



Worst Is Overdue

The railroads aren't making any money—except a few billion dollars, more or less, and surely we, who are used to big things wouldn't call that money. Why the Southern R. R., after 30 years of tossing people's money into swamps, duplications, replacements and other such lucky-go-happy enterprises rises to the surface with its first dividend—the original few nickels invested in this road has grown to millions in thirty years despite the fact that billions of nickels were fired into cypress swamps, as so much filthy lucre. And now the daily press wails loud and long because the stockholders weren't given a yearly dividend in addition to the fortune that has been built for them without them turning a wheel or pulling a lever or driving a spike—"And to think," wails the press, "Only after thirty years their dreams at last come true."

Now that I've started they aren't making any money, its up to me to show why they hain't. Why ain't they? I'll tell you.

What are the causes?—Hold on there! What makes you think there are causes?—There are no causes but there is a cause—and it can be stated in just one twin word: Corn Flakes.

Corn Flakes take up all the available freight space in our box cars—to the exclusion of all less bulky freight and the railroads are commencing to sing, "I'm Forever Hauling Bubbles"—that's how serious it is.

On account of the i-n-f-l-a-t-e-d conditions of this freight, the generous railroads have been obliged to build triple—aye, six times—the number of freight cars that they ordi-

narily would need. And when it is considered that these cars run all kinds of chances out in the rain and snow, warped by the sun, twisted by low joints, ditched by law . . . brows, etc., it will be seen that Corn Flakes is the one and only cause why the railroad management has been unable to run the profits (from a few paltry billions) into real money.

There is the cause. Now, I s'pose you'll want a remedy? All right—anything to oblige: Why not take these giant innerseal packages and dump the contents into a press, same as they do Hops, add a littl. brewery—mash (so that you can advertise with more truth "flavored with malt") press the stuff into an air tight oblong cube and ship it in a match box—I'm not exaggerating—carload of corn will make six carloads of flakes. Therefore: By flavoring flakes with sugar, salt and mash, then pressing it back into its original bulk we could do away with five out of six box cars and crack a dividend for the poor millionaires twice a month. . . . I claim that if we're going to stay by this rotten system we've got to look after our millionaires—let 'em get a pay day twice a month same as the military genius that now pull the throttles on our superlative locomotives . . . the embryonic lieutenants, generals and field marshals of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Headhogs. Note: I'm informed the (extra) board of the future will read: Engine, No. 3003; Train, No. 13 (Corn Flake Manifest) Eng., Brigadier General (Fighting Clarence) Torch; Fireman, Joe Clinkers; 2:15 a. m.

Note II: Back East the engineers are organizing themselves into Corps of Military Officers and are undertaking training to the end that they will be able to tell us how to make the world safe for the democrats once't more.

I only hope that they will not be compelled to order us to the rescue of their Bank when Capitalism starts shaking the pennies out of it.

Bear up, Brothers. Be brave, fellow workers. The worst is overdue now.

Well, since we are railroading, we may as well observe that the locomotive engineers will, in the near future, join the I. W. W. in

large numbers. They have to do this. Even as they had to get a "sideline" (banking) for their "Brotherhood," they will be compelled to adopt Industrial Unionism as a "sideline" for banking—otherwise: capitalism will take their bank and shake the pennies out of it, 'n go on a spree.

In order to enforce the "hands-off" policy, the engineer will recognize, it is necessary for him to hold a "phantom" in front of the "Railheads"! That phenom will be Industrial Unionism. Protect your property Fellow Worker. "Hogger"—this is the last warning you'll get from my whistle. Practice up on carrying a union card.

We, many of us, are practically compelled to view the "acquiring of work" as purchasing employment; buying a job. And, true it is, that many buy jobs with dollars, others by joining lodges and still others by joining the boss favorite job-trust (labor union). We have much to learn. In the first place we must learn not to buy the thing we have for sale—work—upon which we have an airtight monopoly. Labor-power. We sell power. Therefore, we must learn to view ourselves as powerhouses—two-legged, portable power-houses. Human dynamos. Power-houses we are, (automatic self-starters) and, praise the saints, self-stoppers. This being so I serve notice upon those who are in the habit of using our labor-power that WE will have to increase the rate per cubic hand, to conform with the framed 10 per cent decrease in prosperity. Otherwise: "Our company (O. B. U.) will be compelled to discontinue service." And as to the "feeding outfits" on the railroads, I respectfully suggest that "the graft" be placed on the table for the "boys" to eat. I point this out because the men doing the feeding have no exaggerated idea about feeding themselves—milk and bread may do for them, since they do no work, but it will not do for an extra-gang—we want some whole-souled food. (If these friendly instructions are not followed out I know of several commissaries that will be back in the "rag business" before long). Why, its getting so that you can ride a bicycle on the table without spilling a dish. Let Norwegians do the feeding.

BOYCOTT CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS.