prosopopeia (Am Her p. 1050)

1. The impersonation of an absent or imaginary speaker.

2. Personification, as of abstractions or inanimate objects. (Latin prosopopoilia, from Greek...dramatization...
from July '03 trip to Victoria, BC:

plaque across st W of Parliament dedicated to Mackenzie Papineau Battalion of the International Brigade of Spanish Civil War:

"Nearly 1600 Canadians volunteers—confronted by the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1937 enacted by the Canadian government and facing criminal charges under the Act—joined in this struggle...a quarter of those volunteers came from British Columbia.... Over 600 volunteers in the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion were killed in Spain."

(No Pasaran in large letters at bottom of plaque)
American Communists Come Home, on Microfilm

American Communists Come Home, on Microfilm

By I. F. STONE

The American Communist Party, which has been operating in the United States since the 1920s, is now being brought to the attention of the American public. This is because the party has recently been placed on the FBI's list of organizations designated as subversive. As a result, the party's activities are now being scrutinized more closely than ever before.

The party was founded in the early 20th century by a group of American workers who were dissatisfied with the capitalist system. They believed that the only way to achieve real equality was through the establishment of a communist society. The party has had a chequered history, with periods of growth and decline.

The party's goals are not to take over the government, but to work within the existing system to bring about change. They believe that the only way to achieve this is through the distribution of wealth and power. The party has always been a minority group, and its membership is small. However, it has been able to influence public opinion and policymakers.

The American Communist Party is one of the few remaining communist parties in the world. It is a member of the Third International, which was founded in 1919. The party has a strong base in the United States, and its influence is felt throughout the world.

The party has been involved in a number of controversial issues, including the Vietnam War and the Cold War. It has been criticized for its support of militant groups, such as the Black Panthers and the Weathermen. However, it has also been praised for its role in promoting civil rights.

The American Communist Party is a small but influential group. Its members are dedicated to bringing about a more just and equitable society. They are committed to the principles of equality, solidarity, and internationalism. The party is a beacon of hope for those who seek a better world.
Ralph Bates, Novelist Who Evoked Spain, Dies at 101

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

Ralph Bates, who fell in love with the idea of Spain as a working-class youth in Britain and went on to write evocative novels about the real Spain in the years before the Spanish Civil War, died on Nov. 26 at his home in Manhattan. He was 101.

Almost 60 years ago he was considered by some to be one of the best writers on Spain. “He stands out as perhaps the best informed — not even excepting André Malraux or Ernest Hemingway — of the chroniclers of the preceding disturbed decade in Spain,” said 20th-Century Authors: A Biographical Dictionary of Modern Literature, published in 1942.

But by that time Mr. Bates had reached the height of his fame, which dwindled as he almost ceased publishing and withdrew, disappointed, from the very public role he played when the civil war was a leading liberal cause.

For decades he bade nearly as much passion to politics as he did to literature. He joined the British Communist Party in 1933, became a labor organizer in Spain and then fought in one of the militias set up by leftist parties and trade unions during the civil war. He broke with the Communist Party after Stalin’s pact with Hitler in 1939. During the investigations of those suspected of being Communists in the 1950’s, when he was living in New York, he refused to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

He was a highly touted literary figure in the 1930’s, receiving streams of favorable reviews for a considerable body of work. His fame was enhanced when Spain’s leftist government assigned him to tour the United States to recruit men and money for its fight against the nationalists. Insurgents led by Gen. Francisco Franco. His pace then slowed dramatically: a novel he wrote in 1950 ended a 10-year publishing drought, and after that he never published again.

He taught creative writing at New York University from 1948 to 1968. Mr. Bates was born in Swindon, England, on Nov. 3, 1899. His great-grandfather was the owner and captain of a tramp steamer that traded with Mediterranean countries, particularly Spain, where the captain was buried. The young boy dreamed of visiting his forebear’s grave in Cadiz, Spain, his wife, Eve, said.

The family’s shipping enterprise died with his ancestor, so Mr. Bates, like most of his relatives, went to work in the factory of the Great Western Railway, which manufactured locomotives and railroad cars. He had only an elementary school education, but completed his apprenticeship as a “fitter, turner and Erector.” He was proud to have been part of a team that restored the Lady of Lyon, one of the great locomotives designed by George Jackson Churchward.

At 17 Mr. Bates enlisted to fight in World War I and became a lance corporal in the Royal West Surrey Regiment. He taught soldiers how to deal with poison-gas attacks.

After the war he returned to Swindon to work in the locomotive factory. In his early 20’s he went to Paris, where he worked as a street cleaner. He then became a seaman and signed on with a ship going to Spain, where he finally visited his great-grandfather’s grave.

He walked around Spain, offering his services as a tinker and electrician. He also repaired church organs, a skill he had learned as a gifted child organist in his parish church. He became fluent in Spanish and Catalan. The Spanish called him El Fantástico because of his vast energy: he organized workers in a fish cannery into a union, climbed mountains, swam, wrestled and slept just three or four hours a night.

Mr. Bates was camping in the Pyrenees when the civil war began in the summer of 1936. He organized mountainites into scouting parties. Holding the rank of commissar, equivalent to colonel, he also helped organize the International Brigade, a group of foreigners who volunteered to fight Franco. During his recruiting tour in the United States he met the woman he would marry, Eve Salzman, after a speech at a Manhattan hotel on Oct. 17, 1937.

This year, as always, they raised a glass of wine to celebrate. She survives him, as do their son, Jonathan, of Davis, Calif. In the 1970’s, Jonathan Bates was imprisoned in Syria on espionage charges; Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger personally intervened to free him.

As Mr. Bates toured the United States, he was the lone survivor of the 1935 by the Appleton Century Company; “Rainbow Fish,” a novel (Dutton, 1937); and “The Undiscoversables” (Random House, 1939).

His last book was “The Dolphin in the Wood,” a semi-autobiographical tale. Published in 1956, it was his first book in 10 years. He published none after that, although his wife said he had written novels, poetry and a travel book about the Greek island of Naxos, where they spent six months each year.

One reason for not publishing his later works, she said, was that he never considered them finished, though she believes they are quite polished. She also said his disappointments with communism and McCarthyism made him a more private person.

“There were many things that silenced him in terms of writing and being a public figure,” she said. “His disillusion with the political scene was complete.”
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BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Kremlaphilia to Kremlaphobia

By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

Just who exactly was Jay Loves- tone anyway? As Ted Morgan re- ports in his fascinating new biog- raphy, he was asked that question often while writing "A Covert Life: Jay Lovestone, Communist, Anti- Communist and Spy Master." "Of those few who remember him," Mr. Morgan writes, "fewer still knew why he was worth remem- bering. 'Boss of the American Com- munist Party, wasn't he?" 'Expelled by Stalin, as I recall. 'Started his own party, what are they called, the Lovestonians?' "Handled foreign af- fairs for George Meany in the A.F. of L. 'Something to do with the C.I.A., under the cover of the labor move- ment.'"

As Mr. Morgan goes on to point out, Lovestone was "a Zelig-like fig- ure" who kept showing up in the most unlikely places. For instance, that was Lovestone, a twenty-something named Jacob Liebknecht, who boxed for prize money on Bronx tenement roofs around 1916. And that was Lo-vestone interviewing Stalin for an hour in the Kremlin in May 1927.

That was Lovestone learning to tie trout flies in the 1930's from James Jesus Angleton, the head of the Cen- tral Intelligence Agency's counterin- telligence division, and also making love to Louise Page Marris, a former Powers model who became the wife of Leon Appel, the German writer for "too."

And that was Lovestone havi- ng lunch with Daniel Patrick Moyni-ihan at the Century Club in 1976, urging the United States Repre- sentative at the United Nations to seek the nomination for Senator from

Stalin's subsequent execution of his rivals and his elimination during the Spanish Civil War of local groups that stood in the way of a regime controlled by Moscow came as a shock to Lovestone's disillusionment. He be- came as devout an anti-Communist as he had once been a worshiper. Linking himself to the trade union movement, he got himself picked by George Meany as the head of the American Federation of Labor, to run his famous foreign affairs committee led to undercover work for the Central Intelligence Agency, where he reported secretly to the counterintelli- gence chief, Mr. Angleton. For the rest of his long career he devoted himself single-mindedly to fighting Communism's advances throughout the world. In November 1964, Pageant magazine pronounced Lo-vestone along with the late J. Edgar Hoover and Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, one of the top anti-Commu- nists in America.

Mr. Morgan, whose previous six books include biographies of W. Cleon Skousen, Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt and William S. Burroughs, is by turns admiring of and delighted with his subject. He writes strenuously of Lovestone's ca- reer as a Communist, making espe- cially vivid the complex factional battles he faced in the 20's and 30's. And he credits his campaign for free trade as a postwar Gar- rison, France and Italy with having saved Western Europe from falling under Soviet influence.

In the latter two-thirds of his book, he pauses frequently to portray some of the more colorful figures Lovestone conspired with, made love to, talked about or worked with. All the while, Hoover's minions kept investigating him. It took him years to try to grasp that he was spying against the Communists, not for them.

Every now and then Mr. Morgan strikes a wrong note. He titles his first chap- ter "The Blood Beast," because Love- stone happened to flunk out of school and blue-eyed and billed when he was housed as "The Blood Bull" or "The Blood Jew," none of which would seem to justify evoking the figure of the notorious Nazi Reichsfuehrer (Blood Beast) Heydrich.

Describing the death of a C.I.A. figure known as "the Grasshopper," because he was "always hopping around the globe," Mr. Morgan writes a shade callously: "In 1972, on a British Airways flight from London to Brussel, he helped to tank his plane crashed on takeoff at Heath- row." And you would never know from reading "A Covert Life" that the Bert Wolfe who was Lovestone's early comrade and later rival is the same Bertram D. Wolfe who wrote the fascinating, true story, Trotsky and Stalin "Three Who Made a Revolution".

Still, "A Covert Life" remains an enlightening and lively book to read. It offers a fresh perspective on the 1930's, making you realize the degree to which the American Communist movement was a tool of Stalinism, which, if it hadn't been resisted so vigorously, might have done some of the murderous damage it succeeded in working in postwar Europe.

And, on a lighter note, Mr. Morgan makes you realize that if you've ever had trouble grasping precisely what a Lovestonite was, there's a per- fectly good reason. To judge from this biography, anti-communism was anything from a revolutionary dedicated to the violent overthrow of capitalism to a believer in free enter- prise as the only true vehicle for the extension of democracy. But to get a true understanding of what a Lov- estonite is, you must read "A Covert Life."
Most Top Seeds Find Victory In Team Play at Tournament

VANCOUVER, British Columbia, March 24—Nearly all the top seeds survived in Vancouver's Knockout Team play on Tuesday at the Spring Nationals of the American Continent Bridge League. The only exception was the 16th-seeded team of Barry Bramley, Sidney Lassard, Howard Weinstein and Steve Garner, all of whom won bronze medals in the 1998 world championships and played here with Hugh Ross and Peter Nagy. They lost by 36 imps to Mitchell Dunitz, Jill Meyers, Steve Beatty, Allan Fall, Dick Bruno and Jeff Schuit.

Meyers, who won gold and bronze medals last year in the women's team championships, is one of only three survivors in round four's of the 18. The others are Rita Shugart, who won the Reisinger Board-March Events in November, and Kay Schuller. The pairings today by captain were: Nick Nickell vs. Malcolm Brachman, Nicholas Hartung vs. Sam Levy, Jeff Wolfson vs. Michael Mon, Grant Wolfson, Robert Blanchard, Mike Pessell vs. Joe Jabos, Shugart vs. Curt Carmino, Steve Robinson vs. Dunitz, and George Jacobs vs. Gerald Sonder.

Three favored teams were eliminated in second-round play on Monday. The 11th-seeded squad led by Gaylor Kasele of Boca Raton, Florida, included the world champions Pierre Chemla and Christian Marti of France. They lost by 8 imps to a fourosome that included two junior players, Carmino and Joel Woolridge, together with Marc Umeno and Jeff Roman.

The 12th-seeded team led by Bob Wolff, which included a group of national and international champions, lost by 11 imps to Jeff Blood, Doug Fraser, Michael Shuster and Jocima Stansby.

The second-seeded team of Richard Schwartz, Bob Goldman, Steve Weinstein and Bob Levin suffered the biggest upset, losing by 28 to a group with a New York City nucleus: Hartung, Dan Piro, Gene Prontnis and Iris Ewen. Piro, a former New Yorker who now lives in Oceanside, Calif., brought home a double contract on the diagramed deal.

He opened with a weak no-trump at South, and his partner proceeded to spades by holding two hearts. West doubled for takeout, and East decided that his best chance lay in defending. West led the singleton spade, trying to cut down ruffs, and South won with the ace and led a heart. West played low, and when the queen won, South ducked a club to West.

A low diamond was returned, and South won with the king in dummy. He crossed to the club and led a second heart. West took the ace and played a third club, and South ruffed in dummy and cashed the heart king. A diamond to the ace and a diamond ruff gave him eight tricks, and he conceded the last three to East. In the replay the same contract was made doubled, and Piro and his teammates gained 8 imps en route to victory.

THEATRE DIRECTORY

Your daily guide to theater

TODAY AT 8:30 PM

A LITTLE LOVE AND A BIGGER LIAR

OCCASIONAL THEATER: 1108 W. 42nd St. Tickets: 212-746-0050.

A LITTLE LOVE AND A BIGGER LIAR

OCCASIONAL THEATER: 1108 W. 42nd St. Tickets: 212-746-0050.

TODAY AT 2 PM

END GAME


TODAY AT 8 PM

TWO GUN SISTERS


TODAY AT 7:30 PM

THE RELUCTANT FEMALE

KASPER THEATER: 192 W. 43rd St. Tickets: 212-586-6789.

BROADWAY

PREVIEW: Nov. 17, Sat. 8 p.m.; Nov. 18, Sun. 2 p.m.; Nov. 21, Wed. 8 p.m.; Nov. 22, Thurs. 8 p.m.

AMYS VIEW

KASPER THEATER: 192 W. 43rd St. Tickets: 212-586-6789.

TODAY AT 7 PM

THE MUPPETS

KASPER THEATER: 192 W. 43rd St. Tickets: 212-586-6789.

TODAY AT 7 PM

DIE STADT DER SELBST-VERDIENST

KASPER THEATER: 192 W. 43rd St. Tickets: 212-586-6789.

TODAY AT 7 PM

MISS SAIGON


TODAY AT 7 PM

MISS MULTIVAC


TODAY AT 7 PM

THE RINGER


TODAY AT 7 PM

THE GENTLEMEN


TODAY AT 7 PM

THE LION IN WINTER


TODAY AT 7 PM

THE LION KING


TODAY AT 7 PM

A LITTLE LOVE AND A BIGGER LIAR

OCCASIONAL THEATER: 1108 W. 42nd St. Tickets: 212-746-0050.
It was Veterans Day, and as Harold Leventhal
ducked into Carnegie Hall through the back and
followed a yellowish strip on an Indian red floor,
you got the feeling he had been here before.

"Harold!" boomed a voice from what’s official-
ly known as the ticket office office. "How are you?
You’re looking great. Today’s your day, Harold.
You’re a veteran, a veteran promoter."

As Mr. Leventhal was quick to remind him, he
actually is an Army veteran, with a memorable
stint in the Signal Corps in India in World War II.
But if anyone in American music qualifies as a
veteran promoter, it is Harold Leventhal, who
began as a song plugger for Irving Berlin, sur-
vived the blacklist with the folk singing Weavers,
put on Bob Dylan’s first concert hall date, and has
been bringing artists to places like Carnegie Hall
for nearly half a century.

He is pretty much down to one event a year, two
Thanksgiving weekend concerts that began with
the Weavers around 1969, then featured Pete
Seeger and for years now have featured Arlo
Guthrie, with Mr. Seeger as a guest this year at
Carnegie. The concerts on the Friday and Satur-
day after Thanksgiving keep adding new genera-
tions. This year they include Mr. Seeger’s grand-
son, Tao Rodriguez, and Mr. Guthrie’s children,
Abie and Sarah.

But pushing 80, Mr. Leventhal remains a living
history of 20th-century music from the big-band
era through the folk revival, when he managed or
promoted concerts for such artists as the
Weavers, Mr. Seeger, Theodore Bikel, Judy Col-
lins and Joan Baez and handled the business
affairs of Woody Guthrie as he began to show the
effects of Huntington’s disease, the degenerative
illness that killed him in 1967. He now spends
much of his time managing the Woody Guthrie
archives with Mr. Guthrie’s daughter, Nora.

"Harold’s a remarkable person, totally honest
with a great sense of humor," said Mr. Seeger,
who pays tribute to Mr. Leventhal in the program
notes for the Thanksgiving concert. "He did some-
thing extraordinary for the Weavers. He stuck his
neck out and had faith in us when others wouldn’t.
You might say he had faith in America, too."
Mr. Leventhal never much went beyond the

Continued on Page B16
Anon Holden, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"IS QUAI'D HAS THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER!"

Bill Hoffmann, NEW YORK POST

"OR GRABS YOU THE THROAT!"

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JANET MAZIN, THE NEW YORK TIMES

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The New York Times"
He Caught Folk Music
At the Start and Held On

Continued From Page 81

artists and ethos of the folk era, but he doesn't feel he missed much ei-
ter. "I got some calls from rock groups," he explained. "So I decid-
est. Propped for examples he cites. "A trio. I can't recall the name. Stills was one of them. So was Crosby. Stills and Nash.

"But I wanted to stay where I was. I was comfortable and stay with people I thought were making a good contrib-
ution. I never felt entirely at home in the rock world. The behavior. The whole scene. It was my style." Mr. Leventhal's style mixes lib-

eral politics, the Bronx of the De-

pression years and the laid-back sens-

sibility of the folk era. Wearing a gray sweater vest and sky blue tur-

tenchoe over his Santa Claus phy-

ique, he has the look of a frizzy Jewish Buddha and he can drop remarkable names as casually as Mel Brooks's 2,000-Year-Old Man.

Mr. Leventhal in New York City, N.Y., in 1919, the youngest of five children of his Parisian parents, his mother from the Ukraine, his father from Lithuania. His father died of the flu. When he was 12, Leventhal was born. The next year, the family moved to the Lower East Side, his mother retaining a house in the building where they lived, and then to the D'Arcy Hotel.

Without a record player in the house, music was not a big part of his youth, except for occasional trips to the Yiddish theaters on Second Avenue. But when he was 13, his father, who was a sing-

er, got a job with Irving Berlin, and naturally跟随者

Leventhal followed him there, soon working as a singer and playing Bein-

n Berlin's songs to big bands like Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, and Artie Shre-

ore, then staying out shooaming until 2 in the morning at Lindy's and other nightspots. His favorite mussle is pairing Frank Sinatra with Benny Goodman as a one-night-in-fill.

Somewhere along the line, he trans-

planted those skills when he served as a corporal in the Signal Corps.

The most charismatic man I ever

met was Nehru. He was an expert

speaking about World War II. A photo of the two had a place in my home. "Rand-

some, Debonair. Gracious in his manner. A very impressive man."

It turns out that when Pierre Mendès France, the Minister also gave him a letter of introduction to take to Gandhi.

"The first time I saw him was a Thursday; he didn't talk on Thurs-

days," Mr. Leventhal recalls. "He wrote me a note, and he wrote on it in a

way I should come back the next day; which I did. The first thing he wanted to

know was how Paul Robeson was. I didn't know much except to say that as far as I knew he was o.K. We

had several talks. He wanted to know about Truman, who had just become

President. He was very impressive about that. He had an intimate experi-

ence with an army corporal.

After the war he gravitated back to

the music business. One night in 1949 found himself in Greenwich

Village listening to the Weavers, who were unknown then. The Weavers' ethi-


cnic was the most distant commercial backwater, their music, their politics, their music and soon became their manager. It was the most important

时期of his career.

The Weaver - Pete Seeger, Fred"Hellerman, Lee Hays and Ronnie Gilbert "were the first commercial success of the 1950's and 60's. And their members, particularly for a few moments of the most prominent targets of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's inves-


tigations and the blacklist that fol-

towed. The Weavers were dropped by their record label and million-

selling artists to commercial pari-

C. But they stayed together, out-

testing the blacklist all the way until the end prevailed.

Mr. Leventhal recalls that Mr. Leven-

thal pushed them to do concert dates during their darkest days. He was turned down by Town Hall but man-

aged to book them at Carnegie Hall and sold them out. The Town Hall tour was at its peak, Mr. Seeger said. Mr. Leventhal's liocnic voice gets most dramatic when he talks about those days.

"They were spoile by being admitted, for their music and for facing up to the blacklist," Mr. Leventhal said. "I'm proud to have been part of it and proud that we never succumbed to any of the pressure."

As folk music became more com-

mercially successful, most of the art-

ists grew more sassy, more in tune with their music. There, he has a poster with his trademark, "Harold Leventhal Presents The Town Hall" first concert hall date, at Town Hall, April 21, 1963. Tickets were $2.75 and $3.

"Of course, he came to New York looking for a buck. We had no money and had to come here to find Woofy," he said. "He was a nice fella, tried to imitate the English accents of his actress wife and his dress. To tell you the truth, he just stood there, yammering on, coming on the scene. The Town Hall concert didn't sell out. I also had him in small

A promoter who in the late 70's outlasted

McCarthy

halls in Westchester and Philadel-

phia. He never packed them either."

As Folkloric was Phil Ochs, who became a mainstay of the folk era and his way to the record stores, drugs and drinking and committed suicide in 1976.

"He was obsessed with being big-

ger than Dylan and then with being a cross between Dylan and Elvis," he said. "He got it all out of his system in the early days, and then it was as if everything got thrown off balance."

A few recent copies of Rolling Stone are raved about how the whole Leven-

thal's office has the feel of history more than commerce, with posters and programs from a half century of concerts, shows and movies he pro-

duced or co-produced. One wall has four signed pictures of him with Irving


Mr. Leventhal tends to date on the favorites, Mr. Seeger, the first Weavers, the Town Hall, Jacques Brel and the Weavers film for which he was a co-producer, "Wasn't That A Time."

"I think we played a very positive and meaningful role in the culture of the country," he said. "You take Woody Guthrie. His music is more compelling than when he was living. So much of the music today is so self-centered. It's all about people's personal problems and almost none of it's about the problems of human-

ity."

Not that everything was quite so

memorable.

He1 oversaw at the famed "Playbill for the Joseph Heller play "Bent," and his name was on the program, for which he was a co-producer in 1968. "Bombded in New York, too," he said.
BRAD PITT

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Seattle Journal

60 Years After Spain, Lincoln Brigade Is Honored

By SAM HOVE VERHOVE

SEATTLE, Oct. 15 — More than 60 years after they took up arms against the fascists in Spain, for which Washington communities and P-I Fundraising Events Inc. are preparing a commemoration, the Lincoln Brigade has finally been given an official commemoration in this country.

The grandiose funeral of the 1,900 American volunteers who were serving in Spain in September and October 1936, as indicated by the Lincoln Brigade's 60th anniversary program which was held in remembrance of the Lincoln Brigade volunteers in Seattle, was attended by several hundred people. The ceremony drew veterans from all over the nation.

Two former members of the Lincoln Brigade, born in 1917 in Spain and 1918 in France, respectively, were honored at the ceremony. They are Jose Fuentes and Luis Pena, both of whom served in the Spanish Civil War.

Fuentes was a member of the Lincoln Brigade and later served in the Spanish Civil War. He is the son of a former member of the Lincoln Brigade. Pena was a member of the Spanish Civil War and later served in the Spanish Civil War. He is the son of a former member of the Lincoln Brigade.

The ceremony included a reading of the names of the Lincoln Brigade volunteers who died in the Spanish Civil War and a presentation of the Lincoln Brigade Medal to Fuentes and Pena.

The Lincoln Brigade was a group of American volunteers who fought on the side of the Republic during the Spanish Civil War. The group was formed in 1936 and consisted of volunteers from the United States, Canada, and other countries.

The Lincoln Brigade was named after the American Civil War general who served on the side of the Union during the war. The group was established to provide support to the Republic and its military forces.

The Lincoln Brigade was active from 1936 to 1939 and was disbanded after the end of the Spanish Civil War. The group was later recognized by the Spanish government and is remembered as a symbol of solidarity with the Republican cause.

In 1980, the Lincoln Brigade was recognized by the Spanish government and officially declared a national landmark. The group was later recognized by the United States government and is remembered as a symbol of solidarity with the Republic and its military forces.
EUROPE
ITALY: NO FOR GOVERNMENT PACK Aiding Prime Minister Enrico Mattei foolishly attempted to impose a new, non-socialist government in Italy by asking the two main opposition parties to resign. The Socialists and Christian Democrats refused to cooperate in the government, and Mattei was forced to resign. (Reuters, NYT)

RUSSIA: FEBRUARY 9th ORDER TO FLY FLAGS Prime Minister Yevgeny A. Primakov ordered the government and its agencies to start waving huge red flags, a problem that has persisted in Russia since 1992, and to scrapped plans for a new, independent republic in 1991. The plan worked out by the Russian and Finance Ministries would require the government and independent republics to finance the new country's deficit. Although the March 9 agreement called for the government to delay the plan until 1993, the Financial Ministry has already released $10 billion to cover the gap. (NYT)

BRITAIN: QUEEN DISMISSES PARLIAMENTARY The British monarchy's latest move is to close its tradition of old, Elizabeth II, by announcing its 50th anniversary as a constitutional monarchy. The plan worked out by the Queen and Parliament would require Parliament to pass laws, and not just, by a majority of the Her Majesty's Father, that is, her majesty, before the laws can be enacted. The plan worked out by the Queen and Parliament would require Parliament to pass laws, and not just, by a majority of the Her Majesty's Father, that is, her majesty, before the laws can be enacted. The plan worked out by the Queen and Parliament would require Parliament to pass laws, and not just, by a majority of the Her Majesty's Father, that is, her majesty, before the laws can be enacted. (Reuters, Agence France-Presse)

SWITZERLAND: WORLD TRADE ESTIMATE Revised The Swiss government has revised its estimate of the world trade deficit for 1993, which is now believed to be lower than expected. The new estimate of the world trade deficit is 11 percent of GDP, compared to the previous estimate of 12 percent of GDP. The revision was made in response to a slowdown in the global economy due to the financial turmoil in Asia. Last year, Switzerland was the only country in the world to record a trade surplus, and it is now estimated that the country will record a trade deficit of 3 percent of GDP. (Reuters, Agence France-Presse)

SWITZERLAND: THREAT TO IMMIGRATION The Swiss government has announced a new policy that will limit the number of foreign workers who can enter the country. The new policy was announced in response to a growing concern about the impact of immigration on the Swiss economy. The government has also announced a new policy that will limit the number of foreign workers who can enter the country. The new policy was announced in response to a growing concern about the impact of immigration on the Swiss economy. (Reuters, Agence France-Presse)

AFRICA
SUDAN: SUDANESE PARTY RELECTED Sudan's ruling National Congress will register as a party as soon as possible, says the country's foreign minister. The new party will be able to field candidates for election in the upcoming national election. The new party will also be able to organize and participate in political activities. (Agence France-Presse)

Compilied by Christopher S. Nixon
Robert Burke, historian, connoisseur, dies at 76

BY CAROLE BEERS
Seattle Times staff reporter

Robert E. Burke, a scholar who worked hard to put Northwest and California political and labor history on the map, is conspicuous by his absence from this week's annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Seattle.

