



T-Bone Slim

"Should the new social order come into being?"

What is there to prevent? It is inevitable, whether or no. In fact it is twin-inevitable, if you know what I mean. It is like this:

Social orders cannot please everybody but they try real hard. We've got to give them credit for trying . . . Hold on there, fellow worker, you're getting ahead of my story, it is like this:

The stork which brings these social orders, do you follow me? is prepared to accomodate you, no matter what kind of order you want. If you want a real nice, sensible social order, you go over there with the Webbles so the stork can see where you stand. If you want a looney order like the one you've got, just stand with your thumb in your mouth, a ragged individual and the stork will deposit a rotten order at your feet. Are you coming along? I'm glad to see you keep step with me.

If you want a hyporkeritical order you gush like Hollywood when G. . Shaw comes to town and act . . . oh hell, you know how to act—insincere (I hope George Bernard don't brain any of them) and the stork deposits a leering order on your front porch. Would it not be a good idea to tie up G.B.S. a bit before we let him come ashore?)

So you see fellow worker, you can't miss—you get just what you want—this is the first time it happened—and if you don't want any order you get one anyhow and maybe you won't like it. These things can't be put off—they come like a child to a hired girl.

But remember, fellow workers, the girl has no choice. She has to take what comes—you have a choice. Now, if you don't choose and yet get a social order that wraps you shanks with an anchor-chain, don't ask to borrow my file—you ain't going to get it. Nossirree, my file and hacksaw stays right here—better pick out a social order that is more soothing—and if you holler too much about those chains I'm going to politely ask you to "wear 'em out".

Elsewhere in this paper you will find directions what to do in such an emergency—if you don't see it look in the preamble, first verse, first line. Are you there? I want to know, are you there? Well, then it's allright and did you get my meaning in the twin-inevitableness of a new social order? My God, editor, could the British tongue be purer? Here I went and said if the people are crazy they get a crazy order and if they are reasonable they get a reasonable order and the fellow worker here wants to know "when was that?"

Oi, Oi, Oi! and likewise gosh!

I've made it perfectly clear, and guile is not within me, that for to say "a new social order shall not come" is to say we shall try to get along orderless. For verily the old order is played out! It can no longer starve the people—neither can it feed them.

Certainment! William Randolph Hearst in his "Buy American" is basically and eminently right but—chronologically wrong. He's picked the wrong time. Just when we are at our weakest, flat as a pancake, up jumps Willie, gives his nose a hitch and yells buy only American goods.—I suppose that means Canadian paper, Idaho potatoes and Mexican real estate.

Isn't this like locking the garage so the thief can't bring the car back, damifino?

I think Hearst's clock stopped thirty-six years ago—and the term American is too broad.

But basically William is correct as they make 'em—he could add only one thing to make the picture complete, "trade only with those Americans that sell American goods exclusively".

I have said Hearst is right—the idea is, let each nation manufacture its own food, clothing and shelter. How ridiculous it is for instance for U. S. A. to seek surcease from capitalism in Russia or Jehol or Jug of Shellakia—the logic is: manufacture your own emancipation, destiny or what have you; build your own industrial union, not some one elses—to make a long story short, tend your own business—we can't have every man tending to some one else's business; we can't have every nation tending another nation's business—we can but it means a fight.—It's too impersonal!

Everything has not been going just right to suit William Randolph of late. The Swamp Carp from Louisiana has unsettled William's stomach and he has been pounding on the tables and desks with such force that new furniture had to be carried in and Grand Rapids, Mich. put on a double shift.

Brace up, Bill—you'll be one of the last to starve.