

## FLY-TIME: PEEVES—

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Hell seems to sink in our estimation despite the valiant efforts of the master to raise it.

Said depression is attributed to the fact that hell has no fury like the Cynical-Criminalist regulation.

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Masters are having "one awfull" time impressing us with the seriousness of this panic.

Some of the fellow workers are complaining about bed-sores.

We, the workers, can start or stop any panic.

\* \* \*

The master would have us believe board and lodging is all we produce. —They must think we are blind as well as ignorant . . . Beg your pardon.

\* \* \*

Were "these" automobiles made by the Lord Almighty, or, did the workers make them?—If the workers made them, let the workers wear them.

This brings us to clothes: Clothes is everything. Dress a business man in our clothes (I mean the clothes we are wearing), take him before a Judge (dressed in the remnants of three different suits of cloth), let the Judge look at business man's hands... "Six months in the work house." Call the next case—etc.

\* \* \*

Work house, did I say . . . Funny, isn't it.

They (the Judges) never do say rest-house.

"Work" is the most excruciating punishment they can think of—at least we never see them doing any of it—they are the great, big, FAT, I Won't Works!

Their motto is: "We Will Work Them, Won't We."

\* \* \*

One half of the world now knows how the other half lives. How our half "half-lives" is still a mystery.

\* \* \*

From whence come wars and fighting among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?

2. Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not.—St. James 4.

\* \* \*

Let's ask for more pay, and be done with it.

In regards asking: The chief characteristic, of an able bodied beggar, is cowardliness.—

Demand your rights.

\* \* \*

Once again speech is free—but, you must not mention anything.

\* \* \*

It is noticeable, the great American fly prefers the society of the common people—its manifestation of violent antipathy, toward homes of human parasites, is probably due to professional jealousy.

\* \* \*

Croak of political frogs is heard in low places.—They claim much; promise more.—In the meantime: some people, of the "dear" variety, are obliged, compelled, to "steal" a part of their living.

\* \* \*

With school children crying, "Save the schools;"

"De horns" hollering, "Save the booze;"

Politicians shouting, "Save the country;"

Rockefeller exhorting, "Save the pennies;"

We ought to be able to save something.

\* \* \*

Miracles—miracles come no more. (This is a deep joke).

The class struggle survives.—

\* \* \*

Gladly would I write about industry, gladly on things that live and move, would I write—

Gladly would I ruffle the feathers of the bird of prey—but, when the wheels are stopt; walking boom is still; line shaft is pensive; wrist-pin lies cold in death, I must control myself.

Gladly would I tell you about industry (and maybe I will) were it not for the fact that industry has ceased.

\* \* \*

"Speeding" and over production had caused a "hot-box" in the journals of industry (and commerce)—these journals were allowed to cool too suddenly which "froze" the bearings to the shaft, and caused industrial dislocation (of the slave from his usual place at the table)—or, in other words, unemployment.

Thus, it follows: unemployment has supplanted industry—in fact, it has become an industry.

Therefore: speaking from the "Porkchopian point of view": Let us enjoy our unemployment, breakfast as usual, dinner, as per schedule, supper as matter of course—eat hearty, it is your duty, to yourself, and to your country.

It is your duty—the master is giv-

ing you this opportunity to regain your lost flesh—to read—to think, and to organize—

Line up with the wobblies. Come to your hall—here are men like yourself, game—game.

Their (new) motto is: "The Boss pays the bills."

Make it your organization.

T bone Slim.