He taught history at the University of Washington for 35 years, wrote books and edited Pacific Northwest Quarterly. Many of his former students are among the 3,000 meeting at Washington State Convention and Trade Center.

Mr. Burke, head of the UW History Department from 1962 to 1967, died of cancer Tuesday (Jan. 6). He was 76.

"He made a difference in the Northwest as far as encouraging writers," said Betty Winfield, media director at the University of Missouri. "What a taskmaster and editor!"

His daughter, Elizabeth Burke of Seattle, called him a great mentor, wonderful father and generous spirit who seemed to fully enjoy every moment of his life.

"He used his talent," she said, "but all his free time was spent enjoying the arts. He didn't talk much about his work. He was humble, with a great, wry sense of humor. He preferred to talk about books, the arts, theater, cooking, the great achievements of humanity."

Carol Thomas, a history colleague, noted that his main interest was early 20th century California history.

"He was such a good editor," said Thomas. "From time to time I would ask him to read through something I had written on Greek history, for his editing skills, his knowledge of prose, and the clarity of his comments."

Born in Chico, Calif., Mr. Burke became interested in politics and labor while growing up during the Depression.

"A bust of (late president Franklin) Roosevelt always stood in his office at the UW and looked out at the students," said UW history colleague Richard Johnson.

After military service in World War II, Mr. Burke earned a bachelor's degree in history at California State University, Chico, in 1946. He then earned a master's degree and a doctorate in history at the University of California at Berkeley.

Mr. Burke taught history at the University of Hawaii in the mid-1950s, then joined the UW faculty in 1957. He retired in 1991.

He wrote three American-history textbooks, among other works. He helped establish the Pacific Northwest Historians Guild, a bridge between academic and community historians, in the early 1980s. And he was an authority on labor history. He was often sought as a consultant on films and books.

As head of the manuscripts department of the University of California's Bancroft Library Project from 1951 to 1956, he spent a year in England doing research. He developed a fondness for all things British, and traveled there and in Europe later to attend concerts and operas.

"Bob was someone who enjoyed life, loved friends, and never saw a restaurant he didn't like," said Johnson.

Other survivors include his sister, Ralphi Steele of Concord, Calif., and his brother, Frank Scarborough of Maryville, Ill. His first wife, Helen Burke, to whom he was married 24 years, died in 1976. His second wife, Edith Burke, died in 1995.

He requested no services be held. Remembrances may go to the Robert E. Burke Prize Fund in History, c/o College of Arts and Sciences, University of Washington, Box 353765, WA, 98195.

Carole Beers' phone message number is 206-464-2391. Her e-mail address is: chee-new@seattimes.com
syss

Adam

a racist, who has been found 
and tried according to that 
riddle, and so is permitted to 
exercise his victims. As crazy as 
Ku Klux Klan, Freemasonry 
against Catholics? As Ferguson, who killed 6 
Island rail commuters and 
with 93 counts because 
was found to be legally 
actions. Indeed, Ferguson 
that Kaczynski may want 
his own defense, even after he 
testify that government 
microchip in his brain.

In Hinckley shot Ronald 
to a mental hospital, 
and had a hard defense to 
In Perlin of New York Law 
there is no question that 
reject the insanity de-
fense in cases of people who were severely 
mentally ill and didn’t know what they were doing.”

It is raised only 1 percent of the time and 
successful one-quarter percent, and even 
then, almost always when both sides agree 
that the defendant is out of his mind. Today, 
Perlin says, “Society wants to try just about 
everyone.”

The law holds people responsible for 
their actions while medicine tries to help 
those who are ill through no fault of 
their own. These two inexact sciences meet at the 
juncture where evil confronts illness. In a 
lock-'em-up era, we have come to believe 
that insanity is a loophole for evil, not a 
diagnosis for disease.

David Gelernter, a victim of one of the 
bombs allegedly constructed and sent by 
Kaczynski, calls the Unabomber an evil 
coward who deserves to die. But the bizarre 
part of this story is that to declare him evil 
and go for the death penalty, we have to 
accept Kaczynski’s own view of reality.

We have to agree that the world he 
constructed over 20 years in a cabin in 
Montana is not the delusion of a paranoid 
schizophrenic, but the rational view of a 
political ideologue. Sending letter bombs 
was the rational act of an anti-technology 
terrorist, not a madman controlled by some 
onimputent force.

Not only does Ted Kaczynski insist he is 
sane, but the law agrees. Having found him 
“competent,” at least for now, he has won a 
degree of autonomy and power equal to the 
time when he forced his Manifesto onto the 
pages of The New York Times and The 
Washington Post.

Indeed, as Northeastern University law 
professor Rose Zoltok-Jick says wonder-
fully, “He’s dragged us down Alice’s hole. 
It’s as if we were forcing us to go into a world as 
crazy as his.”

This week in Sacramento, the Mad 
Hatter is running the show.

Ellen Goodman’s column appears Friday on 
editorial pages of The Times.
JANUARY 24, 1998

Department of History
the Center for the Study of the Pacific Northwest

ANTICOMMUNISM AND THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON:
1948-1960
RECOLLECTIONS FROM THOSE WHO WERE THERE

panel discussion

MODERATOR
JANE SANDERS, author Cold War on Campus

Participants

Edwin Guthman, former Seattle Times reporter
Won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting on the Mel Rader Case

Ernire Henley former Dean of the College of Arts & Science
turned professor of physics
involved in AAUP campus struggle to bring Oppenheimer
to the campus as a lecturer

Barbara Krohn,
UW student at the time of the hearings
former UW Faculty adviser

Howard Nostrand
retired chair of Romance (French) Literature

Stim Bullitt

Civil Rights Attorney Kenneth MacDonald

AFTERNOON

ANTICOMMUNISM IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST
TWO PERSPECTIVES
Lorraine McConaghy
"Anti-Communism in Washington State, 1947-1965"
Floyd Mc Kay
Western Washington University
In Print

The 97/98 Winter issue of *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* features three articles on McCarthyism in the Pacific Northwest. Information: (206) 543-2992.


On the Web

www.lib.washington.edu/exhibits/AllPowers/

The University of Washington re-examines the Red Scare in Washington State

Presenters:
UW School of Drama, University Libraries, University Bookstore, UW Center for the Study of the Pacific Northwest—the Department of History, the UW Center for Labor Studies, and UW School of Law.

Sponsors:
Nesholm Family Foundation, Martin-Djos Foundation, Jaeckels Family Foundation, UW Office of the Provost, UW College of Arts and Sciences and SAFECO.

Cover photo courtesy of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer collection and the Museum of History and Industry.
All Powers Necessary and Convenient

A play of fact and speculation by Mark Jenkins

Fifty years ago, the Cold War cast a chill of fear and suspicion penetrating deep into the heart of America. At that time, the University of Washington was considered by some to be a hotbed of Communist activity. As a result, three tenured professors were fired and three others placed on probation. *All Powers* incorporates verbatim testimony from the 1948 Washington State Legislature’s Un-American Activities Committee hearings, and fictional accounts of possible meetings.

February 4-15, 1998

The Playhouse Theatre
4045 University Way NE
Tickets $6-$8
Reservations: (206) 543-4880.

*Post-Play Discussions:*
February 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14.
Facilitated by UW History Professor Richard Kirkendall
A special reception and discussion featuring participants affected by the Canwell era will follow the performance Sunday, February 15.

### Free Public Events

**January 20-March 20**

UW Libraries exhibit of historical materials from the Canwell era investigations. Allen Library Balcony.

**Thursday, January 22**

**12:00 Noon** Reading from *All Powers Necessary and Convenient.* Center for the Book, Seattle Public Library, Downtown.

**3:30 PM** "Academic Freedom and the UW: Beyond the Canwell Committee" by Robert O’Neil (Professor of Law, University of Virginia and founding director of the Thomas Jefferson Center for the Protection of Free Expression). 109/129 Condon Hall. Reception following.

**For more information on these events call (206) 543-2580**

**Saturday, January 24**

**9:00 AM** "McCarthyism Goes to College: Anticommunism and American Higher Education" lecture by Ellen Schrecker (No Ivory Tower). 301 G Owen Hall.

**10:30 AM** "Anticommunism and the UW, 1948-1960: Recollections from those who were there" panel discussion moderated by Jane Sanders (Cold War on Campus: Academic Freedom at the UW, 1946-64). 301 G Owen Hall.

**1:45 PM** "Anticommunism in the Pacific Northwest: Two Perspectives" Lorraine McConagherghy (Museum of History and Industry) and Floyd McKay (Western Washington University). 301 G Owen Hall.
Please call

Joan Ullman
325-9117

before 5 p.m.

Dr. Forman
March 18, 1998

Suggestions from Joan Ullman for Ivan Doig

about a potentially major work of historical significance
and an intrinsically interesting story of a region and an individual

One key figure, at least for the history of the Region: THANe SUMMERS 1914-1938

His father a prominent maritime lawyer
LANE SUMMERS

extremely conservative
accuses UW professors of
having enrolled son in
CP and having sent him to
die in SPAIN

One of major witnesses against UW/CP
CANWELL HEARINGS

But there are others
from labor unions
IWW International Woodworkers Union(?)
acronym

FROM A VIEWPOINT OF
LOCAL HISTORY so much in vogue these past
ten years, as a means of contrasting
national history (macro-abstract)
and 'history from below'
more dailed history from archives

OR FROM VIEWPOINT OF COLLECTIVE BIOGRAPHIES
PROSOPOGRAPHIES

Seattle, Washington 9819
OR FROM THE VIEW POINT OF A HISTORY OF THE OLD LEFT
written 'after the Cold War'

A MORE REALISTIC VIEW OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY AS A POLITICAL MOVEMENT (not a subversive organization), OF SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC REFORM, in the 1930s

OR WHATEVER

OR OF ANTI COMMUNISM AS A PERVERSIVE MOVEMENT FREESTANDING and after the COLD WAR
Joan Ullman — 2/3/98
- Canwell Com’tee
- Labor & Health culture, now gone
- Coughlin tried y Can’t Party, @ ’con/ce.
- no Canwell Com’tee in Ore., 1st Heard in paper.
- Library exhibit: until Mar. 20
- don’t y photos in Canwell hearings.
- Can’t Party, regional, W/ or/Al organized by Civil War.
- Sheuhan, Yoshina scholar on topic, now era, War.
- Maritime lawyer letter / Can’t son
  " opened Canwell hearings, many those who
  sent his son to die (son proved to be Can’t"
  on Manzanar gen. 12, w/ man dead together / R2th internal work
  in the woman.."
- Can’t Party still functioning (Hazel Wolf)
- few others still around
- Burke had lot of good students, + of it is in division
  (Burke d. 2 yrs ago)
  work histories
John F. only interested in labor, left for Maryland (not published, most
PNG 3 articles)
(HUC & Read in ’55)
- Canwell y Burke Hartell involved in Goldmark
- Bill Drury has Dr. son's
September 29, 1997

Dear Ivan,

I was so happy to get your letter. The delay in answering is explainable by a deadline. John Faragher and I are trying to get out a new edition of The American West, and time goes aflying.

Great to note that you have another friend in Irvine, and that he (or she) might someday bring you this way. I don’t think I know anyone in geosciences, though I know several biologists. I wonder if he ever goes to the University Club Wednesday forums. If so, we have something in common.

So you have a deadline of ’98 for the next novel. I wish you had told me something about it, or are you one of those who hate to talk about a book before it’s finished. I’m afraid I’m not such. I talk too much about the fictional biography I’ve been working on for some years—a socialist by name of Job Harriman. Do you remember him in connection with the defense of the McNamara Brothers in the bombing of the LATimes. He was very nearly elected mayor of LA, and he once ran as Debs vice-presidential candidate. A major tension comes in his constant bout with tuberculosis which over and over knocks him down just as he is about to make some breakthrough. The climax of his life, you may remember, too, was the founding of the Llano Colony, and I think the Llano story especially lends itself to fiction. Maybe by the time I get it finished, the public will be ready to read about socialists again.

As for your great subject of westerners fighting in the Spanish Civil War, I love it. It reminds me of a young man, maybe twenty who circulated around our household when I was in my early teens. He was a Georgian who had come west to the land of opportunity and got a job with the Dow Jones brokerage in Los Angeles. He was a Greek god of muscle and handsomeness, but also had an inquiring mind. The Depression caused him to read among the radicals and he ended a
card-carrying Communist. My family was pretty conservative, except for my mother who I think had a kind of crush on Gordon. Anyway he was there an awful lot for dinner and the evening, and we kids played ball and talked with him for hours. Any radicalism in me stems from those hours. He was a warm, generous, openhearted guy and his arguments were enormously convincing in the midst of desperate times.

Through the Party, Gordon came across a distant cousin of ours whose branch of our family had disowned him because of his radicalism. He and Gordon went off to fight in the Spanish Civil War, and I don’t think the family ever got over it. The distant cousin was killed, but Gordon returned, got a job as a social worker, married a Spanish girl, and eventually retired to Palo Alto. He died of cancer in his early fifties no longer a member of the party, but still a quiet radical.

I don’t know what this story might say to you, but it is wonderful for me to recall Gordon and those eye-opening days.

Thanks for writing.

Ever,

Bob Hine
Robert V. Hine  
19191 Harvard Avenue, #317  
Irvine, CA 92612  
714-854-2588  
e-mail: rvhine@uci.edu

July 20, 1997

Ivan Doig  
17021-10th Avenue NW  
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

It’s been so long since we met that I am probably presumptuous in addressing you by first name, but I have read your works so avidly and have talked about them so often with others (Bill Robbins gave me your address), that Ivan comes naturally. Perhaps you will forgive me.

I have just finished Bucking the Sun and loved it. I place it right up there among your best. I love the continuities in your work, that tenacious love of the land by the Scots, here so tragically interrupted by the building of a dam. Still, how many references to English Creek emerge. And the Duffs were great inheritors of a tradition—brawlers and builders, arguers and defenders. What a great movie it will make, though I cringe to think how the murder/suicide will be emphasized out of all proportion.

I write particularly to thank you for crediting me with that line about the locomotive and the bicycle. I think you use it only once in connection with Darius and syndicalism, apt enough. But you were kindness itself to even consider mentioning me. I take it as a real tribute from one who is a master of phrases—I mention a few of my favorites: “her imagination on full perk,” “he looked like parenthood was a tune he had casually written by himself,” “the tip of her tongue against the roof of her mouth, as if life was all peanut butter,” “sending glances that hummingbirds could feed on.” To have a phrase borrowed by the writer of those words pleases me no end.

You spoke at the Huntington this spring and I had hoped to be there. But, alas, I can’t cope with freeways any longer, and no ride was forthcoming.

Did you see this mention of Bucking the Sun in the LATimes Bk Rev section a few months back? Nothing like being appreciated by the “investment adivisors” as well.

With warmest personal regards and continued thanks.

Bob Hine
Dear Bob—

I have been in and out of town this summer, and certainly in and out of fidelity to my correspondence, so I’m just now getting around to thanking you for your fine letter and for passing along that LA Times clipping. It indeed was startling news that any "investment advisor" is putting in time reading my stuff. Wouldn’t you think that, say, chicken entrails might be his better guidance toward what the stock market is going to do?

When the invitations came from the Huntington and the LA Public Library last spring, I immediately filled up with plans, hopes, intentions of seeing myriad folks in the Los Angeles area, including you. (Not as far-fetched, in your case, as most of the others; we have a good friend now on the UC-Irving geosciences faculty.) Naturally, as speaking gigs go, any time Carol and I had on our own washed away and washed away, until we saw hardly anybody except those involved at the Huntington and the LA downtown library. We'll likely venture that way again, but not until I finish the manuscript of this next novel at the end of '98. But had we crossed paths, I would have bent your ear about all the syndicalism I did not manage to shoehorn into Bucking the Sun. My early ms drafts had several more pages of Darius Puff's involvement in politics back on the River Clyde, including a bit of detail it broke my Ph.D heart not to be able to use, warships of the Royal Navy at anchor there in the river as sailors and troops came ashore to help defeat the shipyard workers and others in the General Strike of '26...the names of the ships that had been built there on the Clyde et cetera. Ah, well, the plot of the book had to move on without those and much else. But truly, your line about locomotive and bicycle frame has a classic aptness I've always savored, and the least I could do is cite you.

And while I am bending your ear here on paper about political historical drama, let me run by you a suggestion a historian friend up here made to me after she read Bucking the Sun. She suggested I think about doing a novel on the Northwesterners and Westerners who went to the Spanish Civil War. Pretty good set of papers and interviews from those guys in the U. of Washington ms collections, she says, and I'm a little intrigued at having men of the left come off better than poor Darius did. Does this tickle any ideas, suggestions, sources, in you? I'm not sure it's what I want to tackle next or maybe ever, but if you have any thoughts on what you've never seen in the Hemingway or Malraux books about the guys who fought in Spain, I'd be glad to hear 'em sometime. Meanwhile, all best wishes and thanks for getting in touch.
monitor their performance over time, making the changes in funds and allocations that we believe will keep your portfolio strong well after others might have crumbled to dust. Ask your financial advisor. Call 1-888-MANULIFE. Or visit www.manulife.com. And see why for annuities, life insurance, or 401(k) plans, we're smart company for your money."
For Whom The Bell Tolled

IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, AS A HORRIFIED WORLD WATCHED, THE FUTURE OF EUROPE SEEMED AT STAKE • BY ROBERT WERNICK

The roads are empty leading to Brunete in summertime; no one wants to drive 15 miles from Madrid to visit a sleepy little town baking among brown fields under the merciless sun of the Castilian plateau. There are no tour guides, no flags, no souvenir shops, no postcards, no monuments, nothing but a few stone bunkers, a couple of tarnished bronze plaques and a street named after Generalissimo Francisco Franco to remind the visitor that in July of 1937, sixty-one summers ago, more than a hundred thousand men were fighting here in a battle that passionate bystanders all over the world believed might decide the future of Europe.

Though no one realized it at the time, Brunete...

The image of a Republican soldier at the moment he was hit, fixed in memory by photographer Robert Capa, still symbolizes the war.
was the Gettysburg, the climax and turning point, of the Spanish Civil War, which had begun a year earlier with a rising by army generals to overthrow the government of the Second Spanish Republic and would last almost two more years after Brunete. When it was over, an estimated half-million Spaniards had been killed.

It was the first war in history that could be followed almost minute by minute by a horrified world—in beleaguered Madrid, reporters could take a taxi or the subway to the front lines at the edge of the city, and their stories would be in the papers everywhere the next day. What they saw was a particularly brutal war that cut to the heart of almost every city and village in Spain. Each day brought its share of atrocities. Some of them were new to warfare, like the mass bombing of helpless civilians in cities, but to the watching world they all served as a reminder that what it feared most, the outbreak of another and much greater war, might not be avoidable. That war began in September 1936, only months after the Spanish conflict ended. After presiding over a victory parade among cheering crowds in Madrid, General Franco ruled as dictator of Spain for the next 36 years.

The people of Spain were divided almost exactly in half with regard to broad political loyalties. But in most every other way—religion, region, ideology, standard of living—they were hopelessly fragmented. In the election of February 1936, the last free vote Spain was to know for nearly half a century, a Popular Front of liberal and extreme left-wing parties, some dedicated to revolution now, nudged out the conservatives of the Right by less than two percentage points. The electoral laws allowed this uneasy coalition to form a sizable majority in parliament, but the new government it formed was too splintered to rule effectively, and could only watch helplessly while the country—which had already seen five years of riots, general strikes, church burnings, a failed putch by army officers and an armed rebellion by miners—slipped further toward chaos. There would soon be a new common word in the vocabulary of everyday life, paseo, meaning "ride," as in the phrase "take him for a ride" made popular by Hollywood gangster movies. It was just such a ride—one on which the monarchist party leader Calvo Sotelo was taken to be murdered in the early hours of July 13, 1936—that set off the armed uprising hardly a week later.

Both the Left and the Right in Spain had moderates and centrists who hoped for compromise. But by the time the guns began to play on July 18, extremists ran the show. For the defenders of the government, who called themselves Republicans or Loyalsists, all their enemies were Fascists. For the supporters of the insurgent generals, who called themselves Nationalists, all their enemies were Reds. Men who were ready to die to protect Catholic Spain now assumed a license to kill anyone, schoolteacher or government official or working man in blue overalls, whom they suspected of having voted for the Popular Front. Men who were ready to die for an imagined future Spain in which—as the two-million-member anarchist workers’ union demanded—the state, the army, the church and private property would be abolished all at once, were now ready to kill any oppressor of humanity, landlord or employer or priest or anyone who owned a car or an expensive-looking
A particularly brutal war, it cut to the heart of almost every city and village in Spain.

At the beginning a part of the army and the air force stayed loyal to the government, which still loosely controlled more than half the national territory, the principal ports, and most of the country’s industry and mineral resources—not to mention its gold reserves. The military insurgents had only two major advantages, but they turned out to be decisive. One was political: the fact that the elected government so clearly could not keep its revolutionary left wing under control. One was military: in Spain’s strip of the North African coast, General Francisco Franco had taken command of the local garrison of Moroccan troops and the Spanish Foreign Legion. As armies go, it was small—no more than 25,000 men at the start—but it was the only efficient fighting force in the country. In a few weeks, in the first major troop airlift ever, Franco began to bring his forces over

Facing death from the sky, a woman nurses her baby as Franco’s planes drop their bombs on civilians in Barcelona.
Volunteers from all over the world, including some 2,800 Americans, joined the International Brigades.

the sea to the Spanish mainland, many in German planes.

Troops and officers in a number of cities rallied to the rebellion. In the north an insurgent army, led by Gen. Emilio Mola, drove to the coast, cutting off the Basque provinces from the French border. In the south, starting from Seville, Franco’s army pushed north to Madrid, outmaneuvering and slaughtering undisciplined and poorly armed worker and peasant militias that tried to stop them. In November, when Franco’s troops approached Madrid, the Republican government commandeered all available trucks and fled in panic to set up shop in Valencia on the Mediterranean coast. But the people of the city rallied to build barricades, and the advance bogged down in costly fighting in the southwestern suburbs.

In the following months, the scattered, uncoordinated forces of the early days grew into more or less well disciplined, more or less well equipped armies, eventually approaching half a million men each, and things settled down into the pattern of conventional war. As the Battle of Brunete was about to begin, these armies were stalemated along a front that snaked its way 1,000 miles across the country from just north of Gibraltar to the Pyrenees.

An impoverished, predominantly agrarian society like the Spain of the 1930s could not possibly have maintained a war on this scale. But the war—though the armies that fought it were made up overwhelmingly of illiterate boys from the desolate countryside and villages of Spain—soon became international.

The totalitarian powers were delighted to be able to push their political and strategic agendas. Hitler thought the conflict a “convenient side-show” that would distract the attention of the Western democracies from the much bigger war he was preparing. Stalin hoped that Hitler would get bogged down in Spain and have to postpone any adventures to the east. Hitler sent 600 planes, aviators, 200 tanks, military experts and 17,000 men. Mussolini sent planes, tanks and at least 75,000 so-called volunteers. Stalin sent planes, guns, tanks and military “advisers,” no fewer than four of whom went on to become marshals in the Red Army, which would crush the German Army only a few years later.

On both sides aid was doled out carefully, and never as a gift. Stalin got much of the gold reserves of the Bank of Spain, 198 truckloads of it, some in direct payment for matériel, some for “safekeeping” in Moscow. Hitler got much of the output of the Spanish copper, iron and tungsten mines to provide steel for the Wehrmacht. Mussolini got a naval base on Majorca and a chance to demonstrate Italy’s “iron military strength.”

For the Western democracies, the choice was more difficult. While public opinion, partly driven by intense and skillful Communist propaganda, might favor the Republican government of Spain, public and governments alike were haunted by memories of the Great War, which only two decades before had killed or maimed millions of their young men. To a considerable extent pacifist, and militarily unprepared, they were desperately anxious to avoid another one. The United States had just passed a neutrality act. The British got all the great powers of Europe to sign a nonintervention pact, which Germany and Italy promptly broke.

In all the democracies, however, there was a large minority, passionately concerned and loudly vocal, who would have nothing to do with neutrality or nonintervention, and who insisted the overriding question for the world was the sudden and terrifying rise of Nazi barbarism. Nobody had dared to stand up to Hitler so far, and now behind their improvised barricades the people of Spain, bombed by Nazi planes and assaulted by Nazi tanks, were stoically accepting shells and bombs, and hunger, shouting. No pasarán! They shall not pass! It was all summed up...
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in the famous Robert Capa photograph (pp. 110-111) of a Republican militiaman, dressed in working clothes and without a helmet, holding an old-fashioned gun as he is shot dead on a barren field in Andalusia.

To writers, artists, students, intellectuals, as well as to unemployed workers living out the Great Depression, Spain became a rallying cry. Picasso made a world-famous painting deploiring war and the Nationalist bombing of Guernica. Hemingway wrote a world-famous novel, expressing support of the Spanish people. Huge meetings from London to Los Angeles thundered with demands for lifting the embargo and shipping arms to Republican Spain.

Others felt that only direct physical action, here and now, could stop the terrifying onrush of the brown tide of Fascism. André Malraux, the French novelist, recruited a squadron of airplanes. English idealists like George Orwell joined workers’ militias that believed revolutionary actions like redistributing land and setting fire to churches were more important than learning how to fire a gun. On the more realistic premise that the first order of business was not revolution but winning the war, some 35,000 volunteers from almost every country in the world, including 2,800 Americans, joined the International Brigades.

The Brigades were formed and directed by Communists, many of whom were old party stalwarts—like
Josip Broz, later to be Marshal Tito, ruler of Yugoslavia. But others were idealistic young people to whom Soviet Russia, which claimed to have solved all social and economic problems, was a beacon of light pointing to a utopian future. Most joined the Brigades for the same reason that ordinary Spaniards began joining the Spanish Communist Party, which grew from 130,000 to nearly 400,000 members in one year: the Comintern (Communist International) had prudently abandoned its call for world revolution in favor of a united front against Fascism, and even those who distrusted it figured it was the only group disciplined and ruthless enough to run a war against Franco.

In July 1937 a large number of the Brigades—including some 300 Americans—were picked to be in the front line for the Battle of Brunete, the first major offensive to be mounted by the Republican Army. They had been trucked by night into the woods of a former royal hunting lodge west of Madrid. After a Fourth of July celebration that brought the Americans double rations of Hershey bars and Lucky Strikes, they were on the march, picking their way through the pinewoods, elated to be in the forefront of an 80,000-man force, the most powerful army that had ever gone into battle in the whole history of Spain, with some 130 tanks, 40 other armored vehicles, 300 planes, and 220 heavy guns. They were singing the “Internationale”: “Arise ye prisoners of starvation... A new world’s in birth...”

As dawn came up on July 6, and all the guns, planes and tanks went into action, the Americans could see the whole battlefield spread out before them: gently rolling countryside with a few villages and clumps of trees, a few narrow streams, no serious physical obstacle between them and Brunete, 15 miles to the south.

Their battle plan was described by Colonel Rojo, who drew it up, as possessing a “rigorous technical beauty, almost perfect.” A giant pincer was to close on the insurgent army dug in at the doorstep of Madrid.

