INTRODUCTION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I created the mock trial problem Commonwealth v. Carnegie expressly for my Honors History 9 class. Most witness testimony comes from the public record, and an inclination toward authenticity is present throughout. What is not verbatim is adapted from out-of-copyright writings, and each witness statement attributes its source(s).

My goal in creating this case is twofold. First, I want young people to better understand the legal system, and enjoy the self-efficacy of mastering something so labyrinthine. I also want students to build and defend a case that is ostensibly a criminal complaint, but that carries with it bigger questions of morality, social philosophy, and the national struggle of labor vs. capital that dominated the late 19th Century.

Many texts were invaluable in the creation of this case. *The Homestead Strike of 1892* by Arthur Burgoyne, published in 1893, was especially useful. I also leaned heavily on Myron Stowell’s *Fort Frick* (also 1893) and David P. Demarest’s *The River Ran Red* (published in 1992) for period detail. The online repository of UC Davis’s Roland Marchand is a treasure unknown to most social studies teachers, and I took from it many leads and tangents that helped to shape this final project. I also drew inspiration from the teacher resources at explorepahistory.com, and shamelessly copied the format of the Pennsylvania Bar Association’s annual mock case.

I also (ironically – or, perhaps, fittingly) checked out many, many books and related media from Pittsburgh’s Carnegie Library System.

I would like to extend endless appreciation to my colleagues in Blackhawk School District, especially Dave Mandell and Anthony Mooney, both of whose influence is evident throughout, and Linda Cartwright, who provided invaluable clerical support. Thanks also to my ninth graders (Class of 2015), ever willing to take the reins of another chancy, student-centered lesson plan. Finally, my thanks to the Blackhawk Mock Trial team and its institution of excellence, for annually reminding me why I’m in this line of work.

I encourage all fellow teachers to use these materials in their classrooms, and modify them as they see fit. If you have questions, comments, or success stories, please send them my way.

Jeff Tripodi
Coordinator of Gifted Education
Blackhawk High School
October 2011
"I shall argue that strong men... know when to compromise, and that all principles can be compromised to serve a greater principle."

-Andrew Carnegie, 1889

"You can tell Carnegie I'll meet him. Tell him I'll see him in hell."

-Henry Clay Frick, 1919

I got work tearing those old mills down
Until there's nothing left but the sweat and blood in the ground
At night we tuck our little babies in bed
We still pray to the red white and blue in Homestead

-Joe Grushecky, 1995
STATEMENT OF FACTS

On July 6, 1892, Homestead, PA, saw an armed showdown between the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers (AAISW) and private police hired by the Carnegie Steel Works.

The conflict at Homestead arose at a time when the fast-changing American economy had stumbled, and conflicts between labor and management had flared up all over the country. In 1892, labor declared a general strike in New Orleans. Coal miners struck in Tennessee, as did railroad switchmen in Buffalo, New York and copper miners in Idaho.

Andrew Carnegie’s mighty steel industry was not immune to the downturn. In 1890, the price of rolled-steel products started to decline, dropping from $35 a gross ton to $22 early in 1892. In the face of depressed steel prices, Henry Clay Frick, general manager of the Homestead plant that Carnegie largely owned, was determined to cut wages and break the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, one of the strongest craft unions in the country.

Behind the scenes, Carnegie supported Frick’s plans. In the spring of 1892, Carnegie had Frick produce as much armor plate as possible before the union’s contract expired at the end of June. If the union failed to accept Frick’s terms, Carnegie instructed him to shut down the plant and wait until the workers buckled. "We... approve of anything you do," Carnegie wrote from England in words he would later come to regret. "We are with you to the end."

With Carnegie’s carte blanche support, Frick moved to slash wages. Plant workers responded by hanging Frick in effigy. At the end of June, Frick began closing down his open hearth and armor-plate mills, locking out 1,100 men. On June 25th, Frick announced he would no longer negotiate with the union; now he would only deal with workers individually. Leaders of Amalgamated were willing to concede on almost every level -- except on the dissolution of their union.

Workers tried to reach Carnegie, who had strongly defended labor’s right to unionize. He had departed on his annual and lengthy vacation, traveling to a remote Scottish castle on Loch Rannoch. He proved inaccessible to all -- including the press and to Homestead's workers -- except for Frick.

"This is your chance to re-organize the whole affair," Carnegie wrote his manager. "Far too many men required by Amalgamated rules." Carnegie believed workers would agree to relinquish their union to hold on to their jobs.

It was a severe miscalculation. Although only 750 of the 3,800 workers at Homestead belonged to the union, 3,000 of them met and voted overwhelmingly to strike. Frick responded by building a fence three miles long and 12 feet high around the steelworks plant, adding peepholes for rifles and topping it with barbed wire. Workers named the fence "Fort Frick."

Deputy sheriffs were sworn in to guard the property, but the workers ordered them out of town. Workers then took to guarding the plant that Frick had closed to keep them out. This action signified a very different attitude that labor and management shared toward the plant.

"Workers believed because they had worked in the mill, they had mixed their labor with the property in the mill," explains historian Paul Krause. "They believed that in some way the property had become theirs. Not that it wasn't Andrew Carnegie's, not that they were the sole proprietors of the mill, but that they had an entitlement in the mill. And I think in a fundamental way the conflict at Homestead in 1892 was about these two conflicting views of property."

Frick turned to the enforcers he had employed previously: the Pinkerton Detective Agency’s private army, often used by industrialists of the era. At midnight on July 5, tugboats pulled barges carrying hundreds of Pinkerton detectives armed with Winchester rifles up the Monongahela River. But workers stationed along the river spotted the private army. A Pittsburgh journalist wrote that at about 3 A.M. a "horseman riding at breakneck speed dashed into the streets of Homestead giving the alarm as he sped along." Thousands of strikers and their sympathizers rose from their sleep and went down to the riverbank in Homestead.
When the private armies of business arrived, the crowd warned the Pinkertons not to step off the barge. But they did. No one knows which side shot first, but under a barrage of fire, the Pinkertons retreated back to their barges. For 14 hours, gunfire was exchanged. Strikers rolled a flaming freight train car at the barges. They tossed dynamite to sink the boats and pumped oil into the river and tried to set it on fire. By the time the Pinkertons surrendered in the afternoon three detectives and nine workers were dead or dying. The workers declared victory in the bloody battle, but it was a short-lived celebration.

