



Collaboration With Bosses Is Surrender

By T-BONE SLIM

Shortly after the gold rush Tom Mooney was tried in the courts of California for a heinous crime of doing what he didn't do. They had to borrow the crime and still are using it after it is almost worn out.

Tom Mooney was not tried by a jury of his peers; they had to go out in the los caminos of the primrose trails and gather glib witnesses who have since and before proved themselves liars. And there are those in California that say in all sincerity, Fickert's activities in the assembling of those witnesses was a part of the gold rush.

I believe them—may the devil rest his soul!

Repeatedly I have said people of California are all right but I have hinted strongly in words of startling expression that authorities are non-suit; too many time not native sons, not pioneers nor trailblazers, but refugees of the several states to the eastward and could not under the circumstances be expected to act rationally or honorably. Mooney is still in the can, so is

Billings, convicted on the strength of character of the most unconscionable bunch of liars ever assembled in any court of justice. But Mooney is held today for a far different reason than was advanced in the beginning; for the crime is worn out. I will not mention "the reason" at this time, except to say it does not "concern" the guilt or innocence of California in question, and is a part of the artful dodging of issues. We will proceed.

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W W

Bosses take the position that if they don't let the children work, they'll learn to play pool and if they let the fathers work they'll play poker. So they fire the father and hire the son, saving two souls and two dollars with one move. Score: No pool; no poker; no sin.

Pool room goes to poor house; gambling den changes into hamburger stand; boss jumps out the window—and peace pervades the land.—

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Collaboration and militancy don't mix. Collaboration on the many waters of the marine industry have chosen a poor time to collaborate when everything is wanting. They have sold their Joseph to Egyptians.

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Betterments are never permanent; they continually slip or threaten to slip. Militancy upon such occasions keep them from slipping. But since collaboration takes the edge from militancy are carrying water laborers are carrying water to the elephants. Why not get into the reserved seats with the militant MTWIU 510—militant not only in the hall but on the job. "Wobblie's book is O.K. by me," they all say, including the collaborators.

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Enterprise in the collaborators union is "strangely" missing. They haven't even the get-up to zone jobs or rotate them. Note: I don't believe in zoning—it's complete surrender. But even so, complete surrender is better than collaboration in heat of battle. I'm not surrendering an inch; they can't sing sweetly enough: "Peace! Peace! When there is no peace!"—It's a continual struggle with no intermission. One industry, one union, one job, for all workers concerned—own those three and see to it that no one owns you. Why should the boss own your job? He can't own his own job if you organize as herein described.

A system that is based upon special privilege cannot and will not stand, whether as a matter of labor union practice, social standard or state idiosyncrasies. That is self-evident to the point of being platitudinous. It means gradual degradation both in high and low.

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Whatever we think about Adolph Hitler's moves we must admit he is a good prophet: First (in his book "Mein Kampf") he tells what is going to happen. Then (dreading that his prophecy may go haywire) he jumps up and makes it happen. No other prophet, dead or alive, ever "knocked them off so closely."

I'm somewhat of a prophet myself.

There is going to be a resurgence in IWW and, if I see it ain't going to happen, down comes my hair and off goes my coat . . .