



Direct Action To Fill Barrel With Sowbelly

By T-BONE SLIM

Harborboatmen keep well by whittling a little every day. The whittling must be done inside the cabin to secure health. It won't cure anything if you whittle outside.

By whittling inside you soon have enough shavings to make it worth while to sweep. Sweeping is good exercise and very healthy. It sends the blood coursing through the veins and arteries and brings a beautiful red to the cheeks. You get all that with a few strokes of a twenty cent knife—not counting all the filth and dirt that is removed with the broom.

The principal here is the same as the time-honored American habit of indirect approach: wishing to accomplish something, go to places once or twice removed. i. e.: Cupboard is empty; go to the polls; salt pork barrel is empty,—vote.

Pay envelopes are not filled in Washington and the the butcher sells fine salt sowbelly.

I
W W

It isn't at all likely the people will

have to vote on the proposition of having a war. The vote of the directly interested parties might defeat the program.

The 12,000,000 unemployed, having no guarantees they will not be selected, have no protection other than that which resides in themselves. The mere fact that they are unemployed indicates congress is unable or too careless of their protection—either supposition is grievous and does not digest well with civilized procedure.

There are no international problems whatsoever that rate a war; for the very comprehensive reason that war never settled anything. Always it left a situation similar to that of two tom cats crouching low and glaring at each other; both of them most thoroughly licked; both unable to lift a paw.

If both those tommies would but forget their antipathies for a moment and rout the rats, they might sport a glossier coat and war seers and war scares would fade like a bad dream. The thing to do is to organize the peace-loving and supplant the rotten war-mongers with sound timber.

I
W W

"Sloan favors high pay, not split profits."

He ain't so slow! Those profits must be very valuable to make Alfred, Jr., so voluble.

Then he wants "decreased taxation" so as to make profits still more valuable. He admits the big industries raked in "less than 8 per cent" profit; small fry, 5 per cent; in the last fifteen years. This includes the wierd financing since 1928 and the fortunes they dished to bankers for raking up the toadskins off the lawn. They work hard—and keep all they rake.

I
W W

It has been said by the ill-mannered that "T-bone Slim's mind works only when he walks. So I got to thinking maybe IWW ought to buy me a pair of shoes—or—take away the little shoes I have and put a stop to both walking and thinking; depending on the viewpoint.

I
W W

Remarriage of the CIO and AFL seems, and probably is, impossible as it is illogical and contrary to learned opinion and experience.

AFL has thoroughly discredited itself with the newly organized sons of the CIO and if the remarriage was to take place they would hardly feel content as sons-in-law of the older organization. CIO cash box would suffer and Brother Dubinsky might start shedding hair—if he isn't already doing so.

I'm afraid the corpse will be torn up with all those buzzards circling above; and labor questions expiring in the claws of political acumen. Food, clothing, and shelter is no longer an issue. Promises, promises, and more promises. (The IWW looks good.)

So political action is a flank movement, is it? Well, let me tell you something: Political action is no stronger than the stew it cooks for the unemployed—same man handles both.

Labor action spells beefsteak and mushrooms. Fishballs, caviar fried in butter. Ah!

Just at present CIO and AFL are busily engaged in unscrambling eggs—but they quite forgot where they put the yolk.

"Labor eventually will be on top."—a consensus. Why not? It holds the royal flush. Only laying down that hand beat labor—nothing against us but bobtails.