



T-Bone Slim Warns Against Substitute For One Big Union

J. L. Lewis may know what Industrial unionism is but "his miners" do not practice it—they have district form of unionism. Splitting miners into districts and hogtiegling them with severally expiring contracts is a very crude form of unionism and most certainly is not industrial unionism. Most other unions that call themselves industrial are trade unions in new pants. The I.W.W. is the only union in the world that preaches practices, propagates industrial unionism pure and undefiled.

A great demand for this form of unionism has arisen and leaders are trying to copy it—but workers will find out they are "bride in name only".

Introduction of copies or Substitutions is a calamity for the working class for there will be nobody to pick up the pieces—a piece of unionism can never hope to enforce its rights regardless of any or all its affiliations.

One Big Union is not built in many pieces; it is built in one piece only. Industrial Workers of the World is such a body. It's dead? Oh yeah. Well let me tell you something, death never visits this form of unionism—it lives forever. It will live after slavery kicks the bucket.

The issue from which it sprang still lives, so what makes you think the heir apparent is dead? Nay my dear mourners, the I. W. W. will live to bury its parents—the profit system. In fact it cannot die before the issue (from which it was born) is chalked off the Blackboard—before that it can't and after that it won't.

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I've been reading the courts decided as long ago as 1880 that human rights are common clay and corporate rights are brass, steel and manganese, of the finer metals—now as we don't want to collect on a clay basis we must organize and convince the courts our name isn't mud—prove an alibi, so as to say.

Organized labor, if it doesn't step out and organize the other ninety per cent, will be displaced. We better look to our fences—or pick cut a flop. Ten per centum is not a power that can long hold the worshipfulness of the bosses. The population of bosses is over two million—but they are organized one hundred per cent. Remember what I told you—look ahead.

Wall Street's belly ache can be understood when we consider the disappearance of apple peddlers from street corners since Hoover retired to Palo Alto. How's your dear wife, Herbie?

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The very word "Trade Union" isolates tradesmen from the working class (compare it with the words Industrial Workers of the World). They, the tradesmen, systematize in organizing only tradesmen and are unable to hold their own with the economic masters of the world. And even so as the capitalist system inexorably degrades them (dehorns them) even so it debilitizes them as dues paying members and they are shunted over to take pot luck with the working class. The working class accepts these culls from the aristocratic circles of labor with open arms; for they realize that the more the merrier the One Big Union will be.

The correct way to spell defeat is TRADE UNIONISM. You're getting nowhere—You know damn well you can't buy your children a wedding present. They'll live home or in a furnished flat; not so much as a toothpick of their own—just love. It's a losing fight my lords and I'm afraid that home will be left unpaid for when you are gone; for such are the intricacies of the capitalist system—you've got it and you ain't got it.

Get hep to yourself and boast of the One Big Industrial Union.

Endorsing a Rubber Check

True enough the Communist Party of America did put their blessing on Trade Unionism, then "in the money", but nevertheless I think the comrades are losing a bet. We cannot very well repudiate Henry Ford's theory that small profits and large turnover is the more profitable in the long run. Furthermore, the endorsement of trade Unionism isolates Communism, along with Trade Unionism and to all intents and purposes puts up signs: "Working Class, Keep Out."

No, we cannot obtain the fruits of our labor as a faction or fraction, no matter how aristocratic. We must organize the working class as whole, as one, as one big union, as Industrial Workers of the world. And in the meantime: The time taken out to sell trade unionism caused their own products to spoil. Was there ever such boneheadedness? Now the I. W. W. doesn't carry any side line at all—It sells world's best unionism for lowest possible price. It has confidence in its products. And if the communist wish to do the I. W. W. a real disservice let them endorse us—it would tend to discredit the quality of our goods; if such be possible. Trade unions are a dying tribe and their last words shall not be entirely devoid of hope for future—but hope is not action.

As Victor Hugo would say, if he were still living: "The I. W. W. is an unmixed pleasure; a joy unadulterated!" Smart guy that Hugo; it's a pleasure to praise him.—T-b.