

"Lady" from one of "Home-slave" without wages to one of "Wage-slave" with enough not carry a hod, but they carry the mortar!

"LIGHTS THAT FALL," MIRRORED BY OUR T-BONE SLIM

LIGHTS THAT FALL
By T-BONE SLIM

Public vision too has lost its unerring "penetration"—this morning as we were headed for the slave market where jobs are exchanged for gold, my fellow worker pointed to a flaming poster in front of a motion picture "hole" and said, "It's a damn shame the way they caricature great statesmen now days—look at that picture of Lloyd George."

"Where? Why you mut, that isn't Lloyd George, that's Ben Turpin, the slapstick comedian," He finally agreed that I was right; that my penetration was superior.

"Oh! I remember now," says he. "He's a great artist." "Who's a great artist," I inquired, "Ben or Lloyd?" He looked daggers at me a moment and then said sadly: "Both of 'em; one throws pies, the other throws nations."—Great men.

Then there is a third kind of "great men" whose kindness takes the form of throwing eggs—fresh, storage and stale. Artists too, but I am grieved to hear that our noble visitor, brilliant as he is, cannot appreciate a custom that is as old as Broadway itself; and in deference to the lordly visitor, I would suggest that the good people restrain their impulsiveness until Lloyd gets his seabag ashore. With a change of clothing—I am sure Mr. George will enter the spirit of the occasion with all the enthusiasm of a Welchman and a true sportsman.

Lloyd George, it will be remembered, was in the employ of Great Britain in the capacity of a walking-boss during the last interesting war and it is said of him that he is a fast worker and a model employee—the rumor to the effect that he is traveling for his health I believe is unfounded; men of his age do not travel for their health. No doubt his visit is purely a pleasure jaunt and I for one feel highly flattered that he came 3,204 miles just to see us—us the people who sent Wilson with 14 points over there. I knew—after that—he would be

on pins and needles until he rested his eyes upon us.

Mr. George, we blush with modesty and offer you the freedom of the country—what there is of it—every bit of it. Many of the folks are in jail just now for criminal syndicalism, whatever that is, and the old place ain't what it used to be. Many of the war-time prisoners, Lloyd, are still in the can—they having been unable to prove any treasonable thing they had done in their lives.

All the others that could show where they robbed the government or dynamited bridges, or intended to, or who worked directly against our government, they are all out—you understand how it is Lloyd, you're an old head, these men being held are working men, they belong to a labor union, an industrial union, and it is thought in some quarters that the government is afraid to let these men out because they might overturn something—they're a terrible bunch—forty of them—Why they might—they might ask for more pay—they might want a wash basin for the work camps—they might demand an empty nail keg for a chair in the bunkhouse—they might even overturn the blankets to count the lice on 'em, yes Lloyd, our government isn't doing anything rash just now.

But I want you to understand Lloyd, our government is not cowardly. It has offered to turn these men loose if they will give a written guarantee that they won't do anything against the government. Our government will take this chance, which proves that the word of these men is as good as a bond. The government feels that with a guarantee signed by these honest men the country would be safe again for an indefinite period.

Well, Mr. George, let me again bid you welcome to partake of our frugal hospitality—we are progressing gradually, we have twice as many jails as we had before the war and we are building right along. Make war and we are building right along. Make yourself right to home—and I hope for your sake, Lloyd, that Papyrus will win the race—but mind if it does—it will be because the

track is slow—no records will be broken. I absolutely refuse to bet on Papyrus if a time limit is set for the race.

STAY ON THE GROUND

It's a big fight. Of course it's a big fight. What! Did you think it was a small one? Well, I do declare, and likewise proclaim! Do you think that we, the conscious element, would fritter away our time on small battles and go to all this trouble of organizing a one big union? I don't think you did. No, not by the small gods! No, by all odds, I don't think you did—I KNOW you didn't. It's a big fight.

And we must go on more or less blindly. We cannot stop to look at a mirror to see "how small we are" but we might be pardoned should we glance around and happen to notice the big splash we have made. Neither will it do for us to point out how big we are and call for folks to "step up and feel our muscle." No, we have no time for such proceedings. Our "prowess" will be duly recorded by the boss. We do not need to worry about it. We have organizing to do—in our spare moments. It is not enough that we give 1439 minutes per day to organizing—we must find out what use is the extra minute. Every minute should be accounted for or be made to count.

