



# Sailors Have Got What It Takes to Win

By T-BONE SLIM

When labor unionism comes to a *cul-de-sac* under separate leaderships, as sometimes happens, there is only one thing to do—fight through; if you don't want to turn back.

*Cul-de-sac* is a passage open only at one end, generally at the back and unlimited doldrums isn't going to clear it—it takes action. Punch through.

You are surrounded on all sides by thieves, renegades, false friends and confirmed enemies, paid mercenaries, etc., but you are labor and have power.

Maritime workers find themselves in such a fix today under assorted unionisms but there is no need to worry; the seaman is an inventive genius never at loss. When the ship sinks he is thinking about his Turkish tobacco getting all wet. So it's entirely reasonable to think he will clear the *cul-de-sac* and head for open sea.

It's like trying to put a wild cat into a paper bag. The maritime man is of good voice and hefty hand. When he speaks the window panes rattle. His syllables have a "hop." His voice and hand fit well in the M. T. W. I. U. No. 510.

This is a new age and patriarchs of the labor movement cannot be expected to keep up with the caravan—I'm getting kinda mildewed on one side and motly on the other, and then there are others that need a good currying couple times a day. The twice-told tales of the yester-deeds.

But this much I will say: Time was when the I. W. W. had of the workers the cream of the crop and now again the butterfat is beginning to pile up in the "persoona" of the young worker.

## Want a New System

Complete overthrow of capitalism is only cure. Penny-ante is as bad as five penny ante—both are gambling. Individual failure and corporate failure are of a piece—due to several things, including robbery, mischief, and deliberate sabotage. Capitalism is a cancer and its elimination calls for a severe operation. Forms of operation have improved in late years.

The I. W. W. has a solution for it.

If your neck grows boils your system is at fault. Ignore the boils and fix the system. If the system can't be fixed, get a new one. Cut out the sugar from the sugar daddies and get our own "scoops" into the free lunch.

"Who is this man Hague?"—I wouldn't know, but some of the boys say, "he is a bad Hague." Prejudice, probably, for is not Hague wrapped up in the American flag even while the Daughters of the Revolution sing his praises and sing "America" all out of breath? Can you imagine, fellow workers editor, the old girls sang America instead of the Star Spangled Banner—I got so mad I was tempted to cut my throat.

No part of the I. W. W. can read itself out of the books now. We know well that we will have to carry on when the bottom drops out of these other unions . . . We may as well understand now as later that those authorized unions are a set of four-wheel evolutionary brakes: **They fear the toothache will stop too sudden.**

If the Congress passes a federal child labor ban they will have nothing to do next term.

"After 25 years some are pensioned off." From 20 to 45 makes 25 years. They seem to expect 25 years of toil from each man.

Some employers have put an age limit of 45 for employment. In other words, **they choose prime labor only** and I do most solemnly declare they are chiseling on their fellow employers. Their attitude is an unfair trade practice; in addition to being selfish they are crooked. Therefore I demand federal government pension all those who have achieved the age of 45 and tax all age-limit employers, pro rata to maintain the pension. How about it, Senator LaFollette?

## They Have What it Takes

It takes a town of 20,000 population to beat up a five-foot seaman—and the seamen have such strange solidarity it's just too bad for the 20,000. Goons are on an extended vacation because the "Generals" shirts are in the same wash. is a spread-out affair. Seamen should

not ignore the M. T. W.—because it has better staying power and will be there when nothing else remains. Its international implications, its substantial and bonafide industrial form, plus frank, democratic, determined procedure, open and above board, makes sureness that cannot be laughed or shrugged off. In addition the M. T. W. has behind it the well-known solidarity of an air-

A B's of good conscience are joining the M. T. W. Maritime I. W. W. tight series of real industrial unions, the Industrial Workers of the World.

In another article I said, "We had the cream of the crop." Now I say: Now again, we have the cream of the crop in a new generation born.

It is our stuff that is being used by strangers and careermen to confuse actual workers in many industries including maritime.

There is no confusion in the I. W. W. The prospectus is clear. The matter at issue with the seamen is survival. Do or die is the dictum implied, not only in prospects for organization but also in so much as it pertains to individual members. The I. W. W. knows this and a great share of seamen know this, but cannot quite grasp how critical the situation is.

## They Won't Die

The high "moral" stamina of the seamen is such I cannot but believe that they will choose DO and complete the improvements already done. Sea-wagons are their inalienable right. Passenger comfort and transport service demand that they enforce that right.

Safety at sea demands they enforce that right. Thousands and one reasons say—enforce that right. The nature of the industry is such that it requires men, men who are not skittish and there is no reason why they should sacrifice their comforts in toto. **Put three kinds of dessert on the table.**

You are traveling in style; so live in style.

Seamen can sail ships with or without master—their very type proclaims to the world they are masters and no reasonable creature would have it otherwise. Don't forget the I. W. W. lest it be you will have occasion to remember it.

SUP should bear in mind the connivers will have a follow-up to that vote for independence; the time is not yet. Arsenius Ward woke up an innkeeper at a quarters of three in the morning and said; "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

There she is, boys, that's what I started in to say.