



I Guess We'll Have to Join The Wobblies

By T-BONE SLIM

From over in New Jersey we hear Norman Thomas (a man of many good points) made 'em buy a couple dozen eggs. They're fresh on that side but I cannot see how half-starved freeholders could have the heart to throw one of them—even one—at an able-bodied speaker.

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I see where corporations lawyer Thomas L. Chadbourne (NYC) died of thrombosis. (I feel a twinge of it myself.) And Senator Copeland kicked the bucket with heart and kidney troubles. "Overwork," the papers say.

As a first-class mule skinner (MD & LLD) I contend overwork doesn't cause kidney trouble. Underwork on the job and overwork at the table is probably the cause of Royal's departure, coupled to a lengthy row of years.

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This year the harvest hands should be extremely cautious about coronary thrombosis—the kidneys will take care of themselves. Drink lots of alkali water and blackberry wine.

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That Milwaukee wreck of the Olympian would have had a bigger audience in New York City. Ferryboat Miss New York (new) vibrates so badly it jeopardized my false teeth. Good thing I didn't buy them yet.

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I'm reminded here, fellow workers, the immortal words that made the agricultural drive of 1916 the success that it was were these:

I guess that we'll have to join the I.W.W.

But can you imagine a dyed-in-the-wool democrat telling a scissor-bill, "I guess we'll have to join"? There is something about those words that makes of the democrat kith and kin with the scissor and the upshot of the mystic power is they both become good wobblies.

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We should be less exclusive, more articulate if not outspoken. Drawing-in-the-shell make for blues, rheumatism and trombosis. Say something—you'll feel better. These are friends of yours.

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We, the workers, have been accused all these years of refusing to take all we got coming. That, of course, can be corrected very easily. We can hold out one hand and tell the boss, "read out some more of those larger bills so that my grocer and butcher don't have to go to the WPA."—That's that, but I can't see for the life of me how a senator can afford to die, getting as he is, \$10,000 a year. I know if I were getting ten thousand I'd refuse point blank and take a burlesque show to give full expression to my recurring youth, eh John?

Labor and capital can co-operate for the simple reason that capital is stored labor for another day. Capitalist and worker co-operate? I don't think so. Worker cannot be so good natured and capitalist is unlikely to change enough. Were they able to co-operate, it would be a miracle of revolutionary proportions. Besides: Capitalist management is proved inefficient and wasteful without merit; pseudo scientific—highly denatured.