



Notes

'Tis said United States can not recognize Russia "because it's red." . . . 'Tis said, too, a New York Central engineer recently refused to recognize a red flag, a red light and sundry other danger signals, and the upshot of the whole thing was: the observation car was "almost split in two. . . ." and Wild Bill Donovan was killed (?).

If you wear broadcloth, and travel you are an anthropologist.

But, if you wear overalls, and travel, you're an anthrohobo.

Modernists make menacing moves, manifestly mad. Fundamentalists 'fend fictitious facts, fiction, fables, furiously.

What is it all about? Why the battle-mock-royal-clerical?

Oh, yust drumming up a little sentiment in favor of Ra-di-o censorship.

. . . I'm telling you, if radio isn't stopped they'll put the "fire" out—and prove it. Witness how water level is low—must be leaking out somewhere? Guess where.—Hell?

Compared to the real thing, the whiskers of our statesmen remind me of—of a snowstorm in a cornfield. (Big flakes) among the green (loam background); somehow they don't seem to fit.

Christmas was only an ordinary Tuesday to me, yet I feel sorry for the man that hasn't 83 cents in his pocket this time of year.—Have you bought the boss a present yet?—Go on, be a sport. You know, Oh Henry "chawclets" now come in tinfoil, you can carry the boss one in your pants pocket—cigars are punk. Bravo.

I am sorry to say I expected many and handsome presents. What did I get (get that) what was there in it for me (get that Me) doesn't it sound like a kitten preparing to take on a little cream? I GOT NOTHING—oh well, virtue is its own reward. Happy New Year.

We will start the new year by everybody standing by his card, not one year but, at least, three years and seven months—after that you will get the habit. Under no circumstances shall a delegate turn in his credentials. Even when he is not lining-up many he should keep his credentials on hand or nearby. Why? Because the minute he sends in his credentials he becomes a candidate for disqualification, for official positions. The I. W. W. is then denied his services without his formal declination—do not disqualify yourself; decline like a man if you do not care to serve OUR union.

If you are a successful delegate it is your duty to continue through; not only the busy season, but also the slack.

If you are a successful member, stay by your card—at all times.

Should your card get (say) six months in the arrears that doesn't mean it is no good. It means the system is no good.—Even if it is 17 years behind, carry it. Who am I to advise you!

"Bankruptcy" of a writer crops out when he discusses SOUP—no ideas—The bankruptcy for ideas in the better class, their total eclipse of brain is proven by the fact that they have no remedy for unemployment save soup—SOUP is the full extent of their thinking ability. Eat soup and you will think in terms of soup.

The full-blooded American wage slave is in a heluva fix. Six days a week the HAIROIL-ECZEMA takes up his time with its nonsensical columns; Sunday (in desperation), he rushes into the Wobbly Hall, and there the "bellwethers" take up the rest of his time raving about what is wrong with the I. W. W.—Ruin, ruin, utter stark and staring ruin. Copious tears are shed as they gently, firmly and SKILLFULLY run-down the organization whose hospitality evidently pains them most grievously. There's nothing wrong with the I. W. W.—but some of its members need a "keeper."—(T-Bone Slim).