



A bad ending is better than no ending at all—a beginning is the thing!

A good beginning is the most beautiful thing in the world.

Consider the first steps of a child—what of it if he walks to the gallows, later? *He has at least moved!*

A good beginning compensates for all errors and anything accomplished is clear profit.

Action pays no rent.

Lots of people "refrain" to act, not that they doubt their power to "begin," but they fear they cannot "wind-up."

What's the difference? Put a trick finish to it—same as I do when an article gets beyond control.

But I'm not talking about writing—anybody can write—all it takes is paper and pencil, et cetera, dammit!

Writing is one of those backward arts—too much time is lost sharpening leadpencils. Fountain pens will splutter and explode showering "periods" all over great moral truths and table cloth and, if one uses the old fashioned pen, his good right arm, always is on its way after more ink—no wonder us writers are "behind time."

Such contortions will make anybody late.

Use a typewriter?

Do you mean as a cook . . . ?

I don't see no overproduction rolling out of those typewriters.

No. I'm not talking about writing—writing is the long way around; 'tis either entertainment, abstract philosophy or tedious bringing up of the coming generation to the *foothills* of our high position—wage slavery—justified only by the general demoralization existing and necessary for the pointing out of the sore spots in society and bad cuts in the road—but its *slow work* and harder than stud poker.

We've got to have faster transportation than writing.

We must be credentialed to organize the working class, to reach the top, to arrive there all together—equally scarred, if the Gods so ordain—but together. Our ambition should not be to pave the way for Willie to reach the top, but for US to reach the top—and give Willie a chance to start from *somewhere*.

What if we fail?

A bad ending is better than no ending at all.

Credentials will do the business.

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When the devil was broke,

The devil a union man would be;

When the devil was rich,

The devil a union man was he.

So you see, in Satan's case, unionism is predicated on the shortage of ready cash, or poverty—while he's well off, he's self-sufficient. But let him go broke once—you'll hear him squawk till Hell went have it . . .

Enough of this.

Unionism is not something mystical or magical (tho at times it works miracles) it is not spiritual, (abstract) or residue of conjurors' artifice.

Oh, no. It is real. It is natural. It is the putting together of two or more things. It is building. It is "the finished product."

Put two blue-tip matches together, what have you?

What! You don't know?

You have a substitute rivet for your broken bicycle chain.

Why not use just one?

Because it's too weak.

(Better stuff in three of 'em!)

That's unionism—the strengthening of anything by joining two or more things together.

Lumber will warp—nail two boards together and they wont warp—united they stiffen each other. Pile 'em high, none of 'em warp—except the culls on top. That's unionism.

Enough of this—mind you, I could go on indefinitely (with proofs) but it is not necessary—our case is made.

Working men also can strengthen their position by uniting with *those of their class*. Disorganized, their strength is "one-tenth of one per cent."

Organized, their strength is so great that I hesitate to even guess—and, if I came out with the figures, they would be so staggering that I'm afraid the unorganized would become overly excited and break their legs rushing for the I. W. W. hall.

T-b S.