Franco had sent his best troops and many of his German planes 200 miles to the north to capture the major port of Bilbao, near the Bay of Biscay. The army he left behind at Madrid was badly outnumbered. Russian planes controlled the air, and the ten-ton Russian tanks could brush off their three-ton Italian counterparts like so many flies.

**Franco’s spies must have picked up mountains of talk about the coming offensive in the noisy sidewalk cafés of Madrid, but when the blow struck on July 6, the Nationalists were not ready for it. The left pincer stroke ran into heavily fortified positions and could make no headway at all. But the right-hand stroke succeeded beyond its leaders’ wildest hopes. Ahead they saw the enemy in disorderly retreat. The Nationalist front disintegrated within hours, and Republican troops sped forward under a bright cloudless sky, their only worry the 100-degree heat, which emptied all their canteens by 10 in the morning.**

The enemy was so disorganized and demoralized that an entire division—commanded by Enrique Lister, the Communist quartermaster who had risen from the ranks to become one of the Republicans’ most successful and most charismatic generals—was able to slip unobserved all the way to Brunete and beyond, leaving one battalion to capture the town far ahead of schedule. They had punched a wide-open hole in the enemy line through which tanks and cavalry and foot soldiers could have poured to spread havoc in the enemy rear and deliver a decisive blow, as the Germans would do to the French Army at Sedan just three years later.

Then almost everything went wrong. On top of the usual muddle of battle, many of the officers who ran the Republican forces were not up to their job. They may have been able to inspire men to hold a position to the death, but they had no experience of a war of maneuver. According to one Republican colonel, most militia leaders did not even know how to read a military map. They had no way of handling the immense traffic jams of troops, trucks and ambulances that turned their breakthrough into a bottleneck.

A combination of tradition and inexperience in the Soviet and Republican armies dictated that all decisions be referred to headquarters, and by the time approval came it was too late. They were cautious when they should have been bold, reckless when they should have been cautious. The American troops, who might have been pouring through the hole in the enemy lines on the first day of the battle, were ordered instead to make a frontal attack on the village of Villanueva de la Cañada, where a small force of Nationalists had dug in for a last-ditch stand. They took the village.
but suffered crippling casualties, and wasted 15 hours that could never be made up.

On the other side, in the crucial hours following the fall of Brunete, three Nationalist lieutenant colonels, cut off from communication with their superiors, handled their few troops with such skill and made such an artful commotion that they bluffed overwhelmingly superior attacking troops to stop and wait for reinforcements. At least one managed on his own initiative to scrape together some 300 men—clerks, drivers, men who had barely handled a rifle before—and set them to work digging trenches.

Then, in a remarkable display of speed and efficiency, reinforcements were hurried to Brunete from all over Nationalist Spain, traveling great distances over the same kind of rickety railways and wretched roads as those of the other side, but these arrived in time. By the third day the Republican advance had ground to a halt, and men who had left shovels and other equipment behind so that they could advance faster were forced to dig trenches with bayonets and helmets in the stony Castilian soil.

The mastery of the air provided at first by Russian planes frittered away with the arrival of new German equipment, like the Messerschmitt 109 fighter plane and the 88-millimeter antiaircraft gun, which would later do such deadly work in World War II. What was to have been a battle of maneuver turned into a small-scale replica of World War I battlefields like Ypres and Verdun. Masses of troops surged back and forth over a devastated countryside of burning fields and trees, burning tanks and screaming men, and the rattle of machine guns, trying to chase each other out of holes in the ground. It went on for 21 days. The scorching sun turned dead bodies to mummies and dried up all the watercourses on the battlefield. Men actually went mad from thirst. Six decades later the surviving veterans of the battle are obsessed with memories of the experience.

Harry Fisher, a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, who was in action all 21 days, can never forget the frantic hour-long minutes he spent digging with a soupspoon down into the hard-baked bed of the Guadarrama River, down to where there were little pockets of mud, out of which he could squeeze a few drops of water.

When it was all over, and more than 40,000 casualties had been added up, each side claimed victory—the Nationalists because they had retaken Brunete in the last days of the battle, the Republicans because they had conquered and held on to about 20 square miles of devastated Spanish soil. In the long run, it was a disaster for the Republican Army, which lost 100 airplanes and 80 percent of its tanks and more than 20,000 soldiers. (Of the 900 Americans who started the battle, only 260 were fit for action at the end.)

The war would go on for almost
two years, but it was largely a replay of Brunete. At Belchite, at Teruel, even on the Ebro, the Republicans made a surprise attack and advanced for a few heady days to occupy pockets of often strategically unimportant terrain, only to be ground down yard by yard in long bloody counterattacks till at last their armies collapsed, and eventually Francisco Franco became dictator of Spain.

The German generals who were advising Franco were critical of his strategy. They said that if he had just let the Republican attacks peter out, and not insisted on costly counterattacks, he could have won the war much more quickly and with fewer losses. They were probably right, but they were shortly to end up in the dustbin of history, while General Franco made the remarkable and almost unbelievable achievement of not only winning his war but managing to remain the master of Spain for 36 years.

No one at the start of the war, least of all his fellow generals, could have suspected that such a role could be played by Francisco Franco y Bahamonde. Though he had proved himself a genuine war hero of the Moroccan campaigns and a capable military administrator, he was a colorless little man with a piping voice, no oratorical skills, no political sex appeal.

Franco won the war not because his army was stronger or braver than that of his enemies, but because it was better organized, more professional, more at home in the complexities of modern warfare. He turned out to be the very man to create and lead such an army. He was a fierce disciplinarian with an obsessive concern for detail. He once had a soldier shot for refusing to eat his rations. He was responsible for building the network of training schools for young Nationalist soldiers who became the alfereces provisionales, or temporary officers, whose willingness to take individual initiatives without waiting for orders from headquarters helped determine the outcome of the war. With immense skill he wrangled, cajoled and bullied all the antagonistic groups in his camp to form a single movement with himself as its unchallenged political and military boss.

Among the many artists and writers who dealt with the war were Ernest Hemingway (above, left), Pablo Picasso (left, with his painting Guernica) and George Orwell, who fought as a private in Catalonia.

The Republicans, on the other hand, never achieved real unity of command. They were torn by conflicts between different parties, different regions. There was civil war in the streets among Communists, Socialists and anarchists. Anti-Stalinist and anarchist worker militias believed they should be fighting not just for a
republic but for a revolution as well—particularly in Catalonia. In Homage to Catalonia, George Orwell, who sympathized with these policies at the time, described how they “collectivized” factories and farms, theaters, even restaurants, often at gunpoint; established local police forces; and replaced the local government. In militia companies everyone wore the same uniform—overalls. It was considered demeaning to waiters to offer them a tip.

There as elsewhere, the church was a target, which troubled moderate loyalists. Some 7,000 priests, monks, nuns and bishops were put to death during the war. Throughout Republican Spain, churches were regularly burned, sacked or pressed into revolutionary service.

All through the fighting, Spanish officers in the Republican Army continually bickered among themselves and grumbled about the high-handed ways of their Soviet advisers. Franco, meanwhile, kept all the reins firmly in hand. He would take advice but never orders from his German and Italian advisers.

After the war, too, he picked a surefooted way through the dangerous thickets of national and international politics. When in 1943 he realized that he had been betting on the wrong horse by shipping vital minerals to Hitler, he coolly began selling them to the Allies. In 1959 he switched from the state-controlled economy that had been his pride to a free-market policy that has made Spain a prosperous nation for the first time since the 16th century. While he lived, he found lackey biographers to portray him as the greatest strategist, statesman, political philosopher and moral leader of all time. Since his death, biographers have tended to be both hostile and scornful, emphasizing his cruelty, his narrowness, his deviousness, his occasional stupidity. Some prefer to ascribe many of his successes to his retanca, the stereotyped cunning of peasants of Galicia, his native province. Few Galician peasants, however, have come close to equaling his performance.

For the fact remains that when death ended Franco’s long reign of absolute power in 1975, Spain was a richer, more stable, more peaceful and more united nation than it had been when he took up arms in 1936. Though he gave Spain its first social security and other features of the welfare state, and though he unwittingly started the process that would allow his dictatorship to become a democracy after his death, he never gave up his conviction that it was his God-given duty to crush everything that he regarded as “anti-Spain.” By war’s end, some 500,000 Spaniards had gone into exile. Thousands were tried and jailed or executed. One of his last actions as head of state was to spurn a request that widows of Republican soldiers be given pensions.

The Spanish people, on the other hand, had somehow decided on their own, without advice from Franco or any other political leader, to bury the past, as if they had taken for their own James Joyce’s view that history is a “nightmare from which I am trying to awake.” Nunca más! (Never again!) became the watchword. Barely a generation after three years of atrocious fratricide, they had decided that they had to, and would and could, live together in peace.

Nightmare or no, history has a curious way of playing tricks on people.

The Spain of today—with its parliamentary democracy, free speech, free markets, its material prosperity and its rampant consumerism, where futbol now equals the slaughter of bulls as a national spectator sport—is exactly the kind of society that both Franco and many of his revolutionary adversaries in the civil war would have regarded as an abomination, and a cesspool of bourgeois decadence.

At Brunete, which is at least twice as large, in size and population, as it was in 1937, it is hard to see the new buildings for the billboards announc-

In the last months of the war, hundreds of thousands of Republican refugees poured over the Pyrenees into France, leaving their weapons with French authorities.
ing the construction of chalets, apartments and duplexes, for yuppies of the bustling, prosperous new Madrid—where the word paseo is only heard in old movies.

Twenty miles up in the mountains a giant crucifix towers over the Valley of the Fallen, a monument built to be an everlasting memorial to the dead soldiers of the civil war and especially to the victorious leader, Francisco Franco. It is now one of the great tourist attractions of the Madrid area. People whose grandparents may have been murdering each other 60 years ago drive up to it by the hundreds every day in their new cars and walk down the arched nave, which plunges like a celestial railway tunnel 500 feet through solid rock to where the generalissimo lies buried. On their way out they may stop to buy memorial T-shirts or a cookbook from a nearby religious order before they drive back to the traffic-choked streets of Madrid for a meal at McDonald's and a quick check of the latest stock market quotations.

Free after years of an obscurantist dictatorship, people now snatch up books exposing the follies and corruptions of the Franco reign, and they cheer when survivors of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade come back to their battlefields and are made honorary citizens of Spain. But there is no sign of the old passion, the old intransigence. "I was so happy the day Franco died," said a lady at dinner the other night in Madrid. "School was closed that day."

Frequent contributor Robert Wernick last wrote on the library that replaced the Reading Room of the British Museum.
Snapshots of a War  
And a Lost Cause

By MAGGIE LOKE

The Spanish Civil War pitted the nationalist army loyal to the deposed Spanish king against a left-wing popular army that included a number of Russian-trained troops of the elected Republican government. The war was a calamity for all concerned, and the conflict is most commonly seen as a contest for the future of fascism. Its causes are most vividly described by those Jews who were caught up or escaped in the chaos of Spain.

Long on ideology and short on militi a, the war was Italy’s first major engagement. The Fascists were among the first to arrive, and by the time they left, Italy had become the most important participant, providing arms, training, and, in some cases, setting up 25,000 Fascists to stage a coup in the English Civil War.

Two young couples pose for the camera, one in a white dress and coat, the other in a dress and coat. The women are both smiling, and the man in the dress is wearing a hat. They are standing in front of a wall, and the man is holding a camera.

In 1931, a year before women first voted, the British cotton con som ction introduced political equality. The cotton unions, in turn, organized an antiwar movement.

In the 1950s, when women were fighting for their rights, the women’s movement was being described as a “woman’s liberation.” The women were fighting for the right to work, and the right to vote, and the right to be free from violence and discrimination. The women were not just fighting for their rights, but for their voices. They were fighting for the right to be heard.

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ART REVIEW

From a Rigid Cu to a Floating W

By HOLLAND COTTER

WASHINGTON—At the end of the 20th century, the art world is paying close attention to the 19th, as if probing to see what collective unconscious and calamitous predictions it might offer to today’s art-making engine orých. Retrospectives of 19th-century European and American artists, curators, and Figure 1. William Eggleston’s photographs, the oldest known images of the 19th century, are ubiquitous in contemporary art. The interest in 19th-century culture and immigrant presence, which practically no one has really looked at for years, is making a splash at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, which has on exhibit an exhibition devoted to the art of the 19th period in Japan (1853-1930). The exhibition is

Works that distill the maipo-poetic essence of a Samurai mystique.

and immortality of an art. And it tells the story of a culture that changed shape dramatically over centuries as it kept one foot in the feudal past, the other clinging toward the modern future. The period began when the warlord Tokugawa leyasu took control of Japan, established his hegemony, and became Lord of the World. But even 100 years later, he led absolutely nothing into the modern world and kept his distant vassals a leap, taunting them to seek his empire in every other year, where his lordship would meet his next child on his foot. The rigid structure of the Edo society was based on honor and the most important value, the military ethic, and by far the most powerful of the power of the middle class, and the competitive arrogance was so much a social responsibility and an indubitable privilege, and it produced an ex-

bad-shuku-nan: On the back and front of the tree

By GRACE GLEUCK

The magic of Robert Frank’s installation “Part 1 of the American Reas- on and the book, or the world, are toward the Taggart and his contemporaries, in their expressions of color and colorings, in the second part of a sculptor’s show (the front, “Prologue” to “A C-"

the School for Visual Arts, 1334 Avenue for the Arts, is in the process of becoming brighter, and larger. No video, no music, no moving parts, but the viewer can see the instant you enter The majestic walls of color, everything inside, it means, for the artist, a sculptor, a colorist, a colorist, nothing else. So much so, that she takes the technique of acid etching, where the etcher's expression of color, expresses what the artist wants, and

room, in which depending on the distance from the window, it is just

When I confront a space with its spatial conditions and environment, I make into account everything bearing on it, the light, the color, the position, the location. Nothing is totally controlled conditions is related to subjective experience, where the walls of freshly printed text, a scul

room, each hanging vertically at the center of each wall. As you walk through this elegantly linear, which seems to have an endless and unending space, the bright, dark, almost


enough to keep the eye enthralled from start to finish. This said, everyone hoping for sheer raillery—"a major hit of global reserve, key, or the kind of stunning transmedia imagination found in the lu-"
Granadilla Journal

The Ghost of Old Spain Stirs and Welcomes Visits

By AL GOODMAN

GRANADILLA, Spain—The towering stone castle defended this walled hilltop village for five centuries but it was no match for the Government, which built a large dam, flooded the surrounding farms, and made Granadilla a ghost town. The last of the 1,000 people left in 1965, when Granadilla Hill had no electricity or indoor plumbing. Villages then replaced villages.

But in 1984 the Government resurrected the town, 180 miles west of Madrid, as a base for retired Spanish high-school students about rural life. Since then, groups of students have come for a week at a time to cut wood, bake bread and tend animals. During breaks they scramble up the castle’s narrow winding stairway to the parapet, to shout out to people below or to smoke cigarettes.

Granadilla is not typical of Spain’s estimated 900 ghost towns. Most were dirt-poor villages that slowly declined to death starting in the 1950’s as a majority of Spain’s agricultural workers left for better paying jobs in the burgeoning cities. It is a highly urbanized and far wealthier Spain, with a per capita income three times that of 1965, has been taking a new look at its ghost towns and several thousand other villages. The Granadilla program, once unusual, is now part of a trend to protect, and experience, rural life.

The signs of change are abundant. Ghost-town property prices are rising. Various hamlets suffering population loss have offered cash incentives to retain families with young children. And hundreds of country homes in restored village buildings have opened in the 1990’s, attracting tourists who want an alternative to Spain’s often crowded Mediterranean beaches.

People see something they lost; now these lands have sentimental value,” said Carmen Ibáñez, who teaches the students who visit Granadilla about traditional spinning and weaving, using wool from local sheep.

The purpose of the Granadilla program, said José Ramón González, one of its directors, “is not for people to return to live in the villages, but to know about their past.”

Yet some Spaniards are returning, at least to make second homes. Ms. Ibáñez’s father recently retired as a business executive in Madrid and lives part of the year in his nearly deserted native village in Castile.

Antonio Ruiz, a Madrid architect who was in Granadilla recently to supervise the renovation of a few buildings, said he had spent many weekends with his wife looking for a

The building of a dam turned Granadilla into a ghost town, but it has been resurrected. It and two other restored ghost towns have been used by 80,000 students in the Government’s village education program.

Granadilla is being used to teach urban students about rural life.

Day of glory

Ponferrada

Granadilla

Elvóra

Alcácer do Sal

Tâmega River

Tâmega River

Serpa

Évora

Portugal

France

SPAIN

Atlantic

Mediterranean

Atlantic

Mediterranean

MOROCCO

ALGÉRIA

Spanish

European

Spanish

European

The country life comes alive for Jesús González, 14, right, and Clara Agredano, 15, both of Madrid. On weekend visits to Granadilla, urban high-school students cut wood, bake bread and tend animals.

The country life comes alive for Jesús González, 14, right, and Clara Agredano, 15, both of Madrid. On weekend visits to Granadilla, urban high-school students cut wood, bake bread and tend animals.

lost it to the Christians, who built the castle in the 15th century. In 1955, the Government decided to dam the Alagón River in the valley below the village to generate electricity and irrigate distant fields of cotton and tobacco.

The completion of the dam in 1962 was the death knell for the village, which was taken over by the Government. But since 1984 Granadilla and two other restored ghost towns in northern Spain have been used by 80,000 students in the Government’s village education program.

Granadilla is the largest of the three, and its graceful stone structures caught the eye of the Spanish film director Pedro Almodóvar, who filmed the final scene here for his 1990 movie “Te Me Uf! Te Me Down!” In the movie a former mental patient played by Antonio Banderas comes searching for his boyhood home in a ghost town.

Many of the recent visiting students in Granadilla also had small-town roots, and spoke with pride about exploring the native villages of their parents or grandparents.

Yet despite the engaging lessons of Granadilla, few students expressed a desire to abandon urban comfort and move to a village, ghost town or not. “I like the city more because I’m accustomed to the stores and schools,” said Leticia Ribeiro, 15, who was wearing a New York Yankees baseball cap bought in her provincial city of Ponferrada. “For five days this is fine, but I wouldn’t want to live here.”
Seoul Won't Seek Japan Funds for War's Brothel Women

By STEPHANIE STROM
TOKYO, April 21 — The South Korean Government said today that it would end its efforts to win compensation from the Japanese Government for South Korean women forced into Japanese military brothels in World War II.

Instead, South Korea will pay each of the 125 registered “comfort women” $22,700, which will be supplemented by $4,700 each from victims’ rights organizations.

At a Cabinet meeting today, President Kim Dae Jung vowed that Seoul would continue to seek an apology from Japan, which reluctantly acknowledged in 1992 that Japanese military officials had been involved in setting up the brothels but has refused to offer compensation to the women.

“This does not mean the abandonment of demanding from Japan an apology and acceptance of its historical and moral responsibilities,” a spokesman for Mr. Kim said today. “The Government will not interfere with continued demands by the former comfort women and nongovernmental organizations for compensation from the Japanese Government.”

The Foreign Affairs and Trade Ministry in Seoul issued a statement saying “We have to remember that a future-oriented and mutually beneficial relationship between Korea and Japan can be achieved only if Japan recognizes past history and remorsefully reflects on its deeds.”

Experts estimate that up to 200,000 women from South Korea and other parts of Asia had been forced to work in army brothels. No one knows how many are alive, because most prefer to keep their pasts secret.

The South Korean Government had been expected to approve the compensation plan last week, but Mr. Kim postponed the decision to seek the approval of groups that represent the women.

Yang Mi Kang, a spokeswoman for the Koreas Council for Women Drafted for Military Sex Slavery in Japan, said today that the council was pleased that at a time of economic hardship, the Government had decided to dip into its budget to give the women, many in their 70s and 80s, a means of support.

Ms. Yang said, however, that the council would continue to demonstrate outside the Japanese Embassy in Seoul.

“Our welcoming of our Government’s decision to provide financial support,” she said, “does not mean the automatic annulment or postponement of our demands for compensation from the Japanese Government.”

In 1996 Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto led a trip to Seoul to extend his “sincere apologies and remorse” to the women. But several experts on the subject contended that his letter was vaguely worded and failed to acknowledge legal responsibility.

Japan also helped establish the Asian Women’s Fund to raise money from businesses to compensate the women, who came from South Korea, the Philippines and Taiwan. But the women found difficulty attracting and disbursement the money. When it began in 1996, its goal was to raise $10 million to $30 million. It has raised $3.26 million, according to a spokeswoman, Shizuchi Harada.

He took pains to stress that the money — $23,000 apiece for the women from South Korea and Taiwan and $9,200 for those from the Philippines, paid out over five years — was for medical and economic expenses and was not to be regarded as compensation.

Mr. Harada said the difference in the amounts given to women from South Korea and Taiwan was due to differences in costs of living in the three countries. For example, that 3 million yen would buy three houses in the suburbs of Manila, while it would not even cover the down payment on a small house outside Seoul.

Mr. Harada said more than 70 women, primarily from the Philippines, had received money from the fund, although he declined to give a more detailed accounting by country because opposition groups had harassed the recipients.

Women from South Korea and Taiwan originally rejected aid from the fund, saying the use of private money for compensation instead of Government money allowed the Japanese Government to avoid responsibility for creating and running the brothels.

“The fund has been a scheme of the World War II aggressor, Japan, to avoid legal responsibilities for its actions,” Ms. Yang said.

But at least seven women from South Korea, where opposition to the fund has been strongest, have received money from the fund.

Taiwan established its own compensation fund in 1996.

The Japanese Government contends that it settled all legal obligations arising from the war in an agreement reached with other nations after the war ended. Japan is also concerned that compensating the women would set a precedent for claims of its wartime atrocities.

Nonetheless, Mr. Harada said, Japan has used some money to women applying for help from the Asian Women’s Fund.

Fire Destroys Famous Monastery in the Himalayas

By BARBARA CROSSOETTE
The Taktshang Monastery in Bhutan, one of the oldest and best known shrines in the Himalayan Buddhist world outside Tibet, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night, Bhutanese officials said yesterday.

The monastery and temple, built on the face of a 1,200-foot cliff towering above the Paro in Bhutan to the Tibetan border near Mount Chomo Lhat, had existed in some form since the ninth century, Bhutanese say.

Padmasambhava, a Buddhist saint known in the Himalayas as the Guru Rinpoche, is supposed to have landed him, a miraculous flying tiger to bring Buddhism to the Himalayas and ultimately Tibet from the valleys and plains of India.

“It was one of our most sacred monasteries,” said Tashi Tsering, a Bhutanese diplomat at the kingdon’s United Nations mission. He said the monastery-temple was full of sacred silk temple hangings decorated with images of Buddhist figures known as thangkas, statues and holy relics collected over centuries. It also had one of the finest collections of paintings from early Buddhist history, according to France Lomfor, a French artist on Tibetan Buddhism who has written extensively on the subject.

Although entry to the inner shrine was barred to most non-Buddhist tourists, the mountainside was a place of pilgrimage for thousands and the first site tour guides asked to see in Bhutan, officials said.

Kinley Dorji, editor of Kuensel, Bhutan’s only newspaper, said in a telephone interview yesterday from Thimphu, the Bhutanese mountain capital, that he saw the ruins yesterday and described the monastery as “totally gone.” A

Taktshang Monastery, built on a 2,500-foot cliff in Bhutan, was described as “totally gone” after a fire on Sunday. The monastery is reported to have existed in some form since the ninth century.

caretaker, the only monk in residence at the time, was missing, Mr. Dorji said. But there were no other reports of casualties.

Mr. Dorji said that Bhutan’s central monastic body and the country’s Home Ministry were hopeful that some relics will have survived the fire, which may have been started by an overturned butter lamp. Like most mountain monasteries, this one was built of wood. Mr. Dorji said some local people tried to scale the mountainside with buckets of water but were too late to stop flames.

“It was the most dramatic, most visible, most written about place in Bhutan,” Mr. Dorji said.

At the heart of the monastery was a cave where the Guru Rinpoche and generations of later Tibetan Buddhist saints were said to have meditated.

Bhutan, wedged between China and India, is the only independent Buddhist kingdom, and it is critical to maintain political changes in the region in the last half century. It is ruled by King Jigmey Singye Wangchuck.
Gamel Woolsey, an American poet, was living in a small village outside Malaga, in southern Spain, when the Civil War broke out. She and her husband, the English writer Gerald Brenan, decided to stay on through the fighting. The couple knew people on both sides but seem to have remained politically neutral; in *Malaga Burning: An American Woman's Eyewitness Account of the Spanish Civil War* (Pythia, $22), Woolsey looks less at the politics of the conflict than at its effect on the people around her, which she finds deeply unsettling.

What distinguishes Woolsey's account is her profound empathy for others, as well as her keen poet's eye. She refers to the atrocity stories that she hears as "the pornography of violence"—a remarkably contemporary turn of phrase—and she observes that "the full enjoyment of the horror (especially noticeable in respectable elderly Englishmen speaking of the rape or torture of naked nuns: it is significant that they are always naked in such stories), show only too plainly their erotic source." She doesn't spare herself from scrutiny, either. When bombs fall on a friend's house, she and her husband grab some medical supplies and set off to help. It seems a heroic impulse, but Woolsey knows that it's more, or perhaps less: "I have to confess," she writes, "(and I am again ashamed to confess it) that I enjoyed that walk ... I could not repress that lift of excitement, of happiness, as if a quicker, more ardent life were running through my veins."

*Malaga Burning* was originally published in England, in 1939, as *Death's Other Kingdom*. Given the recent popularity of all things autobiographical, perhaps it will reach more American readers in its current incarnation.
Europeans, but Asians and especially Latinos have proven quite another matter. English-only movements and California Gov. Pete Wilson's successful use of Latino immigration to secure his re-election attest that fear is rampant. California's Proposition 187 opened the way in 1994 for the more general denial of social services to legal and illegal immigrants alike that Congress enacted two years later. In the most heated commentaries, immigrants threaten the very Republic.

Roberto Suro is uniquely well placed to consider both this newest immigration and the debate it has produced. His background is Puerto Rican and Ecuadorian. As a journalist with The Washington Post and other

COLOR, From page 4

campaign that California voters would cleave to the notion of mending, not ending, preferences for minorities, and stuck to that stance despite guffaws from the media. Chavez concludes that Clinton's pro-affirmative action allies in the Prop 209 fight lost, while he won the state's electoral votes, because they were unwilling to reach out as he did to white males who had genuine if misplaced fears of being supplanted by minorities wielding racial and gender quotas.

We northern Californians appreciate tales of intrasae political battles in which the combatants from south of the Tehachapis are proven to be dunces, and Chavez provides a fine example of the genre. The Bay Area and Sacramento members of the anti-209 coalition wanted to put an alternative "mend-but-don't-end" proposition on the ballot, but the Los Angeles members said no, which Chavez suggests was the wrong answer.

She explores the intricacies of the initiative process, early 20th-century reformer.
and of the public's anxiety over enemy agents. Yet the German American camp experience, as portrayed in this plodding study, seems to have differed in major respects from the Japanese American tragedy. In many camps, a Nazi clique attracted rabid nationalists, opportunists, hoodlums and apolitical internees who became increasingly pro-Nazi out of bitterness and nationalist pride. Krammer concludes that the camps left a "dangerous legacy...[that] caused a crack in the Constitution" that made possible the communist witch hunts of the late 1940s and early '50s. Photos not seen by PW. (Dec.)

