Article 26

excerpts from Fortune - Sept. 1937

by
Herb Mills

Fortune

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Foreword and Comment

. . . which the editors suggest you read before beginning this issue.

This issue of FORTUNE *is devoted entirely to the great and challenging subject of U.S. shipping. Almost all* FORTUNE'S *editorial staff of sixty-two editors, writers, researchers, technicians, and assistants were engaged in its production—to say nothing of the outside experts and consultants who lent support, criticism, and encouragement to their labors.*

FORTUNE *believes—or, at any rate,* FORTUNE *hopes—that this issue will be regarded as one of its most important offerings of journalism-and-scholarship. But one thing that is inevitably lacking from such a study in* FORTUNE *is the personal comments, criticisms, and addenda which those best informed in the field can supply only* after *the last proof has been corrected and the issue has gone to press.*

These comments, addenda, and criticisms are printed below, and this sheet was inserted just before this copy was completed. And to every reader FORTUNE *extends a similar invitation to comment on whatever phase of this shipping issue strikes him as most significant.*

From JOSEPH P. KENNEDY
Chairman, United States Maritime Commission

I HAVE examined the September issue of FORTUNE with interest born of close contact with our merchant marine and, I hope, a candid appreciation of our problems in securing what the President has told us the American Government owes its people—"ships in keeping with our national pride and national need."

You people have done a grand job—the first concise, comprehensive, and colorful presentation of that many-sided venture heretofore known vaguely as the "merchant marine." Your work is especially valuable because it will cause people generally to realize that the merchant marine must be considered as the business investment not only of the stockholders in the various companies but of the nation. Your survey is an unbiased statement of fact based upon which the reader can formulate a sound opinion of his own. And the only firm foundation on which the merchant marine can rest is the opinion of the American people that they need a merchant marine and are willing to pay for it.

We in the Commission realize the proportions and ramifications of the job we have to do. We are concerned with delicate questions of international relations and the fluctuation of trade between the nations. We must deal with the labor problem so that passengers and shippers as well as operators and crews can count upon a square deal at all times. We are faced with the financial and operating problems of an industry in which hundreds of millions have been invested, but in which more millions must be invested if it is to remain a growing concern. And we must remember always that we are charged with the responsibility of securing one hundred cents of value for every dollar we spend.

We are attempting to do this job in an intelligent way. We have found that many fundamental questions which should have been answered before any attempt was made to build a merchant marine have received scant attention in the past. We are going to find the answers to those questions and base our policies for the future upon the hard facts of today. In so doing we have been aided immensely by the investigations FORTUNE'S representatives made in preparing this issue. They made a conscientious inquiry and have, I think, succeeded in developing genuine and helpful information. The dissemination of such information, in my opinion, is not only of value to the Maritime Commission but constitutes a real service to the American merchant marine.

I am sure that the entire personnel of the Commission joins me in wishing FORTUNE the very best of fortune for a splendid piece of work.

From RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL
President, Foreign Policy Association

FORTUNE'S admirable survey of the shipping problem raises many problems difficult to solve. My own views are something as follows:

1. Unless the United States adopts the policy of complete self-containment, which is virtually impossible, this country must have a merchant marine. In the present-day nationalistic world, American foreign trade cannot rely wholly upon foreign shipping.

2. For the time being, at least, unaided private enterprise cannot be expected to develop a merchant marine for the United States.

3. There is, therefore, justification for a subsidy system, but only on three conditions: (a) that the subsidy is not abused by ship operators as were the old mail subsidies; (b) that the subsidy does not constitute a premium on inefficient production and operation, as is the tendency of any tariff or money grant; (c) that the subsidy does not lead to ruthless international competition, resulting finally in a glut of shipping tonnage and international ill will.

4. The very existence of a subsidy system intensifies the lobbying practices at Washington which are undermining democratic government in America. Each interest thus involved strives to increase its share in the handout, regardless of the welfare of the country. Moreover, an industry which finds it possible to meet a deficit by a government subsidy has little incentive to improve efficiency and lower costs. If these defects in the subsidy system cannot be removed, then the alternative is government ownership, as the Black Committee suggested.

5. Fundamentally the solution of the merchant marine problem depends on the expansion of world trade. There is something nonsensical in a world which cuts down foreign trade by government barriers, but at the same time endeavors to expand merchant marines by government aid. Free trade and the old internationalism are dead, at least for several generations. What is needed is an extension of the carefully considered reciprocity treaties initiated by the United States, together with international treaties setting the limits of intergovernmental competition in the merchant marine field. The United States can expect progress along these lines only when it is willing to assume certain political responsibilities for world peace, for there can be no orderly revival of world trade so long as nations are preparing to spring at each other's throats.

6. Mr. Kennedy's endeavor to ascertain the facts before adopting a policy is a welcome beginning.

From CORDELL HULL
Secretary of State

THE need is urgent for the nations of the world to coöperate effectively in the task of scaling down the many excessive barriers which still impede the life-giving flow of international trade. Exportable surpluses of goods needed or desired by the peoples of other countries are still piling up behind national frontiers. Trade restrictions are still taking a heavy toll in terms of unemployment, unnecessarily low standards of living, idle or half-filled ships.

Since June, 1934, the United States, under the Trade Agreements Act, has stood ready to enter into trade agreements with other countries for the mutually profitable restoration of trade. Sixteen countries have entered into such agreements. Thus a beginning has been made on the vitally important task of removing excessive trade restrictions. However, much remains to be done before the interchange of goods between nations will be permitted to increase sufficiently to relieve sufficiently the economic stresses and strains caused by extreme economic nationalism. The government of the United States, with the support of the citizens of this country, intends to go forward as rapidly as circumstances permit with its program of trade restoration, not only to the end that economic conditions in this country and elsewhere will be improved, but also to the end that the only sure foundation for enduring peace will be built up.

From EUGENE P. THOMAS
President, National Foreign Trade Council

THE September issue of FORTUNE is of interest to every American, if only for the article on Secretary Hull's achievements.

With a decline of about 50 per cent in value of our exports of raw cotton, 67 per cent in meat exports, and 90 per cent in exports of wheat and flour in the period 1929-33, the necessity for recovering this trade is so obvious that it passes comprehension how anyone could lend intelligent support to a "Buy American" movement based on the absurd contention that these surpluses could be consumed at home.

It is of timely importance, therefore, to draw the nation's attention to the constructive policy of the Secretary of State which has been hailed in foreign countries as the most logical approach yet made to the solution of the world's economic problems.

From HENRY A. WALLACE
Secretary of Agriculture

OUT of the 6,000,000 farmers in the United States, there are at least 2,000,000 who have an extraordinary interest in the market overseas. First and foremost, comes the southern cotton farmer and especially the Texas cotton farmer. Second, comes the soft wheat farmer of the Pacific Northwest and to a somewhat lesser extent the Southwest hard wheat farmer of Kansas and Oklahoma. Next, perhaps, comes the tobacco farmer and especially the man producing flue-cured tobacco in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Virginia. The hog farmer of Iowa, Nebraska, and Illinois also has an unusual interest. Prior to the smashing defeat inflicted on American agricultural export trade by the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Bill of 1930, one half the packing house lard of the corn belt went to foreign markets—and previous to British restrictions on importations of American hog products, we furnished 20 per cent of the bacon, ham, and Wiltshire side coming into the British market. During recent years fruit has also come to have an increasingly large interest in the foreign market. This is especially true of the fruits of the Pacific coast, of Virginia, and of the North Atlantic coast.

During the World War the American farmer went down to the sea in ships. Previous to the World War throughout the history of the nation he had been in the habit of going down to the sea in ships. Cotton, lard, pork, wheat, and tobacco had furnished, previous to the World War, a large part of the means whereby we were able to pay the $250,000,000 annual interest charges on the debts we owed abroad. Today, with foreign countries paying us every year $360,000,000 more a year in interest charges than we pay them, there is always the question as to how firmly our foreign export trade may be grounded unless we are willing over a long period of years to accept goods, services, or gold. From the standpoint of the long-time welfare of this nation and all nations, it is exceedingly important that we become willing to accept at least modest increases in certain types of imports in order that the farmers and laboring men producing exports of a type which we have long sent overseas, may continue in business and receive a fair wage for their efforts. There can be no sound enlargement in foreign trade in the long run unless there is something of an increase in imports as well as exports: a thesis vividly demonstrated in this shipping issue of FORTUNE.

There is always a sensible intermediate approach in the expansion of foreign trade. That is the approach which Secretary Hull and this Administration have followed, and that is the approach which is slowly restoring some of our lost trade in agricultural products. Some of this trade will never and should never be recovered. To some extent we must adjust our agriculture to the fact that it never can be recovered. But it is a mistake to write "finis" prematurely to our agricultural export trade until we know a little more clearly the trend of world affairs. This year, for instance, we are going to have very substantial exports of wheat after many people have declared that our wheat trade was dead forever.

Yes, the seaboard cities which line our Atlantic and Pacific coasts from Boston and New York all the way around to Galveston, San Pedro, and Seattle have an enormous interest in the farmers when they go down to the sea in ships. If international policies are followed which destroy the market for farm products, and farmers are unable to sell to foreign countries because foreign countries can't obtain dollar exchange, then these cities will watch their ocean shipping dry up. This is one of the factors which makes the current issue of FORTUNE of unusual interest and significance to farmers. I am confident that as farm solidarity becomes more and more apparent, it will stand for a sensible intermediate course with respect to foreign trade, the course which Secretary Hull and this Administration are now following.

From BASIL HARRIS
Vice President, United States Lines

FORTUNE has done a remarkable job. Any American interested in shipping generally, and the United States merchant marine in particular, will find the September number a one-volume encyclopedia. It is regrettable, however, that the passenger end of the business is treated so lightly. Foreign governments have long considered the passenger business, especially on the North Atlantic, lucrative as well as the outstanding vehicle for acquiring national prestige on the seas. The American Government and the American people, however, have shown an attitude of indifference. Let me suggest in some future issue an article devoted to the passenger business and the luxury type of liner, the revenues collected from Americans by foreign lines, etc. On pages 64 and 65 of the September issue, FORTUNE shows that the money paid by American travelers to foreign lines in one year is equal to twice the total subsidies paid to foreign lines by their respective governments.

From LINDSAY ROGERS
Professor of Public Law, Columbia University

FORTUNE has used romance and human interest to make vivid a far-reaching question of public policy and to discuss it without sentimentalism or sensationalism. The desirability of increasing American exports through importing our shipping services, the possibilities of waste and corruption in subsidies that are sprinkled widely, the involvement of the government in a difficult labor situation, the glory (and what price therefor) of the American flag in foreign ports—these and other issues are opened up in such a way as to challenge thought. I prophesy that this number of FORTUNE will be long in demand by those interested in what the government's policy should be and in what steps are desirable to implement it.

From LIONEL D. EDIE
President, Lionel D. Edie & Co., Inc., Economic Consultants

FORTUNE'S shipping number is noteworthy for the amount of ground it covers in an interesting way. The preface promises to give the case against a merchant marine as well as the case for it, but the reader who looks for a really critical attack on the program will be disappointed. By inference the section beginning on page 112 on "The Economics: They Lose" admits that the program is economically unsound and that, in final analysis, support of it has to rest on military considerations of national defense.

An omission is found in the failure to give adequate estimates of subsidies old and new. The reader will be unable to ascertain whether, taking all factors into the reckoning, the taxpayer will contribute more or less than in the past.

In spite of this, the survey affords an excellent background of the shipping problem. The emphasis should appeal especially to students who are more sympathetic to ideals of national pride and self-sufficiency than to conventional notions of the principles of internationalism.

From JAMES D. MOONEY
Vice President, General Motors Corp. In Charge of Overseas Operations

THERE never was, I believe, a more propitious moment nor a more pressing need for such a striking dramatization of America's low estate on the seven seas.

An adequate American merchant marine can do much more for America than merely carry the burdens of American trade. The major role of the merchant marine in times of national emergency is clear to everyone. Further, it is a powerful influence in developing peace-building contacts and relations with other countries. Finally, in today's uncertain world, it ensures an uninterrupted flow of imports of the raw materials and processed goods which we need to maintain our American industries and our American standards of living, and it ensures also a steady counterflow of American exports to pay for these essential imports.

American shipping men have had a seedy time of it during the past fifteen years, and are definitely due for a well-deserved break. Let us hope that the government will coöperate fully toward the rehabilitation of American merchant shipping and its restoration to its rightful place among the merchant fleets of the world.

In this significant study, FORTUNE has made a forceful and practical contribution to this end.

The Maritime Unions

I. S. U.—N. M. U.—S. U. P.: plus I. L. A. (east)—I. L. A. (west); plus teamsters and warehousemen. A caldron of labor for Commissioner Kennedy to stir.

"You can put me in jail. But you cannot give me narrower quarters than as a seaman I have always had. You cannot give me coarser food than I have always eaten. You cannot make me lonelier than I have always been."

SEVERAL decades ago Andrew Furuseth, a gaunt Norwegian-born sailor, spoke these words when he was slated for jail because he was trying to drive the crimps off the San Francisco waterfront. They have echoed through marine labor ever since. They have been mouthed by heavy-set leaders who took over the International Seamen's Union of America, which Furuseth helped build, without his idealism and his simple habits of life. They are being shouted by young rebel leaders who regard old Andy Furuseth today as the unfortunate tool of the shipowners. They have lived because they say something about seamen, maritime unions, and what life aboard ships does to man's psychology that no other sentences so exactly communicate—namely that when you deal with marine workers you are dealing with men as independent as any in the ranks of American labor.

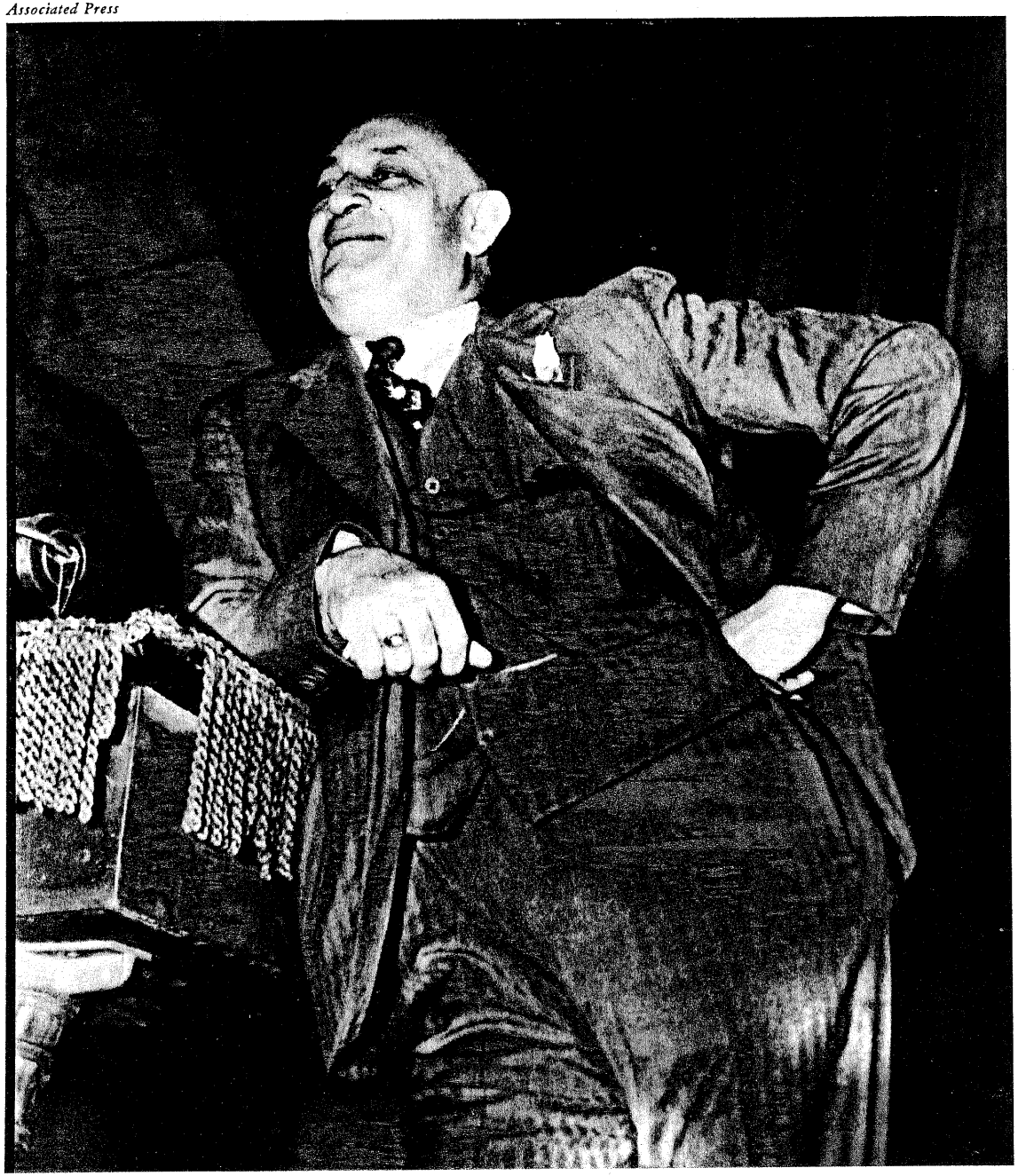
You are dealing, in fact, with the true proletariat of the Western world, the homeless, rootless, and eternally unmoneyed. You are dealing with men who have no stake in the system beyond this month's voyage, who have been all over the world and seen none of it beyond its dull ubiquitous Sailortowns, who have become a part of it nowhere. Four out of five of them have no wives and three out of five have no addresses. They are tough, knowing, and free, and they look at you from behind some scorchingly eloquent spokesmen, the strongest of whom will be presented to you shortly. Meanwhile there is scarcely a shipowner in America whose dreams are not troubled by the latest reverberations of Furuseth's words.

Over a year ago the big I. M. M. intercoastal liner *California* could not leave San Pedro for three days because a young sailor named Curran engineered one of the first notable U.S. sit-down strikes. Since then there have been at least 300 "quickies" in East Coast ports alone, and their causes have spread out past such trifles as the absence of Worcestershire sauce in the crew's galley to the much more wasting and complex matter of interunion rivalries. Secretary Cordell Hull, sailing for the Inter-American Conference, was detained in port eight hours because Munson's *American Legion* could not get enough sailors belonging to the right union. The *Oriente* (one of whose completed voyages is described on page 117) has had to cancel one full sailing to Havana and postpone several others because of jurisdictional disputes. The memory-laden Fall River Line, after repeated interruptions, was scuttled by its owners (the New Haven Railroad) in July because they said they could not afford the union demands. No port captain has felt certain his crew would work until he has seen the vessel actually at sea, where a sit-down is a mutiny. And the alarmists among shipowners are not too certain even then. As they see it, the dependable "business unionists" they have dealt with for years are suddenly replaced by Communists, anarchists, and a militant rabble. A well-fed agent of Lloyd's, in New York this summer, described American seamen generally as "a ragtime lot" and thanked God the British tar still understands the disciplinary tradition of the sea. The American shipowner, if he thanks God at all, does so only because the whole problem, which is by all odds the most pressing in the merchant marine, has been dumped by act of Congress in the lap of Joseph Kennedy.

The Maritime Commission is authorized to investigate and set minimum wage and manning scales and reasonable working conditions for all crews on all vessels that receive a government subsidy. But Joe Kennedy, a realist, knows that he has more than a fact-finding and rate-setting job to do. He is already sizing up the four gifted, temperamental, power-wielding leaders of American maritime labor without whose compliance no decrees of the Commission are likely to keep the peace. They are the sardonic Australian, Harry Bridges of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Association (West Coast); tall, smiling Harry Lundeberg of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific; the experienced, reactionary, heavy, fast-moving Joe Ryan of the International Longshoremen's Association; and flaming Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union of America (eastern division), who once had a maddened seaman sink an ax between his shoulder blades.

Now the unions these men head by no means include all American maritime workers, nor are all their members by any means

Associated Press



AN OLD-LINE LABOR LEADER SMILES UNDER FIRE

David E. Grange, West Indian native, has for years been a high official in the A. F. of L.'s Marine Cooks and Stewards Union. He is now under heavy fire from the Left wing, where C. I. O. partisans charge he uses a "tin-box system" of accounting for the many thousands that annually flow through his union's treasury. Grange feels that the A. F. of L.'s request for his resignation is rank ingratitude to a faithful servant who has kept the trust.

directly subject to the decisions of the Maritime Commission. All told there are something like 100,000 workers on American deep-sea, lake, and coastwise vessels, of whom some 10,000 are licensed officers. The deck crews number some 25,000. There are some 45,000 in the stewards' department and about 20,000 in the engine rooms. Of the grand total, probably not more than 20,000 work on ships eligible for subsidy, to which the Maritime Commission's jurisdiction is limited. But seamen wander like nomads from ship to ship and even from flag to flag; they compare notes on wages, food, and working conditions almost as thoroughly as they discuss women. Therefore the Commission will in effect set up an unofficial standard for 100,000 American seamen.

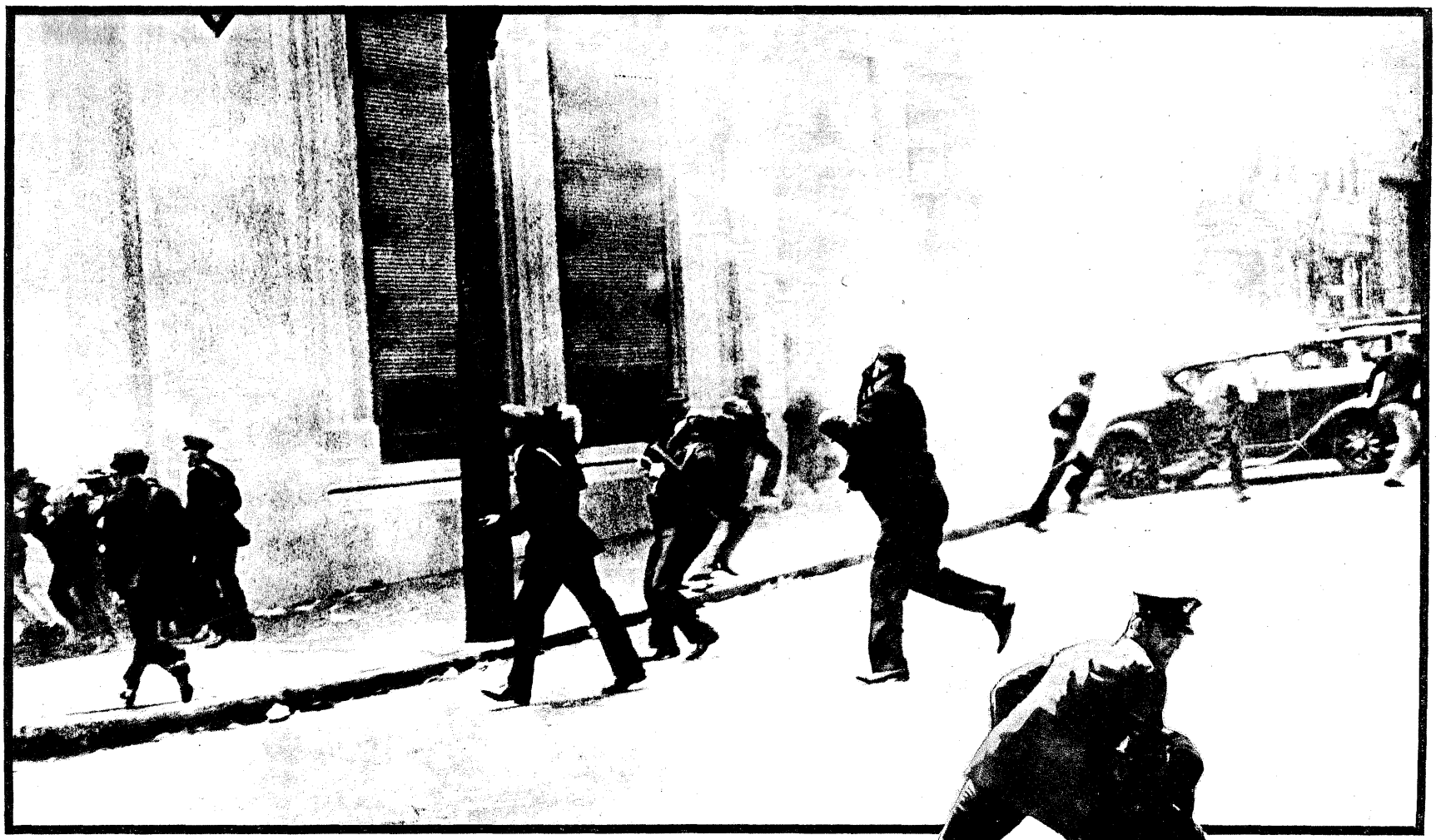
Work on a vessel is complex enough, and every special occupation has its own organization. But when you come to the alliances and feuds between ship and shore workers, the union setup becomes a labyrinth. For cargo is brought into port by seamen; it is unloaded from the ship by longshoremen; it is piled into temporary shelter by warehousemen; and presently it is hauled away by teamsters. Each of these groups has its union, and all of them affect the seamen's unions. The whole chain is no stronger than its weakest link, whether you test it as an exasperated employer or as a militant union head. Because a jam at any point can stop the flow of cargo in and out of an entire port.