The governor of Pennsylvania ordered state militia into Homestead. Armed with the latest in rifles and Gatling guns, they took over the plant. Strikebreakers who arrived on locked trains, often unaware of their destination or the presence of a strike, took over the steel mills. Authorities charged the strike leaders with murder and 160 other strikers with lesser crimes. The workers' entire Strike Committee also was arrested for treason.

In the case that follows, the prosecution alleges that authority belonged to Andrew Carnegie, and that he was ultimately responsible for the 16 dead and 23 wounded in Homestead.
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

v.

ANDREW CARNEGIE,
Defendant.

MAGISTRATE DISTRICT: No. 5
ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

Complaint No.: 1892 NT 1744
Charge: Involuntary Manslaughter 18 Pa. C.S.A. § 2504

CRIMINAL COMPLAINT

I, John McLuckie, Burgess of the Borough of Homestead, Allegheny County, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby state:

1. I accuse Defendant Andrew Carnegie, who resides at 2 East 91st Street, New York, New York, with violating the penal laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, specifically with the involuntary manslaughter of nine striking steelworkers, by allowing and promoting the use of a private and unregulated police force.

2. The date when the accused committed this offense was July 6, 1892, at the Carnegie Steel Works in the Borough of Homestead, Pennsylvania.

3. The accused committed these acts against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and contrary to the Act of Assembly, specially, 18 Pa. C.S.A. § 2504.

4. I verify that the facts set forth in this complaint are true and correct to the best of my knowledge, information and belief subject to the penalties of the Criminal Code, 18 Pa. C.S.A. § 4904, relating to unsworn falsification to authorities.

Date: November 29, 1892

AND NOW, on this date, November 29, 1892, I certify the complaint has been properly completed and verify that there is probable cause for the issuance of process.

[Signature]
Issuing Authority
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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STIPULATIONS

1. All documents, exhibits and signatures included in the case materials are authentic and accurate in all respects; no objections to the authenticity of the documents or exhibits will be entertained.

2. The parties reserve the right to dispute any legal or factual conclusions based on these items and to make objections other than to authenticity.

3. Jurisdiction, venue and chain of custody of the evidence are proper.

4. All statements made by witnesses and all physical evidence and exhibits were Constitutionally obtained.

5. The price of rolled steel products declined from a high of $35 per gross ton in 1890, to $22 per gross ton in 1892.

/s/
Attorney for Commonwealth

/s/
Attorney for Defendant
APPLICABLE LAW
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Crimes Code


(a) Offense defined.--A person is guilty of involuntary manslaughter when as a direct result of the doing of an unlawful act in a reckless or grossly negligent manner, or the doing of a lawful act in a reckless or grossly negligent manner, he causes the death of another person.

(b) Grading.--Involuntary manslaughter is a misdemeanor of the first degree. Where the victim is under 12 years of age and is in the care, custody or control of the person who caused the death, involuntary manslaughter is a felony of the second degree.
LIST OF WITNESSES

The prosecution and defense must call each of their respective witnesses. Witnesses may be called in any order. All witnesses can be played by either males or females.

For the Commonwealth:

- Djuro Kracha  Steelworker
- John McLuckie  Steelworker, union member, Burgess of Homestead
- Henry Clay Frick  Partner, Carnegie Steel

For the Defendant:

- John T. McCurry  First mate, the Little Bill
- William A. Pinkerton  Director, Pinkerton National Detective Agency
- Alexander Berkman  Anarchist; would-be assassin of H.C. Frick
STATEMENT OF DJURO KRACHA

I used to work for Frick, running a coke oven, before he smashed the unions at Connellsville. Some people said he meant to do a similar job in Homestead, that Carnegie had taken him in as much for that as because his blast furnaces needed Frick’s coke. I laugh when people tell me that in books and speeches Carnegie make some impressive sounds about democracy and workers’ rights.

My suspicions were strengthened in May. While negotiations with the union were still in progress, Frick had a tall fence built around the mill and set up searchlight platforms in the mill yard – hardly a peaceful gesture. We promptly nicknamed the mill Fort Frick.

Going home one morning, I passed a group of carpenters working on the fence and I called, “Do a good job on that fence, Charlie.” The carpenter replied, “Ain’t it a hell of a job? Like asking a man to dig his own grave.”

June drew to an end, and the days filled with rumor. I heard something different every day and had no way of knowing what was true, what false. There were, of course, few Slovaks or unskilled workers in the union. Most of the union was Irish, and many had been through the short, victorious strike of 1889. But we were all confident. If Frick didn’t give us what we wanted there would be a strike. It would be 1889 all over again.

Carnegie can’t afford to have his mills shut down long. While the striking workers were losing a dollar, Carnegie would be losing thousands. And these millionaires love a dollar more than you or I. Take a penny from them and they bleed. As I understood it, our wages wouldn’t be changed one way or another. Only the tonnage men were getting cut.

But if the union would let Frick have his way, it would be the finish for everybody. It’s what happened in Braddock when the union lost. Carnegie was out to smash the union in every mill he owned. What he did in Braddock he was going to try again in Homestead. And if we lose – well, I suppose Carnegie will give us a library. And much good may it do us.

Frick delivered his ultimatum, laying down terms which would have meant the end of the union in Homestead, and shut down the mill two days before the contract expired. The “Homestead Strike” began as a lockout, not a strike. Frick shut down the mill; it was the workers who kept it shut.

When a dozen deputies came from Pittsburgh union men met them at the station, showed them the mill was guarded and unharmed, and shipped them back to Pittsburgh on the next train. There was no violence, no disorder, until the morning of July 6, when the Pinkerton men came and I was awakened by the powerhouse whistle blowing in the mill. It had an alarmed, frantic sound. I got out of bed and went to the window.

It was still dark, the cooler part of the night. The street was empty but windows were sliding up, doors opening. A few men, some in trousers and slippers, walked to the corner, stood there looking up the street for moment and then apparently decided to investigate further. While I was debating whether to follow their example the whistle stopped blowing and the question of who had started it blowing, and why, became at once a good deal less exciting and important.

I went to the upper end of the mill. Not far from the mill’s general office building and nearly in line with the open end of Munhall Hollow, a roadway went down between the ten-inch mill and the boiler house to a dock at the foot of the pumping station, where excursion boats docked in summer. Here, I was told, two
bargeloads of Pinkertons had tried to land and take possession of the mill. They were still there, effectively
kept from landing by the union men barricaded on shore, and unable to leave because their tugboat had gone
back to Pittsburgh.

