



T-Bone Slim

To hear the walls tell it—

Employers of labor power have been accused of farsightedness—without apparent reason too, more's the pity—and to date they have not protested; which goes to show they can take it on the chin without batting an eyelid—when the facts are they can see neither far or near and all that lies between.

Accuse a blind man of vision ever so slight and he will lay his cane across the bridge of your nose and not miss a sixty-fourth of an inch or endanger the innocent bystanders.

Not so our boss. The most damnable allegation have been uttered against his blindness and non-perspicacity imaginable and he has smiled the same old well known begnign smile of his, passing it all off as huge joke.

His many and uncanny moves are the source of the impression that he can see—his miraculous escapes from economic dilemmas is a contributing factor. People stand spell-bound with their finger in their mouths and attribute to him great powers of observation and penetration. They quite ignore the fact that frame-ups require little if any foresight—just crookedness—and that no experienced fisherman gets caught in his own net—only suckers and bullheads.

To date, foresight is all on the side of the workers. Join the I. W. W.

Extra: For to "suppose" the destruction of the I. W. W. by way of unemployment is to presuppose the destruction of the working class—these are one, same and inseperable and, may I add, Indestructible.

Conditions are not constant and any condition, at any time, makes or breaks, determines the outcome.

We must conclude that in the event of a threatend disintegration of the I. W. W. (purely imaginary) conditions have developed to such an extent that the existence of the working class is endangered, their entity threatened and their extermination begun.

They'll never finish the job and when they do I. W. W. shall be no more—until then, the boss will have his troubles.

News

For to say "International Bankers" is pretty much to say Johnny Bullion.

The expected pickup in the steel industry as of January 15 did not materialize—all bets are off.

Prepare to do your crying early and late louder, if such a thing be possible.

Montreal, Que., Jan. 22. — "Newsprint (paper), the manufacture of which is the second industry of Canada, was exported in the calendar year 1932 to the amount of \$82, 966,199, compared to \$107,233,112 in 1931, a drop of \$25,000,000, official figures, Trib. News Service, issued today, revealed. Practically all exports went to the United States."—To understand this drop, consider the inability of our brave merchants to use as much advertisement space as before. No other change has happened. In the meantime the wail of our pulpstick makers is heard from Maine to California by way of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, Sand Point, Washington and Oregon.—Holyoke Irish are starting to talk fast and furious, around the paper mills. Hammermill (Pa. I believe) is only one making any showing—the showing is precarious.

By a strange coincidence (Eugene Oneal note) the \$82,966,199 that went to Canada is precisely what our brave papermakers need to keep out of the poorhouse—our publishers busted the vicious circle—not satisfied with buying their raw materials abroad they expect us to buy their products and hum the Star Spangled Banner. Moulders of the public opinion?—a fine bunch of sabotegers they are: they have wrecked the orderly processes of American industry—that's just what I mean, American industry: In Canada they have created an artificial condition of temporary employment, denude the country of its timber without adequate recompence; in the event of revolt they'll cross the line onto this side and play one country against the other—a fine bunch of patriots.

It is quite evident we need the Industrial Worker of the World to run herd on those birds—they'll wreck the world if they are not stopped.

T-bone Slim, Technocrat

.. (Not connected with trust).