In "Seven Seamen" on page 121 FORTUNE *presented a small sample of U.S. maritime labor, representative of that great revolt against old-line unionism that is called the rank and file. Here, in "The Maritime Unions," the vital relationship between labor and the Maritime Commission is outlined in terms of four strong men—Bridges, Lundeberg, Curran, and Ryan — whom Commissioner Kennedy must face.*

Look now for a moment at the pattern of this chain, as the union men have linked it. On the Pacific Coast you find sea and shore workers allied in a Maritime Federation, which comprises 8,000 members of Lundeberg's Sailors' Union of the Pacific, together with 17,000 members of Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's Association, plus about 17,000 more members from nine smaller unions. But Lundeberg and Bridges currently are following different policies and are not friendly. On the East Coast you find the 35,000 members of Joe Curran's new National Maritime Union. Curran and Bridges are taking the lead in organizing a National Maritime Federation and are allied with John L. Lewis's C. I. O., of which Harry Bridges is West Coast leader. Not allied with the C. I. O. are Furuseth's old International Seamen's Union with the remains of 50,000 members; and Joe Ryan's 60,000 longshoremen. The net result of all this is a criss-cross tie-up between seas and shores of both coasts—Bridges' West Coast longshoremen being allied through the C. I. O. to Curran's East Coast seamen, while Ryan's East Coast longshoremen are linked through the A. F. of L., not with Lundeberg's independent West Coast sailors (it would be too perfect a pattern), but with Beck's West Coast teamsters. A third crosshatch links West Coast sea and shore workers in the Maritime Federation of the Pacific.

Now suppose that the East Coast I. S. U. for good or bad reasons strikes the Bull Line, with which it has had an agreement. It does not thereby necessarily tie up the ships, unless Mr. Ryan's longshoremen recognize the strike and refuse to unload them. Such a strike would not be a direct concern of the Commission, but it suggests the relationship of seamen and longshoremen and the complex situation the Commission must consider. Or suppose on the West Coast that a ship manned by what Joe Curran's

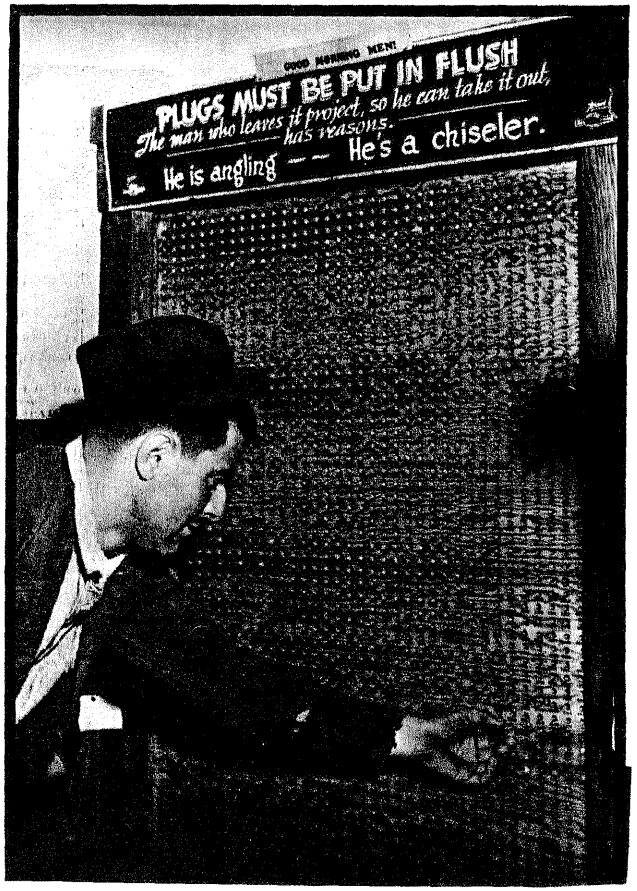
International



Acme

MARITIME LABOR YIELDS TO GAS AND SAN FRANCISCO POLICE

Pickets in 1934 fought with fists, bricks, and clubs, but finally wavered before clubs, guns, tear and vomiting gases. Two pickets were killed. So angry labor called the General Strike.



eastern seamen consider scabs, carrying cargo that Joe Ryan's East Coast longshoremen did not consider "hot" when they loaded it, docks to be handled by Mr. Bridges' West Coast longshoremen who consider it "hot." Or suppose, as was the case in Seattle, you have a setup where the teamsters (A. F. of L.), who must haul cargoes inland from the piers, are at odds with the longshoremen (C. I. O.) about which union shall have jurisdiction over the warehousemen. Such presumptions have been realities in the past, or may become so in the near future. Thus the Maritime Commission, in setting wages and conditions for seamen on subsidized ocean ships, is automatically involved in a net of union feuds and alliances at their bitterest season.

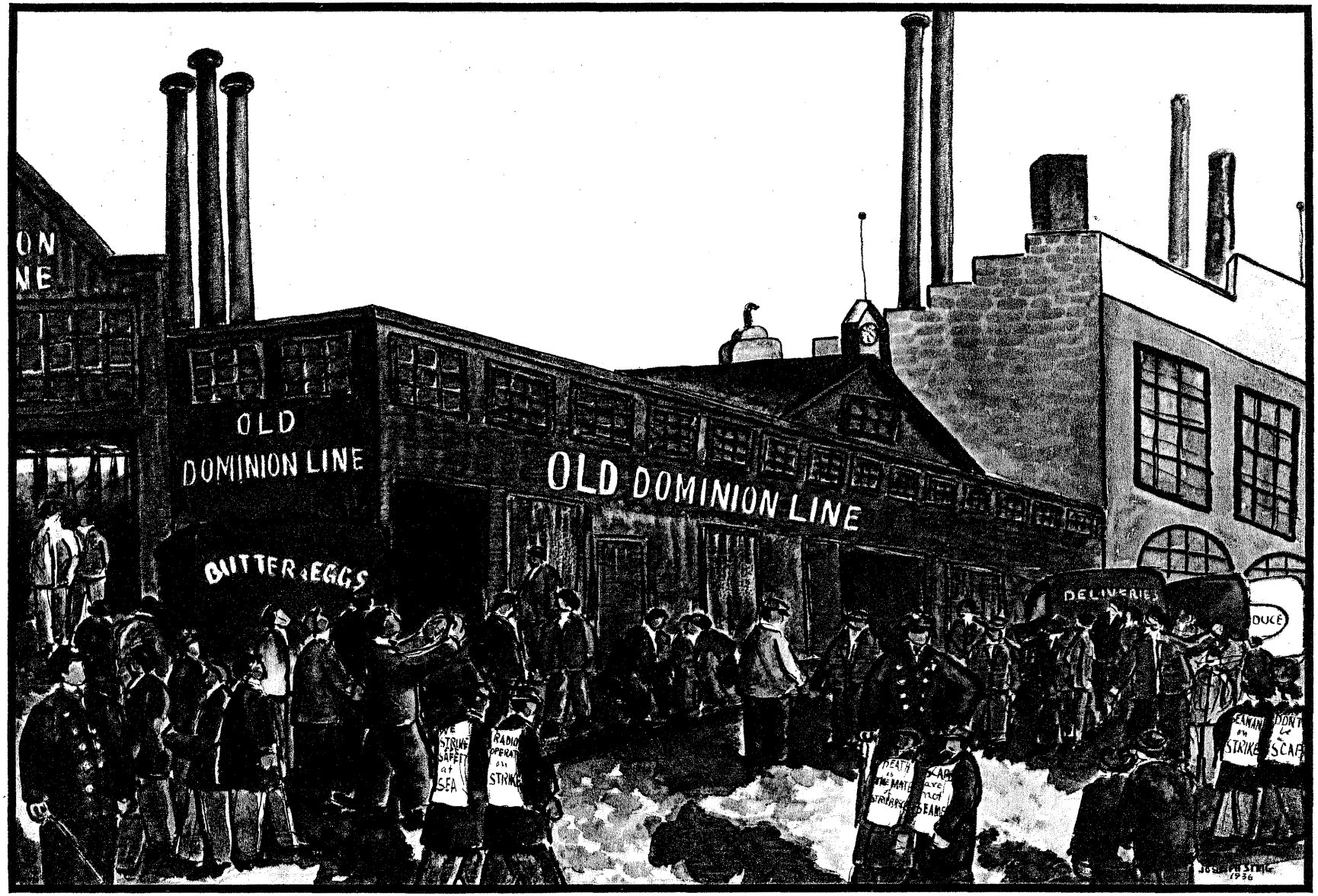
In the past Commissioner Kennedy has had great success in bringing rivals together. He has soothed the angry brows of movie magnates who would scarcely speak to each other. He welded starry-eyed reformers and spluttering Wall Street operators into a smoothly working unit. But now Mr. Kennedy and Commissioners Woodward and Moran, who deal directly with labor, face a new dilemma. For can the labor leaders control their men? Suppose they are given fair wages and working conditions in the subsidized merchant marine; will they strike in sympathy with some remote inland battle between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L.? Or walk off a lot of newly built, clean, and comfortable ships to aid a strike of ill-fed, badly paid and housed coastwise sailors who envy their high standard? One answer to this was proposed in the Bland-Guffey bill, which would have set up compulsory arbitration of maritime labor disputes through an independent commission. But Joe Curran denounced it at the House hearing. When Commissioner Kennedy announced briefly that his Commission also opposed it, the bill died.

Hansel Mieth

Otto Hagel

STORM POINT OF THE 1934 LONGSHOREMEN'S STRIKE IN SAN FRANCISCO WAS CONTROL OF THE HIRING HALLS

When hundreds of hands stretched out for every job, the company's hiring bosses could give jobs to men who bought them drinks, slipped them cigars, or were willing to kick back a part of their earnings. Two major strikes, in which seamen's unions joined, gave longshoremen's unions a dominant voice in supervision of a new system of hiring halls, where plug boards (above) now ensure that jobs will be equally spread among union members.



Painting by Joseph Steig

A QUIET AFTERNOON ON THE BEACH

Not a strike, but the kind of minor disturbance that happens daily when maritime workers get restive. This quickly settled "quickie," which briefly ruffled Old Dominion's otherwise unbroken record of placid labor relations, was caught at its fleeting prime by Artist Joseph Steig's brush.

