

"What matters if the pay is wrong,  
Conditions bad, or hours long?"  
Our hero cried. "The country's need  
Must come before our selfish greed.

WORK HARDER!"

This said, he tried to shove beyond  
—They took and dumped him in the pond.  
"If you like rotten pay, we don't."  
They said. "We'll see to it you won't

WORK HARDER!"

....With weary limbs he climbed the hill,  
To find his home deserted, still.  
His family's note he read "We've gone,  
No More can stand your silly drone:

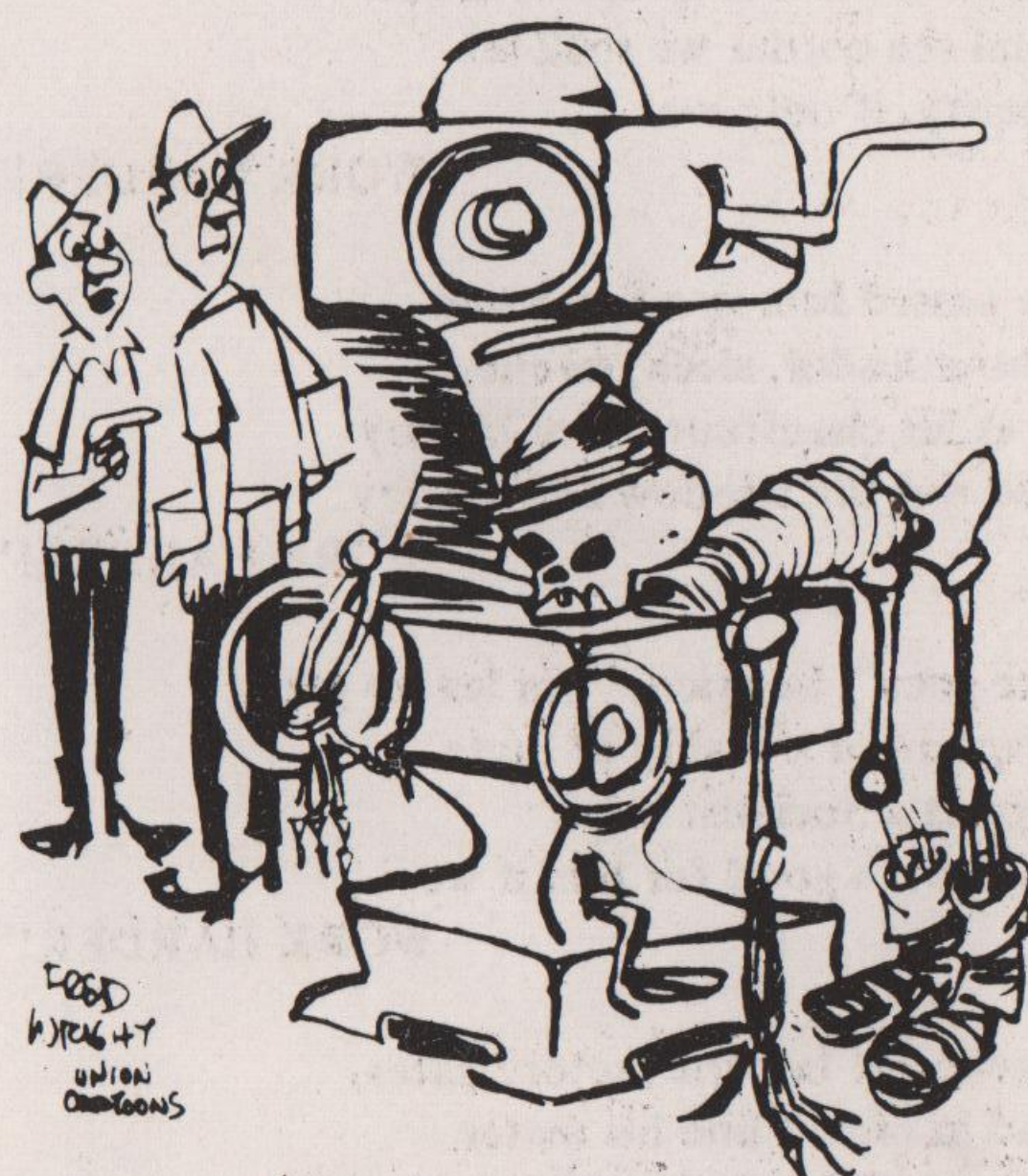
'WORK HARDER!'"

