



Sellouts Are Getting to be Common Practice

By T-BONE SLIM

You cannot understand liver complaint (sand in the gills) unless you have liver complaint . . . You cannot understand the aches and pains of a worker unless you are a worker. So why, for cripes sake, elect a non-worker that don't know the first thing about liver complaint to represent you in the marble halls?

All right, all right, elect a worker to represent you. But can't you see the moment he is elected representative, he becomes a non-worker and all his aches and pains disappear as if by magic. What good is he to you if he has no aches and pains?

I can see right now, fellow worker, we'll have to do all our high moral action in union halls, where we can run an eye over the officials and see to it that not too many chins hang from their ears.

wlw

The horse Hitler is betting on is the Trojan horse. He figures that if his horse comes in, it will give him the edge in future economic games.

wlw

Plenty of Swedes will be dropping around to the IWW shortly when they realize domestic "nationalism" can do nothing for them here or for their loved ones in the harrassed Scandinavia.

wlw

Finland is completely shut off from the rest of the world—it's a tough game, this capitalism.

Finnish refugees that went to Norway, find themselves refugees once again.

Jews have been fleeing from several new-found Utopias. And still they flee—trying to out-run intolerance.

Human foot is not fast enough. Take it easy; you'll last longer.

**Empires Weep, Sob, Squirm
Trying to Cut Down Price**

A great hue and cry is raised to have cosmopolitan United States act as protector of British and French empires upon their solemn promise to pay.

Experience teaches us, solemn words don't buy any pink lemonade at the circus. Therefore, were United States to undertake such a batty program, it is well that it be done after the cash is on the barrelhead.

In view of the high cost of belligerence, I estimate the stipend should be something like 25 billion dollars—a nice piece of jack for to bet on the horses!

"But would not that be mercenary?"

Well, yes. But not any more so than getting paid for it afterward, or being gypped out of your dowery till doomsday. It's dirty business all around, and we can't keep our hands clean. I've already called it a batty proposition.

Now get me right, we'll be taken for a ride later whether we jump in now or not (the carriage waits, my lord) just so long as we place our trust in trade agreements at the expense of domestic health. But there is a consoling feature: Rumor has it that in our next war "all over 45 will be conscripted first so as to bring the 'mature wisdom' of age to our battlefields"—the young, you know, are "scenery bums" and can't

keep their heads down behind the sand bags and concrete redoubts.

That reminds me, England, France and Germany, dissatisfied with the scenery in their own lands, moved their war into Norway.

Cash on the barrelhead in advance.

No Skullduggery

Some will argue that it is more ethical to have the foreigners sell us a war, with high-flown, abstract generalizations, than it is for us to sell our services for a price, cash before delivery to the highest bidder. (What Price Glory stems from that problem, which after all, is not a problem.)

Others argue that the proper way to get into a war is to have the foreigners bribe some of our nationals to sell us the war. Phooey! that is a cut rate proposition.

The honorable way to preserve the value of war service is to have the cash on the barrelhead before action starts.

It is idle fallacy to trust the collection of war compensation to the "fortunes of war," for there are too many excuses, alibis and repudiations. We can sell Europe any amount of war service (cash before delivery) be it 10 billion, 20 billion or 50 billion dollar's worth; we to be the sole judge of the amount and quality of service. Then there will be no crawling; the money will be in our jeans and we can stick up monuments for those that fail to return, gold stars for their mothers, and maybe a new harness for Dobbin.

But I'm telling you right here, war isn't going to cure any economic maladjustment anywhere, anytime. War till hell freezes over and you will still have an excuse for war.

The very nature of this idolatrous capitalist system is such that it builds war—"much to few, little to many."

Kill off every nation down to just two men and you will still have war (that is, if they retain the capitalist system). One of those two will kill the other and then commit suicide—making a clean sweep of it. Isn't that a heluva way to end capitalism?

Kill off the cookoo that feeds it.

THOUSAND (800 PLUS) ACRES IN CENTRAL PARK ALONE!

We must not forget that Peter Minuit bought the whole of Manhattan for 25 bucks and a couple of bottles of fire water in the good old days of long ago. And many are the "Bowery bums" that are today still bumming on the strength of the profits of that trade. Ah, had Pete the sense to hang on to it!

So if we're going to sacrifice our life and blood in defense of European empires, we ought to see to it that we get as good a deal as Peter Minuit pulled off on the Indians.

Indeed, I think we should get a nice lump sum and sizeable royalties on all future chiselings. No money to change hands under the table, later to be described as cigar coupons.

We want the money on the barrelhead where we can see it. We ain't manufacturing blisskrieg just for the fun of it or Barbados Molasses.

"Open jackpots, openly arrived at," that's my sentiments; and four (4) aces in the deck till the end of the game.