



Finds Jobs for Morgans After the Revolution

By T-BONE SLIM

Many of the working class would be satisfied if they could get Morgan to push a wheelbarrow. I heard the debate over this delightful subject in a gang of longshoremen and I must say a great enlightenment unfolded before my ogling orbits.

There I sat on a timberhead in open-mouth worder at the profound wisdom exposed, and I am of the opinion that only the presence of a liberal squad of Mayor La Guardia's gendarme prevented a free-for-all.

Where the longshoremen got the wheelbarrow (monowheeled instrument of torture) is beside the point and beyond my comprehension but it was there in all its pristine glory). But some of the boys were not satisfied to just let Mr. Morgan barge in between the handles of the wheelbarrow; they wanted to load it down with sacks of cement—as high as six sacks.

T-Bone Thinks it Wrong

Can you imagine! Why it's scandalous! Six sacks of cement weigh 600 pounds and Mr. Morgan weighs but a short 300. Why it's an outrage!—and him with soft paws, and thin skin, and spongy muscles, never having turned a wheel in his life. (That shows how much longshoremen know about gyro-scopes).

Nossir, I won't have it, I want Mr. Morgan to trot around with an empty wheelbarrow the first day and toughen his muscles, flex his conscience and soften his heart and arteries—that's honor enough for one day.

That's just the trouble with the working class they don't know the first think about hiring help; after all these years of intermittent, inter-damnable toil, feathering the employers' nests... and here, any minute now, the dawn of industrial democracy may shoot across the skies of NIGHT and it is up to them to find suitable employment for their masters...

Six sacks of cement? Why, any supreme court would declare it UNREASONABLE without further investigation or hefting of the handles to find out if the sacks actually contained cement instead of aristole powder. (They'd take the bosses word for it and risk no rupture in the dignity of the court). There you are didn't I tell you; you wouldn't load down that wheelbarrow beyond the point of human endurance and you've got the courts against you.

You can't do that you've got to break 'em in easy, same as you would a young colt or a confirmed outlaw bronco; you must not permit the full force of industrial madness strike him before he is calloused to it. That's the way we were broke in ourselves. The employer raided the nursery and found us discarding our diapers and he hired us on the spot. Then he looked over his establishment and discovered the lightest yoke he could find, all aglitter and velvet-lined, and tossed it around our neck...

That doesn't sound like six sacks of cement or a barrel of red-lead, does it? We've got to be reasonable.

A Better Job

But some of the boys and girls would be satisfied to see the industrial captains doing the two-step behind a wheelbarrow. Not me. I want every man that shows the slightest sign of Neroism chipping hot castings. They are chiselers, that's what they are and the mere fact that they knock off great chunks with a single lick doesn't change the nature of their graftmanship. "Every man to his trade." That's my motto and if the working class will take my modest proposal to heart they will find no rough-hewn casting coming out of the hothouse, for our great republic houses the best chiselers the world has ever known.

In fact our fair land is overpopulated with chiselers and it begins to look like none of us rough carpenters need go to the next war.

The only machine that I know of that has lightened the labors of mankind is the electric coffee grinder... The clerk cannot rush off and wait on another customer; he must stand their perfectly still till the machine gets through groaning—for if he did not the machine might grind away at nothing and waste juice. So the light and power company stands guard selflessly to see to it that the clerk doesn't desecrate that big moment by grabbing and arm-load of yellow soaps, 6 for 19 cents, but that he upholds the dignity of labor, empty coffee sack in hand.

"Ben Mussolini breaks up Against his Pie-card."

"Russia sends saboteurs on Way Ride."

"C. I. O. Cans Seventeen Orgs."

Just one thing after another... the latter purge the "commies,"... fide and spurious, will be next. To the wailing wail! Leadership! heh, heh!

Let me tell you something:

If those seventeen organizations done that much organization work the I. W. W. they would not be cast adrift. Oh well, mistakes happen and a man may be treated around with a married woman. That was A. F. of L.'s wife, didn't you know it?

One day CIO denounces AF of L and AF of L bawls out CIO; the day CIO offers olive branch to AF of L and AF of L offers CIO a peace.

One day Italy denounces England and England bawls out Italy; the day England offers Italy an olive branch and Italy praises England.

They must be on a schedule. Do they think they are fooling anybody?

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