....The years rolled by; and then there came  
The day the foreman called his name.  
"The boss would like a word or two.  
Perhaps he knows how loyal you

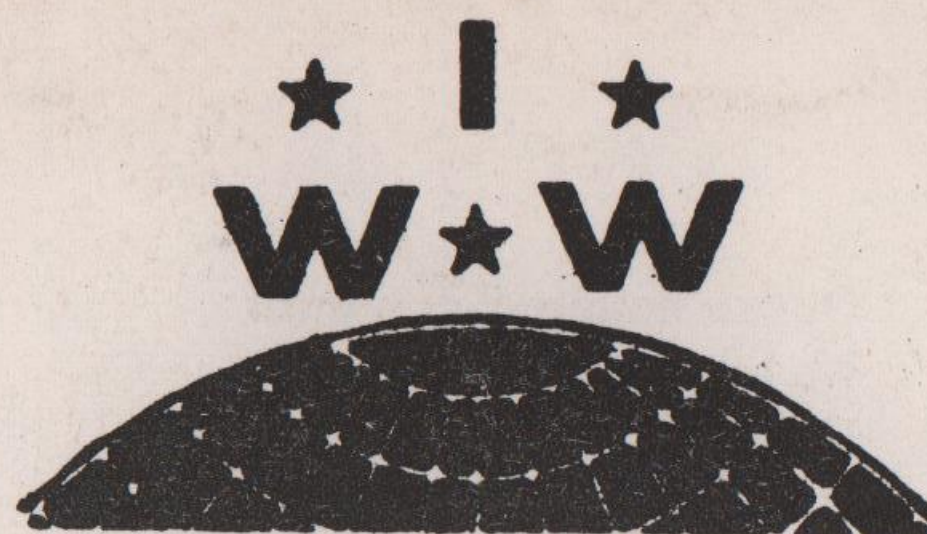
WORK HARDER!"

"Come in!" The Boss's voice rang clear.  
"I have bad news for you, I fear.  
Through you we have so much in store,  
We shall not need you any more,

YOUR CARDS, SIR!"



"He vowed he would stay here until he  
reached top-rate..."



The greatest problem facing us today is power — it has never been safe for working people to let the few control the lives of the many. The I.W.W. wants to see industry controlled by those who do the work, and that means an end to the back-seat driving of politicians and financiers.

All the power that runs this world comes from workers' collective efforts. It is time we stopped doing what we are told to do and start doing what we democratically and collectively decide to do. To accomplish this we must organise in a democratic manner to take control of the workplaces and plan to carry on production in a sane and sensible manner for the good of the world's workers, which is our own best interest. The principles of the I.W.W. offer a way to do this. It is a fighting union for our everyday struggle against the bosses and in our ultimate struggle to abolish the slavery of the wage packet.

