

No Job too Big for One Big Union

By T-BONE SLIM



Parents, when they catch their young hopefuls mulling over the exploits of "Superman" in the picture magazines, exclaim in terror: "There is no such animal." Parents fear the youngster may undertake to waft himself from the top of the barn into the neighbor's cornfield on a pair of imaginary wings, like a worker going to heaven.

That shows how lunkheaded parents are! Just as surely as I am here, there is a superman. His other name is One Big Union, and anything that any part of him can conceive, he can do.

Lumberjacks used to call him Paul Bunyan. The Greeks had a name for it—"Hercules."

wlw

Being an introvert is no disgrace. Bartenders generally toss the extroverts out before the night is over, and they miss the last round. On the strength to that last round the introverts can stand on the corner exchanging views for hours—or until an angry wife comes along.

wlw

Preludes: Ten million unemployed are a poor prelude to national defense.

Some men want to go over right now and get licked; others prefer to get licked later.

I favor neither side. I take the position that if there's any licking to be done, we'll do it here, anytime.

wlw

Newscaster over radio calls Franklin Delano "Runswell"; either he has a cold in the nose or I have soot in my ear.

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Recounting exploits of the past is bad policy. If a man has lived long, his performances take on such gigantic proportions as to almost scare him and he becomes an introvert and lives in last week or the year before yesterday.

Better way is to start life with a bang, anew each day, and let Angel Gabe keep track of the accomplishments.

I ain't licked yet. Why, I haven't even clicked!

It's not history that repeats; it's capitalism.

wlw

Deferred meals, as bad as they are—supper in Buffalo, no breakfast, no dinner, and then no supper in Cleveland—are no worse than "eating piecemeal." They say that frequent abbreviated handouts make of a hobo an inveterate beggar. The nibbling is bad for his digestion and begging is bad for his soul; so you see, it practically wrecks the poor man.

All right, Chef, shove on the tribal pot!

wlw

England-Germany are a collection of vacant lots. Paper says, England bombed vacant lots in Berlin (German report); and Germans bombed London's vacant lots (British report).

So what is the sense of us going over there to defend vacant lots? Let the weeds (not Swedes, editor) perish.

I am reliably informed the British call these air-bail parcels "showerkraut."

wlw

THE WORKERS' VOICE

Where there is slam, bang, clang, there is life! Almost anyone can tell the difference between a boiler works and a cemetery—one of them has lots of noise. Less flowers, too, in a boiler works.

What this country needs is more articulate unionism. Fly season is almost over and we don't have to be afraid of opening our mouth—no birds are going to fly in it. Of course, unions (like humans) sometimes have a bad spot to get over. Rhetoric is the remedy.

Exercise your vocal cords just as if they were an Aeolian harp.

Annunciation is the thing.

I feel that the working class should take an audition to find out if their voice fits the motion picture "Industry"—and keep the voice fit.

Witness the great American hobo; if his voice dies on him, he goes very, very hungry and, inasmuch as his voice fails him in the afternoon, he must retire with an empty stomach. But in the morning, Ha! he is full of life, full of vigor, vibrant with enthusiasm as he batters the back doors, his voice still ringing from the door he left behind him. A thousand "nos" is only encouragement until his wants are filled. And then his voice dies. He's got his breakfast!

Some unions are that way. Their voice dies, and the employers haul out their snickerdoodle and slash the wages—and the unions get very, very hungry. I suppose that is why some workers oil their voices—so as to

keep in barking trim.

I have heard workers bark so loudly that even the bosses blinked.

And I have heard of workers barking so loudly that governments blinked.

wlw

Unemployment still seems to be the chief industry in the western hemisphere. Haven't heard of anybody getting a job except the Duke of Windsor. "Blood will tell"; but who the hell wants to go to the Bahamas to prove the point?

wlw

TWO OF A KIND

Where you are now, there I was once;

Where I am now, you'll be, you dance.

wlw

The hobo, of course, is unemployed and as such he must know everything, see everything, anticipate everything, smell danger and hear everything, even when there is no sound; nothing escapes him—in short, elite of the working class on the bum.

It is for those reasons that government is subconsciously considering the drafting of him into the bomber squad, I am assured.

But I have my misgivings. That Nye guy from North Dakota has been hollering to cut out the profit from war, and what's the sense of having wars if nobody profits from them? None whatsoever.

Anyhow, the best way to beat your plowshares (and other shares) into swords is to turn cornflake factories into ammunition plants.

wlw

Chrysler has departed from our midst.

Two blocks further Chaplin encountered this sign: "California's fastest growing funeral firm."

Probably another phase of the defense program.

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