



Get Wise - Organize Industrial

By T-BONE SLIM

Body is only a barnacle gathered 'round a soul; a callous 'round spirit (gas); a scale inside a boiler, etc. So the question arises: What particular form of barnacle did we descend from? Some say "apes," others aver "yaps," and I say—shucks.

Where did our masters come from? They didn't come. They ain't here yet.

wIw

Human beings are as alike as a shovel and a water bucket; as alike as the Chicago fire and Niagara Falls . . . But what the hell, they already are members of the universe in good standing, full of pep and vinegar.

Take him out, boys, but don't break any bones.

wIw

In view of the Russian grain crop of 114,600,000 tons it is believed some will be left over for Germany. Should naturally think so. That's almost a ton apiece for all godfearing Russians and I do most solemnly declare no Russian can eat 2,000 pounds of grain in one year.

wIw

Since the Workers Alliance went political, it is gone like all flesh—except the IWW.

It (the Alliance) heard the dulcet tones of the Lorelei and went for a swim. Haven't heard she has returned.

wIw

We are practically guaranteed 25 more years of short rations, short flannels, and short shrift; and I got to thinking that it might be a good idea for the boys and girls to grab the bull by the horns, join the IWW and get full meals, oversized shirts, and a longer shrift.

Unless you are in no hurry?

When history ceases to repeat the past, my lords change the system—but retain the game.

Therefore, if the past be unequal to satisfy the demands of today, people might be more prosperous if they used the present for a divining rod.

Theories then might grow less assertive and we might seldom hear: "Justice enters into the discussion of human affairs only where the pressure of necessity is equal," and that "the powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must."

It requires a complete "new society in the shell of the old" and this is best arrived at by joining the Industrial Workers of the World. We cannot expect it from any power other than the latent (unheralded) power of the working class. Sadly we need education on this problem; my lords need it more, for they have been establishing hell upon earth for centuries, and more hell to go.

wIw

Peace may stop the war but not the conniving, for generosity isn't there and cannot be.

The "doing away with war" must be predicated upon the presumption that it must be done outside the magic circle of overlords and their stooges, that only the working class can accomplish it.

War is futile. Even if the whole world were under one heel, we'd be slaves still. It seems impossible? That is because our slavish nature fails to look at it from the angle of One Big Union of the workers.

Final ending of war shall be when workers so ordain it.

The big boys? Never! The nature of their undertakings for war.

You've been waiting enough. How about "wobblies" and producing Make it jump into the nobody's business.

wIw

Don't play percentages pie will turn to flour and even as your neighbor's turns to onion soup. Masked shall fill the ice cream pork tenderloins a lovely

This is not a forecast; today. What goes into the cone tomorrow is difficult to and harder to digest, but bet the cone will be abolished in thimblefuls, butter by fuls, and bacon by the square

But we ain't in war?

Of course not. We're being for a ride—a nice horse and ride. Yes, the same old mare.

wIw

Even here in New York City more hard bit relics of the ist system are disinclined of the tender mercies and of professional generosity, and sleep where they can, in the most ingenious and places, filthy burlaps

Only recently a man without eating collapsed taken to a hospital where voured "a plate piled high turkey and trimmings—a lie face of it, for a man five a fast cannot eat a "plate high" and live. And if it was him it was premeditated murder

Someone is doing some heavy ing and the chances are the was piled high with one soda and a slice of tomato, so as to tain the traditional high American generosity. Had to me I would have given the price of my next stimulant, me!

wIw

"Indeed, from 1931 to 1932 103,000 more persons left try than came to our Barnes, Ph. D.

wIw

Crepes of Wrath or Wrath, is it? Imperialism get blanket condemnation as mebbe they don't know any Even so, their hokum is because their action always up in a disarray of unfinished ness. A century and a half fied.

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The big boys? Never! The very nature of their undertakings makes for war.

You've been waiting sunrise long enough. How about joining the "wobblies" and producing sunrise? Make it jump into the skies like nobody's business.

wlw

Don't play percentages for your pie will turn to flour and water even as your neighbor's beef stew turns to onion soup. Mashed potatoes shall fill the ice cream cone, and pork tenderloins a lovely memory.

This is not a forecast; this exists today. What goes into the ice cream cone tomorrow is difficult to decipher and harder to digest, but I would bet the cone will be abolished. In Europe already sugar is measured out in thimblefuls, butter by spoonfuls, and bacon by the square inch.

But we ain't in war?

Of course not. We're being taken for a ride—a nice horse and buggy ride. Yes, the same old mare.

wlw

Even here in New York City the more hard bit relics of the capitalist system are disinclined to accept of the tender mercies and charities of professional generosity, and eat and sleep where they can, (censored) in the most ingenious and unsanitary places, filthy burlaps over them.

Only recently a man five days without eating collapsed and was taken to a hospital where he devoured "a plate piled high" with turkey and trimmings—a lie on the face of it, for a man five days on a fast cannot eat a "plate piled high" and live. And if it was offered him it was premeditated murder.

Someone is doing some heavy lying and the chances are the plate was piled high with one soda cracker and a slice of tomato, so as to maintain the traditional high level of American generosity. Had he come to me I would have given him the price of my next stimulant, so help me!

wlw

"Indeed, from 1931 to 1934, some 103,000 more persons left this country than came to our shores." — Barnes, Ph. D.

wlw

Crepes of Wrath or Drapes of Wrath, is it? Imperialism must not get blanket condemnation as such—maybe they don't know any better. Even so, their hokum is worthless because their action always winds up in a disarray of unfinished business. A century and a half nullified.

Get hep—organize industrially.