Sometimes one seems to see, in Commissioner Kennedy's random utterances on maritime problems, almost a rhythm of purposive timing. Before representatives of 42,000 workers assembled in Portland June 7 for a convention of their Maritime Federation of the Pacific Coast, Mr. Kennedy had quietly observed that ". . . the men . . . must be loyal and disciplined . . . there can be no excuse for costly and bitter factionalism . . . from every sort of fanciful and irresponsible cause." And again, when he was about to plunge into those seventy-three days of bargaining with the twenty-three ship operators, he was talking vaguely of the possibilities of government ownership. And more recently, when the unions were about to air their grievances before the Commission, Mr. Kennedy appeared to go into another period of dejection over the difficulties of his job, to mention, in words of well-chosen ambiguity, that the naval reserve might be forced to take over the merchant marine in case of strikes.

But Mr. Kennedy in general keeps his own counsel. And if he looks a little warily at labor, the sailors return his gaze with even greater wariness. Because labor can give good reasons for counting on its unions for good wages rather than on governmental commissions. Before the War able-bodied seamen's wages were between $30 and $35 a month. But by 1920, when the International Seamen's Union had been built to 66,000 members, the wage was $86. Presently the shipowners and the Shipping Board smashed the I. S. U., which by 1931 had dwindled to 15,000. And wages were about $61.50. Then came an increase in union membership, and this year, following the strike, wages went up to $72.50. While the big sag of the twenties reflected post-War deflation, the wages of the well-organized railroad workers dropped only 11 per cent and then began to climb. But the seamen's cut was only slightly restored. So labor cherishes its right to organize and strike, and views the interposition of governmental machinery as a fascist move. At the N. M. U. convention Joe Curran warned dramatically: ". . . if we don't wake up . . . we will find that we have been legislated out of business or into the navy!"

YET, as with many of Mr. Kennedy's enterprises, a paradoxical air of reassurance rises simultaneously with a sense of foreboding. While this convention was in session the Todd shipyard workers were on strike, and suddenly there was introduced (and passed) a resolution demanding the removal of Kennedy from office because, as owner of 1,100 shares of Todd stock, he was an interested party. What the delegates did not know (and their strategists were not in the hall) was that Mr. Kennedy had called attention to his ownership of this stock (held in trust for his children) before he accepted the position, and that the Senate by special resolution had exempted him from the provisions of the law covering such cases. When the convention's board of strategy wandered back into the hall and discovered this resolution they sprang to action. Telephones buzzed in Washington, and someone was presently on the floor explaining the case. In a few minutes the convention unanimously rescinded its resolution demanding Kennedy's scalp. Labor does not want to make a snap judgment on the man whose measure it has not yet taken. And after the Commission opened its

hearings in New York, Joe Curran gruffly admitted: "This is the first time the seamen have ever had a chance to say what they really think at one of these things."

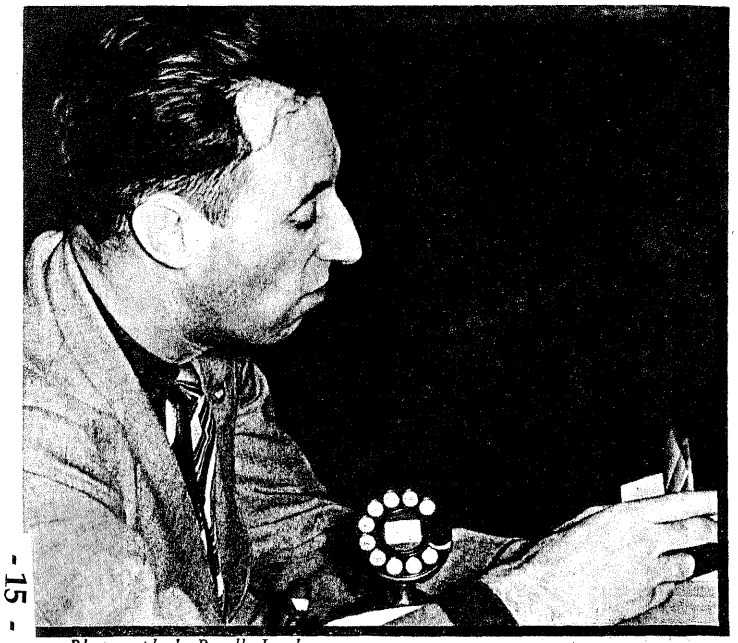
At the hearings sailors rose to tell, in pungent phrases, of fo'c'sles so crowded that men of naturally clean habits presently crawled with vermin, of toilets connected with messrooms, of garbage piled five feet high in companionways, of bunks where sheets are changed hardly once a month. They told of ships that sold their hospital beds for passenger space, so that sick or injured members of the crew had to be cared for in the fo'c'sles, of crews paid off in I. O. U.'s instead of wages. ". . . on the ships running on tropical voyages," said V. J. Malone of the Pacific Coast Marine Firemen, Oilers, Watertenders and Wipers Association, "one of the first essentials is a wooden awning over the crew's quarters, because of the fact that the men can't sleep down below, it is just like an oven, so they just get up on deck and sleep there . . . On passenger ships they just stay below and swelter and curse and sometimes they sneak up on deck and sleep on the hatches. It is a very bum arrangement, pardon the expression, but it is a very, very poor arrangement." "I am not a judge of the quality of food," said Joe Curran modestly. "I have seen a duck that looked pretty good from the outside, and when you put a finger in him he fell apart. I have seen that happen, and the same thing with beef, it looks good on the outside, but once it hits the icebox aboard the ship it usually falls off the hook and starts to walk away." "I have made voyages," said William Gallagher of the International Union of Operating Engineers, ". . . to India, laying at Kidderpore docks, eighty miles up the Hooghly River, where the temperature would be 120°. It is impossible to live in the quarters of these ships, you cannot sleep in them; pitch is coming out of the seams on deck, and any amount of fans will only stir up the hot air. I have also, in the same type of ship, made a voyage up to the North Sea, the northern regions of Russia, and up in the Murman's Peninsula, where the fog seems to be frozen and the moisture is collecting, sheathing the sides of the ship, forming a film of ice on the side . . ."

The Commissioners, above these somewhat muted echoes of innumerable beach and fo'c'sle conversations, heard more than a fierce resentment against accumulated wrongs. They could hear an overtone of the pride men take in enduring a poor and dangerous life they cannot love, and a cynically suppressed hope that this time they may get a break—suppressed because they have been rolled too many times on shore to believe it. The four strong men who lead these workers reflect this hope and cynicism. Two of them are leaders of sailors' unions; two of shore unions. The shore unions may be the sailors' allies, or they may join other labor factions against them, according to the drift of the greater controversy between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., of which this maritime struggle is a crucial salient. Each of these four men has been spotlighted by the dramatic rise of maritime labor since NRA. The high points of their lives tell the story in almost chronological order. But remember that it is not a story of dynamic leaders only. The waterfront is littered with burnt-out dynamos: leaders who lost touch, who

Courtesy of "N. M. U. Pilot"

SAILORS' NEW LEADERS

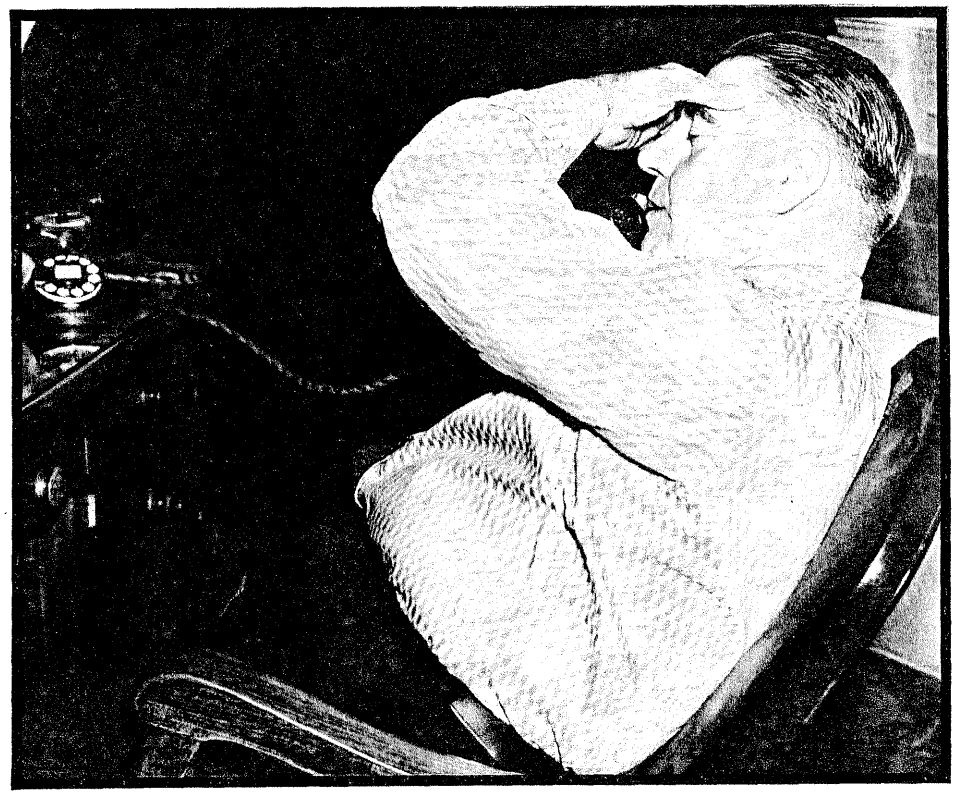
An unknown East Coast sailor in 1936 led his mates in a sit-down strike aboard ship in a West Coast harbor, asking pay and working conditions equal to those that western sailors had got through their strike. Secretary Perkins promised amnesty but Secretary Roper dubbed them mutineers. The owners fired sixty-four, touching off a sailors' strike from which unknown Joe Curran (left, foreground) emerged as leader of an East Coast rank-and-file movement. Joe is a Catholic, and communism is against his religion, but Joe Curran finds Communists make loyal members of his National Maritime Union of America.



