipbuilders.

What was happening in the larger international sphere had its counterpart within the IUMSWA. Even while the IUMSWA was joining with other industrial unions to form the CIO, the National Office, preferring that the Fore River workers have no union rather than one with a
"communist" (anti-Green) leadership, lifted the autonomy of their all but defunct local. "Internal dissention" was the official reason.

The passage of the Wagner Act gave a much needed boost to the organizing drive at Fore River. It also provided a way in which the Fore River unionists could get rid of the hated E.R.P.

E.R.P. DEFEATED

In April 1936 John Diehl who was sent by the National Office to administer the affairs of Local 5, filed charges under the new N.L.R.A. claiming that the E.R.P. was a company dominated union. A Federal Court, at Bethlehem's assistance, issued an injunction restraining the NLRB from hearing the case against the E.R.P. on the grounds that: 1) the NLRA was unconstitutional; and 2) the NLRB had no jurisdiction since Fore River was not in interstate commerce. Building its organizing drive on the case, the Local grew until in February 1938, it had forty percent of the 4500 at the yard as signed and paid up members.

In 1937 Diehl was joined as Local 5 organizer by a former college director and Labor Department official, Lucien Koch. Koch recognized in Arthur Boyson, a long-time E.R.P. and A.F.L. proponent, a popular, sincere and effective union man. Training all his guns on the one man, Koch soon convinced Boyson that only within the CIO
could he do a good union job for the men. When Local 5 regained its autonomy in February, 1938, Boyson became its president with McCann as his assistant.

Being unable to arrange a labor board election until the final disposition of the company domination case, Lucien decided that it was time for the CIO to call for a showdown with the E.R.P. Therefore, in early March, 1938, he called on all Local 5 members and sympathizers to boycott the E.R.P. annual elections slated for March 15.

It was very late on the ninth of March that the Quincy Police Chief received a phone call from the Bethlehem Fore River main office. A request was made, and granted, that extra police be assigned to the shipyard gates early the following morning to protect the lives of some men who were going to distribute leaflets there.

The morning of the tenth the shipworkers received from young boys, who refused to reveal their employer's identity, printed four-page reprints of a December, 1936, Liberty Magazine article. Entitled "Rah, Rah, Russia" the article told of a legislative hearing investigating Dr. Lucien Koch's activities as president of Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas. It purported to prove that not only was Koch an ardent Communist, but that he subverted federal funds to teach students at Commonwealth the theories and techniques of Marxism, revolution, free love, and allegiance to the Soviet Union.
WHAT did your boys learn at college this fall? What ideas are your girls bringing home this Christmas?

A group of fathers and mothers in Arkansas, alarmed by tendencies they observed, began to ask these questions in a big way, and with the help of a legislative investigating committee they got some big answers.

The institution under scrutiny was Commonwealth College, at Mena, Arkansas. The first witness was Lucien Koch, then president and director of the college, now holder of an important government post in Washington.

Being duly sworn, Dr. Koch was asked:

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Bible," he replied, "to state whether or not I believe in it."

"Do you believe in God?"

"No."

"Dr. Koch, have you ever voted?"

"I have not."

"Do you feel that you owe allegiance to this government where you live?"

The witness sidestepped the question with a statement of his beliefs antithetical to the principle of freedom of speech.

"Can you answer my question, yes or no?"

"No. It would be unfair to your question for me to answer it so abruptly."

"Do you have a higher regard for other governments than you have for the American government?"

"I believe that the government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics [Soviet Russia] is in many ways superior to the American government."

"Do you believe in that to such an extent that you would attempt to overthrow the American form of government to arrive at that principle? Will you answer my question, yes or no?"

"To do that would be unfair to your question."

Throughout his testimony Dr. Koch's tenderness for the feelings of the committee continued to prevent his answering questions as to his loyalty to his country's government.

"Do you respect the American flag?"

Here, at least, was one that the president of an American college and the future officeholder in an American administration might answer in the affirmative without fear of hurting anybody's feelings. What Dr. Koch said was:

"I refuse to answer without advice of counsel."

After admitting that he had gone to jail for four days as the result of his activities in the planter-tenant situation in Poinsett County, and identifying an issue of the official publication of the college, which announced the formation "without a dissenting vote" of "an all-inclusive united front... to build revolutionary student and teacher organizations in the colleges of the state," Dr. Koch was allowed to step down from the stand. He was succeeded by Charlotte Moskowitz.
Obviously, the article, as distributed, did not explain that Liberty was even then defendant in a libel suit brought against it by Koch. The libel suit was finally won, but the damage had, by that time, long been accomplished. Over eighty-six percent of the Fore River workers, proving their disdain for Koch, communism, the CIO, and Local 5, voted in the "boycotted" E.R.P. election. Local 5 membership took a nose-dive.

The tide turned again, when, in 1938, after the Supreme Court had reversed the decision restraining the N.L.R.B. from hearing the Fore River case, the NLRB trial examiner, Henry W. Schmidt, said of the E.R.P., "It would be difficult to conceive of a more completely employer controlled and dominated labor organization."

While during '38 and '39, and '40, the Labor Board case continued its weary way through the courts, the stalwarts of Local 5, Boyson, McCann, Palmer, Parrish, and McGonnigal worked steadily at building up the Local 5 membership. Koch, by this time, was completely ineffective in dealing with the shipworkers, but served an important function in pressing the NLRB case against Bethlehem. Possibly, in an effort to prove to all the falsity of the 1936 "Liberty" charges, Koch began drifting farther and farther from the left, until he, in common with almost all the national IUMSWA adherents, became open red-baiters, freely painting the "red" label on all those whose policies
politics, or personalities conflicted with their own. The time was ripe for these tactics; Russia had gobbled up the three Baltic countries and become Hitler's ally in the destruction of Poland. The attack on Finland brought more rancor. While most of labor supported Roosevelt, John L. Lewis opposed him outright and the left-wingers dubbed him "Tweedleddee".

The Representation plan, which had been ordered disestablished by the N.L.R.B. in December, 1938, was still fighting for its life in the Appeal Courts.

Feeling personally involved, Eugene Grace, Bethlehem's President, pressed the case until, finally, in October, 1940, the first Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the NLRB order. After four years of desperate resistance, Bethlehem announced the withdrawal of union recognition from the E.R.P. But this represented no defeat of the powerful steel company; repulsed momentarily in one direction, Joe Beth attacked from another.

On the same day the management announced the demise of E.R.P., "independent" sources issued a declaration of the formation of the IUFRW (Independent Union of Fore River Workers).

Naturally, Local 5 officers and Lucien Koch who was by then IUMSWA Regional Director, immediately insisted that the "Indy" was not independent at all but was, in fact, merely the old E.R.P. in a somewhat new garb.

Their claims seemed to be vindicated when an examina-
tion of the IUFRW first slate of officers revealed that at least twenty of the thirty-one office holders had strong E.R.P. backgrounds. As was to be expected, Jerry Mitchell was now an "Independent" officer.

To buttress their certainty that the new union was as much a company tool as the old E.R.P., Jack McCann and some of the left wing members of Local 5 began collecting evidence. John Stahl, Larry Parrish, Jack, and a new National Organizer, Lew Torre, finally managed to arrange a deal with the Independant's lawyer Robert Zottoli.

Mr. Zottoli had agreed that, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, he would turn over to the IUMSWA all books, reports, and records, proving conclusively that the IUFRW was a true blood descendant of the E.R.P. Torre had arranged with Van Gelder to have the National Office pay the ten thousand. The pay-off was to be at South Station in Boston. The union group was to take the evidence and entrain for the National Office in Camden. Zottoli was to take the money and streak northward.

That was one trainride Jack was cheated of. Zottoli never showed.

As it developed, however, the CIO was able on its own to garner sufficient evidence that the Independent was company dominated to convince NLRB Regional Director Howard Myers. In April, 1941, the NLRB filed charges in the Circuit Court of Appeals that Bethlehem officials Grace,
Homer, and Collins were in contempt of the court's order to abolish the E.R.P. Simultaneously Local 5 charged Fore River with committing unfair labor practices and refusing to bargain.

Meanwhile, with fourteen thousand now at the yard, the CIO was continuing its organizing. To embarrass the Indy eighty seven CIO riggers petitioned the company to discuss grievances over bonus rates. The company insisted that the men would have to present their stories individually and could not deal through a spokesman. However, after the eighty seven trooped down, one after another, and were told that the management's representative H. C. Houghton was not in town, they insisted on electing a committee to represent them.

Head of the committee was Marty Williams, an aggressive, progressive ("communist") Local 5 steward.

Twenty-four hours after Marty Williams presented the case for the riggers, he was "loafing" - fired! Today Marty is a UE (United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America) organizer and a leader in the Wallace Third Party movement (as might be expected).

THE GREAT SELLOUT

In April Local 5 claimed five thousand of the Fore River workers and the organization drive was hitting along on all cylinders. The union was operating a sound truck
very effectively. Torre was the only man who could speak to many of the new workers who knew no English. This was a central part of the drive until the Fore River management reported to Quincy City Hall that the truck was causing traffic congestion near the yard. The sound truck license was revoked despite the admission by Chief of Police Avery that there was in fact no congestion. The CIO appealed and although there was no opposition to the union's story, the license stayed revoked.

In spite of these drawbacks, Jack and the other organizers by playing up the pending case against the "Tin Gods", Bethlehem's top officials, managed to sign up forty percent of the yard.

The hearing on the contempt charges were set for May 14, 1941. That was the day Local 5 was going to prove that Bethlehem was not really omnipotent, that Bethlehem could be challenged and fought and beaten. That was "D Day."

May 14 finally rolled around, stayed its twenty-four hours and rolled on, and there was no hearing. Witnesses, all set to prove that the E.R.P. and the IUFRW were identical, hunted in vain for the judge who was to hear the case. The Independent was jubilant - Local 5 flabbergasted!

It took almost a month for the full story to come out. On the very top union and management levels, secret meetings
had taken place in Camden, Washington, and New York.
Without even informing Local 5, Johnny Green and the National Office had entered into agreement with the Bethlehem Steel officialdom...a Memorandum of Understanding. Although Local 5 had independently financed and prepared the case, Johnny Green promised to drop it. In return, Bethlehem promised to, finally, obey the Wagner Act.

The company promised that it would sit down and bargain with the CIO in all yards where the CIO had already won representation elections and been certified by the NLRB. The company further promised that it would "permit" Local 5 to file a motion for a NLRB election; and it would recognize Local 5's right to contend that the IUFRW was the successor to the E.R.P.

With the disclosure of this unsurpassed sellout, Local 5 membership plummeted to almost nothing. Jack McCann was too stunned to comprehend the full horror of what had occurred, but Lew Torre became extremely vocal and bitter. Resigning his job as organizer Torre blasted Johnny Green in the Quincy papers. He accused him of:-

1. Running a machine dictatorship which destroyed democracy, rank and file control, and all autonomy.

2. Red baiting to cover up his actions and to split the union's ranks.

3. Collaborating with the companies to an extent which made organizing impossible.
4. Selling out locals to gain personal favors.

5. Agreeing to an early election for Local 5 when he knew that Bethlehem would continue to recognize, support, and pay the IUFRW and that such conditions made a CIO victory impossible.

6. Preferring that the shipworkers have no union at Fore River than one which was not under Green's control.

The IUMSWA countered with "Torre's words were taken right out of the 'Daily Worker'. Local 5 is infiltrated with communists."

The date set for the election was August 11. It was set by the NLRB and Jack always felt that Regional Director Myers was seeking revenge against Local 5 for having double-crossed the NLRB by dropping the contempt case.

Scarcely before the ink was dry on the infamous Memorandum, it was violated. Bethlehem had admitted that Local 5 had the right to charge that the Independent was company dominated. But when the CIO went before the NLRB examiner to make its charge, the Independent declared that since it did not wish to be on the ballot with the CIO, the board could not rule on whether it was company dominated.

Faced with this, Local 5 tried to have the contempt charges re-instituted, but this was denied. The Independent sanctimoniously gave as its reason for refusing to be on the ballot that they "would not participate in an election which left the office workers and engineers out in the cold."
While the Fore River men stayed away from Local 5 in droves, the whole messy affair had revealed that the "Independent" could no wise be considered an independent union. Resentment toward yard inequities and inefficiencies were building up, and when Local 5 managed, by dint of repeated appeals for postponement, to put the election off till November 19, even Jack felt that the CIO might well have a chance.

Unfortunately for Local 5, John L. Lewis' coal strike broke just before the election and seemed to underline the Independent's warning that "CIO means strikes." Lewis was out of the CIO then, but that didn't matter. The ballot read "Do you wish to be represented by Local 5 IUMSWA". The vote was three and one half "no's" to every "yes."

Once again Jack saw Local 5 dwindle to almost nothing. The one single thing which held the remnants together was their all-pervading and unifying hatred of "the National Office."

Johnny Green's consistent red-baiting tactics became the official policy of the IUMSWA when an anti-communist amendment was put into the constitution. Jack McCann and all that was left of Local 5 fought this amendment, but lost. They also lost their fight against an amendment which changed Green's salary from "what a journeyman ship-builder shall earn" to eight thousand dollars a year.
The Local 5 boys came home from the rigged convention disheartened and broken. There seemed to be nothing to fight for any more. Even Jack McCann, becoming tired and disgusted---sick of having to fight both the company and the National Office—began to lose interest in the union.

But unionism was too firmly a part of Jack's make-up for him to be able to turn his back on the armies of new unorganized and dissatisfied workers coming into the yard. At the 1942 convention he prevailed on Van Gelder to spend some money to organize the seething Fore River and Hingham yards. Van agreed, but only at the price of lifting Local 5's autonomy. This was to placate Green, to assure him that the National Office would have control of all the money the National was going to pour into Quincy.

The money poured. Thirty organizers hit Quincy, rented an office, put their feet up on the desks, and were in business.

Support came from unexpected sources. Jim Bollen, a local A.F.L. leader and brother of a Local 5 officer, organized an A.F.L. committee to aid the IUMSA in its drive. Unknown to Jim, however, the top guard in the A.F.L. had secretly been planning to organize Fore River and Hingham themselves. Bollen was quickly bounced, but the incident effectively stymied A.F.L. attempts to win the yards.
SELLOUT AGAIN

The drive was gaining terrific momentum, with 8,000 of the 31,000 at Fore River in the CIO when Jack contacted some of the Independent leaders with a proposal to buy them out. Once again the National Office was to advance the money and the arrangements were made. Suddenly, twenty six of the most active local organizers received personal letters from Johnny Green. They were all very firmly, and not not at all politely, invited to step out of Local 5's activities. To insure this, they were as of the date the letters were mailed, expelled from the union. The reason given, naturally, "communism". The specific charge - "Selling 'Daily Workers' while in the yard on union business", the rationale-Green, fearing that if the communists (anti-Green forces) organized the yard he would have no control over the Local, and all the organizing money would be lost. Green was taking a chance and he knew it. He was hoping that the personal prestige of the twenty-six would be small compared to the desires of the workers to be in the CIO. He guessed wrong. The men knew that those volunteer organizers who had done the bulk of the recruiting "fellows like Jack, Lefty Anderson, Ernie Trueman, Frankie Luongo, those fellows were no communists. And what if there were a few like Johnnie Stahl, Larry Parrish, and the Crozier boys, they were the hardest workers of all. Russia was
on our side, so what's the difference!"

There were 31,000 at the yard then, and 18 in the Quincy Communist Party.

Of course, the Independent didn't play up the story in this vein, but they certainly played up the sellout and back-stab aspect of the occurrence. Result - from about 8,000 the membership once again fell off to an indistinguishable dribble and the National Organizers quietly folded their offices and stole away.

The war-time peak of 31,000 was long past and the number at Fore River steadily decreasing when Johnny Green, seeing all the "gravy" vanishing, grew desperate and sent up to Quincy Lou Kaplan, the IUMSWA ace organizer. Kaplan had just added the Sun Shipyard to his unbroken string of victories. By then he had directed the organizing into the IUMSWA of 150,000 members. With that kind of a record, Green could afford to overlook that Kaplan was an avowed communist.

With Lou, there arrived in Quincy twenty-six letters from a repentent Johnny Green. "Come home, all is forgiven" was, in essence, what Jack read.

Believing an organizing drive could be only as effective as its base was wide, Kaplan introduced his technique.

He started a "Committee of 1000" to be composed of voluntary organizers. Every member was urged to become an
organizer. Classes were conducted in unionism and organizing tactic. Most effective of all was Lou's sincere praise of all who helped him. Everyone was made a hero — whether he brought two hundred or just two men into the union.

Local 5 was booming happily and the Independent was coming apart at the seams when, in October, 1944, three hundred welders walked out on strike. Quincy police rushed up, taverns and liquor stores were closed down, sailors at the yard booed, and the Ledger came out with screaming extras. Two days later there were over eighteen hundred welders, of the two thousand at the yard, out.

The welders were mad — so were the shipfitters, and the tin-knockers, and the pipefitters, and electricians, and every other department in the yard. They had so many grievances they didn't know where to begin unravelling them. Primarily they were enraged at the spectacle of men being laid off when the yard was hopelessly behind in its schedule. The ships were literally streaming into the Fore River, but so inefficient was yard management that while some ships were held up on the ways for lack of a few welds, at any one time, about five hundred welders would be standing around the yard doing either nothing or gambling.

The rest of the workers' resentment was directed at their completely ineffective Independent delegates who could not, or would not, process any of the grievances for the men.
Jack, as part of a CIO committee, was able to verify that the Indy men just would not. As always they were finding it profitable to sign the company's checks, go to the beach, operate betting pools, and attend horse races, all on company time. In pay checks alone, those declared to the Internal Revenue Department, the ninety delegates were costing Bethlehem over $900,000 a year, for which the company wasn't getting any work and for which the workers weren't getting any representation.

Finding no other way to have their protests heard and their grievances acted on, the men, in a boiling ferment, spontaneously struck. For once, the Independent men became active. They immediately denied any connection with the strike. They finally came back to the yard from the race tracks and ran around trying to get the men back to work.

The CIO had issued a national no-strike declaration so the Local 5 men, while anxious to take this opportunity to sink the IUFRW for good, did not dare to take the lead in the walkouts. In his department, the men rejected the Independent and insisted that Jack be their leader as they prepared to join the walkout. Jack managed to have himself replaced by another CIO man, less widely known throughout the yard. In this way Jack was able to let his department know that the CIO was answering its call to leadership and at the same time manage to keep the CIO from being associated with the strike in the public's eye.
Riveter Mariano "worked" only nine months in 1943. His base rate was $1.80 an hour. Most other riveters made about $4500 for twelve months work that year, but Mariano was an Independent delegate.
Jimmy McGonnigal, the young, dynamic son of a former Glasgow labor leader, and himself a long-time Local 5 member, refused to follow Jack's example. Eager for personal glory, Jimmy took the leadership of his "tin-knockers" and hailing his move as a CIO victory, led them out of the yard. By the fifty day there were over 2500 out.

The Navy, anxious for the strike to end, sent a disabled flyer to shame the men back to work. The strikers listened, but he didn't tell them how to get their grievances settled, so the strike went on.

Bethlehem made little effort to get the men back. For the company the strike was a good thing to pin the poor production record on. The Independent officers, more in an effort to stop the strike than to accomplish good for the workers, referred the issue to the State Arbitration Board and urged the men to go back to work.

The only people who worked harder than the Indy men to end the strike were the communists. Production, production, and still more ships was the communist policy then, and Jack felt sick as he saw the silly spectacle of his communist friend John Stahl fighting, hand in hand with the Indy delegate, against their workers' demands to strike. Finally even Stahl couldn't hold them and the electricians came out.

By the eighth day there were 5500 out. The men had chosen their leaders who banded together to form a Workers
Committee which was to present the cases before the State Board. Having accomplished this, the strike was ended. And so was the Independent.

From then on, while the company still kept up its pretense (and payments) of dealing with the IUFRW, the actual leaders of the workers were the members of the Workers Committee, and they, for the most part, were CIO people.

Feeling insecure the Indy tried to take active leadership. It still pretended to talk for the men and so, when a government survey criticized the Fore River yard for its low production record and absentee rate of 2000 per day, blaming the absences on the men who went to the race tracks to bet on the horses, the Independent spokesman put his foot in it. "The men," he announced, "don't have to take off from work to make bets; there are plenty of bookies right in the yard."

The IUFRW came out of the '44 strike splintered into three sections. One part, the old hierarchy, continued in power. Challenging this power was the Bradford Committee (named after the hotel in which it met). Led by IUFRW vice-president Howie King, the Bradford group swore to make a decent union out of the Independent or else to smash it. A third, more moderate group, led by an old-time socialist Fabrinzio, urged the ruling clique to adopt certain modifications in its rules.
Obviously this was too good an opportunity for the CIO to fail to exploit. Jack quickly aligned himself with the Bradford committee. By the time he came in it seemed fairly obvious that the Independent would be unable to reform in time to meet the CIO threat in the July, 1945 NLRB election.

The obvious became a certainty when in May, two months before the NLRB election, the Independent bosses, postponed their annual elections indefinitely. The Bradford committee then switched to the CIO.

Naturally, all this dissension in the Independent wasn't hurting the CIO at all. Neither were the sickening anti-Jewish and anti-red attacks the desperate Indy was making on the CIO hurting at all. Kaplan had set in motion a self-perpetuating and expanding mechanism with his slogan of "Every member an organizer."

The Independent hung Lou Kaplan in effigy the night before the election. But that didn't stop the CIO from winning the election with seven thousand "yes" votes to five thousand "no" votes out of the fifteen thousand at the yard.

Johnny Green must have been very confident in Lou Kaplan's organizing abilities. He must have been very sure the CIO would win the election. He must have been so sure that he could allow himself the luxury of remembering that
The Independent was never original or subtle.

**THE C. I. O. PROGRAM**

Be Sure to Vote! ... Every Vote Counts!

Send the Communist Racketeers Back To New Jersey!

**VOTE NO**

It is the same as giving the C.I.O. a vote if you don't vote.

Be Sure To Vote
WHY I AM VOTING NO

The Independent Union which is now the bargaining agent for the yard has never forced me or anyone to join it. The CIO always tries to get a "closed shop".

Fore River is the only yard in the country on new construction which is still hiring. All CIO yards are laying off or closing. My job is safe but it would not be under the CIO.

I am proud of my part in the war. I can look back and say Fore River did a fine job in the War and I was a part of it. I would be ashamed to have been in a Beth-CIO yard that couldn't make its quota.

My wages are the highest in the country. The incentive system must be kept. I could not support my family under the 35 hour work week and no incentive which the CIO advocates.

We all gripe about the Independent. That is one of our American Rights. I would rather take a chance on men I can vote for than on men the CIO appoint.

