



OUR UNION HOUSE



'Nough is enough! The camel has broken the last straw! I'm on my way to—Venezuela—by way of Grand Maray, Minnesota. I'm done; done for and almost done-up.

Everywhere, even at mile post 136, they tell me "It will never come in our time. We'll never see it"—and lot of other guesses, prophecies, predictions and prognostications. How do they know?—Just because the Future is in front of them—instead of behind them—they pretend to be able to see into it; conveying the meaning that at least a part of future is behind them; that they're in it. It! It will never come in our time (maybe). But the parasites aren't taking any chances. They are organizing.

And I'm telling you, my friend, that if you are organized, and it doesn't come, you're nothing out. But if you are not organized, and it does come, you're (S. O. L.) sure out of luck.

It's liable to come like a thief in the night and catch you with your pants under a pillow, and you under the bed.

Recreant rumors reiterate: "Rebels repudiate revolutionary relativity; running round rudderless; refusing reason—Recreating!" No, not one! No, not one!

Our house is built better than that. It's built from timbers, not veneer. It is not stucco. It is hew'd and morticed from seasoned timber—not a stick of two by four in it. Nothing phoney about our house—we've got something—and, we ourselves, guarantee it life.

Capitalism does not give us aid or comfort—far from it—if we die, it will not cry. It wouldn't mourn overlong over our grave. We, ourselves, ourselves, must help.—The

I. W. W. can die (but won't) but it can't be killed—in this it differs from those organizations that can't die (but do die) and can be killed. When our organization is sick the employers do not run for a doctor; they do not volunteer to nurse it. If it loses its hide, the employers do not rustle around for new skin—oh, no, we've got to grow it ourselves.

They are not interested in our welfare—they'd rather read our bedside bulletins and study our fever chart.

So, fellow workers, clearly it is up to us. . . . but, of course, if you're tired—we'll rent you a wheel chair, push you around and show you the wonders of capitalism—the morgue, the scaffold, the "pen", the church, the clinic and the poor house. By that time, I think, you'll feel like walking on varnish with "cork" shoes.

Now, that I've been shooting off so much about our unionism (our house) it seems that a kind word should be said about its construction. It has been said before, and I say it for the benefit of those who are not regular subscribers. . . . for our papers—who may have missed much—and who, therefore, are not yet members of our organization. There will be nothing remarkable about it, just logic that is knowledge with our members.

In the first place, let me say, ignorance is not anywhere near so prevalent as it is made out to appear: We fear the other fellow is not as clear on things as we are—we forget . . . to give him credit, though he may know more than we. Thus it is that I am writing these very simple truths just as if our members didn't already know them—There are men that haven't a red card; there must be a reason why and, it may be, they don't know why our organization is the outstanding indestructable success that it is:

The I. W. W. differs from the old mass form of organization in two ways: First, it organizes all workers in any one industry into a unit of the I. W. W. That unit alone has the full say so in regards wages, hours and conditions in that industry—thus, no member of another industry can vote its affairs; thus, for instance, no lumberjack can

legislate hours, wages, conditions for sailors, etc.

That's the first difference between Industrial Unionism and Mass Unionism. Second difference: Mass Unionism is dead. (The Knights of Labor is the corpse). Industrial Union isn't dead.

(Death is a sad drawback to unionism). Disinterred (dug-up) unions seldom amount to much; once they cool off—good night! The I. W. W. differs from trade unionism in one way only—I'm discussing from, not troubles: Trade Unions take a few men from one industry, few from another, few from still another and so on, and from a union outside of all industry—thus they fight every boss of every industry—when they fight—an industrial union fights only one boss; the boss of that industry and fights him inside the industry.

Trade Unions do not "recognize" industries—they divide men into crafts. The name "trade union" is a concession to the correctness of the position of Industrial Unionisms. They have caved that much already. They are ashamed of the word craft union. "Trade Unionists!"

They call us revolutionary for that reason as well as for other like reasons. And, in this demand, we differ again, (but in another field) with said craft unionism—craft unionism wants the system to remain as it is. It endorses the capitalists system of labor exploitation; and bargains with the master. We don't. The I. W. W. doesn't. We, the I. W. W., denounce it.

That is another reason why men join the I. W. W., and, so long as the I. W. W. doesn't deviate, either towards mass or craft unionism, it is safe—and sound. That is: so long as it retains its identity—That depends on the membership.—T-Bone Slim.

P. S.—Industrial Unionism has had a partial trial, with most complete success, in the Lumber Industry on the West Coast. Wages, hours and conditions were improved 60 per cent—Just now, owing to greasy pork chops, the boys are a little stiffened—but that'll wear off . . . When they need anything Industrial Unionism will fetch it.