



Why Ask the Boss For Recognition?

T-BONE SLIM Has Better Plan

The one great trouble with Labor is that it is all spirit and no flesh. I mean by this that Labor favors all for the boss and nothing for himself. The boss on the other hand is all flesh and no spirit, and believes in nothing for labor and all for himself.

That's a slight difference to overcome before the get-together will be a howling success. Where's my logic? We haven't time to fool around with logic. (Let men like Glenn Frank geyser logic.) Labor still believes that the boss will do right by Nellie despite the many late slip-ups; that the man who pulls his share from the jack-pot first without the guidance of law or any power beneath the sun or above it except the old abstract, worm-eaten, Arabian platitude: "Supply and Demand." He has the supply and he proceeds to satisfy his demand; (his demand is almost as big as his supply, and Labor, of all that he produced gets what is left over.)

Did I say spirit? Well, then, sentiment.

Suppose we change all this and have Labor come to the pile first, and date the boss' arrival for February 30 or September 31, on leap years only.

Labor still bellows extenuation for the boss, alibing for him, apologizing for him, demanding recognition

from the boss. One good organized strike would make of the boss a regular visitor at Labor's residence. Talk about social pursuits!

Everybody is trying to climb on the C. I. O. bandwagon. Wouldn't it be just terrible if they discover the bandwagon has no wheels and is not going anywhere? Heluva contretemps! No even sleigh-runners. I see it all, they'll have to scoot on the belly of the fuselage.

I was down in Scranton territory and seeking local color, so I asked the miners what they thought of Jawn.

"Why, Slim, didn't you know, him and Brophy were through with the miners year ago. We're bootlegging coal in self-defense," he added.

"Then, do you mean to say," sez I "that this latest whirlwind labor campaign is just another one of these dust storms?"

"Get yourself some shatterproof goggles," was the mysterious reply.

Wouldn't it be nicer, much nicer, to have a One Big Union and not have to beg for recognition from the boss: "Please, O Mister Boss, look at me." (If I was him I'd have a monkey wrench into the dust storm).

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Seamen sent a petition, a long list of names, to Washington, and left it there.

Hm. If ever the M. T. W. is dumb enough to do that I will forget them in my will.

Victory flies only on the wings of audacity. The heights of audacity have never been explored. Therefore victory, so-called, is fragmentary and incomplete. Those that courted glory and fame were riding only an apology. The wing broke and there was a crash. Hush! The pall-bearers approach.

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Rumor has it that Hitler will step aside and let Goering do the honors. Later rumor has it that it is not Goering who will hop into Hitler's shoes, but a guy by the name of Barney Cohen.

Both rumors are unconfirmed, and I'm thinking of running for the shoes myself.

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Parasite's brave economists are trying to figure out how the boss can give labor more money without reducing his own pile. No more than one of them jumps up and yells: "Eureka. I've got it!" than another pops up and says: "Your locorythms are all wet." Then they argue nothing for something is 15 per cent increase in wages.

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C-Men's Institute is slow in the expression of the fervent love it must bear the shipowners.

In the automotive industry "the pick of the crop" of workers struck and the bosses were duly horrified. If the "pick of the crop" must strike in order to keep proper icing on their layer cake, we can well imagine into what terrible straits the common mine-run of labor is fallen.

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Security: I see it all—

John Henry gives up a certain per cent of his production so that Old Uncle Abner may receive his daily rations without having to bum John Henry personally—it also saves shoe-leather.

When John Henry gets old or fired there are lots of young John Henry's who will contribute to the support of old Uncle John, or Sam, as the case may be.

It's all as simple as that. In fact it is so simple I am persuaded that gooberment (the word comes from peanut politicians) is simple minded.

The I. W. W. has a more complicated plan: It provides that Industrial Overlords shovel security into Abner's pay envelope before he gets to be an uncle, and too old to cut loose.

Machine: A mechanical device

loose.

Machine: A mechanical device used by engineers to create wealth and by financiers to create poverty.

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Profit: The price ignorance pays greed for the privilege of starving in a world of plenty.

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Law of Supply and Demand: The capitalist dictum that makes a commodity in the hands of a robber more deadly than a gun.

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Tear Gas: The most effective agent used by employers to persuade their employees that the interests of capital and labor are identical.