



# No, My Lords. We Won't Save Your Racket

By T-BONE SLIM

One million, two hundred seventy thousand, two hundred twenty Pennsylvanians asked jobs of U. S. government services in 1939; 124,310 connected. That left only 1,145,910 chewing their thumbs.

In other words, ten men applied for each job—plenty of man power there. Does that make sense? Or does it?

That was in 1939. If they've been subsisting on thumbs ever since, there isn't enough thumb left for hitch-hiking purposes. How you gonna wig-wag an automobile after the thumb is gone?

Something should be done to abate the American press goose-step—it might get pigeon-toed or stoolpigeon-toed. Twenty thousand papers are taking the words right out of the authorized spokesman's potato trap. I do most solemnly believe we don't need so much printing machinery to make public the insignificance of the spokesman's inspirations. They aren't good lies.

It is now self-evident Americans will have to step aside and give up their teaching rights to pro-British. "Will have to" because the matter of weeding out is left in extralegal hands, and because the subversive bugaboo is just that—a bugaboo.

So if you want your children to learn the downright frailty of our heroes of the past—Washington, Deatur, Farragut, Patrick Henry, and Tommy Paine—send them to public schools. If you want your children to learn the greatness of the British Empire, its imperialism, its present day totalitarianism, contra-diplomacy, and economic conniving and chiseling, send your children to American pro-British schools; and if they don't grow up as lunkheaded as the Luds and Luddesses, our All-Out for deah ol' Hengland is a miserable failure.

School teacher name-lists are demanded just to enable our fast-thinkers to determine the possible pedigrees by looks of the names. Dawson rates four stars; Allen, three; Davis two; Obie Dranath, four zeros; Pat O'Ryan, three zeros; Ko Kayuki, two zeros; T-Bone Slim—we'll burn him at the stake.

Hell of it is, however, so many of the fur-bearing furriners have grabbed off our best pro-British names and accents. Only a bloodtest would expose the swindle—blue for British, red for IWW and pink for social demijohns.

And there are so many British renegades, the name test can only aggravate the distemper.

Not only are pro-British names kidnapped but old American and Irish names like Peplinski, Hirsimaki and Ickes have been raided. God only knows how many Roosevelts there are among the Polacks, Pepsoslovians and Senegambians.

Job-lords, instead of taking a position on the unions' demands, take a position on the nation's demands. By the way—a small discrepancy—the nation has made no demands. These birds could sail the bounding main on the Mohave desert—any place but the sea.

Don't you believe it that the rich are putting themselves out for national defense, international defense or any other defense, anywhere, any time, anything. That just isn't being done, was never done, will never be done.

They put out to discomfit defense—national, international or intermediate. They expect to float when the ship of state sinks. (Like a cake of Ivory soap.)

And when you see their sons flirting with Marine Corps Reserve, you may know they are absolved of all military training for the current year.

George Washington was rich. His men were barefoot in snows of Valley Forge. He prayed to Continental Congress. (No soap.) He prayed to God Almighty. (No shoes.)

There is no brilliance in the thought of turning over to socialists the government of England after the war, its economy shattered, its debt beyond all power of liquidation other than by repudiation. From nowhere come the skads to beatify the England that was. Were I a socialist, I would say: "No, no, no, my lords, you better do the steering yourselves."

There is no brilliance in drafting a labor government to stand-in and bear witness to the dissolution of

the substance that was, in the last days, and to take the onus for all the bone-headed plays of aristocrat intellectuals. And if the drafted labor government be intellectual, the onus is shunted upon labor through deceit.

There is still less brilliance in setting up an aristocratic fascism after the war, from the aristocrats now conveniently and gracefully perched upon the fence.

There is, however, brilliance in getting our navy away from us before Britain goes Moseley. That shows real cunning.

Britain has attacked us three times, and that should be sufficient proof that Britain is unregenerate—the fourth attack is yet to come.

You boys and girls of labor persuasion, politically you get the sad remains of your beloved country after the wreck, to have and to hold, and to nurse back to health and vigor for the big-shots, the super-intellectuals of the graveyard economy.

I shall refuse the gift. I won't look into its mouth and ask it to say "Ah." I shall organize industrially and give the boys a complete new deal from start to finish. What do they think I am? A salvaging company? Nay, brother, nothing like that in our family—we do not patch overalls and broken-down capitalism.

Without the horrible example of ten million unemployed workers, the question of totalitarian government would have died aborning. . . . Without the national debt, fascism wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance. (I don't say it has a chance.) All exercises for prospective social change, so-called, have been completed and are on file. Labor should try to keep its nose clean and organize so as to be prepared against the day when industrial autocrats run short of trumps. In other words, have no part in their machinations, fight shy of their skullduggery.

Can't put the harness of socialism on the horse if the horse won't stand still—capitalism under socialism is no better than capitalism under the Salvation Army or the YMCA; the two are contra-temperamental. The nag is capitalistic.

Cut out carrying garments to capitalism and organize a commonwealth of toil in your industrial union. Why should we yearn to dress ourselves in a foolscap of political splendor and live in marble halls in fancy. It would be easier to imagine we found fifty thousand dollars some blunder lost and be rich for a day, or until the dream fades.