



Should Indians Have Registered The Foreigners?

By T-BONE SLIM

We are dependent on each other; not on the few, but many—not on the many, but on ALL.

All are dependent on the working class; not on the chiselers, exploiters, promoters, or confirmed parasites.

Fire cannot burn without the aid of air—it smokes and smudges and complains like one in great sorrow. Even if given air, the fire cannot burn brightly if its own gases are not permitted to escape. It scowls and acts for all the world like a poor companion.

"Each man kills the thing he loves." Such is the chemistry of man.

Boy, my slippers.

If the good lord intended us to live in this climate he would have grown fur on our ears.

Lo, the poor Finn—52 below.

wIw

Nothing uncertain about Europe's fate except uncertainty. Minorities are still being pushed off the deep end. Right here in Pennsylvania, of all states, the courts had to step in to prevent half-baked legislators from registering aliens—they wanted to create a raft of untouchables here and subdivide the USA and call it Disunited States of America.

Luckily the judges were sober.

But you do not have to be a part of the (intelligent) minority and get hexed up that way; you can join the working class and be a part of the Big Majority, the One Big Union.

Yes, they were going to get the "John Hancock" of the stranger in a strange land and further disrupt the nation by creating a raft of voluntary spies—same as the purple gods do in Yurrop.

Seems to me I didn't see any Indians meeting our illustrious Puritans, and the Mayflower, with a registration sheet in their hands. All they said was, "How, How" — and offered to chop codfish bait for our forefathers.

It is argued now, however, with the vast registration schemes and regimentation, that the Indians made a mistake when they did not clap our illustrious forefathers in irons.

All that will be a bad dream, a vanished nightmare, when the good people get hep to themselves and join the Big Majority—the working class—and recognize the fact.

There's a vast difference between commonsense and common nonsense: one puts butter on the bread.

wIw

Barometric "millibars," that's what we're going to have now. How everything changes! Instead of "bull," we will have ebullience; instead of "sassy," we will brace ourselves and say insouciance; instead of "stinko," we say binge—damme if we ain't getting polite in our old age!

wIw

"Rumania Acts to Meet Red Peril." Perfectly de trop. It's blond perils that are the more vixenish. (They really get a man down.) May the goodly Lupescu live long and prosper.

Red perils, brown perils, blue perils, yellow perils, white perils, and brindle perils—damme if we aint periled on all hands and no escape—and bedeviled.

But why vote for perils?

Why not join the One Big Union

and vote for buttered porkchops?

Investigating the red peril isn't going to get you anywhere—the answer is, Aryan peril. The perils are at war in every hand. Each peril fears the other may get a mouthful.

wIw

Graveyards around American coal mines seem to dwarf the main industry. A mine at Bartley, W. Va., chipped in with 91 in one explosion.

Under present conditions, of management and inspection, is the job worth the price?

Workers should not countenance strange control and, indeed, they should organize their own safety commissions and mine stewards now—and I don't mean maybe. Count the widows and orphans—sacrificial offerings to the profit system.

wIw

In Philadelphia, the boys had to go on strike after courts had failed them and decreed a 1½ per cent tax on their wages legal.

The boys have an idea "the boss will pay that tax and like it."

Possibly, but I would have made light of that tax and presented the boss with a demand for 10% per cent increase in wages.

In Rome, do as the Romans do.

All right, Ben Hur, the Romans are catching up with you.