



Bosses Don't Start From Bottom Rung

By T-BONE SLIM

The thought persists that workers should be "barked" in a Christian way instead of Pagan. There may be merit to the proposal but did it ever occur to those devout believers to leave the workers unbarked?

I'm just after listening to that beautiful Christmas carol, Violent Night, Holy Fright and start to wonder: Who's nutsy now, I or the gang? What with my compatriots trying to drop bombs down the other fellow's neck . . .

It isn't sense and it isn't a good joke.

wIw

The great mistake a worker makes is starting at the bottom of the ladder and touching every rung on the way upward. There is no need of that.

The boss' son or nephew starts his climb from the middle of the ladder. Henry Ford, the wise man from Iron Mountain, didn't start his lumberjacking as a swamper or roadmonkey, oh no. He was a full-furred bull of the woods from the beginning. First thing anybody knew about it there was Hank sitting pretty as you please on the top limb and no one seems to know how he got there.

Did he climb, jump or was he pushed? That's why I say if you're going to walk from New York City to Chicago, you don't have to start your anklng in New York City. You can just as well start from Dunkirk or Ashtabula and then the first half of the walk is brain work and the last half leg work—kinda divide the strain between the noodle and fetlock. It's easier on the instep.

wIw

It isn't true that American Oppel works in Germany is producing war materials for Adolf. I have it from the best South street authority that our plant over there is turning out saurkraut choppers against the day when liberty cabbage becomes a universal dish. I wouldn't want it every day.

wIw

Star Spangled Banner still waves over the free, semi-free, prisoners, and privileged.

Democracy obtains in much of social intercourse, but in industry democracy is unknown.

It seems that Uncle Sam cannot produce democratic production and must depend on industrial autoeracy, a substitute. Which reminds me of the man in New York City that had six dependents—"one cat, one parrot, two canaries, and two gold fish."

So we can't produce industrial democracy? What would you think of a family that brought forth only girls? You'd call that family incomplete—too shrill.

wIw

One thing I like about the Wobly is his modesty; he never brags about his victories. But should he suffer a defeat, that is when his information rises to high heaven and I can almost feel sorry for those "about to die."

That what has happened is finished business, be it a victory or a defeat.

Seven thousand CIO agree never to strike any more, in honor of the war that is not yet. The type of strikes they ban is: sit-down, slow-down, stay-in, and sympathy. Oh, how good they will be. **Send for the stretcher bearers.**

wIw

I smoke only after meals and as the meals are few and far between, I have practically quit smoking.

wIw

The masters' economy is such that it carries on a side-line of destruction alongside of production. (Not referring to war—that is obvious.)

wIw

No honor among thieves. Chiselers must go!

wIw

Leading chiselers are at war with each other and the grief is great and destruction complete. Which goes to show crime doesn't pay. Of course, they have a sketchy idea of inaugurating some new form of economy after the war—after that is destroyed which would make the new economy possible.

wIw

A critic informed me that the racketeering got so bad that only a few could make a decent living at it. Then the law took a hand and jugged some of the leading lights and now racketeering stretches around more completely.

I'm afraid if prosperity strikes us, there will be a shortage of skilled racketeers and those in the business will get overrich overnight.

wIw

It's okay to have two Xmas holidays provided the people give thanks in the proper manner of eating good, substantial foods, such as turkey, horse-mackerel, or even German carp. (Finn Xmas used to be two weeks long.) But if you persist in eating soup, which is a drink, you are beyond redemption.

wIw

One thing I like about the IWW, they know what to do next. They don't have to wait for orders from the man on horseback.

Washington is full of lawyers. For their benefit let me point out there is a difference between legality and realism. Seeking precedent is the confession of a soul imprisoned. Legality and realism are at war.

wIw

Everybody knows my bravery but, still and all, I had to go into hiding this summer because I was afraid they'd grab me for an ambassador to St. James—and maybe to St. Peter, too. In all these wide open spaces there wasn't a single one that had the guts to go to London; they all got cold feet in a hurry—a regular diplomatic frostbite.

But, thank heaven, just as things looked darkest, Wild Bill Donovan was struck by patriotic lightning in an unguarded moment and was hustled down to the boat-landing and ditpatched to Britain. And so, after looking both ways, I came out of hiding and told the populace: It's too late now to get the boys in the trenches before Christmas.