I don't intend to have my life run by Kaplan, Goldfant, Goldstein, and I do too. I don't want to be just a number in the communistic CIO system.

I don't intend to have my life run by Kaplan, Goldfant, Goldstein, Pettis, etc. I'll decide my own problems in my own way. I like my freedom.

I AM AN AMERICAN

We challenge the CIO to publish their entire contract with the Bethlehem Steel Company
PREVUE OF A REVEALING EXPOSE
"UNMASKING THOSE WHO ARE MAKING A JOKE OUT OF THE INDEPENDENT UNION"

This expose will be presented in four bulletins and written
By ALEXANDER FABRIZIO

Present shop delegate, author of "WAKE UP LABOR," and former Editor of the FORE RIVER INDEPENDENT, who was thrown out by the Officers and the Board of Delegates because he dared to fight for the freedom of the press.

The following is an outline of some of the issues that will be treated:

1. How the Officers and the Board of Delegates used INTIMIDATION to stop progressive Shop Delegates from making the Independent and aggressive Union. By holding "a certain axe" over the Shop Delegates' heads the Officers were able to keep them in line! THIS "AXE" WILL BE EXPOSED!

2. How EIGHT MEN can completely control the Union although NINETY-TWO DELEGATES ARE ELECTED! A set-up that would make even Hitler pout with pride.

3. At the last election you members voted in favor of a referendum to change the method of amending our Constitution by THE OVERWHELMING VOTE OF 3371 TO 182. Yet the Officers and the Board of Delegates ruled that IT HAD NOT PASSED!!! The reasons why they mocked you will be exposed.

4. Why the Officers all year long have refused to call an open meeting for all members although the Union Constitution absolutely guarantees that four such meetings a year must be held. ARE THEY AFRAID TO BE PUT ON THE SPOT?

5. Why I was ousted as Editor of our Union newspaper by the Officers and the Board of Delegates. I shall pull absolutely no punches on this one. THE TRUTH WILL STARTLE YOU.

6. The real reason why some Shop Delegates may not be as efficient as they might be. I shall put the blame where it belongs.

7. Why the Officers cut down our joint meetings of Executive Board and Shop Delegates down to THREE IN EIGHT MONTHS WHEN TWENTY-FIVE SUCH MEETINGS were held last year during the same period. This was one of their unscrupulous methods to ignore the demands of the Delegates you elected to represent you.

8. Specific examples of Hitlerism will be cited, one in which a Shop Delegate was ousted by the Executive Board without a hearing or a trial, and when the Shop Delegates called a meeting to protest this action we were threatened that if any Shop Delegates called any more meetings without an Officer of the Union present, those calling the meeting would also be ousted as Delegates.

9. A program for a better Union will be presented.

During my campaign for shop delegate last year I promised my friends that I would attempt to find out why the Independent is weak and that I would expose the reasons for this condition. I now have the facts and I shall pull no punches in exposing them to you in the bulletins which will be given to you from week to week. It is only fair that I point out that these flyers are not an attack on each individual member of the Executive Board, but rather it is a condemnation of the actions of the Board as a whole.

The following men have cooperated with me on this flyer and they endorse its opinions and sentiments:

BILL NORTON  CLEM KERANS  LEO FINN
JOHN MARTIN  WALTER EGAN  JOHN DONOVAN

The Independent splinter which stayed independent - run by men who hated the Independent but were to trust the CIO.
HOWARD
KING SPEAKING

To Men of Fore River:

On Monday, July 9th, I resigned as Vice President of the Independent Union. You men of Fore River know me — you know my record. You know that for over two years I have been working and fighting for Real representation for the workers. I have been fighting for a better UNION.

I'm Tired of Fighting Alone!

I am convinced that under the present set-up of the Independent, a democratic union is impossible. I know now that my efforts have been futile. This union can never operate honestly and wholly above-board.

Here's Why

Under the present constitution of the Independent Union of Fore River Workers, ALL power to function is vested in a tight little group of EIGHT men. No one else can enter this sacred circle.

- These men have consistently refused to negotiate a written contract.
- They have refused to amend or revise this faulty constitution.
- They have refused to issue a monthly audit of Union finances.
- They have refused to publish the minutes of ANY meeting of the Board of Delegates.
- They have refused to call a public meeting for the membership.
- Too many men have refused to stay on the job IN THE YARD and properly represent the men on vital matters of grievance, wages or working conditions.
- Too few men are forced to carry the whole load for the Union.
- To sum it all up, this “Union” refuses to operate as a Union!

I have labored under the delusion that the right men could remedy this situation. But I know that the right men can't get in. The whole vicious system is fundamentally wrong. The only remedy is to clean house.

If the workers of Fore River are to have their rights protected in seniority, wages, and all other basic rights of working men, they must have a far stronger, more intelligently alert and fighting union. We cannot have this with the Independent. We cannot take further chances because our jobs are placed in jeopardy by the ineptitude of the elected officers of the Union.

We Need A National Union

My decision to resign came after much hard thinking and with a troubled mind. I am convinced that only with a national Union can the rights of Fore River shipyard workers be recognized and protected.

Signed:
Howard F. King

When the Independent cancelled the election in which he was running for president, Howie King switched to CIO — because the CIO is better.
The Stand of THE BRADFORD COMMITTEE

For many months the Bradford Committee has been engaged in an investigation, to discover whether or not it was possible to make the IUFRW work for the benefit of all the employees of Fore River. A great deal of time and money has been spent by many men, MOST OF WHOM WERE SINCERE, AND MOST OF WHOM WERE NOT SEEKING PERSONAL GAIN, FINANCIALLY OR OTHERWISE.

THOSE WHO WERE NOT SINCERE AND THOSE WHO WERE SEEKING PERSONAL GAIN HAVE BEEN VOTED OUT OF THE BRADFORD COMMITTEE.

BECAUSE THE UNION HAS FAILED TO SECURE A NEGOTIATED CONTRACT TO PROTECT ITS MEMBERSHIP —

Because it has shown no inclination to HOLD OPEN MEETINGS — BECAUSE IT REFUSES TO CHANGE THE CONSTITUTION, and give control to the MEMBERSHIP — BECAUSE THEY DO NOT COOPERATE WITH THE MEMBERS — BECAUSE THEY DO NOTHING ABOUT POOR FOOD AND HIGH PRICES ON THE LUNCH STANDS — BECAUSE THEY PRACTICALLY REFUSE HOSPITALIZATION (ASK THE BLUE CROSS OFFICIALS HOW MUCH COOPERATION OUR UNION GAVE THEM) — BECAUSE THEY ACCEPTED THEIR SALARIES FROM THE COMPANY AND DID LITTLE OR NOTHING FOR THE WORKERS— BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO AGREEMENT.

BECAUSE — They LIED about the Earned Rate for Vacations. (Wm. McPherson of the War Labor Board proved who the LIAR was in this case)

Because — They LIED and FAILED in the matter of RETROACTIVE PAY
Because — They continually DISTORT the TRUTH and thereby LIE on every issue that concerns the GOOD and WELFARE of the WORKERS
Because — They CANNOT FACE the ISSUES at stake in the COMING ELECTION
Because — They ANSWER THE CIO (Who are also members of the IUFRW) with a TORRENT of ABUSE AND FILTH
   The REASON they take this course is because THEY CANNOT FACE the ISSUES, let alone ANSWER THEM
Because — They ABUSE ALL CREEDS—ALL NATIONALITIES—ALL DECENCY
Because — They LIE when they say YOU WILL LOSE THE BONUS—It cannot be taken away by the C.I.O. A FEDERAL ORDER PREVENTS This. But the IUFRW allows FENAGLING of your BONUS
Because — They LIE when they say YOU MUST ACCEPT THE MASTER AGREEMENT.
You will accept the MASTER AGREEMENT ONLY IF THE MAJORITY OF YOUR UNION VOTE TO ACCEPT IT, and this will be DONE IN AN OPEN MEETING

They MAKE MUCH of a DEMONSTRATION AGAINST UNION OFFICIALS FOR FAILURE at N. Y. SHIP on JULY 10th.

WHY DIDN'T THEY TELL YOU THE "PROTEST" LASTED ONE HOUR — AND WAS SATISFACTORILY SETTLED BY UNION OFFICIALS (CIO) SELECTED BY THE UNION MEMBERSHIP.

WE HAD TO WALK OUT LAST FALL — ANOTHER PROTEST AGAINST OUR ALLEGED UNION OFFICIALS — MORE THAN NINE MONTHS AGO — WHEN WILL THOSE GRIEVANCES BE SATISFACTORILY SETTLED?

The HOPELESS SITUATION of the INDEPENDENT UNION is due to the MANIPULATIONS OF POLITICIANS — NOT LABOR LEADERS — NOT MEN INTERESTED IN YOUR FUTURE — BUT ONLY THEIR OWN — They Refuse To Allow YOU TO VOTE and Elect New Officers.

THEY REFUSE TO RESIGN!

THEY OPERATE A CLOSED SHOP — THEY WILL DO ANYTHING TO PROTECT THEIR JOBS PAYING THEM APPROXIMATELY $6,000 PER YEAR.
BECAUSE OF 15,622 MEN AND WOMEN ELIGIBLE TO VOTE NEXT FRIDAY — OF WHOM MORE THAN 11,000 HAVE PAID MONEY TO PROVE THEY WILL VOTE "YES" — BECAUSE OF ALL THESE FACTS THE BRADFORD COMMITTEE ENDS A DEMOCRATIC LABOR UNION UNDER A C.I.O. CHARTER.

THE BRADFORD COMMITTEE
when Lou went around the yard organizing those seven thousand workers he carried the "Daily Worker" in his coat pocket. Johnny Green was so sure that his ace organizer had not let him down, that the morning of the election, July 20, 1945, before any votes were cast, he sent Kaplan a telegram firing him as a IUMSWA organizer. Lou, who survived being hung the night before, was stabbed in the back in the morning.

Although 102 candidates ran for nineteen positions in the first CIO election, of the 15,000 eligible to vote, only 2400 cast their ballots to elect Arthur Boyson president and Frankie Luongo on leave of absence from the CIO Shoe Workers, as vice-president of Local 5. Jack was elected to the grievance committee, along with McGonnigal and Stahl. The machine shop had cast nearly a 100% vote and elected a heavy proportion of machinists to CIO positions.

Despite promises of full employment, the end of the war brought a quick "stop-work and scrap" order from the Navy and the first axe fell.

Soon after its victorious election, the grievance committee met with management and cases were discussed and many disposed of. The company and the union agreed to apply the provisions of the "Master Agreement" in effect in seven other Bethlehem IUMSWA East Coast yards.

The Negotiating Committee was in almost continual session with the company to get a signed agreement based on the "Master Agreement."
Progressive lay-offs of over a thousand a week finally reached Jimmy McGonnigal, who although he had many more years at the yard, only had three years of unbroken service.

When Jack heard that Jimmy had received his notice he immediately organized his department to stage a protest demonstration. Jack held no love for the cocky, ambitious McGonnigal, but this action by the company of laying off a union office-holder was in violation of the super-seniority provisions of the "Master Agreement." While it was true that no written agreement existed at Fore River, this act seemed to Jack to be threatening not only his own job but the union as well.

The stoppage organized by Jack spread and was finally effective. The company agreed to honor the super-seniority provisions of the "Master Agreement" and McGonnigal's lay-off notice was withdrawn.

After Steel and Auto had won their 18c increases on the picket line, the Ship Stabilization Committee of the W.L.B. granted the increase to the shipworkers.

Bethlehem refused to pay the raise until it had won seniority and incentive concessions from the union and until it had a guarantee that it would be reimbursed by the Navy for the 18c award. Furthermore, Bethlehem refused to include Fore River in its negotiations with the IUJSWA "Master Agreement."

Local 5 had been ten months negotiating for a contract and had seen the yard chopped down from 17,000 to 5,000 when in May 1946 it called for a strike. The support was
The 1946 negotiations threatened to end in a strike but instead resulted in the best ship contract ever signed. 1947 followed steps #1 - #5 but blew up on #6.
unanimous. The men had seen forty-six other yards get their 18¢ and were incensed at Bethlehem for holding out on that as well as refusing to give the union the security of a signed contract.

Local 5 prepared for the strike. Machinery was set up for all strike functions. Committees were named - final strike authorization was given by the members and finally, at the last possible moment, Bethlehem capitulated and Fore River had its first CIO contract. The workers got twenty-four weeks of retroactive pay increases amounting to about $170 each.

Meanwhile, with the CIO annual election coming up, Local 5 was being split into two camps. Aggressive, ambitious McGonnigel gathered about him all the younger, fiery element and promised to clean out the union of its "wops."

Opposing Jimmy for the presidency was Frankie Luongo, with the support of Boyson, Stahl, Farrish, and Jack McCann. Jack was running for a spot on the seven man grievance committee. He needed the spot to get the super-seniority which would enable him to stay in the yard. Jimmy was also running for the grievance committee so that, if he lost the presidency, he could keep his job. If he won the presidential race, of course, he was automatically given a place on the grievance committee, so it was expected that if he won both, he would resign from the grievance committee.

The campaign was hot and vicious. Tempers flared and occasionally fists were raised. Jack developed a hatred
for him as he saw in him nothing good for the Local. Jim, he knew, was interested in furthering the aims of Jim only at the expense of anyone at all. He was soon to know how ruthless an enemy Jim could be.

Jim won the election simply because there were more Scottish votes than Italian votes. His whole slate won and Jim also won a spot on the grievance committee. Jack McCann had the eighth highest vote for the position on a seven man grievance committee. It was naturally expected by everyone that Jimmy, being President, would resign and make a spot available on the grievance committee for Jack; but they reckoned without Jimmy.

Maybe it was for the fifteen dollars he would get for being a member of the committee, maybe it was mean, stupid, vindictive. Jim refused to resign from the committee. Jack McCann followed Frankie Luongo out of the yard - never to return.

Shortly after the election some scar tissue from a burn Jack had got at the yard developed into a cancer on his windpipe. Jack knew what that meant - sudden, unexpected death, and urged friends not to let his wife Meg know about it. Meg knew about it but begged their friends not to tell Jack that she knew.

Jack was out of the yard now and he had no interest in the union at all, other than to hope sometimes that maybe he was wrong about Jim.

The yard was down to 2600 when the '47 negotiations
started. There was no work coming in and very little to be done. The contract was going to terminate June 23 and it was obvious that the company was not going to renew it. At Fore River the company particularly wanted to get rid of the incentive plan.

The union decided to take the initiative. The Taft-Hartley law was just passed and no one knew just what it meant. The company was sure to terminate the contract and press for concessions unless the union jumped the gun.

Local 5 held its strike vote. The show of hands was unanimous. "This is a fight for life," said the company. "We can't get work as it stands now."

Thursday, June 26, dawned cool and quiet. All differences were forgotten as Jack joined his union brothers on the picket line.

Despite its announced "demands" the union was on the defensive. "We can't live with the seniority clause," appealed the company as it went into its offensive. Two days after the strike started came the first company offer to extend the old contract. "Just a phoney," said Jack.

Mass picket lines were marching, committees were operating; everything proceeded along the lines of the 1946 plan.

The strike received little community support, only the Communist Party offered to help and it was quickly refused.

A company stooge circulated back to work notices calling for a return by July 28. At two o'clock in the morning of
July 27th the few pickets were startled to see the gates swing wide and a large trailer truck drive out. Up in the cab sat Bethlehem's top men in the area. John Wiseman and Sam Wakeman had just participated in loading up the parts of a blast furnace which the machine shop was working on and which was destined for Sparrow's Point.

Enraged at this violation of their agreement not to ship non-Navy material out of the yard, the union sent out a hurry-up call. The next morning there was a solid protesting picket line of 400. The following day, the deadline for the back-to-work movement, the enraged pickets numbered 500.

Two weeks later a second steel shipment was made, again at two in the morning. This time the pickets met it with a hail of stones, despite the twenty Quincy police which escorted the trucks to Boston.

Wiseman had again taken part in the job and was almost hit by a stone which crashed the truck window.

An eager draftsman attempted to cross the lines the next morning. He was promptly bounced back.

Just as promptly, Bethlehem got a restraining order on the picket line. Chief of Police Avery swore that his force would be unable to handle more than five men at each gate.

When the company claimed in court that Navy vessels were being irreparably damaged due to lack of maintenance, the court issued a permanent injunction.

The union received a letter from the Navy Department
shortly thereafter attesting that the Navy ships at Fore River were in fact in good shape, but as Local 5 lawyer Angoff says "A State court doesn't charge a company as big as Bethlehem with perjury."

When the union made the decision, much against the advice of Stehl and Parrish to obey the injunction, Jack knew the strike was lost. But he continued to walk the picket line.

Green was on the line one day. Jack hadn't seem him since that last convention.

"If this were on the Clyde", began Green, "we wouldn't be walking a picket line, would we?"

"No," answered Jack, "and you wouldn't be getting your pay during a strike either."

That was the last Jack ever said to Johnny Green. And that night was Jack's last.

Today Meg McCann says, "It sounds strange but I thank God that Jock died when he did. I am forever grateful that he was spared the knowledge and the sight of his own countrymen and fellow-workers scabbing. I thank God he died because if he had ever seen those scabs going through, there would have been murder committed."

On September 29, five men in a speeding car came through the gates.

One week later the union chalked the names of twenty-five on a wall with the warning, "These are scabs - remember them - scabs that never heal."
After sixteen weeks of strike, ninety-eight were back.
One week later, two hundred and thirty.
Then it became a flood. Monday, October 27, saw
four hundred and eleven in the yard -

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>October 29</td>
<td>553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 30</td>
<td>623</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 31</td>
<td>704</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 8</td>
<td>1104</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The strike ended the ninth of November. On November 10 there were 2040 men back, and nine hundred and thirty-six of them were smiling.
The CIO prepared the posters and delivered them to neighborhood stores. The merchants received the posters and then forgot about them.

Notice

IN THE INTEREST OF THE WHOLE COMMUNITY. WE SUPPORT THE SHIPYARD WORKERS DEMANDS.
It's okay to get a free ride, brothers, but we don't care much for the company you're keeping."

Don Edmonston, Jimmy Smith, and friends
The premature back to work movement resulted only in a mass picket line of five hundred.

TO FORE RIVER WORKERS

THOUSANDS OF US HAVE WORKED STEADILY AT FORE RIVER FOR OVER 20 YEARS AND OUR SERVICE HAS ALWAYS BEEN RECOGNIZED.

Whose service are we protecting by being out on Strike?
Ask your Steward if he would be laid off if he wasn't a Steward.
Ask McGonnigle and other officers about their service.

WHY MUST THEY BE GIVEN SPECIAL SENIORITY?
Why doesn't McGonnigle give us a chance for a secret vote?
Why always a hand vote?
McGonnigle insists upon continuing this foolish Strike - Why?
Does he hope to become a National Labor Leader?

While you and I loaf his wife works every day keeping him in food and shelter while our kids wait to be fed.

Why are we told every two or three days that the strike will be settled in 2 or 3 days more?

Now it is wait until July 23 - Todd's will sign up for 13¢.
If Todd's doesn't - then what?

Let's give the Union until July 25 and if they don't clean up this mess let's all meet at the Main Gate at 7 A.M. July 28 and demand that McGonnigle and all other short service guys leave us through to our work.

Our wives aren't working - - Our kids must eat

Mail these to your fellow workers - Make more copies and mail those.

Meet Us July 28 at the Main Gate.

And Finally - IS EVERY JUNE 23 GOING TO SEE US ON STRIKE?

THINK IT OVER
In pressing for an injunction two months later, the company denied that any such offer had ever been made.

DON'T BE

STRIKE-BREAKERS

Here is the Union offer made before General Cole, Chairman of the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration:

1. The Union agrees to allow sufficient number of maintenance men through the picket line and into the yard, for the purpose only of taking care of naval vessels and naval materials present in the yard, as protection against damage and deterioration.

2. The Company agrees that the use of these men will not be used for any purpose other than stated above. In other words, they cannot be used to move any material or to protect any material that belongs to either the Fore River Yard plant or any of its customers other than the United States Navy.

3. The Union agrees to allow a sufficient number of accountants and time keepers to pass through the lines to the office building for the purpose of making up the payrolls on which pay is now due both productive workers, and office, engineering and supervisory force workers. The number agreed upon will be 28 accountants and 5 timekeepers.

4. The Union, at this time, will not go any further in opening up the picket lines, other than stated above.

For the Union_____________________________ For the Board_____________________________

For the Company_____________________________

In the above offer the Union, once more, has bent backward to keep this lockout within the bounds of reason.

Where once the Company Manager and Foremen sneaked into the Yard and were unsuccessful in breaking the moral of the "Oldtimers" walking before you, the Company is now expecting you to break our lines.

DON'T BE STRIKE BREAKERS!!! Tomorrow you may need us!!!

The stigma of "scab" can never be erased.

James F. McGonnigal, President.
Despite the lies union officers' fact that the had never even seen River yard and local city officials any strikers on effective propaganda.

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD TO SELL THE BABY CARRIAGE..."

"I HAD...
"Jimmy McConnigal, Local 5's President. He heard they were taking pictures so he ran out to help unload food for the Co-op store. That's him with the little package."
July 7, 1947

Mr. Harry Palmer,
101 Front St.,
Weymouth, Mass.

Dear Brother:

We are in receipt of your letter stating that because of a previous engagement, you are unable to report for picket duty. If such is the case, we shall be glad to arrange for a more convenient time. However, we must call your attention to the fact that this is your DUTY. There are several hundred men down here every day and an accurate check of every man is being kept.

To refuse this duty is a violation of our constitution and by laws and will not be tolerated by the officers.

We shall expect to hear from you.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

From the tone of your letter you feel that the strike at the Quincy Yard has nothing to do with you. Seemingly, you are an old-timer and you say that the younger men should do the picketing, as they had something to do with winning this strike. You, brother, have much more to lose being an old-timer. When we send out cards for picketing, they are only a name, and we do not know the physical condition of the people who hold those names.

We have jobs for the older men in the kitchen and addressing cards, etc., such as you received.

I am sorry about your attitude towards this strike. Actually, the younger men are out on strike to protect your many years in the yard.

Sincerely yours,

James F. Medomigal, President

Weymouth July 7, 1947

Dear Sir,

Yours of July 7, 1947, as it seems to have been made, is incomplete. You must have a relative for picket duty who wanted your reasons for such action.

As long as I can keep away from the place why

H. V. Palmer

Passive cooperation wasn't enough. Harry Palmer subsequently resigned from the union - and scabbed.
Before the Injunction
"With the CIO Convention in town some of the big shots came down and picketed, but that didn't stop the scabs none."

Ross Blood and Walter Reuther
After the Injunction
The IUMSWA hates the left-wing UERMWA as a matter of principle. But during a strike such differences are forgotten and the rule is Solidarity.

