

FULTON BAG & COTTON MILLS.

Wednesday, July 15th, 1914. Report of Opr. G.J.M.

I reported for work at the mill at 6:10 A.M., weighing waste. During the day I was talking to Mr. Clay. I asked him what he thought of the Union by this time. He said that it was about done, and he knew it would never amount to a damn, and it was just composed of a lot of ignorant people, that did not know what they wanted. Mr. Clay is Second Hand in twine room, Mill #1.

Later I was talking to Mr. Heardy, Second Hand in card room, Mill #1. I asked his opinion of the Union. He said, "h---, that damn thing is one of the past. Them people are just out of a job, so Don't let anybody on the outside tell you there's a strike in this mill, for we have all the hands we need here, outside of a few weavers, and I don't think the Company cares much, whether they start the rest of the looms or not, until the fall of the year."

I then met Mr. Hanika. He asked me if I were not getting along with my job. I told him I was. He then told me to try and get around as quickly as possible, as it did not look well for me to be standing around talking, as he noticed me several times. He said the hands would take advantage of me, and when I went after their waste, they would try and give me anything at all, and expect me to say nothing.

Then I was talking to Mr. Nichols, a card-room hand in Mill #2, at the back mill gate. He said, "h---, boy, I wouldn't have such a damn mean job as you got, for anything." He then told me that he staid out on account of getting h--- from Mr. Maddox, Second Hand in card room, Mill #2, for making too much waste, but he did it so as to get fired and get his

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time, without working a notice, because he intended to join the Union, and said that's what I should do.

I was talking to Mr. Kelly, Special Officer at the mill. He was telling me that some of the boys were having boxing matches on the 5th floor of the bag mill. I asked him who the gloves belonged to, and he said Spider Brooks. I believe this is a nickname, but this has been going on since the first of the week.

I was then talking to Baker, a card room hand in Mill #2, about the strike. He said he had thought of joining the Union, but was glad he didn't, after seeing the ending of it, and seeing how they carried things along, and took all the damn Bums and Hoboes into it that they could get to come to town.

When I left the mill, I walked part way home with Mr. Gibbs, Special Officer. I said to him, "that's a good locker you have in the mill. He said, "yes, boy, what do you think of that 100 wat lamp I burn in there, besides, three others? If old man Jake Elsas knowed I was burning all that juice, he'd raise h---." The burning of this light continually, is uncalled for. It is located in a small room in the old warehouse.

I stopped work at the mill at 6:00 P.M.