

WILLIAM A. (Bill) PRITCHARD, formerly of Vancouver, British Columbia, now of Los Angeles, Calif., in reminiscences of the "old" Socialist Party of Canada and his connections therewith.

(Taped in Vancouver, B. C., July, 1974)

*(for Canada)*

I left England, <sup>for Canada</sup> May 5th, 1911, accompanied by my father who had lived in British Columbia for eleven years, on the island as a coal miner, and in Vancouver at various jobs. Friday, May 19th, around noon ~~that~~ we arrived in Vancouver, and immediately went to the ~~print~~ shop which printed the Western Clarion, where E. T. Kingsley had a desk. He did the technical work connected with the paper and wrote many editorials which ~~were~~ <sup>usually</sup> carried witty barbs and slings of satire.

Next in the afternoon (after visiting the Local Headquarters) met with D. G. McKenzie, the then editor, and one of the finest writers I ever came across. Met several other members of the party on the street that same day. (Vancouver was not the bustling metropolis it has since become).

On Sunday evening went to my first socialist meeting, held in the Empress Theatre, the speaker the late W. W. Lefeaux, his brother Frank the chairman. To the meeting of the Local (in Mount Pleasant) the following Tuesday evening where I signed a membership application form, being admitted the following Tuesday, May 30th, 1911. At that time there some one hundred and twenty members in that local alone, and most of them well posted in history, economics and philosophy.

Among the many outstanding figures of that time <sup>when</sup> ~~which~~ stand out, I remember well ~~in~~ were E. T. Kingsley (already mentioned) a powerful platform man with a lightning repartee; and, as already noted, one who wielded a trenchant pen. D. G. McKenzie, though a brilliant writer, no speaker. I recall a business meeting of the local in those early days ~~when~~ McKenzie was present, and to a motion which had aroused a vigorous debate <sup>he</sup> got up and said, perhaps, half a dozen words. The meeting was amazed; one member rose and cheered, shouting: "Hey! Mc. has made a speech." George Morgan, also a man of few ~~many~~ words but most of them of substance. He moderated the Class on <sup>economics</sup> Sunday afternoon, out of which came many fine students. He was accredited in many circles as being the best informed economist on the North American continent. In his later years - after retiring as sanitary inspector for the city - he took over the library at the University of British Columbia. He helped many fine students on their way to Masters and Doctorates. H. M. Fitzgerald, a red-headed orator of orators, shining particularly on the soap-box at the corner of Hastings and ~~Columbia~~ Columbia. J. D. Harrington, who ran on the SPC ticket in 1908 in Fernie (~~the~~ coal town in the ~~GraxxxxxxxxPass~~ Crow's Nest Pass) where he was beaten by the conservative in an election which had more votes counted (by far) than there were names on the voter's list. He <sup>has</sup> a good historian, well versed in economics and philosophy. In his younger days he attended Tom Huxley's Lectures to Men in London. But the local contained scores of well versed socialists such as Burgess, the ironmoulder, whose knowledge of economics helped me on many occasions.

*Workings*

(Insert p. 1 marked \*\*)

There are so many of those oldtimers, now passed, whose names I cannot remember but one comes to mind who ought not to be overlooked and who might pass into the ranks of the forgotten were he not, at least, mentioned here. His son still lives in Vancouver, a good friend of mine who writes and meets with me when I happen to visit Vancouver or he the sunny southland. This friend is Jack Karne and it is of his father I write. I met him one day shortly after my arrival in Vancouver in 1911. Walking along Hastings St., with my father I heard ~~my father~~ my father hail a rather old chap walking towards us. "Hey, there Abe," my father called and introduced me. Abe it seems had been a member of the party from early days. According to his son he came to Vancouver in 1901 and joined the party then. (This must have been The Socialist Party of BC C., which as elsewhere noted merged with the Island party, The Revolutionary Socialist Party of Canada). Although a novice myself ~~I~~ at that time I sensed that here was an ardent and well posted socialist. I cannot recall all the conversation but remember his disappointment over certain persons becoming over-occupied with trivial reforms as against holding to revolutionary principles.

From conversations with his son Jack, I learned that he left Finland one night in a great hurry for he had learned through a police officer friend that he was to be picked up early the next morning. In 1893, or thereabouts, he had been involved in organizing the Fisherman's Union, sat on its Executive Board, and around the same time helped to organize a political party, The Social Democratic Labor Party of Finland.

Here, perhaps, is the place to say that in December of that year, 1911, the Western Clarion carried my first socialist article. Written today it might be different, but not very much.

*Chas. ...*

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Origin of the Socialist Party of Canada.

From several of those already mentioned and many others, particularly my father I received in bits and pieces information and impressions. First I must say this: Visiting my old colleague, W. W. Lefeaux a few years ago he showed me his copy of Capital upon the flyleaf of which was the following:

W. W. Lefeaux  
Revelstoke S.P.C  
1903

I have a picture of the first Dominion Executive Committee taken early in 1904. Those shown are J. Petersen, R. Stebbings, E. T. Kingsley, D. G. McKenzie, George Morgan, J. Pritchard (my father), a member from the Finnish Local whose name is not given, and Nat Lambert.

*camp*

From the information given me by Lefeaux - who, by the way, was Party candidate for the Revelstoke Riding in 1908 - together with other bits I conclude that the party was in existence as early as 1903. My father, along with a man named Mottishaw carried on organizing work among the men of Vancouver Island's coal and with Parker Williams and others succeeded in tying the camps into The Eastern Federation of Miners. My father was later blacklisted. At least as early as 1902 a political organization was formed on the Island known as The Revolutionary Socialist Party of Canada. Its first election Manifesto was short but definite: No palliatives and the abolition of the Wages System. This was at a time when the Socialist Party of America, although containing many well versed men and women was advocating reforms, many of which were adopted by one or other of the major parties. In the very early days of this Island party the miners of Nanaimo sent for E. T. Kingsley from across the border - they recognized the need for a good speaker and writer. He had left the SLP of the U.S., after a disagreement.

~~Somewhat later (I understand)~~ A party was organized on the B. C. Mainland called The Socialist Party of British Columbia. It could not have been very long before these two parties came together, dropped "Revolutionary" from the title of the Island group and the "B. C.", from the mainland group, agreeing on the name, Socialist Party of Canada. It was not too long before the Socialist Party of Manitoba entered the fold, and in my early (1911) days we had a party in Alberta with many fine locals, and knowledgeable members. I met many of these in 1916, but that is another story.

My father's Island father left the Island, as also did Kingsley, both coming to Vancouver.

From its inception to its death this young party denounced the reformism of the SPA, and also totally ignored the Second International, looking upon it as did Labriola when he wrote: "I speak of the International of Glorious memory and not of its subsequent caricature."

The party could well claim to be the only socialist party in existence, based generally as it was on Marxian Principles. It made mistakes as who does not, - but many of these were from time to time corrected.

The Socialist Party of Great Britain was not founded until the late months of 1904.

Were I able to recount ~~even~~ all the high events that marked the early days (in my time) of the party it would require volumes (unnecessary for this present purpose) and demand of me too much time (of which today I am aware that I am in short supply). But I can recall the vitality of Local Vancouver, No. 1., its activities, and its more prominent speakers and writers.

I have stated that at the time I joined the local consisted of some one hundred and twenty members most of ~~whom~~ <sup>whom</sup> were serious and well posted students with a generous sprinkling of "Jimmy Higgins" - good at selling literature, The Western Clarion and The Socialist Standard and taking up the collection at the Sunday night meetings in the Empress Theatre, as well as other necessary work. Not only were most of these Empress Theatre meetings well attended (usually about 2000 present), but there were several periods when interest ran so high that two other theatres had to be engaged - I remember The Avenue (corner of Main and Georgia Viaduct) and The Pantages (Hastings), these meetings requiring three different chairman and the speakers, allowed a maximum of twenty-five minutes at each theatre,

The local possessed a good library with all the socialist classics and a great number of scientific works on various subjects and the tables in the reading room - or area set aside for such - displaying current magazines and journals. In the winter months an Economic Class was held, Sunday afternoon, moderated by George Morgan; Tuesday was the Local business meeting; Thursday a class on History run by the late J. D. Harrington; and for a time there was a Friday night class for those interested in becoming party speakers, conducted by the irrepressible red-headed orator, H. M. Fitzgerald. At this early date, 1911 to 1916 (?) street corner meetings were held by Fitzgerald and others on the corner of Hastings and Columbia, while later similar meetings were held on the corner of Carrall and Cordova by Charlie Lestor. It was this "spot" that came to be known as "Lestor's Corner," and not (as has been stated at different times by different people) as "Lestor's Square."

It is impossible for me to give more than some of the highlights of these eventful propaganda meetings, and educational classes. One Sunday night Empress Theatre meeting had Kingsley as speaker. The "old man" (as he was affectionately called) had to use a cane as he had lost both legs in a railroad accident. As <sup>he</sup> rose to speak he would drag his chair forward, hang his cane on the back of it, then holding on to the chair with both hands proceed with his talk. This night he was describing capitalism as a commodity system producing its wealth primarily as products for sale. This he claimed was its primary reason; the commodities thrust on to the market were invariably shoddy, for cheap production was demanded by the rigors of the market, but along with the character of "cheap" went another adjective, "nasty." "Cheap and nasty" he declaimed - he was a vigorous speaker - "produced for sale." As he thundered out the last words he gripped the chair and leaned on it for support, whereupon the thing broke. He chuckled his beak-like laugh and, holding the top of the chair aloft cried: "See! Produced for Sale!" Many times in these meetings \* Fitzgerald, Harrington, Lestor and others would make some point in all seriousness which touched the audience as being rather humorous and the crowd would ~~go~~ laugh uproariously and applaud. At no time, in no place, in my long and hectic career, have I seen such steady and consistent rapport between speaker and audience.

While recalling Kingsley as I knew him I permit myself to dwell upon another activity of this vital hard working socialist Local. If there were some question of public interest - for instance an election - this local took the initiative. They would contact other candidates (or other speakers if the matter at hand was other than an election) inviting them to engage in debate. The appeal was: it would give them exposure and cost nothing. The local rented the building (usually the largest then in the city), provided the ushers, and of course took up the collection, which added to the local's

coffers. I was told by my father and others of an incident which occurred a year or two prior to my arrival in Vancouver. A Dominion Election had been called, and the Local nominated Kingsley as the party candidate. Besides Kingsley there were a conservative candidate and a liberal. But in addition some young fellow, whom I understand was a lawyer without too much experience entered as an Independent. All were invited and accepted. The meeting was held in a huge auditorium (I think ~~at~~ the Horse Show Building on Georgia, close to Stanley Park). According to custom the speakers drew lots and the young independent drew No. 1., and Kingsley No. 2.

Kingsley, as I have already noted, had artificial legs, but was also bald. This young pip-squeak opened by announcing that he would not deal with economics or history, but would leave these subjects to his bald-headed friend, pointing to Kingsley. When Kingsley arose (I may be paraphrasing but this is how my memory holds it as told to me) he addressed himself to the chair and to the conservative and liberal candidates and then continued: "I have addressed scores of meetings in my time in this country and south of the border, but never found it necessary to refer to the physical qualities of any of my opponents. This young whippersnapper, who you will note is blessed with an abundance of hair, found it necessary to refer to my baldness which anyone can note at a glance. But I would remind him that there are two kinds of baldness; bald on the outside (indicating his head) and bald on the inside (pointing to the young fellow). YOU CAN OBSERVE MY TYPE OF BALDNESS EVERY TIME I TAKE OFF MY HAT \* YOU CAN DETECT HIS TYPE OF BALDNESS EVERY TIME THAT HE OPENS HIS MOUTH." The youngster slunk down into his seat and the crowd burst into uproarious applause and laughter. There were many similar incidents concerning the "old man," but I must proceed leaving this one as being typical of the man.

Harrington, too, had a caustic tongue with smart Alecks. Well versed in Economics, Philosophy, and, particularly History it was a delight to be present when he held the platform. He was often called upon to speak to other groups, and on one occasion gave a talk on History in the IWW Hall. At the end of the lecture which went well beyond an hour, as the crowd was streaming out, two lumber jacks who had attended the meeting together were in animated discussion at the entrance when one exclaimed to the other: "Hey! That was some talk. That guy, with all that mass of details, names, places, dates and then explaining what these meant to the student of history - without any books or notes!" "That's nothing, boy!" replied the other, "I'll bet if you asked him off-hand for the name of the bull-cook who came over on the Mayflower with the pilgrims, he'd tell you right off."