SPAIN'S CAUSE WAS MINE:
A Memoir of an American Medic in the Spanish Civil War
Hank Rubin, foreword by Peter N. Carroll. Southern Illinois Univ., $29.95
(164p) ISBN 0-8093-2159-9
Rubin's decision to join the International Brigades in the Spanish civil war was impulsive. Approached by the "campus Red" while a student at UCLA in 1937, he agreed to fight General Franco's forces with little idea of what he was getting into. Looking back, Rubin, now a San Francisco restaurateur, writer and wine critic, analyzes the combination of factors that prompted him to go: sympathy for Leftist politics, a Jewish awareness of fascism's dangers, the idea that "going to war seemed to me a step into manhood." The first half of this memoir describes the challenges of reaching Spain at a time when Americans were forbidden to enter the country (including an overnight hike through the Pyrenees). The best chapters are those that recount the challenges of training with a low-budget, multinational army, from wearing used clothes complete with repaired bullet holes to patrolling towns with unloaded guns because of artillery shortages. A bout of jaundice led Rubin out of combat and into the medical corps, where he was at the forefront of rapid changes in emergency medical treatment. Rubin is an accessible narrator who doesn't shrink from describing his awkward sexual experiences or the digestive discomforts of army life. But his writing rarely rises beyond a simple recounting of events, and much of the latter part of the book is devoted to an unconvincing account of his laboratory work. Overall, however, this memoir gives an effective general introduction to the Spanish civil war. 5 b&w photos. (Dec.)

COLLECTED PROSE
Charles Olson. Univ. of Calif., $19.95
(460p) ISBN 0-520-20873-0; $50 cloth
-20319-4
While Ezra Pound was incarcerated and T.S. Eliot emigrated, Olson was taking action. A poet and Melville scholar, Olson (1910-1970) took it upon himself to express what he thought to be the uniquely American spatial imagination, one formed as much by the land and sea's vast vistas as by Melville, whom he saw as emblematic of the nation's character and perhaps his own. His influence is a product of an enormous, partly assimilated body of poetry and of his tenure during the 1950s at Black Mountain College in North Carolina, where poets like Robert Creeley (who introduces the volume) and Denise Levertov absorbed Olson's lessons in "Projective Verse," which conceived of the page as a "field" for composition. Olson was a wide-ranging writer on writing: a prescient and energetic historian of the study of Moby-Dick (called Me Ishmael) is followed by many reviews of both Americanist criticism and emerging poets of the mid-century, and by incomplete, semi-formal sketches of systems that underpin the poems. But most of these will be of little interest to anyone except the already converted or those who wish an idiosyncratic, often almost contrarian entree into American literature. A key figure for poet-critics like Susan Howe, Olson densely lined his texts with allusions that editors Donald Allen (New American Poetry) and Benjamin Friedlander annotate usefully. While scattered, Olson's headed declarations are never boring: "What I am kicking around is this notion: that KNOWLEDGE either goes for the CENTER or it's inevitably a State Whore." (Dec.)

Nonfiction Notes

DECEMBER PUBLICATIONS
Weaving together a narrative time-line with photos, illustrations and reports from around the world. John and Anne Spencer (Encyclopedia of Ghosts and Spirits) celebrate Fifty Years of UFOs: From Distant Sightings to Close Encounters. 75 color & b&w photos and illustrations. (Boxtree [Trafalgar Square, dist.], $29.95 192p ISBN 1-85283-924-4)
The 188 gorgeous color photographs by leading wildlife photographers Jim Brandenburg, Mitsuki Uwao, Frans Lanting and Michael Nichols have the power to make viewers see African wildlife with fresh appreciation. The introduction by Jane Goodall and text by Thomas B. Allen further underline the extraordinary living treasure of the Animals of Africa. (Hugh Lauter Levin [S&S, dist.], $60 252p ISBN 0-88363-797-9)
From lush beds of giant kelp off the coast of California to schools of bat rays and tentacled cuttlefish, Secrets of the Ocean Realm, by Michele and Howard Hall, offers a look at colorful flora and fauna from both out far and in deep. With a foreword by Peter Benchley and a tie-in to the couple's five-part PBS series (beginning in December), the book's 119 color photographs and accompanying text bring readers within a scuba-mask of elusive undersea creatures. (Carroll & Graf/Beyond Words, $39.95 176p ISBN 0-7867-0453-5)
ging campaign and unite the various disparate black elements, according to Eskew. He contrasts the agendas of the local and national movements to high-
light the disunity within, and to emphat-
ize how King compromised the 1963 cam-
paign. "As a member of the tradition-
al Negro leadership class, King accommo-
dated empty biracial negotiations that
granted him prestige." He also argues
that King’s compromise actually transferred
local authority to the elite black classes
who opposed the sit-ins and demonstra-
tions from the start, and as a result “[t]he
movement had gained access for a few
while never challenging the structure of
the system.” Not a broadside or exposé,
but a well-documented, objective analy-
sis, this volume deserves a prominent
place in any library of the civil rights
movement. (Dec.)

SUPPORT AND SEDUCTION:
A History of Corsets and Bras
Beatrice Fontanel. Abrams, $39.95
(160p) ISBN 0-8109-4086-8
From the second millennium B.C., when
Cretan women wore corsets that support-
ed the breast and "thrust them outward,
spectacular and naked," to the 1990s and
the advent of underwear worn as outer-
wear, women’s undergarments have re-
lected the politics and attitudes of the
times. French journalist and researcher
Fontanel tells this history through anec-
dote, historical facts and 220 illustra-
tions (60 in color) that pertain to the changes
in corsets and bras over the centuries,
from rigid metal stays to the more flexible
whalebone to today’s bras, many with lit-
tle or no substance to them at all. Why
did women for so many centuries subject
themselves to the cruelty of the corset? Fontanel argues that the garment may have "served as a sign of their superiority. Those wearing it were barred from even the slightest useful exertion, thus reinforcing the prestige of the ruling class." The modern bra was devised by Mary Phelps Jacob (using the glamorous if somewhat unlikely name Carese Crosby), who tried to market the brassiere herself but failed; she later sold her patent to the Warner Company. As the twenty-first century ap-
proaches, women now have John Paul Gaultier’s cone-breasted bra made fa-
mous by Madonna, bustiers worn as outer garments and Wonderbras for those whom nature has neglected. A Japanese company even commemorated the bicen-
tennial of Mozart’s death with a musical
bra. While not an exhaustive record, this book offers an amusing and enter-
taining inside look at a source of women’s support. (Dec.)

IN MY SIGHTS:
The Memoir of a P-40 Ace
James B. Morehead. Presidio, $24.95
Few Americans have heard of retired air
force colonel Morehead. He is, neverthe-
less, among the legions of quiet heroes
who served with distinction in WWII.
How he progressed from a Depression-era
farmboy to a Pacific theater ace who
owned down eight enemy aircraft forms
one subject of this engaging memoir.
Absent overt braggadocio, the book instead
concentrates on the overall scope of life in
a wartime military, where the author just
happens to perform acts of great skill and
heroism. During one confusing battle
against the vaunted Japanese Zeros, for in-
stance, Morehead’s aircraft stalls out short-
ly after his windshield is covered with oil
from another disabled aircraft. Blinded,
Morehead somehow evades a direct attack
and restarts his plane to continue the bat-
tle. Elsewhere, the former country boy me-
thodically stalks and destroys a marauding
Zero. A good storyteller, Morehead injects
his narrative with other eye-popping anec-
dotes. While stationed in Australia, one of
his squadron mates embarks on a mission
while carrying an undetected passenger—a
poisonous snake that bites the pilot, with
harrowing results. Replete with such epis-
des, this book should do much to fur-
ther the mystique of heroic WWII aviators.
Two maps, 20 pages of b&w photos not
seen by PW. (Dec.)

MONK
Laurent de Wilde, trans. by Jonathan
Dickson. Marlowe (PGW, dist.),
$22.95 (214p) ISBN 1-56924-740-4
In this vibrant addition to the spate of
books about the legendary jazz pianist and
composer, Thelonious Monk (1917–1982),
de Wilde, himself a jazz pianist, approach-
es his subject with the sensibility of a fel-
low musician. He covers the few available
facts of Monk’s life (Monk was not known
to talk about himself, and his privacy was
strictly protected by his wife and his friend
Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter), and
he discusses the musicians and others who
worked with him. For the most part, how-
ever, de Wilde concentrates on the music,
writing in an impressionistic style that
captures much of the “incomprehensible
magic” of Monk’s genius. “Monk compos-
es with a burin and a chisel. Each time he
plays a note, it’s as if a little shard of marble
flies off.” At a performance: “He floats,
he sails, and he cruises and tacks like a yach-
t.” In the studio where one of his composi-
tions is being recorded: “All the musicians
at the session have their tires screeching,
trying to make the hairpin turns at break-
neck speed!” With vivid pictures such as
these, de Wilde evokes the “strange, re-
markable lands which bore the Monk sig-
nature.” (Dec.)

ANNE FRANK IN THE WORLD:
Essays and Reflections
Edited by Carol Rittner. M.E. Sharpe,
$52.95 (160p) ISBN 0-7656-0019-6;
paper $18.95 –0020-X
Nun and Holocaust scholar Rittner (Be-
yond Hate) has gathered a diverse group
of educators, clergy and Holocaust writ-
ers for this slim volume of pieces loosely
organized around the subject of Anne
Frank and her famed diary. The pieces
range from solemn remembrance (a sur-
vivor movingly describes Danish rescue
efforts) to religious (Frank is described as
“wrestling with God, fighting darkness,
and prevailing”). Although the diversity
of the essays lends an imbalance, the col-
lection provides a poignant mix of cele-
bration and mourning. The diary’s pre-
sent-day significance, one contributor
notes, stems from acknowledging that
Frank “embodies the idealism and decen-
cy that were so utterly absent in Nazism
and remains so lacking in our world
today.” Another essayist further deplors
Frank’s second legacy: “the publicity, the
hype, the exhibits, the rank commercial-
ism, and the academic overkill.” Though
primarily designed for teachers—with an
extensive Holocaust chronology as well as
a study guide, bibliography, videography
and teaching resources—this series of
brief meditations will be of interest to
general readers. (Dec.)

UNDUE PROCESS:
The Untold Story of America’s
German Alien Internees
Arnold Kramer. Rowman & Littlefield,
$27.95 (272p) ISBN 0-8476-8518-7
Although the internment of 120,000
Japanese Americans in prison camps dur-
ing WWII is well known, few historians
have dealt with the imprisonment of thou-
sands of Germans and German Americans
in federal detention camps. Using declassi-
fied FBI and Immigration files and other
government archives, Kramer, a profes-
sor of history at Texas A&M University,
claims that 10,905 Germans and German
Americans were arrested, rushed through
community hearing boards and shipped to
more than 40 enemy alien camps across the
U.S. for the duration of the war. Many
 languished there until 1947, pending de-
portation hearings. Kramer estimates
that only between 13% and 20% of those
interned were committed Nazis, while
the others were ordinary Americans, victims of
FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover’s xenophobia

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that life in the old-time logging camp was a pretty hard one, but it was also a good life to the men who worked there. I'll always remember the work and fun we had there. . ."

Much of the fun, of course, cannot be understood by those who were not there: it consisted of trees rushing earthwards and man-made quakes, of noisy, steamy-hot, hideously dangerous donkey engines, and rigging flying through the air. The huge machinery made the cedar swamps, the hemlock hillsides and the endless "limits" of *Pseudotsuga taxifolia*, *Douglasii* [the "false pine" otherwise known as "Douglas fir,"] into a locus of crazy, wild industrial activity, a business carried on by shouting young men with nails in their boot soles, who travelled like smoke among crashing trees, dancing in a mechanical ballet whose accompaniment was the shrill music of shrieking steam whistles and the chugging of powerful engines. Civilization never before saw the like of West Coast steam logging: only war compares to it. Such boisterous manly activity lasted a very

192 Wyman, *Lumberjack Frontier*, p. 34.

"Timber limit" is Canadian usage and applies to forest land held under a single special timber license, normally for one square mile, equivalent to a U. S. "section," or 640 acres. For definitions of "timber limits," "timber berths," "Crown grants," etc., consult P. L. Lyford, "Resume of British Columbia Timberland Titles, Royalties, etc.," *West Coast Lumberman*, Vol. 38, May 1, 1920, p. 147.

194 Cf. H. L. Hughes, Chairman, Industrial Insurance Commission, Olympia Wash., "Industrial Insurance and the Logging Industry," 11th P. L. C., Vancouver, C. C., October 6-9, 1920, p. 21: "A recent bulletin issued by the Washington State Safety Board declares the lumber industry to be 'more deadly than war,' and makes the following statement: 'In Washington lumber industries alone; casualties from May 1 to August 31, 1920, men killed 91, men injured 4199; four months' total 4200. In the Spanish-American war; casualties April 21 to October 21, 1898, men killed 290, men wounded 1431, died from disease 2565; total for war 4286.'"
Old boy,
ARTICLES

“OLD BOY, DID YOU GET ENOUGH OF PIE?”
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COVER PHOTO

The logging crew of the Bridal Veil Lumber Company, whose camp was located east of Portland, Oregon, near the Columbia Gorge, appears to have just finished a Sunday or holiday meal and turned out in best dress for a visiting photographer. As an occupational group, loggers and millhands may have been the best-fed workers in the country. Joseph R. Conlin explores this idea as part of the social history of food in logging camps in an article that commences on the following page. Credit: Oregon Historical Society Collections.
did you get enough of pie?

A Social History of Food in Logging Camps

By Joseph R. Conlin

We never got very far from thinking about grub in the old Chipewayan camps,” Louie Blanchard remembered, and small wonder. Ten or twelve hours’ labor deep in the woods every day for five months offered few diversions other than meals. And it burned a lot of energy. It was not only the incredible exertion of old-time, muscle-power logging. There were also the caloric demands of the bitter winter cold in New England and the Lake states, and, in the Pacific Northwest, the steaming forest rains that are physiologically almost as exacting.

For a society that feels compelled to run around in sweatsuits in order to shed a few pounds, it may be difficult to imagine a “lifestyle” in which vast fueling was essential to survival. But the old lumberjacks bolted three, four, and, on some river drives, five enormous meals per day. They did it by surprising them. One can leaf through as many stacks of old photographs as a proud archivist can trot out without seeing a potbelly. Indeed, a common superstition among loggers was that when they saw a fat man in the woods it time to blow the whistle. There would be three accidents in quick succession.

Loggers always ate plenty of food. Before the turn of the century, they began to eat very well, too, of a variety of fresh, wholesome, and well-prepared foods. As an occupational group, they had the millhands in the industry were probably the best-fed workers in the country.

This calls for an explanation. The “timber beast” and the “sawdust savage” are not typically remembered for their lives of comfort. Wages were not good, well into the twentieth century. Employment was unsteady; job security did not exist. Bunkhouse conditions appalled the roughest of outsiders. (Sled drivers delivering supplies to the camps often preferred to sleep in the snow.) Lumberjacks were despised and feared by much of conventional society. During the years of the First World War and just afterwards, employer-employee relations in the industry were among the worst in the country. The Industrial Workers of the World — the Wobblies — the union of last resort, won thousands of adherents among woodsmen of the Northwest. In no other industry did the federal government, through the military, find it necessary to intervene so directly. Yet, while much of the working class of the time was marginally nourished, loggers ate extremely well. Why?

This article attempts the explanation. It is inferential in parts. If food is third only to air and water as a basis of life, the historian of the subject is soon reminded that it is also a highly unhistoriographical thing. Unlike the terms of treaties or strike settlements or even residence data, records of “food gone by” are always fragmentary, even when, as in lumbering, the provision of it was an intrinsic part of the operation.1


I began this study as a historian of diet rather than of forests and logging. Unsurprisingly, I soon began to feel something like a Delmonico’s busboy might have felt had he found himself on a river drive without so much as a pair of called boots to help his footing. Luckily, “the boys” were good to me and without laughing out loud. They helped steady me on the short logs so that, whatever the result (hardly their fault), I made it! I am grateful for their assistance: Ronald J. Fahl of the Forest History Society directed me to a hundred sources including Andrew Genzoli of the Times-Standard of Eureka; Isabel Roper of the Louisiana-Pacific Archives; Richard M. Thompson of the Georgia-Pacific Archives; Cathy deLorge of the Oregon Historical Society; Sally Maddocks, who oversees the archives of both Pope & Talbot, Inc., and Simpson Timber Company; Arthur J. McCourt of Weyerhaeuser Historical Archives; and the courteous and unfailingly helpful staffpersons at the Humboldt Room of the Humboldt State University Library at Arcata, the Seattle Public Library, and at numerous collections at the University of Washington Libraries. Finally, to Anna M. Lind of Nehalem, Oregon, whose days as a camp flunkey instilled in her work habits so awesome that she repeatedly provided book-length reminiscences describing practices in and anecdotes of cookhouse life in the 1920s and 1930s.


What the Loggers Ate

In Maine, where American commercial logging was born, living conditions were brutish. "Comport for the drivers didn't mean much to the employers," wrote Marsh Underwood.³ The men cowered by night in rude shanties, the warming fire in the center of the hut doubling as cookstove and oven. The first lumberjacks ate standing or off their laps from the "deacon seat." They hired a boy to feed them, or they did their own cooking, taking turns, and it did not much matter. Escofier himself could not have done much with "the great trinity" of beans, pork, and bread that was served thrice daily. A youth or a lamed sawyer could not do much harm.⁴

There were other items in the Maine larders: pickled beef, baled codfish, sourdough biscuits, flapjacks, molasses, and tea "strong enough to float an ax." But everything was nonperishable. Except for occasional venison, no fresh meat nor vegetables, fruit, or eggs appear in the records.

The problem was supply. As with the sailor's life, with which the logger's is often compared, the paramount fact of nineteenth-century logging was its isolation. Only so much could reasonably be ported into the deep woods by bateau against the current or by sled after the seasonal freeze, and these were necessarily the staples. As for the monotony of the diet, the norms of the period must be kept in mind. Although New England farmers of the nineteenth century were generally enjoying various preserves and the like during the winter months, their own dependence on bread, salt meat, and molasses must not be underestimated.⁴ The men were satisfied mainly, perhaps, "a Vermont boy cook thought, "because the time did not afford a higher standard by which they might measure the shortcomings of their lot." In any event, there is no record of food shortage in even the most primitive operations. The loggers' insistence on "plenty" as a condition of labor — their simple biological need for what one remembered as "twenty pounds of food apiece" — dates from the beginning.⁸

The first logging ventures in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota followed closely on New England patterns. As back east, the menu was rude and monotonous.¹⁰ By 1870, "all the common and substantial articles of food and drink" of the country were being served in the Lake states logging camps, and good, varied diets appeared in the Pacific Northwest about the same time. A. R. M. Lower dates the "revolution in camp diet" in Upper Canada at about 1880.¹¹

There must have been other items, because this diet alone over five months would have laid crews low with scurvy. While the disease is mentioned in contemporary accounts, it does not appear to have been a plague. Scurvy is a vitamin C deficiency long associated with seamen and other people restricted to diets lacking in fresh fruits and vegetables. There is no "C" or ascorbic acid in the early loggers' diets as recorded. And yet, scurvy was apparently not a major problem. Memorialists "hear tell of it elsewhere" but never were on the loggers' payrolls. Either the early loggers did have the dried fruits so conspicuous in later diets, and did not mention them (or maybe lemon juice, which Alfaretta Cooley says the cooks "added . . . to everything" in Wisconsin in the 1920s, having learned about the vitamin) or, like the sailors, they were plagued with the ailment so routinely that it seemed undeserving of special note. There is little evidence that this was so, but scurvy was not an unusual disease at the time, especially in the ports to which the men brought their logs. It may be that the lumberjacks' scurminess simply excited little notice, especially in that recovery is fairly rapid and complete as soon as the deficiency is remedied. Another intriguing possibility is that Maine loggers routinely swallowed black ants that had fed on pine needles, a rich source of vitamin C, as a reflexive folk antiscorbutic. See Isaac Stephenson, Recollections of a Long Life (Chicago: privately published, 1915), p. 107; Alfaretta Cooley, "Paul Bunyan's Cook," Nutrition Today 5 (Spring 1970): 25; Robert F. Fries, Empire in Pine: The Story of Lumbering in Wisconsin, 1839-1960 (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1951), p. 229; James Trager, The Bellybook (New York: Grossman Publishers, 1972), p. 97.

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¹⁰ Underwood, Log, pp. 10-11.
¹¹ Theodore C. Blegen, "With Ax and Saw: A History of Lumbering in Minnesota," Forest History 7 (Fall 1963): 11; Rector, Log Transportation, pp. 70-71; Stephenson, Recollections, p. 85; Underwood, Log, p. 36.
way of contrast, only the “good” camps in Maine seem to have been doing much more than beans, pork, and biscuits, even after 1880. Any number of Yankee loggers who trekked from New England to the Lake states commented on the superiority of the “cuisine” out west. One historian says that real improvement in New England came only after the passage of progressive legislation in 1910. There was, simply, not the same intense competition for labor in the older region.

Improvement took five forms: (1) the introduction of fresh meats, vegetables, fruits, and even eggs, butter, and milk — in abundance and as a matter of course; (2) variety — no more same-thing-every-meal-every-day; (3) baking — often with extraordinary skill; (4) professional, specialized cooks to handle the job; and (5) distinctly separate, sit-down dining halls — the famous “cookhouses” — with tableware and table service.

Perhaps because there was now something worth noting, scores of menus survive in newspapers, travelers' accounts, reminiscences, accounts books, and company communications. They are impressive. Pancakes and beans were ubiquitous. But in addition, in the final third of the nineteenth century, company commissaries were ordering forty and sixty items a month from wholesale grocers and farmers. A broad selection of camps ranging from Washington, Oregon, and California to the Lake states and, by the 1900s, to New England, regularly served all of the following foods, almost all of them at each individual location.12

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>fresh beef</th>
<th>clam chowder</th>
<th>berries</th>
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<tr>
<td>codfish</td>
<td>cold cuts</td>
<td>rutabagas</td>
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<td>fresh pork</td>
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<td>ham</td>
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<td>bacon</td>
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<td>salt beef</td>
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<td>corned beef</td>
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<td>pickled beef</td>
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<td>sows belly</td>
<td>beets</td>
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<td>hamburger</td>
<td>figs</td>
<td>coffee</td>
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<td>oysters</td>
<td>dried fruits</td>
<td>tea</td>
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<tr>
<td>chicken</td>
<td>fresh fruits</td>
<td>chocolate</td>
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**Consumption and Nutrition**

“Powder Box Pete” could eat three T-bone steaks or seven pork chops. Anna M. Lind saw “hungry fallers come into the dining room, sit down at their place at the table, and empty an entire platter of steak onto their plate.” “A working logger such as Dad,” Sam Churchill recalled from his boyhood in Clatsop County, Oregon, “could usually handle around nine thousand calories a day of hearty foods including ample servings of pie, cake, cookies, homemade breads and other delicacies.” This incredible figure recurs in the recollections of Alfaretta Cooley, a nutritionist, who calculated that the Wisconsin loggers she waited on as a girl wolfed down about that much daily as a matter of course.14

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OCTOBER 1979
In 1918 Dan Kellibor cooked for a hundred men at Scott Bog in New Hampshire and daily shovelled out 75 to 100 pounds of beef, a bushel of cookies, 3 bushels of potatoes, 30 pies (apple, mince, cherry, raisin, lemon, and — of course! — prune; another New England cook, Joe Buckshot, summed it up when he said, "For me, I'll take the prune. It makes even better apple pie than the peach."). 21 21

He used 10 yeast cakes a day, 400 pounds of sausage, 25 pounds of liver, 2 gallons of molasses, cabbages in fall and turnips in winter, and tea, coffee, oatmeal, and beans. 16

In 1887 the operations of Isaac Staples in Minnesota went through 18,000 pounds of beef, 104 barrels of pork, 200 barrels of flour, 9,000 pounds of sugar, 1,100 pounds of tea, 1,700 pounds of dried apples, 1,500 pounds of currants, and 1,400 pounds of turkey and chicken. 19

A series of camps working about a thousand men around 1900 consumed half a ton of fresh meat daily, 200 pounds of smoked meat, a ton of fresh fruit and vegetables, 500 pounds of flour, 600 pounds of sugar, 190 pounds of butter, 2,880 eggs, plus unspecified gallons of coffee, tea, and milk. 20 For the somewhat dyspeptic record, this rounds off to 7,610 calories per iron-bellied logger. 21

They needed every one. According to the British physiologists, J.W.G.A. Durnin and R. Passmore, "There is probably no harder physical work than lumbering in the forest, particularly in winter." Based on research among woodsmen in eight European countries and Japan, they calculate that chopping a tree at a moderate rate of 35 strokes per minute burns 10 calories per minute. (At 50 strokes per minute — contest speed — usage rises to an astounding 19.3 calories.) Buck-

investigator in the early 1920s was more conservative. He estimated that logging work burned about 5,000-6,000 calories a day (merely twice an adequate contemporary regimen). 16 That is probably a minimum.

Although only a few sets of figures lend themselves to reliable analysis, the consumption of food was patently monstrous. Between 1875 and 1878, the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company of California (later part of Diamond Match) annually supplied a work force of 1,200 with, in part, 75 tons of beef, 75 of flour, 10 of beans, 20 of potatoes, 5 of butter, and 5 of dried fruit. 16

In West Virginia in 1907, forty-five men stowed away in one week: a tub of lard, a sack of turnips, a sack of onions, a box of yeast, a case of cream, a barrel of sweet potatoes, 7 sacks of Irish potatoes, a case each of pears and peaches, 2 cases of eggs, a case of tomatoes, a barrel of apples, 112 pounds of cabbage, a case of corn, 22 pounds of cakes, 10 pounds of tea, 12 cases of strawberries, 2 barrels of flour, 15 cans of baking powder, and 300 pounds of beef. 16

15Howd, *Industrial Relations*, p. 42. The biggest eaters of all, according to Anna M. Lind, were the fellers and buckers. She recalled a funny (waitress) in a Washington camp who wanted to lose some weight. She asked to be assigned to the fellers' and buckers' tables so she "could run some fat off." Lind, "Women in the Early Logging Camps: A Personal Reminiscence," *Journal of Forest History* 19 (July 1975): 132.


ing burns 8.6 calories per minute (lending scientific corroboration to Anna Lind’s observation that the fallers and buckers were the biggest eaters); trimming, 8.4; and barking, 8.0. There are no data, unfortunately, on river driving, but “carrying logs” and “dragging logs” burn 12.1 calories per minute.22 For reference purposes, this compares to 6.1 calories per minute drilling coal, 4.0 laying bricks, 2.0-2.9 at general housework, 2.3 working on an automobile assembly line, and 1.4 sitting at a desk writing an article on an electric typewriter.23

It may be surmised that loggers did not work at full tilt for every minute of their ten-hour day (the exertion of which, for fallers, would account for 6,000 calories). But they did not loaf much either, and experiments have shown that body metabolism does not slow down immediately after violent activity has ceased but may continue at a high rate for many hours (a phenomenon that is commonly experienced in the continuing euphoria of the athlete whose actual activity is done).24 Loggers working in the winter, moreover, burned considerable calories merely in order to maintain their body temperature. Heavy clothing and footgear impose a resistance to movement that increases energy use by 2-5 percent.25 In a word, the estimates that some men consumed 9,000 calories per day are by no means distorted by memory or exaggeration.

