



T-Bone Slim

December will a tale unfold
Of blasted hope, of rusted gold.—

Wall St. is in no immediate danger from communists—they have nothing but new shoes; I do not know where they get 'em from, unless Joe Stalin suddenly turned liberal.

Mebby Jimmy Walker bought 'em; he's kind hearted.

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The general wreckage extends to New York's workday-world—more barges and scows would be tied up if there was place to tie them. Every bent pin or bolt boasts a shore line. Tugs that were active a year ago are on the mud. Shipyards, junk. One can bum coffee in Green River, Utah, deserts, but not on 42nd St.

A cup of coffee costs 20 cents—you have to have it filled four times to get it—(analyzed: 3 aqua impura and 1 java). Shows busting. Columnist hysterical. Bugs Baer still sane. The worst is yet to come. If Walker lights on his ear Ritchie will be president. Al is strong but not strong enough; Roosevelt, ditto.

The \$2,500,000 needed by Al in last election will not materialize insofar as Socialists will poll 3,600,000 votes, Communists 56,000, same as Farmer Labour, Huey Long. (I'm considered the shrewdest prognosticator in the I.W.W.).

Mebby I should elucidate for the benefit of the comrades: capitalism was not overthrown in Russia. It could not have been because it was not yet born. Absolutely monarchy was overthrown; by Kerensky's army; with guns—not new shoes. Capitalism is now born in Russia—what are you going to do about it—can't you hear it crying pitiously for recognition—like a purple alligator?

It wants to be recognized by Wall St. and Wall St. isn't highhatting it noticeably—in fact, Foul St. is singing, "Dear Pal of Mine, dear pal of mine!"

I know you'll be true,
Clear through and through
And follow in line

With the footsteps of mine.

Dear pal of mine
Wind, rain or shine
We'll get all their shirts!
We'll take till it hurts!
Dear, dear p'p'al of Mine.—
The tears: 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 . . . \$?)
(How's that, Berlin?)

I am not belittling what happened in Russia, it was wonderful—astounding. Communism may prove equally wonderful—I'll have to look that up. But Communist Party, U. S. A., is impossible. In theory or practice; samples of which I have in my possession. One of those "Look this way" outfits, "while lily-fingers raids your turnip patch". (You wanted my opinion—you've got it.) The I. W. W. is your one best bet. It shall still be your best bet after all others are proven fizzles. It shall still be your best bet (even if never put in practice) after you drop in the soupine trying to swallow your tongue.

I'll tell you frankly, you're crazy.

Walker will not drop on his ear. Al will run. Should Walker slip and lose his balance Republicans will run Seabury ragged—mebby deport him to Brazil.

All this looks crazy, doesn't it? Well, it isn't crazy. It's an exact photograph and cross (x) marks the spot where insanity begins . . .

The good people of New York are sulkily settled down to long seige of freeze-out. Old Jewish merchants are irritable beyond all reasonable causation. Nobody seems to know what it's all about. Scramblers-of-the-Detail are active—they'd connive with their last breath and will breath their last, conniving—like an ostrich with his head in the gravel "nobody can see them"—O, wot fools these mortals be! Even Shakespeare said, "pass the strychnine, please."

What are facts? The working class is unorganized, starving, and people are busted. Why are they sad? (Note: no smiles over age 5 U. S. A.)

People are gloomy because they feel they are slaves—"some mysterious power holds them in bondage."

What is that power?

Lack of organization.

Note: It is a power in negative, their own weakness that enslaves them. Capitalism, for instance, has no power to enslave anybody. That last crack holds, no matter what YOU think—such a phenomenon extant, the power shifts to sickness, insanity or injury.

Lack of organization can and does enslave whole nations to say nothing about the working class.

What's the remedy?

That is very simple, organize—take out credentials and organize some more. You won't?

Well then—starve, damn you, starve. . . and I'll starve with you, etaoinsrudlu, "x!oo*"? (how do you yawn in print, -ditor?) do you hold your mouth this way. () ? It shall never be said "the great T-bone Slim turned back just when starving was getting good." I'm with you, to

the last man, but I'm afraid I'll be too weak to lift a shovel at your funeral—you better dig your own grave while you've got strength and we'll roll you in it when the time comes—"decent burial" is my motto. That part is all right but we must not forget I'm starving with you. I'd like to know where in hell you get the authority to starve me? I should think if you didn't have any consideration for yourself you'd have the decency to look after my interests a little—and the babies—and organize enough to have couple fellow workers strong enough to cover you up in case you can't get accustomed to eatless days. Yeah.

P. S.

To all intents and purposes
preducers noware bums:
Awatching of the doors from which
nobody ever comes.