# 1903

## 1903\_1\_AS\_01011903

Eriestä, Pa., kirjoitetaan:

Pyydän Amerikan Sanomain toimitusta oikaisemaan kirjeevaihtajansa viime kirjettä, jossa hän m. m. sanoi että Erien nuorison joulukuusi tulee olemaan erään kapakan yläkertaan. Huomautan että mainittu kapakka ja sen yläkerta ei ole missään yhteydessä, siis olisi se ollut sen puolesta sovelias vaikka raittiuskokouksille, varsinkin nyt kun raittiusseura pyrkii eteenpäin pienellä voimalla, sillä haali on pieni samoin kuin raittiustalo, molemmat paikat olivat liika pienet nuorison juhlaviettoon.. Kirjeenvaihtaja ei tietystä tätä tiennyt sillä ei hän ollut koskaan tilaisuudessa lähemmin tutkia tätä kapakkarakennusta, siis sillä aikaa kun hän vaikeroitsi väärän käsityksen alaisena, niin hommasi nuoriso joulujuhlaansa, kuusen ja kaikki erään lihakaupan yläkertaan, joka on aivan lähellä tätä kapakkaa. Santa Claus toi mukanaan lumen ilahuttamaan meitä immeisiä ja onnistui hyvin. Jo aikaseen saapui haalille iloisia kasvoja nuoria sekä vanhoja. Minun on mahdoton kuvata sanoilla tunteitani jotka myös kuvasti läsnäolijain iloisissa kasvoissa juhlapukuun puetun kuusen ympärillä, kun mr. Jalmari Kumpula alkoi puheensa juhlamme tarkoituksesta, kuinka joulu on aina se sama vanha joulu, joka paimenia ilahutti ja aina se uusi joulu, joka meitä ilahuttaa. Puheen loputtua laulettiin useita virsiä, jonka perästä miss Maria Tantari lausui erittäin kauniin joulurunon. Sitten lauloi tytöt laulun “En oo liian pieni”, johon yhtyi kaikki. Mr Kumpula luki sievän kertomuksen joululehdestä jonka perästä tarjottiin virvokkeita, hedelmiä, käntiä y. m. Lopuksi jakoi mr Kustaa Koski Santa Clausin jättämät lahjat ja joulujuhlamme kaikuessa läksi kansa päivän valjetessa kotiinsa. Tämä päivä on aina oleva iloinen muisto siitä ilosta, joka on meille tuleva. Kiitän nuorison puolesta M. Honkalaa ja L. Lehtistä ja muita jotka hän hyväntahtoisesti ovat uutterasti toimineet juhlamme menestykseksi. Kunnioituksella  
Mathew Houghton.

# 1904

## 1904\_1\_EDT\_21041904

WANTED—To rent part of house. or second floor of four or five rooms; west end. Mathew Huhta, care of 1043 West Fourth street. 20apr2t\*

# 1919

## 1919\_1\_AA\_07091919

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Brown County Jail September 4 — Aberdeen American Editor — Am inclosing you several effusions which seem so ridiculous (here in jail) that I am in hopes they will create a smile on ye face of constant render and lighten their load of daily care. Also with view of touching your crusted heart to such effect that you will donate a copy of your esteemed paper for jail consumption. Beggin your pardon.

Matt Arnold. (Model Prisoner) L. Box 124 Aberdeen

ONLY A MOUSE IN JAIL

A place is vacant in our home

Which never can be filled.

Remorseless fate in cruel hate

Its squeak forever stilled.

It may never have been a mother love;;

A heart by sorrow wrung.

That heard the call and gave its all;

To save its starving young.

We would not let it live in strife;

Not let it die in peace.

On want the chase from place to place.

Oh when shall murder cease.

It had no shot of any kind;

It vainly ran a bout.

With one fain squeal, beneath a heel

Its tiny light went out.

Thus on life’s doughtful honor roll

Our names we (humans) carve.

We do we care how rodents faer:

Or if their young shall starve.

Ah prisoners remark this rule.

‘Tis life you have begrudged—

And even as that mouse, alas—

So you too shall be judged.

The judge will play the game with you;

You’ll tremble in suspense.

You’ll find out too when he is thru—

You hide is on the fence.

Matt Arnold.

# 1920

## 1920\_1\_OBUM\_00041920

“By ???”

**The Popular Wobbly**

(Air - - -They go wild over me)

*I’m as mild mannered man as can be*

*And I’ve never done them harm that I can see.*

*Still, on me they placed a ban and they threw me in the can,*

*They go wild, simply wild over me.*

*Oh the “Bull” he went wild over me*

*And he held his gun where everyone could see.*

*He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card—*

*He went wild, simply wild over me.*

*Then the judge went wild over me*

*And I plainly saw we never would agree.*

*So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,*

*He went wild, simply wild over me.*

*Oh, the jailer went wild over me*

*And he locked me up and threw away the key*

*It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage*

*They go wild, simply wild over me.*

*They go wild, simply wild over me*

*I’m referring to the bedbug and the flea*

*They disturb my slumber deep  
And I murmer in my sleep*

*They go wild, simply wild over me.*

*Even God he went wild over me*

*This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,*

*Did he hear my humble yell?   
No, he told me go to hell,*

*He went wild, simply wild over me.*

*Will the roses grow wild over me*

*When I’m gone to the land that is to be*

*When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart*

*Will said roses grow wild over me?*

# 1921

## 1921\_1\_IS\_02041921

**“An Earfull”**

–––––

**By T. Bone Slim**

(Jewelry of His Mind)

–––––

God is good— He made winter—to save the great American scissorbill—from “swetting” to death.

He made summer, to save the slowmoving wobblie from freezing. Selah!

–––––

An I. W. W. is no fur-bearing animal—he is (rather) a forbearing animal long suffering).

–––––

A groan means Hallelujah— in the language of the poor! **What** ,you can’t see it? Well, keep on looking until all of the people exhale that one big groan.

–––––

It has been discovered that a person (by bending his back) may arrest the functioning of his brain —This practice, if persisted in, will eventually do away with all traces of bolshevism.

–––––

Among the “ideals” of the American lumber “barons” are these three: Haywire, Gunnysack and Tarpaper.

–––––

Slave, you are framed by honey’d lips—

Sweat of thy brow, thy shirttail drips—

–––––

Some must bear the brunt of riches; Bravely breed “Blue Ribbon” pups.

Chosen few, along the ditches, Spear the rare Havana butts.

–––––

You may wonder at my “awefull” intelligence —wonder no longer, I will explain; I went through confirmation school in a cord wood camp.

–––––

Bed bugs, lice, filth, mice, near beer, near booze, near foods, near beds, near clothes, “sawsage,” oleomargarine, and bull, beef —these are merely evidences of the influences of

civilization. This standard of living is one of the 57 varieties, in fact it is No. 56.

–––––

The lumber co’s do not “permit” the cleaning of horses in the daytime. So, the skinners sneak out early in the morning, while the Co. is still in bed, and surreptitiously “curry” their steeds, with tufts of hay or a piece of burlap. Also, in the evening, when the Boss is retired, you can see dark forms flitting toward the barn, with a noble resolve and a smoky lantern.

–––––

A skinner works 320 hrs per mo. for $65.

A swamper works 260 hrs. per mo. for $160.

–––––

Even the masters say, “Where’s your pride?” Quite rightly, Mister Boss. A 30 cent sport (with pride) is “easier” to exploit.

–––––

If I ever marry. I’m going to raise pool tables. Pool tables earn 40 cents per hour. Moral—what’s the use of raising pool “sharks” to work an hour for two bits?

–––––

The “kid” was “next”.: A newsboy in Hibbing says, “I’d rather be in the woods than go to school.”

“What,” says the lumberjack, “would you rather be a timber beast than a scholar?”

“Yes; what’s the use of being wise—they’ll only’ put you in jail?” replied the future rebel.

–––––

Some of the brave Americans who have not heard (yet) that our’Gene, good old Debs, is safely under lock and key, might be (by judicious coaxing) induced to crawl out from their cyclone cellars. —Yes, **I said crawl**.

–––––

Today, sure enough, the groundhog did come out and tried to throw a shadow—

Great heavens, has the High Cost of Living struck the dumb brute as well as “dumb” people?

P.S. The groundhog failed to register—but, you should have seen the profiteer throw a shadow on Main Street.

–––––

They call the Jews, “Christ Killers.” But— allow me to inform you, the Jews didn’t drag him behind an automobile (like Frank Little was dragged) with a rope around his neck. Lest we forget!

–––––

Charity! I’ve ‘ always suspected there is something wrong with it—now I know it— the employing class has exploited us no long that they are beginning to think they support us. “Ain’t” it hell, fellow workers ,to receive “charity” from those who never produce—anything? I wonder whose stuff they are passing out! Let’s get the soup-line— or line up in defense.

–––––

We must get together; this condition shall not be allowed to prevail—Why, some of the workers seem to believe we are being robbed at the point of consumption; some think we’re robbed at the point of production—but, isn’t it barely possible that we are robbed at the point of a bayonet.

Let us be fair: Give the employer all he produces and nothing but what he produces.

–––––

Finns, Swedes, Dutch, Irish, Slavs and Dagos built America. These damn foreigners—Yaps, Simps and Scissorbills; Hicks and Hoosiers are the ruination of our beloved country!

–––––

Industrial unionism suits the migratory worker— And if Brother Harding ever “gets” his “normalcy” to working we’ll all be migratory workers (pretty soon). Normalcy means—4,821,567 unemployed trying to get your job.

–––––

The world do move— A dozen years ago a packer being weary of his better half ground her up and made sausage— but now, God only knows what is in those airtights. The packers won’t tell; and judging from the taste— it is just as well.

–––––

Most packers advertise thusly: “We do not use artificial coloring (poison) or other preservatives.” How very, very considerate of them!—no benzoate of soda, no formaldehyde, no saltpeter, alumn, strycknine or arsenic— Glory be, our lives are (at last) secure in the lily-white hands of the packers.

–––––

“Made from (carefully selected) tomatoes” may mean that great care was used to prevent any good tomatoes slipping into the grinder. Carefully selected is right—who’s the goat?

–––––

The workers do the “praying”—the masters do the “preying”. These two words are pronounced alike— No. 1, means asking for something you will not “git.” No. 2, “gitting” something without asking. Personally, I am of the opinion that the masters have the most effective method —A “prayer,” often, goes unanswered to the second and third generation; whereas, “preying” (as a general rule) is found delightfully profitable (to the preyer).

–––––

“Preyer” may also be pronounced “profiteer”, if you are addicted to the use of mild words.

–––––

The next democratic platform (if I have a say so in writing it,[)] will contain these scientific provisions (that is the only way we can bring the provisions home to the consumer).

No. 1. **Compulsory “illiterary” training:** (preparedness for the next peace).

No. 2. **Vociferous universal praying:** (while off duty; gov’t to furnish burlap and cinders).

No. 3. **Absolute, automatic thought control:** (If they can’t think — they can’t, talk, simpleton.)

No. 4. **Free labor** (to the captains of industry). The workingmen shall make no charges whatsoever, but labor freely and often — making it ‘possible for us to compete with cheap labor, foreign. What more do we need?

No. 5. **Preying** shall be left to the voluntary initiative of our best people; and as this is a matter that requires handling without gloves, the plutocrats, with their pink fingers, are best suited for the job.

No. 6. **Prohibition**: (even if we have to start making glass eyes for Pussy-foot Johnson).

Under prohibition shall be included everything that is not already prohibited, such as whiskey, beer, bitters, pancakes and butter. Also, small thieves are prohibited from stealing from the great Big Thieves—unless they show very, very great aptitude.

No. 7. **Recognizing Russia:** I’m dead set against this; it would give us too much work; too much trade; too much money, and with too much money running around loose the workers might get a hold on some of it and become independent. I believe in recognizing the soup-line! Why, even now, the workers are getting chesty, and would rather steal than eat “our” delicious soup—the other day I met a workingman, and would believe it— he actually had on his feet a pair of shoes — yes, he did! So, if we recognize Russia, he’s liable to buy himself a suit of clothes, and then we could not distinguish him from the distinguished people.

–––––

Yes, you have a chance to become a president. But— you have a far better chance of becoming a lumberjack.

–––––

I’ve always wanted to be president, (since the good old schooldays when the teacher told me “I had a chance”) unsuccessfully thus far, but, I am progressing. By my own diligent effort. I have raised myself to the position of a swamper in the woods. This shows what would happen, were I, the noble T. Bone Slim, to enter the political “corral”, either as a bull moose, demojackass, or an elephant —or any other animal of the political herd —All this, in spite of the fact that a fortune teller once told me I was too honest to succeed.

–––––

I’ve heard, the “Irish” pay four bucks per capita, for the privilege of “cussing” the British government. The “Irish” are very extravagant people. I wouldn’t pay (over) four cents per year, to be governed by J. Bull

–––––

For not a despot bites the dirt,

Nor yet a “kinglet” dies,

But people in their undershirt—

Rise up to praise the skies.

–––––

Grammar is not taught (teached) in these lumber camps (this accounts for my flowing style) in fact: only the teamsters are trusted with the use of it—and they do use it—and good grammar—with terrible effect and efficiency (when they become exasperated with the horses).

–––––

Our “punctuation exercises” consist of drawing a black mark (with a piece of burnt wood) on the end of a log—we count the logs.

–––––

Our spelling may be “overly-done” in places, but no question of its veracity must be raised— 140 of the brightest lumberjacks aided me in assembling these letters into their proper stalls—This puts it up to the editor—will he have the nerve to get up and say that he knows more than 140 lumberjacks, or, even, 100 lumberjacks? If he has, and does say so—well, all I’ve “got” to say—He knows something!

**Your Humble T bone Slim**

(plainer slim during war.)

P. S.— During these times of unemployment I am reaching out for a more suitable name.

A Chinaman would solve my dilemma by driving a T. bone into a piece of liver and eating it in semi-darkness.

## 1921\_2\_IS\_07051921

**—”Briquets”**

Sex, race, creed and color— is

Opposed to

Rex, grace, greed and $.

–––––

“Eat not, work not—work not, eat naught”. This reminds me: Most of the “self made” men you meet on the street, “look” as if they had been working overtime on that stomach of theirs. Also, they must have put in a few extra hours on that double chin on the back of their necks.

–––––

I threw away my toothpicks today—won’t need them.

I’m hanging onto my false teeth a while longer to “grit” with.

–––––

Ah slaves, only 3 years and 6 months more— to next election —to exercise our franchise. When do we exercise our brain?

“Servants of the People” often prove unreliable.

People trust their servants —

I’m sorry dear, I’m sorry dear, I’m sor’—

Want a thing well done? Do it yourself.

–––––

Public policy is to civic welfare what oleomargarine is to a banquet.

–––––

Are you still “hooverizing”? Good, hip, hip, hurrah!

Only 4,999,997 men unemployed. —Three of the boys “got” jobs this morning.

–––––

Right now we ought to send a note to Japan —3 notes, a night letter, and seven ultimatums to Mexico.—Let’s be diplomatic, if it takes the last man.

To prevent war—”have war to prevent war”-. How simple! are we not simple?

National agreement with RR workers abolished—cause: war is over. Debs still in “can”—cause: war isn’t over. Public policy— oleomargarine!

–––––

Generally, when capital and labor get together, there is a cut in wages —when labor gets together, alone—there will be a cut in profits.

Ever notice: When a bunch of “bolsheviks” go into a factory to work, the “masters press” calls them “A fine lot of law-abiding citizens.” But, when they come out, out on strike, the press calls them “lawless element, outlaws, roughnecks; and calls upon the “bulls” to “sap” the mob— some policy. Join the Solidarity.—

–––––

The literary prostitutes of subsidized press say — “The’ I. W. W. is “ditched” by its leader.” Its a lie—no ditch or leader big enough.

Red cards are selling @ $3.00 a throw. Market is firm, in spite of small flurry, created by “bulls”. Supply and demand steady.

Personal: Just because a man “gets” uneasy—is no sign he is nervous, temperamentally. It might be “cooties”. Let’s have more action.—

–––––

A “sky scraper” is only a “mine” upside down. Slaves work in mines,also.

Is there a panic? No.—Unemployment? No. Bless your heart, no. T’is only a slight “industrial dislocation” —and we thought it serious.

And in the meantime the intelligent minority is dilating on the “emptiness of space” instead of the Fullness of the Face. The rank and raw, handicapped with a second hand chew of snus, is discreetly silent. Minority, minority, minority, wins. Heads up—and stand from under!

Down comes the capitalist system.

T bone Slim.

## 1921\_3\_T\_27051921

Right now we ought to send a note to Japan—3 notes, a night letter, and seven ultimatums to Mexico.—Let’s be diplomatic, if it takes the last man. —T. BONE SLIM.

## 1921\_4\_IS\_28051921

**Psalm of Flesh**

–––––

Tell me not my noble master—

That your stomach is a “moose”,

That it grows and grows the faster,

As you labor to reduce.

Don’t give up—to grease and sorrow,

Life is never out of joint

Even though: The meals tomorrow

May enhance the **embonpoint** (?)

Life is real, yes, somewhat somber,

So is fat, so-called, alleged,

And we sometimes pause to wonder—

How some people cross their legs?

But if you will deign to struggle, ‘

I will deign to put you wise;

How to overcome this trouble,

In. Re. ornate paunch and size.

Court a judge— in strict attendance

(Paths of rectitude renounce)

He’ll no doubt, slip you a sentence—

You’ll feel lighter by an ounce.

Keep away from Doctor Stethes —

(Deacons wait, to ring the knell)

Frown upon perspiring methods—

Jail will suit you twice as well.

One by one the days are numbered,

Drop by drop the “wine” shall age,

And the soul quite enencumbered,

Shall depart this magic cage.

Soon the paunch will fade diminish,

‘Till you’re down to skin and bone—

When at last your term is finished,

You will need no “arbolone.”

This is not an empty vision—

(I will gladly swear to that)

Leavenworth or any prison

Beats a tub of Anti-fat.

Let it then: Be not forgotten,

When we fake a worthy peeve;

When we say a soul is rotten,

Not ourselves do we deceive.

Do not try to solve the puzzle,

Why you feel so strangely light?

Be content, to find a ruffle,

Where the skin before was tight.

Once, you’re rid of ‘borrowed’ matter,

You’ll be dis-inclined to shirk;

And perhaps we’ll hear you chatter,

Or the “healthfulness” of work?

Let us all, lay by our “squabbles”—

Help the master (with the “moose”)

May, perchance, he’ll join the

“Webblies”

When he first learns to produce.

**T bone Slim.**

P. S. — Talk about your **charity!**

## 1921\_5\_T\_03061921

**“Briquets”**–––––

Sex, race, creed and color— la

Opposed to

Rex, grace, greed and $.

“Eat not, work not— work not, eat naught.” This reminds me: Most of the “self made” men you meet on the street, “look” as If they had been working overtime on that stomach of theirs. Also, they must have put in a few extra hours on that double chin on the back of their necks.

–––––

I threw away my toothpicks today— won’t need them.

I’m hanging onto my false teeth a while longer to “grit” with.

–––––

Ah slaves only 3 years and 6 months more— to next election— to exercise our franchise. When do we exercise our brain?

“Servants of the People” often prove unreliable.

People trust their servants —

I’m sorry dear. I’m sorry dear,

I’m sor’ —

Want a thing well done? Do it yourself.

–––––

Are you still “hooverizing”? Good, hip hip, hurrah!

Only 4,999,997 men unemployed.— Three of the boys “got” jobs this

morning. —T. BONE SLIM.

## 1921\_6\_IS\_04061921

**GLORY SONGS**

**(DURING PANICS)**

**—Tune: “Pretty Mollie Shannon”—**

I’ve got a boss, a “gentleman” boss,

Just listen, I’ll tell you about him;

He is so kind —my rent is behind—

I really could live not without him.

He allows me to labor; he does me the favor—

A boss to be proud of by heck!

I’m afraid I would bawl if something would fall,

And hit him right square in the neck.

**Chorus (unanimously):**

How would you like to be me; and have a boss as sweet as he.

Hail, hail sons of toil I’d hate to be a king!

There can be nothing about to whine, what! with a hump as round as mine.

Kind and gentle master—’t is of the boss—I sing!

II.

I’ve got a job! a sweet little job;

I work with a pick and a shovel.

I’m “making” enough, I borrow my snuff

I live in a cute little hovel.

Of course we must shiver while eating green-liver—

But it is I know—for the best ;

And maybe some day—when things come my way,

I’ll be earning—a much needed rest.

**St. T bone De Slim.**

## 1921\_7\_IS\_04061921

**“Scrap Irony”**

–––––

Have you received your job —yet?

\* \* \*

It is rumored that women are “redder” than men—watch your step, ladies. The sublime court is liable to declare your vote unconstitutional.

\* \* \*

Workmen are averse to buying automobiles, because: When car stands in front of a house, astute “bulls” suspect house of being a blind pig or a candy store.

\* \* \*

Panics do not “just happen”. They are made in U. S. A.

\* \* \*

Panics are not made for the sole purpose of readjusting our wages in two. Oh, no. Nor to make “beggars” of men. I should say not! Of course, if you “happen” to become a “beggar” it gives the “master” a chance to practice “charity”. It does him good— eases his conscience— harms no one and fools nobody.

Let us not become hungry, what ever we do.

\* \* \*

When Mr. Millionbuck is robbed of two dollars and thirty cents, the paper says, Mr. Millionbuck, the noted financier and philanthropist of Riverside Rollway was robbed, etc.

When Mr. John Commonslave is robbed of his life’s-earnings, that same paper says:

J. Commonslave was held up and relieved of his money. Seems to me the Trib. is sabotaging commonslave.

\* \* \*

A Laplander’s aim is accurate, only in proportion to the degree of his hunger. Nerves and eyesight have nothing to do with it.

\* \* \*

A Laplander never misses a bird before dinner.

\* \* \*

Slave nature, the world over, is about the same. They all rebel when sufficiently oppressed.

\* \* \*

“Communism of masters” consist of a system where by slaves “throw” their “mite” into masters pile.

\* \* \*

‘Tis worry that kills. That is why there are remarkably few deaths in the capitalist class. Seems to me “worry” is slaughtering the wrong bunch. This is something to worry over!

\* \* \*

During these Ding hard times it is necessary a man “look” twice as hungry as he really is, (in order to be fed.) An imprint of poverty must form upon his face as a mute witness of the supremacy of **mind** over matter— **will** over energy. And, therefore, we have the paradox of a weak looking man, with a strong looking voice, asking for bread.

\* \* \*

The Duluth “free employment” office has been moved on a hill. Only the most robust men are able to reach this altitude (weakings are unable to make the grade). The masters have, seemingly, stumbled on Darwin’s theory of “Natural selection,” which carries with it the law “Survival of the fittest”.

\* \* \*

May 15th (Special to Sol.).—The present winter (in Duluth) is the mildest we’ve had for several months. There was an actual thaw yesterday; it rained icicles.

\* \*\*

Duluth is a sort of employers’ Eden—paradise for parasites— its too cold for slaves to stop working.

\* \* \*

If you don’t rise up to battle;

Your old bones may start to rattle

And you’ll be like starving cattle.

— thoroughly domesticated.

**by T bone Slim.**

## 1921\_8\_IS\_11061921

**“A Plea—Pardon Me”**

–––––

Having a very virulent sense of justice, this morning, Iwish to apologize to all slaves:

\* \* \*

From time to time (in my former otherwise flawless ravings), I have referred to a slave as being ignorant. This was a mistake—a slave is no more ignorant than I am. Man does not, necessarily, have to be ignorant to act like a —— fool.

To illustrate: Men organize on the job. Everybody joins union. Material benefits are had—fellowship prevails.

**Boss Nearly Dies from Surprise**

Conditions prevail on the job.

Workers change conditions— (and pay dues)

Boss gets peeved.

Boss changes conditions on the job—slave “tears up” union card.

Man does not have to be ignorant to act like a —— fool.

\* \* \*

Slaves takes out new card, in new union with new ideas —with the same old boss — same old stunt. Are you going to tear up your next card?

Get a red card. There’s something in the color that doesn’t tear.

I hope slave will accept my hectic apology and recognize the boss—as his enemy, and fellow worker as his friend.

Why, slave, your fellow worker will let you use his best pants (to go to a dance in). Your interests are identical.

Would the master do it? I should say not!

Man does not necessarily have to be ignorant to act like a —— fool.

The boss knows this— and **that is why so many masters die of heart failure—they laugh themselves to death.**

Why not wipe the grin off their faces by **keeping your card** and keeping it paid up?

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1921\_9\_IS\_11061921

**JUST BEFORE THE PANIC, MOTHER!**

–––––

Good bye, master, I must leave- you—

Something tells me I must go.

For— you know, I can’t deceive you—

Going-wage is **too darn low.**

Yes—you say that you will feed me

If I split a (hardwood) card.

Do not to temptation lead me—

I’m not toiling for my board.

Tho my trials have been sundry

I must e’er disdain to moan,

And altho I’m “good and hungry”

I would leave your work “alone.”

Plans of men and lice miscarry

And I know just how you feel,

But, you see, if I’m to marry

I must earn **a double meal**.

If I work for bread and lodging

While the sun is high and warm,

It would cause me sundry dodging

Thru the winter’s cold and storm.

I must have the “All that’s in it,”

In the labor that I sell—

For one cannot tell what minute

It may start—to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only,

As you count your wealth, untold:

Would you have me **save** “bologna”

‘Gainst the day when I am old?

Now, we understand each other—

And we’ll play the “game of grab.”

But— please do— recall my brother;

I’m too old to be a scab.

**T-Bone Slim.**

Direction: Do not try to recite this.  
It must be sung. Tune: **Jest**, before the battle mother!  
My grammar may at first seem to “deep.”

It’s entirely unintentional.

## 1921\_10\_IW\_11061921

**“Twenty Years”**   
(By T-Bone Slim.)

Who knows this tune? —

Sing me a song of the “trial” of life —

Long, weary years, weary years.  
Tell me the tale of a heartbroken wife —

Long, weary years, weary years.  
Show me around to the graves in the fen—  
Take me again to the hovels of men—  
Let me “regale” with the slave in the “pen”—

Long, weary years, weary years.

Sing me a song of the torments of Hell—

Long, weary years, weary years.  
Tell me the things that no tongue cares to tell—

Long, weary years, weary years.  
Show me the cell where the silences swell;  
Down where ‘tis always—too late to rebel;  
Let me commune with the “numbers”—and dwell—

Long, weary years, weary years.

Sing me a song of a “kingdom of fear”—

Long, weary years, weary years.  
Tell me the tale of these men “in the clear”—

Long, weary years, weary years.  
Picture the pallor no smile come to cheer;  
Show me indeed our most damnable gear;  
Say then the word which these men wait to hear.

Long, weary years, weary years.

## 1921\_11\_IW\_11061921

**HOT CAKES AND HONEY**

–––––

(By T-Bone Slim)

All it takes to govern some countries is a pillow—and a pail of tar.

Next to impossible to pronounce the word “revolutionary” when your face is full of pie.

If you switch from halibut to hash you are conservative.

But if you switch from hash to halibut you are revolutionary.

If you switch the government to Wall Street you are conservative—yes, I might say, benevolent.

But if you switch it back to the people you are un-American—pro-Norwegian—a Bolshevik or a Banshee.

\* \*

Gorky says in Minne. Journal: “Invaluable men, men with the keys to Russia’s future in their hands, are dying prosaically of hunger.” Dying “prosaically” is sure the acme of misfortune. But such is life. I, the illustrious T-Bone Slim, have been negotiating with hunger right her in Skandianapolis, without any “keys”—not even a buttonhook; and as far as being “invaluable”—well, the word simply does not do justice; “invaluable” is entirely too prosaic. Why should our conseit [🡨indistinct] make “any” concessions! The master class “depends” on us.

\* \*

To show to what extent “special privilege” will go to “jimm” the working class it is necessary only to say they have attempted—that is, tempted—me with a “bribe.” They offered me thirty cents an hour to work on a steel gang. I resisted with all the force of my honest nature, thinking the figure entirely too low.

\* \*

I’ve been criticized for not having a theory. Here’s one on relativity: No man has a right to liberty while one single innocent man is in “can”. Their joys are our joys; their pains are our pains; their triumphs are our triumphs.

\* \*

The employer aims to (and does) pay only so much (so little) as he is forced to pay. From this it develops: A slave entertains and idea (for a wonder!) that the living wage is always a little (or much) more than he is getting.

\* \*

In Russia a trainload of workers were sent to the Hot Springs (of Russia) in the Caucasus by the Soviet government—not to work. Some government!

\*\*

They also offer free (compulsory) movies to workers. Money seems no good.

\* \*

Man is the architect of this own misery, in the sense that he HIMSELF lowers his own standard of living. It is optional with him whether he has hash or porterhouse; he has a perfect right to eat—TO EAT THE BEST. If man is hungry today, he is hungry because he CHOOSES to be hungry. There is no law compelling him to eat. Stores carrying full lines of the BEST foods; warehouses are full of ham and eggs. If a slave’s belly is empty (and maybe it is), it is because his head is also empty.

## 1921\_12\_T\_17061921

**“—WITH VERY LITTLE DRESSING”**

–––––

By T. BONE SLIM

Everybody thinks we need action. So do I—But how to act? Not knowing, myself, I asked a Foreigner — He enlightened me: “The way to act,— is—to act.”

–––––

An I. W. W. can do no wrong—The very strength of the I. W. W. lies in its weaknesses— It has a “weakness” for treading on the masters most active corn.

–––––

The beauty of unemployment is— you don’t loose any time, when it rains.

–––––

Slaves have, from time to time, opened their hearts and “called” this unemployment, everything from Hellena to Gehenna.

–––––

Slaves never would think of vacation, did not the master bring it to their notice with enforced idleness.

–––––

Now, that the radicals are “rested up” the bos is figuring on ways and means, how to introduce “him” to a gob.

–––––

The master being “rested up” from the vicissitude of the I. W. W.— On with the dance!

–––––

Lets all go to work— Printers are complaining the I’s and W’s wear out faster than any other letter—

They’ll wear out faster still, when our writers get the war bread worked out from their suffering systems.

There seems to be an agitation on foot to substitute bran for bread in certain parts of America—

The department of injustice should instantly start persecution against these malesfactors.

Just because a childs healthy young stomach is able to— and does digest anything from grape nuts to shore-sand, is no reason why we should feed it stuff that would cause a revolution in the stomack of a freight-handler—

–––––

Here is a list of the names a slave calls the master:

Parasite, Plutocrat, Slaves-Driver, Stomack-Robber, plain Robber —

(Censored by Ed. T. Bone Slim should know stuff like that won’t go thru the mails.)

The master class lives by the sweat of our brow—

The middle class lives by the sweat of our brow — and a little of their own.

The working class lives by the swet of his own brow—

The lower class lives by. the collective sweat of all these brows — indirectly, worker s sweat.

The man who, on last election day, laughed at unions, and looked “wise” — is beginning to look twice as wise, now. All you can get out of him is: “Lets organize — for the love of Pete, lets organize”

A little touch of hunger makes the whole world thin—

–––––

Crime—Unemployment should be supprest— suppress the latter and and you’ll have less trouble with the former—

–––––

A man with a full stomach is unable to steal — (and get away with it.) “Feed the brute” --- Moral: Eat and be honest.

“Labor-power is no commodity,” the masters say.— “Are you ready for the question?”

Commodities, in this country, are protected by law.—Is labor?

Commodities are private property, even so, as are the wage-slaves. One of these two is protected—They do not steal each the others slave Slaves are supposed to protect themselves, but, “wont”.

What are you goin’ to do about it?

–––––

“Hungry soldiers walk the street” says capitalist “Journal”— Just as if surprised that a few of them are still able to walk.

Is this “pay” for value received? Walk the street in the country they\_ \_ \_ \_ saved?

Is **that** all a country is worth—

Pretty low wages, pretty low—

–––––

Some of the boys seem to be in in favor of starting, right now, to wean the capitalist class.— Sort of reconcile them to the loss—I have my opinions about this, but I shall refrain from comment—

–––––

I am credibly informed: Some I. W. W:s are in the “can” for trying to put an empty nose-bag on the parasites—This begins to look worse, right along.

Rumor has it, that, leading bankers were called into consultation by President”—

It is also thought, leading spiker and fastest bark-peelers will be next —

— T. Bone Slim.

## 1921\_13\_IS\_18061921

**SKANDIANAPOLIS**  
Where Bill Bailey Was Pinched.

–––––

The semi-parasites, who do the bidding and the dirty work for the parasites of the city of Minneapolis, arrested our fellow worker, the old warhorse, William Bailey. They requested Bill cease selling literature in this city, and confine his future activities to other localities. They ordered him out of town.

The result of this has been—our literature is all sold out. You see, Bill is getting well along in years and is very hard of hearing.

Bill wishes me to state for him that great praise is due to the “dicks” for grabbing the 7 or 8 papers he had left— as this indicates a desire for knowledge— Bill claims, “desire for knowledge is knowledge.”

Also: If other communities desire to boost the sales of I. W. W. literature (including the profound articles by the illustrious T bone Slim) they may wire Mr. William Bailey, care of 14 So. 1st St., Minneapolis. Thereupon, Bill will proceed to the disputed area.

For the information of those who are not enjoying the acquaintanceship of fellow worker Bailey, I will state, he is not the “Bill Bailey,” referred to in song—and who was locked outdoors one night by an unscrupulous woman. Bill says he classes women among his best customers— and that he never has been locked out. “They always lock me in,” he says, referring, no doubt, to “bulls.”

T bone Slim.

## 1921\_14\_IS\_18061921

**ANOTHER EARFULL**

–––––

By T-Bone Slim.

–––––

Jewelry of his mind—

–––––

It is aellged [alleged?], that the alleged heavey artillery alleged to be in the alleged possession of the alleged *Industrial Workers of the World* and else where, consists mainly of mental-skyrockets and intellectual T. N. T. — Great Jehowsa Fat, ‘sposin’ the stuff explodes— !?— ()

Rumorhas it that there is considerable unemployment in these so called united states of America (less in Russia). Also, it is alleged that there is some starvation floating around in the same neighborhood. Hw can this be?

–––––

There is no excuse, for “being hungry.” The granaries are full—I myself, harvested enough (last summer) to feed 100,000 non-union men.

–––––

Therefore, sweet scissorbill and scissorette.—If you are hungry, eat—if you are tired, rest. This is a free country.

“But, I haven’t anything to eat,” you whine. To be sure you haven’t—what do you want me to do—go and get it for you[.] Didn’t I just tell you there’s plenty of chewable food in this land of the brave—

–––––

Please do not starve, its against the law. Besides, how is a man going to starve, with any degree of comfort, this time of the year when the cold winds are distracting his attention from the business at hand.

–––––

Even the slaves are “hollering” for work.—There must be something to it the parasites have overlooked—

When: you become weary of “keeping” a boss—tired of “supporting” a master, then you will also quit hollering for work.

Work will come to you —

Take the full product of your toil.

–––––

After I had build Chicago, the city hired “bulls” to tell me to “get out of town.”

–––––

That which I received (as payment) for work done, is now no more—

That which I gave, stands as a monument looking down at working class ignorance.

–––––

I think, fellow workers, the masters have been foolin’ us.—And we’re so smart too!

–––––

Fellow workers, if you should meet a wild eyed man who wants to educate you, pay no attention to him, he is “affected” with “congestion” of the Ego—nerve! He wants to be a worker and with the workers be, but, he is afraid of work, so, he’s goin’ to rule or ruin an dthus bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat.—He’ll ruin.

–––––

Proletariat is a rope, which western cowpunchers use, to trip us fourlegged animals.

–––––

Today I was offered a job.—I was so overcome with joy that I fainted on the spot.—It took two doctors three hours to revive me; when I came to—the boss had made his escape, closely persuaded by mob.

–––––

Funny, ain’t it, how this last siege of unemployment hit the upper class first.—It started with the crowned heads of Europe, czars, kaisers and kings, and so on down the line to the man with the shovel.

It is to be hoped that the uncrowned kings of America will not “lose their heads” in this our greatest trial —unemployment.

–––––

Here is a sample of conversation between two busi[n]ess men in Chicago:

“Good morning, have you been robbed today?”

“No, thanks, not yet—they haven’t got dow nthis far— but I hear firing up the street.”

“Ain’t it a shame, after all the trouble a business man has, to get it away from somebody? Then, along comes some irresponsible person and takes it away from him. That ain’t right. The man who gets it—should be allowed to keep it.

I hope I made myself clear.

–––––

War is over. Once again, custard pie can be bartered for—in the loop.

There’s many a loop ‘twixt lip and the soup.

–––––

Hardly had war ceased when people went back to their hamburger and onions. Where is their patriotism?

Why did they not stick to porterhouse, and sirloin?

## 1921\_15\_T\_24061921

**SCIENCE (?)**

A new angle in wrinkles:

Wrinkles are of three kinds: First and foremost, most compelling wrinkle, is that which forms on the lining of (and inside of) the belly. This wrinkle is caused by mal-nutrition, non-nutrition or faith-nutrition—and is quite prevalent with-in the bellish of the working class, present and future —

Wrinkle No. 2. has many fine points, and much might be said in praise of this moral wrinkle.

It forms itself on the outer surface of a plutocrats belly (or embonpoint) when that worthy undertakes to perform useful labor.

Wrinkle no. 3, appears upon the faces of slaves — even so as on faces of masters.

Wrinkle no. 3, when it appears on slaves face indicates, that wrinkle no. 1, in slaves belly has had direct communication with slaves brain.

Wrinkle No. 3, when it appears on master’s face indicates, said master has worked, (or is about

to go to work) to support himself.— T. Bone Slim.

## 1921\_16\_IS\_25061921

**FLY-TIME: PEEVES—**

–––––  
(No rights reserved).

Hell seems to sink in our estimation despite the valiant efforts of the master to raise it.

Said depression is attributed to the fact that hell has no fury like the Cynical-Criminalist regulation.

\* \* \*

Masters are having “one awfull” time impressing us with the seriousness of this panic.

Some of the fellow workers are complaining about bed-sores.

We, the workers, can start or stop any panic.

\* \* \*

The master would have us believe board and lodging is all we produce.—They must think we are blind as well as ignorant . . . Beg your pardon.

\* \* \*

Were “these” automobiles made by the Lord Almighty, or, did the workers make them?—If the workers made them, let the workers wear them.

This brings us to clothes: Clothes is everything. Dress a business man in our clothes (I mean the clothes we are wearig), take him before a Judge (dressed in the remnants of three different suits of cloth), let the Judge look at business man’s hands... “Six months in the work house.”

Call the next case— etc.

\* \* \*

Work house, did I say — Funny, isn’t it.

They (the Judges) never do say rest-house.

“Work” is the most excruiating punishment they can think of —at least we never see them doing any of it—**they** are the great, **big**, FAT, I Won’t Works!

Their motto is: “We Will Work Them, Won’t, We.”

\* \* \*

One half of the world **now** knows how the other half lives. How our half “half-lives” is still a mystery.

\* \* \*

From whence come wars and fighting among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?

2. Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain : ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. — St. James 4.

\* \* \*

Let’s ask for more pay, and be done with it.

In regards **asking**: The chief characteristic, of an able bodied beggar, is cowardliness.—

Demand your rights.

\* \* \*

Once again speech is free —but, you must not mention, anything.

\* \* \*

It is noticeable, the great American fly prefers the society of the common people— its manifestation of violent antipathy, toward homes of human parasites, is probably due to professional jealousy.

\* \* \*

Croak of political frogs is heard in low places.—They claim much; promise more.—In the meantime: some people, of the “dear” variety, are obliged, compelled, to “steal” a part of their living.

\* \* \*

With school children crying, “Save the schools;”

“De horns” hollering, “Save the booze;”

Politicians shouting, “Save the country;”

Rockefeller exhorting, “Save the pennies;”

We ought to be able to save something.

\* \* \*

Miracles— miracles come no more. (This is a deep joke).

The class struggle survives.—

\* \* \*

Gladly would I write about industry, gladly on things that live and move, would I write—

Gladly would I ruffle the feathers of the bird of prey— but, when the wheels are stopt; walking boom is still; line shaft is pensive; wrist-pin lies cold in death, I must control myself.

Gladly would I tell you about industry (and maybe I will) were it not for the fact that industry has ceased.

\* \* \*

“Speeding” and over production had caused a “hot box” in the journals of industry (and commerce) —these journals were allowed to cool too suddenly which “froze” the bearings to the shaft, and caused industrial dislocation (of the slave from his usual place at the table)—or, in other words, unemployment.

Thus, it follows: unemployment has supplanted industry— in fact, it has become an industry.

Therefore: speaking from the “Porkchopian point of view”? Let us enjoy our unemployment, breakfast as usual, dinner, as per schedule, supper as matter of course — eat hearty, it is your duty, to yourself, and to your country.

It is your **duty**—the **master** is giving you this opportunity to regain your lost flesh—to read—to think, and to organize—

Line up with the wobblies. Come to **your** hall—here are men like yourself, game—game.

Their (new) motto is “The Boss pays the bills.”

Make it **your** organization.

**T bone Slim.**

## 1921\_17\_IS\_02071921

**COUNT THE SHOCKS**

Harvest is here—we have arrived.

\* \* \*

The good old face, of the time honor’d and respected Barley Beard, is in multitudinous evidence— excuse the profanity.

\* \* \*

Those who wish to study the barley beard, from intimate[indistinct] -personal-contact-point of feel, should go into the harvest business.

\* \* \*

But— if you do not feel equal to riding the rods, you can obtain similar exhilaration— by discarding your underwear, and filling all your pockets with high grade carpet tacks— put a few in your shoes.

\* \* \*

Barley Beards are of two kinds—both kinds are very ferocious, and will attack man almost any place —on the street or on the shoulder blade— makes no difference.

\* \* \*

The Home’ Guard-Beard is stationary, and digs into one place— while, the Boomer-Beard runs up and down the seams and attacks man in the most unexpected places.

\* \* \*

The very viciousness of the Barley Beards was the cause of legislation being passed against beer; thus, almost, killing two birds with one stone—you might say—**us** and, and, and— **capitalism**. There you have it.

\* \* \*

Again the restive spirit of the 400 of old is roaming the “stubble”—again the farmer drives his pigs out of the pen to make room for the harvest hands—(to sleep in). Again the “board” is poor. Again the banker sets the wages, and the farmer sets the hen.— Again the noble, unterrified, A. W. I. U. No. 110, non-chalantly, sucks the eggs — and swipes the cream . . . only thereafter, to get together, and sing— “Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!”

\* \* \*

Keep the bull-wheels turning

For the grain is “burning” —

Keep the boys out in the field

‘Till the sun goes down.

There’s a silver lining

To the farmer shining

Tn long hours . . . and poor pay,

When the wheels go round.

This song was written while I was delirious.— I wrote it left-handed.—One-Ten — please “keep to the right”

\* \* \*

Do not swipe cream — it belongs to you and the farmer who works with you.

\* \* \*

Canadian thistles and American I. W. W.’s are the two principal (immediate) troubles of the great American farm— good farming will destroy the thistle— nothing will destroy the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

The A. W. I. U., is in existence today because of rotten conditions on the farm.

Ameliorate **them** conditions and you still have the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

I. W. W. is here — here it stays until capitalism is thoroughly weaned—until the sensuous lips of capitalism shall have relaxed their grip on the “teat” of Agriculture.

\* \* \*

I’m going to draw a picture right here:

On this side we will have a picture of a machine with a hopper. It shall be called “Capitalism”— it is a combined suction and blower machine . . .

On this other side is an intelligent looking farm-hand caught in the act of sucking an egg.

The farmer is caught by the coattails in the maw of the Combine. The machine is running. Ye God’s, the farmer is being sucked into it. There he is, half way down . . . hind end first. And— wonder of wonders, he is shaking his fist at the hired man sucking an egg—!!!

He’s a bright one— —

\* \* \*

Well, slaves, the weather is pretty hot— beautifully hot.— Aren’t you afraid of sunstroke (making all them strokes per second).

Don’t get excited— cool down.

Let the boss get excited, it does him good. Remember, that, he expects you to do six days work in ten hours— would you work six days for ne day’s pay—? Most certainty not; unless your boss should—happen—to be a poor widow woman.— That’s different. —

\* \* \*

Be exact, like the farmer is.

Count the shocks.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1921\_18\_IS\_02071921

**PRICKLY HEAT**

–––––

How much farther is it— to normalcy? We’ve gone back quite a stretch, already. Isn’t normalcy a bit indefinite— How are we going to know it, when we See it?

–––––

Some of the boys claim they are missing on ill three . . . meals.

–––––

Remember that pair of pants you had in times of abNormalcy— which were a little light (at the collar) —which you gave away to a dyspeptic.— Don’t you wish you had them now?

–––––

Ah, gentleman, and workingmen!— Driving a pack of wolves away from my door, I followed them on, to the main “stem.” Ah, this is touching— I can hardly write it: While passing an undertaking-taking-establishment, three Funeral Directors rush out “after me,” expecting, no doubt, to see me gathered unto my fathers — to see me **disintegrate**, right before their very eyes. Herein, I disappointed them. I am rapidly gaining my buoyant composure and less buoyant avoirdupois. Hungry wolves of hunger bother me not.

–––––

The master has a “way” about him.—

When the master demands a thing— the thing appears . . .

—To lower street car fares; club together; buy enought “tin lizzies” to choke the street. — When Mrs. Master’s limousine fails to get through . . . street car fares will drop.

There’s a reason— so easy.

–––––

The remedy for Bolshevism is Pork Chops.

–––––

That indefinable something, called P. O. W. E. R., is derived of industry.— Also: Co-operation (not corporation) is the key to success.

–––––

The---master has, evidently, inherited an antipathy toward physical exertion—**can’t** hardly blame him (with slaves hollering for overtime).

–––––

Our starched-civilization is wilting.—

–––––

O B U

Spells

Education— Organization— Emancipation.

Economic pressure will direct master’s violence into proper channels.

Note: My meaning is a bit’ hazy, intentionally. No **one-body** can do your thinking for you — you must do it yourself.

–––––

Oh ye slaves, you respectable slaves! Can you . . . forget how much better you are than your fellow worker? Forget it—until we get the master off your back? Can you? As long as you camouflage your condition to yourself, so long will we all be slaves and work tor wages.

You are fooling nobody — your “ape”ing of the master, makes him laugh, its enough to make the gods weep. — Are you really too good to associate with wobblies. Your boss will not asociate with us. But, before we are through **you** and your boss will have dealings with the Industrial Workers of the World.

I said: You are fooling **nobody.**—I mean it. You are neither slave, nor master — you are fooling **yourself**! Come out of it.

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1921\_19\_IS\_09071921

**JOBS**

–––––

(Written after city election)

I wonder who this T-bone Slim is—yes, you are justified in wondering . . . to a very limited extent. Where you to start wondering what a T-bone Steak looks like, we would (all) be better off.

\* \*

O. b. u. is the correct way to spell J. o. b.

\* \* \*

Jobs are getting more plentiful, every day.

Countries are putting on more soldiers.—

States are hiring more, Cossacks.— Counties are employing more, Deputies.—

Cities are enlisting more, Officers.—

Railroads are tripling their force of bulls.—

Five “bulls” flourinsh where one grew before.

\* \* \*

Scarcity of J. o. b’s.? I should say not.—The only thing scarce is work!

\* \* \*

Railroads issue fallowing instructions to their bulls: Do not steal freight **yourself**. And— let nobody else steal any.

\* Ö Ö

Who knows, but, we may become so virtuous, in the course of time, that, we will sing for our soup, in some of -these religious open shop—missions.

\* \* \*

It is rumored that: Demosthenes, the great Greek orator, acquired his skill, as public speaker, by begging for “lumps” from the aristocracy of Athens, Greece.

These Greeks must be harder to “beg” than the Civic and Commerce Ass’n of Minneapolis.

\* \* \*

By the way: City election is over with.—Now, I do not wish to gloat over the discomfiture of the disillusioned “political banders” and “vote fetchers,” but— . Has Anybody Anywhere Anytime Ever heard of Anybody getting Anything ... by voting for it— ? Neither have I.

\* \* \*

If they can count your money away from you, they certainly (and fluetly) must be able to count your votes.— Ha!—Haw!—Hee! Another victory for the I. W. W.

\* \* Ö

Here is a political procedure: A “preliminary” is held— (to let -the boss know how strong you are . . .) Then: A Registration Day (conveniently) **follows** the preliminary—to give the boss a chance to register enough votes to beat you. **Then** the glorious election day arrives— with its morning after; mourning after, is correct.

Why not vote the L W. W. ticket next time?

\* \* \*

We, of the Industrial Workers of the World, do not hold any preliminary election to inform our self-appointed, alleged, masters how strong we are.

\* \* \*

And indications are, that the master will be forced to conceed the logic of logic. And fall in love with us! He’s human — — —

\* \* \*

It’s tough, it’s tough, fellow voters,—and you have my most heartfelt sympathy—now, don’t get mad —you stood it about 150 years— you’ll come out all right; and in another two years, the boss will let you vote, again, for a “worker’s candy date.”

Don’t forget the date. —

\* \* \*

If you can’t win, voting, try the missions.

\* \* \*

The boss loves you, o, ye. Labor—your quiet dignified mien — your simple ways have completely won his heart.

**T-bone Slim.**

Second thoughts: The more you vote, the more money the master must put up.—The more money he puts up, the harder you must work to produce it—(for him).

If you continue along these lines, you will have us all in the poor house.

Get yourself a cheap rattle to play with.

\* \* \*

Dear Ed, I couldn’t not help it—forgive me— the weather is hot and the after-election-gloom is great.

**T-b. S.**

## 1921\_20\_IS\_16071921

**BETWEEN BUNDLES—BOUQUETS**

–––––

Hospitality is dead.

\* \* \*

The combat for crumbs and “come-backs” has become acute — not cute.

\* \* \*

Men are going hungry in this bread-basket of the world . . . You too? “Oh you Brute,” as Shake-speak use to say.

\* \* \*

Wasn’t it grand in those good old days . . . You’d reach over and grab the dipper and prepare to skim a little consome from the top of the tribal-pot—a stew——

Not desiring to ruin your legitimate appetite, you were conservative about stirring up the contents, too much . . . Just then, the big chief would say “Dig’um deep, pale face, puppy on the bottom . . .” That was hospitality! Nowadays— they “sick” the puppy onto your bottom . . .

\* \* \*

“**We serve Butter substitute**”, sign in country cafe. They send down to “Chi,” (and pay freight on it in these hard times) to get butter substitute. A farmer comes in: smears “Oleo” on his bread and cusses because there is no market for his butter. It is the historic mission of the A. W. I. U. to put butter on the farmer’s bread—help him to help himself. God pity us all for the inaction we are in: John sabotaging on himself.

\* \* \*

Crop outlook: Haying will start in Burlington freight yards, in about a

week. Fine crop.

\* \* \*

Religion: A public-garage owner told me: “It is necessary that I attend church and pray loudly.” It is necessary, also, that I pick my church carefully. The denomination I belong to must be majority automobile owners, This mixes business with pleasure. Halelujah!

\* \* \*

Laziness: A man is called lazy if he looks at the clock. How do they get that way! I would call that man ambitious. S’posin’ he asked, “What time is it?” would that be super or sub-lazy?

\* \* \*

I wish to go on record being against violent exercises, etc. I’m dead set against getting violent over work; I believe in moderation, I do. Moderate amount of work wont hurt the boss either.

I am, you may say, violently opposed to violence. The master should cut out his violence, also.

When we produce a surplus the boss takes advantage of it and cuts our pay. Therefore: Our forehead is not dripping sweat; no, its dripping a “cut in pay.”

\* \* \*

An efficiency expert, is a man (male or female) who watches the laziest man perform moves. Then, gets a fast man to duplicate said (cautious) moves at a reckless speed. Nothing to it. Its all in the know how.

\* \* \*

Which would you rather do, earn your bread and lodging on high or low speed. That’s all you’ll get either way. Which?

\* \* \*

A lazy (?) man has no lost motion. We do not need an efficiency expert to tell us how to earn more than we are getting. We earn five times as much as we are getting, right now.

This indicates: We are working five times as fast as our “earning power” warrants.

\* \* \*

Many people never would think of overthrowing their government, were they not reminded, by a law forbidding it.

\* \* \*

The law says (in inference) gently, my neighbors, gently, no rough house—use the ballot. They want you to use the ballot.

\* \* \*

The greatest aid to civilized warfare, powder, was invented by a half civilized chinaman. Without it we never would have been able to hold up our end in the late polite war, (where the other side was continually pulling off atrocities). After seeing the use we made of his invention the Chink quit inventing. He hasn’t invented anything stronger than a prevarication, since.

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1921\_21\_IW\_16071921

**EVEN BREAKS**

–––––

(By T-Bone Slim.)

I am overjoyed. Our liberties have been restored to us. We are allowed to put sugar into our coffee, now—personally.

\* \*

The government is making this concession to suffering humanity (through its representative, the urbane “hasher” behind the lunch counter).

\* \*

“Sudden death is sudden glory,” sings the Salvation Army. Do you get that? Now, what shall we all this lingering starvation? It’s hell, isn’t it—or shall we call it deferred glory?

\* \*

Intelligence—what is it`? I’ve just finished searching myself, and could not find it. Should it so happen that the master declared “Work is the better part of valor,” we would not have sufficient intelligence to show him the way to the toolhouse.

\* \*

The reader will notice how stale and flat my writing is. Cause? Sour stomach—sometimes; and again, I have thought, it would have been better if the government had retained control of the restaurants, at least—

\* \*

We hear rank and file saying: “I’m working for the organization, as a whole.” Fine sentiment, that. Working for the organization as a whole makes a fairly good excuse for neglect of your own industry.”

\* \*

Working for the organization as a whole is a thankless task—no credit is allowed you; no record of your achievement ever comes to light. Let us organize our own industry.

\* \*

The organization as a whole needs no amateurs, self-appointed, in its work. Let us become regular—

\* \*

I feel extraordinarily qualified to speak on this, because I too have been working for the organization as a whole, but I cannot prove it. I too have sat around the halls organizing 15 different industries. Unfortunately, the industries were not present. I am receiving no credit for my (entirely voluntary) efforts. No laurel wreath has ever decorated my brow. I demand my rights! (Who said anything about just deserts?)

\* \*  
When capitalist system begins to totter one-half of the unemployed will be employed to watch the unemployed half—and prevent the said half stealing. This is the only way a capitalist nation may remain virtuous.

\* \*

“The workers are not prepared, or able, to run the industries,” I hear you saying. That’s right. They are not able to—still they ARE running them (in spite of the fact they are unable to. They can’t run them? They only DO run them (for the benefit of the master). Of course, the master selects a manager—a supervisor—and so on. But what is that`? He selects the rest of his slaves also.

\* \*

A Republican will tell you: “We will pick out a committee to manage your industry.” A Democrat will tell you: “Your industry will go to the infernal bow-wows, unless the followers of Tom Jefferson, act as committeeo f management.” A Socialist will point to the fact that several of their millionaires at present are looking forward (to a chance) to manage the workers.

\* \*

Fellow workers, I think we can manage very well without their management. And it is now the open season to “pick” out own management from amongst the slaves in each particular industry.

\* \*

Masters ale unable to run the industries. They are rank amateurs. Why should we, the “professionals,” run industries to suit them who know not how to run industry efficiently?

\*\*

Why let the masters (idiots) interfere with the production of food, clothing and shelter? Why build billboards instead of homes? And why in the name of common sense do we permit our meats to spoil at high prices—to be eaten, eventually, at low prices? Change this system!

\* \*

Evidently, the master is not as patriotic as he would have us believe. Here was a job—but, unfortunately, I was born in this country—only an America.

Fellow worker Mexicano: When our master wants to skin you, he advertises; when you refuse to be skinned, he fights you; he declares war against you. Join the I.W.W.!

\* \*

If there is any good in the capitalist system, we, as workers, will recognize it. Capitalist system never did have a period of usefulness. At its very birth it started building shackles for labor, and now, when, at last, the shackles are upon us, we say: The capitalist system has passed its usefulness—oh, what’s the use? Give the master a fair day’s pay for a fair day’s work—and watch him “like it.”

\* \*

They call it work.

Of course we KNOW how they make their living. But anyway (just for the fun of it) ask a banker how his LIVING comes to him. He will hum and haw and gee and blush and probably get mad—

What’s the blushing for—your question was civil enough?

Then he will explain (it will take him 1 hour and 40 minutes to explain it). And when he gets through you wonder how they do it.

We MUST have a time limit. If a man cannot explain IN THREE MINUTES how he is getting by, he shall be given a job—or work.

Labor has won another victory. Here it is: Businessmen admit workingmen are necessary also.

## 1921\_22\_IS\_23071921

**MY RESPECTS—APOLOGY**

**Introducing:**

The disappearing Hips: Few workers know the cause of this phenomena . . . Phenomena is the name masters have given it — grease, or fat, is the proper pronunciamento among workers.

The “technical” disease is intelligence . . . One afflicted with this malady or sickness, acquires a distaste for manual labor.

The Boss is an example in point...embonpoint. One of the symptoms of intelligence is a 48 inch waist . . .made to order.

\* \* \*

The victim, /broadens, physically, untli [until] double doors become an absolute necessity.

\* \* \*

He narrows, mentally, and becomes sharp. This is called shrewdness . . . ability . . . Ability to live without working.

\* \* \*

Between me and my master, the struggle must go on until I’m heavier and he is lighter.

(P. S. — I have retained the image of God in my person.) (Except: hump on my back.)

\* \* \*

The master is not humpbacked, because of his habit of straightening himself in his endeavors to see over his stomach. (Dust, please note.)

\* \* \*

The coupon-clipper is forever telling us about work —how fine it is . . . how elevating . . . how noble, honest, healthy . . . where did he ever come to know so much about it?

We know what work is . . . That is how we make our . . . and his living.

Ah, come on fellers, be sports; let the master have some . . . some work.

\* \* \*

Let him get a better idea of work. There is no reason he be denied that which, he says, he simply loves.

\* \* \*

As an organization we are not a “dual”. We are it . . . the only bona fide, genuine of the workers of the world.

We are not (yet) endorsed by the boss or his newspapers— but, will be some day when boss sits patching his over-alls. Thank you.

\* \* \*

What man has made, is too expensive for man, to use. Has profiteering anything to do with this . . . Let’s hope so . . . And if so? How can we afford to keep a profiteering system? We can’t.

\* \* \*

Finlanders, at one time, were about to be classed mongolians. They were to be forbidden free entrance into this land of the brave.

But, thereupon, it was shown to the learned professors that among other things the Finns were able to pick up a shovel full of iron-ore.

Well, says the learned professors, if that’s the case . . . that settles it.

Finns have ever since, in their humble, unassuming way been Caucasians. Necessity is the mama of invention.

\* \* \*

The suffering will be great next winted [winter?]. The master (tenderhearted rascal) will not be able to bear sight of it. Oh, no. He will be on his private yacht—on the way to Bermuda and Cuba.

Either place is healthy during season when people holler for bread.

\* \* \*

Now is the time to start thinking about that snow shoveling job.

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1921\_23\_IS\_30071921

**A PLUMP PLAN**

–––––

By T-bone Slim

For the R. R. . . .

Its a nymph of a plan . . . Something for the “boys” to talk on; to keep their “mind” . . . off . . . off . . .the choicest “cuts” in pay, etc.

\* \* \*

The reasion for plan: Rails rusty!

\* \* \*

THE PLAN

Put workingmen to work taking-up the steel (no use leaving it out in the rain).

Store the rails. (You may need them again.)

Let the ties lay. (They’re no good, anyway.)

\* \* \*

By putting workingmen to work you create an era (Get that) an era of prosperity.

\* \* \*

The era, (or hegiera) of prosperity will create a demand for a railroad . . . Simple, isn’t it? (I’m a little that way, myself.) But not plumb-simple—.

\* \* \*

Now, put the workingmen, to work to lay the steel back . . . This creates another lot if prosperity. With this last prosperity, the workers will pay freight rates, indirectly; and passenger fares, directly.

So you see, Mr. Railroads, (As you are affectionately called) all you have to do is loosen up on some of the money in your coffers . . .

\* \* \*

You’ve got every cent we’ve ever had. Your antics trying to get more out of us, after you’ve “got it all,” is - ridicul**ous**. (Note that last syllable).

\* \* \*

What’s the big idea of wearing out your pump. I tell you the well is dry! . . . and besides what’s the good of carrying refreshments to “stock” which is watered, already. Common carriers, huh, . . . ? \* ! . . . Mental pigmy’s. (Switch.)

\* \* \*

The requirements— in the way of food stuffs—to “keep” your brain—are so great—that—your modest stipend, a matter of 50—60 thousand dollars would not keep your tremendous “brain” alive, *if you* were not—in position—to augment it—witdh “dvvy”dends, (meaning devide the swag) from—common, prefer’d and extraordinary “stock” (meaning us) of course.)

\* \* \*

I’ve heard the colored gentleman’s plaintive voice emanating from the wood pile, “How long, oh, tell me how long . . .”

\* \* \*

There seems to, be a cinder in railroadmans pie. “That is the way I like it”, he says.

\* \* \*

That railroads of the United States are in a desperate plight and cannot operate unless something is done to relieve their losses was the text of an address by Charlie Donnelly, President of the Northern Pacific railroad at the American Institute of Banking convention.

\* \* \*

One “account” had it that Charlie made this great speech down at the le switch shanty. Don’t you believe it.

\* \* \*

“Desperate plight” in this case means, Helvafix, I say this, so’s to make it plain to the “con.”

\* \* \*

They, the R. R.ds, 800,000,000 dollars (besides what they’ve already taken) to run our railroads for us. Isn’t that nice? Who runs these roads, anyway? You know, I’ve sometimes thot, that, these men couldn’t run railroads, even if the crew performed work free of charge.

\* \* \*

The 183rd Vice-President? What’s vice in railroad parlance? Vice, let’s see . . . that word sounds familiar.

The 183rd vice president receives (sort of gathering in the sheaves $57,000.39 (?) in his yearly pay-envelope. A fair year’s pay for fair year’s work.

\* \* \*

$800,000,000 dollars. I’m in favor of handing this money (or any other money we may have in treasury) over to the officials of the railroads and tell them to go to it——.

\* \* \*

We got to have railroads running next winter when we all go on the “bum” with our families. The poor little, wistful, standings . . . America wake up! You’re snoring . . .

\* \* \*

“They are Recruiting Rapidly” is the caption of a cartoon sent in from the Denver Times, picturing a bunch of men standing around a table signing their names to a scroll headed, “I. Won’t Work.”

Just put broadcloth suits, instead of overalls on the men around the table, and the picture will have some meaning.

## 1921\_24\_IS\_13081921

**FLICKERTAIL TALES**

Lord God, exclaimed the North Dakotah farmer, I went and bought that table . . . and paid eight dollars and a half— and now, I haven’t anything to put on it.

\* \* \*

Some of the bankers have “taken” to wearing white pants. This contrasts delightfully with their nature.  
 \* \* \*

Excessive fatness leads to a suspension of egg production and predisposes to certain kind of disease. Yea bo, that’s why the banker “keeps” Renter and his Hen thin . . . Hey skinnay, organize!

\* \* \*

The issue here . . . and everywhere is between master and slave, renter

and small fry nothwithstanding.

\* \* \*

Any box car you look into is full of harvest hands—asleep—at home, **home?**

Be it ever so’ humble . . . Home, sweet home.

\* \* \*

A farmer gave me a job. I’ made up my mind: “The panic is over,” only to find out— it has just begun—blisters!

— And also found out ... if I will not separate grain from straw the farmer cannot give his crop away to speculators.

\* \* \*

Our partner in this world feeding business is getting entirely too polite, handing out the product of our toil and a year’s work of the almighty—to these parasites, for nothing.

\* \* \*

Well, I expected it I’m “fired.”

Farmer tells me 30 shocks an hour isn’t enough for 35 cents.

\* \* \*

A ham sandwich, right now, would look like a water melon. Cheer up.

\* \* \*

In North Dakota you “dassent” carry a bottle-on-hip— the bulge would cause an unresistable desire in breast of red-nosed bull to search for concealed weapons.

\* \* \*

That’s why they get so **riled** when they find a roll of Solidarity.

Solidarity isn’t a drink — it’s a food.

\* \* \*

The reading world, at large, (and incarcerated) came near losing their justly celebrated T-bone Slim, thru death. One evening while Slim’s caretaker had a relapse, Slim unknowingly ate a portion of chicken fricassee, which made him sick, (Slim not being’ used to anything stronger that: Bologna) the “fricassee” came on the table (Note the table) “cameflaged” with greens, carrots, green peas, etc. which same, prevented Slim recognizing its true inwardness.

The farmer’s wife apologized for the deception and stated that it was she is feeding harvest hands. Lucky escape.

\* \* \*

“Working by the month” doesn’t mean one must work a full month every day.

\* \* \*

A master is not an actual being. Human or otherwise.

A master —there is no such thing.

A master is an abstract nothing. A worshipfullness within slaves brain— Remove worshipfullness (or respect) and you have removed master.

This brought to a happy conclusion will reveal master (so-called) at the factory gate, asking for job. Hat in hand —.

\* \* \*

Always room on top.—True . . . but, they handled me a shovel and told me to dig in. Am I to understand that “top” is bottom or shall I use shovel for an aeroplane.

\* \* \*

Some people seem surprised at antics of master fighting the I. W. W. Old stuff—couldn’t (hardly) expect them to “let us alone” while we saw (down) the limb they are sitting on. (Any saw-filers in the bunch?)

\* \* \*

I like “shocking” . . . when I’m threshing. And threshing when I’m “shocking” . . . but, somehow, I wish I had not been black balled at the foundry— .

\* \* \*

“Be industrious” — I took their word for it. Industrious Workers of the World.

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1921\_25\_IS\_20081921

A farmer works——for——going wages?

A farmer tells me the grain will register about grade three, or seven—sort of shrivelled up in the heed (the grain, not the farmer, or both).

\* \* \*

We have the spectacle of farmer trying to recoup his dwindling fortune at expense of harvest hand—Dear me— let me assure you, John, we have nothing—we are broke— you will have to look elsewhere—Pay me.

\* \* \*

The reason farmer hires no men on Saturday night is because by hiring on Monday morning, he can get one day’s work additional out of each man.— Let me explain: The “boys” are living pretty high in the jungles. (God bless them.) If the farmer hired help Saturday and starved them all day Sunday, the “boys” would be weak Monday, played out on Tuesday. So you see—.

\* \* \*

The going wage seems to be about one cent a pound per man—farmer guesses on man’s probable weight.

\* \* \*

A wide head and narrow shoulders have no show in harvest field unless associated with a well formed hump.

\* \* \*

North Dakota has law— forbidding sale of snuff. — ‘tis being whispered by interested parties this law was passed to “keep out” the I. W. W.—trying to stir up the class war again.

\* \* \*

If state want I. W. W. out of N. D. it would import bed bugs and sprinkle them leading hotels where the workers sojourn.

\* \* \*

The Oakes paper calls a hi-jack a laborer’s “friend” and bemoans the fact that said Hi-jack “got only one dollar” from workers pocket — What puzzles me is how this worker happened to have the dollar, (here in Oakes) with restaurants profiteering—60 cent meals—butcher getting two bits for round steak (including bone) — the poor man brought the dollar with him—from Nebraska—. This “paper” also, calls a business man a farmer’s friend—same principle— Sancta Maria; sanctum sycophant—an Idealist Commercial—no wonder!

\* \* \*

“It begins to look as if we will not have to worry— about our teeth, or our ability to swallow all the food we’re liable to have next Candlemass.” In another week or so we can start reading about the crop failure in Spain— its great stuff on an empty belly, it keeps your mind and hands off the full warehouses.

5,000,000 jobless—C. of C. must must be growing—didn’t know the dear “chamber” had a population so great—(in subjection).

\* \* \*

St. Paul paper points out that garbage cans contain more food now than during war times—. The American people should look into this. The paper fails to mention where the cans are. No doubt trying to forestall a possible food riot. Whaddawecare—corn is roastable.

\* \* \*

The A. W. I. U. is strong—a habit cant break it. Farmers are figuring on letting us work for nothing—and and giving of crop to speculators for nothing. 0 ÷ 0 = 0, but— we will **not**. Speculators refuse to take crops unless we clean it firs——.

\* \* \*

Why should the spirit of mortal be meek?

\* \* \*

The farmer is a gambler (?) He plows is the Spring and Fall, but does not know what pay he is getting. He drills in his seed, but knows not how much pay he will receive. Then, when crop is a finished product he asks speculator, “What am I to receive for my work.” Speculator of course says “Nothing”.— Farmer turns around, blames the man who helped him. “You didn’t work fast enough, you demanded too much pay.” The members of the A. W. I. U. do not do business that way. They know what they want— they know what they’ll get — they know the value of their work.— Their work this Fall will save 50,000,000 Americans from starvation. A man saving American lives is worth more than $4.00 per day.

\* \* \*

A fool and his letters are soon parted. Our mail may be inviolate.

Thank you,

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1921\_26\_IS\_27081921

**BACKHANDERS**

–––––

(About Immigration)

–––––

The master seems to think it cheaper to import (full grown) slaves, than to “raise” our own little ones . . . is there a conspiracy? “Conspiracy” . . . nothing! Tis an economic policy!

–––––

‘Costs money to raise a child to age of 12 years—the master’s organization has the money but they are not “putting it out” for this purpose. A hundred dollar bill will bring them a ready-made, full grown slave from Europe or Asia.

–––––

The children of the future will be foreigners . . . Will it bust the home? Well, it might unless we can find means of adopting a 180 pound baby.

–––––

A calamity threatens . . . Know what a calamity is? No wife, no home, no bed, no breakfast, no clothes, “no clothing” and no sense. This constitutes a state of calamity. No provision (or provisions) is being made for the Harvest Hand’s wedding.

–––––

Indications are that the bride will start house keeping in a box car or a straw stack . . . Going wages will not warrant many furnishings. At present the prospective “groom” is sleeping on hay, with one filthy blanket thrown over his pulsing form in extravagant disarray. A calamity threatens.

–––––

I started in to write about a matter which lies close to my heart—the master.

–––––

He has taken away our everything—he has withheld the extra biscuit from our coffee and rolls. He has stripped the “glad rags” from our servile backs— and (for them) substituted the uniform of slavery—overalls, on Sunday. He would have us in complete undress were it not for the fact he requires something in which to get a “toe hold” while riding us (Dump the Bosses, etc.)

–––––

Now that we are “clean” —now that we have been exploited to the limit—limit . . . ye gods, what a tame word! Limit

–––––

Not satisfied with ruining the American people, he is going to bribe foreigners (with promises).

–––––

The masters have waited until foreign countries, “raised” young men to “work” age— after these foreigners had raised their children on goat mild at big expense, to an age when they would be of use to **themselves**. In steps our master with yarn about “**golden west**”. Presto, Eureka! A **ready made slave** is transported (steerage) at nominal expense to make the heart of our “dear” master glad.

–––––

Exploitation? Not us only—but whole countries in Europe, Asia, and Ireland will feel the “friendly” grasp of the American trusts. Board bills accumulated during twenty (initial) years of slaves sweet young life . . . will be jumped— to make gain for our master— “our master” (This is a joke, so is he.)

–––––

Here I am. I have been sweating all my life like a colored man at a Georgia election—what have I received for my trouble? More trouble and more sweat and the end is not yet.

–––––

The situation is developing. Winter is coming. Hunger is here. Children will starve. The weak will suffer. Are you, a big overgrown **man**, going to sit idle while this thing develops? Are you going to admit, that workers must starve because masters will not let them produce food. And finally, are you going to let these parasites mismanage industry, and you, to death. If you are, you are ‘dam sight’ more affectionate than I thought you were.

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1921\_27\_IS\_03091921

**“IN THE LAST ANALYSIS”**

–––––

After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that there is not enough freedom to go around.—But, what there is of it, is high grade quality. (And the masters are enjoying it.)

\* \* \*

If a demand for freedom becomes more insistent . . . ‘wouldn’t be surprised if an inferior grade was put on the market.— Personally I’m set (irrevocably) against adulterations.

\* \* \*

Pat Henry, of blessed memory, was the same way. — His statement, Give me Liberty, or Death, shows what he thot of “servile-slavery.”

\* \* \*

Any other kind of slavery would be an adulteration. Draw your own conclusions . . .

\* \* \*

Going to prison is too much like changing from one job to another . . . We should exert every effort to produce more freedom—or distribute existing freedom more equitably.

\* \* \*

The masters of men are enjoying what I would call “highly concentrated freedom.” — They come pretty near doing what pleases them,—and they have damn poor taste, to boot.

\* \* \*

I have in mind the genteel-born-cook-lux-cleansers, and other organizations, which do not depend on “callouses” for living.

\* \* \*

Defense. I am in favor of legal defense.

If you loosen up to defend your fellow worker in jail, your very act presuposes that the master will “re-imburse” you to the full extent you donated. He’s not going to see you “broke”.— We might as well have all the trimming.

The fact that you are “broke” spurs you on to make new demands.— If master desires to hold a “trial” now, and then,— why not enter into the spirit of the thing— declare a half-holiday, and demand enough “change” to celebrate with. He’s not going to see you “broke” on such a gala occasion.

If he wants a trial he should be allowed to pay for it. A trial is of very little value to us without a holiday— stress the holiday, you of the “committee on arrangements.”

\* \* \*

Defend your fellow workers in and out of jail—to the full extent of your pile—we can always get some more!

“Ask and ye shall receive.”

\* \* \*

Making money and “creating wealth” are two very different things.

The master “makes money,” but, doesn’t create wealth.—

The slave creates wealth, but, doesn’t “make money.”

\* \* \*

So you see, **He** has the money . . .

Let us not forget to “ask” for some.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1921\_28\_IS\_03091921

**LOVE UNDER PROTEST**

–––––

Song by T-Bone Slim.

–––––

If you and I were lost at sea,

Dear Boss — now, don’t you think;

Both you and I quite safe would be—

With you . . . too fat to sink.

Suppose we two were swept eshore—

To some uncharted beach.

Where fruit grew on the trees, galore;

And yet— too high to reach.

Would you, I wonder, “pay me well”

To pick this juicy freight;

Or, would you wait until it fell—

I’m thinking— you would wait.

I’m thinking— you would wait, my lord.

And . . . while-away your girth—

For if I furnished you with board—

You’d soon demand the earth.

## 1921\_29\_IS\_10091921

**SOUP LINES**

–––––

Last night I got an idea. I found it running around in my head. Funny thing, about ideas: They always get into a fellow worker’s head and interfere with his brain when it is resting.

\* \* \*

Well, this idea was looking for an exit—so I reached over and got hold of my pencil and chewed on it a while. Then I decided to pass it on to posterity. (The idea, not the pencil.)

\* \* \*

We, the working people of the United States of America and of the world, have made up our minds we have no special hankering to take part in any panic. . . And that we can get along very well without a panic . . . And, that we will not accept a panic, if offered to us . . . And, if the masters do not like our way of doing business they are free to go to some other country . . .

\* \* \*

The masters in this our country have been holding a carnival of selfishness. They have lined their pockets with our cash until their pants are ripping down the sides. They have had one Hallelujah of a time. They have blowed in our loose change on magnetoes and self-starters until their backyards are full of scrapped limousines. They have laid in bed until their kidneys got sore, and now they have made arrangements for our funeral procession. Just think of it, after toughing it out for 30 or 40 years on liver and ham (burger) . . . we are scheduled to die by starvation next winter. It’s tough . . . tough! It ‘brings tears to my eyes to think of all the work I will miss next summer. The wages, too, may be higher by that time. It’s tough!

\* \* \*

Take a fool’s advice, don’t put in your coal supply now . . . Wait till you get some money.

\* \* \*

In the meantime, let us use Ham & Eggs for our complexion.

\* \* \*

The masters are going to start soup-lines. If there’s anything I love, it’s soup— well-cooked soup with lots of water.

\* \* \*

Who knows but we will become a nation of soup-eaters? And win fame!

Locomotive boilers would make wonderful pots in which to cook the water. The soup can be mixed in the “tender”. It will go through the injector, certainly.

\* \* \*

Soup-lines! Oh. America! No country can compare with you in munificence.

\* \* \*

The next question is: What kind of soup do the workers want? A general referendum ballot should be got out. A special election held.

\* \* \*

I’m against cabbage soup— it doesn’t agree with me . . . and it won’t go trough the injector. If you want me in the soup-line you will have to make Bull-young cube soup.

\* \* \*

By the way, the master, too, is a soup-liner, but he doesn’t stand in the soup-line. No, he has his soup brought to him, in cubes, delivered at the rear entrance . . . he has an address.

\* \* \*

Gee, I wish I was a master, just for one winter . . . Nothing to do. Free board. Nice warm rooms . . . No war to fight . . . No bonus to fight for . . . No standing in the shivering soup-line . . . among the gaunt, hungry, no-good workers.

\* \* \*

Wonderful strides civilization has made. I look about me and see the great gains labor has made: We have fought consistently “on the flat of our backs” until we have succeeded in abolishing solid meals, substituting soup, instead.

\* \* \*

That’s because we were organized wrong. We were organized in the A. F. of L. and were fair to the boss, who is never fair to us. We have put the boss on the “fairlist”.

\* \* \*

I wish I was as sure of my soup as a pig is of his swill ... You see, I must trust the same outfit which has been clubbing me, jailing, me, shooting me, hanging me, and so on, **for my soup**. That outfit has a perfect right in law and fact to say whether I shall live or die. Why? Because there, is no red card in your pocket.

\* \* \*

But I have a solution. I am offering it free—gratis— to suffering humanity. Here it be:

\* \* \*

Whereas, the warehouses being full of food, it becomes imperative that capital and labor get together, and sit down in brotherly love, and eat this food. When the warehouses get empty the master can put his hand into his pocket and hire a few slaves to fill them up again.

\* \* \*

Whereas, it would be very difficult to find out who owns this food in the warehouses— who produces it— we go on record that it be divided according to the size of men’s stomacks, or . . . share and share alike. There’s enough of it.

\* \* \*

Your schemes and business deals, my lord capitalist, to get money from us his winter will avail you nothing. We are broke . . . Honest to goodness, cross my heart, we are broke, broke!

You might as well split the chuck, or . . . pack up.

You have the keys in your hands. **The food belongs to us**.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1921\_30\_IW\_10091921

**HALF-AND-HALF**

–––––

(*By* T-BONE SLIM.)

Some of our prominent laborers are in the habit of getting drunk––because they are ashamed of themselves for supporting a bunch of worthless parasites.

\* \* \*

Have heart, fellow workers! Somebody’s got to support them. If we don’t, they will starve and die by the thousand.

\* \* \*

Then, if we leave them “lay” (out in the sun) they might begin to rot––and cause “bucolic plague.”

\* \* \*

It’s easier to support them (with all this modern machinery) than to bury them “by hand.”

\* \* \*

Who wants to dig a grave for a parasite, anyway? I don’t!

\* \* \*

Little Johnny, the farmer’s son, had been told by the farmer: “Now that you are hauling grain, Johnny, you are a working man, like the rest of the crew.” Next day the crew went on strike––and the machine was stopped. Little Johnny was told to “go and haul the grain tank away from the straw stack.” “Remember what you told me last night? Well, I’m on strike, like the rest of the men.” Not so bad for a twelve-yearling.

\* \* \*

Riga, Aug. 13.–”American efforts to save Russia’s starving millions was expected to start today.” Now, if Soviet Russia would put forward a similar effort to save America’s starving millions, it would set a precedent in the world’s history–yaas.

\* \* \*

“Huh!” said Napoleon Bonusparte, “I make circumstances.” The I. W. W. make conditions. The A. F. of L. had better reroof their unionism. It looks as if it’s going to blow.

\* \* \*

If the road to Heaven is “rough”–why do we bury our dead in their “stocking-feet.”

\* \* \*

Business must be poor. I notice business men take 15 to 30 minutes shaking a customer’s hand. I went in to buy a box of snuff, and would you believe it?–he grabbed me by the hand and started to shake it. I was afraid he would accuse me of being his long-lost brother, such were the tears of joy streaming down his face. No, I didn’t have the heart to hit him. I let him have the dime.

\* \* \*

Karl Marx, one of our rising young authors, makes a statement that “Capitalism contains within itself the germs (?) of its own destruction.” Karl, Karl! What did the I. W. W. ever do to you? Why should you call them germs––or seeds?

\* \* \*

The Industrial Workers of the World (and elsewhere) have stood much, but if they withstand this latest character assassination, it will go a long way to prove Charlie Darwin’s theory on the “survival of the fittest.”

\* \* \*

Some misguided men have been trying to coax the world’s other great writer into this country. I’m referring to George Bernard Shaw. This country ain’t big enough (nor broad enough) for both of us.

\* \* \*

Were G. B. S. in this country, ducking around like T-B. S., trying to keep out of jail, someone would surely run across one of us. This is intended as a compliment to George. I’m naturally modest, I am!

\* \* \*

## 1921\_31\_T\_23091921

**HERE AND THERE**

–––––

Judge: “What Is the charge against this man.

Officer: “Yer ‘onor, I found him robbing a bank.”

Judge: “Did you search him.”

Officer: “Yes, yer ‘onor, but, I couldn’t find a red card\_ \_ \_

Judge: (interrupting) “Prisoner is discharged — lack of evidence.”

\* \* \*

Fatty Arbuckle scandal has disgraced the motion-picture-profits\_ \_ \_and yea, verily, their prophets are in disgrace.

\* \* \*

All, banquet-scenes are being “called in,” also. — ‘tis thot starving-slaves can no longer find relish

in them\_ \_ \_

\* \* \*

A coal dealers sign in Moorhead, Minn., reads:” Why Freeze while Lamb has coal?\_ \_ \_ business men are coming to our-way of thinking —Why starve in the midst of plenty.

\* \* \*

The masters press is going around bragging they have 12 million of us working (?)\_ \_ \_sort of rubbing

it in, I guess — How do the rest of the 117,000,000 get their living—an echo answers, How?

\* \* \*

Prices are coming down — supply and demand governs prices—If you have a large supply of money, the prices are high; If your supply is small, they demand less.

I hope this settles the controversy on law of supply and demand.

\* \* \*

Beds may be obtained for .25 in the basement with the rats —

If you do not desire to associate with rats (nocturnally) you may

buy a bed above ground for $1.50.

I wish I was dead — the sheets, the blankets, the cots, and the smell, lice and sh\_ \_ \_filth. All this is for labor without stint.

This brings us to “natural selection.”

(The sentiments in some of our musical-selections\_ \_would better be\_ \_left unsaid.)

\* \* \*

You have no sox — your feet are damp. My God, you’ve got a cold. ‘Tis pneumonia, the doctor

says\_ \_ \_you die. You are exterminated. You have been exposed\_ \_ \_

The capitalist system is not exposed, yet.

\* \* \*

No. Not satisfied “letting” us starve and freeze it is sending agent-provocatcurs among the disheartened “workers” who are on the verge of insanity, because of their miseries.

\* \* \*

Fellow workers: Remember from time to time the masters expect you to start premature, half-baked, activities: He and his agents are working to that end, night and day — Better, by far, that you starve and freeze than, that, you act unorganized, following the blind-lead of the masters agents — Think, and think fast. It won’t hurt you.

\* \* \*

From time to time thought inquires: “What shall I read — where can I find direction.” I would

nominate The Truth.

T. bone Slim.

P. S.—Excuse my callouses.

## 1921\_32\_IW\_24091921

**GOING THE GAMUT**

–––––

(*By* T-Bone Slim)

Superiority, or Seniority (the senile) Option to right of way, to certain sandwich (to a certain job) is unscientific (in this land) where sandwiches and jobs are plentiful . . . provided, of course, we force the guardians of our biscuits, through logic, to indorse our stand on reserved meals and reserved jobs . . . and provided w deny their right to “reserve” us to death by releasing less jobs onto the market than would supply the demand.

\* \* \*

. . . and the people were hollering for bread—*yes*, they were! What did they get? . . .They “got” gassed. *Were* they gassed? You *bet* you . . . they were *gassed*—and clubbed—and shot.

That’s what they got.

\* \* \*

This brings us to economic s’curity. I’ve heard some new members discuss this phase of our tribulations . . . and I wondered . . . and marveled at their great erudition. S’curity! What in the world could it be? I knew in a hazy sort of way that “economic” was something pertaining to household science—but this s’curity is a little too deep for me.

\* \* \*

Temporarily derangerd over this, I started gyppoing in car loaded with coal . . . and then . . . it dawned on my consciousness. S’curity is exactly what I have so long as I stay with that car.

I was mollified . . . (over my own smartness) and began heaving black diamonds “from the car out” as far as I could. (I’m giving you an idea how fast it was; you know me.)

All of a sudden a low-brow hill-billy sent a car loaded with grain against my contract and bumped my economic s’curity away from the coal-shed.

Here I am, in a little town (with no restaurant), losing money on my contract, waiting for an engine to pull “my” contract up hill to the shed. I am worried—if I was working by the day, the boss would be worrying.

\* \* \*

Later: I have heard this innocent looking hill-billy is a fellow worker, a member of an organization which doesn’t believe in this new form of labor exploitation. No doubt he thought I was a scissorbill—I’m beginning to think so myself . . . I’m looking for sympathy—

\* \* \*

And the people were hollering for bread. And the ladies, with delicate uplifting of the eyebrows, inquired: “Why don’t they eat cake?”

And the engine came puffing, all out of wind—and spotted my contract opposite the shed.

And once again my beloved economic s’curity is secure.

## 1921\_33\_IW\_26111921

**HEADIN’ IN**

(*By* T-BONE SLIM)

There are a few scattered nickels and pennies and dimes among the people. If “business” were up to snuff it would start a few deals—it would pull off some sleight-of-hand to corral this chicken feed.

\* \* \*

Yes . . . and put it away with the rest of their wealth in some guarded place where we could not lay hands upon it.

\* \* \*

But no . . . business is yellow. It has lost all its former glorious nerve.

\* \* \*

We should get acquainted with our business people. A good way to start up conversation is to ask him what he is doing to combat the high cost of living.

\* \* \*

Ask him if his sole function is to dish out your cash to these profiteers?

\* \* \*

Your business man is not elected to office—he is self appointed. He is doing business with your money—your life. If he is not putting up a fight to protect your interests, then he is an unfaithful steward and belongs to a class which is trying to enslave you. To enslave you to the very end that they—the rich—may enjoy liberty, licence, and all.

\* \* \*

Pursuit of happiness? What a merry chase . . . And we have an inalienable “right” to keep it up until we drop. Did they ever “run the gauntlet”? No. Well, happiness is there. It is at the other end of the gauntlet of swinging shillelahs. Pursuit of happiness! Just a little of something for us to chase.

\* \* \*

Slaves! The humor in the above is very delicate. To appreciate it—skip a couple of meals before reading it.

\* \* \*

I am afraid I have been too gloomy of late. In fact, there is nothing to feel gloomy about. The Industrial Workers of the World is still doing “rush” business at the old stand. The boss is showing signs of awakening.

\* \* \*

Old A. F. of L. members are beginning to show up at the I. W. W. halls. A place where that should have been years ago. It is only a question of a short time when there will be no A. F. of L. When the American working men will have one big industrial union. In name and in fact.

## 1921\_34\_IS\_03121921

**GRAY HAIRS**

–––––

BY T-BONE SLIM.

Your pocket-book is empty, now; so may be, too, your head,

And you are wondering, won’ring how, you came to be misled.

If any man should life enjoy “**You** surely fill the bill.”

You’ve labor’d since you were a boy— “you never had your fill”.

And you are wondering, wond’ring how, you came to be misled.

Oh, where is that **enormous** pay, of which you used to blow?

It’s gone where all the “savings” go, to swell the bosses’ glee —

And — all because you brag and blow, of that which used to be.

CHORUS:

Never brag about the time you used to “Hit the ball,”

When **you** in your benighted prime, “Alone, could skin them all.”

Your fellow man though well behaved will turn to hide a peeve;

His question is not, How you slaved? But, What did you receive?

Far greater “minds” are grazing o’er the daisies in the field

A mule will always call for more — and analyze the yield!

While you, “Creation’s Masterpiece,” are starving all the while —

A mule can understand your grief. And never crack a smile!

We hate to hear you “Roundalay” on How you used to go,

And now that you are old and gray, and not a cent to show

It makes no difference what you say, You’ve made an awful mess,

The burning question of the day— is what do you possess?

CHORUS:

Never brag about the time you used to, “Hit the ball,”

When you in your benighted prime, “Alone could skin them all,

Your fellow man though well behaved will turn to hide a peeve.

His question is not, How you slaved? But, What did you receive?

## 1921\_35\_IS\_03121921

**S’POSIN’ IT RAINS**

**By T-Bone Slim**

–––––

Men will not “take on” common labor at less than living wage. The bosses admit that these men will not scab on themselves—and this, regardless of the fact there is a conspiracy to force all wages down.

\* \* \*

There are skilled mechanics who are beginning to think that the bosses are getting less conservative about “turning out” intelligent workers.

\* \* \*

They think the bosses are taking the position of “I-don’t-Give-a-damness” if they do start agitating—that the masters feel entirely safe in their one big union.

\* \* \*

These men think, rightly or wrongly, (mostly rightly) that they are doing more harm by scabbing on their standard of living than by begging’. Some of them will do neither.

\* \* \*

(Scientific administration of charity will never “offset” mal-administration of industry.)

\* \* \*

Unemployed men are a menace to society—and to society folks.—And employed men, who go without food a few days a week, are hardly less menacing . . .

\* \* \*

Men will not resort to violence to obtain food even under the most damnable provocation — under the most miserable, cruel, diabolical sys-system—

\* \* \*

So far, the solution society has found for unemployment is the “club,” missions, soup and jails—

\* \* \*

And now comes the “Mine Host” of the municipal lodging in New York—and he seems to be more merciful than all other officials.— He says, “they should be shot at sunrise.”

I wonder what’s the idea of putting it off till tomorrow. Why not tonight?

Heretofore, if memory doesn’t fail me, these things were all “pulled off” during the night.

I’m against the sunrise stuff.

S’posin’ it rains!

## 1921\_36\_IS\_10121921

**PAUPER’S PHILOSOPHY**

–––––

Its not the wealth they take from us that hurts. No. But, when they get right up and make a display of it, and brag about it, then our dander begins to rise.—The American people, the working people and the jobless people, have lost all track of the wealth John D. got away with.—Let’s see, the last time I figured it up, John was pretty “stakey.” He had his winter supplies all in (such as coal, spuds and rutabagas etc.) and yet he had something like fifty million twenty-dollar bills salted away for a rainy day:

John has a good job, I surmise.

\*

Gee, I wish I had a twenty-bill— (it’s clouding up) ‘twill be years next since I saw one . . .

\*

By the way, the Duchess of Marlborough turned to— and worked an hour, just the other day, picking spuds. Yeah, it’s a fact. By and by her muscles get hardened, she will, no doubt, agree to work sixteen . . .

\*

Wonder if the kaiser is still working at that wood pile. Must be . . . Lumber jacks tell me there’s no demand for cord wood. Must be . . . One bum arm, too.

Fellow worker delegates, how about lining up Scissor Wilhelm Hohenzollern?

\*

He would be great, let him do something (not somebody). Take the Kingdom of Heaven away from the few and hand it over to the slaves. That would be a good beginning.

\*

When the slave springs from bed at 8:30 A. M., in the Commonwealth of Toil, let there be Brussels carpets ankle deep on the floor to act as shock absorbers.

\*

“The devil finds work for idle hands” ; guess that’s a headline, too. The daily papers are trying to discourage the devil by putting smile and cheer coupons into the idle hands of the unemployed. Great scheme this, it keeps the boys occupied.—Meal-times come and pass unnoticed.

\*

Seems to me (on the fence) our capitalist sheets are usurping the prerogatives of his Satanical Majesty.

\*

I’m all agog, expectant, as to what special inducement the devil will put forth. I anticipate it will be something great.

\*

“Woods—Dolasu, 20 to 26.” Sounds like Greek, doesn’t it? Well, it isn’t! It’s pure skid-pond-English. It means you will get 76c. per day for your work in logging camps. Here’s a job for the big, husky ex-service man. Company will, furnish fresh air and opportunity—Jehovah will furnish everything else. 76 cents per day! One hundred cents worth of overalls wear out in the brush per day, per man. “Wood, Dolasu!” Perdition.

\*

“Price Normalcy May Be Reached Within 13 Years,” headline. In other words it’s going to take thirteen years to wheedle away (from us) the money we are suppose to have—13 for you, dear master.

\*

We are arrived at “dormantcy”—pull your belts- up tighter, brothers.

\*

Bryan Drinks Gin (By Mistake),” headline.

Many lesser lights have made same mistake. Here’s the Trib’s story: “It was an innocent looking water glass.” (Paper states not how Bryan looked). While Bryan was looking elsewhere the waiter filled it with gin cocktail, permissible, of course, on the premises of the foreign envoy.

It seems from this that, when the Washingtonians wish to get drunk, they go over to the foreign envoy. That the foreign envoy is a blind pigger is not true, and cannot be proven so, whereas no charge is made for drinks.

“When in Rome do as the Romans do.”

\*

Yep. We will have to make some concessions to these foreign drunks. Some day we will have to come right out in the open with our gin jugs . . . so as to square these diplomaniacs and foreign envoys, and Bryan, with the custom of this glorious prohibitionary country.

\*

Ideals of today are realities of tomorrow.

\*

In 1920 it was: No beer—no work! Today we have both: No work and no beer. Pretty soon, fellow workers, pretty soon! Organize!

T-bone Slim

P. S. Line o’ swipes or three?

## 1921\_37\_IW\_10121921

**HEADIN’ IN**

(*By* T-BONE SLIM)

There was a time when “the people” were too proud to fight. The bosses would kick them out and they would whine. The boss would strike them and they would not lift a hand to protect themselves. They were too proud to fight—too proud!

\* \* \*

How time changes! Conditions of servitude become unbearable! Death is less feared and begins to look less unwelcome. Jails begin to less their time-honored fear inspiring quality—and the people have raised their hands to ward off the cowardly blow. The blow which the masters have directed against labor—in West Virginia.

\* \* \*

Is it not something remarkable! Something wonderful! The works have been obligated to grasp the weapons of warfare! The workers are protecting themselves, their wives, their children!

\* \* \*

Is labor unionism so weak, so impotent that they must challenge military power in order to impress their employers with the earnestness of their purpose!

\* \* \*

For forty years my brothers have been digging coal—today they are penniless! For 40 years they have sweated in the “banks” for their board, clothing, lodging—today they are being shot down.

For forty years the American Federation of Labor has been separating labor into craft unions—and now this is the result!

\* \* \*

Men are shot down because they desire to unite, to form a union.

Unions have been formed before and will be formed after this.

But these men are being shot down because they want to join a—union.

\* \* \*

Fellow workers! Your strength lies not on the battlefield. It lies in the industry of which you are a part.

It is a waste of time to organize into craft unions and buy rifles to impress the boss.

Join the One Big Union—the Industrial Union of the World!

\* \* \*

And the boss will know that you mean business!

\* \* \*

Just a word to the worthy presidents and secretaries who have been misleading workers: Now is as good a time as any to get an honest job and a red card.

## 1921\_38\_T\_16121921

**Pauper’s Philosophy**

–––––

Its not the wealth they take from us that hurts. No. But, when they get right up and make a display of it, and brag about it, then our dander begins to rise.—The American people, the working people and the jobless people, have lost all track of the wealth John D. got away with.—Let’s see, the last time I figured it up, John was pretty “stakey.” He had his winter supplies all in (such as coal, spuds and rutabagas etc.) and yet he had something like fifty million twenty-dollar bills salted away for a rainy day:

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\*

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By the way, the Duchess of Marlborough turned to— and worked an hour, just the other day, picking spuds. Yeah, it’s a fact. By and by her muscles get hardened, she will, no doubt, agree to work sixteen . . .

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Ideals of today are realities of tomorrow.

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T-bone Slim.

P. S. Line o’ swipes or three?

## 1921\_39\_IW\_17121921

**HEADIN’ IN**

(*By* T-BONE SLIM)

When the workers begin to starve in droves business will pick up in the undertakers’ establishments.

\* \* \*

A “boom” will be started. Funeral directors will wax wealthy and will be in position to hand a feller a piece of change—and thus again will the working class be saved to answer the country’s call.

\* \* \*

About half of the workers will be allowed to starve to death. (The bigger half will be saved to produce more wealth.)

\* \* \*

If half of the working men are starved, the masters perhaps will be inclined to give the remaining half some part of what they have produced.

\* \* \*

If the master can starve half of them now and get away with it, I can’t see any reason why he could not starve the rest also and keep the whole “smear” for his own private, charitable use.

\* \* \*

This can be done under capitalism. “Capital and labor is one.”

\* \* \*

Labor has a bad habit of getting hungry. And just when the warehouses are full too.

\* \* \*

Did I say that capitalism and labor are one? I guess I did. Well, I mean, “Capital and labor were one, but capital became separated from labor through a shrewd scheme of the master, called the wage system.

\* \* \*

That is why the slave is broke every day but payday.

\* \* \*

Mail robbers have been very active lately. The postmaster has shown his usual good judgement in picking the soldiers of the sea to guard the mails. Mail trains “taking water on the fly” will not surprise the marines. They used to ride the same trains before they had this job.

\* \* \*

There is to be no reprimand for the marine who, while guarding the mails, killed a hobo. “He will be backed up to the limit,” said Col. E. H. Shaughnessy, second assistant postmaster general.

\* \* \*

It is a good thing that the Col., however, is not guarding our mails. If he were, our hoboes would soon be crippled and they would not be able to tamp up ties or lay steel or take up the low joints. Why, some of the bullets may wound them seriously.

\* \* \*

Hoboes are not riding mail trains. But no doubt that many of them will avail themselves of the opportunity to commit suicide. They have no jobs, they have nothing to eat, and no money.

\* \* \*

The shooting of hoboes will not discourage train robbers. It will only serve as a means to wipe out the claim that these men are holding against society.

\* \* \*

If you want to put an end to robbery, hire the robbers to guard the mails. Give them light work to do; pay them well. In other words, make it unnecessary for them to rob.

\* \* \*

Then it will not be necessary to shoot hoboes to scare robbers. I must be getting very sentimental in my old age. I do not like to see a hobo disappointed. I do not like for him to get a bullet when he is looking for something to eat.

## 1921\_40\_NYV\_19121921

**Gray Hairs**

–––––

BY T-BONE SLIM.

–––––

Your pocket-book is empty, now; so may be, too, your head,

And you are wondering, wond’ring how, you came to be misled.

If any man should life enjoy “You surely fill the bill.”

You’ve labor’d since you were a boy— “you never had your fill”.

And you are wondering, wond’ring how, you came to be misled.

Oh, where is that **enormous** pay, of which you used to blow?

It’s gone where all the “savings” go, to swell the bosses’ glee —

And — all because you brag and blow, of that which used to be.

CHORUS:

Never brag about the time you used to “Tit [sic] the ball,”

When you in your benighted prime, “Alone, could skin them all.”

Your fellow man though well behaved will turn to hide a peeve;

His question is not, How you slaved? But, What did you receive?

Far greater “minds” are grazing o’er the daisies in the field

A mule will always call for more — and analyze the yield!

While you, “Creation’s Masterpiece,” are starving all the while —

A mule can understand your grief. And never crack a smile!

We hate to hear you “Roundalay” on How you used to go,

And now that you are old and gray, and not a cent to show

It makes no difference what you say, You’ve made an awful mess,

The burning question of the day— is what do you possess?

CHORUS:

Never brag about the time you used to, “Hit the ball,”

When you in your benighted prime, “Alone could skin them all,

Your fellow man though well behaved will turn to hide a peeve.

His question is not, How you slaved? But, What did you receive?

“Industrial Solidarity.”

## 1921\_41\_IP\_00121921

**I Might Suggest**

By T-B-S.

I

If drinking makes the poor man poor—

And makes the rich one rich;

One cannot designate for sure—

Just, which of these. . . is which.

II

And. . . if my premise isn’t right

That drinking brings the plunder—

Or that operates to blight,

And drive the poor one under—

III

‘Tis then, I find that what they do

Leaves matters in a murk.

(I may as well presume it through)

They’re poor. . . because they work.

IV

Lies somewhere in thius land of gloom

The gentle art of seizure.

Yet, I would just as soon assume—

They’re rich because of leisure.

V

And. . . though I hold—the drunken rich

Exploit the sober poor. . .

I am not keyed up to the pitch

—To cast a slur on lure. . .

VI

Were I, so much as to assert,

They’re rich because they idle;

The plutes would roll me in the dirt—

Or sue me for a libel.

VII

Intoxicated—of the best

Or drunk of Fusel Oil—

The men of wealth are those who rest—

The poor—are those who toil—

# Late 1921 or 1922: Little Red Songbook

## 1921\_42\_LRSB

**The Big Question**

(Air: “America”)

by T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more

The boss has slam’d the door;

What shall I do?

Seem’s like my end is near,

My guts feel awful queer—

Where do we go from here?

—This is up to you.

No, I’ve not lost a leg,

—Why must I starve and beg?

What Shall I Do?  
 Where can the answer lurk?

Why am I out of work,

Gazing on all this murk?

I can not stand alone,

Masters have laid me prone;

What Shall I Do?

Why can’t we hand in hand,

Reclaim our rights to stand,

Unhorse the sleek brigand?

This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive 1921.

## 1921\_43\_LRSB

**I’m Too Old to Be A Scab**

(Air: Just Before The Battle, Mother)

by T-B-S.

Good-bye master, I must leave you

Something tells me I must go,

For you know I can’t deceive you

Going wage is too darn low.

Yes, you say that you will feed me

If I chop that hardwood cord;

—Do not to temptation lead me,

I’m not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,

I must e’er disdain to moan

And although I’m awful hungry,

I would leave “your work” alone

Yes, I fear, I cannot tarry—

And I know just how you feel

But you see, if I’m to marry

I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging

While the sun is high and warm;

It would cause me sundry dodging

Through the winter’s cold and storm

I must have the all that’s in it—

In the labor that I sell;

For you can not tell what minute

It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—

As you count your wealth untold

Would you have me save bologny—

‘Gainst the day when I am old,

Now we understand each other

(As we play the game of grab)

But, please do recall, “my brother”

I’m too old to be a scab.

## 1921\_44\_LRSB

**“The Popular Wobbly”**

(Air: They go wild simply wild over me)

By T-Bone Slim

I’m as mild manner’d man as can be

And I’ve never done them harm that I can see.

Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,

They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty

But I can’t see why they always pick on me,

I’m as gentle as a lamb but they take me for a ram,

They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the “bull” he went wild over me

And he held his gun where everyone could see,

He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge went wild over me

And I plainly saw we never would agree,

So I let the man obey what his c o n science had to say,

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailor went wild over me

And he locked me up and threw away the key—

It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,

They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,

I’m referring to the bed-bug and the flea,

They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep

They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God he went wild over me,

This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,

Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me “go to hell,”

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me

When I’m gone to the land that is to be?

When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart—

Will the roses grow over me?

## 1921\_45\_LRSB

**I Wanna Free Miss Liberty**

(Air: Sunny Tennessee)

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining

On my cot, as I lay pining,

Thinking of the day—long passed away;

Came a drowsy feeling o’er me—

And Joe Hill stood there before me—

I seem’d to hear this joyous fighter say:

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;

From mock Democracy; from inequality;

I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful shore;

That all the world may do away with war—

I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I will find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.

I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,

I want to see the whole world free from the chains of slavery.

II

Let us then be up and doing—

Greater Times and things are brewing

Oh, Organize!—The one big union way

“Workers of the world awaken.”

“All the wealth you make is taken.”

“Break your chains.” I hear the spirit say:

III

Tighter are the class lines drawing—

Hunger at our vitals gnawing——

My reason sways and I long to pray?

Rises then again before us

Spectre’s of a Martyred chorus—

I seem to heat these sterling fighters say:

CHORUS

## 1921\_46\_LRSB

**The Mysteries of a Hobo’s Life**

(Air: The Girl I Left Behind Me.)

I took a job on an extra gang,

Way up in the mountain,

I paid my fee and the shark shipped me

And the ties I soon was counting.

-------

The boss he put me driving spikes

And the sweat was enough to blind me,

He didn’t seem to like my pace,

So I left the job behind me.

II

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train

An around the country traveled,

The mysteries of a hobo’s life

To me was soon unraveled.

-------

I traveled east and I travelled west

And the “shacks” could never find me,

Next morning I was miles away

From the job I left behind me.

III

I ran across a bunch of “stiffs”

Who were known as Industrial Workers,

They taught me how to be a man—

And how to fight the shirkers.

-------

I kicked right in and joined the bunch

And now in the ranks you’ll find me,

Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!

And the job I left behind me.

## 1921\_47\_LRSB

**A Worker’s Plea**

(Air: Tuck Me to Sleep)

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,

Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,

Night and day I’ve labored since—

Shucking corn and filling bins

And now, they say, my long, long, rest begins.

CHORUS

“Tuck me to sleep in my old ‘tucky home,

Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,

Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave

Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—

I ain’t had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn’t best;

—Thought that I could rest the best—after I “go west”

“Tuck me to bed in my old Kentucky home,

Let me lay there—stay here, cover me up with loam.

II

Old Kentucky cradled me—’tis even true—  
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,

Every state in all this land

Used me for a hired hand,

But why I’m broke—I fail to understand.

III

Migratory working man, I’m on my way—

I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;

I have worked from sun to sun,

Nothing I have ever won

And now, thank God, my harvesting is done.

## 1921\_48\_LRSB

**Harvest Land**

(Air: Beulah Land)  
By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,

John Farmer needs a lot of men;

To work beneath the Kansas heat

And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,

Our faith in you is over-drawn.  
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,

Your only creed is Going Wage—

“Bull Durum” will not buy our Brawn—

You’re out of luck—poor farmer, John.

And advertise, in Omaha,

“Come. leave the Valley of the Kaw.”

Nebraska Calls, “Don’t be mis-led.”

“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”

“We need ten thousand men—or more;”

“Our grin is turning—prices drop!

For God’s Sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)

The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosiers” barn

—The hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!

—As on the sun-kissed field I stand

I look away across the plain

And wonder if it’s going to rain—

I vow, by all the Birds of Cain,

That Iwill not be here again.

# 1922

## 1922\_1\_T\_06011922

**Lots of Sympathy But No Help**

–––––

The masters press palpitates that a practiced bum can beg $29.30 in one hour — If this is so— (and I have no reason to doubt the editors experience) this explains the big fortunes of today (also the boneheaded editors.)

Who would have believed that our hard working millionaires have been leading a double life? That they had amassed their wealth by begging?

If this be so, what is use of a practiced bum like an editor frittering away his time on a mere paltry 10 dollars a week, editing a prostitute paper, when he could step out any afternoon and beg 287 90 in 3 hours.

I cannot but believe that this is true—and by the looks of some of the editorials lately, I’m convinced the editor is out on the atom reaping the golden harvest while the janitor is doubling for him in the sanctumn ---

\* \* \*

I am easily misled, and being of a very jealous disposition, a thought penetrated my skull and, I resolved to gather in a few of those golden sheckels—I had consulted my rating in Dunns and Brad-streets and found they had failed to give me a rating—so, I starts out with a handicap of a double zero, in both pockets.

Well sir, even if I do say it my self, my eloquence was not entirely without results—I started a half a dozen of the finest crying matches ever seen anywhere and at times I, myself, could not restrain my tears, which would burst out in a spasm of self pity as I depicted, brokenly, the horrors of starvation in my particular case.

\* \* \*

I would stop a Bourgeois on the street and soon our mutual tears would comingle and splash down, to freeze on the pavement. So much wasted sentimentality.

I was out four hours and quarter—spilled about a gallon of tears— I trained my voice— and collected eleven cents.

I received six hundred dollars worth of sympathy. Plenty of advice. Ninety three address (where to go to) including the address of Jesus Christ (formerly at Jerusalem) in seven different Gospel missions, Not a Hotel or Restaurant address in the whole bunch.

I was “bummed” for all my snuff and another bum probably a practiced editor got the dime away from mee.

I hung on to the penny for fear a dog would bite me if it should find me broke. I have resolved to bum no more— Quite clearly do, the advantages of fasting present themselves to

—T-bone Slim.

## 1922\_2\_T\_06011922

**THE LUMBER JACK’S PRAYER**

–––––

I pray dear Lord for Jesus’ sake,   
Give us this day a T-Bone Steak,

Hallowed be thy Holy name,

But don’t forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, Oh Lord,

And send ns down some decent board,

Brown gravy and some German fried,

With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,

I’m asking you for Ham and Eggs

And if thou have’s custard pies,

I like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, All Mighty

Host,

I quite forgot the Quail on Toast,

— Let. your kindly heart be stirred,

And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know your Holy wish.

On Friday we must have a fish,

Our flesh is weak and spirit stale,

You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me Lord, remove these “Dogs”,

These sausages of powder’d logs,

Your bull beef hash and bearded Snouts,

Take them to hell or there-abouts.

With Alum bread and Pressed-Beef butts,

Dear Lord you damn near ruin’d my guts,

Your white-wash milk and Oleorine,

I wish to Christ I’d never seen,  
Oh, hear me Lord, I am praying still,

But if you won’t our union will.

Put pork shops on the bill of fare,

And starve no workers anywhere.

—

ANSWER TO THE PRAYER

I am happy to say this prayer has been answered — by the “old man” himself. He tells me He has furnished — plenty for all — and that if I am not getting mine it’s because I am not organized SUFFICIENTLY strong to force the master to looser up.

He tells me he has no knowledge on Dogs, Pressed Beef Butts, etc., and that they probably are products of the Devil. He further informs me the Capitalists are children of Hisn — and that He absolutely refuses to participate in any children’s squabbles. He believes in Ietting us fight it out along the lines of Industrial Unionism.

Yours in faith

T-BONE SLIM.

NOTE— What you give goes in the jail-box relief fund No. 810 951 W. Madison St.

## 1922\_3\_T\_20011922

**RUBBING IT IN**

–––––

This is our country, yours and mine. We fought for it— Lets work for it,” so sayeth the Rotary Club.

Now, then—aItho I am learning to admire the truthfulness of the Rotary Clubb, I must point out that the statement “Lets work for it” makes it appear we should re-earn it.

Of course, if the Rotarians have not “worked for it,” I can readily understand their enthusiasm — and nothing should be put in their way to prevent them earning a country for themselves.

We have “worked for it”— and even so, as the Rotary Club mentions it, “This is our country, yours and mine.”

Ah slaves! — The Rotarians say, “We have fought for it.”— the childlike, unadulterated, truthfulness of that statement has completely overwhelmed me — “We have fought for it.”

You betcha, dear Rotarians, we fought for it— and, we will fight for it again, if necessary. The necessity may not be so far away as it used to be.— It is ours. “Yours and mine”- -The Rotary Club says so and they must know. . .

Are we to presume the revolving club will raise no objections if we taken immediate possession of that what is ours?

“Let us work for it.” Now, what do you know about that?— After we have “fought” for it— after we have been leaking blood, for years, for it. It makes me smile.

\* \* \*

It reminds me: A pleasurable accident befell me just the other day. I was walking out on the ice when one of the ice-harvesters fell in the icy waters and drifted under the ice — This left the boss short handed— on spying me, he inquired, “Are you a married man.”

\* \* \*

Well sir, says I, (racking my memory in a hurry) I’ve got eleven Kids, starving.

\* \* \*

The boss was kind enough to give me the job, paying $2.50 per day, to support those kids that, luckily I have not.

\* \* \*

I see the impartial Literary Digest is wondering “If the wages will come down, if the prices come down? This sets me wondering, if the wages will go up if the prices go up?

A “price tag” is a polite death warrant— If a man has twenty nine cents, a price tag marked thirty cents, effectively, prevents man eating said meal, so marked.

\* \* \*

But— prices are arranged according to the size of our “pile.”

\* \* \*

“You can have Prosperity if you pay for it.” Prosperity appears to be a commodity— same as labor.

You can have labor if you pay for it— and jobs also are being sold.

You can have a job if you pay for it. Prosperity Is a commodity (under this system)

\* \* \*

Parting shot: For two years the slaves have been dodging around, on and off the job, trying to keep out of the I. W. W. — every time the boss “ran across them”, he gave them a cut in wages—and, now the slaves have no money to join any organization—Slaves, you are sure out of luck — You have my entire sympathy and moral support.

I wish to christ I could do something for you.

T-hone Slim.

## 1922\_4\_T\_27011922

**Least Resistance The Reason**

. . . . Men are hungry today because other men, who have never-produced anything, have been eating good meals all their lives—

\* \* \*

The funny part: Men who never have produced anything have plenty to eat, today.

\* \* \*

These so called parasites have been eating the very meals labor is missing now.

\* \* \*

Funny part no 2: These non-producers appear to have food to give away (as charity) to working men.

\* \* \*

It stands to reason when less than half of the population is working at useful labor there is bound to be a shortage of biscuits, sooner or later— My Gosh! editor, this wont Jibo-in with over production, will it?

\* \* \*

Of course it want — I never that of that — Let’s see . . .

Oh yes, I’ve got it— There’s enough food, allright, but the men who produced it, haven’t it— and the men who have it, never produced it —

\* \* \*

That’s so. Now, isn’t it?— and these men who have the food are hanging on to it in hopes that we will “turn-to” and produce another “bunch of food.” cheaply, so that they may again take charge of it for us Glory be, its easy, when you “look” at it.

\* \* \*

Now, in my own case— As a general rule I go about roughlock’d or “corked” as the swampper would say yet, my highly moral foot slipped morally, the other day—-

I partook of a stolen biscuit.

Immediately I sunk my teeth into its perfidious vitals I knew something was wrong with the very innocence of its appearance.

\* \* \*

A common, ordinary, observer, observing a common, ordinary, bis-  
be associated with a Bun of apparent character and integrity instantly and . . .

\* \* \*

Intuitively, irecognized the true moral standing of this biscuit and I was very properly horrified. The brazen effrontery! The unmitigated nerve ... of it, to intrude itself in my virtuous presence in a stolen condition —

Masquerading itself among my finer feelings—undermining my principles and playing general-all-around havoc with my moral stamina (which I’ve been nursing lately) — causing my foot to falter and skid on the path of righteousness and rectitude or correctitude, if you please — said paths laid down by our illustrious forebreas and fathers, as well and no less worthily than the present day upright and sturdy champions of honesty, Neuman Trueberry, and little Lenny of Illinoi—in days gone by when biscuits were openly arrived at- same as oysters.

Well, I suppose you “want” to know how this biscuit of ill-fame came into my possession—I was going to tell you . . without asking. A farmer raised the grain and “donated” it to the speculators—By the way— a sheriff auctioned off the farmer’s land and made a tramp of the farmer —

No biscuit can stand much of that stuff and remain unsullied—A bakerman built a fire under this grain turned to dough and supervised the baking of dough into a rosy -cheek-biscuits, after which, he rushed out to take his place in the soupline—

\* \* \*

Then, here conies a business man and sells me this biscuit—deliberately, sells me this biscuit with a past— a past and a record fairly reeling with iniquity and moldy, besides, (because) he had to hold it until I was able to raise the price which same (he hoped) would save him from bankruptcy, but which didn’t . . .

\* \* \*

How’d I know the biscuit was stolen? Huh, that’s easy — I could taste it ....

T-bone Slim.

## 1922\_5\_IW\_03021922

**Speed of the Tongue**

“You’re a liar.”

How often have we heard this expression of appreciation and admiration from our friends? Total strangers even, at times, have gazed trustingly in to our eyes, and have complimented us on our ability to ‘laborate upon ‘truth or what is accepted (by shallow people) to be the truth.— (And then the fun began).

\* \* \*

People as a general rule do not like to have their accomplishments paraded in front of less fortunate mental performers (and fellow sufferers).

\* \* \*

George Washington, it has been stated, although the parent of his country, was one of the worst liars history has known—in fact, he was such a bad liar (in his day of good liars) that great writers (who were in no way getting that way) have commented on it copiously and piously.

\* \* \*

Upon occasion, caught with a hatchet in his hand; chips of a cherry tree clinging to his “malones” did he dodge the issue, “Who chopped down that cherry tree?”

\* \* \*

No, by God, (I should say not) George, as small as he was, saw his limitations—eloquence would not explain away those chips hanging on his woolen pants.

\* \* \*

“I cannot tell a lie,” he said, blushing like a railroad “bull” caught with his hand in the freight, “I did it with my little hatchet.”

\* \* \*

Nevertheless, Washington was showered with honors many and manifest; spiritual and real. A great state on the West coast, an I. W. W. stronghold, was named in his honor; a city on the beautiful Potomac was dedicated a monument to his inability to lie in a pinch.

\* \* \*

Since then — the beautiful Potomac has been the gathering point for some of the world’s greatest liars.— Diplomats of international fame, of resplendent renown, have here fore-gathered to pay homage to Janus; incidently to “horns woggle” each other to the everlasting sorrow of their constituents,

\* \* \*

Lying, today, is classed ono of the arts—great universities now recognize its value (as an education) in salesmanship. Every “investigation” is held for the purpose of discovering if some man, or a set of men, has not acquired an extraordinary “power to lie.”

\* \* \*

Lying, to be successful, doesn’t necessarily have to be verbal or written.

Paper counters on leather shoes is a pretty good lie.

A dash of water in milk makes a fair prevarication.

Wooden pulp in a cotton shirt; and curled hemp in woolen pants makes a combination of falsehood hard to beat.

Phoney unionism is another way of evading the truth.

LET US ORGANIZE INTO, AND IN, THE I. W. W. (We are the poorest liars of the world!) Let us not depend on the speed of the tongue.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1922\_6\_T\_03021922

**CONTRIBUTIONS**

–––––

Some farmers have an auto — some -farmers have nothing. — The capitalist press is overcome with grief publishing broadcast that, “every third farmer in United States has an auto— “

What’s the matter with that—why haven’t the other two farmers an auto— . . .

\* \* \*

(Reader please note: A tin lizzie must be classed an automobile to keep figures straight)

\* \* \*

— Now every third farmer has an auto — you betcha, A regular car . . .

\* \* \*

Among his possesions also may be found plows, binders, mortgages and other farm utensils— (that is, of course, every third farmer).

\* \* \*

To have auto — and mortgage, isn’t bad, but to have mortgage—and, no auto (to go with it) is hell . . . Nearly every banker has an auto or two—engines running; ready for emergencies?

Two out of three farmers have no car. Why? is it because freight rates, on cars, are too high?— No. You know a fliver, too, is on wheels . . .

No, I don’t think the freight rates are too high. As it is— I cannot see how these myriads of stock-holders, bond-holders and cigarette holders, can transfer our freight as cheaply as they do . . . There is a quite large, and happy family, of these manicured “freight handlers”. They are our “best people”— and must live . . .

\* \* \*

A farmer, on the range, thot a joke was being played (on him) when he recieved a bill for freight, on two car-loads of hay . . . — On the way to Duluth, the freight “ate” up the hay— “must have been poor hay?”— No, the hay was of good quality . . .

\* \* \*

The reason the hay wouldn’t pay the way—was because it was shipped over a very fine railroad— it enjoyed all the comforts of a box car; the most beautiful scenery in the world— why, even the switch lights turned green with envy to see common “fodder” traveling, over the jointless “thread” of steel in a palatial “peddler”— the small town “manifest.”

\* \* \*

A farmer in Nebraska shipped a carload of corn to Montana. He lost only fifty cents (and the corn) in so doing.— He was lucky to retain his land— otherwise he couldn’t raise any more corn—corn?

\* \* \*

Potatoes will not bring enough to pay the rate-of-freight the railroads take.— Farmers should remember: These roads are of very fine texture—and that, if they expect a common “spud” to travel on these luxurious “rolling stock” they must be prepared to pay the penalty— or agent . . . (the “files” of which company are open to inspection to “booblic”— or any body else.)

\* \* \*

Why should farmers bring the food.— Why not bring the appetite to the food?

\* \* \*

If the rates are lowered —farmers could ship food to the workers —

\* \* \*

The workers with their bellies full of farm “produce”, would refuse to work for less than a living wage —

\* \* \*

Will the rates come down?

\* \* \*

I know of only one good reason why rates will not come down.

If the rates are lowered, our “best people” will be forced to lower their standard of living, because of said rate. . .

If they refuse to lower their standard of life, then, some of their number will be obliged to work for a living (provided of course, rates are lowered).

\* \* \*

Will our “best people” lower the “rates” to lower their own standard of living?

Will our best people lower the “rates” to shunt their compatriots to the point of production? These are questions I refuse to answer.

There are 110,000,000 reasons! why the rates should be lowered.

Strong reasons— too.

—Ever notice how these coupon clipers, themselves, set the amount you must contribute toward their upkeep.

## 1922\_7\_T\_10021922

**?**

Tis’ said, of Labor, he’s ungrateful

Let us see — if this be so?

Is the man a graceless scoundrel —

Whom from all our blessings flow?

\* \*

Should he break out with thanksgiving —

Really now, twixt you and me —

When his life aint worth the living —

Should the man exhibit glee?

\* \*

Should the man “cutup” high didoes,

In exuberance of bliss

— With his wife and children starving?

Will you kindly tell me this?

\* \*

Should the slave, bereft of reason,

Rhapsodize in fervent song for-sworn —

Of a soul for— sworn and bartered —

Of a daughter’s whispered wrong?

\* \*

Yes, tis said, that he’s ungrateful —

Let us see — let us explore —

Is the man ungrateful, really —

What should Labor thank you for?

T-bone Slim.

## 1922\_8\_IW\_11021922

**AN EXPERIENCE**

(*By* T-BONE SLIM.)

When I was a kid “our teacher” used to take great pleasure in “correcting” errors of judgement, on *our* part—on our *parts*.

\* \* \*

She had a very ceremonious habit of sending one of the boys out to cut whips whenever she felt like “timbering up” on us.

\* \* \*

This necessitated a jack-knife. The teacher invariably failed to specify how to cut—where to cut, with the result that whips arrived into her itching hands cut half through in several places.

\* \* \*

Of course, you must remember, we were children—you would not expect that much solidarity in grown-ups.

\* \* \*

Down South, when a white man has won the displeasure of the “master,” a Negro is selected to “whip” him.

When a “colored man” is fallen from grace the “master” designates a “white man” to administer punishment.

Thus race hatred is kept alive.

\* \* \*

In the industrial world of today some “unions” are carrying whips to the master. One union will be working to defeat another union which is fighting for bread.

For instance: In 1917 the Coast Timberworkers knew the slogan of the I. W. W. They knew the Wobblies were out to organize the “eight-hour day”. What did they do? Did they come out for a “*nine-hour day*!”

They did—and that was where they carried whips to the master. If they had come out for the “eight-hour day” the master’s whip would have been *half cut through*.

As it was, the Wobblies were able to generate sufficient *power* to “stave off” the nine-hour day.

\* \* \*

But I must get back to my story.

In the school was a young presidential possibility who was in the habit of bringing in whips which were entirely out of proportion to our size. Many a debate we had with him, all to no avail, until one day we organized and laid down rules of discipline.

Thereafter the teacher was compelled to control her temper and handle said whips gently, lest they fall to pieces.

After our schoolboy organization got to control there were less squabbles and flights among scholars; “class hatred” was a dead issue—but out of course you cannot expect grown-ups to organize. They must have their “jurisdiction,” their “seniority,” their “skill” and “graduated” wages—any damn thing which the master can use as a whip to drive others in turn.

\* \* \*

I’m off my story again—and if I get off once more I’ll quit story writing and take out credentials.

The teacher was forced to adopt new methods of torture (at the risk of her own knuckles). She commenced using the “ruler” on our tender palms.

\* \* \*

Our “master” is still using the same old whips. They’d never get by with it with school children. Organize solidarity!

## 1922\_9\_T\_24021922

**LETS HAVE IT!**

**T-BONE SLIM**.

What is that power that jails its betters;

Its men of brawn—its men of letters?

What is that power?

What is that power that starves its young,

Whos’ praises then the pulpits sung—

At whos’ behest brave men are hung—

What is that power?

What is that power—insidious power —

That would arrest springs joyous shower—

And trample down life’s fairest flower?

What is that power?

## 1922\_10\_T\_24031922

**Attract and Subtract**

–––––

T-bone Slim

If we admit we are unfit

We are unfit if we admit

To-wit:

To thus admit, a lack of wit—

I do submit— is proof of it

Proof of it? I mean of wit—

To thus admit the lack of it

\* \* \*

Sure. Surely we are entirely fit to be trusted with the truth of all open-connivances, openly arrived at, sure Mike . . .

\* \* \*

Lets have ‘em. It is the sacred obligation, and a patriotic duty, of the peoples servants to keep no secrets from the public.

\* \* \*

To keep a secret from the people is like refusing to tip your hat to the boss—

\* \* \*

There is an under current of suspicion that our public servants are getting to be too darn radical in this respect.—The nerve of them! —to try to insinuate by their action that we, the people, are unfit to know all the facts

\* \* \*

What will the foreigners think of us?— us, blue bellied, and blooded, citizens of this fair democracy ... if they get wind of it what?

\* \* \*

The other day I heard a story about two I.W.W. feeling each other out— you know how wobblies are.— They are as careful as a professional beau with a new mash— until they get a line on the other fellows view point.

\* \* \*

Well, says one— “Things would stand a little improving in places. Tunes are pretty hard.” “Yes, you’re right. Its pretty tough on the poor people—but I quess— next spring president Harding will start the ball rolling— I think Harding is a very good man, don’t you?”

“Good?—why, that man’ is the best president we have ever had—Lincoln wasn’t in it with Harding—It took Lincoln four years to free a million and a half slaves. Harding has freed nearly seven million in less than a year.”

“By Gee, thats right— and maybe if we keep him in office he’ll free the rest of the slaves while Hank Ford throws a harness on Mississippi . . .”

“Yes, maybe— “

I have been a staunch supporter of Warren— he comes from my own state—God bless her,—and him . . . Ohio has produced as many bums as any state in this union, (counting myself)—but she has also favored our beloved country with presidents . . . Now it happens, that the Industrial Workers threatened to inscribe on their banner the revolutionary watchword “Abolition of the wage System.” What did Harding do?—Did he lay down-No. He saw his duty . . . and got in the middle of road, spread his hands, and said stop! “We must get back to normalcy.”

With that one historical sentence he abolished the wage system insofar as six million slaves are concerned.

Not many of them have seen a pay envelope since.

## 1922\_11\_T\_31031922

**“All By Myself”**

Down on the stem I am “marching;”

Peddling a tale of despair —

I stroll along on the gilded thorough fare;

“Pling’ing” everywhere:

“Mister can you spare —

Spare me a price of a doughnut,

The kind that we had “over there”—

Imagine just a bulldog eating a strawberry —

So humble and merry—

Down on the “Stem”.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1922\_12\_T\_07041922

Inlet or Outlet?

T BONE SLIM

“The Vent”, is a paper published monthly in the interest of the Gilbert and Barker Manufacturing Company, Springfield, Mass Its aim is to aid in the promotion and maintenance of a strong and healthy company spirit among the “employees”— slaves. Incidently, the company coins “this” spirit into dollars and greenbacks—toadskins, if you please.—Here is one of their poems, written by Selected, who ever lie is— (a woman wouldn’t write it).

— MY JOB —

It isn’t as big as the other chaps,

With the flaming sign,

It isn’t as marked as yours, perhaps,

But it’s mine.

Just my own little job to hold down tight,

Freeze to and stand to

With mans strength and might.

It doesn’t go down to the golden way,

Sunkissed and alight,

It isn’t all laughter and cloudless days,

But it’s mine all right;

My own little job that I have to do

Earnestly, faithfully, fearlessly too.

— Selected.

— THAT JOB —

That “my little job”, is a toil-permit

Which a slave secures —

Else, why do you have to beg for it,

If it’s yours?

Just “my own little job” to held down flat—

Freeze at and starve at?

There’s something to that —

It doesn’t go down to the “golden” way

(I’m “bumped” by a brat)

It doesn’t bear much of the light of day

(And the boss grows fat)

“My own little job” (sob) excuse me, I blush;

I blush very easy on Selected’s mush.

My own little job is to “kill” such slush!

P. S. — I don’t believe Selected ever had a job— he seems to know more about B. S.

Slim.

(Editor’s note: “Bumped by a brat” means, to give up your job to a child.)

## 1922\_13\_T\_14041922

**Economics Enlarged**

T-Bone Slim.

I know not whether wage is high

Or whether wage is low

But this I know— whate’er I buy—

I’ve got to have the dough.

\* \* \*

I have been offered a job — Of course, the wages are a little off color, so to speak,— devoid of green. “One Dollar and Eighty Cents a day” (deduction) “Eighty Seven and one half, cents per day.”

\* \* \*

In other words $10.80 per week, less $5.25 for board.— This leaves $5.55, which, I could spend in riotous living.

\* \* \*

My wife (if I had one) could take this $5.55 and live almost a half week— that’s why I’m begining to think that maybe I had better not marry right away— at least, not before I find another laborer, as reliable as myself, to support my better half of a half, the last half of the week.

\* \* \*

Better still, if three laborers get together, on such a proposition, they could support a wife and still have the third mans $5.55 to split up between the four— leaving $1.35 a piece to blow in” every week, on motion pictures, home brew, devine service and other pastimes, too numerous to mention— I guess between the four of us we could “think up” ways of spending the money, alright, allright.

\* \* \*

Clothes? Why worry about them. It’s summer.

\* \* \*

Shoes? You’re liable to ruin your feet— besides if you have shoes you’re liable to be hollering for rubber heels next.

\* \* \*

“But” you say, “we’ve got to dress our wife”— True, for you—now, you are talking sense. Let’s see.— Oh yes, we’ve got to hunt up another husband — Four of us ought to be able to support a “lone” women— besides, she can always get a job in a laundry if one of her husbands should get sick, or be laid off.

\* \* \*

What’s that!— “We will run short of husbands?”— Say. Cut out your objections.— Can’t you see, I’m trying to defend the Capitalist system?— Trying to show you how to beat the system and regain your rights to love, home and happiness.

\* \* \*

The income of John D — is $36,-000 per minute” (or was it, per hour?) I’m not very accurate in money matters— we great writers are writers first and figurers last— a few nickles one way or another doesn’t make any difference to us. And I mention these figures only to help the reader grasp the details of our glorious competetive system— Now, it happens the John does not need to strike for more pay—History doesn’t record where John ever went out on strike, altho, it does record where John put up a fight against paying a fine.

And he won out, too, saving $29,000,000.

\* \* \*

I am way off my story. (I may be a little off otherwise, but, still there’s nothing offish about me) Oh yes, we had come to the point where we were about to run short of husbands. Well, after all available husbands are united in holy wedlock, there will be thousands of women without husbands— This world indicate that my solution will not wotk!

\* \* \*

‘Tis not so, and it will work.— There is nothing that is impossible under a capitalist system— What is there to, hinder John D — marrying the rest of these women?

\* \* \*

John has pretty nearly all the money in this country— and is well able and no doubt willing, to support a few million wives— which the working class is unable to do on $1.80 per day.

\* \* \*

— Now, in regard to to that job, I did not take it — not that I object to work— not that I consider the pay too small. No.

\* \* \*

But, because my official panic will not be over until the 15th day of April, until then I shall remain your— T-Bone Slim.

## 1922\_14\_GCWB\_15041922

**THE POWER OF THESE TWO HANDS**

By T-Bone Slim

The construction workers jabe made millionares from coast to coast—Maine to California ; Minnesota to El Paso; at all points, projects and places in between, wherever undertakings of any size have been completed.—”With the strength of this poor old back! With the power of these two hands!” (A “brain” of a contractor never made him a millionaire — cheap lodging houses are full of contractors — unemployed.)

It was these two hands, yours and mine, that finished the job of boosting him into a purple automobile; while we beat our way back to civilization (so-called) in box cars, ice boxes, etc., for, if we “put out” the price of transportation we find there would have been no use of going to the job in the first place). We don’t go to these jobs just for the sake of making new millionaires. No. We go there to get something for ourselves and that something is—you’d never guess it in a thousand years—money.

It is a stake we are after. We do not go to these jobs merely to take on some work; we do not go there merely to wear out our old clothes; (old clothes can be worn out) ; we don’t go there merely to eat and sleep—if we did, we would not be on these jobs in the good old summertime, we would sleep under an apple tree with our mouths wide open. No. The only thing that brings us to these jobs in these out-of-way places is the fact: “We need, the money.” It’s a question of money, and God knows, too much money never ruined the author of this screed. Too much money never made a tramp of a working man.

Now it happens that we, as construction workers, building this road, building this dam and power house, building this tunnel, removing this mountain (and digging a cellar in which you could put it) have a position in society to maintain but we cannot do it without money. And, plenty of it!

It happens that we, the construction workers, moving these rivers around from one place to another; putting in ponds, reservoirs and lakes wherever needed, digging out here, filling in there, have a social position of great importance. But it also happens that society has utterly failed to take care of us, in any sense; it has neglected to reward us for the big things we have done and on the little things, society has stripped us clean—robbed us blind. We have nothing! Nothing to show for all the work we have done. That is the situation—and what is the solution?

You might say (according to this) that we, the builders of a new society, are traveling in tough luck— and you might even go so far as to suggest that we ought to get together in a general construction workers union, in a big way—to point out these things to society, in a big way—you might argue that “we are used to doing big things, so why leave our unionism frail?” And I will agree with you. Now. . .

First, before we go any further, we will made a few observations. We will see how made a few observations. We will see how the land lies: The thing that sticks out most plainly is the fact that the bosses are looking for trouble—and, they are going to find it. Morning, noon and night and between meals, they are going around with a chip on their shoulder (you might say) looking for some one to knock it off. Sometimes seven days a week they are on our trail, telling us, do this, do that and the other thing—everything. All together!—Yo, Heave!

Not merely every day, every hour, but almost every minute we find the boss camping on our trail looking after the profits “they get out of our hides.” —And, it has been SO a long, long time—long enough!

We have been harassed (interfered with) in our work to such an extent that we could not do our best work (at any time,) the easy way—the **right** and **light** way. Always have we been “up in the air” over something or other when the boss (leather lunged boss) arrived on the job with his authority.

If we will look about us we can see that it is high time something was done “to clean camp” but before this can be done there is a certain step to be taken by the workers—so they can act as once. They must lay away all sentimentalism and look at themselves merely as fellow workers producing the “thing” that society needs. They must view the job as merely so much work to be done and paid for, in full—both ways. Looking at out job in this light we see that we have no I reason to worry about what will confront us on the next job; what will bother us next year, or a hundred years from now ; what is going to “queer” us when we get ready to take over industry or, any of **all the questions** being pressed upon us right now when we are about to start dickering- with the Boss.

We can see that we have some “very immediate demands” to make—and, if we have any other demands they will no doubt occur to us as we go along.— Our position is such in these camps, denied of all comfort, entertainment and even necessaries of life, that we are in no position to “take on questions” of puzzling nature and in no way can we get away from the immediate things right in front of us. The “things” confronting me and you on the job are the things that make it almost impossible to think—to read—to learn and, no-t only are they “immediate demands,” they are intimate demands and will have to be taken up, in an intimate way with the boss at each camp before we can hope to better our condition as construction workers. We are held fast by these things. We can’t get away from them —until they first are corrected—remedied.

Now let us consider that the big mills and manufactories have their own construction companies and that these mills and factories for the first time have started shipping men—construction men—into their gates. Let us see these men as they are on the job : The “alarm clock” wakes us up in the morning to grab a hasty breakfast— pasty breakfast—which, because of its “quality,” it would be far better to leave untasted. We grab a nose bag of sandwiches (sand— ) and make a dash for the time-clock to punch in (Being single we lose no time kissing friend-wife good-bye). (To be continued next issue).

## 1922\_15\_IW\_15041922

**SIXTEEN TO ONE**

(*By* T-BONE SLIM.)

Years ago, down on the peculiar Ohio river, riverboatmen had peculiar ways in which to “encourage” the Negro roustabouts to work hard.

As a rule “the mate” was the autocrat of the “packet”—with divine and other rights to hire and fire at will, for any reason, any man, at any time, anywhere.

Sixteen men constituted and orthodox crew in them days, but in this particular case the mate hired sixteen, and one (this is where the famous sixteen to one originated). The wherefore of the extra man may develop in this story.

\* \* \*

We are going upstream on this packet to take on a load of barrel salt at the mines which are to this day located at Pomeroy, Ohio—also we are to “pick up” and deliver freight at “all points up,” as the company would say.

Every fifteen minutes the boat will jam its noose into the bank at different “points,” to give the crew a chance to rush ashore carrying boxes, pianos, corn and stills, etc.—and to return aboard, carrying cases (whisky), hen crates, hogs (squealing), and other live stock, protesting more or less.

\* \* \*

This will continue 24 hours each day until the boat “turns about” at Pomeroy and heads down stream, after which, going with the current, it takes less time to drift from point to point, stopping on either side of the river—the crew is expected to sleep between points!

\* \* \*

Naturally, when the boat reaches the salt mine the men are “all in.” The mate will stand “forward” with a handkerchief wrapped around his hand to hide the brass knuckles he is wearing. As soon as the boat touches the dock the mate will “haul off” and hit the *extra* Negro a punch in the mouth and send him spinning ashore. The Negro will pick himself up, look sorrowfully at the mate and murmur through his bruised lips, “Lord o’ mercy! Dat Cap’n Alonzo kin hit an awful powahful blow wit’ dat sore hand ob his’n.”

\* \* \*

Thus, you see, by attacking one, the mate encourages *sixteen* to almost superhuman efforts. (Sixteen to one!) Sixteen pairs of anxious hands reach out for the salt barrels—feverishly they roll the salt-coated, contrary barrels—*running with them*. Sixteen pairs of hands fondle the rough barres until sixteen pairs of hands are bleeding at finger tips—and when one lags?—brass knuckles!

\* \* \*

Each and every one of these sixteen workingmen will think the *extra* man was hired especially for this hard trip; that it was the natural kindness of the mate that caused him to give consideration to the welfare pf the crew—to pay 50 cents per day (of 24 hours) to an extra man. Which said 50 cents never was collected.

\* \* \*

Things are not done “this-a-way” any more. We have Law. We have Jails. It is quite possible under our present and abundant laws to put men in jail for almost any crime. We have records of men who were sent to jails who were strangers to crime.

When a worker shows signs of weakening and slows down on the job, it is possible to convict him of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. If he “lays off” he is subject to conviction on the grounds of conspiring to obstruct the interstate commerce.

\* \* \*

All this is possible—and if the worker doesn’t roll the salt fast enough he is guilty in the eyes of our industrial kings. If he is put in the pen it leaves the working class weaker, but at the same time, it causes those who are “free” to knuckle down all the harder.

Penitentiary production of course doesn’t pay—and the masters of industry do not want to send men there.

“Frame-ups” have come to light—and I am exceedingly sorry—although I am glad they were uncovered. I marvel that such things should come to light considering the fact nobody in particular is making it his business to discover them. If a few “frames” bob up unaided, then there must be more where they came from that need assistance to make *their* proper debut.

\* \* \*

Is it possible we have extra men in the can? Is it possible that we have laid anxious hands on work? Is it possible we were so anxious that we created an over-production?

Have we, too, been running salt barrels? Have we been interceding for the fellow worker who kissed the brass knuckles?

We have. And I ask *you*—have we?

## 1922\_16\_T\_21041922

**Slim- - A Criminologist**

A criminologist is a man (or woman) who wonders why people commit crimes— and whose inability, to answer why, is accepted as a basis for further codes requesting the public to restrain their impulses—

\* \* \*

Chicago recently was the mecca of such criminologists and prosecutors in “conclave met” to wonder the why of and, to “discuss the question of effective prevention and suppression of professional and predatory aggression upon society.

“Habitual offenders of long prison records are expected to testify regarding the problem from their own special point of view.”— Regardless of the fact that their “long prison records” pre-supposes a certain lack of intelligence, (in so far as they are “habitual” and failed to evade the sorrowful consequences of their criminal deed) and therefore, (at this late date) they are disqualified to pass on the cause of their method of making a living.

\* \* \*

The masters press says— “This effort to shed light on the crime situation that perplexes American communities should have beneficial results.” (emphasis mine). Shed light! that is rich! Of the rich by the rich, for the rich. — Perplexes? — We have never been perplexed. Since we were in knee pants we have known that people steal for the same reason that an employer pays two dollars for work that brings him eleven dollars profit. Perplexed? — Never! We know people will steal when unemployment fails to furnish them nescessary biscuits— and when they steal, they are sole judge (and jury) of how much they take—this is bad and tends to disorganize business as it now is carried on.

\* \* \*

Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard law school, a recognized authority on jurisprudence, has pointed out this fact: “The modern criminal code in Anglo-Saxondom is hugely obsolete and ineffective.” Many of the basic conceptions of that code imply an “Industrial and Social” condition that long since has vanished.

\* \* \*

Today crime is organized as a profession — organized for the purpose of supplying food, clothing and shelter to those who are unable to find in labor sufficient returns to provide these very nescessary things (including protection against old age).

\* \* \*

“Many men kill and rob for money”. They prefer a career of crime to unsteady and irregular employment. — The masters’ sonerous voice, “Hurry up, John”, has lost its seductiveness in the ears of thse former servants; The meager “pay” palls on their sensitive soul and now, we have a problem. Perplexing? I should say not . . . Clear as mud.

\* \* \*

Society is just beginning to realize that soup as a preventative for crime isn’t “thick” enough; that the mentality of the criminal must be studied and his stomach discovered . . .

\* \* \*

There is no longer any doubt that numerous persons who habitually break the “Thou shalt not steal” are incapable of being reformed because they lack the “emotions” that “serve” to restrain those “members of society who are well fed —

\* \* \*

To deny these people the right to living wage imperils the “public” needlessly.

\* \* \*

The crime problem as it exists today cannot be solved until society undertakes to earn its own living instead of depending on the working class to do all the heavy lifting.

—T-bone Slim.

## 1922\_17\_IW\_29041922

**Raw Materials**

When a mule gets through with a hard day’s work it wants a “roll”—not the “coffee and” kind.

\* \* \*

A slave’s ide od a winter “stake” is a clothes basket full of doughnuts and a barrel of coffee; a workingman’s, a full length, doubit [🡨indisctict] thick, main drive belt of T-Bone steak with dressing.