Photographs by Pavelle-Jacobs

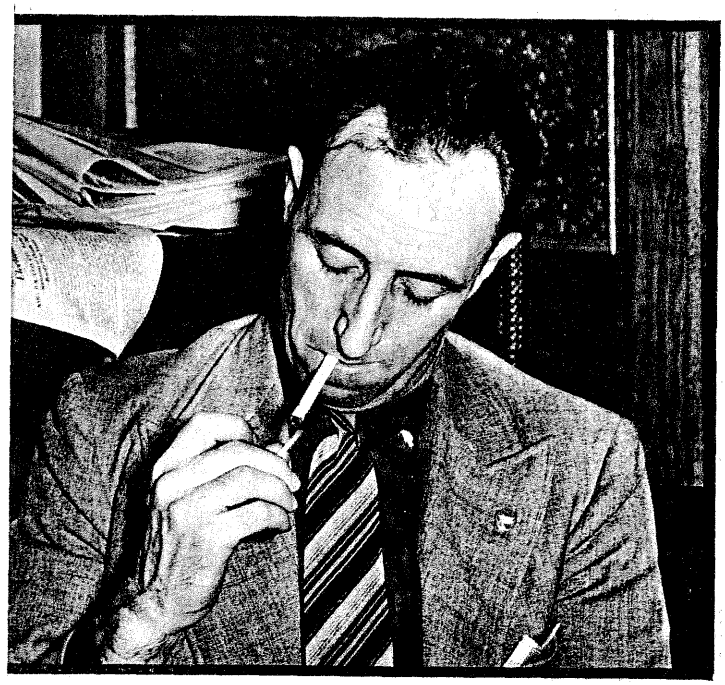
TWO LONGSHOREMEN

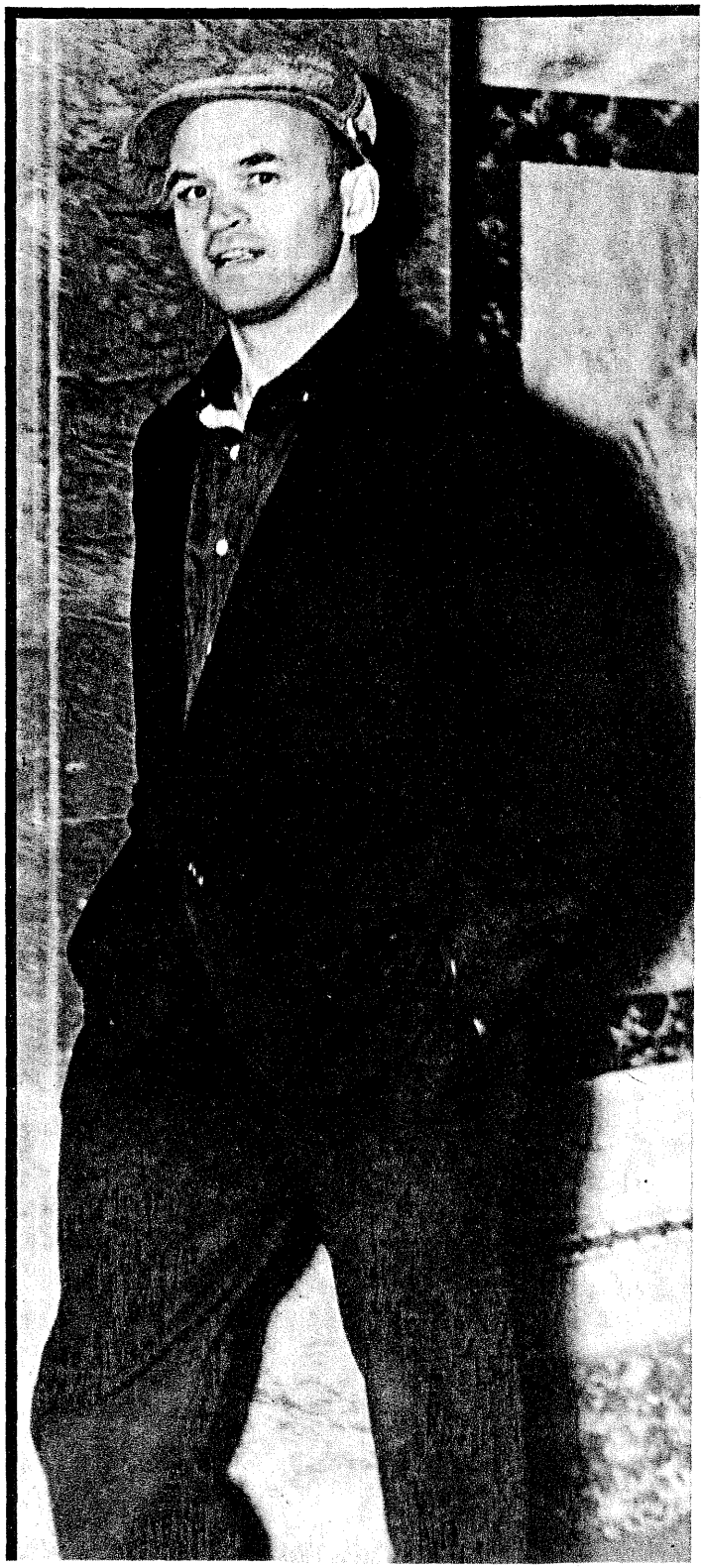
On the West Coast you can find men who might fight if you denied that Harry Bridges (left) is the Jesus Christ of the maritime labor movement. This Australian Left-winger rose to leadership in the 1934 strike, avidly reads economics, is no Communist but welcomes them in his union, can hold crowds spellbound with his stark logic, draws a $75 weekly salary, is currently a West Coast power for the C.I.O. His nominal chief has been Joe Ryan (right), who holds the East Coast longshoremen in line for the A. F. of L. and would argue that he earns his $15,000 salary by keeping them working steadily (i. e., no sympathy strikes) at wages that are higher than the West Coast scale. Even Joe Ryan's enemies concede that he is in pretty close touch with his men. He likes the food at Cavanagh's.



On the West Coast Left-wing Harry Lundeberg (below) rose to leadership in the Sailors' Union of the Pacific during the 1934 strike, led them out of the A. F. of L. in 1936. But this summer the young rank-and-file leader couldn't decide about the C. I. O., wanted to be sure of S.U.P. autonomy. Lundeberg's syndicalist leanings make him wary of political tie-ups. Instead he would rely on strong, militant unions, which will "squeeze the shipowners and capitalists and make them lose dough."

Associated Press





miscalled the turn, who allowed themselves to be bribed, flattered, or wheedled into policies that ran counter to the temper of the masses for whom they spoke. Remember that it was the tide-like masses of sea and shore workers who made these names emerge. And now let us look at them.

Bridges: who looked into lost faces

WHAT the kid never forgot was the look on the faces of the restless crowd that milled all day in front of the jail where Australia's ruling classes had locked up Big Tom Walsh. Big Tom was the voice of Australia's working class, many of whom could not see the War and said: let imperialists volunteer to fight imperial England's battles. Big Tom had made a speech during the 1917 strike. The Tories didn't like Wartime strikes and they didn't like Big Tom, so presently he was behind bars and the rangy kid in his late teens with the eyes and nose of a hawk who stood on the curbing that day caught the lost look on the faces of that leaderless crowd. And he didn't go into his conservative father's real-estate business. Anyway he had been reading Jack London's surf-drenched tales of the class struggle, so presently Harry Bridges signed on for the first of many voyages. In 1920 he was sailing out of San Francisco, which has since been his legal residence. In 1922 he left the sea to work cargo on the waterfront. For twelve years his story was that of any other longshoreman. He married, they had a daughter, and Harry had a couple of not too serious injuries due to faulty safety conditions. He hated (but had to join) the Blue Book Union and also the hiring halls, often run by proprietors of waterfront speakeasies whose owners gave work to men who spent the most money, or were willing to kick back part of their wages.

But there were differences. For silent Harry Bridges was reading—books on labor, economics, sociology, with perhaps a look into Karl Marx. And as a crack workman he was usually a member of a star gang—the shock troops of the waterfront comprising the quickest workers who got the easiest hatches, made sometimes $50 a week compared to a $10 or $12 average for the others.

By 1932 the docks were restless; depression had frozen West Coast shipping and idle factories spewed thousands of unemployed onto the waterfront to compete for cargo-handling jobs; and along the Embarcadero the hawk eyes of Harry Bridges looked into the sullen faces of another leaderless crowd. Presently there sprang up the anonymous *Waterfront Worker* and pamphlets, which passed from hand to hand as men read on blurred mimeographed pages their own hatred of the company hiring boss. The printed word gave them courage and silent Harry Bridges began to find his voice. In 1933 under the Blue Eagle's protective wings they swarmed into a real union, A. F. of L.'s International Longshoremen's Association, and began calling for action. At a rank-and-file convention (Harry Bridges' voice was louder now) they demanded full union control of hiring halls, better wages and conditions. When these were refused the situation drifted into the 1934 strike. Sailors poured off each arriving ship to join the striking longshoremen, for men were reaching out for that same kind of unity that was preached in Harry's books. Presently sea and shore workers formed a Joint Marine Strike Committee of the rank and file under Harry Bridges' chairmanship, each union agreeing not to make separate peace until the other's grievances were settled. But more allies were needed and presently Chairman Harry Bridges was thumbing automobile rides out to the union halls of outlying truck drivers' locals, telling the sea and shore workers' story until the truck drivers, over protests of their old-line leaders, voted not to haul cargo from the docks during the sea and shore strike. Joe Ryan came on from the East, with a mind so open he was sure he could see everybody's side as he sat down in the mayor's office facing the owners. There he signed an agreement to settle the

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strike. But when the rank and file found it was a separate peace for longshoremen, without union control of hiring halls, they booed their International President from a mass meeting platform on which Harry Bridges sat. Presently the owners and the San Francisco officials moved to open the port.

On July 5 police advanced against the picket lines and as the men with eyes streaming from tear gas wavered and gave way before the guns, clubs, and blue coats of civil authority, police stormed Rincon Hill, which overlooked an idle waterfront. Freight was moved that "Bloody Thursday" but at a cost of two dead pickets. And that night the National Guard moved in. But San Francisco labor was deeply stirred when thousands marched with bared heads behind the biers through the business district. Flowers came from everywhere, but Harry Bridges said they returned without thanks th ones sent by the police. San Francisco labc now overwhelmed its old-line leaders to jar through the Central Labor Council a call fc a general strike, and by July 17, 147,000 worl ers were reported idle. San Francisco wa frightened; her newspapers stormed again subversive aliens and Harry Bridges' haw eyes and nose and long spidery arms rode Red-scare wave in the nation's press.

Under pressure (and weariness) the gener strike crumbled. Sailors and longshoreme went back to work pending arbitration, whic finally gave longshoremen control of the hirin halls. But the strike had also given sea an shore workers a feeling of unity that Harr Bridges quickly moved to cement. From th nucleus of the Joint Strike Committee h

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welded a Maritime Federation of the Pacific—under the leadership of a young rank-and-file sailor, Harry Lundeberg—which stood the shock of a second strike, "The Hundred Days" beginning October 30, 1936. But Harry Bridges was still driving for unity. If sea and shore can be united, why not both coasts? Meanwhile the C. I. O. was rising as a power in the land, with Harry Bridges soon to be its most fervent West Coast disciple.

If the 1934 strike gave this silent man his tongue, it gave West Coast rank-and-file labor a focal point for trust. It might have been one of fifty others, but you can raise a storm out there by saying, as one man did, that after all "Harry Bridges is not the Jesus Christ of the labor movement." And why does this storm rise? Maybe because Harry Bridges can stand up and say, without flourishes, ". . . we as workers have nothing in common with the employers. We are in a class struggle, and we subscribe to the belief that if the employer is not in business his products will still be necessary, and we still will be providing them when there is no employing class." Maybe only because he says, "Always stay close to the masses," and practices it down along the waterfront where they buttonhole him on politics, domestic wrangles, or how to get a job.

While his outlook is in many ways Marxian he is no Communist, and he slapped a libel suit against a newspaper for implying that he was an alien provocateur of revolution. But he hews a straight line toward his goal, veering sometimes into what employers can see only as a maddening opportunism. He favored "quickie" strikes after 1934 as a means of building a compact Maritime Federation and enforcing working conditions. This achieved, he signed a pact outlawing "quickies." When asked what assurance he could give that he would observe this better than the previous one, he said with disarming frankness, "I didn't mean it then, but I do now." Now that the union has been built, the men want steady work, and "quickies" are an obsolescent weapon. Thus lean Harry Bridges hammers forward toward industrial and political unity of labor. That is one of the men with whom Commissioner Kennedy has to deal.

Lundeberg: the Northman

THE thing to remember about Harry Lundeberg is something he may not know about himself. Which is that the Northmen seldom got far from shore. Their boats swarmed down on the Roman Empire and harried the Middle Ages. But rarely did they go more than a day's march beyond their boats.

Smiling, blue-eyed Harry Lundeberg is a true Northman, born in Oslo, Norway, in 1901. He first shipped out of Oslo at fourteen and has sailed under nine different flags, belonging wherever possible to a sailors' union, including a Spanish one with syndicalist leanings. In 1923 he arrived in Seattle, out of which port he sailed until two years ago. Like Bridges, Lundeberg rose from his union's rank and file to leadership during the 1934 strike, even going so far as to oust its old-line head and be cut adrift from the International Seamen's Union. After the strike, Bridges picked the young Left-wing sailor to lead the new Maritime Federation of the Pacific, which was to link sea and shore workers. But it early became apparent that Lundeberg's real interest was with his sailors, so presently he resigned to devote his time to them.

Resting the elbow of one tattooed arm on his table, smiling Harry Lundeberg might first tell you that he is "yoost a sailor," and then, continuing, explain that he believes in syndicalist principles of action—strong economic action and no political action at all. Now a syndicalist, in case you need to brush up on the doctrinal differences of Left-wing politics, is a kind of Red. But very different from Marxian Reds—Communists, Socialists, and the like—whom syndicalists regard as reactionaries, with both feet in politics and only half an eye on the world revolution. The world revolution, syndicalists believe, can come about only through strong trade unions that will "squeeze the shipowners and capitalists and make them lose dough," to take a phrase out of Harry Lundeberg's mouth. So the syndicalists say the hell with politicians who, if you rely on them, will surely sell you out.

When his seamen's organization broke with the A. F. of L., Harry Bridges, whose slogan is always "unity," tried to patch the breach. Bridges' goal, until recently, was to build a militant rank-and-file movement within the A. F. of L. shell. But Lundeberg was content to let his independent Sailors' Union of the Pacific drift just off the shore—keeping its valuable links with the longshoremen but for the rest standing aloof, watching events. And one that he viewed with mixed emotions was the rise in 1936 of the C. I. O. He approved of industrial unions. But he wondered if the C. I. O. did not have too strong a political tinge, perhaps a setup for centralized power, a general tang of dictatorship from the top. Yet the rip tide of rank-and-file labor toward the C. I. O. was tugging Lundeberg's sailors, who in a referendum poll voted heavily for affiliation, the returns from which smiling Harry Lundeberg ignored as he left for the stormy five-week Portland convention of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific. Harry Bridges was there with a resolution that would immediately have affiliated the Federation with the C. I. O. But Lundeberg's forces substituted for it a provision that each union vote separately on the question. Bridges lost this point perhaps because, as his C. I. O. supporters claim, their group of unions did not have voting power at Portland in proportion to their numbers. Or maybe because Bridges left for Washington to confer with John L. Lewis on matters of major C. I. O. strategy.

Or possibly because the smiling Northman refuses to be tied until he knows just what it offers his sailors. He wants to be sure the C. I. O. provides autonomy for a militant leader with syndicalist leanings. He must be certain that it will not draw his sailors into a skein of alliances stretching far inland, which might start vibrating with strikes led by "Communist reactionaries," in which Lundeberg and his sailors have no interest.

Or maybe because of his Northmen ancestors, who feared to raid far from the beach, whose carved boats usually ventured only a little way up even the broadest rivers.

Curran: it looked like another job

THIS Portugee had just killed a man lying in his bunk and none of the other fellows of the watch were anxious to go down there in the half-dark, so it looked like a job for Joe Curran. Joe went down all right but he couldn't see the Portugee had an ax. Somehow down there in the half-dark the Portugee got on top of Joe before he could do anything about it and chopped Joe twice in the back—deep, too; you can still see the slashes made by this Portugee's ax. But you've got to be tough in the merchant marine. Joe remembers one South African run when seven of the boys died. It was some kind of fever. When one of them took down they would give him a quart and a fistful of quinine pills, and send him to his bunk. Either he would polish off the quart and be up and around in a few days, or the off watch, going down there, would find he was dead and then they would drop him over the side. Maybe this is why Joe Curran, who reads a lot, doesn't like sea romances. "I've *been* to sea," says Joe. So mostly Joe read stuff on world economics and labor he could get out of ships' libraries or pick up ashore. He was expelled from the seventh grade in Westfield New Jersey, "for not attending regular." At fifteen he was office boy for Gold Medal Flour in New York and watching the ships go by was too much. So he signed on as an ordinary seaman and started seventeen years at sea during which Joe Curran read a lot, saw more and picked up several bullet holes and three breaks in his nose.

The way Joe Curran got into unions was like this: in order to sign on the *California* in the winter of 1935 he had to join the International Seamen's Union but even then he didn't think much of it. "Their officers were not seamen' officials but shipowners' agents," he explains. He didn't like the *California* either. The boys were already sore about the grub and the

hours, and when they docked at San Pedro an found out how much better wages and con ditions the West Coast boys were getting as result of their 1934 strike that finished it. Bu they didn't know what to do, so they turne to Joe Curran and Joe sat them all down o the job. He told the owners' agents th *California* would not move unless they gav the boys West Coast pay and conditions. Th papers made quite a thing of it and prett soon they told Joe that Washington, D. C., wa calling him on the phone. It was some lady voice explaining that if the men would tak the *California* back to New York there woul be no discrimination and a hearing of thei grievances. The lady was Secretary Perkin But when they docked in New York the owne fired sixty-four of them and the papers sai Secretary Roper had called them mutineers.

That started the rank-and-file strike in th spring of 1936, when the boys started walkin off East Coast ships (while the old-line officia of the I. S. U. joined the shipowners in wrin ing their hands about violation of existin contracts) demanding reinstatement of Joe an the *California* crew. And what if some Con munists did agitate for the walkout? Let the come along, so long as they go the right dire tion, Joe's boys will tell you. That strik dwindled. Or rather, it seemed the sensibl thing to do to go clean the fat boys out of the nobby I. S. U. offices—get some fellows in wh had recently slept in buggy fo'c'sles, knew wha it was to stand watch, and would do somethin But it wasn't easy. The fat boys had writte the union constitutions and they ran the ele tions; so pretty soon there were two sets officers—insurgent and old guard—and if Joe boys didn't know what shipowners could l like, they would almost have been sorry f them—what with strikes everywhere and picket line across almost every gangplan

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That fall there was another walkout, called by Joe Curran's rank and file, in sympathy with the West Coast strike, but pretty soon at mass meetings they began pushing demands for West Coast pay and conditions for themselves, and though the rank-and-file faction claimed that 90 per cent of the seamen by this time were paying dues into their treasuries, the old-line brass collars set up headquarters to supply scab crews against the rank-and-file strike. So pretty soon Joe made the break clean, forming the rank and file into a new National Maritime Union of America, and the rank and file could gloat that the old-timers were left stranded with little under them but their swivel chairs and their titles certified by the A. F. of L. But there was someplace to go after the break, for in John L. Lewis and Harry Bridges, Joe Curran's East Coast rank-and-filers found men who talked their language. At N. M. U.'s constitutional convention in New York in July, they voted to join the C. I. O.

Big, rangy Joe Curran has been called a Communist so often that he has developed calluses in the proper places. Now he only grins wearily and tells you that he isn't; he goes to mass and it's against his religion. But that all political parties are welcomed by the N. M. U. At mention of Commissioner Kennedy, Joe Curran is drily noncommittal. He thinks he will get along all right. But there is a brief silence as he stares seriously into space, thinking of the brisk, pleasant-faced ex-Czar of Wall Street. A silence as one quick-minded, hard-hitting Irishman, across the barbed wire of the class struggle, sizes up another.

Ryan: he might see it as a business

PHYSICALLY, Joe Ryan might be the star line plunger of your college class attending its twentieth reunion. His powerful shoulder muscles have softened from less strenuous use, and slide easily through thin layers of fat. Perhaps this is because Joe Ryan, President of the International Longshoremen's Association and a tower of strength in the A. F. of L., likes the good food at Cavanagh's.

And why should he not? Joe Ryan draws a salary of $15,000 per year from the I. L. A., and how he wants to spend it is rather definitely Joe Ryan's affair. If you suggest that he is the head of a business union, Joe Ryan will not cringe. He doesn't like political ones. And maybe keeping your men at work at wages higher than the West Coast Left-wingers get—without pulling them off the job in sympathy strikes—maybe it *is* just a business. But the men seem to like it, although some point to the West Coast's superior working conditions. Steady old Joe Ryan has been able to run it that way without calling in Communists or syndicalists, without scaring the uptown folks with a lot of wild talk about a coming revolution. If Joe Ryan's enemies could write him off as just another A. F. of L. fathead up in a swank office, things would be simpler for Left-wing labor. But even his opponents concede some points on Joe Ryan, admitting he is in touch with his men. He still goes down to the waterfront to talk things over with them. And he still has them out to his house for dinner.

There may have been times when things slipped through Joe's stubby fingers. Such as when he went out to the West Coast during the 1934 strike and signed that settlement in Mayor Rossi's office that the rank and file repudiated. But since then he has been watching the young rank and file and has picked up a trick or two. At a recent conclave of A. F. of L. higher-ups, he came out flatly for a house cleaning of the International Seamen's Union under A. F. of L. auspices, suggesting that it could be improved by the resignations of some of the union heads who had lost face

with their men. Of all the I. S. U. officials, none has been under heavier fire from the Left-wing than David E. Grange, the smiling native Jamaican (shown on page 123) who heads I.S.U.'s Marine Cooks and Stewards. Asking his removal in court, auditors for Left-wingers have shown that of $108,000 collected by this union, only $49,804 found its way to the bank, and have branded its bookkeeping as a "tin-box system." And William Green has chosen Joe Ryan of the longshoremen as one of several to conduct an I. S. U. house cleaning. Beyond this they make plans for a rejuvenated I. S. U. headed by Old-liner Ivan Hunter, which could join with the East Coast longshoremen in an A. F. of L. federation of sea and shore workers like that which the Left-wingers have out on the West Coast.

Beneath the C. I. O. trumpets of the new rank-and-file movement, the A. F. of L. still preserves bulwarks of great strength in the maritime-labor picture. In general it is favored somewhat by the inertia, still more by the innate conservatism of the American workman. Specifically, the A. F. of L. can count on sturdy Dave Beck on the West Coast, without whose teamsters no prolonged longshoremen's strike could be won. And in the East there is always steady Joe Ryan, who has kept his longshoremen in work at top wages, and who still goes down to the waterfront to visit with his boys—after a pleasant dinner at Cavanagh's.

Red?

