



## BUGS AND FORDS



What is an injunction? Is it a red-light at a dangerous crossing? Is it a "stop, look and listen?" Is it a mother's warning "don't go near the water?" Is it a "no-smoking" sign? Finally, it is a "law-before-the-fact?" Is it a law? If so, why pick on it? Is it a bad law? Is censorship an injunction and does it serve the same purpose and is censorship bad? Is censorship an injunction-before-the-fact? Are the "two" a part of the capitalist's system? Will law, injunction and censorship be a part of the Toiler's Commonwealth; if so, why kick? Shall we, by our objection, urge that capitalist laws will survive capitalism? Shall we urge that capitalism is O. K. but its laws cause us physical suffering and great mental agony? Shall we organize to change laws or shall we "scrap" (condemn) the source, or shall we do "neither or all of these things?" Is not injunction bad only when used against us, and isn't it perfectly lovely when used in our favor? Isn't it a question of viewpoint, a matter of opinion—a good chance for a split, when we can unite against the system that raises these questions. They have nothing to do with bread and shoes!

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Nothing pleases a politician so much as proving a thoroughly rotten thing is perfectly sound. By the same token it isn't very painful to them to assert a perfectly sound proposition is decadent, in fact they seem elated o'er fulminations of their bourgeois-imaginings. Thus, the cry is rising to high-forums that I. W. W. is decadent. "Oo la la," they wail, "Oi oi oi," they chorus. They know more about our *physical* condition than we ourselves know—quacks.

Thank you, friends, the members of the I. W. W. are standing pat. We ain't calling for a new deck—not while the joker and

deuce remain; we ain't even calling for a new deal. We are sitting pretty with four kings and an ace in our mitt and one joker in our sleeve. Let the game proceed, we pass the bid.

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On our modern American farms it invariably happens the granger distributes insecticide, "vermine" and buggine in the wrong place. Seed-wheat and seed-oats have their formaldehyde-bath, but the hired person's bed-room is a stranger to that labor o' consideration: Slim can not rest, and being of suspicious nature, strikes a match to view the parade of 300 bedbugs—great big healthy ones, and red—bless their little hearts—Crimson!

Slim calls the attention of Shorty to the "Red Invasion." Shorty blinks, and turns a "fresh side" for the bugs to devour. "Keep your shirt on, Slim," he says, "it's just another case of two Daniels in a lion's den."

Darn, Shorty, anyway, he's always speaking in parables. . . . I wonder if he really meant that story of Daniel was a left-handed "dig" about bedbugs? "Yes," says Shorty, "we shouldn't take the bible literally, them ol' codgers were subtle as hell when it came to spinning razzful yarns about crummy flops."

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Rumor has it that "we will be on the bum next winter"—if so, we may as well be on the so-called bum, fighting for something . . . a case of heads we win; tails we beat.

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It is being whispered around that Henry Ford the First, (manufacturer and sponsor for the Nervous-Lizzie) has political aspirations. It is rumored in bold type that Hank is convinced that not enough men whose Christian names begins with "H" are members of the United States Senate; at least, not from Michigan.

On the other hand, men of low-pressure-intelligence—who should know better—argue that smarter men than Henry grace the God-forsaken Western Hemisphere.

It will be remembered, Henry's friends (that know him best) threatened to run him for president—so well they thought of him, mortality rate among nation's chiefs not being considered. Henry is no cake eater.

But we're not going to make an issue of Mr. Ford's mental state, be it frail or ro-

bust or indifferent. We will throw Henry a few bouquets and move from the position that he is in possession of a full set of active brains, and that he has political aspirations: I've conversed with men that work for Henry and they laugh at the suggestion of Ford for President. Just as if that office was a too ambitious undertaking.

Now, it may be that his *aspirations for senatorship* will fare equally badly in the hands of such detractors. And if Hank modifies the craving of his soul, and runs for mayorship or council, no doubt, these same mud-slingers will get up and discourage that unselfish concession on the part of Hon. Ford, too.

What is this insidious force that takes the pep out of every boomlet that Henry launches? Why is it that such evident worth, such grand ability, such surging willingness, can not be directed into channels where it would be of eternal benefit to the body politic? Detractors! Mud-slingers! Skeptics! Shame on you!

But I have a suggestion:

I suggest that Mr. Ford swallow his pride, still the consciousness of his great importance, and Begin at the Bottom. I'm sure his inherent abilities would bring him rapid promotion. Let him take over the management of a prison chain-gang down in Texas. . . .

"Oh, Capt'n, Capt'n—Lawdy Mercy, Capt'n—Do'an hit me. . . (Banghrr) Oh Lawdy (banghrr) I'll do dat work (whsngr) Oh Capt'n," cries of whipped Negroes would have a tendency of hardening him for the real services to come. After protracted training in this, not that Henry needs it, I would suggest that Henry court the favor of some governor and get himself appointed warden of a penitentiary—I think Henry would make an excellent warden. His meteoric career would then be fairly under way. Next, he could then branch out along the lines of his inclinations, or he might absorb additional seasoning by becoming a "dry agent" to enforce the Eighteenth Commandment if he has a "nose for booze."

Henry would not stand upon dignity, in these trying times, when the world is fairly writhing for the want of his political ministrations.

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