



# Eat Your 'Surpluses': Avoid War!

By T-BONE SLIM

Of course Germany expects us to get into the war, as she expected us to get into the last one; and she has, no doubt, made arrangements to toss a party in our honor.

Germany knows somewhat better than our own folks of the stranglehold Britain has and had on our economics, starting prior to 1897, when even the labor movement acquired an Oxford accent.

Only the veriest tyro could fail to see the control, plus a good share of our own mismanagement and know not that we are booked for fireworks—a condition of fight or starve and fight and starve. Not much choice there but it's supposed to be democracy.

And the funny part is: We are to fight for England, not against her. Germany is another country that suffered from British control of world trade and internal disruption of her economics, but I expect Germany to turn-to and start fighting for Britain, à la Uncle Sam.

Could Christianity go further—love thy enemy and fight for him, die for him

The convoy, of course, will be a good will tour and the cannon will be loaded with blanks. But we should notify Fritz to that effect so he won't start slinging hardware at our ships and planes.

But what good is a convoy if its protection is just a tooting, saluting chaperon?

Yes, convoy means war.

Lindbergh's writings have been removed from public libraries in two towns in Canada. Item states not were they burned. Probably there were no matches handy.

But I can't see why they didn't leave the books to gather dust on the shelves. Now there is a demand for them.

Trade, foreign or domestic, is based upon the fact that after the workers' wages are paid, there remains a surplus of workers' production in the employers' possession.

Employers are trusted with the privilege of finding a market for the surplus. The market for the workers' share is almost automatic and but slightly deferred.

Search for foreign markets under capitalism brings the employers into competition with foreign employers and shortly it is made a national issue, and exchange of diplomatic correspondence begins. And soon diplomacy runs into bitter words. Incidents occur and war is a fact.

And the bums don't know that capitalism made bums of them.

It's gorgeous to die in this blissful ignorance! One bum fighting another—all victims of a system whose basic purpose is to make bums of them.

That is the result of attempted forcible sale of surpluses in any territory, a quarrel between two or more surplus holders; and the original victim, the creator of surplus (or his son) does most of the shooting and getting shot.

How much nicer it would be to produce for domestic use only and maintain a special warehouse area for storage of domestic surplus for home use only.

No, we don't have to lick Hitler. All we have to do is lick the surplus holders, deprive them of the "rake" and put them on WPA to work according to their ability, which is nil. A moderate pension for them would be better, but WPA is healthier. I am worried about them, they won't work and they have forgotten how to steal.

England is getting our billions cheaply—just the ownership of a few conspicuous self-sustaining newspapers and a little chicken feed for dramatic patriots. All of them a leech on the body politic that is the USA, all of them dealers in shoddy imitation.

We should have taken our losses for the early mistakes and not risk our life for a further loss.

Note: Shortage of this or that material in this country is super-acute only because of the demand created by efforts to capture and dominate world trade. And that's a delusion—you get war and dissipate your gulden. Under normal life in this nation there is no conspicuous shortage of anything.

I may look at it differently from others and I must confess I am not greatly interested in international cartels and the wars between them.

It is the bosses' game and I am

not yet a boss. And I must confess I do not expect emancipation from the bosses' game.

I am interested in One Big Union of the workers. You have tried the bosses' game and it brought you war. Why not try the workers' game, it might bring you peace.

Join the Industrial Workers of the World right now, before you forget about it.