



By Paper Buttons T-Bone Driven to Devise New Planks

Years ago we were weeping because Germans wore paper shirts. A little professional jealousy on our part—people persisted in wearing cambric and calico shirts because they had no other and law was mauling its head off because of prospective indecent exposures—things you know that might happen. But now, praises be, all that is changed—we're catching up with the Germans—We already have paper buttons.

Yesterday when I boiled my pants in strong Gold Dust I discovered all of the buttons had turned to mash, or pulp, rather, and I have been swinging the needle ever since—and would you believe it, upon examining one of the buttons more closely, I'll take an oath, I recognized in that button part of my old note-book.

So I am reconciled to the adage: Camouflage in peace no less than in war. Are they crooks, or are they crooks?

A person should inquire casual-like: "Are the buttons pure Irish linen, or just common paper?"

Paper buttons make pants practically unboilable, except to a heroic soul like myself; and pants unboilable is slow death. I claim it is an insidious frame-up, a murderous conspiracy—and greed is not a factor.

Remedy—organize industrially and make from paper—shoes for the boss.

Far-fetched? Nay, fellow worker, bravely recall that those buttons came into being under four of the best presidents that Wall Street ever had—and F. D. R. hasn't had time to cut 'em off for us (some people think he is just the baby to do it—I don't) and sew on new ones for us. He has done too much for us already, and we should be able to do the rest of it ourselves.

It is physically impossible for a president to do everything, and the IWW expects every worker to do his duty. What that duty is, is for him to determine. The trouble is we have been trying to determine duty for presidents. Much criticism pours forth from busted lungs about busted planks of this administration. I think it's treasonable. Busted planks is a rational custom, and he who yodels about it brings discredit to the nation. In all my illustrious career I've seen nothing but busted planks. As the poet truthfully roared: "Busted planks to the right of us, busted planks to the left of us, busted planks in front of us, behind us, all around us!"

Now we don't want that to happen to us, so I suggest that the IWW turn out a few planks, and if these industrial autocrats don't like them, tell them to walk them instead.—T-bs.