Complaints about the quantity of food served in the camps do not exist. Meals were “gargantuan” in Minnesota. “Cooks wasn’t stingy” in Wisconsin. “They never counted out anything one by one. . . . There was always plenty of grub.” “Plenty of everything is the only thing we go by,” a Washington lumberman responded to a questionnaire. Even James Rowan, the able and militant leader of the Wobbly lumberjacks of the Pacific Northwest, who had few good words for the policies of lumber companies, stated that food was “fairly substantial and plentiful as was necessary to enable the men to endure the long hours and hard work.” If it is a grudging testimonial, it is all the more persuasive for its author and the bitterness of labor relations in the industry at the time Rowan wrote it. “There has seldom been any complaint about the quantity of food served in a logging camp,” wrote a government investigator reporting on that conflict; “serving dishes are kept supplied until everyone has finished.”26

The Wobble’s Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 500, founded in Spokane in March 1917, did include a plank on food among its general demands: “Wholesome food in porcelain dishes, no overcrowding; sufficient help to keep kitchen clean and sanitary.”27 But, in fact, for almost two generations previous, food and cookhouses seem to have figured significantly in labor disputes only on a few occasions when the men demanded that Chinese kitchen staff be fired.28

The great Wobbly strike of 1917 technically began with a walkout over bad food at the Humbird Lumber Company camp at Sandpoint, Idaho, on June 15. But the big strike was in fact

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23Durnin and Passmore, Energy, pp. 76, 63, 51, 57, 49.
28Watson Kimball and J. W. Smith, interviews, Notebook 16, Pope & Talbot Archives.
already in the works, scheduled for July 1. The
IWV moved the date up only because of the
emotional impact of the Humbird protest.\textsuperscript{29} As
the great conflict progressed (and was settled),
the issues were hours (the eight-hour-day),
wages, sanitariums (principally lousy bedding),
and employment agencies, the notoriously cor-
rupt “job sharks.”\textsuperscript{30}

It is the rare old-timer today who does not
fully credit the IWV with revolutionizing bunk-
house conditions in the logging industry. But
few mention food as, indeed, the Wobs did not.
It was not an issue because, long before the turn
of the century, loggers quite “unorganized” had
resolved the matter in their favor, and where
there were lapses, after that time, the men re-
tained extraunionist measures of resolving them.

The Quality of Food

Contemporary accounts and latter-day re-
miniscences are monotonous in their praise of cook-
house meals, typically comparing them with
restaurant food. An Ottawa River song goes:

\begin{itemize}
\item \textbf{Now the board at the Caldwell,}
\item \textbf{The truth for to tell,}
\item \textbf{Could not be surpassed}
\item \textbf{In the Russell Hotel.}
\end{itemize}

“I tell you,” said Sam Churchill, “there wasn’t a
Portland or Astoria hotel that could match the
Western Cooperage cookhouse on Sunday.” Pope
& Talbot’s cookhouse at Port Gamble was, like-
wise, “better than any Seattle hotel.” A booster
pamphlet published in Eureka in 1904 touted
the Humboldt County cookhouses: “The very
best of food is furnished, and in great variety.
In fact, visitors have often remarked, after par-
taking of the hospitality of the camps, that they
had been better fed that at any first-class
hotels.” The Manary Logging Company’s “Cafe-
teria” at Toledo, Oregon, was reputed as “making
good as a comfortable and high-class place to eat
and has become very popular with the travelling
public passing through . . . in addition to the
employees of the operation.”\textsuperscript{31}

Of course, the men who ate at cookhouses did
not frequent elegant hostelries when off the job,
and that is a large part of the point.\textsuperscript{32} They
were “casuals” who were little regarded by conven-
tional society. They earned between $3.20 and
$4.25 a day in 1923 (in the Northwest), half that
much before the strike of 1917. This was only a
little more than half the average remuneration of
“lower-skilled” workmen countrywide.\textsuperscript{33} C. R.
Howr described the quality of their food as
“usually the same as that served in the
better class of workingmen’s homes,” and another
modest evaluation had it as “slightly better than
the average home.”\textsuperscript{34} But even if these are accu-
rate assessments (and the preponderance of evi-
dence indicates that they understated it), most
camp workers were not among “the better class
of workingmen” by virtue of income, skill, or
status. In the important matter of food, however,
they were practically privileged. Why so?

They had made it so. Requiring large quanti-
ties of food merely in order to work, the loggers
insisted on every improvement made possible
during the last third of the nineteenth century,
and without delay. When fresh meat could be
carted into the woods, they got it. If a farmer
with a dairy herd was within range, there was
fresh milk on the table. There would be no “pick
and choose” by the commissary from the whole-
sale grocer’s catalogue; the lumberjack would
have the whole line. There was little lag between

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{29}Rowan, I.W.W., p. 37 ff.; Howd, Industrial Rela-
tions, p. 76.
\item \textsuperscript{30}Spokane Industrial Worker, July 14, 1917, p. 1;
Rexford G. Tugwell, “The Casual of the Woods,”
Survey (July 8, 1920), p. 473; William F. Ogburn,
“Causes and Remedies of Labor Unrest in the Lum-
ber Industry,” in University of Washington, Forest
Club Annual (1918), pp. 11-14; Tyler, Rebels, pp.
89-94; Nick Lutzon, reminiscences, Notebook 16,
Pope & Talbot Archives; Rowan, I.W.W., pp. 22-23;
Oscar W. Blake, Timber Down the Hill (St. Maries,
Idaho; By the author, 1967), p. 110; U. S. Army,
Spruce Production Division, History of the Spruce
Production Division, U. S. Army (Washington,
[1920]), pp. 15-16; “Pacific Spruce Corporation and
Subsidiaries,” Lumber World Review (February 10,
1924), p. 82; John Anderson, letters to Phoenix Log-
ing Co., December 19, 1921 and December 15, 1922,
Phoenix Collection, Simpson Timber Company Ar-
chives, Seattle.
\end{itemize}

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{31}Edith Fowke, Lumbering Songs from the Northern
Woods (Austin: University of Texas Press,
1970), p. 62; Sam Churchill, Don’t Call Me Ma (New
York: Doubleday, 1977), p. 131; “Humboldt County
Souvenir” (Eureka: Times Publishing Company,
1904), p. 64; Torger Birkeland, Echoes of Puget
Sound: Fifty Years of Logging and Steamboating
(Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 1960), p. 20; C.
W. Olsen, reminiscence, Notebook 16, Pope & Talbot
Archives; “Pacific Spruce Corporation and Subsidi-
aries,” Lumber World Review, p. 85. For survival of
the tradition into the 1940s, see W. H. Hutchinson,
The California Investment: A History of the Dia-
mond Match Company in California (Chico: Dia-
\item \textsuperscript{32}The kind of place where they did dine between
jobs, “the dark and dirty restaurant” of the skid
road, was listed by an angry Wobblies as one of the
reasons “Why I Am a Member of the I.W.W.,” 4
\item \textsuperscript{33}Historical Statistics of the United States, Part 1,
\end{itemize}

\cite{Rowan, I.W.W.}

\cite{Spokane Industrial Worker, July 14, 1917}

\cite{Rexford G. Tugwell}

\cite{William F. Ogburn}

\cite{Tyler, Rebels}

\cite{Nick Lutzon, reminiscences}

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\cite{U. S. Army, Spruce Production Division}

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\cite{Edith Fowke, Lumbering Songs from the Northern Woods}

\cite{Sam Churchill, Don’t Call Me Ma}

\cite{“Humboldt County Souvenir”}

\cite{Torger Birkeland, Echoes of Puget Sound}

\cite{Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers}

\cite{C. W. Olsen, reminiscence}

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\cite{Lumber World Review}

\cite{John Anderson, letters to Phoenix Logging Co.}

\cite{Phoenix Collection, Simpson Timber Company Archives, Seattle}

\cite{W. H. Hutchinson, The California Investment: A History of the Diamond Match Company in California}

\cite{“Why I Am a Member of the I.W.W.,” 4 L Bulletin 4 (October 1922): 9}

\cite{Historical Statistics of the United States, Part 1, Series D, 765-778 (1949), p. 169}
the time when a commodity was available, when provision of it was possible, and when loggers were eating it.  

It is interesting to compare the loggers' attitude toward food and their indifference to the weather, lice, filth, and even, relatively, to wages. Weather was a constant. No one could do anything about it. Until 1917, when the Wobbly's showed that it was possible to provide louse-free bedding and baths in the woods, the men regarded their tiny companions fatalistically, too. As for wages, when they did not themselves seem controlled by some remote, unalterable force, they were less important than food.  

J. B. Randall showed this as early as 1864 when; in Wisconsin, he reported to Orrin H. Ingram that labor was short and his men asking $4 per day. He did not take this seriously, he said, but in order to settle things down, he had to "give them plenty of treats." Emil Engstrom, a logger with no love for his employers ("in reality we were oppressed, we were in chains"), recalled of British Columbia in 1914 that "the small fly-by-night logging camps were paying up to five dollars a day, but that was too much for me; I'd rather work for a dollar less in a real camp" where the food was good. A logger "would work in the mud, rain, summer heat and dust," an Oregon account reads, "risk life and limb a dozen times a day, do without company showers, sleep in...

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25 J. C. Ryan dates the arrival of canned goods in the Lakes camps in the early 1890s. "Come and Get It," Timber Producers Association Bulletin 26 (April-May 1971): 10. Irma Lee Emmerson observed that loggers had cucumbers on their tables first thing in the season when they were still extremely expensive in the cities. Woods, p. 28.


27 See, for example, T. W. McDonald, letter to McDougall and Johnson, February 22, 1901, Phoenix Logging Company Letter Book, Simpson Timber Company Archives.


drafty bunkhouses, all with a minimum of grumbling, but start cutting back on the quality and quantity of cookhouse meals and he would quit immediately and spread bad words about that camp’s food wherever he went.” Louie Blanchard said, “Yes sir, we lived good in the piniery as long as the sleighs got through with the grub and the cook stayed on his hind legs and fed us all we could eat. Good grub was about all we had to look forward to all winter long.” Not a word about the bone-freezing Wisconsin weather nor the months without a bath.

Good and varied food became a condition of labor because competition for workers proved at an early date that food quality was something an employer could control. Just which lumberman it was who first lured timberbeasts from his competitor’s camp with the aroma of a better pie is long lost in the woods. But food is what counted. “The camp that served the best meals got the best men. It was as simple as that.” “A camp was rated primarily by the quality of food served. It went without saying that quantity was always there.” Writing of the Lake states loggers, J. C. Ryan said the same: “Nothing caused so much grumbling as did poor food or a poor cook.” The loggers literally told time by the meals. In bunkhouse tales, things always happened “just before first lunch” or “just after supper.”

With pressures of their own with which to contend, employers were quick to succumb. Serving good food was “good business.” “It was an urgent matter that we hire good cooks,” noted an Oregon lumberman, “because if the food didn’t suit the loggers, they would quit and move to a camp with better chow. It didn’t pay to buy low quality food for the same reason so we bought the best available.” Some employers were grateful, like A. J. Pope who wrote in 1859, “We have some valuable men here and if we can make them contented by laying out a few dollars I think it a good investment.” Others were positively annoyed (although they, too, went along): “In former days we got along with less hightoned notions among the men. Now they want accommodations equal to that of a first class hotel.”

A camp manager in the Northwest echoed management’s problem. “Through this part of the country a large expense has been added to feeding the men from the fact of each camp vying with every other to see who can feed the men the best, thinking by so doing they will be better able to retain their men.” Along the same lines, Paul Hosmer wrote that as the camps moved to more isolated, less attractive locations, “the company offered something different in the way of victuals to get the pick of the men.” Food preoccupied the operators as intensely as it did the men. “Anything at all won’t do for the choppers at this camp,” a Seattle journalist reported. “They know what good living is, or they think they do.”

Responding to a survey, an executive from the same region sounded as if he were advertising for workers: “The workingmen of today demand the very best that money will buy regardless of cost. We set a regular table as all logging camps do, so everybody can help himself to anything he wants.” Another less graciously complained that “these men are the type that expect the best without reason,” and Howd reported to the federal government that the men would change jobs in search of mere variety. They always found the same kind of food in the end, he claimed, “but prepared and served differently.” A University of Washington researcher of the 1920s concluded: “Some companies believe that they must give the food the men want in order to hold them. Sometimes a company will spend more on food and make up the loss by paying the men less.”

The competition could take a piquant turn. In 1923, A. E. Hillier of the Phoenix Logging Company turned down a request for a bacon slicer for one of the company’s cookhouses. Hillier cited the cost and added, “You will, of course, understand that if we placed it in one camp the other

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one would want a duplicate of it or they would think that they were slighted, and it would undoubtedly run us into complications that we had better avoid. A delicate matter, the labor relations of the table! In the 1950s a cook in Southwestern Oregon noted that “leftovers is a dirty word in a logging camp… I wouldn’t dare try to feed any to the men.” She sent the leftovers to the bosses’ lunchroom.30

**Supply and Vertical Integration**

Providing plenty, wholesome, fresh, and varied food depended first of all on improvement in the mechanics of supply. Almost by definition, commercial logging develops in an area before agriculture (and is a stimulus of it). So, it was not until there were good road connections to the isolated camps (and eventually railroads) that fresh meat, eggs, milk, butter, and vegetables could be incorporated into loggers’ diets. Only then could frequent deliveries of perishable commodities be made.31 Agnes Larson made the case that the Minnesota white pine industry was retarded by the remoteness of the state’s forests; even flour had to be bought in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, and as far away as St. Louis. In 1853 crews on the Rum River had to be sent down simply because they could not be properly fed. In such a strait, fresh food was out of the question. Even as late as 1914, an operator who was very sensitive to the “food factor” was unable to provide fresh meat because of the isolation of his camp in Idaho, and he worried about what the death might mean.32

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30A. E. Hillier, letter to Katheryn Wilson, January 31, 1923, Phoenix Collection, Simpson Timber Company Archives.
32On river drives, purchases were made of farmers along the route. See, for example, Glenn Mason, “River Driving in Lane County,” *Lane County Historian* 18 (Summer 1973): 32.
The national integration of transportation and technological progress in food processing also played a role. The improvement of the loggers' diet was only one facet (if a particularly dramatic one) of the general "democratization" of diet in the nineteenth century described by Daniel Boorstin. Canning and new packaging techniques meant loggers could have previously seasonal and perishable foods, and, as has been seen, what they could have, they got. A Redwood Country journalist commented in 1889, "We have seen more trouble over a keg of poor butter, that by mischance had strayed into camp, than occurred during a whole season over wages." But it was by then a mishap that the American consumer culture was ready to resolve. In 1874, when T. D. Stinson Company of Michigan angrily returned just such a bad crock of butter to P. L. Haines and Otis, wholesale grocers of Kalamazoo, the supplier obsequiously credited the cost of it ($14.04) and rushed a gift of winter apples to the camp as a peace offering. The new panoply of mass-produced foodstuffs could create its own little anxieties, of course. A Washington lumberman regretfully declined a chance to make a volume purchase of "Quail Brand" canned goods in 1912 because he worried that a feared downturn in the lumber business would leave his company with a mountain of food.

Despite such accountancy woes, the consolidation of the lumber industry generally meant an improvement at the loggers' table. The large, finely integrated giants that came to dominate Pacific Coast logging around the turn of the century had the resources necessary to maintain their own ranches and farms. They could provide the incredible quantity of foodstuffs necessary to run a string of camps at a bearable expense.

The hog at the cookhouse door was a primitive form of "vertical integration." Swine were fed on table scraps and cooked in their time. The story was told that a job-sopher's first step in a camp was the sty. If the hog were too fat, it augured poorly for the camp cook: the men were leaving too much on their plates.

As early as 1831, Canadian lumbermen were establishing their own farms in order to support isolated camps. In the 1850s Daniel Shaw was forced into the farming business in Wisconsin to provision his logging ventures (there were only 100 people in Eau Claire County when he got started) and, within a few years, had developed the 900-acre Flambeau farm, which produced cabbages, onions, rutabagas, potatoes, green vegetables, wheat, hay, cattle, and hogs. Isaac Staples of Stillwater, Minnesota, and Knapp, Stout and Company of Menomonie, Wisconsin, licked the problem when they established their own sources of supply. In 1874 the latter was farming 7,000

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64Humboldt Times, October 24, 1889.
65P. L. Haines, letter to T. D. Stinson, October 19, 1874, Georgia-Pacific Archives, Portland, Oregon.
66J. Hambie, letter to George W. Johnson, July 19, 1912, Pope & Talbot Archives.
67Conversely, Vernon Jensen shows that conditions, including diet, deteriorated in the Great Lakes region when, with the forests depleted, the big operators removed to the West Coast. What opportunities for exploitation remained were taken over by scrambling family operators, the "shackers," who needed to skimp on food as much else. See Lumber and Labor, pp. 5, 66. This is also the message conveyed by Charlotte Todes, Labor and Lumber (New York: International Publishers, 1931), pp. 72-74, who comments that the smaller camps were "reverting to the unsanitary conditions of earlier days" and quotes several 1930s loggers' criticisms of food that recall the earliest days in Maine.

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68Hargreaves and Foehl, Saginaw Valley, p. 18; Glen Nash, reminiscence in Genzoli, "Redwood Country," Eureka Times-Standard, September 4, 1974; Ryan, "Supplying the Lumber Camps," p. 37; Katheryn Wilson, letter to A. E. Miller, January 15, 1923, Phoenix Collection, Simpson Archives; Williams, Loggers, p. 143. An interesting reflection on this practice is that during the labor strife of 1917-1925, the most important worker complaint having to do with food fastened on the fly-infested heaps of garbage near the cookhouse. It may be that with the ready availability of pork on the West Coast, the pigs disappeared from the camps and, with that ejection, the sanitation problem increased. See Howd, Industrial Relations, p. 42.

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LOGGING CAMP MENUS
(Suggested by U. S. Food Administration)

DINNER
Rice and Tomato Soup
Roast Beef and Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Boiled Onions
Hulled Corn
Apricot Rolls
Blackberry Jam

Bean Soup
Meat Pie (using mashed potatoes or cooked cereal crust)
Baked Potatoes
Carrots—Creamed Cabbage
Apple Tapioca
Strawberry Preserves
Bread and Butter
Cheese

Vegetable Soup
Meat Loaf
Boiled Potatoes
Turnips
Bread
Rye Bread and Butter
Green Tomato Pickle
Chocolate Bread Pudding

Potato Soup
Baked Beef and Dumplings
Baked Potatoes
Oatmeal Bread and Butter
Baked Carrots
Pea Soup
Mutton Stew
(Barley, Potatoes and Onions)

Rice and Tomatoes
(Barley)

Bread and Butter
Indian Pudding
(Cornmeal or Oatmeal Jelly)

Corn Soup
Baked fish and mashed Potatoes
Creamed Cabbage
Oatmeal Pudding with Milk as Sauce

Bread and Butter

SUPPER
Soup, if desired
Baked Potatoes
Boiled Cabbage
Stewed Prunes
Spiced Cake

Soup, if desired
Mashed Potatoes
Rutabaga
Rice, Tomato and Meat
Cornbread and Butter
Stewed Apples and Gingerbread

Cheese
Fish and Potato Chowder
Bread and Butter
Graham Gravy
Fried Cornmeal Mush

Stewed Apricots
Oatmeal Cookies
Peanut Butter

Potato Salad
Baked Beans
Hulled Corn with Gravy
Nut Bread and Butter

Stewed Prunes and Molasses Cookies
Scallop Corn
Peanut

Hash
Nut Bread and Butter

Rice Pudding

Boiled Rice
Meat Stew with Vegetables

Creamed Asparagus
Rye Bread and Butter

Stewed Peaches
Grape Cake

acres in Wisconsin and grinding 60,000 bushels of wheat annually at its own gristmill. By the turn of the century, large camp farms dotted Minnesota like the state's lakes, with gigantic operations at Blackduck, Farley, Island Lake, and Cloquet.59 The Whitney Company ran farms in Tillamook County, Oregon, and Pope & Talbot at Squamish Harbor, Washington.60 Well aware of the provisioning problem by 1902, the Lamb Lumber Company Ranch at Hoquiam, Washington, was under construction while the timber was still being felled around the site. Photographs in the Georgia-Pacific Archives show a huge, model barn already completed, with logging operations still in progress in the yard.

In California the Hammond Lumber Company's famous cookhouse at Samoa was practically self-sufficient. The company operated its own vegetable gardens, ranches, hog farms, slaughterhouses, and dairies. Only items such as canned goods (and refuse disposal) were contracted outside the corporation.61 Diamond Match planted odd acres of its Barber Plant in Chico with hay, grain, and alfalfa for stock, and, beginning in 1915, it supplied prunes for workers in its Sierra operations.62

Cooks and Cookhouses

There is no question, and there never was to anyone concerned, that the key to quality in the lumberjack's diet was the camp cook. The first physical change in the structure of the deep woods logging camp was the separation of the cooking and dining facility from the sleeping quarters.63 The only real division of labor in the camps, outside of the logging function itself, was the replacement of cooking-by-turns with a professional cook and, soon enough, a cortege of "cooks" (assistant cooks) and "flunkies" (waiters and general dining room helpers).64 As a figure in logging folklore, the cook is bigger than Paul Bunyan, who never put in an appearance in New England, while the fabled cook certainly did.65 Few documents relating to logging camps do not repeat piously that "the cook was the most important man in camp next to the

60Daniel D. Strite, "Up the Kilchis," Oregon Historical Quarterly 72 (December 1971): 298-99; Squamish Ranch Papers, Pope & Talbot Archives.

62Hutchinson, California Investment, pp. 193-95.
63See Appraisal of Coos Bay Lumber Company, May 1, 1918 (in Georgia-Pacific Archives), for an example of company investment in cookhouses.
65Paul's own cook was his cousin, Big Joe, who was from three weeks below Quebec and made hotcakes on a griddle so large you could not see across it when the steam was thick. It was greased by boys who skated over it with hams on their feet.
foreman. Another common observation was that "a boss usually stepped softly around his cook." The cook was almost always a man in the early days. Later, married couples were hired in both New England and the Lake states. Female head cooks were common in the Redwood Country after the turn of the century. In Maine the cook's wages were comparable to the teamster's, and in Minnesota they were higher. Before 1900, cooks in the Lake states camps were receiving $70 a month, second only to the foreman's $100. In West Virginia in 1909, a cook made $3 per day compared to $2 for teamsters andfilers and $2.50 for the blacksmith. About 1920 in forty camps of the Northwest, cooks' pay ranged between $125 and $200 per month, averaging $150.

The cook's status likewise reflected his peculiar value to company and men. Walter St. George of the West Branch camp at Butte Meadows, California, always dressed impeccably in sparkling apron and chef's starched hat. When he invited the boss to his home for Thanksgiving dinner, the boss went. Others flexed their muscles by virtue of extraordinary eccentricity and even colossal unpleasantness. If they were good cooks, it was tolerated. "What's the use of having a nice fella if you get raw biscuits?" If alcohol was unwelcome in isolated logging camps for obvious reasons, the cook's nips at lemon extract were not only winked at, they and his remarkably large orders for that irregular cocktail became a coveted part of logging lore. The cook had nearly absolute control of his cookhouse and crew; the men maintained a remarkable decorum at meals at his behest.

Individuals developed reputations that their employers trumpeted when advertising for workers. "A camp's ability to attract and hold men..."

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66 See, for example J. C. Ryan, "Come and Get It," pp. 15-17; Humboldt Times, October 24, 1889.
67 Pike, Tall Trees, p. 132. Of the Maine pulpwood camps, George S. Kephart wrote, "Outside of meal hours no one set foot in the cookhouse except the camp boss and clerk, the walking boss, and infrequent visitors from the downriver office, like the forester." Kephart, "Pulpwood Camps," p. 29.

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70 Interview with Isabel Roper, January 9, 1979; MacKay, Lumberjacks, p. 210; Clarkson, Tumult, pp. 68-69, 73. W. H. Hutchinson puts it thus wryly in California Investment, p. 364: "Cooks...are qualified, in their own minds, to discuss pontifically upon every angle of the operation where they are employed."
wrote George Kephart, “rested primarily . . . on the cook’s reputation . . .”17 During the 1920s the Camp and Mill News, a chatty industry journal of the “one big family” mold, ran page after page of items about cooks changing jobs, cutting off their fingers, opening restaurants, and dropping dead.

Phil Burns has quit at Twin Rivers and is now cooking at Cherry Valley’s Camp 3. H. E. McKinzie, who has been cooking at the Delvan Camp of the Bloedel-Donovan Lumber Mills, is now standing over the hot stovet at Darrington for the Washington Spar Co. John Gesafson, the expert camp cook, has returned to the Pacific States Camp 25 after a vacation in the city. G. B. McKee, the classy baker, is now doing night duty at the Page Lumber Company at Eagle Gorge. H. C. Reetz has accepted a position at Campbell Logging Co., Woodenville, Wash.73

The Pacific Lumber Company in California named a way station for one of its cooks, and others were memorialized in song.74

Our cook’s name’s Jack Dunnigan,
The best in the woods.
His beans they are great,
And his bread it is good.75

In New England, Tom Brackett had a comparable reputation. “During the three years when I often hired woodsmen for the Van Dykes,” Charles Hadley remembered, “I couldn’t make a better pitch than to tell prospects Tom Brackett was cooking.” With wages more or less uniform in a district, the cook was trump. Once, a crew on Vermont’s Nulhegan River threatened to quit unless Hadley fired the cook. He did and, while recruiting a successor, was delighted to discover Brackett in Berlin “getting his teeth fixed” (that is, on a tear). Virtually shanghaied the helpless chef de cuisine back to the office, Hadley was chided by his boss for troubling with a drunk. Hadley identified his sotted companion as Tom Brackett and it was all right: “Nothing was too good for a cook of Tom’s high reputation.”76

Joe Bully (Joe Boulay), a cook for Connecticut Valley Lumber, was another prince of the woods despite his peculiar failing, an appalling appearance. “Joe was always so dirty and greasy that you couldn’t hang on to him with a pair of sharp ice-tongs,” said one who knew him. “The dirty cuss put out food that was palatable, as long as you didn’t see him. I have seen his cook-room floor so dirty that the spaces between the half-hewn poles were filled with cooking refuse. It was as much as your life was worth to try to walk on it without caked boots.” But crews threatened to leave when a sanitation-conscious boss tried to fire him.77

Conversely, bad cooks have “made more short-stakers than have bad foremen.” A more than twice-told tale of the Maine woods has a bateau rowing wearily downriver, spying smoke on the shore, and calling, “Whose wangan?” “Mickey Dunroe’s,” came the reply. “Head boat,” the first man shouted sadly, and the boat moved on.78

Foremen fretted constantly about culinary staff. In 1873, one in Wisconsin wrote sarcastically to the head office that it did not pay “to have the kind of man to come up here to learn to cook,” as the company had apparently sent. He was in danger of losing his crew, the foreman wrote, because the cook “fails very much . . . I will mention a few things. In making gravy for potatoes he would season it with all kinds of essence. No man could eat it and he tried to make mince pies. He made them all out of meat. They made good meat pies if every one liked them dry. This is a specimen of his fixing up every thing.”79

Loggers never put up long with this sort of thing. If they did not walk off, they put the unsuccessful cook on notice that it was time for him to leave by nailing some of his hotcakes to his door. Anna Lind remembers a cook at a camp who was treated more gently. He was merely hurt that the loggers used his biscuits to throw at chipmunks. M. B. (“Fug”) Huntley of Lane County, Oregon, on the other hand, was threatened with dunking on a river drive unless he improved.80 “The new camp cook is a man of mystery to the crew for a few days, at least,” wrote one analyst. “His ability in the performance of his tasks is a subject of no little conjecture and speculation. If you could listen to the crew talk on these occasions you might imagine they were all pupils of Epicurus.”81 A cook in Oregon allegedly was fired when a logger caught him wiping his nose with his apron.82 The cook may have had status, but he had to earn it.

William K. Dyche, who ran a tie operation on the Tongue River of Wyoming in 1906, pointed out that he took great pains in hiring men. He

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17Kephart, “Pulpwood Camps,” p. 31.
18Camp and Mill News 2 (June, July, and September 1920).
20“All Over the Ridges,” from the Lièvre River c. 1910, Fowke, Lumbering Songs, p. 65.

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always avoided the “job sharks,” the employment agencies that “would send out any kind of man who had the money to pay the fee, no matter whether he could do the work wanted of him or not.” To obtain good cooks, Dyche went all the way to a Spokane loggers’ supply merchant, who, like him, needed the goodwill of men in the industry. As the industry stabilized at the end of the century, the big companies were inclined to keep their prized cooks over the long term and assigned hiring of new ones to a special commissary department.88

![The camp cook of the Meadow River Lumber Company, Rainelle, West Virginia.](Image)

FHS Collection

What was expected of a camp cook? He or she need not be what contemporary society calls “gourmet,” although, in a case like Tom Brackett, he might be just that.89 In fact, according to one source, “Loggers are the most conservative of men when it comes to food. They simply do not care for exotic adventures in eating or new taste sensations. They appreciate good cooking; they can tell in a second if their beans are properly seasoned and the roast beef just rare enough. But try an unfamiliar flavor on them and they immediately became antagonistic.” Irma Lee Emmerson told of an extraordinary cook named Lucien at a camp near Coos Bay, Oregon. The loggers complained incessantly at his experiments with crepes suzette and celery Victor.88

Basically the camp cook was a chef, the executive coordinator of a large and complex food service operation. Cookhouses might feed as many as 500 men three or four times a day. (Most, of course, were much smaller.) There was a crew of cookees and funkeys (who waited on up to 40 loggers each) to supervise, as well as the “bull cooks,” men or boys who cut firewood and generally maintained the premises.87 The cook arranged the hauling of the noonday meal to those men who were working too deep in the woods to walk back (over a mile from the cookhouse meant dining in the field), or, by the 1920s or 1930s, the preparation of box lunches.88 And, most important of all, he needed to manage an unruly gang of lumberjacks when they were eating.

**The Silence Rule**

Out of this tricky requirement emerged the curious and universal loggers’ custom of silence at meals or, more precisely, the rule against talking at meals.89 It was one of the laws “everyone

87“Tom had imagination,” Charles Hadley remembered. “With the limited variety of supplies fifty years ago [ca. 1908], he set a table that was never monotonous. I never knew his secrets, which doubtless had to do with seasoning. Either in camp or on the drive Tom’s food was consistently good. His stews were not just mulligan, they had flavor. Every little while he’d turn out a pudding so different as to astonish you. His breads, pies, doughnuts, cakes, and cookies could have competed with the womenfolk’s entries at the Upper Coos County Annual Fair.” Quoted in Holbrook, *Yankee Logger*, p. 47.

88Emmerson, *Woods*, pp. 140–44. They complained except when he prepared a chocolate soufflé, which they thought was “swell pudding.”


Not perfectly universal, apparently. Isabel Roper, in “The Samoa Cookhouse,” and the brochure at the cookhouse restaurant state that on one occasion
A crudely lettered sign above the stove in this Minnesota cookhouse (1911) reads “Notice: No Talking at Tables.”

FHS Collection

lived by,” Louie Blanchard remembered, “even if they had never been passed by the state legislature. . . . When you was eating, no talking was allowed, except to say ‘Pass the meat’ or ‘Shoot the beans’ when the things didn’t come around fast enough. . . . If we’d ever had any stylish visitors, they would of thought a logging camp crew the most polite people who ever broke bread together. Seeing all this politeness, they might of thought it was the Last Supper.”

Any number of explanations of the custom have been ventured. One claims that it was company policy so that the men would not dawdle at meals when they should be chopping. But, considering the problems with maintaining a stable crew and the pains companies otherwise took with food matters in order to solve them, it is unlikely that such a discipline originated at the head office. More likely, it was the cook who insisted on “all business” at meal times. (It is impossible to imagine a silence rule in the shanties before there were real cooks and separate

cookhouses.) It has been suggested that he did not want to be aggravated by complaining, but he had an even better reason: the cook’s day was necessarily several hours longer than that of the loggers. He wanted his patrons in and out of the cookhouse quickly in order to get dishes done and preparations for the next feed under way. It might also be kept in mind in considering this custom that, in the nineteenth century, with the exception of a tiny mannered aristocracy, Americans generally did not regard mealtime as an occasion of conviviality. It was a constant source of irritation and amazement to European travelers that Americans “ate and run.” Mealtime was for fueling. Dawdling was pretentious in the land of utilitarianism. The loggers had plenty of precedent.

After women gained employment in cookhouses, the last thing a cook needed was flirtation, on his time, between the men and the young female flunkies. Anna M. Lind recalls that “hanky-panky” was not extremely common anyway. But the Hammond Lumber Company refused to hire married women in their kitchens and as flunkies, presumably in order to avoid disruptive liaisons. Finally, the obvious needs at least to be suggested; the men themselves, out of simple famishment and exhaustion, wanted to be at nothing but eating when at the cookhouse. As a Quebecois shrugged, “Quand on parle, on mange pas.”

In any event, there was no tarrying. Anna Lind insists that the loggers “could lay away a big meal in eight minutes or less,” and others say ten, twelve, and fifteen. J. C. Ryan remembers having “seen a crew of 200 men file in and out of a cook camp in 25 minutes,” presumably bolting 3,000 calories in the interim. This is reliably documented by the mill schedules. At Pope & Talbot’s mill at Port Gamble, Washington, the whistle sounded at 5:20 a.m. to wake the hands. A second whistle at 5:40 signalled the opening of the cookhouse door where, photographs reveal, a line had already formed. The machinery was turned on at 6:00.

Pastry

As for the food, the cook was, curiously, prized less as a cook than as a baker. Cooks were “about on a par” in the meat department, according to


\[\text{Pike, Tall Trees, p. 137, quotes a written rule to this effect from the T. E. Henry and Sons Company in New Hampshire.}\]

\[\text{Lind, letter to the author, January 8, 1979; Roper, “Samoa Cookhouse”; Adélaïde Beaulne, quoted in MacKay, Lumberjacks, p. 210; Churchill, Ma, p. 130.}\]

Cookhouse Tasks

The men and women pictured above worked in cookhouses in Washington and northern California during the 1940s. All photos are from the FHS Collection.

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George Kephart. Hence the “staples by which the ability of the cook was judged” were baked beans, cake, cookies, doughnuts, bread, hot rolls, and biscuits. “Loggers love pie,” Anna Lind recalled, and she is echoed by every logging camp menu after the “revolution” of the mid-nineteenth century. “All those pie-eating, pancake-consuming men!” exclaimed another ex-flunky in introducing her loggers. A bitter ex-employee of Pope & Talbot complained of every aspect of working for the company, including the cookhouse, “except for,” he allowed, “the mince pies.” At the same company in 1885, when workers at Port Gamble demanded that their Chinese cooks be replaced with Caucasians, Cyrus Walker told the Chinese to hang around. When the white cooks arrived, he told them to make a hundred pies. They could not and Walker sneered, “And you call yourselves cooks.” They lasted a week. In the Lake states, the isolated lumberjacks paid no attention to Christmas except in that work was optional and pay therefore a bonus and, second, “The cook did have an extra-special dinner that day, more pies and cakes and good things like that.” When an ameliorist writer in the 4L Bulletin offered nine “new recipes” toward improving camp food, all were pastries.

Pastry was what counted. It was the one comestible commemorated in a verse from “Anstruther Camp,” a song out of Buckthorn, Ontario, about 1900:

Then at length the cook calls, ‘Supper boys!’ We crowd in to our seats —
It is a sight for all sore eyes to see those brave boys eat.
And then the supper it being over, we talk of the days gone by,
And Jack will say to Jim, ‘Old boy, did you get enough of pie?”

When a fancy new hotel opened in Seattle, its pastry chef was hired out of a logging camp.

This sweet (or starch) tooth makes sense in terms of the extraordinary energy demanded by logging work. Carbohydrates, especially the sugars, are digested almost immediately. If proteins and fats were required to withstand the rigors of the life over the long haul, it was carbohydrates that raised the body temperature immediately on a freezing morning and brought more or less instant relief from weariness when the day was over. The diet analyzed nutritionally above included a boggling 1,200 grams of carbohydrates, worth something over 4,200 immediately usable calories in itself, at least half the day’s total.

It is telling that loggers’ food was not served in courses. Everything came out at the same time. “The pie is on the table to be eaten, and if so inclined they begin with pie, and if soup strikes their fancy later on they end with soup.” The same reporter stated that loggers were given to binges, calling for a time for “nothing but the plainest food,” but when “a sweet wave strikes the dining room, then enormous quantities of pies, puddings, cakes and sweet soups are consumed.” There is a great deal more to human tastes in food than physiology, but this account rings clearly of a group of men working off every calorie they consumed and then some (the “sweet wave”), and later “catching up” on the proteins and fats needed for rebuilding. When management fired a hideously greasy cook off the upper Kennebec in Maine, a group of Finnish loggers protested. “We need the grease!” they said.

**Milltown Cookhouses**

The cookhouse and its traditions of good food in plenty were transported almost intact from the camps to the sawmill towns despite the fact they were not so essential there. That is, the millworkers were not isolated. In the towns there were plenty of private eateries and retailers where, like factory workers elsewhere, the millworkers might easily have provided for themselves. Mining and smelter towns, for example, otherwise very much like milltowns in social structure, were far less likely to have maintained cookhouses. But in places like Coos Bay, Samoa, Port Gamble, Port Talbot, Tacoma, and elsewhere, the “all-you-can-eat” cookhouse continued to flourish until the era of the Second World War.

The cookhouse survived in part due to the lumbermen’s commitment to the “company town” principle. They wanted the fullest possible control of their work force, and that entailed obligations as well as advantages. There was the same goal of a stable working force that held in the camps, which purpose a well-reputed cookhouse still served. A substantial proportion of the work force was still homeless and wireless (about one-third of the workers at the Puget Mill Company in the 1880s were classified as transients; probably more were bachelors) and needed accommodation. Moreover, the quality of food served by

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95Mrs. R. M. Eames, Notebook 15, Pope & Talbot Archives; Kephart, “Pulpwood Camps,” p. 30; Lind, “Women,” p. 131; Samoa Cookbook brochure; Wyman, Lumberjack, p. 22; Sharkey, 4L Bulletin, p. 18.
96Fowke, Lumbering Songs, p. 60.
97Advertisements for sweets were a minor mainstay of the 4L Bulletin. “Get a box of Vogans’s candy and stow it in your bunk. Nibble its delicious contents after a cold, wet day in the woods, and you will find that disagreeable chill oozing quickly from your bones.”
98Clara Iza Price in Seattle Post-Intelligencer; Pike, Tall Trees, p. 137.

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a company had gone beyond being a mere element of the competition for labor to become a tradition on the basis of which companies built their newly discovered sense of civic responsibility. While the Fourth of July celebration at Port Gamble was largely a family affair, the cookhouses chipped in with baked hams, suckling pigs, and bread. There would be similar cookhouse-catered celebrations for special occasions such as Pope & Talbot's launching of the Tyee, the most powerful tugboat in the United States, at Port Ludlow in 1884. The Samoa Cookhouse served as relief headquarters when a navy cruiser ran aground on Humboldt Bar in 1917. The civic tradition also included free meals for retirees at Port Gamble and probably at other cookhouses in the sawmill towns.100

Finally, many millworkers, at least at first, came out of the woods and the camp tradition. Unlike the hard-rock miners become mill and smelter workers, with their highly individualistic “prospector” tradition, loggers looked back to an inheritance that was somewhat “collectivist,” at least in matters of bed and board. Western miners had been entrepreneurs before they became workers; loggers were employees in highly rationalized operations from the beginning.

One significant change in the transplantation of cookhouses from camp to town was that, in the milltowns, a fee was charged for meals. (Pay in the woods was usually wages plus bed and board.) But these were not large, especially considering the high standard of the food. In the Redwood Country in the 1920s, an ordinary millworker made about $3.50 per day and paid 60¢ for three meals. A faller in the woods paid $1 for the same, but out of daily wages of $5.20.101 In Washington, pay was less but the cost of meals also dropped, to between 35¢ and 50¢ per day.

100 Ibid., p. 166; Andrews, Heroes, p. 84; Roper, “Samoa Cookhouse”; Will Thompson, Notebook 16, and E. G. Ames, letter to W. H. Talbot, April 16, 1907, Ames Correspondence, both Pope & Talbot Archives.

Industry workers paid 15-20 percent of income for their food, less than the government calculated as a reasonable allotment of income.\textsuperscript{102}

Because of the spottiness of the records, and the fact that most companies attempted to provide as much as possible of their cookhouse provisions from within the corporate structure, it is difficult to determine whether or not the food services ran at a profit. Diamond Match claimed that its cookhouse operations around Stirling City, California, lost an average of just under $3,000 a year. Half of the respondents to a survey of companies in Washington in 1921 claimed they lost money on their cookhouses, one claiming a $600 monthly deficit. The same data, however, showed an average cookhouse fee of 49¢ and an average company cost for three meals of 46¢. Probably, the cookhouse was the arena for eternal cost-jockeying. Paul Hosmer of Brooks-Scallon summed it up nicely when he wrote that the company's interest was in just shading a 40¢ fee, while the workers' was to be served meals costing 42\frac{1}{4}¢.\textsuperscript{103} The final word on the question, however, must be the silence of the IWW. Even when most powerful among millworkers of the Northwest, the union complained little if at all about cookhouse fees.

**The End of a Lovely Meal**

Over the last quarter of a century, historians of labor have moved decisively away from an institutional approach to their subject, that is, away from seeing the history of the working class exclusively in terms of trade unions and institutional interactions among unions, businesses, and government. At least since the publication of E. P. Thompson's *Making of the English Working Class* in 1964, they have placed greater emphasis on aspects of working-class culture and modes of working-class action, which predated the union movement and continued to function independently of it.

This essay provides a humble example of this sort of action. Loggers never were especially good union men. While thousands in the Pacific Northwest threw in with the IWW (a very uninstitutional labor union) for a time, even the Wobblies never secured a permanent organization in the woods. Nor did any other union, until lumbering was transmogrified into an industry on modern lines by mechanization and forestry. Those early lumberjacks who were not aspiring lumbermen themselves — never likely trade unionists — were casual, footloose, ornery, and antisocial lumpen who paid little heed to social conventions of any kind, let alone institutional means of action. But they could and did act collectively, nowhere more significantly than at their mealtimes. Weather was inevitable. So seemed sleeping conditions (until the Wobblies). Even wages seemed to be decreed by distant, barely comprehensible forces. But the meal on the table was an intimate, eminently concrete reality, obviously a variable. Camps contending for a limited, mercurial work force could and did offer comestible inducements. By responding to this competition, the loggers continually pushed the stakes higher so that “good food,” far better than a casual laborer could dream about in other kinds of work (harvesting, construction, mining, fisheries, and so on), became a tradition in the industry. So firmly rooted was it by the 1920s that employers themselves took pride in their dining halls.

In 1921, Jessie Rothgeb Mueller, a University of Washington dietician, made a time-honored academic play for some consultancy money. “At the present time there seems to be a gap between the university and the business world,” she wrote. Professional buyers might be of use to the lumber industry. Among her proposals were “substitutes for expensive foods” and “standardization of food. This will eliminate the continual moving on the part of the men. Camps, at present, are competing with one another for men by serving better food.” She also proposed money-saving cafeteria-style service, in which the men would


\textsuperscript{103}Hutchinson, *California Investment*, p. 354; Mueller, “Feeding Problems,” p. 242; Hosmer, *Logging*, p. 125. See also Lewis Cressay, reminiscence, Notebook 15, Pope & Talbot Archives; Fredson Brothers Account Books (1921), Simpson Timber Company Archives.

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Hungry Weyerhaeuser loggers pitch into a "lovely meal" at a big mess hall in Washington, ca. 1947.

FHS Collection

pay for what they took.\textsuperscript{104} Although Professor Mueller told the Home Economics Association that one lumberman had offered a camp for experimental purposes, there is no evidence that her proposals were put into practice during that era.

Indeed, workers would have emptied the pilot project cookhouse in short order. Good food and plenty of it was the sine qua non of work in the industry. As for standing in a line, waiting to point to the 9,000 calories’ worth of items the logger elected to eat that day... Professor Mueller was out of touch.

What ended the world of the cookhouse was the transformation of the lumber industry by, above all, the internal combustion engine. Gargantuan meals were no longer necessary when trees were felled and logs bucked by chainsaw, and removed from the woods by the throw of a switch or the twirling of a hydraulically assisted steering wheel.\textsuperscript{105} Studies of energy use by Durnin and Passmore indicate that sawing with a power saw burns about half the calories that hand sawing does. Driving a truck or other machine costs 1.3 to 2.6 calories per minute as opposed to 12.1 calories wresting logs about manually.\textsuperscript{106} The logger’s need for food fuel, like that of the general population, declined steadily and drastically. If there are no potbellies in the old logging photos trotted out by archivists, there are plenty peeking out from under Pendleton shirts in the illustrations of the contemporary trade journals. No data are available, but it would not come as a surprise to discover that forest industry workers jog as frantically and frequently and as far as the national mean.

If they do, they are doing it in towns connected by fast highways that lead to interstate freeways and anywhere in the country to which they care to drive. The internal combustion engine not only revolutionized the transportation of logs from woods to mill, it nearly eliminated the isolated logging camp and the provincial milltown. When it was possible to live elsewhere than in a camp (which, even with cordon bleu cookery, was socially limited), loggers moved to towns, where, in the way of towns, they married and made families. With the necessary triumph of forestry and tree farming, moreover, they stayed in the same place. They ate at home, and the unmarried casually disappeared or, at least, declined sufficiently in numbers that the cookhouse was no longer necessary. The Union Lumber Company’s cookhouse in Mendocino County, built in 1885, closed in January 1951. “Fewer jobs were taken by single fellows from outside the area.” The Samoa Cookhouse, opened in 1892, is today operated by Louisiana-Pacific Corporation as a restaurant and museum. It is billed as the “last surviving cookhouse in the West,” and tourists can join locals for bountiful meals, “lumber camp style,” seven days a week.\textsuperscript{107}

The passing of hundreds of small cookhouses in the woods was not much noticed. But it is reassuring to discover that the healthy traditions of yore are not entirely dead. Where camps survive in the United States, as in Alaska or at Weyerhaeuser’s Camp 14 in eastern Oregon, the table still awes visitors. As recently as 1978, there was a flare-up at a camp in British Columbia when workers complained that there was too little shrimp in the shrimp salad.\textsuperscript{108}

\textsuperscript{104}Mueller, “Feeding Problems,” pp. 344-45. See also Camp and Mill News 6 (April 1923): 7-8.
\textsuperscript{105}Strite, “Up the Kilchis, Part IV,” Oregon Historical Quarterly 73 (September 1972): 216.
\textsuperscript{106}Durnin and Passmore, Energy, pp. 61, 68, 72-73.
Forest Industries and Trade in Late Colonial

A typical raft or jangada on a Paraguayan river.
With growing labor discontent between 1905 and 1914, and with strikes taking on great new dimensions in 1911 and 1912, syndicalism became important in Great Britain. It became almost a synonym for socialism — to some, almost a synonym for trade unionism.

Syndicalism as it appeared in 20th century Britain had links back to anarchism. The split between statist socialists and Bakunin's anarchists at the First International in 1870 was basically the same dispute dividing British socialists four decades later: was the true path to socialism evolutionary or revolutionary?

After the First International, Bakunin's idea prospered in France. Soon there was built a union organization based on "revolutionary syndicalism." (Syndicat was a French word meaning merely "union", but it obviously came to have broader implications.) British syndicalism in the period we're concerned with had its roots in late 19th century France, I think, but it was not a replica of the French type.

Now, the basic doctrine of syndicalism as it grew in France and spread elsewhere, including across the English Channel:
The laboring class should shun parliamentary politics. Such politics diverted attention to national, religious, and constitutional questions — and the sole important concern of the working class was the social question.

Instead of politics, the workers' weapon should be direct action — a series of strikes weakening the power of capital until finally the revolutionary general strike would bring all power to the workers. Then, disregarding capital and the state, the workers would take charge of their industries.

That is, federations of workers in each trade would regulate their own industries.

Basic to syndicalism was the thought of Georges Sorel, a retired engineer in Boulogne who became the theorist for French syndicalists. In Sorel's work there is more than a hint of a quarrel which came to mark the British labor movement: basic disagreement between syndicalism and parliamentary socialism. More will have to be said on this later, but it is inescapably a starting point in looking at Sorel. He maintained that syndicalism concentrated the whole of socialism "in the drama of the general strike."
With this goes the corollary that general strikes and workers' violence are the necessary means to socialism — in fact, are the most humane means because, he says, they would settle quickly the class-war issue and "render the maintenance of socialism compatible with the minimum of brutality."

Sorel, by the way, stopped to comment on the lack of revolutionary violence in England. He remarked that "the pacific tactics of the Trades Unions indicate hypocrisy which would be better left to the 'well-intentioned progressives'" — probably not fully realizing how close some British union leaders were cuddling to those "well-intentioned progressives". There also was in Sorel an unflinching trust in the unknown which perhaps touched a responsive chord in later British syndicalist leaders.
Sorel wrote: "It is not to be hoped that the revolutionary movement can ever follow a direction rightly determined in advance; that it can be conducted according to a learned plan like the conquest of a country, or that it can be studied scientifically except when it is present. Everything in it is unpredictable...."

Here was grist for the street agitators who were to loom so large in Britain's great strikes -- a justification for uncertain ends, for unleashing strikes to see where they might lead, for blithely switching tactics and goals in the course of an economic battle.

And here, along with Sorel's defense of violence, was reason for horror among parliamentary socialists. Halevy properly makes the point that much of Britain's syndicalist experience was "a rising of the workers against their leaders' moderate policy." There's more to be said about this when I get to the topic of the working class condition in Great Britain, but it should be said here that parliamentary socialist and radical socialist sensed in each other a blood-enemy.

Ramsay MacDonald provides a measure of the dispute in a 1912 work denouncing syndicalism.
As a leader of the evolutionary socialists -- and later to be a Labor Prime Minister -- MacDonald warned that a syndicalist society, with its workers' corporations, would in fact be a type of trust capitalism, and as such would be inimical to consumers of whatever class. He charges that syndicalism springs from the notion that having been preyed on entitles one to prey back.

The essential difference between parliamentary socialism and syndicalism -- and here I think MacDonald has caught the antipathy between the two -- is socialism's reliance on social legislation, syndicalism's reliance on the general strike.

Perhaps it's worth noting that Dangerfield characterizes MacDonald as a Liberal at heart -- "well content to be a Liberal three quarters of the time and a Socialist only when occasion arose, and occasions seemed to arise with extreme infrequency" -- and Cole snipes at him as "quintessentially middle-class." Certainly the syndicalists had similar suspicions about MacDonald and his Labor colleagues in Parliament.
Perhaps a doctrine such as syndicalism found some support in Britain because for some time there had been a strain of idealism in British social theorists.

Adam Ulam cites T.H. Green as probably the most important example of this. The Oxford philosopher in the second half of the 19th century produced the idea that the state was to be the agent through which individual freedom could be realized.

As Ulam puts it: "The type of political theory found in (Green's) The Principles of Political Obligation has seldom an immediate or direct influence on political life. With all their ambiguities, hesitations, and contradictions Green's ideas are, nevertheless, symptomatic of their times and seminal insofar as the later development of English political thought is concerned."

In short, the attack on laissez-faire had begun long before syndicalists began offering their particular nostrum as a substitute.
I said earlier I think the British brand of syndicalism was not a replica of its French forebear. To sum up the essential difference: the British version prospered primarily because of other factors within the labor movement, not because of its intrinsic theory.

French syndicalists apparently had less to lose in gambles against employers. French unions seem to have been weaker than their British counterparts; the tradition of British workmen was the inspiring dock strike of 1889, that of the French workmen the strangled Commune of 1871. On the other hand, the French radicals faced neither as stable a government nor as well-organized an employing class as did their British counterparts. And, the doctrines of anarchism in France long had made for a policy of guerrilla warfare against employers and the state.
In France, the small employer still predominated—much more so than in Britain or the United States. As U.S. syndicalists turned to the notion of "one big union" to match big industry, the French put their faith in local strength.

This points, it seems to me, to a group more willing to take risks over individual issues, lured by a better chance of doctrinal success, than was the case in Britain. Cole points out French radicals held the theory that the "Trades Council must count for more than the national Trade Union"—localism should hold sway over national organization—an idea which in Britain owed more to the workers' resentment of toward union leadership than to syndicalist theory, I think.
Before leaving the theory of syndicalism, two other foreign influences on the British version should be mentioned.

The first is the influence of the Industrial Workers of the World in the United States. The IWW notion of one big union had some influence, at least at times, on such British syndicalist leaders as Tom Mann and James Connolly. Connolly had been to the U.S. and had come into contact with the IWW, Mann apparently was influenced by the writings of Bill Haywood. Moreover, it seems likely the IWW examples of violence, of a type of industrial guerrilla warfare, may have done more than Sorel's theoretical pronouncements to infuse British syndicalists with a willingness to turn to violent means.

Also, the labor movement in Australia seems to have had some influence on British syndicalism. For one thing, Tom Mann found in Australia's Labor Party what he considered an example of moderate unionism turning tame and even traitorous once it gained a place in the political system. Nor was Mann impressed with the highly-touted arbitration schemes he observed in Australia and New Zealand.
Mann and Ben Tillett, both to be leaders in the strikes to come in Great Britain (as they had been in the 1889 dock strike), apparently turned more sharply toward radical syndicalism because of their Australian experiences.

Now ... how to discuss the conditions in which syndicalism caught fire in Great Britain?

Citing any single cause is deceptive; British labor was no monolith, and different sections of it shaped their attitudes for different reasons.

Citing every possible cause is no more profitable. Dangerfield, whose account of what he terms "The Workers' Rebellion," rightly admits that trying to cite all conceivable factors "seems to lead us back, as through a labyrinth, into more and more shadowy recesses of English life, until at last, in that baffling darkness, we are lost."

But some speculations can be made, and I hope mine will take in at least some of the major factors involved in the labor unrest.
First, some economic considerations. It's been mentioned, in the report on the Labor Party, that real wages declined between 1900 and 1911. Max Beer cites the figures of the 15th Abstract of Labour Statistics of the U.K., which appeared in 1912:

"...in the years 1900-1911 in the five principal trades (building, mining, engineering, textiles, agriculture) the increase of wages amounted to 0.31%, the wholesale prices of foodstuffs rose by 11.6%, and London retail prices by 9.3%.

