



Go and Get It— Ways and Means By T-Bone Slim

'Twas to be expected that Germany would bombard some city in Spain, consonant with saving of fuel and expenditure of time; for after all, even the Reichsführer must explain how come the pineapples dropped on the battle-cruiser Deutschland.

That's the end of it—realistic enough, but the same result could have been attained by using blanks on Almeria and hardshell on the front page. It would have been more in line with the spirit of the times; for after all, we must admit, the power's protective patrol is either childish, or a huge joke—or both.

Germany's honor has been saved, but how come the honor strayed so far away from home into those strange and compromising situations.

In Chicago the police power superseded the Federal Wagner Act and protected the non-union workers in their right to work before the fact, before the threat, while not yet any danger threatened, a non-existent danger and did with malice aforethought slaughter and main organization members who were about to peaceably assemble and conduct a picket line in the vicinity of the Republic Steel Company's sweat shop. Unquestionably the police were without premise and acted upon the urgings of a mind decadent or hysterical—other urgings to the contrary.

The workingclass surely loves punishment. If it isn't one kind it's another—and sometime I have thought they enjoy all kinds of punishment, and thrive upon it.

How well I remember the time I sought to better my economic condition by voting the Republican ticket. The punishment was terrific. My disintegration was great. My discomfiture was all but complete—and there were those of my neighbors who failed to recognize in me the "model child" they knew before my disfiguration. "Yes," they said, lifting their eyebrows, a haunting fear gripping their vitals, "Isn't that the relic of T-Bone Slim, who just now went walking down the street, talking to himself?" 'Twas I, indeed, but how could those people know I had been exercising my franchise?

Others prefer the Democratic form of torture, and then there are those who cannot rest well unless they split their ticket and have two kinds of punishment at once. (These two are the leading brands of pennance in the country today, and there is great rivalry between them to see which can put the working class farthest behind the eight ball and leave him no shots whatsoever.)

We will not go into the details about other ailments that confront us in the form of political action, inasmuch as we feel that the suffering we have gone through cannot be enlarged upon. Endorsement of the fink book by alleged Communists in the marine industry indicates but that the alleged capitalist haters have gone over bag and baggage to the reactionaries and are but helping Dr. Copeland fit a harness upon the working class. No new kind of sorrow there. When I went into politics on the strength of the cigar stuck in my mouth, and rolled from cabbage leaves, when I reclined upon the springless cushions of the cab—horse cab—for that was yars and yars ago—I was a normal young man. Look at me now.

They got my pants. They put second hand shoes on my feet. My Elgin watch is learning Latin in a hockshop and the crystal on my Ingersol is cracked. My best girl flied me. Ah, fellow workers, she was an

angel—and maybe is so yet (for all I know) for up to today I have not been reinstated.—I've got a mind to swing the Wagner Act at her and invoke the powers of collective bargaining.

However, there is no quarrel between the workers—for they are reasonable creatures and must realize that they are all working at cut rates. Every effort has been made to create differences between them, to bestir jealousies, cupidity, and what not, but those wiles have fallen by the wayside . . . Because—all wages are far too low! and many there are who get no wages at all.

Political prestidigitators have been unable to solve the problem of enforced idleness of one third of the working class. They know nothing about work and less about shortening the working day, or do not want to—and, it may be, they wish to use the unemployed as a background for our prancing and chronic parasites—a sanctification upon an obvious evil—swelling of the ranks of non-producers.

Not bad politics, eh?

In 1929 "dear Pierre" cleared \$32,000,000 on the strength of his foresight. Not bad eyesight for an old man.

Some more punishment for the working class . . . and they love it . . . if a blessing ever hits them I tremble for the result. For years and years the workers have gone in for every new form of punishment in political channels, for every phoney unionism that was able to lift its head, but it never occurred to them to join the I.W.W.—the union based upon the uncompromising solidarity of labor. What is the result?

The punishment persists. Fake parties. Phoney unions come and go. The I.W.W. lives forever and will be eventually the One Big Union. They (the others) have the membership, but no union; we have the union, but no membership. (Ed. note: At least not so much membership that we have to make apologies for the condition the country is in.) Come and get it!

wlw

Cow Has High Ideals—

Grant's Pass, Ore.—"Cow climbed into hayloft and chewed up farmer's hay—he had to use block and tackle to get her away from the haypile."

The cow here set a precedent that Labor might well take to heart.

I expect to see some judge jump up and slap the cow with an injunction.

wlw

We hear a hue and cry raised to have a businessman for president, for mayor, coroner or dog-catcher, as the case may be, and strange as it seems, politically speaking, I am heartily in favor of this discrimination, with reservations:

I insist that the official shall be a bona fide businessman—and that the following indisputable facts be considered in the selection:

When a stiffneck steps into a corner store, and buys a pack of Bull Durham, the only businessman present is the stiffneck. The only business-money present is his nickel. The only business performed was accomplished by the stiffneck, and the storekeeper was only his servant. Sure, run the stiffneck for president, and promote the storekeeper to stiffneck—so that he too may one day be a businessman and president.