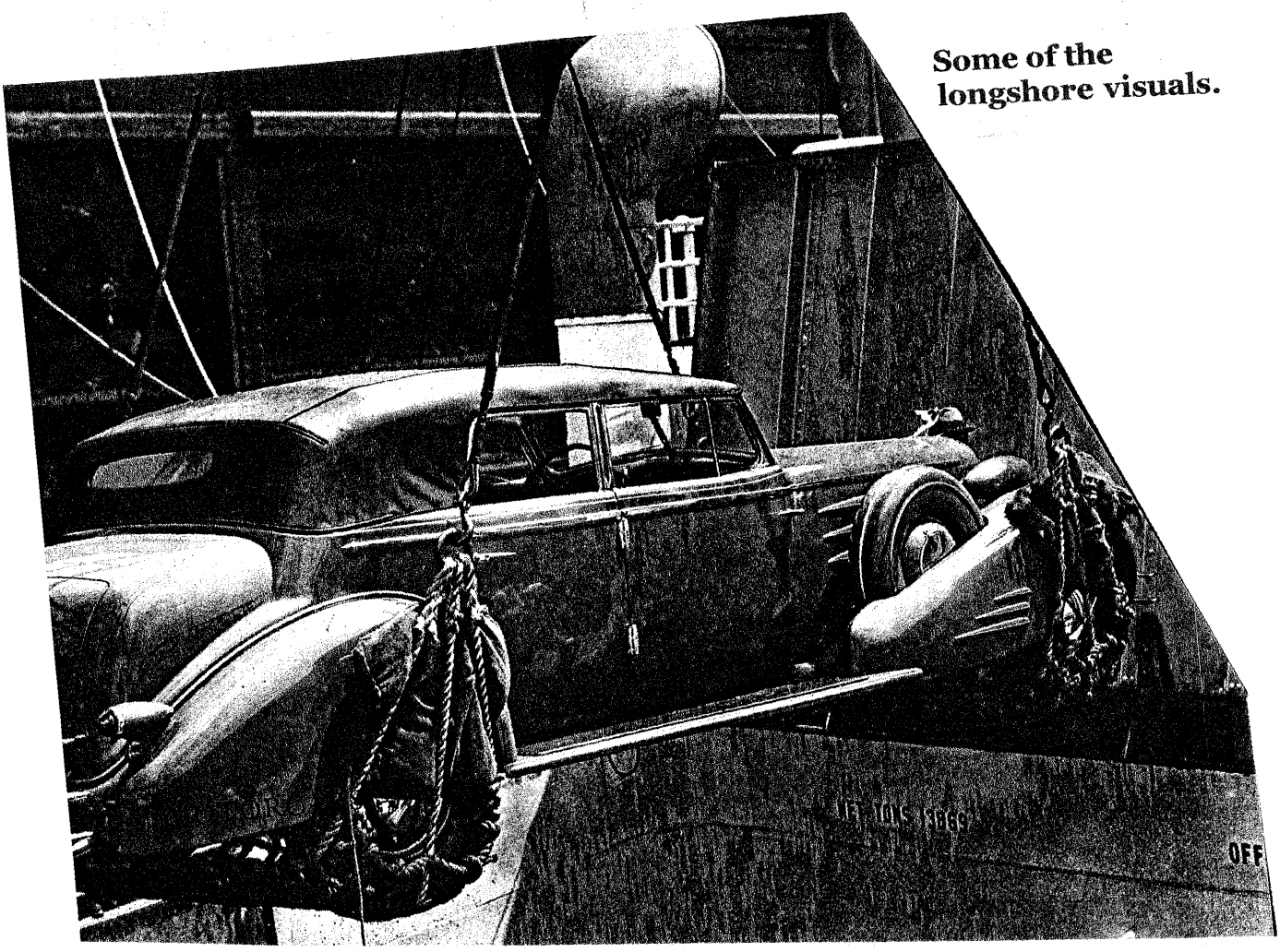
NOW that we have looked at their leaders, how far Left are the new rank-and-file groups that control the seas of both coasts and the shore in the West? There is no reason to doubt the denials of Lundeberg, Bridges, and Curran, of their personal membership in the Communist party. Nor the fact that Bridges and Curran both tell you their unions are open to men of all political faiths, and that Communists make good unionists. Nor the fact that both see eye to eye with the Communist party on some points of strategy—particularly its plan for building a strong, class-conscious system of democratic unions. Old-liners like Joe Ryan will lean back in their swivel chairs to explain sadly that the N. M. U. is now controlled by the same disruptive gang of Communist organizers whose only interest in joining any union is to raise hell and whom the I. S. U. counts itself well rid of. Go up to the N. M. U. hall, they tell you, and you'll see that same old disruptive C. P. gang pounding the typewriters. Joe Curran, they concede mournfully, is a good boy who got a swelled head after he got his name in the papers over the *California* sit-down. The C. P.'s are using Joe for a front: Joe doesn't know what it's all about.

But the ordinary seaman—the rank and file's backbone—just how far Left is he? Listen along the waterfront, or in on the fo'c'sle bull sessions of the off watch, and you get as many opinions as there are sailors—plus a few unified trends. Most will tell you they don't like the Coms—the screwy Union Square crowd with their banners and slogans. Russia? Sure. They've got the right idea there, some of these sailors will tell you. They did a job in Russia. But it will never get done here by the Union Square crowd. Yet the Coms up at N. M. U. headquarters (which might be half its staff although a small fraction of its membership) are something else again, the sailors say. Smart boys. They're going where we want to go right now—democratic unions with a firm tie-up to shore workers. The Coms, they say, are fighters: they've got ideas on strategy and they keep their noses clean on money.

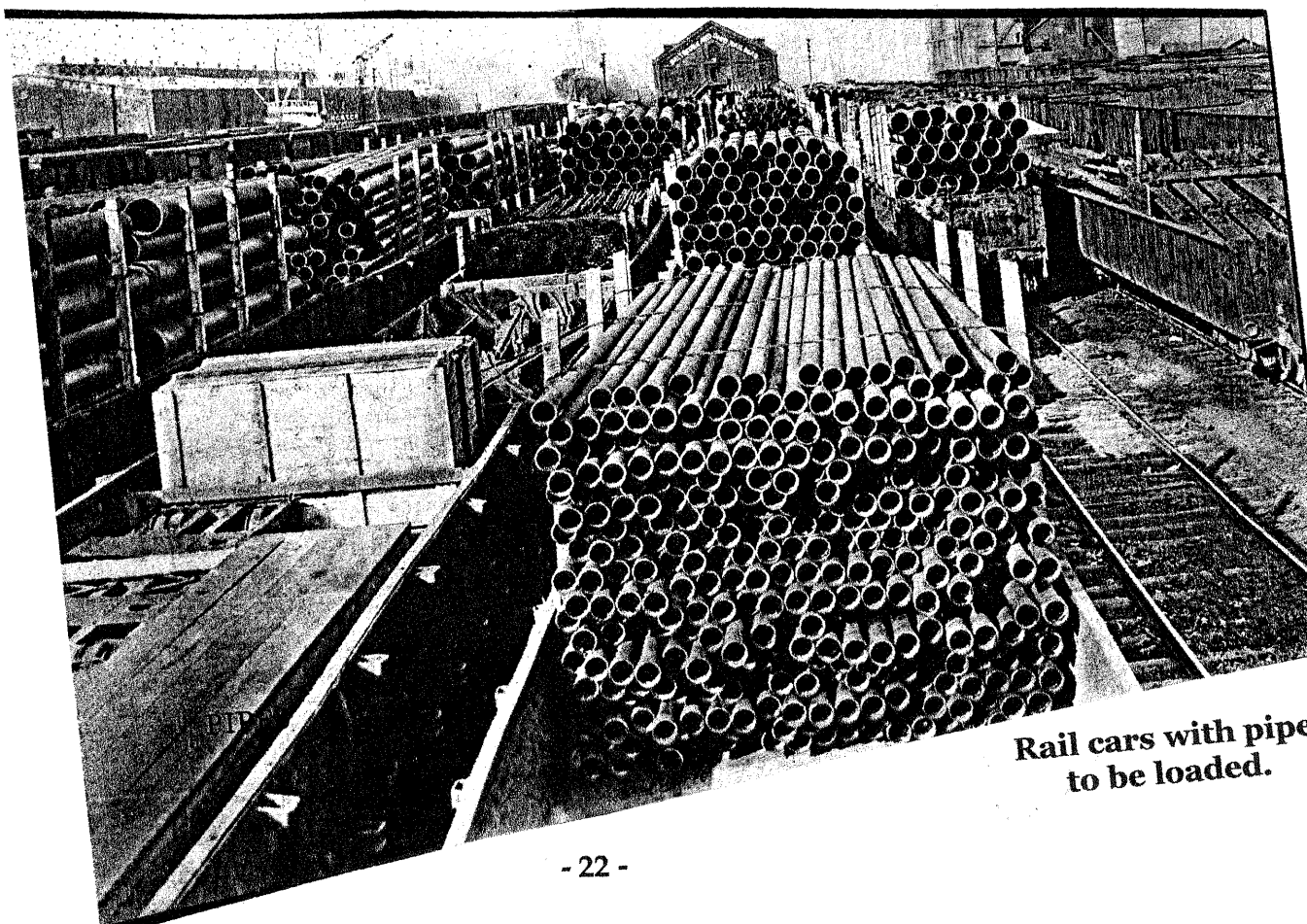
But the American sailor has sized up the world for himself from the waterfronts of Leningrad, Hamburg, Liverpool, Shanghai, Barcelona, and Buenos Aires. No Communist with a mimeograph is going to do his thinking for him. What he wants right now is "conditions" and he expects to get them through a strong union. He is still militantly American, so they must be American conditions. He won't eat the swill they pass out at mess call on British boats. He laughs at the pay of Japanese sailors. He won't sleep sixteen in a room as they do on the spick boats. Because "bedbugs can spread syphilis," which is an angle to overcrowded fo'c'sles that few stockholders have considered. He will gladly accept the help and advice of the Coms so long as they are pointed at better conditions at sea via strong democratic unions. But when he gets them, if they try to pull him off the boat in wild sympathy strikes with causes he does not care about, that is another matter. Joe Curran is in charge up there, N. M. U. sailors will tell you. Joe is an American. When Joe can't get along with the Coms, Joe will kick them out and we'll stand back of Joe.

The N. M. U.'s Left-wing leaders vehemently deny they have any immediate purpose beyond building a strong, class-conscious union. Because much windy optimism has leaked out of the Communist party since the rosy days following 1917, when Lenin and Trotsky were sure the world revolution would eventually come around Mr. Hoover's immediate corner. It's a long, tough job, they now confess. Building well-disciplined trade unions is only the first of many steps. Meanwhile they must play ball with the profit system, which means Left-wing unions that not only can pull a 100 per cent strike but will abide by a fair settlement. And what they say is borne out by what they tell the sailors via their busy mimeographs. Along with attacks on race discrimination and appeals for aid to the workers of Spain, the leaflets preach discipline. *Beefs And How to Settle Them* is widely circulated. And the way is not by pulling "quickie" strikes on the job. But take up your beef with the ship delegate! If he can't settle it, he will take it up with the union at the next port, which will recommend action if the owners won't listen to the shore delegate. The leaflets point out that owners and old-line labor leaders charge that the new union is irresponsible. They preach that "quickies" may have had a place in the stormy days of organization, but those days are passing. So take up your beefs with the union delegate, the leaflets command. In the N. M. U. office where they like to talk in slogans, they might call this revolutionary discipline and working-class order. But down on the waterfront, the sailors call it just horse sense. If you want to build a strong, responsible union.

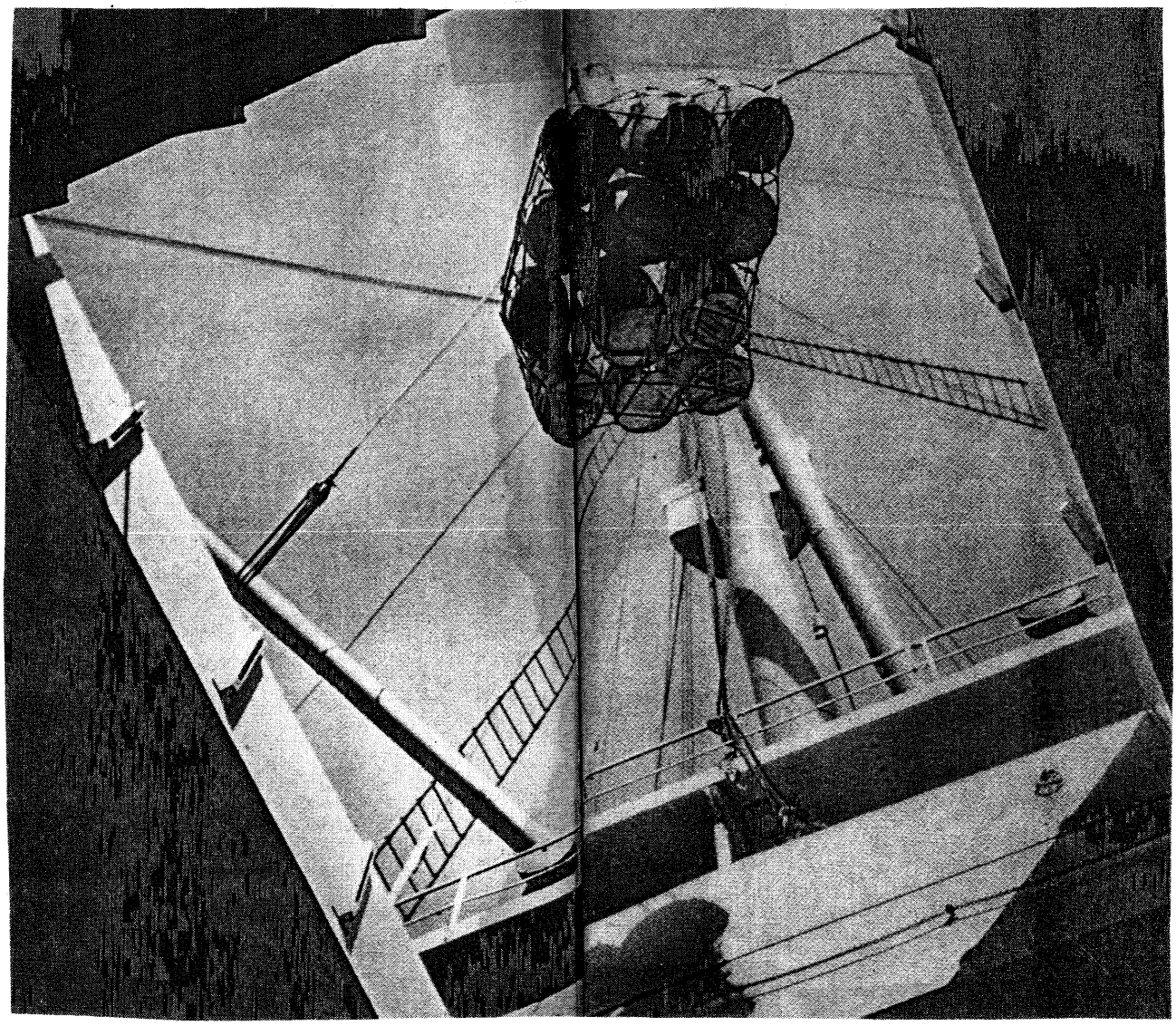
Which the sailors do.