\* \* \*

Charity is that which is less than you deserve—less than you need.

\* \* \*

When a sewer in Worcester, Massachusetts, caved in, men could not be had for love or money to work in it. Came a time when this job was dealt out as charity—for charity’s sweet sake—30 cents per hour, 2 days per week. Plenty of takers—special “Privilege” was shown to the most intrepid and fetid workers. That was charity.

\* \* \*

The most charitable institution (in the true sense of the world) I know is the working class. They give—give—give—give their all—in exchange for food, clothing and shelter.

\* \* \*

After the “down and outs” have been filled with stale bread and aromatic hogwash, the good Samaritans retire to a nearby café to regale themselves upon pork tenderloin and “French fried.”

\* \* \*

E’en the medical profession is “Hard put” to retain sufficient disease to furnish science with food.

\* \* \*

“Free Bread and Soup at 4 P. M.—Women and Children Only.” Smack real heavy of a marine disaster. Ladies first! The “families” now eat at the missions.

\* \* \*

I see the farmer is throwing out his chest because of the farmer “bloc” in the senate. Tush, tush, John! Labor has had blocs for years, but knew better than send them to senate.

\* \* \*

Yet we are not opposed to government by law—gosh, no! We have laws right in the organization for the guidance of the membership.

\* \* \*

It is definitely decided the I. W. W. will not affiliate with the Dill Pickle or Blue Carp. The Social conscience of these organizations is too “impressionistic” to meld with the aspirations of such a materialistic conception as the workers’ organization of industrials appears to be—and is!

\* \* \*

True happiness lies in industrial unionism.

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that the Agricultural Workers’ fever “rose up” to 110. Gosh!

\* \* \*

Suppose the 310 gets a fever this spring. Gosh!

\* \* \*

“Sale” signs, everywhere: “Prices Crash”—”Lost Our Leas”—”Alteration Sale”—”Sensational Slash”—Bang! The dignified business man is like a small boy with a sore toe—showing the rag to everybody. Tough, isn’t it? Gosh!

## 1922\_18\_T\_05051922

**LISTENING IN—**

**T-BONE SLIM.**

New models in religion are springing up every day. Conan Doyle puts one over that looks like an old one re-varnished— Oh well, we must have our mental-dissipation . . .

\* \* \*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says heaven will include dogs, cats, sows, horses— in fact, “everything we loved on earth.”

Hurrah! Our pork chops are safe.

\* \* \*

And to think, Joe Hill, (the noblest Swede of them all), was shot for saying, “you’ll get pie in the sky when you die.”

The effects of the coal miners strike is felt in Chicago— “Twenty five tons of radical literature, seized during war frenzy, was burned in the furnace of federal building— “ Its a wonder they wouldn’t buy their own fuel— price of paper so high, too.

\* \* \*

I suppose when the coal miners strike is over and the paper makers go out on theirs . . . “the federal building will give aid and comfort to the paper Barons by writing injunctions on a piece of slate.

How it must tickle mine mules to get free broad while the miners are striking for more board— According to reports the mules are getting so good natured that it is safe to walk by their business-end. — Who knows but mules, too, will go to heaven?— Doyle please answer.

To incur a job now days, one must be prepared to plank down $3.00 for employment fee— You buy your misery.

\* \* \*

The masters voice on the job is as resonant as it ever was— “Hurry up, John”, is the order of the day— “Go and get your time” is another one.

We must have more over production?

\* \* \*

Strange isn’t it that a man working in connection with modern machinery has no time to sit down and smoke his pipe.

There’s a reason.

\* \* \*

The capitalist class is fighting today the battles of the future capitalists yet unborn— The oppressors of today are moving heaven and earth to keep the slaves servile for the few to come in some dim, distant, future. Unselfish? What!

‘Tis said the operators do not advertise. Why should they? They the American people—a head lock, have an absolute srangle hold on half nelson, and a toe bold, (on the peoples’ pocket book.)

That isn’t all they’ve got.

They’ve got the first dollar the miners ever earned for ‘em.

Why should they advertise?

\* \* \*

Its a hard, hard life . . . Can’t tell nowdays when you get a hold of a sausage whether its meat or bread. Milk is condensed and people grow shorter . . . And if packers take out any more meat from sausages we’ll have to build mail boxes lower.

## 1922\_19\_IW\_06051922

**The Battle of Hurley**

*It was a gladsome afternoon in Hurley’s classic gate;*

*When shouts of joy and stirring tune resounded far and late.*

*The joyous crowd did Hurley proud*

*And celebrated long and loud.*

*\*Gogebic’s bold immortal hills re-echoed through the night;*

*Moonshiners in their cozy 8sic] stills were filled with strange delight;*

*And gentle folk in glad array*

*Cut Capers on the great “white way.”*

*“For years” poor Hurley’s bid for fame was shadow’d by a slump;*

*For citizens in her domain would dodge the village pump;*

*Until the “strangers” carried thoughts*

*That “Hurley must be wet in spots.”*

*“For years” her good right army of law had dangled in a sling;*

*“Oh, if her feet would only thaw,” some joy said thaw would bring.*

*And so poor Hurley sorrowed on—*

*Her face grew haggard, pale and wan.*

*“For years” poor Hurley’s visage bore the bluest of blue funks;*

*The stillness crept in more and more while she was dragging drunks;*

*But now, the civic trumpets blare*

*And sheers have rent the civic air.*

*. . . .*

*I met a burly business man who capered like a boy;*

*His cheeks a-glow with legal-tan, his voice diffusing joy.*

*I bluntly asked him, “Tell me, sir,*

*The why and wherefore of the stir.”*

*He gazed at me quite stupefied—then slap’d me on the back;*

*“You haven’t heard,” he gayly cried, “about the lumberjack!”*

*And onct [once?] again he cleared his throat,*

*And sent a cheer across the moat.*

*“You haven’t heard (he check’d a frown) about the lumberjack*

*Who walked right into this man’s town along the railroad track?*

*He was a wildcat, sir, and touch—*

*Some boys had seen him chewing snuff!*

*“We watched him—as we would a thief, (to thieves we are inured),*

*And sent a word up to the Chief ‘ to have his life insured,’*

*For here’s a man from down the creek*

*With whiskers like bolshevik.*

*“‘Twas then our warlike chief arose and and tightened up his belt;*

*There was no frost upon his toes, no yellow streak he felt;*

*But like a hero to a feast,*

*He charged upon the timber-beast.*

*“And dragged him through a goodly throng up to the village coop,*

*And though we’re but few thousand strong, he ne’er put up his dook.*

*Our gallant chief, our noble guard,*

*Found on his hip—a union card.*

*“We sloughed him in our modest jail to try our modest fare,*

*And that is why the heavens quail and why the trumpets blare;*

*And that is why our joy is rife—*

*Poor stunted Hurley’s come to life!”*

*“The Sainted Town.” within her crust, had found herself at last,*

*And Hurley, rising from the dust, was mopping up her past.*

*Thus Hurley rises triumphant*

*Upon Gogebic’s iron front.*

*\_\_\_\_*

\* Gogebic (go gib ic) Iron Ore Range

## 1922\_20\_T\_12051922

**GENTLE CENSURE**

T-bone Slim.

Come to think of it, the heroes I read about have no visible means of support— in other words, every hero, in our best sellers”, is a vagrant . . .— Ever read of a hero who worked for a living?— No? Niether have I.

\* \* \*

Work, therefore, is not a heroic role, even when you work to support “a hero” of a novel —

\* \* \*

Not only that, but work is become so unprofitable that men no longer feel justified in unlimbering their powers— Thus too, It was that a married gentleman complained to me this morning that his wife’s alarm clock went on the bum and she got fired for coming in late.

\* \* \*

So many of our best people are living off “interest” instead of work— there for it behooves me to analyze that institution, briefly.— Thus for instancce: If a man robs a bank and makes his “getaway” with $40,000—and isn’t caught, he can put the money in another bank and draw interest to the tune of $1,000 every year the rest of his life— That is interest.

\* \* \*

The only stipulation the capitalist system makes, In a case of this kind is, don’t get caught stealing anything.

\* \* \*

The system no doubt reasons that if you have not been caught stealing you have superior brains — and ability of a very high order.

\* \* \*

Sixteen hundred dollars( income per year, by the simple performance of the act of moving $40,001 from one bank to another!— And when he die$, the $40,000 i$ $till a$ good a$ the first day he got it— His $on can live off it ($o long a$ he live$) and hi$ $on and hi$ $on$ $on ect., thence forth and forever, without doing a tap of work—-

That is interest. Interesting isn’t it?

\* \* \*

But, robbery is not the solution for our ills. Instead of robbing banks we must organize as a working class and denature interest—do away with it entirely.

\* \* \*

$OCIETY NEW$

In the upper— social — layer the ladies have taken up the practice of handball, as an exercise, to develope their muscles— Dishwashing, for this laudable purpose, has become unstylish. — Can’t wash dishes with kid gloves on . . .

\* \* \*

It is my non-partisan opinion that if the society belles would develop their muscles by earning a living, there would be no need of an army of unemployed . . . to drive those (men and women) who support the belles and their fathers.

The irony of the thing is that in the mills and laudries of our fair democracy are ladies, far superior morally and mentally, whose muscles have been over developed and then, wornout— Still, the system hands one woman a hand ball and the other, a washboard!

\* \* \*

This morning I caught up with a refined lady who was carrying a “wash” into the swell district—I was going there myself, to loook ‘em over, so I volunteered to carry her basket for her. She recognized in me a hard working-man” and made a confidant of me.

She informed me that her husband had been obliged to suffer three wage cuts before it became necessary for her to do other people’s work, besides her own. — Now I know what wage cuts are for . . .

\* \* \*

My conversational powers being limited, asked her what she thought of the latest fad, handball. “Why said she, the ladies at the place where I do washing thing very highly of it.” — You see how it is yet, herein lies a part solution to our troubles.

Let the 6,000,000, unemployed take up hand ball.

## 1922\_21\_IW\_13051922

**Stuff and Nonsense**

We were discussing and cussing the troubles of his honor the American workingman. He said: “In these arduous times of incredible hideousness, when the deficient in mentality endeavor to prove categorically and hysterically the inefficacy of centrifugal force officiating as receptive or repelling radiosyncracy of centralized control, we must acknowledge we are dealing tediously with complex and purely economic problems”

I should say we are! You took the very words out of my mouth!

\* \* \*

I agreed with him—not that I was afraid of him (although I did shiver, perceptibly) ; and I’ll tell the world right now when I shiver perceptibly I’m going either to run or fight; and let me assure you, I run and fight the way I shiver—perceptibly.

\* \* \*

I wanted to be by myself to hear the New Republic say (worrying about soldier bonus sales tax) : “But a hard-pressed public is very sensitive to any influence that raises the cost of living while earnings are still on the down grade.”

Let not that worry you, my dear New Rep. You are kidding yourself. The public will not be affected by the sales tax—the public is broke!

The public has nothing new, and will always have that much so long as capitalism prevails.

Put a billion dollar tax on a plate of beans, if you want to—see if it makes any difference!

times a day so long as the chuck holds out. times a day so long the chuck holds out., [seems like part of the text is missing] Of course, by putting on a tax the plutes could verify my contention that horseradish, instead of blood, comes out of a rutabaga.

\* \* \*

I wanted to be by myself to mull over the statement that “Chinamen are half civilized.” In China the southern provinces are more intelligent. The northern part is inhabited by what we are pleased to call “coolies.”

\* \* \*

Cotton is raised in southern China, but the people there are too intelligent to bale it themselves. Transportation, no doubt because of the half civilized conditions, is cheap. Therefore, people in southern China throw their cotton together loosely and send it north, where labor is cheap, to be baled by coolies. So you see, civilization is measured by the amount of work you are able to dodge.

\* \* \*

Right here in Chicago civilization has reached a development that is staggering. On the “Gold Coast” of our beautiful city may be seen highly civilized semi-simians who never work year in and year out. And taking the country as a whole, we compare more than favorably with the Chinese.

\* \* \*

Our finest cigars are made by the cheapest labor in Cuba. Our own cigar makers are thus obligated to compete with coolie labor. This “jibes” well with civilization.

\* \* \*

So much for stuff and nonsense. Things are getting very monotonous. The I. W. W. is not being “killed” by anybody—the liquidators are under terra firma again. The reason for this ignore-ance is attributed to the fact that the I. W. W. would continue to run post mortem in its reputation after death. No use “killing” a thing which won’t stay killed.

Darn it, I came near forgetting the food filosophy—the biscuit biology. Meal time is an epoch in the history of today. . . . Since I quit logging pulp-weed I notice the “Pay the Cashier” slips are getting narrower. . . .

If a one-man vacation will do this, what will a working-class vacation do? It will do anyway with “pay the smallest amount.” And maybe the cashier too.

\* \* \*

Luther Burbank, on his 73rd birthday, said: “I’d go to pieces if I quit.” We thought the same way until this panic came along to prove *there’s nothing to it*.

## 1922\_22\_T\_19051922

**The Sign Of Times**

**By T-Bone Slim**

Tune: “Stung Right, Stung Right.”

(Apologies to Joe Hill.)

Always loved the master’s voice, so kind and good and true.

I joined the union of his choice (he loved my union, too).

You see there was no difference, no question here of theft.

For he got all the dividends, and I got what was left.

CHORUS:

Oh. I was stung right, stung right.

As if by dark design—

Stung right, stung right

All along the line—

But e’er the war was over—

I beheld a sign—

Industrial Workers of the World.

(It sure looks fine!) t

Now, I have been a willing slave— I’ve won the boss’ praise,

But though I labor, and behave. I find it never pays—

I’ve labored in the world-war times— Oh, I was there with bells

I saved a jit — but lost my wit— and joined the Four Flush L.’s.

And now I’m hiking round the town to find a job today;

I cannot find a single sign. “Men Wanted.” by the way.

At each industry I inquired, if they were buying men.

But everywhere the boss desired ... I should call again.

Now, working men. it’s up to you — and not a bit too late—

To organise industrially to keep the bosses straight.

If you would gain a better lot, with others of your kind.

Come organize, chip in the pot, and let the masters whine.

## 1922\_23\_IS\_20051922

**B’LIEVE HIM WITH A SMILE**

–––––

(Air: Leave Me with a Smile)

Farmer John is blowing how his corn is growing

On his giant toe;

All his grain ingrowing, hardly makes a showing.

He would have you know;

Rye is ill begotten, oats is twice as rotten,

Barleys out of style.

Listen to the sinner; he is no beginner—

b’lieve him with a smile.

Ain’t it funny—John is losing money

On his poland-china boar—

Yes sir, sonny, he is peddling honey,

Both to you and to the store—

All his chickens they went plumb to dickens

And his cows laid down awhile—

If you hear this story tell him you are sorry.

B’lieve him with a smile.

John is growing poorer; there is nothing surer

Than his fate, alas!

A respected deacon he’s so poor that he can

Barely buy the gas—

For his super-sixes (in and out of ditches);

It must make him rile.

If you see him crying do not say he’s lying;

B’lieve him with a smile.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1922\_24\_IW\_20051922

**Sulphur and Molasses**

Sixty years ago we were howling. “How wicked it is to have chattel slaves!”

Sixty years hence we will say, “The wage-slave sure did ketch hell in 1921.” Who knows but Mr. T-Bone Slim will write an Uncle Tom’s Hovel about it?

\* \* \*

It is now come to a show-down. The country is getting thickly settled—and its people all but settled. Every avenue of escape is cut off; every alley of retreat is guarded.

There is no place to sidestep the onslaught of organized exploitation. Years ago, when the boss got too impetuous you could tell him to go to Halifax and you yourself could go “out West and grow up with the country.” Not so today. Wherever you go you will find the boss looking down your neck urging you to greater efforts.

\* \* \*

The system is spreading itself. Where one lays down on the job now, too old and radical to carry the yoke any longer, two young and hopeful voters reach out to pick it up. The system provides each with a yoke, and so the devil’s dance continues—wage slavery=

\* \* \*

Work should not be slavery, and would not be if every member of society would do his proper share of it. Unfortunately, our best people are averse to working for a living. They seem to prefer the soft and tranquil life of a “beneficiary.” And right merrily do they clip the coupons of unpaid labor.

\* \* \*

Being without occupation, these parasites are able to get to the butcher shop *first*, with the result, they get all the porterhouse and pork tenderloin. By the time Axel comes home from work, all he can get is a chunk of bull-neck or a piece of pig’s liver.

(Note: The butcher never opens up until he is sure that Axel is gone to work.)

Maybe you have noticed this.

Sometimes Axel outwits the system by” laying off” a day. ‘Tis then that he has rib-roast for dinner. Whereas, if Axel was at work, more than likely the butcher would talk the missus into carrying home a bunch of neck-bones or a ring of bologna.

Or she’s liable to fix up some boiled horse with beef-radish. Women are that way—or are they?

\* \* \*

So, you see, the only reason a real revolutionist laughs nowadays is be-cause he wants to keep in practice against the day when the capitalist system shall have been repudiated by the people.

\* \* \*

“Shun Red Russia—Gompers”—headline. Sounds like the cry “Stop thief!”, “Button, button, who’s got the button?”

Gompers is getting old. He is giving advice. If the workers had shunned Gompers 30 years ago, Gompers would be looking for advice instead of peddling it in the “Tribune.”

\* \* \*

Commissionership of the Philadelphia world’s fair has been offered Charles M. Schwab, of the “dollar a year emergency” fame.

Bet you a half a box of snus against a second-hand No. 2 lead pencil that Charlie couldn’t hold back his tears when he saw “all the faith” folks still have in his integrity.

\* \* \*

Overalls on the pages of newspapers are connected with commercialism—something to be hold. Thash all.

\* \* \*

By the way, there is a movement to buy Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and present it to the nation as a perpetual memorial.

Wouldn’t it be a graceful deed if the I. W. W. would purchase one of Foss Bros. boarding cars (the home of T-Bone Slim) and place it on the grave of “Jim”, the empire builder, as a perpetual memorial to us both?

By the way, again—I request this be done after I am hung.

## 1922\_25\_T\_26051922

**Unpadded Figures Don’t Lie; (Liars Do Figure)**T-BONE SLIM.

A prominent man Is not one who stands head and shoulders above others . . . Prominence is measured by the amount of room he requires.— Not by what sticks up, but what sticks out . . .

\* \* \*

On the other hand: Hunger doesn’t run in sizes, like shoes—A large hunger and a small hunger are of the same denomination.

\* \* \*

Any man may become prominent if he eats the “same chuck” that a parasite eats.

\* \* \*

“I wish I had a million dollars,” he said— “Well sir”, said I, if I had a million . . . I wouldn’t work this afternoon.”

— “Why you’re, crazy man”, he replied— “Now, you wouldn’t think It, but Im worth $10,000 yet I work every day—If I didn’t, well, I’d go crazy, that all. . .”

— He emphasizes he isn’t crazy!

\* \* \*

He owns three “homes” still he doesn’t live in them— No. — He pays rent on the fourth one. His own property he rents out, to others, at higher rates. (Than his kindly landlord charges)

— That is how he made the $10,000.

\* \* \*

All these latte years he has worked for nothing. (The three “places” were left him by his father, who used to get paid, for work.)

\* \* \*

Worked for nothing, did I say? He doesn’t work . . . He dashes from place to place, busy as a cat covering Hmburger on a marble top table, accomplishing nothing.

\* \* \*

It’s, “good morning Mr. Boss.”— “Yes sir, yes sir, . . . right away, sir—Sir?—Oh, sir, I was so busy.

## 1922\_26\_IW\_27051922

**Overalls**

Everybody knows that it is an unpardonable sin and an eternal disgrace to put a patch on a pair of overalls in this, the greatest country on the globe. But it had to be done. I could not stand for the admiring glances of the populace directed at my bobbing knee.

\* \* \*

For a man of lesser abilities, this task would have proven insurmountable. The idea being to get the patch on and still not commit a sin. That is, to take the “curse off sin” and neutralise the disgrace.

\* \* \*

Long did I concentrate upon this problem, my feelings rent between loyalty to my country, and mortification. If I “done” this job of patchwork, in the sense that a plebeian would do it, I would disgrace our small but select tribe of brain workers.

\* \* \*

But the inexorable law of supply and demand spurred me on to action—and I want it understood before we put that parch on, that “conventionalities” had nothing to do with my activities.

\* \* \*

The weather suddenly grew colder—I made careful note of this[.] The wind must be prevented from entering my garments. . . . Note: I had filed a relinquishment on my “auxillieries-unmentionables” (some time ago) for very emphatic and lively reasons. Reasons, I said. Yes, there must have been millions of them.

\* \* \*

On goes the patch! Not as a common tailor would do it. No—I will put it on as a technician.

\* \* \*

Looking about, I discovered that the country is prohibition. What has this to do with “patching overalls”?

Wait a minute. With the country gone dry, I have no use for hip-pocket No. 2. I can use it for a patch.

\* \* \*

Now we are progressing, but it takes brains. We will take off that pocket and transport it from the hip to the knee, we it on (upside down), leave the bottom unsewed.

(Note: Watch this—don’t sew bottom seam; if you do, it is a pocket no longer.)

By doing it this way I still have the same number of pockets in my overalls (which my master lets me use) as before.

\* \* \*

Once again the fair person of T-Bone Slim is hid away from public gaze. Once again the Lake Michigan breezes are prevented climbing my sturdy frame. But I tremble for the day when the pockets will no longer cover my pulsing nakedness—on this fair land of opportunity.

\* \* \*

P.S.:—Patching is a poor substitute for unionism, but it is a very good reason for organizing. Do it industrially.

Apology: If technicians take offense at this “joke” then the joke stands unchallenged. My candid opinion is that technicians are poorly organized—if at all.

—T-B. S.

## 1922\_27\_I\_27081922

**Joitakin Terveysopillisia Neuvoja**

–––––

Kirj. T-bone Slim.

— Voimistele viisitoista minuuttia aamupäivällä ja samanverran iltapäivällä. Tee se silloin kun pomo katsoo.

— Käytä mahdollisimman paljon happoa. Istu alas ja hengitä syvään toisinaan. Ei kukaan välitä siitä — luulevat että huokailet.

— Älä koskaan aukaise nappeja syönnin jälkeen — osta avarammat vaatteet.

— Nuku kuusitoista tuntia vuorokaudessa hyväilmaisessa huoneessa.

— Älä yritä nostaa liian paljoa. Löytyy yli 6,000,000 työtöntä, jotka ovat hyvin halukkaita “antamaan kättä” ja sitte vielä — voit reväistä itsesi.

— Älä syö hätäisesti (Hevosille annetaan tunti ja neljännes syöntiaikaa),

— Älä ilmoittaudu työhön ennenaikaisesti. “Järjestelmällisyyttä kaikessa.” Työnantaja voi pian sanoa että alat osoittamaan liian suurta kiintyneisyyttä työmaahan — joka on “hänen.”

— Lue I. W. W :n kirjallisuutta, voidaksesi sanoa jotakin.

## 1922\_28\_T\_02061922

**COMPETITION**

T-BONE SLIM.

Nancy Langhorne Astor, (Lady) who came over from England last month to tee how her native land was getting along, prescribed for flapperitis before sailing back to her beloved land.

Referring to the genus flapper as “those creatures in short skirts, gay hose and painted lips that ONE sees here and there”, she declared she did not see any need of getting excited over them.

\* \* \*

No, Mrs. Lady Nancy, we’re not excited, exactly, but — oh, you know what I mean-slightly interested—thats the word . . . interested! —They are a relief after gazing for generations at the genus parasite, those creatures in trailing gowns, silken hose, lying lips, perverted minds and borrowed sustenances, Nancy, a relief — Yes, Nancy Langhorne, a decided relief.

\* \* \*

“I think the parents are the ones to blame’,, she continued, “but if we cannot prevail upon the parents we can go at it in a different way— ridicule.”

You said a mouthful, my dear Lady Astor, ridicule is the word!

\* \* \* \*

It will be remembered that Her Gracious Majesty, Lady Nancy Langhorne Astor was admitted into this country, about a month ago, as an expert on labor movements— where she got all her information . . . has not been divulged, but it is conceded, in well informed circles, that Her Ladyship acquired her great knowledge of labor movement through her acute powers of observation rather than through actual participation in the processes of production.

On April 24th, the Chi. Eve. American carried the following item —

“LADY ASTOR STUDIES LABOR”

(Note: Studies labor, not, performs labor.) Item continues — “Lady Astor, who is now attending the convention of the National League of Women Voters, could tell people in Washington something about how not to go wrong in estimating and in analyzing the labor movement.

\* \* \*

Estimating and analyzing the labor movement!— Have you get that?

Allright, let us continue . . .

“Her method in London (deah ole Lunnon) in [unclear] matter is very simple. It consists of really personally knowing labor people. At her home in London the guest list is just as likely as not to include leaders of trade unionists.

\* \* \*

Of course, dear reader, you must remember this method may work in England and still be unsuited to the need’s of America — The best her gracious Majesty could provide might prove entirely barren of results so far as our own labor leaders are concerned— many o our “bluff old leaders” would many times rawther escort “those creatures”, the “genus flapper”, to a week-end with the titled “genus parasite” in the gilded courts of Packingham Palace.

## 1922\_29\_IW\_03061922

**Shakes and Shingles**

Oh, man!—Chicago is living in tent colonies, in an effort to beat the “rent hogs.” But why go to all this trouble? Why be-grudge the land*lord* those few paltry dollars.

\* \* \*

“June, July and August rent will be saved” Pretty slick scheme, isn’t it?”

But when September rolls around, and we must go inside again, the landlord will politely inform us: “Owning to the fact that taxes are so high, and to the fact that my place has been vacant all summer, I am compelled to raise the rent ten dollars per month.”

Pretty slick, aren’t we—smooth?

Slick as “rosum.”

\* \* \*

We will get mad as hell and try to turn red in the face, but our face won’t turn. The mosquitoes have sucked all the blood out of our system.

\* \* \*

Well, anyway, we’ve got the tent! We can cut it up and make insoles for our shoes and thus save on sox. (Hard to beat us!)

But why begrudge the landlord those few paltry dollars—(that’s the sentence you took exceptions to in the beginning of this article.)

\* \* \*

Why, indeed? What difference does it make to you whether the landlord charges ten dollars per month or ten hundred dollars so long as you are organized strong enough to make the boss pay you sufficient wages to cover all your expenses, plus an equal amount to old age?

\* \* \*

Seems to me “what the landlords get” is none of our business. We are not supposed to watch thieves.

We are *workingmen*, pure and simple. Yes, *very* simple. Let the master look after the thieves.

\* \* \*

All we have to do is to see to it that we get sufficient wages. (We can do this through one big union.)

\* \* \*

“But we ain’t organized,” you say. Is that so? Well, what in the name of Kalispel have we been doing *all these years?*

\* \* \*

Ain’t we organized?

No? Well, in that case, we might as well keep on begrudging the land*lord* his few dollars—much good that will do us?

\* \* \*

I’m telling you that if we trust the boss to look after our interest our interest will suffer.

\* \* \*

You were saying “a married man cannot afford to belong to a union.” In other words, you contend that the boss will not come across with fifty cents a month for that purpose.

If this be so, and I have no reason to doubt your word, then we are lost.

\* \* \*

But, I have an idea that, if we go to the boss (take off your hat) and put the matter up to him in a right light, he will dig down and dig up “four bits,” to the husband and father—tell him we are organizing for the purpose of finding him a job so that he won’t need to strain his eyes looking down our necks.

\* \* \*

Should the boss remain impervious to our blandishments, then we will start a quarrel with . . . with our best girl and wait till the married men die off.

We simply must have a one big union of all the workers. If we can’t as married men, we will single out. —(T-Bone Slim.)

## 1922\_30\_IW\_10061922

**A Package for the Prince**

*“It is not the hard times coming but soft times going.”*

\* \* \*  
How delightfully hideous is the above phrase? Many of our readers will consider it unfit for publication in our paper. Let us see.

\* \* \*

The aforesaid phrase is a statement of fact by a business man. He seems to realize that the soft times he has been having are about to vanish and that strenuous times are in store for those who have been “taking” it easy.

\* \* \*

It is not only a statement of fact, but a prophecy as well. In other words, he is climbing a tree from the distance. He knows that the “good thing” is played out; that it is beyond the powers of the working class to support numerous of them any longer, that some of them will have to jump off the wagon, help push the thing; and that, instead of waiting in their store for customers, they themselves must become customers. Yes, about half of them could be released without working a hardship on those remaining in business.

\* \* \*

The numerical strength of the business people depends on the ability of the working class to support them. During the war, when some of our leading customers were over in France, the “overworked” business man was “hard put” to find occupation for himself—and the recent “failures” can be traced to this cause.

\* \* \*

The purchasing power of our best best customers was reduced to thirty dollars per month and the purchaser (including power) was transferred over to the tender ministrations of a *foreign business man*.Nearly, or over, two million customers and supporters were thus lost (for the time being) to our own traders.

\* \* \*

As a result of this, many of our upright merchants have gone out of business—only to return just as soon as the purchasing and supporting power of the customers returns to normal.

\* \* \*

True it is that wages were somewhat higher during the war, but it was necessary in order that a reduced working class might be able to support the business people and various other non-producers remaining in this country, backing up the “boys,” and otherwise disporting themselves in mile-a-minute speeches (four miles per clip).

\* \* \*

Mr. Jack Dempsey turned to and aided us to keep food on the tired business man’s table by working in a shipyard; many *reverend* gentlemen aided us in “keeping the home fires burning” by donning overalls, standing by to hand tools to workers—while the business men were running around with pots of yellow paint selling “liberty,” interfering with the workers’ prosecution of work, and otherwise hindering us in our noble resolve to make the Kaiser be good (and saw wood).

\* \* \*

The business men are well organized. . . If 500,000 foreign laborers are imported per year into this country, the business men know to a nice T how many merchants will be required—to manipulate prices for them.

\* \* \*

Their knowledge of quart-, pecks, yards and ounces will stand them in good stead in turning an honest dollar in business turnovers—that is, to turn the victim over and get the contents of the other pocket.

\* \* \*

(Else how comes it that “Our Houses have money with which to prosecute members of labor unions?)

\* \* \*

It seems that everybody is well organized except labor—the men who support everybody are not organized.

\* \* \*

Now, this is the summer! Now is the time. We are the people! Let us go as far as we can this summer. The distance we travel now will give us an idea how far “improvement” will swing when we are done.— *— T-Bone Slim.*

## 1922\_31\_IW\_17061922

**The Stuff Heroes Are Made of**

Confession is good for the soul—and my soul, being, as it is, susceptible to good influences, is no different than the general run of souls in my neighborhood. Hence this confession.

\* \* \*

I realize that in confessing I am running a chance with my reputation and possibly

with my complexion, inasmuch as I have not heard of confession being used as a first-aid in preserving the texture of the human hide.

\* \* \*

If confession would benefit the complexion, wouldn’t we be a homely race of people? All the bay rum in christendom wouldn’t make us presentable; opticians would lose their trade and people would buy “dimmers” with their “meed of prosprity” until they went broke.

\* \* \*

Fortunately, our hide is immune—yes or no—but before I start confessing I wish to state a gentleman friend of mine inveigled me and Shingle Creek Shorty into one of those moving picture places.

Ever have I tried to protect myself against this form of dissipation; these germ-breeding caverns of darkness and filth. Therefore, imagine my astonishment when I beheld on the screen scene after scene of unbridled splendor wherein a bunch of parasites cavorted regardless.

\* \* \*

Across the silvered sheet struts a man who to my unpracticed eye seemed to have but one ambition in life. At the slightest opportunity he would bend over gracefully to suck at a lady’s wrist. At’ first I thought he was trying to see what time it was by the lady’s wrist watch, and I would still be of that opinion if Shorty, who used to be up society, hadn’t told me that the parasites have that habit because time hangs heavy on their hands—having nothing else to do.

\* \* \*

The hero of the piece got his start in life by tapping a man over the head, going through his clothes and relieving him of his valuables. The man robbed was no good, so I guess it was all right according ‘o the bourgeois psychology, although we think it all wrong.

\* \* \*

He makes a perfect getaway, under an assumed name, and then he runs into a lad who knows something about horses. *They* employ themselves betting on horses, and *he* clears a hundred thousand by the sweat of *their* brow. Again he makes a getaway.

\* \* \*

Next *he* invests *their* capital in a gambling enterprise, a business proposition, and again he clears a million (and the law) in a “corner on cotton” deal without doing anything to earn the money. It is after getting his hands on this “jack” that he saves the lady from drowning anl [and] starts sucking her wrist. He gets *caught up with* by the man he rapped over the head, and that worthy proceeds to return the compliment; puts our hero in the hospital and commits suicide.

\* \* \*

The ends of justice met!

Our hero recovers, reforms, and takes another suck at her wrist. And the play ends too soon (in an inspiring fade-out) —too soon for the audience to see our hero looking for a job.

Well, anyway, our hero by this time is well along in years. It’s too late for him to start working for a living; besides, what’s the use of working when you have a million dollars and a wrist? *Too late!*

\* \* \*

By the way, I was going to do some confessing. It’s too late now. The column is finished, and besides, the editor won’t stand for any of that stuff --------------but

\* \* \*

If we wanted to be mean we could put in a board bill against these heroes for a thousand years’ board. We might be able to collect it, too. But, oh, well, if we couldn’t, we could at least get a job as an umpire in baseball.

Ho hum!

You have nothing to break but your chains. *— T-Bone Slim.*

## 1922\_32\_IW\_24061922

**Normalcy Has Arrived**

Normalcy is arrived.

The illustrious T-Bone Slim has projected his scintillating presence onto a job. (Great applause.) Somehow he eluded his caretakers and accepted a flattering offer of a position in an extra gang —as a gandy dancer. This sudden rise of Slim into prominence was an agreeable surprise to his many friends. Nevertheless, his enterprise was not without its “deleterious” side, inasmuch as: Time (in its mad passage) finds Slim’s hatband stretched, which is more than can be said of the belly-band around his neighborhood. . . . Thus it is we find him swaying, one foot in the air, doing yeoman service on one of the “trade arteries” of our beloved globe.

\* \* \*

Contrary’ to all beliefs. Slim says, he isn’t going to bust any criminal syndicalism law on the first day ... by kicking on the grub. Yet he insinuates that no government inspector is going to be foolhardy, or hardy, enough to eat any of it. He challenges any governmental agency (from Hoover up) to eat a mouthful of *that material* which is dished up to the dancing proletariat of the *maintenance of the way*. He defies the Labor Board to eat of the plenteous “vittles” provided by the “commissary” and served under the “By-Product Act” in the *models of twentieth century sanitation* on *“all roads”* cursed with Morgan & Co. management. He issues an invitation to the “board” and requests they allow themselves the privilege of dining with him. The expense will not be great—and if necessary he will look after them. Board is one dollar a day—low, considering the high cost of fertiliser. Bring a dollar with you, O ye Noble Labor’s Board, and stay with us the whole day long—eat with us and be merry —that’s a good fellow, learn with us.

\* \* \*

The back of the panic is broken! Let us record that on this day, June 16th, T-Bone Slim had “one day in!”—one day nearer emancipation! Tonight, after a day of toil, he has five cents coming to him, *if the road doesn’t go bankrupt!* His expenses have been viz.: Board, five meals, $1.70; fee, $1. How the company came to overlook the *nickel* is a mystery. (Maybe it is intended for tobacco.) If so, then the Co. is too extravagant. Slim’s ‘head expenses (for snus) are only 3½ cts. per day.

\* \* \*

Tomorrow is Saturday. . . .

Monday morning (if he isn’t fired before then) Slim will have 80 cents coming. If it rains Monday he will be owing the company 20 cents, for two days’ work. Slim thinks the only reason the company doesn’t rob him of his clothes is because the company is afraid of the Labor Board. . . .

\* \* \*

Slim, you see, is not personally acquainted with the Board members and thinks the Board is a bunch of two-fisted, horny-handed battlers, who wouldn’t wait for the “drop of the hat” before engaging in battle for labor’s rights, in valiant defense of labor’s prerogatives, which is all labor has left. And that isn’t all he thinks (of the board), but space and modesty will not permit the use of such flowery language extolling the virtues of our heroic board of the recent wage cuts.

\* \* \*

Well, the second day of “hopping” is come to an end at last! Such contrary “ties” no one ever saw! No more than Slim would tamp up one, somebody would step on it and tramp it down again—causing Slim great agitation of mind. . . . Upon such occasions he would wax wroth, and in a voice vibrant with emotion he would warn his colaborers to tread lightly, nor mar the scenery his diligence had so laboriously created—a task well done!

\* \* \*

Let us glance back over our work.

Previous to 1893 practically all roads were controlled by German and English capital. Ham and eggs (and other good foods) were served to the gangs of tracklayers. Wages (outside of section men) were $2.25, $2.50 and $2.75 per day. Board was $3.50. A man could clear $12.70 per week.

\* \* \*

Then the House of Morgan took over the roads. (The panic of ‘93 was utilized for this purpose.) Then came the 90 cents a day. Since then have come the predigested pigs—slimy, disintegrating things, too far gone to be served uncooked. Since then have come the chicory coffee, lowest grade oleomargarine (untouchable), rancid bacon and pork (maggots withdrawn by special process).

Menu for week: Dogs, cow-lips, beef butts, pig snouts and ears, and red-horse, all of these in an A. No. 1 state of decay. The “poor devils” try to work on bread and chicory—and eggs on Friday (a concession to Catholics, unnecessary, considering the meat is unfit to eat at all times).

\* \* \*

Nowadays a man working on the tracks, if he actually isn’t in a poisoned condition, is at least suffering malnutrition.

Previous to ‘93, when English and German capital was in control of the roads, we received good board for $3.50 per week. Now we get nothing but low grade swill—and we are charged $7 per week for it.

\* \* \*

After mature consideration Slim has decided to withdraw his invitation to the Labor Board. He thinks it too risky. They might get hold of food that isn’t properly disinfected, get cramps, and die of pellagra before you could haul them to near-beer saloon.

Then where would we be without a labor board (standing by us) handing out decisions which save the railroads $48,006,000 alone and reduce our wages the same amount?

\* \* \*

And then again, by the time the board got together, passed a decision to accept Slim’s hospitality, Slim might not be here(or any place else) to show, that august body around. *T-Bone Slim*.

(Note: When the “Milwaukee Road” was put through to the Coast 10,000 ham and egg-eating tracklayers went West with it. When they come back, ham and eggs will return also. Get next. . . .

## 1922\_33\_IW\_15071922

**Let Us Be Consistent**

**One might think that when a workingman enters a restaurant to buy himself a “customary T-bone steak” and a set of potatoes, that he is buying a meal.**

\* \* \*

**We might be pardoned for thinking that the man was purchasing a slice of burnt flesh, etc. However, nothing of the kind happens.**

\* \* \*

**Our economist here steps in to tell us that the moment a toiler straddles the revolving stool, and utters the magic word T-bone “rare,” he is no longer a workingman, but an employer of labor—that with this one word he completely changes his status in the world of events; and that his own buddy, working by his side, would hardly know him in his new role.**

\* \* \*

**Our economist will say the man then has hired a waiter, cook, dishwasher, cashier, proprietor, landlord, banker, and, in fact. he has then hired the whole damn capitalist system —and that the word T-bone “rare” is a command of one in position of authority.**

\* \* \*

**Of course a man unversed in economics and unacquainted with the intricacies (trickery) of the capital-system, were he to watch this man later (at the cash register) he would get the idea the man had purchased “the place” instead of merely hiring the capitalist system to do his bidding.**

\* \* \*

**It is through economics we are enabled to know that if our “pay” runs out before pay day we didn’t get enough last pay to last us to the next one. It is really very simple, and if this happens, then a simple remedy will be in order: Call the attention of the boss to the size of pay shortage last week — tell him how many days you went without food last week because of his neglect to supply sufficient funds for your needs.**

\* \* \*

**Economics also tells us that if the working class united in the I. W. W. would *whisper a request*, the boss would be galvanized into action never before seen in this suffering old world.**

\* \* \*

**In closing I wish to call the attention of the reader to the fact that there is a movement on foot to put the boss in overalls.**

**Where do they get that stuff?**

**Where, in the name of all that’s pure and simple, is he entitled to overalls?**

\* \* \*

**Where did he ever work to earn ‘em? If the boss had all the clothes he earns he would be arrested for criminal indecency or conspicuous exposure of . . . personal pronoun, or something. . . .**

\* \* \*

**Let him go to work and earn his overalls— he’s big enough! *T-Bone Slim*.**

## 1922\_34\_IW\_15071922

**Das Kapital**

In these perilous times, while criminal syndicalist laws are -rampant and soups are seasoned with certiorari, it is considered the height of incaution to monkey with profits.

\* \* \*

Established truths are waylaid and sandbagged, or suppressed. William Jennings Bryan, alive to the painful experiences of Eugene V. Debs, arises and contends in stentorian tones that our industrial captains are not descended from monkeys.

One way of keeping out of jail.

\* \* \*

Nevertheless, it would seem at this time, while so little is being said about capital, and especially by the men who control said capital, that a word from me would not be out of place. Too often have we trusted the discussion of this important phase of our suffering to those only who have a theoretical knowledge of capital and its many vagaries.

\* \* \*

People with a mere smattering of knowledge regarding wealth have waxed eloquent, while those who have made capital a study, and an anathema, have been pushed in the corner.

\* \* \*

I take personal and pardonable pride in pointing out that I have completed a brief survey, a personally conducted investigation of the true nature and habits of capital, and I can say, with the voice of authority, that capital is nothing less than the dollars and cents that the laborer did not receive. As to its habits, it is what might accurately be termed “skittish.”

\* \* \*

At this period in our beloved history there appears to be a generous shortage of capital among the working classes— demonetized, so as to say —and it is thought that low wages is the cause of this phenomenon. But I may say in alluding to capital, that capital is only a minor calamity compared to the lack of organization among the workers in conjunction with the “unity-plus” of the shirkers. Even the petty larceny tin-horn “wit worker” despises and adds his mite to the discomfiture of labor.

\* \* \*

Other things may happen in the sphere of our paper-collared activity which, in a way of heartrending gloom and hydra-headed sorrow, make the large fortunes wrung from labor look like a plugged nicked in a “lead mine.” I have in mind the (pitiful) lack of solidarity among the exponents of “Do as you’re told,” vote as you’re told, and die as you’re told. It’s a poor man who has to be told.

\* \* \*

Would that I had the gift, even such as has a journalist on our daily papers. Gladly would I oil my stylograph and boldly assail capital in burning words of denunciation, criticism, censure and —and protest. If that would not suffice, I would apologize for distracting the master’s mind, just as he, was about to send other workers to the poor house.

\* \* \*

Yea, verily would I attack injustice in (every form) in general and exploitation in particular. I would indict the malevolent malefactors and offer maledictions upon their heads.

\* \* \*

I would pillory them in a flow of language teeming with the misery of centuries of interminable toil, as the most dastardly cruel, inhuman, unsocial, ungodly, unchristian, ungentlemanly and unnecessary affliction, too long suffered by the unprotesting proletariat.

\* \* \*

But, unfortunately, I have not the gift to properly express my appreciation of the abiding iniquity of the system founded on slavery, permeated with cunning and perpetuated in selfishness.

\* \* \*

What can I do? I am helpless. My vocabulary is weak. The constabulary is strong. I must ever be mindful of the fate of Debs. (I might lose my citizenship,) Tough, isn’t it?

\* \* \*

When great men like William J. Bryan dare not call the profiteers monkeys, but slightly removed, it is time I withhold my native American spleen and “lay off” this demoniacal system which creeps upon us like a jackal, treeing us and starving half the population of the world, old and young, into submission.

\* \* \*

What can I do? What can I say? I have much to say but I have no way of saying it. I am stuck.

\* \* \*

The best way to take what is justly due you is to-organize to take, the way the employer is organized to retain, the products of your toil— industrially!

\* \* \*

Once you are organized he will be “tickled to death” to hand it to you. You will not “have” to take it. He will bring it up to the house. . . .

Tell him to throw it on the shif-fo-nierre. Ask him to take a chair for a change—walking is so hard on a heavy man.

## 1922\_35\_T\_22071922

**JUST BEFORE THE PANIC MOTHER!**–––––

Good bye, master, I must leave- you,

Something tells me I must go.

For— you know, I can’t deceive you,

Going-wage is **too darn low.**

Yes—you say that you will feed me

If I split a (hardwood) card.

Do not to temptation lead me—

I’m not toiling for my board.

Tho my trials have been sundry

I must e’er disdain to moan,

And altho I’m “good and hungry”

I would leave your work “alone.”

Plans of men and lice miscarry

And I know just how you feel,

But, you see, if I’m to marry

I must earn **a double meal**.

If I work for bread and lodging

While the sun is high and warm,

It would cause me sundry dodging

Thru the winter’s cold and storm.

I must have the “All that’s in it,”

In the labor that I sell—

For one cannot tell what minute

It may start—to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only,

As you count your wealth, untold:

Would you have me save “bologna”

‘Gainst the day when I am old?

Now, we understand each other—

And we’ll play the “game of grab.”

But— please do— recall my brother;

I’m too old to be a scab.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1922\_36\_T\_28071922

**SAND THE RAIL**

T. BONE SLIM.

It is a sad commentary upon our national commissary that the scab and strike breaker, gunman and stool, are eating better than are the workers.

–––––

Workers are denied a living wage and when they strike for a “fair days’ pay” the company doesn’t hesitate to pay strike breakers ten and twelve dollars per day for minimum labor performed.

The workers modest demands are frowned upon — and any demand for the full product of ones toil is equivalent to a jail sentence.

–––––

But there are men who refuse to scab on strikers altho sadly in need of a livelihood.— When the strike is won, and the strikers return to work, what becomes of the men who refused to scab? —Have the strikers shortened their hours to give the unemployed a chance to live — I’m afraid not.

–––––

A few questions . .

If business will bear a pension why not give it, to the men, in their pay envelops along with the rest of their earnings?

What right have railroads to withold a part of one man’s earnings and pay it to another one—as a pension.

If the man receiving a pension really has produced the equivalent of it in days gone by— then by what line of reasoning do the railroads justify their failure to pay the man in the first place?

What authority if any, have the railroads to appoint themselves as trustees — guardians, over the earnings of labor— old and young!

It is possible the railroad workers are denying themselves the “necessaries” of life in order to enable the company (benevolently) to pay out pensions from the wealth they are producing?

–––––

Are the Companies Trustworthy?

–––––

Isn’t it true the companies have lied sixty year old men off “light repairs”, transferred them to transfering grain from one car to another on the “rip track” on a hot day?

–––––

Isn’t It true that he was then sent to “pick up” scattered track-jacks?

Isn’t it true the company sent one 60-year old man, instead of two 30 year old men, to do this work and isn’t it trne the old gentleman expired as he was trying to pick up the last jack just as the whistle blew — quitting time?

Isn’t it true the old gentleman didn’t draw a cent of the pension the company had been saving for him?

–––––

Isn’t it true the companies are totally unreliable and unfit to administer any part of our earnings either as pensions or bonuses crutches or coffins?

–––––

Wouldn’t it be a better plan to organize in one big union, draw your pay in full, keep it in the bureau drawer and buy these things when you need them — pension yourself off when you feel like it.

–––––

A rumor has it that the I. W. W. will destroy government and overthrow property — The item mentions not the fellow worker’s name. Take it from me the Industrial Workers of the World have not authorized anybody to do so. —The government may now rest assured, the rank and file will not countenance the business of smashing furniture.

–––––

If this man, referred to, bothers the government again, (or any) please report him to the working class headquarters, Chicago, Ill.

–––––

Ho, Hom. The backbone of the summer is broken — and no winter stake— as yet.

## 1922\_37\_IW\_29071922

**Wages? Ha Haa!**

In the course of human events when becomes necessary for the people to stril for living wages, liberty and happiness; ill behooves any man or set of men to sca[missing] on them.

When, in the nature of things, an unhappy community, law abiding, law upholding and law supporting, find themselve unable, to pay their taxes, meet their bill or otherwise maintain their ideals, it [missing] becomes an irresponsible man or a set [missing] such men to leave their regular haunts, [missing] obtain “easy money,” as strikebreakers.

Camouflage starvation how you will, ca[missing] slavery by a sweeter name, men still wi[ll] fight for their homes and little ones.

Only recently the masters’s press ha[s] been hinting very strongly that less tha[n] fifty such strikebreakers at Herrin, Ill. relinquished all claims they held agains[t] society in a battle with miners. Twenty five or more of these “unknown” scab came to a “known” end at the hands o[f] parties or persons “unknown,” and were so recorded in the coroner’s report.

The army of unemployed has been reduced by twenty-five or more members and the masters’ press very touchingly recounts the sad demise of each scab over and over again—as if to bring the breat[h] of life back into the cold bodies which were so very useful in bolstering up an inefficient system of production—ana true it is when workingmen are compelled to flgh[t] for jobs, commit murder for jobs, and scab for jobs, that something is radically wrong with that system.

It is unreasonable to suppose the government has been blind to the fact that a few million workingmen have been obliged to either scab, beg or steal in order to live. But if such be the case, it is not too late now, to favor the people with a measure of relief. Our country needs no army of the unemployed to cut wages for those employed and any conscious effort (on the part of the employers) to create one should be discouraged —not encouraged.

People do not resort to firearms because of any love for the smell of powder; people do not shoot—scabs even—just to see how high they will jump—no!

People resort to arms only in the direst extremity, when no other way seems fruitful of results. When one man fires a gun the man may be mad, drunk or crazy; but when 600 workingmen carry arms it is reasonable to think they are in earnest and it would be well for the authorities to ponder on these things and attempt to find relief for them..

I have prophesied that the mine trouble would continue about 110 days, the high prices on coal will be maintained, and the strike will end on or about the 16th day of July, 1922. But now it begins to look as if the miners may desire to prolong the agony until such a time as they will be permitted to receive certain substantial increases in pay for the trouble they have been put to.

The surplus of coal is now down to normal and while the prices of other commodities have dropped considerable in some cases, the price of coal has continued “shimmying” ever to a higher level—to a level that surely warrants all the demands made on the operators by the miners. We have trusted the capitalist system to take care of industrial questions with the result that they have muddled through them, profitably to themselves. How long the American people will continue to do so is a matter for speculation. This much we of the I. W. W. know: It is idle to discuss living wages with the operators. It is almost criminal insanity to attempt to convince the exploiters with argument that a higher standard of living is necessary for an efficient slave. A “run-down” slave is like a “run-down” alarm clock; neither has the ambition to strike. The question is not “a living wage”; the question is not a guaranteed existence. The question is less complicated than this. It is simply the formation of a one big union for the purpose of obtaining the full product of labor’s toil.

Enough of violence! Enough of murder! Let us organize the working class.

— T-Bone Slim.

## 1922\_38\_T\_04081922

**100 PER CENT FOR THE MEN**

–––––

T-BONE SLIM.

Lets get the song book out on the job, fellow workers and sing. It makes more of a feeling of solidarity— “ X (17881).

–––––

“All bosses are related to each other”— (765004).

–––––

“Hot weather was the cause of a shorter work day”— Guthrie).

(Note: Guthrie’s Minneapolis job is working long day— temperature 110 ֯ F.)

–––––

— Funny how weather acts in different localities.

–––––

Bulletin: Trains late (in strike zone) because of bad snow storm in Duluth district— (unaffected by strike) — Darn such weather! — Middle of July, too.

–––––

Don’t know how Willie’s diapers are going to stay up— Railroads have bought up all the safety pins, (from 5 & 10 ct stores.) — The roads are using safety pins on their track-jacks, instead of split-keys, as cotter-pins— Safety First.

–––––

Now that the Labor Board has decided how much we are to be permitted, to charge, for our services, perhaps the Hamburger Board will get together and tell us how much to pay the butcher.

–––––

We have Fletherized, we have Hooverized and now, I suppose, its up to us to Hooperize — Hip, whoop, Hurrah!

–––––

Look out for the cars . . .

Johnny, run and get me a sack of coal — I’ll give you a piece of pie when you get back . . .

–––––

We have economic obscurity —

Just like father—

–––––

No end to man’s ingenuity— behold the narrow wooden bunks. Six inches from floor. — Civilization? What! — Progress.

And they ask vs to be foolishophical about it.

–––––

The best Judge of meat Is The Extra Gang Commissary Co. — Every piece uniformly tough —

natural selection, no doubt.

–––––

Beats me how the City of Minneapolis survives that drinking water —Can it be possible that the life giving qualities of home brew . . . Impossible! —

Scandinavians touch nothing stronger than “svag-dricka.” — Half the coffee in Minneapolis is not coffee at all — It’s merely a studied insult.

–––––

Fair Freedom is fractured when you’re waiting for pay day.

There is little doubt the working class would be able to support a still greater bevy of parasites if it only would work overtime — lost time, between time, before time and all time, on time.

–––––

PART TWO.

Listen to them crying . .

The railroads claim they cannot run without men.

What do you know about that? Is it possible the $60,000 presidents can’t run railroads?

Sure, they can’t! They’ve got to have “inferior” brains to make the wheels go round.

Is it possible, after all, the men are worth something to these superior creatures? — You bet.

Didn’t the Columbia, the crack train of the Milwaukee “lay over” (an hour) in Montana because the dishwasher had quit— And didn’t the uniformed representatives of the road scurry around town until they found a member of that great organization, The Industrial Workers of the World, who consoled them, and told them that he, as a class conscious member of the working class, is in the habit of washing only his own dishes but if the company would repent and double the “ante” he would see to it that the Columbian’s dishes arrived in Tacoma as pure as a sinner from a Babtist water carnival.— Yes.

The men are a very important part of a railroad.

It is time the superior intellects recognize this and pay the men enough— (so that they wont quit.) — Pay them enough so that the Brotherhoods need not work two eight hour shifts in twenty four, every other day, in order to live.

“If the workers take a notion.

They can stop all speeding trains;

Every ship upon the ocean

They can tie with mighty chains.”

When Joe Hill wrote that . . he seemed to have confidence in the men.

Read the first paragraph over again—

100% for the men.

P. S. A dollar appears to have little value in the eyes of a business man — So I would suggest, if the roads are going to raise the men’s wages, they raise them two or three dollars “at a lick” else, it will not be felt.

## 1922\_39\_IW\_05081922

**Give and Take**

Some evil minded person has said that the working class is drank with ignorance—I doubt if that is true, but if even so, there will be Hell to pay in the parasites’ camp when that intellectual giant sobers up.

\* \* \*

Another one says, “If we would, equalise economic conditions we must first, equalize our brains.” — Dose this mean that “we must start trimming the abnormal brains down to our size, that is to say, are we to revise the brains of these super-grafters downward—else how are to prevent them from hogging all the good things of life?

\* \* \*

“I ask you to try out the two-boy plan of employment,” Dr Prosser said, “We will send you two boys to do anything you want them to do from scrubbing to trained work.”—Glory be! Millenium has arrived[unclear], for the employers!—He continues: “Employ one for one week and one for the next.” — (Dr. Prosser is director of Dunwoody Institute, Minneapolis, Minn.)

\* \* \*

“The men who come here are the cream of the working class,” he stated. —Cream nothing, my dear doctor, you are too conservative— that bunch you have is pure butter-fat.

\* \* \*

Now comes the over-worked business man, the tired merchant, and tries to edge in on the profits of toil. Let us waste no time watching four-legged rats. We can not afford to strike every time we are slugged with increasing prices.

\* \* \*

The Industrial Solidarity, the running mate of the “Worker”, is a little outspoken at times. In a recent issue it stated, “. . .We are forming a new society within the hell of the old.” I guess that’s calling things by their proper name, alright, alright, misprint?— nothingl

\* \* \*

I have heard complaints that the fellow workers are ignoring the boss too much lately—this should not be—take an interest in him, on the job.

\* \* \*

Show that you appreciate his presence. This does not mean that you should stop and gaze at him — glance up now and then to make sure he is crediting you with the work you do.

\* \* \*

A task master told me the other day that tt pays to keep one boss for every three men in order that each man may get full credit for all the sweat he loses. He complained bitterly that men will not work unless the reassuring eye of the boss is resting on their movements.

\* \* \*

Some enlightened bosses have a habit of sitting at a distance, with their head cocked, as if studying the movements of the gang . . .

The gang of course, with sweat in their eyes can not see that the “muggy day” has got the best of the boss and that his eyes are closed in the dreams of the just.— Some bosses are so skillful in balancing them eys[unclear] on an old pile, snoring away, that each individual member of the gang thinks that the boss is admiring his particular efforts ........

\* \* \*

A great jack-spike, a capstan bar, larger than a base-ball bat stands in the corner a mute warning to prospective kick[unclear]s to restrain their natural tendencies.— Turned up the edge of my mattress (it seems two inches thick) I use my thumb and finger as calipers press them together and, lo, the mattress is five-eighths of an inch thin—I’m losing all my hump . . . Can’t tell before breakfast whether I will work or not—life is sure . . . but breakfast uncertain in these alleged boarding outfits.

\* \* \*

An old codger attributes his longevity to abstenance from strong drink.

Another insists that he has kept alive by taking a shot now and then.

This puts it up to me, the reason I am not dead is because I have not interfered with the boss’ profits as much as I desire.

*T-Bone Slim*.

## 1922\_40\_IW\_12081922

***ad lib.***

No waiting for money— may mean it’s useless.

A colored man was working in a place where the lifting was heavy and often. Eftsoones he. sent in a call for help. Upon the appearance of the boss the following conversation ensued:

“Say, boss. Ah’s got to hab some ‘sistance wid dis yeah job.”

‘ “Why, Snowball,” says the boss, “the man who had this job before you did all that work alone, and had plenty of time foolin’ around doing nothing.

“Say, Mister Boss, where am dat man now?”

“Oh, he’s in the hospital. He got —”

“Dar ye go; dar y’go again,” interrupted the colored man. “ Ebery time Ah hears about a good man he’s either dade or in the hospital.”

\* \* \*

“Among the gifts made by the Rockefeller Foundation is one of $3,500,000 for rebuilding medical institutions in Brussels. Five universities in Central Europe received at the same time $50,000 for apparatus and supplies. This is an excellent piece of humanitarianism, and one to which every Americas may feel he ocntributed.”—*Omaha Bee*.

You betcha , my dear Bee, we do feel it; and we will feel it for some time to come.

\* \* \*

“William Hornblower, young California legislator, has introduced an anti-gland operation bill in the California legislature.”

This begins to look like another slap at Labor (in that labor-slapping state). It is believed that to graft u slave’s glands onto a parasite might weaken his determination in regards to the performance of work. A little caution now will save the parasite many a heartache.

\* \* \*

Imagine a Harvester King outfitted with T-Bone Slim’s “set of glands” throwing off 50 tons of coal on the first day. A little caution now will save the parasite many a backache.

\* \* \*

“. . . Trying to decipher the job signs a sweet-faced child in knee pants was found wandering up and down the’ slave market in Minneapolis. That the child had been out of work some time was borne out by his shabby appearance and tender hands. . . . “

Why this condition of affairs is permitted is more than I (with my profound knowledge of human equations) know, but it is an established fact that children are lawfully laborers in this country.

Was jest wondering what effect a pair of horse glands would have on these infants the way of making them jump into the collar a little harder.

\* \* \*

“Cashmere, Wash.— Willis Bell is the champion apple-box maker of the Northwest. Six hundred is an ordinary day’s work for him, with a little extra effort he can raise the ante up to 800 of these wooden containers. At La Grande, Ore., Willis turned out 7,000 boxes in 10 days of 6 hours each. There are 32 nails to a box and from five to seven boards to handle. Bell never gives a nail more than a single blow. Bell receives 2 to 2h cents per box.”— (Clipping.)

Coming as this does from Washington there is no reason to believe anybody of being a champion liar, but still, the suspicion persists a box-maker may be the next champion witness against the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

Red Wing, Minn.: “Red Wing Builds Tourist Kitchen.”— (Headline.) “The work is authorized by the chamber of commerce while Kiwanis Club will raise the necessary funds.”

Red Wing is a hard place to raise money in. I tried it last winter and am constrained to believe the kitchen should have been built elsewhere, more in line with travel. I would suggest that the last winter’s Minneapolis soup kitchen be elaborated upon, with a gasoline line, for the poverty stricken motorists.

## 1922\_41\_T\_18081922

**MY WIFE AND I—**

**By T-bone Slim.**

Just as I was about to doze off to sleep my wife jabbed me in the ribs: “Say T,” says she, “I see by the paper the miners still have money.” — “Maybe they don’t know any better,” I growled.

“But It says here, twenty dollar bills are plentiful among them.”

“What of it — what business had the government, to print them, in the first place — whose fault is it if the miners can’t get rid of them — If the business men wont take them?”

“Why, T-bone Slim, what are you saying — surely they could get rid of them in a company store.” (My wife has confidence in human nature.)

She seemed very peaceable tonight so I thought I’d move in on a few winks sleep but hardly had I started snoring in my best vein, now and then running into sulphur when she poked me in the ribs again — “Say T, it says here, when they work they make $8 to $25 a day — why don’t you get a job in the mines instead of depending on the capitalist system to support us?”

“For the love of Mike, Claraminta”, I pleaded, “will you let me sleep,and go to sleep yourself. The operators are not handing out twenty-five dollars a day; nor eight dollars a day; nor five dollars a day. — Twenty five dollars a day makes $7,500 per year, enough to live on, in these days, but the miners are not getting that much ; nor are they getting $3,000; nor $1,000 — in fact the coal miners, are getting about the same as ore miners (which is little if anything) with this distinction: The coal miners are asking for more.

“Now, dear Claraminta, you want me to get a Job in the mines. — Have you noticed that black stuff I’m spitting up every morning? you have? — Well that is some of the finest Pennsylvania bituminous bottom-coal —

“I collected it twelve years ago.

–––––

“You want me to go back into the mines — Claraminta, believe you want to get rid of me, quick—

“Why, even the mine mules know the dangers lurking there.

–––––

“I remember, when I was young, and the mule I was driving, in a mine, would get lazy or tired; all I had to do was to reach behind me, get a hand full of fine coal from the car I was riding . . toss it against the roof over the mules back.

“The mule would jump, three times its length . . . thinking the roof was coming down. And they did ‘use to come down.’

–––––

“Many of the women you see now days, Claraminta, come from the ribs of miners injured in the mines, when the roof came down; and that, Claraminta, is the reason so many women are good fighters. Altho you understand, my dear, women as a rule, do not fight the cause of a thing, but the result of it.”

–––––

Right here I must introduce my wife to the readers of this periodical—

I have every reason to say women are brave, and good fighters — my experience has taught me this and altho I, and my wife, are not on a peace basis, (we are living under a truce) she has agreed not to mar my looks, too severely.

–––––

But she wants the world to know that it is not because of any infatuation she has for said looks. — We have certain proscribed lines of deportment over which either must advance and it is my firm conviction the only reason doesn’t lay hands upon me is because she fears publicity.

“Now go to sleep Claraminta,” I coaxed but she was obdurate, whatever that means, and soon was at it again.

— “It says here in the Tribune:

— They buy the best of everything — the most expensive porterhouse, (and you know, dear T, you are so fond of porterhouse steak.) — ‘Fine clohtes, and automobiles.’ Those that are at all thrifty are property owners.”

“Now listen here, Minnie, (I always call her Minnie, (Just before a battle) in memory to the minnows I had to live on during the last coal strike I was in) listen here. The coal miners may be property owners but it is because property owners only can afford to work in mines — those who must needs pay rent, gradually starve out . . . They buy automobiles? Not on you tin-type, Minnie. — If they have automobiles, they have them when they go there — to get there with, and in some places they have to have air ships if the company wont hire ‘em . . . knowing they couldn’t climb the hills. . . as to porter house steak, they raise their own ‘steak’ in the hollows between the hills which Jehovah donated to the operators.”

–––––

When I mentioned Jehovah, something happened (my wife, like myself, is very religious) — I thought the roof had come down.

–––––

When I came to, it was broad daylight — my wife was bathing my fevered brow with vinegar — my 59 ct shirt was wet with the tears of repentance of my wife.

I forgave her and altho I will recover never will I be the same.

P. S. I will venture to say that not one man in all United States will go on strike if given food, clothing and shelter in abundance — Those are the things for which men strike and to which they are entitled.

## 1922\_42\_IW\_19081922

**Brotherhood and Business**

Footprints on the sand of time stand out doubly clear if made while carrying 100-lb. steel in a relaying gang. “We can make our lives sublime,” but I’m afraid it will break the heart and suspenders of ye noble railroad “chiefs.”

\* \* \*

It would have caused them grief long ago if the Brotherhood of Railroad Bankers had not entered the banking business—for instance, if they had decided to go into railroading.

\* \* \*

The entrance of railway *loco*motive engineers into the game of finance gibes well with the system’s other incongruities. Rolled oats come from meat packers (sometimes mixed right with the sausages) ; oleomarge comes from soap factories; shoes from a penitentiary; and so on. Why shouldn’t the “head-hogs” collect a little (on the side) from the people? It’s a roundabout way to go at it, but perfectly legal—and much safer than striking.

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that the Trackbolters’ Universal Brotherhood is going in for the manufacturing of Holeproof Barley Pancakes.

\* \* \*

The Spike Pickers and Material Men’s Conglomerated Amalgamation (S. P. & M. M. C. A.) is about to open up a university for the uplift of illiterate millionaires.

\* \* \*

The Ancient Order of Railway Tie-Adzers has practically given up the idea of running a steamship line across the Mojave Desert. Instead they are going to utilize all their resources in getting out Anti-Rattlers for Henry’s surging Juggernauts.

\* \* \*

Track Spike Sinkers and Maul Handlers’ International Alliance has amalgamated with the Head Spikers’ Fraternal Fraternity, the the Left-handed Track-Nailers’ National, and the Maul Wielders Right-Handed Benevolent Association.

The new organization will be known as the Track Gaugers and Fasteners’ [🡨 indistinct] Orthodox Federation of American Imbeciles. As soon as the old officials are seated it is intended to start a sideline to go with unionism. The officials were very reticent about the nature of the undertaking but hinted strongly that developments will be along political lines—then if a member gets tired of economics he can turn to politics and visa versa.

\* \* \*

The very mysteriousness of the proceeding leads our author to believe there is a plot on foot to run him for president (or out of the country).

The Loyal Legion of Spike Pullers, Federated Association of Nippers, and Knights of Claw-Bar held a unity convention and after amalgamating decided to affiliate with the Bartenders of North America and Kingsdale Minn. The idea is to start a pop factory.

\* \* \*

The Continental Combination of the Three Recognized Track Craft Organizations, the Tie Plate Peddlers, the Tie-Plate Sweepers and the Tie-Plug Distributors, have settled their controversies with the Interstate Nat. Spike Peddlers and Angle Bar Tossers’ Independent Association. It is generally thought these organizations will start another Wall Street in Milwaukee, America,, and start competing with the Locomotive Throttle-Pullers’ Brotherhood for the world’s money markets. One of the official heads told me in strict confidence that a “fair day’s pau for a fair day’s work” is pure crap. Exploitation is the thing, he added.

\* \* \*

The Industrial Workers of the World are still plugging along for shorter hours, thicker steaks and fatter pay.

\* \* \*

It shows its faith in unionism by not embarking on any chase for a pot of gold.

\* \* \*

It has only one thing to sell—Industrial Unionism.

\* \* \*

Riches is produced only on the job.

\* \* \*

The I. W. W.s believe they are entitled to as much in life as any workingman is and more than any social parasite. And it’s all got to come from the job.

\* \* \*

The quickest way to prosperity is to put the parasites to work—cut out nonessential production.

\* \* \*

Let the people f America be the working class.

\* \* \*

We must organize. *—T-Bone Slim.*

\* \* \*

## 1922\_43\_IW\_02091922

**I Wear a Pitchfork**

(Air: “You Wore a Tulip.”)

Ah boys, this game of threshing breaks my simple loving heart —

I labor, sweat and smart—around a yellow cart—

And when the sicji is sinking and I think the day is done,

I find I have another thought to come;

The sun — it has no bearing on machine or me—or boss—

And still, and later still, I’m tearing profit out of loss.

CHORUS—

I wear a pitchfork—a short -handled pitch-fork—

And he wears a Henry Ford;

I do the sweating and he does the fretting

While the bankers score and score.

He has HIS season, “yet” questions MY reason

When I ask for winters board —

I wear a pitchfork —a short-handled pitchfork—

He wears a Henry Ford.

II.

Such was the sorry custom when the Wobbites took a stand

To introduce a brand—of daylight saving— and

Thus it was there came about a balmy “buffer state”

To keep the day from staying up too late

Time has not changed your usefulness, oh, Wobbly band of yore,

You’re needed now, as ever, only needed damsite more.

III.

As time is winding onward we are organized today

To have a gentle say—about this “going” pay—

No “eight per cent collectors” need butt in to set the rate—

Useless they “pine” to see us “celebrate.”

Time has not. changed our nonchalance—amid the cares we nurse—

Though Farmer John’s complaining, we are worse and worse.

EXTRA CHORUS —

Hello, here’s yellow —a sweet “Yellow[unclear]llow”—

Humming without a hitch;

A cute daisy Russell to make hoboes hustle,

Or a gentle Buffalo Pitts;

So neat and comely, a rumblin’ old Rumely,

Mocking a steel-bound Case.

We shall not rest till the Red River Special

Lifts the mortgage off the place!

*T-BONE SLIM*.

\*Fellow worker has criticized the “person” used.

## 1922\_44\_IW\_09091922

**GOSSIP**

“Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan Company had his picture taken at Yellowstone Nat. park shortly after his encounter with a trio of bears while armed with only a handful of rocks.”

We can believe this easily (with reservations).

\* \* \*

The bears may have been undersized and the rocks may have not been pebbles.

\* \* \*

Are yea quite sure, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan Company, that they

were Bears, and that they were not Gophers? Gophers, you know, although less

rangy, are only leu ferocious. . . .

\* \* \*

Anyway, it was lucky for Fellow Worker Lamont of J. P. Morgan Company that the

bears were vegetarians and the occasion only an encounter.

\* \* \*

The country where this encounter happened for miles around is “dry” and Lamont should not be questioned too closely—next we will be reading how J. D. Rockefeller routed 37 tigers, single-handed, in a bird’s cage.

\* \* \*

Mr. Henry Ford, who is named after a famous motor car, has stated that not a

single union is formed primarily by the men themselves, or run for their benefit. Mr. Ford evidently hasn’t had any dealings with the I. W. W. Give us time, Henry; we are coming.

\* \* \*

“Or run for their benefit”— Henry says.

Well, sir, the I. W. W. is not “run” and will not run—fast color, so as to say. The men themselves have a habit of “speaking their minds” freely, in no uncertain terms, and many a prospective engineer has had his license revoked because of ambitions to run things in the I. W. W. So uncertain is life.

\* \* \*

A Lewistown paper speaks of Henry thusly: “To his penetrating eye it is clear

that all unions are engineered by capitalists.” Thus they hire Mr. Gompers to defy courts, Mr. Lewis to bring on the coal strike and Mr. Jewell to nationalise the railroad workers, etc.

\* \* \*

We of course have no information as to the truth of the above assertions — not being a detective agency— but this much we will say: If men persist in obeying, instead of being obeyed, the capitalists are more than willing to run their union on the rocks, and them ragged.

\* \* \*

Ho! hom! Skirts in Valley City are worn two inches longer, ho hom! Barns are being cleaned out oftener, ho hom \* \* \*

Country on the verge of revolt. Suspender manufacturers insist that the pants come up higher. Pant makers request that the “elastics” come down. Pants is pants, and ‘spenders is ‘spenders, but never the twain shall meet.

\* \* \*

“Bankers to Missoula. Five Minneapolis Officers to Attend Montana Convention.” —(Headline.)

Real decent of newspapers to give this warning. If natives fail to heed and take to the hills they have nobody to blame but themselves.

\* \* \*

Agriculturists of N. Dakota have hit upon scheme to run all rigs short-handed. This indicates a long day is not necessary.

\* \* \*

Eight hours begins to look better every day. The soup-line won’t start until along in January. —*T-Bone Slim.*

## 1922\_45\_T\_15091922

The Koo Koos are the chamber or commerce on night shift.

\* \* \*

The wage worker who does not see that his interests are identical with the interests of his class, and opposed to the interests of any other class, is blind. Get the literature of industrial unionism into his hands.

\* \* \*

We organize to prepare ourselves for the supreme task of operating the mans and opportunities of employment according to our ideas.—T-bone Slim.

## 1922\_46\_IS\_16091922

**WHAT’S IN A NAME**

–––––

**(Interpretation’s the thing).**

Little tools have lesser tools

Within their sockets riding

And these again have lesser still

And lesser still—providing.

And the great tools themselves,

Have greater tools around ‘em

While these again have greater still

And greater still—confound ‘em!

And every tool, pin, wheel, or gear,

Each bushing, spring and lever

Are tools as well as any spear—

Machines, like any cleavier.

(Apology) T-bone Slim.

## 1922\_47\_IS\_16091922

**HISTORY INC.**

–––––

“After the abandonment of the spinning wheel, in vogue among the colonial women of America, there was a long period of time during which machinery in the homes to lighten the housewive’s task, was exceedingly scarce.”

\* \* \*

All these years (of trials and tribulations) her otherwise life was replenished only by the many uses she was able to make of the justly celebrated rolling pin. — “The sewing machine finally came, to revolutionize sewing, methods, and it remained supreme for decades to be gradually discarded even as the women became more modest in their requirements.”

\* \* \*

But during the past dozen years, especially in the last few years, when the republican party was in control, (I know it seems longer), the inventors’ ingenuity has performed wonders for the house worker . . .

\* \* \*

It will be recalled, man was always the inventor of the family. — He, in fact, invented everything from a strictly authentic account of his doings the night before, to a new way his wife may beat the capitalist system.—He also invented a washboard for his wife; a wagon for his horse and a wheelbarrow for himself—.

\* \* \*

He is deserving of great credit for his many inventions—including the capitalist system (which he has been perfecting for years) and which, keeps him pushing the wheelbarrow, his horse pulling the wagon, and his wife bending over the wash board 313 days out of each year so long as he (half) lives.

Note:— 85 out of 100 die without a nickle.

\* \* \*

Today the kitchen and homelaundry are rapidly being fitted up with all kinds of **little machines** which do away with a large proportion of the old drudgery.— Clothes washers, dish washers, vacuum cleaners, electric mixers for bread and cake, egg beaters and vegetable, slicing devices all are coming in such volume that the average wife bids fair to become a master mechanic.

\* \* \*

The copper miner s wife will throw away that tin wash boiler; the tin miner’s wife will ditch the wooden tub and the wood worker’s wife will no longer be compelled to wash clothes in the creek.— No. They will have electric wash machines.— Just push the button!

\* \* \*

“Where is the money coming from?”—

I’m glad you asked me that question, it gives me a chance to come right out in the open.— The. 85 out of 100 people who “passed away” without a nickle, in the fore part of this historical document, they surely were in no position to buy electric flat irons— neither were they organized . . . .

— The other fifteen? Oh, they’re different.— They will have all these things—these things were made especially for them, and the price was put (on them) with specific intent to discourage the 85 ambitious, hardworking, workingmen—.

\* \* \*

The way it is, at present, with a working man: If he gets sick, (from overeating rotten meat) and “lays off” a half a day, it will take him three months to catch up with his bills, and three days to catch up with his work—.

\* \* \*

But . . . it is thought in reliable quarters that: If the American working people will organize themselves into a ONE big union, not a Craft big union, nor a Trade big union, but an Industrial big union, (the I. W. W. for instance), the master class will see to it that they get a copper washing machine (with glass port holes, so that they can watch the dirt coming off the 59 cent shirt—).

“At present the efficiency experts are showing the house worker how many hundreds if not thousands of steps she can save every day by the use of properly placed cabinets, shelves and other kitchen utensils.” (Which she hasn’t got).

\* \* \*

The idea is not to give “her” rest, but to utilize her spare time, in other work, which would tend to support the already over-supported, and over-supported 15 per cent.

But, you just go ahead, organize our one big union if you want to....the master isn’t going to put anything in your way **after you’re organized**— you betcha he wont.

He’ll talk wash machines with you—.

I’ll say he will!!

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1922\_48\_IW\_23091922

**110! LOOK OUT!**

Many or the older members can remember ‘way back in the front part of August, 1922, when the farmers of Kensal and Wimbledon were offering 40 cents an hour. With tears gleaming in their eyes they would try to press this magnificent portion of their poverty upon the balky harvest hands —bulky hands. “How gladly, boys,” they would have paid 50, 60 and ?0 cts. for a 100 cts. worth of work — for a dollar’s worth of labor; and a million dollars worth of discomfort —and how sorry, indeed, they now are that they didn’t do it!

\* \* \*

Let me say right here that years before that, when Adam and Eve were ordered “our of town”—out of Paradise—their trials and tribulations were many and manifest, but, thank the Lord, they didn’t have to sleep under a stinking horse blanket cured a manure pile.

When Job the Patriarch, lousy from head to foot (and back again), cursed the day he was born, thank God he didn’t have a white-livered farmer to cuss for making him pitch bouquets against the wind.

Oh. how gladly they would pay the boys— unfortuantely the bankers won’t permit.

\* \* \*

The community association —the merchants’ and farmers’ friendly association—has set the wages at 40 cts. an hour—the farmer has placed his ten fingers on the bible and sworn (a holy oath) that he will remain steadfast and true; that he will not sneak into an alley to pay more than 40 cts.

\* \* \*

The merchant and farmer, the skinner and the skinned, have come to an understanding ... to put the hired man in the soup line six weeks earlier this year. And if the farmer breaks faith with his co-conspirators he agrees to pay a $25 fine.

\* \* \*

Is the farmer so weak, so yellow, that a $25 fine must needs encourage him to keep his unwashed foot upon labor’s neck? Answer me: By what system of mathematics did the farmer determine the “needs” of Labor? Is not Labor himself best qualified to set a price on his commodity? We believe so— and the time is fast approaching when Farmer and Labor will get together, and I only hope they don’t lock horns when they do.

\* \* \*

By the time this is in print the 40 cts. will be an evaporated dream — puny, half-hearted beggars organized with semi-parasite cannot hope to cope with a modern, gild edge organization of LABOR.

\* \* \*

Note: Do not condemn writer too severely; he is conversant with situation although he is trying to stave off the inevitable. Those of our readers not in contact with John, please reserve judgment and wait for developments.

John is hob-nobbing in the councils of capitalist oppression and the ruling class refuses to act sanely. T-Bone Slim.

## 1922\_49\_IW\_30091922

**CONSISTENTLY SPEAKING**

Since the day Vanderbilt first uttered the historical ultimatum, “the public be damned,” the public was, is, (and will be) damned.

\* \* \*

Since then the public has been damned most mercilessly and unmercifully—almost anybody could step out. any day, and damn the public and get away with it—not so today.

\* \* \*

Since the money pirates began to feel solicitude for the damned public, the public-damners have restrained, and contained, themselves—and the public has not been publicly damned since.

\* \* \*

Since this altered attitude, curbing the latitude of our most fluent and eloquent damners, we feel it no more than right that we should assure the damned-public, (both private and public that we have never damned the public, in private or public, and that damning the public is one of the last damn things we would think of . . . . Since we feel that when the public is damned we are dinned too.

\* \* \*

First, let me say that when organized labor wallops the boss with an increase in wages for themselves, the boss sinks down to his knees and yells, “spare the public, for gawdsake men, be reasonable. Break me if you will,” he says, “but spare the public.” So you see, the boss [uncelar] not the public.

\* \* \*

Labor is not the public. Because, didn’t we just now see that when labor was about to receive higher pay the boss feels sorry for the public.

\* \* \*

(If increased pay comes from the public, *what business has the boss with it in his possession—* how did he obtain possession of the public funds?

\* \* \*

Where did we leave the public? Let’s see. Oh, yes —if labor is not the public we must try to find out how the public came to be the nominal owner of that particular piece of money that labor demands for service rendered.

\* \* \*

(If the public works for a living, it is labor; if it works labor for a living—then, it is a parasite, and deserves no consideration.)

\* \* \*

Are professional men the public?

A doctor is not the public because it’s to his interest to have labor get higher wages. When labor gets high wages the doc. can put in a pill, and a bill — in fact, the missus lets the family doctor fondle the family pocket book in a way that seems sacreligious to say the least.

\* \* \*

A lawyer— Is he the public?

No. It is to his interest to let labor have enough wages so that he can hire a lawyer to lose his case in capitalist courts.

No use talking— the public doesn’t exist. No use beating about the bush, this way—There isn’t any such animal.

\* \* \*

No use wasting any space discussing it—the public being non-existant is capable of taking care of itself in this competitive commonwealth, w[it]hout the hypocritical solicitude of the exploiters of labor?

\* \* \*

But if it develops that there is a public, then it also develops that the public is unorganized. If this be so, then our sympathy is waster!— let the public organize themselves into a big union of publicans and let them enter into the economic arena (with the proper competitive spirit.)

\* \* \*

I would suggest that public hunt themselves a job and become wage-earners, thus qualifying for membersip in the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

Whether you succeed in getting a job, or not, is not material since “intent” is generally accepted the equivalent of “accomplishment” in such things.

\* \* \*

I might mention in closing that labor is the only public worth mentioning, the rest all are labors’ servants, and for this reason, it is necessary for labor to organize into a one big union in order that they may keep their servants in their proper stalls.

\* \* \*

Everything that exists has been produced by, and of, labor— labor is entitled to the best of everything.

Organize, and then some.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1922\_50\_IW\_04111922

**Today’s Specials**

Can’t tell which is worse, earache or overwork—but breakfast is only a bait to get us up (in the morning) to go to work.

–––––

Again the parasites axe hollering for “more production —” If they would save their wind, and go to work, there *would be* more production.

–––––

Put more men to work: shorten the day —man cannot work full speed and long day at same time—and what’s more, he isn’t going to do so.

–––––

The working *class* is not only doing *enough*, but is already doing *more* than its share of world’s chores.

–––––

Labor is wealth—money makes a poor soup.

—

To be born under an unlucky star is to be born on a cloudy night. Be born in the day time and dodge misery.

–––––

Luck versus Power fit s Theory versus Fact.

–––––

Dear Reader: My stuff seems very jumbled, scrambled, so as to say — (so is the capitalist system). Us great writers must conform with prevailing aggravations.

–––––

The master’s “press”——

It is to laugh!— If ever a party has been stung the capitalist party is *that one*.—Here they are dishing out perfectly good money to a bunch of brainless and hairless imbeciles in the hope that said incapables will be able to kid the workers a while longer.

–––––

Why, that stuff the capitalist press puts out is so transparent that a high school kid. with no education at all, is beginning to ask impertinent questions about it.

–––––

Ye gods! For the life of me I cannot see how the master permits himself to be swindled into buying a lot of third grade editorials, which tend to fool nobody and which make good workingclass propaganda seven days a week.

–––––

But, it may be that the “superior brain.” of the parasite, is incapable of differentiating between a department store ad and an editorial —and I’m here to say that the ad is the better reading matter.

–––––

The A. W. I. U., No. 110, is holding a convention in Minneapolis—The No. 110 is one of the many very progressing industrial unions of the one and only I. W. W.

–––––

The business methods of A. W. I. U. has been such that this organization finds itself on easy street and well able to meet all demands made upon it (financially) in the line of prosecuting organization work in that industry—and when taken into consideration that this work is more than less seasonal it is remarkable the way half dollar dues pile up. Hurrah for the I. W. W.!

–––––

Rumor has it that T-Bone Slim starved to death on the “wheatline”—this isn’t strictly true, in the sense given out by sympathizers. Any celebration in commemoration of the event is premature and should be discourages! from the start. No one is more disappointed than Slim.

–––––

The starving occur’d at Kenmare in the same restaurant where the railroad scabs

were starved — Served Slim right; he should have inquired about the Lake View Inn.

–––––

Begins to look ‘sif Bryan’s going to stroll for presidency on the Presbyterian ticket—papers are full of his articles about Gabe and Mike, the two leading angels on *that* foreign *shore*.

–––––

Salvationists here assured Slim that his chest, swelling out between his shoulder blades, will be made straight as a surface date in the next world—Death, where is thy sting?

–––––

Let it be noted, Slim got round shouldlered looking for work. It’s a wonder he didn’t lose his eyesight. As it was, when he got back from Dakota the milk on the doorstep did appear to be blue.

–––––

For some time past society has failed to find work for its victims—still it expects is to live by work—still, it puts the onus, of finding work, on us.

–––––

The only way to beat us is let us win!

T-BONE SLIM.

P. S.—Farmers are drowning their sorow with liquor ‘cause wobs wouldn’t work for 35 cts. per hour.

## 1922\_51\_T\_10111922

**CLEVER T-BONE HAS LIFE’S THRILL**

(T-Bone Slim)

Rumor has it that T-Bone Slim starved to death on the “wheatline”— this isn’t strictly true, in the sense given out by sympathizers. Any celebration in commemoration of the event is premature and should be discouraged from the start. No one is more disappointed than Slim.

\* \* \*

Salvationists here assured Slim that his chest, swelling out between his shoulder blades, will be made straight as a surface plate in the next world — Death, where is thy sting?

\* \* \*

Let it be noted, Slim got round shouldered looking for work. It’s a wonder he didn’t lose his eyesight. As it was, when he got back from Dakota the milk on the doorstep did appear to be blue.

\* \* \*

For some time past society has failed to find work for its victims — still it expects us to live by work — still, it puts the onus, of finding work, on us.

— Deliberately stolen.

## 1922\_52\_IW\_18111922

**Reuben Reuben**

I took a trip to North Dakota —

I to the great big harvest went —

Being a greenhorn at stud-poker

I didn’t save me a dog-gone cent.

Cold was the wind that soon was sighing

I took a hand in sighing too;

Rut when the snowflakes took to flying

I and my nose took on some blue.

I wasn’t dressed what you call the warmest

Time and again I thought I’d freeze—

Whereas was I—but slightly harnessed.

Dressed in a pair of B. V. D.s

How to exist I was uncertain —

Didn’t know how to beg or steal—

Wondering deep down in my person

How would a pair of pork-chops feel.

Night manifests a baneful drawback

So does a frost November morn —

When I arise — in a farmer’s straw stack,

I didn’t pause to express my scorn.

—Got Stuck.

## 1922\_53\_IW\_25111922

**MARCHING ON A PACE**

Are wo afraid of being fired?— There are 49,000,000 jobs. I can go to should I become “fired” on this one.— There are 2,000,000 bosses waiting with power to hire me as soon as I am at liberty— Liberty.

\* \* \*

If every boss cans me once I’ll be well along in years by the time the last foreman invites me to “see the timekeeper.”

\* \* \*

If I get fired twice per day I’ll be 2,739 years old when the last pair of bosses requests my resignation.— By that time quite a few bosses will have been fired and I can start all over again.

\* \* \*

Doesn’t look as if I’ll run short of bosses. Will they hire me? You bet! You see, hope springs eternal in foreman’s breast.

\* \* \*

We have not been fired for so long a time that we are beginning to feel ashamed of myself.— We blush even as we mention it, for have we not taken a sacharine oath to work for all bosses (in order to find “that good one,” we hear so much about). We hope he doesn’t die young. . . .

\* \* \*

Rules Against Minimum Wage Law—headline. “Judge Van Orsdel, in District of Columbia, declares act unconstitutional.” The “minimum” was an “act of congress.” The decision of the judge proves conclusively that congress wasn’t up to snuff when it made this law—laid this rule.

\* \* \*

It must be tough on congress to have its stuff edited by the district court of appeals—such is life, but never mind dear congress. — I, the revered T-bone Slim, had the same trouble when we first took up writing as a life work.

\* \* \*

In delivering the opinion of the court Justice Josiah A. Van Orsdel declared that “no greater calamity could befall the wage earners of this country than to have the legislative powers to fix wages upheld.”—Speaking from the depth of my experience unhesitatingly endorse this view in so far as I believe the men, themselves, and women, organized in the I. W. W. should and will fix their own wages to suit themselves.

\* \* \*

“It would deprive them of the most sacred safeguard the constitution affords,” the justice said. “They take from the citizen the right to *freely contract* and sell his labor for the highest wages which his *individual skill* and efficiency will demand.” (Italic ours).

\* \* \*

Skill and efficiency do not demand anything!— Our board and clothes, today, comes as a free will offering from organized capital !

\* \* \*

Too long have the American workers demanded as skillful individuals—little have they demanded and received less. —It is high time the workers get next to themselves, organize (their demands) in the one big union of the world. She still holds good.

\* \* \*

A living wage is no good to us in these profit taking days.—We are not a mere creature of state, an automaton to end our days in harness.

The Judge is right.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1922\_54\_IW\_01121922

**Nutterances.**

I’m dreaming dreams. ... If I save my money, and go into business; if I work myself up— if I invent something; profit will then smile upon me— if, if if . . .

\* \* \*

If not in this world then in the next —always somewhere else; always in the future. Why not now. Why not here.

\* \* \*

My business now is labor. . . . Why cannot I make my bu.-iness profitable? lf I cannot make labor the thing best understood profitable, how can I hope to profit in this or next world, or the world following that—Can’t b’ done!

\* \* \*

We have the job— the only flaw with it is, it is unprofitable— (it is not as profitableas other lines of endeavor are). Other lines of endeavor are organized ; labor is not.

That is why I say, and I don’t care who knows it, we must organize ourselves for the purpose of making our job profitable.

\* \* \*

On the job, right here and now, we must learn to take the full product of our toil, call it what you will, profits or proceeds. Men die in hope, live in hope, but hope brings them nothing— wishes ain’t ketching any fishes- Ms organized economic action that brings the roof over our head; puts the Ostermoor in our bunks and escorts the good old custard pie back to its place of honor, at the head of the table.

\* \* \*

Production must be organized not to provide for the every day “needs” of the parasite, but for the every day feeds of the workerite— (More bait fo the jobite).

\* \* \*

This is “positively necessary” and it can be brot about only by organizing industrially—so only—Many a-victim of the capitalist system is deluded by the apparent efficacy of political action (as it stays understood). Every; argument against straight economic-job-action applies equally well against political action or non-action. How often, have we heard the prisoner whine, “I wasn’t doing anything, yer honor.”

\* \* \*

Course he wasn’t but he’s in court just the same.

\* \* \*

Such a man is the tie between two eras even as a steam schooner was the “morphodite” between the ages of steam and canvass navigation—carrying canvass as well us steam.

\* \* \*

Canvass to be used only when capitalisms, winds are favorable, which is seldom ; and steam, the now economic power, at all times whether winds favor or not. Let us get our action straight and economic.

\* \* \*

Center of coal industry has shifted to Washington, D. C.—strata ‘n’ everything. When I was young and the old lady needed a bucket of coal, we didn’t go to Washington like Gov. Preus did recently.— No, we used to head for the railroad tracks.

\* \* \*

That reminds me destructive forces are so great in our present day life that what a man makes in a day he can spend in an hour.

\* \* \*

Baby carriages are the true barometer of times condition.— If the buggies are cheap, unemployment is rampant ; if the buggies are “high,” the army of unemployment is occupied. . . .

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1922\_55\_IW\_09121922

**Nosebags.**

Just now found out Borah’s name is William E. . . . .Here I’ve been thinking all along that it was Axle. . . . Public men, like Borah, should try to get in front more—especially with their front, names. ‘Spose the E stands for Emil.

\* \* \*

Several of the public were apprehended last night as they were stealing freight from box cars—the Public’s morals lately have not been anything to brag about? The company’s bulls are kept busy watching the public lest that worthy augment his dwindling fortune—very little stealing is done by the bulls themselves.

\* \* \*

The ultimate consumer has a clean bill of health. . . . Everybody, who steal, steal from him.

Organized labor has a clean bill of health—especially the I. W. W. . . . It is only the unorganized that are compelled to get their living in a petty larceny way.

\* \* \*

Alas! Alas! that I should live to see the day when I must record that underfed freight handlers are in the habit of appropriating eatables (and delicacies even) from freight in process of transportation. Alas!

\* \* \*

(In Chicago.)

The alleged board, in the alleged camps, fed to “actual” freight handlers is insufficient, and too damn ancient to keep alive that perfect specimen of physical force.

\* \* \*

The “force of the platorm” there or many times, after wrestling with their conscience, succumb to the bidding of their palate, running aterrible chance of doing their heavy sweatting in the next world, as the preacher would say.

\* \* \*

(Personally am saving my sweat for that eventuality.)

\* \* \*

I cannof help but feel that a working man should be allowed to eat —even in the harvest fields it has pained me greatly to put a nose cage on a horse to prevent it eating that which it helps to produce—of course I do not mean to say that freight handlers should get the “first crack” at goods in transport. No. I mean to say that equally good goods should be served them on equally good tables in equally good camps (homes).

\* \* \*

Food and clothing seem to be main sufferers from “shrinkage,” and on medium railroads this amounts to 250,000 in dollars and cents (per year) and is calculated as lost, strayed, stolen or damaged freight—the total estimate (possible and probable loss) then is carefully considered in adjusting freight rates to the end that the ultimate consumer, through the offices of the consignee, is s permitted to make up that which the company fails to provide its slaves.

\* \* \*

Should the employes, bulls and other citizens experience a particularly “honest” year—that is to say, if “mushrooms” were plentiful, fish biting good on Sundays and sample tobaccoes came back to style—the company would be $250,000 ahead of the game.

\* \* \*

The companys have a habit of contracting the boarding of their claves with a commissary co., said commisary to furnish food (to cull it food is perjury) at $9.00 per week. What part of this nine dollars goes back to the railroad I am unable to say, but the food, itself, is worth about $2.85 cents, in these profiteering days.

\* \* \*

Pilfering, even under these circumstances, is a very indirect way of obtaining additional victuals, in so far as “service” cannot be pilfered. . . .

\* \* \*

On the other hand, “our habit of making every social function the centre for the feeding of our bodies is essentially a relic of barbarism—of a time when man’s only forms of amusement was eating, sleeping and SLAYing”—of a time when the Ku Klux Klan was a factor in the otherwise sedate lives of our leading parasites—(which brings it up to date).

\* \* \*

Why should we pilfer our sustenance? What has become of the full meal? With trimmings?

\* \* \*

Let us, the people. organize in the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

Let us get all we got coming while here.

T-BONE SLIM.

\* \* \*

P. S.— Is the capitalist system based on pilfering — When I look in my “nose bag” (lunch) and find therein two emaciated sandwiches and an apple (the apple to keep me cheerful about it) I very naturally open up the sandwiches to find the secret road to wealth— through men’s stomachs. And there it is: two slices of tissue of some dead animal. Maybe only a few short years ago this animal was well and able—and now it lies cold in death and in my sandwich. Still we never hear of a sandwich being called a mausoleum.—a grave!

\* \* \*

The boarding outfit has pilfered “me” to the extent the meat is cut very, very thin—and I, in turn, go south with a great big, fat, juicy piece of steak (wrapped in a clean handkerchief) from the breakfast table. Glory be, boys, this is pilfering in which we do not believe.

Let us organize and organize to change this, ridiculous, pilfering, competitive condition. More steam! Make the system lay off of our table.

\* \* \*

Sleight of hand and speed of foot gets us but very, very, very little!

T-B. S.

## 1922\_56\_IW\_16121922

**Beauty**

First of all I must absolve myself of all intent to slight or belittle the constant, comprehensive, all-around beauty of mankind in general—and womankind, in particular—Having thus established my preamble, I will proceed to dwell upon a beauty little known and hence little understood—misunderstood.

\* \* \*

There is a rugged style of beauty, a concrete example of which is the lifelike photo of our present author and coal-heaver, Mr. T-Bone Slim.

\* \* \*

Then there is the animated spectacular style of beauty peculiar to the landlady when she stands, a quivering mass of scintillating personality, demanding last week’s rent. Te beggar maid in front of King “Copethua” was twice as hard to look upon, to paraphrase O. Wilde, the great poet.

\* \* \*

Let it be noted that we shall discuss only standard current beauty. The baby and doll-face, as well as kitten, chicken and tapper beauty, shall not be touched upon in this article if the editor and I —know the business of the reader.

\* \* \*

Now, Editor, let us be forewarned—let us proceed to disarm the rebel girls before it is too late.

\* \* \*

There is a vista of beauty—a sea of organized, well ordered, beauty which surpasses the wildest dreams of world “conoisseurs.” The mirage, lone beauty, of a scissorine, fades into insignificance alongside of the composite whole of feminine to hopes and fears outshining in a sea of skirts demanding justice where none grew before.—How’s that?

\* \* \*

To make two blades of justice grow none grew before. That is beauty.

\* \* \*

Now, in China just recently a seventeen-year-old ruler undertook to marry a sixteen-year-old girl whose face he had never gazed upon. Just think, fellow lumberjacks, he has never gazed upon the beauty of his “partner.” —How would you like to hitch up with a stranger whom you had not studied at least a few fleeting momenta—whose rare and sparkling beauty you were not permitted to drink in by the eyeful?

\* \* \*

Ah, slaves, you couldn’t do it—I couldn’t do it, and the editor wouldn’t do it (because Ed. is a reasoning creature, more so than either of us) .

\* \* \*

How many times, fellow lumberjacks, as we meandered down the avenoo (in our stags and tin pants) has our progress been arrested by a pair of heavenly eyes?

\* \* \*

And when the muscles of one of those eyes would contract in the southeast corner (most solemnly) how rapidly our hearts did beat—even so as when we finish falling the giants of the forest. —We would forget our stags, our name and everything, stand there riveted to the ground every bit as hollow as fir stump on Nature’s reservation.

\* \* \*

Was that beauty?—You know it wasn’t.

\* \* \*

That was only a mirage of the miraculous beauty of womankind organized to demand the exact full product of their toil on a basis of exact equality with man, in the day when that worthy takes it into his nut to can the boss.

\* \* \*

Scenery! Oh, you manrvelous panorama of beauty—I stand on the banks of a beautiful creek in Northern Minnesota—The creek is dry at prsent, but that prevents me not from going into fits of ecstacy—

\* \* \*

In the midst of this great “Hush” I stand—on a logging-road trestle and a lumberjack points out to me the exact spot from where old Weyerhauser took his memorable plunge into the peaceful waters of the Cloquet River.— My eye wanders over the landscape and I swell like a foundered steer o’er the exquisite adjustment of Nature’s wonders which Weyerhauser’s plunge had failed to disutrb.

\* \* \*

Many a Coast logger will insist that this was beauty with emphasis — and that Weyerhauser should have remained in the creek, a crowning glory to the eternal fitness of things. But I shall deny them the right to intrude their views in this discussion and shall petulently declare a verdict of “not beauty.”

\* \* \*

What is beauty? Beauty is everything.

\* \* \*

The China woman married to a China man is “a thing of beauty and joy forever.”— (Keats.) A thing that startles NOT is a thing of beauty.— (Slim.) Therefore, fellow sufferers, when the Chinese ruler, brought up in all the harmony of color, tone and surroundings, attends the unveiling of the statue of his misfortune, if he becomes startled the thing is not art

\* \* \*

The shock (if any) in this ceremony, if it doesn’t kill the kid, will convince the young ruler of China that beauty (the thing we all love) should unfold itself gradually to our delicate consciousness and not abruptly, like the Cloquet did to Weyerhauser.

\* \* \*

We love to gloat over beauty.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1922\_57\_IW\_23121922

**Ignorance**

Every now and then an enthusiast will come forth to say, “Ignorance is the cause of the deplorable condition of the working class.”— Let us deplore and then deplore some more.

\* \* \*

The ignorance of the master (if ignorance bears) then, also, is the cause of the “O. U. B. Joyful” condition of the oiling class.—Because, they also subscribe to ignorance.

\* \* \*

Ignorance, then, in one case, dresses up a man in broadcloth and spats; and in another, dungaree’s and brogans.

\* \* \*

Ignorance of the worker, then, denies him canvass-back duck and the mellow blend of imported jags.

\* \* \*

Ignorance of the master, denies our beloved overlord the juiceless hamburger, domestic (should be deported) and the acidious near beer.

\* \* \*

No,- fellow workers, the trouble is not in our heads; in our hearts, nor in our heels — if it was, or in our heads, we would not be able to find it. —The trouble is on the job—our head in no way can become the seat of our trouble.—That honor is reserved for the point of production.

We are not prepared to admit our ignorance— we would fondly embrace the fact that a workers’ movement is an intelligent one. —But leaving all jokes aside let me say that T-bone Slim will never concede his ignorance so long as Dublin Dan writes such practical verse.

\* \* \*

And, before we go any farther, let me pin laurels to pulsing bosom of my fellow worker. . . I, T-Bone Slim, being of sound mind and in possession of all my faculties (bereft only of my properties) do hereby award the Noble piece prize (not price) to the author of The Portland Revolution, etc.

\* \* \*

Now, if you’ll permit me we’ll go back to “ignorance.” The deplorable condition of the working class is due not to their ignorance; not to their intelligence; neither to their avoirdupois or lack of poise.

\* \* \*

The deplorable condition is due to capitalism.

\* \* \*

Ignorance, if any, is due to capitalism.

\* \* \*

Capitalism isn’t due to deplorable conditions.

\* \* \*

Capitalism is due to vanish — yea, overdue.

\* \* \*

We are not ignorant! We’re Wobblies.

T-BONE

\* \* \*

The “Point of Production” is the “seat of our Trouble.”— and a cruel, cruel, seat it is.

Be seated, slaves!— Darn this prosperity!

## 1922\_58\_IW\_30121922

**Inspired Confidences**

If it was the state we’re after—Let me point out that our oratorical ability, eloquince, has reached a stage of flexibility necessary to taking over a state of any kind or description.

\* \* \*

But talk will not win the thing we are after—industry.

\* \* \*

Nevertheless the present aspects of the situation are: Pst. —The boss will soon be packing his assets in a sling — tied up in bandana hankderchief. Might as well say goodbye, right now.

\* \* \*

The disease. Capitalism, is a secret one and wears a man in the privacy of his home—It was only recently that capitalism broke out in most hideous batches— debauches.

\* \* \*

It has made sneaks and hypocrites of tired business men—the failure of capitalism dates back to the day it was born. About as useful to society as seven-year itch. Both panic every seventh year.

\* \* \*

The I. W. W.—something different.

The Industrial Worker— some paper.

Thanks. fellow worker, editor!

\* \* \*

The wealth of the master is only a seeming mortgage on our future production.

\* \* \*

How in the world can a man save money when there are only 365 days in a year—poorfish?

\* \* \*

Universalism—pass the fruit, please. —Under universalism, in a favored locality, a man may dress himself in rags, with present wages; in a less favored locality he would present a vastly different aspect to the amazed world — to the penetrating discerners.

\* \* \*

Detroit (Mich.) Prison “Board of Commerce” recommends the placing of prison industries in the state on a scale that would permit payment of wages to prisoners similar to those received by “average worker” outside —Tiddle um, tiddle um, etc.

\* \* \*

Couldn’t hardly expect a self respecting prisoner to work so cheaply.—Besides its too early in the game to put society as a working-class-whole upon prison basis.—We are not quite ready to put “all-ourselves” in the can.

No, penitentiary production doesn’t pay. Turn ‘em out or we’ll all be short of biscuits.— and soon. Use tense.

\* \* \*

Men unnecessarily in the can will take the luxuries away from the blooded parasites —and soon.

\* \* \*

Winter’s here! Wisconsin Jails Are Filling Up— headline.

State Board of Control reports the number of insane in state institutions has increased to 1,437.— Rather discouraging on the face of it, but when taken into consideration that a still greater number has registered a return to sanity by taking out red cards in the I. W. W. it is too early to throw up the cats face.

\* \* \*

The question is insanity or industrial unionism.

\* \* \*

“Bluechcr or Night”—Wellington. (Telegrams) —An epidemic of “Coffee and Cough” has struck Chi.— Ben Reitman, medicine man, investigating. Delegates to convention affected. Terrible!

\* \* \*

M. M. W. I. U. No. 440 declared a banquet to counteract dread scourge.

\* \* \*

Many active members can be saved.

\* \* \*

In so far as our far-sighted author early in the fall went on a mush and milk diet, the editor need have no worries.

T-BONE SLIM.

# 1923

## 1923\_1\_IS\_05011923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**UNEMPLOYMENT**

–––––

Forward, step forward, O, Time in your flight.

Make it “next summer,” oh— just for tonight;

Drive all the snow from the Yellowstone Trail —

Can you not see it’s delaying the “mail”?

I’ve had enough of the Mercury low,

‘Nough; yes, enough, of the beautiful snow,

‘Nough, more than ‘nough of the baby-blue frost

Make it “next August, and don’t mind cost.

Forward, step forward, oh season of sweat;  
Hotter the better—and when you get set

Make it as hot as an old Kansas June,

All the year round have it twelve o’clock, noon.

Roll on, oh Calendar; warm up my heels

Warm up my hide till the “epiderm” peels

Out of the way! Let the chilly winds pass.

Step on the gas, Summer, step on the gas!!

## 1923\_2\_T\_05011923

Baby carriages are the true barometer of times condition.—If the buggies are cheap, unemployment is rampant; if the buggies are “high,” the army of unemployed is occupied. . . . —T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_3\_IS\_12011923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**DEAD AIR**

(Upper Skunks and Lower Skunks.)

“Always room on the top.”

That’s just the trouble. So many ‘make for the top’ there is no one left in the basement, and the fire is extinct . . . Yes, damn it, extinct . . .

\* \* \*

The top-bunks also are full— but for another reason . . . and the men sleeping in them soon will be as extinct as the manhood that “stands for it”.

\* \* \*

Man is a very poisonous animal. Even dogs hesitate at biting him. The pores of his skin continually are omitting gases, acids, etc.

\* \* \*

The upper-bunks, taking into con sideration, pores, (large and small) acids, gases and interrupted slumber, are the cause of much bolshevism on the part of those who recognize the dangers in that institution. Theoretically the upper bunk has the “best air” (insofar as “dead air” sinks to lower levels) but in “praetique” the warmed air, leaving the body of the “stinker” below, damn near smothers the man above.

\* \* \*

After doing all possible damage (as warmed air, above) it cools and sinks to lower levels, (where it came from) and surrounds the lower sleeper with an aroma of his own, and others.

\* \* \*

Regardless of where this air came from, upper or lower-berths, eventually it sinks to a lower level — but in a diluted form.

It is not the active poison it was while ascending. It has been denatured somewhat by fresh air coming through crevices and chinks. But it is dead air, and dead air because: too many men sleep in one shanty!

It is dangerous not because of the upper bunk, nor because of the lower-bunk; it is dangerous because of too many bunks in a limited air supply. It is dangerous because too much poison in the form of gases, is introduced into the sleeping quarters, and the remedy for it LESS BUNKS. High or low, less bunks.

\* \* \*

If it were possible to remove all the upper bunks and distribute them on the floor, that would not remedy this evil. It might kill you slower, but kill you it would—the same amount of dead air still would settle down, settle on your lungs and eventually settle you.

\* \* \*

The cause of all consumption (that isn’t caused by active fumes) is dead air. Each man contributes to his own death. And when many men sleep together the contribution takes on proportions that astonishes those thathave given the matter any thought.

\* \* \*

I have tried hard not to be blunt, and, as this is a very serious problem for the workers to solve, I hope the reader will be charitable with me. . . The scientistts say they do not know the cause of tuberculosis so, guess it is up to me:

The inhaling of bodily vapors, gases, in active form, or inhaling there as dead air is the sole cause of consumptions. It makes no difference whether the vapors, gases or smells be your own, or somebody elses, it will kill you if you persist in inhaling them.

\* \* \*

Where one and two are gathered together the danger is not great. Where two and three gather the danger is greater. And where many gather the holy ghost will soon be there in the form of white plague.

\* \* \*

By all means agitate for the removal of top bunks—else keep them empty. Removing them gives you just that much more air-space, and a chance to survive. But in so far as the bunks are private property the removing them comes under the head of wage labor and must be done only for pay.

\* \* \*

The better way is to call a meeting and decide how many men you care to have in the camp you sleep in— and leave the upper-bunks remain a monument to the “lungers,” catting around the country looking for death. Leave them there to remind you that your employer is deliberately trying to undermine your health even as he profits from the work you do.

Karl Marx has said, (they tell me) that, “The capitalist system contains the germs of its own destruction.” I’m inclined to support Karl, this, because it has come to my notice that each man contains within himself the agents of his own undoing and the undoing of his fellow mam

Face the wind and live long.

Safety third.

## 1923\_4\_IW\_13011923

**52 BELOW**

(Singleness of Solidarity)

For two weeks straight the cold had been below the zero line; glad days indeed, for beast and men—-down in the land of pine. The gleaming snow cracked underfeet as if by pressure rolled —each day a perfect frozen treat—too cold to catch a cold.

\* \* \*

And then it came, a sort o’ chill, a morning purple-blue, that froze the pine-nog’s after-quill and broke its heart in two.

\* \* \*

But down the swamp the decking gang had revelled in the snow ; unconscious of the snippy-tang of “fifty-two below.”

\* \* \*

And in each soul there welled a joy of “thankfulness,” devout; and in each hand a tool, a toy, and on each lip a shout. And on each face of bearded grace were lines of merry strife; emotions drab or commonplace, untutored by a wife. But every nose, a blushing rose, its colors did conceal —for oh, each radiant beak s repose was destined soon to peel.

\* \* \*

Then stood the boss in pleased review (an honor to his sire) and indicated to the crew that they “might” start a fire; that he himself, the “only roar,” sole-mighty bull and judge, had hearkened to the redskin-lore: “That there should be a smudge.”

\* \* \*

The crew was flattered by his word ; uplifted by his gaze — each man concurred (in what they heard) and soon “there was a blaze.”

\* \* \*

On came the logs (like solemn ships) dry windfalls (one end sound) onto the skids, with sun-dry dips—and balanced “to the pound.”

\* \* \*

The artists of the crooked steel then sunk the cant dogs in and, on my soul —How logs do roll! ? Indeed they all most spin. *And it is well that fools may sweat that knaves may take their ease and it is well the “pace is set” when one must work or freeze.*

\* \* \*

Log after log went up the “face” without a let or check and lo, the spot was now a place; the skidway now, a deck.

\* \* \*

No time was found, not e’en a pause, to give their hands a rub; nor warm their paws; or wag their jaws to praise the blazing stub. For such is life in DeHorn camps. (No sourage in their wraps), as each one strives and thinks he “vamps” the boss for “ginger” snaps.

\* \* \*

From o’er the way a sound there came —a note by sorrow wrung— and there were those who did declaim its author should be hung.

Again it rose — a mournful groan; a note of beauty shorn and, I’m convinced, it could be shown it was a dinner horn. For every man- Jack straight-way sought to answer the appeal—each man with but a single thought; and that poor thought, a heel.

\* \* \*

The stub alone showed no concern in matters, meals or cooks and did industriously burn down to its very roots. — Ill-bred in manner, bad at heart, reared up in trackless bogs, it quivered once— then made a start —fell burning cross the logs.

\* \* \*

The dinner o’er the crew returned in time to save the chains.—The jammer, tools and logs were burned along with all the gains. (Sighs).

\* \* \*

Now, it appears the bull, himself was made of royal stuff and used some language off the shelf; and words still in the rough. “Blue diamond Christ and Makinaw and Speckled Manitou; and by the Saints of Saginaw—by Bunyans Scotch Chapeau! We’re ketching hell, boys, hear me shout — this is a one blue shame—and if the “walker” finds this out— we’ll find him not so tame.— But still he knew it wouldn’t do to blame so fine a gang; so boys, he says, twixt me and you we’ll let the matter hang.”

\* \* \*

It happened so the walking-boss got wind of it (in time) for there are those who double cross — who stoop to any crime.

\* \* \*

The foreman grew most deadly grim — albeit he did his bit and no one cared to question him for fear the “bull she quit.”

\* \* \*

And so it was, the walker knew “no wires he could pull”— ‘twas no use talking with the crew and useless with the bull. But one day, where the ice was “sowed,” he brought up with a jerk— ‘longside the “monkey of the road” bent kindly o’er his work.

\* \* \*

“The man is dull, in half a trance; no longer in his youth,” the walker thought—and hence, a chance “to get the simple truth.” “My man, he says, have you a line on how the fire brake; that burnt the skidway full of pine and sent it up in smoke?”

\* \* \*

“Well sir,” says Pat “and by the way “ (his honest eyes a-brightening) “I do be hearing some one say that it was ‘shtruck’ by lighting.”

\* \* \*

Giddap!—the walker harshly spoke — giddap, my gallant steed — for truth is but a wicked joke when lying is a creed.”

\* \* \*

We’ll add, that each and all may know the things we’re talking of, the cold was fifty-two below and Pat, that much above.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_5\_IS\_19011923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**CHILDISH RIGHTS**

–––––

(POLITICO-ECONIMO)

I have been brought up in the belief that a ballot is a sacred thing of great value to the possessor thereof— and I still hold that it is sacred, if not valuable.

I have been taught — it was drilled into me—that our forefathers fought for it, hollered for it, sweated for it, bled for it and died for it— and then sold it, so much per sell.

Now, if it can be sold it must be valuable; if it can be sold it must be sacred. And when a person is denied that sacred and valuable right it is up to him to holler, sweat, bleed and die for it—or cry for it, if he or she is a child. So have I been taught.

Unfortunately, by law, a child is prevented the exercising of his right—this particular right—and yet, what do we find? Do we find our courts making any effort to remedy this evil—if any evil it is? Nay we do not. Our courts that have been wakeful in looking after the rights of our children have, in some inexplicable manner, neglected to restore to them these rights denied them from birth.

Only recently our wide-awake supreme, court found that a “Child labor law” was in violation of the rights of children to toil, and in violation of the United States constitution. According to this decision, the “child” was restored the “right to labor,” as long and as hard as it may desire—not otherwise provided for by other laws that may exists in violation of said constitution.

Now it seems to me that if a child has a right to labor, and the supreme court has given recognition to that right, that a great step has been taiken . . . no step forward could possibly be greater. But it happens that the child is denied the right no vote. It is i deprived of the sacred privilege inherent in our institutions. It is alienated from the enjoyment of the advantages of free legal exercise of- the suffrage ; as well as the illegal exercise thereof, for a consideration.

Now, I would like to know by what rule of consistency and by what consistency of rule does the court declare in favor of, and restore labor rights to babies; and, still persist in denying them the right to vote?

Our fathers fought and bled and died— dammit— to give these babes the right to labor. The bloody footprints of our sockless granddads is still fresh in the Valley Forge of our memory—were they made in vain? Washington crossed the Delaware in the dead of night, that [rest of the text is missing]

## 1923\_6\_IW\_20011923

**BEST PEOPLE**

Personally, I am in favor of immigration — the more the merrier; the bigger the better. The more that arrive here, the less hours we will have to work to support our “best people”—by heck!

“Best people” is understood to mean the “best fed people”— the word “fed” was dropped for fear it might incite the worst people into ravenous riots of appetite. That would be Les Majeste. ...

\* \* \*

Well-fed—ah, that’s the word. How very polite-like it sounds. — Anybody is ready to concede that everybody should be well fed—nothing offensive ‘bout that . . . . But, best-fed-people? Nix on that. Drop the fed . . . . Best people!

\* \* \*

Years ago when we, the “worst fed people,” were few and far apart it was quite a task to support our best people. Wo had to work as high as ten hours per day in order to make biscuits reach around.

\* \* \*

And then immigration set in; and since then, we have shortened our day to eight hours. Just as soon as a few more ships dock at New York we can go on a six-hour shift and still retain the respect of our best fed people.

\* \* \*

We, the workers, have just so many to support, besides ourselves. Therefore, every foreigner added to our gang makes it easier to do so. To argue against immigration, is to argue for a long day. To argue against accepting their help, is to argue that *you will not put up a fight* to shorten the day; to make room for them in our industries.

\* \* \*

Years ago it was difficult to keep “all pots boiling.” Remember the way the old gang boss used to strut by, a pick handle in his hand. Remember the way he would glare at you! You don’t see him any more. Why?

\* \* \*

Remember the way our commercial editors used to root into the Italians? The comic pages called, them “wops.” The news columns called them “guineys,” dagos, etc. Why?

\* \* \*

I will tell you why.— In an unguarded moment our captains of industry sent over to Italy and pursuaded a bunch of Sicilians to come here— they came over and civilized the Boss with the pickhandle—they civilized all public work, turned it over to Yankees, and went into business for themselves—Selling the luscious fruit of California.

\* \* \*

That’s why the capitalist papers soured on the sons of sunny Italy and began calling them names. And that is why I’m in favor of immigration.— It seems that our hundred per cent workers are unable to hold their own with the bosses.

\* \* \*

Again the bosses are crowding the workers.

Again are they hunting around for their old pick handles with which to encourage free born American citizens.—labor— laborers

\* \* \*

Let there be more immigrants.

Especially— from Sicily.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_7\_IS\_26011923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!**

**(Air: The Runaway Train Came Down the Track)**

I.

‘Tis a horrible death to freeze to death,

We understand;

‘Tis a horrible death to starve to death,

On Koffee And—

‘Tis a horrible death ——and don’t forget:

More horrible than to drown in sweat,

Indeed, IT, IS, A, horrible, horrible death.

II.

‘Tis a horrible death to roast to death

Where e’er you gc ; h ‘ •

‘Tis a horrible death to “peel your neck,” ,

To “serve” the foe;

A horrible, horrible, horrible death

Like one of those ‘pages’ of Queen ‘Lisabeth —

Indeed, it, is, a horrible, horrible death.

III.

‘Tis a horrible death to flirt with death,

Without a me’ow;

‘Tis a horrible death to lose your “heft”

Just like a cow;

‘Tis a horrible end, my Christian friend—

Your wordly rations to Not defend

— Indeed, it, is, a, horrible, end.

IV.

‘Tis a horrible death — but WHAT is left?

A Booby ward?

‘Tis a horrible death to bow to “theft”—

Without a CARD;

‘Tis a strictly non-union, unorganized move

That u’d tickle tho “art of an Erbert Hoove —

Indeed, she, is, a, horrible, horrible death.

V.

‘Tis a horrible death to land in jail —

Les’ sing— a song.

‘Tis a horrible death —let no man fail!

The WHOLE night long.

The citizen by hix lonely fire

Shall hear the “smell” of a funeral pyre—

Indeed, it, is, a, horrible, horrible death.

(Repeat)

(The citizen by his lonely fire

Shall hear our melodious voice aspire . . . . .

Indeed, it, is, a horrible, horrible, death)

(Repeat)

(The citizen by his lonely fire

Shall long to see us all expire

Indeed, it, is, a horrible, horrible, death)

our melodious voice

(Dedicated to Enid, Oklahoma, bastille.)

(To be sung horridly not hurriedly.)

## 1923\_8\_IW\_27011923

**BETWEEN THESE TWO**

A man smiling in the midst of his misfortunes is either witless or a . . . . philosopher. A broken leg is nothing to smile about. An empty pocketbook is no giggling affair. A cell in a prison is nothing to get comical about. An ingrowing stomach is hardly a suitable subject for laughter. A suit of B. V. D.s in February is nothing to grin over. Carrying the “banner” these cold nights is no occasion for

great and prolonged mirth.

\* \* \*

Adversity may be a “valuable experience” but it isn’t marketable— I’ll sell all my misfortunes for less than face value, right now.

\* \* \*

A death in the family may be attended with situations quite humorous— the joke being on the spectators—but, I fail to see, why friends of the departed should utter shrieks of satisfaction.

\* \* \*

Having your household goods thrown out on the curb is no excuse for jollification—or jubilee.

\* \* \*

Being run over by a flat wheeled street car may be delightful as an experience, but the celebration should necessarily be short and to the point.

\* \* \*

The star boarder running away with one’s wife may, at first, create a pleasurable feeling— novelty! But a certain amount of proper dignified sorrow should be exhibited in front of neighbors.

\* \* \*

A wife deserting an unprotected man is considered a calamity— therefor, any merrymaking, glee or hilarity, is seldom associated with this misfortune.

\* \* \*

“Adversity Is the Acid Test of Character.” You betcha! Yes.

\* \* \*

And the fortitude of the working class is the veneer, impervious to heat and cold, dry or damp, hard or soft, acid or no acid—adversity or adipose perversity of those whom it may concern.

\* \* \*

But there is such a thing as riding a good horse to death.—The American working people have been rode to death; proof of this lies in the fact that the manufacturers Association is hollering for a certain “net” immigration” over and above any exodus of foreigners making their “get away” from our ideal conditions of servitude.

\* \* \*

Immigration is, and truly, a remedy but not an ideal one from the viewpoint of the present masters of our industries. The horse that has been rode to death still remains—remains.

\* \* \*

Full grown foreign workers, raised at foreign expense, are naturally beneficial to our industrial life if properly introduced to the machine and further: It gives our Industrial Kings an opportunity to put to pasture the horse that has been rode to death.

\* \* \*

Even today the masters are begrudging the pasturing of played out labor and I have no doubt but that their ultimate, ideal conditions call for importing fresh labor to replace stale labor and, to deport stale labor to make room for fresh ones.

\* \* \*

But, even now, somehow or other, there is a “slipup” in the program. —This is sad.

Last year 40,000 Italians came to this country—53,000 went back. Fifteen thousand Americans, in the same period, had the temerity to commit suicide and dodge all this prosperity, incidently a pile of work.

\* \* \*

We are the horse that is to be pastured. All our lives we have worked for “living wages, and no more.” Now we can start to earn dying wages.

## 1923\_9\_IW\_31011923

**Unfinished Business**

Met one of those human cogs, of the wheel of industry, today. He claims the cause of his “down fall” is stingy waiters.—My! That man is deep.

\* \* \*

“Six-dollar Clerk to a Bank President.” Nothing hextraordinary ‘bout that—make a six-dollar clerk out of a bank president; that would be something.

\* \* \*

A pastor in New York committed suicide.—We were shocked so religious are we.—We wonder what’s going to become of all the sheep left without a shepherd.— We wonder how this shepherd will square himself with Saint Peter for deserting his flock.—We wonder if he is now sitting in the lap of Abraham with a great, big, self-inflicted, bullet hole in his soul

\* \* \*

We are given to understand that if the paster should have renigged on taking the initiative (and his life) the goats in the congregation had fully decided to protect the sheep against the ravages of present day church tendancies. But, hm, we maintain, ho hom, a man may belong to a church and still be religious, yes, indeed.

\* \* \*

In Tillamook, Ore., a woman was branded with a red hot *cross*—the form of branding iron leads me to believe religious principles were invoked, to save this woman’s everlasting soul. Good Christians (no doubt) pressed the burning steel (ever so gently) to the breast of this woman in the name of Him who never opened his trap in front of his persecutors.

\* \* \*

It is now believed in well informed labor circles that organization is almost a necessity.

\* \* \*

Laborers of great mental compass are reconciling themselves to this new factor, that is uniting the forces of labor, in the arena of industrial action. It is now believed a united working class can do much to discourage any interference in production created by the employers, and maybe in time, do away with the interference entirely as well as do away with the “inteferors,” also.

\* \* \*

‘Cording to the want columns, SALESMEN is the kind of migration we need.

\* \* \*

A way should be found to prevent friend father “blowing in” all his money on groceries.—”Tough Beef 6 Cents,” Liver 8 Cents.”— (sign in Ann Arbar, Mich.) Same horseless tough.—Meet me in Ann Arbor, Loui.— We will have a regular restaurant, steak, ‘n everything.

\* \* \*

No use to adopt a 70-year-old baby.—Join the Wobblies, now! When a man wants the best—so it is with his unionism; he wants the very latest model.—Industrial unionism. No use jockeying a single cylinder craft when you can get a twin W.—an I. W. W.

\* \* \*

Lemon juice is not to be recommended as good for low wages. Try it on pimples; not on principles.

\* \* \*

“Country degenerating”— So is the sausages—going to the dogs, so as to say.

\* \* \*

Geraldine Farrar voices a pessimistic note: “I’ve no use for damned newspaper men,” she said. “They’ve never done me any good, anyhow.”

Why is it, editor, that you always get in bad with the girls? (We don’t).

(Opens Bottle)

Gompers Opens Labor’s Battle for Beer, Wine.—headline. Somebody should pass Sammy a corkscrew.

\* \* \*

Doc. Garfield, the former coal administrator, has said an unskilled workman should not marry.— Can’t see the connection, doctor.

\* \* \*

What for instance has skill, in pushing a wheelbarrow, got to do with the more or less holy state of wedlock.—What is there in common between the artful juggling of a pick and the manhandling of a woman —or the “her handling” of man. Doc. Garfield has lost all his romance in the coal yard. (So have we).—”He should wait until he becomes skilled” puts the doctor squarely behind birth control. Shake!

\* \* \*

Not only to take care of the high cost of living, but also the high cost of marriage and the high cost of old age, must we have more wages. A “living wage” presupposes no old age—so the boss sings; You will always be—”young and *fair to me*.”

\* \* \*

A family will make a man do many things he wouldn’t think of in his sober senses — single. The advices the boss gives: “Don’t join a union, raise a big family.”— The advice I give: Soak your head.

\* \* \*

The present wages absolutely forbids marriage.—Now let the women get up and demand more wages for us poor, poor, men. Let the girls organize a one big union and insist on more wages for men, so that the brave unorganized men may take unto themselves a wife, and lead a natural life.

\* \* \*

“Oh woman in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy and hard to please;”

Oh wilst thou deign to make us rich

That we may eat, and love, and hitch.

## 1923\_10\_IW\_07021923

**Psychology**

“It isn’t what you say but how you say it.” If you want something done there must be a peculiarity about your speech before you can hope to find interested listeners.

\* \* \*

You are sitting at one of those long tables so familiar to the migratory worker . . . The dearest desire of your heart is to have some one “pass the condensed milk,” but you don’t know how to go about it.

\* \* \*

“Pass the 16 to 1” you venture, and no one has heard you; “pass the milk,” you plead in broken tones, and life still flows on in the even tenor or tenure of its tray. Finally in desperation you yell. “Pass the cream”! Instantaneously gnarled hands reach out to aid a brother in distress—passing the pitcher of blue diluted condensed milk, made from skim, or split, milk.

\* \* \*

When you demanded sixteen to one, the subconscious thought in each mind was “it isn’t worth passing.” When you said pass the milk very “common placeness” of the word defeated your purpose. But the won! “Cream.” Ah! the very “ridiculousness” of serving cream to slaves caused “all the collective mischievousness” in the outfit to burst forth in a flood of helpfulness— you were provided with a pitcher of re-divided condensed milk. Each man in his inner-consciousness felt sorry he wasn’t the lucky one to serve you.

\* \* \*

Cream’ The I. W. W., the cream of the working class, takes the position that cream is not thick enough; that it is only a waste of gargling to fritter away your time drinking narrow gauge milk when you might organize the workers into a real union and take the whole smear case— it belongs to us.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_11\_T\_09021923

A man smiling in the midst of his misfortunes is either witless or a . . . philosopher. A broken leg is nothing to smile about. An empty pocketbook is no giggling affair. A cell in a prison is nothing to get comical about. An ingrowing stomach is hardly a suitable subject for laugter. A suit of B. V. D.s in February is nothing to grin over. Carrying the “banner” these cold nights is no occasion for great and prolonged mirth.

\* \* \*

Last year 40,000 Italians came to this country— 53,000 went back. Fifteen thousand Americans, in the same period, had the temerity to commit suicide and dodge all prosperity, incidently a pile of work.

\* \* \*

All our lives we have worked for “living wages, and no more.” Now we can start to earn dying wages.

— T-bone Slim, Industrial Worker.

## 1923\_12\_IW\_10021923

**And It Was So Ordered**

You Can Get More Out of This -Life—a poster encourages us.

True it is— sure we can. Not only *that*, we will. We have leanings in that direction. In fact, we have natural talent towards such a praiseworthy c-o-n-t-i-n-g-e-n-c-y. (?)

\* \* \*

It will come in our pay envelops in the same manner that our present pennies arrive—and, the seductive part of it is, it all will come from our own production—from the toil of our own two hands, nobody else’s.

\* \* \*

But first we must convince the boss we are worth more. Aye, there’s the rub. How shall we go about it? (Rub again).

\* \* \*

You walk up to the boss and say, “Hey boss, I’m worth more of the [unclear] of the realm called medium of exchange. . . If he doesn’t call you a liar outright he will, at least, try to insinuate that you are kidding yourself.

\* \* \*

“But I can’t live on the wages I’m getting,” you complain.

“That doesn’t concern me,” he counters, “I’m running a business, not a life-saving

station.”

There you are—right where you started from and aye, there’s the rub.

We must convince the boss we are worth more.

\* \* \*

It won’t do any good to tell him that all day Sunday you dassent get out of bed for fear your appetite might get the best of you and cause you to devour Monday’s rations.

\* \* \*

Neither will it do any good to tell him about Annie’s mumps; Willie’s measles; Maggie’s diptheria; Jennie’s scarlet fever; Minnie’s yellow jaundice; Lizzie’s white plague; Cora’s vermiform appendix, or Fanny’s tonsilitus, because he is only going to tell you that he doesn’t propose to support an army of doctors, or run an infant asylum.

\* \* \*

No use to tell him that varicose veins prevents your wife taking on any additional washington (as much as she would enjoy it evenings) , because he will only laugh at you and say your wife is probably getting the hook worm.

What can you do? What can you say?

\* \* \*

You mention the mortgage on your home. You recite in pitiful detail the harrowing and soul-rending, tale of “interest” falling due—and no money to pay it with. . . .

(Be brave, dear reader, the worst is over)

— You tell him all about the $240 “interest” you must raise, and all about the $134 taxes you can’t dodge —$370, all told, that you MUST raise between now and next August.

You very naturally think these sad details will have a softening effect on his heart and, that he will thereupon slip you a 2½ per cent raise.

\* \* \*

Nothing of the kind. Here’s about the way he will come at you: You poor boob, you—you unmitigated Jackass, you—so you thought to take a flier in Hi-finance—so you thought to quit paying rent, didcha? Don’t you know that $374 interest and taxes amount to $30 per month.— Why, in hell, didn’t you rent a cheap shack, out in the outskirts and live within your means. —Get out of my office! I believe you are dishonest. Go on! Get out! and, see the time-keeper, we don’t want any hi-fliers in here—you gambler, you speculator . . . the very “ideah,” a common worker investing his money in a home in these hard times when we bosses have all we can do to hang on to our own . . . and buy gas. Shame on you? Here, janitor, throw this man out, he’s a bankrupt business man.

\* \* \*

Everything has been said that could be . . . You have mentioned the long weary years of faithful service you have given. All to no avail. And yet we must convince the boss that we are worth more.

\* \* \*

Now, there is one more thing to try—we have tried everything else, so we may as well try this last one also.

\* \* \*

We organize an industrial union of all the workers, of this globe— we will call ourshelves I. W. W:, for short ; and Industrial Workers of the World, for long.— We will instruct our committee to wait on the boss; leave their hats on their heads; pay no attention to signs, “wipe your feet”; sit on the corner of the boss’ desk and tell him they have hastened to bust the news (gently) “*the wages have gone up!*”

\* \* \*

“Since when,” says the boss and tries to spring that old gag, “I’m running this business, not you.” The committee then points out that the “business” isn’t running —”It is Stopt.”

\* \* \*

(The boss cocks his ear and hears nothing.) “Now look here, fellows,” he says, I’ve been thinking for some time past to raise your wages—Infact, I was just telling my secretary here, before you came in, that it’s a wonder you men are satisfied with the present schedule—and I have already given orders to the paymaster to watch his step and stuff them envelops better than heretofor. . . .

Now, boys, I don’t want you fellows to get the ideah that you forced me to this—I simply will not be coerced in my own establishment— So if the men are satisfied to accept the increase I have ordered I see no reason to prolong this conference. Let wheels go round.—It was so ordered.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_13\_IW\_14021923

**War**

“War is Hell—”

Were hell so vile?

I wouldn’t dare to crack a smile; but as it is a cozy berth— (compared to war) a place of mirth—I deem it wise to hold my style.—If war is hell then truth is guile.

\* \* \*

If war is nothing more than hell, then everything is strictly well : no idle chance can do us harm—except, of course, we may get warm. For is it not a proven rule that northern part of hell is cool?

\* \* \*

But if “all hell” is like a war, then me for “on the golden shore”—A bayonet, you know my clear, between the ribs, feels kind of queer—It somehow doesn’t seem to fit; *and very few get used to it*.

\* \* \*

It’s not the- “sticking part” that hurts; (altough it ruins a pile of shirts). Nor yet the ugly turn of wrist that gives your frame a sudden twist—The time for mourning, I’m afraid, is when he shakes you off the blade.

\* \* \*

“Women are to carry arms—rifles and bayonets.” “Women are to be introduced in the uses of these instruments of democracy —civilization, war.”—Women will pull the trigger that rules the world; the hand that rocks the cradle (etc.) will guide the bayonet into the breast of an opponent of democracy, plutocracy, monarchy or whatever the call may be\_\_\_\_ ?

That is the supposition, and that is our subject.

\* \* \*

Certain propaganda is running in current stage productions, not only in motion pictures but also in “legitimate” drama as well— and—hush, in legitimate leg-shows, my dear editor, let me blush. . . . I admit the charge: I feasted my eyes upon a burlesque show.

\* \* \*

In this connection let me say that there has been a pessimistic note, going the rounds, to the effect that under capitalism man has no leisure to care for his unsatiated soul. (Get that, “soul”). You all know what that means—How many of us have had our sensibilities insulted with the odor of a pair of stinking feet intruding itself upon our inner consciousness? Weil, the consciousness is the soul of man even as the odor is the soul of the feet.

\* \* \*

Dark hints have been passed that capitalism has raided our pocket books making it impossiblc for us to witness leg shows or other dramatic productions whenever we find our soul drooping for the want of esthetic exhiliaration—uplift, etc.

\* \* \*

Personally I think these rumors should be challenged, and I do claim it is possible (for an ordinary man) to save his money in sufficient quantities to permit the witnessing a show at least two times in two years—as in my own case: I simply made up my mind and SAVED and saved . . . at first it seemed difficult, but in the end it was ridiculously easy and the show was rotten and the admission 15 cents.

\* \* \*

Upon the stage lined up were a dozen members of the gentler sex bristling with rifles. A fair haired soubrette makes a speech: “Ladies and Gents: — Now that women’s rights are gaining ground; now that women have the ballot and are equal to men” (how much superior they were before, I don’t know). “It is only a short time when they will be called to the colors to defend the glorious traditions of our glorious country, etc, etc. Will some ex-service man kindly step forward and put the ladies through the “manual of arms?”

\* \* \*

The ladies are put throgh the drill —and a deadly looking bunch they are. I will say that there is no valid reason why women could not be used to shoot down the taxpayers of some other country, insofar as ability is concerned.

\* \* \*

But—

There is one difficulty in this arrangement and it occurs to me that it will be next to impossible to get a regiment of ladies to shoot at strapping young male-soldiers— (unless they were married to them previously).

\* \* \*

Again a company of men-soldiers very naturally would hesitate about firing into a regiment of blondes, brunettes or even suffragettes—so squeemish have our warriors grown.—Show me the lady-warrior who would have the heart to shoot a hole, the size of a hen’s egg, through a gentleman warrior’s ou-dee shirt—Show me a gentleman soldier who would send a bullet crashing through the fair complexion of a lady patriot—show me!

\* \* \*

But happily, I don’t believe women soldiers are to be used against men. I do not believe it would be practicable. Why the GENERAL might come on the battle field—approach the scene of carnage—and find one army sitting in the lap of the other—this takes all the kick out of war.

\* \* \*

No, the ladies will not be used against men.—It may be possible that ladies will shoot ladies, and ladies ONLY.—After the ladies, in each country, become too numerous, (owing to the habit men have of killing men only) the ladies can be arrayed against themselves, as a sex, and the killing can proceed along prescribed civilised lines. The men in turn can be used to reduce the available supply of husbands.—This can be done in the name of democracy or any other political legerdemain, at any time—any time.

\* \* \*

Unless men and women organize to do away with the cause of war—commercialism.

\* \* \*

War, primarily, is caused by commercialism.

\* \* \*

War can be caused by capitalism, also.

\* \* \*

I. W. W.ism isn’t a cure for war?

\* \* \*

I. W. W.ism is a cure for capitalism.

\* \* \*

Half the wars will end with Industrial Unionism triumphant.

\* \* \*

Let every man who “gets a kick” out of a real fighting organization land his support to this band of world biulders and they will honor your confidence.

War isn’t Hell, yet!

## 1923\_14\_IS\_16021923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**THE OFF-SET**

Now, a case has been made against the Bum. It has been “proved” that he failed to work steady last summer— and all this publicity probably is intended to encourage him to try again next summer— but it is not shown what became of the work he left undone. Where is it now? How come — did it evaporate into thin air? You say he left it undone and yet, you say, it isn’t here now. What kind of arithmetic is that, nothing from nothing leaves one (0–0 equals one.) ? — Ah-h, you reason, the other fellow did the work. That’s better— the wrong man is on the bum. If this fellow had performed his work and saved his pennies the other fellow would now be on the bum and the Tribune would have had a different story to tell the blushing world.

Michael Burke, a labor agent in the days when that business wasn’t as raw as it is now, (and I can see he has a kind heart), says the reason for these men being in these circumstances is — and he puts it with one word—”Drink.” For his benefit we will point out, drink is **The Circumstance**. — It’s reason is something else — too deep for Mike and the Tribune.

Mike’s barrel of empty bottles indicates the size, nature, but not the cause of circumstances, (or unemployment for that matter) and serves as an advertisement for - his noteworthy hotel — the Workman’s Home on Clinton St.

“Drink is the sole cause,” he says, “there is no other reason why any man should be down and out this winter.”

Alright, to be just as consistent, we will say Eats makes a man poor and Religion makes him honest.

But drink doesn’t seem to fare the Gold Coast any. Inebriated Captains of Industry and pickled Colonels of Commerce are still good for a four bit tip in the loop—some of them, even wend their way as far west as Sam’s Oyster House where the efficient officers of the law load them into taxicabs and ship them out to Sheridan Road or Wilson Ave., as the case may be. Drunk? I’ve seen some of them so drunk that if Mike’s theory held good they would be in the poor-house right now.

I believe I am safe in saying that the upper-ups drink more booze than the down, and outs, without showing any deterioration in their gate receipts.

Well then, if this be so, it splits an argument. The Tribune will now have to admit: It is only poor booze that makes a man poor — that the good booze makes for a steady income; the better the booze the the better the income?

Unfortunately, the Worlds Greatest would not be able to convince anybody along these lines. Consequently, I think it will have to take my theory that Eating makes a man poor. It is quite clear that if we didn’t eat we could save about fifty cents three times a day, seven days a week, $ 10-50 per week.

But it may be men are down and out because they Sleep—because they Flop, as the Tribune puts it? Hardly. A ten cent flop could hardly have such a tremendous effect on a Hopper’s financial standing — he could save only 70 cents per week by swearing off sleep.

Following along this illogical line of reasoning we come to the point where the beans will spill— showing where the argument is open on one end, at least — mebbe on both. **We find that we do not grow poor by Breathing?** How come— ?

How comes it that drink, cats and sleep drives us “down and out”— How come? My Gods! (all of them) and then some docs the Tribune argue that a drinker, an eater, a sleeper and a dresser shall be penalized, while the desperate “breather” goes unchallenged? If so, what is our journalism coming to?

How about “Reader”?

Should he swear off readong?

If he does—the Tribune will soon be rubbing elbows with the bums and beggars, flops and floppers . . .

Otherwise the Tribune’s argument is good.

## 1923\_15\_IW\_17021923

**Degeneracy**

By T-BONE SLIM

“The degree of degeneracy at Hollywood, California, is a marvel of wanton depravity.” And depravity there, as elsewhere, is measured by the amount of degeneracy generated by parties when common decorum and ordinary caution have been thrown to the winds. Now and then a murder is committed, in the seat of *animated learning*, just to enliven the drab existence of some languishing “star” —of America’s Beau or America’s —”Broad.” (Just as if poor old suffering America is sufficient territory for these acrobatic exponents of moral delinquency.)

Recently one of its shining lights, a drug fiend, passed away. He was planted with all but military honors and many a surviving “cokehead” shed “genuine tears” over the “wooden jacket” encasing the sad remains of “*re-enforced nerves*.”—A good section hand utterly ruined.

But why take up space discussing the proficiency with which they circumvent the laws of decency; why picture, to horny-handed sons, of toil, the utter disregard in which these people hold the sacred institution of marriage.

Hardly a day passes but some star forgets the name of his wife—Hardly a night rolls around but some “angel of the screen” gets twisted as to who her present husband may be.

“Night shirts, night gowns and pajamas” is the chief topic of the press as it wails: “Another good propaganda medium gone to hell”—Just when needed most.

Why are these thus?— Easy.

\* \* \*

Whenever a man or woman tries to consume more than he or she produces they are going to “founder” themselves morally, intellectually and physically.

\* \* \*

To much easy money at the expense of the working class, has spelled ruin to many a promising performer.

The producers themselves suffer no less, from easy money, than do the actors. Therefore, it is practically criminal negligence, on the part of the people, to pay the present exorbitant prices of admission. If we would save this generation of actors we mast organize and incidently distribute our wealth more equitably.— (Jones).

## 1923\_16\_IW\_21021923

**Acumen**

The limits of education are as yet unprescribed. Each worker, no matter how bright, has access to an unlimited fund of knowledge which is lying around loose and which belongs to nobody in particular.

\* \* \*

Each worker, further; is duty bound to scatter knowledge as he goes. Let’s have it. Let’s have it in black and white—write down your best thoughts and send them to our editors. Do this for the sake of our common interest.

\* \* \*

Many workers plead ignorance as an excuse for not bunting into print. Therefore let us discuss that hydra-headed monster— Ignorance.

\* \* \*

Who can tell where “lunacy” ends and ignorance begins; where ignorance ends and intelligence or where intelligence ends and intellectuality begins, assuming that intelligence ends when intellectuality begins. Who, indeed? Nobody— so you see your excuse won’t do!

\* \* \*

You may have been encouraged by false friends, in the belief that your brow is lower or flatter than somebody’s—You may have been unduly influenced to think that a certain amount of brains in your head won’t work as well as the same amount of brains in another head; that a certain kind of ivory must surround a man’s brain or it won’t work. How ridiculous! Our heads are as wide as the best of ‘em; our forehead as high as the rest of ‘em; of *brains*, we are simply “possest of ‘em”; in fact, we’ve got a full crest of ‘em— (nest of ‘em).