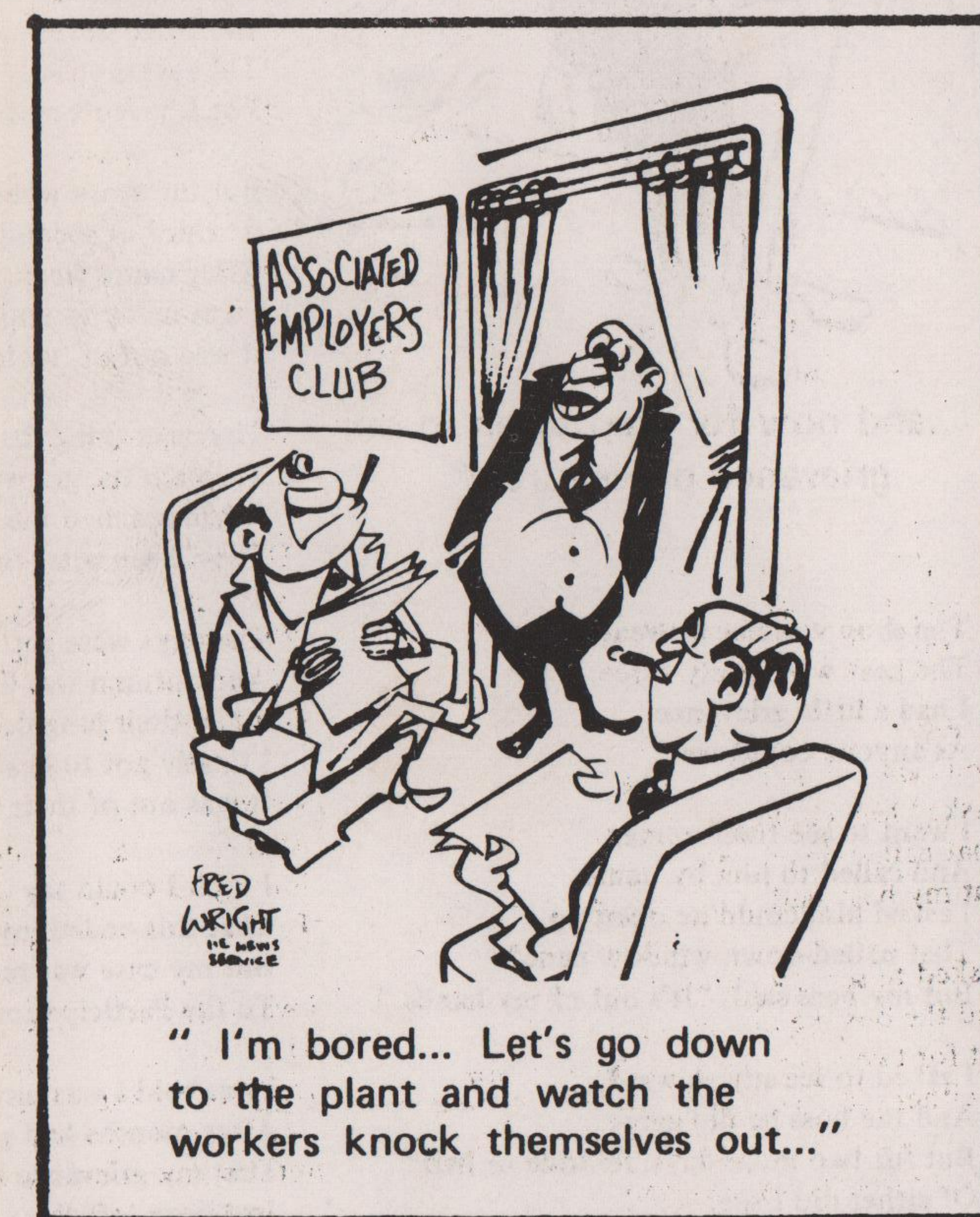
The idea of the I.W.W. is not one of salvation through armed force, but one of freedom through organised industrial power. Nor does the I.W.W. aspire to be a revolutionary political organisation which aims to overthrow governments and institute a bureaucratic tyranny of its own. All of its attention is centred upon the relationship between the working class and the exploiting class. The I.W.W. is neither political nor anti-political. It is an economic organisation.

We welcome into membership all workers, except those who are paid to fight us. If you understand that our hope is One Big Union, and are prepared to help building that union, then you belong in the I.W.W.

The following literature is available from the I.W.W., P.O. Box 48, Oldham OL1 2JQ, Lancs. Prices include postage.

