



Should Share Equally in All There Is

By T-BONE SLIM

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There is something of uneasiness in my fellow compatriots that Finlanders call *Kärsimättömyys* and they do not know that they should join the IWW and regain some of their composure and they have reason. In these days of scarcity, which is peculiar to the working class in particular and general, it might be well for government to step out and secure a few hamburgers for the hungry minorities—it is not out of their jurisdiction or pocket.

In view of the fact that snow is getting deeper daily and grass and roots are most difficult to discover, it seems appropriate for government to lend a hand and smear the butter on thick.

I may be a donkey, but I must confess that it has come to my notice that governments have sat complacently at their birdseye maple veneered desks and watched the industrial overlords run us down to skin and bone, junk and rags.

Mind you, I do not expect governments to reform; I merely want them to step out and snare a few hamburgers for us, to kinda make up for their sins of omission and rafts of derelictions—us derelicts should stick together.

Should Share What There Is

A great agitation is afoot to investigate the tensile strength and horsepower of our hunger . . . Not so dumb an idea at that. But I would suggest that before you splash into the pool you give a look first to first principles. Put the people first on a subsistence base and then investigate to your heart's content; the people won't mind, just so long as they are eating. You don't have to do that; nothing compulsory about it, you have perfect freedom—so long as you are responsible and willing to accept the consequences which may be, God forbid, wierd.

First principles ordain, among other things, that all hands shall share of the work equally, little or much. All hands shall live on the fat of the land or pine on the man-made sterilities together. No man is better—it's a question of shoddy ideology rather than high enterprise.

Reason would seem to indicate that a shorter workday will remedy the unemployment situation almost instantly, even though it may have to be subsidized — which I doubt.

Institution of the shorter workday will bring things out into the open and the problem solves itself automatically.

As I said before, there is a thing in these confusions that goes by the name of American ingenuity, dormant at times, inspirational mostly, and in view of the fact that we are far from being superior beings, it may well be that our action has a striking resemblance to the wierd. Conceding that the few hundred lawyers in Washington cannot very well remedy this condition short of 100 years (long time to go without eating), or in their whole life, it may be the good people will get discouraged and send a bunch of lumberjacks down there to help straighten things out.

I told you it might be wierd. They might draft Townesend, Olson, or Maverick and put us all on ham and eggs for the duration.

(That'd help the chicken ranchers, too, in Mississippi.)

But a better way would be to join the Industrial Workers of the World, divide the work, set the wages, and pray for the parasites.

For America isn't going to stand still and starve. The trick is how to give the American people something without giving them anything. If that doesn't drive those Washington lawyers crazy they are calloused to the core, positively petrified.

I tell you right now, those politicians are risking their salvation on a frail proposition—some sold out long ago and no money changed hands. I would not be a bit surprised to see a screwball in the White House next.

Look at all the screwballs they've got in Europe.

Don't wait until you are forced to cut the hours; if you do, you have lost the boat—she's at sea, funnels down. Don't be "Johnny-come-lately."

Frenzy of Fun

The wives and daughters of the skimmers are facing the frolic* at Palm Beach with a fortitude that beggars description—beggars us too, for that matter, but in our case it is not compulsory. We could organize, for instance, go down there ourselves and leave the matrons and debts here to keep the home fires burning and punch-water hot against our return.

Oh well, it is so hard to take the good things of life, I am almost tempted to assail wassail in all its implications and I would gladly indeed go on record as opposed and swear off, only I have so many last year's resolution unbroken I hate to pile 'em up. I'm a firm believer in breaking resolutions as I go and not stock up on 'em.

wlw

They kick the bucket because of accumulated corruption . . . New York's New Year binge was a parcel of the binge '39—all is as before, a contamination that was—worshippers at the throne of mirage—elevation of habit to the pedestal of exuberance for the new, even while it is yet a continuation of the old.

wlw

It wouldn't do for Russia to thin out its working class by fighting Japan because, in the event of a victory, Japan might say, "Gimme Vladivostok." Germany might have thinned them out in no time, but here again, Adolf might have demanded pay and changed Leningrad into a beer garden or Turnverein.

Helluva fix—a first class dictator can't thin down the population without risking his pants. A smaller nation had to be found. Finland, of course, cannot hope to do a satisfactory job thinning them out, but then—whattahell—Finland doesn't expect any pay for helping a pal.

Mebbe this accounts in part for Russian armies firing on themselves.