\* \* \*

If only we ha’d opportunity to make a test of ‘em; give them an airing and occasional (educational) exercising.

\* \*

Confidence in one’s ability is a healthy condition of mind and makes for progress and clinches progress made, and turns it over to history. To Illustrate: A couple of workers were discussing efficiency, etc.—thusly: “Why was that efficiency expert fired? Was he incompetent?” “Incompetent? Hell, no! He was too darn competent. He discovered that the boss was wasting half of our time telling us things that we knew better than he did.”

\* \* \*

“Pugilist (Luis Angelo) Firpo proves business sense” —Nets $75,000 on Tacy Bout.”— (press). Our brainy are—oh, what’s the use! Let labor show its business acumen—sell labor high (and buy cheap), organize.

\* \* \*

I see some of my readers are beginning to doubt their competence, so I must hasten to trot out competent testimony to prove that labor is competent, should I say, mentally. Who but the boss is qualified to pass on man’s gray matter? When he wants to hire a Wobbly he advertises thusly: “Wanted an intelligent man for factory.”

\* \* \*

And when he gets a bunch of men into the shop, he hangs up boxes and requests the boys to drop their ideas into the box. Does that indicate that the worker is dumb? Why does he want the workers idea? He wants them for the same reason that the editor wants your ideas. They are gold—there is reason in them. Let nobody tell you different!

\* \* \*

Our education can never be complete, but we can polish it up from time to time through our own initiative and through the troyan efforts of the I. W. W. Educational Bureau, its agencies and periodical literature, etc.

\* \* \*

Now that labor is proven a reasoning creature let us glance at the way he uses his brain—the boss being also a reasoning creature offers this man a prize. A first prize of $1.25 is offered for the best cleaned machine in the factory; a second prize of 50c is handed for the second best effort in line with cleanliness. The prizes are given once a week, 52 times a year. Fifty-two different men receive first prizes of $1.25 in the course of a year; 52 other men receive second prizes of 50c in the same period of time. No man receives two prizes in one year.

\* \* \*

In an instiuttion of 800 men (doing piece work), 104 receive first or second prize once in every 8 years; 696 must wait their turn the long weary years to come (and quarrel). Eight hundred men work one hour every Saturday A. M., cleaning their machines. Eight hundred labor hours is thus paid for with $1.75—$1.75 for 800 hours—800 hours equal 100 days—100 days at $1.75 equals 1% cents per day (if my figures hold; 1% cents per day equals cheap labor. Therefore it would seem that the bosses’ generosity is not altogether devoid of entangling alliances, if I may use the term.

\* \* \*

What the worker needs is a little more business acumen, whatever that is.—Firpo gets $75,000 for a few minutes’ work. Bimbo gets $75,000 for his efforts. Hundreds of thousands are paid various individuals every year for no work at all. John D. gets millions out of the common pot yearly.

\* \* \*

Lots of it there! Plenty!

Step up labor and make your wants known—don’t be bashful—organize.

## 1923\_17\_IW\_24021923

**Is It an Evil***By* T-BONESLIM

Many fantastic explanations have been offered as to the cause for the divorce evil. Therefore, this morning when I awakened and found myself on a single cot, I got to thinking on this subjec that has puzzled purrfessors of international fame. Firstly and foremostly, I recalled the 65 cents I’ve got under this pillow; that won’t keep a wife! If I can’t afford a wife how can a man of lesser attainments support one? It follows without argument that labor cannot support a wife (on present wages).

\* \* \*

Labor is numerous. When labor declines to marry, it necessarily throws a panic into the matrimonial market and creates a keen competition for the handstand hearts of those men who are able to support a wife—and sometimes, *for the hand that already is supporting a* wife. Hence, divorce.

\* \* \*

On the other hand, men, unable to support a wife, seek the society of women already supported —competition here also is keen—and consequently, divorce courts and lawyers eke out the necessary wherewithal with which to maintain their personal household intact for the time being.

\* \* \*

It is only in the interests of truth that I have made these three points—and as ad mess it is indeed. *It would seem that a divorce on the avenoo is caused by low wages at the mill*. I cannot go into details (of this horrible mess), but will content myself by saying that: Of 36,000,000 industrial workers 20,000,000 receive less than “marrying wages.” Hence, 20,000,000 men must marry for a period of time, the duration of which depends on the ability of the loving pair to rustle garbage for themselves—then, divorce— sometimes without the formality of law (whenever both parties get a wage cut).

\* \* \*

A boss once told me “women should step out and help to support the family,” and illustrated his meaning by citing a *team hauling a load*. “The mare works as well as the horse,” he said.

\* \* \*

This was in a factory; so I inquired if he meant that women should be harnessed to a machine the same as I. To make a long story short a woman came and relieved me of my job next morning, I have been blushing ever since. Will this woman be able to support a husband regularly— three times a day?

\* \* \*

“Every girl when she gets to be about 15 or 16 years old ought to be put in a cage and shut up until she is 25,” declared Supreme Court Justice Ford from the bench in the midst of a series of annulment suits which he heard today.

\* \* \*

In the annulment cases, either the boy or girl must be under age, when the marriage knot was tied. Justice Ford had listened to a half dozen young women tell how they had consented to marry when they were around 16 years old. It was a continuation of such testimony that brought the jurist’s remarks concerning caging youngsters until they reached a more sensible age.

\* \* \*

The noted jurist seems to infer that these children should be taken from the mills and shops. But he fails to say whether the girls are to take their work into the cage with them.

\* \* \*

No, Judge, your honor, a cage will accomplish nothing of lasting benefit. An over abundance of freedom is not the cause of divorce evil —although I grant you 10 or 11 years spent in a cage would undermine the physical and moral stamina of any spirited girl to such a degree that she would agree to “stay put” regardless of whether the man is able to support her or not, etc.

\* \* \*

I have a better remedy: Pay her father wages enough, so that she may stay home and help mother about the house —and scrap your cage!

## 1923\_18\_IW\_28021923

**Boss’ Prayer**

“God give us men,” both big and small—

“Men wanted bad” to hit the ball;

Men who can work on Coffee Ands

And keep their hearts where are their hands.

“God give us men” (the devil’s shy)

(Besides *His* men are askng pie)

Strong backs, weak heads and willing mitts,

For them’s the boys who make the hits.

“God give us men”—devoid of will,

Docile, servile and never still;

Short stocky men, let them be found.

Who pull and push right from the ground.

“God give us men”— to live on hay—

Who never ask for bigger pay;

Men who can lift about a ton;

Who’s kidneys never come undone.

“God give us men”—they bring the dough

That at makes our cherished balance grow;

And give us rain and oxygen

With which to feed these loyal me[n?]..

“God give us men”— great husky men,

We sure can use them now and then;

But e’re you court your just repose

Please rig them out in proper clothes.

For we are poor, and halt, and lame

No two days do wo feel the same—

But if we start to hand out cash

Our system soon would go to smash.

## 1923\_19\_IW\_02031923

**SPEED of the TONGUE**

“You’re a liar.”

How often have we heard this expression of appreciation and admiration from our friends? Total strangers even, at times, have gazed trustingly in to our eyes, and have complimented us on our ability to ‘laborate upon truth or what is accepted (by shallow people) to be the truth.––(And then the fun began).

\* \* \*

People as a general rule do not like to have their accomplishments paraded in front of less fortunate mental performers (and fellow sufferers).

\* \* \*

George Washington, it has been stated, although the parent of his country, was one of the worst liars history has known––in fact, he was such a bad liar (in his day of good liars) that great writers (who were in no way gifted that way) have commented on it copiously and piously.

\* \* \*

Upon occasion, caught with a hatchet in his hand; chips of a cherry tree clinging to his “malones” did he dodge the issue, “Who chopped down that cherry tree?”

\* \* \*

No, by God, (I should say not) George, as small as he was, saw his limitations––eloquence would not explain away those chips hanging on his woolen pants.

\* \* \*

“I cannot tell a lie,” he said, blushing like a railroad “bull” caught with his hand in the freight, “I did it with my little hatchet.”

\* \* \*

Nevertheless, Washington was showered with honors many and manifest; spiritual and real. A great state on the West coast, an I. W. W. stronghold, was named in his honor; a city on the beautiful Potomac was dedicated a monument to his inability to lie in a pinch.

\* \* \*

Since then––the beautiful Potomac has been the gathering point for some of the world’s greatest liars.––Diplomats of international fame, of resplendant renown, have here fore-gathered to pay homage to Janus; incidently to “horns woggle” each other to the everlasting sorrow of their constituents.

\* \* \*

Lying, today, is classed one of the arts––great universities now recognize its value (as an education) in salesmanship. Every “investigation” is held for the purpose of discovering if some man, or a set of men, has not acquired an extraordinary “power to lie.”

\* \* \*

Lying, to be successful, doesn’t necessarily have to be verbal or written.

Paper counters on leather shoes is a pretty good lie.

A dash of water in milk makes a fair prevarication.

Wooden pulp in a cotton shirt; and curled hemp in woolen pants makes a combination of falsehood hard to beat.

Phoney unionism is another way of evading the truth.

LET US ORGANIZE INTO, AND IN, THE I. W. W. (We are the poorest liars of the world!) Let us not depend on the speed of the tongue.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_20\_T\_02031923

**EXERCISE ‘EM**

You may have been encouraged by false friends, in the belief that your brow is lower or flatter than somebody’s—You may have been unduly influenced to think that a certain amount of brains in your head won’t work as well as the same amount of brains in another head; that a certain kind of ivory must surround a man’s brain or it won’t work. How ridiculous! Our heads are as wide as the best of ‘em; our forehead as high as the rest of ‘em; of *brains*, we are simply “possest of ‘em”; in fact, we’ve got a full crest of ‘em —(nest of ‘em).

\* \* \*

If only we had opportunity to make a test of ‘em; give them an airing and occasional (educational) exercising

T-bone Slim— Indus. Worker.

## 1923\_21\_IW\_03031923

**HAIRY APE**

(Air: It’s Too Terrible)

Scarcely dare— I meet with gentlemen

Naked I — a (mental) Saracen—

All my clothes —are in a master-hock

All my grain— in some poor farmers’ shock.

Do I speak— my words cannot endure!

Do I act — my deeds are only poor!

Should I pray— I beard a frowning moon

Damn it all— I must be out of tune!

Rambler, true— upon a g[rac]eless earth

“Drinking in”— the cup of cruel mirth;

Is my hope— the soul disturbing “can”—

Psalm of life— a — man’s abuse of man.

‘Tis my home— where’er my footsteps fall

‘Tis my hearth — the world outside a wall

‘Tis my church— the yoke that ever galls\*

And my realm—a pair of overalls.

Day by day my kingdom ever comes

To the pounding of seagoing drums

King and Queen and Court am I, alone

When I bathe— it dissipates my throne.

Should I die —contrary as I am;

Fade away— from all this worldly sham,

Caledoniaa boilers- be my Judge

In their Hell-I’d start a roaring smudge.

What [unclear]ave secrets threads of memory hold

Dragging feet, unclean less fleet than cold;

Freedoms cause— a drifting aimlessly  
On an iceberg of a yellow sea.

And their Heaven (blase aristocrats)

Has no room for toilers nor their brats;

Old St. Pete he of the Sacred Shirt

Bawls them out— for bringing in the dirt.

Dirt and squalor— ah, were I to choose

Ladies fair o’er it would ne’er enthuse—

Like a Nero, fiddling in his Rome

I would play, “There goes my Home Sweet Home.” ,

Shall I pray the gods who never wake

Shall I Worship each religion’s fake

Shall I — I — the nature’s master shape

Always be a brainless, hairy, ape.

No, No, No, by Gods, both far and near,

We are not ruled by a yellow fear

We are Man and Woman — if a Bum

And united —something’s going to come.  
–––

\*Work

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_22\_IW\_07031923

**Hairs**

“Jurisdictional Disputes.”

Just now found out the meaning of those words. It also occurs to me that maybe my fellow workers are too busy with capitalism to give them a thought (you know the I. W. W. is having a jurisdictional dispute with capital) so I hasten to “study”—for them.

\* \* \*

We’ve got to bring in the “Barber Trade” as an example. In fact, several of my barber friends have requested me to remember them in my glory (not knowing the full depth of my depravity).

\* \* \*

The labor world has been racked from “rolls to bunk-chains” with jurisdictional disputes over the “trade.” Accusation after affirmation has been hurled over “no man’s land in the Beard and Hair Workers Industry. Calumny, vituperation, clippers and blasphemy have been called upon to bear witness that this “trade” belongs to that jurisdiction. What’s that? You hadn’t heard about it? Huh, I though so. *I thought so*. That shows how much you get ‘round. \*

\* \* \*

The painters and decorators claim the trade because the “man” is smeared from ear to wishbone with white-load and turpentine. The Ancient Order of Wool Gatherers of Montana laid violent hands upon the victim’s hair, disputing the claim of the Noble Redskins Benevolent Scalp-Lifters Organization. The interests of the Potato Peelers Junior League are being tended by the walking delegate of the Bark Peelers and Filers Amalgamation of the Northwest.

\* \* \*

The Master Butchers and Meat Cutters have been granted an injunction against the Leather Scrapers and Hide Trimmers, in the District Court of Hard Virtue, on the grounds of cruelty to mammals. The Twine Twisters Textile Fraternity insists that hair-kinking and moustache-curling comes under the head of rope-twirling over which the T. T. T. F, has had jurisdiction for years.

\* \* \*

The cooks of North America sent over an investigation committee to inquire into the process of par-boiling a man with hot towels.

\* \* \*

The ex-Bartenders Service Club demanded all rights to handle the bay rum and hair oil.

\* \* \*

The Lime Burners and Slakers have challenged the claim of the painters and decorators on the ground that lather comes under head of mortar mixing.

\* \* \*

The I. W. W. is also implicated somehow or other.

What! You haven’t heard about it? Is that so?

\* \* \*

You see how it is, editor. I’ve got to go all over it and explain the “hull” thing from beginning to Kalamazoo.

Gentlemen of the Jury: I will prove to you the man has been in that barber chair two hours. I will prove that the man is now unconscious, made so with a bricklayer’s hammer. I will show that the bricklayer had no business in this jurisdictional dispute and that the “brickish” color of the victim’s hair was no warrant for him to interfere and lay out the man (accidently) while making an (intentional) pass at a plasterer; and I will show the plasterer had no business to be there making rash claims that talcum powder is nothing more than a dry white wash.

Judge, your honor, may it please the court, this man here in the chair is an unconscious victim of a jurisdictional dispute. With no acrimony in his soul, real money in his pocket, he came into this barber shop to get shaved. We will show that this peace loving respected citizen knew all along that he couldn’t get a decent shave, nevertheless, like a true public-spirited patriot he sacrificed himself on the altar of jurisdiction. We will show that the most our client expected was a few kind words, a little soap in his ears, a scalding towel or two and a few strokes of a razor—a shave he never expected. He knew in his innormost heart that the hot towels would cause his face to puff out beyond the limits of his beard and that the razor would pass over the ends of the buried hairs. With staunch faith and Christian charity he anticipated something more than a foul blow, i. e. the soothing sensation of minute particles of talcum rolling into the gaping pores of his skin left open by the sunken hairs.

And there he lies, motionless, his neck almost broken, his face shrouded in a week’s growth of hair.

By this time the unhappy man expected to be in the bosom of his family recovering from his burns. Yet, here he still lies, untortured —buffeted by gales of hate, trampled under the heels of Civil Warfare in Labor’s Ranks, an unprotesting *job* under dispute. Look at his calm, . . .

The man is waking! We shall hear his side of the story.

My good man, how did this jurisdictional dispute commence?

“Commence? Why, a bunch of brothers came in here, simply claimed the job (each for his union) and started a free for all. It tickled me because I knew they were all in the wrong. None of them is entitled to this work and I’ll prove it to you. You mustn’t think that because I’m a gandy dancer that I don’t know anything.”

“The job comes under the head of “surfacing” and belongs to me . . . of the maintenance . . .”

\* \* \*

Let me do it! Oh, brothers, won’t you please let me do it, my breast is yearning for work—bursting for work. Don’t be selfish!

\* \* \*

P. s. —The jurisdictional dispute between capital and industrial unionism deserves a special article. A few kind words, editor.

—T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_23\_IW\_10031923

**Golf**

Far be it from me to withhold any discovery I may make from the readers of this paper. I simply cannot do it—it is not my nature to be secretive. Being of a scientific turn of mind many things present themselves to me, in my daily intercourse with life, that would never come to the notice of less careful trained eyes.

But my eyes are beginning to get weak, therefore it was necessary for me to take cognizance— did you ever take cognizance, and get away with it—cognizance is harder to take than castoria.

Mv first impulse was to get a pair of hornorimmed “sagless gates” for my oggles. But the idea had no more than trickled through the entanglements of my state department when i had to lay it aside as impracticable on account of the recent financial drains upon my department of the exchequer.

\* \* \*

Some other method had to be discovered to rejuvenate the windows of my soul. I couldn’t go out and hire a window cleaner to bring out the lustreful (translucent) transparency of my soulful orbits. No.

\* \* \*

But, as is a custom with scientific gentlemen with watery eyes, I didn’t propose to “shashay” into sightless oblivion without making an effort to take a good look at the capitalist system, before 1 go. I concentrated all the mind I had on my troubles. And you can bet your bi-focal binoculars the preponderance of mind marshalled and focused on said troubles, was prepossessing. The shook alone, of concentration on such a gigantic scale, was sufficient to break the points off them California seismographs you have been reading about. Yes.

\* \* \*

In troubles of this kind one must systemize his action and thus, ferret out his true condition. My first move was to find out whether my growing blindness was physical or spiritual. I went down to the slave market to test my eyes. I looked over all the signs and couldn’t see a thing over 43c per hour, so you see my eyes were physically fragile.

\* \* \*

My buoyant soul pulled a blanket of gloom up to its chin; tears stood in my eyes without power enough behind them to splash down on the cruel pavement of a heartless city.

\* \* \*

Oh for green fields of Hennepin County! Oh for the laughing waters of Minnehaha Falls! Oh for the placid bosom of some magic Lake Minnetonka, Lake Calhoun, Lake Harriet— Ah! Again would I strop my eyes on the velvety lawn of the Country Club. Again would I whet the mirror of my soul upon the grandeur of nature’s handiwork, to regain my vision. I would play— I would play golf (excuse me dear reader, I would cry again). The employment shark has shipped me to a railroad coal chute!

Poor blind, T-Bone Slim, sent to a coal chute!

\* \* \*

Well, I s’pose we’ve got to do the best we can. They put me on the night shift. They should have known better— the shape my eyes are in! Sleeping was about all I could do. —A carful of coal is hauled up, the pockets are flung open and the contents slide out in a cloud of dust onto a steel grating; the finer coal goes through but the chunks stop on the grating. It was a part of my duties, in my waking moments, to break up those chunks; breathe this dust, get my eyes, cars and nose full of it. I would reach down in the darkness and feel lump, pick up my nibblick and address the ball (but there is always the danger that I would slice my drive in the darkness and when that would happen particles of coal would fly up and hit me in the eyes already overstrained). Then I would have to lay down for the rest of the night.

\* \* \*

Golf, on top of a coal chute, is the greatest remedy for weak eyes. I make this unqualified statement, as a man of science, and offer my discovery free of charge to all blinking book worms. And, even *strong* eyes can be strengthened by filling them full of coal dust in the spring of the year.

Besides: You can get paid 43c per hour until fully cured — that is if you are able to punch a time clock or get some one to do it for you, *if you can’t see good*.

\* \* \*

The one trouble with playing golf on top a coal chute is that your balls get so dusty it is next to impossible to make a mashie shot.— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_24\_IW\_14031923

**T-Bone Slim Extends Himself to Discuss Education**

Some agitation is going the rounds against our old friend, the word scissorbill, to the end that this comprehensive definition of an unorganized man of whatever mental calibre should be eliminated from our already depleted vocabulary. It breaks me “all up” to see the pending dissolution of this famous term that has served us so nobly and often in our hour of “coagulated verbosity” as Louis would say.

But the world do move and we with it. (If some of you guys knew how fast you are going you would get scared). It is now and from now on, decidedly bad taste to call an un-unionised man a scissorbill.

\* \* \*

“We were scissors once’t upon a time, ourselves.” True, and in my own case nothing has intervened to alter that immaculate conception of my “own importance”––scissor have I been and a scissor I am, and a scissor, most probably, I will be until I die.

\* \* \*

Now let somebody else call me a scissor! Just let him hop to it. Let him then note the difference a single thoughtless word will create in the immediate vicinity of his peace loving environment.

A man likes to call himself a fool (at times when in the mood) ; let somebody else call him a fool and his mood will change; his feelings undergo a violent transformation, overflow the bounds of reason and he begins to scatter things (not sunshine).

\* \* \*

All men were created equally fresh and all men reserve the right to call themselves fools, at any time, before or after dinner; but when some other fool “horns in” and begins to call them fools––then look out. I, myself, in all my sublime foolishness, do believe that it is the height of foolishness to call a fool a fool; we should try to camouflage our own foolishness at least to that extent. If we do this, some may be deceived “into thinking” us mentally capable and a brass monument may bedeck the grave of our diplomatic carcass, when we are gone.

\* \* \*

A man may escape with a few sundry scratches when he calls an individual a fool; a few bruises, contusions and abraisions may be the sum total of his casualties in such a case. But should be suddenly feel his “oats of egotism” and come out with a statement that a social set (of which he is a part) are fools, he is dealing with dangers that cause even fools to hold their breath as they prepare to gather the pieces.

\* \* \*

It has pained me grievously in my late sorrowful years to note the tendency some mental performers have of calling the working class ignorant. Even were it true, the pain would not be less poignant. But it isn’t true, therefore, I am overwhelmed. Never in all my career have I met an ignorant working man. Always have they been open to reason and it is only when I, myself, am unclear that a worker appears at a disadvantage. Always have I found my match among the workers. Freely have I intermingled with them and I will state right here that *I am not in the habit of associating with ignoramuses*. I have enjoyed “the health that mocks the doctors rules; knowledge never learnt at schools.” The fact that I am learning a little every day doesn’t prove that I am ignorant. The stored knowledge I possess surely must count for something. And so it is with the working class; every least lota of knowledge, every last syllable of philosophy, are of (and by) the working class. Everything worth knowing is known by the working class, that is: somewhere in this great class lies all knowledge, a part here and a part may be there, etc. The exploiting class has no knowledge (stored) that also is not included in labor’s curriculum.

\* \* \*

Our College in Duluth should go far to prove that labors’ efforts do not emanate from ignorance. The Educational Bureau, established by the workers, proves conclusively that labor is not as ignorant as some people pretend to believe. (I hold that a desire for knowledge is knowledge; not ignorance).

More than that, labor not only desires more knowledge, but it already possesses an assortment of knowledge that would do credit to a “coupon clipper” and so: Between the labors of a technical expert and the labors of a skillful mucker there may be found the sum total of human knowledge. The working class is not ignorant––”anyone to the contrary,” isn’t bright.

\* \* \*

I have before me a clipping containing a statement made by Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, the famous airman: “Just as the radio wonders of today are the result of developments through American boys’ experiments––and that fact is conceded even by scientists who have devoted their lives to the highly technical side of the subject––so I believe the youth of America can do more for aviation than all the engineers.” Bless your heart, the kids even are not ignorant. But I suppose someone’s going to get up and say that Capt. Eddie was referring to the parasites’ brilliant progeny. All right then, give us credit for being as these kids, in our line of endeavor.

\* \* \*

But you say “if the working class is so darn smart why are they slaves?”

All right again (wait till I take a chew of snus). Here’s the way I think it happens:

When the working class is born, it is born a child. It is born into a world full of jails, blackjacks, rifles and bayonets; the most extraordinary instruments of torture and subjugation and, in fact, when each individual member of the working class sticks his nose into this world he finds a ready-made world with a capitalist system under full swing, and going full blast.

The stolen wages and *stolen ideas* have been building this system for ages and ages. *This child is born a slave to this system*. Immediately the child is born the system its iron heel upon the little fellow’s neck, gently at first, with increasing pressure, as time rolls on. A young colt is never “broken” more painstakingly than is the child of man; hounded on one hand by the parents already broken, on the other hand by bosses, hirelings of the system, etc. The child’s spirit begins to droop and what you have left is a wage-slave unorganized at the mercy of organized capital.

\* \* \*

When I, T-Bone Slim, was born into this world, the capitalist system, with a broad grin on its face, was there to meet me. I and my mother used to go out to do people’s washing for them––me hardly three weeks old. How I used to tremble lest she get her breast caught in the wringer and ruin my lunch (such as it was). Baby, boy, and man have I been a slave!

\* \* \*

“If I’m so darn smart why am I a slave?” If freedom was a question of intelligence solely, then our educators would revolt against the slavery of theirs. Freedom being a result of power exerted, unionism being strength, is it not strange that our educators are practically unorganized? Are we to understand, in our ignorance, that the evident slavery and lack of organization existing among the various tribes of educators indicates ignorance in common with us? (Or is it only the unorganized mucker who is ignorant?) There has been ringing in my ears the past nine days, “Blind leaders of the blind.”

\* \* \*

*Someone is playing a joke on my feelings.*

\* \* \*

Are we blind? Are we blind as well as ignorant? Have we leaders? Are the leaders near-sighted also? A fine state of affairs, if true.

Fortunately for us it isn’t true. Right now the working class is able to see thru any amount of “boiler plate” dished out to them.

“Blind and led.”––An insult pure and simple; a premise of a full grown mind become disordered; a refuge of a knave disinclined to shoulder any responsibility for existing social evils; an apostle of hopelessness––forgive them for they knoweth not what they doeth.

\* \* \*

All the way down the ages have slaves fought masters. Not because they were ignorant but because they were intelligent.

Never was a system of oppression inaugurated but the slaves found its weak point and broke through towards freedom. Were they ignorant? Are we imbeciles? Savagery, barbarism, feudalism have come and are gone––gone! Capitalism came with its wage slavery. It isn’t gone yet but if I’m a judge, it looks like a goner. Feudal slavery went, wage slavery will go and industrial Freedom will make its bow to the hard-pressed world.

\* \* \*

In the industries of today many a slick scheme is tried on the workers and many a slicker counter-scheme is “put through” by the workers. Never was a time clock invented that could not be out-generalled by the workers. Never was a watchman born who could watch them. Never has there been a boss who could handle them. Napoleon, Nicholas, Wilhelm, etc., all look alike to labor. “One look of thy eye, oh sun; one stroke of thy arm, oh labor!”––Hugo.

\* \* \*

Strikes all over the country speak for labors’ intelligence. Great walkouts, small walkouts and individual walkouts of today convinces me that labor must know something is wrong. And if they *know*, they surely cannot be ignorant of the facts! Yes, labor knows. Only too damn well does labor know!! And what they know would make damn big book!!! And if they were organized in the I. W. W., the I. W. W. would be a damn big union!!!!

\* \* \*

On every job I have been on I can see the under currents of revolt. I see the individual slave making a heroic effort to buck the system that is wearying him, freezing him and starving him. On the side lines, the capitalist dogs are barking at him, “You poor boob; you poor simp; you ignoramus, etc.” It is a heart-breaking struggle, and today, the American wage slave needs encouragement more than anything else; more than we can give. Let us not deny him his just dues.

\* \* \*

In closing let me say that I have relied on assertions, in this article, extensively. To say, “labor is ignorant,” is an assertion, and is not proof. Those fond of making the latter assertion let them offer their proofs and the editor will be pleased to let them “saw their throats.”

\* \* \*

My position is so self-evidently truthful that I need introduce no further evidence. Still I will hark back to the statement, “Scissor have I been, scissor I am, and scissor will I be––until I die––unorganized.

\* \* \*

I feel that so long as there is one unorganized worker, so long am I too unorganized. So long as the working class has one scissorbill so long is the working class disorganized and I along with it.

\* \* \*

We are all liable to errors, many of them mortifying in the extreme. I recall an experience I had years ago in a swell hotel back East. It was customary in them days to serve drinks only with meals, as part of the meals. It was also against the law to serve drinks unless there was visible evidence of food on the table. Well, a bunch of us went in to kill time and a few worms. The idea was to “haul on” a few exterminators. We were told to wait a moment, it being rush hour and the place provided with only one sandwich which had to do the “handsome” for all tables. Finally came our turn, our libations and our orphaned sandwich. And do you know, fellow workers, I ate the sandwich. Was I a scissorbill?

You’d think so had you been there and heard the management rave. “I was an idiot, an imbecile, a disrupter, a sabotager, a general all-round unprincipled reprobate of deepest dye, etc. I had “ate up” the venerable and only sandwich in the house with two hundred customers waiting for their meals.

Also: Let me point out (in support of this) that this custom of serving meals is as old as the hills themselves. Already in the days of Jerusalem Slim it was customary to feed as high as 6,000 people with a couple of fishes.

P. S.––Since writing this I find it slams, but my fellow workers will forgive me.

## 1923\_25\_IS\_15031923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**CONST. THINKING & WAGES**

–––––

“Retailors must really think.”— Robert B. Schreffiler, president of the Schreffler Efficiency Company of Chicago, says so.

— This is going to be hard for Penny-in-the-slot machines. . Think, or get off the job.—”Retailers,” he continued, “haven’t learned to think constructively for the best interests of their business.” — I quite agree with you Robert B. Indeed, it is astounding how backward our retailers are. I went into one of their dens to get a ten-cent tablet— I had bought several tablets there before — and thinking to make conversation, (so’s to help him learn to think), I asked him: “What is the value of this beautiful volume of paper?” (I had been buying it right along for 10c.) —”Fifteen cents, sir,” says the merchant prince, not suspecting I had any brains. Yessir, he thought I’m as dumb as I look— but if he had done any constructive thinking, as Robert B. says, he wouldn’t have tried to pull a stunt like that on an idiot even, to say nothing about trying it on a man that is only a little foolish after sundown— I’m alright in the daytime. Mark that down editor. Have you got it?

\* \* \*

Mr. Robert B. Schreffler says, “retailers haven’t learned to think constructively . . . .” and retailers must really think”— yes, on the authority of both Robert B. and myself, editor. It’s getting so that a slot-in-the-head machine outclasses our profound merchants. — I would be derelict indeed if I failed to give them this “warning” that comes to me so “natural” without any effort on my part.

Babe Ruth will be paid at the rate of $52,000 per year, for three years and for the time he puts in— many workingmen get less than that for 50 years of labor.— I saw several of these “athletes” perform last year and I will say if Ruth is worth $52,000 Col. Bob. Shawkey is worth $5,200,000.— I wonder where all the money goes— bosses, when they want to raise our wages, say they’ve got nothing to do it with . . . .!!!! They have got . . . .— No! Hell no! I’m not arguing that $52,000 is too much, I’m arguing that $1,500 is not enough for common labor ....

I’m arguing that a “system” that can’t guess a man’s worth any better than that is no good: $1,500— $52,000!

Might as well put the numbers in a hat and shake the hat for inspiration.  
[rest of the text is missing]

## 1923\_26\_IW\_17031923

**Legal Wages**

I see no other way out —our wages must go up! Our expenses the past year have been ornate, to say the least. Because of the swift maneuvers of the boss in having our members jailed, it has cost us a pretty penny and then some, to hire lawyers and committees to look after our interest in them—our fellow workers.

Our every-day life has been completely disorganized owing to the fact that many of the moneys we intended for other uses had to be diverted into aforesaid channels—channels, darn the luck!

\* \* \*

I know of only one place where we can get enough money to continue fighting lawsuits. The boss.

\* \* \*

Now it happens that these expenses are not of our seeking. We didn’t look for them; we didn’t want them—don’t want them, but they are here. And we are here!

\* \* \*

These extraordinary expenses came unexpected and have proven themselves a veritable shock, even to the freest-handed Wobbly — myself— and when the reaction sets in I’m afraid the “shock” will cause the bosses to see the error of their ways. It may prove to them that law suits are the best thing we do—so long as he furnishes us the money.

\* \* \*

Law suits cost like everything in these grabbing legal days. And if this keeps up we shall be compelled to double our wages in order to keep up with the times. Unless—unless the boss in his infinite wisdom decides he doesn’t want any more law suits. It is possible he may see the senselessness of supporting so many legal gentlemen. Of course, if he wants to be contrary, let him hop to it.

*But we unit raise our wages.*

Clean sheets don’t win legal battles. More cash.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_27\_IW\_21031923

**Ninety Cents, Please**

So many of our great men in the late years have made fortunes in steel—s-t-ee-l. Therefore I felt I would be defrauding myself if I neglected my opportunities any longer. Having thus decided to do justice to myself I hastened down to an employment shark and requested him to mark down my “nom de plume” for better or worse, or both. The shark was a kindly soul and told me he wasn’t charging anything for the ceremony. This was a shock to me! “What’s wrong with the job?” I inquired. “Nothing at all, nothing at all, Mr. Stinnes,” he made answer, “the job is all right, 36c an hour, money when you quit.” Ah! Money! when! you! quit!! Could anything be more appropriate! Money when you quit. (Who would have thought it?) Right in line with my program. My fortune is as good as made.

Mr. Judge Gary, the boss of the industry, sent me uh old patrol wagon he had got hold of to carry me to the “works.” Now reader, that is no way to skip over this stuff. Can’t you see that “hizzoner” provides this “black maria” to haul his slaves so they do not have to walk, not because be wouldn’t just as soon see them walk, but because, somehow or other, the very sight of the “dear old wagon” lull of slaves coming to the works, inspires great confidence and gives new life to the *debillitated* bulls guarding the works. “Have they bulls in. the works?” There you go again. What a senseless question! Course they’ve got bulls. Next you will be asking are there lice on a —a —bum. Sure they’ve got bulls and oh, how their eyes glisten and glare when a wagon load of slaves arrive at the works. It reminds them of old times, when they were on the “force” uptown; when they molded public opinion by molding the public’s head with a club. Yes, law is well represented in the steel works and Judge Gary administers its justice, no different from the famous brand we, as workers, are accustomed to.

Generally two officers (including star and harness apiece) take charge of you in he employment office (at the works) ; push you this way and that, treading on your toes and breathing in your face and oh, that breath \* \* two of them.

After you have been sufficiently impressed with the majesty of law and you are on the verge of getting sarcastic, a dapper young man with a Y. M. C. A. smile steps to the window and radiates Christian charity according to Gen. Order No. 7001. “Now gentlemen,” he says, “if you, gentlemen will care to listen a moment I will say a few words—the wages, as you gentlemen have no doubt been informed, are 36c an hour; the work is common labor and it is outside work. No, we haven’t any inside work, therefore, if there are amongst you gentlemen any who—are— not—heavily clothed, please step out of line and the officer will be pleased to direct you to the door.”

(Out you go if you are not heavily clad. You’ve got to have plenty of clothes to start with—the trust is particular about this, insofar as it doesn’t figure on paying you enough to “rag up” on. A good place to wear out your old clothes.)

“—and, gentlemen, I must inform you the company runs a restaurant, cafeteria style, where you can get anything you desire. A meal will cost you 25c, 20c, or whatever you care to pay.”

He gets pretty sloppy toward the end of his talk; his voice grows more tender as he goes on and you feel like apologizing for the sour thoughts you entertained a while back. As hardened as I am, to the wiles of the ruling class, this young man convinced me of his sincerity and I wiped the snus off my lips feeling sure he was going to give us each a kiss before he got through with us.

A man who has gone through this ordeal knows what it is to be married to a job. You prom[ise] to love and obey the boss; your name, age, height, weight, color of eyes, hair and skin is all recorded; the address of your favorite cemetery is marked down in black and white; the place of your birth is carefully noted so that some other town may not get the credit for any glorious achievement fathered by you in the production of steel and, finally, the young man says, “If you will watch me closely I will call out the names and pass out a twenty-five-cent meal ticket to each one, as evidence of good faith on the part of the company, and after you have worked a while you can secure a regular meal book with beautiful colored coupons attached which the beautiful lady cashier will tear out (by the handfuls) and hold as evidence (against you) that you have been fed.

After you are employed in the mill, which, by the way, covers miles of ground and resembles a gigantic “still,” (a bootlegger’s laboratory,) a familiar sight to many of us (even Wobblies know what a still looks like,) a harness bull takes you in tow and chatters about the various good jobs you will be put at. With measured tread he leads you on and on, by furnace after furnace, by giant cranes, power houses, machine shops and finally you arrive at you appointed place of honor at the heavy end of a plank or between the handles of a cantankerous wheelbarrow. You have begun the production of steel at 36c an hour. (Note: Steel is not *made* “by the ton;” it is *sold* by the ton.)

But you are in a “purgatory of probation.” So far the company has trusted you only with a 25c meal ticket. After dinner if you prove faithful the company will give you sixty cent’s worth of coupons, (35c for supper, 25c for breakfast) and by and by you will get a $2.00-book. Aint it a g-glorious feeling! And, as you grow in responsibility you will get a $5.00-meal book and eventually—*the mill is yours*. Your fortune is made. God’sonestfac.’ If you will only stick!

As yet I am only trusted with a $2.00-ticket, consequently I cannot know much about the steel industry, but after i get my hands on a $5.00-book my standing will warrant a few extended remarks.

Let me wind up with a few thoughts on the company cafeteria. (We shall describe steel making on some fairer day.) This, article is getting too full and I am getting too hollow.

As to the meals:

Let me spring a concrete example:

A swarthy son of Serbia was in line ahead of me. Now, Serbians as a rule are very frugal eaters, although very sincere workers. Evidently he was new to the game and hesitated miserably. I encouraged him, told him to help himself to whatever he wanted—and, when he arrived at the cashier’s desk, (with his 25c-coupon) she murmured “90c please.”

Joe didn’t feel like eating so much. Her innocent remark had ruined Joe’s appetite. I mention this merely to prove that a man cannot afford to eat at Judge Gary’s table on 36c per hour. Joe unloaded over half of his meal on the counter.

No, the steel workers are organized.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_28\_IS\_22031923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SAMPLE CAMPS**

–––––

On the whole, the conditions in the woods of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are so bad that the “push” seldom gets a chance to fire a man. He is gone . . .

The conditions are so bad that if I describe them “the editor will refuse to print it” — thinking that I am lying, so as to get him in bad . ... In the best camps the conditions are bad. We call them “best” because we compare them to camps that have no conditions at all— not even rotten conditions. For, remember, conditions don’t begin until a certain amount of comfort is established— sleep is not enough, we can do that standing up when sufficiently tired.

Yes, if I said that the best camp in Wisconsin has only four windows from which 160 men look at the glorious landscape on Sabbath morning— on the day when Jacks should be (?) praising the Lord instead of cussing the company—the editor would say, “Dam that Slim anyway, he’s taken to lying, on top of all his other vices.”

If I said that 414 pairs of damp sox are drying in this bedroom; if I said 831 single sox are hung around the stove in this bunkhouse the editor would be laying for me in the Proviso Yards when I go back to, Chicago. He wouldn’t believe it, and he wouldn’t print it— and if he did, the G. E. B. would fire him.

If I said that 320 pairs of mitts, in addition to all those sox, are drying in this bunk-chamber the editor would start plotting my downfall right away; he would prevail upon a few strong men to come out here to Pine Lake to find out what’s the matter with me.

If I said that in addition to all these sox and mitts there, are 98 pairs of rubbers, 150 pairs of insoles 12 jumpers, overalls and 4 pairs of shoes drying in the same place, at the same time he would gasp— wilt in his chair, and be past all human or other help in a minute or two—dead.

If I said that the bunks are muzzle-loaders with room on the deacon-bench for only half the crew and that the other half has to get in bed to be out of way, the editor would say, “It’s too bad, Slim was just getting good; it’s a pity he lost his mind.” Yes. He would think I was crazy. He couldn’t believe it possible.

If I said that the lamps are arranged with “devilish ingenuity” so that you can’t read ; that you have to move a dozen pair of sox before the lamps pale yellow gleam falls on the paper, he would grow sorrowful and say that Slim has been overworked; he should be given a vacation in a house of detention — if I said that you can’t sit in under the lamp, and see to read, because the products of T-Pot Done in the lamp prevent light filtering through and if I said that farther along, on the deacon scat, the light is too weak and that the heads, shoulders and whiskers of those sitting next to you would throw ghostly shadows on your paper, the editor would turn sick to his stomach, pack his clothes in the dead of the night and steal forth into the cruel world to be a wanderer on the face of the globe forever—maybe go as far as Cudahy, Wis.

So you see, I can’t go ahead and decribe these things for that reason and because I ain’t got anything against the man, I can’t go ahead and say that I picked up an Industrial Solidarity that everyone had been reading and that there on the front page I found a great big crumb, alive and well, whiling away the time looking over the headlines, waiting for someone to turn the page so that it could read T-Bone Slim’s great article. I can’t go ahead and make such wild statements. If I did the editor would look hard at the business manager and say: “How ‘bout this— reports are coming in from the field that our ‘Mealy Press’ is lousy.” He, you know, is in no position to know that these aristocratic lumber jacks, that send their laundry to town to be washed, are too tight to do it every week, with the result that they manage to keep the camp lousy all winter long. I can’t say these things no matter how true they are. About all I can say is: **the best camps are bad**. I don’t want the business manager to go to the expense of fumigating the press.

If I said that the Wisconsin lumber barons had never heard of “toilet soap” or “bed-sheets——”

If I hinted that common yellow laundry soap was used to wash faces with and if I stated that 160 men wipe on ten towels—as slick as I am— if I “worked it into the record” that Castile soap was not being used — the editor would jump up: “That settles it,” he would swear and bring his fist down on the ink-well; cripple his hand for six months and cripple the ink-well for life— he’d have to dictate, after that his editorials and I, possibly, would be the innocent cause of discouraging him in his literary labors, whatever they be. For remember, a man can’t do his best work when he thinks a former reliable man-of-letters it trying to impose upon his credulity.

If I said that two men sleep in each of these muzzle-loaders; (and that beans are the important part of the diet, not to be sneezed at) that the blankets are dirty; that there is no way to wash them; that a man is lucky if can wash his shirt and sox to say nothing about blankets.— If I came right out and said there is no wash room, no bath room and no dry room, the editor would grab my article, rush to the G. E. B., slam the paper in front of the Board and say, “there’s the evidence”. He would demand that the Board set aside a young fortune for the purpose of building a headquarter-camp for irresponsible writers.

If I went further, if I undertook to use argument in order to remedy this filthy condition; if I said, I have seen one man asleep in the gutter; that I have never seen two men asleep in the same gutter.— If i horn in with a statement that no two men can agree on the same gutter but that two men get along fine and dandy in a bunk, the editor would— words fail me— me T-Bone Slim.

He knows that if the men will organize—oh if they would only organize— that conditions can be bettered, he knows this, so how can we reasonably expect him to believe, that the best camps are bad. We can’t.

\* \* \*

There are a few SAMPLE CAMPS, electric lights and all that stuff, for advertising purposes— sample camps—single beds, etc.— and I know one camp (with electric- lights) where kerosene is used for illumination. The bulbs are too dusty for ornamental purposes and the dynamo has been dead two years.

In closing I wish to warn all writers not to desribe the worst camps. Stick to the best— mebbe I, too, will one day write an article on them—it’s a chance.

## 1923\_29\_IW\_24031923

**Words and Woods and Wobs**

If you own property you have a “legal right to put a fence around it and keep it under lock and key, regardless of whether it interferes with other people’s rights. So much have I learned.

\* \* \*

If you have a house and lot, or a lot without a house, you have a legal right to build a fence around it, and keep everybody off it. So much I have learned.

\* \* \*

You have a legal right to build a fence around a farm—or ten farms; you have a legal right to build a fence around a country; a state, a country or a continent, provided you do not block the streets and obstruct traffic—that is; id your legal title is clear.

\* \* \*

You have a legal right to build a fence around the world; and any judge will grant you an injunction prohibiting all persons from inhabiting or trespassing on your broad acres. In fact you can tell everybody to go to Hell, if you are a property owner. But you cannot force anybody to go to hell against their will, (not while our laws give gum half the “right-of-way” on county roads, state highways and city thoroughfares). You can only advise him. You are only a sort of “advisory board”.

\* \* \*

The time is fast approaching when a few men will own the world. The product of labor are being taken away from him as fast as he produces them, carted away in carriages, bensine buggies and gasoline go-abouts; go-devils, fresnos, handcars and wheel-barrows—every conceivable form of vehicle, push or pull, is used to haul away the fruits of labors’ toil.

\* \* \*

PART II.

And labor is paid wages (to console him). The boss picks out “suitable” wages to pay his men. In the woods (east of prairies) a “team of sawyers” cut over 50 logs per day. For this work each team gets $3, which amounts to 6 cents per log. Unskilled sawyers cannot cut 30 logs per day, hence a “green team” receiving $3 per day actually receives a bonus of 4 cents per log (more than the expert woodsmen). This is merely an instance where skill doesn’t count. Your skill only benefits the boss, anyway.

\* \* \*

Now considering that an unskilled team gets 10c per log and a skilled team gets 6c per log, it impresses me that the skilled loggers lose 4c on every log they cut. On 50 logs they los $2. Two dollars United States money is lost every day to the skilled sawyers for no other reason than skill—efficiency.

\* \* \*

Skill is a terrible thing for a poor man to be afflicted with and, for the life of me, I cannot see how a lumbcrjack can afford to be so skillful—in a hundred days die loses $200; in a year he loses $626; in a hundred years he loses $62,600. That is: he helps to lose this amount—his partner loses the other half. Sixty-two thousand, six hundred dollars is lost in a short period of a hundred years—all because “he” is a little more skillful than is the other “team.” Thus, under this system, skill is not a paying proposition—skill is not rewarded in this case nor in any case I know of.

\* \* \*

You may be getting twice as much as a “common laborer” receives, still you are defrauded of a part of your living.

\* \* \*

A very common laborer gets about one-third of a living wage. A semi-skilled worker gets over half a living. A skilled worker gets almost a living. An expert workman gets a semi-decent living. A technical expert gets a fairly decent living. But the one arid only “liver” in this world is the parasite—who never works.

\* \* \*

Three and one-half pounds of rib-roast, for Sunday’s dinner, is a momentous problem with a mechanic’s wife—and invariably you will find here ordering a pound of chopped meat (hamburger) as a compromise.

\* \* \*

From the top to the bottom, bottom to the top we need labor organization—a one big union of all indusrial workers.

\* \* \*

The need is to combat capitalism’s efforts to deprive us of the “necessaries” of life.

\* \* \*

Day by day capitalism tells us what to eat, where to eat, where to sleep and where and when to die. We are instructed as to “what to wear.” We are told what unionism is acceptable to the boss—capital!

\* \* \*

Every day in every way capitalism is fastening its “say-so” on us. The packers have an absolute voice in “how much meat you will eat with serial sausages.”

\* \* \*

The woolen trust tells you today how much burlap you must wear with your new overcoat—but why continue?

\* \* \*

For forty years you’ve been trying to *get* *together* (in craft unions) through your agents, “Powderly’s, Keefe’s and Gompers. Why not take matters into your own hands and spend 40 minutes joining the Wobblies — The Industrial Workers of the World?

\* \* \*

Capitalism can no longer reward its friends. It is looking for a way out—*in war*?

War cannot relieve capitalism unless it is so arranged that it will reduce the per capita of the exploiting class. The number of our “dependents” is too great for us to support. Some parasites must go to the front!— (T-Bone Slim).

\* \* \*

P. S. —Mind your fellow worker, logger, I forgot to tell you (in the body of this article) that the $62,600 you lose every 100 years can all be saved if you will *organize* and *slow* down on the job to such an extent that you give the boss only the full product of his wages. Also: Don’t worry about anybody building a fence around the world—they may run barbwire through our woods but when they start fencing the old globe they will find the law has been changed to read: The World and all its possessions belongs to the Workers of the World.

Hurrah! I see it, I see it coming.

“Let ‘em gom”—pay day.

When the boss starts hollering for the full product of his toil, and proves the toil, the day is come!—(T-B. S.)

\* \* \*

Through an error in proof reading or typesetting, the last line of T-Bone Slim’s article in last issue, was made to read, “The Steel Workers are organized.” It should have been, “The Steel Workers are NOT organized.”

## 1923\_30\_IW\_28031923

**Off Colors**

There is such a thing as “an ice harvest.” To call it a nice harvest would be to depart from our proverbial truthfulness (which, of course, we will not do, even to please the two-faced god, January, Janus). It is everything but an nice harvest.

\* \* \*

We were placed aboard a train — and after three young men, dressed like timekeepers, had been unloaded on a plea that the company could not use them (as much as it would like to) the train was gotten under way and we were carried to our *destination*.

\* \* \*

For the benefit of those who do not know the meaning of the word destination, I will go deeper into the subject. But I want it understood that any remarks I may make should not be construed as an endorsement of the capitalist system.

Destination means a ramshack camp, full of lousey beds and dirty blankets, full of dirty cooks and dirtier flunkies; dirty language. Oh, what’s the use?

\* \* \*

The morning is bitterly cold. Outside the camp ‘tis somewhat colder than inside—zero inside, seven below outside. The system has provided each harvester with a set of rags for clothing; pieces of burlap do the office of socks, etc.

\* \* \*

The system has starved these men for years. The very last “feebie kick” has been “drained out” by mal-nutrition and undernourishment, lack of raiment —and here we are, undergoing the same process in the icefields. Great Skads, is it in the hope that we will ketch pneumonia and pass away to the icefields of eternity where toil is not, and consequently no products to fight for. Perish the thought.

\* \* \*

Difficult, indeed, is the position of our overlords. They would eat their banana and save it for tomorrow; they would have work but dare not feed us. If they feed us not, we cannot work; if they do feed us we may develop manhood enough to make a decided “kick.” Hence, hungry, ill-clad, we step out into the seven below. Brave effort, indeed!

\* \* \*

Like going into a burning building to save your enemy’s poodle. The boss says, go; the winds says, no! The slave says, I will; the thermometer says, you will, like hell! *Not in them wraps*. Was it disobedience that brought these men back to shiver in a miserable camp? Was it a last refraining spark of manhood in them that caused them to risk the company’s wrath? I hope so, but think not. I think it was seven below zero that whispered in their car, “Come to mother; come to the cheerless fireside—the hearth you have always known.”

\* \* \*

Part II.

Once ensconsed in the “home” the “pure ice” company has provided us, reaction sets in and the slave again is comparing notes with his fellow man. A United States army man, evidently over seventeen years old, relates his experiences aboard ship (abroad and elsewhere), to an interested bunch of listeners; his trip to Sunny California and subsequent escape to Kansas City coming in for a great deal of attention, and how K. C. proved itself, a depressing influence upon his expanding young life, compelling him to move to fields of greater scope — Chicago—and thence to the fields of ice, aided and abetted by a “charity lady.”

\* \* \*

His conception of the good times had in California was very hazy (therefore his record is incomplete), but aboard ship, he says, he was treated with every respect. His shipmates would, and did, tight for the pleasure of basking beneath his smile. They would vie with each other in carrying delicacies to him, and officers even, would divest themselves of all martial dignity, selecting him for the most, enjoyable tasks. He was voted as the most beautiful boy. In the service of his country and, altho he served only three months, he swears he will go back and prove to the world that he can win an honorable discharge.

He didn’t mention why he was “bob-tailed,” but hinted strongly that the Admiral was jealous of his popularity. His discharge papers, it seems, were stolen from him by a “deserter” who won his confidence in Chicago. I believe the lad.

\* \* \*

Weil, the boy is gone, summarily discharged. The nemesis “discharge” seems to pursue this lad everywhere. It’s bad enough to be drummed out of the navy, even with a “white dishonorable,” but it’s infinitely worse to get “bobtailed” from an ice camp, turned out on the cruel world (and its rapacious citizens) without so much as a “check,” as proof of honorable service — toil. The lad worked, intermittently, about a week, and the board ate up the pay, while the boy ate up the board. The ice was stored without the formality of paying cash. That’s why I say, an ice harvest isn’t a nice harvest.

But, I hope the “charity lady” in Chicago will give the lad another boost along the road to wealth. Maybe he will learn. H’m, can’t expect much from a mere lad when us older ones need a return to sanity and sanitation.

It looks bad— truly “off color.” —T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_31\_IS\_29031923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**MEDICAL SUBSTITUTES**

–––––

Lumberjacks are not in the habit of sitting down very often and when one does so do and sits down on a log, for a few minutes, he will brag about it for months and months afterwards.

But it happened once’t that one of these lumber workers sat down on his axe as he was carrying it home full of to resharpen — to grind.

Now, as it happens, the bit of an axe, even one that needs grinding, is not the softest seat in the world—so we sent for a doctor; our idea being to have the man stitched up so that he could sit down to his meals.

The doctor came and charged the man ten dollars— doubling his usual fee; on account of the , patient not being a horse, and consequently being a greater strain upon his medical knowledge. We took up a collection and donated it to him, and invited him to call again.

The next day he didn’t show up—not having had time to spend the ten— nor the next, nor the third.

So we sent for him again. This time he charged fifteen dollars, having heard that we took up a collection to raise the ten. Then he suggested that we pay him 50 cents apiece per month ; same as the company pays him—over 100 men, so we told him no ; considering that he hadn’t earned the first “ten” nor the second fifteen, and we told him, he needn’t call again— lest he be tempted to raise the ante up to twenty.

\* \* \*

We held another consultation and it was decided: home was the best, place “for the man” and so, in order, we took up another collection to send him there. Matt not being able to walk, the “railroads’ Christian spirit” had to be bribed with sundry bills that had reposed in a drawer leg all winter. . . .

On the way down, the man suffered so that we had to take him into the same doctor’s offce that had already soaked us twenty-five dollars, and we asked him if he would take a look at it— at the cut

“Sure.” he would.

He gazed long and thoughtfully (ten dollars worth) at the terrible gash and then said:

“Young man, the thing ... Where do you live?— the best thing for you to do is to go home and see a good doctor.

\* \* \*

Being a company doctor he was fully qualified to pass on this.

And again: . . . the doctor said: “Seven ribs broken, and an arm— he won’t live twenty four hours.” He didn’t.

And again; His leg was broken : was being transported back to civilization in box car, a partly unloaded hay car— lucky boy, he worked for a railroad outfit. We done all we could; we asked him if he wanted another blanket . . .

And again: His leg was crushed on sleigh-haul, this time— boss had cutter-sleigh hitched behind ten loads of logs; bundled him in sleigh (quite unconscious of the fact that the man in his agony might roll out) boss was going to send him down without caretaker, Mr. Four-Horse skinner drives up just then: “You going to send him down alone, that way, he inquires.

“Sure, he’s alright, replies the boss.

“Here’s the lines,” says the skinner, “make out my time.” I’ll see that he gets down alright.” Just then the boss felt what Karl Marx would call an economic twinge and busied himself about getting escort for the injured—they’re a pretty harmless bunch, these our overseers. They need a twinge every now and them to help them think of something besides profits.

And again: He dropped dead in the camp after three days illness.

And again: Corpses of lumberjacks have been kept in an ice-house till the company had leisure to haul them to town.

\* \* \*

‘This is the work that is the lowest paying of all dangerous work. I might say that it is the most hazardous of all work outside of war (and pays about the same). That is why I say (in conclusion) from among the lumber workers the fools have been all killed off— and the rest can be organized on the platform of more wages, shorter hours, more arnica and better living conditions.

\* \* \*

Then again: They say it wasn’t a “hay-hill” — but the “sand” had been put on the “top” on loose snow. The sleigh went around the “curve,” at the bottom, like, “drunk lightning”. Off went, the “teamster,” and four logs “over him” . . . the logs weren’t worth picking up; the teamstar, finally landed — in a hospital. Peace has its casualties no less than war.

## 1923\_32\_I\_30031923

**Yhdeksänkymmentä Senttiä, Olkaa Hyvä**

–––––

Klrj. T-Bone Slim.

Monet meidän suurista miehistämme ovat viimeisten vuosien aikana koonneet rikkauksia terästeollisuudessa. Minustakin tuntui siltä, että tekisin vääryyttä itselleni, jos vielä edelleen löisin laimin tarjoutuvan tilaisuuden. Päätettyäni siis ensin tehdä oikeutta itselleni kiiruhdin työpaikoilla keinottelijan luokse Ja pyysin hänen pistämään kirjoihinsa minunkin arvoisan nimeni, paremman tai pahemman varalle, tai molempien. “Sharkkl” oli hyväntahtoinen sielu ja selitti ei tahtovansa maksua tästä seremoonista. Se oli minulle yllättävä isku. “Mikäs sitä työpaikkaa vaivaa,” kysyin. “Ei mikään, ei yhtään mikään, herra Stinnes.” ehätti hän vastaarnaan. “Työpaikka on vallan hyvä; 36 senttiä tunnilta ja rahat heti kun eroat.” Ah! Rahat! heti kun eroat! Mikä voisi olla sopivampaa! Rahat heti kun eroat! (Kuka olisi voinut uneksiakaan senlaista.) Aivan sopivaa minun suunnitelmiini. Minun rikkauteni on jo melkein kuin koottu.

Tuomari Gary, terästeollisuuden isäntä, lähetti minulle käsiinsä saman vanhan poliisikärryn, jolla voin matkustaa “laitoksille.” Mutta rakas lukija, näin ei sovi sivuuttaa tätä asiaa. Etkö sinäkin huomaa, että “hänen ylhäisyytensä” kuljettaa orjiaan tällä “mustalla Marialla,” ei senvuoksi, että heidän ei tarvitse kävellä, sillä hän yhtä mielellään näkee heidän kävelevän, vaan siksi, että tavalla taikka toisella tuon “rakkaan vanhan kärryn” orjia täynnä näkeminen herättää suuta luottamusta ja uutta elämää laitoksia vartioivissa, elinvoimansa menettäneissä hurtissa.

“Onko niillä hurttia laitoksilla?” Kas sitä taas! Mikä järjetön kysymys. Tietysti siellä on hurttia. Seuraavaksi ehkä kysyt josko hampuusissa on täitä. Tietysti siellä on hurttia ja ah, kuinka niiden silmät säihkyvät kun lasti orjia saapui portille. Se muistutti heille entisiä aikoja, jolloin he olivat poliiseina yläkaupungilla ja muovailivat yleistä mielipidettä muovailemalla yleisön päivä kapuloillaan. Niin, laki on hyvin edustettuna terästehtailla ja tuomari Gary jakaa oikeuta — sitä tunnettua laatua, jonka kanssa me työläiset olemme varsin tutut.

Tavallisesti kaksi hurttaa (kummallakin tähti ja valjaat) ottavat miehen haltuunsa palkkauskonttorissa tehtaalla, lykkivät sinua sinne ja tänne, poljeksivat varpaillesi ja hengittävät kohti kasvojasi — ja minkälaisia hengähdyksiä!

Kun lain majesteettisuuden on annettu sinuun riittävästi vaikuttaa ja alat jo käymään ilkeämieliseksi, saapuu nuori, vilkas mies, huulillaan N. M. K. Y:n hymy, astuu ikkunaan ja säteilee kristillisintä rakkautta yleisen järjestyssäännön No. 7001 mukaan. “Nyt, hyvät herrat,” sanoo hän, “jos te hyväntahtoisesti kuuntelisitte hetkisen, niin minä lausuisin muutamia sanoja. Palkka, kuten herroille epäilemättä on jo ilmoitettu, on 36 senttiä tunnilta; työ on ammattitaitoa vaatimatonta tavallista ulkotyötä. Ei, meillä ei ole sisätyötä ja senvuoksi jos herrojen joukossa sattuu olemaan joitakin, jotka eivät ole tukevasti vaatetettuja, niin tehkööt hyvin ja astukoot ulos rivistä. Poliisi hyväntahtoisesti ohjaa heidät ovelle.”

“Jos et ole vahvasti vaatetettu, niin ulos menet. Sinulla täytyy olla runsaasti vaatetta alkaessasi. Tässä suhteessa on trusti erittäin tarkka, sillä se ei aijo maksaa sinulle niin paljoa, että sillä voisit hankkia vaatetta. Hyvä paikka kuluttaa vanhat vaatteesi.)

“. . . ja hyvät herrat, minun on ilmoitettava teille että yhtiö piätä yllä ravintolaa ‘cafeteria’-malliin, jossa te voitte saada kaikkea mitä haluatte. Ateria maksaa teille 25 senttiä, 20 senttiä, tai minkäverran vain haluatte maksaa.”

Puheensa loppupuolella käy hän varsin pehmeäksi; ääni muuttuu yhä hellemmäksi, mitä pitemmälle hän jatkaa ja sinusta tuntuu kuin pitäisi pyytää anteeksi niitä happamia ajatuksia, joita tuli mieleesi hetki sitten. Niin kovettunut kuin olenkin vallassaolevaa luokkaa kohtaan, sai tämä nuori mies minut täysin vakuutetuksi vilpittömyydestään. Puhdistin huuleni nuuskasta, sillä olin varma, että hän suutelee jokaista meistä ennen kun eroaa.

Mies, joka on kulkenut tämän kidutuksen läpi, tietää mitä merkitsee olla vihitty työpaikkaan. Sinä lupaat rakastaa ja totella isäntääsi; sinun nimesi, ikäsi, korkeutesi, painosi, silmiesi, tukkasi ja nahkasi värit, kaikki kirjoitetaan muistiin; suosimasi hautausmaan osoite pistetään ylös mustalla valkoiselle; syntymäpaikkasi otetaan tarkasti huomioon, että ei mikään toinen paikkakunta saisi kunnia sinun loistavista saavutuksistasi teräksen tuottamisessa.

Lopuksi sanoo mainittu nuori mies: “Jos te seuraatte minua tarkasti niin minä huudan teidän kaikkien nimet ja annan kullekin 25 sentin ruokalipun, todistukseksi siitä luottamuksesta, joka yhtiöllä teihin on, ja kun olette jonkun aikaa työskennelleet niin annetaan teille varsinainen ruokailukirja kaunisvärisine kuponkeineen, joita kaunis kassatyttö repii irti (kourakaupalla) ja säilyttää todisteina (teitä vastaan) siitä, että olette tulleet ravituiksi.”

Kun sinut on otettu työhön teräsmyllyyn, jonka alue käsittää monia neliömaileja ja jonka rakennukset muistuttavat jättiläismäistä viinapolttimoa (yksinpä wobblitkin tietävät miltä viinapolttimo näyttää), ottaa “harnesbulli” sinut hinausköyteensä ja tarinoi sinulle niistä monista hyvistä työpaikoista, joita sinulle tullaan antamaan. Mitatuilla askeleilla johtaa hän sinua edelleen ja edelleen, ohi sulatusuunin toisensa jälkeen, ohi jättiläismäisten nostokoneiden, voimahuoneiden, konepajojen ja lopuksi sinä saavut määrätylle kunniapaikallesi “lankun paksuun päähän,” tai pahatapaisen kottikärryn aisojen väliin. Olet alkanut teräksen tuottamisen 36:lla sentillä tunnilta. (Huom.! — Terästä ei tehdä tonnikaupalla; sitä myydään tonnikaupalla.)

Nyt olet sinä katsannonalaisuuden kiirastulessa. Yhtiö on tähän mennessä antanut sinulle luottoa 25 sentin ruokalipun arvosta. Jälkeen puolisen, jos olet osoittautunut luotettavaksi, yhtiö antaa sinulle 60 sentin arvosta kuponkeja (35 senttiä illalliseen ja 25 senttiä aamiaiseen) ja ennen pitkää saat sinä kahden dollarin kirjan. Eikö olekin ihana tunnelma! Ja kun luotettvaisuutesi yhä lisääntyy, annetaan sinulle viiden dollarin kuponkikirja ja lopuksi — **koko teräsmylly on sinun!** Sinun rikkautesi on taattu — jos vain pysyt työpaikassasi.

Minulle on annettu luottoa vasta kahden dollarin arvosta ja senvuoksi en luonnollisesti voi tietää paljoa terästeollisuudesta, mutta kunhan olen saanut käteeni viiden dollarin kirjan, niin silloin oikeuttaa asemani minut antamaan kauvaskantoisia lausuntoja.

Sallittakoon minun lopettaa muutamilla mietteillä yhtiön ruokalasta. (Kuvailemme teräksen valmistusta jonakin kauniimpana päivänä.) Tämä artikkeli alkaa käydä liian täydeksi ja minä liian tyhjäksi.

Mitä aterioihin tulee, niin sallittakoon minun esittää asiallinen esimerkki.

Eräs tumma Serbian poika oli minun edelläni rivissä. Serbialaiset tavallisesti ovat säästeliäitä syöjiä, vaikkakin vakavia työntekijöitä. Nähtävästi hän oli outo tässä pelissä ja kiusallisen varovainen. Koetin rohkaista häntä kehoittamalla auttamaan itseään ja ottamaan mitä mielensä teki — ja kun hän saapui kassatytön pöydän ääreen (25 sentin kuponkinsa kanssa) murahti tyttö: “90 senttiä, olkaa hyvä.”

Joe’lla ei tuntnut olevan halua syödä paljon. Tytön viaton huomautus oli kokonaan tuhonnut hänen ruokahalunsa. Mainitsen tämän ainoastaan osoittaakseni, että ei kannata syödä tuomari Garyn pöydässä 36 sentin tuntipalkalla. Joe lossasi enemmät puolet ateriastaan takaisin tarjoilupöydälle.

Ei, terästyöläiset eivät ole järjestäytyneitä.

## 1923\_33\_IS\_31031923

**AN ELEGY TO A HAMBURGER STEAK WRITTEN IN A FOOD FACTORY**

The curfew warns the future little slave,

The husbandman cranks up the family clock.

The roundhouseman beats his way along the pave

And leaves the world for me, to stand and mock.

Now shines the phoney landscape to the eyes,

And all the air is filled with joyous sport

Save where the dehorn in his stupor lies,

And frowsy flappers plead before the court.

Save that from yonder rosehued brussel’d stairs,

The painted jezebelle bewails her fate

To such as, pawing o’er her bonded wares,

Refuse to ante up the promised rate.

Beneath those rugged bricks, the city’s pave,

Where heaves the dirt in many a shouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell, (a warrior brave) ,

The crude forefathers of Hamburger sleep.

The rumbling call of street cars over-head,

The footings of salvation’s cornet band,

The whispered libels better left unsaid,

No more can rouse them from their bed of sand.

For them no more the speeding waiters wheel,

Or busy porters mop between their legs;

No children rush to spoil grandaddy’s meal,

Or spill their soup upon his ham and eggs.

Oft did the buffalo to their arrows yield,

Their clothes before some stubborn grizzly wore;

How jocund did they drive their squaws afield !

How rung the woods when they began to snore!

(Let no “Ambition” mock these stately “Tuts,”

Their homely jags, and destiny obscure ;

Nor “grandeur” wear, with half-ambitious guts,

The short and simple flannels of the poor.)

The toast of swieback, potatoes sour,

And all that gravy, all that natives curse

Await alike the inevitable hour:

Hamburger— ah me, it couldn’t be worse!

Nor you, T-bone, commute to these the blame

If chicory on their beaks no pimples raise,

Where in the one armed dump (it is a shame)

The creamed fruit salad drives us all to craze.

Can sweet beaf steak or animated jaw

Back to its bellows call the vagrant breath ?

His Honor, can he provoke tim dormant law,

Injunction it to function still in Death?

Perhaps in this selected grub is laid

Some mind once pregnant with genteel satire;

Hands that the Reds of empires might have swayed

Or waked to ecstacy the fastest liar.

But **Knowledge** to their eyes her lovely form,

Rich with the scents of time, did ne’er disclose;

Chill Penury repressed their passion warm,

And froze their genial current of their nose.

Full many a sham of poorest grade serene

The pale unfathomed Hamburg may reVEAL;

Full many a flower is cut to deck the scene

But adds its fuel to ruin a ruined meal.

Some village cut-up, that with neat dispatch

The little tyrant on his head he stood ;

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may hatch,

Some Cromwell guiltless of All-Ireland’s good.

The respect of evil senates to evade,

The threats of wealth and power to despise,

To gather poverty of every shade,

And read their answer in the nation’s pies.

Their lot forbade: Nor sterilized alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes corralled ;

Forbade to wade through labor to a throne,

And shut the gates of reason to the shelled.

The twinkling ray of Truth to ridicule,

To hide the blushes ill-covered shame,

Or—to inoculate some uncut scowlng jewel—

With ethics of their fast gyrating game.

“The howling mob may how to empty Glow,

Exalt the Knave and canonize the Press;

But more to militants their safety owe

Than Corporations care to e’en confess.

“Hark, how the tumbling storm that whistles by

Bids every sleeping, dying, snowflake rise;

How nature’s forces whispering shrill on high

Proclaims the Right of All — to Organize !”

Far from the madhouse of incessant war,

Those restless martyrs never cared to stray;

Upon that cool sequestered other shore

They hold their set, uncompromising sway.

In some fond ear a murmuring soul replies,

To some dull brain a token it may give;

E’en from the tomb the voice of nature cries:

That in our grub their sacred ashes live.

Perhaps in this poor steak of odds and ends,

Incapable of proof that it is dead,

Sone mas Gray may live to make amends,

For words that he, nor I, nor we have said.

Perhaps some grazing cow no facts ignored,

Condemned no thought, with prideful scathing breath;

But gathered up each blade of knowledge stored.

And passed them on to victory in Death.

EPITAPH

Here rests “Old Brindle” on a polished plate,

A walf quite unacquainted with despair—

A brilliant thought finds here a sighing mate

Where everything is old — and nothing rare.

Its humble parts in harmony re-hooked,

The odds and ends of surging thought to dole;

As many times re-used as it is cooked,

To recompense the native in his soul.

No further reek its merits to implore.

Or drag the ghastly linens out to wash —

There they, with dishrags, gainfully explore

The bosom of Hamburger— Oh my Gosh —

Mayhap some Rose of Roseland, Illinois,

Will deign to not retard our Silent Wish,

Nor dedicate the substance of our joy—

Nor jar the soulful contract of our Dish.

T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_34\_IW\_31031923

**It Was Ghosts**

Ha! What is that collection of weather-beaten warehouses off in the distance? And, is not that a man ringing a gong in front of the largest shanty? Surely we are not approaching the worldly mansions of Labor, the residences of the proletariat? It cannot be —and surely, that gong is not a supper bell?

Why are we going in that particular direction, and why are our feet dragging as if some invisible shackle was weighing them down? Is it possible that we do not desire to arrive there too soon?

\* \* \*

“What made the rest turn back?

“Were they frightened by something?”

\* \* \*

Darkness is upon us but we can distinguish ten or twelve buildings and, as I live, two of them are tents. We hold a consultation in muffled tones as if loathe to disturb the gloomy sancity of the ill-smelling “square.” “I wonder what the Hell have we struck here,” comes a question from one of the boys who appeared to have knowledge in such things. “It beats me,” volunteers another. “What are we going to do, go back or stay?” “Take a look at ‘er, anyway,” somebody suggests.

In this solemn moment, under a frowning sky, we approach the forbidding and forlorn hovel; hesitatingly expectant, half fearful, as to what terrible retribution may there await our discovery. A ghostly gleam, pale and yellow, stabs us in the eye. Ghosts! The darn thing may be haunted? Look! There it is again— in the window.

\* \* \*

A fellow worker, braver than the rest, creeps to the window and looks in. “My God, fellows, there are human beings in there! ‘Tis a camp,” he whispered, voice husky with emotion. “ ‘Tis the place we were shipped to.”

Haunted? Yes — by Labor.

Tell me how long. . . .

Ghosts? Shadows of Men!— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_35\_IW\_04041923

**Over There**

The Mosul oil fields are not difficult of solution, as a problem. Belonging to neither France nor England, these fields could very easily be divided between them on a fifty-fifty basis without re.-ort to military diplomacy.

\* \* \*

The “dunning” expedition of La Belle France is not an excursion to collect reparation; not to acquire coal. Oh, no, it is only a polite way to prevent German competition in world markets. (The United States too, is benefited by this strangled German enterprise.)

\* \* \*

But England and France cannot save themselves by strangling Germany —all three will go down together in a glorious heap of flesh, blood and bones. The European “dog-in-the-manger attitude” is the criterion of the “sublime ignorance”‘ of political leadership— moral bankruptcy.— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_36\_IS\_05041923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**FLATHEADS**

–––––

Many great thinkers are “concentrated all up” as to the cause of the sudden slump in Christianity. Some of our greatest brayn-workers are “all het up” over the same proposition and unless a solution (for said slump) be found pronto it means simply several severe cases of brain-fever, if nothing worse — Clearly it is up to me to rush to their relief.

Now, I have read somewhere in a pamphlet entitled the holy-bible an exhortation for the folks to be temperate in their appetites or something to that end and since I happen to be famous for my “chuck-horrors articles” it’s no more than just that I should rush in here with a solution—as I was saying: the bible tells them to be temperate. Alright. Have they been temperate? They have not. They have gone to to every extreme— broken every law . . (No, I’m not talking red liquor; l’m talking about sausages.) Sausages loaded with pepper and salt.

\* \* \*

How in the name of temperance can a man be temperate in his appetite with nothing but salt and peper to keep the wolf of hunger away.—No. I’m not saying a word about thirst. Thirst has nothing to do with the slump in christianity. I’m talking sausages and I do “claim” that overspiced ‘dogs’ is the cause of all irreverence and not as Art Brisbane says a hollow spot on top of the head. For, how is a man going to be reverent, with salt and pepper a jerking christianity from his system at the rate of five dogs per breakfast. I’m telling you sinners that you cannot be holy with your belly full of salt and pepper. Best ye can be is intemperate. Now to make a long story short I wish to marvel at the callousness of religious people — I wish io oint out to them that their organisation is rapidly going to the dogs because of their failure to join hands with the I.W.W. to fight for the retention of good hog-meat in the sausages. They, in the main, are responsible for the condition wherein these luscious country-casings are, in the main, filled with (as yet) unidentified products, liberally dosed with pepper and salt. And they, in the end, will have to answer; “What have you done with your talents.”

When they stand non-plussed, not knowing what to say, and when teeth are wailing and tongues are gnashing (all around them), a “jack-lumber” will step up and say: “Here ol’ sky-hooker, I’ve used my talents — I’ve used them to kick with; but it done no good on account of no support. . .”

Yes, indeed, “be temperate in your appetite” can mean only one thing: Don’t burn up your christianity with peppery sausages.

But ye will not believe the prophets. Ye would not take stock in miracles. Ye are the most head-strong generation yet and ye will go to Antigo when you die.

P.S. I will say this for Art Brisbane— he is on the right track. The flat spot on the top of the head, mistaken as the cause for the lack of reverence, is caused by unnatural sausages. My own head is so flat that my cars stick out like the cutting teeth of a brand new saw fixed for pine.

## 1923\_37\_IW\_11041923

**THE NEXT SHOVE**

“The Pennsylvania News,” the dexterous and lambent mouthpiece of the Pennsylvania railroad system has unlimbered its joshful columns to the discussion of such material things as flannel shirts and white collars:

“From blue flannel collar to white collar *has been* the traditional genera! conception of advancement in the world of work.” (Emphasis ours). How’s that for No. 1?

\* \* \*

“But a shortage of *skilled hands* to do *necessary* tasks has caused a New York iustitution to search out white collar men there and set them to learning various manual trades.” (Emphasis ours). That’s a hot one. All the *skilled hands* seem to be doing *necessary* work. They are to be educated to perform labor. Say editor, ain’t that a hot one—or is it?

\* \* \*

“Thus comes a rerouting of human endeavor, a departure from an accepted program.” Shure! The arbiters of our destiny are figuring on how to enlarge the supporting class and at the same time save on our laundry bills; it being good reasoning that a man with only one shirt—a blue flannel one —isn’t going to take it off every week.

They are trying to convince us that a white collar is as unnecessary as a steeple on a church, (or a pulpit, in one), and that every available man is being put to useful work, to help us support the very few best people. Damfino. Beats me.

\* \* \*

In connection with this it may not lie out of place to say the ladies, who have been employed shredding our collars and mangiing our shirts, will be giveu other employment—washing limousines probably.

\* \* \*

“City Faces a Labor Shortage,” screams the Cleveland News, hysterically—no doubt fearing some of the leading parasites will be compelled to do their own work, thereby earning an honest living. It would seem that any bunch of men can get together, call themselves a company (purveyors of employment, job-trustees, non-official care-takers of manual labor) and straightway proceed to call on Labor for support. And failing to get proper support they howl their heads off about a labor shortage; not enough roughnecks to look after their genteel needs—and try to get Mr. White Collar to ditch his celluloid shirt-guard.

It would seem a shortage of labor exists. But in ‘reality it isn’t so at all—the cause for the apparent shortage of men can best be explained as a surplus of would-be bosses—employers—and, indeed, too many employers find it profitable to hire men “to work for almost nothing.” Call it what you will, a surplus of bosses or a shortage of labor (to support them), it can mean only one thing for those who *earn* their living—a shirt, pint and a jazz. That is what we get in return for our too damn heroic efforts in behalf of those who neither work nor starve.

\* \* \*

But useful labor is raising its wages all over the country. The man with the coarse (coillarless) neck is succeeding iu “jacking-up” a bit—two bits—so the Pennsylvania News, the master’s voice, is trying to, persuade non-essential labor (flunkeys) to pealing off their collars, rolling up their sleeves, to function as labor surplus directly on the jobs where increases in pay are about to happen —temporarily of course, just temporary scabs.

No I’m not jumping at shadows:

“Practically all of the 4,000 building trades laborers who went on strike two weeks ago to force acceptance of their wage demands for 87½ cents an hour were back at work Friday.” The (Cleveland) News.

The wages did go up.

Chicago is experiencing an increase of seven and eight cents per hour (whether the men like it or not). And so too, an increase is threatening the maintenance-of-way men in the railroad industry where there is no organization to speak of.

Now let us see what have we:

We- have too many bosses—would-be bosses. Too many call themselves manufacturers and do no work—nothing in manufactured without work.

Not a few function as stool pigeons.

Some function as harness bulls in the mills where we work in a barbwire enclosure.

Not a few function as bootleggers—spiritual and material —here and hereafter.

All these functionaires get a good living without doing any useful work.

\* \* \*

And so the white collar must go!

What is the world coming to? For years it has been preached that the collar was a mark of distinction. Everybody wore them holding their chins the higher. Alas, the master’s press says a man’s dignity remains, though the collar is discarded. Woe is me! No pie no more! (no booze), no butter, no collar. If we use no collars the boss can save on our laundry bills.

Patriotic khaki bloomers put the ladies into the Milwaukee railroad shops.

Russian rubber boots will eventually break them into digging sewers. Fashionable ladies led the way with riding britches; but not to the shops.

Thus fashions fall before wage slavery. Rapidly, indeed, are we fanning into two classes—the supporters and supportees.

\* \* \*

If you take off that white collar, my friend, you are lost. You will be handed a shovel (with all its use implies), backache and loss of respect, the parasites notwithstanding. Especially so since it is considered polite to let a machine do all the shoveling.

Especially since the automatic skill of the machine has made it LESS necessary to have skilled laborers, on the soft jobs.

\* \* \*

Still we find a New York concern searching for skilled, cellared men, to introduce to manual labor. What does it mean?

Jumping at shadows? ‘Guess not.

Does it mean that our white collar is finding disfavor in the eyes of those we support? Does it mean the output of our industry does not justify the use of so much collar? And finally does it mean the parasites themselves, present and prospective, are to be done away with?

Cheerfully, I confess, I don’t know. But I do care—and I will say:

If this shift of transplanting’ labor goes far enough, it will inevitably result in fresh emphasis being placed not on the “dignity” of those who toil with their hands, but oh the indignity of those who neither work or fight.— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_38\_IW\_14041923

**Natural Selection**

The reader has been wondering why it is that T-B-S always writes about food. He may have got the idea into his head that Slim must have gotten a good starving-out at one time and that Slim, as his name denotes, hasn’t got over it yet. They don’t seem to have confidence in Slim.

\* \* \*

The same reader has been wondering why the camp board is so darn rotten; and he argues that good food would give the company more than enough (products) to off the increased food cost. He argues like a true philosopher.

\* \*

The crew would *stick* and grow stronger and stronger, as the pork chops rolled in. More profits would flow in to the company from the strenuous oscillations of this imaginary gang of contented slaves. Yes, that’s how he reasons.

\* \* \*

Now let us reason: Is it to the interest of the company to half-starve its workers—for true it is, the board is insufficient. We must face facts. The board is rotten, and when we say, “Board bad, but sentiment good,” we mean the sentiment is good for bad board. If the board is bad there must be a reason for it so being. Cheapness of inferior foods is not a reason, because our philosopher has already shown us that increased production would more than offset the increased cost of pure foods.

\* \* \*

It could be argued that the company doesn’t know, this— that the company is being imposed upon by unscrupulous merchants, etc.— that the company is not to blame for the wickedness of the butchers sending in bull-beef instead of female-veal; mountain goat instead of prairie lamb and oleomargarine, axle grease, cottonseed salve, instead of jersey butter. It could be argued that the company is an innocent victim of poor cooks, etc. But we would be far in the wrong.

\* \* \*

Yet there must be a wry good reason for all this rotten garbage being served in (all) camps and in (all) company boarding houses. Can it be the men themselves want bad food? Can it be the sentiment for bad board is good? It begins to look that way.

Now let us examine of what use bad board is to the company. Since it exists, it must be for some purpose. Here’s where natural selection steps in: the *poor fish* selects the crew for the boss.

\* \* \*

Men are shipped into a camp (say 20 of them). They are given a meal. Eleven get incited by its odors and mope off; nine remain over night and three go to work. (T-B-S, one of them). Thus, you see, 17 kickers have been prevented voicing their doctrines of “pure foods and pure beds,” and the three that remain are guaranteed to stand unhitched. As I said before, the food selects its eaters.

\* \* \*

So— if the board is bad in any camp, you can bet the crew is waiting for some one to come and kick for them — waiting for the kickers that never come. A mule does his own kicking. Just like that— (T.-Bone Slim.)

## 1923\_39\_IW\_18041923

**Phone(y)**

Heard at the phone.

Phone has been disconnected for years.

Modest Commissary Company talking.

Time: 1923. Place: Chicago.

A bunch of young men, unsigned, listening:

\* \* \*

“Hello, 3-17-0-2, please.

Hello, Hello— Is this the California Produce Co.? This is Modest Commissary speaking— yes— say — have you sent out our order for Hicks Spur? Saw, not Hicksburg; Hicks Spur, S-P-U-R. What’s that —you haven’t sent it? Ye gods! When will you people wake up? I want that shipment out this afternoon, and I want you to send out six bunches of bananas with it.— Naw, hell no—we don’t want ‘em dead ripe. We want them to ripen in the camp (by the time the old ones are used up). Get that? Yes, that’s the idea. Now in regards to them cantaloups—our cooks have been kicking on your last shipment. Another shipment like that will be sent right back— we want it understood, get me? No. Nothing but ripe ones—to be used up as we get them— yes, ten dozen, twice a week. Last week you sent up a lot of small apples—can’t use ‘em—the men won’t eat ‘em— you’ll get ‘em back. If you’ll look up that order it called for Grade No. 1 Winesaps. What’s that — no, not by a damsite—we’re running a first-class outfit. We can’t use ‘em at any price. We want the best. Now, another thing: What in hell do you people mean by sending one tub of oleomargarine with’ those five tubs of creamery butter you sent out last week? What do you mean, anyway? Are you trying to ruin our reputation. Understand, one more break like that and our business will go where it is appreciated. “Mistake, Hell! Tell that to Sweeney. Yes certainly get ‘em out this afternoon. I’m sending a bunch of men out there and I want this stuff to go out on the same train. And say, came near forgetting it, if you have some nice sweet potatoes send out a few bushels. Yes— Oh, hell, it makes no difference, we know they’re high. Yes, about five—yes— Good-bye.”

\* \* \*

The “Belly Burglar” hung up the receiver with a great show of impatience and turned to the now anxious bunch of young extra-gang mechanics, his face aglow with christlike innocence. But, unfortunately for the gullible workers, the telephone had no connection with the busy world outside. Yeh, even so; the ring of ‘phone was accounted for by dilapitated alarm clock hidden in the perfidous bosom of the cabinet. And true it is—the Modest Commissary had never seen a cantaloupe, ripe or firm.

\* \* \*

Now the telephone.

It occurs to me how entirely similar the workers are in their dealings with the boss. They are disconnected. They have no organization (except “that old alarm clock” in the cabinet). And it occurs to me that it would be a good idea to connect ourselves with the boss through a one big union. How can we expect a belly burglar to connect his phone when our own phone is disconnected?

\* \* \*

We can howl about the chuck, complain about the pay and cuss the conditions, but unless we organize in the I. W. W., we will always be howlers, complainers and cussers—just like the Belly Burglar putting in orders that nobody hears.

No kidding, fellow working men. Line up with us. Use our radio to send the boss a message. No need for committees; no need for petitions; just a red card.

Every other man you meet is a Wobbly. A few more and we will connect Mr. Belly Burglar to some reliable produce concern. A little pep now will bring the biscuits.

\* \* \*

By the way: The shark got his men all right. Each man, his mouth watering for the juicy fruit that wasn’t there, and wouldn’t be there, signed their names and were shipped out into the wilderness of sourdough, dogs, pressed beef butts, etc., to return, broke, cold and starved.

Why not organize.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_40\_IW\_21041923

**Modern Machinery**

(Incomplete, of Course)

Unfortunately we shall have to handle this “modern machinery” without figures—maybe without facts and surely, without gloves and, this will be the first time machines are to be handled without the regulation gauntlets — being put in evidence— I have no statistics to offer.

\* \* \*

We have searched high and low in our overalls and not a trace of figures do we find, therefor we shall depend on the reader to put the figures between the lines.

\* \* \*

Before the advent of modern machinery a farmer, could afford to sell wheat at 50 cents a bushel — now, it costs society about $2. Improved machines have raised the price of butter from 14 cents to 72 cents. (Up and down churned butter sold as low as 12 cents per pound—”Round and round” method calls for 72 cents, retail, in Chicago).

\* \* \*

Modern mining methods and machinery, electric motors, electric “coal saws” and carbide lamps have raised the cost of coal (delivered) from $1.85 per ton, to $11.85 per 1,995 pounds. Delivery, of course, is by motor trunk but still, and all, I think I would just as soon have it hauled to me with a team of mules for $1.85 per ton.

\* \* \*

The new “Pacific” type locomotive has “tripled” the freight rates and doubled the passenger rates on our modern railroads (indl. interstate reg.) — Thee building of the Panama Canal shortening the distance from Perth Amboy, N. J., to San Diego, Cal., by one-half, has doubled the cost of moving ocean freight between these points.

The only thing that seems to be getting cheaper is war —a new $5,000 airplane can raise more hell than the old $18,000,000 battleship.

It is cheaper to fight than eat— and getting cheaper all the time.

After awhile we can hold a first-class, A No. 1 war every Sunday morning, and have it over with before church time. This will give the “bucks” a chance to witness our deeds of glory in behalf of democracy. Yes, indeed.

By and by it will cost us practically nothing to die. But to live? Ah! that is a snake of a different hue— a cry of another tune.

The new “niggerhead” shoe machine raised the price of a $2.25 pair of shoes up to $4.75. The goodyear-welt machine slapped another six-bits onto the price— let them make one more— invention and we’ll all go barefooted.

\* \* \*

Looks bad, fellow workers. Yes, it does. I’ll say so.

Why are these things thus? Most solemnly do I warn you, why are they thusly. Well, if nobody else wants to have the floor I would like to say a few words, myself. Its just like this: I’ll go ahead and invent a machine. Its got to be paid for. Money don’t grow on trees. The boss ain’t got no money, he said so a hundred times. He buys it on credit.

The new machine does three times as much work as old one. This saves the boss two pay envelopes every week. He takes the money out of them and pays me, the inventor. In just six months the machine is his—paid for with the wages of those two men he laid off six months ago. Slick? Slick, isn’t it?

Alter six months those two men’s wages go into the bosses’ pocket. How about it, editor? (That’s right). Oh no! The boss ain’t got no money? I’d hate to look under his carpet. I’ll bet you the old rascal has the floor “wall-papered” with it. Even after those too men are dead and gone their wages go into the bosses’ pocket. (I figure the machine will live longer with a job than the men will without one.) —Slick, isn’t it?

Its a damned wonder they can hold their faces straight when they tell us they CAN’T afford to PAY SO big WAGES. They DON’T tell us!

They hire some one to tell us—and we support the teller. Oh! why did father ever marry?— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_41\_IW\_25041923

**Bullet-Proof Jobs**

(Rock Island Argus)

Einstein is marked for assassination on the death list of the secret society that is plotting to restore the monarchy in Germany. So claims Prof. Herzen, the Belgian.

By bringing man closer to an understanding of the fourth dimension, Einstein is easily one of the three greatest living scientists. And worth more to humanity than all the monarchs Europe ever had, combined.

Assassins unfortunately do not realize that, whether they are monarchists or anarchists, their pistols and bombs are futile. Their grievance is against a system, not individuals. Assassination merely transfers authority and activity to other individuals. The system goes on as before. Three American presidents have been assassinated by madmen, but their jobs quickly filled. The presidency itself is bullet proof.

\* \* \*

By the same token:

Throwing members in the can to discourage the growth of Industrial Unionism is an act of authority gone into pretended hysterics, to camouflage its inherant spleen, and serves no purpose except to torture individuals in an inhuman manner causing the victim’s fellow workers to develop a healthy hate for the system and everything connected with it.

Capitalists unfortunately do not realize that theft jails are futile. Their pretended grievance is against an organization, not individuals. Incarceration merely transfers initiative and activity to other individuals. The organization goes on as before. Three I. W. W. martyrs (and more) have been “assassinated” by capitalism gone mad, but their places quickly were filled.

\* \* \*

Now as to Einstein and his fourth dimension: Very easily he may be one of the three greatest living scientists (and he may get murdered without crippling science—another third graeatest scientist would take his place, instantly— maybe our own T-Bone, or somebody equally profound).

“Einstein, being worth more than all the monarchs Europe ever had,” isn’t saying much. That would make his “worth” only a little more than nothing. But, if we were to compare “Einey” to a first-class swamper, what do we find? We find that the company isn’t shipping any scientists (or fourth dimensions) into the woods. The company wants producers.

\* \* \*

So far Einstein has failed to state his convictions on the first position-wage slavery. Nor has he done any soap-boxing, in the second duration, on industrial unionism. ln the third domain, solidarity, Einstein is silent. In the fourth extension, the general strike, he murmurs not. In the fifth conception, the emancipation of the working class, he is mum.

What good is he?

As good as all the monarchs of Europe and America put together? I think so! I think so!! So am I impressed.

\* \* \*

Who knows, but that in time, we can radio our labor power onto the job? Who knows but that in the glorious THEN, the governments of men will cease to slug individuals to get even with organizations? And who knows but then organizations will consider an injury to one an injury to all?

Labor has been trifled with too long.

But we will organize.

The fourth estate notwithstanding.

—T-Bone Slim

Note— By arrested “progress” Slim means, no doubt, the wonderful labor saving inventions bought up by capital and hidden away unused; thus denying labor the benefits of their support and keeping labor occupied on work machinery could be doing as well. In other words: Labor, to a great extent, is now occupied in working when it could be resting. Away with capitalism.

## 1923\_42\_IS\_28041923

**“THE WOBBLIES ARE COMING”**

–––––

We have stood a lot of knocking,

And we’ve had our share of woe.

We have felt the old boat rocking.

At the instance a foe

But in spite of all our trouble,

And in spite of—even war

We have grown to almost double—

Of what we could boast before.

We are just a wee bit wiser

Than we were a year ago;

And it takes an early riser

Now to beat us— Even so.

And there is no way to “guy us,”

Not a chance to make us sore,

For the folks are standing by us

Closer knit than e’er before.

We have stood a lot of “dressing”—

Weathered every gale and blow;

And at times they had us guessing

And to where the “mare” would go—

We have suffered much and keenly,

Many times we hit the floor,

Only to arise serenely

Bigger, better, than before.

We have longed for peace and justice

At the hands that laid us low—

(Still today our fatal trust is

In a process deadly slow.)

But we see a new day breaking,

See the purple spreading o’er—

And the slaves are now awaking

Like they never did, before.

When our friends were few, if any,

(And we thought them lying low)

We discovered we had many—

*And they came to tell us so!*

With their worldly goods and chattels;

From the scant’ness of their store,

They have aided us in battles

Even more so—than before.

We have recoillections crowding,

Of our fortune’s ebb and flow—

Of the forces oft beclouding

Freedom’s soft and mellow glow.

But in spite of all their thunder

We have evened up the score;

We have “failed” to fall asunder!

We are stronger than before!

—T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_43\_IW\_28041923

**MAY THE FIRST, Spring Is Here**

*By* T-BONE SLIM.

(Let my sawing partner try his dramatic ability on this).

We are in America. Capitalism is to be executed —hung by the neck until it is dead. The fair ground is crowded with people. They laugh. They smile. They tell funny stories. They wink their eyes. All is well. And the show is about to commence.

But hush! What is that sound I hear? Is it the wind torturing a violin string. Is it the lost souls counting their wrongs?

(The plaintive moan persists).

Ha! It is somebody crying—surrendered to uncontrollable grief.

Capitalism is about to die a violent death.

A scaffold, grim and forbidding, looms overhead, tinged with forbodings— unmentionable dread. Dark and deadly it rears its dreadful arms against an unprotesting sky trying to smile. Again the unintelligible tale of grief penetrates our ear. Let us proceed nearer so that we may explore the front of tears. Let us bring our soothing unto the sorrowing soul overburdened.

There at the foot of the scaffold We found her—a satined Magdalene crying as if her heart would break, (or was already busted) —Oh ho! “Tis a love match gone haywire—awry? “Madam,” we said, gently placing our hand on her quivering shoulder, “was this man anything to you, a dear friend perhaps?”

“Oh my Capital! \* \* \* my poor, poor Capital! They are hanging my Capital,” is all the answer she made.

But madam, they are not hanging Capitalism. They are hanging a *murderer*. They are hanging a murderer who murders citizens in their soup-lines —who murders babes on their mother’s breast—who murders workers under guise of safety first.

They are not hanging Capitalism. Oh, No . . .! They are hanging starvation. They are hanging worry. They are hanging low wages, poverty, disease and death itself. They are hanging filth, ignorance, pain and degeneracy— Oh, madam, why do you cry so?

Look up and see the happiness in this world of faces! Please —Please! That’s a good little girl. Cry no more. You’ll spoil those pretty blue eyes. She lifted her head suddenly \* \* \* “they’re not blue,” she screamed, “they’re brown, I’ll thank you!”—’MY!

\* \* \*

Just then somebody sprung the trap and down came LUNACY to the end of its rope—gently spinning in the spring breezes. My Magdalene with her hair undone, hatless and bedraggled, led the hysterical revellers into the night proceding the first new day. “I would rather invent a new religion than have another love affair,” she yelled at the top of her voice as she was carried away on sturdy shoulders—lost to me forever.

What was it she said about her eyes?

Black?—Was it?

Blue?—Couldn’t a been?

I’m quite sure’ it wasn’t Brown.

PART II.

About ten pounds of ice, apparently deserted, melting upon an unresponsive sidewalk—a piece of congealed water — Adams’ ale turned crystal. Let us linger near it and watch it sweat in the glare of a wrathful Sun.

Let us look deeper into this matter turned (into) perspiring glass, slowly melting away. Oh so slowly, slowly, it dissolves itself into the elements from when it came. So this is Capitalism the Frozen State of Human Progress? Gosh, but it melts fasti

What becomes of it since there is no life in it? What good is it? A wet spot? Is that the end? Ah, but it is not dead! See those millions of germs incrusted in its frozen bosom? That is life!—Capitalism is not the beginning nor will it be the end of life. And, gradually, life releases itself from the incrustations of that temporary state based on suppression.

PART III.

A child is born. My Gods, the child has Hoofs, Horns and Iron Heels! What shall we do about it? Why! It is monstrous! Grave men thoughtful learned gather around the crib. Men of medicine, scientists and philosophers are c o n s u l t e d. Shall the child be live?

Let us walk around the block. Maybe it will be gone when we come back.

In cold blood they calculate whether to kill it, or name it “Capitalism” and let, it live.

(Yes, men of science do consider the advisability of extermination, in abnormal cases, from time to time. They do consider the advisability of putting a deformed child out of existence).

PART IV.

Hush! Be quiet! The old gentleman is passing into the Great Yonder! On his last bed of pain he tosses in agony. With his last remaining strength he is hysterically calling for his Sword. The old reprobate imagines there is a fight left in his dilapitated carcass. Frantically he waves his arms! Thrashes about! Turns! Squirms! Screams! Be quiet I told you! Can’t you see a Soul is passing into the elements of life, to be transformed into something useful, mayhap? A collection of evil is about to mix itself with “the great and eternal good.” The doctor appears. Methodically he opens his case! Raises a black bottle up to the light. The patient becomes rational for a moment, takes his medicine, heaves a sigh \* \* \* Alas, the doctor came too late! The man died of old age, complicated by weak heart and too much circulation and not enough perspiration. Peace to his ashes! A nasty nightmare! A vanquished scheme!

(Adaptations from Hugo)

## 1923\_44\_TV\_01051923

**TOUKOKUUN PÄIVÄNÄ.**

OLEMME Amerikassa. Kapitalismin tuomio on täytettävänä — kapitalismi ollaan ripustamaisillaan hirttosilmukkaan, kunnes se on kuollut.

Avara kenttä on täyttynyt ihmisiä tulvilleen. He hymyilevät ja he nauravat. Kertoillaan iloisia juttuja. — Monet iskevät silmää toisilleen. Kaikki on asianmukaisessa kunnossa — ja näytelmää odotetaan alkavaksi.

Mutta — hiljaa! Mikä on tuo ääni! Kuulkaa? Iskeekö tuulen puuska viulun kieliin? Vai valittavatko kadonneet sielut kärsimistään vääryyksistä.

Haa! Siellä joku itkee — pakahtumaisillaan vastustamattomaan tuskaan. Kapitalismi kärsii hirvittäviä kuolintuskiaan.

Hirsipuu on pystytetty väkijoukon keskelle kohottautuen uhkaavana ja muistuttaa sanomatonta kauhua. Mustana ja kuolettavana se ojentaa itsensä avaruutta kohden, joka yrittää hymyillä hyväksymisen merkiksi. Jälleen villi tuskan huuto kaikuu korvissamme.

Mutta koettakaamme päästä lähemmäksi jotta voisimme tarkemmin nähdä vuotavan kyynelvirran. Koettakaamme päästä imartelevalla läsnäolollamme ilahduttamaan tätä pakahtuvaa sielua.

Täällä, hirttolavan juurella me tapaamme Magdalenan itkemässä, aivan kun sydämensä halkeaisi tuskasta. (Tai lieneekö jo pakahtunut) — Oh’ Se on siis onneton rakkaussuhde kääntyen jo luonnottomuudeksi.

Vaimo, me sanomme hänelle hyväntahtoisesti, laskien kätemme hänen kyyryiselle olkapäälleen. Oliko tämä mies teille läheinen, ehkäpä rakastettu ystävänne?

“Oh ! minun *Pääomani*!. . . minun köyhä, köyhä pääomani! He hirttävät minun Pääomani !” hän huudahti.

Mutta vaimoraukka, eivät he murhaa Kapitalismia. He ainoastaan hirttävät *murhaajan*. He hävittävät sen, joka tappaa kansalaisiamme leipälinjoillaan, murhaa tulevaa sukupolvea jo äitien rinnoille ja murskaa tuottavia työläisiä jättäen turvallisuuslaitteet sananparren varaan: “turvallisuus ensin”. Eiväthän he murhaa kapitalismia. *Ei suinkaan*!

He hirttävät vain puutteen ja murheen. Parhaillaan hirttävät he alhaiset palkat, köyhyyden ja sen aiheuttaman kuoleman itsensä. He hirttävät lian, tietämättömyyden, tuskan ja paheen. — Vaimo raukka, kun huudatte ilmoille tuollaista tuskaa. — Nosta silmäsi ja katso iloa ja onnea tämän maailman kasvoilla. Nouse! — Kas noin pikku tyttönen lopeta itkusi ja kuivaa kyyneleesi, taikka —muuten turmelet siniset silmäsi. Kiitän.

...Eivät ne ole siniset, ne ovat ruskeat hän kiljahti!

Samalla temmattiin nuorasta ja alas tuli koko PAHENNUKSEN PYLVÄS riippuen nuoran päässä heiluen keväisessä lauhassa tuulessa.

Meidän Magdalenamme, hiukset hajallaan huusi hysteerisellä voimalla haihtuvaan yöhön, josta alkoi selvitä uusi päivä. “Minä ennemmin keksin uuden uskonnon, kuin haluan nähdä ja kokea uusia tällaisia suhteita”, hän huusi vimmoissaan. Samalla voimakkaat olkapäät toivat hänet pois ainiaaksi. Samalla ääni sanoi vieressäni: Mitä hän sanoi silmistään?

Oliko ne mustat? Ei ne ainakaan olleet siniset. Olen varma ,että ne eivät olleet ruskeat, kertautui äänet.

\* \* \*

Katukäytävällä huomaamme jäätikön, peitettyä vettä, Adamin juomaa muuttuneena kristalliksi. Menemme lähemmäksi ja huomaamme, kuinka se alkaa hikoilemaan voimakkaan kevätauringon paisteessa. Hitaasti, — niin, sangen hitaasti se muuttuu jälleen alkuaineisiinsa, mistä se on tullut.

Siis tämä on kapitalismi, inhimillisen kehityksen jäätynyt ilmiö? Ah! Mutta se alkaa sulamaan nopeasti. Kiertäkäämme kaupungin korttelin ympäri ja tulkaamme takasin, eikä se ole sillä-aikaa kadonnut ?...

Mutta mitä siitä seuraa, kun kerran siinä ei ole elämää itsessään? Mitä hyvää on sen sulamisesta? Vain vesilätäkkö jää jälelle. — Mutta, onko siinä loppu ?...

Mutta ellei se olekaan kuollut? — Katsokaa noita miljoonia soluja, mitä on kerääntynyt sen jäiseen sydämeen? Se on vasta elämää ... Ei kapitalismi ole elämän alku eikä sen loppu. Ja vähitellen elämä uudelleen vapauttaa itsensä siitä kuoresta, mikä sitä väliaikaisesti on pitänyt kahleissaan, sortonsa alaisuudessa.

\* \* \*

Vihdoin on lapsi syntynyt. Mutta mitä — Sillähän on kaviot, sarvet ja rautaiset kantapäät! Mitä pitää sille tehtämän? Mikä hirviö! Arvokkaan näköiset ja oppineet miehet kerääntyivät tämän esikoisen ympärille. Lääkäreitä, tiedemiehiä ja filosofeja pyydettiin neuvotteluihin, voidaanko tuollaista lasta jättää elämään? Kylmäverisesti he keskustelivat asiasta, josko tappaa se heti, taikka jättää elämään ja nimittää se kapitalismiksi.

Kylläkin monissa tapauksissa tiedemiehet pitävät viisaampana hävittää sellaiset sikiöt, jotka syntyvät epänormaaleina ja silloin tällöin epäsikiöt maksavat onnettomuutensa hengellään.

\* \* \*

Hiljaa! — Vanhus sivuuttaa elollisen elämänsä siirtyen suunnattomaan etäisyyteen! Viime hetkellään hän vaikeroi suunnattomassa tuskassa. Viime henkäyksissään hän huutaa avuttomana miekkaansa. Tämä vanhus kuvittelee vielä taistelua, mikä vieläkin leimuaa hänen rappeutuneessa ruumiissaan. Rajusti hän vielä huitoo käsiään, huutaa ja kirkuu. Olkaa hiljaa sanottiin.

Ettekö voi nähdä, että sielu muuttaa kuolleesta ruumiista liittyäkseen jälleen johonkin elolliseen, ehkäpä hyödylliseen olioon. Suunnaton kokoomus kaikkea pahuutta on muuttumassa “suuremmoiseksi ja ikuiseksi hyväksi”. Lääkäri ilmestyy paikalle. Tavanmukaisesi hän tarkastaa sairaan. Nostaa suuren mustan pullon korkealle. Sairas palaa vielä tajuihinsa hetkiseksi, ottaa lääkkeensä ja huoahtaa. Mutta. .. jos sittenkin lääkäri on tullut liian myöhään? — Vanhus sittenkin kuoli vanhuuttaan, sydän oli tullut liian heikoksi. Kiertokulku on kiihtynyt liian voimakkaaksi ja liian vähän on kyennyt ruumiista tulemaan hikeä.

Rauha hänen tomulleen!

Mikä ilkeä painostus! Mikä petollinen näky!

Hugon mukaan mukaillut *T-bone Slim.*

## 1923\_45\_IW\_02051923

**ODDS and ENDS**

France has invented a warplane that will fly where it is sent — guided by radio—with no one aboard. It is thought that this machine will make life uncertain for the parasites and that they will “call the game” in favor of peace. Don’t you believe it They still can declare for war when they want to thin us out, move into another country themselves, send enemy planes to drop bombs down our collar and leave us to mourn our shredded dead.

\* \* \*

It may interest the members of the I. W. W., especially the dirt movers and harvest hands, to know that Mathilde McCormick, daughter of the Harvester King, and Max Oser were married secretly in London. Why all that secrecy? We’re sure to find it out sooner or later. Max, it will be remembered, is a Swiss riding master, which office is about the same as a barn boss or a “corral-dog”s in this country. Although Americans are notoriously poor riders, many of us woefully out of practice, we feel that with proper encouragement we could excel even Max himself. Oh Mathilde, how could you do it?

\* \* \*

“The supreme court decided the minimum wage law for women is unconstitutional.” Sure it is. But you can join the Wobblies and charge the maximum wage for your labor, if you so desire. Nothing unconstitutional about us. We’ve got a constitution like a mountain goat.

\* \* \*

Political prisoners can be freed, but only with a general strike. The bosses are patiently waiting to see if we really mean what we preach; will we really hang our mitts on the nail. What, with preachers praying for their release; Wobblies laying off work for their release; we have a combination hard to beat and it should go far to convince the most skeptical that the people of these United States have ceased to be vindictive.

\* \* \*

“With malice toward none and charity toward all.”

— T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_46\_I\_02051923

**Todellinen Puutavaratyöläinen**

–––––

Kirj. T. B. S.

Me emme vallan usein avaa suitamme, vaan sen tehtyämme me myöskin jotain sanomme. Ja milloin hyvänsä me puhumme, niin puutavarayhtiötkin yleisesti myöntävät kuulleensa jotain sellaista, joka merkitsee heille pienempiä liikevoittoja. Industrial Workers of the World on puutavaratrustin kanssa ollut useissa tämän tapaisissa “keskusteluissa”, mutta kaikkein suurinta ääntä pidettiin v. 1917. Tuona mainittuna vuotena Puutavaratrustilla oli mainio tilaisuus saada “patrioottisia voittoja” Setä Samulilta, joka samalla alkaa kaikessa kiireessä nuoleksia joitain Europassa. Puutavaratrustia ei tyydyttänyt ainoastaan se, että sai tilaisuuden riistää “lumberjackeja”, vaan myöskin pisti hanskansa Setä Samulin taskuihin, sieppasi muutamia miljoonia, jotka sille vieläkin kuuluvat.

Miljoonia jalkoja sahaamatointa ja aivan ala-arvoista puutavaraa sysättiin Setä Samulille ensimäisen numeron tavarana; ja “seitsemäntoista” hintaa perittiin näistä tavaroista.

Puutavaratyöläisten Teollisuus unio No. 120 onneksi sattui tällaisen huomaamaan ja ruvettuaan pelkäämään, että Puutavaratrusti pian voittaisi Rockefellerin votitojen keräyksessä, ellei sitä jotenkuten siitä estetä, unioon kuuluvat pojat päättivät lyhentää työpäivää. Tästä johtui se, että ryhdyttiin vaatimaan 8 tuntista työpäivää. Kuinka se toteutettiin?

Well. Työläiset kaikkialla tiesivät, että se oli ainoastaan paha tapa — tottumus — että tehtiin 10 ja 11 tuntisia työpäiviä. He myöskin tiesivät että tuollaisen tavan, että tehdään työtä ainoastaan 8 tuntia, voidaan aivan yhtä helposti oppia; he vielä lisäksi tiesivät, että pojat sen opittuansa siitä myöskin paljon pitävät. Josko miehet sitä tahtovat —se on kaikessa tapauksessa pääasia. Mitään muuta vastusta ei suinkaan tällaisessa asiassa ole.

Tähän aikaan me — työläistoverit — alamme olla kylliksi ijäkkäitä tietääksemme, kuinka pitkiä päiviä me haluamme työskennellä — meille ei suinkaan sitä tarvitse toisten sanoa. Näinhän se kävikin v. 1917; puutavaratyöläisten Teollisuusunio piti kokouksen, pienen “miitingin”, äänesti asiasta ja näin päätettiin tehdä työtä ainoastaan 8 tuntia päivässä. Mutta kuinka he tämän päätöksensä suhteen sittemmin menettelivät? Josko he allekirjoittivat sellaisen vaatimuksen, jossa lyhempää työpäivää vaadittiin? Ei suinkaan. “He yksinkertaisesti menivät työhän MYÖHEMMIN ja palasivat takaisin AIEMMIN.” Tämä oli niin yksinkertainen temppu, että itse työnantajatkin sen huomasivat ja olivat aina sen jälkeen “wobbleja” kunnioittaneet — KUOLEMATTOMALLA VIHALLA.

Mutta mitäpä he voivat tehdä. . . . tässä maassahan on muodollinen vapaus . . . . . . sellaista lakia ei löydy, jossa määriteltäisiin kuinka monta tuntia meidän TÄYTYY päivässä tehdä työtä ja jos sellainen sattuisi löytymään, me uuvumme ennen kuin aika kuluu umpeen. Asiain näinollen puutavaraparoonit vetosivat lakiinsa ja vaativat, että meidät pitää “hallituksen vihollisina” viipymättä vangita. Tällöin minä ensimäisen kerran satuin kuulemaan, että PITKÄ TYÖPÄIVÄ on “hallitus”. Minä tuota en tietysti uskonut. (Kaikissa hallituksen töissä tehdään jemptisti 8-tuntista työpäivää. Se tietysti jonkunverran hämmästytti minua. Mutta meidän työläistoverimme ovat vankilassa. Useat heistä ovat tulleet vangituiksi puutavarayhtiöiden vaatimuksesta.

Jos nyt puutavarayhtiöt voivat raastaa tovedimme vankilaan, me myös voimme painostaa näitä vapauttamaan toverimme vankiloistansa — meidän kai täytyy pitää pieni “neuvottelu” työnantajain kanssa j vaatia heidät vapaiksi. Työnantaja ymmärtää hänen omaa kieltänsä ja meidän on tietysti sitä myös puhuttava. Useat meistä tukkityöläisistä puhuvat useilla kielillä — näihin m. m. kuuluu indianinkieli — ja siksipä minä luulenkin, että kyllä työnantaja jotenkuten ymmärtää näiden orjainsa meiningit. Minun käsittääkseni vaatimuksistamme numero ensimäinen on paikallaan, nim. että luokkasotavangit on vapautettava. Numero 2 on seuraava: urakka- ja kappaletyö on lopetettava.

Syyt tällaisiin “muutoksiin” ovat siinä tosiasiassa, että niillä kämpillä, joissa nämä ovat käytännössä, työläiset ovat narrattu tekemään työtä hyötymättä siitä juuri nimeksikään silloin, kun heille ei anneta niitä parhaimpia tilaisuuksia ja sellaiset “ystävät”, joille nämä parhaimmat tilaisuudet annetaan, tai ellei niitä ole, saavat lisämaksuja, sitten kämpälle tultuaan erikoisesti hoilottaisivat, kuinka paljon he ovat ansainneet taas tänäpäivänä.

Näin se on (toisinaan), että työnantaja kaksinkertaistuttaa meidän muutamain työn ja samalla aikaa erikoisesti palkitsee “ystäviänsä”. Aivan niin. Me puolestamme voimme päättää, että enää emme tule tekemään kappaletyötä. Kappaletyö pyrkii hävittämään keskuudessamme vallitsevan solidaarisuuden — synnyttää katkeran mielialan — saattaa mahdolliseksi sen, että pienellä kämpällä tuotanto määräänsä nähden lisääntyy lisäämättä työvoimaa — sama mies, sama keittäjä, sama talli, sama hevonen ja valjaat tuottaa kaksinkertaisen määrän tukkeja, pylväitä ja ratapölkkyjä kuin ennen. Työnantaja tietysti tästä paljon pitää — hän voittaa ja me tällöin menetämme kaikki mukavuutemme.

Hevonen . . . . aivan niin . . . . oikein laihduttuansa tavallisesti ammutaan ja nyljetään, mutta, mikäli me olemme kysymyksessä, meidät nyljetään, mutta ei kuitenkaan ammuta; meidän nimittäin annetaan laihtuneena ja nälkäisenä horjuen edelleen tietämme taivaltaa . . . . Wisconsinissa heillä on “lumberjackien” koti — minä olen kuullut sellaisesta puhuttavan — Mellen puutavarayhtiö on tarjoutunut lahjoittamaan “kodin” vanhoille työläisille, jotta nämä vanhat veteraanit voivat vieraille kertoa kuinka he vuosia sitten tapasivat tehdä rahaa — Hinessille, Stearssille, Drummondille ja Wilow Riverille.

Vanhana hyvänä aikana saatiin dollari päivältä ja jokainen kuukausi annettiin kinnaspari parhaimmalle sahuriparille. Nämä voivat kertoa, kuinka Duluth South Shoren varrella — Bibonin ja Iron Riverin välillä — heidän niskansa höyrysi siihen aikaan, jolloin ensimmäisen kerran tuotiin oleomargariinia, millä saimme 10-tuumaisia kengänvarsiamme rasvailla . . . . . . Vanhalla “lumberjackilla” ovat sangen vähäiset mahdollisuudet tänäpäivänä — ja jonain kauniina päivänä mekin tulemme vanhoiksi . . . . . . rahattomiksi . . . . . . ja murtuneiksi. Nuoruutensa kukoistuksen aikana hän raatoi dollarin päiväpalkalla” — tulemmeko me seuraamaan hänen jälkiänsä? Jokseenkin samoihin aikoihin, kun tätä kirjoitimme, H— “Sakki lahjoitti $50,000 eräälle kirkkokunnalle. Tätä sanomalehdet riemastuneina kertoivat ja usea “lumberjack teki ristinmerkkejä tietäessään, että H— vähintään 45,000 dollaria voisi kiskoa heidän selkänahoistansa ennen auringonnousua. Tämän $50,000 H— voi saada sangen lyhyessä ajassa — rahat virtaavat H—n kukkaroon perin nopeasti. Milloin hyvänsä joku yksilö kykenee lahjoittelemaan $50,000, silloin on aika sanoa; pysähtykää. Asiain näinollen Columbia Riverin puutavaratyöläiset ovatkin esittäneet seuraavat vaatimukset: “Kappale- ja urakkatyö on poistettava” — sillä se tuottaa työnantajalle voittoja nopeammasti kuin hän kykenee niitä tuhlaamaan, kuluttamaan tai syytämään menemään. Jokaisen työläisen tulee tätä HARKITEN AJATELLA ennenkuin siitä lopullisesti päätetään . . . . . .

Vaatimusten joukossa kuudentena näkyy olevan, “että kaiken postin tulee antaa tulla kämpälle ilman sensuuria”. Ymmärrättekö te tämän täydellisesti? Tämä merkitsee sitä, että teillä tulee olla samallaiset oikeudet kuin toisillakin ihmisillä — se tarkoittaa sitä, että veljenne ja siskonne voivat kirjoittaa teillä ja isännällä ei olekaan oikeutta näitä kirjeitä avata ja viskata paperikoriin. Työnjohtaja pelkää, te sen tiedätte, että kirjeet saatuanne teille tulee koti-ikävä, lähdette pois työstä ja siksi hän pelkää antaa teille osoitetut kirjeet; siksipä onkin tullut ikään kuin tavaksi, että “lumberjackit” eivät saa kirjeitä eikä sanomalehtiä. Sanomalehdet myöskin ovat nähkääs käyneet hyvin harvinaisiksi. Se tuntuu olevan katkeroittavaa, että työnantajalta täytyy vaatia näin pieniä oikeuksia itsellensä. Aivan niin. Me vaadimme, että työnantajain on lakattava saboteeraamasta meidän postiamme. Se on miehille hyvin pahana esimerkkinä.

Columbia River-alueella on esitetty toisiakin vaatimuksia, mutta heillä ei ole minkäänlaisia meille, meillä on kämppä täynnä vaatimuksia ja — niin luulen — meille. Meillä on kämppä täynnä pät täynnä vastauksia. Alkaa näyttämään siltä kuin “vanhain kahdenmiehen petien” olisi poistuttava ja minua hiukan peloittaa, että silloin, kun yhtiöt laittavat valkoiset vuodevaatteet, meistä jotkut heikkosilmäiset voivat menettää näkönsä joksikin aikaa. Mutta sekin on parempi kuin koittaa saada kiinni “härkäpäisiä harmaaselkäisiä” vanhassa hevospeitteessä. Pesulaitokset tulee olla niin tilavia, että jokaisella miehellä on aikaa vähintäin 30 minuuttia itsensä pesemiseen.

Entäs sitten nämä työnvälitystoimistojen kiskurit — jos isännän on heille maksettava, niin silloin he ajattelevat kahdesti päänsä ympäri ennen kuin laittavat miehen kävelemään. Työnantajat yrittävät pitää meidät liikkeellä, jotta emme voisi päästä yhteisymmärrykseen. Jos me kaikki olemme järjestyneet i. w. w.-läisellä tavalla, niin silloin isännät miettii 13 kertaa päänsä ympäri ennen kuin laittavat meidät kävelemään; minä ajattelen että silloin isännät muuttavat mielensä ja kokonaan lakkaavat miestensä taipaleelle laittamisesta.

I. W. W. on parasta lääkettä yltiöpäisille työnantajille — ja lopuksi se takaa työpaikan jokaiselle miehelle. Miksikä ette vakuuta työpaikkaanne Puutavaratyöläisten Teollisuusuniossa No. 120? Nova Scotiasta Mendocineen, British Columbiasta Evergaldessiin saakka jokaisella miehellä pitäisi olla I. W. W:n kortti taskussaan. Me olemme kauan olleet yksissä tukkitöissä ja me tämän tehtävän hyvin ymmärrämme ja näinollen me voimme kunnioittaa toistemme toiveita. Me olemme kuin pienet pojat jouluaikana; meillä on paljon kysymistä, ettemme oikeastaan tiedä, mitä kysäisimme ensimäiseksi. Meillä ei ole mitään.

Elinkustannukset taasen kohoavat. Persoonallisesti minä ajattelen, että meidän tulisi vaatia enemmän rahaa ja tämän käsitän olevan parhaimman vaatimuksistamme ja se ainakin on “työnantajan kieltä”. Onhan sitä sentään “jotain” missä me voimme yhtyä.

Puhukaamme heille heidän omalla kielellään — minä tiedän, että he ovat tyytyväisiä.

## 1923\_47\_IS\_04051923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**EARN’T PRAISE**

–––––

I must compliment lumber camp foremen from time to time. I hate to do this, but truth will be heard. They have a habit of putting 1 saw-gang, 1 swamper and 1 team, on ½ of a skidway . . . The idea for this, and it’s an idea— or I never saw one —is to have the team drive the swamper; have the swamper drive. the saw-gang (an ideal arrangement) you’ve got to hand it to the astute foreman for guts.

Remarkable intuition, to say the least!

\* \* \*

Of course, every woodsman know[s] that one team can skid twice as many logs as a gang can saw (considering) hence a gang of sawyers that tries to keep out of the skinner’s way is plumb crazy— violently demented—the team will be browsing half the time at the skidway. Now I wish to point out that:

The team is browsing half thr time (yet the foreman doesn’t fire the horses). He seems to take a friendly interest in the four-legged slaves of the Lumber Co.

Thus it was that the God fearing foreman came to a saw-gang to inquire how they were getting along and also to encourage them in their peculiar form of insanity:

“How’s the saw cutting,” he opens up.

“Not bad for a blind filer,” reply.

“How does it come you ain’t got no logs ahead,” he next inquires.

“Well I’ll tell you, I and my pardner we’re tender hearted, we don’t want to crowd the horses” . . .

“The hell with the horses, go ahead and fall the timber.”

“Hey, skinner,” he yells, “take that team across the road onto the other skidway.”

T-B. S.

## 1923\_48\_IW\_05051923

**Starvation Proof**

If the workers were robbed alike (of equally as much) the robbery could not be covered. But unfortunately, it would seem, no two men are robbed alike, (especially, of those doing piece work). Nevertheless, all workers are robbed of a certain portion of their product; to make life more bearable for a few public spirited parasites.

Very naturally those of the workers who are robbed of less (than the others) appreciate the favor done them by the robbers, and many of them are in favor of permitting robbers to ply their trade as long as they remain considerate towards the few better paid slaves. They count it a privilege to be robbed of only a part of their labor, and rejoice in accordance \* \* \* \* and flatter themselves that they are important, more so than the poor devil who is relieved of every comfort, pleasure and luxury; but their non-importance is established by the fact they have won no strike in a dog’s age and by the fact they invariably take what is given them by the employer. The employer is really liberal with the men *according* *to their ideas* on such matters and consequently they make a contract with the boss agreeing to not strike or ask for more wages during the life of the contract, no matter what happens. Strange as this seems, that men will agree to stand for a series of robberies practiced on themselves between two certain dates, and insist on the right to renew said agreement (to become robbed) next year. Nevertheless it is true that a few of the working class do enter into an agreement with the men who profit by exploiting labor. Naturally these men are very useful to the “interests” and it is not often the employers reduce their wages.

But it happens occasionally, as a part of a general deflation, that these men receive a cut in wages (the unkindest cut of all) and then these men go on strike!

\* \* \*

Let us watch their strike: At all times there are 1½ to 3 million unemployed men alternating, with other “owners of jobs,” on the jobs. The strike starts: These men are good fighters. They fight hard as any cat protecting its young. But soon the meagre resources are spent, hunger sets in, and a question ‘rises \* \* \* Do these men get together, admit they are licked, and settle the strike? No, they are too good fighters to do that.

\* \* \*

They call on all labor to respect their strike, stay off their job and then they step out and take labors’ job. By this time unemployed labor is wondering, “How do they do it.” How can they strike and work at one time?

\* \* \*

They have called on labor to protect their job. This proves that their “skill” doesn’t protect them. Their skill doesn’t bring them the “better pay” which they point to as proof of their skill. It would be more reasonable to think that the “now jobless” laborer’s ability to live without visible means of support is cause of better pay to the skillful striker. Almost, but not quite. Let it be noted here that there are skilled men who receive sufficient wages, when they work, to carry them through a bonafide workings strike, and that they do have power to raise their wages. But they seldom strike because their wages already cover their expenses, the cost of living being adjusted or based on the needs of workers below him on the wage scale. Thus is a division created in labors ranks.

\* \* \*

It being to the interest of the employing class to foster a condition of division among the working class, it almost seems reasonable to think the skilled man gets better pay for functioning as a “division.” A divided working class being helpless before a united employing class, a helpless working class being subject to small pay, it would almost seem that the skilled man is in favor of permitting the robbery of the big majority to continue, so long as he is robbed of less, if any; he receiving certain benefits through the wonderfully adjusted “cost of living.”

\* \* \*

It would almost seem (when I say seem, I mean it looks that way) that the skilled man doesn’t belong to the working class. When he is organized he is a craftsman—a trade unionist—a trader— and signs contracts acknowledging the rights of employers to do business on his skill for a year or two at a time without interference, regardless of what happens and when the mounting cost of living, (when common labor raises his wages) threatens to deny him food, clothing and shelter, his contract bidding him, he finds relief in “conciliation,” over-time, bonus and special dispensation, all of *which come out of the bosses own pockets, which is well*, (if not right in method),

\* \* \*

He doesn’t believe in the one big union but believes “a great good” will come out of a litter of small craft unions property “amalgamated.” (He needs education). The only way to educate him is to take his job (there is nothing difficult about it). Let there be an epidemic of boomers on tho[s]e starvation-proof jobs.

\* \* \*

Sorry I can’t start or finish this article. I, too, am an ex-Mechanic, and I’m for the O. B. U—T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_49\_IW\_09051923

**No. 110**

The harvest drive of that organization is starting down Arkansas way — and it will wind up in California, the land of the sunny jails.

\* \* \*

That famous old organization is packing a peeve now days that would do credit to a “man of God” waking up on a Sunday morning to find a cat had expectorated in one of his holiness’ slippers.

\* \* \*

The arresting and jailing of working men in California has reached a stage that is disconcerting and surely calls for some concerted action.

\* \* \*

Recently California has arrested some of nature’s noblemen that are near and dear to the “straw cats.” Hence it may be possible, and likely, that the harvester will interrupt his harvesting of wheat long enough to bring his [unclear] mind to bear on the California situation.

## 1923\_50\_GCWB\_10051923

**SUPPORT THE JOB DELEGATE**

–––––

**T-Bone Slim writes that:**

The general construction workers are getting to be so thoroughly organized that there is no need to use any special tactics to get the men to join 310 — all the membership has to do is to point out this one fact to the unorganized men, and they will follow suit.

Many of the “unorganized” have an idea that we are a small industrial union — they don’t know of all the camps that are solid I. W. W. — but we, the members, can do much in helping the delegate, even before he comes, by putting cardless men “next to themselves” on that score.

We want a perfect organization this summer, and we can’t afford to wait for the delegates to do all the work.

Let us ask these men quietly if they have a card— if they have no card, let us ask them if they are organizing another union. Let us ask these men if they are doing anything to better the condition of the workers, and if not, why not? This will help the delegate greatly, in fact, our talk is more effective than the delegate’s, if not so fine. Show the men this is no one horse outfit!

## 1923\_51\_IW\_12051923

**B-4-U-R TOO LATE**

We hear, now and then, that this or that union sends all its scabs to a hospital and that this “attention” is made possible by funds in the hands of officials and, it is argued that for this reason it is policy to hold no accounting of the moneys so expended in humanitarianism.

In the I. W. W. every cent is accounted for. But then, the I. W. W. isn’t accused of humanitarianism. As much as the I. W. W. would like to put a blanket over the boss and send him to a sanatorium, it has never been accused of anything except a little disestablishmentarianism, or something like that. (I disrecall the author of that word, but I think it was the great British humorist, Gladstone).

Personally I don’t think it a duty, nor is it advisable to care for scabs in this manner. It shows a weakness, a certain mushiness of an organization.

Like violence, it shows the weakness of an organization.

\* \* \*

By the way, we have been accused of violence, by interested parties. The masters press confides to its maudlin readers that the I. W. W. is violent as Hell; revolutionary and radical as the shades of night; that it believes in the destruction of property (just as if wage slavery was property). Nothing to it.

Hardly would we toil to produce to destroy to reproduce. ‘Tis not work we want. (We have plenty of that). It’s the full value of our work we are after. Truly the destruction of property creates work, but not wealth, and truly the employing class owns all property, but nevertheless, the destruction of property can only aggravate the slavery of those not n military organization.

Hardly would the I. W. W. labor all these years to get the parasites interested in work just to destroy his products. Think of it—the products that the lily-fingered parasite produced in the sweat of his brow—think of it! What sense is there?

No, the I. W. W. doesn’t believe in destroying any property except wage slavery. Of that we have our “belly full.”

Still and all, the masters consider us very dangerous citizens. There is always the danger that we will put them to work. (This would indicate the master is not fond of work), which is all true.

Hence he is trying to disrupt the I. W. W., with laws he is sponsoring; theories he is promulgating (with hired brains) ; and by trying to jail our active members. But he is predestined to fail.

In an organization where the officials have the say-so it would succeed; the officials could be “canned,” if necessary, and the union would collapse; but in the I. W. W. the membership run the organization, hence there is no way the master can effectively cause a disturbance. Thus it is, I am not able to believe that our fellow workers were arrested so as to give the masters a chance to control our organization, like so many others that are controlled. In fact, I see, no control except the rank and file control, not “supposedly to be,” but real!

At this time the I. W. W. is organizing *all Iabor into one big union*, something needed very bad, although it is not a new idea. We are having good success in bettering the conditions of labor all over the country and this is so because we are filling a long felt want—doing all the heavy kicking.

In conclusion:

One of the main reasons why all labor should belong to a one big union is to do away with “all doubt” as to the “rightfulness” of their demands.

As it is now, when a body of men strike, the question arises, “Are the men entitled to a raise?”

If they all belong to one union the question would never arise. The capitalist flunkeys would say: “Those are labor’s demands,” take them or leave them. Indeed the One Big Union of all labor would clarify the atmosphere considerably—considerably.

How about a lift, stranger—to run this organization.— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_52\_IW\_16051923

**Our Chaste System**

We must not take the capitalist system’s protestations of morality too seriously. If we do we are liable to underestimate our own undefiled purity. We must guard ourselves, at all hazzards, against being contaminated (in our minds) by this far-flung and unholy misrepresentation of the capitalist system’s thorough-going rottenness.

Be our condition what it may, it is established beyond a shadow of doubt that the system is bad, from one end to the other; that its moral delinquency must break out in visible evidences periodically.

\* \* \*

As to whether the system uncovers its inherent immorality (in carefully selected spots) or, whether it merely takes advantage of these manifestations (to prostrate itself in pretended abhorrence), we cannot determine off hand; looking at it from our highly moral eminences.

Lest there be doubt as to the “composition” of morality we will be obliged to unlimber our “puritanism.”

These many weeks our lustful soul has been sighing for balmy spring weather that would unsheathe the ladies from their heavy overcoats. I’ve seen them stumping the pave, all winter long, all bundled-up and my soul was grieved. But today, like a sunburst, a vision ensnarls my best eye, in entanglements that are foreign to my unsullied nature. It would be sacrilege to describe all the clothes she wasn’t wearing—sufficient to get by the capitalist courts, and Insufficient to impede the free play of her muscles or retard her queenly progress down the avenue.

No, fellow workers, she wasn’t exactly naked, but the next thing to it. Anyway, if she had been, it would not have made any difference to us. A few clothes more or less doesn’t constitute morality.

Still, I will say, the ladies have gone shout far enough— and, if they will stop fight where they are now, I see no reason why the most of us cannot remain “the immaculate moral morons” we have always been.

But the system does expose its inherent smut, when it serves its purpose—nevertheless pic whole rottenness is never exposed at once. Here and there n bootlegger, bent on poisoning the “inveterate drunks,” is hailed before the courts because he has failed to contribute support to our glorious institution. Incidentally he is charged with unlawful lawbreaking. Hero and there, like in Gary, Indiana, the pillars of polities are sentenced to jail for cooking raisins, not, I suppose, merely for that act alone, but, it may be possible, the “motivators” of “the model city”, have no further use for these politicians. lt may be that, in their past life, there is some deed incompatible with the “best interests” of that burg—either way, down and out went they. . . .

In Michigan, the House of David is having its innings: and many a real snappy piece of news flashed, over the wires of the highly moral Associated Press. Crossbreedings, and so on, was the gist of its plaint, and it would seem that much is being made of the fact that it was practiced with regularity and frequency that is astonishing to “the mere amateurs composing the rest of our virtuous citizenry. Not a hint is given as to any real reason why it was considered opportune to splash the House of David in front of us, at this time— why it was selected as a horrible example of what could lie discovered without effort: but it is possible that there existed some form of co-operative movement that was objectionable to the conventional customs prevailing in that locality. The theological morality was severely questioned, in this case, in favor of more conventional cults, and it is now practically settled that any and all other church organizations will compare acceptably in our estimation—considering how much dirtier are the stories connected to the H. of D. if they are true, end I doubt them.

On and on we could go (until it would, fill seventeen special editions) and recite the most damnable evidences of, not the decadence, but virulence of the capitalist’s system.

Although I am world-wise, schooled in these things from childhood on, I can step in any motion picture palace and get an eyeful of new kinks in love making and practice that would make Diana, the goddess of chastity, swallow her chew of snus in surprise.

\* \* \*

All of these things are intended for the edification of “our” children, because the people demand them.—The Liars!

\* \* \*

Almost any one will agree the system is bad and should be changed. And they will agree that the change, in order to be successful, must be based on industrialism—on industrial control. And they will agree that industrial control can only be brought about by organizing industrially. The Industrial Workers of the World are doing that very thing.

Are you with us?

—T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_53\_IW\_19051923

**Kute Kapitalist Korts**

“You are accused of being an agitator; I how do you plead?”

“Not guilty, your worship.”

(Call the first witness in offense). “Mr. Skinflint, will you give the court the facts in this case. We do not wish to pass sentence upon him without some show of jurisprudence. Are you an employer of labor?” “I am, your worship, and this man entered my employment voluntarily with malice aforethought; but no sooner had he become a participant in the emoluments I am in the habit of disbursing, than he most feloniously began agitating for a strike and succeeded in contaminating my entire force with the damnable principles of industrial unionism, and deprived me of the cooperation of labor, in the pursuit of happiness for myself and family. That’s about all, your worship.”

“Sit down, Mr. Skinflint, that’s enough. Prisoner at the bar, young man, what have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you according to Hoyle?”

“Judge, your honor, I am innocent; I have done no agitating. The wages were small, the conditions were rotten, and I went on strike. But, judge your honor, it was a one man strike. I am the only man he employs.”

“Young man, it makes no difference whether you persuaded one man to strike, or a million men; you are guilty and I hereby sentence you from one to forty-seven years on the rock pile. And, as millions who now live will never die, I order the sentence to run concurrently, on a sliding scale. Call the next case.”— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_54\_IW\_23051923

**Nothing But the Truth**

The discrediting of our “hero” goes on apace. While no committee has united upon him recently to conduct him into the sovereign state of intoxication; while the past five years the sovereign conduct of our hero has been something his great children, and his great, great grand children, will point to with pride in their sober moments still a finger of scorn is pointed at the habits our hero is possessed with. He has dared to go on the bum in the face of “all that the system has done for him.” Such ingratitude! At the age of 14 the system carefully adjusted a hump on his back—at the impressionable age — and still he fails to appreciate the benevolence of our glorious system of exploitation. Ingrate. He has dared to move into the “working men’s palace,” the Salvation Army hotel, right into the lap of Jesus, (where the cockroaches are as big as mud turtles), to study social economies.

Darn the luck.

Let us sing: “There Is Power, There Is Power.”

## 1923\_55\_IS\_26051923

**A REVERSAL IMPENDING**

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**KANSAS BARS ALL I. W. W’S.**

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**Decision Makes Possession of Membership Card a Law Violation**

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(By The Associated Press.)

“TOPEKA, Kas., May 14.— As a result of the recent decision in the Kansas Supreme court, members of the Industrial Workers of the World are not wanted in Kansas.

“The high court has sustained an injunction against the I. W. W., its officials and all members, issued in the district court of Butler county. It has been held by the attorney-general’s department that the possession of an I. W. W. membership card is sufficient grounds on which such member may be held in contempt of the injunction in any county in the state.

“C. B. Griffith, state attorney-general, in his brief before the court, said: ‘It will be seen at once that the acts of the organization are not single acts of crime, but every act is a part of a system devised and intended to inflict unlawful injury and damage upon the citizens of the state, to over- turn the industrial system and overthrow the government itself’.” — Chicago Daily News.

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Clipping fails to state “which” injunction— it says industrial workers are not “wanted” in Kansas— not WANTED. — Of course not, Kansas, not yet— but when the grain turns and begins to burn, your cries will be heard to high heaven and Halifax.—You will call for the I. W. W., in the name of Jesus Christ and his twelve Apostles, to come and save it.—We know we ain’t wanted, (anywhere), but we’re here. We don’t expect you to meet us with a brass band, when we come — a fife anil drum corps will do.

If your Supreme court has decided Industrial Workers of the World are not wanted in Kansas, in July t that august body is liable to reverse itself on or about June 20th.

T-bone Slim.

## 1923\_56\_IS\_26051923

**THE WHOLE HOG—OF EMOTIONS RAISED BY CHARITY**

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One of the **most touching** things came to my notice today on the streets of our Chicago— ladies fair, and motherly grandmothers, were soliciting [unclear] tagging people for the benefit of the “Aged and Adult Charities.” Needless to say I was deeply touched in spirit (not substance) —I make this statement so as to dispel any illusion the reader may have as to my tenderheartedness — and, while completely unstrung with compassion I hasten to protest my sympathetic and pathetic nature. My feelings are deeply moved (although my hand remains motionless) on occasions like this, and it is no trouble for me to shed scalding tears (without notice) over these poor Adult and Aged citizens who become too old to support anybody, including themselves.

These poor creatures no doubt have worked hard all their lives and are very, deserving—excuse me while I step in the back room to cry— I must not be seen with tears in my eyes—it might be construed as sedition against the system, on one hand; and lack of revolutionary stability on the other— as I was saying, they are a bunch of hard-working men and women who have nothing to show for their work, after all these years, except “the hands all knots and a back all hump,” an object of our compassion.

When I get sentimental “I go the whole hog.” My frame shakes with emotion (even as I write) as I view the heroic efforts of the people trying to undo what the employers of labor have done— trying,. at this late date, to donate to these deserving aged, the livelihood denied them by employers in their youth. And, altho I consider begging and soliciting a very wasteful form of production, for able-bodied citizens to undertake, I recognize its utility as a temporary relief — at the same time deploring its ultimate reaction upon those that give— they, too, some day will be old. They, too will be made poor by the same system under which they strive to be SO helpful.

I pass the time of day with a beggar sitting on the sidewalk grinding music. . . . I almost hesitate to touch this subject. I have asked him “how many hours does it cost him to earn a living” — and he looks at me in amazement— no doubt classifying me more or less correctly — if not **complimentarily**.

\* \* \*

The man is allowed this civilized privilege, to eke out his living, in order that h may serve as an everpresent example for us to continually remind us how much better off we are than he — to impress us with the “desirableness” of our position and to cause us to become contented with our lot — the miserable drippings of a thorough-rotten system of exploitation.

Now that I have sprung the motif behind this civilized barbarism, I am sorry I did it. They now will be taken from the sidewalks and put into hellholes they call almshouses — where they will get one meal a year, on Easter.

NOTE:—This cripple prefers the sidewalk.

Ain’t we a wonderful people! SO civilized! and SO well organized!—headed for a poorhouae.

I’m done crying.

T-bone Slim.

## 1923\_57\_IW\_26051923

**ALL I KNOW**

Well, as usual, it resolves itself upon me to give the slaves an “inkling” as to what industrial unionism is—it seems strange nobody has sprung it on them, before now.

\* \* \*

It is presumed to be a terrific conglomeration of tissue destroying ideas, doctrines, creeds and programs, all rolled up like a ball of fishhooks, and, it is further hinted that its tremendous range and unfathomable depth can only be explored by laborers with ‘specially equipped apparatus: such as brains, intuition and perseverance, etc.—yes.

\* \* \*

How well I remember the first time it was explained to me way back in ‘16, great beads of sparkling sweat gathered on my brow as I wrestled with the subject and, thus it is: I point with pride to myself as a man “who came, who saw and who conquered” (venus, wieners and vichy, in Latin). Am I right? Of course I am.

\* \* \*

Suspecting no shock I innocently asked him, “What is this, industrial unionism over which everybody seems to be going nuts”? Imagine my astonishment when he snapped out the fatal enigmatical reply, “everybody in any industry belongs to one union only,

\* \* \*

The blow hatd fallen.

“Everybody in one industry belongs to one union.” Holy mackerel and sanctified smelts, how in the world is an uneducated man like myself going to get all that through his noodle! I turned pale; I had to do something to hide my acquired ignorance. (Assuming ignorance is not the basic scat of learning).

\* \* \*

“Everybody in one union.” Even old heads who have studied unionism for years can’t get that through their brain. Is it then a wonder that I was somewhat staggered by the problem? Anybody who thinks industrial unionism is easy to understand (and easy to explain) is off his trolley and on the wrong street.

\* \* \*

An average worker understands the law of gravity — the theory of relativity is pie for him (with one arm tied behind him) — but the conundrum, the hard cold concrete fact of unionism, “the everybody in one union.” is as hard to understand, as is the art of aquatics to a water spaniel — what does a spaniel know about swimming? Nothing, not a thing.

(Stopped in nick of time).

## 1923\_58\_IW\_30051923

**The Worm Turned**

Not much success are we having in organizing the “mild” and “gentle” workers? Our success has always been with those whose manhood asserts itself in outbursts of clear-cut action. Nevertheless, there are men in our organization whose complacency and modest demeanor would do credit to a minister of the gospel explaining the dearth of pug-nosed angels. But you can’t always tell the depth of a well by the length of the pumphandle— and so it may be with these men: the look of unparalleled grief may hide a perpendicular or horizontal grin. But the bona fide-guaranteed-to-stand-unhitched-sort-of-worker seldom carries a card, so, at all times, it is a safe bet, when a worker says he has a card, that he also packs manhood with it.

Just the other day I met a relic of the system who inquired for a dime, saying he hadn’t dined since yesterday. I guessed he wasn’t a Wobbly, so I said. “Certainly, fellow worker, if you’ve got a caid.”

“Sure I’ve got a card,” said he.

“What kind of a card”? I inquired.

“A red card,” he replied.

“Let’s see it.”

“Can’t. It’s in my shoe.”

“What’s the matter, ain’t you got no socks or are the nails sticking through the soles?”

“Oh, dry up,” he said, as we parted. Somehow, I admired his spunk and wished I had given him the dime. For lo, and verily so, I had that much right on any person — but, it was in my shoe.

‘Tisn’t safe to carry money on your hip.

—T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_59\_IP\_00061923

**Cooks De Luxe**

In all ages ft has been customary to “blame the cooks” for everything that happens. If a man gets bald headed, it’s the cook’s fault.

He says, “that woman thou gavest me really ought to know cooking at least.” He brings home a pay envelope that strikes terror to the heart of the “sweet woman,” and causes her to grab at least three breakfasts per week from the oat bin—can you blame her? There he sits, like a storm cloud on Lookout Mountain, and demands to know why she don’t feed him round steak at least once t in a while. It’s the cook’s fault!

Even the children are quick to notice the “culinary failures” of the family foodstuff worker.