The sidewalks were crowded except in front of the general office building; people were hanging out
of bedroom windows, standing on porch roofs, climbing the hillsides. All were looking toward the mill yet
there was nothing to see but Frick’s whitewashed fence, and beyond it the familiar buildings and track-
tangled yards. Only the very hopeful continued to insist that, through the nearer turmoil of voices, the
shrieks of barelegged children, they could hear gunfire. An upriver train stopped at Munhall station, under
the overpass that led into the mill, discharged about as many passengers as it took on, and chuffed off to
Duquesne, the conductor and brakeman looking back at the crowds as though they’d never see the like
before. Union men were patrolling the overpass and making some effort to keep people from entering the
mill. I was turned back after a half-hearted attempt to pass, only a little disappointed – I felt neither like
shooting nor like being shot at.

Dozens had been killed and wounded, the union men had appropriated a small cannon from the
local G.A.R. post and were loading it with powder and scrap iron, attempts to set fire to the barges and to
dynamite them had both failed so far. The Pinkertons had surrendered and had been marched to the Opera
House in Homestead, since the jail was too small to hold them all. There were nearly three hundred of them.

On the way, despite the union leaders’ promises of safe conduct, they had been unmercifully mishandled by
infuriated steelworkers and their womenfolk. But the provocation had been great. Ten men were dead,
seven of them steelworkers, and sixty wounded.

The first of the dead was buried the next day. The mill was still down, the union men still in control.

But on the Monday following the battle, General Snowden came to Homestead with ten carloads of soldiers
and camped on Carnegie Hill. The Homestead union leaders were arrested, charged with murder, riot and
conspiracy. A notice was put up giving the men ten days to return to work, on the company’s terms. Very
few accepted the offer. The company sent eviction notices to all striking tenants of company houses, and
began erecting bunkhouses for the accommodation of blacksheep – scabs – at the Munhall end of the mill.

In Pittsburgh, on the last Saturday of the month, an anarchist named Berkman waited in Frick’s office
for his return from lunch, and when he appeared, shot him, Frick lived. Schwab was brought back to
Homestead and the mills slowly resumed production. The union’s leaders were in jail or out on bail, the
union itself shattered, and hunger and suffering were stalking the streets of Homestead.

We got our damned library, an even larger and finer one than Braddock. Carnegie built it on the hill
where the soldiers had camped, and next to it he put up a huge mansion for the mill Superintendent. If you
stand just right, you can see the sunset between them, and it’s like Carnegie himself can pull the sun right
down from the sky.

Adapted from the character George Kracha in Thomas Bell’s novel
Out of This Furnace, University of Pittsburgh Press, 1976.
The question at issue is a very grave one. It is whether the Carnegie Steel Company or the Amalgamated association shall have absolute control of our plant and business at Homestead. We have decided, after numerous fruitless conferences with the Amalgamated officials in the attempt to amicably adjust the existing difficulties, to operate the plant ourselves. I can say with the greatest emphasis that under no circumstances will we have any further dealing with the Amalgamated association as an organization. This is final.

The Edgar Thomson works and our establishment at Duquesne are both operated by workmen who are not members of the Amalgamated association with the greatest satisfaction to ourselves and to the unquestioned advantage of our employees. At both of these plants the work in every department goes on uninterrupted; the men are not harassed by the interference of trade union officials, and the best evidence that their wages are satisfactory is shown in the fact that we never had a strike there since they began working under our system of management.

Finding that it was impossible to arrive at any agreement with the Amalgamated officials, we decided to close our works at Homestead. Immediately the town was taken possession of by the workmen. An advisory committee of fifty took upon itself the direction of affairs of the place; the streets were patrolled by men appointed by the committee, and every stranger entering the town became an object of surveillance, was closely questioned, and if there was the slightest reason to suspect him he was ordered to leave the place instantly under a threat of bodily harm. Guards were stationed at every approach to Homestead by this self-organized local government. Our employees were prohibited from going to the mills, and we, as owners of the property, were compelled to stand by powerless to conduct the affairs of our business or direct its management.

The lockout continued, and I called the sheriff, outlining to him the facts stated above. The sheriff visited Homestead, and talked with the advisory committee. Its members asked that they be permitted to appoint men from their own number to act as deputy sheriffs; in other words, the men who were interfering with the exercise of our corporate rights, preventing us from conducting our business affairs, requested that they be clothed with the authority of deputy sheriffs to take charge of our plant. The sheriff declined their proposition, and the advisory committee disbanded. The rest of the story is a familiar one; the handful of deputies sent up by Sheriff McCleary were surrounded by the mob and forced to leave town, and then the watchmen were sent up to be landed on our property for the protection of our plant.

Why did the Carnegie Company call upon the Pinkertons for watchmen to protect our property? We did not see how else we would have protection. We only wanted them for watchmen to protect our property and see that workmen we would take to Homestead—and we have had applications from many men to go there to work—were not interfered with. We simply doubted the ability of Sheriff McCleary to enforce order and protect our property. We felt that for the safety of our property and in order to protect our workmen it was necessary for us to secure our own watchmen to assist the sheriff, and we know of no other source from which to obtain them than from Pinkerton agencies, and to them we applied.

We brought the watchmen here as quietly as possible; had them taken to Homestead at an hour of the night when we hoped to have them enter our works without any interference whatever and without meeting anybody. We proposed to land them our own property and all our efforts were to prevent the possibilities of a
collision between our former workmen and our watchmen. We are today barred out of our property at Homestead and have been since the 1st of July. There is nobody in the mills up there now; they are standing a silent mass of machinery, with nobody to look after them. They are in the hands of our former workmen. A man claiming to represent the Amalgamated workers contacted me. I told the gentleman who called that we would not confer with the Amalgamated association officials. That it was their followers who were rioting and destroying our property, and we would not accept his proposition.

I further informed him that the proposed wage scales were in all respects the most liberal that can be offered. We do not care whether a man belongs to a union or not, nor do we wish to interfere. He may belong to as many unions or organizations as he chooses, but we think our employees at Homestead Steel Works would fare much better working under a non-union system.