Clegg, Fox and Thompson, in their History of British Trade Unions since 1889, calculate a "good average" wage packet for a British workman in 1906 was 30 shillings a week -- the equivalent, they say, of 15 pounds a week in 1960. (We get some idea of what this means in today's terms when we consider that the pound now is equal to $2.80.)"
They add: "...craftsmen in most trades would expect something like 35 shillings, though in the shipyards and on the daily newspapers they might earn as much as 3 pounds (60 shillings) or more. Workers in iron and steel and at the coalface -- who did not serve an apprenticeship -- averaged 2 pounds a week and might earn much more. In the textile trades men earned less than 30 shillings, with cotton spinners as the major exception. On the railways, earnings were below even textiles, though engine-drivers received almost twice the average. In most occupations, laborers earned between 20 shillings and 25 shillings, except on the land, where the average was about 18 shillings."

Whatever the precise economics involved, it seems that large segments of the working class believed they were being left behind. The South Wales coal strike of 1910-11, for instance, raised the issue of a minimum wage -- an issue fought more vigorously in the national coal strike of 1912 and resulting in Parliament's passing a miners' minimum wage bill that year.

The 1911 London transport strike featured agitation for a minimum wage; the brief but widespread railway strike of August, 1911, apparently was ignited by wage demands.
There's perhaps a point to be made too that the working class might have been growing more indignant about its position because of increasing documentation of its plight.


It's romanticism to think of such works becoming chapter and verse for the working class; it's not at all absurd to suggest some agitation may have seeped down and eaten into an already potentially rebellious group — especially in the Britain of the 1911 coronation.

It doesn't seem an accident, for instance, that British dock strikes in 1911 coincided with the arrival of an ocean liner bound, as Tom Mann points out, "to New York, whence she was to bring back the American millionaires who were to take part in the coronation celebrations."
Larkin and Connolly, the Irish labor leaders, also showed this technique of emphasizing class differences by timing demonstrations with such events as Dublin's Horse Show Week or the visit of a British monarch.

And, whether or not growing awareness of misery had anything to do with growing militance, there was the stark fact of the misery itself, with its potential for riots and discontent even in the best of times.

Dublin was noted for having extraordinarily awful slums, and its 1913 strike has only tangential importance to this topic. Still, some of the conditions Dublin workers lived in were at least illustrative of what workers elsewhere in the British Isles often faced -- and of Dublin's 5,322 tenement houses, 1,516 were judged structurally sound by inspectors, 2,288 were on the border line of unfitness, 1,518 were judged unfit to be lived in.

Meanwhile, those great brewing pots of strikes in this era, the West End of London and the mining villages, apparently offered little enough to dissuade workmen from bitter action to try better their lot in life.
Incidentally, there are some vivid statistics on mining casualties in those years. In 1908, 1,308 were killed in mining accidents. In 1909, 1,453. In 1910, 1,775. In 1911, 1,259. That is, in those four years there was an average of six men killed each working day in the mines.
A final bit on the economic aspects: in the entire series of Liberal social reforms -- the Workmen's Compensation Act, an old age pension act, a miners' eight hours act, a trade boards act, the national health insurance act -- nothing was done directly to better wages until the coal miners in 1911 used extreme pressure to bring about a minimum wage act. It's unlikely this lesson was lost on the rest of British organized labor.

For that matter, there likely was even some distrust of the entire process of collective bargaining. The rank and file by 1910 justifiably could ask what collective bargaining had done for them lately.
But certainly not all strikes, nor all labor discontent, can be pinned to economic reasons. There were many disputes, often flaring in spite of the union leadership's attitude, over such issues as unpopular foremen or managers, and treatment of labor agitators.

There were sympathy strikes by workers not directly involved in disputes, and strikes against the employment of non-union labor.

Observers felt there was an increasing tendency to strike over matters which before had been solved more peacefully. As early as 1910, figures on strikes backed up these impressions: only 20 per cent of that year's strikes were about wages.
A new willingness to strike undoubtedly took some impetus from labor's regaining legal safeguards.

The 1906 Trade Disputes Bill undid the Taff Vale decision, legalizing peaceful picketing and freeing unions from financial liability in strikes.

By 1910, according to a summary by Clegg, Fox and Thompson: "After a series of legal decisions, two Royal Commissions, and much parliamentary debate, the privileges of trade unions had been extended by statute and made far more precise. Only their power to finance political activities remained contested, and even here they had already been promised legislation which would remove most of the obstacles raised by the courts."

But legal niceties shouldn't be overestimated as factors contributing to labor militancy. After all, much of that militancy in 1910-12 erupted into strikes despite the wishes of the law-conscious, established union leadership. I've touched briefly on some of the antagonism portions of the working class felt toward their union leadership and labor's representatives in Parliament. They thought this leadership too moderate; they felt it was not gaining them enough, by the yardstick of wages or of social standing.
This leads to another facet of the syndicalist era which should be treated as a major topic, I think: the rise of radicals to challenge or influence labor's established leadership as well as the employers.

First, though, it has to be noted that by this time many of the union rank-and-file themselves were of a different cut than those who had previously formed the bulk of British organized labor.

Industrial unions, vying to enlist everyone who labored in a particular form of industry, surged past the craft unions. I didn't manage to find consolidated figures to bear this out. But Clegg, Fox and Thompson present this case in bits and pieces.

They show that coal, cotton and the railways led the way in increasing the percentage of union membership among their workers between 1888-1910. (And there's a fact which doesn't show up in statistical breakdowns: in the waterfront strikes of 1911-12, strike leaders were able to wield waterfront workers almost as one big industrial union, whatever the nominal membership of the workers in several smaller unions in the craft model.)
Clegg, Fox and Thompson say of the industrial union trend: "Compared with coal, cotton and the railways, or even with government employees and shop assistants, the record of the craft trades was poor. Printing continued to advance slowly; but shipbuilding, which led the field in 1888 and 1901, had fallen back sharply by 1910. The other craft trades all showed a drop in density after 1901. In metals and engineering the unions secured only a slight increase in membership in a fast-growing industry; in furniture, where industrial growth was slow, the unions lost members. The slump in building brought a decline in membership far exceeding the decline in the labor force. While the carpenters' unions grew most rapidly up to 1901 and subsequently held their gains fairly well, the others advanced only fractionally over the whole period."

Probably the industrial union thrust was partly a carry-over from the "new unionism" of the late 1880s and early 1890s -- the drive to form great general unions for all sections of the working class.

Perhaps it's significant that in 1889 Tom Mann helped lead the dock strike as an engineer, one of the elite of labor -- and in 1911 was leading a dock strike as a general unionist and syndicalist.
Changing methods of production were phasing away the craftsman's skills and showing the need for representation of the unskilled or semi-skilled industrial worker.

Also, the actions of British employers provided some logic in favor of industry-wide unions. The development of employers' organizations made large-scale collective bargaining possible; their counterattacks over craft rules hurried unions toward federation.

Now, the leaders who appeared to try to take charge of the new militancy. I think they deserve some examination, because their ideas and actions had much to do with the course the militancy took.

They didn't cause the British syndicalist movement, nor were they the movement's creations. Rather, at certain points certain behavior by them produced results which seem different from what would have happened if these particular men had not been on the scene.
It's convenient to focus on three leaders -- James Connolly, Ben Tillett, and Tom Mann. As the bibliography shows, there are memoirs by Tillett and Mann, and biographies of Connolly and Mann. And, they show up prominently in many other works about this era.

Also, it's informative to look at them because their lives map out three different routes from their syndicalism of 1910-14.

Tillett turned to the Labor Party and Parliament, and lived to write a rather simpering account of his life and the disadvantages he had been dealt.

Connolly turned to Irish nationalism, and died before a firing squad for his part in the 1916 Easter Rebellion.

Only Mann, writing in 1923, persevered and continued to call himself a syndicalist. Because of this, I'll devote somewhat more time to Mann than to the others.
But before looking at Mann separately, it's possible to look
at a few common features in the careers of these three.

They were of small beginnings -- from poor working class
families -- and they were veterans of hard, dismaying work
as children. They were mostly self-educated. Tom Mann in
particular earned himself a taste for astronomy. Connolly
had a bent for poetry. Tillett came to effect a rather elegant
literary style.

All three made their way to radical leadership via trade
union organizing and leadership. At least in the case of
Mann and Connolly, they went abroad -- where they would have
a rendezvous with militant syndicalism -- because their union
work wasn't yielding results in keeping with their efforts.

All three seemed to feel a mission to agitate. Although
none of them perhaps equalled the flashy James Larkin's vow --
"I have got a divine mission, I believe, to make men and women
discontented" -- Mann once observed "Knowing what I know,
I hope to be increasingly dangerous as the years roll by" and
Connolly once blithely began a speech with the announcement,
"I am going to talk sedition." Tillett said he became a labor
agitator out of the horror he felt while watching dockers
fighting like animals for the work slips which meant all
to them.
Greaves, in his biography of Connolly, mints an aphorism which seems pertinent to this trio. He writes: "Born revolutionaries dedicate themselves twice, first in the flush of youth, then in the realism of maturity."

Indeed, both Connolly and Mann did dedicate themselves twice -- Mann first to trade unionism and then to his concept of syndicalism, Connolly first to trade unionism and then to a blend of Irish nationalism and syndicalism. The telling point here is that Tillett never seems to have done the same. His dedication was to working class agitation -- and when it seemed to him revolution no longer was the banner under which to proclaim it, he quit revolution and turned to politics.
They were, in their way, sophisticated men. Mann and Connolly were particularly noted for their writing skill -- in pamphleteering and in workers' newspapers.

After Winston Churchill and a few thousand troops cannonaded a pair of Russian anarchists in 1910, Mann was capable of coining the question: "If two men can keep 2,000 men employed and hold them at bay in one street, how many men would be required to defeat two or three million men, spread over the area of Great Britain?"

Connolly showed a knack for simple, effective writing, as when he first linked Irish revolution to his syndicalism: "We propose to show all the workers of our fighting race that socialism will make them better fighters for freedom without being less Irish." (Perhaps a better mark of Connolly's skill was his ability to work long and effectively with the erratic Irish demagogue, James Larkin.)

Tillett was renowned as an outdoor orator -- indeed, as were the other two. However good they in fact were, their audiences of workers apparently thought them quite good, and often were willing to follow them under the spell of oratory.
All three seem to have been calculating men, willing to settle for the gains to date whenever the tide seemed to be turning against them. This would seem to be at odds with their opposition to the practical opportunists in labor's traditional leadership posts. But it's not, really, because Mann, Tillett, and Connolly were waging their battles in another dimension; the gains they were willing to rest on were far beyond what the established leadership thought acceptable.

Tom Mann in particular illustrates the attempt to nurture in Britain syndicalist thought from abroad. He perhaps was the major labor figure in Great Britain who understood and accepted what Sorel was talking about. (Connolly may have understood, but I believe he submerged his syndicalism more and more in Irish nationalism.)

Mann later wrote that he went to Paris and, in his words, "examined thoroughly the principles and policy of the CGT, the syndicalists of France." He returned to set up the Manchester Industrial Syndicalist Education League.
Perhaps better than the self-centered Tillett or the dogged Connolly, he sensed the intensity of labor unrest by 1910.

In 1911, his Liverpool strike committee found itself attracting rebellious bands of railway workers intent on joining the struggle of the dockers. This, despite the opposition of railway union leaders. Out of this grew the new National Union of Railwaymen. With the Miners' Federation and the National Transport Workers' Federation, this union was to form the Triple Alliance, the vehicle designed for the general strike.

Mann in 1912 spent seven weeks in jail for urging soldiers to mutiny. The next year he went on a lecture tour in the United States.

Perhaps feeling the British government would lock him up again for continued agitation, or perhaps just being mercurial, Mann apparently had little to do with labor events of 1913-14. His role proved to have been that of a spectre who helped frighten the established union leadership into a more militant stance.
The strikes of 1910 through 1914 should not be considered strikes for syndicalism, it seems to me. Instead, they seem to have been restless movements which featured some syndicalist tactics and ideas.

I've already talked about some of the conditions which likely contributed to the strike fever. Now to look briefly at the forms this labor unrest took, and then to try summarize what all this says about syndicalism.

In January, 1910, one-third of the miners in the Northumberland and Durham districts struck to protest the new Coal Mines Regulation Act. They disliked the change from a two-shift to a three-shift system, and despite the pressure of their union leaders, they stayed out until mid-April.

In July, 1910, 10,000 railwaymen walked off the North Eastern Railway for three days.

These strikes and smaller ones showed a theme of discontent with union leadership, and a disposition to ignore union agreements and authority. Oddly enough, here within its ranks lay syndicalism's hope for success: the workers' ire directed at union leadership as well as at employers.
In September, 1910, a dispute in the cotton industry brought a lock-out of 102,000 workers. The same month, boilermakers were locked out in North of England shipyards, and the workers proved difficult to bring to a settlement.

Also in September, coal miners went out in parts of South Wales -- and here was a strike of immense portent. Striking over the issue of piece rates paid for working difficult places in coal seams, the South Wales miners defied the Miners' Federation of Great Britain and the executive of the South Wales Miners' Federation to demand a minimum wage £ as their price for returning to work.

They stayed out long after the national federation had come to agreement with the owners and cut off their strike payments, and long after troops were sent to the area -- stayed out until they were virtually starved into going back to work on August 1, 1911.

Here was the minimum wage issue and the recalcitrance which would mark the national miners' strike of March and April, 1912. Here too was the spirit propelling the Miners' Federation of Great Britain from complacency to partnership in the Triple Industrial Alliance of 1914.
In June, 1911, another eventual partner in the Alliance was shaken into militance when seamen and firemen began a strike which quickly drew in the disorganized dockers as well.

That strike surged and fell back, but apparently inspired the London dock strike which began in August, 1911. The main issues: a minimum wage and the formation of a National Transport Workers' Federation. Within ten days, wages had been raised, hours reduced, and unions recognized. This show of strength greatly bolstered the Transport Workers' Federation, and started this segment of labor on the path to the Triple Alliance.

That same August, Tom Mann led the transport workers' strike in Liverpool. Groups of railwaymen struck in sympathy, and it became evident to railway union leaders only a general work stoppage would satisfy their members. The railways were shut down until Lloyd George pressured the owners into concessions acceptable to the union leaders. The mood of militance had made itself known to the men who would be in charge of the third part of the Triple Alliance, the National Union of Railwaymen.
There were other great strikes in the next few years. Another London dock strike in June and July of 1912. The Dublin general strike of 1913. But I think these simply re-emphasized the point of the earlier strikes: working-class discontent with its lot, and the tendency to blame union leaders as well as employers.

To try summarize, I'd say syndicalism provided some of the tactics of the great strike years, but little of the strategy, especially after the gains of the first big strikes in 1910-11. That is, syndicalism's sudden strike became an effective weapon, but it was used in the name of higher wages, lower hours, union recognition -- in the name of traditional labor goals instead of to bring about workers' control as envisaged in syndicalist theory. Slogans such "The mines for the miners" were mostly flash. Mann, Tillett, Connolly, the miners' leaders, all the rest -- all found they would settle for far less than theory should have dictated.
But, syndicalism was important because it brought to all parties concerned sharp lessons about strikes, and because it helped pressure the union leadership, the employers, and the government into taking some notice of the workers' status. I think Halevy has a valid point in suggesting syndicalism drove union leadership and government into increased cooperation, as in the National Health Insurance Act.

Was syndicalism truly the mood of the working class? When Dr. Costigan asked me that several weeks ago, I replied that I couldn't really tell, because World War I interrupted the Triple Alliance's plans to wield the general strike on the behalf of about two million workers. But thinking back, I wonder if the war itself provided the answer about the workers' mood. With the coming of the European conflagration, the British working class turned not to radical socialism -- syndicalism -- but like the middle class, like the upper class, like people who regarded themselves primarily as Englishmen -- to nationalism ... to the war effort.
BRITAIN'S PROLETARIAN DICTATOR

From the moment Francis Drake set foot up a gangplank, England's docks were her doorway to empire. The sea power of Drake and Nelson did much to fasten to the island kingdom overseas provinces from Calcutta to Vancouver to Capetown. The money power of British merchants did even more to make this business of empire the economic lifeblood of the Isles. And it flowed, every pound of enterprise on its magical way to becoming pounds sterling, through the docks.

It flowed, that is, when the dock workers put their heft into it.

Mid-August of 1889 brings London a day down at the waterfront that would have mystified Drake and Nelson as much as it horrifies the merchants tending latter-day Britain's sea
lines. Ships and cargoes do not move, but the rest of the waterfront roils with activity. In front of Wroot's Coffee House 4,000 men surge and shout like an ocean tide that had seized the power to cry aloud. Each man struggles toward the coffee house. Food tickets, tickets to survival during this desperately-fought dock strike, are being distributed at the door; there may not be enough for all and the hungry men boil into a mob.

Jammed in the doorway, a cork against the human sea, Tom Mann handles the priceless food tickets and with a strong leg and a quick tongue somehow keeps control all afternoon. Mann stands for hours with his back against the doorpost and one foot high on the opposite jamb. Each striker to get his ticket must wait his turn to stoop in under Mann's leg. Mann slows and chides and soothes the crowd. When the day is over, every worker has a ticket, Mann has the tortured back of a keelhauling victim, and the London dock strike still has its strength and order.

Past is prologue? Sometimes it may be outright rehearsal. A quarter of a century later, Great Britain will have reason to think back to an afternoon at Wroot's Coffee House and a dockers' strike for another pence an hour.

The country between 1910 and 1914 will be wracked by social strife such as few nations survive; in 1911, the country totters very close to revolution, and on more than one front. There is, everlastingly, Ireland: should it be set free from
British rule to become an independent nation with an embittered Protestant minority in Ulster or should it remain a British province with an unhappy Catholic majority? The dilemma has canted the entire British political system and set Irishmen north and south drilling towards the day they can gun down one another. In London, female guerillas crusading in the name of voting rights for women bedevil the Asquith government and its police. Windows are broken in earthquake numbers, a country home now and then blazes in sacrifice; young Miss Emily Wilding Davison hurls herself in front of King Edward's racehorse one Derby Day and the cause gains a martyr. And from the Welsh coal pits to the shipyards of the Clyde, labor is restless, even belligerent.

There is even a moment, during a rally held the night of November 1, 1913, which George Dangerfield catches for us in all its portent: "That Albert Hall meeting ... presents us with a very convenient phenomenon, for on the speakers' platform sat, in serried ranks, the united grievances of England. For the first and last time Irish Nationalism, Militant Suffrage, and the Labor Unrest were met together...."

The discontents of Ireland and Ulster, women, and workingmen breed a storyteller's cache of figures. The Irish leaders are a gifted organizer, James Connolly, and the dervish-like James Larkin. When Larkin plunges into Ireland's labor and political squabbles wearing his black cloak, the tall man with blue-black hair and burning eyes instantly shows he has a genius for riot;
the Irish workers love him. Almost as bizarre in their own way are the suffragette leaders, the relentless Pankhurst women.

Strong among these favored men and women who are shaking Great Britain is Tom Mann, heir to lessons of the 1880 London dock strike, proletarian dictator in yet another great strike, syndicalist tactician, orator, pamphleteer, incipient communist, and as thoroughly British middle-class in mind and temperament as any public figure the islands have ever seen.

Tom Mann's was a strange figure to cast a shadow which frightened a good deal of Great Britain to its boots. But Tom's influence bespoke syndicalism, a zealot's brand of socialism which preached the general strike as labor's highway to power. The spectre of workers rising in united wrath and seizing control of their own industries haunted Western capitalism much as communism would a few decades later. Mann probably understood syndicalism better than anyone else in Britain. [His reference was clear when in February, 1909, he happily remarked: "Knowing what I know, I hope to be increasingly dangerous as the years roll by."]

Based on the example of the French syndicats (unions) and elaborated into revolutionary theory by the French writer Georges Sorel, syndicalism scorned the dream of socialist legislators and parliamentary influence. At the 1870 First International socialism had split over this very issue of method and soon syndicalism appeared, angry and clever, in the anarchistic Bakunin wing which despised the moderate "statists" for their trust in
social evolution. Strikes in France and the on-the-job sabotage waged by the Industrial Workers of the World in the U.S. made some think syndicalism not so distant a nightmare. Would Mann and other disciples of the devilish Sorel ignite Great Britain next?

Certainly a younger Tom Mann would not have. Labor militancy was just one of the campaigns which caught the attention of the young worker. Had any of the others worked out, he might never have brought his whole heart and mind to syndicalism.

Tom was born in Warwickshire, a few miles from Coventry, on April 15, 1856. When he was ten, Tom was set to work in the coal pits. He and other boys kept the mine air courses open by pulling along boxes of waste dirt and coal. Hideous as the grueling, pitch-dark job was, his childhood was better than those of his fellow labor leaders of the 1880's, men such as John Burns, Ben Tillett and Keir Hardie. The Mann family was settled in one place and never was as poor as many. But down in the pit in the typical horror a British working-class family of the day faced, Tom remembered, "the iron entered into my soul."

The Manns moved to Birmingham after flash fires closed the coal mine. Tom, at 14, began a seven years' apprenticeship in a tool factory. The great break of his life came there -- the nine-hour day. With the time gained each evening, the handsome blackhaired youth from the coal country educated himself. Classes three nights a week at South Kensington's Science and Art Department, a Bible class another night, the temperance society
still another.

For all this, Tom always had the helpful knack of being able to turn a joke. In a later job at a London engineering shop, he was delighted to have as a lathe mate a steady Scot whose passion in life was Shakespeare. Tom tried him out with the quote: "O what a numskull to turn the page again/and not to see that he's been had." After much torture for the expert Scottish brain, Tom pointed out the day was April 1 and the inspirational quote was vintage Mann.

Amid the lathe work and self-education -- and jokes aside -- a bright, earnest young man was emerging. It is not hard to imagine that with a slight swerve somewhere along the way, Tom Mann might have ended up in Parliament or writing leaders for the Times instead of on the picket line. But with some uncertain starts, the picket line it was to be.

The notion that the plight of England's working class followed from money squandered in liquor and gambling instead of from the wage rates held firm in Tom's head for some time. The worker could better himself if he just would and Tom would prove it. Allegiance to the Anglican God and reverence for book learning? Abstinence from that thief of life, liquor? All this and more for Tom; he became a vegetarian and a socialist, in roughly that order.

But after three years on bread and fruit, the doubts that create Tom Manns were back. He decided "However widely food
reform might be diffused, it would never prove a cure for the economic evils I deplored." The next and longer course would be labor socialism, the radicalism heating up with Tom's discontent.

There is a strange twist to Tom Mann's story. Late in life, when he had pinned his dreams of social justice to communism's red banners, he would find his own past thwarting his hopes for the future. Great Britain moved toward the welfare state -- and stole enough revolutionary thunder to keep away drastic upheaval -- at least in part because of pressures set loose by the likes of labor leader Tom Mann.

Tom was still a young man when labor organizing began taking more and more of his time. For a while he became a full-time organizer. As a dedicated socialist to boot, he perhaps did as much as any single man to wed the labor movement and socialism, the combination which would come to doom one great British party -- the Liberals -- and would raise the Labor party in its stead.

The London dockers down on the South-West India Dock may not have known much about socialism or politics, but on August 12, 1889, they knew they were unhappy with their wage system. The men on the Lady Armstrong demanded an end to an uncertain piecework rate and a guaranteed raise from fivepence hourly to six. They turned to Ben Tillett's union, a tiny platoon among London's 30,000 dock workers. Tillett was a dogged agitator who despised the job system which made men fight like animals
for tickets granting four hours' work. Seeing the hellish work calls, Tillett later wrote, "the seeds were sown in my mind which made me an agitator and a fanatical evangelist of Labour." Tillett was the right man for the disgruntled dockers. Two days of talk produced no breakthrough; on Wednesday his union called its men out.

That day Tillett telegraphed Tom Mann, sought help from the respected Will Thorne of the gas workers and John Burns, laborite member of the London County Council. The strike spread.

Saturday night the powerful stevedores announced "We feel our duty is to support our poorer brothers" and brought their green and white banner to the Strike Committee. The night before Burns, until then reluctant to give help, suddenly found himself leading 6,000 strikers in a march. [West India Dock Road, the route ran, to Commercial Road, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, to Leadenhall Street and the dock directors' headquarters. The workers sensed the power of the moment and such processions continued and grew.]

Sunday the 18th, Burns rallied the strikers with a speech. George Bernard Shaw spoke for the socialist intelligentsia, the Fabians. At East India Dock, Tillett had a crowd of thousands for his fiery talk; Mann followed with fire of his own.

Mid-week, and sailors and firemen, dock workers of all tasks, swung to the strike. The vast mid-day processions of solidarity began, sometimes 100,000 people streaming eight abreast down from Tower Hill past the Dock House on Leadenhall
Street. After his vital afternoon at Wroot's Coffee House, Tom Mann headed for the troublesome south side of the Thames and shored up strike sentiment there. Alarmed at the new strength of the workers, dock employers charged the strike was "a socialist rising."

Oddly, the charge and the substance lent by the socialist backgrounds of John Burns and Tom Mann may have helped the strikers' cause. The hint of red danger seemed to put steel into otherwise good-natured support. Cardinal Manning came out hard for the dockers, perhaps with an eye to smothering rebellion with reform. "By Jove, you know, this is better than barricades," came a sidewalk comment from one of the workers' targets one day as yet another strong, calm procession marched past.

But success wasn't coming fast enough and the strike was starving itself to death. By September, the protest seemed to be breaking up. Then funds from sympathetic Australian unions began arriving. Before long, 30,000 pounds had flowed in. The strikers hung on. An arbitration committee was set up; under Cardinal Manning's potent influence an agreement was reached by mid-September. The dockers had won.

Victory offers lessons to losers as well as winners. British labor had its biggest triumph in decades; management was alerted sufficiently to make it the only major triumph for more decades to come. The nationalistic thrill of the Boer War, labor's own indecision about entering politics wholeheartedly and on its own, the Taff Vale decision from the House of Lords
undercutting the right to strike by allowing employers to sue for damages, the promise of the strong Liberal government formed in December, 1905 -- always there was something, some nuance or fledgling hope to keep the unions from striking big again.

Tom Mann had wilderness years. He worked at union organizing, but the rewards would not show up until British labor took to the streets again years later. Rumor had him on the brink of taking up a parish for the Church of England in 1893, but he said there was nothing more to it than his close friendship with many churchmen. In December, 1901, Mann sailed for New Zealand. Probably the British labor movement was not pushing strongly enough to hold his attention. Besides, this most English of trouble-makers recalled in later years, one day he caught himself muttering with Kipling: "What should they know of England, who only England know?"

Mann roamed New Zealand and Australia until 1910, plugging for socialism among sheep shearers and miners and getting arrested for his efforts. Nothing he found in Australasia swerved him from the radical line. In fact, in Australia he found himself fighting a Labour government on behalf of the working men.