I.W.W. — First Seventy Years .....	£2. 50p
Little Red Songbook .....	35p
General Strike for Industrial Freedom .....	30p
One Big Union — the basic idea explained .....	15p
Sample copy of the magazine Industrial Unionist .....	20p
Rulebook (Constitution and Bylaws) .....	20p
IWW in Canada .....	35p
Guide to Direct Action .....	25p

# WORK: and how it gets that way



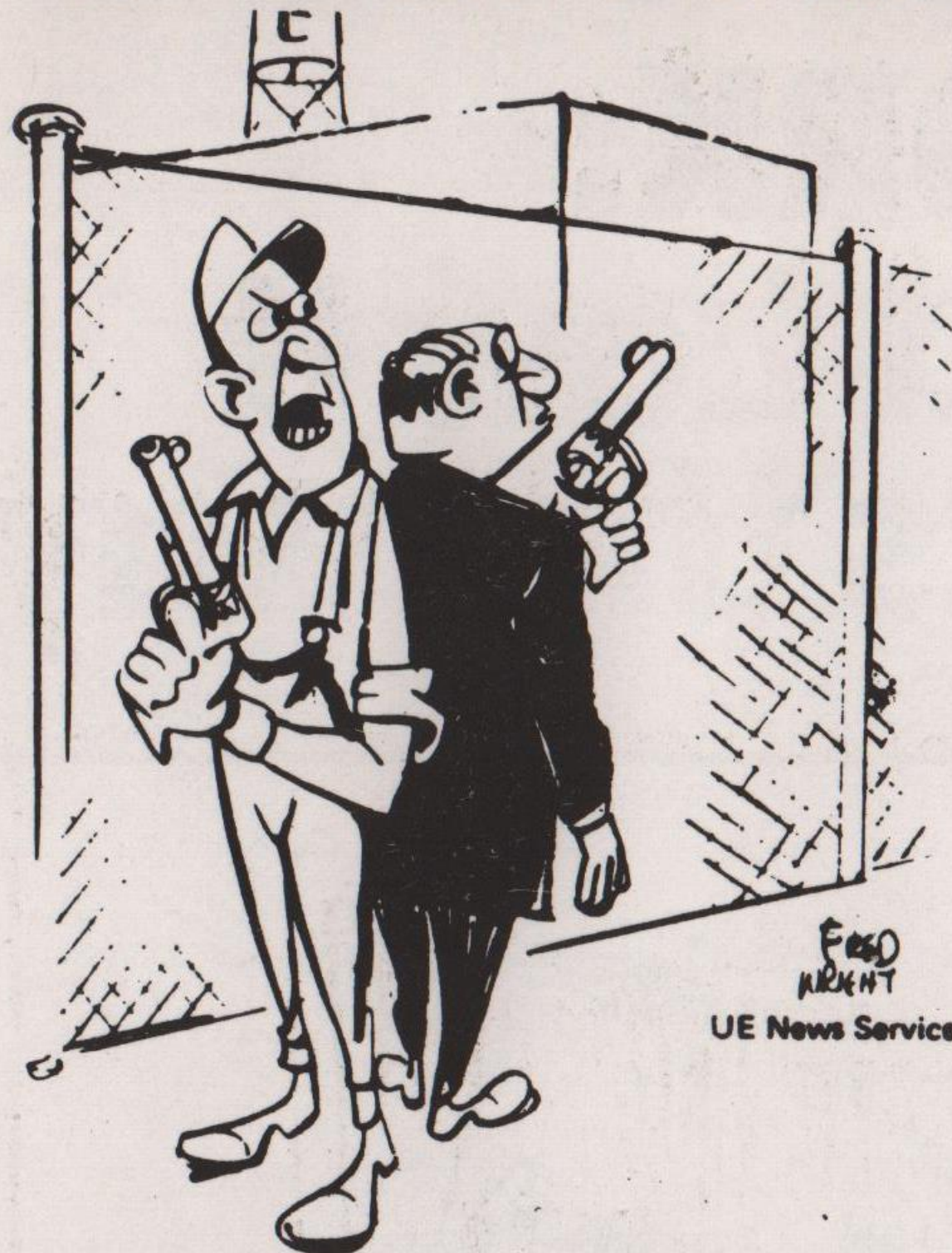
"I'm bored... Let's go down  
to the plant and watch the  
workers knock themselves out..."

