



Ignorance

Every now and then an enthusiast will come forth to say, "Ignorance is the cause of the deplorable condition of the working class."—Let us deplore and then deplore some more.

The ignorance of the master (if ignorance bears) then, also, is the cause of the "O. U. B. Joyful" condition of the ruling class.—Because, they also subscribe to ignorance.

Ignorance, then, in one case, dresses up a man in broadcloth and spats; and in another, dungaree's and brogans.

Ignorance of the worker, then, denies him canvass-back duck and the mellow blend of imported jags.

Ignorance of the master, denies our beloved overlord the juiceless hamburger, domestic (should be deported) and the acidious near beer.

No, fellow workers, the trouble is not in our heads; in our hearts, nor in our heels—if it was, or is, in our heads, we would not be able to find it.—The trouble is on the job—our head in no way can become the seat of our trouble.—That honor is reserved for the point of production.

We are not prepared to admit our ignorance—we would fondly embrace the fact that a workers' movement is an intelligent one.—But leaving all jokes aside let me say that T-bone Slim will never concede his ignorance so long as Dublin Dan writes such practical verse.

And, before we go any farther, let me pin laurels to pulsing bosom of my fellow worker. . . I, T-Bone Slim, being of sound mind and in possession of all my faculties (bereft only of my properties) do hereby award the Noble piece prize (not price) to the author of The Portland Revolution, etc.

Now, if you'll permit me we'll go back to "ignorance." The deplorable condition of the working class is due not to their ignorance; not to their intelligence; neither to their avoirdupois or lack of poise.

The deplorable condition is due to capitalism.

Ignorance, if any, is due to capitalism.

Capitalism isn't due to deplorable conditions.

Capitalism is due to vanish—yes, overdue.

We are not ignorant! We're Wobblies.

T-BONE

The "Point of Production" is the "Seat of our Trouble."—and a cruel, cruel, seat it is.

Be seated, slaves!—Darn this prosperity!