



When Men Get Hungry Enough - - They Starve

By T-BONE SLIM

Capital in distress:

Herr Thyssen has been howling for help from the revolutionary working class of the world . . .

Wall Street hasn't said a word yet—about thumbing a ride on John Workoxen's cart.

wIw

Whenever a single merchant controls a chain of 30 stores, 30 would-be proprietors have their wives take in washing or join the old people's home. In a period of unemployment such displacement is the nation's loss. (No debate.)

wIw

New York City—"Transit Strike Barred by Court."

'Twas always thus—superior erudition and all that stuff? Courts do not ride subways—they ride Studebakers and Willys-Royce or Chrysler-Royal.

It seems, interests of the workers are in the hands of the footloose (unjailed) courts?

Not entirely.

Civil Service makes it almost a capital offense, indirectly, to strike. Strike and you're one of the 12,000,000—for you can be canned for cause, and causes are numerous.

Were Civil Service general throughout American industry, the unemployed would be forever deprived of opportunity to successfully compete for a job. Status quo would be an accomplished fact. Only the prime of manhood and womanhood would have jobs—others (less beefy) would revolt . . . or pine—for charity has a cold hand—or starve, or freeze, or surrender to illness, gas or rope . . . for are not now the employed workers a parcel of aristocracy?

Chaos?

Methinks Civil Service is riding for a fall.

wIw

Along about Wednesdays, all the superannuated fish that couldn't bring the price, utter failures, are loaded on dump-trucks and hauled away to unknown graves. Tons of 'em: fillet sole, well known herring, and horse-mackerel, etc. All the while, awe-eyed millions stand undecided whether to try to swallow their tongues or stick their finger in their mouth.

Fantasy? Fantasy nothing; it's funtasy, and I get a great kick out of it—which goes to show my brain is working, even if I am not myself.

Ha! a defense right there: "I wasn't myself"—if the rest of the sentence is said in silent grammar, or prayer.

wIw

Richard Wagner's "Meistersinger" can be appreciated only by an aged ear. To the young, it is discord.

They are shooting down strikers in South Africa—10 dead, 50 hospitalized. White man's civilization!

Employer brutality is world-wide.

wIw

Greater New York is having a charity drive and the battlecry is, SUPPOSE NOBODY CARED!

Did the workers organize, charity would be but a name and hospitality would care for the halt and the lame. Old age would be just "one of those things," of little consequence to society and less to those who would be enjoying it.

Youth would be in the saddle riding

ing hard to the rodeo and thence go places.

But youth doesn't know too much? That's all right—so much the worse—logic would seem to dictate that those of you that do know too much better get busy and slap half-soles on this economic system—or say "uncle." This business of trotting everything to the King is damn poor business, win, lose or draw.

Bombarding words back and forth is at best merely hokum, bull, palaver—I can do it in my sleep.

wIw

It is said people will revolt "when they get hungry enough." I would rather believe they will starve to death. In fact, it has come to my notice a person that reduces is pretty tame and that an ill-fed man is easy to lick. No salvation there.

Quaint indeed are the batty plans offered to correct economic maladjustments.

One offers "less calories in the soup." Another suggests "take up the cross, grin and bear it." Still another is convinced "economic recovery can be attained only by first having death destruction and despair—war.

What do they think we are? If they think.

Transport Sunk: 12 Drown. (That's supposed to put genuine bacon in the pan.)

Sub (Believed) Sunk. (Ha, we get a new suit and maybe a pair of socks.)

Billion Dollar Luxury Liner and Overcoat Pocket Battleship Hit Bottom. (Cheese and crackers and Ovaltine.)

Airplane Bombs Shrimp Cannery. (Good, we can buy a new lounge and a gas car.)

And so forth—all these things will come to pass if we remain a donkey long enough.

But wouldn't it be a good plan to organize put those "brainy boys" in a nuthouse for observation and produce for sensible use only?

Billions of dollars worth of workers' production is destroyed! As if by gentlemen's agreement, only workers are bombed, wounded, crippled or killed. War is now a year old and not a general or politician bit the dust. Generals wear all the medals; workers wear the scars.

War is not only hell, but dirty business. Business? Double horns-woggle!

wIw

Neutral nations are being denuded of their materials for the purpose of maintaining the belligerent nations in a state of proud-flesh, curing a false economy with falsier panacea—destruction, war.