Local 5 received over $900 from UE.
Part II - And the People
JOHN STAHL

I'm a communist. You might almost say I'm the communist down here at Local 5. I don't make any noise about it, but, on the other hand, I've never denied it. You can be damned well sure I'm proud of it, too. I guess everyone around here knows what I stand for and, of course, under the constitution put over by Johnny Green and his Social Democrat henchmen I couldn't become a top officer of the local. I notice that the steelworkers, Phil Murray's own union, just did the same thing. It's certainly a sad day for Labor when the largest union in the CIO feels it has to go the Taft-Hartleys one better in red-baiting. A funny thing, when the IUMSWA put its anti-communist amendment in they raised Green's salary at the same time. Now the Steelworkers get their communist ban in and raise Murray's salary to $25,000. No man can do a job for the working man who gets that kind of money. No matter how hard he tries his psychology changes and he's lost to Labor.

They keep me from becoming a top officer, but you see who they sent down to Washington to do their negotiating for them, and who they elected to the Chairman of their Grievance committee. Me — the "commie."

The worker knows pretty well who his friends are and he knows that there's never been a more consistent friend of labor anywhere in the world than the communist. The
"commie" he professes to hate so much today. They know
dammed well that there wouldn't be a union here if it
weren't for the progressive forces like myself, or McLaren, the
Crozier boys, Larry Parrish, and Carl Carlson. Nobody
but a left winger, like Lou Kaplan, could have organized
this place — and look at the thanks he got — fired the day
that he won the election. None of us ever got any thanks.
We didn't expect or want any. But we don't want to be
martyrs either. Look at what they did to Cliff Crozier.

Johnny Green himself presented Cliff with a solid gold
IUMSWA-CIO ring in appreciation of his having organized
about a thousand members into Local 5. Cliff was selling
the "Daily Worker" outside the CIO Convention last October,
the strike was still on, when some bastards from the
Steelworkers slugged him. Then Andy Pettis, that lousy
fascist-minded Regional Director for the IUM, he comes
running out and yells to Cliff, "Keep the Shipworkers union
out of this and get the hell out of here." Some thanks.

But I tried only last week to resign from the Grievance
Committee and they wouldn't let me do it. They kick us all
over the place, but when they're in trouble, they always
know where to turn to get help. But, boy, I'm sure fed up
with this lousy rightist excuse for a union. With all the
bickering and backstabbing and double-crossing, it's a
wonder there's any rank and file people in it at all. Those
poor guys need a union so bad they cling desperately to
anything.
I often wonder just what those guys really think of me. Oh, they can hate "communists" as well as the best of them, but that's "communists" in the abstract - somewheres away - somewheres else. But they know me; they know all about my background and life here in Quincy; it's no different from theirs. They know what I believe in and they know how I think and evidently they must like it. They must like my ideals and my logic and the way I talk because they've elected me head of their Grievance Committee for the last three years. I don't know any union job that even approaches in importance the job of presenting the men's cases in steps two and three and before the arbitration. That's what most of the guys join this union for - to get a way to fight their grievances. They joined to get service. They don't have any principles or ideals. Just like the leadership of the union - they're just opportunists and will stick with the union just so long as they can get something out of it.

Maybe they figure I've got a screw loose somewheres - that I'm perfectly okay most of the time and then I have some sort of mental lapse and go into my communistic stuff. That's the only way I see they can explain it to themselves.

Of course, it's possible that a lot of the men don't believe that I'm a communist. The company overdid its hand there; they cried "wolf" too often. Everybody even remotely connected with the CIO, and even before the CIO
was organized, with the IUMSWA, they labelled as a communist. They called Boyson, and even Jimmy McGonnigal, communists. They unearthed the fact that Jimmy's brother Karl's full name is Karl Marx McGonnigal and also that Maxim Litvinoff stayed with the McGonnigals in Glasgow when he came to attend a Trades Union Congress as a representative of a New York Clothing Workers Union.

It's a funny thing but that was the same Congress that refused to seat Samuel Gompers; they claimed he wasn't a real union leader at all because he didn't have the class approach. I'd say that's been American Labor's biggest mistake - concentrating on the bread and butter kind of unionism.

Labor's made lots of mistakes and the left wingers have made lots of mistakes. Luckily, though, Joe Beth has made his share of them, too.

The company got the CIO in here. We thought we fought our way in, but I guess if Joe Beth had wanted to he could have squashed us or bought out some more of the weak sisters just as he's always done.

The left-wingers could have been pretty effective and even made a decent local out of this if we had used our heads during the war. The main trouble is - and always will be - the conflicts that always come up between what's best on the local level and what is the national and inter-
national line. We always have what we insist is the long
range view. So we double-cross people who are beginning
to work with us; we inject issues which we know are good
for the worker. But he, poor jerk, doesn't know it; it's
way beyond him, so he stops coming to meetings and drops
out of the union, and comes a strike, he scabs. Y'know
how they're getting guys to come to meetings? Beer and
movies. And what movies! One time it's a strip tease and
hours and hours of football clips. Last time a beautiful
technicolor and sound job. Wonderfully done. The guys
sat with their mouths open for about an hour listening to
how poor Aluminum Company of America was forced to become
a monopoly. They didn't want to take the whole business
over - but no one else would make the aluminum products
and they felt they had a responsibility to the American
people to supply them with aluminum so they were forced to
become a monopoly.

That kind of "free enterprise" crap at a union meet-
ing! They showed it because they get that stuff free from
the manufacturers association, but they would never even
dream of showing any of the good progressive and educational
films put out by decent unions like the UE. Oh my God! they'd
yell, UE is a commie union, we can't have anything to do
with them. But they took the thousand bucks the UE local
gave them during the strike. That was the most they got
from anyone.
Like I said, during the war we had a good chance to provide leadership. Instead we threw it away. In 1944 when the guys were so sore at the Indy because there wasn't anything getting done about their grievances, the whole yard was just boiling to do something. There'd be one work stoppage after another. Finally there was this big one when the welders went out and took about six thousand workers with them. The guys threw over the Indy leaders and elected their own from the ranks. That was a perfect set-up. A perfect time for us to take over and provide leadership and have a really solid rank and file backing.

But what were the communists doing then. That was the heyday of the Browder-capitalist sellout. The line was no strikes, no stoppages, no matter what. There was my department, mad as hell with all the gripes they had, just boiling to go out, and there I was - the aggressive, militant labor leader, doing my damndest to keep them at work. Doing the company's work for it. We're too doctrinaire, too fanatic and inflexible sometimes. To give an idea of what kind of labor leaders we have at Local 5, take this last meeting of the Executive Board.

The "Q" department is hiring some helpers. It's over a year now since they laid off there so everyone who was laid off lost his seniority. That means that anyone they hire comes in as a new man, irrespective of how many years
he had in the department before. Another thing - they're hiring back all the first class men who apply for the jobs, but they're hiring them back as helpers. We can't stop them from doing that but we will certainly make sure that those guys do nothing but helpers work.

Anyway, the foreman was taking the guys on, but he wasn't taking them as they came in the line. There would be a guy waiting for hours to get in and some other fellow would breeze in, send his name in to the foreman, and just like that, he got a job.

So Jimmy McGonnigal called up the State House and found out the State couldn't do anything about any kind of discrimination other than for race, religion, or nationality. They said the union couldn't stop the union from discriminating in favor of his friends or those that will kick back some of the dough, than no one could.

So Jimmy gets a couple of bright ideas. First he sends a Jewish fellow who's sitting around to try for the job. When he gets turned down, Jimmy sends in a F.E.P.C. report. Then he gets real cute. He calls up the foreman and says he's got a couple of guys he'd like to get on the foreman's list. So the boss says okay and just like that, these two friends of McGonnigal's get jobs.

Later that day Jimmy Smith, the steward in Q department has some squawk to make to his foreman and the guy says
"Listen, I did your secretary a favor, so why not return it and forget about this grievance."

Smith told the Executive Board about it and would you believe it, they voted to make it a union policy - that as long as the yard foremen were making lists of their favorites and giving jobs to those on the list, well the union wanted to get some names on the lists, too. Some union!

And Boyson had the nerve to say, "We're not asking for favors; we're demanding our rights."

Boyson is like the Phil Murray of Local 5. Very dependable and highly principled, but pretty timid despite his terrific background. He was an E.R.P. man and an old I.A.T. leader, too. He's got the respect of the whole yard. The company tried repeatedly to buy him off with offers of big jobs, but he's always held firm. Arthur takes an easy middle road and he'll work with the communists if he thinks he'd get anything good for the local out of it. He's the old line kind of socialist - "Take it easy and get as much as you can" - that's how he looks at it. He put up a good fight down in convention when they were attacking the communists but lately, here in the local, when there's red-baiting going on, he just sits back and lets it go.

There are four kinds of forces down here at the local. Well, actually three. There's nobody here at Local 5 who will admit to supporting Johnny Green and the National Office.
In a way, you could say that Green controls this local in reverse. At conventions all we have to do on every question that comes up is first find out how Green feels about it and then cast our whole bloc of votes against it. In the 1946 Local election the two slates' main slogans were "We hate the National Office worse than you do."

Actually it doesn't figure. McGonnigel and the rest of his ambitious, unprincipled, and opportunistic crowd are the natural allies of the National Office. Guys like him and Riley, and Rockwood, they red-bait at the drop of a hat. They represent the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) and see eye-to-eye on everything with Gallagher and Grogan of the National Office. They're good fighters when it comes to the dramatic stuff. Riley wanted to chain the gates and put tacks all around so the cops would get flat tires the night they trucked that steel out. He also wanted to ring the fire alarm so the fire trucks would get flats, too. You see, those guys have to keep their CIO jobs or they're out of the yard, so they're ambitious as hell to get the top jobs and they'll do anything to get publicity to keep their names before the rank and file.

But when it comes to the daily grind, the everyday work of distributing leaflets, getting checkoff cards and such, they just disappear. All the union means to them
is a tool they can use to their own personal advantage. They've driven a lot of good guys out of the union in disgust. Ernie Trueman used to be McGonnigel's buddy but now he hates Jim's guts. Johnny Hicks and Charley Palmer, both Local 5 men back when these were still in school, got so disgusted with the way the union was being run they quit—not only the union, but the yard, too. They were tired, they said, of having to fight the union as well as the company at every turn. I know exactly how they feel.

The communists aren't at all effective now, but that's our own fault. Maybe we can build up something out of this Wallace candidacy, but I doubt it. We never had an active PAC here; we couldn't even get these guys excited over FDR and the Taft-Hartley law is just one big joke to them.

Boyson and Lefty Anderson and Harry Elliot, just a few more like that, Jack McCann and Frankie Luongo were a couple more, they're real union men. They are in Local 5 to do a good job for the men. They're slow but they're steady. They'll let Jimmy and his mob run the place but if things get out of hand they are always there to step in. They're pretty wishy-washy sometimes but when it comes to dealing with the company they present a solid front. Everyone feels that those guys are absolutely incorruptible. The company knows that and respects them for it.
It doesn't make life any easier for my wife and kids but I like working here at Bethlehem. Joe Beth is one of the biggest, most arrogant, and ruthless of them all. If we can break him, if we can even wear him down a little, we're doing a lot.
PART II "AND THE PEOPLE"

INTRODUCTION

The papers of June 26, 1947 said merely that the 2400 production employees of Bethlehem's Fore River Shipyard were out on strike. They might have said "2400 Incensed, Desperate and Determined Strikers Hit at Bethlehem" or "2400 Terrorized Workers Driven to Strike by Union Bosses" or "2400 Willful and Vindictive Children Threaten Father."

While none of these headlines would have represented THE TRUTH, each of them was true for some of the strikers most of the time and for all of the strikers some of the time.

While today, most of the men insist that they neither wanted or expected to strike, the facts are, that, two days prior to the strike, there had been a unanimous hand vote in favor of the strike. The men were in a highly defiant and gay mood as they trooped up the hill with shouts of, "Let's make it legal, let's vote."

It is highly possible that many men felt the social pressure of their fellows too great to withstand, and so despite their anti-strike convictions voted in favor of the strike. It is also possible that many men remembered the similar 1946 strike vote which resulted, not in a strike, but in a signed contract which became the envy of
all other East Coast yards. They may have voted in favor of the strike, believing that they were voting to support the hand of their bargaining committee rather than actually voting themselves a strike. And it is possible that many men, feeling that after having worked steadily through the long war years, wanted merely to take a short two or three week vacation now that summer had come.

It is possible that these could have been reasons for men having voted for the strike, but it is not probable. Where today these are presented as reasons by repentant strikers, it is evident that they are not reasons at all, they are but rationalizations. They represent a rationale cooked up to explain an action which has probably been directed by forces unknown, and possibly even rejected, by the consciousness of the worker.

The evidence seems to indicate that the strike was indeed wanted by the majority of the workers. At the same time the strike itself, the very fact of defying the company, and not merely the possible adverse consequences of the strike, was feared by the majority of the workers. At one and the same time they wanted and dreaded the strike. At one and the same time they feared the company, feared being rejected and hurt by it, but felt they needed to assert their independance and manhood by defying the company, by doing the very thing which would bring down on them the hurt they dreaded, the wrath of their omnipitant and ruthless 'father'. The
essentially ambivalent nature of the relationship between the Fore River workers and their company in the core problem in determining the true motivations of the workers' strike behaviour.

Unfortunately, however, this area is almost impossible of access by even the most sophisticated interviewing techniques. Its very existence must be deduced from the vaguest kind of inferences. Obviously, it can not be found in the consciousness of the worker. No man can long endure the knowledge that he hates the hand that feeds him.

The basis for the tremendous fear of, and dependence on, the company was indicated in a previous section of this study. It is obvious that the effect on a man of, say, fifty, with roots and home in the shipyard, who has just witnessed the reduction of working forces from 53,000 to 2,600 in two years will be tremendous. Add to this the fear that seniority protection will be lost, and the total effect approaches the traumatic.

The existence of this ambivalence on the part of the Fore River worker has been inferred from almost ethereal nuances sensed in the original interview data. It is not, at this point, susceptible to proof and is therefore of doubtful value. However, with the aid of this concept of "love-hate", the various channels and techniques of rationalization and perceptual distortions fall easily into place. Conversely, the pattern of these same mechanisms
and techniques seems to point to the existence of the ambivalent construct.

It will be useful to keep in mind that, as developed above, this ambivalence concept, this simultaneous dependency and hate, resulted in a feeling of aggression toward the company which, again, could not be reconciled with the fact of dependence on the company. The guilt feelings which developed from this psychologically intolerable situation brought with them the expectations of punishment.
I've been twenty-six years a chipper and caulker - three at the John Brown Shipyard on the River Clyde and twenty-three at Bethlehem's on the Fore River. Most of the Scots came over about the same time - during the depression in '23; we came in the same ship with Jock and Meg McCann - knew them, well, back in Goven. I knew Johnny Green back there, too, as a matter of fact.

The company's always been pretty good to us. They've treated me right and they made my brother Archie a foreman. If you do good work there, you make out okay.

I used to be a great believer in unions. All the Scotch yards are very strongly unionized and that's where I learned my unionism.

Unions should be for the man. They should make sure he gets something for his dues. They should give him service - like strike benefits, sick benefits, and insurance and such. That's why this union here's no good. You can't get much for a dollar and a quarter a month. They should charge more.

Then in Scotland, your delegate is up in the office one or two night a week. When you have a grievance you go up there some night and give it to him. But here, the CIO delegates would walk around all day getting the grievances. All day he's be walking around and never do a bit
of work. But now that's stopped; they can't get paid for doing nothing any more. Bethlehem made them stop that in the new contract.

I used to be strong for the union. Why, I was one of the original members way back in 1934 when the union first started. But you've got to admit that it's the unions that have ruined the shipyards.

The CIO said the strike was over seniority and I think that what they were saying about how the seniority should work was right. If you've worked long in a place you should have the right to keep your job. But the old fellow should have some preference. Before the union a man could work, say, twenty years in one department. Then if he got a lame arm or something he could be transferred to some other department. Now, if he can't do the work in his department, out the door he goes. His seniority doesn't do him any good in any other department.

I was always a great supporter of Jock McCann in the union—ever since we came over together. He was the best union man there ever was. And when McGonnigal was up for office I thought he would be good for the union so I was a big rooter for him.

There was the biggest trouble. A union should be united; there shouldn't be such a split in it; there should be no such thing as a slate election. Men should be
elected on merit - not on popularity.

McCann and Boyson were supporting that Italian fellow, but then, when McConnigal won, he kicked Jock out of his job and out of the yard. That really was the death of Jack. Now Jim, whose only got three years at the yard, gets eighty-five dollars a week for sitting in the office.

Look at the way Charlie Palmer, the steward in my department, ruined the yard with his walking around all the time. He sure ruined the chipping department. A chipper used to be able to get eighty-four dollars; now he's lucky if he can get sixty. But now Palmer's going out of the yard to go bricklaying and get two and a half an hour.

With all that the CIO was getting away with, everybody knew that a cut was coming. There shouldn't ever have been a strike - and you can be sure there will never be another.

What right or business did I have to strike? I was making good money. We've got two sons and we were comfortable. I had no right to strike.

Of course, the union had a legitimate beef about that seniority, but the company always did take care of the old-timers. If they didn't would there be so many down at the yard?

It was a bad time for a strike. All I got out of it was a four dollar raise and an eighteen dollar cut.

I went back about two weeks before the end and I was sorry I hadn't gone back eighteen weeks before that. It
was all my own idea and I walked in alone.

At first I felt bad crossing the picket lines, but I was no scab. I was just taking my own job back. But still, you don't like to go through a picket line. I went in by auto to avoid trouble.

"You know, there were some who worked all the time and they didn't care if the strike never ended. But I loafed all the time; I never worked and I spent a lot of time down at the union and picketing.

"We just kept waiting for the thing to settle but pretty soon you could see that we weren't getting anywhere. Everybody knew the out was coming, so why not keep working and arbitrate.

"We heard that they were seventy-five percent back at Baltimore; there were one hundred and eighty back when I came. Some bull-headed determined Scots, they knew there was nothing to stay out for, but they just wouldn't go in. But if that strike had lasted just two more days the whole yard would have been back.

"I should never have gone out, but I had a little pride and a little money - so I stayed out. When the money gave out I still had my pride, so I went back.

"There were some who took the relief they gave out and they're the ones should hide their eyes in shame. As Robbie Burns said, 'You can never lift your head if once you take charity.'

"I thank God that I had enough guts to refuse their relief and go back to work."
Ransom Fox was twenty-six in 1941 when he quit his job in a jam factory to become a machinist in the Fore River Electrical Department.

"I wanted to do my part so I got into war-work. I was such a good worker that the company gave me a draft deferment and that kept me out of the Army.

"If you do a good job at the Fore River you're bound to get recognition for it. Right after I came in they gave me the top rate and now I always get the best contracts and bonuses. I get all the secret, difficult work to do. That shows I really have the confidence of my boss, Mr. Stewart. I think I have about the most interesting job in the whole place.

"I believe in a man's working for his money. A man should get a good day's pay but he should do a good day's work for it. There's no such thing as getting something for nothing.

"Now the CIO doesn't believe anything like that. They keep trying to get money for those guys who haven't the ability to earn it. Take me. If Fore River didn't pay me the money I wanted I could get a job somewheres else and get it. Not now, when a man gets old and inefficient on the job the company still has to lay off
the good young efficient men and keep the deadheads. That's the CIO's idea of seniority; I don't believe in it. Anyways, the company has always taken care of the old timers, giving them sweeping jobs and such.

"Another thing, besides protecting the inefficient with its seniority, the union is always wanting to get more money for the lower grades. They want everybody to get the same amount. Now that's drifting toward Socialism and I don't want it.

"I belonged to the Independent. That may have been a company union but it never brought as much friction as the CIO did. I had nothing to gain from joining the CIO but when the company let it come in and everybody else joined, I did too, just to be 'in'. I was offered a steward's job but I turned it down.

These union bosses are just like racketeers, this McGonnigal and even Boyson, too. That strike vote was just a put-up job. If it had been a regular election there would never have been a strike. They used all sorts of tactics to get you to put your hand up. But I never put my hand up.

"There was nothing to strike about. The company had offered to continue the old contract and the union never told that to the men. They just lied to the men
right and left. They made a lot of propaganda for everyone to 'get out and fight' - but I heard there were three or four of the officers getting paid all the time.

"The day before the strike the supervisors were ordering all machines greased and covered so the feeling was that they didn't expect to rum them.

"I was luckier than most of the fellows. First I got a job with the Railway Express; I didn't tell them I worked at Fore River. Then I joined the Blue Cross there and when the strike was six weeks old I had to have my appendix operated on. That laid me up for another six weeks, but I applied for the Bethlehem Relief and the company sent me twelve dollars for those six weeks.

"So you can see how this strike was a good break for me. If we had been at work I couldn't have joined the Blue Cross and would have had to pay for the operation myself. This way I didn't lose any money or time by not working and the whole operation only cost me fifteen dollars.

"As soon as I was well enough I went back to work at Fore River. I wasn't the first one back, but I sure was the first one to resign from that union. As a matter of fact, just to make sure, I resigned twice."
"You could tell, when the men started coming back to work, which were the best men. Some, the supervisors were real glad to have back and they would be greeted warmly. Others, you could see that no one cared if they ever came back - they were just deadheads and couldn't do any work anyway. Nobody wanted them.

"When I came in Mr. Stewart himself rushed over and shook my hand and slapped me on the back."
"Well, Foxie, who would ever have expected you here, you lousy scab."

Ransom Fox
THE MAKING OF THE DECISION

The first days of the strike brought a feeling of exhilaration to even the most timid.

"Look at us, we're on strike- and we're getting away with it", was the way the union oriented, people put it. But they were the only ones who could abide to see it in the outright aggressive fashion.

The strong union people, those who identified with all CIO ideals and issues simply because they were CIO ideals and issues; those who were imbued with an all-pervading working class ideology were among the few who never encountered any great conflict in this strike situation.

Similarly, those who identified with the company, those who, like Ransom Fox, were antagonistic to ideals of unionism in general and were relatively unaffected by any kinds of divergent group pressures-those who, to state the extreme, were never exposed to working class ideology, likewise felt that no conflict had been presented them by the strike. Even the fact of their being out on strike did not represent to them any opposition to the company. They were able to see, in such things as "greasing the machines", not merely company non-opposition to the strike, but actual company connivance.

For the majority of men, the strike presented an environment which was fought with conflict. It was a situation which if looked at realistically, would have made necessary a decision on their part: a decision, on whatever
level of mental activity, which would have aligned them with one group in opposition to the other group. The realities of the day would have demanded an unequivocal answer to the question, "Which side are you on". But, for these people, who had not before seen any union-management dichotomy; who had heretofore been exposed only to the unitary "work-situation", there was no ability to make the decision. The resultant of all forces acted, in fact, in the direction of not making the decision.

