



You Can't Think Sense When You Eat Poor Food

By T-BONE SLIM

Relief is composed of equal parts of cross (damn cross) examination, third degree, and simple persecution, garnished with insult.

Millionaires have thus far been kept out, although it is true that a retired diamond merchant did get in and grab a few spoonfulls.

wlw

Ho hum, it seems the Hollywood girls are determined to try out all the manpower in our fair land. It is useless; girls. Manhood has surrendered to tomato juice and orange drip. When you've seen one, you've seen 'em all—they are pretty much all alike; like bananas in a bunch, green or yellow. This is not intended as a protest. These people, most probably, are wholly familiar with their needs and, consequently, and most distinctly, it's no funeral of mine.

My grief lies in the loss of manhood that has driven these girls desperate and delivered the stronger sex into the hands of its enemies.

wlw

It is said that a man sleeps better after a light supper. (And it costs the boss less; that's something).

However, that may be, I'd like to testify that I've done some pretty good sleeping on a full belly. Anyhow, I don't see why a man should want to sleep while there's grub in the cupboard.

Don't let them kid you and don't let them turn the hose on your soup. Nobody yet has fooled his stomach. When your stomach begins to scrape your backbone you are startled into full wakefulness, eye as round as a dollar; just as if you had experienced 2700 volts. Communists mistake that shock for the birth of reason and preach the philosophy of misery. Don't let them kid you. One porkchop overthrows more bosses than a tubful of booyong.

Philosophy of misery doesn't fit in with the theory or practice of the Industrial Workers of the World, now or ever, before or after.

We've got lots of it let's put it on the table!

Man thinks only that which he eats. (Now argue!) If he eats oats he thinks oats; that's how important it is to organize and think veal steak smothered in tomatoes. We

should put a high valuation on our thoughts and this we can do only by eating the best food. Some time ago I got poetical as hell and wrote:

Perhaps no grazing cow no fact ignored,

Condemned, in sooth, no truth with scathing breath,

But gathered up each blade of knowledge stored

And passed them on to victory in death.

They were going to put me in the booby-hatch for that brilliant piece of work. But leaving that aside; if we eat misery we're going to think misery. Was it applesauce that put the Garden of Eden on the Front Page?

wlw

Some employers cannot compete with their fellow employers and pay wages, too. They expect us to donate our labor and raise a garden. This being denied, they go south and put the children on the wheel.

Those are the men that want to run the country. If their efficiencies be ear-marks of fascism, then I suggest they be allowed to run the country from a rockpile or a federal infirmary. (Asylums are full and penitentiaries over-crowded with librarians and bookkeepers.)

They can be convinced of petty larceny in a dynamic country like ours. They are working for less than \$2,000 a day.

Who would have thought that Sloan would work for a cent less than \$750,000 a year? Why, it's scandalous! Him right there, he could have had the gumption to raise his own wages. He could have taken his hat off and said to himself:

"Mr. Sloan, I want a raise in pay. Mae West is tight on my heels." And Mr. Sloan could have replied:

"Mr. Sloan, you are a very valuable man and I'm going to have the coopers build you a bigger barrel." Just like that, and Mr. Sloan's pay envelope would have come to him bulging at the middle and "starting" at every seam.

Note: This country hates to see a man starve to death. Rather than see the man pass out they will hand him a sandwich—but he'd better be near death or a damn good actor.