Industrial Workers of the World

I.W.W.  
P.O. Box 48,  
Oldham OL1 2JQ



# Its Out Of My Hands



"...and now for step seven in our grievance procedure!"

The shop was like a sweat box,  
The heat was ninety-three.  
I had a little grievance  
As anyone could see.

I went to see the foreman  
And called to him by name.  
I asked him could he open up  
That nailed-down window pane?  
But my boss said, "It's out of my hands."

I asked to see my steward,  
And the boss he did agree.  
But for two more days, no hide or hair  
Of either did I see.

I finally caught my foreman  
As he was running by.  
He said my message was delivered  
To the proper guy.  
And now it was out of his hands.

The steward, when I saw him,  
Looked both shrewd and wise,  
And told me how much more there was  
Than seemed to meet the eyes.

He quoted certain clauses,  
Interpretations too.  
Said that writing up a grievance  
Was all that he could do.  
Then it was out of his hands.

The Convenor next came round,  
Her I had never met.  
The rest is strictly rumour  
For I haven't met her yet.

But the story when I got it,  
At third or second hand,  
After many weeks of waiting  
I was made to understand -  
It was out of her hands.

The next thing that I heard of,  
Through the grapevine, tried and true,  
It had reached the work's committee,  
They'd see what they could do.

The days were getting shorter,  
And autumn was drawing near,  
When their long-delayed decision  
I finally got to hear.  
It was out of their hands.

I wish I could say  
That this ended my ditty  
But my case was referred  
To the Participation Committee.

I was told I was lucky,  
After months had gone by  
That my grievance had not  
Just been left there to die.  
But it was now out of their hands.

The Arbitrator had it,  
And pondered long and thought.  
He was honest and upright  
And could not be bought.

Of one hundred grievances  
We lost ninety-nine.  
But the one that was salvaged  
Turned out to be mine.

The window was opened  
One a cold wintry day.  
I shivered and shook  
Till I thought that I'd give way.

I went to the foreman  
And called him by name,  
And asked him to shut  
That damned window pane.  
But he said, "It's out of my hands."

## Work Harder!

The shades of night were falling fast  
As on his way to work there passed  
And muttered to himself the while:  
A chap who plodded mile by mile

"WORK HARDER!"

The transport men were out on strike  
Which meant nine miles he had to hike.  
Quoth he, "I'll get to work or bust!  
I can't let strikes stop me, I must

