
Comrade Bloor at Nelsonville

[events of June 21-22]

by W.W. Green

Published in *The Socialist* [Columbus, OH], vol. 1, no. 28 (July 1, 1911), pg. 8.

Nelsonville, O., June 25, 1911.

On June 21 Comrade Ella Reeve Bloor lectured here on Socialism to a large and enthusiastic audience. In spite of the fact that a religious meeting was going on at the other end of the square, the crowd grew larger every minute. When the preacher had finished his sermon he only had six listeners, while as many hundreds as you could count on the fingers of both hands gathered compactly around the little lady and held their breath while she gave them the message of Peace on earth, good will toward man.

The next day at noon she spoke to nearly 300 miners, who gathered at the dinner hour, a mile back under the hill.

At a quarter to noon we started into the mine through a side passage, where the electric lights were out, as the electrician had taken the noon hour to repair the line.

To a person who has never been underground the feeling is very strange. The great fans send a chilly blast through every nook and corner, as it jams and pushes against the trap-doors when shut and howls and rushes through when they are opened, as it recloses the door with a boom. It is a stout heart indeed that for the first time can enter one of these caves of death without a tremor. The Mine 204 has the record of having more deaths to its credit than any mine in the valley.

After a twenty minutes' walk over piles of slate, stretches of blue mud and bad track, we at last turned to the right and went back through the main passage 300 feet or more to where the miners hold their meetings. It was a strange sight indeed that met our eyes, as hundreds of little blazes surged and swayed to and fro like huge fireflies, which lighted up the black walls and the threatening roof overhead.

Beneath the multitude of lights we found a multitude of expectant faces — faces of men who for years have been risking their lives by robbing na-

ture of its store of wealth for profit to others, faces of men which nature made intelligent but of men who have been forced back to the caves dwelling period by Capitalism.

Comrade Bloor looked in the eyes of these rough miners instead of at the grimy hands, which she grasped and shook heartily.

The meeting was a success, and it is safe to say that Socialism made many friends. The miners cheered lustily as she drove and clinched nails in the coffin of Capitalism. She showed them how they had voted themselves into a darkness worse than the gloom that surrounded them — that their unions were no more a remedy than their bank lamps were to dispel the blackness of the mine. They had voted themselves in — they must vote their way out.

Yours for the revolution,

W.W. Green.

Edited by Tim Davenport

1000 Flowers Publishing, Corvallis, OR · September 2011 · Non-commercial reproduction permitted.