

Bosses Won't Guess What's Wrong on Job

By T-BONE SLIM



Wages in the USA are 25 cents a day, 50 cents a day, \$1 a day, \$2 a day, \$8 a day, \$16 a day and—what have you.

Hours are 6, 8, 12, 16; long for the short and short for the long.

A bunch of unity there, and when we consider that the tensile strength of beefsteak determines the horsepower of patriotism, we must consider our system of distribution is slightly awry, like the clothes of an inebriated debutante.

Same holds true to states and empires:

Here's 50 million that control land from Hell to Halifax and a hundred million that haven't enough dirt to fill a flower pot.

China raises 422 million inhabitants on less than three million square miles. USA has trouble raising 130 million on 3,738,395 square miles. (Note: The 130 million is slightly increased by outlying possessions, but in any case 130 million have more than three million square miles to prance around on.)

wlw

If the workers don't beef the boss will never guess that they have a yearning in their hearts.

Backward indeed are the employers compared to governmental heads. I understand the Wall Street gamblers never issue orders to governmental heads, but trust them to guess the wants of the famous street.

Our bosses are utter failures in a guessing contest, so we have to beef and beef and beef—and even then they sometimes holler for a court of justice to back their ignorance and greed.

wlw

Newspapers are trying to popularize the word "blast" as a medium of expressing criticism or "bawl-out." Skip that word.

"Those in command of us . . ."—Hiram Johnson.

wlw

Hard to tell whether this Egyptian campaign is salami or baloney. England captured 6,000 pedestrians and three generals. (The fourth pinochle player got away.) This would not have happened had I been there. The noble General T-Bone Slim would have thrown a wing-ding hard-a-starboard on their encirclement. I would have encircled their encirclement; I would have joined the parade, implanted my dogs in their footsteps and approached them from behind as one of them. They'd never guess the difference. The hell with this noise of letting them capture the deck of cards and three generals, it makes it look as if the generals were in a restricted area.

wlw

Three or four Southern Railway officials got injured in a train wreck. By a strange coincidence it was one of their own trains. That's like getting kicked by your favorite mule. I am one in their agonies and sorrows, consoled only by faith that there will be no more wrecks on that line for a while. High and low joints will be remedied, snarling switches reconciled, and over-age trestles rejuvenated.

wlw

Well, anyhow, Cunningham's comet has a tail 140,000,000 feet long. Some appendage, hey?

Reports have it that the army will have variety in its diet; that the standard diet of beans will be augmented with dainty, tasty foods the nature of which is kept a military secret.

I would warn the army not to monkey with the diet without due consideration. Consider well the many heroic battles won by our boys on nothing more succulent than beans and more beans.

Also I would point out the masterful performances of our boys without shoes at Valley Forge. Care should be taken not to soften the boys too much.

wlw

Get rid of the idea that India is a gigantic slum, home of pellegra and cholera . . . India is the priceless pearl of all exploited lands. England isn't over there chasing a gut-wagon.

American employers missed the bus when this war started; got caught with their pants down and a dozen million unemployed.

Also: American actors with few exceptions should hold a flopularity contest beginning in Caliphornia. Let the footloose drama get rid of its inferiority complex . . . Get busy and act, or get off the lot. I want to see a show before I die.

wlw

It is most emphatically wrong for recognized unionism to sit still until they are smothered by rotten conditions on the job and then call in the radicals and militants to save them from their own complacency. Not that radicals and militants wouldn't be glad to do it periodically. Why not cease riding the militants? Make a sort of sacred cow of them and keep them "shooting the sun" at all times. Even the radicals can't make job conditions too good for you while your wits are woolgathering.

wlw

It is most emphatically wrong to maintain a job struggle between unions. In the process the job deteriorates and begins to stink so that neither one wants it. Jobs will thus be ruined to the point where one or the other union will risk a strike to regain some semblance of industrial sanitation and welfare.

Note: That is a strike after a loss and not a strike to make new gains. It is not defense or offense, but desperation. Why use desperation as a springboard to fame and fortune?

Verily, I believe recognized unionism is stone blind and should retain the militants and radicals in its ranks to take observation as to the state of the job's health.