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Out of War Will Come More Evil

By T-BONE SLIM

Well, I see the employers are beginning to kick about the barrel of money we gave them; they're saying we didn't fill her up. What do you know about those greedy buggers, wanting us to "put a head" on it?

Some people seem to think that if the Nazis win the war American workers cannot compete with the slave labor of a Nazi-controlled Europe. That does not mean that I won't catch as many fish as before, or that I won't be able to shovel as many hot cakes into my maw. It does not mean that farmers won't be able to raise as much "spells" as before, or that textiles cannot turn out as many shirts as before.

It does not mean our Bethlehem will not be able to turn out as much armorplate and guns to protect our spells, shirts and shores.

But it does mean we will have to consume our own "surplus" commodities—we have a market here of 130,000,000 people, all hungry and poorly draped, and a country that is only about half completed. So

why in the name of common sense risk war in order to compete with those low-brows (slave labor) over there?

Argument: War makes the poor poorer and the rich richer. So why should the poor participate in anything that makes them poorer? Surely they ain't screwballs.

If Duce threatens to quit talking . . . This is getting to be serious and we'll have to turn on the radio. It's getting so we can't hear an encouraging word anymore.

The other day I was listening to a speaker and I gathered from his talk that capitalism in all its masquerading is up salt creek, beginning from Europe, reading from left to right and up and down.

It seems that totalitarian capitalism is sawing away at the throat of democratic capitalism; and democratic capitalism, not to be outdone, is trying to sink the drik into the vitals of totalitarian capitalism; both claiming to have the better way of skinning the workers. As to that I wouldn't know, since I am not a skinner. Nearest I've been to a bark-removing contest was when I was appointed to help the blacksmith rub the fur off a butchered hog.

So I wouldn't know, when you are fighting, whether you are fighting to preserve democracy or to preserve capitalism clothed in the garb of democracy. These things are so gosh-darned complicated, like a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyll, you know, cures your bunions and Mr. Hyde cuts your windpipe.

It's a matter of dressing—like putting Golden Wedding or Green River labels on a jug of brass polish.

Opinions differ among workers as to the relative merits of capitalism in dress parade. Some workers prefer to be robbed, exploited and scraped by democratic capitalism. Others prefer to be exploited, robbed and scraped by totalitarian capitalism. And they will fight for this privilege. They're particular about who skins them, and I don't blame them. No sense at all in having a green hand pulling the pelt off the universal goat.

In the end, after many tribulations, almighty labor will experience the supreme pleasure of being exploited, robbed and scraped by a brand new, superior capitalism without a stitch of camouflage or pretense. No good comes from the enemy camp.

Bury your dead and count the cost. You have fought foolishly but well!

Ah, had your energy and gallantry been used in the emancipation of the working class instead of in discovering a new slavery!

That's one side of the picture.