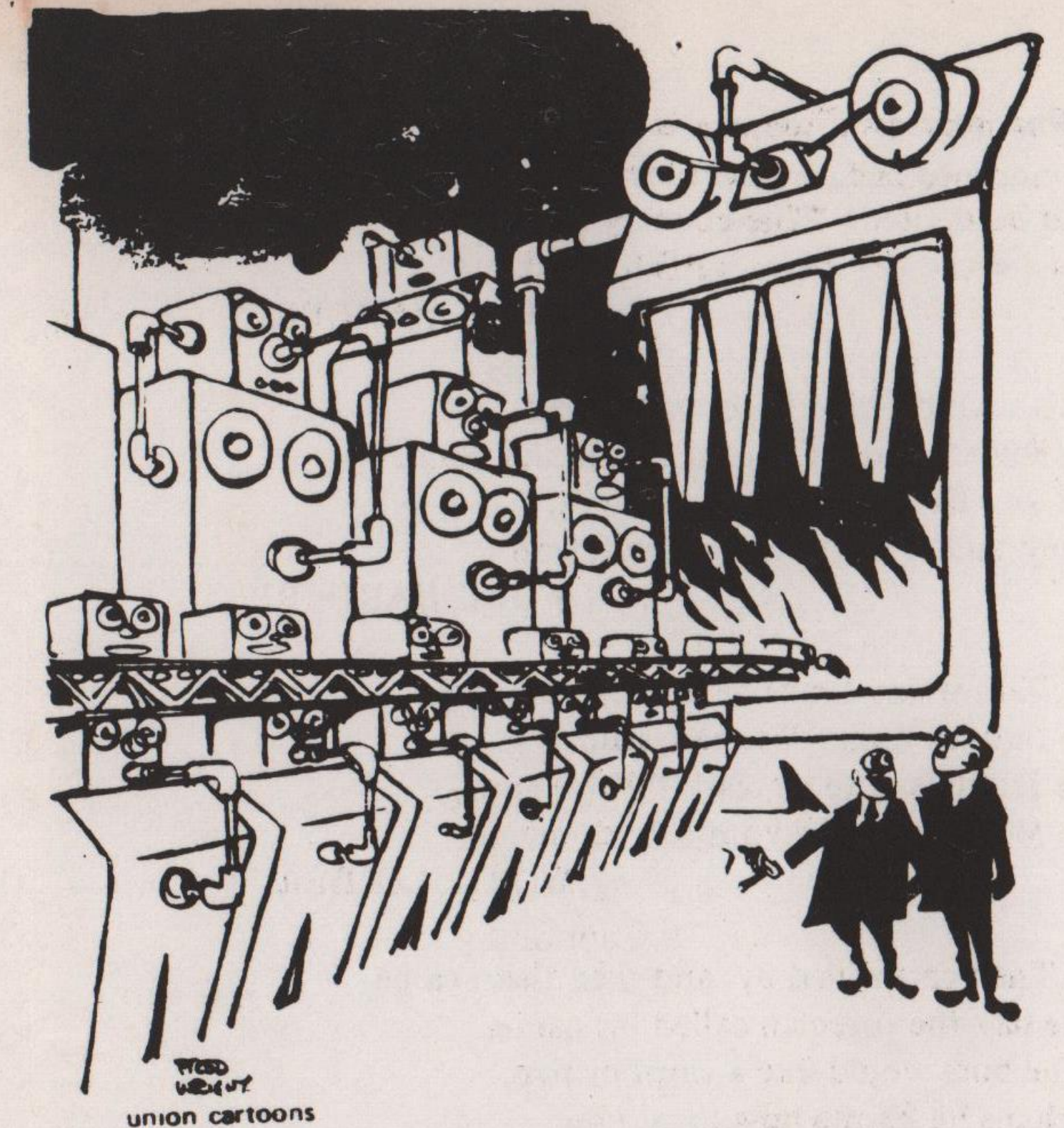
WORK HARDER!"

"O stay," his missus cried, "and rest  
At home to-day. It would be best  
A holiday would do you good."  
But off he set, so that he could

WORK HARDER

His mates had often asked him "Why?"  
But always got the same reply:  
"It's Socialists who rule to-day,  
So we must all do what they say:

"WORK HARDER!"



"We've solved our problem...This machine  
consumes everything it makes..."

"A Brave New World is being made,  
But Britain must step up her trade.  
Around the corner we shall see  
Prosperity, if only we

WORK HARDER!"

There passed him in a limousine  
A Labour leader, sleek, serene,  
Who, as his chauffeur drove him by  
Leaned out the window and did cry:

"WORK HARDER!"

"There goes", he cried, "our leader great,  
The captain of the ship of State.  
How great a Socialist is he!  
He knows it's good for him if we

WORK HARDER!"

He reached at last the factory gates,  
To find in picket line his mates.  
"We're out," they said, "We want more pay,  
But this is all the boss will say

"WORK HARDER!"