

After the employers have everything including our Sunday pants they say "boys, let's arbitrate." They are past masters in the art of pouring oil upon trouble waters: a few greasy words from them and a double chin oscillates on labor's breast. There are among them men who draw fortunes from six or seven corporations. In other words they are doing the grabbing for six or seven and the percentage of unemployed grabbers here is 6 to 1 — that isn't fair. How many billions those employers weed out of the production of labor is still a mystery after all these years. — I'll give you a conservative figure: Forty billion dollars (\$40,000,000,000.) a year.

Seems to me that is pretty heavy cream and leaves but a little blueish milk for labor in the bottom of the bottle.

Aw, government, come and tell us the precise amount our forty-thousand thieves get away with and — shall we arbitrate the matter? Would you arbitrate with thieves for carfare? I'd work; if they have my Jack, I ain't going no place no how — (Moral: always use carfare before, not after) — pay after.

Verdicts always are according to usages of parasitism (Nothing there to arbitrate — except the verdict)

Some of our fellow workers will misdoubt the feasibility of exchanging drivers with Yarnup on exchange of talent plan. Give a look:

Hollywood is full of panicked stars from every land on earth and our own stars are in soupline or strip teasing in night clubs — these foreigners come here to grab the big money and our own