



Civilization Will Outlast Capitalism

By T-BONE SLIM

Mothers are positively determined that their sons shall be "something better" than just pick-and-shovel mechanics. I wish them the best of luck but I can't help but notice they are bucking the capitalist system alone.

wlw

It is not enough to be militant; one must also be vigilant. Eternal vigilance is the price of victory. Sleep with two eyes open.

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German report: "Twenty-seven British planes hit the dirt and ONLY 137 of our own went into a tail-spin."

British report: "RAF downed six German planes and 39 of our own failed to return."

Both censors were fired for being unimaginative, or drunk.

We must not feel hurt because censors are such good liars. War requisitions are such as to require strange artifices and prevarication is the peculiar bright spot in the shady business.

wlw

We have not been consulted about any declaration of war. We have not been told that we have been consulted. We ought to be consulted. If any declaration of war has been made, we positively had no hand in it. If any war exists we know nothing about it—it is a secret. We ought to be told, lest we carry on in peaceful pursuits while the whole world is in turmoil and Jerusalem is redistroyed.

But take heart—civilization is in no danger of being destroyed, a child in the cradle is playing with it.

Plutoocracy may perish and take its proud place among the savageries and barbarisms gone before.

wlw

The sole purpose if industrial representation in government at this time is to rescue the profit system from the external assaults of foreign competition. This they know not how to do, and they stand crouched like a warthog, ready to dive through at the slightest opening.

They are not greatly concerned about the welfare of the workers and workers that live in hopes of securing amelioration of their miserable conditions are hoping too much—expecting too much. The only amelioration and security workers get is that which they themselves can bring about by their own organization and solidarity.

It is time the workers cease puffing and panting and sighing and cursing at wars' onerous burdens and concern themselves with perfecting the workers' way of life.

The world and what's in it and on it, is yours for the taking. Don't expect the exploiter to hand it to you on a platter or tea-tray. Even if you do not need a One Big Union now (you do), you will need it later.

Economic chaos will not protect you always, even if you are a mechanical genius. Down you will go to lesser appointments—and the unemployed will not be the cause of your disillusion and dissolution. Hard to make you believe it, but the inherent disarrangement in the capitalist system is the father of your troubles. The unemployed are merely a threat held over your head. There is no power on earth that can change the lowley estate of the unemployed except the One Big Union—the IWW way of life. After the war, you will be on the bum together. Now who would have thought that you and the unemployed would ever get together?

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Presidents should be elected by weight and measure rule, rather than by photogenic or musical attainments.

Identification number and photograph of an employe in navy yard should be worn on the back (same as a hunting license, between shoulder blades) so that you can see what they look like from behind—you've got to prove you're there.

wlw

Every little while Elizabeth Gurley Flynn gets kicked out. I know how it is Gurley. I've been fired many times—even now they fire me before they hire me. It's all in your favor—they can't bear to see an egg (good, bad or indifferent) among the doorknobs.

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IWW, in order to help orthodox unionism, is figuring on pulling a strike for drinking water on ships. They figure a slug of water would

go good now and then—with real ice in it. Food, too, "good" as it is, will stand improvement. We want white radishes to hold down the pellogra.

Something is going to happen; the IWW paper is getting real good. Maybe the working class is getting riled up about something? Maybe it's the taffy the journals of commerce have been handing out. When the workers get mad, they get real mad and anything's likely to happen.

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Excess profit tax would seem to indicate the pillars of society overreached themselves when they raided the people's pockets. The tax goes to the government and when it rolls out again it does not return to the pockets that were raided. It comes out in a nice line of battleships (a gift to the nation) and some tasty, but watery, barley soup for the proverbially hungry.

Considerable talk has been going around in governmental circles about drafting wealth and it would seem right and proper and timely to do it now—timely because in peacetime the big shots could train themselves to get used to it without sabotaging the program and getting shot for it.

The government has so far decided to forego the pleasure of drafting wealth and thus accusing the big shots of having received undetermined amounts of stolen property. I myself hate to see the big shots get away with it, but I do not advocate the drafting of it. The workers should stop giving it to them.

Dressed Like the IWW

Political cooks are farsighted. Both SLP and CP early saw they would be denied a place on the ballot, so they organized a labor union each to run hoof and rump parallel with their political temple.

What's the matter with that idea? Have two rowboats, side by each, and keep one foot in each rowboat; then, if one sinks, they can stand in the other, like Washington crossing the Delaware.

Follow that course long enough and both boats will sink and you'll get your cigarets all wet. "Labor" defense has rushed to the rescue. Now I wonder who will save the defense.

It's getting so you gotta carry your lifesaving apparatus in your hip pocket—the wobblies' red card.

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