

## Or Any Phase Of The Class Struggle?

VIII

Thirty five years the IWW has been in the field fighting for labor and its martyrs and the long suffering working class, now desperate, hasn't seen fit to toss the IWW "the price of admission" for their own relief. No they resolved to resort to prayer, pray the masters set-up for relief—so far the maidens (weak-sister) prayer remains unanswered save for a bowl of barley-broth or its equivalent 50 bones a month. Inasmuch as the employing class is as strong on the political field as on the industrial, I am perforce moved to conclude the prayer had not sufficient resonance.

Therefore I, T-bone Slim, (elegant humorist and clean as bounds tooth) propose that we all unkne down to Washington, flop down on our marrowbones and pray from sun-up to sun-down and from sun-down to sun-up till—oh hell its going to be a long prayer unless industry starts bawling for our help, in the meantime. The presumption here is: "The Workers Are At Prayer"—so as to save on union dues.

### The One Big Prayer versus One Big Union...

I wonder what became of all those nationalities that were supposed to be hanging around the IWW hall? Maybe their Home Office instructed them to steer clear and practice up on that Big Prayer they are going to pull off in Washington—so as to forever (eternally) to remain unmoved (a loaf) from progressive clear thinking, enthusiastic action and labor loyalty—only to perish "wrapped in prayer; in the arms of Franklin Delano Roosevelt or a raft of other first class savians now standing by knee-deep in political acumen (and other substance of more concrete consistence). The IWW demands that those nationalities percolate among their people and organize them into the IWW. The rank and file seem to have an idea that this is a Roman Holiday and all they have to do is sit and sigh, sigh and sit, like T-bone Slim. How about stepping out and leading the populace to the