



Power Counts, And Workers Have Plenty

By T-BONE SLIM

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Nations are hollering for more babies; if they get 'em, then they will holler for "place in the sun"—provided, of course, they can't get 'em killed off in war.

They know not what they want!

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Years gone bye-bye, whenever a business man found himself in debt up to his neck, he burned his store. Today, whenever nations find themselves in debt they organize a war.

Years gone bye-bye, whenever a worker found his cupboard empty, he assaulted his wife. Today, whenever a worker gets a yen for food, he joins the IWW.

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Note: Present war and rumor of war is only a parcel of the scheme to provide sustenance and justification for the existence of the military caste; a parcel of the original debt hereinbefore referred to.

There is no Secretary of Peace because "powers that be" are allergic to organized peace. Disorganized pieces, that's what they want!

Over in Europe they are beating around the bush, pounding their breasts and bleating their throats, seven days a week, turn about . . .

No nation is in shape to start out on a conquering expedition. They've got to keep the home fires burning.

Join the union of your class and class the union of your choice.

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J. P. Morgan tossed a tea for George VI in Edzell, Scotland. No hard feelings here.

I'm reminded, however, that Boston once tossed a tea party in honor of another George and the British got so sore they finally burned our Capitol—we needed a new Capitol anyhow. No hard feelings here.

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Power. What a word! But did you ever stop to consider the bigger forces that reside in the slums? What they have is theirs. They have made everything from nothing . . . and little Willie better not slip up in his behaviorism. No shooting goes off there at 3 a. m. What would they have done and what would they do had they been skinned less, had they received the full product of their toil?

They would have remade the world long ago, and may remake it yet.

No more than the districts were chuck-a-block with disengaged WPAs, thieves and robbers moved in on the flesh pots of the Pharaohs and full many a policeman's neck was aglow with honest sweat. Seventy thousand dollars they got in Long Beach, L. I. Power?

Gangsterism, whether it be a small gang or a nation, is power. Gangster nations are known as Powers of the First Magnitude; individual gangsters are known as Public Enemy Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4—as the case may be and, here again, rugged individualism is frowned upon. To be a successful gangster you must be a nation—nothing less. By the same token, to be a successful worker you must be a One Big Union.

Power is the word.

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Power politics. Money power.

Hm . . .

Pilgrims on their way to church on the first Thanksgiving were heavily armed—which is quite proper on both counts for they had moved on other peoples' land without so much as an invitation or introduction; and they expected the Indians to cut codfish bait for 'em.

Note: They could not move in on other peoples' land in Holland because they say Hollanders are tough; although it's true Great Britain tossed them out of India. Luckily there were islands around there where the Dutch took toe-hold and flourished like a bay tree.

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Well, anyhow, peace is assured for another fortnight. Tyrone Power is in London and the girls went ga-ga (straight stuff from "public relations"), the barmaids went nuts and, papers admit, hardly a button was left on Tyrone's pants.

We have now had Power and Powers—so much power that I'm sick and tired of it. Most of it was borrowed power, stolen power, and hired power; but the bigger forces still reside in the slums. Bigger ideas are in the tenements and a bigger world is yet to come.

One Big Union of the Workers.