

FULTON BAG & COTTON MILLS.

Monday, August 3rd, 1914. Report of Opr. #470.

I reported at the mill at 6:15 A.M. On the way to work, two of the strikers hooted and jeered at me, but made no further demonstration.

As I passed through the office, I filled out a release on all injuries which I might receive while riding on the elevator. When I signed this I received my elevator check.

My duties first took me to Mill No. 2, card room, where the boys gave me a hand and I finished there in good time. I then went into the card room of Mill No. 1, where the opposite prevailed; I had trouble to get a man to go around with me to collect the waste, several of the hands claiming they had too much to do as it was, and wasted more time squabbling about it than it took to do the job. In the meantime the head of this department was no where in sight. There seems to be an utter lack of discipline in this room. The hands are making entirely too much waste; some of them on the speeders and intermediate, taking out the spools as soon as the wood commenced to show, and pulling off the remainder; others were making piecings $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 yard in length. The alleys and spare floors were cluttered with trucks of empty and full bobbins, empty cars etc., so that when a speeder or other hand wanted to doff, they had to move several trucks to get the one they wanted, in fact, an entire lack of system. The hands were collecting in corners, in groups of 3 or 4, talking, which talk ceased when I drew near. Some of the younger men were spending a lot of time joking with one of the slubbers, who appeared to be a somewhat loose character. Two colored scrub women spent 30 minutes sitting down behind the

elevator at the speed end of the room, and killed time when they did work. The elevator at the cording end of room was also a collecting place, several of the hands hanging out there and passing remarks about the colored girls as they visit the toilets, which is just around the corner. The several hands' favorite method of watching the room was to go to one of the corners of the room, get a big quid of tobacco in his cheek, and spend 15 minutes gazing into space. He would then go to another corner and repeat the operation. I spent two hours in this room and did not once see the head of this department.

When using the elevator to go to the various floors, I noticed that the elevator men had hard work trying to stop the elevator somewhere near flush with the floor. They waste so much time in this manner, that I would recommend the installation of an automatic stopping device, so that the elevator will stop at the same place all the time.

When I was at the scales in Mill No. 1, 2nd floor at 9:30 to 10:15, I noticed the man in charge of net twisting, combing, bolting etc., was absent, so returned about 10:30. Said he was sorry he was not there to give me a hand, that he had been sent out on an errand.

From 11:00 to 11:15 I saw a colored man asleep at the foot of the cup conveyer on the fourth floor, card room in Mill No. 1.

At 12:00 I had lunch in the shipping room, which consisted of 1 ham sandwich, 1 cup cake or cookie, 3 sweet pickles and iced tea. The food was a good quality and service was clean. Some of the hands at the second table, however, were too lazy to get a dipper that had been washed, and simply grabbed one that had already been used, dumped the remains on the floor and filled it up again.

I sat next to a weaver in Mill No. 2, 2nd floor. I asked him if he was a fixer, and he said he would rather be a weaver, as he made more money. He gave his wages as \$13.00 to \$14.00, and sometimes they went to \$16.00. I asked if he could keep his looms running, and he said he could, as he had a good fixer. I told him I would go over and see him when I had some spare time, and see if I had forgotten how to weave.

The sink in the storehouse, where the writer washes up, is filthy, and the toilets at the near entrance of Mill No. 1, stink as bad as to almost make me sick. These toilets are marked No. 11 and No. 12. The rule about individual drinking cups, is broken more than observed.

During the afternoon I made the acquaintance of the timekeeper for No. 2 weave room, who asked me how I was making out, and told me to tell him if I got stuck, and he would give me a helping hand.