Of course I am not trying to advance a child as a person capable of passing on the merits, or demerits, of a cook —nor do I attempt to convey the idea that a child has any exceptional ability “to come to an understanding” of the underlying causes that “offset” the cook in rather a compromising position. No, I merely desire to emphasize the old saying “Like father, like son”—childish.

The cook at all times is doing the best she can. (If there is no good food on the table it is because she could not procure it, for some reason or other.)

The hotel cook is generally a man. Ninety-nine in hundred, of such men, are regular “he-men,” and many are the battles they have put up, for the “eaters” against the management. Single handed, only with the support of dishwashers and porters, have they fought the encroachments of an organized system of stomach-robbery—which all goes to show how “yellow” the public is.

Ordinarily a cook has all he can do to look after his own welfare ; his own wages; his own conditions of servitude. But it is true the cooks have repeatedly sacrificed their own interest, their jobs and their “standing in the industry” trying to better the food for a shiftless, easy-going public. Someone has said, “to hell with the public”; and I do verily believe, he guessed it.

The public is rapidly reaching a stage of mental, moral and physical putrefaction, which might be termed a condition of hell. The cooks have been unable to save the people from the profit system, although the people were willing to let them do it.

Not only in swell hotels, but in commissary-camps, are the inmates patiently waiting for the cooks to win “their battle” with the capitalist system. I think they’ll wait a long, long time.

\* \* \*

It is now up to the cooks to save themselves. This idea of fighting someone else’s battles is getting to be old style and is frowned upon in well-organized circles. Let the cooks organize in a union of their industry, and let them fight for wages, shorter days and better conditions for themselves. That’s the best thing they can do for the Public.

T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_60\_IW\_02061923

**HISTORY**

*By* T-BONE SLIM

Conditions were pretty rotten in 1772—in America. Thomas Jefferson takes his seat in the House of Burgesses and writes a pamphlet on the quarrel between England and America, which was so defiant that he was declared “unconstitutional” by the English-American government. In fact, to use the words of John Esten Cooke, “he was declared a traitor.” This took all the wind out of Jefferson’s sails— for the time being. But, being as it was, the conditions under which people were obliged to live continued getting more “haywire,” the title “traitor” began to rest more “comfortably” on Jeff’s shoulders. He got used to it. It had no effect upon him.

“He said what he thought.” He must have been singularly lucky in his thoughts. I imagine, were he alive today, the Klux would have him in tow, or the Legion Would work on him with a razor (like they did on Wesley Everest), or the great Fascisti would be called upon to select suitable sentiments (thoughts) for him—old Tom wouldn’t need to do his own thinking.

“But men like himself are always ready to supports their opinions.” He was heart and oul for resistance, to the powers that be, and became the author of one of the greatest of all plans for uniting the colonies. This was a “Committee of Correspondence,” whose duty it was to write to similar committees to be formed in other parts of the country, by which means each colony would know what the rest were ready to do. In them days there was no interference with mails. The committee was appointed — singularly they picked their own committee— and the effect of it was soon seen. From the North to the South the scattered colonies formed one union in their resistance to oppression.

In this movement, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were very active. Each had his peculiar gift. Jefferson could not speak, but was a sturdy writer. Pat. Henry could not write, but was a “sweet” speaker. Thus each did his part, and urged resistance as the only course now left.

The English government dissolved their organization— Burgesses, as it was called; but they determined to meet at the Raleigh Tavern, in the Apollo room, and did so. Here they consulted as to the next step. Jefferson was among them. He must have looked around him and remembered the old days of his youth, when he was so well acquainted with the old apartment. He had danced many a set with “Belinda” and other young ladies in this very room when he was a thoughtless young man ; and now he was a grave statesman, organizing revolution on the same floor which he had danced upon.

In the year 1776 he became immortal, as the author of the Declaration of independence. Many declarations of independence have been written, but none with the pep of that old instrument. Sorry I can’t give it in full in this column, as I do not know what laws have been passed in California against it. The Industrial Worker might even be suppressed in Washington, as it I might be construed as a reflection on the integrity of Weyerhauser Lumber Company.

Independence of spirit now is frowned upon by the various logging concerns, on the coast, and by big business in general, in the interior; whenever said spirit takes possession of a worker. He’s not supposed to be independent, but take what he is given and say nothing.

But Glory Be, to the sixteen standard Gods, the spirit of independence is *not* dead. We will say what we think; (all we think) of the commercial pirates trying to fasten yoke of economic slavery upon an in-offensive people. It is too comical to think about.

I warn you, my master, take away that big shovel.

## 1923\_61\_IW\_06061923

**Like Old Times**

Reading about the atrocities perpetrated by the enemy, upon our fellow workers, one is almost tempted to think that the present fiendish persecution of the I. W. W. is something new in the annals of the slaves’ struggle for liberation. Such is not the case however. In all ages, the champions of the people have been manhandled, sagged at tortured. But I am getting too morbid. Let me recite the experiences of one Stephen S. Foster, at the hands of the natives of his day. (Although Steve is dead we will let him testify for himself—writing in the “Herald of Freedom,” Jan. 15, 1842). “When I dare look on my shattered form I sometimes think prisons will be needed for me but little longer. Within the last 15 months (Our times they have opened their small cells for my reception. Twenty-four times have my countrymen dragged me from their temples of worship, and twice they have thrown me with great violence from the second story of their buildings, careless of consequences. Once in a Baptist meeting house they gave me an evangelical kick in the side, which left me for weeks an invalid. Times out of memory they have broken up my meetings with violence, and hunted me with brickbats and bad eggs. Once, in a mob of two thousand people, have they deliberately attempted to murder me.”

Doesn’t it sound natural? Is there any difference in procedure today? Not so you can notice it. If they had had automobiles in those days, they would have dragged Stephen S., even as they dragged cripple Frank Little in Butte— yes indeed. It would almost seem that the very same men are alive today, trying to check the onward rush of progress.

Slavery flourishes today even so as then—under a new name—employment —wages.

As to slavery, let us take the word of William Lloyd Garrison. He condemned slavery as a crime and demanded unconditional abolition. In 1831 he wrote, “Liberty for each, for all, and forever,” which indicates he was not stuck on bosses.

But let us permit him to write: “No person will rule over me with my consent”; “I will rule over no man”; “Enslave the liberty of but one human being and the liberties of the world are put in peril”; “When I look at these crowded thousands, and see them trample on their consciences and the rights of their fellowmen at the bidding of a piece of parchment, I say, ‘My curse be on the’ (cut out by Slim)”; “Why, sir, no freedom of speech or inquiry is conceded to me in this land. Am I not vehemently told both in the North and South that I have no right to meddle with the question of slavery? And my right to speak on any other subject, in opposition to public opinion, is equally denied me. I am aware that many object to the severity of my language, but is there not cause for severity?” “I will be harsh as Truth, and as uncompromising as Justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of a ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen — but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present.”

“I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse— I will not retreat a single inch — I will be heard.”

Such were the words of William Lloyd Garrison. He was dragged through the streets of Boston, Mans., but they had no automobile to do it with.

There was a demand for the abolition of slavery, a great demand for freedom, for liberty, for a square deal; and, as a result, the word slavery was amended to read— wages.—( T-Bone Slim).

Quotations From Negro Slavery or Crime of the Clergy, by Pasquale Russo.

## 1923\_62\_IS\_09061923

**POLITICAL ACTION**

–––––

**A LA BELGIUM**

A sample of government, as a slave driver, comes to us from Belgium. The postal employes on strike for more pay were conscripted into the army and were compelled to work—regardless.

The value of organization was emphasized, in so far as it showed the uselessness of “the individual walk-out” the men had undertaken— singly, disconnected, they had attempted something that is difficult for solidarity even to accomplish — they were going to win on a “technicality” . . .

They fully intended to crawl through a loop-hole (one at a time) and circumvent their boss, the Royal House of Belgium. Alas, the government “missed” them from their usual posts, stepped out, and invited them to join the army. The men’s, patriotism got the best of them (or was it army beans) and they reported for work bright and early next morning; fully resolved to starve if necessary for the king—and the flag.

Belgium is not the only country in Europe using force on wage earners, almost every country has so mismanaged its production and distribution thereof, that it is now imperative to subject to slavery those still inclined work. A large and happy family of voters enforce this condition upon the workers thru a medium called political action.

But, by organizing industrially, in a One Big Union, the working class soon could absorb a big percentage of these “restful” voters; thus increasing their production; thus, too, making commodities more “purchasable” to all— economic solidarity is the thing.

T-B. S.

## 1923\_63\_IS\_09061923

**PEONAGE ABOLISHED IN FLORIDA LUMBER CAMPS**

–––––

As a result of the Martin Tabert case, given publicity in the I, W. W. press the whipping, flogging and leasing of “convicted men” to lumber companies has been discontinued by law in the state of Florida. Here after the Putnam Lumber Co., a Wisconsin concern, whose hireling whipping boss so foully murdered young Tabert, will be compelled to devise other methods to recruit and torture its help. For it is now unlawful to whip them to death. As I understand it: It always has been illegal to murder people in Florida. But the Putnam Lumber Co. did not seem to think so, insofar as its representatives continued to brutally maltreat men and boys left in their charge—and succeeded in killing two that we know of, Martin Tabert and Ned Thompson.

According to news despatches, the leasing of county prisoners to private individuals becomes illegal on the 31st day of December, 1923. The legislators recognized the viciousness of that practice, but evidently they did not want to “break the habit” too suddenly, so they allow it, by law, to exist to the end of the present year. This gives the lumber barons a chance to acquire the habit of hiring men for money, which, same seems to be a general practice among other slave drivers.

**In fairness to Florida, be it said: T. W. Higginbotham, who beat Tabert to death, is to be tried next week on a charge of first degree murder. Supt. W. M. Fisher of Putnam Lumber Co., and former sheriff Jones, are under indictment charged with kidnapping and conspiracy, as a result of a deal that ended in the death of Ned Thompson. The warden of the Baker county convict camp of State Senator T. J. Knabb, is under indictment for the brutal whipping of Paul Revere White.**

Fellow workers, what do you think of that for (f)logging; in the land of the free and the home of the brave?—A state senator exploiting convicted men?

\* \* \*

**How many young men have been murdered in these camps is hard to estimate— two have come to light, murdered, in the past year.**

**How many boys sleep the eternal sleep in the swamps of Florida? How many mothers wait the return of their wandering sons — in vain? Who can tell? Nobody.**

**\* \* \***

**How many lumberjacks have been murdered by company gunmen in other states?**

**How many loggers on the west coast have never returned from “up-line or up-river— and who knows what happened to them?**

Ye Gods, fellow workers of the woods, can’t you see that you should learn to protect yourselves from this generation of fiends?

— Florida had whipping bosses. Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana and Minnesota lumber companies have gunmen. Where do you come out— can’t you see the trend of present-day civilization? —**California and Washington jails are full of men who fought the murderous lumber trust. Io all intents and purposes they are dead**, but not US dead as the man who will not organize and fight for the right to live.

How many unmarked graves are along the right-of-way of the various logging roads?

How many such graves have company gunmen dug in the past year? We hope not many. But we fear the worst! What has become of the loggers we used to chum with? Whe[re] are they? We haven’t seen them for years.

\* \* \*

Now, one more question: Are you going to tolerate a gunman in the camp in which you work to support him? Are you going to support a gunman so that he can kill you at the bidding of a lumber company — or are, you going to organize in the Lumber Workers’ Industrial Union No. 120 to put an end to all terrorism; and to put the “terrorist” to work? Line up with your fellow workers. If you have no card — wire for one.

**A Regular Performance**

**P. S.**

Peonage has been “remedied” in United States regularly every 30 years or so — each succeeding generation has taken a crack at it. It will be remedied again.

At times it has approximated perfection as an institution, only to “backslide” into what is called “cruel” peonage, which kills the peon. This, it seems, is not desired by the Florida legislators.—They figure a dead peon is no peon at all. Hence, they are “quick” to remedy “cruel” peonage.

—No nation can stand stand half free and half in the “can.”

T-bone Slim

## 1923\_64\_IS\_09061923

**SPRING IS HERE**

–––––

FOUND:- A piece of most incriminating evidence against the I. W. W.,—right in front of the Construction Worker’s hall, Chicago, Ill., a fishline-sinker.

The fellow worker that dropt it must have had his mind something else besides work. .

Let us be more careful in the future.

Luckily for us the bulss didn’t see it first.

T.B.S.

## 1923\_65\_IS\_09061923

**THE “BERRIES”**

–––––

POETRY OF NATION FAILS OF EXPRESSION IN THEIR PICKING.

–––––

It may be that our fine ladies and lords don’t know what berry picking is, so naturally it becomes an almost sacred duty for our writers to touch upon this subject —even while they eat the berries. It may be possible that many of our fine lords carry an idea in their bonnets that a berry is only a kind of fruit that floats around in their brandy-glass.

It is entirely possible that our ignorant masters and mistresses imagine that a berry grows on a bush of some kind, on a tree or on a vine, and that Fair Mother Nature provided these things for their special benefit.

Some of them own may have the idea that a swarm of bees fly from vine, bush to bush, and gather these berries into one pile— and that, all they themselves have to do is to sit at a table and eat them. Wouldn’t that be nice!

Unfortunately, “the berries” mean a lot of hard work, little pay and [m]any discomforts. Hard work (—?—) that children can do, women can do, and men can do. (But oh, my poor back!) Many of our finest people imagine that berry picking is a romantic occupation.

These people couldn’t teIl the difference between a berry patch and the “bad lands”. They think that a male Berry-king, in white duck pants, strolls down the lane with a female Berry-queen leaning on his arm smacking her lips over the blushing strawberries he pokes into her mouth. Yes. That’s what they think—and you can’t blame them—they don’t know much.

But we will not tell them how it is done. We have other things to write about besides “how o pick berries”—industrial unionism, for instance. It is enough for us to know that it is hard work and little pay and that we must organize into the Agricultural Workers’ Union before we can get the full value out of the berries that we pick.

Our boss belongs to a Farmers’ Union and he will not pay a cent more than he has to. So it is up to us to organize, and see to it, that he has to pay us what it is worth, and not “what he thinks it’s worth.”

The A. W. I. U. is a big indusrtial union and is going pretty strong. It has done a lot of organizing in the berry fields and will do a lot more this year. It is the only thing that stands between low wages and the harvest land.

Every normal man wants as much pay as the next man—and, everybody knows it. If we are getting less than the next man we very naturally feel like asking for more. As a body of men working on a job, getting less than somebody else, we frequently feel an increase in wages would do us a great deal of good. And surely it wouldn’t do us any harm— we are very optimistic in this respect and many of us feel like taking a chance on it any way, come what may.

But we are working as a gang, a crew, a body of men (Each one may I have a different idea on what constitutes a day’s pay). In that case we must hold a meeting of some kind and, if we’re going to hold a meeting, we had better be organized.

If we were on the job all alone, the matter would be very simple. As an individual we could halt the boss and tell him, in a very few words, just exactly what is on our mind. No meeting would be necessary, except the one with the Boss.

But we are not working that way, and haven’t been — since the days of the civil war.

We are working as a gang and so, as a gang we must meet with the Boss.

In order to successfully meet with the boss we’ve got to become union men and it follows, like day follow craft union night, that we ought to take out a red card in the I. W. W and try to better our condition not only in the berry fields but also in all other fields in which we may work this summer. If we don’t! It will be only a short time when the **bankers** will have us all on the bum.

A red card is about the best investment any working man or working woman can make. It brings the goods. It pays for itself in better wages and better living conditions. Besides: A man feels better when he is a union man.

True it is that the farmers have been crowded pretty hard by the bankers and other speculators. But true it is also that the Arkansas, Oklahoma and Kansas farmers are beginning to see who their real enemy is. He doesn’t blame the men, who work with him, any more.

It looks like a big year for the A. W. I. U. No. 110.

Yours for the Berries,

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1923\_66\_IW\_09061923

**BATTING ‘EM OUT**

Pennsylvania railroad (conscience stricken) grants shopmen $4,000,000 pay boost

\* \* \*

“Bolshevism is a skin disease,” says Max Gorki, and urges U. S. to shake fist at Europe to end wars. Wouldn’t it be better to make faces?

\* \* \*

American Facisti is advertising for help in the Want columns. Business doesn’t feel like doing the dirty work itself.

\* \* \*

If Bolshevism is a skin disease and capitalism is a skin game, what is California’s syndicalism?

\* \* \*

By the way, California Criminal Syndicalism is finding heavy grades around San Pedro. The damned fools went and arrested Upton Sinclair who is as red—as a bottle of milk.

Hiram Johnson isn’t saying a word nowadays. When Hiram isn’t talking he is thinking. Who knows the trend of his thought? Maybe he thinks the criminal cynicalism of legislators is putting his political aspirations in a bad hole.

I think so, Hiram, and this is more publicity than you have received since Borah straddled the Court of Notions.

What’s the matter, Hi, can’t you keep up with the times?

\* \* \*

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

The danger of the plans for industrial democracy does not lie in the “probable lack of support” by church, college and cock-roach business; rather it lies in their improbable support.

\* \* \*

The church has sided with slavery in all times; a reformation, at this late date could only arouse suspicion. Let the church continue peddling soup and “coffee and” on the road to Jericho.

\* \* \*

College has been turning out “benzoate of soda scientists,” degenerate journalists and epsom salt doctors, until standing room in Hell is at a premium. Cockroach business has . . . Oh what’s the use?

\* \* \*

Diet. Anyone would have said thirty years ago that a working man lives longer than a business man — and oh, them glorious roundsteaks that “mother used to make.” Today, in England, the average age of a workingman is 32 years; the average age of a bourgeois is 55 years. Business men live 23 years longer than a man who works for wages. Almost twice as long as his customers. Must be something very noxious about these business men, that kills the customers who work; or can it be possible that it is work that kills?

No, not by a jugfull. If that were the case, the tired business man would live forever. Is it possible? Is It Possible, that there is “that” about a slave that radiates health-giving “wherewithal” whereby the merchant prolongs his life?

Almost two customers die to one business man. But why? And the death rate in the working class is increasing. If this keeps up we will lose quite a few days work in the half we do not live; no pay days, no nothing. Woe is me and I am woe. Hurrah for the last that dies!

\* \* \*

Organization, a word if you please:

Compulsory stamp is indirect action. It is nothing more or less than additional dues. It is, a roundabout way of increasing the income of an organization. It is dues under another flag. We have heard what the voting membership had to say in regard to dues. We have observed that no convention has overridden the expressed will of the membership. The membership knows its financial condition best, and when they say 50 cents they mean a half dollar. Of course, there are those who believe fifty cents isn’t enough, and I respect their views, but they are in the minority. Why should their will dominate the organization?

A convention of the organization is the proper place to settle and ferret out our indebtedness. Another way is to take up voluntary contributions from those helpfully inclined, and able. But to say, “you must pay more,” is to weaken the organization—and you’ll get less. There is no such thing as “must” in the world.

Why look for trouble with the word compulsory?

I’m telling you, you can’t.

We have agreed on dues and we can agree on additional dues. But we will do it in an organized manner. We will pay our debts nd we will do it voluntarily and fully—even if it breaks the boss, but we will not be dragged or drafted to part with our nickels.

We are the organization.

T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_67\_IW\_13061923

**Against the Grain**

Well the wages were kind of small for shocking, a mere $3.50 a day, but, being a philosopher, I figured that wages are like small potatoes— they’ll grow if you keep knocking the parasites off the vines—and as I had come all the way from Flint, Michigan, to do this shocking I felt it no more than right that I should be permitted to carry out our program. A question of money, the loss of two or three dollars a day, wasn’t going to stop me now that I had my sleeves all rolled up and rearing to go.

So I climbed into the “tonneau” of Henry Ford’s masterpiece, over a door which the farmer had thoughtfully haywired. While he was prayerfully cranking lizzie, I settled back in the scat and started figuring my time, based upon my prospective labor, at the rate of 35 cents per hour. You’d be surprised how it counts up. Before John got lizze cranked up I had $42.00 coming —according to my figures.

Finally we arrived at the old homestead, had supper (such as the ex-schoolmarm had assembled) and John then told me I could sleep anywhere under the mortgage, just so that I let him know where to find me in the morning, in case I was a heavy sleeper.

The breakfast was rather light including the coffee which was paler than usual. I called for a second cup, bound to get a kick out of it if I had to drink a gallon of water to get it. She graciously grabbed my cup and shortly I heard the kitchen pump coming to the rescue of the coffee pot.

Breakfast over we repaired to the fields, John to run the binder and I to do the shocking. He had about 40 acres down and I could see there, would be no lost time on short rows. The grain was “macaroni” and the reads were curled and bushy, making shocking of it very difficult and disagreeable, but this was of no consequence to a man like myself, and soon I was shooting up shocks at the rate of one every five minutes, twelve every hour, sixty in a half day. I figured the breakfast fully warranted that many, considering the second cup of coffee I had had.

Dinner time rolled around and the farmer asked blessings over a panicky looking meal and I fervently echoed “amen” from the corner I was brightening. I must have put too much sincerity in the tone of my voice for he looked up suddenly to see if I meant it.

The dinner was so much better than the breakfast that I made up my mind that 120 shocks, in the afternoon, would be none too many. And would you believe it, that night when I walked home I was the proud father of 180 shocks built on less than half rations.

But in the meantime John had hired a neighbor boy to shock another field, so I remarked, .”I see you’ve got another shocker.” “Yes,” said he, “ I had to get one, seeing as how you’d never ketch up.”

“Why, what do you mean, ketch up?”

“Ketch up with the binder,” said he.

“Ketch up with the binder? I can’t imagine what gave you the idea that I was going to ketch up with the binder.”

“Why, it’s customary,” John protested.

“Well, isn’t that strange, here I’ve been paying no attention to the binder at all.”

“Yes,” said John, “It’s always customary to keep up with the binder in these parts, but I saw you couldn’t do it so I had to hire another man.”

“Well, John, I’ll tell you how it is with me. I have three different speeds: low, intermediate and high. My work is just like your grain, it has three grades; one, two and three. I sell my work just like you sell your grain. When you take No. 1 grain to the elevator you expect No. 1 price. You would hardly let them have No. 1 grain for a grade 3 price. Of course, John, you understand, I’ve got the advantage over you — I can give you exactly what you pay for, while you, if they pay you No. 3 price, can’t change the quality of your grain.”

“I see,” says John, and I could see he was deeply moved.

Another morning camo from nowhere in particular. In the course of the forenoon a wind sprang up and started tearing into my shocks, pulling out fuzzy bundles here nd there, and undoing much of my work. About nine o’clock the boss went in for lunch, same as yesterday. As he didn’t invite me along I thought it would be too much like presuming to follow suit; then again, I wasn’t quite sure he went in to lunch. You see, he had only recently been married, so I figured he stepped in to pass the time of day with his wife.

All things have their end and finally, with noon time, came my turn to have lunch. I was pretty gaunt when I sat down to the table and I felt like, there and then, changing my name to T. B. Gaunt. The meal could best be described as: a box of crackers and a centerpiece. Such was not the case, however. Among other things there were seventeen peeled potatoes on a saucer. Enough said. Just about the time I was mashing them down with the butter supply, the boss was through eating and was preparing to leave the table. It’ was then I made the unfortunate remark that caused him to doubt my loyalty, when I said:

“I can see right now there isn’t enough food for both of us. One of us better leave and, so there won’t be any trouble in the family, I think I had better be that one.”

Ten minutes later we were in town 14 miles away. My, but them Ford cars can travel!

## 1923\_68\_IW\_16061923

**Coue-Operation A Hunch**

In any period of the ever prevailing industrial conflict, the one most damnable single influence, here and elsewhere, is the co-operative movement. It is foreign to the aspirations of the American workers (material and Ideal) and serves to divide the workers into two parts— those who believe labor is robbed at the point of production, and those who believe he is robbed at the point of consumption. Then there is a third faction that believes labor is robbed both ways (and many other ways) until he becomes one of the most thoroughly robbed dignitaries in the world. Creating this condition of division in labors’ ranks, the co-operative movement serves to shield the real thieves—at the source of corruption —at the point of production.

Given the full product of his toil labor would be immune from expleitation, insofar as this would eliminate the parasites altogether, aristocratic or otherwise. Business men receiving only the full product of their toil could in no way be classed as parasites.

Before we proceed we must note that it has been said, “craft unionism is the *sole evil* that tends to divide the working class.” This is not strictly true since the co-operative movements do this very thing more effectively. And, in the sense that the co-operative is subtle, cheating a division of thought, while craft unionism “openly” divides labor into antagonistic camps of sympathisers.

So we find that, in these times of industrial unrest, the most valuable ally of craft unionism is the co-operative movement. They are inseparably linked together, supported by the same people, and seek to bring about the same deplorable result —a division.

Ostensibly they both seek a decent standard of living for the workers; “co-operation by enabling the workers to supply themselves with the necessities of life at cost; craft unionism by raising the workers’ wages to the point where they will purchase a better living.” The theory behind the co-ops is that a decrease in the cost of living is an increase in wages. I ‘spose, too, according to them, an increase in wages is the equivalent of a reduction in the cost of living.

Thus, if a worker receives an increase in wages and a decrease in cost of living, he has really received two increases in pay—one at the point of production and one at the point of consumption— a pay day on each battlefront. Isn’t that nice.

But if the boss gives him a “cut,” and the merchants one big union of business raises the cost of living, he experiences two wage cuts.

\* \* \*

Thus, also, if he has the power to raise his wages on the job, the increased pay will take care of the cost of living; but it he is only able to reduce the cost of living, then his lack of economic power on the job is an invitation to the boss to slash the wages, so that they will conform with the decreased cost of living he has obtained.

It is a question of economic power on the job. The best you can hope to do by a co-operative business venture is to pull a producer off the job, set him up in the business of buying and selling in opposition to those already in the business, thus increasing the numerical strength of the business, fraternity.

The retail merchants are organized in thee Merchants Union and are doing business with the entire support and direction of the wholesalers; they can underbuy the co-operative and thereby perpetuate themselves in their chosen field. (I know of no “independent” store driven to the wall by any co-operative. There they blossom, side by side, in any country village).

But maybe our craft unionist reasons that two storekeepers are as easy to support as one. No, brother, we do not need more storekeepers; what we need is an industrial union on the job strong enough to take care of every increase in the cost of living—right at the point of production.

Craft unionism tends to establish an aristocracy of labor, and the co-operative movement cinches it, but, at the same time, it establishes a condition in the labor world that can result only in the loss of support with labor at large. Ostensibly both movements aim to establish industrial democracy, according to their spokesmen, by fighting a part of the time at the point of consumption (so as to give the boss a chance to get his wind) and a part of the time at the point of production, which indicates: They do not know what they doeth. They don’t know where the trouble is. Like the doctor treating a woman for typhoid fever when she had diphtheria. (Oh, if the doctor had only thought to treat her for both diseases).

So labor is being robbed at both the point of consumption and the point of production. Well, I swan!

He must be getting pretty poor by this time—and thin—considering the co-operative movement has been in the field only a short time, plugging the leaks peculiar to the point of collection as understood apart from production. How about a one big union of all labor, to gather the tokens unto those who produced them? A “co-operative move” in a “competitive” system, is like a religious revival in a beer garden.

While it is true that business men reap “gains,” out of all proportion to the service they render; and while it is true that the entrance of co-operatives has a tendency to make their services still less frequent, it does not mean that labor will be called upon to make special efforts to support the co-operatives. Rather, the extraordinary support, given (previously) to the business men, will be stretched to blanket the entire business fraternity, including co-operatives. Thus, in each case, labors is only one producer (turned business man) and business men’s gain is the footsteps saved in the course of waiting on fewer customers.

But it happens that already the business men find almost nothing to do (proof of which lies in the fact that many of them rush out on the street to capture customers) in return for the living they get.

Labor has noticed that many business men find it difficult to find eight hours work per day in their establishments, hence, it is thought, the business fraternity is too numerous, or their supporters too few. In fact, there is a movement to boycott those places that appear to be nearer bankruptcy and initiate them into the working class.

(To Be Continued)

## 1923\_69\_IW\_20061923

**Coue-Operation A Hunch**

(Continued from Previous Issue)

As a result of this movement, (lately) advertisements appear in street cars, Patronize Your Neighborhood Grocer, Druggist, etc., (be it said, a business man would move his store in your front yard if thereby he could gain your trade).

This boycott has been going on for some time and it is said that the smaller business will be put out of business.

It seems that the smaller business man is not evincing the proper interest in the welfare of labor, and that it is for that reason that the gods are forsaking him. Members of the working class have been jailed and not a peep of protest do we hear from the neighborhood merchant —and so, by patronizing the big stores labor hopes to drive sense into the head of the middle class—yes.

It is said the co-operative movement was born of an economic cause —a system that keeps a man broke while fully employed. But we do not have to believe it. We can just as easily believe that it was born in the head of a man looking for a manager’s position, or, we can believe, (as I believe) that it was conceived by employers of labor to distract labors attention away from the antics of the boss, at the point of production —the ambitious manager, of course, being the instigator of the conception. (Came near giving employers credit for brains). A writer can’t be too careful, so let us note right here that: The orginal price of commodities is set at the Point of Production. Also let it be noted that every increase in the cost of living “calls” for an increase in wages. Therefore, labor must be left free to strike for more wages every time the price of butter goes, up; else, it might be made to appear that “the prior wages” were unduly high during the period of lower living costs; he must not be tied down with contracts, unless the cost of living is also tied down.

Also: let us carefully note, an employer of labor is not entitled to remain in business if he cannot afford to pay living wages. His inability to pay wages brings out such ridiculous figures as: 37½c, 43c, 39½c, 41c and 35c per hour, when they should be $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per hour to conform with a present living cost and the high cost of old age. This 40 and 1-10 of 1 per cent of business indicates that too many employers are in *his particular line* of business and that he cannot arrive at a living unless we hold “a benefit,” in the way of cheap labor, for his special Advantage.

Why should we fight “his” battles at the point of consumption when our “bringing up” fits us so admirably for job action; on the point of production! Co-operation in the sense handled here, is not job action in concert. It is merely a movement of limited co-operation adrift in a sea of competition; even so as a craft unionism is an island in the trough of the sea of capitalism, periodically swamped by the tides —open shop drives. A crafts man is the “sheik” of the labor world; and his union its “flapper.”

In England, the horn of the co-operative movement, its (the movement’s) manifestation finds its fullest expression. Coupled to political action and craft unionism (trade unionism) it has functioned as remedy No. 3, for economic (household) evils— a sort of a third wheel on labors’ cart. For the past 80 years, since 1843, the co-operative movement has been raising labors’ wages at the point of consumption. From the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers has grown the “GREAT” British co-operative movement, of today, supplying over half the people of the country with the necessities of life at cost of production, without profit or graft to individuals. In addition to this, the government has inaugurated a system of pensions which makes it practically impossible for an English “worker” to starve to death in that country.

With trade unionism fighting the low, wages at the point of production ; the co-operative movement fighting the high cost of living at the point of consumption; the government fighting starvation at the point of benevolence, the Britisher evidently finds comfort in dividing his attention between his co-operative business affairs, striking and in petitioning his government for the means of subsistance.

Because of a certain interdependence, the co-operative movement has been called “the right arm of organized labor”; the ballot its left arm—pensions is the leg on which it stands. Truly an unfortunate comparison (Albert F. Coyle, acting editor, Locomotive Engineers Journal; Executive Secretary All-American Co-operative Commission will bear me out) for this comparison leaves no function for trade *unionism at the point of production*. Can it be that unionism is merely an artificial limb? He says “organized labor has two arms”; the ballot and co-operative movement. It would seem that “a strike” is of little significance in the eyes of Mr. Coyle. It’s a pity his labor hasn’t more arms, so that it could get more fingers in more pies.

In embracing the co-operative movement, the craft unionist admits that his unionism is not sufficient. His failure to wring a livelihood at the point of production is proof that his unionism is at fault. The more he saves at the point of consumption, the less will the boss give him — not having the power to raise wages, on the job, how can he expect to resist wage cuts, in the same place.

Throughout Europe co-operation and the labor movement have gone hand in hand —(that’s where we get our “immigration”). The co-operative movement is strictly un-American in origin and adaptability. We are at least 40 years behind England in political maneuvers — that is: it will be at least that long a time before co-operation will bless us politically with a pension. Therefore let us plug along organizing “industrially” the one big union of labor, to fight the one big union of bosses at the point of production — on the job.

Let us not become ambitious as traders, legislators or financiers — some one’s got to work — let us not aim to become employers of labor — that is competition — let us rather remain workers, manufacturers, producers, organized industrially to run the industrial of the world for the benefit of a new humanity — produce for use.

Organize in the I. W. W. to get your living where you produce it—at the point of production. You can’t save it if you don’t get it. In conclusion let me say: Labor has two arms — both are industrial unionism; it has two legs —both are solidarity. You’ve heard of them— that’s what we stand on, solidarity of labor.

Besides, labor has eyes to see; ears to hear; brains to think —and teeth.

(To Be Continued)

## 1923\_70\_IW\_23061923

**Coue-Operation A Hunch**

The one big union, oh well, that is another thing to discuss. That is the “emancipation” of the working class —the Industrial Workers of the World.

The one main reason why the capitalist system should be “scrapped” is this: It has lost all sense of proportion. Its press says, between 3,000 and 4,000 men are on strike, when there are 120,000; its judges cannot guess the “proper” degree of punishment, any nearer than one to fourteen years; its employers of labor cannot find work for 2,000,000 unemployed. Two million undiscovered jobs, in this small country, indicated the system is blind—only less than justice herself.

\* \* \*

The co-operative movement of today is not a “change” in the system of wage slavery. It does not desire the total elimination of “exploitation of labor” at the point of production. It merely aims to eliminate private profiteering (at the point of consumption) in favor of co-operative profiteering. It squeezes the social boil (on the nose) by beginning at the ankle. What the real co-operative movement of tomorrow will be, we can only speculate.

\* \* \*

Many vast and fanciful schemes and theories have been proposed as a remedy for our economic evils. Formidable programs have been presented to the workers by profound gentlemen in tatters; by oily promoters in top hats and broadcloth; by acrobatic mental gymnasts with a theoretical training in the science which determines the probable volume of sweat that will flow past the thirteenth knuckle of a slave’s backbone in a given period of time while said slave is producing—a railroad, for instance; hence, why should I not advance a remedy and maintain for it all the qualities incorporated in other programs. Why not, indeed!

The Industrial Workers of the World are organizing themselves into a one big union of all the world’s workers. The world’s workers are organizing themselves into the feet Industrial Workers of the World, at the places where they work— at the point of production. (Only the workers are doing this— and, under our program there will be no unemployed.)

Heretofore, we, the workers, have been organized in geographical societies, spiritual congregations, craft unions, commercial tern, groups, political parties and—in industrial unions, in a mild way. And, in the late have sorrowful years, the co-operative movement has caught the fancy of those who believe their they are especially gifted, by their long disassociation with work, to enter the competitive field as a disturbing factor, at points other than productive.

This being disposed of, let us advance again. In the one big union program the Agricultural Workers, I. U. No. 110, co-operate (with the whole) to produce the grains vegetables, fruits, etc., and they will guarantee a sufficient supply for all concerned; the Foodstuff Workers I. U. 460 will guarantee the pork chops with all necessary trimmings and cooking that will be scientific, not to mention *service* that *money* can’t buy; the Textile Workers I. U. No. 410, will accommodate us with all the cloth and clothes (including be[unclear] pants for bald-headed sheiks).

Now that we are clothed and fe[unclear] the Lumber Workers I. U. 120, will go out and capture enough logs and lumber for our shelter, our homes, our windbreaks, the places, oh you know, where we spend our nights; the Building Construction Workers I. U. 330. will erect enough dwellings to guarantee every human being with a home and so on. There will be an industrial union to look after every need of the human family. Industrial Union No. 520 will take care of railway transportation, *delivering the goods* where they will do the most good. So, too, will the Marine Transport Workers I. U. 510 comport themselves creditably for the welfare of all. Not forgetting my own General Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 310 which smoothes the way of progress and makes this world generally a fit place to live in ; it will guarantee good roads, tunnels, dams, bridges, canals and new railroads, in abundance. I will further content myself with mentioning the Miners Industrial Unions 210 and 220, the men who dig our coal and ore, etc.; the Metal and Machinery Workers I. U. No. 410; and so on. But why continue! The picture is there. Co-operation!

Many industrial unions I have not mentioned will co-operate to make our life more bearable in this sloppy old “veil of tears”. They will guarantee whatever we need to maintain life, harmony and beauty.

That is real co-operation, the one big union. It is so simple that great scientists may have overlooked it in their tremendous anxiety about our dialectics. As simple as rolling out of bed.— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1923\_71\_IW\_27061923

**Extracts**

“Is it a part of intelligence to squeeze the juice out of meats and feed the pulp to workers?

“Is it sound logic to separate the small good (the juice) from the mass of bad (the pulp) and feed the pure good (the juice) to the few; the pure bad (the pulp) to the many?”

According to my way of thinking these two should remain inseparable.

\* \* \*

“ . . . for another). If it had intended ‘It’ to be ‘So it would have made bubbling springs of beef-extract for one; and mountains of pulp for the other. However, nature did not see fit to make such an arrangement.”

\* \* \*

“ . . . The one denied roughage becomes a degenerate and goes into the market for new glands; the other one ‘filled up on roughage,’ gets radical and begins to howl for a one big union.”

\* \* \*

“ . . . You come around belly aching ‘that you’ve been fooled.’ You give your officials power to pull strikes, when the boss feels strong; to call off strikes, when the boss feels faint.’”

\* \* \*

“ . . . How’s chances to carry your pay envelope home for you?”

\* \* \*

“The I. W. W. doesn’t ask you to trust it—it is not a faith organization. It gives you the best ‘unionism’ at least expense — it lets . . .”

\* \* \*

“It guarantees the wages will go up faster than the cost of living.”

\* \* \*

“There is no danger in over eating, if the food is pure, and if your stomach has not previously been ruined with improper foods. (Men do not give themselves pain, unnecessarily).”

\* \* \*

“Cheap meals are cheap death —or a . . .”

\* \* \*

“The cooks are compelled to work eight, to twelve, to sixteen hours a day over a hot range that would put to shame a Scotch boiler on an ocean grey hound.”

\* \* \*

“Prices charged do not always determine the quality of the food; rather the prices determine who shall eat it.”

\* \* \*

“Never an artist painted a prettier picture than a clean plate. A clean plate with two smiling eggs on it: sunny side up. Alas” This tan never be . . . “ (until)

\* \* \*

“If it wasn’t for the dishwasher, black-plague or hog-cholera would have us all wipe’t off the pay roll by this time.”

“A la King” translated means ‘like king.’ ‘Hence, when you have eaten ‘chick a la king’ in a cheap restaurant, you become convinced that it was prepared from Tut-ankh-amen himself, or some other *pot*entate of equal historic significance.”

\* \* \*

“Hereafter, employers, if they want to rent, hire or purchase labor (power) must pay the price set by labor.”

\* \* \*

The above are “extracts,” (only a few) from “our own” book, entitled: “Starving Amidst Too Much,” written for the F. W. I. U. No. 160 by

T-BONE SLIM.

P. S. Of course, they are only extracts; and, as we maintain the pulp and juice are inseparable, we do not dare to take out too much of the extracts at this time.

Tho book will be out on or about July 15. Write to James E. Carrol, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, III. Admission 15 cents. Order through your job branch secretary.

## 1923\_72\_IW\_30061923

**Epistola**

On single cussedness.

Proof of the pudding is in the eating; if it kills it is bad. If we want to prove that a working man is robbed, all we need do is “take on some labor, in a “prayerful” spirit. Work a week, save your money, then quit your job and start spending, i. e. living. If your week’s earnings outlast the week, you have done well. At the end of a week you won’t have anything left to brag about— and, in all that time, you haven’t been off the Earth.

How is it then that a single man like you can only earn enough in one week to “live on” next week. Begins to look as if you were robbed, doesn’t it? The wages you spent were wages the boss gave you—the identical same wages—and they “only lasted” a week.

Your wife, if you had one, could have lived on them same wages; (that means that you must work 52 weeks a year without spending money), and you so fond of poolball games, too. Begins to look as if this “crime wave” is more extensive than we thought. I wonder who is going to support Willie— for it is reasonable to think there will be a Willie—if we follow Roosevelt’s advice and raise a big family.

\* \* \*

Begins to look as if some one was putting his hooks into a part of our wages before they go into our envelopes.

“But,” you say, “I’m getting enough to live on and I an save a little besides.”

Then the capitalist system is O. K., according to your ideas. Millions of men are receiving less than marrying wages. But you are single, saving your wages to marry with, and you don’t belong to a one big union? You are doing nothing to put a stop to this exploitation of the millions? You are a party to the robbery! The system suits you. I most seriously question whether you belong to the working class, the class that is trying to discourage the “syndicate of criminals of broadcloth,” who are making wealth out of human misery.

Fer Christ sake get next to yourself—join the I. W. W. for a better world, or a softer one.— (T-Bone Slim).

A STUDY IN SPUDS

is a great dish for hot weather diet and it “seems to be” all the rage just now. It seems that there is a great public demand for it. And, you know, whatever the people want they shall have. If they want the moon it is theirs.

\* \* \*

Now, it seems strange the people do not demand potato salad in the winter time. This fact alone goes far to prove that it is a hot weather dish. Another thing: In the summer time the potatoes get sour of their own accord and can’t be used except as a salad. So you see it is the craving for sour potatoes that generates the demand for salad in the summer time. Whereas, in the winter time potatoes do not sour, consequently the demand runs heavy to pure food. Inscrutable are the ways of nature.

Read “Starvation Amidst Too Much,” coming out in July, a pamphlet by T-B-S.

\* \* \*

There are four kinds of people in the world, says a modem poet:

*First*. Those who work not, never did work and do not propose to ever work. Keep your eye on ‘em; they are parasites.

*Second*. Those who work not, have worked before but cannot now find work. Organize them; they are the unemployed,

*Third*. Those who do work and kill themselves working. Teach them; they are thoughtless.

*Fourth*. Those who work, combining comfort with work. Follow them; they are wise.

\* \* \*

The ethics of silence and ignorance should be severely condemned.— (Baron Van Reuben).

## 1923\_73\_IW\_04071923

**Pick-ups**

By T-BONE SLIM

“Where is my wandering boy tonight?” In the workhouse, madam, in the workhouse.

\* \* \*

“Where there is a will to do— there is also a will to crawl through.”— (948).

\* \* \*

We never returned empty handed yet.

\* \* \*

‘Tis said that there is poison in our food, but in such small quantities that “it will do us good.” What do you mean, “do us good?” Say, when you get ready to put more in, let me know; wire at my expense.

\* \* \*

Oh Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name. Many an otherwise honest politician will solicit “propaganda funds” in the name of starving women and children.

\* \* \*

It is more blessed to give than receive—(wages). Cost of living has a flexibility (elastic currency). When you are rich the cost is high; when you are poor the cost is low; when you are without money the cost is nothing (in more ways than one). To understand this, if it can be done, let us put it this way: When you are rich the food is rich; when you are poor the food is poor ; when you are broke the food is rotten. Moral: Don’t be broke. If you can’t make a living working, try shoveling coal.

\* \* \*

Religion and morality, the basis of patriotism. Yellow paint, tar and feathers, lynching, lawlessness, are the result of it.

\* \* \*

Curiosity is the foundation of all knowledge. Not of very genteel birth, is it, Discontent is its father. Old man discontent has nice children. Knowledge is “bound” to make its mark in this world.

\* \* \*

The Press: The irony of it is you must pay for your own poison. Next they will insist that you dig your own grave, attend your own funeral, and DO your own firing. It’s Hell!

\* \* \*

Florida Quick to Remedy Its Cruel Peonage—headline. Peonage started sometime after 1429 and it is to be ended December 31, 1923. How’s that for quick action? A little over 400 years. Florida is a fast worker—according to the masters’ press. It is thought other states now will follow suit, as soon as they see a sample copy of the Florida law. What is a peon anyway? and how do they get into our country? How do they get by the Statue of Liberty, I’d like to know?

\* \* \*

Grayson was right: “One child in three complete the common school grades.” That would seem to be the “why” there is such a racket raised, at each election time, to put “reliable persons” in the unimportant offices of the school board. It would never do to have some unreliable person enforce the attendance laws; why it might destroy the inalienable right of children to support a master.

\* \* \*

Much has been said about progress. “Lookit our wonderful machines, lookit our hairships, lookit our Fierce-Barrow-’Mobiles, lookit our talking machines and lookit our gigantic industries and technique,” they say. Yes, I see. Twelve hours. Ten hours, Eight hours. (?).

\* \* \*

We can now make a living in twelve hours— in the steel mill. Some invention! If it wasn’t for the alarm clock Judge Gary’s employes would starve to death. In the west the boys do better with less machinery.

Migration. The employes of the various companies migrate in a fashion that is startling to us; expensive and ordinary to the employer; destructive (demoralizing) to the “migratee.” From North to South, South to North; East to West, West to East, etc., they migrate trying to dodge the inevitable—slavery.

In the place where I’m toughing it out the migration consists of one-third of force two times a day. Where do they go? Don’t ask me. Two shipments of men come in every day migrating from elsewhere. This is Chicago.

Then there is national migration, both ways; some go, some come, but the condition causing them to migrate remains. If men would migrate less and organize more, there would be very little migration.

Contrary to the southerners idea, the North is not a paradise; contrary to the northerners idea, the South is no better than the North. East, West, South, North, the men must learn to better the conditions as they find them. There’s no use running away from a thing that is nation-wide and carefully planned. Organize!

## 1923\_74\_IW\_07071923

**Prepare for the Worst Guilt by Inference**

According to various constructions placed upon Miss Liberty’s criminal syndicalism law, guilt by association, guilt by inference and guilt by interpretation is an established fact. (So far as we know every member of the court and bar have endorsed the criminal syndicalism law in one form or another, which makes it unanimous).

Under this law every member of the Republican party can be thrown in jail, for the “ballot box stuffing” done by other members of the G. O. P. Guilt by association Is “the construction” upon which this may be done. For example, a Republican judge sitting on the bench is guilty of criminal syndicalism when another Republican politician takes it into his nut to stuff a ballot box. For stuffing a ballot box is not “changing the political government” by peaceful and legal means. Also, when a member of the Republican party steals a horse, a Ford, or anything else, or speaks harsh words about the Democrats in power, the whole party is guilty of criminal syndicalism every bit as much as an Industrial Worker against whom the law was intended. That means no guilt need exist and no guilt need be shown. Society as a whole is an organization of individuals organized so that they can change the laws, governments and everything pertaining to themselves, but they must do so legally in a “peaceful” manner. If there is one member of society who thinks he can better himself that these may be incarcerated in Leavenworth (or some other equally barbarous institution) for the acts of that one man. Under the criminal syndicalism law, guilt by association is possible. If any member of society commits a crime each and every member of that society, or party, or union is equally guilty. You are your brothers keeper, and guilty as he may be, he can testify against you and send you in the pen. It is safest to take poison now!

Of course the criminal syndicalism law is unconstitutional and will so be declared in due time. It was intended “to discourage” workingmen from organizing industrially in industrial units and it has had a measure of success that surpasses the dreams of those who fathered the law. American labor once again has been told “what union is best for them.” But now that this law is of no further use, now that organized employers have changed their opinion about their ability to strip labor clean, it is not improbable that this law will be declared unsound; in fact, they have, no choice, for this law has qualities about it that might be likened to those of the boomerang and already it is ‘on its home stretch.

Why I talk in such a warnful tone must be clear to everybody. The Industrial Workers are not prepared to finish what this law may start—this very law has prevented labor from organizing to carry on production when capitalism shall have fallen, and to that extent it has prevented preparedness— it has to that extent declared in favor of unpreparedness. A shortsighted policy.

\* \* \*

Such an organization must be maintained at all hazards for it is next to impossible to wish it into existence after the collapse. It must be here before the collapse.

\* \* \*

The criminal syndicalism law has been of very neutral value, for good or evil. It has no sound thought behind it, but nevertheless I will say that it has held impatient forces in check until the masters partly had recovered their sanity; and as they regain their senses they will see that their insanity is the only justification for this law.

We have seen the masters panic-stricken time and gain without apparent reason and we have thought they panic rather too freely and easily as managers of our industry. We honestly believe them to be entirely too damned panicky to last long.

Anyway we must prepare. Preparedness is good. The very men (and papers) who oppose preparedness have told you to prepare. It was good then and is good now. There i yet time to organize industrially to protect yourself in the event these present irresponsibles further fall down in the management of our affairs. They themselves tell you that good times cannot last—that they are liable to panic again. It is your duty as a fair-minded man to give heed unto these things now. It is your duty to “aid and support” this movement for preparedness now, that you may not later wish for the Wobblies in vain.

Your financial aid is not enough, although we welcome it. Your moral help is not enough, although we appreciate it. And until we obtain your active support we are doomed to remain impotent as a straw in the hands of a drowning society.

It is not much we ask—we ask you to make no changes in your views for we know you see things as they ARE—as we see them. We ask you only to organize industrially with your fellow workers and to give your organization a boost along the line wherever you think it will do the most good. It’s not a question of me, or us; it’s a question of YOU. What are YOU going to do?— (T-bone Slim.)

\* \* \*

The I. W. W. never has been criminally syndical or syndically criminal. Neither has it been criminal, with or without syndicalism ; nor syndical, with or without criminalism. It has never been criminal. Never has it been syndical. It has never been either criminal or syndical, with or without, or within, in any way, shape, time or manner, before or after or at present. It has never wished nor does it now wish, nor win it ever wish, to be any, either, or all these things hereinbefore mentioned.

The I.W. W. always was, is, and will be industrial, so far as we know, so help me Solidarity on that last Great Day.— (T-bone Slim).

P. S.—Call the next witness.

## 1923\_75\_IW\_11071923

**The Pathfinders**

There is that about the word “leadership” that endears itself to the “publicity bureau” of the organised exploiters. “You can’t keep a good man down; servants be obedient to masters; and follow your leaden” is the cry far and long. “Learn first to obey, then command,” is the slogan which has made it possible for the few to live off the many. At all times, since obtaining command, have the few never relinquished that power. At all times, since relinquishing command, have the many “slaved” for the few.

\* \* \*

Recently, in the Worker, our leaders were credited with being possest of brains. I think they said “their leaders are brainy men.” “Oh I. W. W., what have I done that thine enemies should praise me.”—The Worker of course was only quoting the treacherous press. Nevertheless our conceit blossomed forth and we stepped out to look for a job leading a happy, skipping, care free bunch of followers. The cold-blooded “Worker” statement was more eloquent than a thousand words of comment steeped in the pleaful quintescense of modern hieroglyphics.

Every day I expect to see an extra come out with a screaming headline: The I. W. W. Under the Able Leadership of T-bone Slim, After Affiliating with the Thiel Detectlve Agency, Has Turned Around and Kissed the Chamber of Commerce on Both Cheeks, Breathing Endearing Terms of Undying Love.

\* \* \*

I expect it no more than due me, something like this: “The Venerable T-bone (as he is fondly called by his followers) today had a fainting spell just as he was about to step into the sumptuous banquet hall of the Hotel Castoria. He was quickly revived with a jug of Madeira, after which he gave a talk; his subject: Capital and Labor as one, or the Siamese Twins of the Twentieth Century.

\* \* \*

After the banquet the Ladies’ Improvement Association took possession of Mr. Slim and escorted him to the Gold Coast, to show him a life-sized painting of “Powderly Crossing the Delaware and Lackawanna.”

The aged labor general could not be interviewed this morning. His courteous secretary, Mr. Plymouth Rock Whitey, who comes from sturdy 100-proof stock, intimated that Mr. Rhode Island Red, one of the able captains, would lead the social layers of labor’s serried ranks, while the general himself felt indisposed.

Mr. T-bone Slim, the doughty labor general, after fully recovering from sunstroke, which took him down last night 13 seconds after 3 on the Gold Coast, declared war on light wines and near bear today in a ringing ukase against bolshevism.

\* \* \*

Yes, fellow workers, the parasites wishing leadership upon the workers. The class lines are drawing tighter. In their own camp the cry “a squarer deal for labor” is raised. This cry can be stilled only by a voice from the top—Leadership.

Once again leadership will be invoked to withhold “common” justice from those who hit the ball.

Let us not be influenced by this last failing cry. Labor must save itself. Leadership will save the leaders. Labor is leader— to an even break society.— (T-bone Slim).

P. S.—Reference to Thiel Agency is made because another operative of that outfit has permitted himself to be “discovered.” They work hard sometimes to get “discovered.” The fellow workers seem to ignore them. Hence, I think it no more than right that we give them a little publicity. Really they are as harmless as a milk-shake.

They come to the front (discovered) about every six weeks. They seem to enjoy getting discovered. It doesn’t do us any harm and seems to please them. Have a heart fellow workers— some of them read T-bone Slim’s mournful column and they grow so radical that Thiel has to fire ‘em, even before it is time to become “discovered.”

## 1923\_76\_IW\_14071923

**Scopolamin**

Now that scopolamin has been discovered and tested as a truth producer I’m afraid my monopoly is busted Everybody will be telling the unvarnished.

\* \* \*

We can expect a brand new crop of dope fiends when they start shooting scopolamin into the millions of liars— (this is unnecessary because they were “running out of timber” as it was).

\* \* \*

The masters press will now change its policy, but too late— the people are used to reading lies so they will think the Press, eulogized by Horace Greeley, is still trying bamfoozie the constant reader.

\* \* \*

Scopolamin injected into the reading matter of the average daily paper would make such a startling change that the busy reader would sit down and write the editor a letter of commendation on his improved imagination. Some of ye editor’s greatest truths would be considered whoppers (so used are we to believing lies). Oh, why was scopolamin ever discovered.

\* \* \*

The preachers, God bless them, after they get tanked up on scopolamin, will alter that yarn about Jonah and the whale, or they will at least admit they don’t believe it themselves.

\* \* \*

Politicians will step up like a veriest tyro and blurt out the truth of their latest performances, regardless of consequences.

\* \* \*

Grave statesmen, loaded with scopolamin, will climb right up on the platform, demand a hearing, and spill the beans (and their guts). There will be a wild exodus of statesmen timberward, with serum-squirting “pathological accidents” in hectic pursuit. Truth, though a thousand times repressed, will rise resplendant, manifest.

\* \* \*

Lawyers will lose their jobs, since truth needs, no chaperon. Judge tells defendant to bare his arm and take dose of scopolamin. If defendant is willing to do so, the judge will sentence complainant to quit lying and give him extra dose of scopolamln to encourage him in the ways of truth.

\* \* \*

There will be no need of judges. The merits will be on the face of the case. Judges know this and that’s why they had their wages raised. After they start using scopolamin they will return the money. So much money will be returned that we can take a vacation for five years.

\* \* \*

The boss will take a dose of scopolamin (encouraged by committee) und will then climb on the chair und make a speech. He will say, “Certainly, boys, I’ve got the money right here. Your demands are right and proper and I will gladly give you the raise. Nothing can stop me now.”

“I cannot tell a lie,” he will say, “The business sure can stand for more wages. But are you sure, fellow workers, that you are asking enough to cover all your needs?” Yes, the boss will call you “fellow worker” when he comes under the influence of scopolamin.

\* \* \*

What peculiar names these scientists have for red card? Scopolamin. Take out scopolamin today, (Maybe the other won’t work).

I can see our best liars fall down, in the most abject manner, on the simplest prevarications. In my mind’s eye I can see them struggling to evade the truth. But they are stuck. Scopolamin holds them fast.

Men who never in all their life told the truth mumble truthful statements about their financial condition and how they “got” it— brokenly, of course; haltingly, to be sure, until they get used to it. A change from lying to truth-telling is not a simple performance. You cannot stick your tongue in your cheek und let truths roll out the way lies used to roll out. No. The change is radical, a complete “face about,” and amounts to a revolutionary change.

The power of scopolamin can be proven by squirting a nickle’s worth into the arm of one of those professional court liars on the coast. Only that wouldn’t prove anything unless the workers do the squirting and, even then, the stuff must be scopolamin, sure enough.— (T-bone Slim).

P. S. —Things are beginning to boom here in the Middle East for the I. W. W. Nobody seems to know where they get the stuff.

Pass the sco-pole-amin.

## 1923\_77\_IW\_18071923

**Must or Not-to-Must, or Freaks of Nature**

We’re all going crazy—headline. Let us sing:

“I’m going crazy— won’t you come along —  
I live in the madhouse over the hills

And play in the fields with the daffodils;

I’m going crazy—won’t you come along.”

\* \* \*

According to Dr. A. H. Desiogos, nearly the whole world either will be insane or, on the way to insanity in the next quarter of a century, if nothing is done to stop the rapid increase in mental derangement.

Professor William Starr Meyers of Princeton says: “Of 106,000,000 persons in the U. S., statistics show 45,000,000 are subnormal and would never have the mentality of a child of 13. Another 15,000,000 are feeble minded and their brain power forever would be that of a child of 8. Of the remaining 45,000,000,” he said, “the statistics class 25,000,000 as mediocre, while 5,000,000 are classed ‘A’ in mentality (I ‘spose that’s the Chamber of Commerce) and 15,000,00u as ‘B.’ “ (Class B probably refers to the Republican party).

Let me put in a word here: Insofar as the subnormal 45,000,000 must necessarily be over 13 years of age, else we cannot pass on their prospective development, it would seem that the statistic’s estimate’ is very conservative, that is: if the figures are reliable and not merely propaganda to “sanctify” the mental capabilities of the 20,000,000 odd voters (who are running the country to the eternal bow wows); that is: that the subnormalcy prevailing in these United States would amount to 75,000,000 as soon as the “12-year-olds” get to be 13 and over. Truly the professor is optimistic to the point of recklessness.

Indianapolis, Feb. 22. —”The American people are rapidly going crazy,” according to Dr. J. N. Hurty, a nationally known figure, “but the last sane person will not disappear from the country for 200 -years. Americans are fast becoming a race of morons, imbeciles and maniacs,” he said.

Many lesser observers, the none the less deserving, have testified to the comprehensive ignorance of the people in general, and workers in particular.

\* \* \*

Now, to make it unanimous, it needs the endorsement of our well balanced and unerring man of letters, Professor T-bone Slim. But, unfortunately, I am not prepared to offer any such endorsement until I see whether the people will organize to remove the cause of their threatening disaster. And, although my confidence in the sound common sense of the workers remains unshaken, who am I to question the judgment of these learned men?

We “must” accept the findings of these scientific gentlemen, under protest, and insofar as those very same men are “in the business” of upbuilding our brains, we must credit them with candor for telling us what they have accomplished— insanity to be.

Far be it from me to disparage their motives in endorsing a system that leads to degeneracy. In fact, I entertain a fond regard for the way they turned “states evidence,” always assuming the truth of their impersonal testimony. But professors have lied to us in the past, so, I do not know what reliance can be placed on their words. Not one, to my knowledge, has endorsed industrial unionism. Their very silence may be a lie. (My intercourse with professors has been very limited, hence, I’m not familiar with the remedies they offer for social and industrial evils—if any).

It may also be pointed out (to me) that many professors have endorsed industrial unionism. Be that as it may, I still remain ignorant of such things and, until I find out which industrial union honors them with a membership card, I shall reserve the right to criticize their motives, words and deeds.

Surely these learned men must know our trouble since they can look two hundred years in the future and see us all a bunch of driveling idiots.

Have our national *“faculty” gone bugs and when did it happen?* —Can’t say.

It is common knowledge that an insane person thinks everybody else is crazy; an ignorant person thinks well of his own learning only. According to that there is no hope for our professors and still less for our letter perfect T-b-S.

\* \* \*

The only hope of the world is One Big Union of labor. An O. B. U. organized industrially, as a complete industry. Each industry co-operating to produce what people use, all they use, and nothing but what they use—’tis then, and not until then, (to use a very, very, very, very, homely illustration) will our billboards nave four sides and a roof—a dwelling for lor our parasites.

\* \* \*

It is up to labor.

Always, labor, conscious of his power, has fought only defensive battles; always sure of his strategy he has scorned to take the offensive— an error, perhaps, thus multiplying the uses he finds for his power and strategy. Each attack made against labor has been checkmated. The establishment of Big Business gave birth to industrial unionism. It is now up to labor to make use of it. It will knock the daylights out of exploitation.

\* \* \*

We cannot see 200 years in the future. But looking ahead, say 200 days, we see the usefulness of a one big union of all workers—a single union of all those who toil.

You “must” organize yourself—a union organized by others will serve others. I speak for industrial unionism because I too, have tried the old style unionism and found it too light for heavy hauling. Organize yourself. How ridiculous it would be if I, a dirt mover, undertook to organize the professors and teachers in an Educational Workers Industrial Union. I would be sure to fail. They “must” organize themselves, as we dirt cats are organizing ourselves. They must emancipate themselves, as we road slingers will emancipate ourselves. It’s a case of nobody can’t do nothing for nobody.

\* \* \*

The saddest words of tongue and pen:

“Our teachers are non-union men.”

The most pathetic modern fable:

“Their lectures bear the masters’ label.”

\* \* \*

The chief outstanding freak of nature:

The freedomless “EManCiPaTor.”

P. S.—When in doubt, join the G. C. W. I. U. No. 310, I W. W. —(T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_78\_IW\_21071923

**Breaks, Splits and Corruption**

In this country there is a happy carefree bunch of revolutionists (revolutionary revolutionists) who imagine that a revolution consists of men and money. They seem to think that substituting themselves for the present riders on the back of labor is a revolution of consequence. In this respect their “idea” is very crude, unfinished so to say, or else they have lost all sense of proportion and direction. In fact, if I am permitted to say: their idea of a revolution doesn’t measure or loom very large. It must be they are poor judges in sizes.

\* \* \*

Nevertheless, they are delightfully nonchalant, verging right on the irresponsible. Having no organization to speak of they are found in various organizations, acting to the detriment of these and sometimes demoralizing them completely. Examples in point are the Communist party, which heaved its last breath recently. The Workers party which it is expected, will not live till morning, and the Farmer-Labor party that, just the other day, went into convulsions over the attempt of the dictators of the proletariat to capture their convention.

In regard to this latest political casualty it may not be out of place to mention that the attempt to capture the farmers and laborers convention was a complete success, but the result of it was very discouraging: the (landless) farmer and the (jobless) laborer refused to fuse with the Federated Farmer-Labor party which took their name, Farmer-Labor (all they had left), and like a poisoned pup they hied themselves away to die. Thus we see, where before we had only one Farmer-Labor party we now have two. Both are Farmer-Labor but one is Federated. This makes a difference, it seems. A man cannot hope to arrive at any place unless he gets himself federated or vaccinated or something.

Now, as we look forward, we can expect to see a “Federated Industrial Workers of the Universe” composed of some 20 members. We can expect to see them capture conventions on paper, in the most entrancing manner.

Let me tell a story. I went out hunting with a fellow in the good old days when the Oregon Short Line was a good deal shorter than it is now. Well, sir, being a man of peace, I let my partner carry the gun, a double-barred muzzle-loader. Suddenly, like a streak of brown and white rabbit crosses our trail. My partner “let go” with both barrels and then out steps a big, black bear. Being a man of peace I started to climb a tree with such application that soon I was perched high on the top of the world. My pardner, ah, slaves, I haven’t seen since the last fleeting glance I had of him going down the mountain trail chaperoned by the bear. I am duly grateful to him for putting distance between me and the bear, especially as he was slow of foot and must have suffered terribly in his exertions. Well, that bear is the I. W. W. and that rabbit is the Farmer-Labor.

The old muzzle-loader is empty, a grievous blunder, and the twenty-odd dictators have now added another organization to the already long list in which they do their daily boring. It makes no difference to them if an organization moves out on them. They are as happy as if they had full sense.

Yes, society has its parasites; systems have their diseases and organizations have their borers; yet the world moves along with its trolley on the wire.

We of the I. W. W. have our troubles—boring from within is not one of them—organization is the cure. There is no other remedy for our troubles. We have tried everything else. We have tried everything else first, because we have not been permitted to organize. “Ha,” you say, “a bad break, a bad break—we are not permitted to organize,” us, the millions, are prohibited from organizing by the few! A bad break.

No, it’s not a break at all. I am arguing the power of organization and when I say the few prevent the many organizing I come very near proving my case—not only one way but both ways. I have almost proven that the unorganized cannot get together, even without organization. I have, besides, almost made the point that the organized few can prevent them getting together; and a gloomy picture it is that I draw.

Yet the “power of organization” stands out clear: Together or perish.

\* \* \*

We have troubles; many of them, and no two alike. Our underwear may have been too light last winter; our breakfast may have absented itself without out permission on several occasions, which we recall with sorrowful regret. For nine months at a stretch we have been deprived of our customary physical exercise, and we have cussed more than a customary with us (during normal times) for that reason. Our non-existent bank account has dwindled down to almost nothing. For all these troubles there is only one remedy, get together. Search the bunch and find out who has unearned increment.—(T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_79\_IW\_25071923

**CORNS Enemy of Mankind**

“*Ignorance is the enemy of the workers*”.

A pretty hard thing to organize against. You’ve got nothing to start with. Organization conceived in ignorance cannot benefit the workers or anybody else. It is in fact “nil and void,” a waste of time.

No “brothers,” we have only one enemy—not a half dozen, and that enemy is the capitalist system of exploitation.

There is no other issue.

Ignorance is a “result of,” not the “cause of” exploitation.

Capitalists rob “each other” as unsparingly as they do us. Just now Armour is being relieved of his “hard-earned” bank shares.

The capitalist system, with its mask on, doesn’t resemble “ignorance” and I do not understand how some people can mistake ignorance for capitalism. Mistakes of Moses were minor indiscretions compared to this.

Outstanding feature of Farmer-Labor Convention was the superb “drilling from within” by such expert farmer-labor drillers as Ruthenberg and Foster—no blasting was did, and a great time was had.

(No farm hands of hired men attended this convention).

The boring from within was accomplished to “*[unclear] queens taste*”. The borers took possession of party, rechristianed it Federated- Farmer- Labor. Now all they need is support.

The (original) Farmer-Labor party then withdrew from the Federated —obviating the necessity of being kicked out, or kicking the borers out. Thus two parties grow where one grewe before—a beautiful split—status quo.

Excuse my latin —words fail me.

At this writing, the biggest private yacht in the world is the Leviathan.

Understand President Harding’s shocking in Kansas is giving entire satisfaction—was on the verge of going there myself. No need for both of us there.

The worker, as a proletarian, is a laborer, who toils; consequently us a toiler he is an employe and as such he is a wage slave, it is said.

Let us see how the full title looks in print:

F. W. T-Bone Slim, W. P.; L. T. E.; W. S.

You wouldn’t hardly call a hired-man by that title? No. You’d mark H. M. after his name in honor of his majesty.

LL.D. stands for Lifelong Drones (or Dreams) .

M. P. stands for Model Prisoner.

Criminal Syndicalism Law is so named as to denote the nature of the law, and to “distinguish” it from other laws more or less innocent. Some say it is a “vicious” law— but even so, it still remains criminal. A criminal thought, word, deed or law is always vicious. A vicious lawmaker is a criminal lawbreaker.

Hunger tells a dog to eat a rabbit. Dog agrees to do so and says, “It is right to do so.” Rabbit hears about it, and says: “Aw gee, that ain’t right; I won’t stand for it.” And without further parley, the rabbit heads for the Bad Lands, the dog hotfooting behind to the best of its ability. The rabbit is, fully convinced that it is in the right; that it should not be eaten. The dog is buoyed-on by the consciousness that “he” is in the right; that the rabbit “should be eaten.” Now one of these is in the wrong. How are you going to prove it? It frequently happens that the dog returns to the olf homestead with the rabbit,including *all rights*, prerogatives and *privileges*, in his stomach—indicating “rights” and weak legs don’t go hand in hand.

“Turn about” means that those on top will try the bottom for a while; that the law shall be high, and the Joker wild.

It means that “the porterhouse fraternity” will try hamburger for a while—as it says in the script, “the last shall be first.” — that would be justice, but unfortunately the people in their demoralized condition are not ready for justice. They don’t want justice. Justice is not good enough for them. *They want equality. They want to wipe the state clean and start all over again, with no hard feelings*.

No majority can be mobilized behind the “bottom to the top movement.” Every layer of labor above the bottom feel that they are entitled to reach the top before the bottom reaches there.

Hence they all are destined to remain below the top and help to hold the bottom layer where it is. It would be exact justice, but it is impossible of realization. Without a doubt it is desirable to make a change at the top, at this time. The top has revelled in luxuries so long that it has unfitted itself to manage any longer. The bottom is starving of mal-nourishment, adulterations, etc.— and, when the bottom *goes* the *show* is over. So the question arises, how to bring about a change in our civilized barbarism. Religion says, “the first shall be last in the Kingdom of God,” and we don t need to stretch our imagination to recognize that that “crack” refers to this old suffering Kingdom we call earth ; and that no ideal condition can prevail until the first IS last. However, that being impracticable because of dearth of utopians in our cosmopolitan country, it behooves us to discuss the next best change.

The “owners of slaves” are the least useful of all “slackers,” their sole contribution to the nation’s welfare is interference; their sole object to extort more profits from slave (be he technician or timber beast) and yet, “they” are rewarded for service rendered by others, managers and technicians, to say nothing about almighty slaves. These slave owners must be transplanted at the bottom. They disgrace the position they enjoy. They are the corns on the society toe.— (T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_80\_IW\_28071923

**Unmaking a Panic**

At present the railroads are hard pressed as to where to put their money so that it “won’t show” to the income tax collector. Once it gets on the tax report the people will know just exactly how much money the roads have, that is: if the people make certain allowances for human nature—for the roads are every bit as human as was Mr. Jesse James in his prime.

\* \* \*

Here was a dilemma. Money coming in so fast they had no place to put it—a regular “congestion” resulted. Many roads went temporarily insane—yes indeed; some of them were so rattled they raised the wages of the men—no kidding. Others averse to handing the men anything hit upon a scheme to doubletrack their lines and doubled the number of “ties” left out to rot. But lo, some of the money had to be given to the gandy-dancer. Hard to beat the working class. They will not long be denied.

\* \* \*

The idea was to keep the worker one jump ahead of starvation —but it wouldn’t work. You can deny some of the men all the time, all of the men some of the time, but you can’t deny all the men all of the time. Because when men work, or machines work, wealth piles up so fust that it cannot be hidden. The railroads have not yet found this out, but I will let ‘em know about it.

\* \* \*

Some of the railroads caught in this sudden congestion of money hit upon a scheme to lower their roadbed into the clay. This gave them an outlet for some of the change and made their three-ply freight rates look less raw; their three and six-tenths passenger rates less brutal.

Some roads suddenly called the gangs out. put jacks under the rails and raised the steel 40 feet up in tile air to relieve the tension on their money tanks. Trying to keep it away from the tax collector they had to give some of it to the people, to the gandy dancer, to the million overalled Uncle Sams who tump up the bankers’ railroads with their $204)00 tamping feet. I’m telling you —you cannot keep it away from the people. Your sins will find you out. You’re damned right!

\* \* \*

And here I’ve been thinking all along that now that we have the roads in good shape, now that all the branch lines are all in place and now that the tics are all sound, we can have a vacation on pay for a change. That’s what I thought— I knew the money was there. I thought that all we would have to do is go out once or twice in five years and change the steel. Yes sir, that’s what I thought when suddenly, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, in rushes a stream of wealth into the paymaster’s office. He turned deathly pale—a spur had to be built so they could back up an automobile car against the cashier’s window and haul it away. The chief engineer of the Sancta Flea sent his historic wire, “Call out every dam gang— we’ve got to spend $16,000,000 quick— double track—do something—do anything—or we are lost.”

And do you know, some of the $16,000,000 went to the workers.

It was a case of do anything to keep it out of the hands of the railroad men. I wonder what grudge they have against this generation that they are so dam anxious to sink all the wealth in “improvements.” Roads that were “good for the next hundred years” are suddenly torn up. Roads that could have been left as they were either raised or lowered. New yards were built destroying thousands of acres of good pasture—a mowing machine cannot be used in a railroad yard. I’m telling you it’s a fright. All these roads were good for a hunured years but, and I’ll bet, they will be changed three or four times before the century is up.

I wonder what grudge have they against his generation of working men?

And, will the next generation fare any better?— (T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_81\_IW\_01081923

**Hearstaches**

(A la Carter Whizbrane)

The Last Minute Photos has this to say about Jack Dempsey: “A lowly miner before he started fighting, Dempsey is a coal baron now. He’s invested his savings in coal and owns large mines in Utah. . . .”

A “lowly” miner? H’m, “a lowly miner.” He must have been.

Let’s see, have I got it right—first he earned his living as a “lowly” miner; then accepted donations from his audiences. Then he saved and invested in coal lands; blossomed forth (from a “lowly” miner) to a “highly” respected exploiter of miners.

\* \* \*

Which is more honorable, earning your living as a “lowly” miner, or having a hundred livings earned for you (as a baron) by lowly” miners?

Before this, I thought well of Dempsey. He was my idol. I gloried his exploits—when he knocked out Carpentier I celebrated six weeks, shaking hands with all my enemies. Alas! Now I think the “Last Minute Photos” obituary should have read: A respected miner before he started fighting, Dempsey turned into a coal baron.

But believe me, the Baron “kin” fight.—

(T-bone Slim).

\* \* \*

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., May 17.— Employes of the S’nectady Railway Company (nobody else’s) went on strike. All locals and interurbans tied up. Schenectady is that wonderful “home” of the General Electric Company, second only to a German concern. Its thousands of workers are dissatisfied.

\* \* \*

Dixie, too, may have to “rebuild” the cabin roofs if it wants the support of the colored workers.

\* \* \*

“Log rafts with more than 5,000,000 feet of timber in them are towed from Astoria to San Diego, on the coast.” I should think they would drag easier in the water.

\* \* \*

Credit where credit’s due.

\* \* \*

Secretary Mellon, President Harding and various members of the cabinet and national administration (let us not forget Hoover, deah old Erb) are entitled to a word of appreciation and approval for such handling of the nation’s finances as has brought forth the official prediction of a surplus of more than $125,000,000 for the present fisical year— that is, $125,000,000 more was collected than needed.

\* \* \*

Next year each man, woman and child need be taxed only 448 dollars and 85 cents, instead of the customary $450. $1.15 saved is a dollar three jits earned.

\* \* \*

According to carefully compiled statistics, more than 100,000,000 people are suffering from capitalism (whether they know it or not). —I compiled the figures myself. — Industrial Unionism is the remedy.

\* \* \*

General Construction (worker) Contractor Walsh died in 1916, worth $12,000,000.

\* \* \*

Craft unions compared to a One Big Union is a bunch of hand-cars trying to outrun an excursion train. The picnic will be over when they get there.

\* \* \*

How it must tickle the boss to be called the dominant class. If he’s dominant then I’m a domino.

\* \* \*

Illinois Steel and International Harvest co. are shipping Mexicans into their works. The other day they got 500 apiece from Mexico. But the funny part is that most of them carried red cards. The Mexicans are progressive people.

\* \* \*

Are you “all in” by six o’clock?

\* \* \*

Use O’Sullivan’s heels; cat yeast cakes by the stack; inhale Bullock’s Bran; bathe in a mud puddle; sleep on a way-snagles-spring; drink loco-ola; do everything but organize. Have you tried Nujol, freezol, twojol and greasol. Try them; then Rex-ell, Pretz-ell and then go to Caulifornia for Reel-ell— Reelart. There they have no compunction. (It’s all gall).

\* \* \*

Remember way back in ‘14 when the grand Klook, was “moidered” in Sarajevo—how the Associated Purr-css came near jumping through its collar? Since then it has been demanding preparations, reparations, damaities and ordinary rations. This too in the face of the fact that Hoover had let up on us only recently.

\* \* \*

Even today some papers are bewailing the fact that that over 30,000,000 men ran into bullets in the last war, which is still going on in a nice quiet way. That’s nothing, gentlemen, let me assure you; 30,000,000 out of a thousand million. A mere bagatelle. When humans kill humans ‘tis folly to be sparing. Why not kill all and be done with it, if you insist on murder. What is life that people should cling to, even while they exterminate its duplicate?

\* \* \*

There will be be wars, and warlike rules,

While folk persist in acting fools;

Until they in one union joined

Retake the wealth from them purloined”.

— (T-bone Slim).

P.S.—Chicago a skyscraper with a built-in church in connection. The idea is to have religion handy to the thousands of slaves working therein. It is figured that a little gospel (during dinner hour) is more nourishing than a like amount of milk chocolates. sort of Pulpit in a bunkhouse.

## 1923\_82\_IW\_08081923

**Danger!**

By T-BONE SLIM

Has the locomotive destroyed “the family-life” of the railroad worker? I’ll say it has, and for the sake of this argument, you will say that it has not. All set:

A locomotive is so built that there is no place on it where the wife could do her house-work. On a freight train there is no place to hang the wash unless she is carrying empties. If you hang it on top, the wash will soon be more black than dry and would result in “a jump” in the price of the thousand mile shirt.

As yet no parlor has graced the symmetrical lines of a locomotive—about the only “convenience” about it is a coal-shed; and the fireman swears up and down that, as a convenience it is a backbreaker.

I remember an occasion, on the Big G out of Superior, at the loop-tower, a fireman lights down off a “malley” and tendered his resignation to the hogger in a fine flow of eloquence and sweat. We cannot record his immortal words in a small “splash” like this and besides; if we did, we might get arrested for over-exercising the freedom of speech—the present bunch (who think they are running this country) do not believe in exercising any muscles higher than the shoulders—sufficient to say, he yelled up to the tower man, “Tell ‘em to send out another fireman.”

“But what shall I tell ‘em? Shall I tell ‘em you’re sick?” inquired the operator.

“No,’ yells the fireman, “tell ‘em I’m healthy, tell ‘em I’m done, and tell ‘em I’m no steam shovel”— and, he had only 144 steel “hoppers” behind him going “up” to the range. . .

\* \* \*

But we’re off our subject. The locomotives have been getting bigger and bigger, but its crew remains the same size— the hogger is no bigger than he was 40 years sgo, in fact I think he is smaller; the fireman is of the type in vogue when 12 cars was considered a remendous train. I’m off again!

\* \* \*

As I said before, a locomotive isn’t a flat, a dwelling— there is no room on it to raise a family. Why there is hardly room on it for the head-brakeman. No wives being along they have to chew the rag, the best they can, among themselves. Belonging to three separate unions the conversation sometimes gets lively and personal — if their wives were along they would be more polite and would discuss rent, high cost of living and various other small topics; the depth of last winter’s snow and maybe the one big union would come in for a share of attention.

Now what I want to do is to get some family life started on those trains. I want to see trains with “neat cottages” built on wheels, riding along behind the engine. I want three such rolling places for the head end and three for the rear end.

My reason for asking this is because the trainmen are spending three - fourths of their time on the trains, away from their families (If a trainman spends two eight-our shifts running away tfrom his family, eight hours resting, and another two eight-hour shills running towards Iris family he has been away from his family 40 hours). This makes a rather stiff “shift” for a wife to be alone—to battle the future little railroaders”— for it is’ a well established fact that railroad men’s children are no more amenable to law and order than are the children of men who absent themselves only four and eight hours at a time.

The need for “Own your Own”— on wheels — has been established — so that a trainman can carry his family right along with him, and make such alterations and corrections in the “conduct” of his children as he may see fit.

\* \* \*

This Idea is all my own and I donate it to humanity for whatever it is worth—but I see you do not like the idea— I seem to hear you saying the idea is slightly “bad order,” and you point out “the great danger to kiddles,” in case the old junk-pile should take a notion to pile up at the bottom of a grade. Alright! Have it your own way. I won’t argue with you. You say there would be danger. That’s my point. There is a danger.

I am glad that is settled. Now we can take up the compensation doled out to these men. But, unfortunately the pay is so small, compared to the great danger, that I am ashamed to mention the exact figures. I feel a certain loyalty with the train crews and therefore I would be the last man in the I. W. W. (i. e., world) to parade their disgrace on printed paper. The less said about actual wages the better. Sufficient to say they must work 10 to 16 hours for a living.

It would almost seem there is no limit to the endurance of the crews. Then again, the railroad companies are (or should be) satisfied to let the men put in “time,” in so far as a slow-moving train is less liable to “rattle to pieces”— much of the present-day rolling stock is held together only by the grace of God. And it is for that reason the companies are in the habit of stringing tonnage behind the engines sufficient to make, what is called “drag.”

At any time the “ribbon of steel” may curl up through the floor of the caboose, pin M . Trainman against the frescoed ceiling, disarrange the adjustments of his timekeeper and cause his wife to make different arrangements for his home coming.

\* \* \*

Yes.

The pay is small —

The danger great—

It’s hit the ball;

We’re ten years late.

Excuse me. I’ve got to take the hole here to let No. 250 get by.— (T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_83\_IW\_11081923

**Gold Standard**

When you sell your labor power to a master he does not immediately pay you for it. Sometimes he holds the payment back several months, more often several weeks, usually two weeks, frequently one week and sometimes one day. Hardly ever does he pay you twice in one day and, although you may sell your labor by the hour, it is seldom indeed that he pays you at the end of each hour.

This holding over of a man s money works a great hardship, upon the workingmen and insofar as the working class is still in the majority in this country — no machinery having displaced them to any noticeable extent save on certain kinds of work—it would seem as if the majority of the people are at the mercy of the minority—”letting a little fellow like that lick yuh.”

When you step into a basketball park you will “pay in advance,” no two ways about it or you don’t get in. Now I have been watching this system at the parks and find that it works well, and it occurs to me that it would be a good system for the working class to adopt. When you get on a street car you “pay as you enter” (and the company seems to be well pleased with this system). When you step into a motion picture (I beg your pardon, I quite forgot that you are not stepping into any motion picture house since California started murdering workingmen with overwork in its state-owned jute mills in San Quentin, my mistake). Almost anywhere you go you “pay as you go” and so I got to thinking that it would be kind of nice for us if we would organize, as the majority, and draw our pay in advance; draw our pay as we enter the works and tell the boss to have the exact change ready. This would do away with all mistakes in “time”; nobody would be “short.”

“But,” you say, “The capitalist system can’t operate under that principle.”

Just what I was going to say! H’m, what show have we writers got with great readers? Here I was going to prove to you that the capitalist system won’t work and that its engineers don’t intend to work—and you already know it. What’s the use of me getting up (out of bed, mind you) to frame up this article and then have you tell me the thing I was going to tell you?

Of course the system won’t work under that principle. In fact there is no principle under which it will work; it is based upon the most unprincipled thievery and cannot trust a workingman to draw his pay in advance. They think that workers are as crooked as they are themselves— some of the workers think so too; that’s because they ain’t userd to thinking— rusty.

\* \* \*

You step into a cigar store to buy a box of Captain Hogan Snus. The kindly Ku Klux behind the counter hands you a box and trusts you to hand him a dime. That’s what I call invigorating confidence in human nature.

New, how would it be if we adopted this same way getting our pay? Say we would work an hour (we generally work by the hour) and then hold out our hand. The cigar store Kleagle doesn’t wait till we chew up a full box of snus, neither does he wait till we smoke a fall carton of camels. No, he wants his money right now—same as getting it in advance.

Everybody else seems to be getting “theirs” spot cash, or in advance, so why cannot the worker organize so as to arrive at “his” sooner. Why wait a month? “Procrastination is the thief of time.” Yes, your “time” will be short if you wait. It was the weight that broke the suspenders. Don’t wait.

\* \* \*

No, the capitalist system won’t work unless they get their hands on our money first. Employers could not operate (they say) if we did not “work in advance.” Great big giant concerns have hired the best lawyers (and liars) to tell us that a semi-monthly pay day is an outrage and all but ruins the delicate financial mechanism of the trusts. They want a monthly pay day twelve times per year.

\* \* \*

These giant concerns, brain children of the master minds we have learned to worship are so gotten up that they cannot go ahead unless we work on credit. Whadda you know about that? Yet they expect a man who has hardly seen the insides of a school to go out and pay spot cash for everything he gets. He does pay cash and makes a success of it. Which all goes to show the master minds aren’t half as brainy as they would have us believe. They argue like a novice.

\* \* \*

“Stay by the system” they say, and in the same breath they demand that we trust them for 30 days work and overtime; otherwise they’ll fail, limp or bust. Whadda you know about that? They admit (when it serves their purpose) that their system is less efficient than the working class. The individual, even the lowest paid laborer can so arrange his affairs that he can pay as he goes or go without, yet these super-contraptions we call companies, cannot get along unless we trust them with four to six weeks exertions.

\* \* \*

It is high time the workers get together in a One Big Union and go on a cash basis. A good start can be made by demanding a semi-weekly pay day, in gold. Nothing like a little loose change in the “jeens” when the delegate makes his rounds.— (T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_84\_IW\_15081923

**Compulsory Freedom**

“If the women wouldn’t support the men they (the men) would go to work,” she said.

Hm, I must have been overlooking a bet trying to support myself. Can it be possible? No. no, by the sacred bull, no,— I cannot see now a woman with small pay can support a man when a man with bigger pay can’t support a woman. I think, I think they’re both supporting — supporting a parasite a piece.

Peace be with you.

\* \* \*

Women, it is said, are more plentiful than men, but even so, I do not believe they are numerous enough to support the “poor undefenseless males” in the style they are accustomed to. I think they both hive their hands full in keeping the home fires burning for Messrs. Doolittle, Hangersohn and Sprinklestock.

\* \* \*

According to Oklahoma Leader:—”When the family wash was hung on an Oklahoma City clothes line the other day, nearly a dozen Pullman towels fluttered in the breeze.” Ah, then they did get something in return for their money. Sounds unbelieveable.

\* \* \*

Plagiarism isn’t as bad as receiving stolen prosperity.— ( Exchange) .

When I’m dreaming of freedom

I am dreaming— that’s me—

But the strongest of shackles

Are those we can’t see;

And this load-broken wage slave

From them would be free—

I am dreaming of freedom

I’m dreaming— that’s me.

I am dreaming of freedom.

And at slavery I rail;

Not the cheap phoney freedom,

The yokels would hail —

For the locks and the keys and

The dungeons are frail,

To a man who is dreaming

Of freedom, in jail.

When I’m dreaming of freedom,’

I am “dreaming” is true;

I am dreaming the dreams that

My infancy knew;

And the while I was dreaming

My bonds stronger grew—

I am dreaming, and dreaming

And dreaming—are you?

I am dreaming of freedom;

(For the centuries stored), .

Of the *strange* glowing freedom

By no one explored ;

Not the freedom of servelings,

The standing, or lord—

I am dreaming of *Freedom*,

(Not a “ride” in a Ford).

Organize oh ye workers

Like your masters, the knaves;

Put the boss in blue denims

And hear how he raves,

‘Bout the “turbul injustice,”

(Far worse than a grave);

There’s a law for a freeman!

Not a “rule” for a slave!

\* \* \*

The solution for ownership is: Work.

A fair days pay for a fair days work might not be a bad plan to start the bosses with — if we could determine what is a fair days pay and what is a fair days work—and increase their wages as they become proficient.

\* \* \*

Old timers like C. Schwab and E. Gary, and many others, should get at least 40 cents an hours straight time. Men like Rockefeller, and many others should get at least 42½ cents per hour, straight time and time and three quarters for overtime over twelve hours -or eight hours— six hours, or whatever they feel like working,—straight productivity—oh well.

\* \* \*

Some of our most affluent parasites are kicking the hundred percent American, housefly won’t gather honey and put it where it would be easy of access. Yes.

\* \* \*

One Thing I like ‘bout the housefly, as a parasite, it bothers us only during the summer months; whereas the great American Financial Buzzards are with us always, winter and summer.

\* \* \*

“The world war was to end all wars”

The world war will end all wars.

The world war continues to end all wars,

It begins to look bad for war!

\* \* \*

Senators are jumping sideways to get to Europe, breaking their necks to get back, (disguised as carrying news). Presidential booms (fake, phoney and otherwise) keep the people in ferment. If the major parties fail to hear bonk there will be third party. They’ll hear it O.K. Harding released via world court. Johnson, ditto, via “masonic interview.”

\* \* \*

McAdoo expected to spill his any minute. Ford will be saved for an emergency. Lots o’ timber. Couzens, LaFollette. Thank God, we will have a chance to vote for soup lines, injunctions, breadlines, prohibition frame ups, etc.

Jails are full of men who dared to ask for, a mediocre living in return for labor expended, Mooney, Ford, Suhr, Gaveel, Thompson, and many others, many others. Still the workers spend their time reading “politics,” discussing political machinations, watching the “grooming” of this or that malefactor for the highest office in the land, while these men rest in jail. I’m telling you labor, if once again you desire an allowance of freedom, you must organize in the industries, (within walls and without walls) a one union. We have only one life to live— let it be a merry one. Let us get something out of it while the getting is good. Line up today.— (T-bone Slim).

## 1923\_85\_IS\_18081923

**Organizing the Steel Workers**

Let the Labor world now become properly startled—American Federation of Labor is going to pull a strike in the near future. It will be remembered that this federation is the same one that used to be a factor in this country some twenty years ago when Labor was young and susceptible . . . And now it is going to pull a strike. Who whould have thought it? And in the steel industry, too!

It will be remembered that this same federation divided the steel workers into twenty-four groups four years ago, and so made it possible to lose the strike (at that time) with less friction.

But “no radicals will be permitted to lead this time,” which indicates that **there will be a strike** and that “conservatives” will do the “leading.” From this I gather that the dividing of the workers into only twenty-four unions was a step entirely too radical to suit the leaders in the A. F of L.

I have it straight from the press that the organization drive will be conducted secretly so as to make it seem mysterious as possible—in fact: I see notice of it tucked away in an inconspicuous manner on the front page of the Hearst papers; right in the middle of the page, with a big headline; to make people thnk that it is an advertisement of Bran-flakes. Yes it will be conducted in “deepest” secrecy; not even Judge Gary will know anything about it.— It will be quite a joke on his Honor to wake up some morning to find out that during the night somebody had organized his men into 57 crafts, wont it? I’ll say it WOULD. . . .

But I fear (when I fear, I’m afraid) — I fear the Judge will wind of it, somehow— Being a very practical man, and a sound man, he will oppose the organizers, in a mild way; enough anyway to create interest in the move, and guarantee success, or what , they call success— **Therefore I am led to believe that it is a** mistake to hide the scheme in the newspapers. They should let Gary “in on the facts” because if they don’t, and Gary doesn’t kick, it will look as if Gary wanted them organized.

About one fourth of his men will join the new federation and that will be enough for all purposes, and then they will probably call a strike for an eight hour day. It is understood that Gary personally is in favor of an eight hour day, insofar as he has given it out that **his men oppose it**. Samuel Gompers and all lesser habitual leaders of labor are also in favor of it. It seems that labor alone is against it.

The men claim they cannot live on eight hours’ pay; that eight hours work leaves them too many livinghours to pay for. At forty cents an hour they claim it is necessary to divide the working and living hours equally— 12 on each shift. It never occurs to them to organize THEMSELVES Industrially and demand eighty cents an hour, and then work six hours for $4.80. This way there would be work for twice as many men, promotion would come twice as quick and panics would come twice as seldom— God knows, they’re frequent enough!—No it never occurs to them to do this. They would rather BE organized than Organize themselves.

Judge Gary himself leaves the inference with us that his men are only STATIONED twelve hours and as much as I am disinclined to say so, I must admit that His Honor’s words, in many cases, are the words of a Prophet. But if true they would indicate that a great and comprehensive inefficiency prevails at Elbert’s works. However, fortunately, (for his peace of mind) it indicates also brilliant generalship on his part. If his men work only four or six hours out of each twelve, as he hints, then they are detained from making their living elsewhere during a part of the “shift.” This position of Gary can be then termed an **economic extreme** and differs from Henry Ford’s “short day, triple proudction and double (going) wages.” Gary hints that his works are operating on “half production, double day and single (going) pay.” Now **there is the two extremes** in industrial control, if this is true—I’m not saying it is —I leave that to the reader.

I will rather say it isn’t true. I will say that Gary’s men get all the exercise they need. I will say they get more exercise than a man gets on almost any other job —the walk alone to and from work, and in-and-out among the miles of “works” to and from tire job, is worth every cent of the “single going pay” that Gary gives them. . . . His men last year must have been doing “something” for Gary’s books show a profit that staggers me, as “used to big figures” as I am.

His cash surplus is in the neighborhood of 500,000,000 dollars and “he has paid,” according to a clipping I have, “ 5 per cent dividend on 500,000,000 dollars common stock” —solid water.—This would indicate that Gary’s men have not been loafing on the job. The real earnings of Gary’s “works” are so stupendous that I hesitate to mention the figures— it would cause a revolution.

With the $500,000,000 ca$h $urplu$ Gary could hire 375,000 additional men, pay each new comer $1.333 the first year, cut the hours in half, (to six hours) and still make his profits too enormous to even be mentioned in these “trying times” —(when the few are “trying” to hog it all.)

Gary wants immigration and he must realize that the demands of our exploiters have become so great that the present working class can no longer support them in the style they have become accustomed to — their “thinkers” say that “the men are loafing on the job.”—What else can they do to prevent such exorbitant profits? Would they advise us to “root in,” wrastle and surge, into the collar, on the 1-3 meat sausages wc are getting in Gary’s camps?

\* \* \*

To maintain the present non-producers in all the present **splendor** it is absolutely necessary to have immigration. But if some of them, three quarters of them, would care to take on a little labor, in a small way, there would be no need for immigration. The need for immigration is because the capitalist system is top heavy. There is one boss for every six men. The “cost” departments are too thickly populated. The office force looks like a “baseball audience” on “ladies’ day.” But the **main reason** is: Labor Has Played Out—It takes no further interest in supporting those who get their living by holding Bonds.

\* \* \*

This situation cannot be altered by the American Federation of Labor’s “unionizing” scheme. No. the fault is **radical** and conservatism will not cure it. Castor Oil wont do, it requires Mercury . . . .

\* \* \*

The demands of A. F. of L. so far announced: “**A living wage**” — (that’s just what men are dissatisfied with.) “Improvement in working conditions.”— (What does it mean?)

“**Universal adoption of the eight hour day**.”—Even John D., the real head of the “steel trust,” is in favor of that; Gary isn’t against it.

“**Further restrictions upon immigration**.” — Only the one big union of all the wage workers has power’ to restrict immigration— and make it stick. The A. F. of L. never restricted anything.

But this time again the Federation is going to “unionize” the steel workers. Gary and the Leaders will “lock horns” two or three times. The eight hour day will be born (and God knows the Federation needs something in its favor just now) credit for the eight hour day in the steel mills will keep the Federation going a few months longer. Some say that a convention of the A. F. of L. about to be held needs new blood to vote the conservatives into power— but I don’t believe it. Nothing can save it. Transfusion of the steel workers blood into the A. F. of L. might be too rich for the “old gentleman.”

Taken all in all though, these maneuvers will help the Federation for the time being— as Gompers says; The present is the psychological time for unionizing workers in the steel trade.”

Yes, but what in the name of “manganese” has the steel workers done to the Federation, why it should pick on the steel workers all the time?

Yes, the psychological time for unionizing is here and the I. W. W. is the psychological union— Industrial Union No. 440, is the “logical” union for the steel worker. It does its organizing on the job and not on the pages of the capitalist press— make it your business to join tomorrow. Think it over Tonight. T-Bone Slim.

## 1923\_86\_IW\_18081923

**SWEET CHARITY**

It may be of interest to the harvest workers to know that the widow McCormick of Cyrus H., the binder inventor, is dead. She left behind her $9,000,000 worth of wealth. And a million dollars of it is going to charity — sweet charity.

There isn’t a doubt but this money will be put to beautiful use— and there is no doubt but there will be found thousands of paupered farmers who will gladly accept some of it. Thousands of bankrupt farmers will have an opportunity to behold and fondle once’t again their “own” money in the form of charity—sweet charity. But that “little,” taken from them in an inconvenient period (which bankrupted them) cannot in this period of convenience put them back on their feet. Alas! Charity is no substitute for justice. Sweet charity.

The farmer has always blamed the harvest hand for his troubles, yet both can prove their poverty. Here is a $9,000,000 jack-pot, a sample pot, one of the twenty or thirty such that exist —and one million dollars of it is going to charity. Like throwing a life preserver into a drowned man’s coffin — too late to be of any use. Sweet charity!

\* \* \*

NO EXCEPTIONS TAKEN

I notice lately that Gary’s latest proclamation regarding the 12-hour day has aroused the whole United Labore Press to action, even including Sam Gompers, and although I have been looking high and low through all the different sheets for some suggestion of a plan to go after Mr. Gary and his 12-hour day, I fail to find one.

Is it possible that all these “great men” including T-bone Slim, have been so slow and stupid as to let a “common tramp sailor” step in and solve this greatest of all problems? Sh! Here is the secret: Organize the Great Lakes! Break the 12-hour day there and you have played hell with Mr. Gary —(Card X7869).

No one recognizes better than T-bone Slim the insignificant magnitude of the “world’s greatest writer”. And Slim’s claim to greatness rests only on the “much he does with so little.” A man is only great, as a writer, if his readers are great. Never was, is or will be a writer greater than reader. Stuff that in your pipe — and Schmoke!

\* \* \*

Slim, too, has suggested the organizing of lakes as early as one week before opening of navigation. Above writer probably hasn’t read Marine Worker.

As to Mr. Gary, will say, with many reservations, my knowledge of Gary would not make good literature—as we understand it — hence I have requested Slim to confine himself to “playing hell with other great Americans — Henry for instance.

But this I know regarding all opportunities to divide ourselves: our press must reflect the views of its readers, not its writers, and then, if it can do a little “shinig” for the whole, its duty is overfulfilled. — (T-Bone Slim.)

## 1923\_87\_IW\_22081923

**Marathon**

Contrary to the general belief that a hen could cackle only a few minutes at a time, and that even then only when given the key, note or tone by the rooster, it is now established by the parasite’s press that is possible for a hen to gargle a longer period. The non-stop cackling mark is set by a Kentucky hen belonging among the worldly possessions of Perry J. McCord, Paris, Ky.

The other day it flew from its nest, after, relieving itself of an egg, and began to cackle. For a period of about 60 hours it has not ceased cackling a moment. Neighbors who have passed sleepless nights are out for its bleed and it is feared the hen will be assassinated. The Governor stands ready to send militia to quell any possible riot that may ensue.

At first all the hens in the neighborhood joined in the cackling chorus, but the McCord hen soon cackled them to a finish. Every time a rooster crows the hen renews its cackling, which soon relapses into a faint gurgle. It has broken all records and is still going strong.

\* \* \*

Many of the established institutions we have cherished have “gone by the board” and are dissipated into thin air. Only recently the women of our fair republic outstripped everything in the line of dancing which the prostituted press dutifully reported to the pulsating public.

Marathon after marathon was reeled off by these nimble-footed swirling sisters; and the nation held its breath in appropriate astonishment. Forty-eight hours, fifty-four hours, sixty hours, and still the ukelele never hesitated ; the plunging, gliding, willowy forms never faltered. Like a monster of steel approaching a station they would rush towards us panting, to deliver us a rythmic knockout, a terpsichorean “close-up;” only to glide and fade, an undulating poem in the perfumed zephyrs of the distance

A few hundred years ago a Chinaman discovered he could live on live cents a day by eating rice—since then he has been paid six cents per day for every day he worked.

So, too, the “frailer sex” in this country has established to the satisfaction of our employer, that frailty in the sex is mental more than physical; that it was only a chivalrous attitude taken by the males, contrary to the facts, and to bolster up their dissipated monopoly on strength.

By their superb dancing of 48 hours they have proven conclusively that they are physically fit to step in between the handles of a wheelbarrow running an eight-hour day. The sweet girl “steno” and matronly business woman can no longer put up a plea for a half day off on account of physical infirmities; nor can she plead the old periodical-indisposition for going home. She will have to full back on the old tried and true excuses the men have: “brother getting spliced, uncle croaked, or *none of your business*”—the latter being the more efficacious if not quite so hypothetical, since it closes debate, suddenly.

Come the sweet girl graduate bucking the typewriter at $20 per. Last week a plumber, a counter-jumper and a financier liquidated as ninny suppers for her und she, feeling opulent, decides a day off would be a delirium of joy. Consequently she powders her face heavily, so as to look as ghastly as possible, and puts to the boss the simple unvarnished lie that she is “sick.”

The boss looks up in surprise and says, “Indeed, Miss Pickleswathe, you are looking terribly. See the cashier as you go out—we do not wish to owe money to dead people. You know, you may never again be, well and besides, our firm recognizes the work here is very trying— we shall have to make arrangements to hire none but marathoners hereafter. Good day, Miss, that will be all. I would advise you to take up dancing. Don’t mention it. Good day.”

This marathon craze has greatly clarified the issue between master and man; between master and servant; between master and slave. The issue is clearer—when the boss asks you where you were yesterday tell him, “Mr. Swivelcat, aren’t you getting to be just the least bit personal?” No other excuse will do for the reasons that if the ladies can go sixty hours the men should make the same on a gallon . . .

Men too, frequently, as piecemaking marathoners, give the boss an accurate idea of their superior stamina. Three o’clock in the morning we “dunce” the whole day long — plunging, surging, performing — nothing to us seems wrong. “All the world is a playhouse; everything in it is dross.” Why should we worry the while we hurry to serve our boss? Indeed, why?

Ed. note: Slim shouldn’t believe all he sees in the papers. The ladies no doubt stop for meat and mustard.

## 1923\_88\_IW\_25081923

**Walking With the Dead**

Public opinion was an expression that found form in the immediate dark ages just past. It was an entirely legitimate expression a decade or so ago. Not a single charge or hint of deception could be brought against its fair name— in that day. That day was the day of unadulterated thought—unadulterated political thought. Politics then were politics— the era of adulterations had not set in.

\* \* \*

Came the era of adulterations, and politics suffered most of all. The once healthy political thought was ravaged until it was a mere shadow of itself— but people still persisted in calling the shadow by its illustrious parent; even so as we refer to a dead person as Bill or Mike. A great change had happened yet the people had not noticed it. To them a bridge is still a bridge although the flood had torn it down and carried it away. Politics to them was still politics. Public opinion to them was still a thing to be conjured with.

Came an era of Economic Thought following the era of Adulterated Thought —but still we find the people unwilling to accept more appropriate names for the things long dead. Substitute the word chicanery for politics and the people will frown; substitute the words Dormant Thought for public opinion and they will consider you unfriendly, to say the least, and if you escape with your life you are lucky— the good people are in the habit of hanging those who think.

But if you will “only be a sport” and lie down with them in the long eternal sleep they have undertaken, they will snore your praise till Hell won’t have it.

Two ages have come and still Politics and Public Opinion remain. Sandals are not shoes; shoes are not sandals— although both are leather footwear. Yet paper footwear is recognized by best public opinion and referred to as shoes.

A common drunk doesn’t get so drunk that he refers to the present day concoctions as whiskey—no, he is gifted with a vocabulary—the present day liquid adulterations to him are moon, de-rail and horn, raisin-jack and so on. Where the drunk gets all hisperspicacity is more than I can understand.

Politics, for two ages dead, is still politics. Although putrefaction has already set in, it is still Politics. A horse that long dead is a carcass; a cow in such a sad state of putrifaction is carrion—corrupt, rotten, vile and loathsome.

Public Opinion today, like public prejudice, is a (chimerical) ebullition of mind in the throes of a nightmare of chicanery — it is of non-substance and cannot be compared to the Public Opinion of two ages agone.

Ask a man what is his public opinion about a social question and he will inform you, for he can talk, that he has an open mind on that question, that he is just now taking up that question —and if he tells you the truth, he will say his opinion stepped out and did not yet return— nobody home. He hasn’t got a public opinion any more than a dressed beef has guts.

Why persist in honoring substitutes with the name of a genuine article? What good purpose can be served by resurrecting the dead? Instead of blowing the breath of life into the stinking mess we should be rearing monuments to the dear, dead, departed Public Opinion that came to an untimely end in the Age of Adulterations — get that: Adulte-Rations.

Let us raise a monument to the dear, dead, departed Political Thought that has persistently and stubbornly rested by the side of Public Opinion, in an unmarked grave. The Age of Adulterations was too long and too strong for these friendly allies and twins to withstand. Peace to their ashes!

Political Thought and Public Opinion are survived by Class Thought and Consciousness.

\* \* \*

I am thanking Fellow Worker Card No. 250709 and Fellow Worker Welinder for the two great articles appearing in Industrial Worker recently. Petrus, too, almost knocked me off center— I believe I could recover damages from him.

## 1923\_89\_IW\_29081923

**Stand Without Hitching**

Today I went to work in an extra-gang. You, may think it presuming in me to tackle a position of such responsibility, and you may garner an idea that, at last, my ambition is taking a definite, tangible form; that at last I am utilizing my vast and unexplored resources in the interest of good roads and safety first.

Now I do not wish to exaggerate my great ability or to throw any bouquets at myself, no matter how conscious I may be of the general appropriateness of doing so. The reader has already learned from my previous protestations that although I am averse to “panning” myself so also am I averse to conducting an “individual petting party” in honor of myself. Therefore I will pass lightly over my various virtues and general all around abilities, outside of actual work. On that score I reserve the right to speak favorably of myself—and when I hit the hay of an evening with conscience clear of all entangling influences, such as doubts and misgivings of a labor well done, I want the Worker to open its columns to a few well-chosen words of self-praise. This is something I cannot trust or allow anyone to do for me; you see they might not do justice or they might do me by overdoing both.

It was only after careful consideration that I finally decided to become great. There being so many kinds of greatness (to choose from) it was really difficult to pick out the proper kind of greatness suitable for my complexion. After pawing over all the greatness I finally persuaded myself to become a great writer—tamping ties is only a side line with me.

Naturally I then proceeded to “concentrate”— the idea was to get an idea. To concentrate you close one eye and look with the dark one. Finally a crack appears in the darkness; that’s the idea, and people who get ‘em are called cracked. You continue looking until the crack widens; then before it can fade you grab a pencil and write it down. If you don’t do it “right now” you’re liable to forget it and the emancipation would be delayed just that much. I’m telling you its careful business, this being a great writer. The idea, you see, will look something like this on paper: “No wonder the master class are well organized, there are only few of them!” After writing that down you jot down some words this way: 1. Bucket; 2. time; 3. dinner; 4. too; 5. no; 6. valuable; 7. of; 8. to; 9. account ; 10. waste; 11. on; 12. in; 13. it; 14. taking; 15. quit; 16. a; 17. to; 18. job; 19. only; 20. is; 21. a. (The trick is to make them make sense). With a pair of shears and a little carefullarity you separate them, one from the other, and then keep on “switchen” them around until they do make sense. This way for instance: Nos. 2, 20, 4, 6, 17, 10, 12, 14, 7, 21, 18, 19, 17, 15, 13, 11, 9, 7, 5, 3, 1 [time is too valuable to waste in taking of a job only to quit it on account of no dinner bucket]. That ought to make sense. If you find that they make sense you may be sure that we have stumbled upon a great principle of technique. But the paragraph only forms what I call a “break” and has nothing to do with our “idea” which is our subject.

It is easy to organize parasites because they are few in numbers with hardly any [unclear/ missing] triplets are no minor factors among these “figures.”

Yet, considering sameness of opinion among the plutocrats, it is remarkable the number of difficulties Morgan encountered when he undertook to organize the Harvester Trust— he even had to keep the prospective members “locked up” in separate hotels so as to keep them from fighting until “he” got in his fine work. They simply would not agree, but they, did; and the “dispossessed” farmer is an eloquent testimonial of “how well they agreed.” Labor can agree equally well. They wont agree, but they *will*— and the dispossessed parasites will be every bit as eloquent an expression as is the raggety Twentieth Century farmer. But labor may agree too late. Nothing like being on time.

Labor may agree only after they are bouncing around in B. V. D’s. But why should we care? We are young and strong; big and husky—we’re not helpless, nary one of us; we’re not without power— let us organize it. Let every other man take out credentials.

Those delegates who have “become” disgladdened need not remain so. Their work has been the only work that has been *worth while* since history began. Everything else fades, but their work will remain, and they will yet organize the one big union of all labor to emancipate mankind from the wiles of the “special privilege fraternity.” The delegates have been doing bigger work than they realize. All else has faded with time but their work stands! Revolutions have come and are gone— slaves are still slaves, but the untiring efforts of these delegates will eventually free them.

“What can we do to hold our membership?” Hand them a shovel. In other words, don’t hold them; educate them. It is only through lack of knowledge they drop out. If they drop out it indicates they “dropt” in. Merely a formal call they made.

Don’t hold them. Clinching shows a weakness.

## 1923\_90\_IS\_01091923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SILVERY “SCREEN”**

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Like the criminal syndicalism law, directed at the Industrial Workers of the World, the motion picture business is a California product. And like the law, this business has features in, connection, that causes a certain uneasiness of mind in quarters heretofore tranquil.

As an educational institution for children if serves a purpose both good and evil — in other words: the education given is complete.

The motion picture houses themselves serve as a handy place to which to go to unload sundry bottles, it being considered bad form to drink in the public streets, and back alleys are not always so “safe” or accessible as are the darkened palaces of the pictures.

Many of our **bon vivants**, who would scorn to pull out a bottle in an alley-way— in the atmosphere of ash cans— do not hesitate to sip the spiritual encouragement, contained in their pocket flasks, ‘midst the wondering hush of a motion picture audience. Enlivened thusly, they are ready to radiate “goood fellowship” to their neighbor, who, as likely as not, may be a lady of good morals as yet uncontaminated by the “suggestion” offered by the Producers. In that case, she will leave her seat but partly disappointed.

But in case she be a “young thing,” unused to practiced attentions she will absorb in a very short time a “full knowledge” of things hardly expected in one so young.

In time, unless merciful “chance” intervenes, these children will succumb to the “insinuations,” and whispered unconventionalities, to blossom forth as hardened flapper: —a fate I hopfe and pray they will be spared.

Nothing is so disconcerting, to a gentleman, as the half-sophisticated “impulsiveness” of these flapperettes in a darkened show place.

T-B-S.

## 1923\_91\_IW\_01091923

**Everybody’s Doing It**

“*You should do the same if you were in John D’s place*.” “How often have we heard this or similar remarks to an attack on the capitalist system ... .”

Above quotations are from an article by Harry Clayton, whose address is Repressa, Cal. Let us not forget! Let -us not rest! He, although incarcerated in a “foulsome” prison, is taking a deep interest in our problems; although doing time for exhibiting the manhood we, too often, find difficult to display.

“You would do the same if you were in John Ds place.” That statement is true to an extent that is startling in the extreme. Everybody is doing it, would do it, or will do it, and it is only for that reason that we, the workers, must organize to prevent them doing anything that is detrimental to the workers as a class.

Yes, everybody’s doing it. You would do the same; I would do the same; but I must be prevented and you must not be permitted. It is up to the workers.

P. S. Fellow Worker Clayton beat me to it.

## 1923\_92\_TV\_01091923

**JOKAINEN TEKEE SAMOIN.**

SINÄ tekisit samoin ,jos olisit John D:n asemassa”. Kuinka usein me kuulemme tällaisen lausunnon, milloin tahansa tehdään hyökkäyksiä kapitalistista järjestelmää vastaan.”

Yllä oleva lainaus on Harry Claytonin kirjoituksesta. Kirjoittajan osote on Repressa, Cal. —Älkäämme häntä unhoittako, — älkäämme luopuko toiminnastamme!

Hän vaikkakin vankina “foulsome” (Folsomin) vankilassa, osoittaa erinomaista mielenkiintoa meidän kysymyksiimme; vaikkakin hän jo parhaillaan palvelee vankeuttaan siitä, että on osoittanut miehuutta tavalla, jota meidän useinkin on, niin liiankin usein, sangen vaikea osoittaa.

“Sinä tekisit samoin, jos olisit John D :n asemassa”. —Tämä lausunto on niin ankaraa totuutta, että sitä ei voida liioitella. Jokainen tekee samoin, tekee, taikka pyrkii tekemään samoin ja ainoastaan työläisten, se on, meidän velvollisuutemme on järjestyä ja meidän täytyy järjestyä, jotta voimme estää kenenkään tekemästä mitään sellaista, joka on vahingollista työväen luokalle. Niin. Jokainen tekee samoin. — Sinä tekisit samoin. — Minä tekisin samoin — mutta minut täytyy toisten estää tekemästä; ja sinutkin täytyy estää tekemästä. — Tämä kaikki kuuluu työväen luokalle.

T-bone Slim.

## 1923\_93\_IW\_05091923

**Pick-Ups**

Gary says he cannot “give the boys” shorter work day than 12 hours. He wants to give that much to say about the workers business. — Gary’s.

\* \* \*

*Economics*

The Wages of the Street Car Men Are Paid by All the Workers Who Ride on the Cars.”—Chicago Employer’s Association.

That’s what we’ve been thinking all along.

\* \* \*

*Ignorance*

Prof. Robert Arrowsmith, in Webster’s dictionary, 1923, defines I. W. W. ns Independent Workers of the World.— Ind. Sol. — Pure unadulterated ignorance. What? Nothing else but— Well, it’s better’n being called Indiana Wire-walkers.

\* \* \*

If you affiliate internationally, you then may only organize a certain part of those unorganized (there is a division of thought on this question) — if you first organize all workers their majority then may affiliate the whole, if they so desire. But, I believe, it would be better, (in view of the different conditions in different countries) to “organize” each country INDUSTRIALLY. We’re broad enough.

\* \* \*

Three hundred optimists attend Chattanooga convention.—Headline.

Half of hell must be getting stronger.

\* \* \*

Best motto this year: “Not ONE Minute Before the Hour.”—(99480, on team work.)—Together, or none.

\* \* \*

It’s a wonder these restaurants, doing business by the “grace of god-capitalism,” can affordto give us *food* with our meals— and they wouldn’t but they’ve got to make some kind of a showing in order to have an excuse to grab our money.

\* \* \*

In Milwaukee: The “buck” was “tamping-up” on one of his lodgers. An old Irish-man, vowing the strenuous religious fervor of the holy father, was shouting encouragement; “Go to it, father, the reprobatenades it.”

One way of having souls. “Souls” must be saved even though it spoils the “looks.”

\* \* \*

WORDS

Confucius may have used these very words— at lout, they seem confused:

“Words have been called dynamite. They have been called almost everything, including hot-air; which is marly correct.

“Words are electricity — no one knows what electricity is, or may —be.

“No one knows what ‘words’ are, or what they may contain. They are like a string of box cars— they may be “empties” or loads. The words you see here are “loads;” they drag heavy. Yet we do not (as yet) know their content — or discontent,”

\* \* \*

We won. Oh, what a victory!

We won. Let us proclaim!

We’ve met the hated enemy

And Lusted up his game.

The gains were not so very small

(As dollars go, or run)

Before they robbed us of our all—

But now— they leave us ONE.

\* \* \*

I ran across a sentiment (written with chalk) on a “whitewashed wall” in a “freight handler’s home.” For depth and breadth it exceeds anything written by present-day men of letters. Karl Marx, himself, may have written it. Here it is: “Don’t yap all your life and work for them ‘percentage busters.’ “

\* \* \*

A couple of longshoremen working on the docks— a colored American and a white American. As usual the While man was “horsing” and job-hurrying the colored man. Pointing to a bunch of wobblies (who appeared to be taking their time) the white remarked to the colored : “Them must ‘greenhorns’ over then— they’re going so slow.” “Well, I tells yah, white boy,” said the colored worker, “dey isn’t any greener’n you is.”

\* \* \*

The American Legion is an organization where the buck-private can enjoy the society of officers long after the war is over—or until *the next war*— The last war, maybe—for him. Just now, though, not many privates are taking advantage of the clubrooms donated by patriotic profiteers and, as it is, the officers alone are enjoying the spoils of war’s benign bounty — including much democracy.

\* \* \*

Adversity, the great human leveler, has struck the legion a foul blow below the belt and as a result the legion is losing its influence for good—or evil. At present it is so weak that its Montana commander, promoting the Dempsey-Gibbons “go” at Shelby, could not raise a measely $100,000 to guarantee the fight. Civil authorities had to step in and take charge. No charge of crookedness was made, although the commander’s business methods were severely criticized as “rather crude.”

\* \* \*

The legions of the Saviour also are finding it hard to organize the sinners on the street corners. The sinner with his belly full of third-grade food is “prejudiced” against the Lord and his commissary just at present— he is callously listening to the “Boom paa oom paa, Jesus, Boom taa, comp laa bla; Bla-bla-blafreeze us Caligula du daw da.” Yes, they are interfering with my writing—and I’m afraid they are making my sinfulness WORSE instead of better.

— (T-bone Slim.)

## 1923\_94\_IS\_08091923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**INCIDENTALLY---AMONG OTHER THINGS**

–––––

Says Hinman, pursuant to reclamation of waste places for farming purposes, among other things:

“The Ancient Law

“If with Europe amost doubling her demand for our foodstuffs, we still have a surplus, we surely are producing so vast a supply that we cannot expect prices to go up speedily **even though the government spend a billion to raise them**. Until the demand grows up to the extra supply or the extra supply shrinks down to the level of the demand, the price relief to the farmer cannot come.

“Old demand and supply again!” exclaims a reader contemptuously. Yes, old demand and supply again! We may not like it, but— how are we going to get rid of it? That is the question that is yet to be answered.”— Her.-Exam, July 4.

Beg your pardon, Hinman, the question is already answered, and we do not mind answering it again—in fact, we take special delight in answering it. We don’t care how many times we answer it. We’ll get up in the middle of the night to answer it, if necessary.

The I. W. W. is the answer— “Produce for use instead of for profit,” is the “medium” of reply. Organize INDUSTRIALLY, find out what things we need, and how many; produce only so many, and of such “kinds”— enough for all and no more. Enough is enough. Conserve labor power. Let Europe support itself.

T. B. S.

## 1923\_95\_IW\_12091923

**Can’t Get Worse**

Not feeling very well. I am curious to know what kind of an article of literatoor a sick man can turn out. It lies before you:

We of the intelligent minority are in the habit of getting all puffed up (like a kernel of rice) without changing our quantity (and as to quality I can’t see no difference) so I got to thinking that about “now” is a good time to drag out a couple well preserved skeletons and put them on exhibition:

Among the treasures handed down to us from the early settlers is the wonderful discovery, by the intelligible minority of those days, that the world is flat. It was only a mere handful of leading thinkers who expounded that theory with great nimbleness of eloquence, in those days—and, it is only recently that other minorities espouse the cause of the round world.

Disregarding whether we live on the outside or inside the world and ignoring Slim’s theory that the world is goose-egged, slightly curving like a cucumber, which accounts for the long days and short nights (nights being at the ends of the cucumber), we will record the fact that the intelligent minority was wrong, the world isn’t flat— they were wrong then; right now?

Again the intelligent minority inter-communicated with God and duly reported their findings to the masses, in return for their everyday bread—the Lord too went on record that the world is flat— not that it makes any difference to us. Right then? Wrong now?

Some scientists, by studying the contour of a man’s foot say the world is flat and point to flat-footed people as proof of their contention; while other equally scientific gentlemen point out how admirably nature has formed the high instep so that man can stand comfortably on the top of the world—when he gets there.

Theories, theories, theories are Truth if o. k.’d by the many and remain true until exploded by the Few . . .

\* \* \*

“God must have loved bums, he made so many of them!” Him in all His glory, and he in all his squalor. Wonderful love! “Greater, love hath no man,” etc, than the love of theee two. Fiancees of God, dressed in rags! I’m afraid this love is similar to that of two tom cats during dog-days.

Well, well — God’s love for bum and bums’ love for God—it seems to be an affair of the heart, and those of the intelligent minority that think that life is a spark burning in water and that it is composed of two poles, positive and negative, are again discredited. The theory that brain is a positive pole and liver a negative pole won’t get far in these days of heart analysis.

\* \* \*

The intelligent minority is productive of many brilliant theories, some plausible and a few acceptable. But each and every theory must meet the test of majority thought (which is the court of last resort), before it can find stability of any degree. The despised majority, of the so-called puny brain, must he the “ones” to amend, accept or reject the brain progeny of the minority. They are the ones that decide whether the intellectual has had a legitimate offspring or merely a mental miscarriage.

And isn’t it queer that the “benighted” majority is able to do this so effectively? Many a fond parent, of a thought (or somebody else’s thought) has had life blasted “for keeps” because: “The ignorant majority is too sluggish to see the fine points of my program.

True for him, they might not have seen the fine points, but you can bet they didn’t miss many bum points.

\* \* \*

It is small consolation to us to say the working class is too apathetic to take kindly to our eloquence. They may be that and more, what of it? They are what they are and they are the factors we are dealing with, as *they are*—not as we would have them but as they want to be—it is their privilege. Our stuff, which is Industrial Unionism, ordinarily gets across so let us not become discouraged. We can improve our style of delivering goods.

Personally I think our progress has been wonderful considering the layout we’re bucking. A man can’t make much progress when he strikes a pocket of pitch every little while.

In conclusion: I merely wish to remark that we of the working class have been eating out of the paw of organized capital too long. A change at this time is highly important if not imperative . . . Afdter we get them to eat from our hand I think it advisable to let them testify as to the justice of such proceedings, in a free country to be.

What do you say, fellow worker; have we got our second wind?— (T Bone Slim.)

## 1923\_96\_IW\_15091923

**LESS THAN JEALOUSY**

It is now conceded by the capitalist press that capital is, entitled to a “reasonable return” on “investment;” labor to receive “living wage”— who get the surplus? or, is the surplus included among those “reasonable returns.” “All those in favor of giving capital a living return for investment, sit down.”

\* \* \*

Considerable agitation is being pulled off to have Ellis Island “cleaned.” Suppose they are successful? Suppose the immigrants get notions? Suppose they acquire an exaggerated idea of our living standards? And then suppose they strike a boarding camp?— Bolshevism!

I would suggest “these agitators” visit a few railroad camps and get an idea of American standards before they put “phoney” notions into the heads of “these” simple folks.

\* \* \*

General Electric Company estimates a stroke of lightning contains 50,000,000 volts; a flash lasts one-thousandth part of a second; energy produced is only 500 kilowatts—That’s what.

At the rate of eight cents per kilowatt-hour charged, the value of one of these discharges would be only 1.2 cents

Yes, and I believe if they will look over those figures again they will find that lightning owes us money.

\* \* \*

Fellow Worker Robot shows, by his faith in the counsel of T.-B. S., that he needs no advice on the matter of heart trouble and hello girls.

As for myself ; I have my head and hands full of quinine and morbus. Besides that I am going in for whiskers on a large scale as I figure them a powerful factor in calling bread down from the skies, as the cost of living climbs up. You say these girls have been blacklisted? That settles it.

\* \* \*

I hardly ever read the “press” when I can get our own papers, but the editor here, being fed up on third-grade journalism, askes me to kind of keep an eye on ‘em while I’m in town, so I got to reading in the boob’s column, about a major in Cleveland who took violent exception to the “yellow flag pole on Mayor Kohler’s Public Square; the pole itself is a beautiful orange color; as far from yellow as the uniform the major was wearing. A beautiful orange even so as a yellow taxi cab to which the grand army pays tribute. The color is entirely too rich to be called yellow. Any way I hope the major has no objections to yellow cold stripes on the defenders of our country—our country.

\* \* \*

Vast difference in living in dwellings and dwelling in living.

\* \* \*

I behold the powdered parasite upon the avenuoo, as I am convalescing, and I marvel at a society that ruins these butterflies and makes of them languid drones unfit for anything. Unfit even for the obvious.

I behold the beefy be-jeweled matron and a shiver passes over my frame. I speak of this to a fellow worker keeping pace with me. “Slim,” he says, “you’re jealous of the easy living they have.” Jealous? Jealous! I should say I am. How could it be otherwise? Here I’ve been laboring twenty-five years, never had enough of anything, have nothing now; of course, I’m jealous . . . You must be a mind reader . . Of course, I’m jealous— anything less than jealousy would be idiocy.

## 1923\_97\_IW\_19091923

**Barely Moving**

Introducing myself I will say I am also a great “hiker.” My magnificent strides (making due allowance for water on the knee) carry me over the ground in a most marvelous manner. I have been known to cover several miles in an ordinary standard day.

The other day I went out walking with a fellow worker—just a small hike—and the miles were soon merrily slipping by, under our feet. Pretty soon she says, “Slim, let’s walk slower.” I was surprised—in fact, I was startled.

“Young lady,” says I, “are you quite aware of what you are saying? Are you fully conscious of the preponderance of that remark?

“Are you aware of the terrible suggestivencss of those three words, ‘Let’s walk slower?’ Change two letters in the middle word, substitute O for A, and R for L and your thoughtless sentence reads: ‘Let’s work slower.’

“Now, do you see the blunder you have made? You have advocated slowing down, which is contrary to the unwritten addenda in the constipation of the several states.

“Young lady, if you keep on distributing English that way a bull is liable to hear you, and have us both in the cooler on the grounds of conspiracy to obstruct traffic, giving lemonade and comfort to the enemy, or one of the many charges they keep on hand in case they catch up with us. Don’t slow down now or we are lost! Make them head us off. Remember we have no right to slow down. Others behind us may desire to go faster. We must not retard them.

“Yes, my dear young lady, you can’t do as you please now days and so your innocent remark is a crime in the eyes of the law.”

And so—on and on we surged, straining every nerve, far into the distant night, until exhaustion overtook us and then, of course . . that is we turned back. Damfine if we busted any laws or not and I was too tired to give a damn.

In this connection editor, I would like to discuss slowing down on the job, but being still all coked up with quinine I am rather thick-headed and it may be necessary for you to give me a send-off.

It is being said (recklessly) that efficiency means abundance and the insinuation is left that abundance means something—always has there been abundance in the United States of America. Warehouses have groaned with food and clothes, but it has meant nothing to those in the souplines. Panic after panic has been the result of super-exploitation which in turn resulted in an abundance of everything — (not to be had).

Speeding up created an abundance, but it does not benefit its creator, the working man. An abundance means glutted markets where our “directors” must underbid every foreign country; thus furnishing a subsidy to the hungry nation that buys our food, the product of our sweat. Abundance means free lunch for all Europe and starvation here.

\* \* \*

What does slowing down on the job mean? It means comfort, ease and no glutted markets. It means the boss will not be able to retain so many “hangers-on” on the payroll. It means comfort, case and no glutted markets. It means that *every unnecessary man will be made necessary*. If means that the boss will not be in position to donate extra steeples to the churches, monuments to himself nor libraries to posterity. (Let posterity, do the work for its libraries.) We’re *Here*, Now, and we want Ours!

\* \* \*

Our trouble is not in slowing down, nor is it in speeding up. Our troubles all lie in the fact that we do not get what we produce. Our troubles lie in the fact the boss has 60 servants whom we support, 7 automobiles that we provide, 400,000 lawyers who dine at our expense and so on —all this is made possible by speeding up (efficiency) but it isn’t necessary —many of these can go to work same as we . . . There’s too much glory and not enough victuals.

No, we do not get what we produce. No, we do not get half of what we produce. No, we do not get a third of what we produce. No, we do not get a fourth of what we produce. We get something less than a quarter of what we produce

Slowing down reduces the profits taken from our toil—when we work . . . Getting nowhere, I quit.— (T-bone Slim.)

## 1923\_98\_IW\_26091923

**Good Riddance**

Learned men and skillful orators have now established that lofty thoughts are the cause of round shoulders. I “presume” they deduce this from the fact that round shouldered men (there being no women with thoughts lofty enough to put a hump on their back) always act as if the ceiling was not high enough for their towering presence.

At least it would seem so to a human-person watching them shy at an eight-foot doorway. The contents of that wonderful head must not be disturbed, hence the natural bent of its possessor to stoop before conquering. Be that as it may. Onward we must.

\* \* \*

Cork screws are coming back in style. Recently we had occasion to study this burning question from a new angle and some of our friends (I got my eye on ‘em) say the particular angle was tragic or acute—hence, our observations should be enbalmed on history’s pages in italics, (editor) *in italics* interspersed with interrogation points.

Now in order to disabuse your mind of certain suspicions, I wish to first and before all say that I do not believe the bootleggers are appointed to “get us.” Nor do I say that they would deliberately poison us. No, nothing of the kind. I merely wish to say the that they do poison us—and let it go at that.

Mind you I do not say there is a conspiracy against us inveterate veterans, to do away with us through the highly civilized medium of (bootleg) spruce alcohol. No, I merely state that now and then, all around us, old timers drop down to rise no more— and people pause and murmur: “Good riddance!”

Good riddance (get that?) —but why, in the name of all that is sensible, do you let them poison you with “hemlock?” Do *you* also think you are a good riddance? It one looks like it.

But as I was saying, cork screws are coming back in style. Not because it is the desire of the masters to furnish us a better and milder form of poison. His solicitude for our welfare doesn’t carry him that far. He would as soon see you kill yourself with wood alcohol as to see you hung on a frame-up. He knows and I know and you know that he can replace you with a 190-lb. foreigner and it won’t cost him a cent, because he will take the fare out of the foreigner’s wages. Yes, indeed, I believe the master would be more than pleased to see you go. ln fact, I think he would be delighted.

In my own case I think he would be so overcome with joy that he would donate the pansies and buttercups— maybe detail a military band to play, “There’s a Sucker Born Every Minute,” which is my favorite tune.

But a I was saying, the curly cues are coming back. The cellars, of our best people are becoming sadly depleted. It is getting so that our beloved parasites can’t get a drink befitting their lordly station; tally one. They are beginning to flirt with raisinjack! tally two and three. Hold on there, don’t get the idea that there is a frame-up to dope our parasites.

I don’t want it understood that there is a powerful ring of whiskey parasites that have been in the pasture these late years, consequently restless, and about to bring pressure to bear for the return of Johannes Barleycorn. I do not want you to get the idea from anything I say, that a good liberal dose of purest poison will soon be introduced into the drinks of the “better back class” so as to create a “public sentiment” favorable to saloons, because it isn’t so. If any parasites get poisoned thusly, it will be because of an error in addressing the right stuff to the wrong place— but “public sentiment” will sit up and take notice; they’re not going to stand for parasites being “bumped off” on account of careless penmanship; tally four, five and six.

Prohibition is “well set” and if it really prohibited, I would be glad indeed. But prohibition prohibits only insofar as dehorn has a rotten taste and insofar as those who *drank* it are now in the land of “corn and wine,” forever prohibited from exhibiting the spirit of ha[unclear]l fellow well met.

An epidemic of misdirected refreshments, at this time, would amount to a calamity. The sudden calling away of some of our “best people,” although it might lighten the burdens of those who support them, would still be a damage irreparable even so as the passing of a rotten egg— the passing of which is reparation sufficient. So, fellow workers, have a care what you eat and drink, especially in these days of chlorinated water. Consider the seven destroyers that sunk off the coast of California— the magnificent expanse of water, the biggest in the world, wasn’t big enough for these navigators. Is it then a wonder that land lubbers find it difficult to navigate properly within the narrow confines of West Madison Street!

In conclusion: Until this burning question is settled I would advise myself, and my many friends, to drink nothing—unless they see sand on the bottom. We cannot afford to lose active men.

## 1923\_99\_IW\_29091923

**Knucklin’ Down And- - -**

“Non-representation is preferable to compromise— representation.”

Things are moving fast now days from organization viewpoint. Conferences are crowding themselves upon us—almost amounting to an intrusion. The all important industrial union conferences come first.

Our delegates to the industrial union conventions should be the men we want; regardless of whether they qualify for any future conventions. Industrial union laws be the only guide—let us cross the creeks as we get to them; and get to them we will. This is out of my line; none of my business, so’s to say. Hurrah!

\* \* \*

Compressed Air Magazine. July, has this to say: “If there ever was any ‘water’ in railroad stocks the tentative valuation of the 38 systems show that it was long ago squeezed out.” Did you get that, “if there ever was.” “I wonder what they done with the water after it was squeezed out?”

A farm is a farm, although M. T. W. might call it a channel.

A WORLD AND ITS WORKS TO REDEEM

(Air is obvious, if not worse)

Don’t tell me you need not the help of someone ;

Don’t say you’ll succeed by yourself—

The day may soon come when you’re on the bum,

A “has been” on Industry’s shelf.

CHORUS

You know you belong to somebody else,

So long as you struggle alone;

You know some one else has a mortgage on you

And dictates the terms in all things you **do**;

You know you’re not free—you must pay your fee—

No matter if you be a he or a she—

You know you belong to somebody else

So long as you go it alone.

II.

You may be in clover just now Mr. Man,

Your raiment may be rather fine,

But there is no doubt, if grafting holds out.

Some day you will be with the swine.

III.

So why don’t you wake yourself up from your sleep,

And make yourself free from your dream—

If you would be wise: Go Thou Organize;

A World and its Works to Redeem.

Don’t tell me you paddle a private canoe,

“That unions are only the bunk;’\*

Remember, some day ‘twill rain on your hay

And you will be classified “JUNK!”

## 1923\_100\_IW\_03101923

**In Times Like These**

The abestos curtain has lifted and an atmosphere of expectancy irritates the nerves or of this poor sufferer. It is Bozo of the Burlesque. Twinkling thighs sooth and mellow the perspective and the rolling, diamond studded eyes command my spirit to become tranquil and cease its tumult. And even as I regard these half-naked non-essential laborers—essential only insofar as the capitalist system is essential, if it be admitted that the robbing of the working class is beneficial to civilization —I am reminded of the towel bath I had yesterday and the half-box of gold dust I used as conterirritant and I am agreeably surprised to see that many of the partly nude toilers on the stage closely resemble myself in the bare spots. Many of them had a wealth of shank. Say editor, let me explain— I can explain this perfectly. I know the readers are aghast at my nerve. But let me explain. I’m not like the common run of hypocrisies.

When I got caught in a compromising position (in a bedroom seen or something like that) I’m not going to haul out a flag and signal the orchestra to strike up the national anthem. No, sir, editor, when my bell bottoms are something other than the regulation distance from the floor I’m not going to ask the audience to rise and stand at attention. No. When I’m caught, I’m caught and right away I start explaining. You bet you. I can explain this.

For some time past it has been an impossibility for me to coax myself to the point of production. Repeatedly, as I lay me down to sleep. I have crossed my hands on my breast and murmured manana trabajo only to find myself still in bed nine o’clock next morning uttering terrible threats against the colored maid who had the supreme audacity to address our person with sundly epithets unbecoming a lady and wounding our self-esteem which happens to be very active.

We have started outdoors fully intending to labor, but somehow our nerve has failed us at the crucial moment. We have plead with ourself. We have held a mirror so that we could see the tears of genuine sorrow at our improvident way of living. We have spoken harshly to ourself —”for Christ sake Slim,” we have said go on the job; get into these camps; eat that rotten garbage and become somebody; make a man of yourself”— all to no avail. My heart has failed me.

But something had to be done. All of a sudden as I was passing a burlesque show an inspiration came to me. I will spend 15 cents of that two-bits and watch the slaves perform. You see I have known all along that leg shows aree instituted for the purpose of bolstering waning “resolves of childhood” in us super annuated bald-headed creatures, I would go in and watch the grandmothers kick up their heels, in short skirts. I would watch them prance, wiggle and giggle and I would re-resolve to cut out my fast life of coffee and— I would re-resolve to go to work, save my money, marry and I start that chicken ranch Grayson or some one in the Worker accuses me of entertaining these past thirty-five odd years.

Yes, sir, editor, when a man takes in one of these shows if he doesn’t have visions of a chicken ranch, it is because his nature is thoroughly caloused. Such was my purpose, my purpose in entering this show and any fair minded man can see my purpose was pure— if not holy—intending to fool myself to go to work.

This particular show, I must say, has not degenerated to level of the capitalist system, but still it serves the aforesaid purpose admirably, entirely to the satisfaction of those who exploit labor, if not quite as effectively as the patriotic bedroom scenes of the movies, boycotted.

As long as I was up there, I proceeded to lay myself open to the invigorating kick— listened attentively to the song: “If I can get you away from somebody else; somebody else can get you away from me”— immediately I made up my mind to play safe and rent a farm instead of buying it outright. This sent me into a brown study, as to the adaptability of women folks to conditions; there flexibility under stress and probable reliability as a farmeress.

I lost all track of the efforts of the toilers on the stage and looked at It in a daze. In a languid dreamy way I gazed at nothing in particular. Suddenly I was electrified by a sight of a cage sitting in the middle of the stage in a cloud of some strangely light colored mist-marked “SAN QUINTIN”.

And in the cage sat Jack Gaveel. His fist was clinched and his eye was a trifle greyer and steadier.

I fled like a cur that I am—taking in leg shows in times like these!

## 1923\_101\_IW\_06101923

**WATCH YOUR STEP**

“MEN WANTED FOR WOODS WORK”

Says a sign in the depot at Lowden, Iowa; (authorized by Northern Logging Congress, 704 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis). — No doubt these signs are distributed the length and breath of the “Fair State”— in auctioneering “season” —and no doubt they are intended to catch the eye of the bankrupt farmer and heir apparent when they are at their breakfast.

The Northern Logging Congress knows that it is useless to advertise among lumberjacks “for men,” the jacks being wise to the rotten conditions prevailing in the campsof the logging “Congress” in the three states referred to in the ad., Minn. Wis., and Michigan. A god-fearing man, a reasonable critter, going into these camps, works at a disadvantage— not being familiar with the methods of these lumber companies—hence the advertising in the corn belt. But being as it is the corn farmer isn’t on his “uppers” as yet, I am curious as to whether the small grain, bankrupt territory has been placarded in a similar manner.

A man going into these woods this winter must needs be a raw-meat eating burly,else the tale next spring will be hard to listen to— the wob being the survivingest cuss, it is up to him to cut these logs and profits for the lumber “congress.” Make it snappy!

\* \* \*

Duluth and Minneapolis skidroads force themselves upon us as the scene of recruiting.

\* \* \*

Isn’t it a seven day wonder the solidarity shown by employers of labor. Hero is the Chicago and Northwestern R. R. Company advertising for men for the Lumber Congress. Greater love hath no man.

The C.and N. W. stands ready to throw its hat in the air and applaud the lumber barons: “Finest people in the world;” and the lumberplutes, in turn will put their pudgy finger on the bible and swear the jerk water North-Western in a railroad instead of a canal as has been the common misconception among railroad employes for years.

With them an injury to one is toughtitty for both and what’s good for one is “pie” for all — yes, labor could profitably study this form of solidarity and get together to boost each other interests, for after all — labor has everything in common. The one big union of all labor is the one and only honest, equitable, powerful way of doing business.

\* \* \*

The poster referred to requests the prospective victims to report to employment agents at Minnie and Duluth. Therefore: It is at these points these men must be met and “informed of the true conditions” under which they must work—and, in this case, at is at these points the apprentice lumberjack will be “receptive” and in “mood” to protect himself with a red card. Here is work for the membership, not the delegate. The delegates naturally will be busy at camps, which is as it should be. So it’s up to us.

Give the newcomers a thorough understanding of the I. W. W. principles—and its strength — otherwise the wages will drop from 65 to 26— Watch your step. Remember, too, that this outfit that terms itself the “logging congress” is an ambitious outfit— a parliament of barons organized into a one big union— that can mean us no good.

## 1923\_102\_IW\_10101923

**As to Stocks**

I have warned all I. W. W. to sell all their holdings now. Because I think in the near future the small investors too will be squeez-ed out — to . . . to . . . Keep . . .water . . . company — But where?— (I know of three lines that are preparing to do the hugging . . . )

In . Re . water: Since Shycago started chlorinating its drinking water the radical movement has suffered a setback. Debs took one drink —and forthwith repudiated “him”—and thus the complexion of the situation looks sanguin, sanguinary or something for the U. Tellem Educational Legion of So Be It America.

\* \* \*

“Is radicalism still dead,” is the inquiry of distressed Haymericans and the ONCET radical labor unions are demanding a Sabbath School be started for Adult charter members —to take care of their perishable souls, a la Landis Reward.

Boyle goes to jail for failure to hide his contempt for the court.

Thus are the heavy fallen, alas! All this as a direct result of a few pails of “chlorine” dumped into the water supply. Can’t say that I’m thriving myself upon this vaccinated water — thinking of starting suit against city for a pair of new pants, besides: I need ‘em.

It is feared porch climbers, will now degenerate into lounge lizzards or parlor-bolsheviks—and to think: I thought benzoate of soda was all the medicine we would have to take— Oh well, let us give THEM a dose of INDUSTRIAL unionism.

\* \* \*

The bum and the plute as they traveled one day,

With moral discources cut shorter the way;

Said the plute to the bum, in his kindliest sob,

“Why don’t you find work and . . . Stay on the job?”

II.

Says the bum to the plute, “Sir, I’m fond of your nerve !”

“And really I’M willing *and anxious to serve* . . .”

But kindly remember I’m wise to the game—”

I’ll take on some labor if you’ll do the same.”

\* \* \*

So they separated, each hostile against the other . . . My, if all that wasted power could be harnessed! What a world we would have!

\* \* \*

Now and then some cub-philosopher will jump into the breech trying to “commercialize” active romance and bring all our tenderest feelings down to the bare level of dollars and cents. But take it from me, an old reliable expert philosopher, that if a man makes a fool of himself over a pretty woman I consider him as using extraordinary good judgment. From this there is no appeal.

\* \* \*

The three R’s of the old school days have acquired a new meaning: Reduce Railroad Rates. By the way: The railroads are bragging that in the past five years they have killed 9,101 and injured 24,208, at grade crossings. Not so bad, is it? Many of the motorists are spared through the agency of the weatherbeaten dinky signboards along the right of way . . .

\* \* \*

American Steel and Wire Qo. puts outliterature to the effect that Theodore Roosevelt said: “No man has yet discovered a way whereby he can work less and get more.” Yes, yes, we know . . get quite as much . . by working less. John D. works loss and gets more, T-bone works more and gets less; otherwise Teddy’s argument is good.

There’s a margin of profit that is unnecessary of production. I wonder what became of the article I was going to write?

## 1923\_103\_IW\_13101923

**An Eighty Year Boy**

No, I didn’t come over on the Mayflower. But I’ve met a man whose *ancestors did* . . . He said he could trace his ancestors back three hundred years—I thought that was pretty good considering that police court records were so very unreliable a hundred years back—even so.