I wish I could recall some of the glowing oratory of Fitzgerald who could rouse a crowd to a pitch of enthusiasm such as I have never witnessed, or the more prosaic and steady delivery of Lester with his simple description of the worker and his plight. He often made his point - and this became so well known to the street corner crowds that many would go along the street repeating what he had ~~fixixxxx~~ said as he finished the talk:

"You go to work to get the money to buy the food to obtain the strength - to go to work to get the money to buy the food to obtain the strength - TO GO TO WORK...and that is the sum and substance of your entire life."

These rambling reminiscences must omit credit due to many others in the Local of those days. The Clarion was a weekly, about 5000 circulation and at the time I was editor (1914-17) was off the press at 4.30 p.m., each Friday, and in the mail a few hours later, owing to the dedicated work of the Jimmy Higgins's who wrapped bundles, singles, etc., while I ran the hand manipulated address gadget.

from Victoria

One of the members of the "old" SPC whom I remember with well, and admired greatly - solid, serious, a fair platform man and writer, minus flamboyance or ostentation - was J. H. (Jack) Burrough. When I joined Local Vancouver he had just come over to Vancouver and transferred to that Local. After the retirement of D. G. McKenzie, as Clarion editor, Jack took over. Much that might be said of him cannot be ~~said~~ said here, but I will allow this small touch. Around the time of the end of World War II he retired, leaving Vancouver and taking up a small ranch on Denman Island, in the Straits of Georgia. I was priveleged to visit him twice - once in the '60's and again early in this decade. We had good discussion on both occasions, but what stands out clearly in <sup>my</sup> mind was portion of a letter he wrote to me not many years ago:

"...this (Denman Island) is a nice place to live, but what I miss most are the old days and the boys of Vancouver Local, where we argued and debated, ~~vigour~~ vigorously and at times furiously, but never with malice or personalities."

In my opinion Jack then gave what was my impression also of those days of 1911 to 1921. The Russian Revolution and the organization of Communist Parties, allegedly based on the Third International's 21 points, of course destroyed the ~~same~~ conditions of which Burrough wrote. He died in the summer of '73, at the ripe ~~old~~ age of 97 years and three months. His widow, who still communicates with me, sold the Denman Is., ranch and is now living in Campbell River, on Vancouver Island.

Much necessarily must be omitted in a statement of this type but I would be remiss if I passed over D. G. McKenzie, of whom I have merely noted his ability as a writer. Though working for a few dollars per week as editor of the Clarion he was offered - so I was informed by those who ought to know - a position as contributing editor of the Scientific American at several hundred dollars per month. (This was in pre-inflationary times). He turned it down. One of his editorials became so well known in Socialist and working class circles that it was copied in many other publications, and has been copied and re-copied throughout the years. Since very few records may exist as to what I call a masterpiece I think <sup>it</sup> is an appropriate place and time to reproduce so that those of the future may have a still better idea of what the "old" SPC and some of its speakers and writers were like. What follows is the editorial referred to. (All my books and records - 1911 to 1919 - were confiscated by the Mounted Police and never returned). But, I think, this editorial appeared either late 1910 or early 1911.

STUPIDUS AND SAPIENS

"The vista opened out by the patient research of the archaeologist, the ethnologist and the biologist in the attempt to unravel the unwritten history of man is one in which the most exuberant fancy can revel endlessly.

"Gradually there has been unfolded to us ~~our~~ picture after picture until we see far in the past, beyond even the earliest tradition, man first emerging from the forest gloom of primeval days. Low of brow, long of arm, short legged, huge muscled, grim of aspect, the direct forbear of the human race, yet lacking all vestige of <sup>what</sup> ought we are accustomed to associate with humanity. Dwelling as the beasts of the forests, wandering through the day in search of food, grubbing for roots, climbing for fruit or nuts, crouching at night in a cave or on the limb of a tree, mating as the beast. A beast in all things, naked and unashamed. Where do we find in him any of that human

nature we speak of so glibly? Where any conception of good or evil, of decency, of morality, or faith, hope and charity? Where the soul which has been the source of so much anxiety to his posterity? Where the habits and customs, where the laws, human and 'divine'?

"As says our Haji:

"What reck'd he, say of Good or Ill,  
Who in the hill hole made his lair;  
The blood-fed rav'ning beast of prey,  
Wilder than wildest wolf or bear?

How long in man's pre-Adamite days  
To feed and swill, to sleep and breed,  
Were the brute-biped's only life,  
A perfect life sans Code of Creed?

"Yet, this is a man, blood of our blood, and bone of our bone. Our relationship to him is undeniable, and its closeness a mere matter of a few hundred thousand years. A long time? Not it! A mere turn of the glass compared to the ages between that ancestor of ours and his faraway forbear, the slimy, formless amoeba.

"That man, urged onward by the irresistible forces that have brought him to the threshold of manhood, passes over that threshold, and, generation after generation, approaches us of today, just as we are pressed onward to the morrow we know not. At the stern mandate of necessity he adapts himself to new conditions, devises new means of gaining his livelihood, creates new tools and weapons, and ever improves upon them.

"Yet, as long ages rolled he learned  
From beaver, ape and ant to build  
Shelter for sire and dam and brood  
From blast and blaze that hurt and killed.

"Age by age, we can trace the march of our fathers towards us, ever, as they come, proving painfully and slowly by the accumulated experience of past generations; growing in knowledge, growing greater in brain and less brutish in body. Ever impelled by the stern necessity of obtaining a better hold upon the means of ~~his~~ life. Improving their dwellings, their boats, their clothing, their tools and weapons. Discarding the rough stone weapon for the polished, that for the flint, thence to copper, to bronze, to iron.

"Free, wandering, warring, hunting, lawless, propertyless, 'ignorant' savages. Living thus for nigh three hundred thousand years before the first dawn of barbarism even. Then, finding a new source of food supply in the cultivation of the soil, swinging open the gates of Eden and passing out on the way that led to labor and slavery, to progress and civilization.

"That ancient forbear of ours, the child of the ape-man, the scientists call 'homo stupidus' - stupid man. Us they call 'homo sapiens' - wise man. Oh, fond conceit! Wise man! We, who revere the antiquity of a civilization barely ten thousand years old, and that with lapses. Who invest with a halo of heaven-born sanctity a mushroom system of property of a little better than a century's growth. Who bow before the altars of 'eternal' deities discovered but yesterday. Who crystallize our miserable modern characteristics as 'human nature' as it was in the beginning and always shall be. Who elevate to the ludicrous dignity of divine law and upstart moral code co-eval with shopkeeping. Who conceitedly plume ourselves upon the possession of a higher ethical sense

than our rude forbears, and daily and habitually stoop to practices which the most untutored savage would abhor. Who lie, and cheat, and thief, and prey upon one another. Who rob, ravish and oppress the weak and cringe before the strong, who pander to lust and prostitute for a pittance, who traffic, traffic, traffic in all things - in manly 'honor,' in womanly 'virtue,' in childish defencelessness, in the flesh and blood of kith and kin, in the holiest of holiests or in the abomination of abominations, and who crown our achievements by pouring over the festering heap of our iniquities the leprous, foetid slime of hypocrisy.

"Wise man! Wonderful creature! Lord of creation! Hub of the universe! For whose uses all things, the quick and the dead, were specially created: the stars and the planets, the sun by day and the moon by night to light him, the earth, the seasons, the wind, the rain, the waters, the lightning, the metals, the mountains, the plains, the valleys, the forests, the fruits, the beasts, the fishes, the birds, the bees, the fleas and the flies and the corned beef and cabbage."

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There is so much that could be written of these personalities of my early days in the Party, but it must be left to others to unearth. For my memories of other locals than that of Vancouver, ~~many~~ hazy though they may be, should here be recorded. Twelve miles south-east of Vancouver lies the city of New Westminster, and, in 1911, a local of perhaps some 15 or so members. On the Island were Ladysmith, Chase River, Nanaimo and Cumberland. Revelstoke, Kamloops (on the CPR mainline) and many others in the Slocan, Boundary country, Lardar country, the Similkameen, in Rossland, etc., etc.

Late in 1911 (if I remember aright) a Provincial Convention was held in Vancouver. Although but a few months as a member I was delegated along with my father and two or three others of the Vancouver local to this convention. There were representatives from the Island, New Westminster and Tom Cassidy (the unpatriotic Irishman) from Revelstoke. These I can recall. My father was elected chairman. This to me (a new member, recent convert to the Socialist Philosophy, a novitiate so to speak) was interesting but strange. I had never experienced anything of this kind. So I sat and listened. The convention lasted some two or three days and it was only later that I developed any real idea as to what it was all about. But I did discern from the differing points of view that there some who objected to what was called the narrow views of The Clarion and its editor and those who were the official speakers for the party. I sensed some of those wanted what they thought was the position of the British (Hyndman's) SDF. To shorten this, let me say they were calling for what was known as "Social Democracy" and as against "Socialism," as promulgated by the party paper and speakers. From Nanaimo came what to me now seem to be vague - charges against Hawthornthwaite; and strictures upon D. G. McKenzie (Clarion editor). (A. McKenzie later wrote concerning this: "They came seeking the editor's scalp and left raising his salary - on paper") The motion to raise the editor's salary came when some of these people realised - apparently for the first time - how parsimonious a socialist party can be in dealing with necessary hired help. I'll admit it was rather confusing to me, a mere beginner, and looking back it seems like a trivial thing. But here the party suffered during my time its first split. ~~Nanaimo~~ Nanaimo and other points on the Island became parts of the newly formed Social Democratic Party (which existed in Ontario chiefly), together with the New Westminster local. I can recall it now, because at the opening of the convention the New Westminster delegates approached me (I had done some soap-boxing in Vancouver, but had not been called to the Empress platform) to visit New Westminster to address a meeting there. I had agreed. With the convention resulting in this local breaking away I was compelled to announce that I could



Not speak for them. It was to have been on the following Sunday. However, there were delegates present from Victoria Local and they persuaded me to fill that date for them. As indicated (if I remember aright) it was my first visit to Victoria. The headquarters were on Government St., as also the ~~theatre~~ theatre in which the meeting was held. It was a good meeting and, considering my age, inexperience and immaturity in the Socialist Movement, was held to be a good speech ~~by the members~~. I can recall many of those members even now, but can only give the names of those which my mind retains: Jim Broomfield, Oliver Stott, Moses MacGregor, a hard nosed and hard spoken Scot, Fred Harmon, with a dry quiet sense of humor, and one who I think was named Bardsley, who later went ranching around the Parksville area north of Nanaimo. In 1921, running in the Nanaimo Federal riding, which stretched all the way from north of Nanaimo to Saanich and Oak Bay, I stayed in a little house being looked after by Harmon, the house belonging to Jim Christer, who also was a member of the Victoria Local at the time of the meeting just mentioned. He had taken a job as typographer on a Winnipeg paper, and left Fred Harmon in charge. We had some lively discussions while I stayed with Fred, and he told me of a Provincial election, where J. B. Clearihue (Speaker of the Assemy) was the candidate. Times were bad and many workers could only get by on part time relief work. Fred was working on the roads, and Clearihue came along to talk to the boys in the work gang, promoting his candidature. He asked Fred if he could expect his vote. Fred replied: "Well, no! You see I'm a socialist." "Oh," said Clearihue, "I'm three parts socialist myself." "In ~~that~~ that case," quipped Fred, "I'll give you three-quarters of my vote."

Not all members of the seceding locals went to the Social Democrats. In New Westminster, there were Harry Norman, Ben Sparks and others who came into the Vancouver Local. In Nanaimo there was old Jim Cartwright, who, ~~when~~ I went there in later years to speak, despite drenching rain, would grab his trusty umbrella and walk several miles from East Wellington just to be at the meeting. There were several such, and in still later years I recall with fond recollection Matt Stafford, still actively engaged in promoting Socialism until his untimely death from a car accident.

Above all, on the Island the SPC local was maintained in Cumberland and that local became a vital and healthy one indeed. They held regular classes on Economics conducted ~~by~~ a fiery Italian, well posted, whose name I am not sure of, but was someting like Zacchani.

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Since of all the impressions and memories that stand foremost in my mind are ~~those~~ of those incidents in which I was personally involved, I shall close this thumb-nail sketch with an account of these, trusting that I shall not be ~~unduly~~ ~~considered~~ ~~thought~~ as being egotistical.

I was married in June, 1915, during which time I was working as accountant for Plumbing, Heating and Electrical firm. Not very long thereafter, times ~~became~~ becoming bad for business in Vancouver, the firm folded. The local, evidently seeking to help me sent me on a tour for several days to the Okanogan (Enderby and Armstrong) where I stayed with Jim Johnson (Enderby) and Jack ~~Pilkington~~ Pilkington (Armstrong) a rancher who about that time had written a little brochure - an analysis of the farmer's plight viewed from the Marxian economic position. It was a fine little work. I held several meetings in Enderby and on one occasion had my first view of a lumber camp several miles from the town. It was winter and plenty of snow around. I addressed the boys in the bunk house shrouded in a steaming fog produced by the wet clothing of the loggers hanging from a line which ran the length of the bunkhouse. The talk was well received, all the fellows being very attentive and I got a round of applause.

