



STRIKEBREAKERS

RALPH MORGAN

After three years of R. O. T. C. in high school three friends and I enlisted in Headquarters Company, 151st Infantry, Indiana National Guard. Ehle, the two Croucher brothers, and myself after a year of service had all been made corporals; and we were very proud of our stripes. It is no wonder that at the veteran age of seventeen (the minimum age for enlistment was eighteen) we were all anxious to go on strike duty to show those radicals in Terre Haute what we could do.

I was shopping down town when I heard the newsboys shouting that the Guard had been called for strike duty. Immediately there came to my mind the words of the basic field manual on riot

duty, "A well trained company should be able to march, fully equipped, from its armory an hour after receiving notice that it has been called for riot duty." The awful thought arose that perhaps my company would leave without me, and that I would miss all the excitement; so I practically ran the full distance to the Armory.

I arrived at the Armory panting. The clock said eleven thirty, and I found that besides the Captain I was the only member of my Company there. The Old Man set me to work calling the men on the roster and gradually they began to drift in. As a man came in he was given his pack to roll and the rest of his equipment — including a large, unfamiliar .45 caliber revolver which