



Nothing Very Bad

Immediately the solid citizen is thrown into a dungeon, or city caboose, he begins to whine . . . "Bring me a drink of water," he pleads in a voice that would bring tears to the eyes of a petrified rattlesnake. "What dey got me in for," he demands in more conciliatory tones. "Give me a cigarette," is his next thoughtful comment. "I've got money out there and I want something to eat," he roars out.

"This is a helluva place to put a man! Open that door! Let me out! LET ME OUT," he yells at the top of his voice—"Take me Home!"—HOME?—His wants seem to multiply the minute the iron door closes upon him and his demands become more insistent—this, that and the other thing he wants; he pounds on the partition; he rattles the door; he kicks the bars; he swears; he sings; he shouts; he pleads and he wants the world to know that he is not "stuck" on the "place."

He is "in" only for the night. Yet the agony in his voice would indicate he was undergoing eternal torment—perpetual penance. Not one minute does he want to stay there, as he confides: "I've never done anything very bad."

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How would you like to be in jail and not done *any* bad—"very" or otherwise?

Now it happens that "the powers that be" have gotten themselves into a habit of arresting all workingmen that have a stamp of intelligence upon their faces—and, naturally, as a result of that habit, the Wobblies have suffered greatly. Our best organizers have repeatedly "made the can" and as a result of that we are not as strong numerically as are the boss' pet organizations. Our immature strength, in turn, makes it possible for the bosses to get away with a lot of stuff that wouldn't be tolerated a single instant if it were possible to get the true facts before all the people. Seldom indeed do they arrest, and hold, a person who is a member only—it seems to be the active men they desire to repress. The men who KNOW the true cause of our misery and the remedy therefor are the men they "delight" in persecuting. Intelligence is penalized (if I may use the term) and therefore brains are at a premium in the everyday walks of life.

Each man endowed with a set of brains tries to hide the fact from the law enforcement "legions"—for legions they are: The Pay Roll of United States provides biscuits and weiners for 3,400,000 persons, men, women, and children. Enough people there to populate a second-class country. Enough people there to carry on a first-class offensive or campaign is some of them could get their minds out the harassing of citizens who furnish them with hotdogs.

Four Billion Dollars is what they draw yearly, in round numbers—about \$1,180 a piece; some more, others less. Some of them \$17,000 . . .

The fact that I've previously given 400,000 as the peace strength of government should not be entertained seriously—poetic license you know—I'm kind hearted—didn't want to break the news too suddenly. There's 3,400,000 on Uncle Sam's pay-roll—enough to swing any election should they become of the same faith.

But as I was saying, it will not do to exhibit too much brains—the livelihood of these people depend on the dearth of information at the disposal of the people. (Milw. Sentinel quoting K. C. Star is my authority for the figures).

Government has become the leading industry in this country, employing more help than any other. Being more or less non-productive by its nature, it happens that when any branch of this government arrests and incarcerates a useful worker, it works a great hardship upon those who must keep their eyes peeled on the lookout for national victuals. I am not begrudging these men the livelihood they have—easy or otherwise—I only wish we could support twice as many and give them a vacation for twelve months at least every other year. But if a couple million of these could be persuaded to take off their coats and help us produce things, our workday could be shortened one hour right now (allowing for over-production). For every twelve workers we have one person on the government pay-roll—about half as numerous as the gentlemanly strawbosses cluttering up the places where men earn an honorable living supporting themselves; at the places where each man, woman and child support four other people whose source of livelihood heretofore has been a secret.

Every man, woman and child who works, works 50 days per year to support the "best government" on earth or elsewhere . . . Ninety-one dollars of our money goes to pay these birds on the pay-roll, but it is thought in conservative quarters that forty dollars worth of government would be sufficient to take care of our needs. Proof that our officialdom is "too numerous" lies in the fact that the late President Harding "laid off" 20,000 leaving only 3,400,000 to enjoy the peoples' munificence—Yes, the practice of jailing those who supply the biscuits is an experiment that will not reconcile with good sense and it will not result in any protracted good . . . I'm not advising the government, which is neither political nor economic, being in part industrial at present and becoming more industrial.

I'm merely giving my opinion as a supporter of this glorious institution which keeps the wheels of industry grinding overtime and hardly gives us time to change our clothes on Sundays. We need help, but we do not look to the government for it. We are at economic war with the self-appointed masters of industry and we say like the Negro, treed by a bear: "Lawd, if you can't help us, don't help that bear . . ." We are able to hold our own with our "economic masters" without "violations" of neutrality—why, we do not even demand neutrality on the part of the government.

We are now down so low that such things do not count in the ultimate victory . . . like holding a calf by the tail. You can do so just so long. . .