Shortly after the Okanogan trip the Cumberland, V. I., local requested the DEC to send me to that mining camp for a series of lectures. The coal camps were on strike - one of the most bitter labor disputes I ever witnessed. To get to Cumberland in those days was not the fairly easy way that exists today. A shallow draft boat that could wharf in the mouths of rivers, with a relative high superstructure is not the ~~most~~ most comfortable way in which to travel, and in a south-easter with a tide rip running one could experience a real dusting. From Vancouver by the old Union line I went to Union Bay, coaling station for ocean going craft, including the U. S. Navy. Union Bay is a few miles south of Royston and Cumberland is some four miles up the slope from Royston. The trip from Union Bay is not as easy as that today. Then one had to take a coal train from Union Bay, passing through Royston, but meandering all around the countryside, through Bevan and into Cumberland, a wearying trip of many miles. At the little depot in Cumberland I was met by a large group of party members and, to my surprise, one who hailed from a Lancashire village two miles from the one in which I spent my early days. A miner, Tyldesley by name, he had come to the Island a few years earlier, and now on strike. His wife, a Lancashire lass, was a fighting member of the Women's Auxiliary of the strike committee. *Also in this group was Albert "Sing" Seolin, of whom more later.*

I have mentioned this local heretofore, its enthusiastic membership and its well organized class of Economics. I sat in on its business meeting and also the economic class. Having been a student, under George Morgan, in the Vancouver class I was surprised by the quality of enquiry these coal miners exhibited. I had several public meetings all well attended and still carry fond memories of the comrades of those days. I think it apropos to here copy from a July, 1919 Western Clarion (Official Organ of the Party) the ad. for the Cumberland Local of that time, some six years after my visit during the strike. In the intervening years the local had suffered loss of members through blacklisting following the strike and yet, in 1919, they could still announce:

LOCAL CUMBERLAND, B. C., No. 70.-

Business meetings every first and third Sunday  
in the month, at 10.30 a.m., Economic classes  
every Monday and Friday, at 7 p.m., in the  
Socialist Hall opposite P. O. Regular propaganda  
meetings at every opportunity. J. McMillan, Box  
312, corresponding and financial secretary.

From Cumberland I went to Nanaimo, largest of the coal towns on the Island. The E & N Railroad north out of Victoria ended at Nanaimo. There was no road from Union Bay south to Nanaimo. The only means was Union ~~steamship~~ steamship. And I shall never forget that trip. Whitecaps rolling across the bay presaged the stormy trip ahead - a strong south-easter and running tiderip. I arrived in Nanamo two hours late, just in time to get to the meeting place. This was the old Athletic Hall, which had been stormed by the military the previous evening when a meeting of the miners was in progress. Several of those present were arrested. Yet these boys opened the hall ~~next~~ this next night and I spoke for almost two hours, although wobbly from the stormy trip on the inland Straits of Georgia.

Back to Vancouver and a little secretarial work for the Local. The first World War was declared Aug. 4th, 1914, and shortly thereafter I became editor of the Western Clarion.



What happened upon my arrival back in Hanna must await the telling for a later place in this narrative, for I want to proceed with the list of places, so far as I can recall - on some I may be vague for this is close to 60 years ago - and they do not appear necessarily in the order of my itinerary. Here they are:

Alhambra; Erskine; Ferguson Flats; Sundial (Deering); ~~Wixville~~ Eckville; Markerville; Flowerdale (already mentioned); Silver Leaf (Baraca); Travers; Craigmyle; Lethbridge; Delbridge; Castor; Botha; Camrose; Edmonton (where I stayed for eight days, holding big meetings in the largest theatre in town on successive Sunday evenings); Leduc; Red Deer; Innisfail; ~~Wimbome~~ Wimborne; a small town with its three elevators the name of which does not come to mind; the mining town of Drumheller (the mine five miles out) where no meeting was held for the temperature was around 58 below. Into British Columbia where I held meetings in Fernie and Rossland, arriving back home around the 1st of April.

*How the meeting followed by a dance  
the affair ended all day long*

In all of the meetings, excepting the towns of Calgary and Edmonton, and the smaller town of Castor, these meetings occurred in the halls of the United ~~Fax~~ Farmers of Alberta, or (at night) in the local schoolhouse. Invariably the farmer at whose place I stayed would be two to four miles from the schoolhouse. In these evening schoolhouse meetings the pattern was to hold a social with refreshments and the finest coffee I ever tasted, as brewed by the Scandinavians and Germans. Often the distance from one point to another was by sleigh driven by horses. The charcoal heater had not yet appeared and the only way one could start a journey was by having the farm housewife heat a few small boulders in the oven and then wrapping these in burlap. ~~One could~~ <sup>one's feet</sup> fairly warm but only for a short distance, and I often arrived at the next "port of call" frozen and unable to speak and would head for the local livery stable to thaw out. During this trip I had a frozen heel and the farmer's wife, on this occasion, as I entered the warm kitchen, warned against rushing to the well heated stove. I said I thought I had frostbite on the left heel, whereupon she pushed me into a chair, took off my shoe, the newspaper in which my foot was wrapped and the three ~~pair~~ socks, grabbed a coal oil lamp, ~~emptied~~ emptied the vessel and dunked my heel into the coal oil.

But in all of these farming districts I visited I was surprised to see the libraries in the houses in which I stayed - fairly extensive and containing most of the socialist classics and many other scientific works. In one home, among a big collection of such books, I found a copy of Thorold Rogers' "Six Centuries of Work and Wages." I recall vividly George Paton of Delbridge, Sandy ~~Paterson~~ <sup>Paterson</sup> (of a place the name is so vague now) who found coal close to the surface and had driven a slope down to the seam. He farmed and also sold coal to neighboring farmers. He and Paton had mined in the Crow's Nest Pass, as had two boys, members of the local in Castor.

But picking up where I left off with my return to Hanna, I'll try to hit the highspots of this eventful lecture trip. The members at Hanna were at a loss as to where I had been and what had happened, and I explained that I had been compelled to spend the two days and nights waiting for a train that was delayed for "two hours." Well, I was given a quick meal, told that the meeting at a point north of Hanna had to be cancelled, and I must leave at once for the next point to try to avoid that cancellation. So without any bed or sleep I was bundled off again in the Albertan "champagne atmosphere" for a ride of some 40 odd miles, only to find on arrival that the meeting was scheduled for the previous evening. The man in charge undaunted and efficient had recourse to the telephone. In these rural areas people would call one another by a series of short-long-short (or other variations), but if one would ring a long unbroken ring that would call everybody. As the neighbours all responded, he announced the meeting for that afternoon, and asked each one to bruit the news around. I big and attentive gathering resulted at the end of which I was put to bed, slept soundly and next morning off for my next appointment.

So much comes to mind of this interesting but exhausting tour but I must confine myself to a few of the high spots of which there were many. As I moved northward toward Edmonton I held meetings in schoolhouses or farmers' halls. One, in which the subject was "The Materialist Conception of History," was given in a crowded school, on a bitterly cold night, and what amazed me was the crowd and the general interest and enthusiasm. Many questions were put and ~~at~~ at all these meetings I was able to sell quite an amount of literature and take subs for the Clarion. I noticed at this meeting a serious young fellow who seemed to show great interest. At the end of the meeting (where coffee, etc., was served and the young folks allowed their dance time) he came to my little seat (made for juveniles) and introduced himself. Again my memory does not hold the name but he disclosed that he had ridden several miles on horseback to get to the meeting, that he was a travelling lay preacher who covered this vast area by the same mode of travel, and that he was very interested in my point of view. Through that night we engaged in friendly but ~~serious~~ serious discussion: his theological conceptions as opposed to my materialist ones. He thanked me and said he had learned ~~quite~~ a little anyway that was different, and we shook hands and bade each other goodbye as day broke. Then back to the farmer's house for breakfast and almost immediately off again for another 30 to 40 mile trek through what I had come to refer to as "Britain's Siberia."

When I got back to Vancouver a piece of mail awaited me. It was from <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ young lay preacher: a short note of greeting and a two column article written by him for the newspaper that circulated throughout this farming area. From this I give only his opening words, as closely as I recall them:

"Those people of this district who did not attend the Socialist meeting <sup>last</sup> ~~last~~ night denied themselves an intellectual treat. As one side of a conceivable argument it was a masterpiece, shedding light upon some of the dark spots of human history."

At another meeting (coffee, etc., dancing) I had a discussion with the local school teacher, intelligent and articulate. She was Catholic but interested in what she called social problems. We sat side by side in the little school seats and offered our divergent views with warm conviction. I must have become sleepy after an hour or so (here again was a time where I had not only not been to bed for two nights, but had not even had a chance to nap in a chair) and was later ribbed by these hearty farmers who claimed I had gone to sleep with my head on the school-teacher's shoulder. "So! What softer pillow around here could a fellow find?" I retorted.

Another incident at another place further north. I was deposited by my last contact, ~~fixaxfxxxx~~ after another 40 mile trip, at a farm house. Made welcome by the whole family, given a hearty supper and then told to get ready to go to the meeting. This was to be in a school some three miles or so away. This was a big family and all were going - several grownup boys and girls down to a baby not more by much than a year old. The packing of the vast amount of gear, coffee, etc., took time and left little space. The farmer and his wife - and I assumed one or two of the younger children - were up front, the others right behind, but I knew where the baby was: on top of the load, warm and serene so well clothed she resembled a cocoon. I was to ride on the ~~with~~ the runners at the back - one foot on each runner - holding on to the sleigh. Off we went, running smoothly to the sound of the sleigh-bells. Approximately a mile from the school-house (I could see the lights as I peered over the top of the load) the horses suddenly hit a drift (anyone who has undergone this experience knows how frantic horses can become) and started plunging and rearing. The farmer had quite a little trouble in coaxing, talking to his ~~xxxx~~ team to get them settled, pulled out of the drift back to good level snow and off we went again. But...! No sooner were we hitting a good pace again when,

suddenly, the horses began to rear and plunge. It ~~is~~ only momentarily and the sleigh was soon righted and off again. But during that brief time the sleigh ~~was~~ heaved and rocked like a boat in a stormy sea during which time something shot over my head and out into the snow at my rear. I dropped off the runners and went back to investigate. And there was the cocoon like baby, warm, serene and asleep. I picked up the little bundle, could see the sleigh fast disappearing into the distance, could still hear the jingling sleigh bells and, perhaps, some three-quarters of a mile away the lights of the schoolhouse. (Anyone who has been out in the snow on the Canadian prairie, temperature ~~above~~ below 40 below, clad in an abundance of heavy clothing might understand my predicament). The farmer and the rest of the family evidently were unaware of what had happened. Back I trudged and finally, almost exhausted, I arrived at the school house where a big crowd of people were rushing about. They were frantic wondering where was the baby and where was the ~~lecturer~~ lecturer? But ~~we~~ greeted with jubilation, I was taken inside and warmed up, ~~and~~ given a draught of warm coffee. And that meeting then got under way.

