



Nothing Comes To Those Who Just Wait

By T-BONE SLIM

Dictatorships are merely a substitute for changing of the system; in case anybody doesn't know. People dearly love the competitive system even though it destroys them.

What of it if the self-aggrandizement is only penny-ante or an extra slice of questionable bread. But I am telling you, the competitive system will not destroy you less under a dictatorship; I'm telling you the competitive system will not work under a dictator—I'll go further than that: the competitive system will not work under Angel Gabriel himself, even if he had a couple of good helpers.

The land is there! Its minerals! Its products (honey, ham, and hominy)!—but the system will not work. (Helluva a thing to be hugging.) There is no panacea in politics because politics is a child of the system (like father, like son).

Then they say "mal-distribution of wealth." Humph! TELL ME, WHY SHOULD LABOR DISTRIBUTE ANY PART OF ITS WEALTH, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY? Tell me that and you have the answer.

I
W W

I don't think it's any use fighting infantile paralysis until we get this light diet licked and get back to salads. Children 55 years old are getting it. It comes from eating 12-year-old calf.

Diseases, like slums, are a result; when the boat leaks you don't bail, you fix the bottom—man would look like hell were he to try to bail the Atlantic through the bottom.

I
W W

It has ever been thus that the industrial autocrats are stronger than their servants, the politicians—because of their "peaceful penetration," entrenched position and because they outnumber them.

But they are not stronger than the workers. Political panaceas then are out and the whole problem resolves itself into this: Dump the bosses off your back.

I
W W

If we wait for our elected officials to do it for us we will wait a long, long time and sorrowing relatives will be hauling flowers to our graves with their last remaining strength before hunger gets 'em, and the thing is not yet done; here, there, Halifax or anywhere.

Plenty of politicians will be reclining in their gilded coffins (sepulchres), a nice double chin resting on their pulseless bosom and the thing is not yet done.

The free-riders are still there like a politician's joker in the Bill of Rights and Schedule of Emancipation. But if the workers dump them, they stay dumped.

How about voting?

It makes no difference how we vote, we'll have to step out and get the turnips by our own manpower anyhow. So you thought the politicians were going to pare a few bosses off our back? Tush, tush, they are only looking for a little honey for their own crackers.

All the more reason why we should do the job ourselves (if we expect to get it done this semester or summer).

A dog, you know, sheds its own fleas.

Politics as an insecticide is a fake.

We ought to be ashamed to approach our graves looking like a

pre-decomposed skeleton or porous-knit cadaver.

I
W W

I complained because I had no shoes until I saw the man who had no legs.—Chinese proverb.

And he complained because he had no legs until he saw the man who had no head.

N' O'COURSE THE MAN WHO HAD NO HEAD COULDN'T COMPLAIN.

Moral: Do your complaining before you lose your head.

I
W W

Bread gets moldy when it stands a couple of weeks unused.

So does unionism. It gets whiskers.

I
W W

"Millions of these families who are presumed to be unable to pay for the medical and dental services they need are nevertheless, able to pay for radios, pianos, electrical refrigerators and even automobiles."—Sharman C. Amsden.

Isn't it the truth; and since most all doctors have radios, pianos, electrical refrigerators and even automobiles it stands to reason they don't need the pay as badly as all this holler indicates.

The issue is: more money for our sicknesses and more equitable distribution of the gold mine they already have. For the profession, compared to our aches and pains, is over-populated. "Share the wealth" seems to be the cry of a vast medical majority.

Ten million of their loyal supporters are unemployed. Still and all, not a single "shingle" came down—they live even though we starve and perish. Organize!