



## THE BEST ---

"We have no speakers," mourns a fellow worker flooding my shoulders with hot tears. I've got a blister to prove it.

He must of never heard Archie Sinclair address the Crookstone Lumber Co., or had the pleasure of hearing our noble, though humble, author address the citizens and merchants on Forty-Second Street.

So I suggest that he attend the business meeting and hear the boys open up on good and welfare—not that I BELIEVE in good and welfare (in this I'm not philosophical). Good and welfare follows organization, demands, and solidarity, as surely and faithfully as rain follows the east wind—we can't dodge it, so why should I tire myself believing it?

Yes, we have the best speaker, and the best speakers; the best subject, and the best subjects—including those in our papers—the best papers, etc.

*Everything ours is the best.*

If it isn't best, it isn't ours — Take it away!

Our ex-members are the best ex-members in the world although I aint got no blisters to prove it:

We, in our justified conceit look down upon them as if they were nothing—here's where we do them an unjust injustice. Why, fellow workers, an exWobbler holds the second highest position in all this world—that's something.

Having no blisters on my shoulder to prove this, I'll point out as how a GOVERNOR of a state when he falls short in the selection-returns, never tires of mentioning (in a casual way) that he's an Ex-Gov.—you see, that's almost as good as being a governor; better than being an acting-governor and twice as good as a Lieutenant-Governor. Yes indeed, an Ex-Wob is way up in "G."

By the way: The ex-saloonkeepers are thinking of resigning from the police force—as a result of the late agitation for heavier beer and weightier wine. You know, these noble men were too honest to dish-up crayoned-water to their heartbroken customers; so, rather than act like the "Christian druggists" that sell you medicine they know to be worthless—just to gain four-bits—without cracking a smile—without confessing their sins—these heroic saloon-keepers preferred to become Ex. and went on the police force.

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Witness the defeated Congressmen and Senators: When the people no longer permit them to go to Washington as their representatives, the administration generally sends "the Ex-Congressmen and Ex-Senators" to foreign countries as Ambassadors. So, who knows but Attaches and Ambassadors of the Future will be selected from among the Ex-Wobs—specially, if the right Party gets s'strong.

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Yes sir, we have all kinds of all kind Wobblies and they're all kind—and good—and true. True, they have flaws—who hasn't—even I, as perfect as I am, have a weak spot in my heart and sole for us valiant strugglers a-against-odd-looking-odds; as stoic and sullen as I am (cool) I indicate great surprise at the sticking ability of us frail creatures (manufactured)—I've seen it done and having seen all, felt all, heard all, smelt all and tasted all (from grief to chicken) I just sit here on the Department of Plants and Structures ferry boat and marvel at the allaround, general and copious assortment of Wobblies—from card-bearing rebels to those not so bearing; clear down to Scissorbills—and I'm pleased.

Now let me die!

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P. S.—Here's a piece that I tried to squeeze into the article:

We needn't worry about the other fellow—he is fully capable of functioning as he thinks best.

We needn't worry about ourselves—not even when we quit the class struggle. Because: If we automatically desert the class struggle, the class struggle will very democratically come to us—typified by the old statement, "The Cat Came Back"—It is that way! Mohamet wouldn't go to the mountain so the mountain unlimbered itself and toddled over to Mohamet—and that's no philosophy.