After several more meetings I arrived in the evening one day at the little town of Castor. Met there by two boys who had mined coal in the Crow's Nest at Michel. They had quit mining, gone to Castor and were running a store. They were party members and soon had supper prepared. We discussed affairs for a while and then I was informed the meeting would be held in the town picture theatre; that they had only been able to rent it on the understanding that the picture show would be held first and we could get the hall at about 11 p.m. I heaved a sigh of relief, told the boys I had not been in bed for two nights in succession and could do with some rest. So I lay down on a couch and went into slumberland. Awake, and off to the meeting just prior to 11 p.m., and the area around the hall was crôded with people who had come from all around in their cutters and sleighs for the meeting. It was cold, very cold, and people were anxious to get inside, but...! The picture finished, the owner with an eye to business must have noted this huge crowd around the theatre entrance and decided to run the picture again. Of course the majority went in and I had to wait, the meeting finally being called at 1 a.m. / ~~the next morning~~. I spoke for quite some time to an interested and enthusiastic packed house, questions and discussion following the talk and finally went back with my hosts to get a little more shut-eye. This was close to 2.30 a.m., and I had to catch a train that morning at 5.30. At that time of day the cold seems to be more intense and I huddled in the little depot awaiting a train to take me to Botha, not too many miles away, if I remember. The train, made up but a short distance from Castor ~~from~~ like that of the one in which I had made the first trip from Calgary to Hanna. It was an ice box and I shivered all the way to Botha arriving early in that morning. So with my big bundle of literature in one hand and my clothes in a suitcase in the other I got off and on to the platform. A good many people also got off there, being met by friends or relatives and one after another being driven away. But I could see no one who appeared to be looking for me. When at last all the passengers had gone, sitting on my bundle of literature I spied a man at the end of the platform who may have been walking back and forth among the crowd. He was a big man in a fur coat, ~~and~~ coonskin cap pulled down over his ears, and as he approached he glanced at me and was passing on when I hailed him: "Looking for some one?" I queried. A voice that seemed to come from his boots, a deep bass voice, said: "I'm looking for a man named Pritchard." "My name is Pritchard" said I. "From Vancouver?" came the question. "Yes" I said. "Are you the fellow who writes those editorials in the Clarion?" Again, "Yes, most of them." He looked me up and down - all of my 5' 7" - (he was a good six footer) and then uttered the most eloquent and fervent expletive I ever heard. "Good God!" I said, "Comrade, I am frozen, have had little sleep, and would like to get warm, have something to eat, and get some sleep before the meeting. I hope you don't live miles away like most of the places I visited." "Half a mile down the road" he said, helped me to my feet, and off we went. I wish there <sup>were</sup> time to tell of that meeting, held at night, and the warm welcome this comrade gave me, etc., et.

Much could be said of the many other meetings I held during this trip but I must forbear. Yet I cannot pass by without comment <sup>at</sup> a meeting in the little town of Leduc, some 17 miles south of Edmonton. Met by an enthusiastic and well posted socialist, secretary of the local, I was soon into a comradely discussion with him prior to the meeting, of which he was chairman. Leduc was the familiar prairie small town with its three wheat elevators standing out against the one story architecture of such towns; not what it has now become since the discovery of oil in that area with its consequent expansion. The meeting was a good one with a full attendance and at its close my contact said his instructions were to take care of me through the night which to me was welcome news for I still lacked proper rest and sleep. "Where," I asked, is your place?" "A few miles west of here," he replied. So off we went, I bundled up in my ~~prairie clothes~~ prairie clothes, on a bright and chilly night of 40+ degrees.

We had <sup>be on</sup> travelled what I thought was already several miles and began to observe that the road was not quite as definite as in the first few miles and again enquired, "Is it very much further?" "No," was the response, "just a few more miles."

I now noticed that the road was becoming less distinct, almost an exaggerated cow trail, when at last it seem to disappear entirely and we swung into a gate - the type which was usual in these farming areas - and he sprang out of the cutter, saying, "Well! Here we are." The several miles had turned out to be some seventeen. But I was glad for the farm house was close by and I could get warm. While he attended to the horses and did a few chores I was welcomed by his charming wife, a lady in her early thirties, I assumed. She proved to quite a scholar, well read, and with quite a knowledge of the socialist case. She had come to Leduc from the London (England) area some seventeen years previously to become a farm wife. She admitted a degree of loneliness but did so in a charming manner, stating that her duties kept her occupied, and anyway she had the company of her husband in the evenings which were spent in discussions and reading of books. At this she indicated the well stocked and fairly large bookcase, and I stepped over to look. Apart from scientific works on a vast variety of subjects I was astonished to see, in this isolated spot seventeen miles west of Leduc (the road ended at the farm gate), one of the best socialist libraries I had ever seen in a home. Thus she said she conquered her loneliness. In the seventeen years since passing through Leduc she had been back to that little evidence of civilization only once. Edmonton which lay some twenty miles to the north east she had never visited, though often at night she would gaze out the window and view the lights of that city as reflected on the sky. Such is the typical life of a prairie farm wife, though I met many who lived close enough to a school house or community hall that they could allay their loneliness by going to a dance or meeting. For me, that night was one of the most satisfy- of the whole trip.

Off again once more southward bound with several more meetings and at last to Calgary, where another Sunday night meeting was held to another huge crowd, chaired by my comrade, Alf. Budden. Thence south to Lethbridge and one of two rural spots further south, and winding up the tour with the meeting in Rossland, B. C.

I arrived in Vancouver, I think, the 2nd of April, at the CPR depot rather exhausted. My little flat was on Alberta St., a short distance south of Broadway and a few blocks west of Main. To reach it I had to take a Fairview belt line street car - which went each way, Hastings, Main Broadway, and the reverse, Hastings, Granville, Broadway. I dozed off in the street car, and on awakening found that I had overrun my ~~point of alignment~~ and was on Granville St., so had to make another round trip. street

Arriving at the apartment house I climbed wearily to the second floor, opened the unlocked door, and no one there but the little fellow in his crib whom I had left three months before, now six months old. I walked over to his crib and he looked at me, with a smile upon his face. Then I heard footsteps and voices: the wife and my elder son (two years old). They had been to the doctor who had attended the baby for what was diagnosed as a "cold." The wife had become anxious, but she said that the doctor, giving her some medicament for the baby, told her that was no cause for alarm. Early that evening we retired - I was weary - and around 2 a.m., I was awakened by the wife tugging at my arm. "Will! Will!" she cried, "look at my baby." I jumped out of bed and went to his crib. The little fellow had passed away. Such was my homecoming.

I have always thought that one's personal griefs are private matters so I ~~omit~~ <sup>omit</sup> the harrowing experiences ~~following~~ that followed.

After the funeral and a few days rest I was back to my secretarial and editorial work. Within a month the Provincial Government announced an election and at once the locals and members got busy. Cumberland had asked for J. A. (Jack) McDonald and the local nominated me for Vancouver. Within a few weeks, however, the Government announced a postponement until the Fall. During this interim the Fernie local in the Crow's Nest Pass had expressed a wish to have McDonald run for that riding, whereupon Cumberland decided they wanted me for Comox.

So now I was in for another campaign, long and arduous, a few months after my Alberta trip. This political campaign differed from the Alberta propaganda tour. Though not cursed with the frosty clime of the prairie I had to travel from just north of the city of Nanaimo to the northern tip of the Island. The constituency covered an immense territory on the Island itself but included all the off shore islands in the Straits of Georgia from Texada Is., to Malcomb Is., in the Johnson ~~Straits~~ Straits, including ~~Lasquiti~~ Lasquiti, Hornby, Denman, Cortez, Quadra and others, besides taking in part of the B.C., mainland - Powell River to the Lund area. Travel was not then the easy operation that exists today. Again starting out from Vancouver I went by Union Steamship to Union Bay and thence to Cumberland by the roundabout route already described.

Meetings in Cumberland, Union Bay, and Courtenay. Next call was Van Anda, a "hard rock" mining camp on Texada Is. To get there from the Courtenay area I had to travel by steamship to Vancouver and take another boat to Van Anda. The meeting was well attended. I think most of the adult population of the island were present. The meeting was over around 11 p.m., and I was told that a boat would call at the wharf, from Powell River which would take me to that paper mill town on the B.C., mainland. So, after all the people had left I sat on the end of the wharf - bright moonlight night (the only real bright spot in what turned out to be a long and weary wait. No boat, no sign of one. 1 a.m., 2 a.m., and only the stillness of the night and the moonshine. I got up and walked around a while and around 2.30 a.m., heard the lapping of oars. "Good gracious," I thought, "they're ~~are~~ sending a row boat for a trip of several miles across the channel." I sang out and received an answering hail. The boat appeared - bigger than a row boat - and as it was moored to the dock I noticed a fellow monkeying with the engine. It seemed that it was all right when they started out, but shortly after putting out the engine pattered out. So the boys took to the oars, when soon the engine was coaxed into starting. But not for long, for the tale they told was grim but had it tinge of humor. The engine operated for only short distances and the oars were called into play. And this had been the pattern for the entire trip which had taken many hours. I was glad nevertheless for I was beginning to fear that I might have to sit on that wharf the entire night to be rescued by the party members of Van Anda.

At last the engine was operating again and off we set. Less than three minutes out it conked out again, and I took a turn at the oars. After quite a spell the engine caught on and away we went for a few further minutes, but this on



again, off again choreography - the rather long periods of fixing the engine which meant long periods of rowing as against the short periods when the engine functioned - continued right through the trip. Daybreak found us many miles from Powell River, and when at last we did pull in it was noon. Along the cliff hundreds of people were looking seaward and upon landing we learned that they had feared for the worst. So from the close of the Van Anda meeting to my arrival at Powell River thirteen hours had elapsed. I wonder how many politicians - or socialist speakers for that matter - today would subject themselves to the hazards and hardships one faced in those early days? But then, they don't have to.

A meeting with party members and supporters with little groups of people interested, was followed by my being informed that a meeting had been arranged - permission granted by the authorities - for the next afternoon in a playground in the park. As the time for the meeting grew near we learned that some outfit had suddenly decided that it would be for the community's benefit if races, etc. were held right where we had already been granted permission to hold our meeting. Our folks were enraged and I feared possible consequences if their feelings carried over good judgment. So I reasoned with them, said the meeting would be held, and when we arrived at the park decided to hold the meeting at the other end ~~from~~ that originally granted, sent a few young people with leaflets to the races area, telling them to quietly announce that the meeting would be held and to indicate its location. And so a very good meeting, with an attentive audience was carried through. The next night attended the meeting of the liberal candidate, Mr. Hugh Stewart, was granted ten minutes on his platform which - since the audience was manifestly interested - I extended to thirty despite the chairman's objection by arguing for democratic procedure and took it upon myself to carry the question to the audience to say whether my time should be extended. The almost unanimous "aye!" was sufficient. We had a lot of fun in Powell River, as well as getting in some good propaganda work.

Informed that my next call would be Lund, some 15 miles north of Powell River - meeting for the next night - I asked how one could get there. No one knew but one person said there was a sort of road he was sure went quite a way northward.

I decided that early the next morning I would walk, so carrying a bundle of literature and a parcel of clothing, I set forth, young, eager and blessed with the foolishness of ignorance. It was indeed a "sort of road," for quite a distance a mere logging road which petered out and became merely a forest trail. I was becoming alarmed that, perchance, the road would cease and I ~~would~~ would be compelled to retrace my steps. A few minutes further travel brought me to the edge of a ravine and I could see that the Provincial Government had undertaken the construction of a road upon this trail, for, across the the ravine timber stringers some 16" or 18" inches on ~~the~~ their top faces had been placed across the gap - a bridge evidently was to be constructed here. But then, only these timbers, so, grasping my two bundles I essayed the trip across to the other side. About half way the timber wiggled and I had to ~~execute~~ execute a little toe dance to prevent my being thrown into the ravine. Across the other side, safe and sound, I took a little rest and a deep breath, then proceeded on my way. A few miles further I was struck by the fact I was emerging from forest gloom into open daylight and found there a little Indian settlement. This would be a little more than <sup>half</sup> way from Powell River to Lund. I saw an old Indian working on cutting out a dug-out, the women folk occupied with their tasks and the children and the dogs playing as children <sup>and dogs</sup> are wont to do. I <sup>was</sup> <sup>near</sup> approached the old boy and asked if he could take me by boat to Lund. I was <sup>near</sup> from the journey by this time. He showed no emotion at all but solemn-faced pointed out to the little bay and beyond. "Skookum Chuck," he said shaking his head in negative style. I looked where he pointed and white caps were running. I insisted that I had to get ~~to~~ to Lund and would gladly pay whatever he asked. He considered for a moment and then nodded his head and I went with him down to the beach. The boat was the Indian dug-out (a hollowed-out log) in which he

installed a small engine.

I stepped into the boat having first picked a 2" x 6" piece of wood and was about to place it ~~at~~ forward across the gunwales so ~~it~~ I could sit when the old Indian let out a roar, motioned to me to ~~stand~~ stand up, grabbed the 2" x 6" and threw it ashore, then motioned to me to sit down on the bottom of the dugout. I was wearing a new suit provided by the Campbell Bros., who ran a general store in Cumberland. They were sympathetic to the socialist movement and gave me the suit, saying it would me make a more presentable candidate. So off we went into the rough waters of the "skookum chuck" for the 7 or 8 miles to Lund, where I got off, pretty moist around the buttocks. I asked the Indian the price and he called for Two Dollars but wouldn't take it. He wanted me to ~~go~~ get him a bottle of hootch instead. This I refused realizing it was against the law. But I thrust the money into his hands and took off looking for my contacts. They were not there, but I learned lived some two miles along the road. So after my seven mile trudge through the woods and the damp rough passage in the dugout I was faced with another two mile trudge. The roads in B. C., especially in rural areas, were not too easy on one's feet, but I made it, and was welcomed. They had not expected me until the next day, but we drove back to the wharf, where a meeting was hastily called.

