



**SOMETIMES  
THEY DO  
(Sometimes  
they don't)**

**T-bone Slim**

It is not true in all cases that men are fired from the job for slowness, merely—sometimes they do, sometimes they don't—as many times as not they do though, and, invariably, it will be found the man so fired was found guilty on two indictments: First, preaching what he practiced. Second, practicing what he preached—and so, too, we find men are not fired merely for working slowly. It is only when they make a song of it, that laborers are returned to private life.

There are certain rules and regulations governing the processes of production the disobeying of which will not be countenanced by the premiers of production. Insubordination comes within the scope of these laws and therefore, often, we see the boss firing his best men, his best producers—to the detriment of out-put—all because his authority has been questioned, or ridiculed.

Often indeed do we see a boss "dogging" the fastest workers, and quite ignoring the steady ones; and we hardly know what to think—but we believe; where the fast man is good-natured, the boss merely takes advantage of his willingness, and where the fast man is rebellious, he dogs him to make war upon him. This latter gent doesn't last long on the job, but at that he lasts longer than the one who is rebellious in addition to being slow.

The willing fast ones generally die on the job—the willing slow ones reach grand old age; and the company mercifully takes the job away from them after time has silvered their locks—so that it cannot be said, "He died where he was born—on the job."

I oncet saw a camp foreman fire two sawyers for insubordination. This team has regularly turned out in a count of 105 logs, while my pardner and I had to count "tits and tops" in order to make 55—we were not fired.

The other team was fired. Why?

Because one of them had only one hand on the saw (when the boss came around) and refused to correct his technique . . .

In them days, O, ye loggers, I would have put six hands on a saw to please the boss—indeed, and my feet, and my seat—I think my partner thinks to this day that I was riding the saw in all my earthly remifications. So I say it is not the speed or skill that counts, nor is it the "slow but sure," no—It is willingness—slow or fast, learnt or unlearnt, skilled or unskilled—willingness. That's what the premiers of production want—good and willing slaves—no jawing back.

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Carelessness the company will condone. Indolence it will ignore. At laziness, it will laugh, but insubordination? Damn!!

The emperors of employment then rise in their wrath; and woe be to the worker who has dared to think. . .

You're not supposed to think. Just saw wood and say nothing.

The owner can't think—nor is he supposed to think—he hires slaves to think for him and does all the talking himself.

His prompters, the hired brains, have a fairly good living in return for two or three days' work per month—can't hardly blame them for taking the bribe. . .

They remind me of real estate agents whose work consists of collecting rents on the first, second and third day of each month—twenty-three days they have left in which to "set the patrol traps," and four Sundays in which to regret their best work.

Or the business man; regularly oncet a month he lets you get the best of him—29 days he puts the sixes and nines to you.

You giggle 29 days. He laughs oncet. He laughs at you. They laugh at US.