



# Don't Weep for Missing Chops: Get Organized!

By T-BONE SLIM

In the event of war in Europe porkchops will be scarcer still; not only in England.

Happenings in Europe today make the connivers and war of 1917 look ridiculous—even so as the prospective war and its blowhards will look ridiculous less than twenty years from tomorrow. Labor pays the bills!

Germany's reconquest of the acres formerly a part of Austria-Hungary-Germany (Mittel Europa) was accomplished at the request of the recognized governments of those lands and the inspiration for the request came from economic necessity.

Economic necessity inspires people to do both queer and correct things in all lands; and since labor pays the bills with elongated hours, inhibitions, custardless pies, and abstemiousness to the point of malnutrition and enforced fast, it is well that labor organize a **One Big Union** under the auspices of the **Industrial Workers of the World**, to carry on when those political paranoiacs get through.

To weep over the present and prospective absentee porkchops, in peace and war, is strictly in bad taste for is it not true that the missing porkchop fits in well with the theory of scarcity and policy of political paladiums?

The IWW is now known from Bering to Bengal and its record is all to the good whichever way you go. Mahatma Ghandi, handiman of India, has a fame that stretches to Zanzibar, Madagascar, and points beyond Downing Street; and here's me, poor me—Hoboken, across the river, won't even give me a tumble. I must gird by loins some day and go over there and lay down the law and the prophets.

**These few European misunderstandings are merely a phase of the age old struggle of lesser dictators against the greater dictators and the high note of the commercial lute is slightly slit. "I'm taking no orders from you," is the great cry of the ages.**

I see where Charles A. Lindbergh was only an amendment to an amendment in the Hearst press. Countess Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, who renigged on U. S. citizenship, had the first half of the centerpiece on page 3; which same, God help us all, indicates: Hearst has high hideals!

"Soviet planes will aid Britain, France in 3-power air pact"—says a headline, straight from the janitor. (See Kropotkin on mutual aid.)

Only the other day Britain was helping everybody else. It's a lot of fertilizer, if you ask me, a bid for U. S. assistance and if you or I listen to them we'll find our cupboard bare of self-raising pancake flour.

Encirclement and applesauce is just a bunch of hooey; they're all lodge members in good standing and only waiting for some one to lose his head and jump in there—jump in there and lose his head—for it is a family affair; domesticity brought to its high European level. In the end

the people will have neither the butter or its equivalent.

Now England threatens to help Turkey. If I remember right, Turkey never needed help in a scrap and generally, when the scrap was over, the visiting firemen were ready to confess, "Sharlie vas there." England found it so in Saloniki. Russia with all its legions, and legions of Finlanders couldn't lick the "sick man of Europe."

Peon labor raises poor figs.

Commie sheets are a "substitute for the whole"—in a pinch.

Hunger as well as greed recognize no treaties; sufficiency and generosity need no treaties.

Sayeth the irrepressible Dorothy Thompson: "Hitler will be taken care of in God's own time by the German people themselves." God's own time" probably has no references to daylight saving time, and as to "by the people themselves," we have no precedent. So it's clearly an uninfluenced prophecy.

**Granted, if Hitler has a batting slump or muffs a few Goebel's signals, he may be benched. But even so, what is the difference? The driving force of economic necessity remains and no voice is sweet enough or strong enough to still the cravings or ravings of a people enslaved.**

No such things as "born actor" or playwright. (See Robert Morley, actor). They are taught.

Plenty imaginary birch branches were not wasted in teaching Gene O'Neil to write plays.

One can learn these things.

One can learn to be an IWW.

Whether or not Duce's colonial tantrums were on the up and up anent Africa is not quite clear at this distance. Fact is, he took a slice of Europe.

French nonchalance anent Albania indicates she didn't think Duce spoke from the side of the mouth. "All right, Duce, go ahead when ready," probably was not a part of the gentleman's agreement.

Well, anyhow, just so the twin villains don't snatch Alabama or Idaho! (Let FDR rest easy—the short log cutters of Idaho would rise as one man in defense of the "big baked potato.")