From Lund back again to Vancouver <sup>and</sup> by Union steamship to Cumberland. I cannot cover all the meetings that were somehow organized in spite of the difficulties of travel. But three incidents still stand out, two that might have proven dangerous. ~~First, through an ink error, my name was written as "James" instead of "John".~~ From Cumberland I had to go to Campbell River, where the only evidence of human activity was a "hotel" built of shakes, owned by a couple of Swedes who also had property over the straits in Lund. It was a dropping off place for loggers of the area, who waited for the boat going to Vancouver. They boozed as they waited, and so many did so well at it and so badly at poker, that they had not enough left to get them to Vancouver, and had to return to camp. I was told that scores in the several past years were left in that predicament. But how to get to Campbell River? Finally the Cumberland boys got Alex. Maxwell, who years later became mayor of that little town, to supply a horse and buggy. My driver was Jack ~~McMillan~~ <sup>William</sup> sec'y of the local, a big strapping miner. Down through

Courtenay, thence north on the road to Campbell River. A few miles of fairly open road and then it dwindled to a rough logging trail. It was a curving road and for several miles we made good time. The horse had been kept for months without work, well fed on oats, etc., but we didn't know his tendency to fright and friskiness. About half way to Campbell River we ~~fortunately~~ "fortunately" hit the only straight piece of road that existed. And it was here that the horse, evidently frightened by something in the bush, took the bit in his teeth and galloped madly away. The buggy bounced from side to side, I holding on to the side, McMillan, white faced, doing his best to hold the horse, when at last, near to where the straight piece of road swept into a big curve, Jack was able to bring the still quivering horse to a standstill by turning him into the bush. Though totally ignorant of what to do with a horse, even when quiescent, I must have instinctively jumped out, caught the horses halter, and quieted him down. We now resumed our journey, but every time that horse broke into a trot Mc. held him back and we walked him all the way into Campbell River, where Jack left me to travel all the way back to Cumberland. When I again got to Cumberland I asked McMillan about his return trip. "Bill," he said, "I made the damn brute walk all the way back." I have described Campbell River - now a busy little town with paved streets, stores, and even "penny cadgers" on the curbs for parked cars.

The "hotel" owners were very accommodating, providing a meeting place for me on what evidently <sup>was</sup> a big floor for dancing - I noticed a sign at the entrance, "Take off your <sup>car</sup>lacked boots." A good crowd of the waiting loggers attended. I had been supplied with a chair, table that held a jug of water and a glass. Half way through my talk, having warmed up, I flung my hand unconsciously and hit the water filled jug, and at the same time ~~about~~ instinctively reached out

and catching the jug by the handle, spilling only a small amount of water, placed it on the table without breaking stride in my speech. This crowd of hearty woodchoppers must have found it very humorous for they broke out in an uproar of laughter. I suppose living the hard and monotonous life in the woods any little thing out of the way produces risibility. When they settled down I said, quite solemnly, "Never mind that. I can do that any time." Whereupon they broke out afresh and I knew I had a sympathetic and receptive audience. Many of them came over at the close and complimented me, saying they had never heard anything quite like <sup>that</sup> and that I had given <sup>them</sup> a good time.

~~I had to wait until late~~ After From Campbell River (I think it was) I went north to a little cove called Rock Bay, where logging operations were carried on some miles inland. A logging train came down from time to time from the camp to the bay, and this I boarded and went up to the camp to be met by a member of the Vancouver local, Alex. McLean, a second faller working there. A little talk, met some of the boys, and into the cookhouse, where these hungry loggers immediately dived into the food spread all ~~over~~ the table almost before I was seated. I got a healthy nudge in the ribs from the fellow next to me who said, "Get in, kid, before it is all gone." Good advice, for although I ate very little it might well have been nothing at all, had I not got that heavy but friendly nudge. Sat around a while discussing things with some of the boys, then Alex. said, "Bill, we have a little walk to take to the meeting." It was now dark and I followed him along the trail, he carrying a buglight (an ordinary tall can, minus top, with a round hole in the side and a candle thrust through the hole) which gives good illumination on a dark night in the woods. After some distance he said, "Hold tight to my hand and walk carefully behind me, keeping your feet close together, you can slip with those leather soled boots." He wore the usual calked logging boots. I did not know what I was walking on but felt slight movements now and then, and finally solid earth. Then the meeting which was crowded held in a fairly large hall for a logging camp. Back to the main camp by the same route and with the same tactics. I was taken by the foreman who gave me the extra bunk in his quarters. Wherever I travelled in this campaign I usually received good and friendly treatment. Next day I went out with my comrade, Alex, and got my first sight of tree falling. I stood away off behind a huge <sup>tree</sup> ~~tree~~ as I watched the two fallers, high upon their stout steel snouted and pointed boards chop away at the undercut, then the saw cut on the off side which was opened by steel wedges being inserted and then the slow leaning of the tall tree and the cry of "TIMBER!" To see it for the first time as I did then it is quite an experience and the crash of the falling timber is almost like listening to a thunder clap.

*Incident*  
Back in the camp where I could not wait for supper for I had to catch the logging train down to Rock Bay. ~~It was~~ <sup>It was</sup> an experience I shall never forget. I had to get into a logging car, loaded with logs, and deposit my carcass in a very small space at the rear. The trip was some seven miles or so, and the railroad was of the switchback type - up grade and down grade alternately - and I was aware on the upgrade that the logs, although apparently well stacked, moved slowly toward me. I envisaged this huge weight crushing me into the back of the car. Then a little flat surface and down grade, whereupon the logs slid slowly and gently back to normal. But this alternate "up" and "down" motion occurred several times and when we eased into Rock Bay at the head of the wharf I heaved a sigh of relief. I had to sit <sup>and</sup> wait at the wharf for the Union Boat which would take me back to Vancouver, an all night trip. So again I sat on a wharf in "majestic" isolation, and while so doing got my first glimpse of a school of whale (a type popularly called "black fish.") ~~It~~ <sup>It</sup> was quite a crowd and they would together make a noise that sounded to me like the trumpeting of elephants. The fellow attending the dock, <sup>that</sup> in schools like that they could be very messy to anyone out in a boat in the straits.

*Said*



It was somewhat later in the campaign that I ~~remember~~ remember being at a small cove where I met several loggers, gave a short talk and distributed literature, that, rather accidentally I met a French-Canadian who had just pulled in. He had a boat some 25' or so long, with an engine, and seats in it. I talked with him and he showed some interest in the election and said he was going north to Alert Bay. It occurred to me that it would be a good idea to visit Port Hardy, where we had a few members. So for a few dollars he agreed to take me with him, although Port Hardy was further than Alert Bay. It was a fairly pleasant trip, no "Skookum Chuck," and I did not have to sit on the bottom of this craft in an inch or two of water.

Anyone who knows these waters knows full well what a flowing tide can do. Hitting the south end of the Island through the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and the northern end through Johnson Straits it can be turbulent and nasty in many places where these inflowing tides meet, for instance, in the Sansome Narrows, the Euclataws and other spots. Sitting forward I had a good view of what was ahead and after a few miles into Johnson Straits I saw the incoming tide, which appeared to me as a wall of water, maybe a foot high. The French skipper shouted, "Sit tight!" which I did and held on. He pointed the little craft straight at the onrushing waters and we made a bumpy ride over it. At Port Hardy he put me ashore, said "Good-bye" and went back to Alert Bay. I rounded up several of our members and they soon rounded up a fair crowd for what was then a small port. A good meeting was held and I waited for a Union ship back to Vancouver.

From Vancouver again to Powell River and another meeting, after which I was told that a call had come from Cortez Is., where Stanley Lefeaux (younger brother of W. W.,) and his wife had a sort of ranch. The Powell River boys said they had an acquaintance who had a boat and who had stated he would take a group over to Cortez. And so one morning we started out on a calm sea, about five besides the boat's owner, and myself. We made good sailing but objections by some of the crew were voiced at the "skipper" insisting (to save time) on hugging the southern point. The boys claimed they knew these waters, shallow and studded with underwater pointed rocks. We could see many of these and some of us (including me) were not too happy. But he made it without amiss. I held a meeting with quite a number on the wharf, and had just concluded when another boat (bigger than the one in which we sailed) came alongside. It held the liberal candidate, a nice old gentleman, named Hugh Stewart. He must have sensed who it was who had just held a meeting, and from the boat he called out, "They," not stating who "they" were, "don't want to see a liberal elected, I know who is behind Pritchard. It is the Conservative Party." He seemed very upset and angry as I retorted, "You're quite right, Hughie, and a damned long way behind." This tickled the crowd, which I had to leave, as it was late evening, and we had to make ready for our return trip to Powell River.

That return trip is still a vivid memory for the young boatsman, <sup>stating</sup> ~~insisting~~ that he knew not only the waters but his boat, insisted on rounding the shoaly point close hauled. As he made his move we were hit with a strong south-easter and a violent tide-rip. He tried to turn so as to make back to the Island wharf but failed and for an hour or so we were <sup>loosed</sup> about like a cork, close to the rocky shoals. Now tempers began to get out of hand, for the boys who had come with me were mad at this fellow's stubbornness and many times I was afraid that they would explode. It was afterwards that I was told about the worst part of the trip, for I had fallen asleep. For this I was thankful for now we were in tranquil waters and heading for Powell River. But there was a solemn and ugly silence among the "crew" and I learned afterwards that the situation might have gotten out of hand. No words were exchanged as we tied up but later I was told that we were lucky, for they had concluded that the craft and its passengers would certainly founder. Not until much later did I learn that the boat, ~~at~~ not a bad one for its type, was designed for trips on the lake behind Powell River and had never been on the "salt chuck" before. All's Well That Ends Well.

The campaign over I returned to the secretarial and editorial duties in Vancouver. The war had dragged on for more than two years, the "Hun" proving to be more formidable than expected. And the country was now propagandized in preparation for "conscription." This was almost immediately opposed by the labor movement generally and the Socialist Party in particular. Meetings of various groups, including the labor unions, worked together and the socialist party supported them in all the public meetings, although its speakers stressed the socialist position in its opposition to war as a last political resort of rival capitalist powers to ~~grab~~ grab a greater proportion of the surplus ~~values~~ values rung from the workers toil. The gallant body of "Jimmy Higgins" in the party at once organized a body guard for the party speakers and laid well organized plans for preventing disturbances at meetings or exhibitions of ~~violence~~ violence from the many misguided persons who were inclined to so act. Of all the major cities (outside Quebec) Vancouver was the only city which did not experience any real trouble, did not have the party headquarters invaded and its effects thrown into the street (as happened in Winnipeg). All our meetings were carried out - albeit there a few precarious moments - in perfect peace and order.

Early in 1917, I think it was, the Prime Minister Sir Richard Borden, completed an arrangement with the liberals of the house who supported "conscription" and formed a coalition, and the "Conscription" measure was passed. But late in 1917 an election was called as a ~~means~~ means of getting public ratification. A few liberals stayed with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but the result was a foregone conclusion. Laurier, with the support of Quebec (which province was exempt from the "conscription measure") had several others in various places who ~~as~~ candidates under his leadership. One of these was the late W. W. B. McInnes, who left the bench ~~as~~ as County Court judge, to run as a Laurier liberal in Vancouver Centre. Again I found myself in a political campaign as socialist candidate for the same riding. During these months I had been forced to try to get a better living for a growing family, and after working as shipper for a lumber mill for several months until the mill closed down, had gone on to the waterfront to work as a longshoreman. As the campaign got under way the local again arranged for a three way meeting with the following as speakers: H. H. Stevens, incumbent, as coalition candidate; Judge McInnis as a Laurier liberal; and myself. It was a packed house, Mr. Stevens speaking first - since he had a further commitment, then Mr. McInnis, and finally yours truly. McInnis was a colorful orator, indulging in far more rhetoric than good argument, and wept crocodile tears over this violation of the constitution, the overthrow of habeas corpus, and the fact that a trades unionist now lay in durance vile in the penitentiary as a consequence. I was told that I ripped him to pieces and cited that, when a judge of the county court, he had stated to the press that the few boys who been arrested in 1912 Powell Street "Free Speech" meetings would get the limit if they came before him. There is quite a bit I ~~remember~~ remember of this hectic and steamy meeting, but when the hour was getting late some fellow in the gallery posed a question to McInnis who thereupon laughed into a flood of oratorical nothingness for several minutes when he stopped and apologized saying, "This is not my meeting, it is Mr. Pritchard's" I had left work on the beach at 6 p.m., bathed, had a little supper, with only enough time left to make the meeting. So I retorted to McInnis, "Unlike Mr. McInnis I have to be back on the waterfront at 7 a.m." To this his quick response, "And unlike Mr. Pritchard I have to preach tomorrow night, and the night after that and the night after that." I replied with a retort that wound up the meeting: "That's easy when one is saying nothing." I met him many times in the years much later, and he was always eager to see me, and we chatted of the battles of the past which often were quite frenetic.

One thing of significance concerning the action of the Borden coalition in this election was the granting of the franchise, federally, to female persons. But not to all of them - only such who had men folk in the armed forces: brothers, sons, ~~sons~~ etc. My wife, with three brothers in the British forces got a ballot.

(short) if this before they were over charged

(husband)

(I tried to) that he was walking the  
face to face  
to pencil  
his  
gears  
Trail & not London  
All London  
I think he was shot  
in the back  
(shoot)

The months that followed the election were active and at times hectic for the entire labor movement and especially for the socialist party. Registration was called for all males under a certain age. Early in April of 1918 I would be thirty~~xxx~~, married with three young children. I was placed in category three, but shortly afterwards, ~~the~~ these categories were made into number one. I was determined that whatever might happen I would not go. But many had already been called under the draft, and many of these slipped across the line into the U. S., (as later evaders of the draft in the U. S., for Vietnam, returned the compliment). It was in this year, 1918, that the tragic shooting of Albert (Ginger) Goodwin occurred. And it is this episode in Canadian History that I wish to put straight, for all sorts of contradictory statements have been made concerning it. The story of the Dominion policeman who shot Goodwin, and the government story; later admirers of Goodwin (who knew nothing about it); and the "commies" who were not even organized as such at the time, for the famous "21 points" were not issued to the world until 1921. So, there are those who would like to portray Goodwin as a mild and somewhat hapless trades unionist. Others, because of his draft evasion see him as a pacifist, and of course the "commies" who claim him for themselves ~~as~~ as a working class martyr. I have stated herein that I first met him during the Island coal strike in 1913, that he was a member of the SPC Cumberland local, #70, and was probably a charter member, since he had been a member from its inception. The "commies" have decorated his grave, I understand, with some of their grotesque statuary and have carved the head stone, displaying the "hammer and sickle." Goodwin was an ardent worker for UMWA (coal miners), and very much involved in the work of the B. C. Federation of Labor, admired throughout the whole of the labor movement. But he was also a knowledgeable socialist, a good speaker, and as heretofore noted was SPC candidate for the Ymir Riding in 1916. Sometime after this election (1916) he went into the hard rock mining area around Trail and organized, in opposition to the Consolidated Company, the miners of that area. That was his crime against the "powers-that-be."

Knowing that he was badly afflicted with respiratory and other complaints (ulcers were one, I believe) he reported for the draft and was categorized as 4F - and dismissed. This, however, did not please the Consolidated corporation with the world's biggest smelter at Trail, and the management contacted the draft board bureaucrats and had him called for another examination, whereupon he was given a classification of "A." Knowing what had been cooked up for him "Ginger" hurried back to Cumberland, Vancouver Island, and went immediately out into the almost impenetrable woods high in the mountains back of Comox Lake. He stayed for quite a while, but went down and onto a narrow almost imperceptible trail carrying a 22 rifle, looking for a bird or game to help the camp with food. As he travelled along the trail he was shot by a Dominion policeman, who by all the evidence I could gather was standing in the bush perched high above the land as he was walking by. How do I know this? I was there. I don't mean that I was on that trail but I saw the corpse in the funeral parlor. I was the officiant at his funeral. More on this later, for I must say how it happened that I went to the funeral.

The news of the shooting came as a shock to the entire labor movement and at a meeting of the Vancouver Trades & Labor Council the delegates were angry indeed. A resolution was passed that a call go out to all affiliated bodies for a 24 hour strike the following day. The Council also suggested that I attend the funeral representing the Trades and Labor Council, but I thought that someone connected with Goodwin in the B. C. Federation of Labor should be appointed.

However, I went home and to bed. But the local of the SPC (Vancouver) had called a meeting the same night and decided that since Goodwin was a member of the party, had been a candidate in the election in Ymir, the party should be represented and I should be the one. Jimmy Jenkins came to the apartment around 1.30 a.m., and broke the news. I demurred I admit, but the wife again

that if the party thought I should go I should agree. So off the next morning to the CPR dock to catch the boat to Nanaimo, from which Island town we would take the train north to Union Bay, the railroad having been extended during the past year or so. I was surprised to see the crowd of some dozen at the Vancouver dock and thought perhaps they had come to see me off, but when I spotted my old comrade, W. W. Lefeaux, among them I concluded that at least some of them were going to make the trip too. But all of them did, and besides Lefeaux I recall a South Vancouver man, longshoreman and member of the SPC Vancouver Local, named Wickwire. As we travelled north on the E & N Railway the train was corded by Dominion police, who demanded our papers. I perhaps was the youngest of the group and, fortunately, had enough foresight to arm myself with my marriage certificate. These police were a grim and grumpy lot and apparently were disappointed in not finding some little technical error on our part. Eventually we arrived in Cumberland and were met by a huge crowd (for that little town) and went immediately to the local's headquarters. Here indeed was an outburst of rage mixed with grief and some of the members, especially the Italians, were inclined to all sorts of overt acts. I reasoned with them, saying that I could understand their frustration, anger and grief, for I felt also the same emotions, but we must recognize that Ginger was gone - nothing could change that - and to engage in unlawful acts would play into the hands of the authorities. "Leave the matter to the Cumberland chief of police," I urged. My counsel prevailed, and some of these rough huge miners came over and tears flowing down their tail worn faces thanked me. I confess I was deeply moved. I had heard of this police chief of Cumberland: a returned veteran himself he nevertheless stood on the side of the workers, probably had known Goodwin, and in any case was not only sympathetic but, as a law officer, eminently efficient. For one of his first acts was to issue an order to any and all Dominion Specials "to get the hell out of this district until after the funeral" or he would himself apprehend them.

We then went to the undertakers and saw the lifeless body of "Ginger" Goodwin. And what I saw, and what I heard, ~~that~~ convinced me of the truth, which, so far as I know, has not been given publicity. All the various contradictory stories have, from the government's excuse to the romanticism of the "commies."

I listened to the several sorrowing miners who attended this viewing of the body, and watched as the undertaker gently rolled the corpse over. On one side of the neck just below the ear were powder marks surrounding a clean looking hole; on the other side (the corpse being gently turned over) a big wide horrible wound. From the position of these wounds, so the Cumberland police chief said, ~~xxxxxx~~ Goodwin must have been shot from an elevated position, the bullet travelling in a downward direction, that Goodwin must have been travelling the trail, unaware of what lay in store for him, and the policeman who shot him must have been concealed in the bush at the side of the trail. The clean hole with the powder marks clearly visible on the one side and the big gaping wound on the other means only a soft-nosed bullet was used. Because of this close inspection - what I saw - the evidence to me was conclusive and would be to any other who had seen "Ginger" as he lay in the funeral parlor. He was taken unawaré by a minion of the government, given no chance to surrender as he evidently was unaware of what was taking place, shot from an elevated position at close range. I hope this eye-witness short account will help to dispose of the many spurious tales which have gained credence through the years concerning this dedicated member of the "old" Socialist Party of Canada.

In the afternoon of the following day (I think it was) the funeral, a mile long parade organized by the police chief who marched at its head for the two or three miles to the cemetery in Happy Valley. Lefeaux offered a short talk and then I paid the final tribute to Comrade "Ginger" Goodwin, of the Socialist Party of Canada, before his remains were lowered into the bosom of "mother" earth. I can remember finishing my talk by quoting a poem of "Freddie" Watts which appeared



in the Socialist Standard, organ of the Socialist Party of Great Britain. It was titled, "To a Patriot." Some years ago I undertook to set it to music, for a mixed quartette and accompaniment - a product which may be judged good, bad or merely indifferent, according to one's taste and musical knowledge. -~~It~~ which I re-titled, "Song of Rebellion." However, here is the text:

"Not that we fear to die  
 For why should we  
 Who face a living death  
 From day to day  
 Fear what we know eternal rest to be  
 A sudden end rather than slow decay  
 ....."

I omit the rest of the poem for it is the beginning that was appropriate for the occasion.

From the cemetery we returned to Cumberland and held many quiet discussions with many of the people, all grief stricken and horrified. The police chief had done his work well and there appeared no cause for alarm. In the group which went from Vancouver to the funeral, beside Lefeaux, Wickwire, and one or two long-shoremen, was a member of the socialist local named "Jack" Ewart, a Scot, and a stationary engineer, ~~along with~~ who along with two other engineers worked at Hudson's Bay store, one named Vaughan (a sympathiser) and the other "Jack" Wilson, a party member, still living in Coquitlam, whom I visit almost every time I go north. He must be around ninety years old, but still very alert. He and I must be the only two left from the early days with the possible exception of Chris. Luff, and Holliday of Victoria.

Meantime back in Vancouver chaos reigned, owing to many returned soldiers - some from their beds of convalescence in Shaughnessy Hospital - given shots of booze, and coaxed by over zealous ladies of the "better" class, to try to run the street cars, etc. Confusion reigned until the return of the workers to their jobs, but meanwhile many returned "Vets" were influenced by some of the business element to try violent attacks upon labor officials and on the Labor Temple itself. Warned of the attack by some convalescing returned soldiers in Shaughnessy, the secretary of Victor Midgley was able to advise him of the impending trouble, and he escaped from his office by walking the window sill to the next office from which he made good his exit. But George Thomas, a little but wiry longshoreman of about 40 years was caught in an alley and a tussle ensued. George was not only wiry but slippery, tough and a good infighter, and was difficult to hold. He was finally rescued by the police.

Back on the Island our little group was met by an old socialist, Jim Hodgekinson who advised that I, at least, had better stay overnight, for stories from Vancouver were full of menace. So I stayed, the rest going back to Vancouver.

From the Vancouver CPR dock next morning I emerged cautiously looking around for unwelcome visitors, but the only visitor I spotted was my Dad, then some 56 years old and vigorous for that age. As soon as he saw me he hurried over and we got a street car (they were now running again under their efficient attendants) and went home. What I then learned of the events of the day before were rather shocking and ~~was~~ frightening.

It seemed that the Mayor, a man named Gale, whom I had once referred to as "A Big Wind," urged and backed by certain business moguls and others, had produced a list of seven names - these had to be out of the city with their families within a week, or else... And my name headed the list. Meantime the still inflamed "vets" plied with booze were organizing an attack on the Longshoremen's Headquarters, an up-stairs hall reached by a long flight of steep stairs. The boilermakers' union, apprised of this impending attack went to the longshoreman,

added weight against any possible raid. In the meantime the longshoremen had sent word to the mayor that if he wished to ~~xxxxx~~ see peace maintained and trouble averted he would do well to come at once to the longshore hall for a quiet but serious discussion. He complied and was met at the entrance by two burly union men. Upon opening the door he stood stock still, frozen in his tracks for what he saw was indeed a persuasive argument in itself. Some of topside men, men who rig ~~xxxxrig~~ the booms, etc., for the loading of ships, had rigged a battering ram, consisting of a heavy beam, in such fashion that a slight tug on a rope at the head of this long and narrow stairway would send the beam down the stairway and would have swept any group of invaders into the street. The mayor was told that they sought no trouble but was prepared for it and he had better do his best forthwith to see that this was headed off. So peace was established and ~~the~~ trouble averted. But the threat to the seven "listed" labor men and their families still hung over their heads. A small committee of union men was set up and they demanded immediate audience with the mayor. This was granted.

These grim but determined men went immediately to the matter in hand. They informed the ~~mayor~~ of the list of seven, in which he had had a hand. These seven were well known, their names given out to the public. But these negotiators informed the mayor that another list had been prepared by the ~~a~~ committee of the unions, the names on which would be kept secret, with one exception. They would give the top name on "their" list - that of the mayor. ~~They~~ insisted that they sought no trouble but were in earnest. The "union" list, with the mayor's name at the head had been placed alongside that of the seven "listed" union men. Anything that happened to any one of the union "listed" men would ~~signified~~ be visited in kind to the person on "their" list whose name stood opposite to that of the union man who might be attacked or harassed. And now indeed the wheels ~~xxx~~ began to turn, the mayor hastily setting in motion the moves that finally avoided a dangerous situation. Nothing happened to the union seven.

In the meanwhile the body guard originally set up by the SPC "Jimmy Higgins" had grown to an efficient and alert organization of several hundred. They wore lapel buttons with 4L on them, the name that they had given themselves. During those one or two hectic days their scouts covered every move made by the mayor, even to following his car with one of their own wherever he went, and full reports were made to the committee of union men.

