



The Pathfinders

There is that about the word "leadership" that endears itself to the "publicity bureau" of the organized exploiters. "You can't keep a good man down; servants be obedient to masters; and follow your leaders" is the cry far and long. "Learn first to obey, then command," is the slogan which has made it possible for the few to live off the many. At all times, since obtaining command, have the few never relinquished that power. At all times, since relinquishing command, have the many "slaved" for the few.

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Recently, in the Worker, our leaders were credited with being possessors of brains. I think they said, "their leaders are brainy men." "Oh I. W. W., what have I done that thine enemies should praise me."—The Worker of course was only quoting the treacherous press. Nevertheless our conceit blossomed forth and we stepped out to look for a job leading a happy, skipping, care free bunch of followers. The cold-blooded "Worker" statement was more eloquent than a thousand words of comment steeped in the pleafal quintessence of modern hieroglyphics.

Every day I expect to see an extra come out with a screaming headline: The I. W. W. Under the Able Leadership of T-bone Slim, After Affiliating with the Thiel Detective Agency, Has Turned Around and Kissed the Chamber of Commerce on Both Cheeks, Breathing Endearing Terms of Undying Love.

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I expect it no more than due me, something like this: "The Venerable T-bone (as he is fondly called by his followers) today had a fainting spell just as he was about to step into the sumptuous banquet hall of the Hotel Castoria. He was quickly revived with a jug of Madeira, after which he gave a talk; his subject: Capital and Labor as one, or the Siamese Twins of the Twentieth Century.

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After the banquet the Ladies' Improvement Association took possession of Mr. Slim and escorted him to the Gold Coast, to show him a life-sized painting of "Powderly Crossing the Delaware and Lackawanna."

The aged labor general could not be interviewed this morning. His courteous secretary, Mr. Plymouth Rock Whitey, who comes from sturdy 100-proof stock, intimated that Mr. Rhode Island Red, one of the able captains, would lead the social layers of labor's serried ranks, while the general himself felt indisposed.

Mr. T-bone Slim, the doughty labor general, after fully recovering from sunstroke, which took him down last night 13 seconds after 3 on the Gold Coast, declared war on light wines and near bear today in a ringing ukase against bolshevism.

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Yes, fellow workers, the parasites wishing leadership upon the workers. The class lines are drawing tighter. In their own camp the cry "a squarer deal for labor" is raised. This cry can be stilled only by a voice from the top—Leadership.

Once again leadership will be invoked to withhold "common" justice from those who hit the ball.

Let us not be influenced by this last failing cry. Labor must save itself. Leadership will save the leaders. Labor is leader—to an even break society.—(T-bone Slim).

P. S.—Reference to Thiel Agency is made because another operative of that outfit has permitted himself to be "discovered." They work hard sometimes to get "discovered." The fellow workers seem to ignore them. Hence, I think it no more than right that we give them a little publicity. Really they are as harmless as a milk-shake.

They come to the front (discovered) about every six weeks. They seem to enjoy getting discovered. It doesn't do us any harm and seems to please them. Have a heart fellow workers—some of them read T-bone Slim's mournful column and they grow so radical that Thiel has to fire 'em, even before it is time to become "discovered."