He was carrying water for the gang so I readily entered into conversation with him, neglecting some important tamping I was supposed to be doing for the bait money the kindly Kommissary Kompany was in the habit of disbursing . . ..

Being a poor sort of a conversationalist at best, I thought—seeing as how every man is interested in his work—it would be best to talk shop. So I asked him if his illustrious forefathers too had been water boys, and was that noble trade handed down from father to son?

“I’d have you know. I’m an American,” he snapped.

“Compose yourself, dad, we know you are an American or you wouldn’t be carrying water for ‘hunkies,’ as you call us; no one but an American would be trusted with such an exalted office—excuse me, dad, if I have another dipperful, you know a new man on the job always drinks more— So your forefathers came over on the Mayflower! I’m sure glad to hear it and I’m proud to know you— Here shake. I’ve always wanted to meet a pure blooded American.

“As you say . . . there were no foreigners aboard the Mayflower when it landed; they wasn’t fugitives from the law of England that were permitted to embark upon that shaky old tub— the crown being convinced that that was the best way to get rid of them—seeing as how they wouldn’t abide by the laws of the land . . . I see . . . Your ancestors weren’t foreigners like mine.

Mine, you know, came over on the Thingvala Line or was it the Allan Line and naturally my blood isn’t as blue as yours. My grandfather told me that he tried to book passage on the Mayflower, but he was told that it wasn’t running any more, so naturally he came over on the next best boat.

“He wasn’t a very good American for that reason and said the only reason he stayed hero was because he couldn’t get back—money matters, you know; he never could understand the American currency. He also said, and I was going to ask you dad, if it is true that the original forefathers that came over on the Mayflower stayed here because they had no boat to get back with—But, of course, I don’t expect you to know about such minor details—It’s enough that you’re an American and you can trace your ancestors back three hundred years to the cold inhospitable shores of Great Britain.

“Of course, dad, you ain’t quite three hundred years old— I don’t mean this as a joke—but would you mind telling me your age—Say dad, this water is surely fine. . . How’s that! Eighty-two years of age? Can it be possible? You don’t look a day over seventy-six. Now I *know* you are a 100 per cent patriot. No one but an American could have the stamina to carry water at the age of eighty--two. Trot along, dad—the boys are beginning to call for you. They sure appreciate your services—trot along.”

P. S. From life; no bouquet!

\* \* \*

“TOO MUCH” MADE PLAIN

It may not be common knowledge to the reader that I am “well off,” well to do, if not exactly a man of wealth. Nevertheless, I think I am the richest Wob in this country. (It is easy to write when one has no financial troubles).

At this writing, I estimate, I am worth over $40,000. Nice piece of jack. Of course I don’t carry, it around with me as I go, because there is still so much *wicke*dncss in this world in spite of the fifth or seventh conundrum. Someone might roll me — in fact, this $40,000 is in the form of *backpay* I got coming for a matter of 30 or 20 years hard labor I have done; being convicted of innocense in the 1st, second and 13th degree.

Investments, too, are so risky nowadays so I think I will just let that money lay where it is until such a time as the last crook is hung. An honest man like myself (myself included) hain’t got no show in this world no more— and no more than a jackrabbit has with a mudturtle in a running high-jump — if the purrfessors can be believed—which they can’t. Honesty is the best policy when everything else fails.

Thus it is that— it isn’t as if a poor man was writing these truths—my words carry weight with the working class. But, even so, my fume hasn’t spread as far as it should and repeatedly when I ask a man if he knows T-bone Slim, he gives me a cruel unseeing stare and says: “No, thanks, I’m just after biting on one—what’s the joke?” I ask him if he knows what a polecat is. His face brightens up, “Sure,” he says, “he’s a tramp lineman.” Such is fame.

Now, if I were to say: No man has a right to advocate slowing down on the job—The Literary Template, The Independent Prevaricator and the Miscellaneous Mandrell Would carry extra special supplements in rainbow colors announcing to the palpitating world that “our own T-bone Slim, 140 per cent American, once a poor boy, has now conquered the literary world (single handed) and Stands today at the peak of his profession in the full glare of the envious eyes of such great writers as H. G. Wells and H. Bell Wright.

T-bone Slim, the giant of letters, in answer to the question, “Well, what do you say?” Replied, “Save, your syllables and the sentences will do the rest.”

Yes, if I said no man should advocate slowing down, they would name their cigars and streets after me. But, I am not going to say it. Instead I am going to say: No Man Has A Right to Advocate Speeding Up On A Job. No Man Has A Right To Say Hurry Up. If it is wrong to say, “Slow down Gabe;” it surely must be wrong to say, “hurry up, Jack. Woe is me—no rainbow supplements— I never could tell a lie and tell it well.

A Dutchman once’t said, “Too much is too much,” which proves Heine was a profound student of “bulk.” Too much IS too much. Too much Abundance is as bad as surplus of want. Recently the hardware dealers editing the daily press have worked themselves into a frenzy yowling, “Abundance means prosperity.”

Bring out your best type. Stumpy . . . We’ll close debate. Never has there been a shortage of abundance in these United States. Rather, it has been a case of too much abundance—and, “too much” is not “enough.” Too much Is too much (just what it says) and enough is less than too much. Too much is more than enough and enough is never too much. Sufficiency isn’t too much, but it is enough, so you can see yourseIf, enough is enough and too much is too much. Abundance is too much and not enough; hence it is a very ambiguous quantity to monkey with. Better stick to sufficiency—be it ever so elegant.

## 1923\_104\_IW\_17101923

**Bums, Balms and Bombs**

I don’t think much of any outfit that manufacturers tear bombs to be used on citizens— I think any layout that *does so do* is capable of broadcasting red pepper on adance hall floor. Why not drop laughing powder from the clouds and let them laugh themselves sick—God knows there is plenty to laugh at in the maneuvers of our “flunkeys”—

\* \* \*

Buggs Baer, who has retained a semblance of reason, insinuates sneeze powders would be the clear rig—he must be Scotch —what’s the matter with calling it a day and choke them all up with Spanish-flea: The effect would be startling and no doubt, mutually agreeable, *to all hands*.

\* \* \*

Anyway the bare fact that they use tear-bombs instead of black-powder proves they do not in reality hate the people as much as they pretend . . . after all they do not want to maim or cripple any of the citizens too badly— they want them to be in shape to go to work tomorrow to support the 400,000 members of government: 400,000 lawyers; 400,000 bankers; 400,000 doctors; 400,000 preachers, etc. Two million retail merchants, etc. (by the way, I thought the Jewish population was more than that) yes, We have no bananas— or meat.

\* \* \*

Scene II.— Quite a controversy in Chi. ever the quotation: “*Every institution is the lengthened shadow of one man*.”

R. I. B. says Y. J. E. is wrong; and that Y. J. should read up; and that Emerson and not Elbert Hubbard “made the crack.” Now comes my turn: I am satisfied that John McCullough, in one of his extemporanieus ravings, gashed the atmosphere with said remark.

Anyway it makes no difference who unburdened his soul of an idiotic thought. The quotation proves nothing since it is not founded on fact. No man can rightfully say “this is my shadow,” for in the shadow I see the pale wan face of his mother; the knotted and gnarled hands of his father; his brothers; his sisters and his fellow men.

I see in that shadow the hopes and fears, the joys and tears of humanity since time began. In that shadow I see a composite portrait of ail those who have sweated to make this world a fit place to live in—and failed . . .

\* \* \*

Never was there a time when only one man made shadows, shadows—shadows, indeed! And the man who says our institutions are the lengthened shadow, (each) of a single man, is a damn poor judge of distance. That shadow, with all *our united effort*, hasn’t stretched very far . . . The boys are still sleeping in box cars.

\* \* \*

Poverty makes rags; rags makes Paper; paper makes money; money makes Wall St.; wall street makes Bums; bums make rages; rags make money — money, rags, paper, bums . . . let’s see— Where do we go from here?

\* \* \*

After you have been eating kind o’ heavy in town —in town, to be sure—you can ship out to an extra gang and work “a couple of days” on the strength of the chuck you ate in town — in town, of course . . .

The dollar a day you pay for board is a donation, a tribute, a sort of a compulsory kindness, or a voluntary free-will offering you give the commissary company so that they too may live. You must not expect anything in return for the dollar— a dollar tip these days is considered very reasonable, indeed.

If the commissary company sees fit to treat you to some oiled spuds, soiled pancakes and boiled dogs you should be duly grateful; get down on both knees and praise three gods. Show your appreciation, but don’t tip the table.

\* \* \*

They tell me in IOWAY that a traveling worker lost his hat on a freight train — not being wealthy he couldn’t buy one; being slow of speech (like Moses) in a poor neighborhood, he coudn’t beg or borrow one. In desperation he broke into a house and grabbed the first hat he came across, which happened to be a three-cornered one . . . as the train was passing an extra gang he absent mindedly stuck his head out of the side door—the first man that saw him dropt his tools and made for cornfield, “Come on fellows,” he yelled, “the *world* is coming to *an end* — the pope is on the bum; riding a box car.”

Both the timekeeper and “game-warden” speak highly as to the truth of this occurrence and say that it took the boss two hours and a quarter to coax the crew back on the track . . . for what’s the use of tamping ties after a three-cornered hat has passed in a *cloud of cinders?*

## 1923\_105\_IW\_20101923

**The Old and The New Forever**

I have been old and dilapidated long enough . . . all this will be changed. (I will be young and handsome (for the time being) and I will see things with the eyes of youth; hear things with ears of boyhood (strangely large for one so young as I — will be) and I will feel, smell and taste like the rising generation . . . and I will think; yes, I will think. I’ve practically made up my mind on that score, which is just as well . . . because I know so little, it is impossible for me to dodge doing that more or less involuntary act, aggravated into being . . . existence.

No more shall I complain about the food; for am I not young? isn’t my stomach powerful? The work isn’t hard for there is a spring to my muscles—I weigh more, now that I am younger and the world moves when I grab “a holt” of it.

My aches, pains and spavins will be a thing of the future—you won’t hear me groaning in my sleep for years to come, for from this moment on—I am young; I am twenty-one— I hear my old man saying, “I wonder what’s to become of the younger generation; they don’t want to work.”

“Dad,” I will say, “why should they want to work? Is work a delight of some kind? To me it seems punishment—why should they want punishment?”

“No, it isn’t a delight exactly,” says the old man in his dry way, “but it’s better’n starving to death.”

“Then, we take this punishment only . . in order to live; then living is a series of punishment—have I got it right? We are punished with work because we live; and live because we have accepted punishment. Isn’t there any more to life than punishment? Dad, can’t you be a little more cheerful . .”

“Young man,” says dad with mock severity, “you better get into those overalls and prepare to take on ‘life’ as bitter as they say it is— right now, there is enough deviltry in you to pull you through a day’s work with flying colors. All your smartness ain’t going to get you out of it—your mother’s had a crop failure in the back garden . . . that means; work; work means money; money means paid bills; paid bills means life; life means work—one round of pleasure.”

“But, dad, how smart does a man have to be to get out of work— does he have to be as smart as the American Indian?”

“Young man, how many times do I have to warn you about sarcasm—poverty with motion pictures and merry-go-rounds is preferable to the wild free life, fresh fish and bear-steak . . .”

“You said it, dad, and sarcasm is entirely missing from your words—but somehow you made my mouth water when you mentioned bear steak.”

“Your mouth will water for liver and onions if you’re late for work —Eve got to be going—you better hurry on —and, for goodness sake, try to show the boss you want to work—even if you don’t; even if you fail . . .”

“You betcha, dad; me for the comic stuff ; we want to work— we work to want— I’ll be there—tell ‘em I’m coming.”

I will tell the reader in strict confidence (like it was told to me) that my old man worked for a dollar a day. He said he was ashamed of himself for doing it and that he now recognizes that men working for nothing are very profitable to the employer. Before the dollar a day racket, he says there were no millionaires in this country. But soon after the men got going good, for a dollar a day, millionaires began to sprout right and left—like mushrooms over night. Soon the country was lousey with them . . . The working people are so productive when they work, he says, that if they donate the labor of their hands (all over and above their board and clothes) the wealth piles up in a most surprising manner—that’s where our millionaires come from.

He also assured me that no change has occurred (since the dollar day) and insisted that five dollars today will buy as much as the dollar did then; in fact, a little more. “But,” he says, “the inferiority of the present day products drags the ‘pedro’ down to the level of a dollar.” He grew quite eloquent and says, “The ‘dollar a day’ has only changed its name to ‘five a day,’ thus proving the old saying: A rose by another name would smell as sweet.”

I had been kidding him about his unionism and do you know, editor, he turned on me like a mad bull . . . “You’ve got a fine license to talk, young man,” he says; “blaming us old timers for the few millionaires we made— and you are making millionaires faster today than we ever did— (because you are more numerous).

“No, young man, there isn’t a thing you can brag about—the capitalist system is the same yesterday, today and forever; until the workers inaugurate a system of their own.

“No fundamental principle in the system has been altered — nor would it do to alter—for the system is hot an experiment—it is a dead ripe entity—no tinkering goes!

We are dragging along in our fathers’ brogans and like they, we forget to organize for a better system.”

## 1923\_106\_IW\_24101923

**Worshipping Strange Gods**

Nothing but trouble—ain’t I the unluckiest . . . Trouble is worse than having a boss hollering at you—you wouldn’t be able to stand the story about my troubles, so I will tell the one about the boss hollering

I had accepted a position in extra-gang and with three others I proceeded to valiantly charge upon the ties, brandishing deadly a looking number 2. And let me remind you again that when I tamp ties I wield a wicked hip—four rail lengths, 88 ties, in one hour (piecemakers please note)—tie and a half per minute.

But, I’ve never seen it to fail; just about the time I get going good in an effort to open up a few pores for the purpose of fitting myself to catch a cold so as to put a ragged edge on my literary disposition, the boss lets loose a yell, “Shake your legs.”

We were tamping center, short sanded, so I told my mates that I guess he means we should work faster. They told me that’s the way they dope it out too. “Well,” says I, “If that’s the case, we must be using up I too much time per tie. We are using too many strokes and the strokes are too long. We shall have to use shorter strokes and less of them.

So we cut our strokes to seven. But, again the plaintive plea penetrates our ear: “More tamping and less visiting.” “This won’t do” says I, “it’s 7 miles to town. We better cut the strokes to four and shorten ‘em accordingly.” So we did. Wo made seven rail-lengths in 22 minutes— which, I believe, is the record. Piece makers, please note.

We tamped 154 ties in 22 minutes; 7 ties per minute— and then the roadmaster calls us back— I thought, “here’s where we get our medals” Nothing of the kind; he made us go all over it again, for fear there might be a loose tie we might have overlooked . . .

Which there was, I am sorry to say, and for which I apologized fully, stating our hurry had led us astray and the yelping of his demented foreman had temporarily unbalanced, us—I plead insanity of the first degree, loss of memory and near-sightedness as the cause for those loose ties—”But,” says I, “we kept up; we four center tampers kept up with eight end tampers and four jack tampers. Not only that; the 12 end tampers couldn’t keep us a going— and if the boss had only thought to holler once’t more we would have went ahead of the jacks

\* \* \*

Just a small picture of the capitalist system—

\* \* \*

Our preliminary tamping was wasted —we had to go over it all the second time; including the first four rail-lengths that had received its full quota of strokes.

When I offered the boss’ my resignation that evening, a look of anguish crept into his eyes “You shouldn’t pay no attention to me,” he says; “I was only hollering to one man in the bunch. You see, yesterday which was Sunday, when the rest of the gang was “laying in” for time and a half, this man with five others showed up for work and I had to take them out — I lost a good poker day that way—worked hell out of them and gave only 35 minutes dinner hour— that’s’ the reason I was hollering, but I wasn’t hollering at you fellows.”

“But,” says I, “you didn’t have no holler coming— you had six men out there Sunday — whinin-h — I didn’t you order ‘em to sit down, make it seven handed and beat ‘em out of their day’s pay. I tell you, I can never forgive you — s’possin’ I had ruptured myself . . . Supposing the whole four of us ruptured ourselves jumpin’ up and down on them shovels like two pairs of ‘banty roosters. Just think of it — right before all those gandy dancers — you holler, making it appear that we were trying to put something over on the company — I am completely unstrung; my feelings are all unravelled; you have broken my heart and cracked my liver — I won’t be able to work again until they start inflating labor.”

“Aw, go to work,” he says; “I’ll put you on as a water boy until your liver heals up and I’ll build a fire under them six that broke the holy Sabbath—the one day in the week when the boys can get together and look over Hoyle’s catechism—go on to work!”

## 1923\_107\_IW\_27101923

**“LIGHTS THAT FALL,” MIRRORED BY OUR T-BONE SLIM**

LIGHTS THAT FALL

By T-Bone Slim

Public vision too has lost its unerring “penetration — this morning as we were headed for the slave market where jobs are exchanged for gold, my fellow worker pointed to a flaming poster in front of a motion picture “hole” and said, “It’s a damn shame the way they caricature great statesmen now days—look at that picture of Lloyd George.”

“Where? Why you mut, that isn’t Lloyd George, that’s Ben Turpin, the slapstick comedian.” He finally agreed that I was right; that my penetration was superior.

“Oh! I remember now,” says he. “He’s a great artist.” “Who’s a great artist,” I inquired, “Ben or Lloyd?” He looked daggers at me a moment and then said sadly; “Both of ‘em; one throws pies, the other throws nations.”— Great men.

\* \* \*

Then there is a third kind of “great men” whose kindness takes the form of throwing eggs — fresh, storage and stale. Artists too, but I am grieved to hear that our noble visitor, brilliant as he is, cannot appreciate a custom that is as old as Broadway itself; and in deference to the lordly visitor, I would suggest that the good people restrain their impulsiveness until Lloyd gets his seabag ashore. With a change of clothing— I am sure Mr. George will enter the spirit of the occasion with all the enthusiasm of a Welchman and a true sportsman.

Lloyd George, it will be remembered, was in the employ of Great Briton in the capacity of a walking-boss during the last interesting war and it is said of him that he is a fast worker and a model employe—the rumor to the effect that he is traveling for his health I believe is unfounded; men of his age do not travel for their health. No doubt his visit is purely a pleasure jaunt and I for one feel highly flattered that he came 3,204 miles just, to see us—us the people who sent Wilson with 14 points over there. I knew— after that— he would be on pins and needless until he rested his eyes upon us.

Mr. George, we blush with modesty and offer you the freedom of the country—what there is of it— every bit of it. Many of the folks are in jail just now for criminal syndicalism, whatever that is, and the old place ain’t what it used to be. Many of the wartime prisoners, Lloyd, are still in the can—they having been unable to prove any treasonable thing they had done in their lives.

All the others that could show where they robbed the government or dynamited bridges, or intended to, or who worked directly against our government, they are all out—you understand how it is Lloyd, you’re an old head, these men being held are working men, they belong to a labor union, an industrial union, and it is thought in some quarters that the government is afraid to let these men out because they might overturn something— they’re a terrible bunch—forty of them— Why they might— they might ask for more pay—they might want a wash basin for the work camps—they might demand an empty nail keg for a chair in the bunkhouse— they might even overturn thee blankets to count the lice on ‘em, yes Lloyd, our government isn’t doing anything rash just now.

But I want you to understand Lloyd our government is not cowardly It has offered to turn these men loose if they will give a written guarantee that they won’t do anything against the government. Our government will take this chance, which proves that the word of these men is as good as a bond. The government feels that with a guarantee signed by these honest men the country would be safe again for an indefinite period.

Well, Mr. George, let me again bid you welcome—to partake of our frugal hospitality— we are progressing gradually, we have twice as many jails as we had before the war and we are building right along. Make yourself right to home— and I hope for your sake, Lloyd, that Papyrus will win the race—but mind if it does—it will be because the track is slow— no records will be broken.

I absolutely refuse to bet on Papyrus if a time limit is set for the race.

\* \* \*

STAY ON THE GROUND

–––––

It’s a big fight. Of course it’s a big fight. What! Did you think it was a small one? Well. I do declare, and likewise proclaim! . . .

Do you think that we, the *conscious* *element*, would fritter away our time on small battles and go to all this trouble of organizing a one big union? I don’t think you did. No, not by the small gods! No, by all odds, I don’t think you did — I KNOW you didn’t. It’s a big fight.

And we must go on more or less blindly. we cannot stop to look at a mirror to see “how small we are” but we might be pardoned should we glance around and happen to notice the big splash we have made. Neither will it do for us to point out how big we are and call for folks to “step up and feel our muscle.” No, we have no time for such proceedings. Our “prowess” will be duly recorded by the boss. We do not need to worry about it. We have organizing to do— in our spare moments. It is not enough that we give 1439 minutes per day to organizing—we must find out what use is the extra minute. Every minute should be accounted for or be made to count.

It isn’t as if we didn’t know our stuff. That’s just the trouble. We know our stuff. We know that industrial unionism is the only revolutionary solution to all our troubles, especially when we become conscious of the fact that industrial unionism by its very nature is revolutionary— there being no other kind of kinds to be had at this writing. We know our stuff—we know we’ve got to have a boat to get across this lake —or what the hell it is— and we know that industrial unionism is just the “bottom” that will put our feet on the other shore without wetting our sox. Some of you have grown weary building a boat and we must conclude you have found a better way of getting across — maybe you’re going to walk around the “blamed” thing as an individual, or maybe— perish the thought — maybe you have laid down only— to see what success the rest will have in the construction of a One Big Union . . . our “best organizers,” too, “are not with us,” it is said. Are they really, the best? The strongest? And do the best always play out first? If that is the case, then surely we are up against it. We must finish our work with unskilled hands. Fortunately, such is not the case. The best organizers are still on the job, hammering away for dear life— so as to finish the job before “we get froze in.”

It is a big job—just how big, we knew when we tackled it. We did not tackle it blindly. But since we have sized up the job, know the remedy, we will go ahead blindly, if necessary, for “across we are going”— yes or no?

Some would suggest swim across. Some yell, “Look, see, I’ve found a toothpick, let’s build a raft.” Yes, tie a bunch of toothpicks together— in union is strength— and float across the sea of capitalism! Another one is gazing up in the clouds, “Goddam it,” he says, “If we had some canvas, if *we* had a motor, if *we* could build an air plane and *I* could fly across. Goddam it,” he says.

Yes, it is a big job and wishing and if’ing ain’t going to put nary one of us across.

The waves are high . . . what of it— it’s a big lake? Looks discouraging— so it does, now that you mention it. But let me tell you: So long as our appetite remains intact, we will continue disregarding all obstacles . . . We have the remedy and we know of no other way out. We are not “satisfied” on the island of wage slavery—nor will we remain here—nor will we stagger along the shores looking for a way out—we’re through with walking in circles, no matter how great the “onward sweep” of such circles may be— we know the “direct way” of “ditching” wage slavery.

The O. B. U. of the I. W. W. is the best way.

The capitalist system in one of its many phases presents a situation wherein one man (out of every ten) receives a living wage. A great cry has recently risen that the other nine should also be given living wages. Very considerate, I’m sure, and goes far to prove that the “other nine” is the “field” in which the I. W. W. can do its best organizing. Ten out of each hundred workers receive living wages and are therefore satisfied with conditions as they are— which all goes to show how *smug* a man may become when He gets his belly full— the “other” ninety is the filed in which the I. W. W. can thrive.

One million workers out of every ten million get a living wage— and *the nine million men do not get a living wage*. Hence, it follows that these nine million men need organization. It is in this field [(]which includes also the migratory element) the Wobblies will find more ready response to their “organizing” efforts.

Call them what you will: Floaters, migratory, semi-migratory, home guards or what not, they are the available material for industrial unionists. And, in this connection let me say, personally I had no occasion to study unionism until after I was shook loose from “guard” duty (prior to that I had “belonged” to the boss’ protective federation; Miscalled a labor union.)

The various fraternal societies are forbidden the I. W. W.—We cannot organize in the Ku Kux Klan. We cannot expect to swing the one million Masons, etc.

Organized fraternal bodies move as a unit and, therefore, an organization drive in that direction will bear damaged fruit—no fraternalist will go contrary to the wishes of his fraternal majority and will join the I. W. W. only after every other avenue is closed.

\* \* \*

There are 8,000,000 men in the factories, of which 7,000,000 would embrace industrial unionism if it wasn’t for the 1,000,000 therein employed who receive living wages. In organizing these, seven million we have against us one million who imagine their interests are jeopardized if the seven million get a living wage. For this reason, while we are doing everything in our power to organize every industry, let us not ignore the fields where the results are “obtained” with the least possibly effort. We would be foolish indeed to leave one field to find another harder one. For if we leave behind us one unfinished field it will always remain unfinished—let us all function, “where we are,” to the best of our abilities. Delegates and more delegates is the thing— from ground up, not from the first limb—the solution lies on the ground.

Why climb the tree and then climb down again. Stay on the ground.

\* \* \*

P. S. — Swimming across has reference to “undressing” ourselves of the G. E. B.—said doctrine is quite popular in some quarters—(the men who conceived this institution (fundamental) are supposed to have been mentally inferior to some of these brain batteries of today) —yes, they say, let us take off our clothes.

## 1923\_108\_IW\_27101923

**Prison Comfort**

–––––

**Give Unto Caesar — Givee Unto God,**

**But Don’t Forget Your**

**Fellow Workers**

–––––

By T-Bone Slim

“Prison Comfort.” Did you ever stop to consider this kind of comfort? Excuse me, I want to ask the workers if they ever have had occasion to enjoy this kind of comfort from a personal contact point of view; and I want to ask them what is their opinion as the the “amount” of comfort and the “prospects” of a “shortage” of comfort. How properly incongruous the term, sounds —prison comfort.

\* \* \*

How incongruous indeed is everything connected with this mad, opium-guzzling world. Grafters roam the streets without a single hand raised to halt their pernicious progress. Natures noblemen writhe in the dungeons of Seattle and in lesser cradles of the Devil’s Harem. Yellowfornia, premier state of dementia, is only a poor second to the “witch” burning puritans of darkest Massachusetts —Jack Gaveel, f r i e n d of man — of enemy, of friend alike —lies in prison in a free country. An all-man-worker, who wanted righteousness to prevail in a world dedicated apparently to injustice. America, is that justice? Dare you, and can you, stamp it. “Made in U. S. A.”—and afford it?

How really incongruous in this age of “demoncraties,” of civilization, of learning, of brains — Oh, Hell—Isn’t it incongruous t h e w a y this enlightened capitalist society selects its machinery of torture — jails, holes, starvation, clubs, stones and, cruelest of all, insults? A Common barbarian, uneducated, could think up and use any or all of these civilized methods of subjugation.

In Kentucky, at this writing, three men are holding at bay machine guns, have’ been doing so for two days, in a desperate resolve to put an end to their suffering in Eddyville penitentiary. They have killed three guards, and no doubt will sell their lives as dearly as possible— prison comfort!

You who are reading this may be one of those whom capitalism doesn’t think worth while locking up ; you will say these men were fools to buck machine guns; that they have no chance against united capitalism. I would like to ask you what makes you think they had a chance “in, the pen?” I’m telling you these men had no show inside or out and they merely selected “the dash for liberty” as an interesting way of committing suicide.

Prison comforts, fellow workers, are not what the name implies and we cannot do too much for these men who retain the manhood that nature so sparingly provides. The Prison Comfort Club, on the other hand, is more than the name implies— it is the organized “thoughtfulness” of people who are alive to the utter abandon, of a system of society that pollutes and poisons the wells, in human brotherhood. In concluding, I wish to say that I am astonished with the mildness of the tortures practiced upon our helpless fellow workers. One would think that a system as brutal as “theirs” would rend their victims limb from limb—skin them alive—instead of beating them to death while they are chained and handcuffed.

\* \* \*

We are the three men in Eddyville. We have no chance inside or outside. We will not go on as we have been doing. Some other way must be found. Speak up, my masters — an anxious, worried, working class awaits your pleasure.

## 1923\_109\_IW\_31101923

**Early History**

*By* T-BONE SLIM

In the beginning there was MAN —and, *there he was*— fat and lousy. Yes indeed, editor, and he was reclining, in the shade of a sawdust tree— (you’ve seen them yourself, haven’t you?) The reason Man was in the shade was because the sun had burnt Mr. Oompalala’s back —for such was his name, and so, too, he thought himself. “I am Oompalala,” he would say in a satisfied Wy. “I am IT and my most recent wife is the charmful Lalapaloosa—the queen of Sawdust grove.”

Mr. Oompalala recognized the symptoms of sunburn and with a great show of injured dignity hied himself to the grateful shade of the tree— there to dives[unclear] himself of a few greybacks that persisted in turning Oompalala’s mighty form into a lodging house. “I am Oomapala, the brainy one,” he mused. “I have had the exquisite sense to move in out of the sun—but, I am weary. Oompalala would rest — for it is true the contents of Oompalala’s head feels heavier today after tapping an alcohol tree. Oompalala would rest, and if them damned sandflies would let him alone, Ooompalala WOULD rest.”

\* \* \*

Hardby in the pasture frolicked a calf around it’s stoical mother chewing her cud. The weary eye of Oompalala followed the playful antics of the calf and Oompalala felt a feeling of good will steal over him as he dozed off to slumber—to sleep the sleep of those God-favored creatures who have been well fed. How long he slept, he did not know. He only knew that it was later in the day, now that he had rubbed his eyes—much later.

But, was it the same day? He did not know. The cow was still in the pasture — grazing this time—and even as Oompalala gazed upon her the calf was sucking her. . . .

Oompalala being refreshened by his recent nap reasoned correctly that the calf was having its supper and a great sense of sorrow swept Oopipalala’s soul for was it not up to him to climb yonder sausage tree for his own meal?

“A man of brain,” said he bitterly, “and I’ve got to climb that tree.”

“It’s an outrage,” he roared, “that’s what I calls it.”

But hush! Oompalala has a thought.

“What’s the matter with me impersonating that calf? What’s to prevent me, the mighty Oompalala, getting on my knees and sucking that cow?”

\* \* \*

Oompala is all excitement. He springs to his feet—congratulates himself by pounding his chest and eases toward the cow. With sundry endearing terms he approaches the cow, “So bossy; that’s a good girl—are the flies bothering you?” he murmurs, for Oompalala could be reassuring when the spirit moved him. “This beats running down a board or climbing a tree,” reasoned Oompalala, as the ‘even half a dozen thoughts,’ he was familiar with, went swirling through his head. “I wonder how it will taste and if the damn fool cow don’t kick my head off I’m lucky.

Oompalala had made a great discovery. Further laurels had been added to his crown. The brains of the universe had functioned again to save Man’s footsteps . . . and the calf had lost its supper; for in the returning plump Oompalala, the fair and buxom Lalapaloosa failed to recognize the idol of her heart.

What of it if the mighty Oompalala had been on his hands and knees gypping the calf “of one meal?” What is one meal anyway—why, anyone would give away a meal. “What’s the odds anyway,” reasoned he, “and Lalapaloosa don’t have to know anything about it.”

Thus it was that Lalapaloosa can be pardoned for being slightly “taken” with her charms, for was not the supperless Oompalala more affectonate that night than he had been, since she saved him from the wild and woolly “dinosaurcuss?”

\* \* \*

Oompalala never intended to keep secret the facts of the health giving qualities of cow’s milk, although he did resolve to never mention that he, the mighty Oompalala, had impersonated a calf. And let it be known that he being an observing creature had noticed that the rich fluid flowed from the cow’s bag at his slightest touch—in fact he had only to hold his mouth open and it would almost strangle him—So, Oompalala would build himself a pail and catch the milk in it—and thus with one operation he could gather enough milk for two or more meals—to have on hand, in case of a rainy day.

Furthermore Oompalala wasn’t going to stop there. Indeed not! Oompalala would show Lalapaloosa how to milk and then he himself could catch up with some of the rest he lost chasing that latest bunch of pork chops. Ideas crowded one another in his head and finally he decided to build a three legged stool and train one of Lalapaloosa’s children to do the milking for the family on the grounds that the dewey grass is healthy for the kid’s feet. That would release him, Oompalala; and her, Lalapaloosa, from all responsibility in regard to the family budget.

They then could if so disposed, work to support the speculators and bankers—which they proceeded to do. And civilization had begun.

## 1923\_110\_IW\_03111923

**I De*mand* Service**

Hotel Victoria advertises 250 rooms for rent—”FRED VAN ORMAN, president; A. J. STOWE, sec. and manager”—Very modest CABINET— for many rooms—especially as 50 of them are with bath.

V. Orman and Stowe certainly must have their hands full governing so large a place. I would think that the present hotel “prices” would well afford a Pres. and Sec’y-Mgr. for each room. 250 rooms are too many for two officials to look after. . . at least they should have a Labor Board that would look after mopping, bed-mangling and emptying of the . . . spittoons — (have it your own way). A big house like that should ought to be able to support an Attorney-General and an Ambassador whom the guests could send out for a bottle of paregoric in case they get the colic. . .

I’m afraid such a modest cabinet, Orman and Stowe, will never impress the yokels. Indeed it looks panicky, to-wit:

Pesident *Fred Von Orman*

Vice- Pres *no bo dy*

Secretary A. J. Stowe

Manager A. J. Stowe

Secy of Bouncing 000

Sec’y of Navigation 000

Sec’y of Kitchen 000

Sec’y of Veranda 000

Sec’y of Mopping, etc. 000

Sec’y of Basement 000

Attorney-General 000

You can see, yourself, that the “line-up” is weak in many important positions and in some I have not mentioned. That’s just the trouble with our American hotels, they haven’t enough officials. The Public (God bless him) hates to see one or two men grabbing all the money (and honor) so lavishly provided—not only that—but when a man goes to the trouble of earning “this” money, he insists that it be distributed as “broadly” as possible.

Not only that—every able-bodied worker is able to, and does support at least six Presidents, Attorneys, Bankers, Business men, etc.

Yet what do we see?

Of an evening when a laborer goes out walking, do we sec a banker trotting by his side administering to his financial wants—I should say not! Do we sec the banker rolling along in his “Studebutcher” keeping pace with Mr. Laborer, with a sack of quarters nestling amidst the foot-levers, lest our Hero desire to purchase a paper of “Five Brothers” — for his wants are small? No, Mr. Editor, nothing of the kind. Last week I was prowling around all week and not a single banker asked me, “Well, Slim, how you making out?” No, not one—no, not one!

How many lawyers do you s’pose dogged my footsteps to look after my legal affairs? Not one!

Didn’t I stay up all night walking from one depot to another in Oshkosh, Wis., trying to dodge the strong arm of law—and where were my lawyers that I had been supporting all my life? I’ll tell you frankly, Mr. Editor, I believe they were in bed.

Not one of them thought enough of his meal ticket to stay up and fight my case. They deserted me in the face of an enemy, you might say? Damn me if I ain’t getting tired of sawing logs and adzing ties or raising track for their livelihood. I beg your pardon, I didn’t mean to swear.

Where was my doctor when I woke up shivering in that furniture wagon? I’m asking you, Editor, where was my physician? Was he standing there, with quinine ready, to guard my health? He was- not! Was the minister there to express his horror at my vocabulary and save my soul immediately I got through raving? Alas, the man of God was in a nice warm bed. What good will it do for him to come around afterward, when all that corruption has had a chance to set in? Right there he should have been—there and then with a pail of lambs’ mood to clean it off as fast us I put it on.

Yes, it was marvelous language. Say, Stumpy; nothing like it ever heard before. Hot dog! Ah, the gentle rain was pouring down. Hot dawg! (Ever see a pair of self-wringing pants?) Hot Dog!! That’s why I say without fear and without favor that all them 250 rooms should not be concentrated in Chicago—some of them should be moved to Oshkosh, by gosh, so that a fellow could sleep in a house at both places, on bad nights, this time of the year. Yes, the night clerk had the guts to tell me he wouldn’t rent me a room for a million dollars “in them overalls.” I politely inquired if he expected a working man to hire a dress suit so’s to be fit to sleep “in your louse joint.”

Well, 175 pounds must have looked big to him, for he murmured something about “rules” and, one reason why I didn’t toss him out was because all my lawyers had gone to bed.

Now, Editor, I take the position that each and every working man is entitled to carry along with him a banker, a lawyer, a doctor and a preacher when he travels—there’s enough of these professionals now to reach around. And since the worker provides them with a living, it is no more than right that he gets some service.

I, myself, as you well know, am entitled to somewhat more than and other living Wobblie because I’ve always been a fast worker — the “products” must show up somewhere. Really, I need a chauffeur, one who owns a car—being a great traveler. Wait a minute: I don’t want the reader to get an idea that I ride on a freight train. Not me! Why even a “stock run” would be only a temptation—understand me, it might be a strong temptation. But, as to actually putting hand or foot upon the U.S. Safety Appliances, I do not think I could bring myself so low — unless — unless the train stood on a fill.

## 1923\_111\_IW\_10111923

**Stories and Songs of the Struggle**

***By* T-BONE SLIM**

**IS BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA AS SAFE PLACE TO WINTER**

–––––

Willows, Cal., Oct. 10, 1923.

Hon. T-bone Slim,

Sir: As the jails in California are filled to capacity, you might come back as we need you. If there is a shortage of t-bones around Chicago, don’t forget we are well supplied in California. If your clothes don’t suit other climates, come to sunny Cal.— Member-at-Large.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 20, 1923.

Hon. Member-at-Large,

Willows, California,

Fellow Worker:

I am in receipt of your kindly invitation to spend the winter in California, and being fearful of offending you by declining, I hereby do accept of your hospitable offer. True it is that t-bones are getting scarce in Chicago, so I figure that one more or less can have no bearing on the ultimate result.

I am further persuaded in taking this step by the knowledge that California jails are full to capacity. I understand that no one is being admitted into them except for good cause, hence I not being fond of jails, will hasten to embark upon a fast rambler for the golden west. Not that I am not used to jails —that is one of the best things I do, time —jails are only a bugaboo the master class holds up to frighten those of us poor creatures who are unable to reason correctly.

But I realize that the full object of California jailings has now been reached and hence your state is about the safest place for a Wobbly to put in a good winter. I further realize that the late criminal syndicalism agitation has cleared the state of the more cowardly and thus there will be a great demand for those of us that still care to take on labor, at so much per take.

I am sorry you didn’t give me your address and enable me to answer you in personal way. This way, by the time you read this in the Worker, I will have been in California a week or ten days; sitting in under the strawberry tree denouncing the 2x4 statesmen and the petite-larceny-diplomats who use the working class as a plaything— a football — a pawn— a . . .

The utter brainlessness of their proceedure is now plain to them as it has been plain I to us from its inception. They hoped by jailing twenty or thirty to scare 75,000 men, but developments have proven that they had to exceed their estimate —without scaring anybody. Now their jails are full and the state will be full of candidates (as it has been all summer) and the problem is for California to turn out these prisoners and still save the faces of her political performers. *Every day they are held will add to the splash they will make when they do get out*. Of course, they will splash even now but . . . hm . . . later, it will put us “over the top.” I see it coming and it will be demonstrated forever that these men were not in the can in vain.

It takes just so much grief —that’s the pity of it—to bring about the final emancipation of the working class. But California was surprised the world with its idiotic and futile jailings of vast numbers. California voluntarily shouldered the burdens of the whole capitalist class and is, just about now, beginning to notice the magnitude of the task. Yes I think sunny Cali is through tinkering with the I. W. W.—Seattle had its session; Spokane its session; California its “*can*fest” and Chicago, no doubt, will be the next scene of capitalist persecution. Me for sunny Caland you do not need to show me around.

I know all the trails and my spavined dogs have pounded the Macadam until a fill-up of figs tasted like prime-beef t-bone. My clothes do not suit this northern climate and my suit does not clothe me properly. Why should I forever be kicking snowballs when I can pass for a native son from Diego to Mendicino?

I am yours for a better world.

T-BONE SLIM.

P. S. Never mind the inference that a I lack of nerve set me in a snowdrift—cold feet are not warmed that way. Consider that I have never bragged about my comprehensive bravery— industrial unionism is a reasonably safe “business.”

\* \* \*

IS MARTYRDOM NECESSARY TO ADVANCE HUMAN RACE?

—

On the morning of November 13, 1919, two days after the Centralia tragedy, three “legionaires” were standing on the corner of Washington and Nicollet in Minneapolis, Minn. They were discussing the “mix-up” at Centralia and one of them volunteered a remark- that burned itself in my memory:

“This will be the makings of the Legion.”

They would build their organisation upon the tortured, mangled remains of “their” buddy and “our” fellow worker, Wesley Everest.

Has it always been thus, that men demanded a human sacrifice that their undertakings may succeed? It would appear to be so—but let us not be carried away by appearances. The torture and murder of Wesley Everest was only an “incident,” to hide the real purpose for which the Lgeion was formed. The Legion was not organized for the purpose of subjugating the militant I. W. W. It was brought into being for the purpose of preventing labor bettering its conditions—they are only surface indications and not very conspicuous at that . . . for is it not true the Legion recruits its strength from the ranks of the workers, and the workers, as a rule, cannot be depended on to fight their own kind, indefinitely? The Centralia tragedy was not conceived for the purpose of occupying the minds of the legionaires; to furmish fighting for fighting men. Nay, it was conceived for the purpose of further hiding the purposes for which it, the Legion, was formed.

The overseas men are organized in *mere* than three separate organizations that cannot agree on anything—including the bonus. This situation is very healthy and “satisfying” to the patriotic traitors that profiteered on the miseries of the people, the Wobblies and the life and blood of the men in the trenches. Generally when anything happens the cause for it can be found when it is found who benefits by the happening, i. e., bananas disappearing from the bunch might be explained if the innocent looking email boy standing under the bunch be searched. So, too, when overseas men find themselves split *three ways* it would be well for them to find out who benefits by it. Don’t tell me that the Legion organized itself. Don’t tell me that “*an organisation had no hand in organising it*.” Same in re. Klan: don’t tell me that it is not a subsidiary of a greater organization. Nobody benefits by the three-way-split of the ex-service men, but the profiteering traitors that jack-rolled the nation while the flower of its fighting manhood was in Bloody France.

Time has now been gained and the ill-gotten gains — war gains — have been sequestered into “respectable business channels.” The returning war hero has been prevented inquiring into the “methods of strangling” used upon Uncle Samuel. True, the nullification of the overseas man (in three organizations) was done in self-defense, for the profiteers know that *robbing a nation* in war time is considered treason, not profiteering. To save their own necks, therefore, it was very desirable to have the returning fighters “split” into several factions; so that they might spend their time and energy in convincing each other that “I’m right: you’re wrong”—and in the mean time, the treasonable profiteers smiled their whole-hearted patriotic approval, and proceeded to “deflate” labor—which was done and which was so recorded. Who was the father of the idea of splitting the soldiers and who actually did the dirty work, who, even were the organizers that actually caused three or more organizations to spring into being is beyond me— I only know *who profitted to the extent of an unsetretched-neck in the trans-action* — the profiteer. And therefore, I am persuaded that the Centralia Armistice Day Tragedy was not a part of a program to *make the Legion grow*. The assassination of Wesley Everest, by his “buddies,” was not a preconceived plan to obtain “favorable publicity” for the Legion . . . such publicity can never be favorable. No, it was purely a local origin and had an economic base. Somebody’s interests were in danger and the Legion was “led” into the “breach” to up-hold the interests of the very men who had been doing a highly lucrative business during those maddening days of world war. It would be begging the question to say that the subsequent brutality and mutilation practiced upon the p e r s o n of Wesley Everest was the result of the depraved nature of the Legion— it was not so. Whatever may be the nature of a few of its members cannot be construed as the “consensus” of its membership-nature.

Serious objections have been taken, by over half the membership to the action taken by the “mobbists of the Legion,” and the membership has dwindled until the Legion, too, has been nullified as a further factor in the affairs of men. This bears out my contention that the Legion was organized not to become strong and powerful, but to remain small and little (as such it serves as a dividing factor in the ex-service world) else they would not have alienated a great share of their membership from “honor rolls,” by participating in irresponsible night work against the men who are trying for a little of the democracy so plentifully fought for. But the buddies in Minneapolis said:

“This will be the makings of the Legion.”

The ill-gotten War gains are now safely and carefully tucked away—forgotten. The righteous indignation of the soldier can no longer burst forth. Time’s cooling hand has rested on the brow of the shell-shocked warrior. Wesley Everest, their buddy and our fellow worker, the bravest man that ever crawled out of a dug-out to face the enemy, Ilea in a very prosaic grave where the fringing timber frowns down upon a scene of peace and calm—where the grey-haired mother tenderly replaces the dead flowers in a neglected vase —on an almost forgotten mound.

Can we forget?

\* \* \*

Not one profiteer is in jail. Not one traitor in the “can.” Poor blind justice is cockeyed and Miss Liberty has another miscarriage. Darn the luck.

\* \* \*

ALWAYS BE WHITE WITH THE BOYS IN THE CAN

–––––

Air (Why Should I Cry Over You?)

Once on a time, Wobblies would climb,

High on a shaky chair;

Now, Rosalind, they ride the wind,

Peddling their papers there.

Chorus

Now they have wings and they fly over you—

Really they do — high over you:

Dropping a call for the lumberjacks’ ball,

Down from the azure blue:

“Join in the fight,” so the message ran,

“Dare to do right by your fellow man,

Always be white with the boys in the can”—

That’s why they flew over you.

Time was when they “wended their way,”

Nor did they travel far;

Now, Rosalind, they ride the wind;

Out where the big things are.

Chorus

\* \* \*

MUSIC HATH QUALMS

–––––

Would You Say It Can’t Be Done?

Air (Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home)

When you’re unaware of the troubles of those

Whose burdens compare with worst of your woes;

When you can’t behold all the great things *they* do

And organization just hinges on you—

Chorus

Would you care to become a scissorbill?

Would you dare to deny your brains?

Have you the gall to “hit the ball.”

While others writhe in chains?

When you’re all but adrift

From reason’s shore,

And imagine you’re “only one,”

Would you sit on your load?

Would you block the whole road?

Would you say —”It can’t be done?”

When everyone else is a “traitor,” a “thief,”

And no one but you seems to struggle with grief

When nobody else “seems” downhearted and blue,

And organization just hinges on you—

Chorus

When nobody else is unhappy, it “seems;”

And everyone else has a “set of new dreams,”

From ballots to pallets, from home-brew to glue.

And organization just hinges on you—

Chorus

Just when you most feel every thorn in your crown,

And believe the whole system is bearing you down;

When *your* fellow workers are not coming through,

And organization rests squarely on you —

Chorus

When everyone else is fit for a nurse,

And you’re the dead center of *the* universe;

Don’t get ye discouraged — you’re one of the *crew*

And ORGANIZATION shall *rest* upon *you*!

P. S. I would like to warn all fellow workers, musically inclined, to refrain from singing these songs in the bunkhouses— you’ll only be thrown out. I’ve already been chased three times by an angry mob. About 3:30 a. m. is the proper time to sing the second song—the lower it is sung the better it goes and the madder they get. Have your clothes packed. . . .

## 1923\_112\_IW\_14111923

**Nothing Very Bad**

Immediately the solid citizen is thrown into a dungeon, or city caboose, he begins to whine . . .”Bring me a drink of water” he pleads in a voice that would bring tears to the eyes of a petrified rattlesnake. “What dey got me in for,” he demands in more conciliatory tones. “Give me a cigarette,” is his next thoughtful comment. “I’ve got money out there and I want something to eat” he roars out.

“This is a helluva place to put a man! Open that door! Let me out! LET ME OUT,” he yells at the top of his voice—”Take me Home!” — HOME? — His wants SEEm to multiply the minute the iron door closes upon him and his demands become more insistent — this, that and the other thing he wants; he pounds on the partition; he rattles the door; he kicks the bars; he swears; he sings; he shouts; he pleads and he wants the world to know that he is not “stuck” on the “place.”

He is “in” only for the night. Yet the agony in his voice would indicate he was undergoing eternal torment— perpetual penance. Not one minute does he want to stay there, as he confides; “I’ve never done anything very bad.”

\* \* \*

How would you like to be in jail and not done *any* bad—”very” or otherwise?

Now it happens that “the powers that be” have gotten themselves into a habit of attesting all workingmen that have a stamp of intelligence upon their faces—and, naturally, as a result of that habit, the Wobblies have suffered greatly. Our best, organizers have repeatedly “made the can” and as a result of that we are not as strong numerically as are the boss’ pet organizations. Our immature strength, in turn, makes it possible for the bosses to get away with a lot of stuff that wouldn’t be tolerated a single instant if it were possible to get the true facts before all the people. Seldom indeed do they arrest, and hold, a person who is a member only— it seems to be the active men they desire to repress. The men who KNOW the true cause of our misery and the remedy therefor are the men they “delight” in persecuting. Intelligence is penalized (if I may use the term) and therefore brains are at a premi[unclear] in the everyday walks of life.

\* \* \*

Each man endowed with a set of brains tries io hide the fact from the law enforcement “legions”— for legions they are: The Pay Roll of United States provides biscuits and weiners for 3,400,00 persons, men, women, and children. Enough people there to populate a second-class country. Enough people there to carry on a first-class offensive or campaign is some of them could get their minds on the harassing oi citizens who furnish them in with hotdogs.

Four Billion Dollars is what they draw yearly, in round numbers — about $1,180 a piece; some more, others less. Some of them $17,500 . . .

The fact that I’ve previously given 400,000 as the peace strength of government should not be entertained seriously —poetic[unclear] you know—I’m kind hearted—didn’t want to break the news too suddenly. There’s 3,400,000 on Uncle Sam’s pay-roll—enough to swing any election should they become of the same faith.

But as I was saying, it will not do to exhibit too much brains — the livlihood of these people depend on the dearth of information al the disposal of the people. (Milw. Sentinel quoting K. U. Star is my authority for the figures).

Government has become the leading industry in this country, employing more help than any other. Being more or less non-productive by its nature, it happens that when any brunch of this government arrests and incarcerates a useful worker, it works a great hardship upon those who must keep their eyes peeled on the lookout lor national victuals. I am not begrudging these men the livlihood they have—easy or otherwise—I only wish we could support twice as many and give them a vacation for twelve months at least every other year. But if a couple million of these could be persuaded to take off their coats and help us produce things, our workday could be shortened one hour right now (allowing for over-production). For every twelve workers we have one person on the government pay-roll— about half as numerous as the gentlemanly strawbosses cluttering up the places where men earn an honorable living supporting themselves; at the places where each man, woman and *child* support four other people whose source of livlihood heretofore has been a secret.

Every man, woman and child who works, works 50 days per year to support the “best government” on earth or elsewhere . . . Ninety-one dollars of our money goes to pay these birds on the pay-roll, but it is thought in conservative quarters that forty dollars worth of government would be sufficient to take care of our needs. Proof that our officialdom is “too numerous” lies in the fact that the late President Harding “laid off” 20,000 leaving only 3,400,000 to enjoy the peoples’ munificense—Yes, the practice of jailing those who supply the biscuits is an experiment that will not reconcile with good sense and it will not result in any protracted good . . . I’m not advising the government, which is neither political nor economic, being in part industrial at present and becoming more industrial.

I’m merely giving my opinion as a supporter of this glorious institution which keeps the wheels of industry grinding overtime and hardly gives us time to change our clothes on Sundays. We need help, but we do not look to the government for it. We are at economic war with the self-appointed masters of industry and we say like the Negro, treed by a bear: “Lawd, if you can’t help us, don’t help that bear . . .” We are able to hold our own with our “economic masters” without “violations” of neutrality —why, we do not even demand neutrality on the part of the government.

We are now down so low that such things do not count in the ultimate victory . . .like holding a calf by the tail. You can do so just so long. . .

## 1923\_113\_IW\_24111923

**The Lady In Question**

Without a doubt the greatest gathering of men, since the time of Sam Adams and Tom Jefferson, have foregathered in Chicago—it is the I. W. W. convention.

Lest you think that I am spreading it on thick I will emphasize my statement by repeating it and adding to it, thusly: The greatest bunch of men of all time are assembled in Chicago, Ill., for the purpose of devising ways and means to liberate the wage slaves the world over from their yoke of economic insecurity.

You may still think that our writer is a little reckless in his statements but let me tell you: When did I ever lie to you?

\* \* \*

Where in all this sorrowing world has there ever been such a gathering—it being conceded that the I. W. W.’is giowing bigger, better and stronger— and, for such a purpose! Where in all this poor exploited world has there ever congregated a body of men that compares with these serious-minded workers resolved to make easier the “lot” of those who perforce must labor to produce the necessities the whole world enjoys. Where is the meeting, prior to this, that ever alleviated the “lot” of those that sweat in the summer time and freeze in the winter? Nowhere. Never has there been such a meeting.

Where is the convention that ever smoothed the path for him that toils in the industries to the limit of his endurance and starves to the “breaking point” during periods of unemployment; for him that would even now do more if he could endure more.

I tell you without guile that each and every convention heretofore has used man’s endurance, as a guide, in mapping out betterments for the working class, and I tell you without resort to any subterfuge that a working man’s endurance has always been the standard they used in calculating how far they would go.

Therefore, if all previous gatherings served the workers little, if slaves are still slaves and parasites arwe parasites still, it goes fur to prove that all conventions heretofore cannot compare with this, the expression of a more or less alive working class.

It is said of a good man that he must have had a good mother—so, too, it is with delegates. If a delegate is good, a good membership has selected him . . . . You can have it anyway you desire.

\* \* \*

If we, of the I. W. W., remain alive at all times, our delegate will always be full of vigor; but if we, ourselves, doze off to sleep our delegates will disturb us with their snores. I have only one advice to give you, my son: Call the meeting to order and then call another one.

Now to show you the very real danger in drifting along dreamily, taking no part in the very necessary work of the organization, its referendums, forums, etc., I will tell you a story and at the same time remind you that the I. W. W. is now getting along in years — it is almost old enough to vote—and, if it won’t do business now it may die of old age without a successor . . .

\* \* \*

Bill Nye had a date with a girl, and being punctual in such matters Bill went down to the livery stable to hire a horse and buggy. Unfortunately Bill was a little late and had to take what was left in the barn —an old nug and a rickety old buggy. With much urging, the nag succeeded in cutting down the distance, to the girl’s home, and Bill unloaded himself to notify his girl that the “carriage awaits without.” “Just a minute, says the girl. I will change my dress.”

Well, you know how girls are. Bill waited and waited and waited. After what seemed an indeterminate sentence the girl finally came out, powdered like a cream puff and smelling like a creosote plant. She gave the old nag one look, sized up the outfit, and then put her foot down.

“Why, William Nye,” says she; “not one will I move behind that old plug. Why, he’s liable to fall to pieces any minute.”

“Allow me to tell you, Miss—,” says Bill, in his dignified way, “that ‘plug’ was a prancing young colt when i arrived here.”

As I was saying: the I. W. W. is getting along in years— a prancing young coit.

The A. F. of L., too, at one time was a private prancing young colt.

Now, my point is, both of these organizations are at the disposal of the American working class. One is a prancing young colt now, and the other has been forty years ago.

If you’ve got far to go, I’d advise you to get behind the I. W. W. but, of course, if you are going only a short distance, you better walk . . . or, else, you may have a dead horse on your hands before your girl is able to change her dress.

The American Working Class is the “Lady” in question.— (T-bone Slim.)

## 1923\_114\_IW\_28111923

**Young Man’s Fancy Turns—**

*By* T-BONE SLIM

Judge: “Why did you hit this man?”

Prisoner: “Well Jedge, its a long story—all last winter I was on the bum . . . going from one soup-line to another —trying to ‘get by’ the best I could— there was no work to be had. —But last week prosperity hit me in the form of a job and living wages so I started eating in restaurants. Well, to make a long story short, I went into this mans place, not thinking of fighting or nothing . . . when this man came to take my order he asked me if I wanted soup— so I hit him.”

Judge “Six months on bread and water—when you get out keep away from lakes and bakeries,” he added.

That’s how dangerous souplines are. They change the whole trend of a mans life.

\* \* \*

The Federal Reserve system came in for its share of attention when the boys were wrapping newspapers around their toes this morning. The absence of socks was passed over without notice.

\* \* \*

“Hitch your wagon to a star” —a horse should be beneath your notice. It is children only that tie their sled to material things. A five-pointed star revolving between the “thills” of your buggy would more than scratch up the dirt. “Cork” shoes ain’t in it, with a star, in pulling heavy loads. . . That’s “some load you’ve got.”

\* \* \*

MID THE WOES OF SN0WMANS LAND

(Air: There’s a Rose . ...)

I’ve seen some beautifu posies,

High- on the Alger Line;

Beautiful evergreen roses —

Natives would call them pine:

Still all this scent cannot be meant

For the “windbreak” of mine.

Chorus

There’s a rose that’s froze in snowmans land,

Tis a glazier of pain;

Though it’s frozen white.

Still its quite a sight

For the folks of loggers lane;

Tis a Matterhorn,

Of a frosty mrn —

By the wintry breezes fanned —

Of his earnings fleeced

Stands a timberbeast,

Mid the woes of snowmans land.

\* Alger Line— a logging road in the hot sprinbs country of Minnesota.

–––––

MILEAGE

–––––

(Air: You’re a Million Miles From Nowhere When You’re One Little Mile From Home)

Though you travel the whole world o’er;

See the ends of the earth and more—

Far in the ambient air—

You’ve never yet been anywhere.

Chorus

You’re a million miles from nowhere

When you haven’t a Wobbly card;

If you’ll look—and *see* —you’ll find

You’re a trillion years behind.

You have “*left the gates of reason*”

When you pass up this great reward —

You’re a million miles from nowhere

When you haven’t a Wobbly card.

As you travel this vale of tears,

In the shadow of unknown fears.

Freedom’s as far as a star —

You’ve never yet been very far.

## 1923\_115\_IW\_01121923

**Gila Monster**

The capitalist system, after a period of uncompleted inefficiency, finds its victims on the verge of revolt. Hunger, mal-nutrition, cold, insanity and degeneracy are a common, [unclear], now evident to the most skeptical, and they are demanding a recount of the good things in life. Violence is being used against the sponsors for a better social system. The working class especially has come into disfavor (oh how they hate ‘em!) with the representatives of this violent system. The capitalist system does not say to us, “Now children, be good and stand still while we remove the few ‘nikkels’ from your clothes; be quiet while we wear away the seat of your pants; hold still while we put you on a liberty-steak diet”—oh no! They do not plead with us “be good now children, or we will slap you on the wrist,” oh no. They let you know that if you are not satisfied with being “broke” all the time, working three hundred and sixty-five days a year, they will ask the governor to send out the militia to shoot you full of holes— they don t temporize they believe in violence and use it because they are weak. . . .

\* \* \*

Their moving pictures show us the most modern machines and ways of taking life—they are frank about violence. They show us the best way to crack a safe (with an acetylene torch) but slightly veiled. They preach and practice violence and accuse those opposed to it of practicing it.

\* \* \*

. . . did you ever notice the sublime confidence of a mouse in jail? After it has visited you a few times and has found out that it was not killed; that no injury resulted to it and that none was intended. How confident and confidential it becomes. Just think of it, that “mountain of prisoner” is not a monster of extermination rolling down to crush a thimblefull of life—the mouse has come to know this and looks up to the prisoner with small calm eyes, wells of peace, that actually are beautiful. How unlike is the individual that has incurred the displeasure of a gigantic system— the mad, rolling, mangling, crushing system that begrudges the toiler a place in the sunlight— that demoralizes, degenerates and exterminates millions and crucifies those that dare to demand butter on their bread; a little comfort and the right to die in peace. *How does it come that jails in the United States (including California) are filling up with Labors’ own?*

\* \* \*

It was down in the St. George country, back of the Mormon temple, and we had the man to look out for the Gila Monster; we had explained to him the various deadly insects that might bite him—the diamondhead rattlesnake; the scorpion; the tarantula, anyone of whose bites would mean “pay day.” He was bare handed and handling rock: “I’m not afraid of these bugs,” says he, “I’m not afraid of devil nor god; I’m not afraid of these deadly wrigglers that bite and hang on until you cut them out with a knife.” . . . “Scorpions,” he laughed a bitter laugh. “Tarantulas, I’ll take them to my bosom. Rattlesnakes, I could kiss them—they are my friends. . . I’m not afraid of them. . . . There is only one thing I am afraid of and that is a parasite. It poisons you without biting. It kills without striking. It transforms men into snakes, and heroes into curs. It contaminates all that is good, pure and wholesome — It befouls even the foul a thousand fold, and leaves humanity a quivvering, struggling mess of biting, snapping maniacs. . .

A few more gentle words he spoke—a few more rocks he pried loose, and then —a Gila Monster kissed his hand. . . .

We buried him in the evening’s gloom,

Before the blinking stars—

A likely lad, so kind and sad,

But not afraid of cars. . . .

The question before the house is: What are you going to do about these parasites? Are you going to let them founder themselves?

## 1923\_116\_IW\_05121923

**The Flooding of the Woods**

Industrial workers of the woods: It has ben rumored that the lumberjack is not capable of organizing himself. The papers have taken up the cry and are printing long stories to show that the United States Army, in the person of Colonel Disque, had to step in and organize “The Four L.’s” for him. The lumberjack is not supposed to have enough brains to get together, in one body, to better his conditions, and the press just now is pointing out what a “god-send” Colonel Disque was to the loggers on the west coast. This criticism is getting to be so raw that I cannot rest until I have “batted out a few” hot ones.

In the first place the Four L’s wage seal? has been lower than the going-wage, all around them; in the second place, the Four L.’s became “strong” where the conditions al reads were better, in the sawmills; in the third place, where the conditions were rotten, in the woods, the I. W. W. had to “make them”— and did “make them” good.

\* \* \*

Regularly every year I have stated that in 1917 the I. W. W. demanded among other things an eight-hour day with a fine prospect of getting it— and they did get it. Now it may not be out of place to again remind you that even at that early date another organization, the Timber Workers of that time, now dead, tried to defeat the “Wobblie program” by demanding a nine-hour day — they, no doubt, thought they couldn’t get enough exercise in eight to say that hours.

In the saw mills, too, the “handfull” of Wobs always took the lead and, as a result of their progressive-aggressiveness the lumber barons were stampeded into making concessions credited to Colonel Disque’s The Four L.’s, on the other hand, tied the workers down to a very nominal wage at a time when they had economic power to enforce “respectable” wages—all over the country men were getting eight to twelve dollars per day, in conformity with the cost of living, and Colonel Disquc’s Four L.’s tied the men down to a $6 to $8 proposition. All the papers today have great praise for the four L.’s. Colonel Disque, I understand, is a colonel no longer; he is now a brigadier-general. If he were to organize a “loyal legion” today it might take the form of four A’s—The Aimable Angels of American Aviary. But ...

Lo, the Four L.’s hasn’t been promoted. It is still the same old L.’s that stopped progress and, if the press is to be believed—which it never is—the Four L.’s are being groomed right now not to stop increases in wages but to accept such wages as the lumbermen may see fit to give. They ignore the I. W. W. wholly and say the coast logger would have been “out of luck” if the colonel, of that time, had not providentially happened along the logging road to hand them the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen — put them in the same cradle with the barons—how very interesting— the boss and the slave now belong to the same union. This could happen only in a legion that is loyal to the lumbermens’ lousy layout; in a Loyal Legion of Lambs and Lions. Not many lambs were “taken in” and the lions are getting restless . They have called upon the united press to explain to the workers how good it “tastes” for the lamb to lie in a lion’s cage, side by side—with the lamb inside—the lion outside—side by side—two souls with not a single thought, except the bosses profits. B. C. Forbes in the Financial column explains how trees that have to struggle for existence produce straight fine lumber; trees that stand apart, and have no competition, are generally knotty, rough andshort—let us see: trees that *stand* *together* are tall and straight and make good lumber. Doesn’t that prove they offer protection to each other — mutual aid.

Doesn’t it prove that the elements pound unmercifully the lone tree; which gets crabby and cranky; knotty and limbey—and finally, doesn’t it prove that an *organization of trees survives* while the mud-matted roots of the “individual” raise their gnarled fingers to the sky—in the clearing Lumberjacks can organize themselves— even as the trees. The reflection cast upon their ability by the job and maneuvers of an airy colonel and the airing of it in the press should inspire every lumberjack to come out with the best that is in him—Now.

Carrol Binder too, in the News, under a Portland date puts his best foot forward and gives the lumber industry a good deal of publicity. I do not know the purpose of all this publicity but I do know that it will result in the flodoing of the logging territory with men. If it floods the woods with men, am I not excusable for believing that *that as the purpose of the publicity*? I know also that the flooding of the woods will again bring the wages down to nothing. Now it’s up to the lumberjack. Is he capable of organizing himself to resist a barefaced robbery? Is he able to organize—not to raise his wages— but to hold his own. And finally: is he equal to organizing a union that can and will raise wages—the Lumber Workers’ Industrial Union of the I. W. W.

I am of the opinion that he can—and all this publicity in the press indicates that the barons are of the same opinion. They are in position to judge, and they not only think so, they know so. Therefore fellow workers don’t be bashful, join a real union of workers, you have neglected it long enough.

—T-BONE SLIM.

## 1923\_117\_IS\_08121923

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**THE ROMANCE OF RURAL ADVERTISEMENT**

Monday.

Dear Betty:

Just landed a dandy job.

Went to see Miss Burke about a position as a telephone operator and was taken on.

This work surely is interesting, and I am learning fast. Some awfully nice girls started with me. We get good pay right from the beginning, and there is more for us later on. Our recreation rooms are great!

Say, I saw a lot of girls working in the New Machine Switching Office, so I know I will not lose my job on account of this new system.

Will tee you soon and tell you all about it. Miss Burke wants a few more girls, won’t you join us?

Lots of love,

PEGGY.

WANTED.— Telephone Opertors.

Apply

Miss Burke,

Operator’ Training Department

lllinois Bell Telephone Co.

311 W. Washington St.,

9th floor.

## 1923\_118\_IW\_19121923

**Etiquette**

By T-BONE SLIM

The petty bourgeoise cannot see any enemy save the *big* buzzard. From his angle of viewpoint . . . it is only big business that is to blame for his failures. His jealous eyes are fastened unblinkingly upon his *master*, the dictators of organized business. The organization of big business is of such a nature that 70 per cent of business considers itself big business and 30 per cent are in darkness as to the petty nature of their business. . .

*And—do you know, fellow workers, they do not know enough to organise as petty business?*

Instead of organizing, as a class, to swing the balance of power in the struggle of the Classes, they align themselves in movements where they are not wanted and where they can accomplish nothing but *disturbance*; generate *suspicion*, and altogether perform or remain to the detriment of themselves, and to the everlasting sorrow of those whom they endeavor to use.

The boss at the point of production is an unknown quantity to these birds and consequently they are out of tune in the struggles of the owners against their particular scour. They can see only their own private anathema. Big Business and Small Politics.

If they would organize as Petty-Business they would then wield a power greater than Big Business, for they would then wield the balance of All power generated in the struggle between capital and labor.

But the poor dumb cockroach don’t know which side of his bread is margarined, in fact he isn’t sure it is margarined on any side, end, top or bottom. . .

Longingly he gazes at the 70 per cent 100 percenters, licks his lips, hurrahs for the politicians’ prisoners and donates a dime for the class struggle. Industrial action is all right with him if it is properly chaparoned by a liberal amount of indirect maneuvering; that is, to circumvent the boss; to get behind him unbeknowst to him and dig the economic sands from under his heels with a political spoon.

\* \* \*

PORKPERITY AND BEEFSPERITY OR THE GRAND FLUKE

South Bend, Indiana, Studebaker Corporation laid off 3500 men.

Logansport, Indiana, Railway shops laid off 700 .. .

What we need is immigration? Gary laying off men because he can’t get enough men. If we had men— and God gives us men — these corporations would now be hiring instead of firing.

What! You can’t understand why they lay off men when they need men? Neither do I, for that matter, but I’m surprised that you don’t understand. Gary knows.

Only ninety days ago, referring to immigration, the eminent jurist and manufacturer sang that beautiful ballad, “Keep them Golden Gates Wide Open.” And, upon hearing the wonderful rendering the Press protected in fear that too many might come to partake of our prosperity (they didn’t know that the back door was open all the while the melodious magistrate was warbling the Anthem of Big Business) “Open the gates,” screamed half the papers.

Even T-B. Slim came out in favor of it: “You might as well; so long as your back door is open.” Bring ‘em in the front way. What’s the big idea of making them climb the fence. Yes. A great halabalu was raised against immigration after pie quota desired by our Industrial Kings were safely ensconsed in the land of the Brave and home of the free. “Let ‘em in,” says the king.

“Your Majesty,” replied the flunkey, there is no one without.”

“Let ‘em in anyway,” roared the exasperated ruler.

“But your Majesty, the backyard is already full and there really isn’t anybody at the gate.”

“Goshdang you!” roared the king, “I need men ; the country needs men ; the cities need men — men, men, give us men; open the gates . . .”

So they opened the gates and in walked a Russian Grand Duke with an old pass—issued by the late Czar Himself.

## 1923\_119\_IW\_22121923

**VIEWS OF THE STRUGGLE By T-BONE SLIM**

WE ARE ONE

–––––

PART ONE

Man is not a natural beggar— he-acquires the habit. It is only after much practice that he becomes proficient In this “profession”— frown’d upon by “batter” people. Once a beggar becomes proficient, he is looked upon with suspicion and kindly, tolerance. mace.

He knows he is a beggar and he knows the system has made him so. And keenly does be feel the “disgrace” of his position.

I am referring to the beggar gathering “lumps,” pennies and dimes—for it is he that has a clear conception of the “depths to which hee has fallen.” Men shun him, ostracise him and women draw their skirts away as he passes. Nothing can be more despicable—a beggar.

The workingman, when he asks for work, is a different proposition entirely; he begs for an opportunity to earn, not a meal , but a series of meals— a livelihood. And sometimes his pleadings are pitiful in the extreme. Nothing can be more despicable—a beggar. The youthful swain whispering tender words in his sweetheart’s ear is every bit as earnest as “the tramp” on the back porch, and if he isn’t a beggar — what is he?

“Give me your hand,” he begs until his voice grows husky with emotion, trembles (what *do* you know about that!). It is begging? *It is not understanding*.

She, ah— She has slipped him a beg in front of a mirror before he arrived, even as he has greased his hair and perfumed his pants. (I know I shouldn’t mention “pants;” it looks as bad as sprinkling heliotrope upon a pair of trousers). What I mean is: he has chewed Sen-Sen |o take the smell of the supper from his breath. I give up—he pants like n dog on a hot day—a beggar. Nothing can be more despicable.

A child in the cradle cries no doubt besause it doesn’t know how to beg —helpless.

*Space forbids comment*.

A blind beggar puts out a card; a mail-order house puts out a catalogue — Beggars! Corporations, beg councils, preachers beg gods, gods beg people. — Big beggars; little beggars — the little one begging the big one and the big one begging the small one — it seems to be a begging proposition all around. Alas! |That naure’s masterpiece is a beggar (in one of his many degrees of affluence).

The augnst senator of the people, views with pride and announces with pleasure:

“*My BEG is in the ring*.”

Religious organisations shake “the pots” in the loop. Their beg sounds like a famous Detroit motor car on hard footing.

1. Oh You Beggars. Verily, verily I say unto you, the system makes beggars of you

2. Console yourself not. It is not moral suasion.—It is begging.

3. If you don’t like begging or beggars, organize to do away with begging — the beggars will then become doers.

4. Join the I. W. W. for better or worse—but, for a change.

5. We can hope to arrive nowhere by begging ... We are ONE.

PART TWO.

Reading the capitalists’ daily papers one invariably gets the idea that the capitalists’ system is wholly honest— if not that, it is largely honest— if not that, it is over half honest— if not that, then a third honest— if not a third, then at least, a part is honest; that honesty is not entirely foreign to it—that a trace of honesty can be found in it— if not, then truly the poor, poor people are in a sorry plight and quite unable to “plight their trough,” as the poet would say —if not that, then indeed it is crooked. . . .

You don’t see any of the radical papers praising the capitalist system— the reason for this is the system isn’t theirs — and if you want to read praises, for the system, you’ll have to read the *capitalist*’s papers. They won’t run down their own system no matter how drunk the editors may be; no matter how rotten and crooked the system may be, always, always the press will come out with: *It might be worse*! Praise, praise, nothing but . . .

The printing of big scandals by the press has been a source of great grief to many of us, when we inadvertantly happen to pick up one of them— as it cluttered our path. Good Gosh, what else is there for if to print? What else than a bone would a dog speak of if it could talk? What other than a manure pile would a blowfly mention if it could swing king’s English as well as the press does?

Take heart, fellow workers. Rotten is that rotten does and the press must have its “murders, robberies, divorces, rapes —all about the big scandal, Extree!” although we, you and I, would much rather read about the smaller scandal, the legalised confiscation of the major portion of the products of labor.

Good, great, kind, patient Labor.

\* \* \*

TRAGIC MOMENTS

–––––

As on my downy couch I slept

A bedbug from the ceiling lept

And on my person proudly slept

As I slept.

S’repticiously, like one adept,

Upon my pulsing frame it swept

*While I—within my dreams was kept*;

I wept.

And while I slept the bedbug crept,

And all was still—quite still,

Except:

“Yes, *I’m guilty*,” the bourgeois said,

And bowing his eyes he winked his head;

“*Guilty of all the crimes you name,*

*But this y’ere slave is not to blame.”*

II.

The bedbug clave unto me snug

And, in it’s way, it tried to hug;

For it was such a loving bug

It made me shrug.

Oh, it was such a joyous thug.

With such a pretty, smiling mug,

I never *thought* that it would slug —

It dug.

And as I rolled upon the rug,

I listened to the bourgeois-plug:

“*I’m guilty as hell*,” the bourgeois sighs.

With drooping heels and trembling eyes;

“*I’ve never done right — I emptied the vault.*

*But this y’er slave was never at fault.”*

III.

The bedbug too fell out of bed,

(As if the two of us were wed)

And he allas, it must be said:

—Lost his head.\*

And when his gay young life was fled,

I gazed upon the mangled dead

And saw; With Blood it had been fed —

Red.

And as I clambered back in bed,

I sorrowed for the life it led.

“*I’m guilty is right*,” the bourgeois cried

With pale blue tones and ghastly pride—

“I’ve done my dirt,” he (almost) screams,

“*While this y’ere slave*

*Was bucking*

Dreams.”

(T-B. S., Aided and Abetted by R.)

100 YEARS FROM NOW

–––––

A DISCORD

(Air: It Makes No Difference What You Were).

No Chorus. (Portland County Jail).

You promised me a lot of things —

With nothing much to do;

And all the joys that money brings,

If I would work for you;

You would not turn your back to me,

You’d see me through with wealth ;

And in your daylight factory

You’d guard my very health.

II.

You said you’d drees me up in style

And make a man of me;

I’d learn the business after ‘while

And get way up in G;

You said the stuff that’s in me was

For something better meant —

And, that you scarcely dare to buzz:

“Our future President.”

III.

Indeed you filled my youthful dome

With dreams of gold, bizarre;

You promised me a happy home,

And showed me it—afar;

You kindled in my breast a flame,

A longing for a wife—

Oh, you was there with bells— for shame!

To tone me for the strife.

IV.

Where is that certain limousine

I heard you speak about?

And where’s my health— that’s what I mean;

I’ll tell you to your mout:

The only health you’ve left me, sir,

Is half a dozen pains—

The limousines you said would whir

Are dirty cattle trains.

V.

The only jewels, that I knew,

Are those before you laid;

And all the clothes that I can show

The comfort you have blest me with

Is sleeping, in a cage—

My wealth and power is a myth;

My consolation, age.

VI.

The palace, ah— upon the hill—

That was to drive the gloom

Turned out to be a paper mill;

My den —a boiler room.

The wife— she of the stuff of dreams —

Somehow it leaves a smart;

For all the cockeyed world, it seems.

I’m wedded to my art.

(That’s all right, fellows. Seventh verse:)

The very things you said you’d give

Were taken from my hide;

You’ve grafted all, and as I live

You’ve got my goat and pride.

Oh, you was there, as ever —blythe

To boost —and tell me how —

I wonder what you’ll fool me with

A hundred years from now?

P. S.—Say Beoomer, Petrus, what was it Pearl Diver said about Leap Year?

Help! Help! Dublin Dan!!

(A crude outline. Cannot work on it— it’s like one of those Four-minute men speeches, cut out “Air” desirable?).

## 1923\_120\_IW\_22121923

**EVEN MONEY**

There is a popular misconception among the people that they have homes. How they ever came to get that notion in their heads is more than I can say (off hand) without consulting with a lawyer. While I will concede they have shacks, lean-to’s, alleys and jails to sleep in, I must come right out in the open and say they have no homes.

I Remember, I Remember

The Barn where I was born, etc.

Most of us are renters either by night, week or month and if the landlord tells us to move out and stay out, we would be in one hell of a fix—without the usual access to higher temperature. But, happily (Hurrah) the landlord permits us to remain under his roof, so long as we continue dishing up the coin, the same which comes real handy to him in the purchase of “binnanos” and whipped cream.

Years ago we used to be slaves on a piece of land and, dammit, we had to work so many days per year for the landlord. Now, thanks to the great strides civilisation has taken, we are free to go (if not to come). Hurrah, fellow workers, hurrah!

FREE! Hip, Hip. .. .

Under our present system we can rent a home if we want to raise a family limited only by our power to earn, beg, borrow, or find money. No longer are we compelled to stay in a man’s house if we don’t care to.

If we are a family man, the rent generally costs us $25 per month, for a shack—and as our earning power alone brings us that much per week, it is clear we work only one week per month for the landlord. Less than one-quarter of our time. Of course, you understand, this is in ordinary cases — I’ve known old men who work for rent, heat and light alone; trusting his son and son-in-law occasionally to bring home a piece of bacon and sweet potatoes.

The usual procedure in this homeless, landless (yet slaveless) age is about as follows :

Wage, $10; rent, $10.

Wage, $20; rent, $20.

Wage, $30; rent, $30.

Therefore:

One week per month belongs to the landlord.

One week pays the butcher.

One week pays the grocer.

One week pays the clothier.

We’ve got two days left—they will pay for our pleasures—and such pleasures; street-car-joy-rides, “hootchlegger,” preachers, etc.

For our charities:

Back door swindlers and stemmers—

That makes it even money. The month is up. And yet, praise God, we are not also slaves. We don’t have to do this or that. We are better off, much better than the feudal slave who worked so many days per year for the feudal lord. We work by the month and get paid in the nevt world.

Why?

*Because we have no control over the amount the boss gives us*— (the size of it).

Isn’t it funny? The landlord knows precisely what you will pay him. And, he knows three months ahead that you will pay him more beginning May 1—he’s organized. -

The grocer knows to a penny whtt he’s going to charge per pound for your living. Yes, and he knows to an ounce how big his pound will be—he’s organized.

The butcher is organized.

The boss tells you distinctly what he will give you and he tells you how much work you must do—he’s organized.

And you—ain’t you getting tired of this gimme, gimme stuff? Don’t you think it is about time to organize? Isn’t it about time we organize and try a little *“you tellem” on on the boss*?

All it takes is organization.

The bosses won’t let you organize? Is that so? Well now, isn’t that sad? Was there ever such a calamity? He won’t let you organize? Alas, alas, such luck!!

Do you not think, Mr. Workingman, if we went to the boss and said, “Please, please Mr. Boss, let us organize in the I. W. W.,” if we would drop down on our knees and kiss his shoes, he would give his consent. “Sure boys, go ahead and as far as you like”—don’t you think he would do that?

*If you think* so—h’m—h’m again.

He’s not going to take his figurative foot off of ypur figurative neck until you quit “this gimme, gimme” and TELL him something. By all means join US.

Came a cry from their brave captain.

“Look boys, the wage is down, etc.”

\* \* \*

SE REPARTE GRATIS

AN ELEGY

We were reading a cartoon today, in the El Constructor Naval, an Argentine paper. We were compelled to read the cartoon because the words were Spanish to us and had no meaning . . . strange, isn’t it, how words are meaningless unless given interpretation by the reader? This I could not give, so I read the cartoon that spoke in a universal tongue: “Ancordaos!”

Outside the prison walls a little girl is picking flowers; a little farther a mother is holding high a child and the child is passing the flowers, picked by the little girl, to the father behind the stone walls. Civilization.

\* \* \*

How is it possible for an Argentine paper to picture so accurately persecution of workingmen by a roting society —by a misguided clique of parasitic employers who rule with more ruthlessness than, any ruler, outside the despotic Czar Nicholas who, happily, is no more; more ruthlessly than the Caesars in the “Glory of Rome—that was.”

More ruthlessly than any Power ever before plunging to its fall. Oh, what a pity.

\* \* \*

“DeFoe lay long in Newgate,’

Raleigh went to jail;

Shakespeare, Dante yielded

Under sorrow’s flail.”

\* \* \*

And the Argentine paper prints a picture the world may understand — though the “brave” and the “free” *may never know* . . . “Man’s inhumanity to man.”

\* \* \*

And but a thoroughly rotten society could hear even with the mental infirmities of those who win disrepute in front of the throne. I’m afraid ours is too far gone to be reclaimed for Reason.

Do not expect too much. Organize.

## 1923\_121\_IW\_29121923

**Gesundheit, Mr. Wob**

There are two famous men.

They’re always on the job;

One is Mr. Scissorbill,

The other is Mr. Wob.

Let praises then be sung.

(By hearts with sorrow wrung)

For the things they do

And the way they coo

And the way they use their “lung”

CHORUS

O Mr. Scissorbill, O Mr. Scissorbill.

How much coin have ye taken to Liquorville?

— I’m convinced you drink too much;

And your brain must need a crutch —

Yes, I hope to Christ ‘twill make you sicker still.

Oh Mr. Wob, O Mr. Wob.

My head feels just as if ‘twas being shod

I am sick and sore inside

And I fear I’ve strained my hide . . .

More than likely, Mr. Scissorbill —

Gesundtheitly, Mr. Wob.

Oh hearken to my wail —

They are two famous men;

Please, O Mr. Editor,

Donate this space to them;

Although it may be wrong,

Please soak them with a song:

For the way they slave

And the way they rave—

‘Tis an inspiration strong.

CHORUS

O Mr. Scissorbill, O Mr. Scissorbill,

Your dear wife now will certainly miss her swill;

She will surely miss her hash —

Now that you have had you splash,

And I ‘spose you’ve got the crust to kick her still?

O Mr. Wob, O Mr. Wob,

My wife does everything but carry “hod,”

And although it’s wrong to pun

She’s my faithful, Washington . . .

And you love ‘er, Mr. Scissorbill?

—All there’s of her, Mr. Wob.

— T-bone Slim

## 1923\_122\_LWIU

**The Lumber Jack’s Prayer**

I pray dear Lord for Jesus’ sake,

Give us this day a T-Bone Steak,

Hallowed be thy Holy Name,

But don’t forget to send the same.

Oh, Hear my humble cry, Oh Lord,

And send us down some decent board

Brown gravy and some German fried,

With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,

I’m asking you for Ham and Eggs,

And if thou haves’t custard pies,

I like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, All Mighty Host,

I quite forgot The Quail on Toast,

– –Let your kindly heart be stirred,

And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know your Holy wish,

On Friday we must have a fish,

Our flesh is weak and spirit stale,

You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me Lord, remove these “Dogs,”

These sausages of powder’d logs,

Your bull beef hash and, bearded Snouts,

Take them to hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and Pressed-Beef butts,

Dear Lord you damn near ruin’d my guts,

Your white-wash milk and Oleorine,

I wish to Christ I’d never seen.

Oh, hear me Lord, I am praying still,

But if you won’t our union will,

Put pork-chops on the bill of fare,

And starve no workers anywhere.

(over)

## 1923\_123\_LWIU

**Answer to the Prayer**

I am happy to say this praye has been answered— by the “old man” himself. He tells me He has furnished —plenty for all—and that if I am not getting min its because I am not organized SUFFICIENTLY strong to force the master to loosen up.

He tells me he has no knowledge on Dogs, Pressed Beef Butts etc., and that they probably are

products of the Devil. He further informs me the Capitalists are children of Hisn—and that He absolutely refuses to participate in any children ‘s squabbles. He believes in letting us fight it out along the lines of Industrial Unionism. Yours in faith,

T-BONE SLIM.

# 1924

## 1924\_1\_IW\_02011924

**EVER UPWARD**

MADISON, Wis., Dec. 15—”Every day spent in school is worth $16.66 to the boy or girl who avails himself of schooling opportunities.”— State Treasurer Solomon Levitan.

I suppose that is why--school closes for the potato picking season—’round Waupaca. The children lose $14.66 every day they pick spuds.

\* \* \*

The I. W. W. is right —and then som’. Industrial unionism is no longer a crime. Law is becoming more sensible—what! . . . Law.

\* \* \*

Rogers, says it compares favorably with the German mark—the mark must have reformed— I still believe the “mark” is more prolific.

\* \* \*

The Legion says it is chagrined because the Industrial Workers were released from Leavenworth. It had better not be if it wants to “kid along” the few remaining workers in its ranks—but, I don’t blame ‘em. Provost!

\* \* \*

Four more years— and then: well be in shape to help England lick France, her next enemy—one at a time is good fishing.

\* \* \*

I have one complaint. I have more strangers than acquaintances.

\* \* \*

We cross the line of Progress with ever-increasing-sweeps. Our travel is now on one side of the line, now on the other.

Take a pencil, draw a straight line up and down, divide it with ten periods (stations), start “sweep” from bottom period, cross line between second and third period; sweep other side, cross line between 4 and 5 period, sweep and cross again at 7 and 8 and you will come to a horizontal line of periods called equality—provide them—ten of them at the head of your column.

Start from bottom again, sweep other side, cross former “sweeps” at straight line as before. Your first travel, bottom to the right lands you at period No. 1 on horizontal; your second lands you at No. 10. Make a start now from each period, as before, and you will notice much ground has been covered when you get through. Such is the struggle of the workers for emancipation. A start must be made from every station, high or low. Each man must do his bit.

No man can do “another’s bit”—I mean it—if he does do another man’s bit, his own has suffered. If a man isn’t doing his bit, that BIT is never done.

If you have taken the trouble to draw said picture, you will have noticed the first line of travel was easy, the second easier and the third harder, fourth still harder until the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth hardly know which way to turn; which way to go—that’s why I say each and every man at each and every station must become an active educator of those whom he can reach—because—why: The mart starting from another station sweeps only in his so-called orbit.

[IMAGE]

‘Say, Ed., go ahead, put in those 12 missing lines and you’ll see class struggle— mebbe snakes!)

Much education is good, but where understanding is small, little education is just as good. A poor writer, for instance, gets big applause because he is in tune with a less polished orbit and, consequently he is more effective. . . .

None of us have anything to blush for. We may not have done all we could do, but that was because we thought somebody else could do it so much better.—Pure crap. No man can do it better than we—you and yours truly.

\* \* \*

Industrial, Worker questions empty stomach as means to revolution. Wrong premise. Empty stomach is THE revolution—the only kind workers have EVER known.

Dress shirts, 69 cents; work shirts, $1.25—Choose the way you will go. Here is every inducement. You can get a pair of dress shoes st the charity bazaar for 30 cents—choose. Work shoes, $6; overalls, $2.25; dress pants, 98 cents—choose.

\* \* \*

Members of the stock exchange are complaining because the average beggar that approaches him is either lousy or full of disease germs. Ain’t that scandalous. Why don’t they have their beggars sterilized, or dipped, like they do sheep.

\* \* \*

The Saviour’s Army has a special complaint—cause they collected only $5,000 last week. Insofar as they are “begging for beggars;” speaking for those who can’t speak for themselves, this sum seems very small. An iron grating fastened to the top of their beg pot permits the putting of money in, but prevents the taking of it out, save with a hammer and chisel. How’d I come to notice this? For shame! Presence of grating indicates the sanctified captain doesn’t trust the soldiers in the army of the Lord. Surely he doesn’t suspect that “we” would take stuff that doesn’t belong to us. Prase the Lord !

\* \* \*

Captains of industry fear the workers will be quite unable to buy back that what they produced—”Spring” will be the proof of the pudding—probably been blowing all their coin for bran and cream.

The “elevated” whistled “by”

The landscape, in my languid eye;

And then —alas— a crash—a cry:

“S’far’s we go!”.

## 1924\_2\_IW\_05011924

**HANGING THE PORK CHOPS**

JERSEY CITY.—Ed. Trawin, a man of experience in transportation, is looking for a job. The Public Service Railway Company of New Jersey, whose car barns and offices at Montclair Ed took care of, has just fired him. I. wasn’t because Trawin faded to give satisfaction, he was told, but the position he held was abolished for reasons of economy and efficiency.

\* \* \*

I am one of the few Wobblies that get fat on scandal. Anxiously I grab the capitalists paper, push my spectacles up on the clearing, and with abated breath I read about the good times we are having. Prosperity fairly drips all around me. Everybody is well to do—everybody but me.

The paper talks to me, an individual, and convinces me that no one but me is broke. Of course it has many readers (though it shouldn’t have) and it convinces each and every reader that none of the neighbors are kicking— (and not a one of them has a “pot to spit in”) everybody is doing well. A full page ad. confronts me, stating Wall Street no longer can create a panic—a presidential panic. Praise God we’ve got ‘cm licked! Wall Street is as helpless in our hands as a lous in a boiling-bee. . . . The panic I felt minute ago is dissipated in thin air; I resolve to sit tight; look pretty—and wait. Yes we have no nickels!

\* \* \*

The paper has taken us one at a time and convinced us “how good the times” are. We have no opportunity to consult our neighbor to find out if the press speaketh the truth. The nerve of the press is refreshing. It comes right out and lies to us about a thing that we are in position to know better than it does. It tells us we’re rich—when our household goods are in the hock. We’re well off— though we can’t buy socks. We are prosperous—although the grocer won’t trust us. All of us [sic] All of us are on the verge of becoming millionaires; everybody else except the man that happens to be reading the paper. He alone is poor—same as all the rest of them. . . .

\* \* \*

Les quit kidding— Company, ‘tention!

This prosperity resulting from our “perspirety” should not be blazoned or blabbed about by the press, that away. Many irresponsible people, when they find themselves jitneyless, get the idea that if they step out and grab some of this prosperity so plentiful, it wouldn’t be noticed. Hence we find the crime wave rising so rapidly in prosperous times. Many citizens if they knew people were hard up would never think of kicking in a store or robbing a pedestrian, or Presbyterian. They would be content to suffer with the rest. But—

When the press assures them that everybody else is loaded with cash they become jealous and start hiding in the alley, right away— and when they’re all in the same fix the alley soon fills up, and the police then dassent go in to pinch ‘em; ‘twould be no use anyway ‘cause they couldn’t pay a fine. It’s better to wait till they make a haul — then fine ‘em half of it. Yes indeed, the capitalist press is the cause of this crime wave. They’ve convinced the citizens that we have the money.

You never see much crime during a panic when work is plentiful. It is only during periods of prosperity, when work is scarce, that the citizens bust the laws.

Stop right there, reader; I want it distinctly understood that I am strictly against law-breaking, house-breaking or any other breaking, and it grieves me when I see the citizens taking an inoffensive law in their cruel hands and crushing it like an egg shell.

I have laid in my bed sobbing over the crimes committed against private property by care free citizens, in their own ward. My soul has revolted against these patriots that step out in a most matter of fact manner and waylay these business folks. I see modest and shrinking 100 per centers step out and cheerfully wreck the superstructures of our jurisprudence, and I turn sick in the belly and retire to moan the whole night long. My health suffers and I pine away, eventually to pass away. Give me time— I am against all this. I am against lying by the press. Tell the people they’ve got nothing. Never did have. Never will. Tell them they are a bunch of suckers to stand for it. Speak the truth O ye press—at least occasionally. Tell them you never in your lying career saw so many men getting “free” Christmas dinners. Tell them that the “scribes,” the “press” 1923 years ago hung Christ— and then go and hang yourself.— (T-bone Slim).

## 1924\_3\_IW\_09011924

**“Just a Girl Men Love to Rule”**

MOTHER OF 11— REBELS AT CARE OF 13 BOARDERS

his wife had eleven small children to care for [unclear] J. Madera insisted that she cook, wash and iron and do the work incident to the cafe of thirteen boarders. The wife, Mrs. Anna Madera, finally rebelled.— ( American-Examiner ).

\* \* \*

Air: “Just a Girl That Men Forget

(Married men: Sing this to the baby)

Sweet little dame, men call you a dear.

You may wed, lightly — a man of veneer;

The sweetest and fairest of pearls;

One day he’ll straighten your curls.

Then your new-fangled sister will enter your flat

With a “permanent wave,” and, how about that?

You’re the kind of a girl

Men love to get;

Just a toy they employ as a wife—

You must know — all the while—

Their brains are set.

On a new tangled girl

(For an old fashioned life)

While the “flirt” is as free

As the boundless sea,

You’re a slave, in the cave

Of a fool:

When she lolls— within her club—

You’re at your tub

Just a girl men love to rule.

Give up your dreams, O maiden forlorn—

Such nonsense “no system” will stand.

Love’s too expensive— ‘tis cheaper to mourn;

Play on—but don’t show your hand!

Your new fangled sister may have

The right dope;

With a permanent wave— at least, let

Us Hope.

P. S. —’Tis a small sacrifice the capitalist system demands—otherwise I wouldn’t ask you to make it. Too bad I can’t get it in the song. Work for the night is coming, after the work; night!

Hearing no applause; we will encore!

You’re the kind of a man the girls forget,

Just a toy they enjoy for a while

For when the girls settle down

They always get

A regular guy with a big rebel smile

Yes, the kind that are wise to- organize

For the world (and the girl) — What a lot!

When they play here comes the groom —

You’ll know your doom:

Just a guy some Jane forgot.

The woman’s “helpfulness” is best exemplified by the fact that only five out of six marriages are failures— yet, nine out of ten men receive less than living wages. My money is up on the girls, let’s organize

## 1924\_4\_IW\_12011924

**As Seen in Perspective by T-Bone Slim**

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

–––––

God! How I hate to call it “the Capitalists’ System.” No system at all— everybody grab all he can— the net (what is left) is distributed UN-equally among the SLAVES.

\* \* \*

A half million German misrobes can now be bought for a nickel— spot cash. The microbes are being further micrometerized to the disadvantage of that once healthy insect —next the Germans will plaster the vaterland with “liberty-mortgages;” democratize that republic, and try to support the world in peace and plenty. . .

Ah, did I say liberty-mortgages? Beg your parole —liberty and mortgage doesn’t hitch. Beg your pardon.

Who ever heard of a heavenly-hell; a bitter-sweet; a cold-chinook ; a warn, zero; a free- slave; a male-woman; a rich-pauper; a harmless-exploitation —ever hear of ‘em? And did you ever hear of a string of other “oiled-waters,” catch-phrases, just as ridiculous as liberty-mortgages, or liberty-fsandwiches; liberty-ball and chain or liberty-handcuffs?— Liberty and mortgage doesn’t hitch, and the “Dutch” will be quick to notice it.

People should be a little more explicit in their language, which reminds me: Jesus rode into Jerusalem on a “colt of a Jack- ass’ Jinny”—that’s plain. The “colt” was of the “Jinny” not of the “Jack.” The bible makes it so plain that many people have been persuaded to ride a similar hobby—on a colt of the dam of a Jack . . . one can’t be too particular in the use of type.

\* \* \*

“Well, they’re drunk again.” —I look up in surprise— interested. Before me stood a hoosier. —I’m sitting in a farm house — (they have houses) —at Rising Sun, Iowa. Who’s drunk?—Where do they get it? Is there a blind pig around here? What kind of stuff is it . . .?

Hold on Slim, you don’t understand—it’s the bee’s who are drunk.—Ohh! said I, I see. (But I didn’t) —”Yass, continued the farmer—everytime it rains the bees get “soused,” gloriously drunk, stagger around and buzz and buzz—just like human beings, and that’s the best time to take their honey away from them.

While they are in that shape they won’t sting you; but, oh, on the morning after, they are vicious. During a rainy spell—of course—they get drunk a good deal oftener than is necessary for my purposes—that is, the product of their boil doesn’t warrant “cleaning up on them” every time it “sprinkles.” A bee is just like a man—he can be robbed only of the products of his toil, the honey; and if it rains and rains and he’s, drunk and drunk, there’s no use visiting the hive—the factory-home of the bee.

Well John, says I, how do you make it out? Do the bees get drunk because it rains? Because they can’t work? Do they kill their sorrow for the rain? Do they celebrate their “idleness,” or do they mourn the last bunch of honey you swiped?

“That I don’t . . . Hey, you, get out of my house,” says John!— (T-bone Slim).

\* \* \*

SIX HUNDRED THIRTEEN

–––––

(a flash)

Jobs are scarce —unemployment only is plentiful. Besides the regular never-works, we now have many use-to-works out of work. We’ve pretty near got to eat from the employer’s hand— and those that can’t read and write will soon have to put their front feet into the trough . . .

Humiliated at every turn a man soon wears out and says: Make it out. Then comes more humiliation— red tape — about getting money.

The bookkeeper drills you through with a searching stare—and you feel naked indeed in his presence. After cross-examining you thoroughly he pulls some hokum; looks over his shoulder seven times at the moon; assumes a very mysterious air; crosses himself fourteen times; uncrosses his legs ten times (as if in great agony) squirms and twists and then: gives you a piece of paper to take over to another acrobat — and the same proceedings is gone through again—only this gentleman doesn’t uncross his legs because in the late years his stomach has prevented him crossing them —to make up for this, he insults you three and a half times. Finally— finally comes the happy moment. The cashier hands you your pay; six dollars and thirteen cents for ten years of labor.

\* \* \*

MARK OF INTELLIGENCE

–––––

No. It’s not her loveliness,

Winning smile or golden tress;

No, it’s -not her lovely form that I adore.

No. It’s something sweeter far —

Than the charms of angels are;

It’s the little Wobblie button that she wore.

When most everything is wrong

And my fears grow big and strong;

And the wolf is barking, snarling at my door—

I regard it as a “hint,”

And I take another squint,

At the little three star emblem that she wore?

Came a day my stuff was raw

And I ran into the Law,

And he put me in this cage to think it o’er;

So— I layed upon a cot

And I thought and thought and thought

Of the Rebel Wobblie button that she wore.

When my heart is filled with pain,

And my coffee tastes like rain,

And my tears splash down upon the prison floor;

Oh—I cannot sleep a wink,

I just lie there and I think

Of the little Red Button that she wore.

When the sands of Time is run.

And my journey is begun,

To the “joyful shed” upon the gilded shore ;

I’d give all my worldly pile

If they’d let me gaze a while

At the Grand, Distinctive Emblem that she wore.

P. S. —If you’re going to sing this at all, sing it to the tune: “Down on the Farm.”

\* \* \*

FLASHES

–––––

“*Ja vi har ej bananer,*

*Vi har ej bananer I dag;*

*Vi har applen, parsilja,*

*Snus, och sadant;*

*Potatis och sill vi handlar*

*Kantant—*

Ja vi har ej bananer

*Vi har ej bananer I dag*.”

The famous American marching song has taken possession of Sweden, and deeply do they grieve (over there) because we have no binnanos (over here).

• • \*

They are sending over extra copies of “lutefisk” to take the place of the bereaved binnanos— and, the Norwegians too are canvassing their country for the benefit of the starving Americans.

Shortage of binnanos is a calamity the like of which the world has never seen. The binnano famine in North America causes the world to stand aghast—yoo overcome to speak . . . next:

\* \* \*

If they would, send us a few ankovis or Kaffel-bitar, with a boat load of Knackebrod we could make out till spring or until we could get a little doppa, i grytan of our own.

\* \* \*

MR. HI GUSTAVE LIVIN’

–––––

(a flash)

“I’ll hold ‘em while you hit ‘em” is a form of co-operation practiced by our neighbors, the capitalists. Of course, it is unfair but it brings “elaborate” results —sometimes. The man that is being held is practically helpless while his economic face is being pummelled. His very helplessness is ludicious to the audience and gives rise to shouts of exhiliration— the joke is appreciated by all—I laughed myself sick once, when I saw a workingman trying to bite a fist that was playing a merry tattoo upon his face. But I must tell you:

I recognized both the man doing the holding and the man doing the hitting—but I must tell you: The man doing the holding was a young reprobate, of a respectable family, by the name of Mr. Contract. The scalawag doing the hitting was Mr. Hi Gustave Living— and the man trying to eat the fist was our old friend Mr. Scissorbill. Oh, but I laughed.

## 1924\_5\_IW\_16011924

**MR. HAMMOND DEGGS**

(A Novel)

By T-BONE SLIM

Our hero, Mr. Hammond Deggs, is descending the front steps of his palatial residence with a light heart, head and step. Alas, just as he is about to reach the common level with mankind— swish, his feet go out from under him; his head strikes the cruel curbing at the base of the neck, and at the base of the brass Iion— Alas!

It expired — alas before we could get the arms of the heroine around his neck.

\* \* \*

We are shy one hero and the novel is just started! Oh, well, we novelists have to run them chances with our characters— we can’t be guarding them all the time.

Night and day we are worried lest our heros get tanked up, half shot, or shot up by unreasonably husbands. Of course, it is very “awkward” to lose the hero right off the reel —and, indeed it puts a big hole in the novel.

But we digress — let it be remembered; we still have the heroine, the beautiful Margarine Raisinpunk, of pure but harnessed parents— harrassed parents, beg your pardon. At the moment our story begins, the beautiful Margarine, with her hair awry and golden, is trying to boost a tub of rain water onto the back stoop.

Yet, even, while she stoops to conquer, the icy stoop slips from under her “off” foot. Splash! The tub is empty. Bang! Clang! Down the cellar stairs clatters the tub, maid and twelve gallons of rain water into the basement. . Darn the luck! We’re shy one heroine. Her last words sounded like a siren— but wasn’t. . . .And, isn’t— no more.

Both, hero and heroine, are gone!

We didn’t even have time to haul them into a hospital and let ‘em expire eyeing each other.

Now the question arises. Where is the villain? What is he doing all this time? We have lost two of the sweetest characters conceivable. And, now we want to meet the villain. Let us now get a hold of the villain!

Ha-a! He approaches. See him skulk along the hedge— anil no card in his pocket. What shall we do with him?— r’remember, we’ve lost Margarine— we’ve lost Marse Hammond. . . We better lose him, too.

See him sneak, would you! An ever-ready blade in his teeth. Notice the way he throws his feet— Ha-a! He’s done it! He’s done it! He’s stepped on that board—right smack on the rusty nail!

That settles him.

If he doesn’t die a horrible death, I’m no judge of death, or a rusty nail— I know what it will do. He’s as good as dead right now. That makes three.

We ain’t got no hero, heroine or villain, so the rest of the cast might as well eat poisoned crabs or do away with themselves some how— I have a half a mind to hang ‘em or make them die of broken heart over the untimely demise of our “love battery,” and over their graves—or, have the villain, who by this time has the rabies, bite ‘em.

I don’t have to do that, mind you. No one is compelling me to do so. I still can continue this novel if I want to. With a few strikes of my pencil, I could resurrect Margarine and Hammond, start them off towards a parsonage, put a wooden leg on the villain —what show would he have chasing a taxicab with one leg made of hemlock? No chance at all.

But we’re not going to resurrect them. They’ve been dead too long, and not long enough, already. The villain, as tough as he was, just now breathed his last and the rest of us will live happy ever after, the better physically, mentally (and maybe) financially.

(end)

\* \* \*

The millionaire, camouflaged us an old broken down working man. I met him, this morning, and he inquired; do I “for stay” Polish —”Where you work?” was his next question. Being busy burying the dead in my deathless novel, I merely shook my head, at which he took courage, sighed, mumbled: “Me no got no work, no monee.” I tried to explain to him, in my frank way, that he should have saved some work for himself, last summer. I tried to show him how foolish it was to spend all his energy in the summer months and then be without exercise just when he needs it most — to keep warm.

I went into economics and explained as how the foreigners in this country had produced enough food, clothing and shelter to keep the bosses supplied (for a few months) and that if he wanted work steady, he would have to take “that little work” and divide it equally among the twelve months in the year—he must learn to support the bosses, not by the year but by the day— make them come to you every meal time.

This is a free country and you have an absolute right to work if you want to. No one has a right to stop you.

You say you have no work?

## 1924\_6\_IW\_19011924

**Notes**

‘Tis said United States can not recognize Russia “because it’s red.” . . . ‘Tis said, too, a New York Central engineer recently refused to recognise a red flag, a red light and sundry other danger signals, and the upshot of the whole thing was: the observation car was “almost split in two. . . .” and Wild Bill Donovan was killed (?).

If you wear broadcloth, and travel you are an anthropologist.

But, if you wear overalls, and travel, you’re an anthrohobo.

Modernists make menacing moves, manifestly mad. Fundamentalists ‘fend fictiticious facts, fiction, fables, furously.

What is it all about? Why the battle-mock- royal-clerical?

Oh, yust drumming up a little sentiment in favor of Ra-di-o censorship.

. . . I’m telling you, if radio isn’t stopped they’ll put the “fire” out—and prove it. Witness how water level is low — must be leaking out somewhere? Guess where.— Hell?

Compared to the real thing, the whiskers of our statesmen remind me of —of a snowstorm in a cornfield. (Big flakes) among the green ( loam background ); somehow they don’t seem to fit.

Christmas was only an ordinary Tuesday to me, yet I feel sorry for the man that hasn’t 83 cents in his pocket this time of year.— Have you bought the boss a present yet?— Go on, be a sport. You know. Oh Henry “chawclets” now come in tinfoil, you can carry the boss one in your pants pocket—cigars are punk. Bravo.

I am sorry to say I expected many and handsome presents. What did I get (get that) what was there in it for me (get that Me) doesn’t it sound like a kitten preparing to take on a little cream? I GOT NOTHING—oh well, virtue is its own reward. Happy New Year.

We will start the new year by everybody standing by his card, not one year but, at least, three years and seven months—after that you will get the habit. Under circumstances shall a delegate turn in his credentials. Even when he is not lining-up many he should keep his credentials on hand or nearby. Why? Because the minute he sends in his credentials he becomes a candidate for disqualification, for official positions. The I. W. W. is then denied his services without his formal declination — do not disqualify yourself; decline like a man if you do not care to serve OUR union.

If you are a successful delegate it is your duty to continue through; not only the busy season, but also the slack.

If you are a successful member, stay by your card — at all times.

Should your card get (say) six months in the arrears that doesn’t mean it is no good. It means the system is no good. — Even if it is 17 years behind, carry it. Who am I to advise you I

“Bankruptcy” of a writer crops out when he discusses SOUP—no ideas —The bankruptcy for ideas in the better class, their total eclipse of brain is proven by the fact that they have no remedy for unemployment save soup — SOUP is the full extent of their thinking ability. Eat soup and you will think in terms of soup.

The full-blooded American wage slave is in a heluva fix. Six days a week the HAIROIL - ECZEMA takes up his time with its nonsensical columns; Sunday (in desperation), he rushes into the Wobbly Hall, and there the “bellwethers” take up the rest of his time raving about what is wrong with the I. W. W.— Ruin, ruin, utter stark and staring ruin. Copious tears are shed as they gently, firmly and SKILLFULLY run-down the organization whose hospitality evidently pains them most grievously. There’s nothing wrong with the I. W. W. — but some of its members need a “keeper.”— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1924\_7\_IW\_23011924

**Bravely Do We Fear**

Mutual fears — a “fearing-bee.”

Business is not a good “risk,” now days. The good natured ones are bum’d out of house and home, while the dirty, mean, despicable ones flourish like the Rose of Sharon, Pa., U. S. A.

\* \* \*

Comes again the struggle between the SUPERNATURALS — Modernists a n d FundaMentalists.—”Lay the bible on the table and let’s debate it,” they say. Wow! Thasallright. No blood will be spilt.

Congress will please note “terrible slauter” of creeds and pass proper laws curbing radio’ collectionless sermons during church hours.

\* \* \*

I met her. I met her, today—a pair of rosy lips, nothing more. Not a thing.

Ever see a pair of lips come floating through the air; about five feet from the ground—supported by nothing; no dress; no form; no face; no eyes, even; just a pair of scarlet lips, well matched? You have not? Ah, I knew you hadn’t. That is seeing red!

\* \* \*

If it wasn’t for the blizzard that is raging,

“This would be a pleasant day;

If it wasn’t for the war that we are waging,

“We” would be contented —maybe gay;

If it wasn’t for the fact that we are aging,

“Our” young life would not be growing grey.

\* \* \*

Yes indeed, and two lines are missing— so, we shall proceed to discuss “Fear.” There’s one thing about me I admire, that is my willingness to discuss a thing pro OR con; from any angle—especially when “that” thing has no bearing upon matters before the house—that is “fear.” Fear is more a part of us than our pants, but neither of them is going to prevent us dumping the boss from our backs. Pants or no pants, fear or no fear, off he goes. You might as well tell me that I ,because I have a hollow tooth, should not aspire to give my riders the grand heave and the merry ha, ha .

Man tells me: Fear makes of us slaves. Alright. I’m going to prove “the fear,” and then prove that fear doesn’t make slaves of us—then I will prove that I haven’t proved it, and so on: I’ll argue that black is black.

A tiger attacks a lion not because it is fearless, but because it is afraid to turn his back upon the lion. How brave do you want me to be? You kill a louse because you fear it will destroy your comfort— so do I when I’ve got ‘em. Bravely do we fear. Everything that lives and breathes fears—lunatics and their beastly counterpart excepted. You are traveling and arrive at a river. You stop. Why? I will tell you. You were afraid the water would not hold your weight. You stopped, didn’t you? Why didn’t you keep on walking straight across the Mississippi?—Ah, you feared you would drown. Good judgment, but fear, nevertheless!

A soldier’s knees may be knocking together, still he has courage. Another one. Brave, rushes over the top. He KNOWS no fear.—They don’t want to be at the front? What keeps them there? Fear? Are they courageous cowards? Are they timidly brave? “Fear makes us slaves.”

“US” mean workers. Then, workers only are made slaves by fear? Fear, according to that, doesn’t have the effect of enslaving the master. Now, he either fears or he doesn’t. If he doesn’t, he is braver than the soldier. If he fears, the fear operates differently on him than on a worker. Either that or he is a slave.

As a slave, we have no quarrel with him, but he is riding us. He fears that if he doesn’t ride us, then somebody will ride him. Ah, he “fears”— I thought so. Fear, then, has put him on our backs and fear, then, has put us in under him. How remarkable! The master’s fear gave him a saddle horse and us a rider. How remarkable! HIS fear makes of US slaves. H’m . . . But, is this so? Is this true?

When a man fears something, he goes for help. He hurries to his neighbors and calls on them to help him overcome his fears—he gets his gang. That is organization. He has organized power and he no longer fears. The master feared and organized power, and uses organized power to enslave you. Your fear has nothing to do with your slavery. Your failure to organize, to go after help, is the sole cause of your slavery. Thus, you see, fear doesn’t make slaves of us. That is proven.

Now we will prove that it does enslave you. You fear — that’s proven — you’re afraid to organize!! With organization you could drive your fears away. Yet, you dassent organize. You’re in a heluva fix.

Every living man, except the fool, fears. Your master throws you in the can only for two reasons. First, because he fears you; second, because he is afraid of you.

Yet you fear him so that you dassent organize, to dispel your fears.

He organized, when HE got scairt!

He fears you still . . . and still organized.

Organization quiets fears, (antidote).

Organization will free us— not from fears, but from riders. We will still be “fearers” long after our masters have decided to stand on their own legs. — (T-Bone Slim).

P. S. The real reason why we are “rode” is not fear; is not ignorance, save on one point and that point is: we have not been informed sufficiently on the value of an organization as a medium whereby timid men can unhorse a timid rider from their backs.

Now we will prove that we are not timid: The trenches over in France— during business hours—were occupied by labor and sons of labor. Where machine gun bullets s’spit, z’zip; yes indeed, River Rogue, Michigan, was a good deal safer place. Our masters never saw those trenches until next spring. Yes, we have the bravery! Yes, we have the intelligence! Yes, we have the numbers!

What more do you want? Do you want to take “advantage” of him completely? Organize those three things aforesaid — and the world will smile!

## 1924\_8\_IW\_26011924

**Salvage**

A very refreshing “A Workers’ Press; How to Develop It” appears in the Industrial Pioneer: Current.

But fearing the author has been, unthrifty in the salvage of humor I must point out in regard the feasibility of “taking a worker from the point of production, for an editor,” that it could be done; but the point of productino would suffer. . . . Imagine one of our editors trying to unload 40 tons of coal in one day. It can’t be done. . . .

Better leave the “man” at the point of production and the “editor” at the—at the—at the what? Say Alois, at tke what? You say you can’t take a worker from the point of production every six months and make an editor of him—the hell you can’t! How are they made? Are they born editors? Do they grow on trees or are they a form of fish? I say it can be done—every six months. But as long as an editor is willing to do the right thing and succeeds, he should be allowed to do so. But if he can not so maneuver as to make it possible for the organization to absorb the rising tide of editors then he must drown— like any sensible, man would do. Our publications have good edltors at present—damn good editors— and we will always be able to get more editors when we need them. That’s how we got these.

Alois, you say the “one term year” has been found “very unsatisfactory” by the Industrialisti, Finnish paper. Don’t kid yourself. The Finns are progressive people and when they say “one year” it means they consider an editor ought to be able to tell all he knows in that period of time. They are not worrying about a shortage in editor-crop. Death or pestilence means nothing to them!

Regardless of how the Industrialisti finds the one year term unsatisfactory, the majority of its bills-paying readers have found it perfectly fitting, neat, efficient and handsome— they know how to develop a press. Industrialisti is one of the best of I. W. W. publications, serving a small race of pebple— yet it takes the lead.

It might not be a bad policy for nil our publications (to pun) to follow.— (T-bone Slim).

P. S. A twenty year guarantee stamped on the case of a watch often outwears the filling—and so, too, a one year guarantee, or agreement does not prevent an editor drowning himself intellectually, in a pieplate.

## 1924\_9\_IW\_30011924

**The Heart of the Thing**

The boycott on the movies is beginning to bear fruit and the boycott on fruit is giving the growers the “movies,” the “willies.” or something. Press reports Mabel “in-con-solably” drunk. Edna, ditto.

The legitiate — Burlesque is commencing to “root” for the Films— That’s how serious it is— Better watch your step burlesque, or you may have to take on dishwashing for the relief of your Near Yeast.—The I. W. W. doesn’t know what fooling means. When they pull off their famous plaster, the hair comes off with it. Watch your step, legitimate; don’t tantalize a bulldog.

\* \* \*

*A tempo*

Sometimes I wonder do we, the Industrial Workers, need so many laws for our— for our guidance? Ye know we are supposed to be over 21 years of age and very intelligent. In fact, we have been selected by capitalism for the part we play because of our ability to think. Laws we need, of course, but do we need so many of them, and such old ones?

I am led to make these remarks because some of the membership is beginning to chafe under the operation of a preponderance of law (our laws, of course).

Evidently some of our laws, rules, regulations and resolutions conflict, one with the other, for only recently a ballot appeared with only eight candidates for the General Executive Board upon it— the law calls for 21 and that proof of qualification be established prior to acceptance of candidacy of nominee.

Now the question rises, was there another law that had disqualified all and sundry embers of the I. W. W. and left only eight fortunate candidates for said office to be disqualified later by their dearth of numbers? Laws!

It would seem that we must learn to make officials of our members in the shapes we find them in and not in the shape some advanced legislator desires.

After all, it is our organization, no better, no worse and our membership shall be the body that its official life shall be selected from, law or no law — I happen to know there are more than eight I. W. W. in the United States.

If a law disqualifies members by the “wholesale,” disqualify the law.

Why am I so severe with law?

Ah, its a long story; too long to be recited here, in one issue of this paper, and there is no need to recite it because I have already established the point that the membership is intelligent. We will merely content ourselves by saying that we have laws dating back to the regime of George Hardy, which no longer fit the changed conditions of today. We have laws made afterwards, during war’s hysteria, and they are still on the books. We have piled law on top of law until finally one of them smothered: I refer to the one that calls for 21 names on a ballot —only eight showed up.

Our laws have transformed branches of the I. W. W. into branches of the G. O. C. (to be polite) insofar as a branch cannot do anything that requites funds— it must first get permission from the secretary of the industrial union. This law pre-supposes branch members are ignorant until they prove themselves intelligent by consulting with their officials.

This law looks innocent, but it has stolen the apples of branch activity.

I will not use up space longer, will not even sum up, I will merely ask you to over-haul all laws made in the past four years. There you will find the source of all present contentions. Why let the so-called advance thinkers delude themselves any longer? Break the news of their shallowness gently to them.

Tell them you have merely viewed their maneuvers with amused tolerance. Stay by your card.

What is the matter with the I. W. W.?

Nothing. Not a thing. All these things referred to have had their time and place and have s[unclear]ved us as shock absorbers in time of need, but that time is past.

Credit is hard to bestow because the sincerity of arguments advanced in favor of these laws lead us to suspect the fathers were quite unconscious of the timely service they were rendering the I. W. W.

They have saved it.

Now let us get down to business, make instructive constrictive laws that fit, that work in harmony with the needs of our times. Many old laws are good. They should be spared— and will be spared when we recall that we had an organization worthy of the master’s ire before emergency laws came with their relief—for a temporary need.

No. Don’t go back. Go ahead.

I’m arguing that: Let us cease living in past hysterical—emergency times.

We have moved!

Who will second it?

## 1924\_10\_IS\_02021924

**T-Bone Slim Discusses   
A PEACE PLAN**

Mr Bok has offered another $100,000 for a peace plan that will be acceptable to the senate of the United States.

Therefore: I, T—bone Slim, do hereby and with these presents, in good and sufficient faith, enter and submit a peace plan for the consideration of the said Senate and pray the said Senate to select from among its active members a sapping committee to see to it that the following plan shall have the thorough consideration its profound parts merit.

**MY PLAN**

**FIRST: Quit Fighting.**

**SECOND: Never Commence Again.**

**THIRD: Send The Money To T — Bone Slim,**

**care of 1001 W. Madison St.,**

**Chicago, 111.**

**U. S. A.**

## 1924\_11\_IW\_02021924

**Bank Apiece**

“When every man who works with his hands saves money and deposits it in a bank which is owned and controlled by working men, the differences, between capital and labor will be about over.” Over what?

When every man deposits his money in his own bank, the differences WILL be over.

\* \* \*

Permanent improvements enlargements and replacements, under the capitalist’s system, can only be made from surplus earnings that have been extorted from labor. \* \* \*

“When LABOR owns a bank (tiddle-dumb), when every laborer saves some of his earnings (hallelujah), when these accumulated savings of labor are again invested in industry (hot dog), then labor will begin to perform for itself an important function that will automatically make every’ laborer a capitalist.”— Yes, indeed! And, when the parasites jump out of bed at 5 a. m., haul on a pair of overalls, grab a nosebag and head for the job, that will automatically make every parasite a laborer. LaLa. . .

\* \* \*

Happiness may be a state of mind and all joy may come from within, but unhappiness is surely and certainly from without—I sat down on a live porcupine once and proved this to my own satisfaction and sorrow.

\* \* \*

All my unhappiness is external and superfluous— inwardly, I am happy enough to weep. “The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

No, not in our stars, old Shake—

Not in our sun, or moon, William.

Not in our cosmos, no.

It’s the damn system that holds a good man down and raises a crook to a pedestal, dear Brutus, and the fault is lack of organization on the part of those under and too much on the part of those on top.

\* \* \*

“Brutus,” I said to him, says I, “Brutus, the capitalits’ system is to be highly commended indeed for the position it takes on cats and dogs permitting them to live” says I, “at the expense of the surplus earnings of those who tail to keep the dam thing going.” Says I, “Indeed, if you will take all the cats’ and dogs’ breakfasts and sell them to Europe for spot cash,” say, I, “indeed, we would have enough cash to pay for this radio expansion —as it is,” says I, “I’m afraid the cats and dogs stand in the way of permanent improvements, enlargements, replacements and rearrangements, to say nothing of the origination of things not yet in existence that will be paid for with the cats’ and dogs’ dinners.” says I, “and if need be with their suppers.”

“You will notice, Brutus,” says I, “I have not called radio expansion a craze —some people do. IT IS NOT.

“A demand for the better things of life is not a mania, in any sense of the word,” says I. “My dear Brutus, ‘tis a ray of reason’s reaction bringing up, or returning for the lost, lagging standard of living.

“But, Brutus, these things cost money — billions. Can we afford them? Yes, we can and will if it puts every parasite on light diet, we can,” says I, “if it takes the last cat and dog — if it means panic (and it does, if we permit the existing hatio of profit taking to ermain) for we cannot buy new things with the money that even now is not enough for the regular and old things, such as hot cakes, hair oil, half hose, halibut, half and half, etc.

“But, a radio outfit we can afford, and a good one— not one of those cheap 7 and 8 cent store outfits, no indeed! Them we can’t afford. They are pure, undiluted sabotage of the most criminal kind. With them, they hook you onto a scratching and screeching nut screwing contest in a scrap yard.

“To discourage you, Brutus,” says I, “like when I demanded white sheets, they gave us each a pure white bandana that reached from our shoulder blades due south, one step. We dont want radios like that. The panic we will get anyway, so we may as well have an A-No. 1 radio for contrast.”

Didn’t they jerk 250 million dollars’ worth of concrete garages from our pockets just before the last panic, and didn’t we stand it? Didn’t we eat soup for it—that clear, crystal ooze, as the poet would say?.

\* \* \*

We will “soup up” again to pay for the radio— that is, unless you organize a One Big Union of “guides” to chaperone the profits of your toil into your pockets.

What was I saying, Brutus? Where was I at? You don’t know?’ Well then, Brutus, there os no argument that can stand for a minute that says it is right and just that a worker for “four-quarters’ production” shall receive one-quarter in payment Production is the thing. It is seven-eighths of service and should be paid for at the rate of seven-eighths instead of two-eighths— any society that cannot so pay labor is either inefficient or dishonest, or both, Brutus, both.

## 1924\_12\_IW\_06021924

**SOME STAR!**

(The Solidarity of Desperation)

Solidarity, after all, means something. It means everything that is worth while. And that is all it does mean.

Everything worth while.

It means biscuits for our babies; lunches for our ladies; oysters for ourselves; frycakes for our friends; epilepsy for our enemies; burdens for our bosses; mischief for our masters; millwork for our millionaires— that is: OUR solidarity means that.— His, the employees, solidarity and our lack of it means: Manna for him and misery for us; money for him. microbes for us —

Here is about the way it lines up:

(For Him) (For Us)

Ambition — Alms

Bonus— Bones

Cavair — Caves

Diamonds—Die-mounds

Emancipation — Ends and Odds

Friends— Fiends

Gold— Gall

Yes that is what old Sol does

—”Solidarity admits of no debate

But fancy figures are cut

With a single skate.”— Moore.

And so it brings the bacon home to them that has it and strips the simoleons from those that have it not.

His solidarity and our luck of it means:

(For Him) (For Us)

Goodthings— Gods

Homes— Holes

Industries — Ills

Joy —Jaundice

Kingdoms— Klans

Love— Lice

Milk — Morgues

Melons— Muzzles

Nuts— Nothing

Opinions— Opium

Palaces, Pensions— Padded cells, Poverty

Queens— Quinces

Roses— Ruin

Rest— Rack

Songs — Sorrow

Twin-sixes— Two-bits

Unction — Underpay

Virgins— Vinegar

Worlds— Woe

Xmas— Xantippe

Youth — Yeast

Zest — Zebrine-suit

— Zalsparilla

— Zoup

The whole damn alphabet of alimony for him and a alphabet of agony for us—that’s what solidarity and the lack of it brings. Choose You’ll stick together or be “stuck” together— choose!

Solidarity means something.

It is the difference between emancipation and slavery.

Education without solidarity is ENVY.

Organization without solidarity— ain’t!

Emancipation without solidarity will never be — there you are — some “Star” — Soli-DAR-ity.

A solid front is good — a record of achievement. But a solid front with a hollow rear leaves much to be desired — Solidarity. No matter how stolid or stoic we may become, solidarity is the all important quality and it has made industrial unionism the outstanding world movement it is. No amount of capitalist maneuvering has been “able to wreck it,” its solidarity — which is one and the same thing. (T-Bone Slim).

## 1924\_13\_IS\_09021924

**NO REAL DIFFICULTY AT ALL; JUST THE EXTRA SHIFT RECUPERATING**

–––––

CHICAGO, Ill.— The Chicago Tribune, called by itself, “The World’s Greatest Newspaper,” published a short time ago an article on the unemployed of Chicago. The meat of the statement by Michael Burke, and Thomas W. Allison, is to the effect that the city of Chicago was alright, but that a horde of migratory workers, were coming in, unemployed, of course, and in bad condition, that condition being due to drink and shiftlessness.

Industrial Solidarity has persuaded T. Bone Slim to follow up the tracks of the Tribune reporter, and pass judgment on his conclusions. Here it is:

The situation in the cheap lodging houses is a peculiar one. Everyone of them is full every night and have been full all summer long save for a short period of time when the parks were more desirable **and more habitable**.

Only sufficient lodging houses are “provided” in accessible localities to care for, and absorb, these men, which I will call Chicago’s extra shift. These men are bona fide workingmen ranging from dishwashers, hashers to coal shovellers— without these men there would be no snow shovellers, or other emergency workers, Chicago’s streets would choke up and traffic would stop— Chicago knows better than to attempt starving them.

The inefficiency of the capitalist system of production, coupled with the partial eclipse of reason in the heads of its business managers is the cause of all unsteady employment.

The emergency shift is accounted for by the killing pace on the 70 cts. per hour jobs. Double ordinary speed is required, and double crews are required— one crew killing itself, the other recuperating. **Then we sometimes wonder when we see a one-half dead worker taking a drink.**

\* \* \*

It is not to the credit of union-men to do double work for single pay—and their action in so doing serves to **respectablize the 30c jobs and cause**s men to work for starvation rates.

If these men should reduce their speed by half there soon would be no extra shift—and none needed. All would work steady.

\* \* \*

—The many new demands made on man, by the winter months, such as extra clothing and so forth, causes him to make extra ordinary efforts to “stay by his job”—

Cold makes it possible to withstand the pace.

That means additional unemployment to those whose jobs rest on the staying power of their neighbor.—

Unemployment there will be, there is and there was; will be, tomorrow; is, today; was, last, summer—it is a part of the “substitute for sanity” that is termed The Capitalist System. Some System!

Since 1894 unemployment has been featured by the system. Its press lugubriously discusses and points a bent-finger at it—and so too: About this time of year (every year) the capitalist press takes up the question of “Bums,” as a welcome change from “Bombs.” Every year, as far back as we can remember, “The World’s Greatest has thrown a fit over the beggars and bums, as it chooses to call the residents of lower West Madison St., where, by the way, The Tribune plant is located.—”Birds of a feather flock together” doesn’t apply here else we might run across a citizen advertising himself as the World’s Greatest Bum.

For the Tribune Orville Dwyer was the unfortunate reporter selected to rehash the aged mess, and we must say he dressed it up so that it looked almost new. The same bums were given strange names; Reformed employment sharks were interviewed; The Catholic Feathers’ charitableness was brought out in all its truthfulness; The Irish were roasted for their happy-go-lucky improvedence; A bottle marked Poison was produced as evidence—put all together, the reporter deserves an increase in salary which, no doubt, th World’s Greatest has already tendered him. The Tribune is that way . ad infinitum. .

\* \* \*

It states s condition of unemployment, that prevails in Chicago, clearly. It conjures up all the suffering, mental and physical ; the misery of all those whose wages last summer did not approximate their capacity to spend— unemployment is written all over the article, to serve as a roost for those that remain unmoved by the arguments used. Yet, what has unemployment to do with the circumstances? (Right now a man can ship out “on the ice” and return to Chicago as penniless as when he left.

Chicago is getting the freest ice that ever befell the lot of any municipality— at a cost of about 4 1-2 cents per hundred pounds stored. Thirty cents per hour is the rate paid for labor and that magnificent sum is supposed to keep men from going “down and out.”)

Yeas, there is unemployment in Chicago. Thousands of colored people on the South Side are without jobs, and many of them recently have been waiving all formalities in the quest of food.

The “whites” are somewhat better off, no doubt, to the fact that a pale face shows more clearly the ravages of hunger and want, and brings a quicker response from **solid citizens** for that reason.

Thus, you see, it develops hunger and want stalks the fair republic and the city of Chicago not because of unemployment but because of a shortage of funds on the part of those accustomed to doing the Nation’s work. Their wages in the past have been less tan the amount required to guarantee food, clothing, shelter and pursuit of happiness.

Such are the circumstances. Bad— but what seems more remarkable is the fact that only old men are unemployed. We have often wondered why this is so. We have been, of the opinion that maybe the young man’s superior speed was the attraction that drew the boss’ favor— so we did, in our maudlin way.

But today I am obliged to revise my opinions because a man inquired of me: “Which one of these is it safer to starve?” In regards the old man he further argued: “The mere fact that he is out of jail, at his age, proves conclusively that he is harmless—whereas the young man is so thoughtless, so impulsive, so impetuous and so hard to run down after he has moved thoughtlessly, impulsively, impetuously and perceptibly.”

What are we going to do about arguments like that? I’m sure I don’t know. But the fact remains the young man is employed and the older men are thinking . . . twice.

I will dismiss Thomas W. Allinson’s statement in regards the migratory workers by stating that only about one per cent of them can be classed as drinkers and I defy any man to show me wherein any distinct body of men, producers or non-producers, can show such a achievement.

These men, as a rule, are able to, and do take care of themselves under the most trying circumstances, in a most capable manner. They are not starving to death—take it from me, they have no such intentions.

Let us not shed any salty premature tears—If necessary, let us fo our crying in heaven—on pay day. In the meantime organizing to do away with want might be something to pass the time on while we are otherwise unemployed. Join the I. W. W. and get a real kick out of life—for 50 cents per month.

Yes there is unemployment. Much unemployment. More unemployment now than before—but there is one consolation . two consolations: First, the pay is so small we don’t lose much; second, (life is short) it won’t last forever.

Now in conclusion we will point out to the Tribune that citizens of this good-natured burg object to being called Bums and Floppers .and we will give a definition of the term:

A bum is a homeguard beggar who never works.

Chicago is large. It is an empire in itself and is bound to have its parasites, rich and poor; thieves, young and old, grand and petty; grafters, great and small— these are a part of it. Can it then be wondered that it has a migratory element all its own— that migrates from Cicero to the Loop; from Evanston to Gary— working a day here and a day there.

When Gary lays off 3,000 men Chicago has 2,000 unemployed. Be reasonable Tribune, broaden out— Chicago is no longer a village. You offer no remedy. Neither will I — if you want the remedy you will find it elsewhere in this paper. You’ll know it when you see it. It’s called “The Preamble.”

T-bone Slim

## 1924\_14\_IW\_09021924

**SOMETIMES THEY DO (Sometimes they don’t)**

T-bone Slim

It is not true in all cases that men are fired from the job for slowness merely — sometimes they do, sometimes they don’t — as many times as not they do though, and invariably, it will be found the man so fired was found guilty on two indictments: First, preaching what he practiced. Second, practicing what he preached — and so, too, we find men are not fired merely for working slowly. It is only when they make a song of it, that laborers are returned to private life.

There are certain rules and regulations governing the processes of production the disobeying of which will not be countenanced by the premiers of production. Insubordination comes within the scope of these laws and therefore, often, we see the boss firing his best men, his best producers — to the detriment of out-put— all because his authority has been questioned, or ridiculed.

Often indeed do we see a boss “dogging” the fastest workers, and quite ignoring the steady ones: and we hardly know what to think— but we believe; where the fast man is good natured, the boss merely takes advantage of his willingness, and where the fast man is rebellious, he dogs him to make war upon him. This latter gent doesn’t last long on the job, but at that he lasts longer than the one who is rebellious in addition to being slow.

The willing fast ones generally die on the job — the willing slow ones reach grand old age; and the company mercifully takes the job away from them after time has silvered their locks — so that it cannot be said, “He died where he was born —on the job.”

I oncet saw a camp foreman fire two sawyers for insubordination. This team has regularly turned out in a count of 105 logs, while my pardner and I had to count “tits and tops” in order to make 55— we were not fired.

The other team was fired. Why?

Because one of them had only one hand on the saw (when the boss came around) and refused to correct his technique . . .

In them days, O, ye loggers, I would have put six hands on a saw to please the boss — indeed, and my feet, and my seat— I think my partner thinks to this day that I was riding the saw in all my earthly remifications. So I say it is not the speed or skill that counts, nor is it the “slow but sure,” no— It is willingness— slow or fast, learnt or unlearnt, skilled or unskilled — willingness. That’s what the premiers of production want — good and willing slaves— no jawing back.

\* \* \*

Carelessness the company will condone. Indolence it will ignore. At laziness, it will laugh, but insubordination? Damn!!

The emperors of employment then rise in their wrath; and woe be to the worker who has dared to think. . .

You’re not supposed to think. Just saw wood and say nothing.

The owner can’t think — nor is he supposed to think— he hires slaves to think for him and does all the talking himself.

His prompters, the hired brains, have a fairly good living in return for two or three days’ work per month —can’t hardly blame them for taking the bribe. . .

They remind me of real estate agents whose work consists of collecting rents on the first, second and third day of each month —twenty-three days they have left in when to “set the patrol traps,” and four Sundays in which to regret their best work

Or the business man; regularly oncet a month he lets you get the best of him— 29 days he puts the sixes and nines to you.

You giggle 29 days. He laughs oncet.

He laughs at you.

They laugh at US.

## 1924\_15\_IW\_13021924

**Truth Won’t Set You Free (Neither will I)**

T-bone Slim

Repeatedly I have been requested to take a half day off and emancipate the slaves. Without a doubt it can be done in four hours, if I tackle the job, which I won’t. How would I, an old paid up member, look emancipating a bunch of unorganized slaves? No, ‘mphatically, no!— O go by the looks of the thing. I do!

But I will help them to organize themselves— in fact the help I will give them really requires more of thy energy than would the actual emancipation, were I to do it myself.

I’m sorry — and all that stuff — but slaves must free themselves.

And it can only be done through organization.

And it doesn’t require much of an organization to do it.

And it doesn’t require many organizations to do it — (many can’t do it).

It requires a One Big Union, good, bad, or respectable— A One Big Union.

The Industrial Workers of the World.—But if they do not organize . . .

They will be free. . .

When East is West and West is East,

When worst is best and most is least,

When toil is rest and fast is feast,

When grief is zest and Dill is yeast—

(Yes, indeed. Unorganized men will then be free, Don’t forget the date:)

When Truth is Jest

And Thought is Beast.

\* \* \*

And not before:

The Past shall come— the Sea shall leak —

The plutes shall bum— the mute shall speak;

The slaves shall chum— the Rivers squeak;

I The dead shall hum— the Oceans creak —

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_(unless they organize).

Don’t forget the date!

You will be free when:

High is low and low is high,

East is slow and is spry.

Friend is foe and wet is dry;

“Come” is go and Far is nigh.

When: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ new is old;

Storm is calf and hot is cold;

Pain is balm and gloss is mold;

Wage is alm and mud is gold; .

Peace is qualm and love is bold.

When:

No is yes and yes is nay —

More is less and red is grey —

“Know” is guess and night is day—

“Curse” is “bless” and work is play.

\* \* \*

I don’t want to be too optimistic. I really do believe the unorganized slaves will be emancipated on the date set:

When gloom is bright and “short” is long;

When dark is light and “frail” is strong;

When loose is tight and jazz is song—

When nerve is fright And right is wrong;

When shovels see!

And machines hear!

We’ll all be free

O never fear— unless you organize.

Then and not until then!

\* \* \*

A JOB FOR SOMEBODY

If the world doesn’t suit you, change it!

Fix it! Do not stand and cower!

None but you can rearrange it —

For ‘tis you that has the power.

Cats and dogs ain’t going to do it,

Neither ministers or kings,

It is you that must renew it—

You’re the author of all things.

## 1924\_16\_IW\_16021924

**OIL**

The Teapot Dome affair seems to be giving general satisfaction to the general public. Citizens are going around chuckling to themselves — hugging themselves. But the sober minded “revolutionists” are not so happy . . .

\* \* \*

The members of the I. W. W. appear to be the only ones that register sorrow at the turn of affairs regarding Tea Pot Dome—many of us have been blushing furiously for the past weeks and now our mental state has reached “inconsolable sorrow”—”inconsolable solo,” my friend Lo Chin would say.

\* \* \*

Our author has suddenly lost all sense of humor, direction—and all sense of taste, touch, hearing and smell — in the fog arising over the Teapot Dome. His old reliable means of conact have been brought to naught, for has not a revolution occured in the sacred precincts of Washington, D. C.?

Something entirely new has occured in that law-making villiage and now nothing remains but to arrest the American people, including its government, congress and cabinet and keep them under lock and key until such a time as it is safe for the honest people to once again tread the sacred soil of the land of the brave and free.

\* \* \*

As I was saying— we blush with shame at the elephantine antics of the amateur grafters who have been performing in connection with the oil scandal—let us pray.

Only in prayer can we find peace militant enough to conquer our humiliation — our guilty consciousness, that of permitting cumbersome gentlemen to bring our institutions into disrepute. I say, let’s have done with “shyster” lawyers—if we’re going to have crooks in the high places, let us have good ones. Let us pick out men who understand the profession; men who at least can keep out of their own way. . .

You put men in office who don’t know the first thing about stealing, with the result that our fair name has become besmirched with an “irremovable” tarnish—tarnish that cannot be removed without destroying the tarnish. Let us pray.

\* \* \*

Every man who has a drop of red blood in his veins get down on your knees and pray:

\* \* \*

O Lord, if there ever was a time that we need your help it is now (when the court puts on its gloves to try the oil case). Lord help us and help our servants—especially our servants—of late, so woefully deficient in the art of lying. Gift them with the loquaciousness of an Aaron so that we may emerge out of this sorry mess with a semblance of respectability, O Lord.

Let your spirit descend on these bunglers so that they may coordinate the frayed ends of their yarns into an air-tight fabric of artificial truth. Make their tales colorful and their testimony consistent. O Lord, give them strength to bear up under cross examination and muddle the heads of the prosecution. Give them good lawyers, O Lord, to defend them— it’s the only way.

Spare us, O Lord, this disgrace— for what good is it to show the world what a lot of jackasses we have been —we pray thee in the name of Capitalism. Amen.

\* \* \*

Now that the Lord is on our side we may safely glance sideways to discover what the citizen is chuckling about. The press says someone has been robbing the country and that the robbery has been discovered. Does that tickle him?

The press says the robber will be put in the can. Ha Ha Haa! Does that please the citizen? Not one inch of the country does he own, yet he is pleased when the robber of “his” country is apprehended—how’s that for loyalty?

He hasn’t lost a cent— in this deal — and will not gain a cent— in the next deal —yet he shows unmistagable signs of exhiliration.

A few men own practically all the wealth in this country and when they start squabbling among themselves for the privilege of putting the “cleaner” on us (and our country) our boob friend imagines he has gained a point; tosses his hat in the air and yodles yankee doodle do— he doesn’t know that already long ago he has doodled himself out of a house and home—Wall Street owns his country.

And I would have you know Wall Street owns our country legally by the strength of the laws politicians have made and will own our country by the strength of the laws now in the process of making—may I be pardoned for saying laws can only be judged by their result —and when the snake of this latest scheduled scandal sinks in the valleys of Wyoming it will be found Wall Street divides lower Manhattan Island and owns America and Mexico, as before.

We may as well keep our hats on our empty heads and proceed to organize for the purpose of taking over our industries. We have nothing to lose. The courts will take care of the oil scandal and it will develop $100,000 is a very conservative amount to pay men of legal mind for “valuable” services rendered. No crime was committed that is not permitted by law . . . Sinclair and Dohney are business men, strictly within their rights in purchasing public domain —and no doubt their profits will be declared reasonable in the extreme and modest to boot— I don’t know what the holler is about—nothing new had happened, so why get excited?

But the holler itself is a revelation—if not the revolution before stated. And we must in the future select officials more carefully— men who will stand up well under questioning. We cannot afford (as the Humboldt Times says in regards another matter) “the trampling of our most cherished traditions and institutions and our Flag in the dirt.”

We must have men who can lie consistently year in and year out—our traditions, institutions and Flag must not be soiled for all the oil in the world—I. U. 230 please note—get in on this drive for “traditions.” The Lord is with us!

## 1924\_17\_IW\_20021924

**Get Your Tickets Now**

By T-BONE SLIM

The Industrial Workers of the World are fortunate in having engaged bier-side seats for the wake arranged for capitalism.

\* \* \*

America being the most industrialized country . . . will be the first to beheld this magnificent spectacle —date not yet set. Watch for announcement.

\* \* \*

Tickets for this colossal performance are on sale at all branches and supply stations. Two bucks and a half will give you an unobstructed view of the casket and its contents. Bring your friends.

\* \* \*

The promoters of this mammoth production guarantee to produce the corpse if a full house is guaranteed. Come early and stay as long as you like.

\* \* \*

Remember this is the first show of its kind. Special arrangements have been made to bring capitalism to this country for the occasion. Enormous expenditure of time, sweat and blood— suffering — was undertaken to make this the “event of the history.”

Nothing like it ever pulled off before. This is absolutely the first and last appearance of this mighty hypnotist in the role of “self-abatement”. (Note: Title, “Suicide” changed at the request of Board of Sanitation).

\* \* \*

Come one, come all— short and tall, large and small —see capitalism kick the bucket. Watch him bite the dirt. Behold him turn his toes. Nothing omitted.

\* \* \*

Positively only one performance of this gigantic one-act play will be given by the original company—all others are cheap imitations, fakes. Refreshments will be served. Dancing to follow.

Remember the place— America.

Bring the Ladies.

Admission, $2.50; Season Tickets, $8.

## 1924\_18\_IW\_26021924

**Minced Metaphors**

By T-BONE SLIM

Begging is the same as suing for non-support— But piracy, at one time, was as popular as the employing of labor. On the other hand, organization is to the worker what suspenders are to pants —holds ‘em up. Keeps ‘em from creating a scene.

\* \* \*

“Here, as elsewhere, business dovetails into politics and politics into business,” says Hinman under Seattle date.

We know, but which is it that befouls the whole?