It isn't as if we didn't know our stuff. That's just the trouble. We know our stuff. We know that industrial unionism is the only revolutionary solution to all our troubles, especially when we become conscious of the fact that industrial unionism by its very nature is revolutionary—there being no other kind of kinds to be had at this writing. We know our stuff—we know we've got to have a boat to get across this lake—or what the hell it is—and we know that industrial unionism is just the "bot-

tom" that will put our feet on the other shore without wetting our sox. Some of you have grown weary building a boat and we must conclude you have found a better way of getting across—maybe you're going to walk around the "blamed" thing as an individual, or maybe—perish the thought—maybe you have laid down only—to see what success the rest will have in the construction of a One Big Union . . . our "best organizers," too, "are not with us," it is said. Are they really the best? The strongest? And do the best always play out first? If that is the case, then surely we are up against it. We must finish our work with unskilled hands. Fortunately, such is not the case. The best organizers are still on the job, hammering away for dear life—so as to finish the job before "we get froze in."

It is a big job—just how big, we knew when we tackled it. We did not tackle it blindly. But since we have sized up the job, know the remedy, we will go ahead blindly, if necessary, for "across we are going"—yes or no?

Some would suggest swim across. Some yell, "Look, see, I've found a toothpick, let's build a raft." Yes, tie a bunch of toothpicks together—in union is strength—and float across the sea of capitalism! Another one is gazing up in the clouds, "Goddam it," he says, "If we had some canvas, if we had a motor, if we could build an air plane and I could fly across. Goddam it," he says.

Yes, it is a big job and wishing and if'n ain't going to put nary one of us across.

The waves are high . . . what of it—it's a big lake? Looks discouraging—so it does, now that you mention it. But let me tell you: So long as our appetite remains intact, we will continue disregarding all ob-

stacles . . . We have the remedy and we know of no other way out. We are not "satisfied" on the island of wage slavery—nor will we remain here—nor will we stagger along the shores looking for a way out—we're through with walking in circles, no matter how great the "onward sweep" of such circles may be—we know the "direct way" of "ditching" wage slavery. The O. B. U. of the I. W. W. is the best way.

The capitalist system in one of its many phases presents a situation wherein one man (out of every ten) receives a living wage. A great cry has recently risen that the other nine should also be given living wages. Very considerate, I'm sure, and goes far to prove that the "other nine" is the "field" in which the I. W. W. can do its best organizing. Ten out of each hundred workers receive living wages and are therefore satisfied with conditions as they are—which all goes to show how smug a man may become when he gets his belly full—the "other" ninety is the field in which the I. W. W. can thrive.

One million workers out of every ten million get a living wage—and the nine million men do not get a living wage. Hence, it follows that these nine million men need organization. It is in this field which includes also the migratory element) the Wobblies will find more ready response to their "organizing" efforts.

Call them what you will: Floaters, migratory, semi-migratory, home guards or what not, they are the available material for industrial unionists. And, in this connection let me say, personally I had no occasion to study unionism until after I was shook loose from "guard" duty (prior to that I had "belonged" to the boss' protective fed-

eration; miscalled a labor union.) The various fraternal societies are forbidden the I. W. W.—we cannot organize in the Ku Klux Klan. We cannot expect to swing the one million Masons, etc.

Organized fraternal bodies move as a unit and, therefore, an organization drive in that direction will bear damaged fruit—no fraternalist will go contrary to the wishes of his fraternal majority and will join the I. W. W. only after every other avenue is closed.

There are 8,000,000 men in the factories, of which 7,000,000 would embrace industrial unionism if it wasn't for the 1,000,000 there-in employed—who receive living wages. In organizing these seven million we have against us one million who imagine their interests are jeopardized if the seven million get a living wage. For this reason, while we are doing everything in our power to organize every industry, let us not ignore the fields where the results are "obtained" with the least possible effort. We would be foolish indeed to leave one field to find another harder one. For if we leave behind us one unfinished field it will always remain unfinished—let us all function, "where we are," to the best of our abilities. Delegates and more delegates is the thing—from ground up, not from the first limb—the solution lies on the ground.

Why climb the tree and then climb down again. Stay on the ground.

P. S.—Swimming across has reference to "undressing" ourselves of the G. E. B.—said doctrine is quite popular in some quarters—(the men who conceived this institution (fundamental) are supposed to have been mentally inferior to some of these brain batteries of today)—yes, they say, let us take off our clothes.

JOIN THE FIGHTING MINORITY