Since this study concerns itself with some of the variables in allegiance changing and decision making, it is essential to know when, how and in what direction a decision has been made.

The question of how will be met with conclusions abstracted from the interview data.

Unfortunately, in answering the question of direction, it is possible to base derivations on positive action in one direction only. That is, we can assume that a striker has made a pro-company decision when he decides to go back to work. In any rigorous system of analysis, this would be a dangerous assumption. Actually a man might conceivably go through a picket line for any number of different, unique, and personal reasons other than any pro-company orientation. This is made abundantly clear in the interview data. Most men actually went back to work out of their sense of dependency on the company but only a few of them failed to
rationalize this into terms of antagonism to the union, responsibilities to their families, group loyalties, etc. However, merely for the purposes of classification, an action which seems to further company purposes (i.e., returning to work) will be labelled a pro-company decision. An action which seems to further union goals, remaining on strike, will be considered a pro-strike decision.

The answer to the question of when has been indicated above. The when of a pro-company decision will be the time of the crossing of the picket line.

The picket line as a criterion is more than merely an arbitrary choice. First it is the easiest, most obvious and logical criterion. A man crossing a picket line is quite obvious. He cannot be mistaken. He declares himself and his intentions.

But the even more powerful justification for the adoption of the picket-line criterion is that it was the criterion which was actually used by the strikers in judging themselves and their fellows.

The picket line remained the sole criterion for all those who retained intact their strike discipline. Those who returned to work before the strike was over had a number of allegiance criteria.

In the view of the man who returned in the last week of the strike, he himself was no "scab". If, in addition to coming to work, he had resigned from the union he saw himself
as "mistaken". If he had not resigned, he insisted that the point of resignation be the criterion used. He insisted on being looked up to by all those who had returned before him, and he applied the union epithet "scab" to all those, irrespective of whether they had returned before or after him, who resigned from the union. Toward men who stayed out the full time he put on a self-righteous air, he pretended to feel, "The union has used me badly; it made me suffer and it made me go back to work. I really should resign to get even, but I'll be big about it and stay in and not even blame the union any more." Howie Wheeling and Russell Hall illustrate some of these points quite well.

It is on the question of the when of a pro-strike decision that we have our greatest difficulty. Here we have no outward actions, no overt acts. To act in accordance with a pro-strike decision the striker had merely to abstain from crossing the picket line. This, from an objective point of view, was indistinguishable from a merely postponed decision, but the mental difference was tremendous. As will be discussed later under the Decision Type III, even such pro-union activities as picketing, working in the soup kitchen, distributing leaflets, etc, could not be taken as conclusive evidences of pro-strike decisions. Occasionally the picket duty would serve as a vehicle to facilitate shipping into the plant.

Therefore, the answer of the when of a pro-strike
decision must wait for a more complete gathering of data or else, roughly construed from the present data.
It was late Thursday, four days after the strike had ended when Russ Hall and Mac Arthur shuffled cautiously into the union hall. Although there was no one to notice them they stopped as they entered the door and looked around. Seeing Jim McGonnigal in the inner office they walked carefully across the length of the room to the door. Russ took off his cap and held it, waist high, before him in two hands. Mac reached up and gave his cap a tug, pulling it further down on his forehead.

Hearing Lac's knock on the open door, Jim looked up. "Come in, brothers; what is it?"

While Lac explained to Jim, Russ stood uneasily in the doorway, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

Finally it was all told. Mac came over to Russ holding two cards.

"Here, you fill out yours, and then we'll be reinstated in the Union. McGonnigal says he'll make sure they throw away our letters resigning from the union."

"It's all right, brothers," said Jim, "we wouldn't be human if we didn't make mistakes."
The first membership meeting since the strike's end was well attended. The Rotary Hall was jammed. After the minutes of the last Membership and Executive Board meetings were read the Trial Board chairman, Arthur Boyson, made his report.

"As you know, brothers, we've agreed that our policy on the scabs should be one of forgiveness. We won't fine them and we won't expel them. Anyhow, under the Taft-Hartley Law, we couldn't do anything to them if we wanted to. But according to our constitution, which is something we here can't do anything about, all those scabs are prohibited from holding union office for five years."

There were many cheers as Boyson paused. Men from the floor shouted, "That's right; forgive and forget. If we don't we'll be out of the yard in a month."

"But we had other problems, brothers, of a more serious nature. There were seven members of the Strike Strategy Committee, seven of the forty you elected to conduct the strike for you, who violated rules that they themselves had laid down. The men were tried and found guilty by the Trial Board. The Executive Board, acting on the verdict, decided that the men be punished - those who scabbed by expulsion from the union, the others by barring them from union office for five years.

"Four of the men resigned from the union before they were even tried. The other three are here tonight to
appeal their cases before the general body, as provided for in our constitution.

"Since the story for all three is pretty similar, brothers, I'll give you the background now for all.

"As you probably remember when the strike began the Strike Strategy Committee was given the responsibility to direct the strike. It was made up of your eight top officers, all the stewards, and the members of the Grievance Committee and the members of the Negotiating Committee.

"We early realized that if the strike was going to be run right we would have to sacrifice for the union. And, we figured, that we were the logical ones to do the sacrificing since we had run for our office, we had enjoyed all the privileges of the office, so it was our responsibility to sacrifice as much as necessary to win the strike.

"So we decided that in running the strike it wouldn't look good if there were any officers of the union out working while rank and file members couldn't get jobs. So we passed a rule, binding on all of us, that, for the duration of the strike we would each put in six hours a day on the strike and that none of us would take any jobs.

"After a while, when lots of the union brothers found jobs in different places, we amended the rule so that any member of the Strike Strategy Committee could take a job
providing that it didn't interfere with his strike duties and providing further that he donate half of his pay to the union.

"We tried that for a while but it didn't work. The jobs didn't permit the men to attend to their strike duties. So we reverted to the original rule and agreed that none of us would take outside jobs.

"Well, the three brothers who are appealing their cases to you tonight violated that rule. So you brothers listen to what they have to say and then decide for yourselves. Frankly, I hope you decide to support the Executive Board decision to punish them. If a union's officers can't be trusted, who can?"

Whip Thompson, "Q" Department steward came up first. A thin, high-strung young looking man, he pleaded, "Brothers, I took a job in a textile mill for seventy-five cents an hour. I had to feed my family; nobody else would do it. Whenever I could after work I'd come down and work in the union hall. I spent all my weekends working at the hall.

"All I've got to say is, you've decided to forgive all the scabs. What I did wasn't anywheres near as bad as scabbing. All I did was try to feed my family; I've got four young ones, you know."

Big Jimmy Smith jumped up, "Boy, this makes me sick. Here he's an officer and he compares his responsibilities
to those of a rank and filer. It's disgusting. He had the gravy train all year. He was perfectly willing to take all the benefits and privileges of being a steward. He was happy to take the super-seniority and all the lost time payments, but now he's refusing to take a little vinegar with the gravy.

"And what about my family and the families of all the rest of us on the Strategy Committee. They like to eat, too, just as much as his kids do. But did we decide that our families were more important than the CIO? We did not. We stewards, we took relief, why couldn't he?

"Brothers, listen to me. He and the other two, too, they let us down once, they'll let us down again. Don't trust them. Make sure they'll never get into a position again where they'll be able to doublecross the union.

"I say let's punish them like the constitution punishes the scabs. Let's ban them from union office for a period of five years. That's fair enough - he wants to be treated like a rank and filer, well, let's give him the same treatment."

Lefty got up, "Brothers, we all know these guys, Whip and the others. We know how long and how hard they've worked for the union. We've had tough times before and they never failed us. They made a mistake
and they know it and I know that they're sorry for it.

"Now what Jimmy just said sounds good, except we all know that if we ban some of these men from office why we'll just be taking their jobs away from them and putting them and their families out on the street. They've worked too hard for the union in the past to deserve that from us. I say, let's fine Whip fifty dollars and forget it."

"Let's forgive and forget", came from the floor.

"I make a motion we exonerate Whip Thompson."

The meeting was in an uproar. The vote was taken and the motion failed.

"Make a motion Whip be put on probation for the rest of the time he's a steward."

"This is a God-damned farce," yelled Riley.

The vote was taken and the motion passed.

Boyson got up, "I don't mind telling you, brothers, that I'm plenty pissed off about what you've just done. You've made a farce of our whole Trial Board, you've double crossed your Executive Board, and you just went and spit in the face of every good union man on the Strike Strategy Committee. You're telling us that we were all fools and suckers and jerks for having sacrificed the way we did for the union."

But there was no stopping them. Chanting "Forgive them all, forgive and forget" the membership quickly reversed the Executive Board recommendations and declared the others innocent.
"We are from Nova Scotia," began Russell Hall, "and like most Scotians I'm a seaman. That's why I have to be with the union. You see, all seamen are in the CIO and if anything ever happens here, if I got fired or anything else, I'd want to ship out again. A man's got to do something, y'know, can't just loaf, not when you have six kids, from four to fifteen years old.

"If I didn't belong to the CIO here I couldn't get a job when I wanted to ship out. As it is now, if I wanted I could just transfer my card from this union to the seamen's union without any trouble at all.

"That's why, although I've got nothing to gain from Local 5, I've belonged to it from the start. I've got a skipper's ticket, but I prefer to go as a bos'n or third mate.

"During the strike, though, I got a yacht skipper's job. I don't mind skippering a yacht, but on anything bigger I'd rather someone else took the responsibilities and the headaches.

"I got the yacht job right after the strike started, y'know, I felt lost, like a kid out of school until I got the job. It took me away most of the summer and then, when I came back I got a job doing some carpentry and painting.

"I'd say that I was a lot better off than most during the strike. But then, being only forty, I was able to
get jobs where the older fellows couldn't. Most everybody got some work, but not as good as they got at Fore River.

"I heard there were some that had to go on the welfare but I think that for most of them what they got from the CIO relief was pretty good and helped them to stay out. I think that if I hadn't been able to work and the CIO didn't help me I'd have gone in from the first. As it was I went back to work only about one week before the end of the strike.

"I'd just gotten through with a painting job and I met a fellow who said that the gates were open and anybody could come back. Well, I had been reading the papers and I went to the High School meeting on Saturday and got a good picture of what was going on. It seemed to me that the whole thing was practically over anyway and so many others had gone in weeks before that I went in. Besides, I was just out of a job and I was afraid that if I got another one I would have to sign a contract and then when the strike ended I wouldn't be able to get back in time to take my own job back. There were already about thirty of the ninety in my department back when I came in. Most of them seemed to be old timers with about fifteen to twenty years seniority, like me, and they figured that they didn't need the union. I don't think that finances had anything to do with it with those guys. They just said, 'the devil with the union' and walked in."
"A funny thing, though. I guess I was about the only former quarterman back. I'm a gang leader in the rigging department. I've got three men working under me. But during the war I was a quarterman over about a hundred men. The pace was so terrific and all those new men to worry about that I kept getting sick. I lost fifty-two days sick in 1944 so right after we bought this house I quit my quarterman's job. Most of the former supervisors went back to the CIO and then stayed out the limit.

"Our department has always been 100% CIO but now, I guess, those who came back before the strike was over probably resigned from the CIO. I suppose that they quit because they were afraid that the CIO would fine them all the money they had, or maybe they were just tired of strikes and wanted to get out of the CIO so they couldn't be pulled out on more strikes.

"I never resigned because I wasn't afraid of any fines. I have to stay in the CIO and I figured if they fine me, why I'll pay, but I didn't think they would fine anyone. Actually, I thought that they would kick out all those who came back ahead of time and I said to myself, 'I don't care. Let them do what they want. I don't need them.' I figured if they say something, well, okay, and if they don't say anything, okay, too. Nobody ever said a word."
"I was never very active in the CIO. Partly because these six kids here keep me pretty busy at home but mostly because I feel that a place like Fore River should have separate unions in each department. That way, when you've got a grievance, everybody knows what's going on.

"But the CIO did a good job when it came. It stopped all the favoritism that was going on and put in strict seniority. But in this strike I didn't care about the seniority issue. I've been here long enough so that I don't think I have to worry much about being laid off. But there are some of the fellows who have to make sure the CIO stays in the yard or they lose their jobs. Like the steward in our department, Whip Thompson. He's a young fellow, only about thirty-four and I don't imagine he has much service. If the CIO lost the yard, out he'd go; he's only in because as a steward he gets super-seniority.

"That's why he's so eager in getting the whole department 100% in the union. He's protecting his job.

"Nobody ever tried to convince me one way or another about going in. I know John, up the street, his wife made him go in, but my wife, she figures that she takes care of the kids and I take care of the job. I'm the one who has to work there and as long as I don't tell her what to feed the baby, she doesn't tell me when to go to work. That's a fair bargain, don't you think?"
"I didn't hear this business about taking only so many back until I was already back at work. The day the quarterman came here to talk to me I wasn't home. My buddy Mac Arthur kept calling me, though. He's a seaman, too, and was always more active and stronger for the union than me. But even he went back just about two days before the end.

"Nobody ever said anything to us, called us names or anything because they knew that if we had really been scabs we would have resigned from the union like so many of them did."

"Riggers work in gangs of four men," said Whip Thompson, steward of the Rigging Department. "They install machinery, fixtures and gear and such. The nature of the work requires such close cooperation that the four in the gang just naturally act alike and think alike. Then, when just one of them joins anything, the others come right along. That's how I managed to get them to be the first 100% CIO department.

"The quarterman used to be a good friend of mine and he would have been for the CIO if he wasn't a supervisor. I used to get him to switch the fellows around once in a while so that some of the CIO men could get into new gangs and sign the other three men up. It worked fine.

"There are seven men in my department who are working up in the rigging moldloft. They were always the
toughest to crack and now they're all out of the CIO again, but I'll get them too.

"A lot of the men are former seamen and have a long history of belonging to unions so it's easy to get them into the CIO.

"Take Hall, for instance, Russell Hall. He's a staunch unionist from way back, always belonged to the maritime unions. He had the heck of a tough time during the strike. Six young kids who eat like horses and a wife who was just nagging the ass off him all summer long, he should come back.

"He held out as long as he could. I used to call him up a few times to tell him to hold fast and he'd tell me how hard things were and how his wife was always on his neck. I saw him at that Saturday meeting at the High School and he said to me, 'Whip, I'm strapped. I'm down to the end; we're scraping bottom. If this thing isn't settled by Wednesday, so help me God it will probably kill me, but I'll have to go in Thursday. Please don't think I want to, but we've held out as long as we could.'

"He went in that Thursday, just two days before the end. I don't condone what he did but I have to forgive him. After all, I broke a rule, too. Poor guy, had no money, no work, and his wife. He had to go back.

"He was afraid that the CIO would fine him or something so he resigned, but as soon as I assured him there would be no fines, he rejoined."
"The biggest trouble with Russ is that he hangs around a lot with that Mac Arthur. Now there's a real louse, a scab. He's just a no-good and nobody's got any use for him. Mac spent the whole damn strike shipping as an A.B. on some coastwise tankers. He'd just come off ship a few days before when he comes up to that High School meeting showing off his last pay check of two hundred and eighty dollars and boasting how he was getting seventy dollars a week - clear - on the ship. Then, a couple of days later, in he goes - just a scab.

"He doesn't have any kids at all, just him and his wife. He resigned but Russ got him to come back."
TIME FOR DECISION

DECISION DODGING

The primary manner in which the majority of respondents resisted the making of a decision was to sufficiently distort their view of reality so that it presented to them a picture of temporary quiescence if not tranquility. In order to appreciate the techniques by which these perceptual per-versions were accomplished, it is necessary to understand the nature of the union attachment of the bulk of the strikers.

In July, 1945 when the N.L.R.B. representation election was held, the number in the yard eligible to vote was about 15,000. The C.I.O. won the election when over seven thousand voted "Yes" while only five thousand cast "No" ballots. However by the time the strike broke, in June 1947, there was only twenty four hundred left in the yard who had voted in the 1945 election. Since the reductions in work force had taken place according to strict seniority, there were relatively few among the strikers who had less than seven years service. In the machine shop, for instance, there were none whose service didn't go back to, at least, 1933; and in the steel mill, to 1927. About 60% of the strikers had over twenty years service. Their average age was about 47.

While it was not possible to get conclusive evidence on the makeup of the N.L.R.B. vote in terms of seniority, it does appear as if the largest majority of "old-timers", the present
strikers, voted against the C.I.O. Thus, it seems, was created the anomalous situation of workers today being saddled with a union for which they never voted. Even if this is true, it has not resulted in any solid chunk of resentment toward the union.

Although only about twenty percent of the strikers were C.I.O. members at the time of the election, ninety-eight and a half percent had joined under a maintenance of membership contract provision by the time the strike was called. The men joined at two distinct times.

The first large influx came in the months immediately following the C.I.O. victory; the second, and larger group, joined in 1946 when the first contract was signed.

The implications are fairly obvious. They are often verbalized: Mrs. Wheeling put it, "The company allowed the C.I.O. to come in so I thought it must be alright."

So implicit was the faith in Bethlehem, so sure were they that the company held the initiative, that they felt that had the company not thought that the C.I.O. would be best for the men, it would never have permitted the union to come into the yard. In this way belonging to the C.I.O. was not an act of opposition to the company, but was actually a reaffirmation of trust in the company. The company's collecting of union dues through the check-off strengthened this feeling.

Some, like Henry Helgate, even feel that the fact of the
union's having been accepted by the company amounted to a pressure large enough to actually force him to join.

Probably most important of all was the fact that from 1923 on, until the C.I.O came in, these men felt that they had union representation in first the Employees Representation Plan and later the Independent Union. The E.R.P. especially was an admitted company appendage and membership in it was free, automatic and compulsory for all employees.

Thus was set the pattern which made it possible to reconcile what was outwardly militant aggressive action (striking) with a need to appease the company.

The actual mechanisms by which it was possible to put off the need for a decision fall in two general groups:

1.-The company prepared itself for the strike. The machines were ordered greased; the vital parts of the two-cruisers were protected from the elements. This preparation "legalized" the strike and suggested company recognition of the strike. Company-union meetings to discuss movements of materials through the gates; supply of maintenance personnel; handling of Navy equipment, and size of picket lines, these indicated a company recognition of the strike and could be extended to suggest company connivance in the strike. Later, this same approach was used by those who maintained intact their strike defiance. "Bethlehem, they rationalized, will have more respect for me if I stay out", once again, the feeling that "I'm not offending the company,
actually I'm doing what it wants me to do."

2.- The company didn't attempt to operate. The gates were kept locked for about the first eight weeks, indicating that the company didn't expect (or want) the men to come back.

During the war the workers came into the yard through the doors on either side of the main road gates. Here the guards would examine the identification badge of the man on the way in, and inspect his lunch-box on the way out. Since the war, the road gates were kept open and the men would come into the yard both through the side doors and the road gates. As there were no parking facilities within the yard, none of the men ever drove through the gates.

While it is true that early in the strike the road gates were kept closed, the side doors were always open and there was, in reality, no physical barrier to the return of the men. However, the men saw the closed gates as representing the fact that Fore River didn't intend to operate. This too permitted the putting off of the decision making.

As a proof that the conditions were not such as would permit making of a decision that the time for decision was not yet, an early back-to-work movement, instigated by some "independent" workers was an absolute fizzle.

Notices were received by many strikers urging that July 25, one month after the strike's start, be made the deadline for the strike's end. If there were no settlement by then,
the notice urged, all men should go back to work on July 28. The only result of the notice was a solid picket line of five hundred on the morning of the twenty-eighth.
I'm pretty hard of hearing so I don't have too much to do with any of the people down at the yard. I work the night shift, from 3:30 to 12:00 doing electrical maintenance work. I mind my own business, do my work, get my week's pay, and that's all there is to it.

One thing about Fore River - you don't lose any time during the year, like you do in the building trades. There's always work to do and stock to do it with. Fifty-two checks a year for most of us. The men out on the open ships lose time when it's stormy or too hot.

I'm fifty-three years old and I've been down at Fore River since April 5, 1918. You'd think I should have thirty years seniority. In 1935 I was laid off for two years and four months because of lack of work. That broke my service. It's not as if I quit or wanted to leave the yard; seems to me there should be some consideration for men who never quit. I should have that thirty years seniority and if I go after it maybe the company will give it to me.

A union is supposed to give you representation but I've never needed anyone to do my talking for me. I never asked the union for anything, just figure some day I'll go after it myself.

Besides, what the hell kind of representation can that CIO give anyone. They're all guys looking for a soft job.
And anyways, I can't see how any union delegate can get anything for the men when he's paid by the company.

Now the building trades unions have a good system. They pay their delegate themselves from the dues and he stays the hell away from the job, until there's a grievance and you need him. As long as a company pays a man's wages they're gonna dictate to him. It stands to reason they're not gonna pay a man to fight them. They'll buy him off soon enough.

The company has usually done just about what it wanted. Before this CIO seniority they always kept the men they wanted. You can't blame them for wanting to keep the best men on the job. I never had to worry, before the seniority - was never absent much and I'd always do a good day's work so my job was safe. They've always been pretty good down there as far as the work is concerned. They don't drive the men; they don't kill them. There are always lots of men in my department doing nothing, just hanging around. I'm in the Electrical Department - see my badge "EA". Some of the guys doing the same night watch work are in the "YB" department and they don't like that much.

Being on the night shift I didn't get to know what was going on. First thing I knew, we were out on strike and I can tell you, I didn't like it. You don't like to see twenty weeks' pay go out the window.

The company at first kept the gates locked, to avoid any trouble, I guess. Then in the last few weeks, they
opened the yard up and everybody started coming in. When I saw they were all going back, I went too. I just got up on Monday morning and drove right into the yard.

Everybody else was going back and I knew that they weren't any worse off than I was. We have three kids, twenty, sixteen, and seven and there were guys going in with no kids at all.

Of course, there were some worse off than us. Some had to cash in their bonds, sell their cars, even their homes, maybe. I guess we were about average. And working like I did for contractors all summer, that helped some even if the rates were lower than Fore River.

The union would help the ones that needed it but I never hung around there much and never went to ask. I figured I would leave it for men with the bigger families.

I used to go down there and picket whenever I felt like it. I guess I went about three - four times. It was at night and boy, I sure felt stupid. One night there were about twenty delegates just sitting around talking, and there I was walking back and forth like a fool. I said to myself, "this is my last time."

Of course my wife was glad when I went back but she left it up to me. Maybe it was different down near the yard but out here in Weymouth, almost four miles away, you never heard of the strike. There was never anything
in the papers or the radio about it. Why, you heard more about a little bus strike up in Maine than about the Fore River strike.

