



# T-Bone Slim

## ALL IS RUINED

It is said American industry would be ruined were it not permitted to be run like a pig pen. I believe this—and I also believe it is ruined if run like a pig pen . . . hogghishness does it. There you are, nothing but ruin stares us in the face!

The question now arises which ruin is best. Personally I favor clean ruin, as do all workers. Masters seem to favor dirty ruin and put it into practice—which goes to show they are not fully developed in the head. Clearly a clean ruin is superior to a filthy one; as it is equally plain a dirty ruin is an inferior product and that dirty is that dirty does.

American industry should be cleaned out and its dirty owners should be cleared out and kept out until they come clean.

That will be a long, long time!

"Heat Purifies" argues an advertisement meaning no harm or anything.

I must try that sometime on an over-ripe egg.

If succor doesn't arrive soon the suckers will succumb to the sucking of succulent thumbs.

Fame is measured by the ignorance one is able to hide and by the intelligence others suppress—climbing the pedestal weighted with a burden of a jackass, is the surrendering of sense to witlessness. The struggle to unperch the "would-be-greats" is wasted labor, a senseless procedure, an unconscious movement—I say, let the ignoramus strut his stuff, glow and glisten like a speck of pitch in a barrel of tar. Do not interrupt his fit of self-admiration, he's the biggest quince in the gutter.

Among us Americans:

(If you ask me.)

It might not be out of place to throw a match along with the cigarette butt—a good many times a butt lays unobserved until its light goes out and necessitates the organizing of a separate mission to promote a fire-stick; time that could be well spent in exchanging tales of woe with martyrs-miserable and divulging the inner longings of soul enmeshed in a snarl of slavery.

None are innocent, the term "butt" is figurative, a Used Rolls-Royce is equally to the point:

Something for nothing.

It is no disgrace to "shoot a butt" in Bozeman, Mont. whereas in Baltimore, Md., it is a crime punishable by death or worse—in Bozeman where "nature's master pieces," (so wide and so high and one black eye) say seven times, "yes I've had enough, I could not eat another mouthful of morsels," and wipe their chins seven times with ostentation and a dirty handkerchief to prove it.

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pieces, (see above) seven times, "yes I've had enough, I could not eat another mouthful of morsels," and wipe their chins seven times with ostentation and a dirty handkerchief to prove it.

*What kind of beggars are these?*

Let there be no mistake, I too am a beggar, and who isn't? but I do not wipe my chin seven times and if I say anything after the repast I say "God bless Hoover and keep him in office till he gets his '20 year prosperity program' hitting on all eight cylinders."

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Who would have thought a surplus (reserve) of wheat or cotton would react as guarantee of longer life to the downtrodden dispossessed class? Nobody! and had the money lenders and credit "dealers" kept us out of foreign entanglements, even I would have been in position to mourn the fate prospective of the unemployed. As it is, "foreign entanglements" serve to guarantee not only life but the well-being of all those that have no prospects; insofar as any "credit or nation," in full possession of its sanity, can not afford to permit its defenders to "pass out." Not only that but it cannot afford to permit its defenders to wax thin on transparent soups and deferred meals. Should any nation have the hardihood to try that experiment, laboring under a delusion "all is well," that nation will live to regret its ill-conceived security and mourn the loss of its intelligence, substance and liberty.

Facts are brutal, are they not?

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The thinning out (process) of the working class is continuing apace and there are those among workers that feel and describe the process as robbery. Now, that is a very blunt way of putting it and lacks every essence of the finer forms and terms used in circumspect society. How much nicer it would be, and feel, to refer to it as deflation—polite term used also to denote the letting-out of the wind from one's balloon.

Deflation of any portion of society naturally carries with it the inflation of another portion; because the deflation is of materials and substances more tangible than gas and wind, and in addition thereto.

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### **They Buy a Starving Man a Book**

We know those are big words and hard to digest and even I as erudite as I am, find great difficulty in drawing a meaning from them—I who have read books! Why I'll never forget the time I fell from the cradle with Pilgrim's Unions in my hand (written by John Progress) and never missed a sentence. Whenever the deflation has set in and substances disappear, (if we throw our eye around) we can trace the departed wherewithal to its hiding place and prove our ownership by the excessive inflation that is bulging the properties of our hypocritical neighbors and philanthropists.

The deflation, of the many, necessarily

over-emphasises the inflation of the few and when inflation no longer is able to absorb the deflation expansion is resorted to and this makes for the possibility of making the deflation complete, as it also gives the engineers of deflation an opportunity to move their operation to the next rung of the social ladder.

Whenever deflation is finished in any section of society the accomplishment is heralded far and wide as a depression and the victims go in for deferred meals and prayers of higher horsepower.

(Damned difficult to keep those big words in their proper stalls.)