But everything was not yet settled for a demand came from certain bodies that certain men be expelled from the Trades & Labor Council, or that the council itself resign. The T & L meeting, summoned hastily, had a full representation for all were keenly interested and involved. The council passed a resolution that all its members resign and the affiliated unions elect their delegates to take the place of those resigning. It was an ephemeral, a pyrrhic, victory, for all the unions, without exception, returned all of the delegates who previously had sat as members of the T & L C.

Not many years thereafter Harry Gale left the city while this writer did not leave Vancouver ~~for~~ until 1938, and then as the result of the tragic death of his 21 year old daughter, coming to Southern California, where he has since resided.

It was during these days that the editorship of the Clarion was taken over by Chris. Stevenson, a serious minded, quiet spoken scholar, who like so many others could write very well, but was not too impressive a speaker. But he was solid. I remember as he lay dying of cancer some of us went to visit him knowing it would be his last time. As the rest of the boys left he called me back and looking at me with that quiet smile on his face, although in pain, ~~he~~ said: "Billy! The real task now facing the socialist movement is to rid Marxism of its Hegelian weaknessness." And through the years since I have pondered those last words of old Chris.

The war in Europe ended Nov. 11th, 1918; the war to "end all wars," the war to make the world safe for Democracy, and peoples throughout the world gave vent to their joy. But the Treaty of Versailles ripped all these pretenses and hypocrisies to shreds. The war was seen by most observant scholars ~~to have been~~ - even as in times past - to have been a clash between rival economic powers, a conclusion which the Generalissimo of the second World War reached in his famous St. Louis speech.

And the early days of 1919 saw the whole world plagued with a virulent "flu" epidemic. No area was spared. I myself was hit and was out for many days. Others by the hundreds succumbed. The Clarion was kept going but subject to government pressure and the boys around that office knew the time was short.

Then came the edict: The Western Clarion was banned. And the raid followed. A number of the current issue were confiscated, the mailing list and a few other items were also taken. But the boys who had organized the 4L's to protect socialist speakers and union men from violence had not been asleep. Many copies of the mailing list and other vital items were made and placed in safe places throughout the city. The Clarion was replaced by The Red Flag, whose very name sealed its doom. Only one issue was made (if I remember aright). Then this paper was followed by a respectable and dignified looking journal with the meek and conciliatory title of The Indicator. The war had been over for several months and no action was taken against The Indicator. At last the paper appeared under its original label, THE WESTERN CLARION.

Labor was particularly restive, passing resolutions against "Government by 'Order in Council'" and the banning of labor, socialist and religious literature, etc; returned soldiers developed a more realistic view of the situation, for their wives, for the greater period of the war had been kept on the same meagre allowance (children stayed home from school for lack of proper footwear) and at one time a delegation sent by the T & L C (of which I was a member) joined with a delegation of returned soldiers and their wives in a visit to city hall to inform the mayor of the wretched conditions. A surprising thing about this meeting was a fiery speech made by a returned soldier's wife, and her voice and manner brought recollections of some years previously. It was when I was living in South Vancouver on Maple Street and had to go to work by street car. Few people were in the car at that time of day and I had a seat to myself. Sitting in the seat directly ahead of me were two women who were discussing things rather furiously. I paid little attention until I caught mention of my name. So I listened with amusement and amazement. I never was more than 5' 7" and that time weighed around 147 lbs. This man, Pritchard, whose horrible deeds were being told at great length: brute to his wife and children, a monster of some 6 ft., and weighing 200 lbs was a menace to humanity and should be dealt with.

Now at the city hall before the mayor the lady pouring out vials of indignation against the authorities for their neglect of the wives and children of the soldiers was the dame that held forth that day in the street car. When I was called upon to address the mayor on behalf of the Trades and Labor Council I gave a short but incisive talk upon the rapid rise in prices during the war and the absence of any corresponding increase in the allowances to soldier's families and contrasted it with the fortunes made by government contractors, the scandals over the "hay" contract, the Ross rifle and ~~and~~ the defective boots issued to the troops. I got a round of applause from the big gathering. When the meeting concluded the lady with the fiery speech and unwholesome picture of the "monster," Bill Pritchard, came rushing over and grabbed me saying "that was splendid, splendid." "Just a minute lady" I retorted, "I remember sitting in ~~in~~ a street car some years ago behind two ladies who were discussing my personality in rather derogative terms." "O, thst," said she, "forget it. It was some ~~tin~~ time ago."

In those early days of 1919 the spirit of rebellion against the government in the ranks of Western Canada's trades unionists was reinforced ~~with these workers'~~ opposition to the reactionary policies of the union bureaucracy of Eastern Canada. Resolutions from affiliates of the Trades & Labor Council, and affiliates of the B. C. Federation of Labor poured in in volume: against continued censorship, restrictions on "right of assembly, free speech, etc.," and many calling for secession from the Labor Congress. So overwhelming was this demand that a Convention of all trades unions, and affiliated bodies, was called to be held in the city of Calgary. The Executive of the B. C. Federation of Labor decided that for convenience and economy its convention could be held for the first time outside the Province, i.e., in Alberta. Accounts of this convention (as also that of the one that followed) have been given in detail in other places and at different times. I confine myself to one item only.

The caucus of the B. C. Federation, of which I was a member, drafted a resolution to the effect that "it is in the interests of labor no longer to send delegates from the B. C. Federation of Labor to the Provincial Government seeking redress for admitted grievances, or requesting some little concession on some more or less inconsequential point, knowing they will be politely received and just as politely dismissed and that nothing will result from these visits, but that labor should state its demands and be prepared to back them up with such power as it can effectively use. (This is a paraphrasing of the resolution but contains its substance). I was assigned to present it to the Conference and did so, making the motion for its adoption and arguing in support. Because I took this stand, requested by the Federation's Executive, I have been charged by many as having at that time repudiated political (i.e., parliamentary) action. My actions throughout my long career gives the answer to these obvious false charges. The action suggested by the resolution, as any honest and critical scholar can see, was by unions on the industrial field, and had no connection with political action of such members as might belong to a working class political party.

That the main convention in Calgary (with delegates from the far west to the head of the great lakes) carried resolutions for secession from the American Federation of Labor (International Unions) all of whose headquarters were located in the USA; and that an organizing committee be set up to devise ways and means of bringing into being a new organisation free of bureaucracy, democratic, based on industrial lines (as opposed to craft), with officers who were not to be paid more than the average of the workers they were to represent - all of this and much more has been given publicity in many places throughout the years and this writer at this time sees no need for elaboration. One thing is significant: The United Mine Workers, e.g., were already organised on an industrial basis, and in British Columbia 5000 loggers were unorganised, could not be organised except on an industrial basis, and in any case no effort had ever been made by the AFL to even approach the matter.

The first vote taken of the membership showed overwhelming support for the proposed new organisation, named the OBU, and I was sent as delegate to Calgary to meet with others from the eastern portion of Western Canada. I remember Christopher of the Crow's Nest Pass miners, and a "Bill" Miller, a plasterer of Winnipeg. (I met him later in Los Angeles, still working at his trade. A few years later he developed cancer and passed away, leaving a request that his comrade "Bill" Pritchard should officiate at the funeral)

But while plans for organisation of the OBU were only in the early stages, very little devised of consequence, the General Strike in Winnipeg hit the country like a bolt from the blue. Since, of course, some union men who supported the creation of a new form of labor organisation were also involved in the Winnipeg Strike - as indeed the vast majority of Winnipeg workers were involved\* - the apologists for corporate enterprise, the politicians and the like, saw

in this a vast conspiracy to overthrow the government, a position taken by Crown Counsel in the famous State Trials following the strike. (I have issued a short essay, titled "State Trials," giving my impressions of them, which can be obtained from Ahrens' Book Shop, 756 Davie St., Vancouver, B. C., V6Z 1B5, or W. Z. Miller, 7571 ~~Willoway~~ <sup>Willoughby</sup> Ave., Los Angeles, 90046, Calif., for the modest sum of 25¢).

The story of the OBU has been dealt with elsewhere, as also has the Strike and the Trials, and no purpose can be served by rehashing these accounts. The Strike and the Trials have been dealt with by critical scholars throughout the past twenty odd years, from Dr. McMaster's first work on the subject, and by many others down to the recent book by Prof. Norman Penner, of York Univ., Toronto, titled "Winnipeg, 1919" in all of which I had a hand to a greater or less degree, having supplied considerable data to all of them. There are a few works with which I had no personal connection written by highly prejudiced fellows, with rigid attitudes and narrow reactionary views. For myself I am content that the majority of these writers, viewing the entire situation and taking account of every possible piece of evidence concluded that the Winnipeg strike was what the workers claimed it to be, a dispute between the Iron masters and the metal trades, and the contractors and building trades unions. I thus confine myself to here quoting from the early portion of my address to the jury in 1920 the following:

"...and in my own mind I rest assured that <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~historian~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~ will drive the knife of critical research into the very bowels of this bogie that has been conjured forth out of the imagination of certain legal luminaries of this city..."

I did not realize then that I was wearing the garb of a prophet. But back to the ~~XXXX~~ Socialist Party of Canada, of which I was a member and so remained until its demise around 1927. From the early days of 1919 until I was finally released from jail, Feb. 28th, 1921, I had been for almost two years separated from my family, two trips to Calgary (the first convention and the second small meeting for organisation, from which latter I was sent by the labor unions to visit Winnipeg, where the strike was in progress, and where I stayed for only a few days). Taken from the train in Calgary on my return journey to Vancouver, held for some eight days in the city jail, escorted by a very friendly mounted policeman back to Winnipeg, and lodged for another eight days in Stony Mountain penitentiary, whence I was released under a bond of \$20,000, the other men having been released at \$10,000 each. Back home for a short spell, in which I contributed a series of articles, "After the War Problems," to The Western Clarion, as well as engaging in other propaganda work. Then returning to Winnipeg for the preliminary hearing in the police court which lasted a month, at the end of which the "eight" were placed in jail, bail being denied, and held for a month. The outcry against this unusual and arbitrary action of the authorities produced an outcry throughout Canada and from Britain, and we were released. Back to B.C., where I accepted an invitation from Prince Rupert for a series of lectures, on the understanding that no two meetings were to be held consecutively. The members were very solicitous, realizing that I had been under strain for months, and many pleasant incidents of that trip are still fresh in my memory. These will have to wait for a possible telling in the future but time and space render it impossible at the moment. Then once again back to Winnipeg for the main trial in the Court of King's Bench. A ten weeks

gruelling experience lasting for ten weeks, six days a week, from 10 a.m., to 10 p.m. After each days session I had to travel on two street cars, then walk the better part of a mile to the two room apartment which my wife (who had insisted on coming to Winnipeg for the trial) had taken, bringing with her my eldest and youngest (boys) while the daughter had been left in care of my comrade (now in Coquitlam, whom I have already mentioned) Jack Wilson.

Just prior to my release members of the SPC local in Winnipeg, who had free access to the university of Manitoba, got the idea that a debate between ~~an~~ Prof. Osborne (History and French) and myself would be a good drawing card, and they came to the jail to advise me of their actions. I was in a weakened condition, having spent the last few weeks in the jail hospital unconscious, victim of an epidemic which had raced through that institution affecting a number of the inmates. I suggested that I was not in good physical condition for such a task - the debate was being arranged to be held in the vast hall called "The Industrial Bureau," which could hold (and did) 20,000 thousand people. I asked what subject had been selected and was told "the pet subject of the professor - ~~THE UNITED NATIONS~~ THE UNITED NATIONS LEAGUE." I informed them that for twelve months or thereabouts I had very little information of the outside world, but some acquaintance with the structure and workings of the League, but if they could get me a copy of The Covenant I would agree. They said that would be easy and later they passed the copy to me through the bars on visiting day. We were released in the very early moments of Feb. 28th, 1921 - a Monday, and the next evening a meeting ~~of~~ (reception) was held in The Industrial Bureau, with a packed house estimated in excess of 20,000 and at which I spoke briefly, still shaky from my recent indisposition. And a few days later the debate took place in the same huge barn-like building.

Prof. Osborne proved to be a polished orator, clear in delivery and logical in presentation, in his opening address, which was read from a written text, and in which he quoted "Article 10 of The Covenant." From the copy of The covenant I had - which had been "snatched" from the University ~~box~~ by the socialist boys, I was able to check, and discovered to my amazement that the Professor had quoted only the first and the last parts, leaving out the central piece which was the core and real substance of this Article. As I arose to reply, with the copy of The Covenant in my hand, as I leaned against the table, grasping my chair back with my free hand, I noticed that the Professor was rummaging among his papers apparently looking for this document. It then dawned on me that this was the professor's copy. (The boys later told me that it was the only one in the university). But I read, as had the professor from Article 10, leaving out the all important middle portion. Then addressing the crowd I said somewhat the following lines:

Ladies and Gentlemen! You have heard both my opponent and myself read exactly from this document. There is no argument thus far. Now I will read the Article 10 as it appears in its entirety, and you will be able to discern the important section which my distinguished opponent omitted. And I think I should be permitted to ask, Why? [This set the huge crowd on edge and from thence forward the debate became hot and heavy.

In his following response, the professor was not now reading from a prepared text, but had to produce and develop his argument, (which had been rudely upset) ad lib., so to speak. It was towards the end of this second speech that he committed a serious faux pas. He contended - praising the League of Nations (which I had referred to as "The League of NOTIONS" and which seemed to ruffle him) that had ancient Rome been ~~possessed of an instrument~~ possessed of an instrument such as The League, that empire might be with us today. And he claimed that Rome had once been saved through the cackling of geese. In my reply I stated that I had read the legend of The Cackling Geese and ~~the~~ Rome, but emphasized it was a legend and that even the legend held only that it was The Capitol and not the Empire that was thereby saved. I stated that if a Professor

if a professor of "History" and "French" presented that type of history in my presence he had better do it in French, a language with which I was not too familiar. He had the last five minute wind-up and lost his "cool," arguing with and upbraiding members of the audience - a rather poor tactic - for they replied in kind. There were many of them and they could shout as loud as he and most of them were very well informed workers. I sat and rested and watched that final five minutes with quiet amusement.

It took a lot out of me and I went home and rested, but a few days later the same eager beavers of the Winnipeg Local got busy and arranged a further debate with another professor from the University, the subject to be "Free Trade." Though feeling far from well I agreed. It was slated for a Sunday afternoon in the Strand Theatre. We were preparing to depart for B. C., and the wife had sold our few effects for about 10% of what she had paid. All that was left in the little apartment was a "tin" trunk containing clothes, etc. I got pretty sick, and managed to sit on the trunk and rest with my back against the wall. When the wife came in I got her to get word to the boys of my condition and that I would be unable to engage in the debate. Fortunately Adolph Kohn was still in town and he had debated successfully with several of the University professors. Although apprised of my condition a few hours before the debate he took up the cudgels and according to reports did an excellent job. I had only met Kohn once when he came to visit me in the prison passing through the bars the first three volumes of Marx's Capital - so we could run an economic class in the jail.

In the meantime the wife had called a doctor who said my condition was serious; I needed rest and no involvement with public speaking or any other activities. I shall never forget the help and sympathy of the workers of Winnipeg at that time, for a family whose name has passed from my memory came over, looked after our luggage and put the wife, the two boys, and me into a comfortable bedroom. The doctor said when I told him that I wished to return to B. C., not for two weeks at least and then only if you break the journey into three sections.

I had friends who were close to our family in England living then in Moose Jaw where we stayed for two weeks and we also stayed for a couple of days in Banff.

I was met at the depot in Vancouver by a huge crowd which filled the depot and overflowed into the street, with a parade of returned soldiers led by a fiery Irishman riding a horse. It was a little too much for me and I got away as quickly as possible and went to my parents' home on Windermere St. The following Sunday a parade was held in town. My Dad insisted that I go and I agreed if I could be kept out of sight, which was effected by my hiding in a deep doorway of a Hastings St., store. In the afternoon a big meeting was held on Cambie St., grounds - the block upon which now stands the big bus station. I spoke in the afternoon and at night at three theatres, Empress, Avenue, and Pantages, all of which were packed. A day or so rest then an invitation from the Cumberland local to come over and stay for a month on the beach at Royston, where a rancher in Happy Valley had a spot near a clear creek and right on the beach. The wife, the two boys and I stayed in a tent, visited often by the boys from Cumberland.

Back again in Vancouver where I wrote an article or two for the Clarion, I was picking up strength and took my turn on the Empress platform. It was that summer that certain members, entranced by the new Russian State, insisted - when the famous twenty-one points of the Third International were flung at almost all working class political parties - that the local hold a meeting forthwith to consider the matter. And so it came to pass - a hot and steamy meeting with the advocates of Russia's Third International being conspicuously vocal. I remember Harrington's studied and logical argument against our party having anything to do with it. And there were others, Stevenson, McLeod, Jenkins, Jimmy Smith, F. J. McNey, many, many who were completely opposed. I remember saying only a few words, but among them the following: "I oppose this suggestion on many grounds, but chiefly I, as a socialist, object to 'dictatorship' whether it comes from Moscow or Jerusalem."

So the breach occurred in Vancouver and was accompanied by similar division across the country from Vancouver Is., to the ~~Maritimes~~. Many of the dissidents who for years had appeared as serious and quiet self-declared socialists, and certainly not "vocal," caught up in the euphoric atmosphere created by the Russian Revolution, became wild-eyed and ranting protagonists for "Russian Socialism" and its plans for a new movement, world wide, which would lead to economic salvation. I know I offer a personal opinion, but one that has been strengthened through the ensuing years. And in this I am not alone. There were many others. Jack Harrington said of this at the time: "When any of these people who were so quiet and apparently serious minded in the past get bitten by this "communist virus" they become ranting idiots, given to spectacular demonstrations."

These dissidents, having accepted the demand of The Third International that ALL of the 21 points must be accepted without reserve - no exceptions - proceeded to organise. And what a comic opera was produced! The very FIRST point in this list of twenty-one stated that the party seeking affiliation to the Third International must label itself "The Communist Party of....." The first public presentation of this party in Canada appeared as "The Workers' Party." Thus the first violation of the accepted conditions. A paper appeared titled "The Worker," Vol. 1, No. 1. This was immediately followed by a second publication, also entitled "Vol. 1, No. 1" and a third and fourth. This exhibit of ~~fake~~ literary fol-de-rol was accompanied by many other weird performances. One instance of "revolutionary" footstepping should suffice. One of the new apostles of the new political church, having recently declared his adherence to The Class Struggle added to <sup>by</sup> announcing his ~~class hatred~~: "I hate them, I hate them." He travelled across the country, declaring that he was keeping himself just one step ahead of the Mounted Police, had rented a P. O. Box in a coast city in the name of a female acquaintance, and then reported his spurious undercover work on postal cards.

The Socialist Party was maintained, though the meetings suffered somewhat, but the Clarion was kept going and maintained an unbroken publication, but around 1927 the party, the "old" Socialist Party of Canada, originating actually as early as 1902 if not earlier came to its end. There is much more that could be said but the years have shown that these followers of Russian orders, lacking critical analysis of the Russia of that time - an unindustrialized, backward economy, ~~not a~~ a still semi-feudal state - could not begin to establish socialism, lacking as it did the necessary material conditions that the establishment of socialism requires. So that country of the "proletarian" revolution fell back on the slogan of "Socialism in one country," ~~as~~ Socialism as a system of society will have to <sup>be</sup> world-wide (as is present day capitalism) and will require an effective majority for its establishment. As Charlie Lestor said to me in the early days of the 1917 revolution; "despite the Marxian terminology used, these fellows in Moscow are more "Bakounists" than "Marxists." But so many fell for the terminology used and failed to discern the "anarchist" character of the Russian state, albeit an "unanarchist" regimented and authoritarian one. They fell for "the propaganda of the deed."

But during the years 1921-1927 the party kept up its work and in the Fall of 1921 I was nominated to run as its candidate in Nanaimo Federal Constituency. I made one appearance in Esquimalt, home of a Canadian naval base, yet from that area received one-third of the vote, while in the small fishing villages of Sooke and East Sooke, on the coast west of Victoria ~~which~~ I was unable to visit - I took a ~~majority~~ majority, as I did in the Nanaimo area.

Last year (1973) when addressing students and some of the faculty at Vancouver (Langara) College I was introduced to a history teacher, Dr. Young, a smiling fellow with a fine beard who asked: "Do you remember holding a meeting in Esquimalt?" "Of course," I replied, "In the fall of 1921." "That's right," said he, "and do you remember saying something like this: "As to the conservative



Mr. Dickie, of Duncan, I think I can say he is a gentleman; in fact I know he is, for I have just had a letter from him telling me that I am one. I regret, however, that I find it impossible to say the same for Tom Booth, the liberal candidate, of Nanaimo." "Yes," I replied, "I remember that well." Mr. Young then asked: "Do you remember in that meeting, a young boy sitting on an aisle seat about half way down the hall?" I looked at him directly and noted a gleam in his eyes, and then burst out, "Were you that little boy?" He nodded, and I grabbed his hand and said, "No wonder I didn't recognize you, you didn't have a beard then." We enjoyed a hearty laugh over this.

And now I think it is time to draw this story to its close, but at least must permit myself this:

I trust that I shall be excused for making this narrative such a personal one. I do not wish to give the impression of egotism, but so much of the exciting and colorful activities from the days when I joined until the demise of the "old" Socialist Party of Canada involved me that to tell the story otherwise would have been nigh to impossible.

I stressed the story of my eventful propaganda trip through the frozen steppes of Alberta, as also the ~~election~~ election campaign in the Comox riding (both occurring in 1916) to highlight the difference between these efforts to spread a knowledge of socialism in the hinterland of this country of magnificent distances and the easier type conducted from the platform of a well heated theatre in a large town. Or as against the conditions that confront the socialists of Great Britain. It is also well to remember that western Canada did not have the good roads then that exist now, that travelling from point to point was immensely more difficult, or that Vancouver Island did not have the good paved highways of today, nor the vast fleet of fast moving ferries which now ply the waters of the Straits of Georgia.

I also was anxious to lay to rest the fanciful and romantic nonsense concerning "Ginger Goodwin," the boy who I first met on my initial trip to Cumberland, at which time he was a member of Cumberland local, #70, of the SPC (and probably a charter member) and remained so until his untimely and tragic end. He had no connection with the Communist Party, which was not formed until 1921, and his "murder" occurred in 1918.

And still another myth I was desirous of exploding, one which has been steadily perpetuated down through the years as to the founding of the Socialist Party of Canada. To shorten this I make reference to a recent issue of the Socialist Standard, official organ of The Socialist Party of Great Britain, in which it is stated that the SPBG was founded in 1904 (which is true) and that some time later the Socialist Party of Canada was founded in 1905 (which definitely is not true). Yet there are those today who, having a photograph of the first DEC of the SPC, dated 1904, write me asking about the eight men who composed that first executive committee, still repeat the error of the SPGB and this historical mistake is generally accepted in what are known as "The Companion Parties of World Socialism."

Such evidence as exists, and what was told to me by the old timers (including my father) indicates that in 1903 the merger took place between the SOCIALIST PARTY of B.C., (on the mainland) and the "Revolutionary" SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA (Vancouver Island). As early, if not earlier, as 1902 E. T. Kingsley and my father were members of the Island party, and, I understand, it was in Nanaimo that the Western Clarion was launched, yet both these men were members of the first DEC, as shown in the photograph of 1904. Surely if, as has been claimed, that the WSP of the USA was established in 1916, but was not known under that name until 1947-8, it is even more reasonable to accept that two parties, (bearing the names already given) merged, then the party had been in existence for some time, though in two sections - condition created by a matter of mere geography. Also, if what Jack Karme told me of his father "Abe," is correct, that he came to Vancouver in ~~1901~~ 1901 and then joined the party, it would place its founding even further back in time.

As for myself, now well into my 87th year, it should be evident that my days of activity are coming to an end. I therefore now confine myself to answering as well as I can any serious enquiries that come my way, and particularly addressing myself to the young, more so the bright-eyed young students in the academies. This is largely in Canada during my annual visits. My last trip I talked with a serious quiet young fellow and his more vivacious wife, both history students, and was amazed at the amount of Marx that this young fellow had read, that he even was well into the turgid language of the Grundrisse. I discussed many of the points raised in that work and wondered how many highly vocal declared socialists had even looked into the book. In such few lectures I thus give I speak for no party, and of course, by the same token do NOT speak against any. For in the time I have (which is short) and the energy I possess (which is waning) my only wish is to convey to these enquiring young my conception of socialism as a philosophy and a visualization of a possible better future society.

If I am remembered I hope it will not be for what I did but for what I tried to do. I have no desire to be patronized or deified. The movement has suffered too much ~~of~~ that. In response to a telephonic query some years ago from Canada I was asked, concerning the Winnipeg trials and my jail sentence, "If I considered myself a martyr?" I said "decidedly not." The working class needs neither leaders nor martyrs - that martyrs go to their martyrdom like sleepy men to their beds."

And now I conclude this sketchy story trusting there may be some who may obtain some information therefrom.

W. A. Pritchard.

(Taped in Los Angeles, Calif., October, 1974)