\* \* \*

John R. Thompson’s, the millionaire cafeteria owner’s employees have just now completed the purchase of a valuable painting, “The Laughing Mandolin Player”— I believe it is— for $250,000, and four other paintings, I’m told, totalling $400,000; by proxy, of course.

John R. did the actual negotiating and rumor has it (in profound political circles) that John R. will also do the actual hanging of them. This purchase was made possible by John’s habit of saving “on the wages” of his dishwashers, etc. I have it straight from one of them. Singly they could not have acquired one of these paintings, but by forming a jack-pot, in the care of John, they have succeeded in penetrating far into the mystic realm of art. That’s what I call cooperation!

\* \* \*

Lives there a man with soul so dead

Who opens not his mortal head

To say, “This is my peanut stand.”

That to himself did not impugn —

That with himself dare not commune,

“These are the products of my hand.”

\* \* \*

The press is all excited as to who will be the next president. Calm yourself. The men who look after them things will let you know in good time. They always did before. Keep your shirt on. The lightning won’t strike In the wrong place. In the meantime just keep on eliminating those who never had a Iookin—’tis a good man who does as he is tolled.

\* \* \*

Our next president probably will be a poor farmer boy who was good to his mother and who owes money to some big-hearted politician —I’m not worrying about that. I’m wondering who will be the happy employer that next gets me for a sustainer.

\* \* \*

The word chronology (pronounced crow-knowledgey) comes to us . . . from Say, Editor, you better tell ‘em. I ain’t got no dictionary and I’ve got my shoes off. Tell ‘em what it means — I’ve used it only once. Of course, I know what it means —but, I have some doubts I’d like quieted. Nothing like being sure . . . . .

\* \* \*

And that word “impugn” in this column (I have an “idea what it means). It’s a good word and should have a place in our literature.

Which is right foregone or forewent conelusions?

\* \* \*

“The U. S. Labor Board Again O. K.s Eight-Hour Day.” Thus, one by one our radical ideas become conservative; the second time! The third time counts.

\* \* \*

The board is close on the heels of the I. W. W. Hadn’t we better move up a notch? How about a six-hour day for the board to practice on?

\* \* \*

Irate Parent: “Since you attained your majority I have always allowed you $22,000 annually for pin money. Here is a check for that sum; it is the last you will receive from me. Now go and tell your husband I said so.”

Uumh! Looks like she’ll have to use nails from now on to pin her, her—say, editor, what is pin money used for? You tell ‘em.

\* \* \*

Twenty -two thousand bucks for pin money! Ketch me, fellows, I’m fainting! Her dad must be a bricklayer.

I wish I had that much bait money.

\* \* \*

My education has been neglected insofar as higher etiquette is concerned—the editor knows I ain’t lying—I’m not supposed to know how the finer sex spend money, but I do know how they spend their time. For do I not read, “It is quite as much a social error to go dancing in a pair of moccasins—NO, not gandy dancing! Just plain dancing—as it is to play aftemoon Ma Jong in a pair of morning shoes.”

And don’t I know that an up-to-date woman should change from bedside mules to morning sport shoes, according to the book of rules governing fashions? From these, if she goes in for golf, she will shift into a pair of alligator-trimmed, lizard link shoes. Next we will find her in a pair of colorful sport sandals, if the snow isn’t deep, Chinese blue or shades of tuberculosis-gray will be her favorite colors.

From these she will change into afternoon dress shoes. For late afternoon wear she will slip into plain black patent leathers, while for early evening (1 a. m. to 4:30) she will wear suede trimmed satin slippers with the new wishbone front and rhinestone ornamentation— then she is ready for sleep.

No satisfactory footgear has been invented for to don when she hits the hay in the late evening and from 4:30 a. m. to 11:45 a. m. she has practically nothing to stick her feet in.

This is the shoe-changing tribe, the bare-footed working class is working eight Intensive hours every day to support. No wonder we grow radical.

Every other store is a shoe store —and my beloved brogans are now in their 18th moth and going strong with automobile tires for half-soles; fastened with seven-eighths nails. Weight, right around 40 lbs.

## 1924\_19\_IW\_27021924

**I See, Says I**

No doubt you have noticed, same as I, the California raisins in the coffee rolls. And no doubt you have wondered, same as I, why the bakers put them in when they know it is against the wishes of the I. W. W.

It almost seems they are bearding a lion in his “own ward” when they do this—I couldn’t make head or tail of it—as intellectual as I am—so I walked six blocks out of my way to ask a bakery worker.

“Slim,” he says, “I thought you claim to have brains—and you can’t think that out?”

“What’s brains got to do with boycotted raisins,” inquires I, kind of sore.

“What! You don’t tumble yet!” he almost shrieked — and he *laffed* and *laffed* and *laffed*. Four times he laughed and then he pointed with his finger: “See them cockroaches running along that board. Well, pretty nearly always (what I mean, *not sometimes*) some of them get into the dough and we have to throw in a few handfulls of raisins to make people think they are eating a vegetarian lunch. Yes, Slim, if it tastes, it’s raisins; if it doesn’t, it’s a dry cockroach.”

“I see,” says I.

\* \* \*

IDLE-POWER

February is the best month in the year for to argue in favor of a short work day. This month in itself is short and yet it is mentioned with longer months in the calendar, without discriminations of any sort. Folks speak lightly of it—in fact—in almost endearing terms.

The 1-10th (3 days) sometimes missing from its latter part is hardly noticed—any more than the eighth hour would be on a seven-hour day— it never would be missed.

Although this month is short (which forstalls extended arguments), it makes up in emphasis what it lacks in length.

It is during this month that men become unemployed, which means that their part of social labor has been brought to a successful conclusion, that there is nothing further required of them— in the way of manual toil. Just why we call them unemployed is not clear, since the very word insinuates they had “slipped the yoke” (which, of course, they have not done).

I think it would be ever so much nicer to call them retired-workers, surplus-labor, former-slaves, future-potentials, extra-help, ex-service-men, or shrdlu-zyxchr—anything but UNemployed. What right have they to be unemployed while others must work!—True, they completed their tasks, but that doesn’t prove that the tasks were equally difficult with those who are still in the process of prosecution, unfinished.

I’m arguing that these so-called unemployed did not work any harder or faster than those who are still occupied and employed with their work; I’m arguing that the work finished and the work unfinished was equally hard and that those at present employed should be allowed to rest with the unemployed—retroactive to the date of first, unemployment—and to continue henceforth until such a time as sufficient work has accumulated that will require the attention of everybody. I’m arguing that we should work together and rest together —a One Big Union of Labor.

But since the social needs are such that some work must be taken care of daily, making it impossible for all to rest at once, we must find another way of relieving such men as are employed, at such work—-here’s where the argument for a shorter day comes into its own— utilize the unemployed to shorten the day for all hands. To illustrate: If 30 million are working 10 hours and 3 million are unemployed, add the 3 million to the 30 million.

The 33 million then will do more work in 9 hours and 1 minute than the 30 million did in 10 hours— it’s very simple. No man then would be resting, months at a time, while his neighbors do all the work.

But there never is 30 million working at once— save for a couple of months per year, hence the day can be shortened to eight, seven and six hours. Six hours indeed. A six-hour day would begin to absorb the army of unemployed in fine shape. The only objection I can see is that the employer could not induce all the unemployed to accept employment. In the beginning, that will be his lookout—this is his system, you know.

We need not worry about that. If his system won’t work, he can scrap it for a better one. One thing is certain, there is not aw of right that compels us to do another man’s work, be he unemployed or a confirmed parasite.

I am now orguing for belated justice— but I will compromise on a six-hour day. Those of us who worked 12 hours last summer (now unemployed) can look back and mul over the fact that had we worked six hours, we would have had work all winter. If you like unemployment, work 12 hours.

Those who worked 10 hours last summer have four hours unemployment per day this winter—four months of idleness.

Those who worked eight hours last summer have two months of idleness this winter, provided the 12-hour men do not beat them out of the four months’ work.

Those who worked six hours per day last summer have six months’ work ahead, of them, but they can do it in four months because of the 10-hour day in practice — that gives them two months’ vacation in spite of hell and high water.

Should be continued. Good night.

## 1924\_20\_IW\_01031924

**PREFACE**

By T-BONE SLIM

The lumber workers’ solidarity is proverbial—its fame has travelled the length and breath of this “strap-hanging” republic. Credit where credit is due. They not only stick together, but they rush to one another’s assistance, not merely upon call, but without.

They are part of the I. W. W.—a part of the I. W. W.—an important part.

–––––

ALL RIGHT, I VOLUNTEER

(First Section)

Right at this moment I feel like a man who has been requested to hold the baby in full erunption. We will therefore take up the so-called gyppo question, which is no question at all but will be if not treated in time. First, let us put this “butt-log” on the skidway:

*Henry Ford, the famous Lumber Baron of the United States and Michigan, has proved to the world that he can make a day worker do as much work for $5 as a piece worker does for $6*.

Even the cautious swamper in Henry’s camps brings his ax all the way around and cuts off a half a day’s work with one swing. Also in his shops, piece work isn’t fast enough to suit Henry—he has what I would call “volume work.” Some call it “production system.” And without a doubt, it is faster than piece work.

Piece work is an old, old system, but in its present form we have known it only about 30 years. It is one of the many systems that go to make up the wage system—the wage system itself is the means used to swindle labor of the products of its toil in exchange for the bare livlihood given in form of wages. We will here nominate a few systems so that we can vent our wrath according to our taste.

First, day work, monthly work; second, piece work, bushel work; third, bonus work, day work; fourth, premium system, piece work with bonus; firth, pooling system, where all work into a jack pot and get paid according to how they are rated; sixth, volume work, so much or see timekeeper; seventh, production method, keep up with machine, keep sleighs or cars loaded and likewise unloaded; includes bonus if successful.

Yes. hating piece work and loving day work doesn’t hardly give man full play for his emotions. We may as well start hating all of these systems. But, since all workers work under one or another of those systems “it will never never do” to hate the workers. If we did ,they might call us parasites. Now I have intentionally broken this rollway of systems so that we may get an idea of the size of the job before us.

It is our duty to “deck” all these systems together again, into a One Big Union— all those who work at day work, piece work, bonus work, premium work, pool work, volume work, production work or any other wage work must be organized and then, they will decide which kind of slavery they prefer — if any. Until then we cannot decide for them. After that we don’t need to—they will do it themselves.

In the meantime the boss wields the power and decides for us all—the balance of power, I mean. Even while we are squabbling among ourselves as to the best form of slavery, the boss is doping out a new form that will skin the .hide off our backs.

I’m not defending piece work. It is every bit as bad as day work I have seen and see today; as bad as the day work I have done (but will never again). I have sowed 176 logs for 11.35 ; by the month —that was before I knew the value of my work. Day workers as well as piece workers cannot do as well today because the timber isn’t here. Otherwise nothing has happened to change the figures save a few debates as to the best way to get beat out of our products.

The day worker counts his logs and reports them at the office every evening — that’s volume work, not day work —let’s not kid ourselves. If his production has fallen below the boss’s figure his time is ready in the morning. Less than one-third of the “loggers” in Minnisota, Wisconsin and Michigan are actually working day work. Less than one-third—not enough for a One Big Union.

I do not believe any changes have been made since 1921 and at that time, and prior to, the piece worker was a union man— one of the “meeting holding” kind. In fact, the disturbances be raised among the crews resulted in segregating him from those workers who were reconciled to poor board and low wages (exceptions noted).

The Int. Lumber Compony even went so far as to maintain solid piece work camps to mollify these men with better board and better conditions generally, permitting them to hold meetings regularly, etc.

This may be news to many of our members and it is an idea I got from personal observation. Ordinarily a piece worker is of sound limb and wind and will not put up with the $1 a day racket when not working piece work. He will agitate for more pay among the crews and somehow he is respected by the crew, at least he was before the gyppo question was sprung. If let alone, he would cause a strike, did cause strikes and altogether performed for the good of the working class. Hence the boss was practically compelled to “bribe” him with a “strip” and permit him to earn more and in accordance with his ability compared to those who were thankful for being permitted to put the winter in. These men we, must and will organize and educate.

Note— Bonus work originally was day work—so much per. And—

Note — Piece worker is not a gyppo.

Note—Gyppo is sub-contractor that sub lets work to the piece worker.

Note —Gyppo question is no question.

Note— Piece worker is bona fide worker and gyppo is a sub contractor.

Note — Employers, etc., barred.

(To be continued)

## 1924\_21\_IW\_05031924

**Tell Me How Long**

(Second Section)

The “worker”!

Let it now be said that I have defended the so-called gyppo (which he isn’t) as a worker. As a piece worker, I am not defending him. I am concerned about the nature of his work. I am defending him as a worker.

\* \* \*

Since a piece worker is not a contractor employing labor, he can in no way be called agyppo and since a sub-contractor employing labor by day or piece is railed a gyppo (and his outfit a gyppo outfit) it will become clear that I have not defended the gyppo. But I have defended labor and will do so again—whether he does little or much; whether he works by the piece or by the minute—I make no distinction.

We are organizing the working class as we find them. And the organized working class will change things to suit themselves, always bearing in mind that organized workers cannot change things but for themselves and, while unorganized men are numerous, organized men cannot change things for themselves even, to say nothing about doing things for those who are not a party to the organization. We must have all— as nearly all as possible.

\* \* \*

But I have noticed lately a tendency, in the papers and bulletins, to “kid” the workings class that already has been over-kidded by “its masters.” Huge jokes appear from time to time—it would not surprise me in the least to pick up a bulletin and learn that a bunch of cows are working in this and that camp; that a bunch of idiots are at such and such a place—and the word SCAB carrying inference that all those who receive less than they produce are to be classed with those who take the job of a striker during an actual strike.

I expect to see an item reading: “There are three men working here, the rest are cutting cord wood—this last one ain’t so bad.” It has a certain “suddenness” about it that pleases; like pulling a tooth. And, I do not expect much logical argument to be used WHY this and that should be changed; or HOW it could be done. I do not expect good natured wit to help solve the terrible dilemma in which labor finds itself today—I fully believe disordered livers will hold the fort and one-sided minds will surrender our victory.

When I get pessimistic the sun turns blue. It is argued that piece makers cannot strike until “the strip” is finished; that if they do they can’t get their money. And, our editors are practically compelled to print it because it is special stuff passed on by some committee. It is just like a monthly man cannot strike “only twelve times in a year.” And do you know, I’ve seen seven or eight “piece-maker-strikes,” where, in two of them, the boss wouldn’t let them even square up their strips when they called his bluff holding the money.

Such unattended statements are not very constructive and are not based on fact sufficiently—a striking day worker and a striking piece worker can got their money at any time—and when lined up with the Wobblies, the money comes a little quicker. Even men who sign contracts can get their money at any time—nothing is impossible in these thriving days. The boss is not yet the invincible rascal he is made out to be. He knows his lord almighty same as a good Christian —alle samee.

There is nothing about piece work that prevents a man joining the I. W. W. and striking if he wants to. There is nothing that is done by the piece worker that is not done by the day worker—only difference is a piece worker works fast semi-voluntarily (the system drives him, directly) and the day worker works fast semi-involuntarily (being driven by the boss) furnishing jobs for bosses and straw bosses—this later, until we find a condition where every six men have a driver and believe me, we go some; or down the road. Of course, there are exceptions—but exceptions don’t win class struggles. All workers must get together.

\* \* \*

Despite the fact that all work comes to us in quantities instead of as chronology, I am not defending piece work. The mere fact that work takes the form of chunks or pieces rather than time does not cause me to grow sentimental over it. Although work comes to us in inches, bushels, gallons, tons, in material form, rather than spiritual, or as time or space, that is no reason why I, at this time, should commit myself in favor of measuring why I, at this time, should commit myself in favor of measuring it one way or other. My sole concern is to get some skids in under those who mismeasure it for us.

Measuring it by the calendar or hour glass may be as good a way as any but I doubt it—and in the case where each man is supposed to do an equal share of labor, the time system finds itself in trouble in so far as some men prefer to get their work off their hands guickly in order to have more time for liberty. Be that as it may we will not decide that now.

We will keep our preferences from the boss— a secret —lest he give us that which we don’t want It is to his interest to keep us at variance so as to get us squabbling among ourselves—and it is to his interest to get us to take a certain stand on this thing of a dim future ... To finish what I have to say would require ten columns of print, forty hours of study, yet the whole thing can be said in one sentence: Lay off from the gyppo—lay off from the working class—tackle the boss if you feel strong. The solidarity of the lumber worker musk, not be broken.

## 1924\_22\_IS\_08031924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**TOOTHPICKS, MIRACLES AND LIDS**

–––––

Straw hats, job signs and toothpicks are going out of style. Straw hats are becoming unstylish for windy reasons; job signs are disappearing from the boards for some reason or other; and it means something . . . **But it doesn’t mean what you think it means.** Although there really are less men on the jobs, that is no reason for the scarcity of signs. Even if there was only one man on each of the jobs, the sharks could still decorate the skidroad with health giving signs; they still could whip men to take the places of the men on the jobs. The same signs were been up all summer. The same men were shipped to these same jobs are still there, with a few exceptions, but the same signs have gone out of style. Why?

Is it because the sharks are satisfied with their winter stake? Is it because the sharks have been told to be satisfied—by the master shark?

Is it because it is no longer desirable to keep the slaves milling from one job to another? Is it because conditions have suddenly become better on the jobs, which permit of staying on the job?

Is it because the present winter has thrown the scare of Christ into the slave?

Is it the thousand and on reasons peculiar to capitalism? Why are the signs dormant? Why is the skid-road colorless? Answer me.

Why are faces of the slaves drawn? Whom do they mourn? What do they search? Do they live on hope? Why do they “float”?

The toothpicks are gone out of style for a very sound reason—chowder, soup, mush and coffee and requires no poking down. That reminds me: I was **offered** a job this morning. Just because I had had a bowl of mush, he wanted me to go to work. ME—a sick man, suffering ptomaine poisoning, as a result of a ten-day search for a JOB.

## 1924\_23\_IW\_08031924

**Rights vs. Plights**

We have seen lilies growing on dung hills, but that is not where they are found as a general rule. Employers that provide such surroundings for their tender sprouts will find the fragrant flowers burn out in no time. . .

\* \* \*

We can find amidst poverty and want glorious examples of chastity and virtue—that proves nothing—even as we find examples of wanton animalism among the tribes of money getters, and gold, diggers.

\* \* \*

Our argument is not that riches makes for virtue.

Our argument is not that poverty makes for virtue.

Our argument is not that riches demoralize.

Our argument is not that poverty demoralizes.

No, we are not interested in the “moral plight.”

No, we are not concerned about the “immoral plight.”

We simply are arguing that poverty is unnecessary in this day of inventions.

We don’t give a damn whether girls are pure or impure. We want to know if they are getting the full product of their toil—for toil they do, but shouldn’t.

We have heard reformers suggesting higher wages for girls, better working quarters, more sanitary and commodious homes and numerous other remedies as solutions of our moral plight.

We do not argue that way. We are direct actionists and believe the girl is entitled to these things as a matter of moral right and not as a solution for moral plight. We reason that if we, and the girl, labor in this society to help produce these things, we shall be permitted to enjoy them — more so than those who produce nothing.

Regardless of whether high wages, short hours and better conditions contribute to our moral welfare or not; even if high wages, short hours and better conditions sent us all to perdition, we would still insist that they are ours by right— we don’t want any blue blooded parasite to go to hell “on our high wages, short hours and better conditions— “ We acknowledge the corn. Never mind the moral phase, come across.

There is no excuse for rotten economic conditions. The standard of living can be raised to something that approximates perfection with but a slight effort on the part of organized labor . . . once installed, its upkeep will require less energy than the present rotten arrangement.

## 1924\_24\_IW\_15031924

**Thin Air**

By T-BONE SLIM

Sunday isn’t quite so hard on the back, even with much washing to do (in the name of the Lord, and the glory of the country —tut, tut). Contrary to the general belief, it is not the “krums” that drive “us” to the boiling springs. Indeed not! It is “we” who le take the offensive on account of our natural desire for cleanliness.

\* \* \*

Americanization is progressing on apace.

A Polander tells me February 22 was Birthington’s wash day —as to that guen no sabe —but we do know that we fell off on the count that day— must have been a holiday. As Henry Ford would say: “I don’t know.”

\* \* \*

Poverty finds its best critics in lumber camps. Consensus of opinion has it that ‘tis an outrage the way prices of hay and spuds drop on the farmer. They should remain suspended, high, like the hanging gardens of Hurley Wise, without any visible means of support —without any tangible cribbing, such as organization, etc. Yes, the prices should float at a high level, on thin air.

Why not save the “gas” and hitch a balloon to the prices? How unreasonable it all seems when it is considered what a terrific “pull” is wielded by Newton’s gravity! How are prices going to stay put without any cribbing in under to check its downward flight. Hope isn’t going to keep them up. Can it be that wages, too, need a little cribbing— ah, that’s another matter.

Hay sells for $14 per ton, by the farmer; $28 per ton (later) when sold by the dealer. The dealer is organized. His price is on preps.

\* \* \*

Let us not make the farmer’s mistake —wages won’t stay up, they must be held up; must be pushed up ; must be propped up— speeding, praying and hoping make but damn poor props—might as well put a toothpick (for a dutchman) under a 1,000 feet of March hemlock—she’ll split.

It takes organization to back up wages; The “good man stuff” is played out.

\* \* \*

In the meantime we are in poverty, economizing here and there — eating poor substitutes, etc., wearing substitutes, etc., but we will say it could be worse probably will. In fact, I am surprised at the amateurishness of the adulterations in our rations, etc. Not only am I surprised, but I will here offer a formula that has not been as yet tried upon the trusting public.

Take tan bark after the tanneries get through with it; it can be bought in large quantities for a song —why waste it in building walks? Grind it up. Once in powder form and mixed with cornstarch it will make an inexpensive substitute for chocolate (N. B. Be sure tanneries have first extracted all poison out of it before you try it on the public). Give us something cheap and at the same time harmless.

\* \* \*

That ought to bring the cost of living down — but won’t. If not. further economics can be practiced in the “homes” —that is if you do not intend to organize to make economics unnecessary. I wish to point out a saving that can be made in the 10,000,000 odd homes in this country—and which can be copied by Great Britain and Asia. It occurs to me that people do not eat breakfast in bed, therefore the bed sheet is so much idle capital (?) in the day time—why not use it for a table cloth?

Conversely, a table cloth serves no useful purpose at night, hence why not use the table cloth for a bed sheet —put it on a 24-hour shift.

As I was saying, it can and will get worse without any effort from us. We don’t need to organize to make it worse. But if you want to make it better, you’ll organze— you’ll organize with us.

## 1924\_25\_IW\_19031924

**Prospecting For Equality**

“Banks Bust IN N. D.”—head.

The deflation of the farmer in North Dakota has been OVERDID and sordid. It is getting so now that they can not support their BANKER friends anymore —ANYMOR’.

Wages for farm hands this year will be $5 straight—if. . . .

Politics is experiencing heavy weather just now—the ship of state is pounding to pieces on the “jackpot dome.” Fall is as honest as the day is long—a poor farmer boy, no doubt; unused to the ways of the world.

\* \* \*

Standard Oil plays the part of injured innocence tossing skids under the avalanche. So much for the passing parade.

Now let us look and see who slipped in the back way while we were watching the elephants.

The army of unemployment has been augmented by the timely arrival of one-tenth of the business people. Welcome! They are waiting for labor to collect sufficient funds to start them up in business, again —along about next June there will be no vacant “stores” for rent.

Damn such a system anyway that won’t support these birds the year ‘round.

Talk about seasonal vocation—the harvest worker has nothing on these commercial cats— everyone of them with the positive ear marks of outstanding “successes? It is the system— the system.

A suggestion: Why not start a few Beauty Parlors for the bums. Complexion shops for the panhandlers— an idea, what? Eh?

\* \* \*

These North Dakota bankers with their nice, white, set, pliable fingers would be the most logical men to garden the features of our hardened moochers. If we are to become a nation of bums, we may as well go at it in a systemized way— the way of capitalism. Perfume, and massage the beggars. Les’ set an example for the whole world.

\* \* \*

Much has been said about our industrial efficiency, about our dynamos, about our improved machinery—our this, and our that —but how is it that our improved machinery is unable to support the unemployed? Couldn’t be “improved” very much if it falls down on the job like that.

It steps in and takes a man’s job and then fails to support the man. How come? Is it possible the improved machine supports only itself? Well then, if that’s the case, what’s the big idea of giving a man’s job to a machine? The man could support himself with that job. Are we to become a United States of men? Answer me.

Say— who’s running this system? Bring on the experts. I would have a word with them.

Ye in your ignorance will not trust the people, your God. Ye will in your arrogance set yourself to reconcile myriads of antagonisms. Ye in your depravity steel your mind to adjust all things with inequality, to fit in the “Franckenstein” you have created —capitalism.

You will fail. Your work shall come to naught. Brains! Yes, diseased. Ye have raised yourself to guide the GUIDES; ye have uttered platitudes to philosophers; ye teach A B C’s to sages —ye- think ye are somebody. Ye are not even not. Repent, ere it is too late. Go to thy God, the people, and humble yourself— say that it can’t be done—do this, and the people will smile in their knowing way— perhaps say: “I will be merciful with you—you always was a damned fool — go thy way and do ‘likadees’ and do ‘lika dat’—and sin no more.”

The last bet— the People.

## 1924\_26\_IW\_22031924

**It Is Time To Reap**

The America of today is placed in a position where it cannot support its farmers. This being so, it may be that I, the now venerable T-Bone Slim and lumberjack, will have a few words of encouragement to yawn for the benefit of these unforutnate “critters,” aid it may be that a lesson therefrom will crop out, if nothing else. . . .

Despite the fact that the mortgage read: “The mare had three white hind legs” the farmer was invited into the bank, escorted into the death cell, and there the proposition was sprung — it would not do for the banker to ruin his standing by a violent foreclosure, a smoother way had to be found. So the banker gave the farmer a sip from the bank’s jug to brace him up, and then proceeded to unfold the plan. “John,” says he, “Now you owe me so and so, and so and so,” and so it is agreed between them (after the third drink) that the farmer would hold a sale. . . . .

That ends this part of the story. “Sale” on a farm means the same as “finis” at the end of this story.

Now that Joan has had “sale” and is pulling the saw with me, we will lean on the other root a while.

Oleomargarine is served lumberjacks: not because the company desires to give the boys an inferior product; not because oleo is cheaper, (for butter from the farmers could be had for the same price). No, the company has a very good reason for putting oleo on the table— it would not have butter, even as a gift. Why? I will try to explain.

About one-third of the lumberjacks are, in reality, farmers; consequently, dairymen and good workers. If the lumber companies bought their butter it would have a tendency to raise the price and soon the farmers would be able to make a living on their farms. As it is, the company doesn’t want butter even as a gift. It doesn’t want to create a market for these dairymen-loggers. It doesn’t want to lost one-third of its skilled loggers —and I don’t blame “it”.

Of course the dairy-loggers do not touch the oleomargarine— but that is beside the point, for failure to eat oleo is but failure to eat butter; it is but abstaining from butter “by proxy”. Through red tape ceremony, it being considered the height of diplomatic blunders to abstain from the use of butter, as BUTTER; whereas failure to eat butter under the EXCUSE that “I don’t touch oleo” is considered respectable, and such men are considered praiseworthy.

Men reason that they are refusing oleo. They are not. They are refusing butter every bit as much as if the genuine Blue Valley was in front of them, and when a dairy logger fails to fight for butter in the lumber camps of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, he is following the same line of action that took him from the farm and put him in the woods. If he fails to organize with the loggers to maintain a high standard of wages in the woods he is doing that which he has always failed to do on the farm, failed to organize with his class—and he will drug the logger down with him as he dragged himself and neighbors, to work hard long hours in the woods, in winter, and harder, longer hours on the farm in summer. Is this LIFE? Must a man work 365 days per year in order to live? No, he does not! He can organize with his fellows, the loggers—if he is not an employer—and he can use his stock ranch as a summer resort. Anyway, one thing is sure: He must organize one way or another. The I. W. W. way is the best.

Onions sell to the big wholesale places at 50 cents per hundred pounds. The same onions are sold back to the farmers in small quantities at 8 cents per pound—$8 per hundred. Yet it is said a farmer carries a lead pencil. It is said a farmer runs around with a lead pencil in one pocket and an alarm clock in another. Why not throw the alarm clock away and use the pencil—better still, use the HEAD.

It doesn’t pay to drive the lizzie 14 miles to sell a gallon of cream—sell the lizzie and walk back with the cream. If the wife says anything, tell her “Slim” told you to do it. Mistake me not. I’m telling you you can’t have both lizzie and cream until you are organized. Unorganized farmers shouldn’t have anything, and would not if it wasn’t for the inability of the grafters to do a thorough job.

A farmer’s “problem” cannot be solved by hitching side-shows to his circus. If the main tent isn’t paying, the show will fail. Cooperative creameries, cooperative elevators, cooperative flour mills, cooperative sugar (beet) refineries, cooperative corn distilleries, etc., are distinctly not agriculture—and, if agriculture, the main tent is not a paying proposition, how in the world are these cooperative Bearded Ladies, Co-operative Jo-Jo’s, Cooperative Snake Charmers, (ah, if these charmers only could put a durable charm on the reptillian capital) Cooperative Armless Wonders, going to be a paying prop?

Just like a logger ignoring the sale of labor power to embark upon a business venture, that of “hiding an ace in the hole” to add a few lousy sheckels to the modest stipend the organized workers are able to wring from the lumber companies. Wrung with time—and sacrifice? Ye Gods, what a lot! I say organize! Don’t be a drag. We’re not going to plant! It Is time to reap. Organize!— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1924\_27\_IW\_26031924

**Consequently and Considering**

Now you take a cross-cut saw and saw off an article of reading matter:

The belly of a saw hangs down somewhat after the manner of roosters, ordinarily. But after a team of sawyers have shortstroked logs with it for years and years— twelve years —and after it has worn and worn, in the center, for the same number of years — finally, after six filers have gone blind filing the belly down (which means up) and after its belly is straight and “hangs” no more—in fact, after it has no belly, a condition where the long teeth are at the handle and short ones where the belly used to be—a jobber acquires this saw in a trade where he is given a piece of timber to cut in return for his gracious act—that of taking the saw “off the company’s hands.”

Then the jobber proceeds to make a fortune by placing this saw in the hands of a couple of reliable I. W. W. sawyers.

These sawyers take this saw and go in and saw 4,000 feet of logs per day at $70 per month, or $2.9 per piece per day. The total cost for 4,000 feet of logs being $5.38. The jobber getting $2.75 per thousand, clears $5.62 on two men’s work, per day. Out of this $5.62 he feeds the two men at an expense of about 90 cents per day including all expenses. That leaves him a profit equal to that of each of these sawyers— sawyers doing all the work. . . . but I’m off my subject.

With a new saw (with a belly on it) these men could go in and saw 5,000 feet of logs with the same amount of effort. One thousand feet of logs would be added to the jobbers “deck” per day; $2.75 would be added to the jobber’s “roll” every day. The cost of this new saw, this mighty weapon I speak about, is one dollar per foot of saw — its length should be 6 ½ feet. Six dollars and fifty cents will buy it. It will pay for itself in less than five days. But the jobber doesn’t know this. O, no, he belongs to the class that “directs.” How could he know?

Persistently and blindly he clings to the straight bottom saw when he could add $2.75 per day to his pile every day after the first five days. It’s like throwing money away—it’s like wasting labor power.

What was I going to say—Oh, yes. By some strange stroke of fate heretofore unexplained and, as far as I’m concerned, hereafter will remain a brunette mystery, the jobber is able to pay ten dollars more than the company per month. When the company pays $50, a jobber generally pays $70 and $75. This indicates quite clearly that WRONG PARTIES are making a miserable attempt to carry on logging operations.

This would seem to indicate that the jobber is the more efficient woodsman of the two— the 70 versus 60 seems to prove it—for it is hard to believe that the major companies would SETTLE down to-deliberately steal $10 from a hard working sawyer’s earnings, and more, considering the company’s sawyer wields a saw with a belly; consequently producing half of 1,000 feet more SCALE per day, per one man.

I, myself, think the companies would rather be called inefficient than petit larceny grafting pikers.

Dam me if I don’t believe the jobber with his straight bottom saw is the more efficient. I’ve reasoned and reasoned, I’ve tried to reason away that ten dollar difference in wages, but it will not reason. I am satisfied that my reader will agree that I have STUMBLED on the evidence that proves the companies are unfit to continue further in blundering around in the woods and that they should turn the works over, to the jobbers. I am satisfied that my reader will say that Slim’s exposition of the JOBBERS “bellyless” saw (despite the extra ten) entitles him to a place in the hall of has-beens— that leaves—what does it leave? Ah, neighbors, fellow workers, citizens, and patriots, that leaves US. Us, the people, and within us only is there a ray of intelligence; us workers. Within us is there a smattering of efficiency—our “directors” as proven here with but a single insignificant instance are a bunch of blithering idiots and run heavy to short-tooth saws— I dare not— I dare not cite real occasions nor dare I draw up an indictment of their proceedings as a whole—I believe in giving them a chance to make other provisions for the obtaining of a living—they have FATTENED on the lumberjack so long.

Now, that it would be a shame to jerk the feet from under them too suddenly. They are estimable men; only misguided— and so honest— as honesty goes today—that it hasn’t been thought worth while to investigate their maneuvers in high offices during the late lamented war period—not a whisper has lodged against their fair name in regard to robbing the government or sticking up people for their funds— no indeed. Nor was there any reason for them to do these things. No reason for them to “log across the line” for, lo, were they not getting TEN DOLLARS PLUS from the earnings of each of their sawyers, etc.

Haywire they are, and haywire they have been, cheap, petty and despicable. They wouldn’t know how to graft on a grand scale! It’s a good thing they’re as honest as they are—they’d only make a fizzle of it—maybe disgrace us all.— (T-Bone Slim).

## 1924\_28\_IW\_29031924

**The Triumph of Cunning**

The capitalist system, through its press, as repudiated itself once and for all time. The press that up till now has consistently defended anything and everything capitalistic has turned about face —reversed itself. The press that until recently shed tears over “our boys that fought for democracy” now announces in a brazen manner that THERE IS NO DEMOCRACY. If this be true, then our boys have fought in vain, OR NOT ENOUGH.

In a most cold blooded manner it states specifically and unqualifiedly there is no democracy and not satisfied with that damaging admission of its own inconsistency (admitting its former statements were lies—all lies) at the same time it admits that a condition exists that it vastly different from what generally was believed to be the case. “Alas,” is seems to say, “democracy is no more.”

Like a clap of thunder from a snowstorm the fatal words were printed in one of its most loquacious papers— one that never boosted for a defeated candidate, one that up till now has had a rep for knowing; it not for lying.

Here are the fatal words:

“The United States is not a democracy today.”

“It is not a republic today.”

“It is an Autocracy of Wealth.” etc.

Now this paper is supposed to know what it is talking about. In one breath it speaks of our democratic ideals and autocratic institutions. It speaks of men who fought to make the world safe for democracy and then it goes on to state that the part of the world called United States is not even a republic. Did we lose the republic while we were fighting for democracy? Perhaps we didn’t fight long enough? Perhaps we fought at the wrong place? What’s the big idea of fighting for democracy in France for Germany and then hustle right back home to enjoy autocracy? What are we to think? Are we crazy? Who’s the Hoosier now?

“The United States is not a democracy today,” says the paper. Well, what about it? It might just as well say winter is not summer today. United States never was a democracy “today” or any other day—the best it’s ever been is a republic. A republic it has been, wherein the people delegated their powers to crooked individuals and now, if the capitalist papers are to be believed (which is dangerous) it is an Autocracy of Wealth. And another war for democracy is in order according to their reasoning —we ourselves do not believe war makes for democracy.

We are standing aghast at this terrible admission, from their OWNED mouth, for it shows that in striving for democracy we have SLIPPED, we have passed clear across a complete ERA, (republicanism) right into the lap of autocracy. This is enough to make us uneasy to say the least — it is like swimming for shore and finding yourself in midstream with the falls a short way off. We of labor should be uneasy, for when they themselves admit their own perfidy, it shows they and their agents are ready for mischief, if such a thing is possible. A democracy is an administration of the members, for the members, by the members.

A republic is an administration of the delegates, for the people, by the officials— an organization where the people sublet, trust or delegate their power to honest or dishonest officials — if the officials are honest, the administration is good; if the officials are dishonest, the administration is rotten and the republic is bad ; in the latter case.

An autocracy is an administration of affairs regardless of the people, for special privilege, by the few. It is an organization drunk with the power that has been delegated into their hands by unsophisticated citizens in their moments of hysteria. It is the organization of the advantage taken over trustful citizens at odd periods—’tis the organization of the Triumph of Cunning. . .

But why am I bellyaching politically—as, fellow worker, when this Autocracy of Wealth brazenly admits what it has done to the people’s ideals, it can mean only one thing: They are now ready, to toss the people into perdition to keep their ideals company ... It means that they now feel strong in the luck of people’s organization. It means they are ready and we are not.

Men of the woods, the mines, the mills, the factories, men of construction; let us get together in a One Big Union of Labor before it is too late— (kid grant it is not already too late—organize to take over industry the moment capitalism “lays down”— protect yourself. Join the Wobbliest Do it now!

## 1924\_29\_IW\_05041924

**Mostly Song**

Man feels in the humor for song only a short period of time, per day, per month, per year and per life time. And the more rotten the conditions, up to a certain point, the less he feels like singing—the less he feels like doing anything.

When in humor, he will go along humming a tune until about 4 p. m.; then suddenly he goes flat.

Before conditions became rotten, before life began to pale upon him we found him singing like a meadow lark upon a May morning — in September. Yes indeed, men would sing in September like a lark in May—and as a result of this singing, many low-browed intellectuals have gotten themselves into an opinion that singing is the cause of man’s present condition. They reason that if man had refrained singing insteading of singing refrains, he would now be as free from worry as are they who never hummed a tune in all their lives. . . .

If not that—then, at least, they bewail the fact that singing has brought sorrow to all hands, including themselves. Now, me thinks MacBeth, yon song hater has a hungry look. Methinks, oh noble Cassius, that yon song hater hates himself. And, lastly, me thinks he has fallen in love with the ideal of our “Lord and Master.” Oh, ye songless slaves: “Sing nothing and saw wood.”

Now, it happens that I have written a few songs —a few songs as rotten as the system itself —no more and no less —ROTTEN. And, I maintain that under proper conditions my songs would have been SWEET as the voicings of an unsuccessful candidate cooing under the protecting wings of the administration. And since this be so and since my songs can not be blamed for the conditions that are, I stand unsullied of any taint of responsibility for the terrible straits in which labor finds itself tdoay [sic] and the singing of my songs can not make things any worse than they are.

\* \* \*

A. Brisbane says you can not outlaw war because of human nature. True, but you can make it more interesting by passing laws to execute all defeated generals.

Rent, interest and profit, one or all three, cause all wars and human nature as constituted in the persons of few profiteers is supposed to determine whether we shall have war or peace.

If we can not outlaw war, we might try outlawing those who select war for us. Why not invite them into an alley to test out their theories.

\* \* \*

The progress of special privilege IN ALL THINGS, including the ART of governing, can be likened to a man eating his dinner.

It begins its meal in a very democratic way with democratic soup— and nothing happens.

It picks up courage and digs into the more ambitious republican spuds and G. O. P. loin— and nothing happens.

It becomes reckless, pulls the aristocratic frosted pie of Autocracy closer and poises its fork to disembowel the pie— Alas, then it happened. Special Privilege lies writhing on the floor.

\* \* \*

Says the I. W. W.: “If he had let that pie alone, he would now be alive and well.”

Says the communist: “If he had eaten the pie first, he would not now be dead.”

Says the donkey: “If he had stuck to soup and fish, he would have been safe.”

Says the G. O. P. : “Ah, my beloved, you would not listen to me.”

Says T-bone Slim: “The damn fool! Tryin’ to hog it all, eh?”

## 1924\_30\_IS\_12041924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY**

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He was a little fellow, about three and a half years old, we judged; a roly-poly sort of a youngster all bundled up and quite self-conscious and proud of his red-top gum boots. “Murphy” we heard him called by a native who warned the lad “not to get hard.” He seemed to take an interest in us timber beasts altho, we could see, he hated to open conversation. So we broke the ice and the following conversation ensued:

“Are you one of those lumber-jacks we’ve heard about?” we asked, but the lad never made reply; staring at us with a calculating eye.

“What camp did YOU work in?” we next inquired.

“I don’t work,” he admitted, unblushingly.

“What! Don’t you work for a living? How very unethical — how do you get your living?”

“— I don’t get it,” was his modest comment

— God bless the lad for those encouraging words — talk about wisdom from children — here was the whole encyclopedia and atlas combined— his mother, no doubt, had been stuffing him with camp sausages and oleomargarine .............

La Fond looked at me and I gazed at him and we understood. Is it any wonder that that night La Fond found difficulty in manipulating his way in the progressive young metropolis, Monico Junction? —I’ve known less offense to have caused men to take a drink.

## 1924\_31\_IW\_12041924

**Indiana Moon**

The saloons used to open at 5 a. m., and I, having become accustomed to rising at that time, find it difficult to lie in bed (like bankers do) until 8 o’clock. A habit acquired by long practice is hard to break, and humiliating it is indeed to wake up at such an ungodly hour—now that there no longer is a need for a long day. To be frank with you, fellow worker editor, my drinks used to cost me in the neighborhood of 25 cents for eye-openers; 15 cents for appetisers, and 45 cents for nightcaps— you can see yourself I wasn’t always the virtuous angel that I now am. My drinks used to cost me 85 cents per day.

To generate 5 cents requires conslderable time; about two hours’ work on the job. But now, since my drinks are with me no longer I hardly know what to do with the two hours per day that are not needed for my upkeep — its a cinch I cannot sleep them off for I’ve tried that. . . .

I’ve been thinking that if I could bring myself to accept “smaller pay” I could still continue to work the long day (for my board and lodging) eat “dry-combinations,” etc. and let the boss keep the 85 cents as a sort of “testimonial” of my faith in him — Yea, Bo, so I reason, and what’s the matter with it? Isn’t it sound reasoning? Two hours worth of drinks taken away from me—confiscated —without so much as consulting with me to see if I could survive the “raid.” Yes. What does it mean? Does it mean that private property is no longer *inviolet?* I’m afraid it does. I’m afraid we are breaking away from the glorious traditions of our rum-guzzling forefathers—mind you: I only fear this, I know better.

I know that, we were not consulted about denaturing our shoes with paper heels; adulterating our sox with Alabama wool and rectifying our sausage with screenings advertised as cerials so why should they not Foolstedt us a little with moonbeams and canned heat in our department of the refreshments; in our Bureau of Beverages?

The standard of refreshments has been lowered to conform with low-life living. We are now in the hair-oil-lemon-extract age, on one hand, imitation sausage and one-half of 60 per cent bread on the other (the next thing to be lowered willbe our manhood, the existence of which I very much doubt since nobody seems to be making any great holler—watch your step).

But we have them “two hours” that we do not need to labor, since we are not a drinking man— we are distinctly and a distinctive eater, like the Frenchman says, “If I cook myself”— well done.

Our standard of living is now one-third of what it was in the good old days when Doc. Wiley’s battle flag was dragged in the dirt, Doc., protesting like a colored landlady in the face of bribe-takers.

Our dollar is now worth about 40 cents; less the two-thirds quality missing from the things we need, use and must hive. Divide 40 cents by three and you will find the usefulness of the dollar today, compared to the dollar of twenty years ago, is in the neighborhood of 13 1-3 cents.

And when buying moonshine (that infamous substitute for whiskey) the value of the dollar equals the price of a yeast cake— two cents.

Oh America thy clothes are patches, through the toe of thy shoddy sox thy great American toe is making it debut. Thy food is by-products and thy disgrace a by-word. Thy gospel is hollow-sounding. Thy press is a misleader and a misnamer. Pull yourself together for Christ’s sake; join the Wobblies and inscribe on your banner the words: The Best Is Not Good Enough for the People.

## 1924\_32\_IW\_16041924

**Night, Bonus and Henry**

What is man working for; why does he labor? This twin question entered by “being” just as I left the supper table, just as the evening shadows were gathering — just as I was entering a period or REST-TIME, Night. What is man working for?

For a living?— and does it take him all day to make a living? Is that so? and is he the only animal that spends all his waking moments in making a living? Hm! It don’t take a squirrel that long to look after his needs. He’s got time to do a little visiting among the lumberjacks and at times he stands flirting his tail for hours at a time, calling the loggers all kinds of uncomplimentary names, laughing in the most rasping manner and altogether disporting himself in a way unbecoming to a Gentleman.

The less said about the above the better, and we will move on to “bonuses”; that are like the “letter that never came.” *Nothing will be too good for you* if you stay untilspring, says the foreman, and proceeds toemphasise his remarks with additional remarks. “I will pay you a dollar a daybonus for every day if you stay with metill spring.” (He could well afford to paythis and he could well afford to pay more).

Let us study this bonus business from itsbrightest side, from its favorable angle:If the wages are $60, the dollar a daybonus raises them to $90—agreement to‘stay.” Now $90 is an agreeable figurecompared to $60 and men will unlimber themselves in, a surprising manner whentheir mouths are watering for the extra $30—they will have resolved to let nothing come between them and the “grand prise” the boss is offering. In six months the bonus alone will buy a second hand “Ford;”an ambition of every true patriot and slave.

But as I was saying about the letters that never came, the boss doesn’t lose a cent by his noble offer— towards spring he can make things so miserable that men will not wait for bonus. He could just as well offer $10 a day bonus— that would be $300 extra per month — for all the good it would do us. I’m but slightly exaggerating when I say *no man ever collected a bonus!— in any country*.

A bonus is offered (never given) —and is intended to deceive those that still believe skill of hand, fleetness of feet and diplomacy (S. H.) is a solution to their economic troubles.

\* \* \*

Wherever a piece of rock sticks out of the ground in a rough way, men call that place Iron Mountain, Michigan— a fact we cannot dodge. It is here. The town boasts of four important personages, and three industries. The industries I will not mention out of consideration for the fairer, if not gentler sex.

But the personages will come in for a line or two of advertising. Among these four persons, endearingly referred to by the natives, Henry Ford stands head and shoulders over the other three; two mancatchers, and Mollie the Mother of the district. Each of these gentlemen are mentioned about the same number of times and vie with Mollie for the honors of the town. Did I say this is a lumberjack town and that the mancatchers keep a fervent eye upon the spectacular progress of the woodsman with the purpose of catching him at a psychological moment in a frame of mind “to ship out.” Talk to a citizen an hour and before he leaves you he will be sure to inquire “Are you working for Mr. Ford?”— they call him Mr.

Henry has a plant here—if anyone else owned it, it would be a sawmill, but it is a plant and it looks like one from the distance.

Great credit is due Henry’s slaves in Detroit for making it possible for Henry to start logging from the top instead of working from the bottom up—as the rest of us did. You know Henry never swamped a day in his life. His lumberjacking has all been done from the top down—sort of licking the cream “right off the jump” and Detroit motor-mechanics made all this possible, (as Victor Hugo would say). Yes I believe Henry goes to bed over the ‘headpanel.” Henry does everything so different! Here we’ve been taught to start from the bottom and work up—and Hen. jumps in at the top and seems to make a success of it— at least already, Ham & Eggs cost 65 cents in Iron Mountain. That seems to prove it. Fifty cent beds cost $1.50.

## 1924\_33\_IS\_19041924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SLIM IS SLAMMED**

EDITOR INDUSTRIAL SOUDARITY. FELLOW WORKER:—We are just in receipt of Sol dated April 6 via the smuggle route, which is necessary owing to hostility in this layout. Our attention was called to an article by T-bone Slim by an 18 carat gyppo in which. Slim says: “**Any woodsman knows that a team can skid twice as much as a gang of sawyers can cut**.” Now we are willing to admit we do not know much, and are continually swallowing all kinds of bunk, but we sure know the science of logging.

That statement is the bunk, as there never was a team bred that could do it. As I write the argument is getting hot, and Slim sure started something for us to prove to the average scissors in the woods. Of course this is only a small thing to kick on, but isn’t it a fact that writers for our publications must ad here as closely as possible to the truth in order to effectively combat capitalist propaganda and educate the workers.

I also know that the present editor on Sol has played the logging country, so can easily see why we object to such bunk. We are beginning to think hereabouts that a few months in the logs for Slim would jog his writing ability some. As far as our arguments go it would take Paul Bunyon’s blue ox with Jerusalem Slim as skinner to skid as much as some of the gyppos here are cutting. They are simply log mad.

Outside of this article Sol is just as perfect as ever, and we regret our inability to get it regularly. Even our mail is jeopardy most of the time.

With best wishes we remain

Yours for the I. W. W.

Card Nos. 802645, X-58777,X-96928.

SLIM’S ANSWER

The logging described in “Earnt Praise” article is not “good logging” and happened on or about March 15 at Star Lake, Wis., for Stange Lumber Co. It refers only to such logging where (1) saw gang, (1) swamper and (1) teamster work one side of skidway; big timber; white pine; **low stumps**; 25-40 logs day’s cut. Team is capable of skidding 90-120 logs per day. Am sorry I neglected to mention Wisconsin.— That’s railroad— spring-logging, to tracks; short strips — this should have been mentioned. — Oh well, that was a case where the “soul of brevity was a lack of wit.” But look at the space saved. . . . T. B. S.

## 1924\_34\_IW\_19041924

**Don’t Threaten**

(Note— Opposition press carries Popini’s “Life of Christ,” hence our author considers it appropriate to conjure up a picture of a “proletarian martyr” —for the once’t—’pproximating truth and promising never again. Introducing: Jerusalem Slim.)

\* \* \*

It came to pass that day that there was a man in Judea whom the stiffs called Jerusalem Slim. He hailed from the small town of Bethlehem, on the Palestine Central and was a son of a patternmaker in that burg. Now it happened that Slim had a line of economics that was the despair of the chin-whiskered scribes that hung around the Labor Temple—and it is said of him that at the age of eight Slim could quote Karl Marx and Zoroaster faster than the Pharisees could digest it.

But it came to pass that the rank and file of the people living in that terribly exploited country took notice of the lad’s gift of gab and gave car unto his sayings — and became terribly worked up over them.

It was not long before wind of these proceedings were carried to the Chamber of Commerce, the Boa Constrictor Copper Company, the Lebanon Cedar Company, (the latter which had furnished to the Solomon Construction Company every stick of timber used in the construction of the famous temple in Jerusalem) and to the various civic bodies and manufacturers associations including the executives of the Arabian Fruit Growers Equity. They got together and decided to black-ball Jerusalem Slim “on all jobs,” behind his back, with the result that it was not long till they had Slim leaning against walls to hide such appertures as were given birth by the ravages of time in the seat of his wardrobe. A job he could not get. Slim, like Wilson, was too proud to steal. He could have visited the clothes lines in the suburbs of Jerusalem but no, Slim says no, I will organize a One Big Union and I will show these malefactors whose dog they’s been kicking. So he got himself a soap-box or an empty beerkeg and proceeded to address the multitude saying: “Come unto me all ye drys and I will make ye wet, or words to that effect, always winding up his speech with the words “follow me”—and they did. “Do unto others as they do unto you” was one of his favorite slogans and, considering he was no mean scrapper, this creed was a source of great trouble to him. One day, having worked up a peeve, he got himself a sap and raided the temple single handed, striking right and left, quite forgetting to turn either cheek for the parasites to land on) he cleaned up on them something proper—talk about action! For this escapade he had to take a-fishing trip up the River Jordan for a couple of weeks till the thing had quieted down. Unfortunately, upon his return, he started another free speech fight and denounced the powers that he with a vitriolic flow of eloquence. He recounted instance after instance of injustice practiced upon him personally, and on the laboring men generally. He recounted how he had been black-balled; how he had been beat out of his wages and how he had been hounded from place to place till he had no place to lay his head. He had been called “a radical repeatedly and was driven from the shops merely for that reason. And so, in an incautious moment while overcome with his miseries he made a threat. Looking right in the eyes of the stools and dicks he shook his fist and said : The Sins of the Fathers Shall Be Visited Upon, the Sons to the Third and Fourth Generation. (That was enough).

For that he was grabbed and eventually crucified and so ends our story.

Moral: Never make a threat! If you are in that habit break it. A threat only serves to cause unnecessary worry to those you threaten; it does you no good; it does him no harm—if you do not threaten he will worry about something else anyway. Why waste a threat, besides, “It’s against the law.” If you must have an outburst, SWEAR.

Jerusalem Slim might be alive today if he hadn’t threatened so much. Again I say, Don’t Threaten.

Don’t tell them what you’ve DONE nor what you WILL DO. History records the former and the future will prove the latter—as to the present: What are you doing to help the boys in the can. Isn’t there something we can do right now?.

## 1924\_35\_IW\_23041924

**Worth the Workers While**

By T-BONE SLIM

Maybe it is expecting too much, that an organization (wherein “it’s membership” has a voice) should be allowed to prosper in a country whose affairs are such that its highest law-making body, the Senate, must needs investigate government officials; when a condition obtains wherein the nations chief “solemnly warns” that some things are too delicate for even the ears of those hardened law-makers?

Maybe an organization dedicated to “rank and file rule” should not marvel if it is rebuked for its presumption?

Maybe it should go the route—instead of building a new society in the shell of the old — maybe it should build a new shell around the rotten whole?

Every man thinks he is a natural-born leader of men—but the chances are they could not lead four horses to water and those are the men that do not think it necessary to take the people in their confidence— with the result that it is necessary to investigate their leadership —often to the sorrow of the leaders —periodically.

The most, common individuals, not infrequently, find keen satisfaction in their abilities, with the reslt that they learn to underestimate abilities of their fellow sufferers. Surprised with the discovery that they could think, they find it not difficult to consider themselves especially gifted — equal, or over and above their fellow men. But somehow, or another, this great thinking power seldom appears in print, unchallenged.

I respectfully submit here that the “Daily Worker,” editorially, professes to have confidence in the working class but qualifies said confidence by stating a proviso: “Under communist leadership.” In other words THEY have confidence, not in the working class, but in leadership. And we might say we have yet to find a leader that isn’t in full possession of superlative confidence to the extent that he will continue to lead even while no one follows.—The American working class has a full opportunity to distribute itself into such organizations as it desires.

The Workers’ Party, loyal to leadership, has made every bid for the support of the masses, nevertheless it has not grown. Its advances have been declined with thanks and its theory on leadership discredited by such leadership as prevails at present in other political parties. On the other hand, the I. W. W. dedicated to practical maximum rank and file rule has recovered from the attacks made against it by united capitalism — and by the various liquidators; attacking simultaneously— and is on a high road of service to those that must toil voiceless today —today when the darkest pages of history are about to be written. It may not be out of place to mention a few other aspiring leaders that would no doubt obligingly consent to guide the workers if they know not where they are going: Voliva, Gompers, Eva Bramwell Booth (the latter stands a show of being elected to succeed Mr. Gompers in case the old gentleman should meet premature death, which heaven forbid I), and Lewis are fair samples of leadership extensively followed. But it seems that the I. W. W., the leaderless, is rapidly displacing “leadership” and uniting the workers in a One Big Union. That’s why I say let the I. W. W. continue to give its members every opportunity to express their desires as fully as it is possible; let us at all times determine what the many want (and let us procure it for them) ; finally, let us remember: The I. W. W. is the only organization dedicated to rank and file rule —let us preserve it. Surely sufficient people “want to rule” to make it worth the workers while.

## 1924\_36\_IS\_26041924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**ON THE FIRST OF MAY**

–––––

When all is new and nothing rotten,

When winter’s woes are quite forgotten,

When CONSCIOUSNESS resumes her plottin’,

That’s when the year begins.

When wan consumptives “pine for flowers,”

When heavens weep with gentle showers.

When April’s surly clutch is broken,

When Storm Kin’s speckled sons have spoken,

(When limpid pools bring forth a token=

That’s when the year begins.

Not int the Dead of raging winter

But in the Present’s, fulfilled, center

When rivers leave their choking channels,

When white man sheds his filthy flannels,

When Prigress writes but truthful annals,

That’s when the year begins.

When weatherboards have ceased to rattle,

When smiling meadows kiss the cattle.

When chronic bus grow wary ‘ding-ging,’

When carrier-bees resort to stinging

When girls are just a bit more clinging . . .

That’s when the year begins.

Not in the mock-world’s silly foment

But in each precious present moment.

When dirt and filth have reached fruition,

When scowling forms **seek** retribution

When house wives start a revolution,

That’s when the year begins.

When plodding Amazons (grim martyrs)

Seek for new and fresher quarters.

When Infant Labor (whims pusuant) from work (and worse) plays carefree truant;

Once more to laugh—in health affluent,

That’s when the year begins.

Not in the doubtful Far Tomorrow

But in this Now, our present Sorrow.

\*\_\*\_\*\_\*

2nd Part

When barren sward resents inAction,

When Nature grins with satisfaction,

That’s when the year begins.

When woodland autocrats enthrallin’,

Like ripened tyranny is fallen—

When Cones throw off the Fate appallin’,

That’s when the year begins.

When long the right-of-way of Travel

Frail roots embrace the caving gravel,

(That’s when oppression’s skeins unravel)

That’s when the year begins.

When nature’s jagged wounds are sorest—

When earth disturbed shoots forth a forest.

Not in a promise, threat or vow,

Not in the dates the fates endow,

But in the ever-present now—

That’s when the year begins.

Not in a wealth of satisfaction

But in each minute action’s fraction

## 1924\_37\_IW\_26041924

**Remember The Maine**

By T-BONE SLM

Up to and prior to 1923 reports had been coming to the General Headquarters, from the Maine woods, that conditions in these woods were “very crude;” that the “down-east” lumberjack was being compelled to put up with a lot of nonsense on the part of the effete lumber companies in the State of Maine, in particular, and a plea was put forth for the help of the Industrial Workers of the World.

The I. W. W. never was slow in responding to a call and in this case it lived up to its reputation. One of its most intrepid organizers was withdrawn from very important work and dispatched into the eastern woods with powers to bring about full and sufficient betterments to the woodsmen of New England; to make the woods safe for democracy once more— for it had been conceded the eastern lumber barons’ sense of proportion had been slipping and that conditions were rapidly approaching the rotten. Smallpox stragglers were coming to town endangering the health of the “more fortunate” citizens— and so, something had to be done. Our organizers were on the ground ready to aid the lumberjack in every way in his desires for certain very minor considerations at the hands of the log-hungry companies. Without, permit, for such things are unnecessary, the organizers went ahead, and started organizing openly and above board with a degree of success ghat was marvelous— thousands took out red cards voluntarily, conditions being so bad that there was nothing else to do. It has been proved a fact that men will not organize when conditions are good, even as a man will not cat when he isn’t hungry— it is necessity that drives men to organize and the I. W. W. has always been the favored organization in bringing relief to such men that suffered most.

The better living conditions on the west coast v ere brought about by the I. W. W.— even our enemies concede this—and better living conditions will be brought about by this same organization on the cast coast—make a note of that. But the good citizens of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont can cooperate with the Industrial Workers of the World, if they so desire—and we ask it.

On the other hand, the authorities seem to be disinclined to “give a hand” to the workers, in fact I have proof, in the form of clippings, that would seem to indicate they are not averse to using certain oppressive tactics against our organization.

Such tactics, although they are often futile, causes the Wobblies to thrive. We need a little resistance now and then.

We’re like a street car heater, we can not throw our best “heat” without “resistance coils.” In conclusion I will submit that it is the duty of every worker in New Englund to give every aid to the Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120—now organizing in the Maine woods. These hard-working lumberjacks are entitled to all they ask —they will not ask too much— they ask for food, comfort and better pay. Why not give them this and save a hell of a lot of trouble?

As to the authorities, I wall say: Opening up the pest houses is no solution for scarlet fever and small pox—and, the arrest and conviction of Bob Pease only opens the debate.

## 1924\_38\_IW\_30041924

**Rock Of Ages**

What would the cold sullen stones in a prison wall say if they could talk? Would they burst into poetry lauding nature’s wonderful favors or would they rise in denunciation of a most damnable system of society; when in nature’s noblemen perforce must linger and languish within a dark, loathsome Heritage-of-an-Age otherwise forgotten? Prison.

It is now Centuries and Centuries since prisons were invented and they appear to be the only establishment that defies the Law of Change. Jails and more jails appear to be the rule in our maudlin society to the end that now our fair land is dotted with them. At the end of a good day’s walk you will arrive at a jail or a cluster of jails in certain localities but in industrial centers an hour’s walk is sufficient. So the question arises what would the cold, sullen stones say if they could talk —and they can talk. They do talk. They talk a fluent universal tongue that everybody can understand. Their words may not be as polished as the words of a Daugherty or a Fickert or a Cowan, but talk they do. And what do these sullen stones say? Ah fellow workers, I’m a poor hand at reporting speeches — my memory is so poor. I’m afraid I can not put the words down on this paper in the order they were given me by a cynical block of sandstone in a penitentiary wall. . . .

Feeling flippant one day I asked the block: “How long you in for?”

“I’m in this wall until everybody gets the full product of their toil.” replied the stone.

I was completely taken aback by its answer and begged it to explain more clearly.

“Well Slim, you see it’s this way most of these human beings that I am restraining are of an independent sort and would not knuckle down to work for overalls and snuff — they refused to labor long hours for small pay — work became irksome to them because there were no rewards — everything they “earn’t” went to build their body so that they might work more— a dull, drab, slavish existence stared them in the face—so, like Brodey, they took a chance. Visions of love, comfort, pleasure and rest vanished with the vision of a cottage at the foot of the hill, paid for — a home. They saw it would take several life times to pay for a house that could be whittled out in one year with a jack knife, so they took a chance— they took individual action and realized too late their error — if they had organized they wouldn’t be here and *I wouldn’t be here*.”

“But.” I Interrupted, “surely you have some union men in here?”

“Why yes, Slim, but you don’t seem to get my drift. I’m trying to tell you, without making a too long story of it, that jails serve to keep the wage-slaves “contented”— of course we’ve got union men, but they’re mostly organizers— the idea is to keep them away from the workers, so that the workers can be skinned more thoroughly. Yes, Slim, its a damned shame toto— they only wanted what was right and, now, here they are with those that murdered to obtain the money that would not forthcome through the efforts of manual labor. Here they are with those that killed in passion soured by an inequitable system of compensation; or over woman for reasons traceable to same case. Here they are with those that raped having been brought down to the level of an animal — “no front,” malnutrition, selfabuse, atmosphere laden with demoralized “psychology” and suppressed desires are the causes (in the main) acting directly through victim of the deed or through agency of misguided womanhoo dpossessed of false notions created by unequal system — thousands of reasons that remain fostered — instead of exterminated —

Here they are with those that were be framed to save the reputation of police officers— some one had to be sent up; the “guilty” one could not be caught so they sent up a coward— frightened him into confessing— tricks in every trade you know, Slim, and this infamous industry is no different. From time immemorial slaves have been cast into dungeons for rebelling against their drivers. Educators have been jailed for letting slip enlightenment to slaves. Poets have been imprisoned for inspiring hope in the breast of those that toil and moan. Philosophers have been incarcerated for disproving the fitness of existing customs. Christ was crucified. Joe Hill was shot. Frank Little was dragged an behind an automobile—can you then wonder that Ford and Suhr are in jail; Mooney and Billings are in the can. Can you wonder that the Centralia boys are in the pen for protecting their property according to law— (as it happened to be) —their hall, the hall which was objectionable to the lumber companies. Yes, Slim, there are organizers in here and yet these stones will lay, one upon the other, until organizers unite the great working class into a one big union and inaugurate a more equitable system of “returns” for labor. But, let me give you a tip. Slim: so long as American working men compete with child-labor so long will you all be slaves. . . .”

It was quite a talk we had with the old piece of mountain side, but of course I can’t be expected to remember it all. “Watch your step” was its last words and I confess they gave me a start —I recalled the time I was in a workhouse. . . . as I was being released, the kind-faced superintendent took me by the hand affectionately, gazed into my eyes and said, “Slim, get yourself a job and make an honest living.” — Next week he shot himself for misappropriating prison funds—so I resolved to be honest even if they hang me for it.

## 1924\_39\_IW\_03051924

**ANOTHER WAR AVERTED**

By T-BONE SLIM

Once in a while we run across a lumber worker that “abidingly” worships the “keeper of his destiny”— the lumber baron.

They still today think “this or that baron is but slightly removed from God and closely related to one J. Christ, formerly a resident of Jerusalem”— for these such, few, men are deeply and fervently and pugnaciously religious. They cannot see, because they will not— that nature created all men alike— a dead image of God—a God. To them a lumber baron holds a startling resemblance to friend God. (To better elucidate, let me here bring in occadion). A foreign man sleeping on a depot floor in upper Wisconsin was a picture of misery, unkempt and unwashed and probably unfed, beep in the snowbelt, lumber-belt and a belt of lawlessness he evidently has not won the smiles of Dame Fortune and as he stirred in his sleep we distinctly heard him say. “*bleas Mr. God, give me a jobp*.” To such men, a lumber baron becomes of increasing importance in so far us the baron car fulfill this p r a y e r, whereas Mr. God remains mute and inactive. Possibly on the following day the jobless one was at another shrine, the company office, and repeated his prayer:

“Bleas, Mr. Boss, gimme a jobp.”

“What’s your name?”

“John Dumbrask.”

“How old are you?”

“Forty-three.”

“What’s your weight, John?”

\* \* \* Cat’olic.”

“Where were you born?”

\* \* \* Hurley.”

And so on.

He gets his job and thenceforth the baron is a God or, at least, one of the principal Executives-Divine.

But, there are other men— men that get jobs without the aid of prayer; men that merely ask— but they too, in time, learn to worship the baron; they cannot conceive of God with high top rubbers and stagged pants, hence, when a baron, an owner, condescends to visit “camp” (the lumber-jacks’ palace) these jacks feel elated in a hushed way and whisper “that’s old Porter-field.” or as the case may be \* \* \* a good

The other day I got into trouble with a jack for merely being too inquisitive. He was telling about what a fine man old Porterfield was. not in the least log-hungry and so pleasant, always cheerful. “Why, when he would come into camp he would talk to the men”— It was here I interrupted him: “How much did Porterfield pay? I’ve heard a lot about him.”

“Oh he always paid us much as the rest \* \* \*when the others was paying $8 and $12 a month old man Porterfield paid us a dollar a day.”

“Well, let me tell you Jack, if I had been old Porterfield and you were working for me for a dollar a day, I would have hugged and kissed you. I wouldn t merely stop to talk, I’d get right up on my legs and show my appreciation.”

We came near severing diplomatic relations right there — and would have — but just then the supper bell rang—and, you know how I am. I’m “no good” either on the offense, or defense during meal-time.

That was one that the supper bell averted war— the cook should have a peace medal.

As I was saying, there still are such worshipful men, belittled and belittling themselves. A boss to them is a near-god.

H’m \* \* \* two dollars per day. H’m \* \* \* two and a half dollars per day. H’m \* \* \* doing mans’ work—full grown men’s work. \* \* \* H’m.

Two and a half dollars clear. H’m, that will support a family. It will? All right, it will, for the sake of argument, we’ll say so. But how about the back-pay for the “dollar-a-day” days—you know, dollar-a-day pays only the rent, for wife—H’m, how about the coal? How about corset covers? How about sauerkraut for the old girl? H’m \* \* \*

We’re full grown. We weigh 180. Women speak well of us. I see no reason why \* \* \* why we should remain single just to please a few lumber barons \* \* \* H’m, but, if we’re to continue drawing single men’s pay we may as well strike for single bunks.

Let’s not take the barons too seriously, they’re entirely human. They’re so human that they’re inhuman.

## 1924\_40\_IS\_07051924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SUMMING UP**

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**For the Tired Reader and 3 Souls with ONE Thought.**

A timely warning: If your girl is not “to home” when you call do not end it all —She may be attending a business meeting of her I. U. “Business before pleasure,” you know.

\* \* \*

We are inclined to say “look how fast we go compared to 100 years ago”; instead we should say, how slow they were compared to the slowness of today— A locomotive and airship are “an improvement on the stilt and crutch idea.” — By the way of no harm: The “Centipede” locomotive, largest in the world, Erie R. R., tractive power 160,000 lbs., length 105 ft., weight 853,050 lbs., is capable of hauling 641 loaded freight cars equal to a train 4 1-2 miles long, weighing 90,000,000 lbs. Thirty years ago the same engineer (with a different fireman) hauled 3,000,000 lbs. —his efficiency has been increased 30-fold, yet his pay has increased only fold and half (or less) 3,000,000 lbs. have been added to his train yearly.

\* \* \*

In China they strive to “improve the wisdom of their countrymen”: in America we are content with “dispelling ignorance”— ‘Tis a brave nation that admits its ignorance— (especially, when the facts seem to warrant it) But . . there is . . such a thing . . as . . calling a hoy “bad” once too often— Our most successful crooks were once daily drilled “that they were bad boys”; (i. e., “you wouldn’t have bumped your head if you wasn’t a bad boy.”) And the suckers believed it!

The movie audiences’ psychology has been profoundly stirred by the movie boycott. Respectable people now seldom attend these seances, and, as a result, many movie queens are seeking return engagements with F. W. Woolworth Co. — Many cowboys too will try a “speaking part” on a “fisheyed-extra-gang-foreman” —Salvation Army will “find friends for ‘em,” and lay extra covers . . next Thanksgiving. Even “stars” were caught in arrears for back rent, to their ex-wives. Alimony, to be sure. Sure. Certainly.

\* \* \*

Our demands follow: Time and a half for eating bull-beef.

## 1924\_41\_IW\_07051924

**HOW THE MEX DID IT**

The text for day’s sermon is taken from the ‘steenth chapter of Paddy’s ‘Pistel to the Mexicans and Bulgarians, and sounds as follows:

“Pity the employment sharks —don’t pity yourself.” — Now is the time to pity them as they never before were pitied — pity them early and late and let not thy heart harden towards them. If you have a spark of pity for these pink-fingered grafters trot it out now when they are sinking in the slough of despond (just a minute till I wipe away my tears and I will tell you the wherefore of my magnanimous sorrow).

The sharks have lost out with the *crool* railroad companies. Oi. oi, oi. (Again I amovercome). But, *I will be brave*. I will brokenly and brazenly between sobs, bring out the whole truth (as well as pieces) with all the trimmings if you will give me a chance.

For a Iong time the employment sharks (who also pose as commissary companies) have been maitaining the most rotten conditions in the camps for extraordinary gangs, as well as for the ordinary gangs, *and the workers in there camps stood for it*. The sharks of course, when they undertook the feeding of these men, knew very little about that art;; with the result that their experiments with pig snouts and cow’s lips proved costly to the companies.

Men, full of sauerkraut and pig-snout would dash out on the track; full of life and vigor they would grab the tools— alas—only to go stale about 9 a. m. —ever have sauerkraut for breakfast? The HAVEN’T! Hm. — well then, you cannot understand why the crew leans on their shovels from 9:30 to noon. Men would stay one day, two days and the more hardy would stay four and a half days— while the commissaries were m a k i n g themselves indespensible (as sharks). They forgot that men used to “stay” months and years, before the sharks started feeding— and the railroads knew it; because it was on the books. Here’s where the tearful part comes in — The railroads, being none too bright themselves didn’t know what to do in a case of this kind. But they said, “*let there be a change*; it cannot be worse.”

Thus it was that Mexicans (and Bulgarians) come to take the places of the Old Timers who had refused to make better the conditions under which they labored, intermittently.

With their “short stakes” the old timers finally aggravated the companies into activity. Not one single effort was made by the men, or company to ameliorate the cause and frequency of “quitting”—and history will record them as Champion Quitter’s— it never occurred to them to organize.

But what did the Mexican do? Did he improve the conditions? No. He *removed the conditions*! He brought along his own cook and feeds himself. That’s where the tears come in! The company pays the cook. (The money that formerly went to pay two man-catchers now goes to pay the cook). And the men stay six and seven weeks at a lick, (not that it is an ideal condition).

Prepare to shed your tears. The dear employment sharks, whom the old-timers courted with lasting love and Havana cigars, is no more. In a short while the old gandy will be no more. But, until then, the old timer will beg and borrow three dollars to lay at the feet of his friend; who will ship him around the block to a wrecking job, but to a railroad job NEVER.

That is what happens to all those that refuse to organize.

Moral: Never leave a rotten condition, until it is as sweet as the first kiss of boyhood. Stay by her. Organization will make or break any condition. That’s how the Mexican did it and that’s how we all must do it. Organize.

## 1924\_42\_IW\_10051924

**Kindergarten Wages**

Farm wages are pretty much on the to child-labor basis. In 1923 three squares, (meals) a room and $33 a month were the wages of farm laborers. The figures are those of the Sears - Roebuck Agricultural foundation — laugh if you want to —and they no doubt are the average wage of all farm labor including those of the Industrial Union No. 110, which, owing to organized demands, necessarily are much higher— the figures, in addition, are based on “government sources.”

It is plain to be seen that $33 a month, $1.10 a day, makes no provision for the upkeep of a woman save when that agricultural worker happens to be a woman. But even then, in the latter case, it doesn’t alter our contention that farm wages are based on child-labor.

Not only are the wages based on the earnings of those, of the children, that get paid but, in addition to this, full grown citizens —at a marriageable age —are made to compete with those of the children *that do not receive wages*.

Although, in the case where the farm worker boards himself the wages average $47 a month, we cannot stray far from the original proposition, that of $33 a month; since farm labor is as a rule synonoymous of with board, if not with room, which too often proves to be an attic or hayloft. Our contention is t that $33 a month will not begin to take canre of the demands made upon is by our “better half” (if we have one) and we insist that such a figure will pay only the house rent; that it is at cariance with the capitalist system and prevents our participation in the affairs of full grown men. Such wages place us at an *equality with kids in knee-breeches, and if* continued will have a deleterious effect upon the morals of farm labor as a whole.

Be it said, to the discredit of farmers, that they have made every effort to foster low wages and have employed children, their own or others, with or without pay, to beat full grown women—thus incapicitating such men and women from the ordinary pursuits; diverting them from purposes for which nature intended them.

And now it develops the industrial commissars (of capital) have made arrangements for a six per cent less demand, or 89 per cent normal compared to 95 per cent last year. This means that six men will be added to every 100 unemployed to swell the platoons of the idle. This means there will be six per cent less prosperity than last year— allowing for the prosperity that didn’t materialize. Something like this will hold good for the whole damn system — six per cent less.

In so far as this was intended for a farm article (now changed) it wouldn’t be right if I failed to go on record with an anecdote showing the ingrained nature of the farmer:

It happened in a state where capital punishment is the custom. A farmer’s boy was to be hung for practising what he learned in France. His father came to see him in jail, and, after the usual niceties were passed over, the boy inquired: “Well, dad, are ye coming out to see me hung?” “Wa’al,” drawled the farmer, “I reckon I will, if it’s too wet to plow.”

The farmers lot surely is hard —in order to have the pleasure of seeing his son “off” he must suffer a double calamity— lose a son and a day from the plow.

## 1924\_43\_IS\_14051924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SOME THINKS**

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It’s the “old nuts” and not the children that should be allowed to retain their illusions; including those about Santa Claus. — A deserted 80-man camp makes a fairly good batching place for two or three men.

\* \* \*

Lo, these many moons many of us, as **individuals**, have been “on the bum.” But now, lookit, we have company. Whole nations over in Europe are “begging lumps,” so’s to say. Thirty years ago “the bum” was unknown. World sure do progress. Something seems to tell me the winter is over with; that **I’ve got her beat** . . . . but believe me, she was a long one.

\* \* \*

Mixing pleasure with pleasure is like taking a bite from two “bismarcks” ‘alternatively’; a superficial performance. But those that went to Palm Beach seem to have mixed oil and legislation with prohibition— prohibition, the kind that comes in quart **pokes**.

\* \* \*

We note: Some of our members are going in for greater entertainment. Well and good, but let me point out that if a shimmy is a dance then a full-souled-shiver is a **100-yard dash**.

We note: Some of our most intelligent members are unable to make themselves heard, at times. How it must ‘rile’ a man when he can’t holler as loud as a locomotive.

\* \* \*

How to care for a husband (advice to the loveshorn) : Give him plenty to eat — you can’t overdo it— if he doesn’t bring home enough money to make this possible go to work yourself. Take in washing — shoplifting is too risky and against the law besides.

\* \* \*

Lefthand Economics: The value of money is determined by the amount of time it takes to spend it Likewise, the value of time is determined by the size of the roll you spent. —Carlos Marx aint got anything on us.— Don’t spit on the track, to do so may spread the rails . . . .

“Tamp, tamp, tamp keep on a-tamping”

That is all you’ve got to do—

If you straighten up your back

You’ll be started down the track

Keep on tamping that’s the one thing left for you. —

Gandy dancers must now pass a physical examination (Don’t jump to conclusions!) only the tamping foot is examined. Four months of 10-hour tamping can be done in five 8 hour-months.

\* \* \*

“Money answereth all things.” Let’s put it another way: Fruitage of labor answereth all things. Among the securities left by William Allan Pinkerton, the world-famous detectif, were 3,000 shares of worthless mining stock— Evidently William Allan was a better **bully** than a detective. Harry K. Thaw’s estate, since he became insane, has grown from $100,000 to $2,000,000— I’ve a good mind to sue “my old man” for damages for his failure to bring me up— a half-wit.

Did I ever have an original thought? guy asks. Naw, all mine come from a litter . . .

Now in conclusion, let me announce (and it is a pleasure) the consolidation of the Association of Commerce, the Commercial Club and the Merchants Association into one organization to be known as (Joliet) Chamber of Commerce— all three organizations expired painlessly to make room for the boss’ one big union — a case of three souls with but a ONE thought.

T-b. S.

## 1924\_44\_IW\_14051924

**Those Hills You Said It**

You no doubt have been reading about he storms and tornado’s that near devastated the middle west on or about the period of March 28 and 31, 1924. And, no doubt, you have wondered where T. B. S. was; and “breathed” a prayer for him that he might not be caught in such inclement weather—and so much of it. He wasn’t.

He was down in Upper-Michigan where the weather is less presuming—enjoying a 48-hour blizzard. The health-giving qualities of a Michigan blizzard cannot be overestimated, hence, it is practically useless for me to dwell upon it.

I am moved to make these remarks because an impression has gone forth that upper Michigan is no paradise, an impression that every other “denomination of geography, South-Chicago, West-Allis and Kalispel are ONE. What do they know about paradise? Ontonagon, Michigan is the logical place—timber all around there; as far as the eye can reach and good timber— an ideal place to have a paradise. And that drinking water —oh boys—just a trace of iron in it, in its purest form— oh boys — what’s the use of buying tincture of iron in the drug store and run chances of losing all your teeth when you can embrace a lovely freight train and hie yourself to the gentle waving hills on the upper peninsula— but you say “them is mountains”— mountains nothing! The G. C. W. I. U. could fine grade them all in two weeks and haul the fill and dump it into Lake Superior. Where do they get that stuff, mountains! . . . as level as Waukegan, Illinois.

Funny how people get exaggerated ideas about elevations—a pimple appears on the face of the globe and its a mountain; a railroad locomotive puffs a few times up a gentle grade and people roll their eyes in wonder and breathe rarified invigorating atmosphere in deep draughts and try to look sophisticated; just like a drunk rising out of a futter— the minute his heels hit the sidewalk he’s half way to heaven —as I said before the 310 can put the whole smear on a wheeler and dump it into the lake . . . that ought to give you an idea of power, of economic power.

We have all thought that logging in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota was a thing of the past—three years ago. There is now 2,000 camps remaining in the three states. In about 16 year, I figure, the “virgin” timber will have been cut (if we have good luck and cold weather) then we can start on the “second cut.” But it will pay to organize the workers there, if but for the last three years—after that it will be too late: houses and woodenware will have been abolished — and, man will walk the earth in the aura of his importance garbed in intelligence.

Organizing any?

I’m glad you asked that question.

“You said it,” said Christ to Pilate.

I’ll say so! You don’t suppose we’re going to lay down in the face of the drive to be, made against L. W. I. U. this year! Organizing? You said it!

## 1924\_45\_IW\_17051924

**IN WHERE I’M A LIAR**

I believe I have somewhere said that the capitalist system always has been bad. And it may be that I have left that impression in the minds of my defenceless readers. Now if I have so done 1 wish to retract such statement, and effe such impression, on the grounds that all mortals are prone to err— and, on the grounds, that I am as mortal as anybody — mebbe more mortal than some. And furthermore, I waint it retracted because it isn’t true; and, (if I said so) I’m a liar. . . .

The capitalists system was not always bad ; even as my rheumatism didn’t always have the pep it now has; even as my hump at one time was modest to the point of absenteeism.

These things, capitalism, rheumatism end alcoholism, etc., have small beginnings, (and terrible endings). *‘That leads us to believe that a small hump is a good hump; that a little rheumatism is fine far the legs and that a little capitalism is not bad at all*— otherwise, I don t see how we can retract the statement that capitalism wus always bad.

It seems we have a hair to split—and no wedges to do it with.

Some people [uncelar]en capitalism to a boil ana put forth pretentious argument to prove that a boil purities the blood. Well then, our blood must be getting pretty pure by now, for the boil sure is a whopper — (I didn’t know we had so much bad blood) — l wonder if lancing would do any good?

So capitalism is a boil, is it, and purifies the blood, If so, then, the bigger it is the most impurities it must throw off. From this it can be seen that’ the size of the boil is determined by the amount of impurities in the blood. But it would seem to me that it isn’t boils that we need, but Cascarets, or something like that, that “work while you sleep.” Yes, the sleep you are undergoing should not be disturbed. Now isn’t it possible that capitalism (like boils) feeds on the impurities in the social system and that, like boils, capitalism is but evidence that the impurities are there? And, that impurities (parasites) should be gotten rid of before they break out in capitalism’s (boils) big, small or medium. I’m inclined to that viewpoint, in fact, I’m heartily in favor of ridding ourselves of ail parasites, low, medium or great; boils, the same; capitalism, ditto; all three, pronto— the prontoer the better.

Now in conclusion we will bring our wedges and split the hair so that each and all may view the operation I will raise the “hair” again. Here she is: “The capitalist system was not always bad”?

Now to split it we will put our wedge on the word “always” and we will then merely assert, that, since capitalism did not *always* exist, it could not have *always* been bad. It has been bad only the short period of its eistence, (up to date) which falls short of *always* by 33,000,000,000 years and seven months.

Capitalism was not always bad nor will it always BE bad. It was good before it came and will again be good after it is gone.

“Speed the day,” as George would say. But, I’ll concede, it has been *less bad* the farther baik we look and has been steadily growing worse; and will grow much worse with increasing steadiness until it goes down in a blaze of its own iniquity. Do not, oh do not, delude yourself that it is capable of getting better.

Periodically, if would appear the system “soaks” us less violently but what does it mean? It simply means that the last BOIL was in an *awkward* place. (Like a boil on your best girl’s nose) I say “best girl” advisedly, most of ‘em’s best, and the rest are better—yesterday, today and forever, plus.

I know not whether jails be right

Or whether jails be wrong

But this I know —that pay is small

And hours —hellish long.

## 1924\_46\_IS\_21051924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SAFETY FIRST**

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During these **preharvest** depressions we literary folks have greater opportunities to see more of our beloved America, even with the lesser facilities at hand. Thus it was that our writer weary, gaunt and travelworn (what wasn’t worn was jolted) disengaged himself from a train and alighted gracefully with his ear close to the ground — in a listening attitude. Hearing nothing he spit the cinders from his mouth and proceeded to take his bearings and a chew of snuff, realizing that cinders are hard on teeth and compare only with bran, as **piece de resilience** whereas snuss preserves the teeth. After brushing himself he discovered he was surrounded on all sides by the beautiful and virtuous city of Cleveland. Hastily wiping all evidence of travel from his face he vowed that hereafter he would boost for the electrification of all railroads, and the electrocution of all parasites, who put in full time working the workers— for he considers criminal-parasitism not a disease but a vicious habit. Just then two railroad bulls, deeply disguised as jobless workingmen, approached and one of them casually inquired : “How’s the crew to ride with” and did I “get off that train?”—Imagine these rising young Burns asking me, my hair grey at the temples, **if I got off that train** — must have thought that I was some kind of a walking Information Bureau — but I was polite. I told him that it was beyond my powers to know anything about the crew and that I was only a hardworking laborer returning home from work to the bosom of my family. “Where are you working?” he next inquired — (darn these bulls anyway for inquisitiveness). Well, — well sir —yessir, I said sir— **You** ought to **know**, you’ve, seen me pass by here every day (pretty neat, eh!) I’m over here at Isaac Leisy’s Brewery, we’re changing it into a tabernacle they tell me, I countered. This seemed to satisfy him—I knew it would — and I felt it was my duty to satisfy him even if I had to lie to do it— I’m not drawing any pay for enlightening thick headed bulls and I’m not under oath, yet I imagine under oath I could do better.

Around the corner from Superior street is an entrance of a bank whose portals are guarded by a couple ladies done in ‘rock.’ Both are holding a box — a money box — in the **akimbo** of one arm; holding dagger, hilt end up, which makes it look like a cross, in the other hand. I was not prepared to enter the bank (with all that female militia standing guard) but, and I’ll confess, I did stand quite awhile admiring (with mouth open) the generous proportions of **the torso**; compared to the size of the head. Then, suddenly coming back to earth, we meandered back to Superior St., and proceeded in our lawful pursuits, athwart the bow of the bank — and then it happened: There on the bank’s front porch sat Labor, done in brass, and he had his hammer right along with him . . . Mighty KNOCKER! Not enough clothes on him to flag a hand car . . . . . and sitting down! Christ!! Who ever heard of such brazen ef**front**ery? Under the figure behind a sliding panel is a machine gun, a one pounder which slides out whenever a debate commences as to the ownership of the “change” reposing in the vaults of this concern. This layout is burglar proof against all comers except a Tank Corps BUT—if some misguided individual ever attempts to “recruit” his fortunes the slaughter will be terrific! The robbers might not be shot but plenty of citizens will be coughing up machine gun bullets for months afterward. Oh well, it isn’t my funeral, if Cleveland enjoys sitting on a keg of powder let her do so. Life insurance rates are going up

P. S. — Tank of “Nitro” on Public Square would be a reassuring sedative compared to this “one pounder.”

Note: Harmless “black, powder” must be stored in **isolated places** yet this machine of destruction is brought in amongst the very people— by the very men who preach Safety First and practice it Last.

## 1924\_47\_IW\_21051924

**NURSE YOUR CUSTOMERS**

By T-BONE SUM

It has long been a mystery how the maintenance men are able to survive the terrible garbage fed them by ex-employment sharks masquerading a s commissary companies. But now this mystery is about to be solved. Railroad companies have taken it upon themselves to “physically examine” these hardy people—probably with the view of finding a vulnerable spot in their armor.

Another thing, about these worthy brothers (that to our author seems peculiar) is the fact that many “moonshiners and bootleggers” are working on the tracks taking the places of the men they killed off with wood alcohol— rather a servere punishment to give a man merely for the crime of overestimating the STAMINA of a FEW heavy drinkers. Some of them have drank so long and so much that the burial services can be simplified, when they die—just pour them back in the bottle—and smash the bottle (if the law of our fair land makes it compulsory). I do not believe in destruction of property or bottles, etc., why, I wouldn’t even smash a potato, I’d try to swallow it whole. But if the law says smash the bottle, I will back up the law with the last chunk of bologna in my veins. They can’t call me a law buster—and get away with it. Anyway, I have no sympathy for the bootleggers; serves them right for killing their “trade.” This’ll learn ‘em to nurse their customers.

## 1924\_48\_IS\_28051924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**COINCIDENCES AND COMPLEXES**

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Right around the corner from the I. U. 440 hall in Cleveland, on East 9th St, is the “Press” plant. — By the way, the Press is the least dead of the Cleveland papers. — Take it from me, an expert on arrested respiration.

In this frowning edifice, in a mental straight-jacket, sits one of the brightest of Press reporters — great beads of sweat stand out on his brow only to melt and commingle with his 15½ collar. His face denotes great agony of spirit, such as could be induced only by a pair of tight shoes on a hot day.

Something terrific portends and the reporter turns fend squirms as each new mysterious shock surges to overwhelm him— poor man. He knows that “worlds hang in the balance,” at this moment; that a fissure may be then and there forming between the superiority complex and solid cocrete; that the firmaments are probably right now crashing down on upper Euclid—oh, if he only knew! What a front page it would make!

We will let the scribe suffer and proceed to explore the cause of his ailment: T-bone Slim, the noted author and authority on sanitary unionism had arrived in town. Traffic cops gasped, spun their semaphores around, wildly waved down all traffic that Slim might leisurely implant his aristocratic feet on the far side of the boulevard. . . .

A low browed chauffeur permits his car to roll one inch too far, and the police officer uses the full force of his rusty profanity in an eloquent plea for courtesy: “**What do you mean?**” he yells, “**what do you mean by endangering the life and equanimity of T-BONE Slim?**”—That’s what he said, and he put special emphasis on my middle name.— At that moment the reporter, referred to, began to grow uneasy— telepathy or leprosy, I calls it.

\* \* \*

Uninjured, our hero arrived at the hall in due time and began writing his historical record about the one pounder, entitled “Safety First” — which no doubt you have read and condemned— quite unconscious of the mental torture he was causing the inoffensive reporter impaled upon the staff of the Cleveland Press.

Every move of Slim’s No. 2 (pencil) was like a dagger thrust to the reporter, and when Slim finished his article and broadcast it to the amazed world (from Station I. U. 440), by reading it aloud to the bunch there, the reporter burst from his bonds, lethargy, or whatever you call it, and dashed off a column (screed) on his Overland (or Underwood) about one “Bailey,” who guards the federal reserve funds in a bullet-proof cage.

The statue I called Labor, he calls Energy — thiswise: “Unlike Energy, that bronze guardian of the south side of the bank, ‘Bailey’ hasn’t any cannon concealed beneath his feet.”— Don’t know, is this an invite or bait?— And the ladies with the daggers and cash box, he manhandles thiswise: . And unlike Integrity and Security, those scantily-draped giant flappers of German extraction who guard the west portals of the edifice, his brow (Bailey’s) is not festooned with banana-draped wreaths.” Yes he has no bananas. — He had to bring that in too.

Now my point is this: Our industrial union papers get out on the street dated one or two days late and thus it is that these inferiority complexes of this daily and hourly papers, and impoverished substitutes reach the people before our **genuine literature** has a chance to wend its weary way to Chicago and back. Despite every efficiency in Sol’s office they will scoop us unless our writers cease “broadcasting” and even then our papers should bear a date that is fresh in the memory of the inhabitants. Some day we will have a daily paper. **Some day we will have daiIy papers**. Some day we will run all the papers. And, in the meantime: we will do the very best we can, increasing “**our best**” as the necessity arises and the conditions require and complexes permit.

What man can conceive can be done. Nothing is impossible. Everything is possible (i. e., Darwin conceives; Burbank provides.))

P. S.— Ole Hanson, Seattle Wartime Mayor, “Pinched” as Horse Thief. — Herald Examiner, Chicago, 1 May 20th— News is scarce.

## 1924\_49\_IS\_04061624

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**Introduction to Starved Ears**

**Intro:**— Canned vibrations, radio, phonograph or telephone are a utility, not a diet— and prolong life about as much as a picture of a banquet. . . artificial. Woe be unto the nation that substitutes anything for the Freedom of Expression.

—

STARVED EARS

(Epic-gramatically?)

Man goes to work, intelligent; comes home, (in the evening) ignorant.

\* \* \*

In the morning he is “clear”; in the evening he is tired.

\* \* \*

There is more to a handshake than friendship . . two handshakes equal a dinner.

\* \* \*

Handouts, too, have two values—one you know instinctively is food; the other is the trace of a “hand-shake” that dings to it

\* \* \*

The germiest handshake is worth more than all the flattery spoken since time began.

\* \* \*

Printed flattery has no value to the flattered — it benefits the flatterer.

\* \* \*

Spoken flattery benefits both: The flattered reaps the vibrations, the flatterer feels relieved.

Printed flattery is but reiteration, for the billionth time, of that what is already known.

\* \* \*

Flattery is the oldest joke sprung. But speech, even when handicapped with flattery, is better than a tubfull of medicine.

Too little speech dwarfs the mind and withers the body— “silent speaker” and his audience both suffer.

\* \* \*

Too much speech is like too much “turkey,” to the hearer. To the speaker, a delirium of vowels is worse than a rupture . . .very weakening.

\* \* \*

A soundless world is an empty cupboard — A bedlam of noise is more destructive than a cyclone. Cyclones destroy bodies. **“Noise” destroys life**.

\* \* \*

Conversation, between humans, is the same as two horses gnawing each other’s manes — both benefit. Give the boys free speech, and deny not the prisoners.

Why do pigeons hum? Why do dogs bark? Lions roar? Snakes hiss? Hens cackle? Roosters crow? Crows caw? Elephants trumpet?— tell me, oh ye savants? Why do these vibrate the air with their calls? And mice— whose very safety depends on silence—they squeak. Give us, oh my masters, the privileges of a rat. Let your humans participate in and partake of life even as yon rodent at this moment in my room . . .

Silence—death ; liberty—chains. — We are born with a cry and die with a rattle but in the meantime we will speak.

\* \* \*

Let us shake hands (on it) and speak the word our silent brother is “starving” for ....

Denial of freedom of speech is assault (without battery) and is equivalent to life sentence in prison (with prison absent.)

Denial of speech in prison is a death sentence in addition to the regular sentence.

I say, let’s talk it over — ‘tis a fundamental right and an absolute necessity.

Freedom of the Press not here discussed, it is another matter and comes under the head of “soaking it in” through the eye.— Our subject was ears.

## 1924\_50\_IS\_08061924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**FUSS AND FEATHERS**

–––––

Motion attracts attention. Commotion interest— I have both.

Concordia, Kansas. — I hesitated a moment, in my mad rush thru the present world, to watch a bevy of gentle laborers picking chickens and roosters — defeathering poultry. And even, as I watched, the beautiful pickers removed the beautiful feathers from the beautiful birds, exposing the beautiful alabaster bosom of the chickens. — (Uh-hub´h, both.)

It was a scene of great and entrancing beauty. It was also a chicken packing establishment of great reknown.

In addition to that it was early in the morning, or should have been, for had not I (ye noted and discreet chicken fancier) but recently arisen from my hard and virtuous coach.

The dexterity with which the ladies removed the feathers was something uncanny if not appaling and it occurred to me that it is no wonder there are so many bald headed men.

(Note: For furnishing them this alibi I expect a vote of confidence from the tortured sex.)

The fluffy feathers floated eddying in the consfecreated atmosphere ‘down the ventilated aisles twixt the crated piles of pulchritudinous roosters and garrulous hens. Our poet stood spell bound speculating as to what effect a broiler could, would, or might have on his prospective breakfast.

The girls appeared to be contented and happpy, that is, if song is an indication of spiritual complaisancy and harrowing joy. —One of them began the lilt,” others joining in, and soon the feather strewn welkin fairly vibrated with the harmony of their melodious voices blended, in some classic “composition” of a master artist. I hope I am not exaggerating and my ear may not be so keen, as it was, since John Young took to exploding cartridges in an effort to give me the ‘Key’ with a whining bullet. In fact: it was with gingerly-caution that I verified the presence of my sound receptacle and found it intact. But it may have lost some of its cunning as a sound detector and gatherer. No can tell.

What puzzled mee was that such prosaic work as pulling feathers from a more or less dead bird could be so romantic and I strained my ears to catch the pulsating melody—and almost ruptured myself trying to remember the name of the song. Instinctively I knew it was a classic, (by Pietro Mascagni, Charlie Schwab or possibly one of our own Red Downs) and, so, I squirmed, quivered and grunted in my agony to recall the song. That these carefree ladies could sing while working seemed strange to me and further excited my jaded interest to identify the melodious masterpiece; mellifluent tocsin. . With one mighty effort I concentrated all my fibres and faculties on the mystery, placed a finger in my mouth, rolled my eyes like a strangling calf, twisted one leg around the other and then—ah—and then, the words came to me as dear as the uncracked timbre of a boll:

John D. is saying,

Go feather your nest;

No fuu in playing

Go feather your nest;

The zephyrs whisper,

Oh pull ‘em off, sister;

You’ll get a kind mister—

Go feather your nest.

Well! That kinda puts a different complexion onto the situation and I made up my mind that these ladies were “some of those gol dang Reds” I had heard about. Huh—making fun of their gol dang Slavery —go feather your n’-n’ box car! Huh.

My business, that of rubbernecking, being completed, I got myself under way and proceeded in a peaceable manner adown the track. . .hadn’t gone far when I came upon two children diligently picking the feathers from the person of a dove. The dove struggled valiantly trying to prevent a decent exposure but it was no match against the firing generation. It was in dire straits. Pretty nearly all its feathers had been removed and there was a certain strangeness about it that forcibly reminded us of a bob-haired flapper—-so scantily was the bird clothed with splendor. “What the hell’s the big IDEAH!” I politely inquired of the young rascals.

“That’s the savage, in a child,” butts in a fellow worker.

“Well, you see — mister— we’re learning to pick chickens,” replied the youngsters amost in one breath.

Now, if there is a connection between that song and picking chickens there must be a connection between the handiwork of these small boys and the labor of the maidens, and it will not surpprise me if these young men progress along their chosen lines to such a frame of mind that some day they will scalp their sweetheart with great and good cheer—or a chair; for a lawnmower.

“That’s the savage in a child.”—

Not on your tintype. These young gentlemen assured me that they didn’t want to hurt the dove; that they tried hard to get ‘em off without hurting it; that they used every caution and gentleness in gettin’ ‘em off . . . Do you call that savage?

\* \* \*

A conscientious objector is a man that will not kill a rabbit but is willing to eat one . . . .(I’m out of paper.)

‘Twas I that passed judgment upon the dove’s expectancy of life. Necessarily both were short— specially the judgment.

\* \* \*

No sirree! I swear by all that’s wormey and holey, I did not eat that dove. You know me, editor, I’m innocent. I stand uncompromising, like Wellington before the battle of Waterloo; with roe it is “Chicken or Nothing.”— Once’t I regale myself on dove, sparrows will be next and grasshoppers eventually . . . . . so, like Wellington before the battle of Marshalltown.. . . “Chicken or Nothing.”

\* \* \*

“It’s rained two weeks, ‘cept today. (Why not now?)”— Must be plugged up. If the skies were as tight as the farmers, the Kansas harvest would be over with.

## 1924\_51\_IS\_11061924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**TULARE, S. D.**

–––––

(There are 1000 Tulares in South Dakota).

I.

‘Bout a granger— pro tern.

We shall warble— ahem!

(May the fates will no worker need squirm).

He is one of our crew—

And a taxpayer too—

‘Tis a pleasure to hear him affirm:

CHORUS:

“I will always be staunch

To my cobblestone ranch,

In the wilds of the wind-blistered lea;

Where I rested my back

On an old gunny sack,

As I dreamt of a fortune to be.

— ‘Tis a Kingdom for me

Just to gaze on, to see;

For there’s nothing but hardships **to share**—

Down the road that leads back

To a tar paper shack—

To the cobblestone ranch at Tulare.”

II.

He’s as far now from home

As a Baptist in Rome,

And he feels he’s been led far astray;

First, to be daily bossed;

Then, to be doublecrossed—

So, he feels he has this much to say:

CHORUS:

“Not a stand will he take,

Nor a leg will he shake,

For improving his lot on the job—

When the boys go on strike,

(For the good things of life)

He is there with his ‘heftiest’ sob:

CHORUS:

IV.

“Not a livelihood here,

And it’s privation there.

Yet he thinks he can ‘make it’ alone;

— He’s a sort of a cross

‘Tween a Slave and a Boss;

Just a sort of a ‘two-legged moan.’

CHORUS:

V.

On the farm how he longs

For the workshops and throngs;

In the city he “aches” for the soil —

But, he won’t organize

For to cop the grand prize

With his neighbors, his comrades in toil.

LAST CHO:

He will always be staunch

To his cobblestone ranch—

Every rock in his mem’ry is carved;

Quite forgotten his class,

As he worships the grass

And the place where he manfully starved!

‘Tis a Kingdom for him

(Don’t believe me, ask Tim)

Yes, there’s nothing hut cobbles and care

Down the road that leads **back** . . .

To the tar paper shack,

To the cobblestone ranch, at Tulare.

P. S.

Oh he thought he was wise

And he sought to surprise

The industrial centres of toil.

— Now the light in his eyes,

Like the hope in him, dies;

And it’s “carry me back to the soil.”

— END —

An average worker (pro tem or stiddy) imagines that if he loses a “battle for bread” at one place, he will win it at another place. Batles are not won that way. They must be fought “where the battles are.” — While you are picking a suitable “battleground” capitalism is picking your pockets— going through your clothes and forgetting to return them.

No time like the present; (we have no other). The past isn’t time. The future MAY be— empty!

There is no place like “THIS” . . .

No occasion like NOW.

## 1924\_52\_IS\_18061924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**VALUATION**

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After the railroads have been laid in the most barbarous manner, in the most out-of-the-way places; after they cross, recross and criss-cross (each other and themselves) in; a most aimless manner and, finally, after the people’s money has-been sunk in sink-holes or thrown away in swamps and bad-lands then the rail-roads bob up smiling and ask us to give them a “valuation” that would conform with the cost of building this senseless net work today— Nay, Pauline, we will not place any such value upon them.

We will not admit they are worth half the original cost even—even with present costs their **usefulness** can be duplicated for less than the original figure if precaution is taken to prevent an army of ergophobiacs (parasites) from amassing private fortunes for themselves.

\* \* \*

THE STATUS QUO-ERS

Among the many men that we get To Go With Us will be many that will be Of Us. It will distinctly pay us to purr into the ears of those that will go **with us**, in order to arrive at those (of them) that will be **of us**.

CRULLERS

\* \* \*

No more the weary pilgrim need

To slaughter grain and pigs;

No more the gentle strangers feed

Consists of bark and twigs;

His sustenance he now may eke,

Encased within a w-hole:

The pork smeared dough and **e’en the squeak—**

A fry cake with a soul.

## 1924\_53\_IS\_25061924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**TRACKS OF THE TRADE**

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Speaking about technique, and assuming that 16 bankers are working on a “tongs-gang” relaying steel. I wish to say that it would keep six lawyers busy tellin’ ‘em how to do it and not cripple themselves. I do admit that lawyers have a degree of ability. Coming as it does from me, I hope the **legallists** will be able to hang onto their ‘frayed’ modesty.

On the other hand, technique of a locomotive engineer is high indeed. It takes years and years of coal shoveling before they are trusted with a locomotive. It fairly appalls me (to think) what they must know. Colored hostlers must work six weeks around a roundhouse, before they are even allowed to run an engine into the shed. I know firemen that have shoveled coal ten years without learning all the “in and outs” about an engine, to say nothing about finding the 57 oil holes.

I don’t know why “technique” is so called, why “skill” is so called—I’ve always called it work— but I do know that man can learn to swing a spike maul with his teeth and drive a spike, if some one will hold the spike . . . otherwise he must do it with his hands. Last night I saw a dog climb a seven-foot post and take down a hoop. Would you call that technique, trick, or work? Any dog can do the same, the stunt is accomplished by taking a running start and continuing up the post the same way.

## 1924\_54\_IS\_02071924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**THE PERFECT FLOWER OF CAPITALISM**

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**THE FRANK’S CASE**

I am not bloodthirsty. I am not calling for the blood of these young men. They are a distinct product of the capitalist system—property of our demoralized society and as such should not be destroyed.

Before either of these gentlemen hang, other and more atrocious crimes will attract and distract our attention.

We don’t know the half of it. Those of this race do not kill each other.

How they stand on “sacrifice,” is another matter. We won’t know the half of it. I’m sorry for them!

But what we are doing with ‘em is not an argument in favor of extermination.

Let us not make a slaughter house of our country. Let is rather put our hous in order to the end that such things will not happen. We can never hope to succeed where inequality in all things fosters a condition of contempt for “inferiors” on one hand and hate for “superiors” on the other. Bring anout equality at the point of production for all; and all things will follow. Put them all to useful work or else banish all work from our shores. Let’s have done with ivory.

This can be done only with organization.

The “superiority complex,” non-existent, but attributed to these [unclear] and embraced by them, is in “error” not only fundamentally but in so far as they elected wrong parties to play the roles. The murder itself was a very ordinary affair, and in other things too, their muchly heralded superiority is on par with that of an extra-gang flagman—who feels keenly the indignity of finding no reserved seat for him on the hand car; for he feels that, upon his approach, a couple of spikers should vacate their seats and prostrate themselves so that HE might use their sturdy frame as a stepping stone to a seat of honor.

## 1924\_55\_IS\_02071924

**AN OLD PAINTING**

–––––

The heroes of the yesteryear

Performed with sword and dirk,

And not a blessed one of them

Was ever known to work.

Their fairy queens ne’er milked the cows;

Nor scrubbed the floors; nor slopped the sows—

Their time was spent in making bows

And lifting of their penciled brows.

—T. B. S.

## 1924\_56\_IW\_12071924

**ANOTHER EAR-FULL**

“Professor” Burns’ usefulness in Washington is best exemplified by the fact that Attorney Daugherty’s successor, “Fellow Worker” Stone, so far has selected “O” to fill William’s shoes. We’ve thought all along that those Washington jobs were too “thickly inhabited.” And the Burns job was the most highly populated job in the world according to the lamentations of the press.

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The “stir” in Atlanta. Ga., is getting to be quite a gover-”norial” mansion—a sort of gubernatorium (or a senatorium)— what with such throbbing ability within her walls why not give her Home rule or Uncontional Independence—Warren T. McCray’s crime was his failure to secure a sufficiently firm grip upon the sweetbreads of capitalism. . . .

Stealing $999,999 is nowadays considered a nominal indiscretion and one so doing is farmed out for additional seasoning. I doubt If Warren will ever be a success as assistant bookkeeper— he might have tried “porch climbing” and using a “jimmy”— his weight reconciles well with the use of the black-jack.

–––––

It isn’t the world that is flat, but life. . . . No strikes, no scandals, no murders—ho hum!— Wish it would warm up so that we could lay down.

–––––

“West Side Grocer Kills Bandit “—Ho hum!— Bandits should be more careful—either that or stay on the East Side, with us. And if the East Side grocers open fire on us we’ll quit trading with ‘em ‘n go over to Newburg— we refuse to declare war. It’s Peace with Honor with us.

–––––

The Discount (Bank) is Solvent. — Hurrah! Our money after all is safe. I wonder if they will now hand it back to us?

–––––

One congressman gone to jail may no be enough, but it’s a good beginning— ‘op ‘op, whoa — and, he must feel like the socialist party’s first candidate, Meyer London when he went to congress --—lonesome.

Let Horatio Alger, Junior, now write his masterpiece. “From Congress to Can”—on one gallon

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I’ve been invited by the Cleveland fellow workers to make a speech in Wyoming—the Cook County r-r-revolutionists would rather watch me chew snuss. Why Clevelanders pique on Wyoming is not clear—must be an old grudge.

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“Judges are too lenient,” says Secretary of State Hughes. “Perhaps the gravest concern today,” he added. “Is the inadequacy and lax enforcement of law through the deficiency of the administration of the criminal law’.”— Big words. Brave words. Perhaps the Honorable Secretary has experience. Did he or did he not rest his eye upon those illegal fight pictures?

Outside of that, let me say: It is now necessary for the American people to quit work, let business, art and science go to hell and stand by (as one man) to enforce these laws. Half the people have already volunteered their services as prohibition dicks, etc. It is now up to the other half to step up to the pie counter— give ‘em a law apiece to enforce— send over to Europe and get more **enforcers** if we’re shorthanded.

Methinks the Secretary is unnecessarily jeopardizing our reputation— lookit: Gov. McCray in the can. Lawgiver Langley throwing fits because the courts changed his address to Atlanta. Ga. Does the Secretary call that lax enforcement? I think we are making a good showing among the law makers and I offer a fervent prayer that we will be able to convict the rest of them. (This should not be construed that I an encouraging them to break laws.) But 110,000,000 people will not be able to enforce our bumper law crop— unless they work overtime: and that would be against the By-Laws.

–––––

Were Industrial Democracy our objective or merely “ridding” ourselves of a few parasites or obtaining for ourself the full product of our toil (which laudable endeavor is **right close nigh unto democracy** in so far as the then sweetened human nature would become companionable), how would we bring it about?

What is the I. W. W.?

Answer: The means.

What is (the) Industrial Unionism?

Answer: The method.

What is Organization?

Answer: Order (natural).

What is Open Shop?

It is Disorder. It is neither “this or that.” It is Nothing. What is it? — You say.

What is half man and half sucker?

Answer: What is it?

Half slave, half free, half-loaf, half-wit?

Answer: What is it?

–––––

Do my answers answer?

Echo shrugs his shoulders.

–––––

The press speaks feelingly about Dawes’ “program”— let’s have it. Print it in full so that we can take a slant at it: or shut up. Give it to us and let us form our own opinion. It’s only 40,000 words. —French are for ft. Germans fairly “dote” on it. Chinese say it can’t be beat. Eskimos grow fat on it” — le’s have It. We might be for it and not know it!

## 1924\_57\_IS\_16071924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SOME IMPROMPTUS**

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Resourceful: The resourcefulness of the extra-gang foreman is proverbial. Quarter of “quitting time” a string of gravel cars appears: “**Look it the dirty b . . . ds bringing them cars this time of day, he says, they’re looking for overtime— but we’ll fool ‘em; we’ll ‘dig in’ and unload ‘em in a hurry. They’ll get no overtime from us, boys, will they?**”

But in spite of our best efforts there was overtime.

Next morning “the boys” asked him, “how much over-time did we get last night?”

“B’ys,” says he, “**he wired and I wired—and—that’s [the] way it ‘tis**.”

Another one to illustrate section boss this time :

The extra-gang had beat them in; a race. “**Never mind, boys**,” says the ‘king’, “**they may beat us in but we’ll beat ‘em out in the morning . . .**”

And when the “king” revolts he does it thusly:

(Work is to be done afterhours): “**No by God, boys**,” says he, “**we’ll fool ‘em; we won’t do it — but mebbe we’ll haf’ to**.”

In re verbatim, to wit: “**Elmer told a funny story this noon; the boss laughed— so we all laughed.**”

Further the deponent sayeth not.

–––––

War hath her victories no less than Peace. Death where is thy sting? We’ve been stung and stung and stung, (Joe Hill said it!) until a sting begins to feel like back-pay. (No offense intended; none is possible.)

–––––

Back-pay should not be confused with “baksheesh”. Backsheesh is that part of Turkish pay that arrives prior to the regular “pay” (please notice the crepe on word pay).

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By the way, follow-gents: D’y never notice the “Turkoman” is an I. W. W. by inclination, persuasion and by presentiment? He ain’t the only one bothered that way— I’m only saying.

The one big union, they all seem to fall for it. Must be something in it. What is it. — T-bone Slim.

## 1924\_58\_IW\_16071924

**CONGRESS AND BUMS**

Yes, we have a depression — three of ‘em. One amidship, one on top (?) and one surrounds up.

By the way. Remember that depression we had in ‘steen? Yes. down in Springfield, Illinois. You DO! I thought you would. When the bums all carried hatchets like George Wash, and Catharine Nation? Remember It? How they used to win subsistence with their hatchets—they would go along the side of a stock train, pull the pigs’ tails out between the slats and chop them [uncleaer] and make a muligan of them. Remember It? Rather crude and cruel— that was in the days before it was discovered that pigtail makes wonderful canned tongue—in fact. I believe that famous depression gave the packers an idea. . . . Sh, sh, shush. The bums saw that it was a waste of power to haul tails so they Intercepted the trains and abbreviated the hogs. There should be a constitutional amendment against this. For these men take it that their sole dependent is their stomach and, in the absence of clear law specifying a closed season on pig tails they may “unbury” their axes during this present deppression. . . .

It is said that “Congressmen cannot live on $7,500 a year.” I believe it. You wouldn’t expect congress to drink the same stuff that we drink — lemon-phosphate, ginger ale and water.— $7,500 is $600 a month, $20 a day. — I admit that it can’t be done . . . and I hope they will refuse to do it . . . there is no good reason why they should . . . I cannot recall a single extenuating circumstance why they should continue to live on $7,500. — Of course we would hate to see them expire — we’re tenderhearted — we never could gaze on death with equanimity — but if they, will let us know in advance— as the critical moment approaches — we will “lay” over a day between towns.

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Labor, too, threatens to expire. He says he cannot live an hour on four-bits (that’s four bucks a day — and that’s $104 a month —that’s $1,248 a year —one thousand two hundred and forty-eight dollars a year or twelve hundred and four dozen bucks a year . . . It becomes ‘clear: If congress can’t survive on seventy-five hundred dollars, how in the name of sweet Peggy Joyce (my ideal) are we to survive on twelve hundred? We can’t— and what’s more, we won’t. We’ll start work on our will right away: We. T-Bone Slim, being of flexible mind and unsound body, do hereby bequeath and will all our interest in pigtails, before mentioned, to the $7,500 congressmen, in the hope that they may eke out a livelihood until such a time when they are able to look after the people’s interest, and, to do our bit in driving the spectre of want from the porch of our lawgivers. Note: Whether we die or not this will holds good, for, in the meantime we impose to live on roots (not roosts). Note II: Work is scarce. Let congressmen hang onto their jobs at least till work opens up a little— enough bums already.

Robbers and Robins Organize. We’ll discuss robins first; robbers can wait:

Before robins start north from the sunny south, they gather themselves into large flocks (industrial unions), then they undertake the trip. Days and days they wait patiently until all are ready. None start out alone.

Now the moral to this. We may not be as smart as the robbers, but surely we ought to have the guts of a robin. Let’s go.

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Unemployment, the great irrespector of persons, is paying our Indiana K. K. Klan a hundred per cent visit. Wages are shyn an’ getting shyer. Lot of time now to flit around in a night shirt.

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My outstanding and outspoken impression of the Land of Wabash is: Everybody is trying to get everybody else to say something against our glorious traditions and wonderful regime of thievery in high places—a fine state of affairs. Let us patiently wait till this comes to a head — it spells assassination. If they are not at each other’s throats in a very short time I miss my guess. Really, we should interfere, to save their lives.— DAYLIGHT slaving time commences June 15th in OKLAHOMA.

## 1924\_59\_IW\_19071924

**SOME OUTFIT**

We have heard it said that the A. W. I. U. is “only” a recruiting union. With the permission of the “speaker,” I will change that sentence to read. “The. A. W. I. U. is also a *big* recruiting union.” —looks better doesn’t it? She do.

In addition to being an industrial union it is a recruiting union. Not only is it compelled to recruit its membership from among the agricultural workers, but, in addition to this, it must carry the message of industrial unionism to the thousands of mechanics, artists, school teachers, professors, philosophers and revolutionists who spend their vacation in the lap o’nature.—This make it “publicity” Union—How’s that for accomplishments?

She’s twenty or ninety other things which ail (when boiled down) comes under the head of Industrial Unionism

Being all this, should not mitigate against the I. U. 110— you know, it sometimes happens that a baby is left in e care of a bricklayer— it doesn’t transform him into a nurse. He still remains an adjustor of bricks. So, too, I. U. 110 remains an Industrial Union and its inhabitants. Industrial Unionists—not “recruiters” and not “publicists.” — Some day, we will learn to call things by their proper names, and unions by their proper titles.

\* \* \*

The A. W. I. U., in addition to being one and ninety-nine forms of Activity, is (at this time) the *keystone* of clear labor thought in this country. Long and fervently the powers that be have prayed for a “wobblie-crop” failure, for they know that one such failure will effect the whole organization. Only last year, veiled threats were made against it in the parasite’s press— Was there a failure? We haven’t noticed it.

Drive after drive has been made successfully— never hopelessly — and I hasten to predict that *this* next drive will go a long way toward proving to the world that “harvest hands” have an unwritten copyright patent on solidarity when it comes to drive. Yes, there will be a drive. A regular old fashioned home coming— the same men may not participate— although we hope they will — and, in case we ain’t there our successors will be mindful of the glorious traditions (and rotten conditions) and perform altogether to the credit of their illustrious predecessors.

\* \* \*

It is up to I. U. 110 to carry the “news” far and wide this year even as she has done in the East — and it is up to the other industrial unions to take cognizance of this urgent work that is being done unselfishly by the only men who seem to recognize its importance—*men who sow what others reap*. They would not do it if they did not know that it must be done—either that or lay down. All else is useless. What does laying down mean? It means twenty years work gone to hell.— We can’t lay down!

Twenty years work is a pile of work — once’t we old timers lay down we cannot hope to duplicate this work because we haven’t twenty years left. We must continue on, giving from what we have. . . spread the news.

\* \* \*

Again I hear strange voices. They periodically reverberate on my ear-drums and they sound like words weighted with meaning— weighted with the substance that fathers a thought. . .

“The delegates are to be more carefully picked this year,” is the burden of the shrill voiced speaker’s words, and the words themselves seem to be “a shipment” the speaker is carrying. I do not know what outfit will do the picking— nor do I know if they will be picked clean — but I can visualize sinister figures pawing over a bunch of old-time Wobblies looking at their tongues; feeling of their pulses; smelling their breath and listening to the ol’heart rattle . . . and I can see these same sinister figures brushing the dirt off their tight legged bell bottoms . . . I begin to wonder who’s going to do the picking and who’s going to pick the pickers and will there be a feather left when the pickers are picked?

As to the plucking (that’s a better word) of delegates, I would suggest to the membership, they can verify the merits (or demerits) of this controversy (that disturbs my soul) by making personal application for credentials— if any picking is done, you will then find out who did the picking.

\* \* \*

We’re not organizing a bunch of social lions, we’re organizing workingmen like ourselves— they need organization and we are carrying it to them in our overalls Rpcket —stripped naked if necessary; *anyway to get there!* Which reminds me: Shorty ( — C) swam a river in Kansas, during a flood, (pen in his teeth, rigging on top of his head) and lined-up two scissors and one ex-wob. The new members thought it nothing strange to see Shorty dressed “a la burlesque.” Afterward, Shorty claimed that some one stole his sox while he was gone, but I knew Shorty; his sox have been stolen regularly every year, commencing on June 15—I wouldn’t call him a liar.

## 1924\_60\_IS\_20071924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**???**

However conclusive this evidence may be, personally I am committed to the doctrine, “Things Are Not What They Seem.”

I am reminded that in the last war, for instance, we jumped in to save the 100,000,000 dols, our financiers had loaned Russia and the 1 billion dols. we had coming from the allies for the “fire-crackers” we had sent them. Now, I don’t believe that— I would rather believe that the 100 million was “lent” for the purpose of getting us into the war—a sort of a prize to fight for; we to furnish the prize.

Like betting with a farmer the “farmer’s rooster” that it’ll rain before night (it did rain and we ate the rooster all right). But, ten days later, the farmer inquired: “What was it you put-up against that rooster of mine?”— “Diplomacy,” I told him.

So you see it all hinges on whether we jumped in to save the pocketbook thrown in to make us jump . . . . . Yea, verily, things are more than they seem.

By the way: We are lending money to Europe right now so that they can buy our goods. It works, too: Today I walked into a confectionery store and asked the proprietor to lend me a dime. He obliged, so I bought ten cents worth of chocolates from him and told him I believed in trading with those who treat me right.

I’m going to borrow off the butcher and baker and grocer, so that I can trade with ‘em— but, I’m afraid someday there’s going to be war and I will need allies.

Join the I. W. W.—T. B. S.

**My horse for a Kingdom— I mean, a title.**

## 1924\_61\_IS\_23071924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**IN MEMORIAM**

–––––

I presume you know what IDEAS are. Germs of THOUGHT. Embryonic (pronounced “hamburger”) thought. Embryonic, in turn, means eggs— Eggs of Thought? Now we’re getting to where we can handle our subject or start a new one:

Unfortunately, we signed articles to sail on one of these so-called “barges” that ply the waving grain, the bounding main, the surging plain, of the mighty state of Kansas, the land of great-eyed freckled females, sandstorms, puffed rice, puffed and shredded wheat, cornflakes, tin cans (the breakfast table, with six cartons of imitation foods on it, looks like a cross section of a delicatessen store— the boss has stomach trouble) and we proceeded around and around the fields taking on cargo our good ship pounding the bottom, jolting the crew until their Patent Howard A-A 1 garters and other rigging would break under the strain—I mean—under the overalls. Imagine what all that shaking and jolting does to them germs of thought; those embryonic notions; those “eggs;” (ideas about to be hatched out) and to the “stuff of imagination” in general, imagine this.

And consider then that you are paid $5 per— perhaps—for the jarring, jolting and shaking—and nothing for your work —nothing for other travail, such as: parboiled feet, cooked soles, sunroast and wind scorch, and, last but not least, being cut to pieces by bearded grain . . . . which same has gone far to respectablize the guiltiest scratching, done furtively, as well as the pure, virtuous and wholesome scratching done frankly and openly, vigorously.

People think nothing of a man “digging” himself on the streets and in the plaza, and other places more in harmony with his immediate structure. “Ah, says the town financier, “he is one of the men that help to make my living; outfits my cortege and furnish accessories for my baby blue sport car—let him scratch.”

But them IDEAS? Those eggs of THOUGHT?—

Knocking together in the jolting, end in the head.—Is it a wonder if some of them become cracked and the rest become smashed— unhatched —an indefinite mass — a mess. Like a bunch of henfruit in the fantail of a Ford —and, if Henry is blocked by a crippled freight train, the price of eggs would have dropped so that it wouldn’t pay two men to dicker on them, anyway.

Well, that’s what happens to the boys that harvest the grain, and I would suggest that every railroad be compelled to haul solid trains of empty oil tanks for the convenience of the workers— so that they may harden themselves to the jarring and jolting-to-come in the header-barge. Reduced gang-rates and plush cushions is going to cause the undoing of the Agricultural worker even as the fire-spitting “combine” will bankrupt the farmer, come a hail year.

The combine is a gamble “that it will not hail in the ten days that intervene between the time when grain is “fit” to cut and the time when it is dead ripe. It will substitute insurance for labor and create waste — terrific waste. V i s u a l ize 4,500,000 bushels of wheat gone to a frozen hell in 15 minutes of hail — mebbe next summer.— And then visualize $2,500,000 worth of “combines” rubbing elbows with a pile of rusty sauerkraut cans, here and there a pineapple can to lend dignity to the grangers’ collection.

Kansas crop approximately 160,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Meade Co. 2 1-2 million.

Ford Co. 4 1-2 million, etc.

Barton Co. running 45 bushels per acre, high.

Now as to the idea.

We stood before the statue of the grand army of the republic in a park at Great Bend and naturally we began to wonder . . . our jaw dropped and our friend Bill, who is quite abrupt in his ways asked us to close our mouths and concentrate on “looking with thine eyes.” Half consciously we obeyed and, then, suddenly one of those ideas, that was not cracked, hatched and formed into thought.

“Bill.” says I. “you’re pretty dam candy with all kinds of senseless advice so, now, I’m going to ask you for a point of REAL information. I’ve traveled this state from end to apex; I’ve siddled in through one gateway, sasheyed around, vanishing in the mists of the heat waves in the lowest foothills of the rockies: I’ve wriggled my way through the uncut, moisture preserving, weeds (around shade trees), and I despair of finding a place I have not seen—in which I have not looked—of which I have not drank with mine eyes. — The Leavenworth “spring” and I are old chums; Wichita, Minnescah, The “Dodge” and Pawnee Rock (the Rock since has been misplaced, been thrown away at harvest hands on the Santa Fc): now, why is it Bill, that nowhere in all this state do I find a statue of a Harvest Hand, the warrior of the pitchfork, the Knight of the Overall —fifty years ago, week before last, the grashoppers took the crop; forty-nine years ago the hoppers again tried to take it, but the farmers vibrated the air so violently with their prayers that the hoppers got cold feet and flew “northwest” (an insinuation that Wyoming is not religious) an[d] since then, year after year we, harvest hands, have rushed in here and practically wrested the crops from the hungry maws of grasshoppers— year after year, mind you, and Kansas has forgotten how to pray—having no occasion so long our strength holds out.

“Yet, not a single monument the harvest hand rears its form om all the sunbaked sordidness of La Flor De Sol Commonwealth. I say, Bill, wouldn’t it be appropriate to have a statue for this hard working saviour—have him dressed in a 69-cent shirt, a pair of overalls, a flapping straw hat and a pitchfork, in one hand— place him in a leaning attitude, scratching his shins with his free hand and free will . . . . ?”

“Well,” says Bill, “I think the best thing we can do it take the Mop to Scott City and go North on that jerkwater.”— Which proves that Bill had listened to me attentively.—**T. B. S.**

## 1924\_62\_IW\_23071924

**HORSES AND SLAVES**

A dissertation on self service:

For a long time, it was customary, after a hard day’s hurry, to curry and brush the horses, massage and care for their bruises and otherwise look to their comfort. It was human nature then, to give this recognition for the labors performed by dumb beasts. Alas, no more.

We have gotten ourselves away from “all that sentimentalism” and tenderness, (if we may use the word as a substitute for consideration). Yes, the poor horses no longer get the attention they got 12 years ago, and 20 years ago— and my heart goes out to these hard working four-legged slaves of man. . . . In them days the owners of four-legged slaves took into consideration the service rendered and tried, in a crude way, to repay faithful old Dobbin with a good supper, a thorough rub down, etc.; for it was then “reason” that after all a horse is a *labor saving device* whereby man, the masterpiece, could dodge a lot of pulling and hauling— naturally man was duly grateful and did, (for awhile) everything in his power to please Dobbin. But now, Dobbin has become an institution and the work it does is its own, as understood apart from the work done by man. The regard, in which old Dobbin was held, has dissipated no less than the favor with which wage-slaves were regarded a generation back. Wage-slaves then were regarded well worth a king’s ransom (as a labor saving device) and a certain care was exercised in guarding their well being. They were permitted to marry and raise families of their own and the “good wife” sure was useful in rubbing the kinks out of aching muscles— mebbe some of the old timers still remember the old witch-hazel bottle their mothers used to sling. . . . The argument here should be plainly stated so that there will be no misunderstanding:

The mothers then were an auxiliary to man and kept him in shape to work year in and year out— in fact *these* two were the first to form a cooperative society for the purpose of supporting their “so-called masters;” incidently, getting a living for themselves. But the mothers’ duties then were manifold, such as cooking meals scientifically with a view of generating the maximum amount of pep in their *inferior half*; darning sox and mending clothes; cutting kindling wood (so’s hubby wouldn’t run chances of chopping his foot off) general sanitation, too general to be recorded, etc., many times over stepping the bounds of law and propriety—shoplifting and stealing coal etc., that her lord and master could look the whole world in the face and say, “I owe no man.” And true it is that she found plenty to do and was very useful — it is beside the point that frequently she was found wallowing around in filth up to her neck for various reasons apart from her ability to take care of such work when so disposed, not anyway indisposed — proof for this must lean on fact that she has been eliminated at a certain loss of sanitation and comfort, in the various camps where labor puts up and puts up with. . . . Her services have been dispensed with in all its manifestations. Labor now makes his own bed; rubs his own joints with “Sloans” when not too tired; washes his own clothes such as he has; eats unscientifically fabricated foods and finds no small joy in the many intricate contrivances he calls into being as *substitute* for the motherly care and attention of a good woman (there being no other kind). She who used to look after the well being of one man (with a degree of success) has been superceded by a bull cook, crumb boss or game warden (as he is called ) and one such bull cook takes care of eighty slaves.

So you can imagine how much attention said *substitute* contributes to the comfort of the worker. Where, at times, one woman housekeeping for one man was up to her neck in filth, now one bull cook doing the “handsome” for eighty men is continually in a state of filth, lice and disease that would stagger a barbarian and his “charges,” the companies’ slaves, are trying in a crude way to do the things women formerly did so well. They are doing this work free of charge, after hours and on Sundays; to all intents and purposes scabbing on the women!

As I was saying, man no longer gets the loving care of a woman. He is being placed in the same category with the horse we read about in the first part of this article. Dobbin is no longer given his rub down and no bedding of straw graces his stall. Man and the witch-hazel bottle are perfect strangers. Dobbin, alas, (and I shed tears for him) is coated and caked with filth for the want of a full and free “ping pong ging.” . . .

\* \* \*

Are we slipping? How far will we slide before we unload capitalism? We’re near the jumping off place now.—You wouldn’t take your watch to a Ford mechanic for repairs, why let a tie tamper cook your meals?

Start in by putting butter on the table— it may encourage you to know that Canada will not tolerate oleomargarine. I am given to understand that it is forbidden by law. Our law is not so particular.

P. P.— Our law doesn’t protect the horse, against the nosebag, and, when it is remembered, the said bag was the forerunner of the OWN YOUR OWN and ROLL YOUR OWN MOVEMENT that prevailed among the bindle stiffs of the COAST years ago, it becomes evident that LABOR from time to time must brace itself and kick like Hell—else, go from bad to worse.

## 1924\_63\_IW\_26071924

**SCIENCE OF COOKS**

It may not be common knowledge to the world at large that America uses what may be termed conservative Science.

For instance: The excellence of a cook is determined by the crew, i. e., if the crew is able to eat his “efforts,” the cook is withdrawn by the commissary company. This procedure is repeated and repeated until finally a cook is found that puts a stop to the crew’s ambitions.

\* \* \*

Above would indicate that by this process the board grows worse and worse and stays worse. But no, there is no limit. Such cooks being compelled to eat their own cooking, do not live long — thus creating a shortage of such cooks.— It can’t get any worse, it’s bound to get better — (when these cooks poison themselves). — Stick around.

\* \* \*

The homing instinct is strong in some men —especially strong in an extra-gang. Today I saw a “gandy” steal a brand new lining bar from a section gang and then he giggled over it like a goosey-hyena. — Homing instinct, pure and simple! Why comment on it? The statement alone is a complete education with vocational training thrown in . . . comment would be superflush.

Evolution: (or backing into it) :

First, there was a time when we got what we wanted. (The popular song of that period waas “I Got Mine, Boys,” etc.)

Second, came a time when we got not what we wanted. (The air was “Little Annie Rooney”)

Third, came a time when we got what we didn’t want (Jails). The song hit then was “All I Got Was Sympathy.”

Fourth, (today) came a time when we can’t get what we don’t want \* \* \* us sing:

“Ten thousand years is a long long time;

To wait for a dream to come true . . .”

\* \* \*

I have been accused of being “a middle-o-the-roader.” Humph! A road-hog, am I? — You know, fellow workers, I onc’t tried to haul a load of shingles half on the road and half in the ditch and, do you know, the upshot or upset of the experiment was that I, my wagon and shingles comingled with the earth waters midst a fine flow of profanity. Let us muse:

I.

It is said by cheerful boosters,

And believed by labor, treed:

“That the poor are blessed roosters —

Only those who fail succeed.”

II.

Others say, with deep conviction,

“Wealth alone has arts to bless;

And all else is purest fiction—

Money spells complete success.”

III.

Two extremes are here contending;

One fear, want and one fear gold —

Like two bathers’ voices blending;

One for hot and one for cold. -

\* \* \*

A luke warm condition of the water might serve both—yet these birds are uncompromisingly set In their ways. One wants the water boiling hot, the other wants ice in it; one is Autocracy— the other one is Democracy. One is mass unionism — the other is non-unionism (i. e., craft unionism.) One is this: the Other is that—but the honest to goodness Wobblie turns on both faucets and jumps in (he at least gets his “bawth”— more’n you can say about the others — action. He gets action.

\* \* \*

Discoveries great and small have been heralded to the general public with great and good eclat—’specially health discoveries; how to regain your health; how to reinforce your pep; how to rejuvenate your step and so on. They tell you all about how to recover your health after it is lost, but they fail to tell you how to hang on to it. All of these great discoveries might just as well be included with the next mess of kittens we drown. I’m telling you that a bar of good soap is worth more to the human race than all the health “fetchers” put together —a string of ciphers (0 0 0 0 0 0 . . .) what do they amount to? Nothing—whereas a bar of good soap knocks a hatful of germs silly every day— blinds ‘em—takes all the “joy of death” out of their rascally hearts and all but absolutely prevents sickness. It is the greatest discovery of all time—and it wasn’t doctors that discovered it.

Unhesitatingly I endorse soap —to be used externally and plentifully three times a day, at least.

\* \* \*

The mop and pail are not the next best health “preservative.” We must not forget soap-powder. Here the soap comes into its own.

The germs hiding in the floors are mericlessly sunburnt by this wash and if the wash is repeated once’t a week it keeps the germ perpetually out of kilter. Soap up, fellows.

\* \* \*

Writers— a tip to beginners:

Good writing (like mine) is not difdicult of perpetration. The first requirement is paper, of course, and—although the “Industrial Worker” did once’t print an article of mine written with a nail pencil may be any kind but the eraser may be of only one kind—good kind.

Write only before meals. Start ten minutes before eating time, and continue writing until seven hours after eating time. Then change ends of your pencil and rub out most of what you have written— eat a good lunch—and mail the rest of the written matter, (not the lunch), to the Industrial Worker, Box 1857. . .

Anyone who knows how to “weed” onions can become an “addict of diction,” A. D. It’s simply a process of “weeding out”

## 1924\_64\_IS\_30071924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**IN KANSAS**

–––––

‘Twas a beautiful day. The sun was shining clearly— there can be no mistake about it.

I might even say that the sun was shining brightly and hotly, and fiercely, considerably. But ft would be circumstantial evidence insofar as the sun was on the other side of the building. . . But, anyway, it was a beautiful day.— And we felt the sun was shining. Indeed?

(About 1000 degrees in the shade) )

All Spearville had ceased violent exertions and was “sitting around” on two bread “baskets” on a shady curb when all of a sudden a cow dropped from the sky right in front of the leading citizens.— I rubbed my eyes.

“Now isn’t that enough to cause a man to swear off?” I started in to say, but when I turned to my audience I found I was alone. The last one of the population was just disappearing head first into a basement.

What followed was a cyclone and not worth describing, but I will say it was something like an A. F. of L. meeting, only the wind was stronger and therefore, more destructive.

\* \* \*

Politicians are busily engaged and engagingly busy painting a beautiful rainbow in the sky (seen ‘em myself) informing the farmers that they are not to be drowned (bankrupted) any more. “‘Tain’t goin’ to rain no more” so’a to say. — Fall for it?. I surmise.— Can’t bankrupt a bankrupt.

In the meantime the skies are overcast and it is raining, and, every time it rains the “harvest hand” goes bankrupt. His lot is a series of bankruptcy.

Hi-jacks are suffering for the actual necessities of life.

Rank and file are tearing up the aces, spades and flushes, and throwing the dice into the weeds.

Tin-horns are correspondingly despondent, depressed and **deflated**.

Send money at once. No address. You can’t miss.

Butcher says he’s thinking of opening up a 5 and 10 cent store to accommodate the “new” trade. If this keeps on our jokes will be ghastly, to ghastly for the parasites to stomach.

How about a few rainbows for the harvester? RAINBOWS!

By organizing in the fields we can get at least one dollar more per day as proven by certain sections of Kansas. Five dollars a day was not an unfamiliar figure — as at Plains, Dodge City and Larned. But, down below, where organized demands came not to the surface the wages were so low that I will not desecrate the pages of our paper by mentioning it. As I said before, five dollars was a familiar figure, and I will further say seven and eight dollars will describe the “headed” threshing before this season’s sun or man cools off.

After all, with the said additional dollars safely ensconced in our pocket, it makes no difference whether Bob Shawkey, Soup Dooley or Prince of Wales is elected. It all depends on us. If we, the people, the membership, will agitate for betterments, tell ‘em what’s what, we can win the lasting support of any and all—if we will.

Mind you: We don’t **have** to do that— the I. W. W. can stand six set-backs in succession and still rise to the top— but if we will do that, so much the better for “all con corned.” It is an ideal—that’s why it has tensile strength. Without an ideal man will fight hard— but with an ideal he will fight harder and longer. Let us waste no opportunities. Let our motto be: They shall not pass. Bid your hand.

## 1924\_65\_IW\_30071924

**Surprise of Habits**

You’d be surprised —

Habits grow with us, and as we grow strong our habits develop in proportion. The habit of working for a living is no different from other habits; stealing, for instance, (like employers) or ‘junking’, a la hobo, etc. Any of these habits are hard to break once you “fall into their *culture*.” All habits (and drinking isn’t a habit) are hard to break. But my subject is work:

I know men that are habitual workers. As regularly as a clock they can be found at the point of exploitation-— as regularly as the superstitious ones hie themselves to church, on Sabbath morning, (to injure themselves against death, disease and destruction), they can be found at the places where men labor to support society, politely referred to as the point of production (which doesn’t explain the half of it). “Production” “doesn’t explain what happens there, and is only a 1-10 truth, at best.

Perhaps many of you have been at these points of production, one form or another, it not actually at a freight house (which comes under head of work) and many there maybe who are not fully posted as to the aims and purposes of the ‘man-hauled wagon.’ Therefore, we will throw the weight of our observations on the scale of common knowledge: early in the game it was that a freight handler found some difficulty in carrying 120 pounds of freight on his shoulders. “And, generally, after such trips, with heavy leads, he would “meow and agitate in favor of having some kind of a vehicle, that would carry’ the weight— but no, his complaints fell upon deaf ears and his industry was viewed through ignorant eyes . . . until one day, exasperated, he dropped a piece of lead, rolled it upon a shovel and dragged the shovel behind him—he had demonstrated his idea, others took it up and eventually the truck was invented — (the shovel was the father of the “blade” (on truck) that is pushed under heavy “pieces,” a shovel on wheels.

Well, at first, 120 pounds was put on the truck and the freight handler stepped out to the tune, “The Girl I left Behind Me.”

But the bosses saw “the invention was good.” and suggested that a few small pieces be loaded with the 120 pounds — (just to pay for the invention) it was done.

The trucker made twice as many trips and the bosses were hugging themselves for their astuteness. And it was admitted by “all” that the “truck” helped to make the freight handlers life more bearable.

Next year “two” 120-pound pieces were put on the truck and a few light pieces; to pay for the invention, of course.

The third year “four” 120-pound pieces were put on the truck and a few extra pieces to pay for the invention. . . . And only yesterday, we tried to load 2,600 pounds on a truck. She must be paid for; at least the company doesn’t “care a hoot” if it breaks down. Alas, and to think the thing was invented for the purpose of making it easier to handle 120 pounds!

Another invention is in order!— Guess we’ll have to toss a harness onto the God of

Israel?

\* \* \*

Perhaps, too, you have stood and watched the freight handler— grim visaged, unsmiling— as he perambulates *his truck* from one end of the platform to the other; perhaps you have seen him viciously demanding *right of way* from his fellow worker; perhaps you have heard him growl like a lion in a cage as he paces back and forth; perhaps you have seen him with his face twisted under his ear with the violence of his exertions and you may have wondered what is going on in his mind. His mind, for he has one, is active and alert far more so than the mind of an average lawyer. But what is going on in that mind?

One would presume from the sober expression that he is thinking of quitting; the wistful look in his eyes might mean that he is speculating as to whether tomorrow’s breakfast will consist of Arkansaw Chicken or just plain “dogs” but, and I’m afraid, we would be wrong. The chances are he is tracing back whether he “put that last load” in “409” or “309” — and if watched for a trip or two, it will be found that he will make a special “call” in 409 to verify the location of that load.

His work is rapidly becoming a habit— a habit to the exclusion of much good thought — and it can safely be said that thoughts of release from his burdensome vocation are far indeed from his mind. Otherwise he would organize to regulate the size of his load instead of bragging (of an evening) how much he can “Juggle.” Juggle, indeed! No longer is there reason or rhyme in the way wage slaves are loaded “down. . .

— To this “platform “comes the voice of George Bernard Shaw, anent Churchill’s failure to understand how “less work, shorter hours and longer vacations” would leave more to distribute among the workers. Says Shaw: “No doubt he does not underhand the apparent miracle, *but it happens*.”

“The history of organized labor for the last hundred years has been one of higher wages, shorter hours, less work, longer holidays and greatly increased product.” He continues: “But that proves only that our capitalists, when they were giver, carte blanche to exploit the working class(es) ruthlessly could not do even that job properly and had to be forced by our (British) factory legislation to stop killing the goose that laid the golden eggs and using up nine generations of men in one generation.” He concludes: “It is clear that the formula I will not work beyond a certain point.”

## 1924\_66\_IW\_02081924

**Nature’s Course**

Progressive bosses have taken up the study of languages.— Some of them, bent on taking a short-cut, are learning to yell in Latin — this was necessary because the foreigners evidently could not comprehend American cuss words.

\* \* \*

Despite the eloquent bellowing of our gentlemanly Major-Domos, the foreigners would continue rolling cigarettes and oggling the kindly foreman, quite ignoring that worthy’s frantic “pantomines.”

\* \* \*

It was quite evident that the Overseers words carried no “poetic meaning” to these strangers within our gate, and they took them at their face value (nothing) so words had to be found that would remind them of “home” and “mother”; hence our foreign speaking drivers.

\* \* \*

Yes, some of our best bosses were quite unable to drive these strangers come to help us support our parasites. Somehow or other, all their yowling seemed to have about as much effect as a whisper in a deaf and dumb asylum, and the slaves simply would not “strike up” the well known 100 per cent gait— for which our forefathers fought and b’bled. . . . .

\* \* \*

And if it wasn’t for the fact our bosses are adepts in picking up strange tongues, I would be of the opinion that we can produce better slaves ourselves— as it is, I’m afraid, we shall have to reserve judgment until we see how these unfortunate visitors jump when the 100 per cent American, (an exile from Erins shore) yells, “Carramba!”

\* \* \*

Radio reports another woman, charged with murder, freed. Another one given life.— Would suggest that we discontinue convicting women until such a time as we are able to bag a few he-millionaires, getting away with murder.