There were over one hundred back in the "EA" department when I came and we all quit the union. Nobody ever said anything or called anybody anything. Now we're just the same old peaceful family. The CIO says that we're not strikebreakers; they want us back in the union.

The Greens who live down the street, they're the only Fore River people that live around here. He's a good strong union man. But they never said anything.

*************

"Since Doug did what he did," said Mrs. Green, "we just don't see them at all. There's no sense having any arguments. If he felt like being that way, why that was his business. He knows what he did was letting us down - letting everybody down. Maybe he's got a big lawn and new paint on the house. But after what he did, who envies him."
The mechanisms by which decisions were postponed have been described, but what made them necessary? Why could not the issue have been squarely and quickly met, an answer unequivocally given and the whole thing immediately resolved?

Newton's third law expresses the principle of inertia succinctly. "Bodies in motion tend to stay in motion, bodies at rest tend to remain at rest. There is a great temptation to ascribe to were inertia the phenomenon of postponing of decisions. But the inertia theory could not begin to suggest why there are differences in the time lags before decisions are reached from situation to situation.

Therefore, it is obvious, some other, more complex theory must be adopted to explain why, in most instances, we can meet concrete situations with scarcely a moment's thought, and in other situations be unable to make any decisions at all.

As is developed in most standard texts on psychology, the behaviour of the individual at every moment is a function of the environmental forces acting on him and the particular patterns of predispositions influencing him at that moment.

These unique patterns of predispositions operate on many levels of mental activity. People generally live on a day to day basis and are satisfied if they can meet each concrete condition as it comes up. Usually most decisions are made on habit level. Sam Wakeman, manager of the Quincy Yard, went to work the day the strike started, merely as a matter of
habit. Often problems come up which are relatively new; there has been set up no habitual pattern of solving them, these are approached on the attitude level. John Stahl and Jack McCann had only to ask themselves, "How do I feel about picket lines; What is my attitude toward strikes", and with a ready-made attitude on tap, their decision was automatic.

The majority of Fore River strikers had no such ready made attitudes. For them to make decisions it was necessary to reconstruct and conceptualize their points of view, their frames of reference. It was essential that they examine the assumptions, and unquestioned evaluations by which they had always lived and which had become a part of them.

Unfortunately, however, most of these standards of judgement, these values and internalized norms are felt somehow by the individual to involve him personally, and are usually deeply hidden from the consciousness.

As the average Fore River striker was presented with the choice of Company versus Union he began to probe for an answer. As he dug he began to unearth values and norms which, in the context of that particular day's strike environment, were themselves in conflict.

Mentally the strike was on a tiny island in the midst of a rising sea. There were two bridges leading off the island to opposite mainland shores. One shore represented going back to work; the other- staying out on strike. On
each mainland, the striker could see things that he liked.
And on each shore, awaiting him, were things he hated and feared.

The resultant of the positive and negative forces of both shores was zero: there was only frustration. Events crowding in on him demanded that he answer. He wanted, he needed to answer, but he could make no decision. And the water was rising.

But the very fact of making no decision was in and of itself a decision to stay out on strike. Therefore, to hide that fact from himself, to pretend that there existed no need to make a decision, the worker built a wall around his island. How he could keep the sea out and, no longer being able to see the shorelines, he could forget that a choice would ultimately have to be made. But the steady passage of time, the sounds of the rising sea, kept reminding him that the decision must eventually, be made. The longer he waited the higher the water came. It became more and more necessary for him to choose; and the more intense was his need to choose, the more frustrating was his in ability to choose.

The inertia concept now comes in. The striker, before he built his wall, was in a state of equilibrium. A differential force from either side would have driven him over one or the other of the bridges. Once having built
his wall, however, a differential force was not sufficient. The resultant, while driving him in the direction of one of the shores, was not strong enough to boost him over his wall. Now a strong, finite, push is needed before he can make his decision.

The effect any single force can exert is a product of the original stimulus and the multiplying (or minimizing) effect of the personality on which the stimulus is impinging. That is, the response to a stimulus will be a function of the tension system which has been built up in the individual.

The striker, in conflict in an area of high ego involvement, is being called upon to make a decision. His walls cannot prevent the changing forces from both sides from acting to increase the intensity of his need to reach a decision. Finally, his frustration is so extreme that the slightest force, acting on his aggrivated tension system, triggers off a locomotion which in an untensed system, could only have been produced by a much greater stimulus.

The three decision types so far seen are:

I.- The worker can easily make his choice of work or strike since he has a pre-determined answer on the habitual or attitudual level.

II.- Having no ready answer on the superficial level, the striker must resort to the very powerful "frame of reference" level, since he has to overcome the "inertia"
effect of not having immediately made his choice.

III.- When his need to make his decision has grown in intensity, and is still frustrated, the very smallest of forces will serve to upset the worker's equilibrium and drive him all the way to a decision.
"Dave's a fat man," said Mrs. Shields, "and seeing as how he never wanted the strike, we saw no reason why he should walk around on a picket line out in the hot summer sun. There never should have been a strike.

"Now, we're not against the union. Dave joined the CIO right after they got the contract, when everybody else did. The boss has always been good and fair and Dave got a real good break in the kind of work he does. He's a Stationary Fireman in the power plant, the "Z" department. He's fifty-one now and he's been down at the yard over twenty-five years.

"Unions can be good things; a man has to have a union. But the Independent was every bit as good as the CIO. The people running the CIO are too radical, that's what's the matter with it.

"There never should have been a strike. A strike is okay when there's plenty of work - like in the auto or steel companies. Everybody thought the company would settle before the strike was called. And then, when it started, everybody supported it pretty good because no one dreamed it would last over two-three weeks. If anyone had told me it would even last five or six weeks I'd have told them they were crazy.

"Nobody will ever be able to make up what they lost on the strike. So many had to go on the Welfare that now the city is going to have to raise the taxes. With the
twelve cents raise it will take about ten or fifteen years to make up what was lost.

"Dave worked for the first few weeks when they were letting the maintenance workers through. He worked two days a week and had to give the union one day's pay; twelve dollars of the twenty-four he got. That was to permit the union to stay out on strike. It only lasted a few weeks - until they took that first steel shipment out. Then the union didn't let anybody through.

"Dave stayed out the whole time although twenty-six of the twenty-nine men in his section went back before the strike was over. Like a lot of the men, Dave was afraid of getting into a fight with the picket line.

"Then, too, we live right on the main street and it would be easy for someone going past to throw a rock through our front windows. In Braintree there was a scab who had his windows broken. And that time that draftsman tried to get past the picket line - what a terrible pounding he got. Another thing, we don't have a car. The men that had cars could ride right through without any fear of being stopped or hurt.

"Of course, Dave wouldn't have liked the names they were calling the men. He was afraid of being called a "scab", but now all the scabs are back in the union and there's no difference. It seems to me that something should have been done to those scabs in Dave's department
who were working all shifts and weekends and getting two hundred to three hundred dollars a week, while we got nothing - just used up all our savings. And the worst thing is that the majority who went back in all the departments were well-to-do men who didn't need it at all.

"Dave isn't as young as he used to be and he could have gotten hurt pretty bad if he tried to walk through."

"The company's always been okay with me, but, of course, no company can afford to be too good if they want to stay in business." Dave continued, "The union's okay, too. I don't believe in strikes but I do feel that a man needs a union.

" Strikes are stupid. Labor and management will settle eventually - they both know that - so why not settle before the strike. Besides, the government shouldn't allow a shipyard to go on a long strike - or to close down. It should settle strikes so that the skilled men don't go away. That's what Roosevelt would have done; he was a Navy man.

"One thing I know for sure - I'll never go out on strike again. If the strike had lasted any longer I would have gone back. Everybody was threatening they were going back the next week. Even Connie Noonan, the steward, called me up and said, 'Dave, if it's not settled by Monday we'll all go back!'"
"At first I didn't think it would be the right thing to do - to go back to work. We don't have any children but even so I didn't want to be called a scab or a strike-breaker.

"I didn't want to go back to work when there were these fine men outside the gate and they weren't working. After all, we were all fighting for the same thing."
DECISION MAKING

Since the three decision types discussed represent not so much distinct types but rather refer to areas on a circular continuum of decision making, it will not be particularly necessary to attempt to categorize each man's strike behaviour.

Every individual striker acted as impelled by a whole complex of forces none of which were necessarily on the same plane of mental activity or of the same decision type. In fact, it is probable that it will be the rare single force which does not overlap on two or three types.

However, the concept of three decision types will be useful in providing a framework upon which to hang the various factors which determined for each striker his cause of action.
Lucky and rare was the man whose course of decision was so pre-determined that his strike action was in the nature of a conditioned reflex. For this rare bird there was no conflict, there was no necessity to quiz himself on any of his values. He had no compulsion to try different ways of seeing the reality of the strike; he could see it in only one way, a way which permitted him, just automatically, to apply a decision which had been made long before the strike ever started, possibly years before.

This response to the situation on the habitual level was entirely free of any conflict, or ego involvement. The habit pattern itself may have been a derivation from values and standards of judgement which were themselves strongly imbued with ego attributes. But all that the striker knew was that a situation was presented him to which he had a ready answer. If pressed, he could possibly (but not probably) have indicated some attitude which would bolster his action. But hardly ever would he be aware even of the existence of values and standards whose ultimate culmination was the attitude and the habit.

Ideally, the habit answer would direct action in conformance with previous experiences in identical situations. Since there had never been, at Fore River, a situation identical to the 1947 strike, then in reality, no one acted on what could
strictly be called the Type I habit level. All actions were somewhat from this extreme on the decision range. The communists approached the extreme with their set attitudes on industrial conflict; the bosses approached it. But for the majority of strikers this was a new kind of experience. Witness their expressions: "We never had any trouble". "We never had a strike before the C.I.O."

Ransom Fox, who, living in Boston, some fifteen miles from the yard, was particularly well insulated from group pressures, also approached the Type I action on the attitudinal level.
JOHN MANN

No, I don't count myself a shipbuilder. I was a shop superintendent at Hingham during the war. I was over about four hundred people and was making eight thousand dollars a year. When the war ended I came back to Fore River as a quarterman, but since then, they put me back with the tools.

I'm a tool maker. The tool room here is much like any other job shop and has very little to do with shipwork. We tool up for the different kinds of turbine blading they need and I do some of the design work right down in the shop. I used to study engineering and production at night school over at M.I.T. and I still go with Howie Wheeling to lectures of the American Society of Metals. We both belong, but I haven't seen much of him recently—not since the strike.

It was in 1907 and I was a boy of fifteen when I quit high school in my sophomore year to start the apprentice course at Fore River. That's forty-one years I've been there and I guess I've learned a few things about the company in that time.

All the men down here are just numbers as far as Bethlehem is concerned. The company will never do anything or take into consideration anything to help the men unless they are forced to. They are only interested in what will
be to their own advantage.

Of course there are lots of men who are on the inside. Many of them haven't the ability to do a real job, but, well, they know the right people, have the right name or religion, belong to the right clubs, and somehow they get taken care of. You know, membership in the Neighborhood Club here means that either you already have a top job at Fore River or it won't be long before you get one of the good jobs. The club is entirely run by Bethlehem and, as you can imagine, has a very long waiting list.

The company is always saying that the top jobs go to the graduates of the Apprentice School. But how many graduate apprentices can you see around with any of the good jobs - only two or three, that's all. Whenever there are responsible jobs to be filled they get outside people to fill them and say that there just weren't any graduate apprentices capable to take management jobs.

I went to Collins once and told him about the courses I was taking and tried to get into Industrial Relations. But he just laughed and said because I was a Representative on the E.R.P. they couldn't afford to give me a management job.

I was an elected representative on the E.R.P. for over ten years. I liked the E.R.P. I thought it did a pretty good job and I wouldn't say it was company dominated. The company wanted it and so was willing to make some concessions to keep it going. You were always
able to make personal contacts with the higher-ups to get grievances settled. As long as there was no money involved you could get the grievances settled.

Even though I was the one on the E.R.P. who brought charges against the CIO in court I can see that you need a union here to combat favoritism in lay offs. The kind where the foreman will keep his friends on even though they might be inferior workers. That's the most important thing the CIO has done, to get the seniority rules in. It's unfortunate, though, that the rules make it necessary to lay off good mechanics and keep the inefficient men. During the war, for instance, a man with long service as a helper would be trained as a machinist and now all his service counts as seniority as a machinist. That way he bumps a really good machinist who has less total service but actually more service as a machinist. On the whole the union benefits the yard as well as the men.

If not for the CIO's seniority the company would have dumped out all the older men, especially those getting near the pension age. There used to be a lot of talk about killing off men over forty-five.

On the whole Local 5 tried to do a good job. A lot of the CIO men, like Boyson, used to be in the E.R.P., but they made no attempt to make it work. They were just trying to take it over. They never could. In fact
a number of the active CIO men stayed in the E.R.P.

They say that there are a lot of communists in Local 5 and I guess there must be. Look at they way they refer to the company - "Joe Beth" - and they try to make it seem ridiculous all the time. I don't hold with that kind of stuff.

It's hard to point out who are the communists but I don't think any of the leaders are. They're always fighting the communists. But I never go to any of the meetings because someone is always sure to get up and try to inject communist propaganda into the discussion.

I joined the CIO after I lost the quarterman's job and went back with the tools. All the men in the tool room were already in it and they got me in. You see, they've always elected me to various job - the old E.R.P., President of the Machine Shop Mutual Benefit Association, and such. So I felt maybe I should be with them. Still I wasn't too keen on joining. After all, I'd just been over them and maybe I might be a supervisor again.

The majority of the men would have preferred more negotiation and didn't want to go out on strike. But I guess the union though it was doing the right thing.

Everyone hoped there would be no strike and when it started they thought it would be over in a few weeks. So they just acted like they were going on a holiday. Very few took their tools. Most even left their lunch boxes in the shop.
I took a vacation. Lots of the men got jobs, but I just laid around the whole time and lived off my savings. I'd guess that most of the men had money saved, but some, with large families, live from week to week all the time, despite the big war-time money.

Also, there were a lot of them who after a while began to feel the draining of their funds and, though they were far from being down to the last dollar, were afraid to deplete their savings.

Anyway, a lot of my friends from the machine shop began to hold parties at each other's houses and discuss when they should go back to work.

I was pretty much excluded. One of the fellows called me up once and I told him I never would go in before the strike was over, and I didn't. They never called me again.

There was a lot of talk circulated by the supervisors that they were going to take back only so many and then close the gates. That got me mad and I felt, so what - if that's the way they want to act, I don't want to work there. I can work elsewhere even though I am old. There was never any real foundation to those stories. They were made up by the supervisors. One of the tool room fellows, Nunnzio Gianni, found that out for a fact.

After a while, you just couldn't find out what was going on and the men lost confidence in the CIO. Then they started going back at Baltimore and that made you
wonder even more. All you could get from the union was pep talks but no real information - and you always had a feeling something was being held back from you.

Many of the men with long service began going back to protect their jobs. You heard that some of them were up against it, but the union was always offering help, and most of them hadn't even gone to the union for help. Of course pride may have kept them from going for relief. On the other hand, there were some who got CIO help and were the first to go back. They're just the chiselers and opportunists and nobody thinks much of them.

One of my friends called me up and said, "John, you know that you'll be at work a month from now and you might as well come in this Monday as next Monday. Why lose the money?"

I felt that, if by going in, I would be hurting my fellow worker it wasn't worth the few dollars to me.

If people went back, I knew that would prolong the strike.

Anyway, around here they say, "You don't cross picket lines. That's all there is to it."

There's a doctor who lives up the block and when people refer to him and can't remember his name they say, "You know, the one whose granddad broke the strike in the 1896 quarry strike."

"Scab" is a stigma you can't ever live down. It
never heals.

But the average fellow who went in doesn't feel that he's a strike breaker. He just went in to protect his own job.

Now I like to feel that I can be friendly with the men I work with. Life is too short to have hard feelings so I just try to forget the little things and get along. Otherwise, it's not worth working there.

I feel that the men who went back early slowed up negotiations and probably prolonged the strike. But I've no grudge against the ones who went in later. They didn't hurt me too much.

Besides, they have to live with their own conscience and I really feel sorry for them.
I don't think of my husband as a shipyard worker. He's a tool maker. There are a lot of people around Quincy who look down their noses and think that Fore River workers are "low" but they forget that there are Fore River people who lead many of the Quincy clubs and societies. I know that I don't look down at them, but then I'm only a poor girl. That is, we started poor and worked ourselves up.

Howie was a supervisor during the war. He went up the hard way and never had anyone to help him. His father died when Howie was quite young and he had to go to work pretty early. He's just fifty-six now and he's been working for the Bethlehem company for thirty-six years.

I guess we've always been treated fairly by the company and now Howie says that since they were cutting down on the supervisors, he would much rather be working in the tool room than be laid off. It won't be long before they make him a supervisor again. He's really qualified to perform a job that takes higher responsibility. He's always made out well in every job they've given him and besides, he has always studied to prepare himself for better positions. He used to go to M.I.T. at night and now he goes to the American Society of Metals lectures in town. Both he and Mr. Mann, another
toolmaker, belong to the A.S.M. and they used to go into town together to attend the lectures. I don't think they have done it since the strike, though.

I would say that the machine shop is the nicest place in the whole yard and the tool room people are the nicest group in the whole machine shop. There are about thirty men there and they are mostly Americans - only one Italian. His name is something like Nunnio Giovanni or Gianni.

All the families from the tool room used to be quite close. Whole families would go on picnics and all sorts of different activities together. But since the children have all grown up, we have less and less contact with them. One rule we always had - never to discuss the yard at all on these gatherings.

The tool room men are just naturally the leaders for the whole machine shop. They trusted Howie with all their money when they elected him treasurer of the Machine Shop Mutual Benefit Association. Johnny Mann is the president.

The working man needs a union in even the best of companies, I always say. You need a union to settle the individual grievances, and they're always coming up. I believe in unions, but I certainly don't believe in strikes. We have always had unions and they have always settled everything peacefully. There was only one strike.
That was back in 1919. It was only the machine shop and it only lasted a week. Howie believe in unions but they should be conducted right - civilized - so you don't wreck your home and your bank account. A union should keep everyone satisfied.

When the CIO came in the men weren't satisfied with the Independent, but they were scared of the CIO. Just the name of it scared me. I hated to think of my husband as a CIO member. You know what everybody thinks - that it's radical and full of reds.

But Bethlehem had allowed the CIO to come in so, we thought, it must be all right. Besides, so many had already joined and they can't all be wrong, we thought.

So Howie joined and we didn't think too much about it, until, when they went on strike, I wondered if he should have joined.

Nobody, not even the union men, wanted the strike. All the men had worked steady all through the war and they were pretty anxious for their vacation. So when the strike started, they said "Be back next week" and acted like they were on vacation.

I was stunned. It took a few weeks for me to really grasp that he was out. That my husband was on strike. It really was a terrible thing.

I tried to get Howie to do something about stopping the strike but we had a few parties with some of our
friends and nothing much came of it. Even the Local here was helpless. It was doing the best it could but they didn't even know what was going on.

The machine shop men, especially, couldn't get jobs and I guess those families with small children had an awful time.

The union helped those that needed it, but there were some people who wouldn't want to take the relief. I don't think anybody took relief unless they absolutely had to.

If we had been up against it I would have been upset, but we have always been lucky. We've always had steady work and managed to accumulate savings and bonds.

The company was very anxious to get the tool room men back since none of the departments can work until the tool room is working. But the men still had reliance that the union knew what it was doing.

Of course, I wanted my husband to go back, but I didn't want him to be called "scab" and all the other things the union was calling the men. The union used to list the names of all the men who were going back and they would call them "strike breakers" and "scabs". And they read a terrible poem by Jack London about scabs on the radio.

I didn't like that for the sake of the men's families, but still, they couldn't have been very hard up, those who went back in August and September.
We didn't think that those scabs should have gone back. They should have stayed out, but no one knew how long the strike would last. One of the scabs said to us that he was hard up but I didn't believe it. Maybe his wife made him go back.

Of course I still wanted Howie to go back but I didn't want him to go back alone. I feel that it's important for a man to get along with those he works with and I wouldn't want Howie to be called a scab by his friends.

The company was calling up those they wanted back. They didn't promise them any special favors or supervisors' jobs or anything. They just said, "You made a mistake in striking; so and so is back, why don't you come back." They didn't call the strong union men and they didn't call the inferior or mediocre workers. All they called were the best men. They called Howie several times.

About a week before the tool room men went back, it seemed as if other groups of men were going back. One whole shop, the joiners, went together.

Then about a week before the end of the strike the men became so disgusted with the union that they just decided they would settle the thing themselves; they didn't care what anybody else thought.

The men would call up here and say to Howie, "If this doesn't happen or if that doesn't happen, I'm
going back."

Howie didn't want to be responsible for making up anybody else's mind for him but the men would call and say "If you're going back, Howie, I'm going, too."

The men knew that if the tool room didn't open up the strike could go on forever and the yard might have to close down. So most of the tool makers went back together just a week before the strike was over. I guess only one or two didn't go back.

The first few days they were back they felt a little bitter toward those scabs who went in so early. But then one of the worst - he had come in way in the beginning - he came over to my husband and said, "Well, Howie, are you going to talk to me?"

And Howie said, "Sure I will, You made a mistake and I can see that you are sorry for it."
Every company needs a good union and you might also say that every union needs a good company. Although I'm only forty-three I've been with the Bethlehem Fore River for twenty-eight years and for seven of those years I was a machine shop boss; they treated me okay. I've seen the different labor organizations come and go and I'll tell you this:

As long as a company and a union try to get together and work things out, they're alright. But when they don't try to get together, when they're out to cut each other's throats, then no union is good. There have been lots of times when the company did things more to hurt the union than to accomplish some good and the same could be said for the union.

Local 5 tries to do the best it can and the leaders are really interested in doing a good job in representing what they think the men want. I never had much to do with the CIO. I joined when I went back on the tools because the shop representative came over and asked me and everyone else had already joined.

Where Local 5 gets in trouble, I think, is when it lets itself be used by the other unions in the Bethlehem chain. There should not have been a strike here; there was nothing to strike for. But the other yards weren't in as good a position as Fore River and they had more to fight about.
If the strike vote had been by secret ballot, as it should have been, there would still have been a vote for the strike, I think. Of course, it wouldn't have been anywheres near as strong as that 'show of hands' vote; but, on the other hand, the men would have felt less as if they had been railroaded into something they didn't want. Maybe a secret vote would have been against a strike, I don't know, but I don't think so.

Once the strike starts, well, you just take it. Everyone decides to stay out and you go along. There's nothing else you can do.

When it started we all hoped it would be over soon. Everyday we expected the company and union to get together and settle it. That's why I never even looked for a job.

