

# THE DELINQUENTS

By T-BONE SLIM

I'm sorry to say that there remain a few former members of the Industrial Workers of the World in this country who are delinquent to the organization and whom the United States government so far has made no effort to deport.

These delinquent gentlemen cannot justify their delinquency by pleading the efficiency of the capitalist system; for the system is known to be notoriously inefficient, sometimes to the point when it would seem to be giving an actual break to the suffering people.

No, those gentlemen themselves must assume the responsibility for neglecting to function properly with the cash and customs of the I. W. W.

Now, let us proceed to examine the occasions for that neglect—let's call it neglect—and try to find extenuating circumstances for their seemingly unprincipled conduct.

First of all, we must find the cause for their action; for action cannot be unless there be a cause—and shoving organizations funds into one's own bank account is most certainly action, if not the right kind.

Yes, there was a reason for their action; they thought the I. W. W. was dead, dead, dead. They had a delusion that the Industrial Workers of the World had drawn its last breath and was stretched out in a coffin shipped in from Russia and they figured there is no use paying their bills to dead people.

Not bad reasoning, at all—but they did not reason far enough; a mistake on their part.

The I. W. W. is not dead, never was dead and, what's more, never will be dead.

That's a joke on the delinquents, a good joke, a huge joke—they thought in perfectly good faith they never would have to pay the corpse good money, but could shack-up on that money to their heart's content.

Alas, how delusions vanish!

The I. W. W. is out of its bed, like the old Mississippi River—very much alive.

Yes, fellow workers, those gentlemen mourned the passing of the I. W. W. and dutifully hung out their crepe, honestly believing the I. W. W. had made the last kick and last stand—how ridiculous—how impossible!

Let's put it in black and white:

No matter how earnestly the organization may wish to die, her wish shall never be fulfilled.

No matter how earnestly others may desire her death, they'll simply have to keep on desiring for all the good it does.

No use for her to try to commit suicide; she will not croak.

No use to try to kill her; she won't "assassinate" worth a damn.

After every death it breaks out all over again, just like rash—and twice as red.

Toughest proposition in the world!

It cannot be killed—and if killed, it won't stay killed. Inside of three days after death it prances around livelier than ever.

It won't die and can't die, so what are you going to do about it?

My guess is that it's here to stay and will be here long after we are—where we are.

Now, I am not writing these few remarks for the purpose of poisoning the minds of the membership against the delinquents—indeed, nothing is farther from my thoughts.

My purpose is not to stampede the delinquents into doing something against their will.

My sole object in bringing up this matter at this time is to convince the delinquents of the general all around good health of the I. W. W. and point out to them that they now can straighten out their accounts to a going concern—going in, not out.

In a few cases, the I. W. W. has waited several years for this impending accounting, but from this it must not be assumed that years mean nothing to the deathless organization.

T-BS.