The men engaged by us through the Pinkerton agencies were sent up to Homestead with the full knowledge of the sheriff and by him placed in charge of his chief deputy, Col. Gray, and, as we know, with instructions to deputize them in case it became necessary. We made an impartial investigation and are satisfied beyond doubt that the watchmen employed by us were fired upon by our former workmen and friends for twenty-five minutes before they reached our property, and were fired upon after they had reached our property.

That they did not return the fire until after the boats had touched the shore, and after three of the watchmen had been wounded, one fatally. After a number of the watchmen were wounded and Capt. Rodgers, in charge of the towboat, at their request had taken the injured away, leaving the barges at our works unprotected, our former workmen refused to allow Capt. Rodgers to return to the barges that he might remove them from our property, but fired at him and fatally wounded one of the crew.

The mills have never been able to turn out the product they should, mainly because they have been held back by the Amalgamated men.

I sent a cable to Carnegie in November and told him: “This incident will not change the attitude of the Carnegie Steel Company toward the Amalgamated Association. I do not think I shall die but whether I do or not the company will pursue the same policy and it will win.”

Let the Amalgamated still exist and hold sway at other people's mills. That is no concern of ours. We had to teach our employees a lesson, and we have taught them one that they will never forget.
STATEMENT OF WILLIAM A. PINKERTON

The Pinkerton Detective Agency was founded in 1850 by my father, the late Allan Pinkerton, and during the last twenty years it has frequently furnished private watchmen to protect the property of individuals and corporations during strikes. The men employed by us in this strike work are selected with great care and only after a full investigation of their characters and antecedents. Not a single incidence can be cited where we have knowingly employed unreliable or untrustworthy men, or where any of our watchmen have been convicted of a crime. Moreover, we have seldom allowed our watchmen to carry arms for the purpose of protecting property and life unless they were authorized by the proper legal authorities or sworn in as deputy sheriffs.

Our men have never wantonly or recklessly fired a single shot in any of these strikes, and have only used their arms as the last extremity in order to protect life. We have consistently refused to permit our watchmen to bear arms without special legal authority or as deputy sheriffs even when on private property, and we had no intention of varying from this rule in the Homestead strike.

When first requested to send watchmen to protect the Homestead plant and property of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, we refused to do so unless all our men should be sworn in as deputy sheriffs before going to Homestead. We were then assured that the sheriff of Allegheny County, Pa., knew that our men were going to Homestead to act as watchmen and to guard the property of the company and protect its workmen from violence. We were further assured that the sheriff had promised, immediately upon any outbreak or disturbance, to deputize all our watchmen as sheriff's deputies if it became necessary for the protection of life and property. On that condition only did we consent to furnish about three hundred watchmen. A large number of these men were our regular employés, who could be thoroughly trusted for integrity, prudence, and sobriety. The remainder were men whom we employed from time to time or who were known and recommended to us. They did not go into the State of Pennsylvania as an armed body or force and we should not have permitted or assented to this. There was no intention or purpose whatsoever of arming them until they were on the property of the company at Homestead and until and unless they had been sworn in as the sheriff's deputies.

The Sheriff's Chief Deputy Gray accompanied our men, being on the tug towing the barges, and it was distinctly understood that he had authority to deputize them in case of necessity. The boxes containing the arms and ammunition were shipped from Chicago and were to be delivered at the Homestead yards. The instructions to our men were that they should not be armed unless previously deputized by the sheriff. As a matter of fact, the boxes on the barges were not opened and the arms and ammunition were not distributed until after the strikers had commenced firing on the watchmen and it became evident that it was a matter of self-defense, for life or death. Klein had been murdered by the strikers and about five other watchmen shot and wounded before our men began their fire in self-defense. Even then it was impossible to attempt to shoot those firing at the barges, because the strikers made a breastwork for themselves by placing women and children in front and firing from behind them. Not a single woman or child was injured by our men.

When our men surrendered, the leaders of the strikers solemnly promised full protection to property and life. They know that our men surrendered because the wounded required attention and for the purpose of saving further loss of life. After the surrender all our men, including the wounded and helpless, were brutally beaten.
and robbed by the strikers, and the leaders made no real or honest effort to protect them. Our men were
robbed of watches, money, clothing, in fact, everything, and then mercilessly clubbed and stoned. Conners,
unable to move or defend himself, was deliberately shot by one of the strikers and then clubbed. Edwards, also
wounded and helpless, was clubbed by another striker with the butt end of a musket. Both died, and
subsequently another watchman became insane and committed suicide as a result of the fearful beating after
having surrendered. All our men were more or less injured. The acts of the strikers, after our men surrendered,
would be a disgrace to savages. Yet, because done in the name of organized American labor, sympathy, if not
encouragement, is shown for such deeds by part of the press and by political demagogues.

We do not shirk responsibility for any of our acts in this or any other strike. The coming murder trials
ought to bring out the truth and uphold the law. Our actions will then be shown to have been legal from
beginning to end. Whatever may be the present prejudice against our agency, we shall patiently wait the sober
reflection of the country in the confidence that the enormity of the wrong and outrage done to our men at
Homestead will be ultimately recognized, although the example will in the meantime have cause incalculable
injury to the community.

If the firing at Homestead had been done to kill there would have been a great many more people
killed than there were. I have no doubt if the men had wanted to use those arms they would have obtained
possession of that yard, but they would have had to sacrifice a great many more lives to do it.

I sent them there without the authority of the officers of Allegheny County, and without stipulating that they
should be qualified as officers before they approached the Homestead works, as I had no reason to know that
our men would go and be assaulted; we supposed our men would be landed on that property without assault.

We were not violating any law of the United States or of the State of Pennsylvania. Our acts were
lawful; we had the right to employ and send men to Homestead to act as watchmen. If they were attacked
they had the right to kill, if absolutely necessary for self-defense. They had the right to bear arms on the
premises of the Carnegie Company in order to protect life and private property, whether or not they were
deputized by the sheriff of Allegheny County.

We had the right to ship arms from Chicago to the Carnegie yards at Homestead for the purpose of
arming our men if and after they were deputized by the sheriff. In view of the attack on the barges, our men
had the right to bear arms and to defend themselves, and that all their acts in firing in self-defense from the
barges, after the attack on them, were legally justifiable under the laws of the United States and of the State of
Pennsylvania.

