

# **RULES COMPLIANCE, POLICING THE CONTRACT, & UNION SOLIDARITY**

It has been brought to our attention that, at some locations, the good brothers and sisters flowing back into the trainmen's ranks or moving from the road to the yard may be placing themselves in jeopardy by attempting to impress the boss with their efficiency. In doing so, they may be in violation of the trainmen's working agreement, the carrier rules, and safe practices. They may also be slapping their furloughed brothers and sisters in the face.

With all due respect, we remind these brothers and sisters that the trainman's world has changed. While the supervisor may wink at you as you hurry to line the switch, bleed off two tracks at once, finish your work order while the train has already begun to move to the next location, when you trip and fall or get through a switch, there will be no mercy. A thousand "atta boys" disappear with one "aw, \$#!@".

We also would like to remind these brother and sisters that the Carrier is using hard times to figure out just how "lean" it can run its business. This may mean an increase in bonuses for your boss, but – while you work under our agreement – hustling to impress your supervisor won't earn you an extra nickel. It will, however, help take food out of the mouths of those employees who today are on the street, trying to hold onto their homes and feed their kids in the midst of an economic depression.

Those who put their own interests – whether out of greed or just laziness – ahead of the interests of other union men and women have a name – the SCAB. For those who don't know what a scab is, we quote here from writer Jack London:

**After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad, and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which he made a scab. A scab is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water brain, and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.**

**When a scab comes down the street, men turn their backs, and angels weep in heaven, and the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out.**

No man has a right to scab as long as there is a pool of water deep enough to drown his body in, or a rope long enough to hang his carcass with. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab for betraying his Master, he had character enough to hang himself. A scab hasn't!!

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his savior for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold his Country for a promise of a commission in the British army. The modern [scab] sells his birthright, his Country, his wife, his children, and his fellowmen for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his Country.

A [scab] is a traitor to his God, his Country, his family, and his class!!

# THE SCAB

