



Society Is Practically Unorganized

By T-BONE SLIM

Hoarse and bogey days! I tell you, boys, the business men are scared—of the bogey man! An unknown fear possesses their vitals. They dassent do anything. Never did. Never will. Pay 'em off, boys.

I tell you it's terrorbull and J. Q. Public is in a cold sweat. (An imaginary character—parasites, racketeers, and grafters raise the issue every time they wish to hide the swift moves of their fine French hand).

When they are not helping themselves they are helping Public or God or Constitution—none of these need help—and three days before their dirty work is aired they wrap themselves in an American flag (the custom comes from the dead heroes of the high seas). They wish to pose as heroes to the last. They live up on the hill and the "polacks" live down in the hole.

But it is thought in some quarters that the public cannot live unless labor works for nothing.

That is an erroneous idea and I need put up no argument except just to observe that such a consideration classes the "poor dear public" with pimps and procurers; the argument won't hold.

John Q. Public is self-sustaining—or should be—and John Workox doesn't have to let go of his butterless bread yet for a while.

Pile of John Q. Publics and pile of John Q. Workoxen could be supported with that \$10,000,000 Sloan just salted away in a foundation. Pile of Public and Workox could be supported with that \$40,000,000 that just took a heave-ho to Denmark in the loving care of Mr. and Mrs. Haugwitch. . . von "RevonTulet."

Couple hundred million was sunk in China, billion went up Salt Creek in South America, billion in Canada... you know the rest. . . a long list . . . war debts.). and the string that tethers John Q. Public's goat is chafed near breaking point.

John Q. Public has a hungry look, stomach ulcers, and beyond the Alps lies Italy. I see that string break and I see that sure-footed Angora traipse among the Cliff Dwellers denouncing WPA and kindred institutions of slow starvation.

He wants to starve fast. How's that? Correct? Sure, I'm correct—he won't organize. Beyond the Alps—as I was going to say—this side of the Rubicon the pasture is deep. Join the I. W. W. right away before the bogeyman gets you too.

Hold that damn lip stiff—you're not starving. YOU'RE FASTING—and by March 6 you'll be in fine shape to run the gamut of Lent.

Unorganized Society

This system of society is woefully unorganized. I mean just that. Parasites have made a few moves to arrange it so that the wealth of our production flows into their hands. All else, is equally wanting in organization. I do not dignify "that" with the word "organized society." Labor has made a few half-hearted efforts to join the bosses' unions, herded by bosses' agents and officialled by detectives (in such organization rank and file rule is taboo, in fact the taboo classifies the union).

Even that is not organization—merely an arrangement to perpetuate the flow of profits into the bosses' pants.

Society is practically unorganized. Employers cannot organize it—society gets more top-heavy every day.

Business cannot organize it—they can only go to the "public" till.

Church cannot organize it—out of jurisdiction, for one thing.

Politicians cannot organize it—tradition is too strong (over the falls!)

Only labor can organize it. Come on, let's go. You ain't tired are you? Start from the beginning. First organize ourselves. . . 'n then all things shall come to us including a bunch of panhandlers and we're the right party to see if we expect to continue the noble custom of eating.

How the Fairies Did It

They had it something like this in Egypt years ago. Joe goes over to King Fairy and said, "You're gonna have seven fat years and seven lean ones."

"Not a bad idea at all," says King Fairy, wiggling his ears, "and how do you work it?"

"You take from the people during the seven fat years and what you take will make the seven lean ones. Then you tell the people that prosperity is just around the bend in the Nile. Then you open up the graneries and put the people on rations and they will praise you to the skies."

"Hot dog!" exclaimed King Fairy, slapping his thigh, "you've got something there, Joe, old boy! I'll be their savior and you'll have charge of my wine cellars, eh, Joe, old boy? Is it a go?"

It went—over—big.

Now in our time it was the industrial King Fairy, that raided our production, stored it in Wall street and the Financial Fairies scattered it to the four winds. . .

Sounds idiotic, doesn't it.

It is idiotic and couldn't sound different. So just organize your One Big Union in the I. W. W. faith, to the end that these smirking parasites can't make you seven fat years and seven lean ones at will, in turns or otherwise.

Society is unorganized except to chisel labor out of its production. Organize it—but organize first yourself.

It isn't a new idea, this seven-year plan. Eye looked at the Irgersol-Yankee just now and find it's 7,200 years old day after tomorrow; historians to the contrary. I am not influenced by the payroll, being unemployed and I wouldn't lie anyhow (like historians) not even for a friend, to win a bet, or to save my own hide.

It took them a heluva long time to break us, owing to modern machinery. But now they have us broke so what are you going to do about it? Try another seven year plan?

The efficiency in modern industry, wanting as it is, was achieved in spite of the despotism wielded by industrial overlords and it is now pretty well admitted, as a matter of basic justice, that labor has a right to speak for itself through representatives of their own choosing, as well as individually, when, wherever, and how it desires. To deny that right is to deny representative government, so it looks like a race between political fascism and industrial democracy. Which shall be first?

I looked around my stateroom for Krizmus presents. Finding none I lifted my eyes and made up my mind Dec. 25 was the day on which Christ was hung. . .

Born without a nickel, hurg without a sou markee is all the same to us fervent worshippers. Organize.

Wars cannot be prevented without industrial democracy, so spare your wind and save your tears. The side if the barn is out and MARS is on the loose.