



# A Jobless Son Of Toil Makes Himself Useful

By T-BONE SLIM

He was intelligent and had been kicked around from hell to break-fast and vice versa. Blackballed, sabotaged and driven from post to pillar and back again. He imagined that there was a conspiracy against his health, happiness, and hibernation (life). 'Twas a bum stear!

No employer had any use for him and fish were not biting. No outlet for expression there. He was misunderstood by the bosses and he misunderstood them.

**"Vice is a monster of frightful mien**

**That to be hated need but to be seen;**

**But seen too oft, familiar of its face**

**We first endure, then pity, then embrace."**

"No show here," ruminated our hero of a thousand battles—he had been a union man all his life—"but I know what I will do," says he. "I will step out and organize the workers of the last supercilious employer. I have lots of time. I have nothing else to do. **I will make him like it!**"

Suiting action to word he stepped out. Being free of the need for earning a living and unhandicapped by the necessity of punching a time-clock, it wasn't long before the boss was in hot water up to his neck, figuratively, for our hero was putting in full time, hardest licks. And the conditions were bad—**so bad the boss didn't care to have an intelligent man look at them.**

'Twasn't long before the workers recognized his worth and elected him grand, worthy president—for it was one of those old fashioned unions and he had revived it.

But the boss was not happy. He was very, very unhappy because the new president was loyal to his union. So one day he broached the subject (the roach) and offered our worthy president the best job on the harbor so as to queer him with the union.

"I tell you, brother, you had your chance to hire me before but you didn't do it. I was up here day after day but you were always full. How come that you have a 'best

job' for me now?"

"Oh it just happens that way—besides we didn't have a decent job before that we could offer you."

"Bull—." (Our hero didn't finish that word so rich in vitamins, because there was a woman present). "Now see here," he began, "if I take this job my usefulness to the union is ended."

"Not necessarily," interrupts the boss.

"The union will put someone else in office," says our hero unmindful of the interruption, "but if I don't take this job I'll be a thorn in your side for days to come. If I take this job you offer me it takes just one man (you) to fire me; but if I don't take it, it takes a majority vote of the union to fire me. I'll take my chance with the union and, to offset the verification you may start, I am happy to inform you the wages are going to jump ten dollars a month. We must do something to show we are worth our salt."

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The unemployment problem is not irreparable—we have the men, machines and materials. The food question almost solves itself—we have food rotting in stores, warehouses, packing plants and on farms, despite the fact that we birth control cattle and plough crops under . . . Clothing piled to the ceiling. Empty stores alone would house the millions, unemployed.

All it requires is sensible distribution—distribution of work, food, clothing, shelter, pleasure and income. Organized distribution!

Have you an organization that can handle it?

Civilization doesn't rest, consolidate its position and sit down to enjoy the fruits already gained. But like a street or a city that is always torn up and undergoing processes of reconstruction, it never is fit for human habitation. Sounds like a way out of savagery. Short hundred years ago New York state quit feudalism and never went back. Hundred years from now people will believe capitalism was a part of the Dark Ages.