\* \* \*

Speaking about radio, won’t the harp seem old fashioned up above? Oh, well, I suppose the harp had just been discovered when the Bible was invented — I suppose, if the Hebrews were to saddle another religion upon the white race, the new Bible would refer feelingly to the neuterdyne and describe the chickens “shimmying” before the throne, washed in the extract of beef.—Shure, we’ll have radios up there. Watch and behold

\* \* \*

Question arises, did Senator Norris kiss or was he kissed? — “I didn’t kiss that girl,” says Norris, “She kissed me. Intimations were given to me that if I didn’t favor Henry Ford’s bid for this Muscle Shoals, some sort of a thing would be hung over my head. I guess this is it.”— Norris shouldn’t worry about a little thing like that—this sort of a thing happens every day in labor young unions. Officials are framed and caught in compromising positions, squatting attitudes, in unexplorable latitudes and, rather than EXPLAIN they sell out — (that is the weaker ones). That is why it is important that not too much power be given the peoples’ representatives— they are too easily framed. No man is quite immune from blackmail: consider the farmer and the calf. He had hold of the calf’s tail (also) and the calf was pulling the farmer, yet the farmer’s wife, when she saw the performance swore up and down that John was chasing the calf. . . . She used it against him the rest of his life.

\* \* \*

By the way : Women are gradually displacing men in the important posts and it will now be only a short while when the army examining boards will be composed of women. In that day our army will be lighter on its feet—more mobile in every way. As to its efficiency, I’ll withhold judgement. It will be a fast fielding army but its batting will be low. . . . The very men that men would push to the front, the ladies will exempt and keep at home — I offer this as a timely warning to those interested in race suicide— let them now start laying their ropes to halt these “pernicious” encroachments of the gentler sex.

Our point against war is made.

\* \* \*

Presbyterians to Vote on Eugenics—headline.

“The bill which Judge Graham would have the assembly approve provides for an operation on all convicted of criminal assault and provides for medical examination of all before marriage.”

“We spend millions annually to insure better propagation of horses, cattle, dogs, flowers etc., and I believe the time has arrived when the Christian people of this country should take steps to make impossible the marriages from which children never can be—it for service of any kind,” he said.— Ah, marriages then are not made in Heaven? I thought so.— Whom God hath joined together, let no man “put” asunder, must be a joke.—(We will now do the picking for God.)

Inconsistency, thou art a jewelry store!

The solution does not lie in the hands of God, nor in the hands of Presbyterians, nor Congress, nor in Eugenics. The cause of this condition, that classes us with horses, cattle, dogs, etc., is underpay, undernourishment, overwork, too few wraps and air contaminated by the presence of too many parasites. A law prescribing marriage is but to recognize and *adopt* a condition — to respectablize the result of victims, unrestricted exploitation of the people old and young—man, woman and baby. (i. e., the past five years our young have been receiving illiteracy training in the mines, mills and factories; this ghost will rise to taunt us, ten years from today).

The remedy for this and all other evils that undermine our national pep is Industrial Unionism — nothing else.

The solution lies with labor— nobody else.

Let nature take its course.

\* \* \*

“Governments are instituted among men” . . . and soon, and so on. We will change that statement: Governments will “some day” be instituted among men. As yet we have no such institution, except by grave of speculative courtesy. We call the present “incumbents” such on the strength of their possible future functions.

Capitalists and employers have carte blanche to do as they “damn please.” No voice is ever raised to protect the citizens against these free booters. Do you call that government?

On the other hand our lawmakers seem to work hand in glove with these dry land privateers— I don’t call that government, I call it service and such an institution a service station. . . Misunderstand me not, I’m not against government. I’m for it. I want for it. I would like to see government. Even a semblance of government would cheer me on to the grave. A shade, a most elementary display of government, would repay me for my brief visit upon this earth. By all means, let us have government.

It may be that government should not attempt to run private business, but we have yet to see the proof where private business is having any howling success running a public government.

## 1924\_67\_IW\_06081924

**Worst Is Overdue**

The railroads aren’t making any money—except a few billion dollars, more or less, and surely we, who are used to big things wouldn’t call that money. Why the Southern R. R., after 30 years of tossing people’s money into swamps, duplications, replacements and other such lucky-go-happy enterprises rises to the surface with its first dividend— he original few nickels invested in this road has grown to millions in thirty years despite the fact that billions of nickels were fired into cypress swamps, as so much filthy lucre. And now the daily press wails loud and long because the stockholders weren’t given a yearly dividend in addition to the fortune that has been built for them without them turning a wheel or pulling a lever or driving a spike—”And to think,” wails the press, “Only after thirty years tneir dreams at last come true.”

\* \* \*

Now that I’ve started they aren’t making any money, its up to me to show why they hain’t. Why ain’t they? I’ll tell you.

\* \* \*

What are the causes?— Hold on there! What makes you think there are causes? — There are no causes but there is a cause — and it can be stated in just one twin word: Corn Flakes.

Corn Flakes take up all the available freight space in our box cars— to the exclusion of all less bulky freight and the railroads are commencing to sing, “I’m Forever Hauling Bubbles”—that’s how serious it is.

On account of the i-n-f-l-a-t-e-d conditions of this freight, the generous railroads have obliged to build triple— aye, six times— the number of freight cars that they ordinarily would need. And when it is considered that these cars run all kinds of chances out in the rain and snow, warped by the sun, twisted by low joints, ditched by law . . . brows, etc., it will be seen that Corn Flakes is the one and only cause why the railroad management has been unable to run the profits (from a few paltry billions) into real money.

There is the cause. Now, I s’pose you’ll want a remedy? All right— anything to oblige: Why not take these giant innerseal packages and dump the contents into a press, same as they do Hops, add a littl[e] brewery — mash (so that you can advertise with more truth “flavored with malt”) press the stuff into an air tight oblong cube and ship it in a match box — I’m not exaggerating—carload of corn will make six carloads of flakes. Therefore: By flavoring flakes with sugar, salt and mash, then pressing it back into its original bulk we could do away with five out of six box cars and crack a dividend for the poor millionaires twice a month. . . . I claim that if we’re going to stay by this rotten system we’ve got to look after our millionaires—let ‘em get a pay day twice a month same as the military genius that now pull the throttles on our superlative locomotives . . . the embryonic lieutenants, generals and field marshals of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Headhogs. Note: I’m informed the (extra) board of the future will read: Engine, No. 3003; Train, No. 13 (Com Flake Manifest) Eng., Brigadier General (Fighting Clarence) Torchy; Fireman, Joe Clinkers; 2:15 a. m.

Note II: Back East the engineers are organizing themselves into Corps of Military Officers and are undertaking training to the end that they will be able to tell us how to make the world safe for the democrats once’t more.

I only hope that they will not be compelled to order us to the rescue of their Bank when Capitalism starts shaking the pennies out of it.

Bear up, Brothers. Be brave, fellow workers. The worst is overdue now.

Well, since we are railroading, we may as well observe that the locomotive engineers will, in the near future, join the I. W. W. in large numbers. They have to do this. Even as they had to get a “sideline” (banking) for their “Brotherhood,” they will be compelled to adopt Industrial Unionism as a “sideline” for banking—otherwise: capitalism will take their bank and shake the pennies out of it, ‘n go on a spree.

In order to enforce the “hands-off” policy, the engineer will recognize, it is necessary for him to hold a “phantom” in front of the “Railheads”! That phenom will be Industrial Unionism. Protect your property Fellow Worker. “Hogger”—this is the last warning you’ll get from my whistle. Practice up on carrying a union card.

We, many of us, are practically compelled to view the “acquiring of work” as purchasing employment; buying a job. And, true it is, that many buy jobs with dollars, others by joining lodges and still others by joining the boss favorite job-trust (labor union). We have much to learn. In the first place we must learn not to buy the thing we have for sale— work — upon which we have an airtight monopoly. Labor-power. We sell power. Therefore, we must learn to view ourselves as powerhouses— two-legged, portable power-houses. Human dynamos. Power-houses we are, (automatic self-starters) and, praise the saints, self-stoppers. This being so I serve notice upon those who are in the habit of using our labor-power that WE will have to increase the rate per cubic hand, to conform with the framed 10 per cent decrease in prosperity. Otherwise: “Our company (O. B. U.) will be compelled to discontinue service.” And as to the “feeding outfits” on the railroads, I respectfully suggest that “the graft” be placed on the table for the “boys” to eat. I point this out because the men doing the feeding have no exaggerated idea about feeding themselves— milk and bread may do for them, since they do-no work, but it will not do for an extra-gang— we want some whole-souled-food. (If these friendly instructions are not followed out I know of several commissaries that will be back in the “rag business” before long). Why, its getting so that you can ride a bicycle on the table without spilling a dish. Let Norwegians do the feeding.

## 1924\_68\_IW\_09081924

**ACTION IS LIFE**

Up and over the snowclad hills back to the old love, now almost forgotten— a lumber camp. Down into a tamarack swamp we swing. Lumberjacks do not slouch, and, I imagine, (can it be in retrospect) that we sink into the bright shadows there seeking suitable retreat from a February sun’s searching rays. How fresh the air feeds. “Take no left turns,” the cruiser had snapped at us in a voice as crisp as the morning, but here was a cross road. Left, rjght and straight ahead. Shall we pass by a right turn? Ah! Here comes a load! “Take either straight or right,” said the Knight of the Ribbons, and the “load” lumbered on, testing the swamp-road carefully, first on one runner then on another somewhat after the manner of a drunken man coming down the stairs, at a temperance gathering.

Further on our eyes are cheered with the sight of the Grand Viser of the Road — the roadmonkey. He grunted his appreciation of our presence and. once again, we felt we were on the right road and that everything would turn out all right.

Sure enough, there it was, to our left and we could have easily passed by it only the road turned in. . . . there it was. The same old camp — just recently built — and the same old bull-cook. . . . Does the cook “give lunch?” “Sure thing, sure!” The same old cook, crippled in the feet not in the head, and the flunkey. He was “aged” about 70 years old.

Time had preserved the silver in the cook’s straggly locks, and had blessed erstwhile high-stepping flunkey with a top-knot of frost. . . . Strange what pranks time plays.

But we were destined to learn that this pair, versed in lumberlore, set a good table. Not one flaw can I find in the menu! Is this Wisconsin? Can this be true? I’m growing fat . . . so 1 got to thinking: What a pity it is that our cook is so old, he deserves to live.

The same old camp! The same old crew’, and let us whisper it, crumbs— the chief topic under discussion. A few complimentary words about the ladies — (bless their sturdy, not dirty, hearts) — and then out comes the Concertina. Yes, this is Wisconsin — and the musician saws away the shank of the evening, his efforts blending in perfect harmony with the vocal numbers rendered by the pure bread bewhiskered Airedale, the hero of numerous futile battles with the unvanquished warriors of the woods— porcupines.

The power of music! My pencil- stopped, poised in the act of recording these powerful truths. My thinking apparatus, what ever it is, refused to function — I was on the dead-center held, say, spellbound. Oh, what the use.

We are again bursting out of the timber line, to town; to civilization, indeed. My pardner, an estimable creature, soured by the iniquity prevailing, has christened me “a hoosier,” on the tender side of my pride. And I had agreed with him for had I not been pulling that saw all week with him occillating on the other end — (I’ll say I was a hoosier) and I told him he wasn’t the only one in our gang that knew it.

Nevertheless . . . A man still can make a living, in Wisconsin, with an axe— if so inclined. Much wood remains uncut and many workers remain unorganized. The wood can be cut and the men organized — in the happier days to come.

\* \* \*

“WHAT GOES UP”

Airplanes will drop their bombs

On inoffensive voters,

As well as on the social crumbs

And sundry human bloaters.

But still and all — please do not frown —

All things have compensation;

For what goes up must come down —

It’s hard to scare a nation.

\* \* \*

It has been said that the “minority is always right.” I would argue the point: It may be that the minority is capable of “being right,” and that occasionally may actually be “in the right,” but that would still leave them a long ways from “always right.” Most of the time, in this cruel, demoralized world, the minority finds itself floundering nearer never right than always right.

\* \* \*

But it happens that outside of its capa-bilities the minority pretty much always is crooked — a sad example of this is the capitalist class, the minority class in this country. The late scandals in regards the two Domes— T-Pot and Capitol — go far to prove that the domes of the minority do not “always” function properly. They may be ever so right in theory and motive but in practice their programs may develop”colic,” or other economic flaws that might sink the ship or cause the ol’ bus to backfire; to mix metaphors. . . . We are discussing now two component parts of anything— like for instance Employer and Employee; rulers and ruled — we don’t confuse the issues by jumping from one phase of activity to another, thus: The I. W. W. is a minority in the working class. No. We maintain that the I. W. W. is an integral part of the majority and that employers are the miniority. And as we said before, their honesty at times bears a startling resemblance to crookedness. No! We can not drift along dividing minorities into two parts— that would be dissembling, and we’re all for assembling. Now! Taking the people as a whole, we find additional proof — proof by inference—of the deplorable state of the minority’s morals or ethics; insofar as it is admitted that the “minority of the people are honest.” This would seem to leave a clear insinuation that the minority has been unsuccessful in guarding itself against the ravages of selfishness.

\* \* \*

Thus it is that we can not admit that the minority is right. Labor is always right. And labor is always the MAJORITY; will always be, because it is in tune with Action.

Action is life!

## 1924\_69\_IS\_13081924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**LABOR RECORDS**

–––––

“Charley” Wescott, 52, dropped dead while mowing the lawn this morning—Sioux City item, July 28—Beware of the lawn mower, for it stings like an adder—NEVER disregard its rattle. Keep away from it.

If Charley had done so he would not have dropped dead while mowing the lawn.

NOTE:—Above item is “propaganda;” it insinuates, to the minds of strangers, that “grass grows in Sioux City.”

Sticking the tongue out, in a child, indicates the snobbishness of the parents.

\* \* \*

All the world’s a stage, or a ferry—Shakespeare has it seven ages. Pre**somb**ably womb, blomb, glomb, romb (rheum) tomb and domb.— That’s six, what’s the other— De Teum? Humph!— Romb, . (gone but not forgiven). Space, a place for rent.

\* \* \*

“The birthright characteristics of ancestors, and notably of one woman, went into the building of John W. Davis’ character. Everybody in Clarksburg . . . is emphatic about that woman, who was his mother.” —J. O’D. Bennett, (in central-west press) .

Yes, and what a pity it was we didn’t “learn about this sooner,” we could have showered her with the highest and broadest honors of the land.

\* \* \*

Every four years the “newspapers” affirm that a candidate, at a tender age, had a mother—thank God for that—and that the nobull son, of a noble mother, instead of taking after Wall Avenue takes after his mother—his own mother—yes. Column after column, but, unfortunately, nine times out of ten, the good woman is dead and cannot be run for office. ‘Tis a wonder the newspapers don’t **get up to date** and tell us about noble mothers that are alive and kicking. . . God knows we are short of presidential timber, save for a stick or two— which is all right as far as they go.

We read that the favorite son has absorbed the “crakteristics” of his mother and ancestors, (not too far back I hope— if Darwin’s theory holds good). Not a candidate as yet has been found that didn’t have a mother and not one that was born of two or more mothers! The newspapers bring all that out, and more. . . . . At first blush this may seem trivial, but it is not so at all. We’ve got to have the “inside dope” on these candidates, for it will never do to have a bird running for office that first saw the light of day in an incubator—they must, at least, have a mother. And the people should be duly notified of the fact by the parasite’s press which they read. ...

We note some alleged labor union has undertaken to investigate the “labor records” of the various candidates—a waste of time. Their labor records are flawless, as flawless as a record can be made— nothing is left to chance. Everything is provided for. Their labor deeds shine forth like crazy-lightning in a Kansas sky—not that labor is benefitted.

\* \* \*

A labor record is there— more airtight than a perfect alibi—deeds, deeds, deeds till Hell won’t have it. . . . Without the deeds the labor record would be an impossibility. The voter need not worry; vote for anyone of them and he will vote for a friends, with a **record** — one who will . . . . oh, shucks.

\* \* \*

I’m having considerable trouble with my pitchfork. It doesn’t seem to be a paying proposition and I know it means hunger, cold, and—next winter. Therefore, I am starting for Washington this morning to put it on a cash basis.—I’ll interview labor’s friends down there and prevail upon them, pull some hokum that will inject wages into the handle of said fork in paying quantities —yes. But getting back to Labor’s friend, his pal, his bosom companions and their “record”—labor record— we must go by results, and results have been “two times nothing”

(0+0=00). They have been functioning among the goose eggs, (000,-000) as yet. They haven’t got into the solid figures, such as $5.00, $7.00 and $10.00 per day—and let me point out, we can’t eat goose eggs.

## 1924\_70\_IW\_13081924

**Friends and Ancestors**

First: We, T. B. S., concede the election of La Faller and La Wheelette— it’s al over, save the gnashing, weeping and wailng of teeth — We, ourself, didn’t run (this trip) on account of a bad arch — rheumatism I guess— otherwise we’re a running fool.

Of course the returns ain’t all in but that won’t alter our decision — or the arch.

\* \* \*

Second: Mrs. La Faller (if such there be) wins first place in the white house; Mr La Wheelette (if such there be) takes second money. Say! What’s the matter with these canderdates, any way? Why don’t they inform us as to whether they have a wife to beat up on, or “do they take it out” in cussing the hired girl — we can’t write politics without material— without facts. We hereby withdraw our trenchant pencil from the political arena and proceed to write about things that somebody (at least) knows something — about.

\* \* \*

Owing to periodical rains, which serve as rest periods, the harvest hand has gotten himself into a habit of working extremely fast in dry weather— (the pace once’t established) the farmer takes advantage of the “custom” by charging board for rainy days. We may as well drop back to the sensible way of doing things and let John run a boarding house if he wants to.

\* \* \*

One of the principle causes of poverty is the wealth that is absent. That is why it is so important to get the full product of your toil. . . The chief cause of unemployment is the “finished job”— fast work means unemployment sooner than usual. Death, too, is but shortage of life.

\* \* \*

Politics is the process of retarding and arresting progress. It is one of the appliances with which the prevailing system strives to perpetuate itself, and failing in this; to retard its final disintegration — to delay “change” until it is too late to be of full and wholesome use. Reforms under Politics naturally are very gradual and slow. Consequently much suffering must be endured before relief is found. Political moves are very deliberate, orthodox — a drowning man must not expect help from a politician. The politician would first go in search of a bathing suit (following precedent) then take off his shoes, hat, coat, pants, etc., fold them nicely. Then he would recall his valuables, put his clothes back on (and on back) rush to the hotel, there deposit $68,000 and 38 cents, rush back, all out of wind — he means well — in the meantime; some Reds had waded out and rescued the sinker— the water was knee-deep.

True, visible progress is made, given in so short a period of times as a life-time—through politics— but the minute you are dead, (and the politicians, watch you die the whole shebang slides back into the rut. The same shenanigan is pulled off on your son and he in turn spends a life time and ruins a soul cubing the system — understand me, predatory interests, with financial power, is the cause of all this. . . It is just as well to sit down and wait for death calmly be sparing of shoe-leather; if you’re not going to organize your economic power and offer politicians special inducements to set acts that they acted and put . . . and no reaction.

\* \* \*

Society is based on “power at the top” the higher, the more power— an unnatural condition. The monkey on the top limb has the most say so; the monkeys below him (with a limb apiece) chorus, “That’s right.”— But the proletarian, with no familv tree is getting no cocoanuts. He’s on the ground floor, and when he tries to climb the tree he is kicked in the face by a great, big, burly, blue baboon, with a white snot on its breast, sitting on the lowest limb. . .

That’s why so many of the lower class “has to step out” and kill themselves a Hamburger every’ now and again —or perish. “Plenty of room up on top.” Sure there is. One monkey to a limb is downright hog -selfishness. . .

I thought I was going to withdraw my pencil from the political arena? So I was. That’s what I said— WITHDRAW— I didn’t say I’d jerk it out.

\* \* \*

What I say, I mean! La Faller wins, by the “bucker” vote, and La Wheelette takes second place by the grace of the “skinners.” The only way to beat ‘em now is for the two major parties to get together, run T-Bone Slim for Food Administrator and include in the platform midnight lunch — I’ll wake ‘em up.

\* \* \*

But them monkeys, sitting on the limbs, that we were just speaking about, are not going to “stand for anybody” passing out cocoanuts even under the guise of administration. . . “What the Hell,” the wail; “let ‘em climb up here like we did.” The Administrator is in a quandary and out on a limb.

“Give ‘em nutless days” yells the all-powerful monkey at the top, “und tell ‘em to go und lick the stuffing outts them hatrocious ground monkeys under that other tree” . . . and so far into the night of shadowy scintilations . . . the raucous cries penetrate, and stick out on the far side of a charitable future . . . “attabov!” “Treat ‘em Rough!” “Woof!!” “Whoopee!!!” . . . (!!!)

But, in politics, on the other hand, (I’m dipping in again) we find a device compatible with our mental calibre. Far be it from me to criticize it — I would as leave criticize the game of horse-shoes or baseball or penocchle. To the contrary, the exercising of the franchise is bound to be beneficial . . . an unexercised franchise is liable to develop bedsores. A trip to the polls is good for the legs. Appraising a distant unknown candidate develops an all-important part of brain — generating farsightedness— more so than if you were voting for a man you knew. It compels “directed” thought, of a very high “elevation” . . . I would rather vote tor Abundranath Shimasurohiki than for my best friend . . . so long as said friend behaves himself.

\* \* \*

The membership of the I. W. W. can now place absolute reliance upon my words. It is clear to me now that in all my writings I have written nothing original but that I have been quoting the most unimpeachable authorities, such as: Confucious, John L. Sullivan, Feggy Joyce, Judge Gary, Voltaire, Karl Marx, Harry Colby, Ked Downs, Red Faber and Julius Barnes — the other great literary genius who thought the same way before me and after me and with me.

It is therefore with assurance and consciousness of right that I hasten to give the readers of this high-grade journal the true definition of the word “radical” and what it means:

A radical is a person (not a vegetable) and furthermore, he or she is a person that— that—earns his own living. That’s it. Nobody supports him— that’s why he is radical. And it means that he would not be a radical if he didn’t have to support himself. He would be a liberal. And if he was in business to deprive others of a livelihood, he would grow real conservative. (Conservative and parasite mean the same thing.) Every man that is doing or is willing to do “the square thing” by his fellow men, is a RADICAL. And every man that is not willing to do so and succeeds (in not doing it), but reaps a certain special privilege at the expense of the working class— no other class has expenses — and cannot reasonably have because they produce nothing— such a man is conservative despite every outward and “audibull” or surface, indication. He may turn “pur- pull” in the face and howl for blood— what he really wants is cream. That’s the true definition of radical.

A radical never howls for blood. Blood is not good to him. He doesn’t want his pay in blood, he wants it in good United States currency. He doesn’t want it as crutches, coffins, insurance, pension, charity, clothes, garbage or any other substitute. Honor he can’t use. Cash c-a-s-h in an envelope with a ribbon around it—plenty of it. All of it. The full product of his toil and no quibbling—that’s Radical.

## 1924\_71\_IW\_23081924

**BITS AND BITS**

“Yankton county is spending $250 month feeding prisoners . . .” — Kind of the county, I’m sure.

\* \* \*

During the late lamented war. German measles were called Columbia rash.

\* \* \*

Papers now hasten to assure us that “the war to end war was a dismal failure.” Above everything, the people wanted perpetual peace. The war has not yet “done THAT.— Take off your coats, gentlemen.

\* \* \*

“Count Gusta Morner says he is extremely sorry that he did not know before married Peggy Joyce just what kind of a woman she was, but there is no excuse for his ignorance. Anyone could have told him and would have if he had asked.”— Sioux City Journal, August 4.

How come that the Journal knows si much about Peggy?— Curs, my dear sirs have no courtesy.

\* \* \*

We “hawve” no, no, nobility in this country, ‘ccording to law, but we make up for it with trainmeisters, brakesmeisters, switchmeisters and yardmeisters— noblemen in a sense, and civil too, as I have observed whenever I happened to stray in among the unvarnished cars upon a dark night. More so indeed, than we ourselves when we are obliged to come in contact with those yar cow persons — in the “harvest” fields.

\* \* \*

It’s as foolish to try to hold a good man down as it is to hold-up a poor man. We have nothing but genuine sorrow to offer such hold-up men and hold-down men — and we did.

\* \* \*

‘Xecutive Board of A. F. of — comes out flat-footed and pigeon-toed for the “direct” election of President R. M. LaFollette and successors. This would come with better grace if Sammy himself had been elected in a more “intimate” manner.

\* \* \*

Some little children were playing on the tracks as we came by: “Are you looking for BUMS”, inquires a little girl?— (Shame on you mothers) —”No my child,” I replied, we’re merely tourists looking for a camping ground. “Well, there’s lots of ‘em ‘round here, everywhere,” averred the tot; meaning hoboes.

Mothers have told them that men riding freight trains looking for work are BUMS. Wouldn’t it be nicer mothers, to say: “Oh, Lobelia, come and see Uncle Dick, Uncle Tom, Uncle Herman and Cousin Percy going by on a freight— in other words, respectablize train riding against the day when these little girls take to the road—which they will, unless things change radically— Uncle Shorty, Uncle Slim and Uncle Blackie. So on.

\* \* \*

“Bismarck, N. D., Aug. 8. — Farmers will not be forced to pay an exorbitant wage to get harvest help. . . Trib. — What’s exorbitant? Is it eggless breakfasts?—”A plentiful supply of harvest labor is indicated.”— Trib.

Then the preharvest (pre-election) panic did work! Well, I swan! Who’d have thought it.

\* \* \*

Lincoln’s advice: (‘steopath magazine) “Go slow, take it easy. Be polite to your creditors.” etc., and the prophecy, (to the effect) “this will put you through life right side-up,” seems to strike me in the right place.

\* \* \*

“What are ye quitting for,” inquires the farmer. (He doesn’t know (?)

Shorty: “I can’t suck eggs”!

Farmer: “What! You mean to say that we ain’t got ‘nough to eat here?”

Shorty: “Not at all, John. You misunderstand me. There’s plenty to eat all right, but I can’t cat live chickens and live pigs— they ought to be cooked; and, you can tell that skinny wife of yours, for me, that she’s the poorest hired-hand I’ve ever seen and, as a cook, we don’t need her. We can eat bread without her slicing it, and we can make coffee by putting the pot out in the rain. . . .

Make it out, John, I’m off for town — to get a dozen soft-boiled eggs.”

\* \* \*

Note: The “budget-system” on a farm where the wife tries to raise the comer of mortgage with eggs (29 cents) and cream, serves to effectively keep hired man and, eggs in a different “crate.”—”Shep,” (a good dog) is chained to windmill convicted of sucking eggs. Five kittens in barn starving—500 pigs, 30 cows, one half-wit anaemic Kid (working), 8 horses and 750 hens complete the roster of such place. That’s budget! That’s New Ulm.

\* \* \*

What do you call it, this variegated farming—little of this, little of that—what is it; specialize on nothing? Have one farmer raise beets, sheep, com, stallions, rhubarb, steers, milk, ketchup, turkeys, oats and so on; so’s to get food, fertilizer and finance? What’s the matter with getting the fertilizer from a sack, food from the store and finance from the sale of a crop of wheat, thistles, corn or whatever it is?

I’ll tell you what this “cry” for scrambled farming is: It’s reaction. It gets the farmer out of bed 4 a. m. to add a few licks onto yesterday’s work— morning chores, it is called. It keeps the farmer working until 9 p. m.— then supper—evening chores, it is called. For whom? Seventeen hours a day. Diversified farming! It furnishes work for John, Tekla, Willie and the twins.—seven days a week, 365 days a year. . . .

Specialization — in wheat, corn, carrots or anything— would make possible an eight-hour day on the farms; or failing in this, it would leave the cause for the failure clear, and forstayable—even so as specializing in industrial unionism will benefit the worker and his world.

\* \* \*

Diversified unionism is not good, but that is no subject—only its excuse: Specialization is the coming thing and will free the farmer from his chores. But if he is already freed of them, it will free the hired man . . . Specialize by all means. Henry and I will furnish fertilizer. . . .

\* \* \*

“We do not accept government as the solution of the problems of life. Major problems of life and labor must be dealt with by voluntary groups and organizations of which trade unions are an essential and integral part.” A. F. of L. in Sioux City Journal, August 4. Some more fertilizer. A fine set of volunteers! Forty years ago they volunteered to do a thing that is still undone— taking up room where only one union can perform and will not act! Is the A. F. of L. afraid of losing its perpetual battleground —the scene of its strategetic and energetic retreats?

\* \* \*

Two-headed calf in New Ulm show window. Thus nature rigs out its own in the hope that it can out-maneuver the cream seperator. Fat chance. (Butter fat). Yes. Two heads are “besser” as one . . . and, to think, Solomon prayed for wisdom. (New Ulm, during late war, was conspicuously patriotic, they tell me. No one seems able to tell me what they got puffed-up about. Might have been those 14 points?)

\* \* \*

Wages are ripening slowly this year. A few weeks of gentle showers and warm weather would make a marked improvement on this all-important crop. A failure now means the Frenchman’s favorite dish next winter— pea *soup*.

Death and destruction are far away. The belly is full — Praise be Allah! Commercial Club has set the wages. Now let the Club set an example and work (at its favorite figure).

P. S.—The Lord sickens the rich man so that he will cast away a long cigar-snipe. Unfavorable publicity is publicity. Even so —a spade’s a spade. Publicity never did injure the I. W. W.

## 1924\_72\_IS\_27081924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**WHEAT IS KING**

–––––

**Four act drama**

–––––

JUNE.— (Farmer rushes into the house) “My God, Miranda, everything is drying up!” (Wrings his hands, instead of his neck.) “It is terrible! The WHEAT is Lost! Think of the poor widows and orphans that will go hungry! Starve! STARVE!! Miranda! Think of ‘em!” (Miranda faints; little Willie howls like a “bull” saxophone; Bruno crawls under the granary; an Eastern speculator blows his brains out.) **Curtain**.

JULY.— (Farmer rushes into the house.) “Hear it rain! Hear it rain, Miranda! We’re drownded out! The WHEAT will never come to to a head! It’s a total loss — add to think, I carry only HAIL insurance! We’ll have nothing to eat next winter except pond-lilies and bull-heads. Oh my Gosh! Oh my Gosh!” (Miranda faints again; Willie’s caught a cold, and whines like a lady-cello ; Bruno hasn’t shown-up; the Eastern speculator takes poison in his room (and gives it to himself), local banker drowns himself.) **Curtain**.

AUGUST.— (Farmer rushes into the house) “Gosh, but it’s hot! The WHEAT is a goner! She’s burnt up! This hot wind will finish it! It’s the poor house for us! We’ll lose everything; the Ford; the land; the cattle and the Fordson . . . My God, I was afraid of this!” (Miranda faints again; Willie let’s go like a herd of caliopes; Eastern speculator hangs himself with a piece of haywire ; local banker loses his mind and tries to return every cent . . . .) **Curtain**.

SEPTEMBER. — (Farmer rushes into the yard) “My Gosh, Miranda, what are we going to do with all this WHEAT? The granary’s full! The pig-pen’s full! The house is full! The outhouses are all full and it’s still coming from the spout!!” (Miranda faints; Willie has a fit; Bruno comes sneaking up; Eastern speculator sits up and takes sniffer, and notice; throws bloodless razor into waste basket and decides to stick a while longer forever afterward; local banker, ditto.)

**Curtain**.

P. S. — Apparent discrepancies go to prove that you can’t kill a speculator by killing him.

T-b. S.

EDITOR’S NOTE. — T-bone Slim requests us to say that the Idea for this play has-been stolen several times and that he acquired it in a trade like Ole Hanson his Percheron go about. Nothing original about it, but . .

## 1924\_73\_IW\_27081924

**CALIFORNIA ITS VICTIMS**

Intro:

In the land of the native son via Oakland:

The rippling sound of the gentle waters at the bow of the boat was interrupted by the voice of a youth struggling for information:

“What is that red mansion with the funny roof up on the hill?”

Stranger: “Why, don’t you know what that is— Where do you live, young man?”

Native Son: “I was born and raised right here in California.” -

Stranger: “And you don’t know what that is! That is San Quentin — San Quentin penitentiary.”

Native Son: “Funny, I didn’t know it — I have heard about it, but didn’t know where it t’was— come to think of it, it does look kind of drab.”

Stranger: “Drab, you said it, and do you know there are over a hundred men in there that NEVER committed a crime?”

Native Son: “No— is that so?”

—Yes, that’s so— and, again the silence was broken by the rippling waters at the bow of the boat.

\* \* \*

Isn’t it queer, in every revolt against oppression, the good citizen’s first thought has been, turn the prisoners loose. There must be and have been a very good reason for that thought.

The People versus John Doe— Hah, Ha, Haw! And when the People go on a rampage the very first thing they do is Turn! John! Doe! Loose!— People versus John!—John and the People belong to the same lodge. Why, they went to school together!

\* \* \*

The question persists, are the “men behind the bars” to receive our whole hearted and undivided support? Shall we so arrange our activities as to include the preservation of the interests of those whom capitalism “deigns” to persecute the most? And, in connection with this, let me remind the membership, that we are dealing with Justice and Duty, not with MEN and most certainly not with Moneys.

\* \* \*

Next comes our duty to humanity. Now it grieves me sorely to note that hundreds of thousands of Wobblies throughout our fair country have plainly ignored this duty. Ever before, the Wobblies has been alive to the debt he owes humanity and has hobbled around doing the chores that called upon his spirit of helpfulness. Alas! All that is history! Tears:

Men and women and children, yea, widows and orphans—orphans— may die like fleas from eating California fruits, yet the Wobblies have not caused warnings to be printed in various localities giving the facts regarding dangers lurking in unclean fruit.

Hoof and Mouth disease may spread to the inner-councils of the A. F. of L., yet the Wobblies in ten thousand hamlets have refrained getting out a hand bill and pointing out in simple language the danger of becoming contaminated with this disease—Now regardless of how they feel towards the A. F. of L., they should remember they are forgetting Humanity.

Supposing the Hiredmen’s and Bosses’ Party should become a victim of this dread scourge. Where would we be politically? ‘Sposing Foster gets it, before his long expected trial comes off. ‘Sposing it spreads to the Third-Rail International? ‘Sposing! ‘Sposing! Where is then the man or woman among us that can say we have done our full duty?

\* \* \*

It might be argued that, in these hard times the burden would be too great and that running a life saving station is not strictly Industrial Unionism, but I say every life that can be saved now we can line up later as members of our Great and Good Organization . . . we must not rely on others. Ole can’t do it all. Let Boomer et al burst forth in the good old style. Else—else a terrible blow has not been struck ... at the few who rob the many.

\* \* \*

FLOUR CITY

The City Beautiful, on the Gateway: Archie Sinclair holding forth hoarse as a rusty hinge. This makes his second offense right in the presence of our worthy self and a great and discriminating audience— this is proper, too, since Fellow Worker Sinclair’s subject is criminal syndicalism and its latest invirtuous hot-bed — California, and its victims. Archie has a habit of saying things, at the same time giving his hearers every chance, associating briefly his subject with a batch of cues—That boy has consideration for us hard hearers.

His diction comes direct from Forests, Mines, Factories and Mills. . . .

Credit? Oh, we take the credit— Isn’t he our fellow worker?

Sometimes I think Archie is too serious. F. W. Thompson was here, but made his escape, speaking the night before we arrived — Minneapolis is more lucky than “some of the rest of us.” More power to OUR speakers!

\* \* \*

Minneapolis: “The offer of the Washburn-Crosby Company to install a radio-tossing station ten times as powerful as WLAG and to provide half the maintenance cost, if the civic organizations of the twin cities will underwrite the other half, is both public spirited and timely.”— So it is. And seeing as how the employes of Washburn-Crosby Company are only a small fraction of the twin cities radio*users*, it would be 20 times more, public spirited (and timely to the point of exactitude) if the Washburn-Crosby Company diverted the cost of the “tossing-station” (including the eminent half-cost of maintenance) to the underpaid workers in its plants— to the end that they too might purchase receiving sets.

The Washburn-Crosby Company has three ways of raising the $100,000, probable cost of radio-tossing station and the $50,000, or more, the cost of maintenance (if it has not already done so, through one or all three methods). Following: First, it may lower the wages of its employes. (This is likely). Second, it may raise the price of flour (the product of its employes. This, too, has tempting features). Third, it may pay less for grain. Now, it may divide the costs of the station into three equal parts, place them on employes, flour-consumers and grain “raisers,” or it may decide to place the cost of it on any one of the three (employes, consumers or growers).

Or, it may place the full cost of the stattion on each of the three and make a business proposition of it— public spirited and timely. I am inclined and disposed to the belief that this latter proposition to the belief that this latter proposition will appeal strongly to this company, but I cannot see why the company does not go about it in a more direct manner. Why not get out a subscription list and let the farmers, consumers and employes donate the “outfit” to the City of Minneapolis— it amounts to the same thing.

Why call it “The Gold Medal Station, WLAG; (in honor of Washburn and Crosby). Why not name it Extra-Legal-Taxation Station, blah?

\* \* \*

We note in this article (ahead) that A. F. of L. still clings to trade unionism. “Trade” (swap) is right, but where’s the trade (skill)? If you have no trade join the Wobblies. We never trade our wealth for our livlihood. We expect the other fellow to put up or shut up. Pay me is our motto.

If you still think you have a trade, advise you to quit the stuff—’lookit’ what happened to Wallace Reid. A lil’ will-power’s all it takes.

## 1924\_74\_IW\_30081924

**CRIMINALS AND BRAINS**

THE STAMP ACT CONGRESS

NEW YORK, Oct. 7, 1763.—James Otis. . . “I would also move that Congress instruct Benjamin Franklin, who is now in London, to explain to the Government that the Americans are firm and united on this question.”

Delegate: “I second the motion.”

President: “It is moved and seconded that all merchants pledge themselves to import no more goods from England until the Act is repealed, that the Sons of Liberty Clubs promise to buy no more British-made articles and that Congress instruct Benjamin Franklin to explain to the Government that Americans are firm and united on this question. Are you ready for the question?”—

They were.

That was the first boycott and precedent for all the rest.

— I’m afraid California goods will not find a ready market until California releases from her prisons men unjustly convictcd.—T. B. S

\* \* \*

No doubt owing to the fact that we have laws, which way we turn, in inexhaustible quantities, (of a quality that is the despair of all those not gifted with a legal mind) —we find that people are beginning to take the law- into their own hands, quite ignoring the fact that laws are made, not to be *fondled*, but to look at. . . .

Shattered laws bestrew our land from North Dakota to Gary, Indiana, and our housekeepers are threatening to resign unless folks relinquish their hold upon the statutes of our Social Economy.

Now the breaking of those laws cannot be classed with the smashing of furniture, where the husband or wife relieves the monotony of personal encounter with intent to commit-grand-personal-injury and mayhem of first degree. Neither can it be classed with the busting open of a mud turtle in order to explore the contents of the positive and negative shells of that peace loving quarterped.

No, the busting of laws is a crime similar to that of knocking an idol off its pedestal or caving in the gold-plated pate of a pewter god. Busting a law is like stealing your friend’s wife while he is after a can of beer, or throwing acid into the face of a former sweetheart — a most hyenous crime!

It cannot be said that laws are broken accidently like stepping on a cat’s tail or cracking a watch-crystal — No. It is done deliberately and almost cheerfully (that’s what get’s my goat) no malice is indicated. People casually crush a law in their hands like a peanut shell while talking with an acquaintance, in a most unconcerned way — hardly realizing the destruction they are creating. Yes, almost absent-mindedly they pick up a law — a small innocent law that hasn’t “broken its eye-teeth,” to say nothing of wisdom teeth — and they crush the very life from its body.

No wonder our most public spirited citizens, Americans like Busick, are demanding that molars (teeth) be put in these laws; “let the dentist work on ‘em and outfit ‘em with fangs.”

“Are Criminals Brain-Cripples,” discourses the Literary Digest lugubriously. I’d like to answer the Lit. but ye editor, of course, will say. Tut, Tut, so I will merely ask: Are Americans Negroes? — They are, but not *all* of them.

What difference does it make— are they or are they not? “What Caused Them to Become Such,” that’s what I’d like to know?

Do criminals- wear skirts? They do, Mr. L. Digest, they do—but not all of them, of course. . . .

But we’re not concerned about such extranious matter . . . . we don’t care “do they wear skirts” or no, we want to know why do bob-hair bandits bandit. Are senators “brain-cripples”? We’re not interested. We want to know the cause of their misfortune, if so. Are Laborers Brain Cripples? Are they stomach-paupered? Are they shoulder-bound? All these questions are immaterial, irrevelant and beside the premise. We want to know what cripples them, if so; what impoverishes their guts, if so; and what binds their shoulder blades—if so?

Are Criminals Brain Crippled! Are Editors Deficient Mentally? Why?— That’s it!

\* \* \*

Who’s Crippled Criminally?— Ah! A subject at last:— Business is improving gradually and shortly there will be no need for the failing merchant to step cut and hold up working men on pay-night. Laborers soon may wend their way home in safety hugging their pay-envelopes to their breast, for business is on the up-grade. In a very short time now “bills falling due” will have no horrors for the surplus business-element, t h e h o r d e of shop-keepers, m o r e-successful merchants will now lock up their places with more confidence, since the pressure is being relieved from the shoulders of their more unfortunate brothers.

Some might argue, and have done so, that the loot divided pro rata among the business element is not sufficient to reach around; for some reason or other. But I, after careful review, am disposed to think that it is not a question of loot. It is a question entirely of support and non-support — for labor, in its hours of unemployment, cannot possible support over many merchants.

And so Literary Digest inquires: Are Criminals Brain-Cripples?

Not many of them, “Dige.”

And so, too, T-Bone Slim inquires:

What is a business man to do, who has a large family, bills coming due, cash register unresponsive, and no customers haunting his place— and his brain crippled — what does he do?

“GOD KNOWS!”

Does he get an honest job?

God knows he doesn’t.

What does he do?

Are Criminals Brain-Cripples?

## 1924\_75\_IS\_03091924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**ELIMINATION CONTESTS**

–––––

Rumor has it that many men beg for a living. Rumor probably is correct, for the once’t.— But, if so, that is not saying much for the advantages work is supposed to bring, but doesn’t—assuming that some men beg voluntarily, which they don’t.

\* \* \*

And furthermore to disabuse the reader’s mind of misgivings I freely, and blushingly confess that I work for a living, not that I get it— but merely from the force of habit, for

I do not— to be explicit.

\* \* \*

I do not see where the farmer has any growl coming because he is bankrupted once in a lifetime. The harvest, worker goes bankrupt every time it rains, generally twice a week, Mondays and Friday morning—yet you don’t hear him call for “box-car-bloc”; to bear witness that the granger has his “goat.”

\* \* \*

Workers are increasing, work is decreasing—not only in the harvest fields. Not only the “combine,” which does, with two men, the work that ordinarily would require 15 men and 28 horses— needless to say the “Combine” is a light eater —but also in other industries the same thing is happening.—Statistics, unofficial:

A present day locomotive is capable of hauling a load that would require 19 crews of 30 years ago (these 18 crews were in the harvest field this year watching the combine perform.)

The “steamboat” Levi Nathan can carry ten of the-greatest-thirty-years-ago ships today, on her hurricane deck and not strain a stanchion— the crews of the “ten” would fill Levi’s every passenger space. Every day in every way work is getting scarcer and scarcer and the jobs are getting fewer, even as the fewer get jobs— every day in the same ol’ way. Ach!

\* \* \*

You can’t make six farms from one. Can’t give one pitchfork to six men “all in a Iump” at one and the same moment. Prospective slaves are getting thicker and thicker, 1-3-7 to a family. Jobs, as I said before, couple of times, are being eliminated and this, too, without making any provisions against the rainy day for ye hasbeen willing ex-worker. —The steam shovel does the work that would require 720 men, day for day, and it does it with six men (operation that of loading). These 714 men not needed to shovel dirt were riding on a long freight drawn by that big locomotive; they were on their way to Kansas to watch the combine eat straw. Their train met another one on a aiding loaded to the “**gunnls**” with harvest hands going back to take a **peek** at the steam shovel eating mud—and in the meantime **these men are not eating**. Some of them.

Now, what are the managers of our destinies doing about this. Every industry is using less and less men. Every family is laying awake nights trying to devise more help . . .

It would seem they are doing nothing. But they are —There is war. Periodically they thin us out—that is, the enemy thins us out and we return the compliment with **eclat**. You know, (while I’m wrong) the world is like a rowboat; you can fill it too full. (Eh, editor, let me be wrong, ‘slong’s I’m in earnest.) Like water in a glass, you can heap it, and heap it, until the glass contains more than its fill . . Thus, you see, the thinning out process, called war (we’re mad at each other) is the best the diplomats could invent to relieve the congestion in the situations-wanted columns, and in the slave marts. I’m wrong, I know I am, and I want to be wrong. Commercialism is not the cause, of war. Human nature is not the cause of war. Rulers can high-spade for markets and human nature can be trimmed down to fit Peace. Lack of Help-Wanted ads is the sole cause of war.

Steam shovels have their jobs.

A life of souplines and gasoline lines (like at Los) would be adding insult to injury so the great statesmen of the Great Powers get their heads together and declare war: “Whadda ye say we clean house,” says the Premier of Booblany.—

“Think we can get along without ‘em,” inquires the Chance’lorr of Goofstria.

“Jes’ thin ‘em out,” roars the premier, “ain’t ye got no diplomatic training at all?”

“Awright,” says the Chance’lorr, “let Humbria start it an then we’ll all jump in; so that the thinning out doesn’t get too spotted.”

\* \* \*

Although I’m wrong that is the way wars start so far as I’m concerned—and I can prove that we have been thinned out. I’ve got the figures. Results are what count.

Ye reap what ye sew, plus. Grapes don’t grow on barbvines. When I plant spuds I get potatoes, not bibles.

Apology: Things are not what they seem. To wit: Since the automobiles were invented the number of grade crossings killings has increased 2000 per cent(?) Naturally one would think the railroads had a grudge against these inoffensive and smaller machines. Then again it would seem that the horse not being there, to do the thinking, was the cause of many an untimely death. But each hypo-tetanus (?) would be as wrong as to call the Kaiser “the decomposed monarch of Germany.” The true cause of increased crossings killings must forever reside in the fact that the auto, with its increased speed gets there **in time** and therefore permits of a greater number of people enjoying the thrill that comes only once in a lifetime.—T-b. S.

## 1924\_76\_IW\_03091924

**BRONCO BUSTERS**

An international aspect:

WHAT KEEPS MUSSOLINI IN Power—Lit. Dig.T’s Aug. 9, 1924.—

“Muzzle ‘em,” as he is called by those that have no appetite for castor oil, is kept in power by the game force that compels a bear to “shimmy” ground a trap—on three legs. . . .

(Muzzle ‘em is being kissed to death by Miss “Power”).

“The murder of Giacomo Matteotti . . . was thought . . . to be . . .a sign of the approaching collapse of Mussolini’s strong arm Government.”— L. D.

— Dictatorship has had an odor about it ever since the days of Fellow Worker Woodrow Wilson and William HohenzoIIern, farther back Peter Great and still farther and farther. Among the Alexanders of Russia can be found the amiable dictators, the will intentioned ones, the good meaning kind, but the odor persists, the smell lingers — they went down.

Napoleon went “the way,” forgotten, lonely — only History sets off his pyro-technics. (People can’t feed, clothe or shelter themselves with history). Lenin, Trotsky, Ex-Evans, Butler of Philly— rising saviors, all.

Riviera, General, Alass — The citizens revolt against dictatorship, Alass! The rank and tribe don’t want to be ruled, they want to rule themselves, and their “want” takes the form of open rebellion, invariably. But the question is, What Keeps Mussolini in Power? What Keeps Him in the Saddle?

Let me tell you a story: There was a time when I had delusions about dictatorship. I began to believe that I was the *clear* “It.” And the form of my dement caused me to imagine that I was a BroncoBuster. Nothing would do but have an “Outlaw” bridled and saddled so I could show the world how to “break” horses —I jumps into the saddle:

The gentle “bronc” pricked his cars, then laid them back meekly, brought all four feet together, as if preparing to make a bow to the audience. . . (Now, I never thought that it would double-cross me— I was too smart for that). Up went its back — alass, gentlemen and ladies, I could locate the saddle only occasionally; but I was hanging on to the saddle-horn. “Let go that horn you ‘tenderfoot’,” yells a rude cowperson—I paid no attention to him. People marveled, “What keeps ‘Moose-Slim’ in Power—in Saddle,” I mean — and round and about we went, the “bronc” looking for a rockpile in which to dump me, and I takin careful observation of the geographical formations so’s to sever diplomatic relations with the “bronc” at a suitable landing place. I had the power all right, but I didn’t have time to gather the reins into my hands— a man can’t do 61 things at once— you can’t steer a bronco by twisting the saddle horn. . . After they nursed me back to life in the next country, I limped my way back — and when I got to the Spring Creek Bridge, I threw the spurs into the brook and decided that dictatorship is California “fruit.” It is too hard on the dictators, the people only grin.

\* \* \*

Says the Rome Mondo (after doubling its circulation) “We affirm, as far we are concerned, that any idea of conquering power or participating in it is absolutely far from us, and, it seems to us, incompatible with the present situation. The opposition in general and the constitutional opposition in particular cannot and should not under any circumstances assume responsibilities which do not belong to them. This is not the proper time for opposition. (Let him ride). We know this perfectly, and if we have not said so before, it was because it seemed to us superfluous and ridiculous to do so.”

“This is the moment to leave to the majority all the responsibilities of Government.”

“There is no equivocation about this. If the majority recognizes it has duties to perform, let it try to face them in the best way it can; if it does not, or if it does not know how to face them, that’s the lookout of the majority.”

The “Plondo” said a mouthful!

What Keeps Mussolini in Power? Maybe his coat is caught in the gears. Mebbe he didn’t know the Ointment was so greasy. Maybe “his pants” are caught on the saddle-horn. Who can say.— (Why did Pat hang onto the Wild Cat? Mebbe he couldn’t let go.)

Some day Mussolini will walk into Lewistown, Montana, without his spurs, all bunged-up, nose pointing south and south-west— a chastened man. “A mighty somnambulist — a vanished dream!”

Be that as it may, it is now becoming quite clear, in sunny Italy, that the majority may possibly have a few words to say, and what’s more, may decide to say them. Fast.

Whether or no; it now begins to look as if the majority will be called upon to have its sayso whether it wants to or not.

The oppositions “Have nothing to say.”

The Constitutional-Opposition has “Concluded its remarks.”

Various “oppositions” have done all the talking without saying anything, without accomplishing anything, and now the majority is to be called into consultation—kind, I’m sure, of the H’oppositions as “Tony” would say.

Daily, it is becoming more evident that no solution is possible without the “registered will” of the people of Italy. Opposition bucks opposition with strong-arms, dagger and castor-oil — bombs, black-jack and militia. Any weapon within reach, and weapons are plentiful. Solutions are few.

“The end justifies the means, “however well taken, is only a slogan. *There is no End!* The Majority must speak.

\* \* \*

Are Merchants Criminally Affected? Well, no, as to that, that is— they are not in the habit of doing hard work for a living, bills must be paid, their nerves are steady, they have the guns, time, motive and opportunity. Many of them are already in the can— a great percentage, so great indeed that we might well observe that they are not bashful at all in an emergency that threatens their fruit-salad.

In North Dakota at present the state is an armed camp, according to Fargo Forum. Sawed-off shot guns have been placed into the hands of the small-fry business-elements. If this was a laughing matter we could point out that the guns are in the hands of the very men that need financial encouragement. No doubt explosions will occur in the dead of the night, respectability will crawl from under the bed in the morning to find the robbers made a clean getaway — and left no tracks— and that new rigor has taken possession of the erstwhile failing “bourgoose” ( goose-step ) .

Are Criminals Brain-Cripples?

(Some do and some don’t). Laws are going “broke” in distinct proportions to citizens doing the same. Now the trick is to find a way to make them wear. . . . Low Up” and “Use No Hooks,” etc., and trust brows will suggest that laws be placarded, “Handle with Care”; “Glass”; “This Side he people to use every caution in the lawxone so’s as not to run over them or bump into them. That’s old stuff. I would suggest that we insure our laws against breakage, same as we do plate-glass windows. Let’s put our laws on a sound business basis; a careless citizen steps out, commits a crime; in the morning the insurance pays or the broken law. Isn’t that simple? It is so simple it almost solves itself.

## 1924\_77\_IW\_06091924

**Contents of Garret**

Sometimes, for the *peace-of-mind* of some leading *pillar-of-society*, it is necessary to get the actgitator out-of-town in a hurry: That’s when there’s bustlings and bustlings! . . . and parasites that have never been known to hurry will then raise a sweat that flushes their purple jowls. The sheriff, the deputy, the marshal are interviewed.— the prosecutor is consulted.

All the legal machinery is started with the sole idea of ridding this or that industry of a man cursed with brains— a dangerous RED. But haste makes waste. In a hurry, the fine points of Inter-civilian-Trade are overlooked and, (as it happened in this case) the sheriff heavily armed, “Will and Testament” signed, has been persuaded to hand the violent Red his “Time” in the form of a “check” (ready-to-wear) along with the compliments of Consolidated Haywire Company, and best wishes for a pleasant long journey. Yes.

Unfortunately, a hurrying man is never in the full possession of his faculties. Red, of course, was in no hurry, but the other participants all were up-in-the-air, so’s to say. So when Red looked at his check he was horrified to find the bookkeeper had added the “board” to his check instead of subtracting it therefrom. They had paid him for eating the meals. “How’ wonderful just,” some would say. “Not at all,” says Red “it was worth $48 to eat four weeks of that boarding — and more,” he adds in a dreamy way.

\* \* \*

A farmer had two sons, the fool

He worked them both to death;

Bohunkus worked with hand and tool,

Josephus with his breath.

When these two sons had left the place,

Oh how the farmer roared —

Bohunkus run a goodly race,

Josephus stole a Ford.

The farmer cranked his Overland

And cranked his shot-gun too—

Bohunkus bit the burning sand,

Josephus he pulled through.

Bohunkus up to heaven went—

At least, he “ain’t been seen;

Josephus was a sinful gent

And went to Aberdeen.

Now these two sons are dead and gone

(And they have done their best — )

Josephus of poor whiskey died,

Bohunkus by request.

\* \* \*

The farmers “home” has been broken up, not by free-lovers, but by free-haters and free-booters of the business world. Nellie is near-sighted down in the red-light. Reuben and Edgar are beating box-cars. Emil is only waiting for long pants. “Shep” took to the road and was last seen at Marquette, Kansas. The home has been broken into, ransacked, broken up and, now, the politicians assure the farmer that it will not be again “done.”

\* \* \*

We are reminded by the Ex-Left Wing, Ex-Wobblies, in the Liberator, and elsewhere, that they have ceased to pay dues, and bewail, (because of that fact) that our organization (for that reason) is lop-sided.

So long’s we don’t get lop-eared we hope to please the discriminating world. But, just the same, we can’t help pointing out the difference between a dues paying member and a non-paying has-been: The dues payer has Back-Pay coming to him, the ex. has been “paid in full.” The ex-member feels he should cross no bridges until he comes to them, and having no back-pay due for past performances, he doesn’t feel justified in paying such great sums, as 50 cents per month, merely to help others “drag down” what belongs to them. Hence no alleged left-wing or left-lung . . . farmer says, the “I. W. W. is all right but those alleged I. W. W. are holy frights.” Compose yourself, comrade, alleged Wobblies are never railroaded into the can. Its the bona fide fellow workers that beard the lions of capital. . . . But, seeing as it is you George, I will point out a thing you might start working on — might be great possibilities in it. Thus: “The parasites themselves aren’t so bad, but those would-be parasites are holy frights.” Les’ go!

“Survival of the fittest” has been recited — I won’t take sides— I will merely go on record that I believe in the survival of the fittest, provided — they behave; and up to that point. Surely George doesn’t repudiate old Charley Darwin.

But if the “survivors” misbehave they’re going to be “predecessors” so fast that they’ll wonder are they to be carried past their station.

\* \* \*

“Dutch” was on the defensive in the jungles (hotels were full-up). Some one suggested that Dutch get on the point of exploitation. Germany explodes: “V’at! me get on the boint of exzloi-bloi-shition? I shust com’ from the boint— v’at you call him — exbloi-exbloiment. *Hort Mai Zu!* Listen! When I was deborted over to Germany, you know v’at they toldt me over there? They toldt me that if they all vork like I vork they wouldt soon all be out od vork und they toldt me ‘you besser go back to Amerika and let ‘em debort you till you get a liddle sense in your headt.’ That’s shust the trouble, when I get on the boint of exbloi-exbloi-exbloishition.”

## 1924\_78\_IS\_10091924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**THE CRAZIEST THING YET**

–––––

Is the farmer robbed at the point of production? Is he robbed? Is He the robber? Three questions—we’ll answer four of them:

Well, fellow workers, I’m not going to take sides, nor will I search the interested parties. Instead of that; I would like to speak a kind word for the little red song-book:

\* \* \*

Is there anything you want to know, turn to page so and so. Do you want to quote unquestionable authority, or precedent, (to win an argument) turn to another page, and there it is in black and white. Says the song-book, in regards the farmer being robbed, (in the chorus of Harvest Land song) “Old fossil of the Feudal Age” . . . “Ah haa, chattered the judge, then he certainly cannot be robbed at the point of production—if he still flounders around in the almost prehistoric Past.”—It will be remembered the point of production is peculiarly and distinctly an institution of modern capitalism, a distribution point for wages, wages in turn being an installment (payment) on the commodities you have produced; capital is back-pay coming to you ‘way up high,’ or in the Workers’ Commonwealth.

\* \* \*

The farmer has not yet reached the point of Wage-Distribution. He is running a little system of his own, half capital and half feudal . . but he has problems. **And capitalism is preparing to solve his problems for him!**—It is generally believed that the farmer, with his feudalism, will be defeated in the coming struggle with capitalism and the keenest observers (including ourself) predict that John will soon be working for wages, and for American Agricultural Company— this will shortly precede I the overthrowal of the Wages-System.

\* \* \*

How could the farmer be robbed at the point of production, (where wages are offered and accepted) if he is not a wage earner, if he is a business man (or an employer), attempting to use a feudal bean-blower in modern warfare—attempting to obtain, and hold, the right-of-way (on hard-road hiways) for his safety-bicycle? He’ll be distanced.

\* \* \*

To all intents and purposes the farmer is a manufacturer, even when he is not an employer —his raw material are mud, fertilizer, formaldehyde, paris green and seed; his factory the farm, rain, sun and wind; his commodity a crop—not labor-power.

He does not sell labor power. He sells beans, corn, grass, ‘grain,’ seeds—he is a feed-store; he sells spuds, rutabagas, roots, cabbages—he is a provision-wholesaler; he sells apples, tomatoes, water-melons, eggs— damit he’s a fruit-merchant. He is pretty much everything—a jack of all trades man—master of none. He sells turkeys, ducks, chickens— he’s a bird store; he sells cows, calves, sows, rabbits—he’s a stock, fur, wool and feather trader—a trapper. Barb-wire, corrals and fences are his traps. Barns. Now fellow workers, bear witness that his status as a business man, dealer, merchant, trader, has been established; bear witness that I’m not taking sides on the question and watch me discuss, briefly, “Is He the robber?”:

First, he undersells his goods for a period of years and dam near bankrupts himself; then, in 1924, with a bumper crop on his hands he says “**A good crop this year does not justify high wages. Wages should be governed by the profits on a ten year basis**” and organizes against those that are at the point of production.— Here he presents himself as an employer of “labor.” And all that That means.

But, at times, he foregoes the formality of employing “labor”. By the virtue of his marriage certificate he can prevail upon his wife to take the hired-man’s place. The matrimonial knot entitles said wife to scab on the Cow-milkers’ Amalgamated of the Gomperation of Labor. No doubt the simple soul has been deluded into such a position by the **man of affairs**—her husband. His family, (girls and boys) too, are employed without pay and without money, and are making heroic efforts to keep the feudal program afloat in a sea of capitalism—a heart-breaking job.

There is no chattel slavery on the farms, of course— I said, of course, that’s what I said—and the mere fact that John works his loved ones sixteen hours a day (without paying wages) on the strength of his service—that of marrying their mother, her Iabor power and ministrations—to humanity to the end of perpetuating his kind, should not be classed as a form of chattel slavery. Is he merely embezzling their wages so that he may further speculate and plunge in his wild orgy of “defeating” capitalism with half-soled feudalism and patched?— (Can you keep a secret?) Is he the robber? No. Merely irresponsible.

## 1924\_79\_IW\_10091924

**BUGS AND FORDS**

What is an injunction? Is it a red-light at a dangerous crossing? Is it a “stop, look and listen?” Is it a mother’s warning “don’t go near the water?” Is it a “no-smoking” sign? Finally, it is a “law-before-the-fact?” Is it a law? If so, why pick on it? Is it a bad law? Is censorship an injunction and does it serve the same purpose and is censorship bad? Is censorship an injunction-before-the-fact? Are the “two” a part of the capitalist’s system? Will law, injunction and censorship be a part of the Toiler’s Commonwealth; if so, why kick? Shall we, by our objection, urge that capitalist laws will survive capitalism? Shall we urge that capitalism is O. K. but its law cause us physical suffering and great mental agony? Shall we organize to change laws or shall we “scrap” (condemn) the source, or shall we do “neither or all of these things?” Is not injunction bad only when used against us, and isn’t it perfectly lovely when used in our favor? Isn’t it a question of viewpoint, a matter of opinion — a good chance for a split, when we can unite against the system that raises these questions. They have nothing to do with bread and shoes!

\* \* \*

Nothing pleases a politician so much as proving a thoroughly rotten thing is perfectly sound. By the same token it isn’t very painful to them to assert a perfectly sound, proposition is decadent, in fact they seem elated o’er fulminations of their bourgeois-imaginations. Thus, the cry is rising to high-forums that I. W. W. is decadent. “Oo la la,” they wail, “Oi oi oi,” they chorus. They know more about our *fisical* condition than we ourselves know— quacks.

Thank you, friends, the members of the I. W. W. are standing pat. We ain’t calling for a new deck —not while the joker and deuce remain; we ain’t even calling for a new deal. We are sitting pretty with four kings and an ace in our mitt and one joker in our sleeve. Let the game proceed, we pass the bid.

\* \* \*

On our modern American farms it invariably happens the granger distributes insecticide, “vermine” and buggine in the wrong place. Seed-wheat and seed-oats have their formaldehyde-bath, but the hired person’s bed-room is a stranger to that labor o’ consideration: Slim can not rest, and being of suspicious nature, strikes a match to view the parade of 300 bedbugs — great big healthy ones, and red — bless their little hearts— Crimson!

Slim calls the attention of Shorty to the “Red Invasion.” Shorty blinks, and turns a “fresh side” for the bugs to devour. “Keep your shirt on, Slim,” he says, “it’s just another case of two Daniels in a lion’s den.”

Darn, Shorty, anyway, he’s always speaking in parables. ... I wonder if he really meant that story of Daniel was a left-handed “dig” about bedbugs? “Yes,” says Shorty, “we shouldn’t take the bible literally, them ol’ codgers were subtle as hell when it came to spinning razzful yarns about crummy flops.”

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that “we will be on the bum next winter”— if so, we may as well be on the so-called bum, fighting for something . . . a case of heads we win; tails we beat.

\* \* \*

It is being whispered around that Henry Ford the First, (manufacturer and sponsor for the Nervous-Lizzie) has political aspirations. It is rumored in bold type that Hank is convinced that not enough men whose Christian names begins with “H” are members of the United States Senate; at least, not from Michigan.

On the other hand, men of low-pressure-intelligence — who should know better — argue that smarter men than Henry grace the God-forsaken Western Hemisphere.

It will be remembered, Henry’s friends (that know him best) threatened to run him for president — so well they thought of him, mortality rate among nation’s chiefs not being considered. Henry is no cake eater.

But we’re not going to make an issue of Mr. Ford’s mental state, be it frail or robust or indifferent. We will throw Henry a few bouquets and move from the position that he is in possession of a full set of active brains, and that he has political aspirations: I’ve conversed with men that work for Henry and they laugh at the suggestion of Ford for President. Just as if that office was a too ambitious undertaking.

Now, it may be that his *aspirations for senatorship* will fare equally badly in the hands of such detractors. And if Hank modifies the craving of his soul, and runs for mayorship or council, no doubt, these same mud-slingers will get up and discourage that unselfish concession on the part of Hon. Ford, too.

What is this insidious force that takes the pep out of every boomlet that Henry launches? Why is it that such evident worth, such grand ability, such surging willingness, can not be directed into channels where it would be of eternal benefit to the body politic? Detractors! Mudslingers! Skeptics! Shame on you!

But I have a suggestion:

I suggest that Mr. Ford swallow his pride, still the consciousness of his great importance, and Begin at the Bottom. I’m sure his inherent abilities would bring him rapid promotion. Let him take over the management of a prison chain-gang down in Texas. . . .

“Oh, Captin, Capt’n— Lawdy Merry, Capt’n — Do’an hit me . . . (Banghrr) Oh Lawdy (banghrr) I’ll do dat work (whsngrr) Oh Capt’n,” cries of whipped Negroes would have a tendency of hardening him for the real services to come. After protracted training in this, not that Henry needs it, I would suggest that Henry court the favor of some governor and get himself appointed warden of a penitentiary — I think Henry would make an excellent warden. His meteoric career would then be fairly under way. Next, he could then branch out along the lines of his inclinations, or he might absorb additional seasoning by becoming a “dry agent” to enforce the Eighteenth Commandment if he has a “nose for booze.”

Henry would not stand upon dignity, in these trying times, when the world is fairly writhing for the want of his political ministrations.

## 1924\_80\_IW\_13091924

**TRUE TO FORM**

The “National Defense Day” will go off big. On September 12, I understand, the nation will spring to arms as one man. Of course, you understand, this will be for practice only, training for the citizens—so that they will stand calm *under draught* it the event of another last war; merely training them to repulse onslaught with “sladder”—to repel attack an’ how to follow up.

The last *Last War* was a great lesson to us. We found our nation totally unprepared to kill Germans, so fast they showed up. We found ourselves 3,000 miles away from nearest German selected for slaughter, with almost no means of transportation except a few old British tubs, rattletraps like the Lusitania, which had been a *has been* five years before the war started, and should have been condemned as unable to compete with the stately (German) ships of trade.

On the other hand, the flag-waving-profiteers found themselves Unprepared! Many of them were caught short and grabbed 300 per cent profit when they could have had 2,000 per cent just as well. No doubt these self-styled patriots will take advantage of this coming “mobilization” and practice-up their chosen art. Up goes the prices.

\* \* \*

Y. M. C. A. will corner the cigarettes and Bull-Burham. Salvation Army will pore over the dough-nut recipes. Ex-Politicians will sell Liberty Bonds without consulting the buyers. Yes, indeed, I believe it will go over big. Labor will demand a 10 per cent increase (piker) in wages to take care of a 200 per cent increase in cost of living. Piker!

\* \* \*

Debs, the G. O. M., will go to Can.

“Saucy” Kate O’Hare, also.

The I. W. W. will be locked-up.

Illinois will lynch one bond-toting German, by mistake.

What would happen — if everything goes true to form?

If the lumber barons and timer-morons take mobilization seriously, on “this” day, the price of lumber “products” is due for a “kiting.”

\* \* \*

Hoover may declare for a *dogless* brekfus’s.

\* \* \*

Conscientious obstructicians will raise grey mustaches and limp, flat-footed.

\* \* \*

Editors will qualify every statement, or disguise them as interrogations. All treasonable words will be blurred with a quick, sharp blow from the editorial mallet.

\* \* \*

Three minute speeches by merchants of British extraction. Germans will gang-up on all Pro-Kaiserites, and Irish will fight for the King.

\* \* \*

Emergency boards will “practice-up” on building transparent-transports from boxlumber. Patriotic steel will advance on orders.

\* \* \*

Revolutionary periodicals will discuss the general uprising of a dobe-builder in Af-Kanistan and the simultaneous revolt in Congo, of all hands on the numerous plantations of the Belgia Balloon-Tire Corporation. (Both men disappearing between midnight and dawn).

\* \* \*

The “twenty-four bought up papers” will come out in squeeling headlines about the very latest atrocity of the enemy— how a heartless fuerst “luff” dragged a motherless orphan, three months old, through a key hole until the child resembled a buckskin belt lacing— RETALIATION! will be the indignant cry of the mortally offended press!— Yes, the press too must be mobilized for instant action. We will live all over again the Lucy Tania HORROR, with all those little children and widows on an innocent visit to the battle fields of war torn Europe. Ach, Poor Belgium. Poor Armenia, Poor Turk.— No, not Turkey— Poor— that is— all those that got it in the neck, whoever they were. Every shot fired by the enemy win hit a church or a hospital or a cradle—-darn ‘em anyway.

\* \* \*

Super-patriots will grab bullet proof jobs h’ist their “stinkers” on top the “grand rapids” (So’s to prevent red blood warming their feet). Hundred Per Centers will patrol Balm Peach — Peach Balm— Palm Beach. There, I guess I’ve got it right!

Supernuated “ante-dates” will screech for war (for someone else to fight) and the Red Cross will offer First Aid to the Strangling Fossils by Pounding them on the Hump. It’s going to be a big day. War provendor will be fed the voracious public until its celuloid belt “melts.”

North Dakota bank robbers will be severely censured for trying to get celebration started two weeks early, and for using a man’s house for target practice.

Anton ZWACH, south of New Ulm, and his silver toned wife, at same address, will probably give their chore boy something to eat on that day. (Co. Commissioners please note).

Personally, I will try to mobilize the Lord on our side. I will spend the Day in prayer, if it isn’t good drying weather.

The Wobs in Hanley Falls insist that “coming as it does in September, and being as how it is the 12th day of that very same month, it is an ideal day for stamping up the ol’ book, in full; ‘n’ have that much done in case we’re attacked or invaded by a horde of parasites.”

I fully agree with the learnt fellow workers, if we’re to mobilize, we must not forget the essential most features. Hop, skip and a jump.

## 1924\_82\_IS\_17091924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**REACTION**

–––––

Diversified-Farming is the forerunner of diversified matrimony, where: Each party to the agreement will have an assortment of mates—blond, intermediate (red, or auburn, depending on sex) brunette and black.

Society will necessarily become more inter-locking.

A lady’s husbands will range from short to tall, light to heavy, and white to black. Likewise, hubby’s wives will be red, white, yellow and blue; short, long, slender, and broad. (The drafting of the marriage contract will drive lawyers “bugs.”)

The better half will become a poor 1/3. The “lord and master” will become a mere shareholder. His interests will have extensive ramifications. (“Interlocking directorates” best exemplifies the situation under Holy-Diversified-Wedlock.) We do not favor it, we merely describe it.

Diversified-Matrimony will probably precede Free-Love, because the former is systematized whereas the latter is ketch as can-can.

It is not a forward step—or we would favor it—and, lest we be accused ot favoring it (in the negative) let me point out that diversified-matrimony is even now practiced in Utah and at other points. It’s as old as the hills. Hence, we wouldn’t **favor it**, we would practice it if favored it.

Diversified-Farming, too, is harking back to **Agriculture’s B o y h o o d**; (with a two-weeks’ growth of beard, nose shiny, clothes ragged, lousy, dirty, diseased) a fine Sunday school scholar it will make!—It’s going back to start all over again without system. (He’ll “rotate.” You bet! He’ll do more, he’ll SPIN.)

\* \* \*

If diversified farming proves to be the Iong sought for success. Diversified-Religion will follow it. A man will get up in the morning a catholic, eat breakfast a methodist, answer the dinner bell a holy roller, edge-up to supper a baptist and retire as a Mormon—recall, this will be necessary since his wives are of diversified - denominations. Diversified Matrimony carries with it Diversified Religion. (Hie holy father will be celibate in several “creeds” instead of one.) We do not favor diversified religion, it, too, is old Worshiping Sun, Moon, Stars, Lightning, Thunder, Soil, Sea, Wind and Idols was nothing but diversified religion.

\* \* \*

Lack of apace is crawling in upon us.) Let us hasten:

I Diversified-Food is hash (and soup.) How do you like it?

\* \* \*

Diversified-Unionism? Ah, Brother-Banker-Coal Baron: what can I say? Is your unionism so weak—unpaying—a proposition that you must diversify your interests and moor them to a “sinking ship.” Oh, why didn’t you **specialize** and get the product of your toil (as you produced it) instead of storing it on the Ill-fated Capitalism soon to sail on its last voyage? ............. Diversification is the biggest hoax of all time, and it hs the **added** demerit of being INDEFINITE. Like Centralization and Decentralization the word Diversification is on everybody’s tongue.

Nobody will tell us what it means—**really** means. Everybody, capitalist-papers, farm-journals, are for it. Pulpits, soda-fountains, knowledgeboxes and drawing rooms are for it—Everybody. T-bone Slim alone is against it—can it be— can it be that I alone am right? Is it possible that Reason is on its last legs in this cruel world, and does Slim use said legs with due respect to conservation? We cannot thus run chances (or foot races)’ and endanger the last remaining spark of intelligence.

Let us put more legs under reason, and SPECIALIZE. We know what is BEST. Let’s specialize in it—not diversify. Nix on DIVERSIFICATION. — I’m feeling better, thank you.—T-b. S.

P. S.—Before we go—I want to ask you, fellow worker, What FDo you Think of a Guy that will lash himself to the mast of a Sinking Ship? Diversified Unionism is the bonds that fasten him. Christ! Couldn’t he drown without being tied?

—T-b. S.

## 1924\_81\_IW\_17091924

**Mr. John N. Dakota**

The organized business men of the farming districts are “egging” the farmers to fight labor; no doubt figuring that while they are doing that it will be easier to pick their pockets, for John is a warrior bold when he gets started.

\* \* \*

Now it might not be out of place to acquaint ourselves with the duties of the business element and discover their mode of making a living. We wish first of all to know if they consider it a service worth board and lodging to sit in a store reading circulars and cream separator advertisements from 8 to 10 a. m., while the hired bruins, the clerk, sweeps the place? We want to know if waiting on five customers in the forenoon is considered a full hall day’s work for this pair of bouncing worthies?

\* \* \*

Except on Wednesday and Saturday nights, their stores are practically deserted. There they are— joyous and carefree, cracking jokes, fondling their goods, keeping up a running- fire of witty remarks. In comes a merchant who has been clowning out on the sidewalk, or loafing at the postoffice waiting for the postmaster to get through with his work. What pearl of wisdom drops from his lips as he re-enters the store? He says to his partner: “You’d been out of luck with 5-cent margin on corn, it’s dollar six now.” It seems he is a tinhorn grain-gambler on top of all his other virtues — a baby speculator. It’s the words of these men the farmer takes in preference to the word of his hard working helper. These men are not satisfied with $3.50 and $4.50 profits on a day’s business. Oh, no.

Their profits on Saturday night’s business range from $40 to $140 and more—clearly too much, yes it is — but you argue “this is necessary because business was dull during the week.” So it was, that’s what I argue too, we agree— it was dull, and these men might as well have been working some place. We’re not prepared to hand them a living for Saturday night’s work. I contend that the lowest figure ($40) covers the cost of a full weeks’ Iivlihood, and that it all “comes [unclear] in four hours. No wonder they cavort and cut up on Main Street, joshing with the harvest hands and shaking hands with the farmers Lena, when she’s in town dickering with the surly barber for a shingle bob. These are the men that advise the farmer to buck labor. And John thinks they are friends of his’n.

It is said that North Dakota has a bank for every 800 people and I will say that 720 of the people have nothing to “put in the bank and nothing to get out. Thus each bank has at least three people looking after the business of 80 customers and since most of these have business only once a week the banks serve only about 100 customers per week — 16 2-3 customers per day. No wonder the banks work only six hours a day. (I have much to say here but I must condense). These business men are continually misleading the farmers.

Lately they have harped on Diversification to the end that John has adopted it: Golden Valley county, Western North Dakota, has 512 farms and Beach, N. D., alone has enough business men for them to support — then there is the town of Golva that can’t live on wind. Just think of it, 512 customers are trying to support two towns.

\* \* \*

Wheat wouldn’t pay, so they hooked non-paying dairy-business to it.

Barley wouldn’t pay, so it was married to non-paying alfalfa.

Oats wouldn’t pay, so they ran a side-line of non-paying hawgs with it.

Rye wouldn’t pay, so it had to divide with non- paying sheep.

Flax wouldn’t pay so it was doubled with non-paying poultry.

Thus, through diversification the farmer t dies before he finds the cause of his trouble. In the meantime he acts as a Labor Board and sets wages for everyone but himself.

Diversification means the joining together of everything that doesn’t pay and trying to live on the proceeds.

John has hashed his farming and supports a bunch of prancing business men. If John N. Dakota would organize to sell grain instead of acting as a labor board these merchants would soon go to work or starve. By organizing to SELL instead BUY, half the bankers would find themselves LAYED-OFF.

My advice to the farmer is: Don’t diversify your attention. You live not by producing grain but by selling it. To my fellow worker I will say: You do not live by working, you do not live by raising big muscles, you live by selling labor-power— don’t diversify — this is the capitalist’s system and a rotten one it is.

\* \* \*

The wage hereabouts is five dollars; the going wage $4.50 (going almost gone). Yet, I was offered Three Dollars this day by a misguided and thoughtless farmer. Imagine “That,” fellow workers! Three Dollars for stacking! Although I was deeply offended I survived the foul blow but, believe me. I was mortified — and, mortification is next to MORTEM. Me— with not a spavin or a blemish! Three dollars ! I was hurt. I was wounded. My pride was wrecked. My soul was twisted out of all shape. . . . Fellow workers, it will take me years to live this down. Three dollars! Was there ever such disgraceful proceedings? Was ever a man discredited in such an underhanded manner? Oh, why did I ever tell him I was looking for work?

\* \* \*

A local boy comes into town raving and frothing at the mouth:

“What’s the matter, what’s the matter?” I inquired.

“Why. that Gol’ Sham farmer asked me to sleep in the barn.”

“The hell he did, the dirty Son of a Gun,” I swore politely.

“Yes, here’s your blankets,’ he said, ‘you can deep in the barn — and take the dog with you.’”

“He di-id?” I exclaimed, aghast, “I hope you didn’t hit ‘im. . . . although, of course, any jury would decide it was in self defense; for god and country, sea and senate. ...”

“Yes, and what makes it worse, he’s got five empty rooms with beds upstairs.”

“The dirty son of a gun,” I could only marvel.

“ — if my mother found out,” moaned the humiliated lad. “if my mother found out that I slept in a barn, or, even, that I was told to sleep there, she’d make me take a bath out in the wood shed — she wouldn’t let me in the house—she’d make me burn all my clothes.”

You’re right, lad, and your mother would be perfectly justified in sending you to a reform school— it’s against the law, too, to sleep in barns. If I was you I wouldn’t say too much about it, you’re liable to arrest, and thirty days.

And so we parted —

I could see that his young soul was severely wrung and his faith in agriculture violently shaken. Alas, that this should be so! It’s so. So.

\* \* \*

As he thought of John Farmer and John Farmer’s wife,

And the puddings and pies that she’d bake,

He “clumb” on an east-bound W. P. Train—

To search for his next winter’s stake.

Thoroly surfeited with oranges and jails

He’d go straight to Kansas or bust —

After living all winter on donuts and snails—

He left Sunny Cal in disgust.

In due course of time he reached the State line,

His waistline exceedingly slim;

When Io and behold, two burly bulls bold

Proceeded to fumigate him.

They took off his clothes and turned on the hose

And took all the hide off his shape—

Ignoring the fact that such a grave act

Amounted to invasion—or rape.

His bindle, collected throughout the long years

They soaked it with gas— yes they did —

Ah neighbors, indeed, it makes my heart bleed,

‘Taint no way to treat a good. . . .

(To be finished)

## 1924\_83\_IW\_20091924

**Anothers Sins**

“Let your conscience be your guide” may be good advice and it may not. Mostly it isn’t. On a dark night, in a strange barn for instance (and nights in strange barns are always dark) conscience has little value as a pathfinder. One might us well be guided by prejudice as to follow the dictates of conscience on such occasions, in such barns, in such strange darkness.

If darkness had set-in before your arrival, and you have no matches, you must feel your way without a guide (except your general knowledge of barn construction. . . )

Conscience, where the mind is open or blank or not in contact, cannot serve as a guide post. In fact, conscience must have training, as to intimate details and merits, pro and con, up-to and from and between, beyond and before— have all facts— before it can function cither as motivator, guide, retarder or paralizer-of-action, actual, prospective, improbable or impossible. Yes, indeed.

Take a street scene: The fight is in full progress when you arrive— a glorious fight it is— you don’t happen to recognize any of the combatants— the shape they’re in—or, they may all be bosom companions of yours. At first you view the labors of the fighters with an impersonal gaze, impartially applauding the efforts of one or another— and you long to take paart in the fray. You are expected to take part— if you don’t, “you’re a coward.”

But you didn’t see the start of the fight. . . . How’s your conscience going to guide you? Will you jump in and help the underdogs and even-up the fight and thus prolong the battle or will you aid the heavy-hitters to bring about an early and honorable peace—or will you jump in on general principles and hit the interested parties without fear or favor, (as you get to ‘em] when they’re looking, as well as when they ain’t? Will you join them in their manly pastime just for the sake of driving your loneliness away? Your conscience is on dead center. It is mute. You look appealingly to your conscience for advice. You might just as well look to your liver for counsel — your conscience has had no intercourse with the intelligible facts (if any) preceding the heavy engagement.

No, conscience, as a guide is unreliable. In such a case you could confine your prowess to “betting on the outcome” with more reason than by attempting to influence “fortunes of war” with your uninformed presence.

In ferreting out decaying matter (such as dead herring, rats, dogs, or camels) it is better to follow your nose and “let the odor be your guide.”

Where odor, visibility, or conscience cannot function it is well to follow the crowd or let your hearing be your guide. And, in isolated cases, taste has been a great help to those who staggered beneath an overload of misapprehension.

INTUITION. Ah, a guide!

Experience, another chaperon!

\* \* \*

May I recount a true story? May I unfold a tale of INJUSTICE:

I was a cook, not one’ of those that discover north-poles and pass out gum-drops, I was a lumbercamp cook and a good one too (especially on stew). I was sent down to open up “the landing camp” soon to start “out-loading.” Upon crowbarring the door open, a most terrific smell struck me in the nostrils. Being a cook, I refused to retreat. I held my ground. Easily I threw my eagle eye around and it lit upon a sourkraut barrel — with much gulping and gagging, I rolled it outside, heavy as it was, half-full of liberty cabbage.

With heavy heart I dug a shallow grave and emptied the keg into it. Thank God, that is done— I heaved a sigh. Once again the birds sang in my soul and I walked back to the cook-shack whistling, “Who’d Have Thunk It Stunk.” Alas! Alas, fellow workers, the stink in the shack was worse than ever. . . . Up she came— my breakfast!

\* \* \*

After recovering somewhat I went on a still hunt, gum-shoeing, and found a dish full of rotten salmon — a squirming, sizzling, mass of maggots. . . .

I had buried the innocent cabbage! Injustice! What!

I now freely admit that I was prejudiced against kraut — always have been. Prejudice and conscience was my guide. And I’m here to say that 99 times out of 98 conscience as a guide is a snare, and prejudice a pitfall. Knowledge is the one and only guide. “If You Don’t Know, Don’t Move” is a good rule.

To move without knowledge is to let chance be your guide.

Jumping in the dark is no longer practiced in polite society.

O “Liberty,” cain men resign thee?— I’m still thinking about the Cabbage-in-a-Wrong-Grave?

Where Cabbage Sleeps,

Salmon should —

If cabbage didn’t,

Salmon would —

And both are lost,

(Their graves are “crossed”)

“Anothers sin”.

Bereaves their kin.

Oo la la la Laa!

\* \* \*

Of course the farmer that hires you has a “housefull” of soiled children — Were the children “bigger” you wouldn’t be there. Do not under circumstances mention “dirt” tho the children bother you. Just casually remark. “Mr. Haybailer„ does your well ever go dry — do you have water the year round?”— That’s what’s called hypo-ismsiter question. He can’t say Yes or No to that.

Then if he don’t tumble, ask him “Is ‘summer following’ beneficial for the children’s complexion or is it better to plow it up every year?” You’ve got him. He can’t say Yes or No.

One who is on the farm for the first time should study this well and comfort himself accordingly. Don’t be Blunt.That reminds me: The girl in the grocery store as she filled my order for eight eggs, remarked: Are you going to eat all “them,” yourself?

“Young lady,” says I looking hard at her, “I wish you would bear in mind that I’m a virtuous old man; that I’m merely trying to ketch-up with my egg-eating and that I’m a working man and not a social-lion.”

## 1924\_84\_IS\_24091924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**“WHAT THEY SAY”**

We have a headache this morning: Now, there is, and can be, only one cause for headache— modesty prevents our mentioning it. Anyway, we shall write and see what kind of an article is lodged in there—not knowing beforehand, we know we shall get a tremendous kick from it—because, this is no ordinary head-ache.

\* \* \*

Says the Minneapolis Daily Star, in a headline;

I. W. W. BEHIND YEGGS,

BANKERS LEARN

And to think, I thought we were way ahead of ‘em — What’s Star trying to do, cast reflections against our “ability to travel”?

According to this latest mouthpiece of special-privilege the BANKERS LEARN all about it, from a special-agent, who, himself, is not yet implicated in any of the robberies that **stirreth** Minnesota. No charges have been made. No evidence is offered. No one has been arrested. So, it must be the I. W. W.? So they say — and proceed to hold court on the frontpage of the SLIPPING Star of Minneapolis,

— Somebody is to be framed.

\* \* \*

We hear that the wobblies “did this” and “done that”—an ambitious bunch!

An idiot rides a “front end” of an oil-tank, with his feet on the box-car ahead, the engineer jerks-up the slack on a heavy-grade; our hero, the idiot, drops gracefully to the tracks—two legs off.—I. W. W. DID THAT, he says so himself. And the doctor said : “The abrasions indicate that he was pushed by an I Won’t Work—thrown off the train because, the noble patriot he is, he wood knot take out a CURSED UR’R’RED CARD.”

\* \* \*

A game-warden takes a string of german-carp from a kid, par-boils them, and raises his family with ‘em. It is given out that “the I. W. W. started taking over industry by confiscating the toothsome aristocrat of the inland waters.”

\* \* \*

Town kids in (. . . .) capture a stray pig and pen him in a coal-shed (for a pet). I. W. W. done that —it’s their murderous doctrine “the working class and the employing class have nothing in common,” and it’s reflex the **working man and the workingman have everything in common** that is the cause of it. The pig is traced 57 miles to a jungles— where the “boys” are eating turtle-soup, cauliflower, peas, spuds, celery, onion-salt, bread, butter, coffee, and commercial-toppings— our author foundered himself—no other pig put in an appearance.

The law took pity on the author’s plight and arrested nobody.

The kids inform me they got a dollar from the preacher, for the pig.

\* \* \*

The hind tire picks up a nail, who’s to blame? I. W. W.

The lightning strikes a hay-stack, whose fault? I. W. W.’s.

Out of date saw-mill burns carrying handsome insurance, who’s guilty? I. W. W.

\* \* \*

They are accused of everything that happens and many things that don’t happen—and the only time they have failed was in the last war. “They fail to lose the war. Strange, isn’t it, that an outfit so uniformly successful in all kinds of deviltry should fail at its most ambitious undertaking,” it is said.—If we had lost, what a perfect alibi! I. W. W.s!

They do it all.

\* \* \*

One legged man at the back door:

“Kind lady, could ye help a poor man, tell me about it.” (He didn’t lose his leg, he wore it out dodging work.) It’s getting so that the Spanish-American War veteran gag won’t work—at Chicamauga he steps on a rusty nail—so he brings it up-to-date by saying “I. W. W.s, Kind lady,”. “Holy Frights”. . . Fierce!

\* \* \*

A train jumps the track—I. W. W.s

—

Pish! The wonder is not that the train jumps the track, the wonder is that it stays on. Come again.

An ocean liner tries to attack the Statue of Liberty in broad daylight, who’s responsible? I. W. W. pilot.

A flivver goes dead—”Damn them I. W. W.s,” cusses the driver.

Old Dobbin kicks the bucket; after eating straw wobblie had slept on. Ye gods ain’t there no way to stop ‘em?

The most elaborate stories are told about their activities — cruelties. Only the other day I heard that they eat scissorbills. Yes, when the bullheads don’t bite and when liver, (for the mud-turtles) won’t stay on the hook; when hard pressed for food, they grab a scissorbill and cut themselves a ham from It. Yes indeed, that’s what I heard. And they seem to prefer young and tender scissorbills. That’s natural, too, I s’pose. One naturally would. It sounds reasonable too—’longside of the other tales.

\* \* \*

“It wouldn’t be so bad if they used up the whole, scissorbill,” my informant avers, “but they take only the ham —and throw the rest away.”

If this is true, fellow workers, it looks like a deliberate attempt to waste the nation’s resources; a malicious attempt to rock the very foundations of our liberty. Restaurant business, too, suffers because of this, so you see, it comes purty near being sabotage.

Is it any wonder close tabs are kept, and BANKERS LEARN their location and tell the Minneapolis Daily Star — (why don’t they call it the Daily Constellation, I don’t know) “I. W. W. BEHIND YEGGS”? Huh! STAR BEHIND TIES? Uh!

Let Minneapolis Sksndinavians repudiate present bunch of political crooks and STAR will come out in double headlines “I. W. W. LEADS THE WORLD”—FASTEST THING ON EARTH ! ! !

The STAR feels safe nowdays— a wash wouldn’t hurt it.

Yea, we hear tho wobblies are a terrible lot, and they may be, but I don’t think so. They are a quiet, gray eyed bunch of serious minded working men with heavy hand, and heavy hearts; thoroughly disgusted and weary of life’s hypocrisies—

The Star is sadly in need of an editor. The present editor seems to have they have nothing to put in it; else, his scissors are dull—”Wobs EAT SCISSORBILLS,” how’s that for a headline, ye’ brainy STAR—in your next miscarriage ?— T-b. S.

## 1924\_85\_IW\_24091924

**Plenty or Misery**

When hunger and want and crime stalk our fair country, misery and cold lays like a pall over the voters, it may comfort us to know that monkeys in South Africa kill each other for cocoanuts; in the midst of plenty.

Monkeys do not organize— in that respect they are like our scissorbills. But monkeys do not work and scissors do.

\* \* \*

Nevertheless monkeys find it advantageous to congregate in trees and associate one with the other— a crude form of unionism. Without a doubt, if monkeys had to earn five livings in order to get less that one living, they would organize. But, since they are not obliged to work, they are able to get along with little unionism and much chattering and some killing.

The I. W. W. recognizes that if we must work to earn our living, in an organized society, we must organize to protect ourselves from being imposed upon by other organizations that may be so disposed. Thus it is the I. W. W. has earnt the distinction of being an “extreme.” Well and good. Let us say so— Monkeys are the other extreme. This does not mean that between these two extremes there is nothing— There is the scissorbill. He is participating in the “moves of organized society, (orderly civilization) but he is doing it as an unorganized man in an impersonal manner. He is not protected. He is an individual. Any organization of two or more men can defeat him. Another individual may defeat him.

Numerous defeats, difficulties and obstacles, not ill-luck, has undermined his living to what approximates half-rations. We may meet him in the harvest field, in a delapitated flivver, bearing a Buckeye license. As we approach “they” are having lunch — a jug of water and a sack of doughnuts. Beautiful Ohio in dreams again I see visions of what used to be. . .they are singing.

Fearful that I may cut his tire, hold him up for the jug of water, or ask him for a union card he squirts “fire-drops” into the combustion chamber and rattles away towards the Tourist Camp, the mecco of Flivver - Tramps and Ever – Ready Kindling Wood. Oh Joys!

These tramps seem to be the lesser evil in the eyes of “renovated respectability” and serve as an “go-between” between the “nobodies” and “somebodies.” But they do not serve as a medium for intercourse between labor (The Realbody)and these hasbeens, would-be’s and mimic-bodies—plated-respectability, polished dignity and varnished virtue.

But they find their location somewhere between the I. W. W. and the Monkeys. As an unorganized man he emerges from the meat-market with a ring of bologna a world to him; something tangible to “tie to.” That ring of bologna is the link that connects him with life even as he, himself, may be the very missing link Darwin tried to find. He isn’t a Wobblie, its a cinch; he isn’t a monkey, for he works. What is he if he is not the Missing Link?

Society in every direction is an organized society. He is completely surrounded by organizations. Organized police force says good-morning to him. Organized business-men take profit from his trade. Organized preachers threaten him with hell. Organized religion promises him a heaven — and organized doctors try to keep him from going there while he has money.

Organizations to the Right of Him; organizations to the left of him, and organizations in front of him, but no organization is behind of him — he is unorganized. He “must-be” the missing link.

Organized employers delight to harrass him with wages, wage-cuts and under-pay — ill luck has nothing to do with his misery. The best luck in the world wouldn’t enable him to compete in an organized society. Sickness doesn’t make him poor— he is not robbed in sick-bed — he is robbed at the point of production — (sickness can’t be organized). Robbery makes him poor and poverty makes him sick.

Organization will cure him!

A red-card will put meat on his ribs.

How about it?

\* \* \*

Owing to a tart temper (of myself) and the slave driving propensities of the farmers I find myself casually embarrassed from time to time. It is therefore that I offer a suggestion and pray that each industrial union adopt same:

First, 1 suggest that a “special delegate,” with extraordinary powers be sent in the field to round up us “national characters,” and stamp us up, and keep us in good standing during our period of poverty.

Second, there is no “second,” le the I. W. W. appoint a receiver immediately to take charge of our expenses— we’ll handle the income, frail as it is.

\* \* \*

I recite this merely to show how delicate the ladies can be if they want to, and there is no good reason why a harvest stiff can’t be equally diplomatic, I know I am.

But that reminds me, in turn. On the farm we had chopped meat three days in succession—there were no fourth day— and the meat was very tough. But, on the evening of the second day, the farmer had the good fortune to shoot an owl — next day the meat was tender— so I “up and quit.”

\* \* \*

Exhibit A: (pertaining to the food-problem) Farmers “go in cahoots” to thresh.Each farmer hires his own help, the thresher only “dogs” them around. Thus a man “stays” at one place, and “works” at another. Now it would seem that a man should get something to eat at one or both of these places. Such is not the case, however. The farmer, of course, reasons that the man will get fed at the machine. The thresher, of course, reasons that “he’ll be fed at home”— if the “hand” doesn’t reason, (of course) he will be fed in town — when he is able to pay for it. Hence, the work progresses merrily and cheaply — good joke, eh.

\* \* \*

Exhibit X Y Z: “A little more pep,” says the thresher.— So I “stuck it up” in the middle of the load (so it wouldn’t fall off) and “got down” to mourn those two pancakes I ate this morning (income $1.80; time 4 hrs. 11 minutes; distance 9 ¼ miles). Funny how fast men work!

A load of 20 shocks (200 bundles) is unloaded in 13 minutes and 20 seconds. (I, too, did it) I was tossing them off at the rate of 4 seconds per bundle when the call for “more pep” came.

Indeed, men work fast!

Improved machinery, has been installed to encourage them to take it easier. They will swett!

Breakfast has been practically cut out to force them to slow down.

They will not!

They will race the machine!

Every two or three days they sneak into town to egg-up (I, too, did it) and then try it again.

A little more pep! That’s what he said.

## 1924\_86\_IW\_27091924

**Laws For Bankers**

Paternalism is beginning to raise its ugly head in the beautiful and grand agricultural states.— Another case of beauty and the beast. Put maybe we ain’t well founded on this *yar* paternalism so we may as well discourse “on a concrete example” in our usual concrete way. First:

When a *farming-state* passes a law that protect- a *banker*, that is real fatherly — paternalism— harmless, innocuous, innocent paternalism. When an agricultural state passes a law to protect a banker to the detriment of the farmers, that paternalism isn’t so damned innocuous or innocent or fatherly— the usual joke about the boarders, milkmen and ice men, though it may apply here, will not be given “shape” by our pure minded scribe.

When a farming state passes a law that protects a banker to the detriment of labor, that paternalism is vicious virulent and vioIent.— Put it is paternalism. It is class legislation of the most damnable sort—where one class (the farmers) make laws to protect another class, not themselves.

It is a situation where the farmer cuts his own and labors throat in order that bankers may swallow the better.

Such laws are in existence in several agricultural states. Mortgages take precedence over labor. Labor, the men who actually produce the wealth cannot collect a cent of wages until first the mortgage holder has been squared. Labor, that transforms weeds, thistles, etc. into wealth, must wait until the banker has first taken his mite— that mite, sometimes, includes everything the “hoosier” and his “help” have been able to gather together —labor is supposed to wait until capital has first been appeased.

\* \* \*

Recently in Minnesota a court decision to the effect that landlord claims have precedence over the bankers, (widely published) conveys to an average person the idea that justice reigns— and it does— as between these two operators, landlords and bankers. The landlord, not farmers, are protected. Minnesota “is agriculture.”

\* \* \*

In Dawson, Minn., the home of More Ted, Less Taxes Christianson, Jolly soul, candidate for governor, a Norwegian farmer tells me he is a “renter” and according to Minnesota law I cannot collect a cent from him for my labor—a thoroly honest man, but kind of “tight.” “Well,” says I, “in that case may be it is better for me to collect my wages every night — if I’m not protected by law.” If I’m an outlaw?— According to his sayso “more Ted” is one of the fathers of this and other laws, and says he’ll not vote for him— I told him to vote for the grey mare that I’m driving. . .

In North Dakota too, this paternalism is very thoughtful of the interests of the bankers and landlords— to the extent that a condition arises wherein it threatens the very existence of our A. W. I. U. No. 110 as a powerful organization. (And if is for that reason I hasten to expose it, in a concrete way). At any time the bankers can clamp down on John Farmer and prevent him paying the hard earned wages of our fellow workers, and since none but fellow workers do this work in this state, it would be made to appear that membership in our organization is an expensive experiment and despite all and abundant evidence to the contrary. Hence, the urgent call for this article. We are organized.

Concrete No. 2. An employer of labor, in case of an employee (a good one) is garnishecd for his wages, can protect said employee by paying him his wages every hour or every day. Employees of labor have this right and they can if they will protect the men that actually produce or put the finishing touches to materials that transform them into wealth.— the thing “these” all fight for. How much more “homely justice” resides in this simple act of an individual employer!

A state passes a law to protect the bankers, inconsiderate of the welfare of farmers (voters) and labor. Labor, the great majority, is to take what is left! We shall see about that.

RIGHT NOW.

If we are to be not protected by law we will discover protection elsewhere. (Let the me’ow cats note I’m bellering for protection). HBt. I am unalterably opposed to collecting my wages every hour, so’s to be protected. I simply won’t have it. It’s an insult to our employers, the farmers. Of course as an organized body, we could collect our wages every half hour, if we want to. But, if we do, it will be because I have been out voted. I’m not in favor of it. I’m not in favor of absolute protection (a condition where the days pay is laid in our hand before we start working). Only lawyers work that way. But I am in favor of certain modified protection (conforming with a modern needs). I believe we can trust the farmer for a whole days pay, and considering the holt the bankers have on the farmer, our faith in him shines forth like a streak of lightning in a coal mine.

Banks we do not trust!

This agitation for hourly pay day should cease. It will only cause a mixture of disorder. Let’s be reasonable. Let’s work days and protect ourselves evenings, when the farmer isn’t busy.

Meet you in — in where shall we meet? You’ll have a stake. Mebbe I will too. If I haven’t, I’ll have an alibi — about first mortgages.

\* \* \*

Sherman said that “War is Hell.” and so it is. We are at war too, only it is a war of an entirely different nature; a war for the betterment of the working class— the class that produces everything for the lily fingered plutocrat to squander on wine, women and song.

Will you never wake up? Will you never come to realize the situation that is before us today, and that has been in the past? The men in San Quentin are there for trying to make life more pleasant for you and the children after you. They are still there, and through their unflinching strength will stay until they are unconditionally released. If you are not in the fight, what is the matter with you? Oh, you don’t believe in the I. W. W.; and then: you are not so sure that you believe in craft unionism either? Of course you don’t; and no one will if he has horse sense. They have been kidding you for years. Do you know that the people have about got an ear full of that kind of doctrine?

Remember this: “Nothing will kill an unsound doctrine so quickly as to air it.”

Craft unionism is like the man that built the house on the sand, and that house fell when the storm came. Industrial unionism is like the house built upon a rock. The winds came and the storms beat upon that house and it fell not. Why? It was founded like industrial unionism on a rock.

Give a dog a bad name and every one will take a kick at him. Abe Lincoln said, “There are two sides to an argument, and, the man that don’t look at both sides is dishonest.” Let’s look at the dog’s side.

No, we are not burning haystacks and dynamiting bridges; the only dynamite that we use is mental dynamite. Get hold of some literature. Read, then if you have the courage of your convictions, hunt up a delegate.

Look in the I. W. W. song book, page 8, second verse, by Joe Hill. Then dare to say that you do not believe in industrial unionism. and you are not only lying, but unfair to yourself and the little children starving today the world over. I have seen them in some of the big city slums digging in garbage cans for subsistence for their little bodies. Get wise, fellow workingmen and women, get wise.— (By Peak Halyard).

## 1924\_88\_IW\_01101924

**Deceit of Things**

Employers really do believe they are imposed upon by labor, yes they do—when, in reality, labor is doing three days work each day for one days pay, yes they do.

Unfamiliarity with facts is at fault, in each case —one can slow down and one can shut up.

\* \* \*

Says Roosevelt: “When you work for a man — for God’s sake work for him.”

Quite right, Teddy, but why not let him work for himself for God’s sake?

\* \* \*

Annual comment on Solidarity:

Solidarity is something that will not rip, tear, shrink or stretch; it will not break, split or bend; it will not wear out; it won’t rub off or on; it won’t smash, will not leak-out and cannot be destroyed. — Solidarity is ONE. It is. It is IT.

You have solidarity. But, if any of the above enumerated symptoms develop in it —even if it only bends—you may be sure that your solidarity is solidarity not at all; it is probably one of the many *substitutes* (not adulterations; since sol. won’t mix) that we have heard so much about. If it starts to crack or sag you may be sure it is artificial. If it peels it is phoney. If it “chips,” nicks or “gives” it is an imitation. .. (No, Glue won’t do.— ) At the first sign of “it coming apart” throw it away — it is no good. Solidarity is ONE, not slivers, pieces or powder —just ONE.

No more, no less; enough, sufficient not too much and not too little— but “plenty.”

\* \* \*

Harvest: It is the suspense, fellow workers— the work itself isn’t so very destructive, its the suspense. All week you figgette on the curb, all keyed-up for a job— then it rains. I’d rather be run over by a Ford, yes I would. The rain is simply an overwhelming CATasTROPHY. —There!

There, there, fellow workers, never mind! Better days are coming. One day that rain will freeze and then — and then we’ll cut ice. . . we will yet cut ice, won’t we?

\* \* \*

In these days of iniquity and skullduggery the members of I. U. 110 are winning a name for fairness, for their organization. The utter fairness of these men towards the farmer is the most astonishing phenomena in this Twentieth Century. . . .”Six dollars a day or no help,” is an absolutely fair proposition —nothing could be fairer, unless it be seven dollars.

“But,” says the farmer, “I can’t afford to pay it.”

\* \* \*

How do you know? How do you know you can’t afford to pay it? You haven’t sold the products of this man’s toil yet, remember. How do you know?

Remember, you can not sell his products until he produces them; he can’t produce them before you hire him, so, how can you tell before hand that you can not afford to pay him $6? Are you fully intending to sell the product of his toil too cheaply?—this year, again?

The man you had last year? — What’s t h a t got to do with “this year’s man?” This man is doing this year’s work and he should be paid for his own production, not for the production of “the man you had last year.”

Since he has done no sample of work, and you have sold none of it, how can you determine whether you can afford it or not? You can’t so why butt in and “set the wages” when you cannot base them oh knowledge. Enough of that bunk, John, you know you can “afford it.” You sell the product, you know.

“But I’m prevented in setting a price on my commodities; I’m compelled by the bankers to sell for whatever I can get.”

\* \* \*

Is that so, John? Wel, I swan! Who’d have “thunk” it? and this a free country! You are compelled by certain men to do something you have no desire for doing — something you are averse to doing— is that it, John?

John, if this be true, as you say, then you ought to look into that matter instead of “bumming” harvest hands. You’ve gotten to be quite a buzzard in the late years, John. Why don’t you bum somebody that’s got something, shame on you! As I was saying, “Six dollars a day, or no Help,” is — is the utmost in fairness— well within the realm of fairness, not justice— nothing compels John to pay it, unless it be the bankers aforesaid — and John says, “that is a part of their business.”

\* \* \*

John can put the six bucks onto the cost total and charge so much extra for his “wheat”— nothing unfair about that, is there? The consumers aren’t compelled to buy . . . its an absolutely fair proposition and the members of I. U. 110 are to be highly commended for standing by this time honored custom, capitalist custom, of passing the buck, with fairness all around —till it finally reaches the man that holds the sack. We’re not concerned about him.

But if it is true that bankers compel John to accept low prices contrary to the principles of Declaration of Independence, Bill of Rights, Lord’s Prayer, Armageddon, the Golden Rule and the Fair Day’s Pay for a Fair Day’s Rest and so forth and so on etcetera ad inf. ad nauseum, then — then . . . I’ve forgotten what I was going to say —then . . . Well, all I can say is that John Farmer of N. D. (no decision) cannot start in two directions at one time. If he charges at the bankers and at labor in the same breath he’ll tear his pants. Men cannot be organised to fight high cost on one band and low income on the other — because man is between them. He must leave one (to fight the other) and it would seem that a consistent campaign against one would soon wear it out. John is in such a position (if he charges two ways daylight will show) and he is bumming Congress for relief—and blames hoboes and tramps for his poverty— yes, indeed. The men who have nothing made him poor? He also blames the workers for his poverty. It never occurs to him that if he, himself, donates his and his helpers crop to smooth gentlemen, he himself is to blame. Organised workers are better business men— and women.

You tell ‘um, editor.

## 1924\_87\_IS\_01101924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**DISCRIMINATION**

–––––

It is becoming clearer every day that we, 180lb. Americans, cannot compete with child labor; we hold our own with these kids, and it simply means extinction for us—we’re done for; just like the dodo and buffalo.

Therefore: I think we’ve gone altogether too far in protecting infant industry, and it’s high time together and do something for the adults. And I demand, in stentorian tones (groans) that the government start nursing us heavyweights . . . . coming right out, I suggest we be given a subsidy for poundage. There’s no use arguing, we’re capped with age and weight; we’re altogether too heavy for the amount of brains we pack.

\* \* \*

This will not solve itself. It must be tolved. We have been in the process of solution now for a number of years; we have missed meals regularly at regular meal-times, all to no avail— we simply cannot make the weight of these child -laborers, not with our frame. Sometime I’ve thought that if I could get something to soften the bones, the rest would be easy—the thing would be solved. Alas, I’m afraid the solution is dissolution. It can’t be did

On the other hand, why not compel children to carry weight—leaded shoes, cast-iron cuffs on the ankles—anything to give “equal opportunity” to all, and others.

This phase of the solution deserves profound consideration since it offers more than hope of liquidation of labor troubles in this country—weighted down, I’m sure, the children would have no advantage over us grown-ups.—But that seems like a cruel thing to do.

Oh, well, suit yourself.—I have still another solution. (I never start out with one or two). So. . . . So you won’t subsidise us defensless grown-ups (groan-ups). All right for you . . . . but remember!! So you won’t hang weight on the kids?

Well, if you won’t do these, what’s the matter with getting out a law against employing 55-Ib. labores? Why not make employers buy their help by the pound—3 cents per lb.— that would give me $5.40 per day . . . . . no, that won’t do, they’d cut down on our chuck, to keep us from raising our wages a pound or two. Sorry. It won’t do. Besides it would be unconstitutional, to nothing about what it would do our civilization.— Maybe dissolve ups instead of the “solving” of the problem.

\* \* \*

Setting an age limit is also contrary to unalienable rights, etc., as has been pointed out to the supreme judges time and again by employers of tender help—childish rights can’t be trampled under ruthless dogs, not while the manufacturers’ association is hoarseless and able to wheeze a protest.

Looks as if we’re up against a stone wall, every way we turn—like the guy who was asked: “Where were you during the war?” “Who, me . . . . oh, . . . . I was under the iron heel,” replied the unsconcionable reperbate, refusing to become disconcerted— or interested.

So it is with us. Have patience, we’ll solve this problem:

I would suggest that all children who are employed in industries (including agriculture) be given a pension including board, clothing, shelter, play and schooling, or its equvalent, and that it be provided: The pension shall apply only daring the period they absent themselves from the point of production.

Thus, if the tots cannot resist the temptation to work, and assert their God-given inalienable rights, the pesion will be discontinued.— Ye$$iree, I’m satisfied that we can bribe these children to quit work.— I have in mind the miracles bribes have wrought among more stable citizens even in recent months—but we are not going to bribe them. We will offer them inducements through the regular legal channels. We will ask Congress to sit on ‘em, unless other means are found to curb their 100 per cent American pep.

I have other solutions— if foregoing program fails— and, if they all fail but one, we still have a wonderful solution —not in our head—(we carry it on our hips) : a red card.

It wouldn’t be a bad idea for the fathers and prospective fathers, (the would-be and can’t-be fathers) to try the latter solution first—and save time, worry, money and shoe leather.

—Without YOU a Ono Big Union is an impossibility.— Bear in mind: Too much “impossibility” makes for gray hairs, puts a hump on your back.. . . . Don’t be an impossibillist. Be SOMEBODY!

I call on every able-bodied citizen to rise and defend our glorious institutions against this “epidemic” of child laborers.—Let the slogan be: “Defend You Jobs” . . (-what do we care for the looks.) —Anyway to get started! Ah’m; m’m; h’m!

Equal opportunity (at least) with the kids. That’s what we want. We got to have our exercise; done-up in neat packages of no more than 10 hrs. per package.

Why, it’s getting so now that employers knock down dozens of unemployed men in their mad rush to hire a child—mebbe the only unexploited kid in that locality. It isn’t fair.

\* \* \*

We are moved to make these remarks after observing a minor agricultural worker performing wit three horses and one cranky plow that wouldn’t scour. And we said what wonderful conservation of profanity (which would be all wasted were we to attempt the actual tilling of soil too wet to mold well). How much did he plow?

It isn’t the “how much?” It’s how numerous were the hours? — The horses being of Age, he worked a full day.

How old was the child? Let’s see: There’s Nellie, age 3; Bertha, age 4; Carrie, age 5; Edmund, age 7; George, age 8; Elbert, age 9; Oscar, that’s him, I’m sure,— (in sequence) his age is 10 or 11— yes, that’s his age. His weight is 65 lbs. Anything else you want to know?—Think you could handle three horses with nothing stronger than a prayer to lean against. — The good ol’ Christian religion! (Every mealtime the old gent would pray over the corn-on-cob, and I would rise and second the motion with a most morbid “Amen.”)

‘Tis said that “Life is a struggle.” ‘Tis not.

Our struggles don’t apply. We live by permission, not by struggles. Struggle means “to jump” every time a parasite barks. Struggle Iess —organize more—and your living will double itself in no time.

We are doing well, thank you.

T-b. S.

## 1924\_89\_IW\_04101924

**PIE TO HIRAMS**

The battle, between Hiram and his Help, rages on apace. In Carrington, Hiram continues to hire ‘em for fifty cents. He raised the ante an extra nickle out of consideration for the “automobile tramps” who are sadly in need of gas-currency. Labor, you know, this year, is not on foot. Indeed not! Labor is progressive and takes advantage of all modem inventions, hence, today, we find him blocking all available parking space with his “nervous lizzie.” It is proper, too, and just that Hiram bear part of the gas-bill when it is considered that Hiram himself sports a heavier than flivver type—a Hudson Speedster. Not only motor-gas but he should provide canned heat for those of his assistants that still cling to the old fashioned way of travel— cash and carry.

Labor is on wheels; kinda shaky, o’course, and Wobbly to boot, but wheels nevertheless. Labor’s inherent modesty, shines forth from these rattle traps and gas-inhalers — satisfaction! always satisfied with Less-Than . . . (minus.)

From the days of rent-a-bike to rent-a-Ford he has revelled in the luxuriousness of cast-off garments (or renovated) or second hand machinery and, really, I cannot see how any man with pink blood in his veins can stand and wait for hours for delayed freight trains when he can maneuver into possession of a Ford, twist its tail, and be off to parts well known— stands to reason, too. The man with a Ford can interview First the employer who has all the help he requires for his Upkeep.

(Let Henry Ford do the “right thing,” for this ad.) I know not what others may want but, as for me:

Give me Fiverty or ‘Lizabeth.

\* \* \*

Everybody knows of the colored man’s fondness for pie—especially for raisin pie. He will march into a restaurant and demand to know “wha’ kind pie you all got?”

Apple, peach, rhubarb, custard, blueberry, pumpkin, cream, lem. . .

“Ahs’ll hab some raisin” he’d interrupt—”Some raisin pie— pie.” Invariably it would be raisin. But, now, since California turned traitor to reason and started serving Capitalism in the capacity of a National-Jailor of Labor, “Rastus” mourns the lossof his favorite dish and refuses to be comforted. He is boycotting all pie, so as to be on the safe side of the Hoof and Mouth Disease and its Aftermath.—They say the Aftermath is worse than the disease itself.

\* \* \*

Much is said about the one-ten, as a mid-wife or mother of the other I. U’s—anything for an issue — it doesn’t pay. All industrial unions, including one-ten, were the offs-spring of voluntary effort of earnest men. But if we admit that one-ten mothered one-twenty then let us also admit that the Devils Lake Logger was one-ten’s star boarder in those spirited times. —Only Christ was born of virgin. All else comes into being for cause and because of it.

\* \* \*

Necessity is the mother of invention.

After carefully leading up to it, it reminds me:

Two bums (let us say bums) after walking 14 miles chanced upon a house, (out of twenty, the last one) being broke and hungry (starving and staggering, the kind lady (the last one) took pity on them and told them to go in the shed and chop some wood (a barrelfull). Here was a dilema (a barrelfull of it).

\* \* \*

Both men were physically unable (and mentally disinclined) to chop so much wood. They were “all in” as the saying goes. Starving! But just when things seems the darkest, the mother of invention came to their aid. Blackie turned the barrel up side down and piled a few sticks (already cut) on top the bottom declaring the barrel full and the job finished. The kind lady verified this and gave them a hearty meal. . .

It is the looks of the things, gentlemen!

We are easily misled, despite every “evidence.”

\* \* \*

Carrington, N. D., has a near boycott on a mediocre restaurant in favor of combination prairie dog’s nest and slum dump. Who started it? WHO!

\* \* \*

“A warden of an Ontario jail claims that he can feed prisoners at a cost of three cents a meal.”—The daily Province, B. C. Canada. (Farmers please note). We know he can but does he do it. Does He Do It?

\* \* \*

To call the British Empire “bruitish empire” is a grade of cheap wit, however true it may be.— We would like to hear from the “three-cent meal” , prisoners; what’s their opinion, and what kind of meal or swill is served. Give us the warden’s name and the name he is called by his neighbors.

## 1924\_90\_IS\_08101924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**Where We Aim**

**OR**

**Another Job Gone to Hell**

United States is having labor-troubles. North Dakota is having labor-troubles. Turtle-Lake is having labor (and blanket) troubles. Farmers are having labor-troubles. Threshers are having labor-troubles— I: T-B S-, am having labor-troubles. (‘Tis an old malady with me) I’ve had it since I was twelve or ten— I’m a shining example of child-labor carried to its glorious **premise**— labor-trouble.

Labor-trouble is very Ketchy, and twice as itchy. It ketches a man when he least itches for it. It breaks out all over a man (or county) like rash over a scalded cat.

But what gets me is: employers and parasites have more labor-troubles than the rest of us. Men who never went near labor suddenly break out with the **durndest** dose of labor-troubles.

I can’t understand it.

Workers who come in contact with labor every day hardly show a trace of labor-troubles.

I can’t understand it! ‘Sposed to be contagious, too! Labor-troubles doesn’t affect all alike.

In a farmer, for instance, it deadens the mathematical nerve, as the following conversation will show:

**Applicant For Fork:** “How many hours you work?”

**John:** “Wa’al we aim—we aim—aim— that is to— we aim to— to work— that is we aim . . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “Do you ever hit the mark?”

**John:** “We— we aim to aim— that is work— that is we aim . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “Spit’er out John, we can stand it. How many hours?”

**John:** “Wa’al, we always aim— but sometimes we have to finish up— we aim — that is to work — we aim to start in the morning, so as to get through — that is we aim to . . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “You tell ‘em John, don’t be bashful— there’s nothing to be ashamed of— how many hours did you say?”

**John:** “We aim— that is we have an hour off for dinner— we aim— and— we allu’ quit in the evening . . our aim allus is . . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “How many hours John, for Croix Sake — To hell with’ your aim! How many hours do you work? Eight, ten, twelve or fourteen?”

**John:** “I dun know— but we aim.”

**App. F. Fork:** “Do you work ten hours?”

**John:** “Wa’al yes— we aim ...”

**App. F. Fork**: “Do you work eleven hours?”

**John:** “I reckon we do— that is, we aim . . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “For Croix Sake John, put away that gun— don’t be aiming so much — tell us how many hours you work. Do you work twelve hours?”

**John:** “I guess so, but we aim . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “Do you work thirteen?”

**John:** “Hell no, that’s unlucky.”

**App. F. Fork:** “How many hours do you work?”

**John:** “I dun know, but we . . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “And this makes how ‘falls’ you have thrashed, John?”

**John:** “This makes 29 ‘falls’ if we can get a crew an’ I allus got crew before ‘cept the wet year 18 years ago, then we was a man short and thrashed 31,609 bushels of wheat, 28,107 bu. of oats, 3,008 bushels of rye and 5,903 flax and a little barley, two patches, 875 bushels in one, 436 in the other— the first barley 875 bushels we put through in 3 hours and 22 minutes; we didn’t do as well on the other, it took 1 hour and 46 minutes for that. And . . .”

**App. F. Fork:** “And how many hours did you work that fall?”

**John:** “I don’t know.

**App. F. Fork:** “What! You’ve threshed 28 falls and you haven’t found out **yet** how many hours you work? Don’t you ever look at your watch?”

**John:** “I believe you fellers ain’t looking for work.” (Exit John).

Another job gone to hell!

Labor-troubles!— ‘S tough!

But labor-trouble\* do not affect the farmer adversely in other things. His “discernment” remains unimpaired—a harvest hand in clean clothes swings on the pavement— That’s the man John wants. He knows the man has just “boiled up”—hot water, you know, is a powerful antiseptic— (now, be honest about it, you didn’t know that, did you? You thought it was a disinfectant— so did I, but three reliable paid-up members tell me “different”) the farmer wants a clean man. He won’t have a man with dirty hands, face and clothes sleeping in his brand new pig-pen — or hay-mow, for that matter — **he must be owner of a suitcase**.

And on the other hand, John is exceedingly bright “in running short handed” so as to keep a **surplus of hands** on the curb. . . In shocking time, you will notice, John’s neighbor will not hire a man from town, he lets the grain **lay** until you are through at John’s place, **and hires** You— so’s to keep a surplus on the curb. . . (my rule such a case is to let daylight shine between jobs.)

During threshing one or two “20 day runs” are left **untackled** until two or three “short runs” are finished — (personal 1924 knowledge on three such maneuvers— **and I saw very little**) the object of “holding-up” said runs Is clear: **So as to keep a surplus on the curb.**

If this be untrue, it would seem that I am putting them “wise” to a “weapon.” Unfortunately, it is true, all too true, as the poet would say — and it is getting to be common knowledge, else I wouldn’t know of it. I’m not giving them a weapon, I am telling **all and sundry** what they’ve been hit with— not that it makes any difference.

The question is, is there a struggle between John and Man? Over what? And, finally, does John attempt to set the wages before he “finds out” what he can get for Man’s production? How do they do it? It’s like finding a verdict before trial. Let me assure you there is a struggle between John and his Helper— and if said Helper expects victory to perch (roost) in his henhouse, he must not only organize with the I. W. W., he must organize tactics to combat tackticks. . . .

Red Card Complacency Will Never Put Chicken Breast On Your Platter.

Curbstone class-struggle is still worse — in that case, John and prospective victim sneak behind “cream office” to do the hiring plight their troth. (Just like in days of bottled-goods.) And more it generates a “world of ill-feeling “arguments,” i n s i n u a t i o n s a “blows” . . . dearth of “tactics [or]ganized,” is the cause— curb-strug[gle] is not a tactic; never was and cann[ot] ever be.

But— about three questions sho[rt] be asked John, in hiring out:

**First**, How far out?

**Second**, How much?

**Third**, Ten hours?

An ordinary man can determi[ne] from the “answers”whether he wan[ts] to go out or not. Pleading and a[r]guing with him is not the organiz[ed] way of doing things. It is more [or] less individual-action, or clique-acti[on] — our organization needs no **justifie[rs]** . . . adjusters . . much talk . he[unclear] big powwow. . . .

Above, which I will call a criticism (to forestall the claling of such by insincere tongues), should no[t] be considered a reflection on I. U. [unclear] 110, its officials or members, insofa[r] as conditions only **now** are ripe an[d] crying for tactics simple and effective.

Wa all are pained to hear that a few “dekgates” have **turned** in— it will be a great relief for old man. Capital, Insignificant as it may seem to those of our fellow workers, who lay off temporarily. Feeling kind of “bossy,” let me remind them that this is a “three-shift-fight”—and interesting. **Credentials should never be turned in, they should be worn out.**

All men are not organizers anymore than they are baritones—they ain’t. And when we need “organization” and “tactics” they can’t accommodate us by turning in. That’s flat—and critical!—Critical is right. This is a critical time—a critical age.

But my aim is not to criticize. Such is not our aim. We aim to merely discuss things, politely if possible, b[unclear] discuss—not being an organizer o[unclear] aim doesn’t hit the mark often enough to prevent “cutting remarks” being made about falling “lamps” and trembling tentacles. Overwork is the answer . . . superinduced by insufficient organization.

Darn those Scissors!

Ditto, Wicks!

“Tailswags” the fellow worker said it. T-b. S.

\* Thirteen (the hoodoo number) attains considerable **prestige** when it is remembered that Christ and his disciples numbered an even “baker’s dozen.”

## 1924\_91\_IW\_08101924

**INTERLOCKING**

The practicability of “the one big union” has been put in question so it is up to me to take up cudgels, (literary-spare-parts) in its behalf and favor. How people can question the feasibility of a “one union,” in face of the fact that it already exists, is more than I can decipher, without an assistant — unless I work overtime, which is out of the question. Full time is more than enough for me.

People are a one big union whether they “prefer” to think so or not — inter-related, inter-allied, international, inter-extreme, intermediate and at all points before, after and between— interminably associated together, inseparably — though they may choose to ignore “facts” in favor of “fancies” and cruder grades of B. S. (buck salve) —and Kid themselves with artificial and artful *substitutes* for the Real Thing.

There’s no getting out of it, they are “one” — not a “dozen”— not a hundred dozen — not a million dozen —Just one. They are subjoined together by a thing called “soul”— not souls— for “soul” is “life,” and life is “one.” People do not have “lives” — They are *gifted* or *afflicted* with “life.” Just one — not nine, like a cat— and one life sometimes called soul, animated them all.

Nature doesn’t furnish individual “souls,” nor an assortment of “lives”— no indeed, life is like a roller towel—everybody uses it — everybody looks for a clean spot — and many soil the spotless “fabric of life,” the soul, most unnecessarily— more’s the pity. With every means at hand for the keeping of it clean.

The above view of life occurs to me as it has occured, and occurs, to thousands of others but that doesn’t mean that it is a true view — though it seems plausible enough.

Only recently I am corroborated in this by coming across H. M. Tichenor’s “Sun Worship,” a discussion of the leading abberations and religions, and among them he does mention one Jainist religion, an Eastern affair which incorporates within its philosophy the following none too clear ultimateum: “Everything has a soul within its material and visible manifestation, not only human beings, but all the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom. The Jainist word for soul is ‘Jiva’ which means ‘life.’ Their philosophy presents all cells and atoms as containing life.”

So, you see, I’m rather tardy with my “dope.” The Indians have beat me to it by a few thousand years— but, and this is my consolation, if the Indians and H. M. Tichenor had not said it, I, myself would (and do) say it.

Well, now, if this be so, it follows that people are united by life, by soul, and, if united they must be ONE— One Big Union. Stuck together.

\* \* \*

It begins to look ‘sif the farmer’s “reserve,” the merchants, clerks, preachers, pensioners, landlords (barons) and bankers and other light exercisers that are inclined to scabbery will have an opportunity to try their “hand” in the “long straw” this fall.

They have proposed it themselves and are no doubt, in earnest about it. They wouldn’t “bluff” in a serious matter like that.

But let me warn you, gentlemen, once you start working for a living (even at cutrates) it will set a precedent. You will thereafter be expected to “take on labor” at not infrequent intervals . . . and let me point out: Your noble offer, that of taking the places of men who go on strike, is an admission that you are not fully occupied with your method of obtaining a livelihood. The rest of us Are. Don’t be rash! Do not expose your hand!— Two business men grow where one grew before— fertilizer must be plentiful!

\* \* \*

Supplement:

Don Quixote, memorable “coyote” and lovable, fought windmills. Shall it be said that T-Bone Slim fought flivers? No by God, I won’t have it. I’ll use ‘em. Record me, editor in favor of the “tin-lizards.” That’s my platform. On it I will stand nor kiss the carpet — from there I will issue a minority reports. Ala made: With a “Peerless” radiator shimmying proudly before, and an individual jungling outfit rattling loudly behind. I will step on her, or bring her to dignified stop, as the spirit moves and gas permits. Over hill and dale I shall waft myself to the empyrean fields (I hope that’s right). Did you ever see an empyrean field, editor, when the empyrean is ripening into full bloom? You haven’t; Huh, I thought so! Next year, next year, of course — you will find me humped up over the steering wheel, right in the midst of 40 bushel empyrean. . . And fellow workers, if I ketch up with you on the road l will certainly pick you up or bust a spring. Ride with me?

\* \* \*

The humorist that first called legislators “Solons” had a keen sense of humor—either that or he was a “deep” propagandist: The Solons have lived down the “stigma” and half the people think them “wise” and “sensible” — Paving the way for “three-cent meals” is a criterion of their capabilities. Parliaments please sit up and take notice.

## 1924\_92\_IW\_11101924

**No More Caves**

“HIRAM RAPS COURT RULING ON BOB’S’ ELECTORS PETITION.”

Too much even for Hiram Johnson:

Hiram draws himself up to his full immaculate, republican height and denounces the decision of the California Supreme Court which barred the La Follette-Wheeler ticket of electors from the November ballot:

“The decision, in my opinion, is unjustified by the law, contrary to public policy and of most harmful consequences. It is decisions such as this that undermine public confidence in the courts,” he unburdens his soul according to press reports. Hiram no doubt means well, but when he says “It is decisions such as this that undermine public confidence in courts,” he intimates that public confidence is not already caving in as a result of former decisions such as thist; tjat it is further possible to carry on mining operations under public confidence; that it still is safe to remove pillars and timbering that hold the swaying canopy off assurance in the “drifts” of Public Confidence.

Allow me to tell you, Hiram, that public confidence in California courts has been severely shaken —and assaulted — by decisions; not such as this — but by decisions to raw that I blush for shame; prisoners that are supposed to stand overcome with the enormity of their punishment for the crime of being class conscious Industrial Workers, turn their back and blush in pity and shame.

Your courts, Hiram, have railroaded members of the I. W. W. into prison under the criminal syndicalism law — regardless of the fact that there is no criminal syndicalism law in the United States of America and none in California — now or ever.

Furthermore: The criminal syndicalism law is vague and indefinite, therefore, unconstitutional and should be so declared by our courts— that’s what they’re paid for — to Know the law.

Never in any of your courts has it been proven that Industrial Unionism is criminal syndicalism; that members of the I. W. W. are criminal syndicalists, yet members have been sent to prison under that “law.” Your courts have decided that proof of criminal syndicalism is not necessary. You need no proofs? Your courts need no evidence to form opinions? What kind of courts have you, Hiram? Rather all seeing, all knowing, ain’t they? Tell me, Hiram, aren’t they getting to be quite a joke? Quite a joke?

Your state arrests witnesses on the stand and puts them in the “can” for criminal syndicalism when they testify clearly that they are Industrial Unionists.

Your state hires sex-perverts to swear away the lives of decent citizens, in your courts— after which, you, Hiram, have the collossal assurance to come out in a public report and intimate that “such decisions” as the LaFollette-Wheeler electors will find a “public confidence” that may become “undermined.”

I am surprised.

Allow me to assure you, Hiram, the public has become hardened. Such decisions as the barring of the LaFollette-Wheeler electors ticket from the ballot will not raise a ripple in the “sump” of public confidence.

‘Tain’t going to cave no more.

\* \* \*

Whenever there is any good in the capitalist system our writers are liberal enough to note it, and our papers broad enough to print it. Thus it was with keen pleasure I read in the Sol. an official document praising the wonderful gift of brains of our exploiters. And, although I’m inclined to doubt the authenticity of the brains, I am not in the least skeptical about the good will that engendered that burst of confidence. Although I firmly believe that the said brains of. our exploiters are somewhat problematical to be yet unearthed — I do not think the writer intended his remarks to be final on that score— so I must beg to take exceptions to such promiscuous broadcasting of unearnt praise. The writer is too chivalrous— a fault.

Always have I been of the opinion that capitalists purchased all their brains— and please note that my opinion must pass under the guns of the editor— I can not say, print this; print that; I say, “there she is, look ‘er over”— Of course, the editor will stand for a certain wildness on my part, but if I start pitching so badly that the catcher can’t reach them the editor will warm up another writer. With an official document it is different; if it isn’t over the plate, the umpire is blind — that’s all there’s to it. . . as I was saying, the capitalists do not use their own. Yet we are given to understand that they select the best brains to run our industries; that they do not hire brains for trial; that they do not experiment with various brains until one hired brain, smarter if not better than the rest, is able to persuade “him,” a semi-idiot, that: “I’m your man.” Brains come in a package, in an enclosed wrapper and there is no way of determining the quality until after trial, and, I do insist, it inquires no extraordinary powers to determine from a free demonstration the quality of such brains. Further, the best brains are not conducting the industry of the people. It is the submissive brains that conduct industry today! We are told to ape the system in the selection of our officials — that’s how I take it.

Is’nt that carrying the art of politeness too far? Are we to ape the very thing that has been apeing us since 1905. If we do, we’ll go back to 1905. How about it?

Admittedly the capitalist system is bad, indeed that people strain every nerve to “get out of it”—

some jump in the lake, some hang themselves and some, like the members of the working class, organize a one big union for self-protection. Is it then proper for officials undergoing trial to ask us Industrial Workers of the World to model our organization after the trailing system? Shall we model our activities after the manner of those Business Buccaneers that stole our thunder and are drifting bewildered in the “mazes” of an imitation one big union? For, I take the position, they do not know the next, move. They are waiting for a cue. I take the position that if every agitator “shut-up” for five years, the capitalists would “cut” their own throat thinking they were carving a turkey. Brains? Uh! They are doing business on our brains, and we have nothing to copy from them. If we have nothing better to ape than capitalist procedure, we may as well let the Y. M. C. A. emancipate the slaves. That’s that.

\* \* \*

P. S. “SUBORDINATE”

An Industrial Union is not a subordinate part of the I. W. W., it is merely a part of the I. W. W. The I. W. W. is composed of Industrial Unions. No superiority enters into the question. Being composed of Industrial Unions, it can not be superior to itself; neither can it be divided into subordinate parts. It is a whole, a union — (that’s it) — you would not say (would you?) that, the four quarters of an apple are subordinate part of an apple? Of course not. You wouldn’t say the I, the Hon. T-Bone Slim, am a “subordinate” part of the I. W. W., would you?—Of course not!

You wouldn’t say that I’m the Major part of the I. W. W.— surely you wouldn’t. Of course not! You wouldn’t start hacking up the I. W. W. into parts inferior, indifferent, superior, subordinate, supreme, minus, plus, major—or fruit?

You’d leave it whole—wouldn’t you?

## 1924\_93\_IS\_15101924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**A WIDE ESCAPE----**

–––––

(To be read grindingly)

–––––

MINNEWAUKAN, N. D.—A neat sign decorates the “butcher’s” window:

SPECIAL

—This Week—

ARMY   
BACON—

—Feed That Crew Right—

This bacon is special for threshers, and would indicate desertions from the army are increasing. And so, as I stoon admiring the sign, and the belated patriotism of the butcher, a dirt-farmer’s voice matriculated in my ear: “I’m one man short,” he says, “one of the boys got a letter from home and had to go . . . .” etc. And so, being deeply touched by the loyalty to home folks displayed by “one of the boys,” I volunteered to take his place, and do my best to fill his shoes and rack—or perish in the attempt.

And so, about 10 a. m. we arrived on the field and I went to work . . . I’m not building a labor record—I’m familiar with work— That night, 8:15 p. m., while waiting supper, I casually remarked to another one of the boys that it seems strange that a man can come on the job at almost any time of the day and still get ten or twelve hours in.—”By Hek, that’s so—I never thought of that before,” my tete-a-tete confessed.

(I got in eight hours first day).

(You’re welcome to any part of it).

(No use saving it!)

And so, bright and early next morning (I’m first up) we’re out in the great open spaces bayoneting bundles—one rack short on OUR side: In my effort to put the burden of proof (for the missing rack) on the man following me I rolls up to the machine at 7:57 a. m.—(a. m., I said)—with my third load. In the heat of battle all other tactics were forgotten.

But along about 9 a. m., I, too gets a letter from home—from mother, although she’s been dead these several and sorrowful years. (A little thing like death in the family does not interfere with my correspondence; in this I am something like Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle, sir):

“My Darling Boy Slim,” she says, “that rack you are using it 9 by 14; two feet wider than the rest of you better come home right away or that thresher will put you in a graveyard with overwork. You can see yourself, that it holds 31 to 36 shocks while them other racks hold only 18 to 24. . . “ She told me a lot of other things — so what could I do? Being a dutiful son I went up to the thresher and told him I had been suddenly called home on account of that wide rack and that if he don’t want to have dealings with my mother he better have my time ready right after dinner.

“Can’t you stay till night?” he asked.

I can, but won’t—you’ve got three hours to get a man in my place— that’s the very best I can do.—

But getting back to the letter: i

“Slim,” she says, “I’m surprised, that you would “fall” for them wide racks. As many times as I’ve warned you that threshers are full of iniquity, dirty pool, so as to say—dirty pool to the extent that they dassen’t hire a man in the evening for fear of picking up a former victim. I’m surprised at you. You ought to know that over half the threshers carry two big racks, not on the same side; oh, no, they’re placed on opposite sides and serve to make it easy for the homeguards on each side. If they were on one side only, the home boys on the other side would have no advantage. On a crew of 10 racks the two big racks makes, it nice and comfortable for the 8 men with small racks— on the principle of sacrificing “two for all”—these eight men were with the rig when it started, spend their sweatless days with it and finally finish up with it in a blaze of glory and phoney loads— and you work with them rats and stand lor those wide racks, I’m surprised.”

But mother, (I answers back at 10 o’clock), I’ve got only 30 cts. cash and $5.50 coming. — Eleven; o’clock I got another letter from mother telling me to “pick up those eight shocks under the blower for an even, small, load— so’s to get an empty rack for mile and half drive to dinner, and that $6.50, with the 30 cts., is enough to get out of the country with.

So here I am, alive and well, right on the main line, but it was a “wide escape.”—T. B. S.

## 1924\_94\_IW\_15101924

**SOULS AND LIFE**

This theory, of course, is not popular, for obvious and many reasons— and may not be true— but its unpopularity should not mitigate against it, in view of the deplorable conditions fostered under various theories born of egotism, etc. Its unpopularity can be understood the better when it is remembered that to accept this view is to repudiate existing customs, to illustrate:

The “soul” of a parasite is necessarily in a very damaged state, in bad condition, and, assuming that he departs life by accident rather than by request, (which fates forbid) his “soul,” such as it is, mixed with “life” and contaminates the whole; even as a drop of vinegar in a quart of milk. On the other hand a good man dies—his “soul” returning to the “whole” puts new life and vigor into a very delapidated society. Hence it can be seen this theory, would amount to the overthrowing of existing customs. A murderer caught red handed would not be executed —37 doctors would “hover” about him to see to it that he would not die— the shape of his “soul” is in —every effort would be made to prevent his rotten “life” ruining the whole works.

Now here’s where the unpopularity of this theory comes in: Man is conceited and thinks he is good. Now, under this theory whenever society discovers that his “social soul” is getting threadbare and frayed around the edges it would have only one way of improving its “soul-politic,” that is: They would have to step out and borrow the “life” of a great man —bag a saint.

Gosh!— so you see, it’s taboo. Better all suffer than sacrifice one for the whole? Hm! If this theory was law preachers would step out on the front porch of the parsonage and cuss the “Living Jesus” out of their neighbors, in a most profane manner; there would be no good men—or, they would hide the fact instead of parading in front of every body. Sacrificing “one for all” is the “thought,” then, that fathered the light-fiction about Christ being a saviour. Imagine a glass of muddy water as soul, can you clarify it by tossing in a chunk of mud, a bourgeois soul, every now and then? Suppose you try pouring in a little crystal clear spring water, the “soul” of a saint or— and watch this—*a glass of muddy water clarifies itself if left undisturbed*. Save a soul, hm, that a way.

Space demands concrete examples o’ soul — Sorry!

Ex. No. 1. A boiler down in the basement generates steam; steam passes through pipes to radiators in 20 rooms— each radiator has a soul (steam) but not an individual soul — each radiator responds to life: to steam, in that case.

Ex. No. 2. A string of oil-derricks come to life as a result of one cause, directly an engine — POWER (soul) being transmitted by “lead cable”— No “pump” in that case, has individual soul (private power) yet each pump “performs” somewhat after a manner of man all puffed with the importance of his *isolated* (?) soul, personal . . . There’s no such thing — the dirty towel still looks good.

A revolution given me I do not want, for it again can be taken away.

The “individual-soul-theory” was such a revolution in thought, probably the first one— and bases on a “suspicion,” if honest; and ego, if indifferent— no proofs ever being introduced.

It was given, not taken; it was “drilled,” not “embraced”— nothing there to embrace. A bunch of separate souls! A cluster of “lives!” Assorted powers!—

Expect me to believe that?

Shall I speculate as to the weight of speckled, brindle or striped “souls?”—a galaxy of high-grade “lives”—of myraid “peps,” jerking the human machine this and that way . . . No!

The dirty towel still holds good. Life is one, and “soul” with it. All people partake of the “power,” soul of life. All move because of it and would not move without it. All are nursing at the common teat, not alternately but at one and the same somewhat lengthened moment, not a bunch of suckers— but a one big union; a unit — nothing grows by divisions—They are One, grammar notwithstanding. How can people say one big union is impracticable when it is . . .

The I. W. W. is not a theory. It is something you can tie to— I speak for it — but not in this article. This article is mostly “conjectures” intended for “convention periods”— plausible enough and all that. . . . I hope my next article will not be about Soviet-China of Imperial Washington—I prefer to stay at HOME and deal with Wage-Slavery and Wageless-Slavery: 9x14 racks and other power extracting devices. . .

Or back to paragrapes.

## 1924\_95\_IW\_18101924

**SET OF PRICE**

The I. W. W. is International all right — that is it bars no nationality “on the job,” and does its best by not ReCog NIZinG any nationality. (Work isn’t a language.)

\* \* \*

It is “international,” if you want it, but that is not why it is persecuted. It is assaulted because it is INTENTIONAL— Gracious! A sort of a Deliberate affair.

It means business.

\* \* \*

The advantages of being a parasite are unquestionable and questionable— manifest and manifold.

\* \* \*

An employer of labor is in a favored position. On one hand, he sets the price “on labor power;” on the other hand he sets the price on “labor products.” It would seem he is the center around which everything revolves. (Supply and demand noted). On one hand he says “you’ll work for $4,” (ever hear it?) on the other hand he says, “pay me $375.00 F. O B Milwaukee.” (Ever hear it?) He orders things around in a very high-handed manner (under our constitution) . Dictatorial powers thus vested, in the person of an employer of labor, is not a manifestation of the muchly lauded Competitive System. (The constitution, by the way, was framed to fit the erstwhile competitive system.)

\* \* \*

There is no competition there! On one hand he stops labor, with an autocratic price set; on the other hand he stops consumer with an autocratic price set— where’s the competition? Where does he compete?

Isn’t he a party to this “system?”

\* \* \*

Listen, LABOR, would not it be nice if we had the say so both ways—on one hand we could say, “Twelve bucks Mr. Boss;” on the oher hand, “Two-bits, Mr. Merchant—wrap it up and sent it up to the house”—if we had the full sayso (two ways) and if our say o would be as final as the employer’s is today.

Recall: Employer stands between Labor and Consumer, and dictates to both today

Recall: Labor stands between Merchant and Employer, and takes dictation from both, today.

Recall: We can have “this sayso” if we organize a one big union — perfectly legal too (I cite the eminent success employers are having in this) but please recall: It is easier to jump the wages (prices of our commodity) than to take the curse from “The Necessities.”

\* \* \*

“How’s wheat quoted,” inquired the farmer at the elevator.— The elevator cannot possibly know the farmer’s expenses, the farmer might as well ask his pet pig how much axle grease it takes to haul 70 bushels of wild oats 12 miles (without mud guards) over graft graded hi-ways.— I wonder what makes these two birds so polite? Doesn’t either keep books? Don’t they know their own expenses? Only the other day I caught myself asking a farmer, “What shall I charge you for my services?”

Can you imagine that!—”Fifty cents an hour,” he said. Can you imagine that!— I’m losing money every hour. Fifty cents an hour doesn’t begin to pay me for the tons of high grade foot! I have consumed raising muscles like iron — at that rate I’ll die of old age before I get back what I’ve spent. Can you imagine!

— But I’m digressing:

That was the competitive system. Alass, it is no more.

In the industries the employer autocratically sets the price on labor power and on labor products. He dictates two ways. He has repudiated competition and, like all autocrats, is riding to a fall — workers will organize and show him where to “unload.”

They will organize an l set a price on the energy they sell. Gasoline will have nothing on Labor after this.

