



"WEIRIE" WEIR

By William Gallacher

HAVE you heard of Lord Weir? No? Well! well! that's strange!

Lord Weir is a mighty marvellous member of the new aristocracy, and he is going to do a whole lot of things and solve a whole lot of problems in a mighty marvellous manner. When he first obtruded his muddled economics on a long-suffering public he was known as plain "Willie." "Willie" Weir was one of the biggest jokes on the Clyde. He was an unfortunate young fellow whose father died and left him with the care of a considerable sized engineering business. This was obviously more than he was fit for; so he got a very capable superintendent who was not only keen on running the factory, but wished to run it on the most up-to-date American methods—with Tayloristic terrorising of the dumb-driven Plebs.

A smart man—no doubt about it! He got a committee going in the works and used it at his pleasure. Occasionally he had it up in the office of an evening and supplied it with "high tea." One member of the Committee at an Engineer's meeting when challenged with taking rotten fish from the management indignantly denied that it was rotten, and maintained against all comers that it was "Good Cod." "Good God," it was good "Cod." It was the best bit of "cod" that was ever played off on any body of workers.

Yes! he is a smart man. He not only set the men in motion but he started Weir himself on the run; and has kept him going ever since. When Weir "weiries" readers of the Press or gives a special performance on the platform, he is not the oracle by any means. He is but the humble instrument that records and faithfully transmits the epoch-making thoughts of the "scientific manager."

Part of the latter's plan for intensifying labour in the industry was payment by results. In order to get this system working the tame committee was called in. With very little difficulty it was persuaded to agree to it. But in defiance of everybody the moulders stood square-fronted and refused to have anything to do with it. Since the Armistice every kind of trick has been played, and every specious manœuvre tried, in the effort to get the moulders to give way, but all in vain. They simply won't have it, and so Taylorism is at a standstill. In these circumstances what is the poor "scientific manager" to do? Smash the Unions! That is obviously the only way out of it; but how?

Every effort made so far has ended in miserable failure and the end in view is further off than ever. There is only one course left. The Government must intervene, and so the

human gramophone, William, Lord Weir, is carefully oiled up and set agoing with the requisite number of records.

Here is how it works. "Lord Weir was the principal guest at a luncheon given at the Hotel Victoria on October 22nd by the British Engineers' Society. No "Cod" about this affair! While the moulders up in Cathcart were ramming up their boxes with lung-choking sand, Weir and his colleagues of this Bosses' Trade Union, were ramming themselves with all that privilege and power could afford. After which Weir got going on the same old story that is ever new. Costs! Orders going here, orders going there, orders going anywhere but to Cathcart. The whole trouble summed up in "Costs!" After a long and dismal recitation of all that "Costs" has cost us, the noble Lord gets to the point.

"I feel," he said, "that you must discharge your responsibility as employers by telling the P.M. what you honestly believe to be necessary." . . . "I profoundly believe that were they (the Government) to declare what they already know—that the power of Trade Unionism used by the men who now control it for purely political purposes has become a tyranny and a menace to the workers themselves, that it bids fair to ruin the industrial position, and with it the wellbeing of the people of this country, and that recognising this they have determined that the exercise of this power for evil should be curtailed and restricted—then I believe that they would rally to their support and assistance multitudes who are silently suffering at this moment and looking for a Banner under which to struggle for their freedom."

There you have it!—the Government must step in and put the Iron Heel firmly down on the neck of Trade Unionism. Costs must be reduced and the way to get reductions is by utilising cheap labour. The Workers' standard of living must go down. And this we are told by a swelled-headed plutocrat who has suddenly been pitch-forked into the midst of our rotten aristocracy.

Those of us who are conscious of what is happening must also consider "Costs." We must consider the cost of keeping an army of aristocratic unemployed living in luxury, and spitting out their venom at Victoria Hotel Luncheons while our Class suffers from semi-starvation. Having considered the cost we must prepare to apply the remedy. We, too, must close our ranks, and with a well-organised militant working class army march forward to the conquest of proletarian power, and the final liquidation of a system of Society that can produce such positive abortions as these newly manufactured "Noblemen" who openly and brazenly use other men's brains to make good the deficiency of nature.

