



# Businessmen Might Learn From Crooks

By T-BONE SLIM

The underworld (such as Murder Syndicate, Inc.) had a habit of thinning out its members to conform with the "lesser take" that occurred—as when prohibition ended and ruined the bootleg business. And there are those who say the surplus racketeers were taken for a one-way ride so as to preserve the divvy in reasonable good health.

There's nothing like that in the more legitimate rackets, such as business or commerce.

When the buying power of one-third of the workers shrinks down to nothing, it never occurs to one-third of the businessmen to step out and hang themselves, oh no. There they are rubbing their hands together as if they were frozen assets, and the remaining two-thirds of the workers has to support them.

And it never occurs to the Chamber of Commerce to take the extra businessman for an outing and forget to bring them back.

Isn't it a strange system, where outlaws perform in a more Christian manner than the pillars of society? Some call it competition.

I don't.

It's throat cutting and a frisking of the folks.

"One hundred eighty-three joined the Oil City Chamber of Commerce." Ha! a defense measure—getting the neck under the shell. Bravo!

Workers, too, should cover up by joining the Industria Workers of the World. Young or old, there's your place.

Dictatorship is only necessary when you wish to lean backward for your friends and bring the gospel of obedience to your opponents—a form of circumscribed favoritism. Revolt always is at the end of the prospectus. In the meantime the hoi polloi isn't eating—only the Aryans and the Bluebloods. And to think, aristocracy cannot find its chamberpot when the servant is out . . .

Pretty helpless, pretty helpless.

Work? They never even thought of it. Why should they, when they have free board, Scotch tweed, warmth and comfort, hypocrisy and greed?

It is not a question of which form of labor exploitation is best—both are unsatisfactory.

It is conceded, however, that we now can support our millionaires in grand style with less workers. Well, how about the workers?

Who worries about workers? They are unorganized except to collaborate with those that they support. That makes it unanimous.

Well, how about more equal distribution of wealth? They have not been able even to distribute the work evenly, to say nothing about letting the workers get hold of cash money.

In other words, I describe them not as "yes-men" but as "can't-boys."

The best they can do is get all the money for themselves. Distribution? Pooh, pooh—you must be crazy. Or a red—or just plain subversive, to thus try to disrupt our bigshots just when they are busily engaged in barreling up the shekels?

Strikes are so convincing.

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It is not probable that Hitler will invade England at this late date. For it can be assumed Adolf has a few chores that require his attention and time. Being "bumrushed" into a foreign safari, at this time, is not in his lexicon and it can be attributed to British jitters and inveterate yen to panhandle help. Sleep well.

Diplomatic restrictions prevent me from giving the date of the parade.

To hear the British tell it, and our own capitalists, one would think the show comes off at six o'clock tomorrow afternoon. So wipe your noses, boys, and have a look at the skads of velvet our major industries are coining at the expense of very, very moderate wages. After this depression (relief costs rising) they will be fixed for all time. Our hard luck?

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Astute Washington hollers at the top of their lungs about some "inside facts" that repose in their possession. Naturally, such facts cannot be made public because of four reasons: First, the hated enemy (everybody except ourselves) must not get an inkling of the "awareness" of our bigshots. (I wonder how they "got next"; did they imagine or pipedream all that important information?).

Second, we are not supposed to be astute and, consequently, incapable of carrying such heavy-weight knowledge.

Third, the inside information may

turn out to be something like "Mary had a little lamb; George had some veal."

Fourth, general information might put an end to all diplomatic conniving, international chiseling, double-crossing and bribery and, finally, the use of arms to emphasize the force of argument in big-stick moral suasion.

Of course, information in a democracy, where the people rule, will not do—where the people are supposed to have supreme privilege and pleasure of sticking their necks out. Far, far better that they rule without knowledge, fly blind, in pitch darkness without instruments.

Some day I must ask our newsboy to reveal to me the ponderous information that keeps Washington hot and bothered. If he doesn't know he can ask the bootblack. Both are over eight years of age and white.

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"National defense measures are lagging," we are assured. Don't I know it—what with eight to ten million producers idle by imperial employer ukase.

Why? Did anybody think that national defense would progress simply by force of wishing?

Let me tell you, children, national defense is new work and requires new men—now. Or were you going to work the maintenance force overtime and step-up the belt speed? You'll never win this war by two-by-four measures.

Did you know that, too?

"Out of the night; into the day—let there be light!" So sayeth Westinghouse.

Snap on the switch.