When you think of a strike as being like a war, then you got to admit that whatever any side does is okay. Both the company and the union tried to win and they both used tactics what weren't very nice. On the whole, I'd say the CIO, in general, was interested more in getting some good for the men than in hurting the company.

I took a nice long vacation once the strike started. What a vacation! I'd read the papers, work around the house, go down to the union to get the latest news, and listen to the radio.

We lived off our savings. I imagine most of the men had saved some money during the war. It wasn't easy
and you don't like to see the money that you put aside for things like the mortgage or the children's education just go down the drain. But, one way or another, you make out.

I went back when everyone else did - when the strike was over. I never even thought of going back before the thing was settled. Sometimes I'd see some friends and we'd discuss the strike, but we would never talk about even the possibility of going back before it was over. And that's a kind of decision that a man can't make by himself. That is, he hasn't got the right to make it by himself because what happens if he goes back affects all the others. That's why, on a thing like that, you don't decide for yourself. Your group of friends sort of all agree.

Lots of men went back in the machine shop. You'd hear talk, so and so went back. And no matter what they say I still think that if they hadn't gone back the strike would have ended sooner. I don't know why anyone went back but I don't think there could have been many that had financial reasons. Maybe some of the older fellows were afraid that the company would stop taking men back after a certain number were in. Maybe they were afraid they would be shut out if they didn't come in quick and hold their jobs.
I don't, and I never did, call anyone a scab, but feeling at the time was pretty bitter toward them. I don't hold anything against them. It was their own idea and after all, they have to live with themselves. I'm sure if a man can stand to think of himself as a scab, then nothing I or anyone else thinks of him is going to bother him.

I don't know about anyone else but I knew that I never would go through that picket line. I just know that I never could.

Here, in this neighborhood, if you scab everyone knows you and points you out and your children, too, for years and years after. Long after they forgot what the strike was all about they still remember that you were a scab. Then if someday a fire starts, or there's garbage in the street, or your kids get into a fight with their kids, then it's always you they look at and suspect. I don't know what it's like anywhere else, but right here that's the way it is.

One of the supervisors came here and really, sincerely tried to get me to come back. I was so glad that I wasn't a supervisor then. I don't know what I would have done. Maybe I would have done what I was told, if I wanted to keep my job. I don't know. But I think that all the
company did was threaten the supervisors with having their salary stopped. If that was all there was to it, maybe I would have refused, but I don't know.

I'm sure glad there wasn't any rought stuff. That would have made trouble for everyone and not settled anything.

It's a funny thing, but, you know, when the strike was over you could tell, just by looking around, which men had scabbed, even if you didn't know them all. They had worried scared looks while everyone else was happy and smiling.
DECISION TYPE II

As set up, this type of decision is based on reasons which are dictated by the internalized values of the individual. It would be the rash observer, however, who would intentionally put himself in the vulnerable position of pretending to distinguish between "reason" and "rationalization."

Obviously the worker who could probe his basic frame of reference for an answer in the strike situation, had a frame of reference which could give him an answer. His values, on this score were strong and consistent enough that their resultant could provide an answer. The worker whose values conflicted in this context, however, was blocked in his search for an answer. He was forced to resort to decision Type III. A characteristic of a II decision is that is is based on a determinant reason. The III decision seems usually to be the result of a rationalization.

Within the limits imposed by the nature of the conflict area and the kind of data gathered, it is possible to conclude that there are, basically, two "reasons" which determined behaviour. Those who stayed out did so out of a certainty of "working-class" identification. Those who went back were impelled by a strong dependency on the company.

A cardinal point to remember, however, is that no matter what the basic "reason" for the decision, it was always given in terms of groups. That is, the individual describing his actions, invariably indicated that his actions and
feelings were in conformance with his group's expectations and behaviour. While the obvious intent of most statements of this nature was to identify the group as the initiator of action and so make the individual the follower, it is difficult from the data to determine the actual facts. Many of the statements appear to be rationalizations.

Able - "Everybody was going back and I knew that they weren't any worse off than I was."

Gianni - "I went back when everybody else did, when the strike was over."

Almquist - "All the men... were back... and you didn't feel like being the last one in."

If anything, the facts seem to show that the individual was the true initiator of decisions, but feeling afraid to take the responsibility of his own decision, he rationalized the decision so that it would seem to be the group's decision. The tendency, as seen in the quotes, to deny the strength of "own" forces and emphasize the effect of "induced" forces will remain confusing to anyone who insists in thinking of the American worker as the exemplification of "rugged individualism".

It seems probable that there were as many workers who identified with groups which would support their own decisions as there were workers whose decisions were determined by the groups with which they identified.

It is obvious that when Machinist John Mann said, "Around here (this neighborhood) they say, "You don't cross picket
lines and that's all there is to it"", he had in mind a definite group. And when Ted Ross, another machinist who lives but a block from Mann, said "Everyone I would meet would say, "You shouldn't have gone on strike---your job is waiting for you---why don't you go back to work?", he also was referring to a definite group. But for these two neighbors the neighborhood groups exerted different and opposite forces, and were, as they saw them, different groups even though, in actual membership, they may have been overlapping.

An important group factor which pertains to the Decision Type II is the restraining forces which the present culture seems to put on expressions of an ideological character. Workers today experience continuing pressure, emphasizing the Horatio Alger kind of success, ridiculing educators and idealists as "visionaries","brain-trusters", or what is worst, "impractical."

Especially is there extreme pressure against the idea of social "classes" and unionism. The Fore River men are told, by sources which seem close to their company, that C.I.O. unions are rackets out to fleece the workers; that they are tools of a foreign ideology; that they are actually nothing but third parties superimposed on the workers; that their sole purpose is to keep a company and it's workers apart by radical and irresponsible actions. Such opinions are then expressed in laws and are seen to be the judgement of the entire country. These are the pressures which led to Mrs.
WE NEED NO OUTSIDERS TO RUN OUR AFFAIRS

THE CIO IS RUN BY OUTSIDERS FOR THEIR BENEFIT.

THE INDEPENDENT IS RUN BY YOU FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

Send the outsiders back to Jersey City, Camden, Brooklyn, or wherever they came from.

WE AREN'T GOING TO USE OUR MONEY TO SUPPORT THEM - LET THE GOONS GO TO WORK THE WAY WE DO AND EARN AN HONEST LIVING.

Mr. Kaplan – you and your gang are a luxury that we can’t afford.

Fore River Workers

We challenge the CIO to publish their entire contract with the Bethlehem Steel Company
Wheeling's expression of horror at her husband's joining the C.I.O.

In the face of this, it is only with extreme embarrassment that the average striker could give vent to convictions of a "class" conscious nature.

Dave Shields was able to attribute to "class" reasons his decision to respect the picket line. Mrs. Shields, however, could not accept these reasons; at least she could not verbalize them. For her to be satisfied with her husband's decision, she was forced to so distort her perceptual field that she saw danger, threats and acts of violence where, in reality, none existed.

Shields expressed it, "I didn't want to be a scab...I didn't want to work when the five outside(pickets) weren't working. After all we're all fighting for the same thing."

Gianni"-I just know I never could go through a picket line."
Dombros,"You have no Manhood if you cross a picket line."
Reilly,"I don't know how I know it, but a picket line means one thing to me---don't cross."

Mann, "The scab...lets down his fellow workers".

Robbie Forbes was absolutely unable to verbalize his feelings toward scabs or strikes but finally got out, "You're not supposed to cross a picket line, I know it, that's all. Like I know you're not supposed to murder."

Mrs. Boye, who had lied when she insisted her husband had never broken strike stopped suddenly when asked "What does a picket line mean to you?" She became nervous, almost
frenzied and shouted, "I've answered enough, I can't answer that. You'll have to go."

Similarly, Mrs. Helgate, who also denied her husband's back to work actions, could or would not remember the day he went back. While very anxious to give the impression that he had not scabbed, she could not, even when pressed to agree to a date of his return. "Everyone wants to forget about the strike. You'll have to go now."

Ted Ross called on his God when he crossed the picket line. "God forgive me if I'm doing wrong."

These statements, approaching in intensity a religious conviction, reflect in each man a most compelling reason to support the strike. It is possible, that these reasons are related to family, union, neighborhood or work group standards. Yet, objectively it seems as if all the factors of material advantage, expediency and local group acceptance were acting to push the men through the lines. It seems likely therefore that the statements stem from a class-like identification.

This assumption goes far to explain why men who stayed out the whole time in apparent opposition to their beat interests all felt at ease with themselves. At the same time many of those who had returned to work resorted to lies and rationalizations to cover up their guilt feelings. This point will be covered more fully in a later section.

To the extent that every decision to maintain the strike was a reaffirmation of a basic working class precept it might
be concluded that all pro-strike decisions were of a Type II nature based on a "class" frame of reference, and that the inhibitions of the personality and the culture precluded the expression of the choice in "class" terms. This made necessary, for the bulk of pro-strike men, the rationalizing typical of Decision Type III.
VICTOR BOYE

Victor's been down at the yard, as a rigger, for eleven years now. He's thirty-two, I'm twenty-eight, and our six kiddos are from nine years to nine months old.

It was pretty certain that there would be a strike and about the same time you heard rumors that the yard was going to close down and never open again. I think those rumors were started by people who never even worked at Fore River.

There was pretty good support for the strike and the men had lots of confidence in the CIO.

Victor has tried both unions and he thinks the CIO is best when it comes to helping the men by getting more money and keeping the company from walking all over them. You can be sure things would be different if there was no union to get the men what they want. But, toward the last, with the company not wanting to come to terms, they began to lose confidence and that was when some of the men decided they couldn't hold out any longer.

Most of them found it hard to get other work and the ones that got work could only get very small wages, much lower than at Fore River. Well, these days you just got to look out for yourself and with finances getting lower all the time, they just had to go back to work. I don't blame them.
I wouldn't have blamed Victor either if he had gone back. He worked pretty steady at some construction jobs and we got by.

We never put much stock in anything the union or the company said. Each was as bad as the other and both were to blame for the strike.

Of course, Victor didn't go back until the strike was over, but we never said anything against those that did go back before. We never called anybody any names and we weren't afraid of being called names. Maybe deep down in our hearts, though, we wouldn't have liked being called "scab."

Anyway, those that were calling everybody "scab" didn't even work at the yard and didn't even know what a strike was.

Victor Boye first drove through the picket line on Tuesday, October 28.
I don't suppose any woman ever likes a strike. It's okay to have a man around the house for a little while, but for five months, why it just doesn't seem right. What with no money coming in, and they get so cross loafing around. Now Mr. Helgate, he's fifty-four and we live in this big house all alone, no children, except maybe you could call Black Prince here our baby. He's a pure bred Newfoundland, you know, and a tough one, he is. Sure was lucky that strike was in the summer time. Henry could do some painting on the house and the barn. It used to be a barn but now we use it for a garage and Mr. Helgate has a machine shop and a darkroom in there.

Well, Mr. Helgate's been here down at the Fore River for twenty-four years and we've been married for twenty-four years. That's how I know how long he's worked there. Henry used to be a seaman. He's a regular Nova Scotian and when we married I insisted he leave the sea. Ever since he was a little boy almost he always went to sea and he just had to be near it. So he did the next best thing; he went into the shipyard. That's why we live way out here on the tip of the Neck, in Adams Shore; we have the ocean on all sides of us almost.
There are lots of the riggers and erectors that used to be seamen. That's what my husband is; he does the rigging right on the ship itself - a real shipbuilder. It's very dangerous work. When we were first married I was worried every day he went to work. But he's pretty good at it. You have to be to keep doing it. But he's had two or three bad knocks. Then on bad days they would let him work inside.

We really can't complain against the company. I suppose he's satisfied with it. He's been treated pretty fairly. Of course in a small company the man is appreciated more for his work. But even here, why you have to do a good job or pretty soon the company knows. And Henry must really be a good worker; he was only laid off once, for a year, during the depression. He lost his seniority because of it and that's why he isn't in the Long Service Club. But you can't blame the company for that. Why, they made him a boss during the war; he had charge of so many men.

The thing is that factories want to get all the people's money. If the men didn't have unions they wouldn't get any money. Some unions are bad, though, calling strikes all the time. But, well, maybe they have to what with the cost of living being so high and the factories making so much profit.

I'll tell you, when the CIO first came around in
1941 or so the men, the old timers, that is, were pretty satisfied with the Independent Union. And the CIO, they were afraid, was all full of communistic elements. Then in the next election, in 1945, the young ones at the yard were all for the CIO thinking they would keep their jobs that way. My husband never joined the union, but then, after the election, he had to.

Just like the strike. Everybody knew there would be a strike a few days ahead of time, and then when it happened they all had to go out on strike, whether you wanted or not. Strikes are all right, but not hanging around for five months.

Mr. Helgate didn't bother looking for a job. No other union job would hire them and the non-union jobs didn't pay any money. The majority of the men couldn't find anything; they just loafed.

At Fore River during the war, people made good money and some saved it and some had good times and spent it as fast as they got it. I guess the strike may have taken some of their savings. Most had a few dollars saved and some bonds but some were really up against it - had a large family or maybe they didn't save.

Some signed up for unemployment but that was foolish. Why, if the State paid every strike would last forever.
I don't know but maybe the CIO would help the ones that needed it. I think they told men they wouldn't lose their homes. They had a grocery and maybe they gave free food and rent but all we got was five months lost wages.

We have some friends from the yard that we know well, but mostly we stay at home so we never knew what was going on. My husband had to go to a few meetings to find out what was happening. Naturally I didn't like it, he should be out so long. What woman did? But women don't know what should be done and I let him suit himself.

The men who crossed the picket lines were probably all hungry and had to go back. They all must have been pretty much up against it. Who wouldn't be after five months with no money coming in. I don't think there was anybody back in my husband's department before the strike was over. But everybody wants to forget all about the strike now. You can be sure that they all would have been back if the strike hadn't ended when it did. Mr. Helgate came back. I can't remember the day, sometime in November, after the strike.

Henry Helgate, rigger, first crossed the picket line October 24th. He resigned from the union November 3.

He picketed four times.

He received $15.00 from the union relief fund; he had paid $17.00 to the union during his year's membership.
GROUP IDENTIFICATION

Even the most superficial of analyses of the data reveals that the key to the worker's motivations lies in the groups with which he identifies. Why, just, do individuals identify with groups. Very briefly, because the group holds all the cards for the man and deals him what it will. It punishes him; it rewards him, it is, at one and the same time, a means to all the individual's goals and in itself a goal for the individual.

Few indeed are the supermen who can face the terrifying world alone and unsupported by some favorable group consensus. We search for approval. We join groups with goals common to our own. We help the group achieve its goal. The group helps us achieve ours. We identify with groups for the protection, guidance and security we get out of a feeling of belongingness. So long as our personal predispositions, our basic values, are not violated, we accept forces induced by the group. To the extent that we resist the inducing forces of the group we are identifying less strongly with it and have an incentive to search for another, more sympathetic, group. However, since the very belongingness feeling has for us a positive value we will accept the group's inducing forces to a very large degree. Therefore, to the extent that we prize the group for itself, the potential inducing forces of the group are very much greater than the mere summation of the inducing forces of the individuals.
making up the group.

No group, however strong its potential inducing powers, can effectuate any changes on its members unless there are set up, within the group, suitable channels of communication through which the group purposes can be made known. Where such channels are missing, or ineffective, each group member can feel that he sees correctly the group's purposes. This will be especially true if the member has a personal predisposition in a direction in which the group has no set policy. In such cases the striker may well feel the pressure of the entire group acting in the direction he himself desires. That is, he may perceive the group's inducing forces as acting in the same direction as his "own" forces. Thus a locomotion is produced which could not have been achieved by virtue of the "own" forces alone.

As to why the "owns" forces could not have produced the desired locomotion alone, with recourse to the group rationalization, it is likely that each striker's personality will reveal other conflicting "own" forces. If there is any validity to this theorizing, it suggests that where a group had no strike policy, or where group feelings could not be readily communicated, it was possible for the striker to use the group pressure as a rationalization of his own feelings.

A definitely pro-strike group, such as the union, could induce pro-strike decisions on those of the workers who identified with it. Similarly, a pro-company group, such as
the Fore River Long Service Club, could induce pro-company actions on those who identified with it. As the histories of Mann, Ross, Gianni, Wheeling, Dombros, and Alinquist indicate, the Machine Shop group, and the neighborhood group; in both of which all six had common membership, exerted forces which were both pro and anti-strike at the same time.
"We find it pretty funny," remarked Mrs. Hillberg.
"Here we are very much against the CIO and my son, that is, Mr. Hillberg's son by his first marriage, has been mixed up with unions in Detroit for years. He was president of the Ford CIO out at the Highland Park Plant."

"Now don't you get me wrong. Unionism, as such, is perfectly all right. But here they kept the men out with lies and more lies. When the men found out how they'd been lied to, they naturally got sore and went right back to their jobs.

"Actually the strike wasn't even legal in the first place. There should have been a secret ballot. If there had been a secret ballot, the results sure would have been different. Sure, unions are necessary things. They're good, do a good job, and all, but they can't have such radical views.

"Take this section here, Quincy Point. We're right down by the yard but the people are pretty much just like the rest of Quincy. There are no separate nationality sections. Everybody lives all over the place. We're Americans, but some Jewish people live upstairs and there are Russians living right across the street and that old lady who lives next door, she's as
"This is what I think of the Union."

William Hillberg
Scotch as they make 'em. And then there's Irish and English and Syrians and lots of Italians. There once was a colored riveter at the yard but there are no Negroes in Quincy. At least not in Quincy Point.

"Quincy Point used to be the finest part of the city. All the elite lived here and up towards Quincy Center. But then they began to move out to other parts, like Wollaston and Merrymount and Milton. The merchants sure miss them, even yet. Then during the Prohibition and bootlegging, do you know what they called this street we live on? 'The Barbart Coast' they called it.

"Things have sure changed. Why fourteen years ago when we first moved here the school at Quincy Point was over-crowded. Then slowly they began to close up parts of it. Now there are so few kids, it's all closed up. I guess that whatever kids are left are all about the age of my boy and my daughters. He's twenty-two and one daughter, she's twenty and the other is married and lives in Boston and she's twenty-five. I must know all of the kids in the neighborhood. Seems like they all like to use this place as their hideout.

"Why, my daughter, the youngest, she's out tonight with Jack Boycehead. His father was one of the leaders in the union, a steward in the galvanizing
department. Well, one day he was sick and couldn't go out on the picket line. First thing he knew he got a registered letter saying was being brought up on treason charges. He got so mad that he turned right around and sent them a letter of resignation from the union, and then he went right in to work. I guess he was one of the first men back to work. Can you imagine, this Hiram Boycehead was on the picket line all the time. he never got any help from anyone. Then he got a radio repair job and the union asked him to turn over half of the little he made to the union, and they never helped him one bit.

"There was sure a lot of favoritism in who got the relief pay from the CIO. This Jewish fellow upstairs, he asked for help and they told him to get help from his mother; she had plenty, they said. But other cases, the wife and the kids were working and still they got money from the CIO. Nobody ever knew who got help. They didn't want to talk about it and nobody cared to ask.

"This whole community didn't want the strike. Didn't see any reason to strike for such a small raise. All the storekeepers and everybody you'd meet, they were all against the strike. Some of the local stores gave some credit - to their sorrow - but they stopped
it quickly enough. He probably wouldn't admit it, but I know of one storekeeper who supported the strike. He gave credit to some people for about one hundred fifty to two hundred dollars. Uptown, though, none of the stores gave any credit at all.

"We never got any help from anyone. We're not millionaires but we certainly would never ask for that CIO relief. They wouldn't have given us any anyway. Lots of people had to cash in their bonds and mortgage their homes; some even lost their homes. But we got by. The two girls were working and Bill, that's Mr. Hillberg, got a job for a while in Boston.

"Mr. Hillberg, he's quite a bit older than I am, he's sixty-three and he was married before, you know, well, his people have always been shipbuilders. He's worked as a riveter in shipyards all over the country. He's worked on the Great Lakes (his home is in Cleveland), on the Delaware, and on the Gulf and up in Canada and he says that Bethlehem is the fairest yard yet. They'll always treat a good worker right.

"My husband likes to do a good day's work. He rejected offers to take a boss's job because he likes to forget about the work once he gets home. Shipwork kills men off early. It's hell in the summer and like the North Pole in the winter, and riveting, especially,
is hard work. That's why there aren't many young fellows
go into it these days. Of course there's not much riveting
on the ships anymore and Mr. Hillberg transferred to
chipping.

"It's funny, when we came here to Fore River fourteen
years ago this communist fellow Lucien Koch was here
trying to get the men to join the CIO. Well, he approached
Mr. Hillberg. I don't know where he got the idea, but
he thought Bill would be a good man for the CIO. We sure
told him off in a hurry and in no uncertain terms.
Y'know, this Koch ran that Russian school somewheres in
Arkansas where they taught free love and all. He was
on the Labor Relations Board during the war and it was
he that won the election for the CIO. He knew that the
office workers would kill the CIO in the election so he
wouldn't let them vote with the production people. That's
the only way the CIO ever got in.

"As soon as the CIO came in they made every man
over 65 quit. Previously the men kept working until
they had twenty years service and could qualify for the
pension.

"There wasn't much thought given to the strike. It
came so quickly; first thing you knew, we were all out
on strike and nobody knew how or why or what was
happening. Of course everybody wanted more money, but
the company was giving that to the workers even before
the strike.

"The union said the big issue was the seniority but actually the union seniority provisions were worse than the company's. The union wants seniority only in the department where the man works. That way, if a department lays off help, the old timer can't take his seniority to another department and work there. He just gets laid off. I know of many men with twenty, twenty-five, thirty years who have been laid off despite long service, while in other departments there are men working with much less service. These long service men lose everything when they're laid off. They lose their relief plan benefits and their pension, too.

But the union made sure that their officers and stewards and such kept their jobs through super-seniority. We feel the company is genuinely interested in the interests of the old timers and wants to do the best it can for them. Now take my husband; he transferred over from riveting to chipping before the CIO came in. That's the only reason he has his job. If the CIO had its way he never would have been able to transfer over and he'd be out of the yard now.

"The union said the company wanted to put a physical fitness requirement in the seniority clause so as to keep out the old fellows. That's just the bunk. Just another union lie. The physical examinations
they give the men are just a formality anyway. They just want them so that they can get rid of any men they don't want. Seems to me a company should be able to say who it wants to work for it.

"You know, it's a funny thing, there are lots of men who just won't recognize the defeat the CIO took. Why that contract the union got is worthless. All they got was the twelve cents; everything else was just the same as before. The only reason the company signed anyway was because they didn't want the cars parked inside the yard anymore. There were so many cars there that they were cluttering up the place and getting in the way. Besides, the men used to take tools and things home in their cars. That's the only reason the Yard signed.

"Some of the people, especially the women, yelled 'Scab' at the men who went back. They thought that a scab is a man who goes back instead of sticking with the crowd. But the way we feel about it is why stick out a lost cause?

"One funny thing - the Scotch, you know, are very radical in unions. Lots of them knew that the CIO was wrong but they were too bull-headed, too clannish, to go back when they knew they should. The Syrians, though, they went back the first thing."
"Anyhow, the ones that were the first to holler 'Scab', they were the ones who were out working all the time of the strike.

"Now a scab is really a man who takes another man's job. So the real scabs weren't the ones who went back to their own jobs in the yard. The real scabs are the ones that went outside and took another man's job while his own was waiting for him in the Yard.

"Mr. Hillberg worked for about five weeks over in Boston. He got the job through some friends of my son-in-law. The pay was all right but the job was way out - way over in Lechemere. It took him so long to get there. Besides, here at Fore River he has all those benefits and his pension and after all, it's his own job and the one he knows best. He only went back three weeks before the end of it. What's the sense of sticking out a lost cause.

"Of course he resigned and joined the Independent as soon as he came back. He always was an Independent man. Actually he never did join the CIO. They just started deducting the money from his check, that's all.

"He walked right in through the gates, right from the start. And they didn't dare to call him any names. No, and there was no intimidation or anything at any time. They were very gentlemanly and orderly all the time those pickets. I'll say that for them."
DECISION TYPE III

Probably the most interesting and dramatic, and certainly the most common, was the III decision. Here the forces acting on the striker to go back were, for the time, balanced by the forces to stay out. The striker had been in this state of unresolved conflict for a long time now and had reached a high degree of mental tension. Not having any basic values on which he could make his choice, he searched for momentary forces which would serve to boost him over the wall to a decision.

It is apparent that the direction of the decision (stay out or go in) changed the nature of the forces acting on the man. Since the men were all actually out on strike, the only decision that had to be made, in terms of positive locomotion, was the decision of when to go back. This fact, coupled with the delaying tactics previously discussed, worked to the union's advantage. On the other hand, a disposition to stay out was always subject to change while, a decision to return, once made, was generally irrevocable. Nervous and sensitive Robbie Forbes supplied the missing link. He went in and quickly ran out again. There was one opportunistic "creature" who received forty dollars in relief payments from the union and then went through the lines to work. He worked one week and, becoming sick, applied for the company relief. For two weeks he was a striker again and received another fifty dollars from the union. At the same time the company sent him two twelve-dollar sick payments.
Finally, one week before the strike's end, he went back to his job - "a loyal worker" again. The record is held by a machinist who somehow got one hundred and eighty dollars from the union and still managed to return to work early in October. The fuel oil truck, sent by the union, had to wait while his wife found enough bottles and cans and barrels to take all the oil - their tank was full.

It was a matter of far-reaching effect that from the early days of the strike the necessity to put off a decision was couched in words similar to Mrs. Wheelings.

"I'm going back if this doesn't happen or if that doesn't happen."

Or as Hall told Whip Thompson, his steward, "If this thing isn't settled by Wednesday...it will probably kill me, but I'll have to go in..."

Steward Connie Noonan called up Dave Shield and said, "If this isn't over by next week, we'll all go back."

Shields put it. "I wouldn't ever go out on strike again and if it had lasted any longer, I'd have gone back."

This technique of making a decision which would be implemented not "here and now", but sometime in the future was quite common. It was resorted to by those who were unable to make a decision and by those who were unable to recognize and present, either to themselves or others, that a decision had, in fact, already been made.
Obviously, a decision which is to be lived up to, not now, but a week from now, and which is dependent not on personal actions but outside actions, will be relatively easier to make.

Then, when the striker who had committed himself to a course of action "next week", found himself in that next week, the very fact of his having made the commitment to go back, acted as an additional force to enable him to decide, at that moment, to go back.

These decisions, to take action in a week, were, when made, usually widely circulated. The striker would call his friends or group and insure that they knew of his decision. (see Wheeling and Mann) In this way he threw off the final responsibility to change his mind about going in. The fact that the group knew made him feel a group pressure to line up to his word. If the group objected, then it was the group's responsibility to pressure him to change his mind either in a positive fashion, by persuasion, or a passive manner by indicating that the group will not expect him to live up to his prior statement.

It is no coincidence that where we find a John Reilly who can say," If I never worked another day in my life, I wouldn't scab," we also find a Mrs. Reilly who says, "I was brought up in a mill city where unions had to fight so hard to get anywhere at all...I'd work for the rest of my life to keep my son from being know as the son of a "scab". Had
Mrs. Shields felt a little more like Mrs. Reilly, it is probable that Dave Shields would not have had to say, "... if it had lasted any longer, I'd have gone back."

It is also likely that Shields would not have gone back any sooner than Reilly, no matter how long the strike lasted. By putting off the implementation day any particular length of time, Dave could placate his wife. However, when the time was up, it is almost certain that Dave would have found reasons for extending his deadline, and these reasons would have been, almost eagerly, accepted by Mrs. Shields.

It is practically a commonplace for men who had broken strike to say, as Smart does, "If it had lasted two more days the whole yard would have been back." Others, having less need to justify themselves, extend the time limit but reach the same conclusions. The company, through H.C. Houghton, of Bethlehem Steele Personnel Department makes it one week. Even the union falls for this fiction but extends the time to two weeks.

However, on the basis of the interviews it would appear that the bed-rock of solid strike supporters had just about been reached. While they were all far from being Stahls or McCanns or even Reillys, the reasons for which they stayed out do not seem to be of the kind that could be undermined by another few weeks of strike. Had the strike continued, it can be surmised that the rate of men returning would have continued high for only a very short while and then quickly
lessened until it was a trickle.

Incidentally, feeling, as they do, that another week of strike would have seen, practically all the men back and the union completely busted, the company people infer that far from being anxious to smash the union, they were eager to preserve it and so they settled the strike. By and large, this is accepted by the union people. They are still mystified as to why Bethlehem refrained from smashing them.

The mere fact of having entertained this kind of delayed decision, even though it would not have been carried out, worked very actively in the minds of the unionists to prevent their maintaining belligerence and animosity toward the "scabs". As is suggested in the description of the union meeting in Russell Hall's story, this guilt feeling arising out of the mere thinking of going back, plus the practical consideration of having to win the transgressors back into the union, resulted in the policy of "Forgive and Forget."

An impressionistic description of some of the mechanics of the extreme Type III decision will be found in the Supplement.
Robbie Forbes had made a mistake. He knew it now. Why had he been such a fool. If only it had been some-one else - if only it hadn't been Boyson on the picket line.

"And why didn't Boyson start something - especially when I called him those names. Gosh, in the twenty-eight years we've worked together in the machine shop we had plenty of scraps over things much less than my swearing at him. Why didn't he even say something - or just try to start something funny. Why didn't he get mad - or even laugh, like those other bastards were doing. That God-damned lousy Swede - thinks he's so superior.

"They told me that all the men were back. These bastards here - they're not men - they're all stooges and phonies - all the fakers that were always scared shit they'd be laid off - all the brownnosers thinking they'll get some special kind of break from the boss. Jesus Christ, what a collection - there's not a first class mechanic in the lot. There aren't my kind of people; they're just scabs.

"One thing I'm glad for. Perry wanted me to come back at seven, the regular time. Well, it was about eight and I walked right in - cursing those lousy
commie pickets all the time. Not sneaking past in cars like these shitty stooges."

There was nothing to do. Maybe he should have been happy about the fact that here he was, taking money away from the company and not doing any work. The rest of the men were gathered in laughing groups, playing checkers, or just talking. But Robbie couldn't join them.

He felt the know in his belly tighten and pull up in a hard tug on his scrotum. The pain was like a fire, building and collapsing, building and collapsing - as the waves of anxiety and fear and the knowledge of helpless frustration swept him.

Robbie ran to the toilet and retched - but no relief came.

"I guess I'm sick. I'd better tell Perry; he'll let me go home."

Bent over, like an old man, Robbie Forbes ran out of the shop, past the staring groups of scabs and bosses - past the laughing pickets - down the street toward home.

It was ten o'clock.
Robbie Forbes going in - making his mistake.
SUMMARY

In the confused, unresolved, and amorphous picture which the Fore River strike presented to the average striker, the ordinary strike forces of strong, clear issues and union loyalties were in the main missing. The pressures of finances and neighborhood groups were largely of a secondary nature only.

To choose between his allegiance to the company and his allegiance to the union the worker was forced to resort to factors of personality to a very large, often controlling, extent. While the worker's final decision was almost invariably presented in terms of group rationalizations, the actual decision seems to have been, more often, made with reference to basic internalized values.

While the bulk of this thesis has necessarily been on a fairly obvious descriptive and explanatory level, with some attempt to draw theoretical conclusions, a major problem has been spotlighted.

When the scientist has discovered more about how the individual has internalized he holds; when he knows the mechanics of how standards and codes and ideologies become all tangled up with ego and self-regard; when he understands why a normal individual will act in what is, apparently, direct contradiction to all the known forces acting on the individual; then he will know the truth about the Fore River workers and he will be approaching the meaning of life itself.
SUPPLEMENT
DECISION TYPE III

As postulated, the Type III Decision is more than a pile of gasoline soaked explosive waiting for a match. It is this same explosive pile, feeling it must explode and in anxious search of a match.

Robbie Forbes was all set to explode, but Arthur Boyson refused to light the fuse. Perhaps the fact that Robbie couldn't stand the thought of himself as a member of what he clearly saw as a "scab" group stems from the same values as impelled his, "You're not supposed to cross a picket line". At any rate, he wasn't quite ripe for the explosion. Others however, were. Billy Campbell told Ted Ross that he had only been kidding when he approached the picket line and "pretended" to be going in. If he was kidding, it was only Billy Campbell that was being kidded. Billy was an explosion looking for a place to happen.

Billy came to the line, hat pulled down, jacket collar up, shoulders hunched, lunch-box gripped like a football under one aggressive shoulder. The picketing Italian welder's first impulse was to laugh. Then he demanded, "Where the hell do you think you're going?"--and the spark was lit. Campbell saw himself the victim of powerful and arbitrary force. All the hardships the strike had imposed; all the anxieties company threats had awakened; all the grudges and hates toward unions he had ever held, heard of, or read
about; all his hatred for Italians; his distaste for the "smoke-eaters" with their arc-welders, all of these flushed up and demanded that he strike out at the aggressing picket.  

"You lousy wop", he snarled. And then he was through the gates. The company told the newspaper of the return of another loyal worker.

Many were the subterfuges used by the delicately balanced foment—the striker looking for some force to push him over into the realm of non-striker. They tell of the tin-knocker who refused to ride in, disdained to sneak in a side entrance. He could be heard almost a block away; striding down the middle of the road, cursing vividly in his nature Swedish and adopted English. Cursing the union, the pickets, the communists and the company too. Building up and holding enough resentment toward the entire strike situation to carry him through to safety of his shop. He did his work—swinging his hammer savagely and swearing with each stroke. He snarled at anyone who approached him. For a week he kept this up, gradually he lost his vehemence and with the majority of his shop back, he relaxed and felt at home.

Some, like Ted Ross, would come to union headquarters and just sit and watch—and wait. They were waiting, they told themselves and everyone else, to find out what was new: how the negotiations were going. But the explosive piles which were their labilely balanced subconscious knew that they were only waiting for a spark. A spark in the form of a resented
idiocyncrasy of Jimmy McGounigal or a suspicion that somebody was getting some graft out of the union—or a lie being told about the number back, or how many hits Ted Williams got. These men looked for their reasons and they found them.

There were always more people around for the morning six to ten picket tour. Why—was it because seven o’clock was the regular starting time and they hoped against hope that something might happen to push them through. And so many of them carried their lunch boxes. They would gather in groups, across the street from the gate or up near the crummy C.I.O. hall, and talk about who went and what a lousy bastard he was and what can you expect from a no good----whatever he was. They really didn’t know what they were waiting for—they really didn’t know what impelled them to take their lunches. The union was dishing out chowder and coffee and sandwiches all the time.

Their lunch boxes gave them an excuse for refusing the C.I.O. food. How much harder it would be to light the spark if once you take food, unless of course you got indigestion from it.

There were many that would have liked the food orders, fuel oil and the cash the C.I.O. was handing out so freely. But how much harder it would be to light the fuse if once you took help.

The C.I.O. started to send food orders to people who had never asked for them; to people who would just hang around
with their lunch boxes.

When the strike started, only a very few took their tools with them. Taking your tools was like giving up your claim to your job and you couldn’t abide that. Besides it was going to be a short strike; we’ll all be right back; take a vacation, loaf, have fun; no sense looking for a job-too old—don’t know anything but ship work and who would want to hire strikers anyways.

The tools served an altogether different function. They personalized, dramatized, the jobs inside. "I’m not a scab, it’s my own job I’m taking, I won’t touch a single tool of anybody else’s."

Then the men started going in—to get their tools. Although you didn’t expect them to come out again, most of them did. And then you’d notice that they had taken only a few of their tools out. Oh well, maybe next time.

After a while only the guys on the Strike Strategy Committee did any picketing. That was good and bad, but mostly good. It was bad because they were tired, dog tired and sore all the time and it was fairly easy to pick a fight and get your fuse lit. But it was mostly good because almost everyone knew someone on the line, at least by sight. And they knew that those guys were really hurting. They were there all the time; never got any jobs or rest. There was talk about Jimmy’s wife working, but you knew damn well she just had
a baby. Those guys weren't getting any gravy either, you could see that. Of course some of the young ones were out there because if the C.I.O. lost in the yard, they would lose their superseniority and their jobs. But mostly you could see that no matter how bad off you were, they were lots worse. And that stopped you.
TOM KREIZER

The CIO saved my job for me. Under the CIO clause if the company transfers you, then your seniority is good over the whole yard instead of just your own department. That way you come into another department and you "bump" someone out of his job. I don't think that's right or fair, but, well, I had to leave the plate shop and I was glad for my job in the rigging department.

They had to cut down on the plate shop so the company took ten of us from the plate shop who had quite a bit of seniority and transferred us to the riggers. They wanted to save the jobs of some of the "blue-eyed boys", the foreman's favorites, who had less seniority than we did. Rigging is lots different from the plate-shaping work and they were hoping that we wouldn't be able to do the job. That way they could fire us entirely and we'd not only lose our jobs and all our seniority but lose out on the unemployment insurance, too; that's about twenty-seven dollars a week.

I've always been a good worker. I won three War Production Board prizes during the war and got one hundred and thirty-five dollars for suggestions. So when they gave us the rigging tests, I was able to do the work. All the rest were thrown out of the yard and they had to lay-off a rigger with low seniority to make a place for me. I don't think that's right, but I was glad to have the job. You can't do that under the new contract and that's one good
thing about it. The CIO finally got the nine men their jobs back and three months retroactive pay, too.

Things like that don't happen very often but when some foreman does something like that it's good to have a union to fight for you. In the Independent you could get things done if you were in, if you knew somebody, but the CIO will fight for everyone, even if you don't have a good case. That's how the CIO got it. Lots of the new people thought they would get something from the CIO, and it's true, they did do better on vacations and pay raises. I joined the CIO way back in 1941 but the Independent put pressure on me and I dropped out for three years. If there were an election now the CIO would be out. It's our own fault the Independent was no good but we could make sure that we put in good men.

We lost a lot by striking. Personally I didn't make out so bad. I had several jobs during the time of the strike. I don't think it gave anyone any serious financial trouble, and if it did, you could always get union relief. I know some who got $10 a week for the whole time of the strike. But I think that 95% of the men would have been back if the strike had lasted one more week, mostly because they were fed up with the union.

In the first place, there would have been no strike if there had been a secret ballot. A lot of fellows who would vote their own minds in a secret ballot were afraid
to let their friends and stewards see them voting against the strike. Mob rule - that's what won.

We were warned by Grogan that if we could keep our old contract we would have the best deal possible, so what business did we have to strike, me who was glad to be having any job at all.

Everyone was fed up with the union. You could never find out what was going on; they kept putting us off, dragging the strike out. First the bonus, then seniority, for week after week. The CIO said Fore River wanted to throw out the old timers; no truth in that at all. They never told us the company wanted to continue the old contract. I got a letter from Collins telling me about that. That old contract was the best one ever signed and the CIO knew it too. I don't know why they wanted to keep us out. They were just using Local 5 as a cat's paw for the other yards who were in tougher shape than we were.

The CIO let out a little bit of information at a time so the men would think there were negotiations going on but they knew we'd lost the strike long before we did. I never knew anything until the last week. I heard Beth refused to negotiate but that's not true. The union was unreasonable, wanted too much. No one at Fore River wanted the strike or wage increase; some wanted a classification change, that's all. Now we're worse off than we were before.
If Boyson or Palmer had been in it would have been a different picture. Jim McGonnigal is a sharp talker and shuts any opposition right off. He's all show and politics. Now Boyson, he has good common sense. I don't know how Jim got it. He was running against Luongo. It was Jim's gang versus Luongo's gang. The Italians backed Luongo and Jim's gang spread talk that the "wops" had all the offices. Boyson backed McGonnigal. If Jim's clique runs the union it's the membership's fault. Only a few of the men attend meetings and vote. That's why we get continual friction and unnecessary strikes. Some say it's the communists who stir up trouble. I know one communist, a steward, but I don't think the general run are red. Jim has queer ideas but he's not a commie.

There are plenty of good men at Fore River who could work for the benefit of the union and the company. The idea of a union is to keep both sides happy. If you do a day's work for a day's pay the company will play fair with you.

I resigned from the union before I went in. They were responsible for the whole thing - keeping the men out with lies and all - not letting you know what was going on, so you had to go back. The CIO made the men scab and they admitted it, too, My steward, Whip Thompson, admitted it to me - that's why the CIO says they're forgiving everyone. All the men in the rigging department were going to resign from the union but when the CIO admitted it was responsible
for the scabbing, then they all reinstated. If more men went to meetings we could make a good union out of the CIO. The union got a lousy contract but it serves them right for making us strike. But it's a two year contract so at least we know where we stand for the next two years. I don't think the Independent could get any better contract so why not keep the CIO.

I went back three days before the strike was over. My wife called up where I was working over in Brookline Village and said she heard a radio announcement that the strike was over. I quit the lousy job right then and there, told the boss to shove it up - and came right home. I went to the meeting Tuesday night and saw they were just dragging the strike out. Wednesday morning I was back at my job. I never should have left it. If I had known the true facts, I would have come back right in the beginning nineteen weeks before.
We have already assumed, perhaps rashly, that the type III decision was, by its very nature, generally rationalization. We shall examine this aspect of the III decision further.

Tom Kremzer came back to work during the final week of the strike. His story while unique in itself is typical in that it is replete with rationalizations. Ted had an obvious pride in his work; all around his living room were exhibited certificates awarded him by the War Production Board for wartime suggestions, thus it is seen, the company affords him an opportunity to gain ego satisfactions. His job had been saved for him by a transfer clause in the C.I.O. contract. He is happy and grateful to the union for this but, since feeling dependent is uncomfortable, he must rationalize away his gratitude by insisting that the clause by which he kept his job is bad and unjust. Now he can pretend that he was the innocent bystander instead of the direct recipient of a union benefit. Having rid himself of the necessity to be grateful to the union, however, he was still unable to go back to work, the forces keeping him out went beyond the union. That he wanted to scab can easily be surmised. There is no clue as to the complexion of the forces which prevented him, at the early dates, from going through. He indulges in a number of fairly trivial criticisms of the union which reveal a resentment toward the union on two scores:
l. the union did not provide him with sufficient motive to maintain the strike and; 2. the union did not incite sufficient resentment to permit him to go through the lines. Ted was on his little island and wanted desperately to get off. He wanted actually to go back to work then. But there were no presentable excuses he could give, either to himself or others.

Finally, one day, at his job in Brookline, he received a call from his wife. She told him, he claims, that she had heard a radio announcement that the strike was over. There had, in reality, been no such announcement made. Whatever she told him, Ted used it as an excuse to quit his job. He was anxious to burn all his bridges behind him so he quit in quite a vehement manner. He then was able to use the fact of his quitting the job as an excuse, a rationalization, for returning to work. Still feeling a twinge of guilt at having decided to return, he resigned from the union. This, he convinced himself, relieved him of any responsibility toward the union. Now, he thought, he could go back to work feeling free and blameless. Evidently, despite having severed all connections with the union, he still experienced guilt feelings over having broken strike. To relieve them, he vindictively exclaims that he should never have permitted himself to be influenced by any thoughts of loyalty to the strike, that he should have returned to work in the first week of the strike, that he should have braved union wrath
by showing the union that it had no claim on him. Consciously what he is trying to do is relieve himself of the feelings of guilt; a true Freudian might say that unconsciously he is punishing himself as a way of relieving the guilt feelings. Finally, the union permits him to adopt the rationalization that the union, not he, was responsible for his picket-line crossing. His guilt completely disappears when he sees the union being punished, for having forced him to go on strike, by a "bad" contract. Now both he and the union have repented for their transgressions and he rejoins the union and resolves to support it against its enemies.

Undoubtedly this is pushing the analysis of a single interview too far, to a point where it is ludicrous. But the psychologist knows that people, in fact, resort to these mechanisms, and the data indicates that some such mechanisms were actually used. Since, however, the data is not sufficiently complete to permit us to apply this kind of analysis with any degree of assurance that we are approaching the truth, we will henceforth restrict the discussion to some of the variables which came into play in the III decision.
November 6, 1947

Local 5, CIO
61 Winter St.
Quincy, Mass.

Dear Brothers:

I am sorry to be writing this but I had to go back to work. Things were getting beyond me. Don't think too bad of me, brothers. I tried, believe me. Thanking you for everything, I am enclosing the relief check just received. This would never have happened on the Clyde.

Thank you again

Chester Robinson
ISSUES

It seems amazing that in a study in a strike context the subject of "strike issues" should come up so rarely. In this connection it is necessary to indicate that, although the C.I.O. presented a complete list of "demands" at the termination of the 1946 contract, the Fore River local would have liked nothing better than to extend their old contract for another year. The Quincy yard contract was superior to all other Bethlehem contracts in that the common Master Contracts had been superimposed on the extraordinarily high incentive and bonus wage structure. This high bonus and incentive wage set-up had been introduced during the 1941 and 1943 C.I.O. organization drives. As one interviewee explains, "I voted against the C.I.O. because I thought that the company would give us more to keep the C.I.O. out, than the C.I.O. could take from the company if it came in." In addition to this, the Fore River men had received two wage increases, totaling forty-four cents an hour, through Shipbuilding Stabilization Committee directives. The shipbuilders received these raises after the pattern for them had been set by miners, steelworkers and autoworkers after long and arduous strikes.

