



For Security Join One Big I.W.W. Union

By T-BONE SLIM

MTW is at present, as usual, organizing the marine workers with some degree of success.

In this connection I would like to point out: Law (Jones Act, specifically) does not recognize the right of a seaman to perform any part of labor pertaining to the handling of a ship in port, except such as he can do directly aboard; if he is injured ashore performing ship's errand, replacing ship's moorings or handling ship's stores he is not qualified to demand "damages" for such injuries as may result.

This is a terrible example of the blissful ignorance of law—if it is not a direct, premeditated joker against the welfare of the long-suffering mariner.

This also indicates the seamen must seek protection elsewhere and that is why they are joining the MTW Industrial Union No. 510 of the IWW.

Until such a time as the seamen are properly organized they must use their own judgement as to the acceptance of any orders to perform any ship's chores ashore—and run their own risk of injury or rejection thereof.

Hell of a note.

If you fall off the ship, you qualify; if you fall off a borrowed raft, your name is mud—even if you were smearing the ship with paint at the time.

Keep at least one foot on the ship.

wIw

A terrific argument is going on, on the waterfront in New York's restful South street:

A mariner, who readily admits that he honors Kentucky as his home state, says with a great show of sincerity, "The fo'c'sle on that sea-wagon isn't fit for a pig."

Another seaman, a Georgian, interrupts, "I can't agree with you, buddy, it is fit for a pig."

"I say it aint," argues Kentucky.

"I'm telling you, buddy, it is fit for a pig and only for a pig," roars the Georgian . . . And so far into the night.

I'd like to have the pig's version.

wIw

When Europe discovers they are all arguing on the same side, peace shall be declared, proper apologies will be made and once more the wage slaves will get their orders from dignified overlords.

wIw

Are we bankrupting our children? No, they already are in hock for 45 billions . . . Bernard Macfadden advocates waterless fast for illness. How about cutting off snus and smokes also, so as to make it a free show?

Bell Telephone assures us, U. S. is "a nation united by telephone." And here all along I thought barrel-hoops were parted and molasses was running down Main street non-chalantly indifferent to pleasures and pain.

wIw

Hitler is having one heluva time convincing England and France he wants his colonies. I wonder if he'll have to take "the tight little isle" and Brittany before he can make "believers" of them? Isn't it a bit too late then?

The trend internationally in Europe is REACTION. Not only is it a trend—absolutism is in the saddle. Small nations are "closing their doors" and joining the WPA of power politics. Even Nero now is a model of human kindness and generosity. And here all along I thought Herr Nero was a dirty violin virtuoso of darkest hue.

Colonial survival or utter destruction is the choice for all small nations—freedom is out. Liberty is crucified. (That pertains to the political world, now moving into the industrial.)

Strange weapons the "brainy boys" use.

Looks like the chisellers will have hard sledding—but what the hell, we're in the same toboggan.

I don't believe autocracy can arrange a satisfactory world, for it paralyzes both the critical and constructive mind—outside of militarism.

wIw

Daylight saving time (it came about this way): The farmer's daughter handspiked the clock ahead one hour after supper so as to give the boys on the threshing rig an early start next morning. That was fair enough, for she always handspiked the clock back one hour after breakfast.

However, when she went out after supper to have a kind word with the visiting fireman, I got to thinking if it's good to handspike the clock ahead one hour, two hours would make it all the better. So I slipped in the cook car and shoved the clock ahead another hour . . . Brainy boys got wind of this and called it daylight saving time—one of my most popular inventions.

Next morning the boys pulled a strike two hours before daylight and later, when I came prancing into the jungles with about half a cord of firewood, one of these pusillanimous header-barge bosuns observed, "Slim is working on slum clearance." And that's the origin of "slum clearance." You don't get credit for anything anymore!

wIw

There are so many things, as the walrus said, that distract the worker from organization efforts. There's the Creole belles, Bimelech, galloping cubes, ace-in-the-hole, numbers, radio and many other attractive pursuits. My personal obsession is the Brooklyn Dodgers. I worry in a cold sweat that the Dodgers will not be able to win all their ball games this year and I have a mind to ask Derrocher to lose a game or two and break the spell.

wIw

"Two ships for one."—News.

Yep, and one delegate on each ship. One delegate in each shop. No imported sardines allowed.