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Workers did before, do now and will
again join the union of their class. It's
an urge inherent in those who must toil
that other may celebrate. They take to
unionism as readily as a duck takes to
water when its tail feathers are ablaze.

But can you keep the duck in the
water? Won't the duck want to dry it's
feather and waddle around on the beach?
Mebbe. But I don't think so—that last
fire in the duck's highly ornamental ex-
tremity was a severe one. Never again
shall its webbed feet touch bottom.

Editor: Do you remember that poem, it
goes something like this:



T-Bone Slim

How It Started—And Ended —CONQUERED—

Each succeeding word
Was better, by a third;
So good, it was inferred,
No better could be heard:

Ideas clashing—blurred
And honor wallowed slurred—
It all was so absurd,
Two million muscles stirred.

Ten thousand airships purred,
Ten million bullets whirred—
And with the dead interred,
'Twas thought some fool had erred.
(In this we all concurred)—
Some had their ear lobes shirred
Some brains were jumbled curd—
The crippled-herd averred:
We needed just a word.

COUNTING NOSES

The population of unionism, good, bad
and indifferent, all told, is now 2,889,550
in United States of America—that is less
than 2½ per cent of the total population.

(Two and half per cent of the popula-
tion also have pie with their meals.
Strange, isn't it?)

The percentage of organized power now
equals the alcohol in our beer—when we
have beer—it's called one tenth of one
per cent but that means "in name only";
it really is of the same power as unionism.
It is useless to holler for 7 per cent beer
with 2½ per cent unionism . . .

At no time was unionism in U. S. worth
writing home about. In 1920, it was:
4,078,000; in 1922, 3,195,635; in 1926,
2,803,063—now 2,889,550.

Unionism of that pressure breaks out
in soup-lines, hunger marchers and plain-
tive letters to rich relatives.

But let us not be discouraged—union-
ism is optional with the workers. If they
do not choose to unite it is their
privilege. One thing is certain, they will
not follow hysterical or any other leader-
ship wished upon them—not after their
experiences of self-government in this
country . . . I. W. W.

In 1928, unionism rose to 2,896,083.

In 1930, it soared to 2,961,076.

In both those years soup was a drug on
the market . . .

Now it has dropt down to 2,889,550
and Community Kitchens are doing a
land office business; counter jumpers and
untouchables are learning logging in Salv-
ation Army wood yards and heartrending
communications are despatched to well-
to-do relatives. One-half the people are
beggars, or hinting strongly (or weakly,
as the case may be) that "a remittance
(even tho a pittance) would find wel-
come 'mittance, yours, very respectfully,
John Doe, Richard Roe, William Woe".

Are the workers going to organize?

Well, yes; or they'll be crowded off the
map—only lodge members shall be allow-
ed to use their jaws; as things get
worse; which they will; lest my war breaks
out; which it will shortly after this is
printed That's that.

How doth the native scissor-bill

Declaim and snort and whoop

For ways and means and schemes that will
improve the mission soup?

It's the head, gentlemen. It's hitched
too close to the belly, yeah.

This year (1932) will experience a
swelling of labor organizations—the cue
then is to stay put. Wherever there are
labor delegates, workers are joining a
union. There is that quality about a dele-
gate. It's the nature of the cuss. Wherever
no workers join the union, the delegate
is not present or the dump is a resi-
cure resort for tired plutocrats. To say
workers will not join a union is a lie, a
deliberate defamation of the delegates
character and personality and industry.
If no new or rebuilt members join on a
given spot, an investigation will disclose
no delegate set his foot in that vicinity.
If your union is not growing fast enough
to stave-off soup, increase the number
of your delegates if it takes the last man,
jack of the consortium (never mind that
last word, once upon a time, was being
pounded on the chin by a big burly, Ho-
boken fireman: "Desist," wails, between
blows, "desist"!

"Vat de hell is 'desist'; you callin' me
names?" roasts the Dutchman. "hissin' me
are you-"

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goes something like this:

Charging Horses in the Middle of the Stream—or Divide 'em.

The new things have newer things
Upon their backs to ride 'em
And these again have newer still
And newer still, dad hide 'em!

And the old things themselves
Use older things to ride on
And these again use older still
And older still—'s if tied on.

And the old things lay by unused
And new things are idle;
The older things are but abused
To reach the newest bridle—
The newest then miss—lays its goal
And straightway is discarded
Which indicates our greasy—pole
Is purty darn well larded.