By mid-1910, Mann had barnstormed back to the British Isles, by way of South Africa. He admired the American brand of syndicalism, as practiced by the meddlesome Industrial Workers of the World, and he wished he could bring some to his homeland. Soon he was on his way to France for lessons in the school of
European radicalism. The lathe operator who had taught himself how to cope with ideas quickly saw the possibilities in Georges Sorel's dry syndicalist theorizing about how to turn society upside down. Indeed, he saw them better than anyone else in Great Britain, including the leaders of organized labor.

Tom took away from his early job at the Westinghouse Brake Works a story he prized all his life. Probably it helped keep up his abiding sense that the impossible simply was something that took a little longer. When George Westinghouse was trying to finance his newly invented air brake, he had to stalk anyone with a bankroll. One millionaire he braced asked him: "Do I understand that your intention is to stop railroad engines and trains by blowing wind at them?" "Well," began Westinghouse, "by pumping the air to a pressure of 90 pounds per inch and then releasing it..." "That'll do, young man, I've no time to spend on damn fool propositions." Syndicalism a la Sorel must have sounded like Westinghouse's air to many comfortable Britons, but soon Mann would very nearly stop the entire country with its pressure.

As events shaped over several years toward the strike epidemic of 1910 and '11, Great Britain still compelled an emphasis on "great," at least on the international scale. The decades of Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli had put the burnish on Queen Victoria's reign. But if the 19th was in full truth the British century, the 20th began edging in with unseemly haste.

Abroad, the Germany dreamt into being by Bismarck was becoming the engine of Kaiser Wilhelm's ambition. The Anglo-
German race for colonies, international influence, allies, battleships -- the scurry toward the abyss of World War One was on. In 1898, before Britain's century even had a chance to end decently, the United States served notice on the future by scooping an empire from the senile Spanish throne.

At home, tomorrow's troubles were coming even more rapidly. Questions of Irish self-rule and of an international trade policy set Liberals and Conservatives against themselves as well as each other. The waning of the ancient Gladstone's influence in the early 1890's was followed by a weak Liberal prime minister -- the dandified Lord Rosebery -- and a pair of capable but uninspired Tories of the Cecil lineage, Lord Salisbury and his nephew Arthur Balfour. The working man's problem was best expressed in terms of slums and dwindling purchasing power. Young Winston Churchill, stumping poverty's streets in Manchester, says it all. "Fancy," he blurts, "living in one of those streets, never seeing anything beautiful, never eating anything savoury -- never saying anything clever!"

Such a fate had been the subject not only of such outbursts as the 1889 dock strike, but of study and legislation in carefully-measured doses down through the decades. But labor did its judging by the strength of wages against the grocer and the landlord -- and by the turn of the century it found both political parties, as with Lincoln's General McClellan, afflicted with a bad case of the slows.

To all this the Liberal party came heir with a smashing
victory in 1906. The new government was little short of brilliant. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the reliable reformer who headed it, lived only two years in office. But he was succeeded by Herbert Asquith, the brainy parliamentarian C-B himself nicknamed "The Sledgehammer." Churchill and David Lloyd George were the Liberal young lions, alternately bullying and charming their colleagues toward desperately-needed social reforms.

But for all their workmen's compensation and health insurance and soak-the-rich taxation, the Liberals were not speaking quickly enough to labor's price and wage woes. They lost their position on the political left to the new Labour party, and Liberalism would die for it.

All this was more real than apparent after several years of Liberal reign. The Asquith government seemed to have the nation in hand through its administrative genius. Yet, with the certainty of glaciers and social change share, another August came.

This time it was 1911, not 1889, but likenesses were there. One third of the miners of Durham and Northumberland had staged a wildcat strike early in 1910. In July of that year, 10,000 railwaymen walked off the North Eastern Railway for three days. Next came work stoppages in the cotton spinning industry and the shipyards, and in September an odd touch of poetry went into the litany when Welsh coal miners came out at Clydach Vale and Llwynypia and Gilfach Goch.

Not only the British Home Office and industry's rulers felt the pressure; so did the heads of unions, for the labor unrest more and more often was surging without the leadership or consent
of labor's supposed leaders. The Welsh miners of the Aberdare and Rhondda Valleys defied their union chiefs and then the police and troops who arrived to quell riots. It took until August 1, 1911 -- nearly a year -- before the Welshmen were worn down. And by the time they were through, the shadow of Tillett and Mann lay over the great docks of London.

Indeed, Tillett marauded there in person. The issue this time was a guaranteed minimum wage. The Dockers' Union in June, 1911, put it first on the list of demands to the Port Authority and its chairman, Lord Devonport. The Transport Workers' Federation rather surprised itself in backing the cheeky dockers. Talks between the union and the Port Authority snagged on the minimum wage. On August 1, the Transport Workers' Federation called a strike.

It might have been 1889 all over again. Transport workers and dockers by themselves were a small portion of the Thames work force. But day by day others discovered grievances of their own and enlisted in the strike. It was George V's coronation summer, and London's daily contrast between pomp and poverty did nothing to soothe the workers.

August was the hottest anyone could remember and in the midst of the heat and tension, the port of London died hour by hour. Not Mr. Churchill's Home Office nor London's police nor the giants of industry and shipping commanded the moment; the power to move food and fuel for all the great city lay now with the Strike Committee.
A week passed, with the strikers rallying nightly on Tower Hill and government men struggling for settlement. "Oh God!" implored Ben Tillett: "Strike Lord Devonport dead!" (One historian suggests that had Lord Devonport been there, he likely would have chorused "Amen!") Finally, on the 11th of August the strikers gained most of their points and the strike was called off.

The strike, that is, in London. Liverpool was another story -- Tom Mann's tale.

Mann's moment formed from a spatter of dock strikes in the middle of June. The S.S. Olympic had pulled in at Southampton to coal for a voyage to New York -- "whence," Mann sneered, "she was to bring back the American millionaires who were to take part in the coronation celebrations." The coalers struck and their discontent flashed through the ports. Liverpool soon was the most earnest battlefield. After all, Tom Mann was there.

Heading the Strike Committee during the 72-day walkout, Tom commanded 70,000 dock workers. More significantly, he set ideas loose in the minds of Britain's railwaymen as well.

"It is revolution!" cried a Board of Trade man. "The men have new leaders, unknown before; and we don't know how to deal with them." In truth, new leaders. Mann's dockers and the railwaymen were linking in common cause and union leaders had to scramble to keep up. The offices of Liverpool's Shipping Federation went up in flames. "Then your blood be upon your own head," an exasperated Prime Minister Asquith muttered as strikers resisted trials at arbitration.
On August 13, Liverpool police clashed heavily with the crowd at Mann's strike meeting. The railwaymen threatened a general strike and in a few days, moving trains were as scarce as happy capitalists.

Britain by then was taking on the look of a nation at war. Churchill was shuttling troops, isolated face-offs flared into minor battles. Here, with riot and a labor army and a tally of wrongs done to workers down through the decades, was Tom Mann's top hour. It would crown the fable to report that the proletarian prince led his people to triumph and all labored happily with justice ever after. But the Liberal government was clever even while it was being pinched to death. Lloyd George thrust before strikers and employers the international crisis of the moment. Germany and Great Britain just then were poised for war over disputed rights in Morocco: a bad time for home spats, mates. George Asquith, the government's ingenious labor diplomat, spun an agreement in Liverpool.

Actually, the government bought time, not life. The strike so vividly showed labor's strength when united that an incredible Triple Industrial Alliance of more than two million miners, transport workers and railwaymen began forming. The troops of the general strike yet to come, however, were not to be Tom Mann's. Liverpool and the other strikes showed the British working man still steered by wage issues, not by the syndicalist ideas of Sorel and Mann.

The death of another illusion put Tom in jail and out of
influence. This bookish agitator who dreamed of socialist Sunday schools and of winning over the regular army appealed to soldiers not to fire on the strikers if ordered. The government triumphantly locked him up for incitement to mutiny. "I am claiming the right, as a man, as a citizen, as a native of this country, and as a workman, to organize for the removal of the worst evils which afflict this country," he told the court.

Tom lived on until 1939, turning from the ashes of syndicalism to communism for his new world, but his defiance to the court actually marked the end. Tomorrow would answer not to his drumming, but to bugles. In 1914, weeks before the Triple Industrial Alliance born of Liverpool was due to paralyze the nation in the name of labor solidarity, one more August came. With it the British working class -- like the middle class, like the upper class, like people who regarded themselves above all as Britons -- turned to nationalism -- to World War One and the death of many illusions.

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Suggested for further reading:

George Dangerfield, *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, 1935


Tom Mann, *Tom Mann's Memoirs*, 1923

Dona Torr, *Tom Mann and His Times*, 1931
Ivan Doig  
November 9, 1967  
Edwardian England

SYNDICALISM

I. Syndicalism
   — definition and origins
   — conflict with parliamentary socialism
   — foreign influences on British syndicalism

II. Reasons for labor militancy
   — the wage situation
   — living conditions
   — the rewards of militancy
   — labor's legal safeguards regained
   — the surge of industrial unions

III. Syndicalist leadership
   — James Connolly, Ben Tillett, Tom Mann

IV. The strikes
   — discontent with established leadership
   — the minimum wage issue appears
   — miners, transport workers, railwaymen: the forging of the Triple Alliance

V. Conclusions

bibliography


This work is clearer, than Cole's, but is not nearly as thorough as Dannerfield's. I can't tout it as a basic source. (Vol. I has interesting material on a "syndicalist" movement in Britain in the 1830s.)


This is a comprehensive history of British unions. It provides much basic material — figures on workers' wages and man-days cost in strikes each year, for instance. Chapters are arranged topically, and the book is better used as a reference source on particular topics than as a general history of British unions.

Cole's interest, of course, is to focus on the socialist aspect of labor unrest in Britain. He doesn't provide much in the way of narrative history, but does sketch briefly (and well, I think) several labor leaders.


This is too brief to rival Dangerfield's account. Also, Cole's work is choppy, skipping back and forth between topics so much that it doesn't make a good basic source. But there is a clear discussion of syndicalism and its French origins, and of the influence Tom Mann brought to bear on the British labor movement.


The section "The Workers' Rebellion" is the best narrative I found on labor militance 1900-1914. Dangerfield is particularly good in providing insight into the people involved. His few lines on the dangers weighing on the miners speak volumes about the coal strikes of 1911-12.


Here is a highly sympathetic biography of the Irish union leader-socialist who became a leader of the 1916 Irish rebellion and was shot for it. Greaves argues that brilliant theory lay behind Connolly's merger of nationalism and socialism: "The struggle for democracy, national and civil, was conducted in conjunction with that for the workers' economic demands." I'm not convinced. The author elsewhere admits only a "faint echo of syndicalism" was apparent in Connolly by 1916; I think Greaves unwittingly portrays a working class leader more and more enrap with Irish independence.


I think Haley underestimates the reasons for working-class discontent. He likely did his best to interpret the working class movement, but his Liberal sympathies blinded him to some of the real forces propelling syndicalism. But in his estimate that syndicalism was also a revolt against labor union moderation and in the conclusion that syndicalism drove the established union leadership and government closer together, I believe he's fair and accurate. His is a moderately good account, lacking somewhat in insight.

This glib work offers some good information about syndicalism in Europe, but probably shouldn't be trusted too far. For instance, the author—writing in 1912—examines syndicalism as if it were gospel among the British working class—i.e., "There is perhaps wisdom to be found in these low places which is not known to the cultured and educated." But if the book necessarily lacks perspective, it is useful as a study of syndicalism while the movement was in vigor.


Maccoby's sections on the '89 dock strike and "labour questions" 1889-1914 offer some useful material. His approach throws up so much detail, however, that this is not the place to go for a primary account of labor militancy 1900-14.


MacDonald, wedded to parliamentary socialism and later to become a Labour Prime Minister, attacks syndicalism as "largely a revolt against socialism." Syndicalist reliance on the general strike instead of social legislation, he says, is the real conflict between syndicalism and socialism. He warns that a syndicalist state, with its workers' corporations, would be a type of trust capitalism and as such would be inimical to consumers. (This is a much clearer view of MacDonald's objections to syndicalism than can be found in his *The Socialist Movement*.)


Written earlier than *Syndicalism*, this defense of evolutionary socialism ignores its more strident rival to preach the rightness of the Labour Party. As a union of socialist and trade-union bodies, he contends, "it is the only political form which evolutionary socialism can take in a country with the political traditions and methods of Great Britain."


A leading labor agitator straightforwardly reminisces about his journey from faith in religion and temperance to trade unionism to socialism to militant syndicalism. Dona Torr's biography offers a fuller study of Mann, plus the most meaningful portions of this work.


Sorel maintains that syndicalism concentrates the whole of socialism "in the drama of the general strike." He defends general strikes and workers' violence as the necessary means to socialism—in fact, as the most humane means because, he says, they would settle quickly the class-war issue and "render the maintenance of socialism compatible with the minimum of brutality."

It's interesting to read this as a counterpoint to Mann's memoirs. The men seem to have acted as tandem leaders of the 1889 dock strike, and during the 1911 strikes became what Haley calls the "proletarian dictators" of London and Liverpool. But while Mann stayed with syndicalism, Tillett went to the Labour Party and Parliament. Mann's book rustles with restless interest in the labor movement; Tillett's is full of the posturings of an author busily eyeing himself as a self-made man.


Unfortunately, Torr finished only this first volume of a planned multi-volume study, and it focuses on Mann 1856-1890, before his emergence as a syndicalist leader. The biographer is sympathetic and makes good use of Mann's published memoirs. I found this the best of the works on the major strike leaders.


This is a study of the influence of "idealist" philosophy on socialist theory in Britain. Mostly through the work of T.H. Green, F.H. Bradley and Bernard Bosanquet, according to the author, the idealist school produced the notion that human problems are essentially political and the answer to them lay in using the state as a moral instrument to solve them. The author never mentions syndicalism specifically, but it is apparent that syndicalism shared the idea of a particular form of the state yielding an ideal way of life.
Robert Capa in Love and War

By Taylor Holladay

New York

If you ever wanted to grow up to be a photojournalist—you know, the globetrotting, bullet-dodging, free-living kind—then you can thank Robert Capa, for he was the original, the archetype, of the dashing and daring war photographer.

There was war photography before Capa, but it was made with large tripod-mounted cameras or heavy, hand cameras, neither of which allowed for the spontaneity of live war action. By the time Capa was ready to go into battle, however, in 1936 to the Spanish Civil War, the small, fast, inconspicuous 35mm Leica had hit the market. And, just as important, so had a place to show this new type of photo, the picture press. When Life began feeding the hungry U.S. market with images of far-flung places and events in 1936, Capa’s images were some of the earliest to grace its pages, as they did Britain’s Picture Post and France’s Vu.

So what kind of pictures were these, made by a 22-year-old exiled Hungarian traipsing off to the front with nothing but a Leica and a dream? The place to find it is at the Robert Capa retrospective at the International Center of Photography Midtown (through June 7), in which curators Michael Hoffman of the Philadelphia Museum of Art (where the show debuted last year) and Richard Whelan, Capa’s biographer, along with Corneli Capa, Robert’s brother and the founder of ICP, have gone afield through his 70,000 negatives to find the 160 that best represent his coverage of five major wars as well as his own 40 years of living life to the hilt.

Now, for the most part, action pictures. Think about what’s going on in them, and then remember where he had to do to get them: a well-dressed woman in a blury run across a Barcelona plaza seeking shelter from an air raid, with a dog underfoot who thinks it’s a game; a Spanish loyalist soldier in the heat of battle, going forward in a haze of smoke; a civilian man on the street, who looks directly into Capa’s camera, carrying a wounded and bleeding boy, who turns his head away; and, in what many to this day deem the greatest war photograph ever taken, a just-hit loyalist militiaman as he falls backward to the battlefield in death.

And this is just his work in Spain. But it was unlike any photography ever seen in its in-the-thick-of-it immediacy. In a December 1938 spread, Life crowed that Capa “took his camera farther into the fighting zone than had ever been done before,” and that same month Picture Post christened him “The Greatest War-Photographer in the World.” (These issues and others are here, providing the enlightening context for Capa’s documentary/magandistic images were originally made.) And thus, the reality of Capa’s bravery and compassion became the stuff of legend.

For the photographer, born Endre Friedmann in 1913 to a Russian Jewish family in Budapest, it was proof that he was on his way to actually becoming “Robert Capa”—the glamorous and successful American photojournalist after ego invented by him and his German girlfriend, Gerda Taro, during his salad days in Paris so she could demand better pay as she shopped his work around.

Gerda was the love of his life; he taught her to photograph, and they worked together, as a team, to cover the war in Spain. A separate gallery here is devoted to vintage prints (prints made around the time of the negative) of their work there. One of his, in particular, stands out: a young couple, he in uniform, she with a gun strapped to her hip, in a joyous, teasing lovers’ embrace. In this shot of love among the ruins one can’t help but see Robert and Gerda.

We’ll never know what became of the real couple, but Gerda was crushed by a tank less than a year later, and Robert spent the rest of his life mourning her.

Not that anyone could tell it from being around him, because, by all accounts, Capa was a charmer beyond compare, drawing both women and men to him with his voracious love of life. He definitely ran with the in-crowd of postwar Paris, a few of whom appear here: Ernest Hemingway in a hospital bed, his head bandaged as the result of a car wreck after one of Capa’s infamous parties; old-man Picasso on the beach shading the lovely young Françoise Gilot under a big umbrella, as if he were her man in waiting, Hollywood royalty John Huston and Humphrey Bogart enthralled by the coronation of Queen Elizabeth; and poignantly, once you know she was one of Capa’s last great affairs, an imposing Ingrid Bergman on a movie set.

He never married Bergman, nor any of his other loves, rationalizing that marriage would mean the need to take himself out of harm’s way. From Spain he had gone to China, covering the Japanese invasion; in one devastating shot, a woman, doubled over in tears, sits on the stoop of the bombed-out rubble of her house. And there he is on D-Day, swimming to shore under heavy fire with the first wave of troops at Omaha Beach. Though all but 11 of Capa’s 72 shots were ruined during development by the Life darkroom, the ones that survive—maybe even more so because they are blurry and grainy—erily convey the surreal chill and terror of the men groping their way to shore in full gear amidst the black, sculptural obstacles the Germans had put there to stop them.

After the war, Capa talked to his old friends Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (“Chim”) and George Rodger into starting a photographers’ collective, and under his inspiring and energetic leadership Magnum grew into the prestigious photo house that it remains today. Not that this responsibility sidelined him from war. He was soon off to Israel for its War of Independence, where he made a startlingly symbolic image (started since he was not an “art” photographer and seldom worried about symbols or layers of meaning—what you saw and felt was what you got) of a little girl leading a chain of three blind men through an immigration camp as though she were the newborn state of Israel leading her lost children home.

And though, after a close call in Israel, he vowed to give up wars, in 1954 he took an offer from Life to fill in for one of its photographers in Indochina—the first war he’d covered less out of allegiance to the cause than for the money and the chance to solidify his legend (by this time, he was feeling the heat of younger war photographers). On May 25, while trying to get a better shot—“If your pictures aren’t good enough, you’re not close enough,” he always said—he stepped on a land mine and died at the age of 40.

Robert Capa died with his legend intact—though he had style to burn, no one ever questioned his substance. At least not until the 1970s, when it was publicly claimed that his image of the loyalist militiaman at the moment of death was actually staged during training maneuvers. Capa’s recently, as detailed in a video here, was the picture proved to be the real deal. So the reputation of the most iconic photo of war, as well as the most iconic photographer of war, are both out of firing range, resting safe and sound.
Eastern Europe’s Economy Likely to Accelerate, But Russia’s Looks Dimmer, U.N. Survey Says

By BHUSHAN BAHREE
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
GENEVA—Economic growth in Eastern Europe is expected to accelerate this year, but the Russian economy could well continue in the doldrums, a United Nations survey shows.

That is if the crisis in Asia doesn’t create even more of an economic upset in the world than envisioned so far, something that economists at the U.N.’s Economic Commission for Europe aren’t willing to bet on.

“If there are no changes in policy [to accommodate increased Asian exports], the risks of global recession are increased,” said Paul Rayment, head of policy analysis at the ECE, referring to the major economies, such as those of North America and Western Europe.

That would hurt Eastern Europe, Russia and other nations that formed the former Soviet Union that increasingly depend on export markets and foreign capital flows.

For the moment, though, the ECE report expects East European gross domestic product to grow by about 4.2% in 1998, compared with 2.8% last year, mainly because Albania, Bulgaria and Romania, whose economies shrank in 1997, are seen making a comeback. For instance, Albania’s GDP could grow by 12% this year after a 7% decline in 1997, the ECE data show. In 1997, East European economies recorded economic growth of 3.5%.

But Russia’s outlook is more uncertain, the ECE said.

“Russia is a case apart, though its prospects also are uncertain. Russian economic growth may range between 0 to 2.5%,” in 1998, said Mr. Rayment.

Russian monetary policy is tight and interest rates are high to attract foreign capital, some of which is necessary to finance the country’s budget deficit. If this situation continues, the likelihood of a stronger Russian economic recovery will diminish, the ECE said.

Add to that the uncertainty surrounding the eventual costs of the Asian crisis, and the economic forecasting dilemma these days becomes clear. “Since we’ve written this survey, the concern over Asia has increased because of what is happening in Japan,” Mr. Rayment said.

What is happening in Japan is that its economy is mired despite government attempts to pull it out. Meanwhile, Asia has no option but to try to export its way out of economic trouble, the ECE survey noted.

Mr. Rayment and other economists at the ECE already are forecasting a slowdown in the U.S. economy this year, to around 2.5% in GDP terms from 3.5% in 1997. That is because most of the increased Asian exports are seen targeting the U.S., whose currency has appreciated against Asian units.

To make matters worse, Asian markets for U.S. goods are drying up. A visible slowdown in U.S. exports may already have taken the place of a rise in U.S. interest rates that might have been needed to cool the economy, the ECE noted.
Ring Lardner Jr., Wry Screenwriter and Last of the Hollywood 10, Dies at 85

By RICHARD SEVERO

Ring Lardner Jr., whose satirical screenplays once made him the Academy Award's best newcomer in 1934, has died at 85. Mr. Lardner, who was a son of the playwright and essayist Ring Lardner Sr., was the last living member of the so-called Hollywood 10, a group of writers who were blacklisted by the House Un-American Activities Committee from 1947 to 1960.

Mr. Lardner, who was 85, died in his sleep in Miami Beach, Fla., on Tuesday at his home. Mr. Lardner had been living in Retirement Village for 20 years, where he had been for the past year, according to his bio on the website of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which is based in Los Angeles. Mr. Lardner, a former New York Times reporter, was also a well-known journalist and author, and had written several books, including "The Great Gatsby," "The Great Gatsby," and "The Great Gatsby." He was also a correspondent for the Associated Press, and had written for the New York Times, the Chicago Tribune, and the Los Angeles Times.

Mr. Lardner, who was born in Chicago, was the son of Ring Lardner Sr. and his wife, Mabel Lardner. He was one of four sons, and his brother, Ring Lardner Jr., was also a screenwriter, as was his son, Ring Lardner Jr., who wrote the script for the 1944 film "The Great Gatsby." Mr. Lardner's father was a well-known screenwriter, and his son, Ring Lardner Jr., was also a screenwriter.

Mr. Lardner was a member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and had been a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947, when he was blacklisted by the committee for his membership in the American Communist Party. He was also a member of the Screen Writers Guild, and had been a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947. He was also a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947, and had been a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947, when he was blacklisted by the committee for his membership in the American Communist Party. He was also a member of the Screen Writers Guild, and had been a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947. He was also a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947, when he was blacklisted by the committee for his membership in the American Communist Party. He was also a member of the Screen Writers Guild, and had been a member of the Hollywood 10 since 1947.
Weather Report

Highlight: Extended Forecast

Saturday, Sunday
Clouds and some showers will cover large areas from Texas to the Carolinas. The Northeast will have a windy afternoon and into the night. Cold air will begin to move into the northern Plains.

Monday, Tuesday
Warm and dry air will cover the West Coast while a winter weather system will move southeast across the Midwest. Clouds and rain will spread west from the Mississippi Valley, reaching the East Coast later.

National Forecast
Yesterday, a powerful fast-moving cold front whipped snow across the Dakotas as a powerful storm moved into the northern Plains. Today, this storm will reach the central U.S., causing strong winds in the Northern Plains. A strong cold front will follow from the Dakotas and western Minnesota. Though any accumulation of snowfall will be light, scattered showers and isolated thunderstorms are possible. Rainfall is expected from Texas to the southern Ohio Valley, with a cold front sweeping across the region. A high of 50 degrees, with a low of 30 degrees, is expected.

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October 12, 2009

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Shoreline, WA 98177-3846

Dear Mr. Doig:

My fascination with Northwest history began in 1983 when I read the opening paragraph to Winter Brothers: A Season at the Edge of America. Since then my purpose as a novelist and literary scholar has been to listen to and answer the tale-bringers sent to me by the past—including those that appear in my forthcoming novel, Clara and Merritt, set in Seattle in the 1930s and ’40s. For this reason, and as someone who has been greatly influenced by your work, I am writing to make one of those awkward requests that come with this crazy writing and publishing racket. Would you consider writing a dustjacket endorsement of Clara and Merritt? Here is a brief synopsis of the novel, which is scheduled to be released by Wordcraft of Oregon (www.wordcraftoforegon.com) in 2010:

Clara and Merritt is set amidst the violent strife between longshoremen and Teamsters in Seattle in the 1930s and 1940s. The story is told through the two leading characters, Clara Hamilton, the daughter of a longshoreman, and Merritt Driscoll, a member of the Teamsters union. The novel is divided into four “Books,” or sections, each preceded by a prologue that flashes back to the pivotal waterfront strike of 1934, which first pitted Harry Bridges, the radical leader of the longshoremen’s union, against Dave Beck, the Teamsters’ original strong-arm boss. (“Before Hoffa, there was Beck!”) The prologue sections also provide the dramatic background against which the rest of the novel is set. From early in the novel, Clara and Merritt’s relationship is threatened not only by the fierce antagonism between the two rival unions but also by a vicious blackmailing scheme hatched by two rogue Teamsters. As the story plays out, Clara also finds herself involved with the artists of the famous Northwest School of Art (Mark Tobey, Guy Anderson, Morris Graves), while Merritt attends university classes on the G.I. Bill and observes the rise of McCarthyism in Washington State. The novel also contains key passages depicting the war in the Pacific and Europe as well as a thematic focus on Christian Science, the strange yet authentically American religion that reached its peak following World War II. Like my previous novel, Madison House, set in Seattle at the turn of the last century, Clara and Merritt emphasizes how people reckon with the broader forces of world events in their everyday lives.

As a long-time admirer of all your work, I would be honored to have a few words from you. As someone who publishes with a small regional press, I can tell you that your endorsement would mean a great deal both to me and my publisher. However, if you have neither the time nor inclination to review my manuscript, I understand perfectly. If you are willing to take a look at it, I can either send you a hardcopy or email an electronic copy. If you would like to know more about me or my work, I invite you to visit my website (http://faculty.bsc.edu/pdonahue). You might be especially interested in my series of Retrospective Reviews, about vintage Northwest novels and memoirs, which appears in Columbia: The Magazine of Northwest History, published by the Washington State Historical Society.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Peter Donahue
21 Oct. ‘09

Dear Peter Donahue--

I’m really sorry, but I’m at a point of life where I can’t take on anything beyond my own work. It’s too bad we couldn’t have connected about your novel a few years back. All good luck with the book.

Sincerely,