



Seamen Stake Lives Free In War Game

By T-BONE SLIM

Plain, simple overtime used to rate time-and-a-half—150 per cent. War risk rates time-and-a-quarter—125 per cent. Sunday overtime used to rate double-time—200 per cent. War must be a picnic.

Britain pays its seamen 9 pounds 10. One Big Union would remedy these discrepancies—9 pounds 10 is less than 50 bucks.

Ordinarily, one would think, war risk should rate a bonus equal to peacetime's overtime—150 per cent. Shipowners do not donate the services of their rust buckets—which same they now sell for original cost, plus.

wIw

"Hango," Finland, was the Statue of Liberty of that distressed land.

wIw

The IWW never did, does not pretend to and will not break up any workers' union; all it wants is that control of the union remain in or be placed in the hands of the rank and file.

The reason for this is clear: No One Big Union can be organized unless the rank and file runs unions. Without One Big Union the workers may as well hang up their teeth and become as and of the SOUPERmen.

Under domineering control, workers are condemned to forever live (or die) divided.

wIw

Owing to shortage of KRIEG-space (fighting space), power politics have solved the problem by moving their wars into neighbor nations' front yard; both swearing by all that's holy they are doing so merely to protect the neighbor. I wonder who'll pick up the DEBRIS?

No room in the Atlantic for sea battle, so they moved the fleets into the Skagerrak and Kattegat. Ingenius, aren't they?

(Willie Hoppe still has something on the ball.)

wIw

Old fashioned guns couldn't toss away the nations' money fast enough, so they invented machine guns—rat-tat-tat-tat-boom-de-aye. That's how money goes!

wIw

Cactus Jack Garner threatens to go back to the farm.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., greatest farmer in the two Americas, may run for the presidency of the United States. Fair enough! Rumor has it that Uncle Sam will take over a great share of the farms not owned by the Metropolitan.

Metropolitan now owns 1,430,000 acres. Only 39 per cent of the farms are in the hands—(owned by) of dirt farmers—all other farming is done by swivel-chair.

wIw

The tactic seems to be: take the small nations one at a time, lick them—and put them in a strait-jacket. Old as the hills—and the small nations cannot, do not, and do not know enough to UNITE. Nationality? Superior sons of APES?

Small labor unions come under the same category. One by one they go down to defeat and they cannot, do not, and do not know enough to organize a ONE BIG UNION. Unions multi-colored as a rainbow, all "too good" to be a parcel of the glorious WORKING CLASS.

But where are your victories, my

lords, after 50 years? Rubbish! Great and only 30 cent sports! Enough, enough—the tactics seem to be to take the small nations one at a time, lick them to a frazzle and put them in a strait-jacket.

Identical work in one industry and the workers are organized in several separate unions—divided so the boss doesn't even have to pick his victim; hit any of them, ONE AT A TIME. Such unions have less than one-third striking power (generally) and sometimes NONE.

Even today, when industry is producing over and above the nation's requirements, and employers are rolling in the fat of war profits, my sub-divided fellow unionists cannot raise the price of a turkey dinner—that is because they have no One Big Union.

Divide a union into three parts and it always has less than one-third striking power; unite the parts in one union and it always has more than three-thirds striking power—unionism compounds its power and confounds the employer.

Fertility of the white race is colossal. It can make six sick scissor-bills grow where two grew before. Having no place in the sun, they put a premium on babes so as to share the shade.

wIw

When it comes to treaties, that Hitler sure knows how to hang paper.

Churchill is beginning to wish he had tackled a milk-man or a fish-peddler.

wIw

Dodgers took Yanks; Hitler took Denmark . . . Instantly food prices in Australia dropt. Swedish mining stocks tumbled. Copenhagen gone, T-Bone Slim ran out of snus.

Allies seem to think procrastination will win the war—procrastination is one of the major transgressions, father of defeat. He who hesitates is lost (in these dynamic days). Call off the show; it's a flop!