During the twenty years that we have been engaged in this strike work, not a single instance can be
cited where our men have fired upon the strikers except as a last extremity in order to save their lives. During
these twenty years three men have been killed by our watchmen in these strikes, up to the time of the
Homestead affair. In each instance our men were sworn in as deputy sheriffs or peace officers, and whenever
tried have been acquitted.

Adapted from the sworn statement to (and testimony before) the
House Judiciary Committee, by Wm A. Pinkerton, July 22, 1892.
STATEMENT OF ALEXANDER BERKMAN

Like a gigantic hive the twin cities -- Allegheny and Pittsburg -- jut out on the banks of the Ohio, heavily breathing the spirit of feverish activity, and permeating the atmosphere with the rage of life. Ceaselessly flow the streams of human ants, meeting and diverging, their paths crossing and recrossing, leaving in their trail a thousand winding passages, mounds of structure, peaked and domed. Their huge shadows overcast the yellow thread of gleaming river that curves and twists its painful way, now hugging the shore, now hiding in affright, and again timidly stretching its arms toward the wrathful monsters that belch fire and smoke into the midst of the giant hive. And over the whole is spread the gloom of thick fog, oppressive and dispiriting -- the symbol of our existence, with all its darkness and cold.

This is Pittsburg, the heart of American industrialism, whose spirit molds the life of the great Nation. The spirit of Pittsburg, the Iron City! Cold as steel, hard as iron, its products. These are the keynote of the great Republic, dominating all other chords, sacrificing harmony to noise, beauty to bulk. Its torch of liberty is a furnace fire, consuming, destroying, devastating: a country-wide furnace, in which the bones and marrow of the producers, their limbs and bodies, their health and blood, are cast into Bessemer steel, rolled into armor plate, and converted into engines of murder to be consecrated to Mammon by his high priests, the Carnegies, the Fricks.

The spirit of the Iron City characterizes the negotiations carried on between the Carnegie Company and the Homestead men. Henry Clay Frick, in absolute control of the firm, incarnates the spirit of the furnace, is the living emblem of his trade.

The olive branch held out by the workers after their victory over the Pinkertons has been refused. The ultimatum issued by Frick is the last word of Caesar: the union of the steel-workers is to be crushed, completely and absolutely, even at the cost of shedding the blood of the last man in Homestead.

The Company will deal only with individual workers, who must accept the terms offered, without question or discussion. He, Frick, will operate the mills with non-union labor, even if it should require the combined military power of the State and the Union to carry the plan into execution. Millmen disobeying the order to return to work under the new schedule of reduced wages are to be discharged forthwith, and evicted from the Company houses.

East End, the fashionable residence quarter of Pittsburgh, lies basking in the afternoon sun. The broad avenue looks cool and inviting: the stately trees touch their shadows across the carriage road, gently nodding their heads in mutual approval. A steady procession of equipages fills the avenue, the richly caparisoned horses and uniformed flunkies lending color and life to the scene.

A cavalcade passes. The laughter of the ladies sounds joyous and care-free. Their happiness is irritating. I am thinking of Homestead.

In mind I see the somber fence the fortifications and cannon; the piteous figure of the widow rises before me, the little children weeping, and again I hear the anguished cry of a broken heart, a shattered brain.

Why should they concern themselves with misery and want? The common folk are fit only to be their slaves, to feed and clothe them, build these beautiful palaces, and be content with the charitable crust.
Returning to Pittsburgh on the evening of July 22, 1892, I learned that the conferences between the Carnegie Company and the Advisory Committee of the strikers have terminated in the final refusal of Frick to consider the demands of the millmen. The last hope was gone! The master was determined to crush his rebellious slaves.

I knew something had to be done.

The next morning, I made my way to Frick’s office on Fifth Avenue downtown. I created a false business card representing me as Simon Bachman, and told the receptionist I worked for an employment agency, and could offer non-union workers for Frick’s steel works.

The doors to Frick’s private office, to the left of the reception-room, swung open as a black attendant emerges, and I caught a flitting glimpse of a black-bearded, well-knit figure at a table in the back of the room.

"Mister Frick is engaged," the black attendant says, handing back my card. “He can’t see you now, sir.”

I took back the business card, returned it to my case, and walked slowly out of the reception-room. But quickly retracing my steps, I passed through the gate separating the clerks from the visitors, and brushing the astounded attendant aside, I stepped into the office on the left, and found myself facing Frick.

For an instant the sunlight, streaming through the windows, dazzled me. I discern two men at the further end of the long table.

"Fr--," I began. The look of terror on his face struck me speechless. It was the dread of the conscious presence of death. "He understands," it flashed through my mind.

With a quick motion I drew the revolver. As I raised the weapon, I saw Frick clutch with both hands the arm of the chair, and attempt to rise. I aimed at his head. "Perhaps he wears armor," I reflected.

With a look of horror he quickly averted his face, as I pulled the trigger. There was a flash, and the high-ceilinged room reverberated as with the booming of cannon. I heard a sharp, piercing cry, and saw Frick on his knees, his head against the arm of the chair.

I felt calm and possessed, intent upon every movement of the man. He was lying head and shoulders under the large armchair, without sound or motion. "Dead?" I wondered. I had to make sure.

About twenty-five feet separated us. I took a few steps toward him, when suddenly the other man, whose presence I had quite forgotten, leapt upon me. I struggled to loosen his hold. He looked slender and small. I would not hurt him: I have no business with him.

Suddenly I heard the cry, "Murder! Help!" My heart stood still as I realized that it was Frick shouting. "Alive?" I wondered.

I hurled the stranger aside and fired at the crawling figure of Frick. The man struck my hand -- I have missed! He grappled with me, and we wrestled across the room. I tried to throw him, but spying an opening between his arm and body, I thrust the revolver against his side and aimed at Frick, cowering behind the chair. I pulled the trigger.

There was a click -- but no explosion! By the throat I caught the stranger, still clinging to me, when suddenly something heavy struck me on the back of the head. Sharp pains shot through my eyes. I sunk to the floor, vaguely conscious of the weapon slipping from my hands.

"Where is the hammer? Hit him, carpenter!" Confused voices rang in my ears.

Painfully I tried to rise. The weight of many bodies pressed on me.

Now -- it's Frick's voice! Not dead?

