



# Better Join IWW and Can All Thieves

By T-BONE SLIM

It stands to reason that an employer can't get a million dollars from the labors of one worker, he must have many of them—thousands.

However, he gets his million, like the mounties get their man.

It stands to reason that no worker would stand for being chiseled out of a million dollars of his production—he must have company. It seems to hurt less when the million comes from many, and "misery loves company," you know.

But the million comes from the working class just the same and the working class is so much poorer.

Here's where the One Big Union, the IWW, comes in.

Inasmuch as the greater offense is against a large section of the working class, an individual protest would sound frail as a piccolo obligato in a band concert. Even so as he is robbed as a gang so he must protest as a gang.

One Big Union it is.

Some many argue that T-Bone Slim here is advocating that mass-robbery be decentralized to the extent that each worker carry along his own thief.

How naive! I never suggested it. It stands to reason, economics of no nation can withstand a condition where 45 million workers bring 45 million thieves to the point of production.

Well, how about less thieves?

If only one boss was driving our strapping 45 million workers and he got one dollar from each worker per week, he would be earning \$45,000,000 a week—not had at all.

But how about no thieves and leaving the deposits in the workers' pants?

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There are some irrevocable truths and one of them is a follower never is altogether present. (How would you say it?)

Man is supposed to be an entirety, a complete, finished product; but when he takes orders from others, and equally less "men," there is something important missing from the greatness of his construction as well as from his conception. He isn't all there.

True it is, however, that in the One Big Union individual ideas are subordinated to those of the whole—but there is a distinction:

In the Big One Union the membership decides on all ideas in fine fettle and fine from of consultation. Thus it is two evils are eliminated: One where the follower is wrong and the other where the leader is equally wrong is another direction. The sum total of the proceeding is Grade A sense.

That's something.

One Big Union is possible only under these or similar principles. Rugged individualism died with the feudal system.

Yes, I was at the funeral.

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I understand Hitler and Mussolini are gone into a huddle to see what they can do for our 15,000,000 refugees from the mills of our industrialists.

Newspapers hint strongly that we

have 650,000 WPAers we'd like to barter for a secondhand bicycle or a used icebox—we to pay the cartage and just thumb the WPAers out.

Bright boys we are. We parley, and parley, and parley. Then we parley some more.

Prosperity has hit the World's Fair and it is shortening sail. A raft of "information punks" were laid off, prices cut, and today 125 Fair cops are OUT. Whalen, the king bee, was out \$10,000.

End is not yet in sight and my transportation nickel (five cents) stays in the pantaloons of the working class.

It seems only prostituted columnists attend the Fair. "Oh, how fine it is," to hear them tell it.

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Papers are suffering—Oh, how— from economic "depression" as it is called.

I don't see any ads to amount to anything except Carters Little Liver Pills and JO, Roach Food. Hm. There's my point. We are suffering from economic poisoning and the Metropolitan Opera House is on the block. The great untrammelled nation stands aghast and spirit-broke. For the politicians are handing us unsweetened, evaporated, and unredeemed bargains.

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How any sensible man or woman can stay out of the IWW is more than I can "ferstay."—And we haven't been crazy since prohibition went out.

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Drought has been blamed on Mars, its close proximity. (Where was Mars when we had prohibition?)

And prosperity is as far away as ever and going further all the time.