

# Old Troubles And New Ones

By T-bone Slim

ers As  
Require  
Hope In

ed States  
to Hoover  
employment  
of Nevada  
g cheaper  
ican em-

several  
and fall  
ot to lay  
own the  
tions in  
him are  
rotesting  
d wage  
Ophelia

workers  
cutting  
y using  
inst the  
specifi-  
running

like the  
rganized  
ist. For  
rn here  
reduc-  
ly one  
include  
t is to  
g union  
r race.  
stand-  
workers  
tactics  
enemy  
t class  
han, to  
apping

e Big  
that  
ok to  
right  
condi-  
then  
get

ated  
10.  
Clay-  
Carl-  
rdon.

sten-  
C.  
llips,  
Joe  
ook,  
F.  
ard  
van,  
ohn  
H.  
esco,  
rge  
ess,  
F.  
on,  
W.

ust  
man

E.  
An-  
An-  
ac-

ed  
O.

d.  
er

f.  
a,  
I.

f

f

"The work of building the walls of Jerusalem continued." (That was some time ago, the reader will remember.) "New problems and difficulties had to be met." "When the outlying villages were exposed to attacks by Jerusalem's enemies, the people were brought into the city and lodged there." "Guards were kept on duty through the night to prevent surprise attacks."

"While the building of the walls was progressing and the city was being protected from enemies without, all was not going peacefully within the commonwealth." "There were serious economic troubles that threatened the very life of the Jewish state." (The Irish had nothing to do with it.) "Hard time had compelled land owners to put mortgages on their fields."

"When they were unable to pay the heavy interest, the mortgages were foreclosed and their fields taken from them; they were left without means of sustenance." (The dirty rascals!)—"Nehemiah was not slow in dealing with this situation" "Those who had foreclosed on the farms of the people were compelled to restore the land and to remit the heavy interest to that the people might till their fields and gather the harvests and have food for themselves and their families." (And who else?)—We, of course, have no Nehemiahs in our midst to bring the Shylocks back into the traces with a round turn and must needs therefore square ourselves with the erstwhile farmer by handing him an occasional bowl of soup.

Two thousand years is a long, long time  
For Shylock to hop through the hoop  
And what once was a crime, in our  
clime seems sublime—  
That is, we right all wrongs with  
soup.

The Great Lakes are the wettest lakes in the world—there's more wetness in those five lakes than in any other five places and indications are we won't run out of soup no matter how long this prosperity flourishes . . .

One of the duties of the capitalist system is to keep the working class busted. Did it fail to do so the system would not be retained one instant. Lots of people have a notion the system's business is to keep money jingling in the parasite's pocket. Get rid of that notion! The money jingles in the parasite's pocket as a matter of course once the working class is busted—it's got to jingle somewhere.

I've been busted, am now busted and will be busted time and again—that's why I'm in position to record the procedure in obtaining, striving for and not getting food without money.

There's a cafe—I remember eat no tomatoes, doctor's orders.  
You get a bowl of tomato soup—it's a frame-up!

(Thank the Lord that one's down!)  
All right, move on to the next restaurant. Ha, another bowl of tomato soup and crackers—(trying to bind you up?)

(This must be Tomato's Day?)  
Next "Lunch Room":  
Tomato soup.  
Cafeteria:

Tomato soup. You have visions of a sandwich and step into a Drugstore Luncheon—

You get tomato soup. (By this time you're thinking of switching doctors.)

(That's five bowls of tomato soup you've had and ¼ bushel of crackers . . .)

Oh, you want just one more bowl of soup—all right, step into that "Roma" cafe. Merciful God! look at that "dago" pile chuck on your plate—you're sunk—if you don't bust you'll surely swell up something wonderful—that's what you get for trying to get a full meal—good enough for you!

You should have known you're going to be either underfed or overfed . . .

This system appeals to me mightily. I get a terrific kick out of it. It shows brain work unsullied by a single thought; brain in its virgin beauty, innocent even of gracious guile . . .

"How do you like United States?" a student from America asked a man in a village of Poland.

"I hate your country," said the Pole who had recently returned to his native land after six years in a Buffalo factory. "All you want of us in America is muscle. I hate America."

"Why did you stay in America if you hated the place so much?"

(Probably spent all his money coming over and didn't know how to swim.)—Then followed a long story how the industrious husband and father of five children had bought a little farm in Poland. Hence the six years of work in a Buffalo factory to pay off the mortgage on the farm back in the old country.

(I guess this poor devil didn't get his mortgage lifted, after all, and that he spent six years raising the price of a return ticket.)

"When I went to America I was a strong man. Twelve hours a day seven days a week, were spent in a factory, and I came home broken down in health. All they want of us in America is muscle."

"How did you like our American churches?"

"They are all right. But I never was in one."

"How did you like our American schools?"

"They are all right. But I never was in one."

"What did you think of our American homes?"

"They were all right. But I never was in one."

"Where were you?"

"I was working. I ate at an eating house. Slept in a bunk house. Worked every day. Nobody asked me to go into a church, a school or a home. The people of America only wanted my muscle. They got it."—Felton (That man must have had a job?)

Now we will proceed and the next shall be:

There is a past generation and there is a coming generation but a strange present generation lies between—and omigod how it can lie.

Now go on with the story:

It is quite a relief in these times of frozen ground, between elections, when no opportunity is presented to send good men to the halls of legislature to remedy things with flowery speeches or sulphurous billingsgate, to know that we have industrial unionism which can and does take up such matters twenty-four hours a day, rain or shine, thaw or freeze, that doesn't have to wait till the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November to remedy ills . . .

Aspirations of the people are entangled in one or several of the following forms of procedure named in the order of their importance and efficacy:

- Industrial
- Philosophical
- Geographical
- Political

As can be seen, political came near being out of the running, out of the money and came near missing the roll call altogether, therefore it behooves us to offer a few words in explanation of that strange occurrence, not strange at all when we consider the numerous "sure fire" misses it has made in almost all its undertakings—a habit it formed in tender age and which clings to it despite all efforts to reform it.

It is incorrigible.

When a political spokesman says "my organization is an industrial organization as well as political" he is deliberately lying and is not honest.

Honesty, by the way, is but one thing—there is no "comparative" honesty: A man either IS honest WAS honest or NEVER WAS honest, no two ways about it—IS or IS NOT honest—and when a man says a political organization is allee samee Industrial, he is a liar by the clock and the man who listens to him is a fool.

Nevertheless I consider such a statement a compliment and though it is left-handed I get a thrill out of it.

Whenever I hear it I feel like going around the corner and shaking hands with myself and "hee hee" like a giddy girl with—hee' heaves.