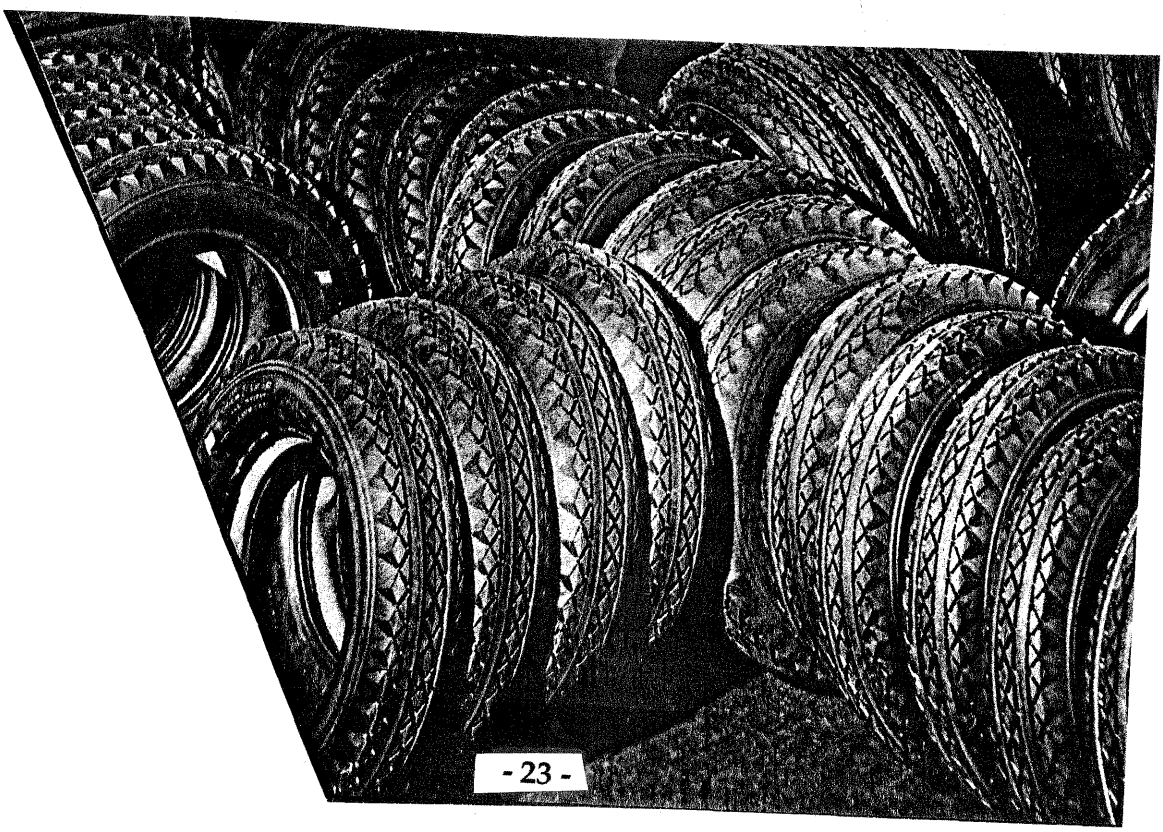


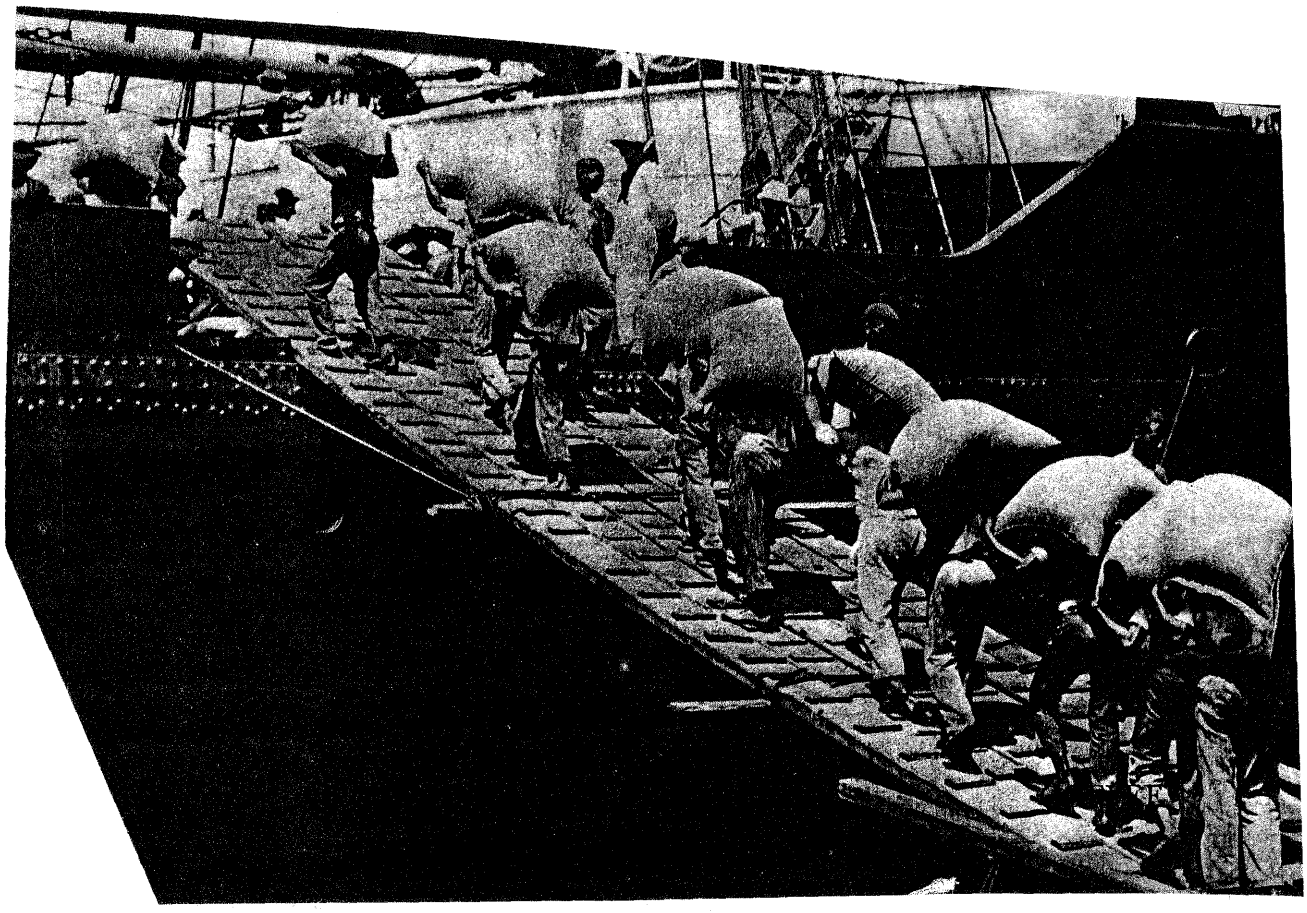
Some of the longshore visuals.



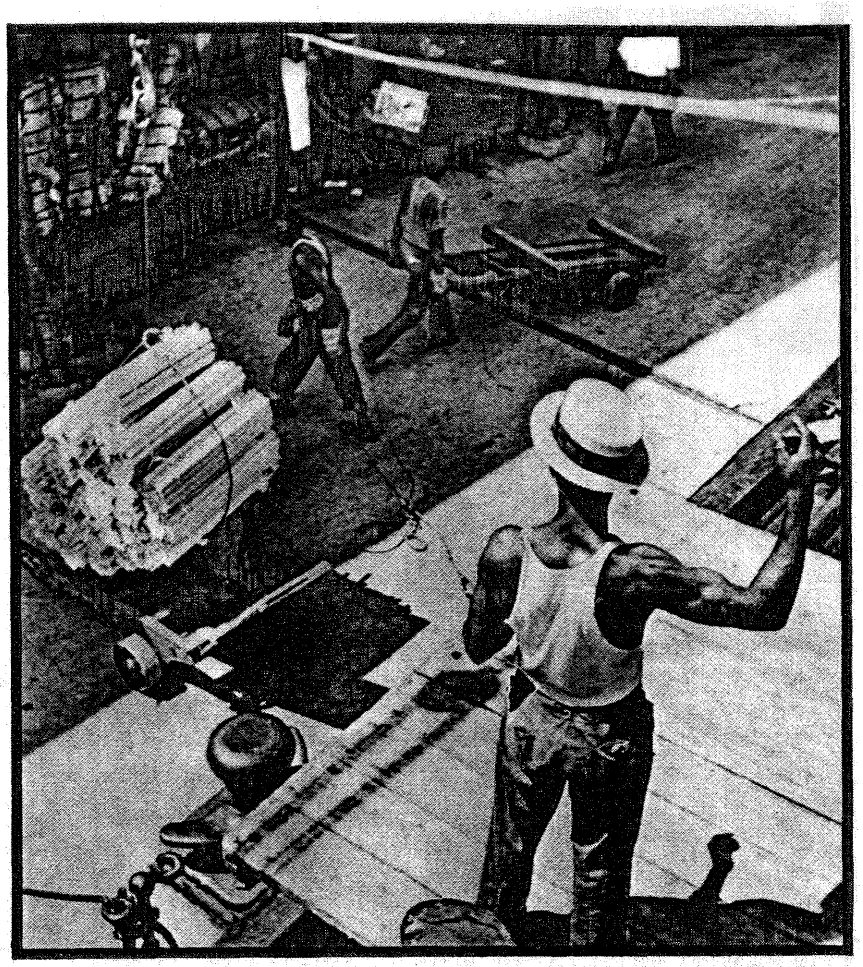
Rail cars with pipe to be loaded.







The caption reads: "Brazilian longshoremen loading coffee at Santos for New York." This is a good example of how dockers around the world benefited from the sling load and sack load limits secured by their West Coast counterparts.



DOWN THE HATCH; OR THE NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE
Lumber, which ranks after oil and cotton in Gulf export shipments, comes down to the Gulf (particularly to New Orleans and Mobile) from almost every section of the richly wooded South. For, contrary to recent public opinion that the South's lumber industry is on its last legs, the South still *is* richly wooded, and cuts down each year only a little more timber than naturally grows up. For the fiscal year 1936, the Gulf exported 1,027,000 tons of lumber.

It thus appears that none of the nearly sixty-two editors, writers, researchers, technicians, and assistants who were engaged in the production of this issue of Fortune and none of the outside experts and consultants who lent support, criticism, and encouragement to the work those persons thus undertook objected to this caption.