The Fore River men were embarrassed by their high earnings. Whether the reason for this embarrassment was that they had had given them, what other workers had had to fight for, is not clear. The measure of this embarrassment
is the indication that some of the men expected post-war cuts and perhaps looked forward to them with some degree of relief. There also was explicit in many of the interviews a feeling that a man should put out a fair amount of work for the money he was getting. It is abundantly clear that the union was entirely unable to arouse any kind of militancy on the issue of wages.

It will be noticed that in the interviews, only Keelie Smart suggests financial pressures as the cause of his return to work; and even here finances, as the real motive, is suspect.

All the others reject the suggestion that low finances were responsible for sending them through the picket lines. Occasionally, economic pressures are suggested as having impelled others, but the feeling always is "We were better off than most." Where this was expressed, the assumption that others were not as well off came as a result of the general statement, "Well, after twenty weeks with nothing coming in, it stands to reason that a man should be hard up."

Discussions with the Presidents of four Quincy banks and the Executive Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce revealed that figures of loan delinquencies, bond redemptions, savings liquidations for the City of Quincy over the entire strike period, fail to reveal any significant departure from similar figures of other, non-strike, communities. Perhaps,
then, the strikers were able to find part-time employment in a greater frequency than was commonly believed. A check with various merchants reveals that while the sale of luxury goods, auto supplies, liquors, etc. slumped considerably in the Quincy Point area, business continued as usual in the food, drug and clothing establishments. It boomed at the local movie and taverns.
SENIORITY

On the issue of seniority, the union was able to arouse considerable foment. But even here it was weakened as a solidifying pro-strike issue due to the many, varied, and unexpected reactions to it.

Fairly early in the strike the union abandoned its deceptive "demands" front and presented, to the members and to the public, a truer picture of the union waging a fight for its life against a vicious Bethlehem lockout. This "fight for life" revolved around the single issue of seniority.

It is obvious that, in an area of as little employment security as a construction yard in a steadily declining industry, seniority would be an issue of tremendous potency. And so it was. It was the touchstone, it loosed the floodgates of all kinds of passions. It left no one unaffected; under its impetus every striker was galvanized into action. Unfortunately for the union, the action was far from unifying.

For the most part, each worker was interested primarily in security for himself, himself and his family and then, depending on his degree of social sensitivity or union indoctrination, his fellow workers.

The first result of the seniority issue was to drive a wedge directly through the main body of the strikers. Seniority presented them with an "either-or" picture. It was either you or someone else that was laid off, and the main point was you didn't know which was which. You couldn't
be sure.

The field, as the striker saw it, was completely unstructured. He knew where he was. He knew he wanted security, but in terms of seniority, he didn't know how to get there. No matter how he decided about it, he found himself in the position of wanting his cake and eating it too.

The company seniority proposal read "Where ability to perform the job is equal, length of service shall govern"—(in lay-offs!)

The union clause "Providing there is ability to do the job, length of service shall govern".

The company wanted seniority over the whole yard. The union wanted departmental seniority only.

Of even more direct importance than these published issues were two other factors. Under threat of being furloughed without pay, the company foremen, quartermen and supervisors were visiting and calling their men, urging them to come back to work. (There is some evidence that promises were made, or hinted at, of special favors. It was an explicit radio announcement by Wiseman that the company would give each man his two weeks vacation money as soon as he had worked two days. It was also announced that all men who came back would be permitted to work over the weekends at time and one half and double time.)

The other factor was a rumor, which had the strength of near certainty about it, when Wiseman alluded to it over the
radio, that the company was actually interested in hiring back only a certain percentage of the pre-strike force. They wanted, the story went, only the best men. They would take the first eight hundred men back, and then close the gates to all others.

Respondents who had crossed the picket lines fell into three classes on this rumor question. One small group insists they never heard the "close the gates" story. Most of them claim they heard of it only when they were already back at work. The rest say that although they heard the story while still out on strike, they didn't believe it. Of course, the truthfulness of their answers must be tempered by the reality that the story was widely circulated, seemed to be confirmed by Wiseman, and turned out to be a false. It seems certain that this story played its part in the rationalizing of the back-to-work decision. One immediate reason why it is denied as an impelling force by the strike-breakers is that the story is an obvious call for scabs, that is, it is a call for men to take jobs which had belonged to other men (those who would be locked out). No man went back to work seeing himself a scab. Each man so particularized the meaning of the word so that his going through the picket lines "to take my own job back", exempted him from the epithet. (While this appears in most interviews, Ted Ross and William Hillberg, especially, make much of it.)

Those who remained on strike admitted having heard the
"closed gates" story but are inclined to absolve the company from any responsibility in connection with it. They see the story as the product of individual "bosses."

None of the strikers could so blatantly violate a basic union principle as to outwardly declare himself as opposed to the union's seniority. But inwardly, many had great reservations. Note how often in most of the interviews a positive statement on the seniority is later contradicted.

The man with relatively low service, hearing the continual talk of further cuts, could not reconcile the union proposed with his need for security. He could not however put it in those bold terms. (Man is selfish, but he likes not to think of himself as entirely selfish, even Ransom Fox gave himself other, non-egocentric, reasons). A low-service rationalization might be.

"The yard is closing down and needs to save money. The more efficient the men who work there are, the longer the company can keep going. I am younger than the old timers, have more efficiency in my own job and more ability to do other jobs. That way the company can save money and keep more people working."

This kind of reasoning was quite devious and probably not often made explicit. The selfish forces prompting it, of course, can easily be deduced. The "closed gates" story appealed to the younger man who could, after all, not really
be positive that his efficiency and ability were so much better than the old-timers. If he had been personally called or approached by a boss to come back, then; he experienced the desire to please the boss by going back, in hopes of future favors which he saw as an implicit part of the bargain and he could feel that he was wanted for his greater ability and efficiency and so he had an incentive to identify with the company, which, by recognizing his true worth, was giving him great ego satisfactions. This certainty of his own superiority bolstered his rationalization—presented above.

The man with a very long service record was faced with many similar pressures and some others besides. He was almost forced to make a positive declaration in favor of the union seniority clauses, since the union insisted that they were phrased so as to particularly protect him (See McGounigal's letter to an old-timer.) However, he was the one man in the yard who felt he didn't need seniority protection.

Being an "Old-timer" meant that he had been in the yard during previous lay-offs. At those times, when all lay-offs were by the foreman's personal whim and decision, he had not been laid-off; he kept working, he was a favorite. Therefore, having been chosen to work before, he feels that he can have faith that he will be preferred again. But he can't even be sure.

(Naturally, he does not often permit himself to express
his sense of security, as Ted Ross does, in such blatant dependency terms. Rather than explicitly thinking of himself as a "favorite" he generally convinces himself along the lines of, "Well, I'm old alright, and maybe I don't move as fast as the younger ones, but I've been doing the job longer and I know how to do it better. Because of that, I'm actually more efficient."

So he says over and over again, in the many interviews, that the company has never fired an old-timer and therefore he doesn't need union protection; his job is safe. There is a curious mental block here, an absolute certainty that no old-timers have ever been fired, when the easily proven facts are quite the contrary. Evidently, the correct rememberance of an old-timer being fired will be too close, too threatening to our old timer. So he deceives himself into a feeling of security by forgetting.

The "Close the gates" story is a real threat to him. This is a call for young fellows to take the old-timer's job. He must protect his own job, so he goes back. He feels he has much more to protect than anyone else since his pension time being close, the job is worth more; being older he can't work anywhere else; with his pension near, the company has an incentive for replacing him to save the pension payments. The old timer is chief among those who denies ever leaving the "gates" rumor.

On the issue of unit of seniority, as between yard-wide
or departmental seniority, the old-timer is similarly confused. He wants departmental seniority since he does not want to be "bumped" by someone with greater seniority coming from another department. (Here departmental differences are important to emphasize. Top seniority in the relatively new welding department is held by men with about fourteen years service. There is no-one in the steel mill today, with less than twenty-one years.) Both the long time welder and boiler-maker have developed a feeling of confidence that the company will take care of them, but they can't be sure.

As much as he would not like to be "bumped" by someone else, the interviews uniformly disclose that the "old-timer" would like to be able to "bump."

"The B.I.O. seniority is good, but under it, when you get too old to do your own job, then it's out the door you go and there goes your pension and all. Before the C.I.O. when you couldn't do your job the company would always take care of you by putting you on some other job you could do." (See Hillberg for best statement on this) (In connection with this, there are two things none of the men ever remember to mention. The worker (often older with longer service) who was displaced; and the fact that the man being "taken care of" was invariably changed from a first-class mechanic's classification to the lower paying helper or third-class classification.)
Thus is revealed, at one and the same time, a disinclination to being "bumped", yet a desire to be able to bump. The chasm between what the man knew he should, according to union ideology, believe in, and what he actually believed in, made of the seniority issue, not a solidifying force but a dog-eat-dog disrupting force.
Johnny Mead

The boys were playing checkers when Freddie comes over.

"Johnny Mead called up last night - says he's goin' in. His old lady is drivin' him nuts, he says."

"That no good scab bastard," says Lefty, "I knew he'd weaken, him an' his big talk about how to raise money for the union and 'lets put our case before the public and get their support' - that little shit."

"He didn't go in yet," says Harry. "I didn't see his jalopy go through and I know damn well he'd be too scared stiff to walk in. Whaddaya say we hop over to his place and see if we can't do something."

"What the hell's the use," yells Lefty. "Ya keep 'em from goin' in today and the stooges sneak in tomorrow. Stop 'em at the front gate, they sneak in the sides."

"Once a guy makes up his mind he's goin' in, well, he's a scab from then on and he can't change his mind no more than a firecracker can change its mind about goin' off once the fuse is lit, or a bitch in heat kin change her mind once the dog's climbed on top."

"We're not doing anything anyway. Lets go."

The boys get over to Johnny's place just as he's coming out the door an' his old lady, she comes right
"Don't worry, Johnnie, the only hurt you'll get is in your own mind."

Johnny Mead and pickets Jimmy Smith and Stan Kyller
out after him an' she's yellin' at the top of her lungs.

"Johnny head, you get in that car and drive right
down to your job. If you don't, so help me, I'm goin'
right out and find me a man who's got enough guts to take
his own job back when the company cares enough to ask
him to come back. I'm gonna find me a man who's got guts
enough to care for his wife an' his kids more than he
does for a bunch of hoodlum racketeers and gangsters
that call themselves a union."

"You see the way it is, brothers," says Johnny,
"that's what I've been going through all summer. I
either have to go through or else shoot myself."

"Well, don't shoot yourself," says Lefty.
The boys turn around and walk away.
"Lousy scab," spits Lefty.
THE OPEN SECRET

There was a curious conspiracy entered into by the strike-breakers and the union. This seems to have been an unwritten, unspoken, understanding that while all other reasons to go back to work were violently rejected by the union, the pass-words which the union would accept were "My wife made me."

Few men would admit even to themselves that they were returning out of fear and dependency on Bethlehem; therefore this was never offered the union as a reason.*

Nor could the returnees hope to have the union accept any reasons pertaining to finances. First, within the union, there were always men who knew the true financial condition of their fellow workers and close neighbors. Second, the union relief fund was available to many more than ever used it. (The union handled over five hundred relief cases. Only twenty-three of the eleven hundred men who returned before the strike was over, however, had resorted to union help.)

*There was one respondent, one of the few Jewish workers at the yard, who had broken his back in a fall many years ago, and since then, has been kept on light non-productive work which he recognizes as being charity. He admitted his complete dependence on the company. However, at home he reads the "Daily Worker" regularly.
The "wife made me" reason, which is dramatized in the Johnny Mead and Russel Hall stories, was accepted however. When this excuse was offered for having scabbed, the union professed, not to "condone", but to "understand." Psychologically, the meaning of this seems to be that the strikebreaker, by admitting that a "mere" wife could drive him to a decision he presumably wouldn't otherwise have made, thereby relinquishes most of his "manhood" to the wife. He then loses status, he becomes a scapegoal, the object of ridicule by the "men" of the union. His wife is now the "scab", but the union knows it has no claims on her, so it "understands."

It would be foolish to assume that the "wife made me" excuse was in every instance a rationalization or displacement. Obviously, where the wife or family exerts pressure, that pressure reaches tremendous proportions. However, in four of the interviews with men who had returned, while the union claimed this "wife" pressure as being determinent, the wife, in these cases, insisted that she had resolved to let the man make his own decision. "After all he has to work there and he knows best." In the cases of Mrs. Boye and Mrs. Helgate, it would appear that they had stronger pro-strike feelings (or guilt) than their husbands, and so felt impelled to lie about their husbands' strike disclaiming activities.
The Machine Shop has always occupied a unique position at Fore River. The machinist's trade is one of the least specific in shipyard work. The "M" department man produces machinery and engine parts identical with those made by innumerable non-ship industries. He works with machine tools which are common to every large machine shop. When he was young, this gave the machinist a large sense of security. He could always leave Fore River and work elsewhere.

The machine shop had about the most stability of all yard shops. When there was no ship work to be done work was always somehow found to keep the machine shop going. While most of the rest of the yard was laid off, the machinists were busy building blast furnaces, locomotives, MIT wind tunnels, and aircrafts and automotive parts. (It was such non-ship work that machinists were doing when the strike started.) It was to be expected that the machinists would have the longest uninterrupted service records in the yard.

They are also, by and large, the oldest people in any of the production departments. Their average age is about fifty-two. With increasing age and consequent falling off of productivity, the factor of non-ship specialization of their trade began to work in the direction of reducing their sense of security. Whereas before they felt they could leave and work elsewhere if they didn't like Fore River;
now they began to fear that they could be easily replaced by younger machinists if Fore River didn't like them. But they had (and have) confidence that they wouldn't be replaced. This aspect will be further discussed under the seniority issue.

There have been many factors which have operated to make of the "M" department the most unified department in the yard. They came to Fore River, for the most part, in the decade before World War I. Since the only housing available then was in Quincy Center, that is where they are clustered now. They work in a single large heated shop. Each man has his own work stations and there is seldom any need to move around. Theirs is the only craft which is never required to work on the ships.

They have always been the "hundred percenters" and the "joiners." They have an active Bowling League, Outing Group, Mutual Benefit Association, Relief Plan, and Shop Committee. In the E.R.P. days, the top leaders invariably came from the machine shop. When only a few joined the CIO, they all did. When the CIO elections came up they voted almost one hundred percent. Consequently a heavy proportion of union officers are machinists. Boyson, George and Jim Mortimer, and Edmondston are a few. Following the consistent pattern during the strike the machine ship was the first group back in large enough quantity to start work.
As is indicated by the Dombros, Mann, Hillberg, and Wheeling interviews, there is an active tendency to deny identification of "ship-worker." The strike forced a new the recognition of that base classification. One result of going back to work was to deny that recognition.

Such is the group of which all six respondents were members. As a group it had no set policy on strikes. Nor did the neighborhood they live in. Yet Gianni, Mann, and Dombros stayed out and related their actions to the pressures of the work group and the neighborhood. Perhaps this was only a rationalization; perhaps they had on some other basis decided they would stay out and used the group pressures merely as a presentable excuse. Certainly, when Gianni says, "I went back when everybody did - after the strike," he was at variance with reality. But who is to know what he meant by "everybody."

One point which comes out with clarity is that while the pro-strike decisions seem to have been made with reference to group pressures, the back-to-work decisions are more frequently presented as being the result of group-induced forces. This is a vital point of distinguishing between the initiator and follower of action, and unfortunately, there is not much in the data which would give us any clues in this direction. Similarly we do not have much information on the process by which men chose the groups they wished to identify with for strike purposes. There is the suggestion that some groups were attractive to
strikers in that the groups could offer them an opportunity to rationalize their actions.

While the pro-strike men related their decisions to group forces, the group in almost no instances was the union itself. Some approach to a face-to-face union group was provided by the pickets. (For the effect of this see "Decision Type III in the Supplement.) Except insofar as the union represented a "class" identification, it was ineffective in inducing forces on the strikers to stay out. This, while a surprising conclusion, was not too unexpected in view of the short union association of most of the men and the union's turbulent history (see Jack McCann.)

Some sort of locational factor in group formation is indicated by John Reilly. The erectors work in gangs of five—four riggers on the ship and one operator in the overhead crane. Due to the danger inherent in the work the closest kind of cooperation is enforced among the five men in the gang. According to the union, it has always been easy to sign up the entire gang once any one man was in the union. Strike experience, however, indicates a somewhat different sort of grouping. Reilly's department had seven "strike-breakers." Four of them were riggers and, as was to be expected, all were in the same gang. The crane operator for that gang, however, stayed out the full twenty weeks. The other three who anticipated the strike's end, were
cranemen of three other gangs who normally worked in widely separated cranes. For strike purposes they saw themselves as members of a crane group rather than of an erection gang. Again, this is an area deservant of further study. The tentative results would tend to disagree with some of Roethlisberger's conclusions on the locational determinant in the formation of functional groups.

Another looser kind of grouping at the yard which had significance for the strike was the mass of men, almost four hundred of them in all, who had held, during the war some sort of supervisory or leadership position. Although they were, generally, the men most eagerly sought after by the recruiting bosses and although it was assumed by all that they would be the first to come back, the stubborn facts are that, on the whole, most of them stayed out the full time. Especially was this true for those who had held the higher positions. The union attachment of all former bosses was uniformly very weak. Yet, only a few felt that their company allegiance was so great as to require them to return to work. Some, of course, did so identify with the company that when called or visited by either their former co-bosses, they automatically went in. Others felt that to refuse would jeopardize any future chances of again becoming bosses; still others were so grateful for the ego satisfactions that being a boss had given them, that they felt they were showing their gratitude to the company by going in.
Only a very few, it seems, of those who stayed out, did so out of resentment toward the company for having put them "back with the tools."

For the rest, the fact of having been in a position of higher responsibility had resulted in a kind of sense of higher morality. They felt that having been "over" the men, having been a leader, they must continue to prove to the men their right to be a leader. This was a very difficult point to verbalize and only Mann came near it. Some of the rationalizations given for this were "Everyone thought I was such a company man that I would go right in, so I stayed out just to show them up." And "I really feel that the company, deep down, has a greater respect for those that stayed out."

An interesting union parallel to this idea of higher moral responsibility is expressed in the story Charlie Palmer. Charlie had been one of the first Local 5 and National IUMSWA officers. Before that he was active in the AFL Building Trades Council. Within the union he was looked on as the leader of the Arthur Boyson group. "Mr. Brains" they called him.

In the 1946 election Palmer was beaten, with the rest of the Luongo, Boyson slate, by Jimmy McGonnigal. Since that time he has become less and less active in the local's affairs.

When the strike broke, Charlie, as a rank and file had only occasional picket line duties to perform. Like many other rank and file members, Charlie got a job at his old
bricklaying trade. (It was a definite union policy to encourage members to get jobs. This exerted a firm pro-strike pressure in that it relieved the financial burden on the union; it prevented scabbing; the men working would want the strike to continue; the longer the strike lasted, they thought, the better would be the settlement.)

However, despite the fact that Charlie was only a rank and filer and had withstood terrific abuse from McGonnigal during the election, special things were expected of him. On the part of the union members and especially those who supported McGonnigal, there was more hate, more vicious vindictiveness, directed at Charlie Palmer than toward any of the outright scabs. What they expected of him is not clear. What is clear is that in the time of stress they looked to him for guidance and leadership and when Charlie did no more than other rank and filers, they reacted as if he had committed a treasonable sin.

In the 1947 Local 5 election Charlie Palmer was resoundingly beaten by McGonnigal.
THE HIERARCHY OF VALUES

One consistent trend is apparent in the data which suggests the existence of a hierarchy of values. Almost all respondents, when talked to, seemed fairly satisfied with his strike actions. Whatever he had done was in conformance with the total force pattern at work on him at the time. His decision, whatever it was, conformed to the resultant of that pattern, and making it, relieved the pressures. He knew how he had acted, he could present the reasons why he had behaved in the way he did, and the reasons to him were convincing.

It is on close examination of the rationale as given, superimposed on the personality, and in the context of the times, that differences come out.

Put most bluntly, these differences suggest that the man who stayed out the full time felt less guilty, felt less need to resort to rationalizations, than the man who returned before the strike's end.

It is certain that no such psychological superiority of values would have resulted if the dichotomy had been, for instance, "starving family" versus "union loyalty." The man who could say, "I let my family starve so I could remain loyal to my ideals," would probably have no greater or less peace of mind than the man who could say, "I violated my ideals to feed my family."

However, there were no starving families in the Fore River strike and it seems that those men who say of their
fellow workers as Nunnzio Gianni said, "I don't call anyone a scab. They have to live with themselves," are, in truth, punishing them severely.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Allport, F.H. (1924) Social Psychology (Houghton Mifflin)
Allport, G.W. (1937) Personality (Holt)
Caldwell, E. & M. Bourke-White You Have Seen Their Faces.
Cantril, H. (1941) The Psychology of Social Movements (Wiley)
Cole, H.D.G. History of the British Working Class
Constitution of the IOMSWA
Elles, W.D. (1938) A Source Book of Gestalt Psychology
The Fore River News IUFRW
Freeman, E. (1936) Social Psychology (Holt)
Fourtune Magazine Sept. 1937
Fromm, Erich Escape From Freedom, Man for Himself (Rinehart)
Gardner, B.B. (1945) Human Relations in Industry (Inland)
Labor and Nation (1946) Green, J. Vol II, No. 1, 33-35
Hoslett, S.D. (1946) Human Factors in Management (Park)
Institute for Propaganda Analysis (1938) Group Leader's Guide to Propaganda Analysis (Columbia)

Kardener, A. (1945) The Psychological Frontiers of Society (Columbia)
The Many and the Few (1947) Henry Kraus (Phantom)

Leeper, R.W. (1943) Lewins Topological and Victor Psychology (Univ. of Oregon)


McGregor, D. J. Con, Psychol. - VIII, 1944, 55-63
J. Abn & Soc. Psychol. 34, 1939, 179-199

Newcomb, Hartley (1947) Readings in Social Psychology (Holt)

Pattee, W.S. History of Quincy

Quincy Patriot Ledger

Report of Proceeding IUMSWA Seventh Convention
IUMSWA Eighth Convention
IUMSWA Twelfth Convention


Warner, W.L. The Social Life of a Modern Community
The Social System of a Modern Factory
Shipyard Worker  ITMSWA

Webb, S. (1920) Industrial Democracy (Longmans)
Wilson, D.M. Three Hundred Years of Quincy
Boston Looks Seaward  WPA Writers Massachusetts (1937)
Project (Riverside)
Trades Union Congress (1938) Seventy Years of Trade Unionism  TVC