I crawled in the direction of the sound, dragging the struggling men with me. I had to get the dagger from my pocket -- I had it! Repeatedly I struck with it at the legs of the man near the window. I heard Frick cry out in pain -- there was much shouting and stamping -- my arms were pulled and twisted, and I was lifted bodily from the floor.
Some may wonder why I have declined a legal defense. My reasons are twofold. In the first place, I am an Anarchist: I do not believe in man-made law, designed to enslave and oppress humanity. Secondly, an extraordinary phenomenon like an Attentat cannot be measured by the narrow standards of legality. It requires a view of the social background to be adequately understood. A lawyer would try to defend, or palliate, my act from the standpoint of the law.

Yet the real question at issue is not a defense of myself, but rather the explanation of the deed. It is mistaken to believe me on trial. The actual defendant is Society -- the system of injustice, of the organized exploitation of the People.

Frick is now well, and I waste away in prison. How he looked at me in court! There was hate in his eyes, and fear, too. He turned his head away, he could not face me. I saw that he felt guilty.

Yet he lives. I didn’t crush him. Oh, I failed, I failed.

Taken largely from Alexander Berkman’s
Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist, 1912.
STATEMENT OF JOHN McLUCKIE

I was born in Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, in 1852. I never made it past grade school; I left the classroom as a young man to work the coal mines in Turtle Creek and help support my family. I went to work for Carnegie in the J. Edgar Thompson Works in Braddock, then worked for a while in Bellaire, Ohio, before returning to Pittsburgh -- Homestead -- in 1887. I work in the mill as a converter, casting molten iron ore into steel billets for processing. It’s hot, brutal, and dangerous, this steel work. I make about $65 a month. I don't drink, so I get by better than some men who make more than I do.

I’m a union man, even if the union considers me among its lowest. It’s mostly the skilled workers in the Amalgamated -- machinists, hookers, the head rollers -- and converters are on the low end of that list. Most of the Slavs and Hunkies aren't allowed to organize with the Amalgamated. A lot of folks resent the Hunkies, look down on them. I say a working man is a working man.

I am also the Burgess of Homestead, about as close to a mayor as a company town will allow. I had every opportunity to trade my influence for a patronage job, but they called me "Honest John" when they elected me 1890 and again this year, and that’s a lot to live up to. I think it's fitting that a working man can hold such a position. Government in labor’s hands. Can you imagine?

And if you question my credentials, know first that I have toed the line. I struck with the Amalgamated against Carnegie at the Thompson Works five years ago. We lost that one. Carnegie tried to flush out the unions in '89, but I organized the pickets outside the locked-down plant. Won that one.

I knew this one was going to be ugly. Carnegie brought in a lot of new, faster equipment -- low-wage workers could run the machinery, and the way we locked the Hunkies out of the Amalgamated, that was going to cost us. Ominous. Plus the market for steel went slack late last year.

I wasn't too worried about Carnegie. He doesn’t have the stomach for blood. He said that it was immoral for a man to replace union workers with scabs. Frick, though, he has the stomach for it. With Carnegie out of the city, I knew Frick was running the show, and the men were bracing for a fight. Then Frick had that fence built around the Works. Fort Frick. The fence had portholes cut for rifles. Why would you cut rifle sights unless you are preparing for war? And then they called for the Pinkertons.

The Pinkertons attempted to land under cover of darkness about four in the morning. A large crowd of families had kept pace with the boats as they were towed by a tug into the town. A few shots were fired at the tug and barges, but no one was injured. The crowd tore down part of Frick’s barbed-wire fence. Strikers and their families surged onto the Homestead plant grounds. Some in the crowd threw stones at the barges. Hugh O’Donnell and other strike leaders shouted for restraint.

The two barges – the Monongahela and the Iron Mountain – pulled to the landing site as the sky began to lighten. A gangplank was thrown out. A number of Pinkerton men, carrying Winchesters and pistols, started coming down the gangplank to shore.

A shot was fired, then more. There were guns everywhere. Fire came from the watercraft and both banks of the river. Thousands of people, swarming to the Works, carrying rifles, pistols, ammunition. Some strikers huddled behind the pig and scrap iron in the mill yard, others behind breastworks, behind mills and beams. The Pinkertons cut holes in the side of the barges so they could fire on any who approached.

Many a battle has gone down in history when less shooting was done, fewer people were killed.

Hundreds of well-armed men, thirsting for the lives of the men on the boats. Thousands of men and women,
cheering them on. I looked off at the hillside toward Munhall, men and women out of range, sitting, watching. Like the action below was a play, and they were simply spectators at the amphitheater. Strangest thing.

Artillery was rolled out in the morning, around 9:00. Strikers loaded it with steel scrap, fired it toward the barges. One shot tore a hole in the roof of a barge; another backfired, killing Silas Wain, a worker. Maybe a thousand shots in ten minutes. Unbearable thunder of gunfire. Anyone who exposed himself was fired upon. Men falling on both sides.

Around 11:00 the Little Bill – the small steamer that had accompanied the barges – returned, flying Old Glory, probably hoping they wouldn’t fire on their own colors, trying to set loose the barges so they could float away. They did, though, hitting a young man in the leg, sending the captain face-down on the deck, scrambling for his own life. By 1:00 the workers were throwing lit dynamite toward the barges, doing little damage. They poured oil in the river, then failed to successfully light the slick. Firing continued sporadically.

The Pinkertons flew a white flag around 4:00 the afternoon of July 6, and they were roughly escorted from the landing site up past the mill, into the opera house in town. Six hundred yards, I’d say. They took those men between two lines of strikers and citizens, all lined up ready to do their worst. Townsfolk threw sticks, rocks; beat them with canes and umbrellas. Men and women alike. Shameful, making them walk that gauntlet.

A few days later, July 11, the Pennsylvania militia came in. O’Donnell and I led the committee to welcome them. After meeting General Snowden and his seven regiments, I realized that any authority of mine as burgess had evaporated. Homestead was now occupied. Soon after, O’Donnell, myself, and 199 other strikers were arrested, indicted, and charged with treason against the state of Pennsylvania. Carnegie’s pockets were big enough to hold the courts, too.

I do not wish for this little affair at Homestead to be considered a war between labor and capital. It was a war between laboring men. These Pinkertons and their associates were there under corporate orders. They were there for hire. The person who employed that force was safely placed away by the money he’s wrung from the sweat of the men employed in that mill, hiring these Pinkertons to go there and kill the men who made his money.

Adapted from the sworn statement to (and testimony before) the House Judiciary Committee, by John McLuckie, July 13, 1892. Also consulted were Forgotten Heroes, edited by Susan Ware, and Homestead: The Glory and Tragedy of a Steel Town by William Serrin.
STATEMENT OF JOHN T. McCURRY

I was down at the foot of Beaver Avenue, Allegheny, on July 5, when Capt. Rogers employed me to go up the river on his boat – the Little Bill. Our boat had in tow one barge of Pinkerton men and the Tides had the other, and then went back for the Tides.

We made a landing at the Homestead mills about 5:00 this morning. The shore was crowded with the locked-out men and their sympathizers. The armed Pinkerton men commenced to climb up the banks. Then the workmen opened fire on the detectives. The men shot first and not until three of the Pinkerton men had fallen did they respond to the fire.

I am willing to take an oath that the workmen fired first, and the Pinkerton men did not shoot until some of their number had been wounded.

The workmen were so strong in numbers that it was useless for the 350 or 400 Pinkerton men to oppose them further, so they retreated to the barges, carrying their dead and wounded. One Pinkerton man was shot through the head and instantly killed, and five were wounded. We backed out into the river, anchored the barges, and then took the dead and wounded men up to Port Perry, whence they were sent on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Pittsburgh. We then went down to Homestead again.

We were going along peaceably and expecting no trouble. When we reached the mills the strikers opened fire on the Little Bill from both sides. It was then I was hit.

The bullets broke the glass and splintered the woodwork. Capt. Alexander McMichaels was at the wheel. The bullets crashed through the glass pilothouse, and to save his life he had to rush below. Capt. Rogers was on board, and he displayed great bravery. When the firing commenced, we all laid down on the floor to escape the bullets, but I was not quick enough, and was wounded. There was a cessation in the firing, and the pilot secured control of the boat before it ran into the bank, which it came near doing.

There was no one on board at the time we were fired upon but the crew, Capt. Rogers, and one Pinkerton man, J.H. Robinson of Chicago. Many panes of glass in the pilothouse and elsewhere were shattered and the woodwork was perforated in dozens of place. Most of the bullet holes looked as large as one from a thirty-eight caliber revolver. Some went half through the boat.

When we approached Homestead from Port Perry we could see the attempts to set fire to the barges.

The strikers had a carload of what appeared to be oil and they were pouring it upon the water and igniting it. The barges at this time were out in the middle of the river.

For me, I was shot once from behind, inside my left thigh, and I bled and bled. They took me to Allegheny General in Allegheny City, a brand new building. They had no more than 60 beds. Once my wound was stanch, I sat up most of the night and tried to make sense of all this business. I know the struggle of the workers, but I can tell you -- and I will die knowing it -- that the workers -- and not the Pinkertons -- shot first.

Adapted from an interview with McCurry in the article “What a Boatman Saw,” New York Times, July 6, 1892.
Exhibit 1

Map of Homestead, Munhall, and the Homestead Steel Works, 1892
May 4, 1892

Mr. Frick:

One thing we are all sure of: No contest will be entered in that will fail. It will be harder this time at Homestead than it would have been last time when we had the matter in our own hands, as you have always felt.

On the other hand, your reputation will shorten it, so that I really do not believe it will be much of a struggle. We all approve of anything you do, not stopping short of approval of a contest. We are with you to the end.

Yours,

Andrew Carnegie

Note from Carnegie to Frick, May 4, 1892
Telegram from Carnegie to Frick, June 10, 1892

Telegram from Carnegie to Frick, June 10, 1892

To: H C FRICK

Street and No. HOMESTEAD WORKS, HOMESTEAD PENNA.
Care of or
Apt. No.
Destination

AS I UNDERSTAND MATTERS AT HOMESTEAD, IT IS NOT ONLY THE WAGES PAID, BUT THE NUMBER OF MEN REQUIRED BY AMALGAMATED RULES WHICH MAKES OUR LABOR RATES SO MUCH HIGHER THAN THOSE IN THE EAST. OF COURSE, YOU WILL BE ASKED TO CONFER, AND I KNOW YOU WILL DECLINE ALL CONFERENCES, AS YOU HAVE TAKEN YOUR STAND AND HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

IT IS FORTUNATE THAT ONLY A PART OF THE WORKS ARE CONCERNED. PROVIDED YOU HAVE PLENTY OF PLATES ROLLED, I SUPPOSE YOU CAN KEEP ON WITH ARMOR. POTTER WILL, NO DOUBT, INTIMATE TO THE MEN THAT REFUSAL OF SCALE RUNNING ONLY AS NON-UNION. THIS MAY CAUSE ACCEPTANCE, BUT I DO NOT THINK SO. THE CHANCES ARE, YOU WILL HAVE TO PREPARE FOR A STRUGGLE, IN WHICH CASE THE NOTICE (I.E. THAT THE WORKS ARE HENCEFORWARD TO BE NON-UNION) SHOULD GO UP PROMPTLY ON THE MORNING OF THE 25TH. OF COURSE YOU WILL WIN, AND WIN EASIER THAN YOU SUPPOSE, Owing THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MARKETS.

Sender's name and address (For reference) ANDREW CARNEGIE COWORTH PARK, SUNNINGDALE, BERKS COUNTY

WU12207 (52-69)
**Exhibit 4**

**Table of Tonnage Rates in Plate Mills, Homestead, 1889-1908**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Cents per Ton, 119-inch Plate Mill</th>
<th>Cents per Ton, 84-inch Plate Mill</th>
<th>Per cent of Decline since 1889-92</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roller</td>
<td>14.00</td>
<td>12.15</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Screw-down</td>
<td>11.50</td>
<td>9.55</td>
<td>3.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heater</td>
<td>11.00</td>
<td>9.55</td>
<td>5.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heater's helpers</td>
<td>7.50</td>
<td>4.85</td>
<td>2.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tableman</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>6.94</td>
<td>3.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First shearman</td>
<td>13.00</td>
<td>9.85</td>
<td>4.09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second shearman</td>
<td>8.50</td>
<td>6.80</td>
<td>3.41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shearman's helpers</td>
<td>5.50</td>
<td>3.47</td>
<td>2.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hookers</td>
<td>8.50</td>
<td>6.08</td>
<td>2.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First leader</td>
<td>7.75</td>
<td>5.21</td>
<td>2.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second leader</td>
<td>7.25</td>
<td>4.47</td>
<td>2.56</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*E. W. Bemis, writing in 1894, gave a list of reductions in the 119-inch plate mill at Homestead, that appear in the first three columns of the table. (Journal of Political Economy, Vol. 11, p. 338.) In 1905 this mill was made over into an 84-inch mill, and the rates in the fourth column were paid. The fifth*

Table of tonnage rates in Homestead plate mills

Exhibit 5

AMIGHTY STRUGGLE AHEAD

CAPITAL AND LABOR TO JOIN IN BATTLE TO-DAY.

