

T-Bone Slim Discusses

FINDING THE JOB THAT AINT AT ALL

Praise be to the ringtail saints of yore, the age of trustification is here. Everything is trustified except farmers and politicians — and religion. Labor always has been ONE, but drifted apart as a result of financial worries. Oppression, depression and suppression has caused him to blame individuals and doubt his fellow worker (of his dozen friends twelve are flawless, why, then, doubt the strangers?)

Labor's apparent "distribution" is an artificial condition and a temporary one—it will come together again, and again. It is natural. His interests demand it. In fact, the "common interest" of the workers—which is plain—gave the "exploiters" the idea for incorporation.

That's the sad part of it. Their wage system cannot exist two weeks without unemployment. So, if you like to hunt jobs all your days, and every other night, just leave things as they are. But it's sad. Sure is sad!

Uptodate about one-eighth of the industrial producers have been idle and are thoroughly acquainted with unemployment. Travel around with it days and sleep with it nights. . . . yes sir, organization is the necessary thing. You bet.

Proof of the wholesomeness of organization lies in the fact that if any of its members or officials die, the organization doesn't die; if the heads (or tails) of a corporation die, the company still lives (and advertises the life-giving qualities of its products). I have in mind a famous yeast company.

I have still better evidence:

I am one of the thousands of members of the Industrial Workers of the World, and being taken sick, I, in my importance, thought two things: First, that I was due to quit the world; second, that the I. W. W. would commit suicide if it lost my precious presence.

Neither came to pass. Why, the organization didn't even shed a tear—not one drop. Damme if I know whether I'm an asset or a case of debility.

Cheer up, fellow workers, they are shipping harvest hands from Minneapolis. Two fares are advanced.

The one fare you pay with your work, the other is taken out of your wages at the rate of 50 cents a day—in other words, the Minneapolis (or any other sharkapolis) rate is 50 cents per day lower than the rate on the job. The sharks see to that.

It is therefore reasonable to think that there will be considerable unemployment in the harvest fields, and there will be a certain tendency to blame the "others" for coming — blaming them isn't going to remedy that condition. They are men who have been displaced in their industries because of lack of organization, or because of wrong kind of organization — organization without solidarity. (And "blame" is the first symptom of both lack of organization and lack of solidarity). But, since they are displaced workers, it may be that they are open to the acceptance of the one, lone, single, idea that we Uncle Samuelitans have left — industrial unionism. It would be decidedly wrong to have those men leave the field, unorganized.

Organizing them, of course, will not give you more work — but IT WILL GIVE YOU A SHORTER DAY

—it would be insanity to work long hours while thousands of men are unemployed.

There are two things that we must do—note the must—I dassent emphasize it—the editor would change it to should. — We must organize them, or they will cut our wages.

We must shorten the day, or we can't use them—in fact, we can't organize them unless we can show them a short day. And if we don't organize them, nothing has been done; it will boomerang us again and again. Yes, fellow workers, organization is the most important thing—our very dinner depends on it. . . . I know the position is difficult. It will take much work to untangle it. If the system was a poorer fighter it would cause us to get angry. But, as it is:

I see where the system will occupy our full time. Why, we won't have time to scrap one another—even after supper when tired and sore—

T-b. S.
P. S. (Still in bad shape).