



We have heard it said that the A. W. I. U. is "only" a recruiting union. With the permission of the "speaker," I will change that sentence to read, "The A. W. I. U. is also a big recruiting union."—Looks better, doesn't it? She do.

In addition to being an industrial union, it is a recruiting union. Not only is it compelled to recruit its membership from among the agricultural workers, but, in addition to this, it must carry the message of industrial unionism to the thousands of mechanics, artists, school teachers, professors, philosophers and revolutionists who spend their vacation in the lap o'nature.—This makes it a "publicity" Union—How's that for accomplishments?

She's twenty or ninety other things which all (when boiled down) comes under the head of Industrial Unionism.

Being all this, should not mitigate against the I. U. 110—you know, it sometimes happens that a baby is left in the care of a bricklayer—it doesn't transform him into a nurse. He still remains an adjuster of bricks. So, too, I. U. 110 remains an Industrial Union and its inhabitants, Industrial Unionists—not "recruiters" and not "publicists."—Some day, we will learn to call things by their proper names, and unions by their proper titles.

The A. W. I. U., in addition to being one and ninety-nine forms of activity, is (at this time) the keystone of clear labor

thought in this country. Long and fervently the powers that be have prayed for a "wobbly-crop" failure, for they know that one such failure will effect the whole organization. Only last year, veiled threats were made against it in the parasite's press.—Was there a failure? We haven't noticed it.

Drive after drive has been made successfully—never hopelessly—and I hasten to predict that *this* next drive will go a long way toward proving to the world that "harvest hands" have an unwritten copyright patent on solidarity when it comes to a drive. Yes, there will be a drive. A regular old fashioned home coming—the same meh may not participate—although we hope they will—and, in case we ain't there our successors will be mindful of the glorious traditions (and rotten conditions) and perform altogether to the credit of their illustrious predecessors.

It is up to I. U. 110 to carry the "news" far and wide this year even as she has done in the East—and it is up to the other industrial unions to take cognizance of this urgent work that is being done unselfishly by the only men who seem to recognize its importance—*men who sow what others reap*. They would not do it if they did not know that it must be done—either that or lay down. All else is useless. What does laying down mean? It means twenty years work gone to hell.—We can't lay down!

Twenty years work is a pile of work—once't we old timers lay down we cannot hope to duplicate this work because we haven't twenty years left. We must continue on, giving from what we have. . . spread the news.

Again I hear strange voices. They periodically reverberate on my ear-drums and they sound like words weighted with meaning—weighted with the substance that fathers a thought. . .

"The delegates are to be more carefully picked this year," is the burden of the shrill

voiced speaker's words, and the words themselves seem to be "a shipment" the speaker is carrying. I do not know what outfit will do the picking—nor do I know if they will be picked clean—but I can visualize sinister figures pawing over a bunch of old-time Wobblies; looking at their tongues; feeling of their pulses; smelling their breath and listening to the oilheart rattle. . . and I can see these same sinister figures brushing the dirt off their tight legged bell bottoms. . . I begin to wonder who's going to do the picking and who's going to pick the pickers and will there be a feather left when the pickers are picked?

As to the plucking (that's a better word) of delegates, I would suggest to the membership, they can verify the merits (or demerits) of this controversy (that disturbs my soul) by making personal application for credentials—if any picking is done, you will then find out who did the picking.

We're not organizing a bunch of social lions, we're organizing workingmen like ourselves—they need organization and we are carrying it to them in our overalls pocket—stripped naked if necessary; *anyway to get there!* Which reminds me: Shorty (—C) swam a river in Kansas, during a flood, (pen in his teeth, rigging on top of his head) and lined-up two scissors and one ex-wob. The new members thought it nothing strange to see Shorty dressed "a la burlesque." Afterward, Shorty claimed that some one stole his sox while he was gone, but I knew Shorty; his sox have been stolen regularly every year, commencing on June 15—I wouldn't call him a liar.