



Must or Not-to-Must, or Freaks of Nature

We're all going crazy—headline. Let us sing:

"I'm going crazy—won't you come along—I live in the madhouse over the hills

And play in the fields with the daffodils;

I'm going crazy—won't you come along."

According to Dr. A. H. Deslogos, nearly the whole world either will be insane or on the way to insanity in the next quarter of a century, if nothing is done to stop the rapid increase in mental derangement.

Professor William Starr Meyers of Princeton says: "Of 105,000,000 persons in the U. S., statistics show 45,000,000 are subnormal and would never have the mentality of a child of 13. Another 15,000,000 are feeble minded and their brain power forever would be that of a child of 8. Of the remaining 45,000,000," he said, "the statistics class 25,000,000 as mediocre, while 5,000,000 are classed 'A' in mentality (I suppose that's the Chamber of Commerce) and 15,000,000 as 'B.'" (Class B probably refers to the Republican party).

Let me put in a word here: Insofar as the subnormal 45,000,000 must necessarily be over 13 years of age, else we cannot pass on their prospective development, it would seem that the statistic's estimate is very conservative, that is: if the figures are reliable and not merely propaganda to "sanctify" the mental capabilities of the 20,000,000 odd voters (who are running the country to the eternal bow wows); that is: that the subnormalcy prevailing in these United States would amount to 75,000,000 as soon as the "12-year-olds" get to be 13 and over. Truly the professor is optimistic to the point of recklessness.

Indianapolis, Feb. 22.—"The American people are rapidly going crazy," according to Dr. J. N. Hurty, a nationally known figure, "but the last sane person will not disappear from the country for 200 years. Americans are fast becoming a race of morons, imbeciles and maniacs," he said.

Many lesser observers, the none the less deserving, have testified to the comprehensive ignorance of the people in general, and workers in particular.

Now, to make it unanimous, it needs the endorsement of our well balanced and unerring man of letters, Professor T-bone Slim. But, unfortunately, I am not prepared to offer any such endorsement until I see whether the people will organize to remove the cause of their threatening disaster. And, although my confidence in the sound common sense of the workers remains unshaken, who am I to question the judgment of these learned men?

We "must" accept the findings of these scientific gentlemen, under protest, and insofar as these very same men are "in the business" of upbuilding our brains, we must credit them with candor for telling us what they have accomplished—insanity to be.

Far be it from me to disparage their motives in endorsing a system that leads to degeneracy. In fact, I entertain a fond regard for the way they turned "states evidence," always assuming the truth of their impersonal testimony. But professors have lied to us in the past, so, I do not know what reliance can be placed on their words. Not one, to my knowledge, has endorsed industrial unionism. Their very silence may be a lie. (My intercourse with professors has been very limited, hence, I'm not familiar with the remedies they offer for social and industrial evils—if any).

It may also be pointed out (to me) that many professors have endorsed industrial unionism. Be that as it may, I still remain ignorant of such things and, until I find out which industrial union honors them with a membership card, I shall reserve the right to criticize their motives, words and deeds.

Surely these learned men must know our trouble since they can look two hundred years in the future and see us all a bunch of driveling idiots.

Have our national "faculty" gone bugs and when did it happen?—Can't say.

It is common knowledge that an insane person thinks everybody else is crazy; an ignorant person thinks well of his own learning only. According to that there is no hope for our professors and still less for our letter perfect T-b-S.

The only hope of the world is One Big Union of labor. An O. B. U. organized industrially, as a complete industry. Each industry co-operating to produce what people use, all they use, and nothing but what they use—'tis then, and not until then, (to use a very, very, very, very, homely illustration) will our billboards have four sides and a roof—a dwelling for our parasites.

It is up to labor.

Always, labor, conscious of his power, fought only defensive battles; always sure of his strategy he has scorned to take the offensive—an error, perhaps, thus multiplying the uses he finds for his power and strategy. Each attack made against labor has been checkmated. The establishment of Big Business gave birth to industrial unionism. It is now up to labor to make use of it. It will knock the daylights out of exploitation.

We cannot see 200 years in the future. But looking ahead, say 200 days, we see the usefulness of a one big union of all workers—a single union of all those who toil.

You "must" organize yourself—a union organized by others will serve others. I speak for industrial unionism because I, too, have tried the old style unionism and found it too light for heavy hauling. Organize yourself. How ridiculous it would be if I, a dirt mover, undertook to organize the professors and teachers in an Educational Workers Industrial Union. I would be sure to fail. They "must" organize themselves, as we dirt cats are organizing ourselves. They must emancipate themselves, as we road slingers will emancipate ourselves. It's a case of nobody can't do nothing for nobody.

The saddest words of tongue and pen:

"Our teachers are non-union men."

The most pathetic modern fable:

"Their lectures bear the masters' label."

The chief outstanding freak of nature:

The freedomless "EManCiPaTor."

P. S.—When in doubt, join the G. C. W.

I. U. No. 310, I W. W.—(T-bone Slim).