THE CARNEGIE HOMESTEAD PLANT BARRICADED—PREPARATIONS AGAINST SURPRISE BY THE WORKMEN WHO ARE TO STRIKE.

PITTSBURG, Penn., June 26.—The great boom of interests of which Andrew Carnegie

is the head will enter—narrow upon a conflict that will rank in the industrial annals of

the world with the three years' strike of 1877. The Homestead plant, which supplies the

world with steel rails and bridges placed in that status as a means of

communication, is the subject of one of the most intense controversies that

exist at the present time. The strikes are reported to have sprung up among the

workmen, and the condition of affairs is so serious that a strike is imminent.

The Carnegie Steel Company, the largest individual steel manufacturers of the

world on the other.

Both are situated pleasantly on the banks of the Monongahela, and it is one of the

most beautiful scenes in the State of Pennsylvania. The water is clear and
calm, and the scenery is of the most beautiful description. The

process is being delayed by the workmen, who are determined to

prevent the company from obtaining the necessary steel rails and bridges

that are required for the construction of the prospective works.

The company is prepared to meet any contingency, and is confident of

success. The workmen are determined to carry out their

demands, and the company is determined to meet them.

All through the ground at various points are being placed lighters and other

points of vantage from which to view the\n
outside scenes. Even a few days ago, an attempt was made to

enter the plant, but it was successful. A few workmen, who have

been arrested, have been bailed out, and are expected to return.

The atmosphere is cleared, and the workmen are prepared to

carry out their demands.

The company is determined to carry out its

work, and the workmen are determined to

refuse to work unless their demands are

met.

The situation is serious, and the public is

watching the development of events with

interest.
Exhibit 6

"Homestead Strike" pamphlet
"Fort Frick": The Homestead Works General Office Building, 1892
TYRANT FRICK

IN DAYS GONE BY BEFORE THE WAR
ALL FREEMEN DID AGREE
THE BEST OF PLANS TO HANDLE SLAVES
WAS TO LET THEM ALL GO FREE;
BUT THE SLAVE-DRIVERS THEN, LIKE NOW,
CONTINUED TO MAKE A KICK
AND KEEP THE SLAVES IN BONDAGE TIGHT,
JUST LIKE OUR TYRANT FRICK.

CHORUS:
OF ALL SLAVE-DRIVERS, FOR SPITE AND KICK,
NO ONE SO CRUEL AS TYRANT FRICK.

THE BRAVE HUNGARIANS, SONS OF TOIL,
WHEN SEEKING WHICH WAS RIGHT,
WERE KILLED LIKE DOGS BY TYRANTS' HANDS
IN THE COKE DISTRICTS' FIGHT.
LET LABOR HEROES ALL BE TRUE—
AVENGE THE BLOODY TRICK!
BE FIRM LIKE STEEL, TRUE TO THE CAUSE,
AND CONQUER TYRANT FRICK.

CHORUS

THE TRAITOROUS PINKERTON LOW TRIBE,
IN MURDERING ATTACK,
TRIED HARD TO TAKE OUR LIVES AND HOMES,
BUT HEROES DROVE THEM BACK.
O! SONS OF TOIL, O'ER ALL THE LAND,
NOW HASTEN, AND BE QUICK
TO AID US, IN OUR EFFORTS GRAND,
TO DOWN THIS TYRANT FRICK.

CHORUS

THE BATTLE OF "FORT FRICK" IS STAMPED
ON PAGE OF HISTORY,
AND MARKED WITH BLOOD OF FREEMEN TRUE,
AGAINST THIS TYRANNY!

THE SONS OF TOIL, FOR AGES TO COME,
HIS CURSE WILL ALWAYS BRING;
THE NAME OF FRICK WILL BE WELL KNOWN—
THE N-----R DRIVER KING!

OF ALL SLAVE-DRIVERS, FOR SPITE AND KICK,
NO ONE SO CRUEL AS TYRANT FRICK.

Lyrics to "Tyrant Frick"
Exhibit 9

The Pennsylvania militia parading in Homestead during its occupation
Exhibit 10

Year after year the capital of the country becomes more and more concentrated in the hands of the few; and, in proportion, as the wealth of the country becomes centralized, its power increases and the laboring classes are more or less impoverished. It therefore becomes us as men who have to battle with the stern realities of life, to look this matter fair in the face. There is no dodging the question. Let everyman give it a fair, full and candid consideration, and then act according to his honest convictions. What position are we, the Iron and Steel Workers of America, to hold in our society? Are we to receive an equivalent for our labor sufficient to maintain us in comparative independence and respectability, to procure the means with which to educate our children and qualify them to play their part in the world drama?

“In union there is strength,” and in the formation of the a National Amalgamated Association, embracing every Iron and Steel Worker in the country, a union founded upon a basis broad as the land in which we live lies our only hope. Single-handed we can accomplish nothing, but united there is no power of wrong we may not openly defy.

Let the Iron and Steel Workers of such places as have not already moved in this matter, organize as quickly as possible and connect themselves with the National Association. Do not be humbugged with the idea that this thing cannot succeed. We are not theorists; this is no visionary plan, but one eminently practicable. Nor can injustice be done to anyone; no undue advantage should be taken of any of our employers. There is not, there can not be any good reason why we should not receive a fair equivalent therefore.

To rescue our trades from the condition into which they have fallen, and raise ourselves to that condition in society to which we, as mechanics, are justly entitled; to place ourselves on a foundation sufficiently strong to secure us from encroachments; to elevate the moral and intellectual condition of every Iron and Steel Worker in the country, is the object of our National Association.

Excerpt from the Constitution of the AAISW, June 1892
Homestead Steel Works, as it appeared in 1886
Exhibit 12

A Pinkerton barge in flames, Homestead, July 6, 1892
Exhibit 13

Coroner's report for T. J. "Mike" Connors
Pinkerton men “running the gauntlet”, July 6
Telegram from Carnegie to Frick, July 7, 1892