Expansion at times is so great it cannot be contained within one country and must be invested abroad in one or several countries; depending on how well the authors of depression may desire to hedge their bets and distribute their eggs into several baskets . . . When deflation thus presents itself in the form of expansion and invades foreign soils, to the detriment of home industry in such territories, lending a hand to help deflate the citizens there of, such help is considered interference in the time honored custom of permitting only native born "mechanics" to deflate the patriots, and works a great moral injury to national honor, an insult . . .

That means war.

(Note: war will be going on in full blast in Europe before March 1st 1932.)

In the event war intervenes, the investors are not seriously injured, insofar as any repudiation of debts is represented by, and applying to, expansion-monies and credits and is but the surplus of wealth accrued in the process of deflating the people. But, in the event repudiations arise, the people will be expected to grab their muskets and fare forth to rescue "the investors stake;" a strange proceeding in view of the fact the people did relinquish their rights to those monies at the time of the deflation. Logic would seem to dictate the self-proclaimed owners of those monies should jump into their armors and rescue their own monies or credits; especially so since the people were not consulted as to the advisability of locating any part of the country's wealth in distant foreign lands.

The surprising thing about all this howl for succor is the strange fact that the working class, the producer, is in need of aid. The class that produces all wealth is busted—deflated. This is the more surprising when we consider the working class constitutes a great majority of the people. This in turn indicates that only a small minority is well off, and they are not working people—and that the depression is too extensive for comfort.

When such a great mass of people want aid, it is ridiculous for them to apply to

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First, voluntary restitution by millionaires.

Second, involuntary restitution by the same gentlemen in recognition of encouragement received from the workers one big union.

There is no other ways.

The I. W. W. is the one lone outfit that aims to better the conditions of the workers. All other outfits that I am able to think of aim to worsen the conditions to the point where workers shall become exasperated and put in a new set of politicians—no percentage in that.

After the dictator, who?

Let us croon:

"FIRED!"

Kingdoms estates and plantations  
Mean the enslaving of folk;  
Precinct and district—and nations  
Wear of the same cruel yoke.

Nobles and gentlemen royal  
Are but the reflex of slaves;  
Lords, overseers most loyal,  
Can't be distinguished from knaves.

Factories, work shops entwining,  
All knew their quota of slaves;  
Cliques of great rascals combining,  
Builded their castles on graves.

Gone are the servants so willing,  
Laborer, craftsman and bum;  
Sold is their time for a shilling  
Closed is their haven—the slum.

Jobs, means of life, are abolished,  
Costs are reduced to the bone;  
Order and honor demolished,  
Profits are placed on a throne.

Now let the poets start crooning,  
Pull of their forelocks and rave—  
Dreaming and sighing and mooning,  
Praise for the cast-iron slave.

The people are in a desperate fix, innocent and wholly undeserving of such grievous punishment and when anybody proposes a remedy for their ills they shriek with joy—no matter how untimely or illogical the cure may be. Were I to argue restitution is unnecessary and that the curtailment of deflation and inflation is all that's required to make the nation pop to its feet, I would be acclaimed chumpion economist of the universe but I would be wrong as hell; wrong as the agriculturist who aims to stabilize a falling market by cutting down the acreage in face of a penniless people—high or low the people cannot buy because they are deflated completely. My curtailment of inflation in one case and deflation in the other would be equally chimerical and devoid of results—the people's working-capital is missing—they're flat.

Expatriated wealth:

We may as well have it out right here with that "voluntary restitution"—there's not going to be any. The master's, so called, have taken good care to situate that money (credit) in foreign countries and tied it down so as to prevent them the laying of their hands upon it should their heart get the best of their head. What does that leave us, if anything?

It leaves us industrial unionism, the one and only way we can collect monies due us for past labors performed—due us because of our failure to organize and collect as we went along.

There are those of course that want to jump the government for benefits. That's just what the masters want them to do; not to jump him, but his agents—jump the servant, not the lord.

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the small minority for same. When they pray for food, it is entirely possible the food they receive is unfit, tainted, rotten, inferior, improper. Should they apply for relief politically, they may expect sympathetic resolutions and best wishes of the best wishers and powerful denunciations of special privilege and what not. If that doesn't fill them up, give them a belly-full, it is beyond the ken of legislators and dealers of second-hand charity how to appease the cravings of a starving people—it never occurs to those brilliant men that food might be of benefit in the treatment of such vigorous, violent appetites—and are at this moment moving heaven and earth in their endeavor to discover ways and means how to do away with "a surplus of food" and prevent the recurrence of future "over-production." They ignore the fact the people are deflated and cannot buy regardless of supply and that they, the food hoarders and curtailers, can hold their food till hell freezes from shore to shore and they will not get their price.

(Note: to get their price they would have to curtail the production of foods to approximate the needs of the 60,000 odd millionaires. Did they do so, they would be unable to collect because of the many things that would happen ere then, that would have great influence upon the problem.)

There is only one remedy for this condition, re-inflate the working class; return to those dispossessed the wealth deflated from them. This can be done in two ways: