
U. S. A.

I. *The 42nd Parallel*

II. *Nineteen Nineteen*

III. *The Big Money*

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS



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NEW YORK

NEWSREEL XL

CRIMINAL IN PYJAMAS SAWS BARS; SCALES WALLS; FLEES

Italians! against all and everything remember that the beacon is lighted at Fiume and that all harangues are contained in the words: Fiume or Death.

Criez au quatre vents que je n'accepte aucune transaction. Le reste ici contre tout le monde et je prépare de très mauvais jours.

Criez cela je vous prie a tû-tête
the call for enlistments mentions a chance for gold service stripes, opportunities for big game hunting and thrilling water-sports added to the general advantages of travel in foreign countries

Chi va piano

Va sano

Chi va forte

Va 'la morte

Evviva la libertà

EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY DEVASTATES LIKE WAR

only way Y.M.C.A. girls can travel is on troop ships;
part of fleet will go seaward to help Wilson

DEMPSEY KNOCKS OUT WILLARD IN THIRD ROUND

Ils sont sourds.

Je vous embrasse.

Le cœur de Fiume est à vous.

JOE HILL

A young Swede named Hillstrom went to sea, got himself calloused hands on sailingships and tramps,

learned English in the focastle of the steamers that make the run from Stockholm to Hull, dreamed the Swede's dream of the west;

when he got to America they gave him a job polishing cuspidors in a Bowery saloon.

He moved west to Chicago and worked in a machineshop.

He moved west and followed the harvest, hung around employment agencies, paid out many a dollar for a job in a construction camp, walked out many a mile when the grub was too bum, or the boss too tough, or too many bugs in the bunkhouse;

read Marx and the I.W.W. Preamble and dreamed about forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

He was in California for the S.P. strike (*Casey Jones, two locomotives, Casey Jones*), used to play the concertina outside the bunkhouse door, after supper, evenings (*Longhaired preachers come out every night*), had a knack for setting rebel words to tunes (*And the union makes us strong*).

Along the coast in cookshacks flophouses jungles wobblers hoboes bindlestiffs began singing Joe Hill's songs. They sang 'em in the county jails of the State of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, in the bullpens in Montana and Arizona, sang 'em in Walla Walla, San Quentin and Leavenworth,

forming the structure of the new society within the jails of the old.

At Bingham, Utah, Joe Hill organized the workers of the Utah Construction Company in the One Big Union, won a new wagescale, shorter hours, better grub. (The angel Moroni didn't like labororganizers any better than the Southern Pacific did.)

The angel Moroni moved the hearts of the Mormons to decide it was Joe Hill shot a grocer named Morrison. The Swedish consul and President Wilson tried to get him a new trial but the angel Moroni moved the hearts of the supreme court of the State of Utah to sustain the verdict of guilty. He was in jail a year, went on making up songs. In November 1915 he was stood up against the wall in the jail yard in Salt Lake City.

“Don’t mourn for me organize,” was the last word he sent out to the workingstiffs of the I.W.W. Joe Hill stood up against the wall of the jail yard, looked into the muzzles of the guns and gave the word to fire.

They put him in a black suit, put a stiff collar around his neck and a bow tie, shipped him to Chicago for a bangup funeral, and photographed his handsome stony mask staring into the future.

The first of May they scattered his ashes to the wind.

BEN COMPTON

The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. . . .

The old people were Jews but at school Benny always said no he wasn’t a Jew he was an American because he’d been born in Brooklyn and lived at 2531 25th Avenue in Flatbush and they owned their home. The teacher in the seventh grade said he squinted and sent him home with a note, so Pop took an afternoon off from the jewelry store where he worked with a lens in his eye repairing watches, to take Benny to an optician who put drops in his eyes and made him read little teeny letters on a white card. Pop seemed tickled when the optician said Benny had to wear