



# Direct Action Better Than Political Words

By T-BONE SLIM

In vain our valiant fathers fought  
To free us from King George  
For shoeless toes still trod the snows  
Of frozen Valley Forge—  
And still we have an autocrat,  
That rules the factory gate  
And sponges on production  
Of machine, man, beast and State.

## II.

A little here, a little there,  
They take a heavy toll  
And every slave shall bow a knave  
And live upon a dole.  
For are they not Industrial Kings  
And self-appointed rulers;  
That skim the cream from life's  
sweet dream.  
A row of charming foolers!

## III.

A million slaves they did import  
With tales of sudden riches;  
That "lies around and might be  
found  
In hills and highway ditches."—  
And million native sons were then  
Declared as null and void;  
Their ancient dads, now transient  
lads,  
Were labeled unemployed.

## IV.

A hundred thousand fortunes from  
Our work those pirates wrung;

It wrecks belief how each such thief  
Escaped of being hung.  
And still today they smirk and prey  
And prime the wheezing pump—  
"It's such a lark to peel the bark  
From good old Uncle Chump!"

## V.

A raft of wealth those plutes pur-  
loin  
Just like they did for ages  
And poor must pine, endure and  
whine  
And mourn for unpaid wages—  
But "lookit here," industrial seer,  
No bogey-man or "ogress"  
Can confiscate "our daily bait"  
To "float" a future's progress.

## VI.

A fair day's pay for a fair day's  
work  
But sanctifies the thief;  
A contract made o.k.'s the raid  
And marks the union weak.  
And children stare in wan despair  
At leaders and their chinning,  
For all the cliques in politics  
Subscribe to labor-skinning.

## VII.

Mark well, O parasites, this rule:  
'Tis life you have begrudged  
And even so, as slave you "scrapped,"  
So you too will be judged—  
With all your might and all your  
stealth  
You can't subdue the world  
And destitute shall not salute  
The black flag you unfurled.

—Varsity of Scarcity.

It is not true that the boss is between a sit and sweat—he sits but never sweats. A sitdown strike on the part of the workers is the result of a subconscious craving for a seat in industry—in the seats of the mighty. The bosses' presence there is but the realization of that yen. He snores in the middle of the bed. The trick is not to make him move over—the trick is to make him finish his nap on the floor.

The theory that a leader shall organize only so much of unionism as is required for his personal support and that if others want more unionism they shall organize a union of their own is now an exploded theory and once again the more dynamic workers are demanding cooperation and action.

Labor cannot afford to be electioneering 365 days a year. Politician's job isn't worth it.

Political action distracts the workers from the more important details of obtaining a livelihood for themselves. We got two houses full of political purveyors in Washington and, if other politicians have missed making it it is because they cannot spread the bull fast enough.

When logic fails—act.

Let the political campaigns be carried out outside the union halls—even if you have to carry the politicians out to show them the way.

If the CIO and AFL continue to court the boss, the boss will be up for polygamy, breach of promise or non-support and there will be a couple of gals sadder budweiser.