

It would be illogical to think that any good can come from self-appointed industrial autocrats; they appointed themselves not for the love of us but for the love of themselves. Even today, the Simon leger of their nature sticks out like a busted toe. By doing the bossing they escape being bossed — unions are calling their bet. All the panaceas of politicians is of little moment to the working class for here again the peepuls representatives have SELF to look after and die with thousands even so as employers die with millions and billions — even while the worker never gets his house "paid for" in a life-time and the repossessor steps in while yet his children are weeping at his grave. No Dictatorship, Monarchy or Constitutional Assembly can emancipate the workers; no State-Capitalism, National Socialism — or any leadership — can lighten the burden of John Workbox, their leg-man. (Too often leadership is twenty blocks behind.)

No Balm of Gilead resides in any so called upper strata. Any succor to our sorrows must come <sup>from</sup> the workers. All else is vanity.

When the workers' cupboard goes on light-diet or no-diet, scientists start smashing atoms and giving birth to chemical synthesis, and Barlow invents a better machine-gun and Lindbergh invents a "store-heart"; mathematicians point out the great saving on digestion etc. etc. etc — spare me — and the musicians sing "Roll Out The Barrel, It's The Last Roundup." — Farmers who have been "taken" will be put on even-keel with Chemurgy, of all things — corn and spinnach is fruit? They've <sup>been</sup> working on it a long time and it is hoped the farmer won't starve in the meantime...

Editor here will put the name of the kind of farming that was going to save John the last time — few years ago. Variegated vegetables or something?

It worked like a sarong or Chinaman's glass-eye. Stop the press, editor. The farmers are holding their breath or packing for Canada and California.