## 1924\_96\_IW\_22101924

**Lost: 50 Dollars**

In regards the eleventh hour, a thresher tells me it is worth $50 to him. He is a LIAR, by the Clock—a deliberate, unconscious, greasy, dusty liar. He is not threshing by the HOUR. He is threshing by the Bushel. He makes expenses, living and profits by charging so much per bushel (10 cents). He gets his income not by what he pays out or doesn’t pay out—he makes it by charging the farmer 10, 11 or 14 cents per bushel— he makes his money by selling traction not by buying labor-power, and when he arbitrarily sets the price on traction and “labor hours” he is interfering with the functions of the capitalists systems’ only extenuating feature—free competition. When he, at once, set the price on his commodity, (traction) and on our commodity (labor hours) he is acting the part of an autocrat—and we will thank him to tend to his own business. We will tell Him how many hours we care to work and we will notify Him when we are Through. —in fact, we are doing it with a moderate degree of success.

The mere fact that you muddle the situation by selling traction by the bushel and buying labor power by the hour is no reason why you should set the price on both.

If you set the price on what you sell how can you reasonably expect to set the price on what you buy, where’s your logic?—don’t you think anybody el-e should have a word to say? Are you the sole arbiter of people’s destinies?

The eleventh hour is not worth $50 to you— but the eleventh penny, per bushel, is worth Fifty dollars to You.

Even assuming that $50 “worth” of bushels “Runs out” in the eleventh hour, it proves nothing. Them bushels had been delayed by human Frailties and Limitations. Them bushels would have fitted nicely in organized ten-hour loads—and you know it. But you want to muddle the labor situation and scrap for an advantage that is unreal.—

The eleventh hour is not worth one cent of any man’s money to you —on the contrary, you are losing money by running an unnecessary hour—you know this too.

I give you credit for knowing, for brains . . . For I do not think that you would ask thresher hands to donate an hour’s work, to enable you to sell traction one cent per bushel cheaper. Furthermore, since you pay for the eleventh hour, where is that $50 you lie about? A Ten Day Run can’t be done in Nine Days.

\* \* \*

‘Tis as tough for a rich preacher to get to heaven as it is for a skinny camel to crawl through the blind eye of a rusty needle.

\* \* \*

“Water finds its own level.” Not in a straw stack. I have investigated. \* \* \*

The stacks are wet (down) only 3½ feet— who ever heard of a “water-level” ten feet above surrounding territory? If “water finds its own level” it must still be “looking” for it.

\* \* \*

Farm Literature: A circular-leaflet is going the rounds (in depots) exhorting farmers “to dig a silo” \* \* \* afraid farmer will “spend all” in building one (since he is taking “diversification” seriously).

That’s right, John, dig a hole in the ground; don’t spend, make ‘em rob you — the hole can later be used to start a graveyard. Dig a Silo.

\* \* \*

Don’t build a home. When present one falls down move into a cave.

Rule III. Abolish “bridles.” Tie hay wire rings on halter; connect bridle-bit with two “snaps” to same. When not in use carry bits in your pocket so that neighbors can’t steal it. Always remove halter when turning hore “out into the halter when turning horse “out into the grain bin and cover up. Why waste money? Give it to railroads and bankers—they’ll furnish U with pictured literature of ingrowing-silos— Enough!

\* \* \*

Minot is hostile. It is hostile to the extent that ye most conservative citizens, from Mr. Halvorson down, running for governor, are thinking, (according to irresponsible talk) of changing said name Minot to Hostile. N. D.—and take chances on Halvorsen’s election.

But still, Minot’s emotions never did stray over a wide range—only the keenest observers can “distinguish” between her hostility and equanimity—her “hard” and her “soft.”

It requires the use of 65 muscles to frown. 13 to smile and 12 to grin, but Minot uses between 47 and 66 muscles, year in and year out. She believes in plenty of exercise.

\* \* \*

A youth came ambling down the street

His voice was wonderfully sweet

And each and all thus he did greet;

“Didja EAT—yet?”

Like one endowed with sacred fire.

With grave compassion filled entire,

We heard him ceaselessly inquire:

“Didja EAT—yet?”

Note: Never to be finished because “youth” asked only those that were “finished” picking their teeth.

\* \* \*

What was the competitive system (peace to its ashes?) It must have had merit of some kind? All right, here’s a sample: Under it a baker set the price on a loaf of bread; (quite proper, too— he knew what he put in it) the miller set the price on grain; (?) (?) (?) the hired man sent the price on labor power (!) (!) (!)

\* \* \*

Undoubtedly it was right of the hired man to set the price on labor power since he alone knew how much it cost to develop muscles.

Undoubtedly it was right of the farmer to set a price on grain since he alone knew how much it cost to raise it— and so on— But

Did this pair of bouncing worthies do this? Not so you could notice it!

“What are you paying,” inquired the harvest hand (expecting the farmer to guess his expenses).

\* \* \*

The competitive system has been dead a long time now— I can barely remember the time when farmers quoted their own prices —and I question if Labor ever quoted its own prices, (in the sense that professional men quote theirs) excepting a few isolated and periodical occasions, seemingly. Only recently has Labor freed itself from Feudal and Chattel Slavery to become Wage Slaves, in turn and now, when its exploiters are “finished” with competition in favor of monopoly, labor is preparing to enter the competitive field with a set of labor prices that will be models of “inclusiveness”—nothing will be overlooked—all expenses will be included, including back pay—plus a certain reasonable profit, a la business.

May it please the parasites—they are even now organizing a one big union.—T. B. S.

I have barely touched the subject. Its a pity I am unable to put a bushel in a peck measure—can it be—can it be I’ve put a peck into a bushel . . .?

## 1924\_97\_IS\_23101924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**RIGHT-HAND HABITS**

–––––

Once upon a time there was a double-track railroad, and it happened that the trains on this road would use one track going east, — the other track was nonchalantly referred to as “west-bound,” and used for that purpose—and merrily the cars did “bound” not only on the westbound, but on the eastbound as well. And it happened on this road that the custom was to run the trains on the “lefthand” track instead of the right hand— which was the custom on all other roads. Now, it came to pass that the regular crews of this road did not present themselves for duty— duty, get that —at least they were “not on hand” to **take on** LaBour. Possibly a “strike” had detained them? Possibly they had starved to death? Maybe they had been pinched? . . . Anyway, the railroad company proceeded to hire such applicants as made their appearance and insisted that the trains be run as if nothing had happened, instructed them io use the left hand track **always** (single tracks over bridges were to be classed left-hand, both ways). Well, the new boys, who had been running right-hand all their lives, went out and pretty soon reports of wrecks began coming in. The wrecker, (in charge of a right-hander), starts out in a hurry and, sure enough, it, too, forgot to take the **left-hand track**, and piled the fast mail into a ditch—that was the last straw. These men meant well enough, but running to the right had become a habit with them, and it began to look as if the road would have to change itself to a **right-hander**. Indeed, if it had not been run left-handed successfully for years and years, there are those who would say that it cannot so be run. **The fact that it was so run** could not be argued away.

But the railroad could not change itself to right-hander because not all of its left-handers had gone . . . . some were still on the job, and they, on a right-hand road, would be almost certain to run “left” sooner or later. Here was a fix—Force of Habit—and looking directly at it we find that men learn to follow the paths of life under the tutelage of pecuniary emoluments; the way they have been taught. And they view life either superficially, unseeing, or analytically, observing. Ex.: Ask a conductor, “Is business picking up or falling off?” You will get in reply the benefit of his superficial examination. For he is far indeed from the extra board. But if you want a clear-cut, direct, truthful, complete answer, based on experience and knowledge, ask the head brakeman—he it is that is up against the extra board and he it is that looks at things with seeing eyes, analytical eyes. Now, then, because of adversity, some of us learn to look at things as they are and in detail—our eyes somehow seem to penetrate deeper than the surface condition. We go clear to the root of a thing.

We saw that there was a crying need for the I. W. W.—to keep the boss from putting his feet on the table— and we proceeded to organize and install such an institution (in the sacred precincts of “our” fair Autocracy) and it was to be run left-hand, different from all other such institutions—dual nothing, a modified democracy—to the end that every member shall have the fullest possible “sayso” in its affairs and that they be notified of the facts, from time to time.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1924\_99\_IS\_29101924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**HOME SWEET HOME**

–––––

This work—this work, I cannot understand it! I’m field pitching: The first hour I load two racks (alone) the skinner decks them up —thirty shocks per load. That gives me a shock per minute. I load twenty racks, and resign— ten hours is up, and also my dander. Now what’s the big idea of going “full speed ahead” all day?

The Twentieth Century Limited can make 85 miles per hour, but it is “run” only 45 miles an hour. Now, what’s the idea of holding back them trains?— I pause for reply.

\* \* \*

“United we stand and divided we fall” is not the final word on that subject— the capitalists are united enough, but there isn’t enough of them to stand well. Just you watch!

Solidarity, Numbers and “Time” it is, that keeps a kid on his feet.

Since “union” is not enough, the Milwaukee road crawls out of it by saying, Our Motto: United Effort and SERVICE (foxy, eh?) Bring Success. Service will bring success. I’ve served all my life— and it is still bringing success, always will be bringing it.—I hope it doesn’t get lost

We have observed a possessive tendency among the grown-ups, even as among **high-tone**-pups, that **this is Mine**: America for the Americans, Ohio for the Ohioans, Arkansas for the Arkansawyers, Omaha for the Omahaites, Yates Center for the Yatesians, Beatrice for the Beatricians, Chicago for the Chicagoans, Mexico for the Mexicans, Philippines for the Fullro-prunes and so on. Brown co. for the Browns. Blue Island for the Islanders, Florida for the Floridans, (Bryan may as well go back home to Nebraska); New York will be left open as a reception room for the imported slaves, and point of departure for the exportation of the matured rebels—Japan for the Nipponese going to work a great hardship upon our missionaries, for it stands to reason that China will follow with “The Flowery Kingdom for the Chinese-and-their-BIossoms-to-Come, and Persia will not be for the Standard Oil. No doubt our missionaries and other malefactors will be expelled from Japan, like I was from Odell, Nebraska, by a runt of a marshall— what could I say, not desiring to hit a superannuated, henpecked, husband and father. Persia, it seems, has already taken the stand Persia for the Persians, and the death rate among foreigners is increasing. Aberdeen, S. D., and Jimtown, N. D., not heard from up to date, but it’s more than likely these towns will have a committee picked.

Teddy Rosenfelt didn’t exactly say “be a wobblie”— he said: “Don’t be a mollycoddle.”— He couldn’t come right put flat-footed in favor of the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

On your next fishing trip don’t forget to take along a few “boxes” of sardines— they lend atmosphere to the excursion.

\* \* \*

America isn’t blushing for the I. W. W. It’s glowing with pride—we’ve got one organization that isn’t licking the boss’s feet.

\* \* \*

“Divorcee, 24, tarred and feathered by a mob of infuriated citizens. ...” Disappointed lovers, no doubt Ho hum! Yes. In Ohio.

\* \* \*

They’re all out to tell strangers to “git out o’ our taown— “ “Git fer home, Bruno, she’s a’rarin’, so’s to say. Unfortunately the inhabitants of America, the so-called Red, White and Black Americans, are foreigners or descendants of foreigners; (their recent performances tend to verify the occasion and the magnitude of the descent). The Red brothers have toughed it out longest so they really are entitled to consideration in this drive, America for the Americans. But here’s a difficulty: How are you going to take it away from Ford, Morgan, Rockefeller, Guggenheim and the rest of ‘em?

America for Americans must mean something. It doesn’t mean that the restaurants will be taken away from Grecians and that we’ll go back to eating from dry-goods boxes —no; we’re going to keep the marble counters— we save enough on coat sleeves alone to justify this.

America for the Americans; I believe in it

Perry, lowa, for the Perrycans; I’ll say so.

Industries for the workers; you said it!

The Industrial Workers of the World is laboring night and day for that objective. . . . Let’s jump to some lighter stuff. The author is weary.—T. B. S.

## 1924\_98\_IW\_29101924

**May Be Possible**

We crave your sympathy.

We hired out for six bucks a day, sixty cents an hour, ten hours a day — we crave your sympathy. Nothing was said about belt time, wrist time, daylight time; cylinder, blower or lunch time. — We crave your sympathy. The thresher has deceived us, and we are about to sue him for breach of etiquette.

After manfully tussling with bundles “bound” with a wheelbarrow — for six and a half long hours— the thresher tells me I have 4 hours and 51 minutes machine time due me. (Sympathize here; the sad part is over with).

I was working for a Company, alas.

The company was threshing for its members, alas, by the hour— alas.

Alas, the company was not over-charging its members—companies are that way, alas. The company’s hours had 78 minutes.—Touching, isn’t it? It was.

I tried to tell the company that I wasn’t working machine time; that I was working elbow time, heel and toe time, pitchfork time; strong-back time, skill time and “all the time.” I explained that I wanted full credit; that I expected pay for driving; loading, unloading and resting; (I cited have charged for their services) that owing to speed-up work I was entitled to pay for rest time and that I expected pay for boosting bundles as well as for the time the fork was returning empty from the load; that the mere fact that gravity returned the fork was no excuse for docking me a half a day’s pay \* \* \*

Dutifully next morning, 3:50 a. m. (ten minutes to four) bed time and Ingersol time, I arose, in answer to the whistle, to begin operations; to see how “Dobbin” was getting along with that half ton of hay I “fed” her earlier in the evening, and to harness “them.”

Twenty minutes to five we adjourned for breakfast.

The boss fired me \* \*\*

In pitch darkness he fired me, he might have fired the wrong man! He can’t do that, can he? Can he can a man before daylight? I believe its against the law!

He steps up to the “ray of light” coming from the cook car window and writes a check — I took the check but couldn’t see the figures, I had to take his word for them. It’s bad enough to work in the dark but its still worse to get fired in the dark.

It was fully one hour later that I discovered he had paid me five hours pay for six and a half hours work. Paid in Full, alas! Yes, at Almo, N. D. Uh, huh, 1924.

A youth assures me “there are ten-hour rigs here.” (I demurred). He avers he is “getting paid for only ten hours.” Maybe possible May be possible.

Beat the hoosier up?

You’ve got to get up pretty early to beat him \* \* \* but I’ll tell you how to beat him:

Organize this year, and next year, to take an Eight-Hour Day, (manure pile to manure pile). Take the eight-hour day by incidents to show that teamsters before me working seven hours and 60 minutes. Organize for that purpose!

\* \* \*

The farmer has muddled the ten-hour proposition — its too complicated to fight for. Let us have a clear issue — eight hours.

Belt time. Barn time, bockage for Moving time and Daylight time (Twilight time) has utterly ruined the ten-hour day — let’s have a brand new objective— I nomnate Fellow Worker Eight Hours.

Eight Hours will bring 10 hours.

Eight Hours will bring 9 hours

Eight Hours will bring 8 ½ hours.

Eight Hours will bring 8 ¼ hours.

Eight Hours will bring 8 hours and 7½ minutes, but that is all it will do.

It will clarify the issue. It will give us a clear-cut program. It will once again put us on the aggressive.

Aggressive we stand, defensive we fall.

\* \* \*

I am pot stuck on harvesting—

Of this I’m sure, and set;

I undertook the cursed thing

To win a dollar bet.

I can’t afford to lose so much.

It would destroy my health.

And I’m a’thinking I’m in “dutch”

For risking too much wealth.

## 1924\_100\_IW\_01111924

**SUPPREST EXPRESSION**

Dissension: In the Minot Calaboose where I was continuing my research work — more of that anon — there is a cartoon upon the wall depicting capitalism in the act of putting Dissension “up to devilment,” against the I. W. W.— Homo surpasses his swift self in the effort.

Dissension always is highly centralized. Always it is very local. It is never broad in its scope. Great numbers seldom are affected by it, only the few.

Dissension may find its beginning in the seething breast of a single individual — and generally does. In that case, it is very local, indeed; completely centralized.

Trouble: All troubles have one source—(debate that) —one only. Capitalism itself is a “trouble” (its children are “troubles”). All these have but one source— an unnatural condition — like a river with dozen sources— unlike a tree with a thousand sources.

War: Dissension, Trouble and War have a very proscribed beginning, a centralized source. Dissension, Trouble and War are promoted by the few, the central few—never by the many. (Art Brisbane, with his slings about human nature may as well dry up). Wars are arranged for by the very few.

Human Nature: The sweetest thing on earth terribly soured (still the sweetest) by the machinations of the few, the couple, the one— the one-central-extreme.

Fear: Fear is not fattening, above all things. For instance: The minor fear of going “broke,” sometimes called worry, is one of the best reducers Known to Science— so much they know.— But I wish to dwell on this a moment. This fear, the fear of going broke, applies only up and until you do go broke. The minute you are broke the fear dissipates itself and sets you free—gives you a mildly modified freedom — you are freest possible under present slavery. A dollar is an “amiable” agony.

\* \* \*

But there are many styles of fear, fright — we won’t discuss them.

Great and prolonged fear is very injurious to the kidneys—one should never fear more than two minutes at a sitting; even then it is better to stand at attention, but the best way to fear is lying down — try it on your sofa.

Great and protracted fear is still worse— ten seconds of protracted fear is about all a person can stand; anything more than that will prove fatal; its about as bad as snake bite and calls for same amount of counter-pison — best way is to regain confidence in your legs and see to it that they do not—do not betray you; there, I’ve said it.

Uncertainty is the father of all fear. (Is that a platitude?)

A failure to voice the dictates of opinion is fear. Support expression is to play the game of fear.

Les’ say something.

If the “building of the new society within the shell of the old” means anything it means that its members will have a voice in the management of it — provided they don’t get too loud.

Things will not be said for them — they’ll “do their own” bellyhooing.

What causes me to think they will have a “voice” in the new society? Well, you see its like this: In the present society we have no voice, hence, it follows, we are building a new society to regain control of our vocal powers. We do not propose to remain speechless the rest of our days.

At last things are breaking in our favor instead of capitalism’s —Just now picked up 9 two-cent stamps on depot platform.

Out of snuff again! -Dam capitalism anyway.

\* \* \*

Powers: I have in mind Three Kinds of Power.

First: Economic Power.

Second: Financial Power.

Third: Political Power.

Economic power is of the first magnitude.

Financial power is rated second.

Political power is a third grade power— and exists by tolerance, by sufferance, by permission— hence, it is no power at all.

Workers are invited to use this latter power— like hunting rabbits with a broom stick; once in a while you hit one.

Financial power, too, is a concession; a power more fancied than real; doing business by special permit and is merely tolerated by the folks— it hasn’t the staying qualities of Economic power.

\* \* \*

25,000,000 men and women in next November will use political power— it will be interesting to watch the pork chops rise (on a plate) and shout for joy.

\* \* \*

The I. W. W. is an economic organization.

At the same time it is the most misunderstood organization. Our enemies have villified us to ye perfection. But, a certain amount of “knocking” is good for us. (Our ruin is very incomplete, it looks more like a complete success, a “going-concern”). When people base their understanding on what they hear and when, upon investigation, they unlearn what they heard their knowledge of the I. W. W. will be doubly strong— academic and practical —experienced and theoretical — their information then will unbudgeable.

We, of the Wobblies, know how set we are in our conviction. We know how hard it is to change our opinion about Industrial Unionism— We have both the theoretical and practical knowledge on that score—hence, we must reason that others have opinions, however mistaken — however arrived at— they have them. They have their convictions. Honest convictions!

Therefore: Let us keep our shirts on — information makes and unmakes opinions— keep the shirt on.

We have the information.

## 1924\_101\_IS\_05111924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**PURCHASING POWER**

–––––

I have fallen down in my writing in a most miserable manner, and in a small hoosier town, owing to the fact that I cannot always get Eberhard Faber pencils— although I am perfectly and personally solvent in every direction, fully capable of purchasing any reasonable quantity of literary tools in accordance with the rules of the game laid down by the parasites themselves— so much for this and so much for that — eight cents for a Mongol No. 2, darn the luck, and “**here’s something just as good**.” Sic. (I should say l am).

It may have given my readers a pain, or a “turn” for the worse, to sec me “hoosiering-up”-on-the capitalists’ system; to see me snuggling up to the perfidious “arrangement” in print, like a duck fledgling to an unbusted watermelon. — It must have grieved them sorely to note that I was not hauling the system through the coals; that I was speaking of its damnable performances in a well modulated strain, almost apologetically.

I can see them squirming in their chairs wondering why T-bone Slim don’t rake up the system with a string of high-expletives and resonand throw-verbs; but I’m telling ‘em, editor, it can’t be done with a cheap lead pencil.

\* \* \*

What do I know about them. Nothing. I specialize in lifting power, Low Holts, etc.

But if I was . . . were I an economist tomorrow I would discuss Purchasing Power today:

The consolation press again says that business will improve shortly (any time now) owing to the increased purchasing power of the farmer. Purchasing Power, oh glorious leverage! Oh, true and faithful. . . . Oh, ye most truthful liar.— The Press speaks not of the selling power, not of the skinning power. Praise the Saints. (Paul and Louis). —It speaks of purchasing power! “The farmer will soon get money and then BUSINESS will improve” — (and labor power makes all this possible).

Evidently they intend to use the farmer’s money to put new life in business.

When I was in Hurley, Wisconsin, business was slack; blind-pigs were “stretching” their refreshments; charming governesses reduced their rates, and an atmosphere of gloom hung like a pall from North-Western depot to Ironwood bridge— a hundred lumberjacks arrived in town.

The stools and pimps scouted around and reported them as “live ones.” Jack rollers rushed hither and thither crying, “Prosperity just went into an alley.” Officers of the law shook hands with each other, while blind piggers ..... business men, I beg your pardon — gripped the callouses of the woodsmen . . . then the press came out and assured the worried multitude that business was gradually regaining in strength; prosperity was around the corner (dickering with a squaw) and that tomorrow would usher in the beginning of an era of unexampled NORMALCY, for Hurley. Halt.

**Purchasing Power**. I’m afraid purchasing power, or rather the powerhouse, is abused. Much of this power is allowed to go to waste — this is ‘specially true of the farmer and his P-P. Many of these towns have seven grocers, three butchers, three druggists, etc. Now, I claim it does not require the full time of all these business men to take the edge off the farmer’s purchasing power, and therefore I will offer some suggestions to the business men:

**1st**:— If there are seven grocers, I suggest that each store be open one day per week— no two stores to be open on the same day. Arrange the days to suit yourself or take turns on Sundays. . . . NOTE:— Six sets of clerks can be put to more lucrative employment — one set of clerks can move from store to store, day by day.

2d:— Three Butchers: Open up every third day; two days per week. Remember the Sabbath. Sell no meat on that day— let ‘em eat crackers.

**3d:— Three Druggists:** Keep your stores closed seven days a week.—The butcher will sell your coco-cola; the hardware man can handle the Gem safeties, (garage, other safeties), and the grocer will look after your interest in the sale of paregoric, toothbrushes, arch supporters and castor oil— you are free to go to work at whatever your heart desires.

\* I’ve got one set of clerks working a day in each store. We will fire them, and use the seven proprietors — that gives us seven sets of clerks that will become producers of wealth instead of consumers of it. — Oh, if I only “forstayed” economics.

Them three butchers may as well find other work too — the town ain’t big enough for them, besides: we ain’t going to have two boss-butchers laying around five days a week — we have to work for a living.

NOTE:— The harnessmaker will look after drugs, oils, powders and acids—the druggist has no comeback — canned heat, “sterno,” the miniature stoves that men drink —and then draw like a wounded furnace — are no justification for the existence of drugstores — besides, we can’t afford to have carpenters working on non-essential buildings when so many are sadly in need of homes. —Boxcars may be all right for the summer months— and, we’ve got to have them anyway (to haul freight back and forth), not that it makes any difference which way a train starts (western apples go east, and eastern apples go west)— yas, we need the cars but, in addition, we need other homes for winter consumption.

There isn’t the slightest excuse for three drugstores, to look after the **trade** of three doctors. The doctors can “store” their baking soda, vinegar, calomel, ginger and salve in their garages — who ever heard of such nonsense: run a big store, with three clerks and a proprietor, just to acommodate one doctor! I’m astounded! Yes. Close up seven days a week.

\* \* \*

**We have three Banks:** I hardly know what to do with these men. It won’t do to have them around cash registers — work, they will not. . . . I wonder if they could preach? I’m in the same fix about the lad: working in the banks—they’re too surly and hard-boiled to be used . . . but wait, ship ‘em to England barmaids. Eureka— Hard to stump me.

The station agent can throw his triplicate stuff into the station stove and look after the business of these three banks during lunch hour while he is resting— use the bank buildings as jails for the transcontinental bums to sleep in.

If the farmers want to be skinned of their land, make them hunt a legitimate bunko man— we’re not putting out free’ board to men just for swindling farmers. Hereafter the agent will cash all checks. ... No training is required. If the man staggers up. to the window, dog-tired almost dead from work, the check is good and the man is an I. W. W.—

No need to make him show his card.

## 1924\_102\_IW\_05111924

**Tire Tramps**

Discovered! a new explosive!

A harvest hand tells me verbatim—verbatim — that: “We was running, short-handed, unsuspicious of impending holocaust —holocaust — when —one man blow’d up and so we two detonated on the spot and called for our time.”

If these be true we’ve got the world by the— by the— axle.— T. N. T. is even so as the balmy breath of a zephyr compared to a cranky pitch-fork r in full eruption. The turbulence of powder, beans, and gasoline, is a doldrum of demotion ‘longside the agitation of a mortally offended harvest worker — an inverted blast, a suction — a locoed recession. You tell ‘em, editor, I’m stuck.

The conditions on the farms this year have been worse than usual, what I’ve seen of them — this is due to new organization problems which caught us short, unprepared (witness the unseasonableness of this article) the least of these has not been the so-called “scissor or on wheels” for organization among them has not kept pace with that of the pedestrian although gratifying results have been gained.

But contrary to stated belief the “Tire-Tramp” has not been used extensively as a wage cutting medium, if anything— he has been used as a wage-preventative insofar as he is directed from place to place by agents of the farmers (not that these agents earn their salt, for failure to maintain high wages is the result of our unpreparedness to handle the auto-worker and his problems; problem being new, we are excusable) but the damage done is insignificant, rainwater is the more to be censured. Almost satisfactory organization work has been done among them, considering all things. We might have had perfect success.

\* \* \*

From Jamestown flivver squads were sent direct to Devil’s Lake on the eve of a wage increase— the men were used; some with cards. The wage increase did not materialise. Note this: The Harvest Force is Four Times as mobile as it was Three Years Ago.

Devil’s Lake can now hire in Jamestown, Oakes, or Wahpeton. Why not from union halls?

Ray, N. D., was a clearing house for gas-harvesters — a company union not on paper but in fact, without the knowledge of said gas-harvesters. They were used — not only that, but they were used one against the other and both against all — rotten conditions remained, rotten grub prevailed — losers nothing, winners won grief.

Four a. m., four auto tramps fired; twelve noon they report at Ray; Four p. m. another four drive into yard where first four were fired — thresher lays off two farmers and two W.s to make room for the four pilgrims. Apparently the threshers have agreed to that program— to use the gasoline help, for what purpose? To start war between help on foot, help on wheels, and help on cushions— all wage earners?

Young men are hired in preference to older men. Why? Not because they work faster, not because they last longer. Young men are hired for two reasons: First, because young men are less cranky; second, young men take less exceptions to working with neighborhood children. There! \* \* \*

The older men will not work with children, even when said kids are two to one rack—doubling of child labor doesn’t excuse the crime in their eyes.

Superiority of intelligence doesn’t enter here, older men are experienced. Intelligence doesn’t apply because the wrong is plain — palpable, guess they call it. Organization is the remedy for all that uncertainty. Very simple.

To point out: How often do we hear it said Jews are successful because of superior business ability? Propaganda, pure and simple.

We hear it said they succeed because they save. Camouflage.

Again it is said they are tireless. I know no tireless failures.

Jews succeed because they are well organized and for no other reason —organization carries with it solidarity.

We can so organize with the agricultural workers, A. W. I. U. No. 110, and bring order out of all disorder. We must consult with these automobile harvesters (to our mutual benefit) for next year. The county agents will have systematized the placing, and replacement of men through their Tourist Clearing House located at favorable points. We’ll have cars. When that is done and the “rubber tourists” are organized — and it will be easy to do that since the grief has been great—we can look for a new world to conquer—it will be there.

Haviland or Arbuckle bombing planes will deliver men, from a “central corral.” to all points, to be redistributed by bi-planes to farm— in them days, the flivver man will be out of luck — so I ask: Will you organize?

“Henry Ford will form a Ford Farming company,” I hear, “his farm will be right close nigh unto 167,000,000 acres.”

Will you organize?— Henry does.

Needless to say Henry won’t ask “what’s wheat today.” He’ll tell ‘em!

Let us so organize that he can’t tell us.

## 1924\_103\_IW\_08111924

**English Hours**

“Jobless Army in Britain is Growing (thin) Fast.” \* \* \* “London, Oct. 18.— Unemployment is again increasing by leaps and bounds.” Over there they don’t know enough to shorten their hours. They go right ahead and “rustle” themselves out of a job.

How very thoughtless. Fie!

“Though an increase in unemployment is generally expected during the autumn months,” (when the leaves begin to fall and nature adorns herself with a mantle of gold) “the increase this year is so rapid that it has occasioned considerable surprise and not a little worry.” Many of the slowest of men, who were not expected to finish their tasks, have completed all that was required of them, on schedule time, greatly to the surprise of England’s blue-blooded parasites. “Political circles, opposed to government”— politics and government apparently are a separate industry in that country — “have made the most of this increase and it has been the basis of pessimistic predictions on the future of British trade.” How this can be said is not quite clear since the finished “work” naturally should simplify the selling problem — one would think that unfinished work would be a greater drawback on the future of trade, even the British. Oh, well. I’m dense. I do not pretend to understand commercial secrets.

“Politicians blame the increased unemployment on everything from the Dawes Plan to the abolition of the tariff upon automobile .” The happy consummation of the work, that brought these men a living, accordingly” was caused by the Dawes plan, or the tariff. The Dawes plan, no doubt, was the more to blame for the speed with John Bull ran out of work— the nations needs too were satisfied the earlier, leaving nothing for the workers to do but rest; until such a time as England again needs something. But why call it unemployment? Why not call it a period of rest — a recess? And why should a period of rest create restlessness — worry? “Not a little worry,” he said.

150,000 lose jobs (gain rest).

On January 1, 1924, there were 1,289,000 registered unemployed in Great Britain—how many unregistered, not stated. The number declined to 1,052,000 in July. In August the number began to ascend an reached 1,152,000 and still it “ascends.”

“Economists have been wrangling over Britain’s unemployment problem since the days of the armistice” (and up to the day of the armistice) fully employed, but had they consulted T - Bone Slim, the great Economist of North America, their unemployment would have expired inside of 10 seconds— and the wrangle would have been over. We would have told them to shorten the day; give labor the full product of its toil and let unemployment take care of itself.” Why worry about it? Without unemployment we would die in two weeks. As it is, an average person of 70 years has been employed only 20 years. The “rest” of his “time” is spent thus:

Asleep (unemployed) 22 years.

At play (unemployed) 10 years.

Eating (unemployed) 6 years.

Drinking (unemployed) 1 year.

Dressing (unemployed) 2 years.

Traveling (unemployed) 4 years.

Jail (unemployed) 1 year.

Why holler about unemployment, it is no problem; its a necessity. The problem is elsewhere.

But come on, fellow worker, let us read further: “Over Population is Problem.”

Ah, another war, eh?)

Read on: “The sanest and soundest, (economists) however, maintain that Britain’s unemployment problem is largely a problem of over population, and there will always be unemployment until Great Britain’s population is decreased by at least one million.” (I wonder if that means that there are 1.000,000 parasites in England to get rid of?) “A difficult problem despite the fact that British colonies are crying for settlers.”

Sanest and soundest? How come?

Is it not true there was unemployment in England when her population was ten million less than it is now? How’s the decrease of one million going to accomplish what ten million couldn’t?

Decrease the population one million today, and tomorrow you will have one million unemployed. I would suggest that the work be divided pro rata among all the King’s subjects — would there then be unemployment?

\* \* \*

Shorten the hours! I don’t mind helping British economists every chance I get. They won’t need to send the million men to the disease-infested colonies to die; they won’t have to recommend war to decrease the population, not while I’ve got a lead pencil— it’s no trouble at all for me to disentangle their problems for them.

Further, I would suggest that “them” economists be paid 4 shillings per day until they become quite clear on this subject so well understood by American labor.

Shorten the hours!

## 1924\_104\_IS\_12111924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**EASY MARKS**

–––––

The thought-poverty of the workers has been put in evidence so often as to cause great sorrow in my breast and, while I admit that it, the thought-poverty exists, I don’t admit that it is peculiar to the working class. Therefore: it is with pleasure that I point out wherein, I think, the bourgeoisie is blank and I offer it for your consideration, and commend it to your thought apparatus — I hope I’m right:

It is said that the KKK is against the Catholic, the Foreigner, the Jew and the Negro ; that they are hundred per centers and that they want America for Americans — and that business men have embraced this faith of the Klan. Alright. This program of “agin,” what does it do? What will be the result? Don’t you think that it will have a tendency of uniting those four factors, the Jew, Catholic, Negro and Foreigner “agin” the Klan, and don’t you think the Klan undertook to cover too much geography, and finally don’t you think the Klan has been fooled into biting off a chunk too big to chew?

Supposing the Foreigner takes his trade elsewhere? Supposing the Negro does the same, and so on? Where will the Hundred Per Center then be?

Supposing Catholic wealth and Jewish wealth combine to protect themselves “agin” the Klan — isn’t it possible that they will do that very thing? Where was the brain power of the business man when he named those four factors specifically, and courted their wrath?

Did the Klan consciously select those overwhelming odds or were they selected for the Klan? To my paupered-thought, as a member of the despised working class, it would appear that some outfit, bent on mischief, persuaded the Klan to “stick its foot into it”— and that’s not saying much for the business man’s thinking ability. Numerically the Klan can muster up about 12,000,000 men (at the outside), in a battle of ballots. — The Catholics alone can outvote them. In a battle of wealth the Jews alone can “pay them off,” without opening their “grouch sacks.”

I don’t see where the Klan comes in for any emoluments of any kind—they might as well have been born in Madagascar as far as getting any special privilege, or consideration, is concerned.

The whole question resolves itself into a question whether the Hundred Per Centers were arrayed against foreigners, negroes, jews and catholics, or were the catholics, jews, negroes and foreigners arrayed against the hundred per centers? Which came first? What is the result? We must go by results:

Undoubtedly the Klan has united these four factors against itself. — If the Klan did it. Hence the business man’s **wealth of thought** must have been been in total eclipse?? If the Klan didn’t do it, if it was done for it, the same result obtains, and the **wealth of bourgeois thought is BLANK.**

The brainy business man has been led by the nose — a few workers with him.

They have started something!

That’s why I say thought-poverty is not peculiar to the working class. Never in all history has Labor pulled such a “boner”— a boner it is. One of the world’s greatest boners. Fellow Worker Fred Merkle’s failure to touch “third base” fades into insignificance alongside of it.

Idiots pure and simple — especially simple. Easy marks— I blush for them! Their action in this fosters race- prejudice— and further: witness the “hooded-cohorta” invading the so-called “black-belt,” violating the rights of colored citizens— yes, in Chicago. — This raid amounts to a declaration of war and cannot be called “prejudice.” Necessarily the Negroes were compelled to organize for self-protection.

\* \* \*

It is clear the Klan is looking for trouble.

Now, in conclusion, while I’m airing my thought-poverty, let me explain the why fore of the mask; It protects the One Hundred Per Cent Business Man from Boycott— nobody knows who he is. With his head covered he hopes to convince people that he’s an ostrich . . . an oyster, more likely.

\* \* \*

The Industrial Workers of the World are not concerned with “the errors” of these — just so we do not err ourselves. We welcome the working people of the world, be they Jew, Catholic, Negro or Foreigner — or American — all wage earners — all useful men and women, whether citizens or visitors. We are building a one big union of world labor— we will not fail. We bite off only what we can chew. Join the I. W. W.—It is the only aggressive union in this country. Let’s go!

T-b. S.

## 1924\_105\_IW\_12111924

**WOBS AND AUTOS**

The returning “automobile tramp,” with two hundred dollars — for five months’ work, suffering and — will say to his loved ones, at home: “The harvest was a success, all considered.”

Ho will remark to fourteen neighbors: “I had a very successful summer.”— Fourteen additional “automobile tramps” will be in North Dakota next year!

What’s the matter with the Wobblies? Do they think the “auto” is not a success or are they averse to “associating” with private property? If so, why the overalls, why the fountain “stick,” why the card itself?

The returning automobile tramp, without a cent, without the price of gas, without the car itself — for five months’ work and hardship — will lie to his loved ones at home: “I was stuck up for the works.” He will lie to fourteen neighbors that he is “sitting pretty”‘ and being forced to draw on his imagination for the size of his “pot” he makes it strong.

Fourteen additional “automobile tramps” will be in Dakota next year. \* \* \*

Not many speed kings are leaving Dakota with money— about 20 per cent— but money or no money the result will be all the same; fourteen to one new faces will next year inquire of John: “Need a h(e)and?” A car will be the first requirement for to land a job in those happy days to come.

The cup of joy will be full of cars, hysteria of cars, deliria of cars and the greatest opportunity in the world will present itself to the Wobblies to emphasize that condition by getting behind the steering wheel themselves. John will furnish gas. Ten per cent more Wobblies, on wheels, I would do the trick. Reliable, old-time Wobs of judgment would work wonders within the corrals (clearing houses) even so as few farmer’s men have comers this year. The mischief was done at Labor’s expense—wheeled and on foot. Will they repeat? A few shrewd young men this year took two dollars per day from our pocket and put it in the farmers — and the farmer’s pocket has a hole. Our two bucks are lost.

Next year, as I gaze into the future, see more “clearing houses”— to accommodate the 14 to one” strangers, unused to the ways of the banker’s friend — the thresher; the most backward and crude inquisitor of this stagnant age.

Give us more cars; Buy, Beg or Borrow a Bus!

Boomer, in a recent article, gives recognition to the condition of auto tramps, so-called. Otherwise I might be tempted to think of those birds as nothing new — something normal and customary, to be ignored They must organize or be organized — there are 600,000 filling stations costing, (at $5,000 per piece) three billion dollars—that’s where the “tight” money went— it would be a shame not to use them.

‘Tis idle to dismiss this matter by saying, “Oh, well, I won’t be in the harvest field next year— the decision to attend harvest generally is made at the last minute, super-induced by a slight, mild, labor dislocation, during three months preceding harvest — it seems that we do not decide for ourselves. Hence let us take up these questions, decide them, and defy them to keep us out.

We may as well.

Nowhere is there a better battle ground —nowhere.

P. S. — This article is not late, it (s early, for next year. I wouldn’t think of writing old stuff.

\* \* \*

We hear much about incentive nowadays. So much, indeed, that I’m getting to believe we can’t do a darn thing without it. Many will not agree with me, in this, and say that I didn’t have an incentive when I sat down to write this human interest article; that I didn’t have an incentive when I rolled in bed last night — in fact, that I was punished one dollar for that very act, yet I did it—and they will inquire, wasn’t that dollar an incentive “to stay up all night?” “Money makes the mare go,” you know.

But I’m not a mare!

Incentive! What a venerable joke! INCENTIVE! Haw, haw haw! It explains why we move! Haw, haw haw! Isn’t that a good joke?

Weariness is an incentive to rest.

Haw ha \* \* \* excuse me!

Cold is an incentive to build a fire.

Haw! haw! haw!

Hunger is an incentive— haw— to eat.

Ain’t we got incentives!

We’ve got an incentive for everything we do.

Delayed freights is an incentive to write — either that or suck thumbs till it comes—its not that “you’ve got to have incentive,” its with us always. Incentive is the most plentitudenous thing in the world — crops may fail and banks may bust but incentive blooms and flourishes like a high – powered boil—only longer, forever.

Hell is “incentive to be good.” (artificial).

Heaven is “incentive to be good.” (artifificial).

Haa, we’ve got it two ways!

Take your pick. Nothing like pleasing all hands. Some like to hope, some like to fear—everybody’s suited. Aye men!

Shortage of money is an incentive to beg borrow, steal or work — most countries have laws, against begging and stealing (they want you to work and borrow) and only the hardiest avail themselves of the liberty to break laws.

\* \* \*

Incentives, gosh! How well I remember that word. The first time I heard it, I got scared — I jumped sideways and put up both hands to protect my head; I thought it was something “terrific.” extraordinary. How could I know it was simply a “silent agitator,” as: “Thirst.” To wit:

Thirst is an “incentive to drink.” etc.

Pain is an “incentive to jump.” Very simple— and we’ve not lost any of ‘em. Let’s go!

What’s the incentive for that?

ONE BIG UNION.

P. S. — The Kapitalists System will not work. It separates the older men from the job. It exterminates the old men by denyng them a livelihood. And now, that the system itself is old, how about a little poetic justice \* \* \*?

It hires young men — (children).

Let us adopt a young system — (new).

## 1924\_106\_IW\_15111924

**GREAT AND SMALL**

Great things have small beginnings. Small things have great endings. The trend always is from small to great, by tedious labor and then — when sense betrays— pouf . . . smithereens!

A meal ticket — a despised piece of pasteboard — has been the “beginning of great movements.” Com Beef Hash, for the Family, is the foundation upon which many revolutionary movements have been built — in sincerity for the Hash, if not for the revolution.

Later men prejudiced against hash will make a distinction between lacerated edibles and the dumping of irritating power; will relieve ‘the “Dreamer of Hash” of all responsibilities in regards the ostensible, and ostentations, as well as the actual desideratum so dear to the heart of an initiator— Hash?— then to carry on for an ideal not tainted with personal ambitions, self-satisfaction; nor the tickling of ones palate even with such a delectable dish as hash — all ‘round must be.

\* \* \*

The people (in their apathy?) are not ready for tailormade leadership. They want none of it. They want help, not advice.

The struggle for leadership is not a part of the class struggle, and victories on that field can be of no benefit to those who are seeking relief from slavery. . . .

Admittedly the proper place to conduct war against slavery is at the point where slaver is— and any gesture for power, (not delegates) at that time, is in bad taste, to say the least. And anyone making such a gesture proves by it his unfitness for leadership— to lead.

None are fit.

A fitting leader should have million eyes; million ears; million nostrils and— a million nostrums.

Impossibility!

Leadership always is very mediocre—one day leaders are dishwashers, taking orders from slaves; next day they are dictators, ruling the world (per instructions from . . . ) But where is the benefit?

Benign leadership! Harmless, fruitless, futile and fickle leadership! Leadership has been given every chance. Ten thousand years we have been led. Where? To the point of production! That’s where we were led. They found work for us. Isn’t it about time we tied a knot in the cat-tails of our leaders to keep said tails from flapping in our eyes— so slow they are. Why’ we dassn’t move for fear of trampling them underfoot!

I think a dose of nu-lif, home brew, coke or Spanish flea would do said self confessed leaders a world of good. Former great leaders are gradually sinking to rest in the sleep that knows no rates. Powderly, gone but not forgotten.

Gompers, all but . . .

Gradually they disperse themselves from the ken of men. Alas.

Alas, (I said) the field is bare. Alas, bare of leaders;. Alarss! Here and there a small squeaky voice proclaims himself a leader. . . “You’re a liar,” thunders the opposition, “Your’re a trailer!”

Thu-, the conflict proceeds.

Haa! Conflict! That’s my station. Stop the car.

Conflict, our old-friend conflict!

\* \* \*

Many of my neighbors are not very well acquainted with conflict, so, if I can “get by” yon frowning editor, I will try to bring out the good points of my home town. Conflict can be justified. That is, much evidence could be produced to show that conflicts has, seemingly, a beneficial influence upon man and his establishments. The conflict has, seemingly,a beneficial influence upon man and his establishments. The conflict of “the nail penetrating wood,” make houses, as we know them, a possibility.

The respectability of conflict, as a trade, is (in effect) established by the consideration shown the conquered by the victor, on the field of battle. The conflict of the vocal chords makes speech possible.

The conflict of muscles (exercise) develops strength— its desirability, not under discussion, considering uses it is put to.

The conflict of ideas develop brains—again, what for? To serve a master the better? I’m not advocating conflict, I’m not berating or low-rating it, I’m merely recognizing it. Conflict exists—to what extent I do not know’. But this I know, men under certain, similar conditions have no conflict. Wind and waves conflict.

Earthquakes, Un evidence of conflict.

The human body is a turmoil of conflict — hopes and fears.

White corpuscles and red corpuscles, in the blood wage a ruthless warfare.

Bruise yourself, immediately red and white corpuscles rush to the “sore” and there they have it out.

One side wins. Cure.

Other side wins. Death.

Which is which?

I’m not signifying, I’m discussing conflict. It exists in many things. But, since nothing is constant, it can not exist in all things, and should not in many things. White corpuscles do not fight white ones. Conflict is not the rule, it is the exception. Light exercises are good, heavy are destructive. Light conflict tones up a person, establishment or age— after the storm the calm.

But the mere fact that conflict is a natural phenomena in somethings does not prove that it is essential in all things.

Wars occur seldom indeed compared to the opportunities at hand— wars, if equally divided among the people might not give more than one day of fighting a piece— hardly worth while getting angry, for so little— I’m surprised at the peacefulness of the people.

Opinions may and will differ, in the various divisions— we expect that— and the people have provided remedies for them—the majority rule— a law.

Conflicts may and will occur between two antagonistic elements— remedies for this will be found provided. . . .

Now in conclusion, let us point out: A woodpecker doesn’t peck out the eye of another woodpecker— for, how could it then see the worm — the peckers conflict is with the tree.

That’s his point of production.

P. S. — In regards the dishwasher dictator, let me make myself clear: It is no disgrace to have been a dishwasher— the pity is that he didn’t drown his aspirations, or self, before undertaking to dictate to, and for, an intelligent working class — yes, with the cups and saucers.

## 1924\_107\_IW\_22111924

**URGE**

Habitual poverty is an incentive to organize. Low pay is an incentive to strike—long hours, rotten conditions, third-grade grub and persecutions are incentives, to strike and restrike — strike to cure and strike to prevent, or anticipation strike. The only time the boss doesn’t fight you is when you are striking. He hires his fighting done but does his own dirty work while you rest.

Incentives galore! We have men in the can — I mean men. And although I believe, we have overdone the “feeling” for them — in type— the actual deeds in their favor have been few. Lesser names than theirs give grace to history’s annals of human (and humane) endeavor. Deeds are so few!

In this connection, let me offer a suggestion:

Let us organize our sob stuff! Let it be periodical sub stuff! Let it be irritational sob stuff— rather than a year ‘round poultice of sighs and tears! Give us, oh editors, our sob stuff at stated intervals—once out of three starts— let us not waste emotion, it [unclear]stes us— a saturnalia of sobs every so often. The men in the can went there in good faith. They had confidence in the working class at large and their immediate fellow workers—whom they knew to be men of high character. The tears we spill over them will not do ‘em a bit of good.

Their confidence in their fellow workers has not been misplaced — their faith in the working class shall be justified. We have nothing— but incentives. We can be broke as well fighting for something that is ours (even according to the rules of the employers’ game) as by waiting for George or Ole to do something.

George is paralyzed.

Ole’s got rheumatism.

It’s up to us. We’re not crippled!

## 1924\_108\_IS\_26111924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**ALL KINDS OF CRIME**

–––––

Three billion dollars ($3,000,000,000) is the cost of “financial crimes” reports the American Institute of Accountants. Fake stocks, fraudulent credits and honest to goodness “thefts” are mentioned.

Public pays for the hull smear “so,” you see, “about six cents (0.06) out of every $1 an American earns is taken from him as a toll of crookedness.

Uh uh. Just a little light-propaganda to keep your mind off the 74 cents your employer takes from every $1 you produce! Three billions for “finance.” More billions for theft of property. Still more for petty dishonesty—short weight, narrow ton, shallow quart and “frail” service and other forms of **chance** or skill with equal grace without a frill.

He says: “Why not teach, in the schools, honesty as an exact science, more profitable than crookedness?”

He, he. hee! (I always laugh “that away.”) How are you going to prove it.

You’ve just now proven that “one twentieth of our income is stolen— my figures show “four-fifths” that you do not get —even at your figures **the “few” stealing “fifths” from the “many” will soon get rich.** Surely you don’t argue that half the people are thieves, surely you don’t?

Just how, in the face of these figures, will you go about proving that honesty, as an exact science, is more profitable than crookedness?

Or do you merely suggest that it be taught in our schools regardless of whether it can be proven or not—just “parrot” to the kids that honesty is the best get-rich -quicker scheme? Don’t you think that a little proof should go with the education —in case the children grow suspicious?

For instance, our geography lesson is: If Gauntbummery and Darb purchase jack-knives in Germany for 9 cts. apiece and sell them, in United State of America for $1.65 a throw, what would be the most direct road from Chicago to Jerusalem and how soon would this form of honesty prove more profitable than crookedness? Remember, these kids will want to know, and we will be expected to prove, for instance, that if a dealer buys a pair of shoes from, the penitentiary for $1.29 and sells them to a Christian for $4.78 he is using the exact science that is bound to be more profitable than “down-right” crookedness— “upright” is right!

Here we’ve got $3,000,000,00 that is swiped from us every year; only a few thousand people swipe it— even if 100,000 people swiped it, it would make $30,000 apiece for them. Now, how in the world can we prove to the children that these are losing money, that honesty would pay them more than $30,000 a year? Exact science, . . . we better get **not too exact**, lest we become as liars. I’m afraid “exact science of honesty” won’t work and a school teacher trying it would spend the rest of his stay in a state penitentiary. A little camouflage goes a long way . . . you know, eh! — But we are losing more than three billion dollars per year—I won’t discuss it. It only makes it worse. I’m an honest man and I don’t want to, will not, haven’t, and do not advocate dishonesty—being not a howling success, in my chosen field, I have no, right to ask crooks to reform; that is, not until we get “this” figured out.

You say “one twentieth of our wealth is stolen from us” and you say “it takes no Einstein to figure it out.” What’s Einstein got to do with it? What did he ever steal? As a “great mathematician” where does he enter in this arrangement? Three billion dollars reveral times, are stolen from the public per annum. The thieves grow rich and their victims grow poor. Their victims are honest— the thieves ain’t so particular . . . Now how are we to prove honesty as anything but an exact science in how to get poor, and trust to luck to keep out of jail? It can’t be done, successfully.

You can’t steal the children’s milk and teach honesty to them at the same time. You can’t rob a chld of its clothes and shoes and expect the child to believe your doctrine in honesty. You can’t rob him, by denying him food and shelter, and expect him to believe in you as a saint and in your unproved assertions that honesty is more profitable than crookedness— it’s too much like cutting a man’s throat and, at the same time, whispering in his ear “**I love you**.” He’s liable to doubt your word and request you to take a few stitches—in them cuts you made.

No, kid, you can’t steal a man’s shirt, wear it right in front of him, and expect him to take to heart your remarks about honesty—you know Gabe, people are beginning to conform with the capitalists system more and more, day by day A nation divided will fall. A society half honest and half crooked cannot live. We must choose. We all shall be crooks, or none shall be crooks. Choose. We all shall be honest or none shall be honest. Choose! Part crooks and part saints won’t work. United we Stand. T-b. S.

P. S.—Personally I’m a supporter of honesty—I’m with the **majority** and majority is honest, though **busted**. My reasons for being honest are as follows:

**First:** I’m too old to take up new theories.

**Second:** I’m too stiff and clumsy to steal well.

**Third:** I’m too slow of foot to get away with the plunder.

**Fouth**: I’m pejudiced against legalized stealing—not being a hypocrite—I’d rather be broke and honest.

Honesty, the exact science!

He, he, hee! (I always laugh that away.) T-b. S.

## 1924\_109\_IW\_29111924

**STAND ONLY**

Millions who are now dead will never live. But, again, millions that are now dead will some day become alive—be live ones. . .

The “lumberjack” is among those millions that will one day suddenly spring to life and “that day” isn’t far.

The wages are a disgrace!

Far be it from me to mention the dimensions of the wages paid. They are so low that were I to mention them in this paper the lumber companies would bring suit against me for “coloring” their character . . . then again; I am far too patriotic to publish to the world the deplorable and somber facts. I wouldn’t do it. Not me. Not by a jugful.

(And now, if you were as good citizens as I, you wouldn’t either— if you were as good a citizen. . . .

No, you wouldn’t.

But lest some people run away with the idea that conditions are worse than they really are I will here make a statement: The lumber companies, do actual pay, wages — “better than nothing”—everything deducted, it amounts to 12 1-10 cents per hour—just like it was 30 years ago when the cost of living was one-fourth of what it is now.

(I have reference to Minnesota woods and in this connection I wish to say that it is exceedingly hard to organize these “twelve cent men”)

The reason it is so hard to organize men to “put men to work;” while men are busily engaged in trying to dream a “way out of work.”

Conversely, too, it is easy to organize parasites, their objective being to dodge work — hence the temporary success of capitalists, great and small. Who wouldn’t like to get his corn-bread without expending effort? Who?

But, that avenue is now closed. The The family of shirkers is now complete and they are organized (now) to see to it that no more “work haters” enter their exclusive circle. The House of Morgan is full.

The “standing room only” sign is out. Now, we must organize for the purpose of encouraging these strapping gazabos and gazelles, to take on their share of labor—at 12 cents per hour. Yes.

Incidentally let us take on labor lest our muscles grow flabby as theirs.

\* \* \*

It is said that if—if—”if the lumberjack would save his money he would be faultless.” He would be, indeed he would. Otherwise he is without fault.

But, he blows his money.

And it is said that ho blows his money for moonshine. Ah, here I must disagree with the sayer.

While I agree that he doesn’t save money, I do not agree that he blows it in for moonshine. But he doesn’t save his money. If he saved it he. would be without fault, remember that. In every other respect, he is perfect.

\* \* \*

What does he do with his money, if I’m right — that he does not blow it in for “moon”? Let us see:

For every dollar’s worth of “logs” he produces he gets less than two bits—mostly a nickel—and, it is of this two bits that he blows in for booze. It is of that nickel that be blows in for moon; ninety-five cents of every dollar’s worth of production, never sees the blind piggers’ till nor the lumberjacks pocket. This is the money he should save.

And until he does save that money he has a very serious fault—a flaw so great that it makes him imperfect.— It is of little importance that he blows in the nickel or quarter; and illogical—for why should he save of the few pennies and donate halves, quarters and dimes to the lumber companies?

But if he would organize to save that part of his production the world would see one perfec creature; a timber beast of harmonious adjustments, a persona magnifique. Of the little he gets there is no use saving. Of the much he doesn’t get, he can’t save—for verily; a man must get it before he can save it. In order to get if one must be organized. Spend the little for a union card and save the much. YOU’D be surprised!

Nothing is that was. Nothing is as it was. Let us make changes in the wage schedule—in Minnesota.

## 1924\_110\_IW\_03121924

**MORE FIRES**

BEMIDGE, Nov. 9. — Fire again destroys Crookston Lumber Company’s property high estimate 30,000,000 feet of lumber went up. . . It will keep six camps busy replacing it. Wobblies were blamed for the previous fire, kids or sparks for this one.

High wind. (How come company guards know not how it started).

Mill did not burn.

Catterpillar tractor was used to push lumber piles into the lake— not much saved. Box factory girls, in pants, worked like Trojans fought ... to “save a board.”

“Help save some of this lumber” was the tearful plea of the bosses. Unfortunately the Crookston had more property than it could protect; alone. Fire truck from Crookston, Minn., 105 miles away, arrived at 3:30 p. m. Time: 2½ hours— going some, eh? That’s how sacred private property is! Betcha no flivvers contested right of way with said truck. Apparently the Crookston, in charge of so much lumber, is a faithless steward. Nearly a million dollars worth of fine lumber is permitted to go up in smoke, without adequate safe-guards against it being taken — is the Crookston too tight to hire guards to protect so much wealth? Remember this is the second time— she is, she is too tight-proof of this lies in the fact that she is paying 30 and 35 dollars per month to the lumberjacks whose production periodically goes up in smoke. What is the sense of getting out these logs if the Crookston allows them to be burned up (as finished boards) at the end of each ten-year period?

Wages are going up.

Evidently lumber is too cheap.

Nobody seems to give a damn whether it burns up or not.

Why should lumberjacks further donate their services to irresponsible companies.

Let us organize in the L. W. I. U. 120. Drinking water is no longer a good excuse for being a non-union man; a $30 man; a $35 man. This work, this discomfort, this garbage, to do, to feel, to taste— is worth all of $150 per month — but we cannot get it without organization.

\* \* \*

A scissorbills is a labor displacing machine.

\* \* \*

Big Falls is dry. Contrary to general conception, the good citizens of Big Falls obey the law— what little there is of it. It is really remarkable the small amount of wet goods consumed in this progressive metropolis of the North Woods. After the raids by Federal Enforce, tempting sacks of pop-corn appeared in the display windows of the leading trade emporiums— and the long, faint trail outward was soon dotted with bobbing pack sacks.

## 1924\_111\_IS\_10121924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**CARELESSNESS**

It would seem the grain buyers (elevator men) have many opportunities to steal—but, not for themselves—for the company. And it seems to be all right, too, to make mistakes in favor of the company . . . but, when they start stealing for themselves, the “states’ attorney” begins to rub his eyes— and growl.

\* \* \*

If happiness is an accident, then we should be less careful — let there be axe-e dents. Never stop to “pause, look and wonder.” Do like the parasites in their Super Sixes, crow crossings carelessly. Happiness! Why does a chicken cross in front of a car? For the same reason that the beat people cross in front of a train. An average chicken hasn’t any more brains than “the best people.” Results are same: Scattered feathers, flapping of wings, and a few aimless kicks, then-happiness. Scattered toothpicks, a busted bottle and a kick or two— HAPPINESS.

We are far too careful.

Cal no longer “is an accident”—never was. Accidents don’t happen.

\* \* \*

What with the Knights of the Fiery Cross in full eruptions, Knights of the Flaming Circle in “spontaneous” combustion, the long Winter-Knights are bound to be fair and warmer— no accidents intervening.

\* \* \*

It is no accident that we are slaves, carelessness. Pure and simple carelessness— it may mean “happiness” too. ‘Finest folks in the world, too. How can they be so careless? But it is given to man that he can change his condition. Man is given two hands, one brain and one mouth etc. with which to “mske any and all changes.” He doesn’t have to be a slave. If a nail “sticks” in his shoe, he can change it.

If his teeth ache, he can change them. Anything— if it doesn’t suit him—he can change. If the system doesn’t suit him, he can change it, too. Nothing is impossible, besides, changing things is in conformity with progress— nothing remains as it was.

Just now wages in the woods are low.

**They can be changed.**

**And probably will be.**

\* \* \*

Our author is up around International Falls looking for more threshing. Several of the leading lumber barons called upon Slim at his hotel with view of engaging him to cut logs by the ounce— Bacchus was not among them— they all remarked upon the sadly dilapidated condition of our herb and one of them offered to “put him cooking,” or making wedges—which is about the same thing.

Slim is still a free agent: **You’ve got to show too much wood for the money and butt ‘em twice**— they’ll not grade any of my ties.

I’m not that careless. With the right kind of co-operation from the working class Slim’ will soon have the parasites running for shelter— I surmise.

If we must have them, let’s have more doughnuts, bigger doughnuts, and better doughnuts;

Columbus may have discovered America, but it will take lots of organizing to recover it.

I have much to say, and only crowding time prevents me saying it. More than half of my pencil is left.—But, I must away . . . . **away** . . . . AWAY. ... Adios.— I Hope the bussiness menwill take these few suggestions to heart, and instead of masking their identity, let them rather parade in spleeping bags—they’ll look only hald as many and twice as easy to support. Adios.—T-b. S.

## 1924\_112\_IW\_13121924

**OUR MISSION**

The sublime inefficiency of the past and present lumber kings proves itself, and demands conviction . . .

Any woodsman who knows signs and understands timber lore can at a glance satisfy himself as to the criminal and other efficiency peculiar to those that attempt to dominate the lumber industry and its workers.

It is self evident.

But I will here give only a single cue or key —as a point to reason from— suitable because not over many figures are required. Workers are weary of figures—facts are acceptable:

Piecework was not started, on a grand scale until after the heavy timber had been cut— middle west — about 14 years ago: While the virgin timber stood, the wages being next to nothing, a man did not have to move much to show profit. It was not worth watching a man in those days. Work was monthly.

Came a day when timber was scarce. Lumber companies, used to fat, juicy incomes, did not take conditions into consideration, nor would they tap their pot of former millions $ $ $— but, expected each man to show the same profit they had been accustomed to.

Men had to be watched. Men had to be driven — the work being such that almost each man had to have an individual driver—(pretty strong, that). It wasn’t a paying proposition to have so many bosses. Something had to be done. Hence: Piecework.

And, really, it is better than having two drivers apiece (the alternative) each man thus drives himself.

Only under conditions as they are, is piece work bad.

It injures the monthly man by making the monthly man conspicuous; few as they are— the boss is on their trail all the time.

Without a doubt the piece worker must utilize every trick in his trade in order to make it pay. He must use every skill, or go in the hole. It has been left to him to inaugurate efficiency — (it seems the bosses, the kings, have given this up as rather too deep for their diving powers).

They’ll give up the rest of the industry as sewn as the loggers see fit to organize their one big union; as soon as they weary of missions, soups and exaggerated stories about Our Heavenly Hughey, way up high that hauled the Big Blue Butt on the golden go-devel . . .

\* \* \*

Pieces of lumber have mounted from $10 and $15 per thousand in the good old days to $90 and $95 per in these perilous times— figures!— Still, inefficient methods will not pay.

Example: The Intl. Lbr. Co. has, at their Camp 48. at Big Falls, logs and pulp wood (its all pulp now) on the skid ways, and yarded out, that has been there over four years. It is almost beyond salvage now; still, this year, rails were laid and the International is going after it in earnest—lack of operating funds doesn’t apply (as excuse) because “grown-in” roads had to be recuT this year— why cut them in the first place? Inefficiency! It is a wonder this company’ has any operating funds, all considered.

The time will come when we lumber jacks and loggers will go out logging with pen-knives— we will twirl a twig between our thumb and knife blade, to make a square butt. Timber will be that scarce, but important — as important as now; no more, no less — in that day we will expect to make a living from our work; same as now, same as in the past when timber was timber. “Not so,” you say, “timber never will be that small— Slim’s exaggerating; laws will be made to specify the smallest that will be allowed to be cut — thus conserving the supply.” Glad you pointed it out. It pays to ‘xagerate. Then, and not until then, will law step in to conserve timber— after itis all gone. How very, very consideratE of the law to do this, tardy, late, but better than never, as ever. Why didn’t law step in and conserve the timber that was timber?

I’m off my subject. Clear off the idea. When timber was timber we started logging without an organization (like writing without an idea) and a damn poor living we made! Timber got scarcer—still we ignored organization, and the making of a living became difficult indeed.

Timber will grow thinner still; frailer and frailer— saws will be discarded — but timber will be logged and livings must be made from that logging. In that day, if we ignore organization, our living will not come. Wood is wood —what it is nobody knows.

But as long as there is a one-inch tree it will be logged — it will have new value, should have new value—even as the sparse timber we are working in now, should have a living value; it is needed badly, dam badly. . . . Organization is the only thing that will put living in logging. Try it!

Clogging on the stump won’t help you,

Logging on the stump won’t help you,

“*‘les de ret cart be in de pocket*” as French would say.

## 1924\_114\_IS\_17121924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**THINGS SO OR NO -- ‘N EPITAPHS**

–––––

“There’ll be no meeting in this camp,” says the foreman, “if I know anything about it.”—So we told him, “All right — the meeting will start at seven o’clock— and— you better not know **anything** about it.”— Strange to say, the boss DIDN’T “get wind of it.” He never even suspected.

\* \*

That box of Michigan apples, at the door, has been empty since the winter of NINETEEN . . . .

\* \* \*

The full dress of a top loader and decker consists of low rubbers, low cut overalls, belt, shirt, socks, Oregon juniper and a Wobblies song book . . otherwise he’s not in fashion.

\* \* \*

The medicinal properties of “Fin-lander” ice-cream (sour-milk) and mojakka (potato-stew) are undoubted and potent.

A sick man, after eating one bowl of sour milk for breakfast, one bowl of potato-stew for dinner is sufficiently recovered to eat **something** that is detrimental

\* \* \*

“North Dakota i. to be developed,” again . ... I see by the Duluth Herald. “ig Dick” is now fully recovered from the last development. Committees will be organized in the various counties, each county to be organized with county **Chair-man** and local representatives. Nor’west group of the N. D. Bankers’ association is backing it— from Minot.

Nothing will be left undone.

Proper financing is anticipated under, new plan. Might be a wealth of “motif” in it? Maybe a banquet for I. U, No. 110.

“West Duluth American Legion post is going to provide Boy Scout Troop No. 35 with regulation forms.”—

Sure, put some clothes on “Kids”— the winter here isn’t mildest in the world.

\* \* \*

Open-shop pants, twelve-hour boots and company-union (six gallon hats) are going out of style owing to a drop in temperature . . .

\* \* \*

“Newspaper Epitaph”

(Headlines)

“Coolidge Takes a Step Forward in Foreign Affairs” — One step cannot do much damage — just so he doesn’t start imitating Walking Daly and take 75-mile “strolls.” It’s lucky, too, that Cal’s “step” was forward. He can see where he’s going. Backwalking is like backtalking, but twice as dangerous.

“ ‘Irreconcilables’ Can No Longer Dictate U. S. Program.” — Have they done that! Christ! I. thought, all along that Wall St., the Reconciled, had that job **cinched**. Well! Well! How little we know!!

“Executive Would Abandon Isolation But Shun Entanglement.”—

“Mother may I take a swim?”

“Yes, yes, my darling daughter; Hang your clothes on a hickory limb And— don’t go near the water.”

As soon as we abandon isolation we’re in the thick of it, and fellow workers— **I’m in favor of it.** We have nothing to gain but chains as it is Give me change— or bills—or something— anything.

“Serious Crisis Looms Between Allies, Berlin”— That settles it! They got it all fixed up— now to split the pot.

“Paris Meet of Great Moment”— Horsemeat ! I suppose nobody’s there?

“Hoover Abandons Attempt for Full Radio Regulation”— Does that mean that radio is now controlled in full or does it mean that Hoover started a job he couldn’t finish?

\* \* \*

. . . like an innocent negro accused of crime, the newspapers lie so poorly that people conclude they are guilty.

They will not tell us when, or why— But lie and lie and lie and lie. They are destroying their very usefulness to the “interests”, by over- doing their prevaricational exercises. Recently the Chi. Trib. Co. in “Liberty” discuss China’s Pacifism in a derogatory light and not much of it — mentioned Germany but failed to draw any lesson from the havoc created by force— Germany’s own and its counterpart external. Although it did not hold Germany as an example of Successful FORCE it, also, did not make a distinctiion between “Life as Force” and life as motion— (I go heavy on the latter.) Back to the hardware counter . . . for you.

—T-b. S.

## 1924\_113\_IW\_17121924

**AN EARFULL**

Only the poor break laws— the rich evade them.

\* \* \*

Babe Ruth is America’s greatest statesman —Jack Dempsey the brightest scholar- Barney Google the most eminent scientist The greatest writer?— modesty prevents our naming him.

\* \* \*

By the way: Our scientists are not to blame for the slow progress — the men ahead of them, clearing the way, are laying down on their tools— waiting for the pay car. When the scientists catch up there will be s show down, over the slow down.

\* \* \*

A crust of bread, a jog of wine and thou

H’m!

A five dollar bill, a T-bone steak and, and eggs.

\* \* \*

Past unseeing eyes there flashes

The eternal film of soul,

While mere man in moonshine splashes;

Playing a spiritual role.

And tho there be thousand clashes

Planets burn —crash, crash on crashes—

Life is there to sift the ashes;

Farmless, endless, one and whole.

\* \* \*

No two things in all this world are alike.

Nothing is like it was— there is a continual change. A stone thrown is a different stone when it lands.

No two cherries look or taste alike—nor does the taste linger; it fades, dies.

A pea—one in ten thousand—can be identified.

\* \* \*

Int. Falls, Minn., has been enjoying a treat in Dante’s (inferred) Inferno. The Falls likes pastoral plays of this description even more than Rhinelander enjoy East Lynne or Ten Nights on the Blindpig Floor.

\* \* \*

It is becoming more necessary every day for congress to repeat a right before it is right —say it twice (or its wrong) — rechew the cabbage (or its kraut) — An editorial congressman has it in reverse: “Repeat it wrong to make it right.”

\* \* \*

A jeweller offered to charge me two bits for a minute hand for my old reliable Ingersol — that’s as far as he got. I repaired it myself.

Tools used:

One railroad spike, for hammer.

One needle, for punch. (hole).

One safety pin, for material.

One match, for forge (to anneal the pin)

Time spent:

Ten minutes.

Earnings: two bits. Rate. $1.50 per hour.

Imagine the rate the jeweller was charging — approximately 60 times 24 cents. How much is that?

I mention this just to show that the capitalist system has come to a pretty pass when it cannot compete with me and the crudest of tools. Somebody is doing some tall stealing. I verily do believe.

\* \* \*

That 5.5.3 navy arrangement: Steps should be taken right now for a bigger and wetter ocean — to make room for our boats.

\* \* \*

Foolish question: Is a Wobblie a Wob after, he is dead?

Foolish answer: He is if he keeps his dues paid up.

Here’s where our author “pays up ahead;” feeling kind of shakey (?) — a fellow never can tell —what may happen.

\* \* \*

November 25. Haying is in full swing around International Falls— full swing of the scythe on swamp logging road..

I never see it fail . . . the push says, “Slim, I want you to cut grass,” and hands me A. W. I.U. No. 110s old standby, and sends me into a swamp knee deep— let the M. T. W. come up here to give us pointers on this seafaring agricultural logging. How to do it and not get wet?

\* \* \*

A good way to Americanize foreigners in lumber camps:

Put turkey on the table Thanksgiving Day.

Less than no time these confirmed bolsheviks would be singing: “Yankee Doodle, (I love my Uncle Sam).

“Barney Google: (That’s th’ kind of a guy I am).

“For I am Sam and Sam is me—

“I’m my own unc’, and don’t you see;

“Barney Doodle

“For the rest I don’t give a damn.”

Yes, indeed, all the patriotic airs would be boiled down to one glorious pot-pourri of praise giving.

Turkey wouldn’t hurt the hard shell natives either.

\* \* \*

Apology: I have fallen off on writing because I have too much to do. Lately I have been busily engaged on an invention that will bring me a fortune, I expect.— Some day it will take its proud place, (with my trade mark T-B S, blazoned on its side) alongside of othej means of transportation — It travels on one wheel, guided by two shafts (and is intended exclusively for the use of our leading parasites when they go out for a walk) a well padded oval container rests on the shafts; in this the user is expected to deposit his ample bosom, where it nestles snug and comfortable, making both easy and dignified— when not used for this purpose it can be loaded with gravel, concrete or other materials, displacing a wheelbarrow — there’s money in it.

Another thing, gentle neighbors: Ford was calling for production. Press was howling for production. Employers all were demanding production, so I, in order to get over a bad period, gave them production —like all production, it was more or less off color.

## 1924\_115\_IW\_20121924

**ANOTHER EARFULL**

Immigration inspectors are visiting lumber camps in this district to get a line (ostensibly) on those that crossed the Canadian border without authority— Quebec, Montreal, International Falls, etc.

Seems that, if men are foolish enough to slip over, and slide into a camp, they should not “hound” them; they should let ‘em stay, and make them stay if they tried to get away. This, idea of deporting these newcomers ain’t right — give the old heads a chance.

I know not the object of these searching raids, but I know the result. “Crookston, International, Virginia and American Cedar” will be short of foreigners this winter. Dope it out yourself.

Wages will go up.

\* \* \*

“Boys” are discussing “our theory of government.” Good.

Maybe I got the wrong “impression” like Frenchy’s horse, anyway, the question rising in my mind is “off the subject.” Why is it that not all the people in the United States are working for wages— Why is it that all the people are not working for wages? If the wage-system is so good why don’t the professionals use it— why don’t the business men use it—why don’t the bankers “put their own names on the payroll?” (Give them high wages!— so much per hour and no more).

I’m beginning to think that the wages system is no good—or these men would use it.

Why is it that only workers use the wage system?

I’ll tell you why: Because they ain’t organized to do away with it; they’re organised only to work, to work and then to work more.

\* \* \*

Abolition of the wages system is mentioned in the I. W. W. Preamble for these and thousand other reasons — A system “half wage and half grab” cannot long endure and theories of government under such circumstances are and will remain theories—else, like Frenchy’s horse, I have comprehended wrong: “I say, ‘gee,’ that horse she ‘haw;’ I say ‘haw’ that horse she stop.”—”Sacra . . .!”

\* \* \*

“But, mother, the girls are all wearing them now,” says Edgar A. Guest, noted authority on what women should wear and things feminine— And true it is, the garb they wear is like Paddy’s prohibition, better’n no drinks at all— in these cold wintry nights— But let Edgar finish: “A girl must do all that the other girls do.”—

Hm. What do you mean, “do?” Do ‘em i out o’ dough? Do ‘em all? Must do? Him. Maybe they won’t bite the second time, for the second girl— man is generally a sucker only twice in a life time; when whiskers come and when hair falls.

Ah, I forgot, Edg. was talking about skirts, my mistake.

“Must do.” Hm.

In the first place, Guest, there is no such a thing as must, excepting in connection with the ceremony of death — die we must, sooner or later. Even taxes are not sure. We don’t have to pay them.

Even law gives us choice.

We must nothing, and girls need not do all that the other girls do. The length of the skirt does not matter.

Girls need not conform, just because Edgar says so. Even if the boss says wear this, do this, take this, they need not do so— they can organize and tell the boss where to head in — not that he must. He will choose.

They must organize or they must do as told. They have a choice, organize, or . . .

There is no must, in the sense commonly understood. Nothing compulsory save death, ordinarily—since the disconnectedness of nature gives her masterpieces plenty room to maneuver. We don’t have to. We will it, or it shall not come to pass.

\* \* \*

“If the Sun would go out and plunge the world into darkness nothing would grow and people would starve to death, freeze to death and commit hari kari.” Not so, my friend, although it would be “tough.” . . .

If the sun went out, it would give other suns a chance to shine. The world would not be plunged into darkness—the absence of suns rays would release other rays. Don’t worry, it won’t go out; and if it docs it won’t disturb us or inconvenience us in any way.

“The sun never shines but to . . . burn my neck.”

(Lenin was the “sun” over in Russia; when he went out, the “light” didn’t blink even)

Things wouldn’t grow, yet we wouldn’t starve. Who knows but that it’s the sun’s rays that gives us an appetite? We don’t know, so why worry? We have enough to do to worry about things we do know, for instance:

We know that Industrial Unionism will one day be accepted as “about the proper caper” with which to bring a little order into this disordered world.

Let us not worry about “the sun going black.”

\* \* \*

Masterpieces I call humans, advisedly. It should be taken with a dose of salt.

Man is nature’s one and only mistake. It keeps the whole universe busy correcting our mistakes— the mistakes of a mistake.

Some day I’ll write a book about it—one mistake more or less doesn’t matter anyway, among so much matter.

\* \* \*

How’s your dues? Have you been able to keep them flush or better?

\* \* \*

Darning sox on Sunday, although a disgrace, isn’t any worse than filing a fourfoot saw— and both, put together isn’t as bad as grinding a monthly axe—on Sabbath day.

Everybody’s doing it; doing it . . . beating the system without organization —ho hom! Nine o’clock.

“Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.”

I agree with the first part, if you change it to read: Two soul-containers with but a single thought—there is but one soul and thought is its product. I’ve said: “No two things are alike.”— Thought isn’t a thing.

No two hearts “beat as one.” That’s poetry of the most damnable nature: All men think alike— right and wrong. Thoughts are alike, like two peas ain’t —that is why optimism is the proper attitude to assume when things snarl.

Our blacksmith is experimenting on a process of welding hay wire.

## 1924\_116\_IW\_24121924

**THIS AND THAT**

S’n ‘t’rs Brookhart, Ladd, Frasier and LaFollette “read” out’n the Republican party “blackballed,” “cording to press reports, T’s no place for a “meenister’s son.”

“Th’ big majority of Republicans (of 32 such) think the right thing was done, that the party finally has shown some backbone.”

Yes, and neckbone and bone in the head, a shrudlu of bone.

\* \* \*

Nothing is “sacred no more” from the inroads of commercialism; all our most cherished traditions are being traduced—yes, traduced — by our cold, bloody traders — traducers. For centuries it has been understood that a cup of coffee is five cents — in fact that’s what the nickle was made for — but now, alass, they charge me 10 centravos for a cup of coffee unaccompanied by the “And.”— Is there nothing holy no more, except the sinkers?

\* \* \*

Investigating “Buss” transportation on the “Range,” I find it has one fatal drawback: Ungagged women are allowed to ride in the front seat with the driver. Such recklessness! Wanton daredeviltry!

Half the time half the bus was in the ditch— me sitting there, the fate of the revolution in my custody, helpless.

After careful consideration, I’ve come to the conclusion that women should not be allowed in those vehicles unless “trussed up” hand, foot and mouth. . . .

I’m sure, women, when they understand this, will not object— Otherwise, editor, I guess we’ll have to make a run for it.— ‘s ‘good think I’m footloose and— and—just loose.

\* \* \*

The parcel post is getting to be quite a “nuisance”— we have something else to do other than stand in line and wait while Uncle Sam obligingly explains to the “fair lady” the innermost workings of the P. O. tariffs and et cetera. . . . we have a living to wrest from this old cantankerous world and we can’t do it standing in line sucking our thumb; and biting our lip . . . .Parcel the hours.

\* \* \*

Duluth is a city of magnificent grades—up, up, up— and the home of mojakka; first cousin of mulligan — a stew of ravishing attraction, whose rugged honesty is the pride of the pure bred Knights of St. Croix and Luke Avenoo. Michigan street, the Bowery, has fallen into evil ways: Lake Superior is leaking into its soup and coffee.

“Five Card” is Duluth’s municipal pastime. Affairs of state bother her less than the state of affairs of her exchequer— Be it said, the full force of capitalism has been unable to lower Duluth’s standard of living. Her standard of manhood is some noticeably higher, too; even her officers grade surprisingly high; as observed while studying railroad bulls.

Why?

Because a certain amount of red in the blood is necessary in order to withstand the old climate— How our author suffers!

(Duluth’s hills would pass for mountains anywhere— but Duluth’s vision is broader).

Our author has already scaled his way to the dizzy heights of First Street, which said feat causes him to think that no serious breakdown can disturb the serene tenor and tenure of his way during the coming year.

A million dollar city hall project has been rejected as entirely incompatible with the aspirations of a resourceful, throbbing lake port —one of the twins. It is understood Hank Ford adopted Superior, (the other twin) buying frontage by the foot—we may now expect to see Superior more “assertive.”

Just now there is a lull in organization work— not because of can’t or won’t, but because our membership do not choose to organize at this time. Their reasons may be good and sufficient, quen sabe.

Status quo is being maintained.

The drive against the workers integrity is 200 pounders fell short and Hat.

December 4. Town is full of sawyers— the lumber barons are adding bait, a little more each week — these men have been lost to the woods for two months now.

\* \* \*

Street car Red Cross sign reads: “If the child has sore throat do not send it to school but to a doctor.”— That is. I suppose, if the doctor has bad legs or feet that pain, and can’t walk. . . .

It’s a wonder the M. D.s don’t get next to themselves and do their own advertising.

\* \* \*

Just now, Slim is “all stiffened up,” in the legs, from dancing jigs and jumping up and bouncing “down” in a “ventilated gondola” car between Virginia and W. Duluth. We should know better than attend dances in freight cars— on clear nights.

\* \* \*

Prosperity has been delayed, unavoidably. Kappers (Kansas) “era of best times” must be hung up on a stump. . . . These Kapitalism Pulmotors make me laugh with whole area of my neuralgia.

## 1924\_117\_IW\_27121924

**EMPLOYMENT**

A serious situation of unemployment prevails among the “better people.” Thousands of parasites are without work. Thousands and thousands of perfectly healthy plutocrats are without jobs. Thousands and hundreds of thousands tinhorns, pimps, pool sharks, stools, speculators, stockholders, bondholders, landlords and owners are out of work in this country. Hundreds of budding business men are in jail for blind pigging— Grand Rapids and Carlton are full of such— and out of work, for that reason.

In fact, apparently, about the only ones employed are the “working class,” and, even some of them are without work.

Jobs must be scarce— I hadn’t noticed it — but it must be so.

These “better people” surely would be employed if jobs were to be had. They certainly wouldn’t think of being idle if work was obtainable?

And let me tell you fellow worker, that things must be something terrible when these people— with all their pull and pep— can’t land a job. Oooooh lala, (I’m crying) I’m completely overcome with apprehension, and I tremble for the safety of my country —Ooooh, oooh, lala! We’ve got all our work finished. Ooooh. . . Hell!

What’s the use of looking for work? If the best people can’t find work what show have we roughnecks?

If the blue blooded scions of aristocracy can’t get jobs what show have we red blooded proletarians? None. None, at all; none, at all. . . . that reminds me:

We’ can buy a job. Good! Fine!

Les’ see.

The Lindwire-Gunnyson Lumber Co., shipped 10,000 men to its camp last year at a dollar a head. (They had to have a camp, so that they could ship the men). They didn’t have no timber (that was all right) so the men of course wouldn’t stay. Even for piece work, you’ve got to have trees; without trees there’s no use starting — to work. Men voluntarily left camp. So, the “Lindwire Gunnyson, of course, kept the dollar as well as half the bus fare, two dollars.

Les’ see: 10,000 (men) times 2 (dollars) equal $20,000. H’m. To run the shipping office cost 1,800 dollars, wages included: H’m $1,800 from $20,000 equals $18,200. H’m. Breakfast at camps, 7 cents per man. Les’ see: 10,000 (men) times 7 (cents) equals 70,000 pennies; that in turn equal $700— $700 from $18,200 leaves $17,500— H’m. I said leaves it!— The Lindwire Gunnyson Lumber Company cleared $17,500 on logging operations—out of Duluth — without cutting any timber, excepting what was necessary to sanctify the shipping business — H’m. There’s money in logging . . . for the busses, sharks and employers. . .

But none for the logger.

Of course, (they’ll ship you). O you sweet thing! You know what company I mean?

\* \* \*

“Depression in Labor Circles.” opines the Superior Telegram. Correct first crack, it’s not only a depression, its a regular sink hole. Contrary reports notwithstanding nevertheless, et ectera. . . .

\* \* \*

“People are feeding from hand to mouth” — Slightly exaggerated— they still balance food on their knives; but they do stow it in their mouths, chew on it— and place it on file for future references, in their stomachs— that is; what they can obtain jurisdiction over; Hughey knows its little enough and not enough. Outright fasting beats starving.

\* \* \*

Farming is also hard hit, in Minn. and Wisc. Thousands of acres of tubers were left in the ground because of low markets — Two-thirds of grain crop is already sold, to care for taxes and woolen underwear.

\* \* \*

“People go around”—yes, and around— “around knowing there is something wrong. They can not place their finger on it.— “

Don’t kid yourself, Telegram. They can place their finger on it and what’s more they’re liable, to do it— not only one finger but their whole mit, both of them— and a pair of 9½ feet.

\* \* \*

“Money was never as easy as it is now, but people are afraid to go ahead.” Easy money. Easy money! I should think they would be afraid — I know I would if I had any of it.

\* \* \*

“When they (the folks) get a dime they hang onto it and go without bread, in order to keep it.”— The rascals — scoundrels!

It wouldn’t be so bad if they bought snuff or a pack of Peerless with it. . . .

This hoarding of money’s got to stop!

— T-Bone Slim.

P. S. — Spend it for a red card.

\* \* \*

Now, I know how it feels to be surrounded by the enemy when you have fired your last cartridge— I just swallowed my last quinine pill — They cost cent apiece, too.

\* \* \*

Anent Chicago!

Is that so! So Mayor Dever’s natural sympathy for the casual laborer stranded in the city suffered a frostbite last year?— I remember the time. It was in August wasn’t it, Deve’? It was one of the worst and earliest frosts we’ve had. . . .

Write that down, editor— lest people get the idea that “our” sultry blooded mayor is thin skinned. . . . or cold blooded. Have you got it?

\* \* \*

Wild animals in the woods are turning communistic. I heard some dam thing purr or trill, or chatter or—or something—saying: “Iz th’ auger there’r r r?”

## 1924\_118\_IS\_31121924

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**PARENTS BY PROXY**

(HALF AND HALF)

–––––

Systems are instituted among men, with an **ideal** attached.

Starting from an ideal it launches forth bravely into the affairs of men, and great hopes are entertained for its future. Like a child, it will one day be a president, a lawyer, a doctor— never a banker, for obvious reasons. The system grows and grows, goes to school, plays hookey, steals grapes, smokes cigarettes, and otherwise comports itself discreditably. . . . The fond parent is obliged to revise the program laid out for the child — I mean, the system.

He’ll never make a president now. He’ll be a molder or a machinist.

The child (system) grows more.

It comes home “drunk on hard cider.” He’ll never make a machinist; but mebbe, he’ll make a shoveler or a poet—?

The system grows to man’s estate, picks a gooseberry (robs clothesline).

He’ll never “make a poet.”

The system goes “on the bum” altogether, drinks “moon,” demoralizes boys, kicks in store fronts, holds up people, trains and traffic—the best you can make of him now is a dick, a stool, a professional witness.

Still it deteriorates.

It takes to dope.

Becomes an all-around pervert.—

What has become of the **ideal**?

What has become of the glorious program laid out for this child —wonder child? What was the flaw inherent in the system that caused it to go “haywire”?

**President — Lawyer — Doctor — Molder — Machinist — Shoveler — Poet — “Dick” — Stool — P. Witness — Dope Fiend.**

And still slipping, defended by deluded parents still hoping and still scheming to find a niche where it, the system, may anchor in its mad downward plunge. What of it if they are parents by proxy only, the evidence is conclusive— the next step is insanity.

Every symptom is there.

The wonder child, the system, the very incomplete order, the elementary organization—the capitalist system of labor exploitation— is going nuts, bughouse. .... It never did convalesce. Always it has been in retreat and eventually, soon, it will be among the things that are no more.

## 1924\_119\_IW\_31121924

**OUR UNION HOUSE**

‘Nough isvnough! The camel has broken the last straw! I’m on my way to— to—Venezuela— by way of Grand Maray, Minnesota. I’m done; done for and almost done-up.

Everywhere, even at mile post 136, they tell me “It will never come in our time. We’ll never see it”— and lot of other guesses, prophecies, predictions and prognosticstions. How do they know?—Just because the Future is in front of them— instead of behind them— they pretend to be able to see ‘into it; conveying the meaning that at least a part of future is behind them; that they’re in it. It! It will never come in our time (maybe). But the parasites aren’t taking any chances. They are organizing.

And I’m telling you, my friend, that if you are organized, and it doesn’t come, you’re nothing out. But if you are not organized ,and it does come, you’re (S. O. L.) sure out of luck.

It’s liable to come like a thief in the night and catch you with your pants . . . Under a pillow, and you under the bed. . .

\* \* \*

Recreant rumors reiterate: “Rebels re[pu]diate revolutionary relativity; running around rudderless; refusing reason—Retreating!” No, not one! No, not one!—

Our house is built better than that. It’s built from timbers, not veneer . . . It is not stucco. It is hew’d and morticed from seasoned timber—not a stick of two by four in it. Nothing phoney about our house —we’ve got something —and, we ourselves, guarantee it life.

Capitalism does not give us aid or comfort —far from it—if we die, it will not cry. It wouldn’t mourn overlong over our grave. We, ourselves, ourselves, must help—The I. W. W. can die (but won’t) but it can’t be killed — in this it differs from those organizations that can’t die (but do die) and can be killed. When our organization is sick the employers do not run for a doctor; they do not volunteer to nurse it. If it loses its hide, the employers do not rustle around for new skin —oh, no, we’ve got to grow it ourselves.

They are not interested in our welfare—they’d rather read our bedside bulletins and study our fever chart.

So, fellow workers, clearly it is up to us. .. . but, of course, if you’re tired — we’ll rent you a wheel chair, push you around and show you the wonders of capitalism — the morgue, the scaffold, the “pen”, the church, the clinic and the poor house. By that time, I think, you’ll feel like walking on varnish with “cork” shoes.

Now, that I’ve been shooting off so much about our unionism (our house) it seems that a kind word should be said about its construction. It has been said before, and I say it for the benefit of those who are not regular subscribers. . . . for our papers—who may have missed much— and who, therefore, are not yet members of our organization. There will be nothing remarkable about it, just logic that is knowledge with our members. . . .

In the first place, let me say, ignorance is not anywhere near so prevalent as it is made out to appear: We fear the other fellow is not as clear on things as we are — we forget . . . to give him credit, though he may know more than we. Thus it is that I am writing these very simple truths just as if our members didn’t already know them—There are men that haven’t a red card; there must be a reason why and, it may be, they don’t know why our organization is the outstanding indestructable success that it is:

The I. W. W. differs from the old mass form of organization in two ways: First, it organizes all workers in any one industry into a unit of the I. W. W. That unit alone has the full say so in regards wages, hours and conditions in that industry —thus, no member of another industry can vote its affairs; thus, for instance, no lumberjack can legislate hours, wages, conditions for sailors, etc.

That’s the first difference between Industrial Unionism and Mass Unionism. Second difference: Mass Unionism is dead. (The Knights of Labor is the corpse). Industrial Union isn’t dead.

(Death is a sad drawback to unionism). Disinterred (dug-up) unions seldom amount to much; once they cool off— good night! The I. W. W. differs from trade unionism in one way only— I’m discussing from, not troubles: Trade Unions take a few men from one industry, few from another, few from still another and so on, and from a union outside of all industry— thus they fight every boss of every industry— when they fight— an industrial union fights only one boss; the boss of that industry and fights him inside the industry.

Trade Unions do not “recognize” industries— they divide men into crafts. The name “trade union” is a concession to the correctness of the position of Industrial Unionisms. They have caved that much already. They are ashamed of the word craft union. “Trade Unionists!”

\* \* \*

They call us revolutionary for that reason as well as for other like reasons. And, in this demand, we differ again, (but in another field) with said craft unionism—craft unionism wants the system to remain as it is. It endorses the capitalists system of labor exploitation; and bargains with the master. We don’t. The I. W. W. doesn’t.

We, the I. W. W., denounce it

That is another reason why men join the I. W. W., and, so long as the I. W. W. doesn’t deviate, either towards mass or craft unionism, it is safe — and sound. That is: so long as it retains its identity—That depends on the membership.—T-Bone Slim.

P. S.—Industrial Unionism has had a partial trial, with most complete success, in the Lumber Industry on the West Coast. Wages, hours and conditions were improved 60 per cent—Just now, owing to greasy pork chops, the boys are a little stiffened — but that’ll wear off . . . When they need anything Industrial Unionism will fetch it.

# 1925

## 1925\_1\_IS\_07011925

**T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

**DISCUSSES OUR SYSTEM**

**Yes, the Capitalist System Superseded — his. What’s That to Brag About ?**

Undoubtedly the capitalists’ system was well conceived. It had features about it that make it desirable to the people and, since it was to supplant a system that had flowered into full iniquity, people did not look closely into the merits of the thing. The child was born ailing, and — its **flaws** wen left uneradicated. So, and so long as the flaws remained, the system might as well have been “still born,” conceived in deceit — for it was unfinished business; only a “partly thought-out program.”

If left an opportunity for the few evil-minded men to impose upon the good nature of labor—in fact, it left them an opportunity to live off labor, on the principle; “A load on another man’s shoulders is easy to carry.” Further, it left men an opportunity to garner riches and great wealth by the sweat of another man’s [b]row No safeguards were thrown around [unclear] men to prevent “crooks going South with the products of [labors toil].

The system was instituted based on the theory that crooks are honest — and if the crooks had remained honest the system would have been a roaring success instead of the howling shame and failure that it is. (It is here the superficial examiners make their bi-weekly reference to “human nature,” just us if that settled it). But it doesn’t. Human Nature can be changed, but it isn’t necessary.

The system can be changed —and IT IS necessary!

Prating about collective bargaining is idle: collective bargaining today is like sermonizing a hop head — preaching to a drunk, drunk on power. Like dickering with a “high-jack” for the price of a breakfast. I tell you our chances are slim . . . . along those [o]nes.

Freedom of speech and free assembly, a principle that guarantees us a right to holler for help anywhere and whenever we feel like it, isn’t going to help us in our trouble — but it goes far to justify **this howl** because its very prexence proves that even the farmers of our constitution fully expected a considerable **“holler” for redress of wrongs**.

Guarantee of a right to holler may be priceless, but it’s like crying over spilled milk: just the same — what we [unclear] system so equitable that a holler for justice would be evidence [unclear] for conviction — eighty thousand years to be the minimum sentence for that offence. **Such a system** it is entirely possible to install but, it will not come by wishing, or whistling.

I will come by individual action — it will and can come only by organizing ORGANIZATION!

The thing is very simple. Give labor the full social value of its work, [plus] the upkeep of unnecessary establishments, plus the upkeep of detrimeital establishments such as parasites and their retainers.

Nou let me say in conclusion; I am satisfied the world’s brain supply will be sufficient for this undertaking. I do not think we will be obliged to import many brains from other planets. If worse comes to worse, and some of us begin to feel lightheaded, we can always fail back on a fast diet —and those of us that know too much already can subscribe to the “Wobbly press”—it helps to “**keep life in the thing**,” and keeps it handy for those to get at that are not so self-sufficient.

Yes, the change will come — a change will come — and it will come with a rush

It will come when, and regardless of wether, labor organizes or inaugurates it. If labor oversees the job, as an organized body, it will be of lasting benefit for all concerned.

If labor again does it by proxy it will have flaws grievous as those that caused the downfall of the capitalist system— the germs of strife, war, will be left in it. . . .

**T-b. S.**

## 1925\_2\_IW\_07011925

**Soap Ethics**

They take one-third of a bar of soap, drop it into a revolving grinder––in a flash it is soap flakes and sells for five cents. One five-cent bar of soap will make three five-cent packages of soap flakes.

\* \* \*

Arithmetic, Avordupois and Neuralgia teaches us that soap manufacturers thus obtain 10 cents profit on a 5-cent bar of soap, plus original profit on the bar, less the cost of grinding and paper which amounts to one-tenth of one cent. Thus, on an article that costs them about 2 1-10 cents, they clear 12 9-10 cents; six times its cost. No wonder they can contribute to the campaign and champagne funds!

There’s money in soaping the people.

\* \* \*

Cleaniless may be next to godliness but damn me if such ethics doesn’t look like a chunk of Hereafter, such as Billy Sawpath threatens us with.

Dr. Copeland, U. S. Senator from New York, says, in Mpls. Trib.––”Glucose, like Oleo-margarine, is a wholesome food.” Unfortunately, the places in which the Senator eats, do not serve oleo or foods containing glucose. He puts forth a tearful plea in favor of starch sugar –– but it’s dollars against slushfunds that the doctor keeps himself in legislative trim by eating pure cane sugar –– cost, per pound, 1½ cents more––and genuine “blackstrap”

I’ve not been a lumberjack all these years without learning something about medicine. “Cope” may have a monopoly on legislative sense but when it comes to drugs and family remedies I know glucose and oleo-margarine like no living man knows––and dead ones don’t count, or know. . . .

Equitable wholesome taxation is an established fact, (under the benign and benevolent guidance of American capitalists)––in the cane sugar country, Cuba. But, all the lands are not yet under the control of our sugar kings. By destroying their markets in favor of starch glucose (incidentally beet sugar) Doctor Copeland’s remarks seem strangely coincidental with the expansion scheme of our sugar lords. Once the people become reconciled to wholesome glucose (and oleo) the Cubans will find it profitable to sell out. Once they sell out, Doc Copeland may finish his sentence, thus: “Glucose and Oleo-margarine is a wholesome food” but not in it with Cane Sugar, Cane Syrup, and Creamery Butter.

There’s a difference between wholesome food, good food, pure food, and best food. Copeland, just now, speaks for wholesome food.

We speak for the other three.

\* \* \*

A noted top-loader, whose temper is recognized as a model of unevenness with scalloped edges, took refuge in a “windbreak” that passes for a Hotel in Rhinelander, Wis. Upon retiring to his room, (after all opposition had been squelched in the various confectionary stores) he threw back the yellow, nicotine-stained sheets of the “trundle” (that passes for a bed) and was horrified to find it already occupied by several hundred belligerent crumbs,––lice.

He was astounded––came near swallowing his cud of “Five Brothers,” (smoking and chewing). When he regained control of his spluttering temper he rushed down to the office.

“Did you rent me a room a little while ago?” he opens up on the clerk gently.

“Why, yes,” returns the clerk, 2what’s the matter with it?” (He don’t know).

“Come on up and I’ll show you––come on up,” invites the top-loader, his touchy nature beginning to warm up, “come on up.”

“There’s no need of me going up,” protested the clerk, “I know the bed’s all right; the Congressman of this district slept in it last night.”

“By the Crucified Saginaw Slim,” busts out the top-man, “I don’t object to sleeping in a ‘congressional bed,’ nor do I object to sleeping with a congressman, but damn me for a Flambeau ‘dead-head’ if I’m going to sleep with the whole Republican party!”

“Hush, hush,” cautions the clerk, “here, take this pint for a pillow, and curl up on the floor––that’s the last room we’ve got.”

Although this was supposed to have happened years and years ago when congressmen were not so pulchritudinous about their double knit “body-guards,” it illustrates the trend of times business ethics so well that I cannot resist offering it, as I heard it. The story is absolutely true beyond question. The bed is still there. The crumbs in the third and fourth generation, are still there, but not still. . . . The sheets are still unwashed and the town is still there––and getting stiller.

\* \* \*

Note.––Swenson tells me Saginaw Slim was Mackinaw Mike’s sawing partner in his younger days.

\* \* \*

So, you see, industrial unionism is not dual unionism––it is different. It is distinctive unionism, in a class by itself. It has about it many things that endears it to the worker––any one of the many good features will guarantee its support, life, success and grand old age. We stress its technical form by saying: Organize industrially, by industries and industries, but although, its form alone would and will bring home the bacon to the workers we do not rely on that only––we demand a change in the wage system. The wage system has been repudiated by professional men––doctors, lawyers, business men refuse to work for wages––It isn’t good enough for them.

## 1925\_3\_IW\_10011925

**FREE SPEECH**

I say: “It appears to me that over in England there is more freedom of speech thon in America.”

You say: Whining Hell don’t you go over there if you wanter shoot off yer mouth.

I say: “At Pocantico Hills, Rochefeller’s estate, there are better living conditions, better grub, than at this lumber camp.”

You say: Why don’t you go over there, it you don’t like it here.

I say: “I would, but I can’t––I’ve got to stay here and answer childish questions.

Above is conversation (in part) we had with an overseas veteran––I have no heart to “print” it in full. My sole comment shall be: The life of “lumberjacking” is the gift of a grateful nation for your valiant service to the country. Unfortunately, for some reason, the I. W. W. has been unable to maintain decent conditions in these camps and they may not measure up to the standards expected––You have been persuaded! It’s up to you.

\* \* \*

“You’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up. You’re in the army now––and not behind the plow. . . .”

\* \* \*

You shall not nail labor to a cross of gold nor press upon his brow a crown of thorns,” means much indeed.

Martyred labor feeds and clothes the world; saves the world three times a day.

Some savior!––but gentlemen, alass, he is pinned to the precious and sports a John B., of barbs. . .

“You shall not” . . . No?––It is (already) done! It is finished. Never a more realistic Christ dangled from a tree.

Labor is up a tree.

\* \* \*

My horse, the bad one, of the two I drive, has learned to almost love me––it doesn’t kick me––or bite me, any more.

I used . . . kindness.

How pleased and grateful it is, in the evening––when I pull the bridle off.

For this act of mercy it honors me––the last act of a long day––a one good deed. It quite forgets that I am the cuss that put the bridle on his head this morning.

Tomorrow morning there will be a struggle between us, again. In his estimation I will then be a dirty low-livered son of a malefactor. Tomorrow night, (after enslaving him all day) the horse looks at me with fond regard, when I unharness him. This proves that one good deed is more powerful than thirty-eight low-down tricks.

Art Brisbane would say: “That’s because a horse doesn’t reason.”––Mebbe so, mebbe so.––How grateful am I, that the day’s work is done––the whistle has blown!

“It’s never too late to learn.”

That’s a lie. It should read: It’s never too late to realize how little we know, but learn from that never if not when young––you can’t teach an old hound new tricks.

Waste no time with ‘em.

\* \* \*

To hear some Wobs talk, one gets the idea they have associated with none but dehorns––young men don’t drink dehorn.

\* \* \*

By our mouths we are convicted.

\* \* \*

It follows: A dehorn rushed into a saloon, (supposed to not be in existence) in a dry country. “Hurry up and give me a shot,” he said, throwing down a twenty-dollar bill. Although already so drunk he had to hang onto the bar and weaving pretty heavy he was in a hurry. The Prop. poured him a drink from a pitcher; took the twenty; rung the register. . . . “I ain’t got change, I’ll give that drink free,” said he tossing a one-dollar bill on the bar.

The dehorn grabbed the bill, stuffed it in his pocket and went his way rejoicing.

\* \* \*

A nineteen-dollar drink. Some drink! But the $19 wasn’t lost entirely––”It is just as well,” some would say––but will not discuss the morals of the transaction––would not have mentioned it had it not smacked heavy of business ethics––dehorns know this, too, yet they patronize and worship these animals.

\* \* \*

Lice follows business ethics––naturally: imaginary lice are almost as bad as the real one’s . . . . Just now there is an epidemic of imaginary lice in the lumber camps. Men, who never used to scratch, scratch and scratch, and so forth––back and forth––first, last and before, and sides, and afterwards. And, when they remove their shirts, they look like “striped skunks,” only they are red and white instead of white and––blue.

Being a man of considerable acumen, I was requested to explain the cause for this phenomena––”that didn’t used to exist in the woods?”––That’s easy––the world war is the cause of it. The lumberjack has been shell shocked––he don’t know enough to boil-up.––”Boil up?”––”How can imaginary crumbs be boiled?”––”Do you give them an imaginary bath?” all three questions popped simultaneously, so I had to explain: You go about it just as if you had ‘em. Use double the usual amount of soap and have the water (snow water) twice as hot. Leave nothing to imagination. Keep building your fire until pot boils over . . . steam proves nothing, on a cold day. Steam so thick that crumbs fail to recognize their bosom pals, isn’t a boil-up. It’s got to boil over (and put-out the fire) before imaginary lice will go out of business.

## 1925\_4\_IS\_14011925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**“HE’S GOT IT COMING”**

Eugene V. Debs is getting more subtle every day for we read:

“Labor Gets Wgat It Votes For.” — “Workers should not complain because capitalist legislators ignore [unclear], for it is their votes that [unclear] these capitalist representatives, [unclear] the vote of Labor that keeps the workers in **industrial servitude** emphasis [unclear] and makes wage-slavery a horrid reality. Remember [unclear] fact Labor everywhere, gets what it votes for.”—E. V. D.

\* \* \*

But what does it vote for” — T-b. S.

\* \* \*

Let’s see- Put of 110,000,000 men, women and children there are 36,000,000 men, women and children working in the industries. That leaves 74,000,000 men, women and children that are strangers tot the industries and strangers to the aspirations of Industrial Labor. It is idle to think that the 26,000,000 men, women and children — three-fourths of them disqualified — can impress upon the 74,000,000 men, women and children the advisability of electing workers to represent Labor in the legislatures—bot while finks abound. Admittedly Labor is getting the dirty end of it—and damn little at that—and it is to the interest of the 74,000,000 to see to it that the men, women and children that fetch and haul and load for them should always receive wages instead of wealth, pay intsead of property and compensation instead of comfort—sure, Labor gets just what it voted for. And cannot very well [unclear] getting it while the **other side** [unclear] the VOTES. And can’t dodge [unclear]. He’ll get what he votes for whatever he votes of no—”he’s got it coming,” so they say.

Now that he can’t lose out in the [unclear] it might be well for labor to [unclear] some time and attention to Industrial Unionism- He is perfectly safe at the ballot box—he will not go more and can’t get less.

It is in the industrial field he’s labor [most of the rest of the text is unclear showing only a word here and a word there]

T-b. S.

P. S..—I’ve been slurrerd—either [unclear] or the horses I’m driving have been complimented: I’m sitting on the deacon seat unsuspicious, bragging about the candle-power of my [unclear] and horse-power of my team,. when an innocent looking gyppo politely required [?] if I had heard the story of the swamper who left this brains and watch in town to be cleaned—the watch had stopped.

“Well,” sez he, “the doctor told him that seeing as how the brains were in pretty hard shape—dusty and full of cobwebs and bedbug powder he had been breathing, he better leave ‘em in town for a week.” The swamper agreed and admonished the doctor to adjust them to three positions: moonshine, canned heat and dehorn. A week rolled around and the swamper didn’t return to “gather his wits,” so the doc. wrote him a letter telling him “the brains are completely renovated.”

“Don’t need ‘em,” wrote back the swamper, “I’m driving a team now.”

## 1925\_5\_IW\_14011925

**WHAT WE WANT**

Labor gets what it votes for—but not what it hopes for.

\* \* \*

A moot question: What does the I. W. W. want?

First, a little something—some of anything.

After that . . . we’ll “talk” it over (“L” is silent; “A” has intermediate sound, as in change) —Take (“E” silent) what over?

Our Industries, of course. What did you think we were going to ttak’, the golfgrounds? Huh, you can’t cat or wear “hazards” or “bunkers” or “tee’s.” We want lunch, regalia and windbreak — steam-heat—nix on the koal-oil chandeliers—if there’s anything better than Ostermoor mattresses, we want it—we’d like a little comfort in this damned old world, whilst we’re here—our body is weary and our bones ache—don’t tell us about civilization, show us some. Let us see some of it. We’ve never seen any. Where do you keep it, in a safe?

Note: New Kells Camp (lumber) 25, the haunt of the Super, Hosford; the hangout of the “walker,” (oo-oo) and the special stamping ground of a harrassed foreman, has two roller towels for forty men—one man used the “port side” towel for a tooth brush. That leaves an inch apiece on other towel for 39 men. Is that civilization? And is Hosford its prophet?

The blankets, except those brought in by the farmers—loggers, are the dirtiest, and cheapest and shoddiest this side of a junk yard; made from ropes, gunny sacks, old carpets, flax-straw, shredded-wood—everything.

Is that civilization?

I thought woolen blankets to be the beginning of civilization? “Ah, but the boys would steal them if they’ were wool.” Not so, my short peckered wood pecker, a Navajo blanket lays across my feet, in the Wisconsin House, at Park Falls, as I pen these immortal lines with Drott’s Special (save the mark) lead pencil.

It will still be there when I’m gone.

Furthermore, they don’t steal—proof for this lies in the fact the commissary stands unraided. If they wanted anything, what is there to stop ‘em?

Note: It may be true a discouraged lumberjack has stolen one of those dirty, lousy, stinking, worthless blankets—may be true— but only to throw it away; to “lose it,” or to save the drowsy health board a “collecting trip.”

In fact: On the way down (hiking) I came across one such disreputable blanket strung along the right-o-way. It was with difficulty that I determined the insidious nature or texture of the damned thing, too shabby for burlap.

I respectfully submit, to the blanket fabricators, that our foreign trade in blankets is dwindling—you can’t put that stuff over on the foreigners, it’s too much like peddling human dung to business men for spectacle polish—it’s been done—I tell you it won’t work. But I am in deadly opposition to the stripping of these camps of blankets— there is no solution there. . . . Hold on there, citizen and reader—don’t feel so sorry for us— we know what you sleep on: a half- civilized bed, in a quarter-breed house.

Why don’t you organize to get something from life? You, I mean! Is it necessary for your living conditions to get as stale as the “jacks” before you make a move? Don’t cry for us, cry rather for yourself—then dry your tears (on that empty flour sack) and look at things as they are . . . I see you are wondering if the “jacks” are organizing: I wish you would tend to your town business. Wonder no longer. The initials “A. C. T.” are carved on the deacon’s scat—talk about handwriting on the wall!

That brings us right smash against perpetual motion.

You will say perpetual motion is an impossibility, and, if a vote be taken before anything further be said, you will win. It will be decided there Is no such thing.

Now I will say: There is nothing but continual perpetual motion, anywhere. Nothing is still. Change is everpresent—and changing fast. There is no reason to think them blankets are stationary. Perpetual motion is not an impossibility; it is a long established law—a fact—an establishment—an ironclad, anchored institution (I don’t care) —Why attempt to stop it? It will push you aside.—A. C. T.

\* \* \*

Now, as to fanning:

Some say it doesn’t pay—of course it doesn’t, if you don’t farm right. Have your farm near a lumber camp so that you’ll have a market right handy. Grub out about twenty acres of stumps, that’s enough. That’s enough, I told you—don’t go ahead and grub any more than that. Than that . . . Twenty acres is enough! Twenty acres of clay bottom (subsoil) loam that will yield 24 gallons per acre is enough for any man to handle.

Farming does pay, I contend!

Railroad transportation and logging wages: In the course of an experiment, I find that I must work five days to square the fare held against me by the lumber company. I shipped.

The distance was 140 miles (I’m getting gypped— I know I am) —I can walk that 140 miles in three days. The railroad is charging me five days’ pay—through the lumber company—for carrying me a short three days’ travel . . . either that or the lumber company is under-paying me . . . Now, one or both of these companies is crooked. At least one is crooked. Point one, is made.

Point II. How does it happen the railroads cannot compete with the oldest and crudest means of transportation, feet? It’s demanding five days work from me for carrying me a three days’ walk—and walking is easier than work! Say. Ain’t I the damnedest fool? Now be honest, ain’t I domph-fool? (This sorrowfully referred to condition happens right in the midst of their system) —Isn’t it about time somebody “dust-off” OUR system? . . . Beg your pardon! I now see the original proposition carries with it points TWO, 3, 4, 5 and so on—indefinately.

All points are made.

## 1925\_6\_IW\_17011925

**PUNKS AND PIES**

It is not often that I let out a “yip”, but when I do. I’ve been hit or stung. Just now, after recovering from the latest controversy that gave my emotions free rein over a wide range—to the end of broadening me out—I’m overwhelmed with forebodings for the safety of my country. As I was saying, in the controversy, my feelings were tom between the two extremes; the top and the bottom of the stairs and bruised on each protruding step—I a lone defenseless Wob that believed only in using stairs in an impersonal way instead of making an issue of the relative merits of the two landings—top and bottom on each protruding step; anywhere between the sublime and the ridiculous. That ought to stretch a man’s finer feelings.

But that episode has caused folks to say “there are two kinds of Wobblies.”

—Compose yourself, that’s all right so long as they’re both alike.

Well, I was recovering in fine shape, editor, after almost being torn asunder, when this latest grievous affair was brought to my notice— I wish I wasn’t so nosey; I find that the bam boss and the straw boss are sleeping alone in the two best bunks—That’s what I call rushing away from the glorious traditions and democratic ideals our illustrious forefathers fought and bled for, leaving bloody foot prints in the snows of Valley Forge (it snows in Valley Forge occasionally, most every winter; sometimes as deep as one-half inch.)

It shows clearly a mad headlong plunge to worship authority—if these two men have any business in the men’s bunkhouses why don’t they double up like the citizens of the [w]oods; let go of one good bunk to make [missing]e more comfortable for two “jacks.”

But I contend they have no business in [missing]men’s bunkhouse—except to “ketch” the burning words of wisdom that drop from jack’s lips when he becomes unstrung and begins to unravel the quarter-century old exasperations.

Good men, no doubt—damn good men—but if they continue holding two jobs apiece they will lose much of their manhood so sadly needed in these days of soul-auction. I’m not in favor, mind you, of lowering the sleeping standards of the two bosses; mistake me not. I’m trying to raise the standard of the many who are purely men—I would suggest that these two move over and stay with the rest of the officials and make, room for four jacks that may be bucking the line hard.

As I was saying the dearly (with bloody feet) won traditions are in jeopardy. The two bunks are decorated with gunny sack curtains and other ornamental draperies creating a small but virulent aristocracy right in the midst of a flourishing democracy-under mining the rock ribbed morals of our staunchest exponents of pure and undefiled democracy in the virgin forests of our fair republic.

But the threatened calamity to our celebrated ideals does not centralise in the woods and camps. A vicious attack has been launched against them in the various towns and cities that have emasculated themselves from the odium of being “jump skidway” sites in the pre-Volstead days.

Park Falls, the capitol for Roddis Lumber Co., aligns herself with the enemies of pure, unadulterated, undeluted, undefiled, and undeluded democracy by fostering within her borers those that would make to naught all these bloody trucks in the snows of Valley Forge.

I went into a restaurant there on the strength of the United States currency had wrested from the bull-headed New Dells Lumber Co., and in my best manner desired that a portion of calf-flesh be dished up in front of my devouring inclination.

Which, all, was well and good.

But when I lifted my eyes again I beheld the thieving waitress placing a onesixth portion of pie without heel or sole in the offing near my plate. Hastily glancing at my neighbors, my darkest suspicions were verified—they each had one-quarter of a pie. Visions of the bloody trail at Valley Forge rose in my mind and I made mental note to engage the terrible creature in conversation: “Muddam,” says I, “Would you mind enlightening me as to name of that delicious looking dish you laid out last—is it minced-meat or merely bruised pastry?”

“That, sir,” says she, drawing herself up to her full insidious height, “is raisin pie.”

Ah, raisin pie, California product!

“Kind lady,” says I, “Will you be so good as to take it away until I depart—then you may bring it out again and try it on the next party you may deem inferior. . .”

By this time I had tumbled to the fact that my sheepskin whiskers had betrayed me as one of the hoi polloi and not entitled to consideration at the hands of the beautiful conspirator against the very fundamental principles of our government; at the hands of the fair arbiter and judge of our social status and ancestral stamina—so I decided to restrain and confine myself to inaudible observation.

Sitting at the tables were the more solid citizens—bootleggers, pimps, and a few blushing lease-brides and other leading citizens. And I noticed they had a “choice” of pie; quarters.

Clearly here was the aristocracy of Park Falls at luncheon.

At the counter sat the respectable with the common herd distinguishable only by the large pie cut.

\* \* \*

A wave of excruciating anguish shook my frame, and for once I was unable to proceed with my repast—cost me fifty cents, too.

I rushed out to hold communion with myself and resolved that the very first time an attempt is made to trample under foot the traditional principles of the democrats I would knock their knees together with a flying tackle regardless of sex, rig or size. I’m a patriot, I am and I ain’t going to stand for anybody getting more pie than I.

Further more. I’m going to see to it that no strawboss shall vitiate the pure and holy democratic atmosphere of a men’s bunkhouse with his dirty official sox.

This, above, is a careful record of facts—names omitted—and those who live in or near Park Falls know that I’ve not been “crystal” gazing.

## 1925\_7\_IS\_21011925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**NOT WHAT THEY SEEM**

Once we admit the bosses are were in their proestations of inability to pay us morel they are open to a graver indictment, ignorance.

If they cannot pay us more why don’t they get out— ignorance is no excuse.

If they are ignorant they should be sent in school instead of being permitted to conduct industry on a can’t basis.

It is a self-evident fact that our production amounts to more than the right b patch clothes and eat garbag[e] and if they honestly can’t pay more they are woefully kicking in the rudiments if the most elementary intelligence . . they don’t know enough to get out while the getting is good.

\* \* \*

At times, when work begins to pull upon yours truly, I toss a coin in the air to determine whether to “go or stay”. Generally “heads” is go and “tails” is stick.

Just the other day t had occasion to flip a coin it came up “heads”—that meant go. So I stayed.

That contrary I am— —imagine an [unclear]-out penny dictating to me [unclear] a such an important ma-[unclear] doesn’t work. I threw it into the brush for its presumption) chirpped to the [unclear] and resumed logging operations.

Next day I made one of my famous [unclear] on three logs simultaneously hauling 45 degree angle [unclear] one log [unclear] the buch, into steam—high life team and skinner—next thing I knew, I was attacked in the rear by ablood thirsty birch and my dignified person commingled with the snows of Upper Michigan, said three logs are a fine flow of verbosity, [unclear] up under said criminal [unclear] ankle [unclear], pride offended, [unclear].

[This section is mostly unclear in the first few rows] we were entirely too young and innocent to serve as an [unclear] too old and knotty to act as a rolling [unclear]

After that, after he had [unclear] the team, I sat down on a log ypu bet, I sat down, nor care a [unclear] if the company [unclear] me or no.

No, the log isn’t broke— [unclear]

But I had taken the advice of that penny when it came up [unclear] I only had: ah, again new [unclear] I would now be” My ankle would not be paining me now.

No, I would have been [unclear] in time to catch the “logger” that went in the ditch. And, instead od one log on my ankle, I would have had “5000 feet” on my **kneck**.

Such is life.

**It would save your precious hide**

**Its best yourself things to decide.**

**T-b S.**

## 1925\_8\_IW\_21011925

**Oranges**

Doctors will tell you to eat oranges––one would almost get the idea that oranges are a healthful, healthgiving food.

They tell you to eat ‘em.

Now, let’s face this question: The doctors make their best money from sick people––(when you are well, they don’t get one cent). If, therefore, oranges are good for you, the doctors are advising you to eat them against their own interest and welfare––in the face of the fact that many young doctors are already without visible means of support. . . .

It is not reasonable––and oranges are not a good, even mediocre, food. But we need not “doubt” oranges just because the doctors boost them––we can use our own reasoning power and doubt them “on a scientific basis:”

Nature never did intend that man live in one country and eat in another country. Nature intended that man eat where he lives, and any and all fruits, etc., that he can reach in four hours of foot travel between meals.

Nature never intended (and could not anticipate) that man would haul his “feed” 3,000 miles before he ate it.

\* \* \*

Oranges may be a good food in California––in Oregon they are a mild poison––in Montana a stronger poison––in Minnesota, you’re flirting with sour stomach, if you eat ‘em. And so on . . . .

Remember, the doctors tell you to eat ‘em. And remember I’m telling you to lay off. . .

Furthermore, (‘slong’s we’re making a case against them) oranges are picked green for shipment; colored with acid fumes to resemble a ripe orange––green apples, what!––the acid clings to the fruit––a man’s simply plumb crazy that eats ‘sm.

I leave it to you, reader; isn’t it true that you yourself have noticed how sour they are compared to the orange of 20 years ago? Green apples!

\* \* \*

Doctors advise also, “drink lots of water.” Great speakers absolutely refuse water on the eve of an oratorical-ordeal or verbal-fusilade––they argue water impairs their thinking ability. Hence, the doctors’ advice . . . It would appear they want to put your brains in a condition of *non compos mentis* to the end that their prescriptions might hold water, to put it in kindly English:

“Water, water everywhere

But not a drop to drink.”

\* \* \*

I lead my team to water (40 minutes to 7 a.m.) and tell them “drink lots of water”––which they do not. The “nigh” horse, Paddy, won’t touch the cursed stuff. Remarkable intuition, eh? And healthy, um’ my! They keep me patching rubbers noon time and evenings.

I say, this water guzzling. I say, is got to stop, I say––until we get organized, I say.

Things have many sides: and ends and tops and bottoms, plus:

Some time ago when Superior was in full flush exhiliration over feasting its 60,000 eyes (in pairs) upon my pulchritudinous presence, it happened that a man, who had married during a spasm of optimism and press-agented prosperity –– that-was-to-be, got the rheumatism, with the result that he could not labor and support his wife and family. It was giving him “Hell,” according to his say so, “even while he was still alive,” so, rather than start prematurely to suffer the muchly advertised torment, he decided to conform with his environment by transforming himself into an actual corpse––the idea being to suffer during eternity and not prior to it––

Recalling the fearsome tales about the high temperature and liability of ignition he decided to wet himself down good. . . . With this in mind he hobbled, dragged himself, down to the bay, and, after tenderly feeling of his rheumatic joints, he jumped into the icy waters––20 below zero.

An officer of the law, thinking the man drunk (because of the difficult progress he made) had trailed him and consequently pulled him out (instead of in) a most solid chunk of pure ice.

They took him home and thawed him out in the bosom of his family. Next day, he went to work for the same ice company whose pond he had attempted to use as an entrance to the hereafter. His rheumatism was gone. Such is life. Contrary to the hub.

## 1925\_9\_IW\_24011925

**Personal Liberty**

Insofar as I fear the alcoholic content of the Volstead act is too high for the good of the country and its many gifted drinkers. I beg leave to tackle this unpopular subject from its most baneful angle . . . we would do almost anything to arrive at an understanding of this extra issue that interlinks itself—may I say intrudes itself —into our most urgent affairs. We do not fear a subject just because it may be unpopular.

Alcohol is a too highly concentrated food.

And should not be used excepting for emergency purposes—never for sociabilities sake.

The ingredients of alcohol, in the form of grasses, may be eaten by man or mule with moderate success.

Its ingredients, in a more concentrated form such as seeds, grains, etc., may be eaten either as whole grain or as powdered grain baked into bread. In fact, the latter process of imbibing of the ingredient of alcohol is the custom most in vogue among those that desire to intoxicate their stomach with an occasional meal. And, true, it is that the eating of bread was the first step away from the natural foods provided by mother earth—nuts was the first spree—for people would overstep the bounds of sobriety and propriety. . .

But the distilling of grain, further concentrating this food (down to its very spirit) was a reckless experiment carried to its farthest extreme—and an “extreme” isn’t food, it’s a remedy.

A remedy for what?

A remedy for the first spree, the nuts, the grains, the seeds—the highly concentrated foods that enables you to do three men’s work 313 days per year. A horse cannot haul big loads on hay diet—hence outs.

A man cannot work well on grass diet—hence the wheat, corn, barley and rye—and, if you undertake to do five or six men’s work you will find a stimulant, of the very spirit of food, will not only be acceptable but necessary. So much for alcohol and its few ingredients.

Now, the Volstead act.

It is argued that it does not effect our “personal liberty.” That we have no such rights that could thereby be offended. Tearful columns are splashed in front of us, not by drinkers but by writers—men and women that don’t know the difference between a glass of lemon extract and a shot of moonshine about wrecked homes and suffering children. Ye Gods! Their fathers are not dying because of less than 3 per cent “alcoholic content,” they are dying because of 78 per cent moonshine, plus pure poison. They are going blind, crazy, degenerate—personal liberty.

Is it true that this liberty is left us? And shall we avail ourselves of its beneficient proportions—quick glory ?

\* \* \*

Did it ever occur to Volstead to remove the triple yoke from our neck and thereby remove the necessity for all but very mild stimulants, such as pies, eggs, T-bones and so on— would not that come under the head of personal-liberty?

I fear Volstead has had no flash of such a thought and I’m scared stiff that we ourselves must organize and lay two extra yokes by the wayside—for future references—in order that once again we may sober up.

We can, in that way, help to enforce the 18th amendment.

The earnestness of some writers bucking light wines and 3 per cent beer leads us temperance in the form of prohibition.

They have not.

They have given us the most damnable concoctions ever conceived by human depravity. . . I’m not in favor of 3 per cent. I want none of it, but if I was to choose between the present liquor regime and the free and unlimited distillation of food products, I would unhesitatingly choose the latter—3 per cent cannot compete with the full hundred proof harvest “moon.” Put that in your pipe.

Like everything else, our standard of simulation has been lowered. As to the legality of drinking, it is clearly against the law and drinkers are law-breakers (I’m a writer). But please bear in mind, that men who drink the present concoctions were desperate before “moonshine” was substituted for “aged in wood;” else they wouldn’t have the hardihood to drink it.

What are you going to do about them extra yokes we are packing?

## 1925\_10\_IS\_28011925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**A MATTER OF VIEWPOINT**

–––––

In this cohd, when the thermometer is 27 below Draper, almost down to Tuscobia or Hydrophobia, the philosophy of starvation does queer pranks. Sometimes it alters the complexion of things completely — proving that weather (a phase of environment), is still powerful, in the affairs of men:

It is necessary to eat more, in order to keep warm. Hence it is that an extra dish of rice pudding loses its identity—it is no longer a food —it is -substitute for a shirt one cent.

Also, in regards viewpoint, one man looks at a thing from one angle while another may look at it from the reverse side. To illustrate. In the so-called realm of “peeling a herring” some men will pull the skin off, gingerly, with much pains and some success —this is a wrongful way of going at it. Never pull the skin off the herring rather separate the “fish”meats from the skin. (It’s not the same operation). One concentrates his attention on skin: the other is **all agog** as to the meat (fish). Furthermore, better success is bad in removing the meat insofar as you can break the herring open and start peeling the fish from the [unclear] from the center of the difficulty and not from the edges—as you would were you merely skinning a herring.—Is it a wonder some things sound, smell, taste and feel fishy.

What? Again?

“Only [30] per cent of the country’s adult population has a mental age of more than 13 years.” claims Prof. Goddard of Ohio State University—according to the Eau Claire Leader. H’m. A regular drive to convince us we knew nothing. H’m. Of course the prof has no means of detemining the mental calibre of so large a population (as **we** are) hence, it must be, he has formed his conclusions from studying his near-associates, the students of Ohio State.

Just another way of saying: “**that carefully selected body** is little better than imbeciles,” else, the prof, is woefully wanting in ability to swing the **hokum**; else the hokum is stale — lack of brain power, in student, is not a disgrace: the want of it is an excuse for the existence of men such as Prof. Goddard — If they were powerful of brain, Goddard would be out of a job.

I would suggest the erudite professor cease bragging about the number of his scholars and proceed to tone-up the weak spots in their mental make- ups.

A university, you know, should at least compare with a lumber camp. And, I am happy to say, at least 70 per cent of our crew have a mental age of 47 or better.

We attack ignorance wherever we find it.

That’s where we’re different!

Long association with horses and such, makes a decided improvement in a man’s mental equipment —that is: They are in no way deleterious to man; they do not advance premiseless conclusions or other debatable “fact.” They do not interfere with mental development— nor straight-jacket the machinery of impression. . . . Give me horses, every time

Again it is a matter of viewpoint. We draw our conclusions from our surroundings. The professor’s error is a natural one. A student body is not picked for their brilliancy— that is reserved for the logging industry— the ability to pay tuition determines “mental” age of the professor’s “progedies.” No handicap like that exists in the lumber woods

We’re great people, eh. Jacks?

\* \* \*

The blindpiggers in the timber country, not far frum Park Falls, are quite unable to keep their places of business warm, in these days of high-cost of cord-birch — one of Hines’ must successful cooks froze his feet even while imbibing the fluid that mellows . . . . and right bitterly he bemoaned the loss of a pair of rubbers— worth $1.75.

Cold! Gosh, but it’s cold . . so are we.

Yesterday, two lumberjacks became candidates for a wooden overcoat; froze stiff; one of them with eyes open.

It is believed the additional work connected with the disposal of these two cadavers will help to tide the Park Falls undertakers through what appeals to be a start of a hard winter—supplying cordwood etcetera for their various Waterbury furnaces.

That’s the “lay of the land.”

Now:

First, I’m not exaggerating a durn bit when I say—and my readers know I speak the exact truth, ghostly and crude as it is—the cook jumps out of bed at 5 a. m., grabs, the horn and blows it—after that public service he jumps back in bed and giggles like a silly hyena He gets quite a “kick out of it.”—It takes him little over fifteen minutes to get breakfast for the boys.

Yes. the saws are in bad shape—needs “gumming”— unfortunately the filer is “all out of gum,”—due, no doubt to the “**miserable**” fifty dollars he gets, ‘stead of the handsome “eighty”—due, in turn, to the filers encompassing non-unionism. “How are you Mr. Worth (Work) I’m going down for a few days Krismus, but I got a man in my place.”—Some low-livered son-of-a-gun said the cook made that crack nothing of the kind.

It’s a rough country.

And cold —don’t forget that.

Everything seems to operate in favor of the operators. When “Jack” isn’t actually hiking 24 miles a day and 17 1-2 miles a night to the next camp, he is happy enjoying the **comforts**; as rotten as they are . . . or can be. When he isn’t freezing to death on the line he is almost’ ready to shout for joy, and sing “Barney Google, it ain’t going to rain no more,” alongside a blushing camp stove— what of it if the place is dirty, stinking drab, what of it? Isn’t it better than freezing to death, on the line?

When he hikes and hikes and hikes; and his stomach gurgles B a a a r n ey Gouoog-l e r r r r, and when at last, he reaches a camp, the sour doutgh pudding ([unclear] for bread) tastes like a slice of heaven and a bucket of water thrown on hell-fire, indeed. Bull-beef is then like a long lost brother found.

We learn to live in a false atmosphere and we gather the impression camps are bad not at all; because we know something worse— yet that “worse” is a part of the logging game. Let me tell you, if we were to put in demands for “betterments” our first demand should be:

EVERYTHING!

Gosh rakes alive, we’ve got NOTHING, darn the luck!

More’s the pity.

## 1925\_11\_IS\_00021925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**RUNNING FIRE**

–––––

“First, drop a Nickel in the Slot.”

That is very important—Safety First.

\* \* \*

A drink of water wilt cost you one cent. Please do not ask for credit.

\* \* \*

“When a mule is kicking he isn’t pulling.”—

A serious oversight on the part of the mule— he should keep the wheels going around under all circumstances!

\* \* \*

Majority rule explodes:

82,000,000 out of every 100,000,000 persons die without a penny—most of ‘em members of the working class, too.—Same result can be had without work. Nevertheless, labor hath its advantages no less than loafing. But who rules? ,

\* \* \*

Labor is but emphasized, not sissyfled; exercize—and dying “broke” you start “next life” as a bum. —Just think of it—82,000,000 bums among 18,000,000 “live ones.” That’s capitalism. 4½ bums to each “live” one!

\* \* \*

The number of Gospel Missions in given neighborhood does not indicate the amount of iniquity . . . nor does it indicate the amount of Christianity present.

It merely indicates the number of missions that neighborhood is capable of supporting. I’m led to that opinion because the missionaries will not reveal their true status:

Are they **eliminators** of sin?

Are they **maintenance** for religion?

Arp they **generators** of a d ditional sanctity?

Which?

Do they purify the bad, patch the indifferent, or improve the good?

They refuse to answer because their biscuits hang in the balance.—Hypocrites.

\* \* \*

Optical illusion: “It’s your eyes that do the driving not your hands.”

Yes, yes, I’ve noticed that in blind men, and in driving railroad spikes—and in driving a bargain. It’s your eyes, yes; not your tongue that drives the bargain. Yes, yes . . . goo-goo eyes.

And in shooting from the hip it’s alleyes and not the mental-diagrams that direct the bullet.

\* \* \*

“Anyone dissatisfied in America should reflect on the- 1,000,000 unemployed in Great Britain” and England. —

Yes, it may relieve their liver! But I’m here to say that when I am unemployed in America, I’m as badly off, single-handed, as the million over there.

\* \* \*

Million men do not starve any quicker than one—and we have 4,000,000 unemployed in the U. S. A.

\* \* \*

The Pennsylvania railroad yesterday asked permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission to issue $17,000,000 of 4½ percent equipment trust certificates.”

What! Hasn’t the Pennsylvania got a commerce commission of its own?

\* \* \*

The death rate statistic in the insurance companies’ “photos of actual accidents.” now exceed the death rate of the country a’ a whole—and include many persons that are able to hold their own on the payrolls of our industries. Life is uncertain— to hour them tell it. And here I’ve been in the country all these years, and not killed once.

\* \* \*

Busting the sabbath is getting to quite a pastime with streetcleaners. It is said that owing to heavy traffic the white wings cannot make satisfactory progress weekdays—etc. —Whereas, on Sunday their work is to the point and speedy— nothing interfering.

The cause for this condition lies in the concentration of business in a small district— hence the “concentration is the **original sin that busted the Sabbath**. It all comes out!

And then again, the fast work on Sundays makes it possible to do the work with less men —sin or no sin —it cuts many men out of work.

A very un-Christian and un-American deed! (I’m crying).

—T-Bone Slim.

## 1925\_12\_IS\_04021925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**HOW DO THEY DO IT?**

–––––

(Read ‘em “und” weep)

Each day he did his humble”‘stunts” with carelessness; and slow—

As if his every effort was a siege of direst woe.

His work was very urgent work, but not exactly fun—

And so, ho loafed and loafed and loafed—his work was **never** done.

—;A dream of calm tranquillity “**was settling on his chest**.”

And all the while he longed to pull the stunt that’s known as “rest.”

II

The slightest effcrt- seemed to wrench his manly soul apart;

And, as to work, that gentle kid, he didn’t have the heart—

But, still and all, he did excel in gazing at the clock;

And he was extra good in keeping two eyes on the boss.

Whatever he was told to do, he wouldn’t do it right

And bosses swore that man and boy, “he isn’t **extry** bright,”

III

He disappeared, for several years—

How memories will cling?

When he **returned**—we learned he was a Great Industrial King!

—In school he was a **dumbbell**— in college just a **nut**—

—In workshops “just a nuisance”; for every joke a butt—

He died at last, in middle age, too roft to longer wave—

And all the local liars gathered on the poof man’s grave.

—T-b S.

## 1925\_13\_IW\_04021925

**AFTER THAT**

Last fall the railroads distributed literature exhorting John D. (irt) Farmer to “dig a silo.” Now let John exhort railroads to “dig a depot.”

Heretofore roller towels were used in logging camps and were provided by the lumber companies. But now the astute Wisconsin legislators have, as far as results show, taken this burden off the shoulders of the lumber companies (by passing a law prescribing individual towels). \* \* \* No, this does not work a financial hardship upon the “jacks;” no one is injured, in a monetary sense — but the companies are benefitted—”Jacks” wipe on old shirts and rags. Not much washing being done! Astute legislators? (Johnny on the Spot-Companies to take advantage of the [feast] offering).

I wonder is it a crime for legislators to hang themselves?

I hope not; that is. in a nice sanitary way. —Go as far as you like, Astute!

To repeat:

The legislators solicitous of the sanitary welfare of lumberjacks, left him the old rotten camps, left him the dirty, lousy blankets; the bad food; but took away the roller towels, the cleanest things there; as filthy as they were.—Why not compel companies to furnish sanitary towels for its boarders? Is that too deep for the legislators of Wisconsin?

The con panies are selling “jacks” 7-cent towels for 25 cents. Quite a lucrative business and it sure beats logging. Guess we’ll have to organize—-to help, and encourage the bungling legislators?

You! who are reading this—and, the chances are you bummed the paper— how about a little sign of life; a miracle—show us a few miracles. \* \* \* What’s the difference between a hard-maple stump and a Wob?

Don’t you know? Give it up? All right. I’ll tell you: the stump never moves.

We have nothing to do but organize the workers— now nothing else— It’s the only thing we can do; it’s the only way we can go— it’s the only way. the easy way, the safe way —all other remedies fail. \* \* \*

Save and save and save, how you will—money ‘gainst money — you’ll be a wage slave still — no remedy there.

But organize (as Christ said) “without money or price” to get “eternal life” (i. e., economic security). Organization, more organization and better organization is the way out —there is no other.

Dream how you will — with the money your mother makes, as a waitress; and the money you make swamping logs you will start a hotel? Dream on, dream on, child.

Some day, when the Lumber-Baron comes driving along, the saw-gang, you are swamping for, “fall a tree” and frighten his spick and span team—they run away— you rush out, at the risk of your life, and stop the team—the baron out of gratitude gives you a life job—as a bull-cook. Dream on.

## 1925\_14\_IW\_07021925

**COLDS AND SWEAT**

Leaving all jokes behind and with my hat off to the peerless I. W. W. humorist, E. H. H., I must hasten to censure him for a serious breach of confidence, neglect of duty and failure to think of everything at once — and I fear I shall be obliged to hold this grudge against him the few days I have. . . Death is the only agency that can square him— either his or mine.

In the course of moralizing on “prespiration” I came across a phase that is peculiarly adapted to the powers of Plymouth Rock Red and Rhode Island Slim. But, alas, nowhere in the dignified writings of E. H. H. do I find reference made as to why preachers perspire in the pulpits. Refusing to wait any longer I shall forthwith continue my research in that direction — even if I must undress a preacher to find out. (I’m jealous of E. H. anyhow).

The Iaw says, “In the sweat of thy head thou shalt eat thy liver and onions.” All

right, deal:

The preacher, in order to convince others, as to the propriety of sweating, must sweat himself—else people would wonder how a preacher can live without eating— no sweat, no bread — that part of it is clear but it is not “why.” We want to know why he sweats, and sweat isn’t a thing that can be willed to come. You can’t say to sweat as you would to a dog, come fido, come— no.

Let us see if we can find why he sweats: Times innumerable we have seen him mopping his brow. Way up high over the congregation, we can see the rivers of sweat glistening on his forehead only to run down his sanctified face—him mopping it with two hands, like a saloon swamper on a Saturday morning.

“Way up high” . . . we’ll just dissect that: In most churches as you know —or should know, if you ain’t an infidel—the pulpit is stuck way up in the air in order that the preacher can get a line, first hand, on any “message” that may come down.

Well, sir, dear signers, the air is considerably better up there— no trick at all for him to sweat— a big congregation generating heat, below; a pious janitor shoveling coal into the furnace. . . That’s one reason why he sweats.

But it sometimes happens that the preacher has led a dissolute life in his early theological career, seminary days—and has dissipated his vitality to the extent that it is next to impossible for him to sweat—heroic methods are adopted in such a case, for remember: “In the sweat of thy brow, ye shall eat thy bread.”

I used to worship with such a preacher and being a strict Christian I “called him” on his lack of sweat — no one ever saw him sweat a drop.

He was deeply offended and stuttered a little, so we dropped the subject there. We were pals, quite.

Next Sunday, he was in the pulpit as usual — and, wonder on wonder, he was sweating. After the service I congratulated him on his sermon and asked him how he did it—the sweat —he winked his eye. “That’s easy,” he whispered, “woolen underwear— I’ve got on eight suits.”

I see: S-double E. “But man alive,” says I, “you’re hable to catch a death of a cold that way.”

“Can’t be helped,” says the man of God, “sudden death, sudden glory— law is law.”

He went to his reward, poor man, E. H. H. has pleased me highly, time and again — sort o’livens up this dull drab existence— the I. W. W. calls for the best in a man at all times.

(An we come pretty near getting it, too). All our writers grade higher than the parasites writers —great material — I alone desire ‘ to remain irresponsible.

Moral: Get a job in the Neversweat mine— and a Wobblie “ticket.”

— Stay by the press; It’s our AGE!

There are only two ways to catch a cold, both are sweat— either dry sweat or wet perspiration.

If you have a cold you may be sure it was caused by a sweaty condition before or after —or bottom (i. e. feet).

\* \* \*

It being now 20-30-40-below zero you may be misled into thinking that low temperature is the cause of your cold. It is not — for if it were, then high temperature was the cause of your cold last summer, eh?

Sweat causes all colds.

\* \* \*

You step up to a hot stove, and bake, till you sweat —bronchitis.

\* \* \*

But you do not step up to a hot bronchitis— you’re too wise for that —you move over to a lunch counter and drink a hot cup of coffee.—Good Lord, are you crazy? Why, man alive, it’s a wonder you ain’t dead. Don’t you know that is the second worst thing you can do? It will make you sweat. And then pneumonia will set in and you will set-out.

\* \* \*

As I was about to remark, thousands of people don’t know what sweat is and its relativity to a cold. You mention sweat to ‘em and their faces go painfully blank. Workers are the chief offenders in this sweating business— they also do the most coughing—to the extent that Jimpole Smith quit saying good morning to his saw gangs out in the woods because said sawyers were out of wind and could not answer. Hence it is that I issue this scrambled warning.

## 1925\_15\_IW\_11021925

**MORE OF COLDS**

Dream No. 3: You’re going to be foreman of a “100 man” camp? But you will wait your turn.

Foremen, as a rule, live long and “run” well. (Generally they last about 30 years),

The first three foremen rule for 90 years, after that you will get your chance. Yes, I know, the waiting is hard \* \* \* and the first 100 years is the worst, but, mebbe, in the meantime, you can avail yourself of the chance to become president of the country—you know you have one chance there, altho, of course, it is only one chance in a hundred and ten million. Dream no more.

Dream no more.

Let’s go back to roller towels, legislators and the wisdom that is even as insanity. They took our towels—and gave us nothing in return:

Rut they did leave the sheetless beds.

Why do I stress the sheetless beds? Is it because sheetless beds cannot be kept clean? Is it because they are decidedly unsanitary? Is it because the blankets are washed only once a year?

No. that is not my reason for mentioning it. I’m not concerned about the cleanliness or lack of it. I want two sheets for my bed because the blankets are transparent— too much ventilation—So’s to sleep warmer?

I want two sheets in order to do away with the necessity of firing the stove too much. I want bodily heat, not canned-heat or stove heat.

I don’t want to sweat nights and work days—especally since sweat is the only source for colds—coughs—

That is the most important thing to remedy That comes first. That remedied, many other faults will automatically be eliminated. I will mention just one to show how one single sensible improvement will remedy scores of flaws, and I will pick out what appears to be the hardest of solutionn—in order:

The overheated stove causes sweat; sweat causes colds; colds demand cures; cures, frequently, contain more than one-half of one per cent alcohol and cause drunks—mind you, most drunks are, consciously or unconsciously, curing colds.

On the other hand:

Two clean sheets freshens bed and man; practically eliminates the hot stove, night sweat, coughs and colds—man will feel like a man—bootleggers will starve, (or steal) they won’t work. It was the two sheets that sobered the west coast logger, not superior will power. Cleanliness will do that—and many other things. Cleanliness makes will power.

Let’s make some!

\* \* \*

Dear Reader: You may have gotten the idea I am lecturing you. Nothing of the kind.

It is decidedly unfair to call the legislators dumb without giving grounds — all right:

They pass a deer hunting law limiting each hunter to one “Buck”—to conserve game. Fine, in print.

Here’s how it works in practice: Hunter with buck fever, fires first, looks for horns afterwards. It was a doe! He saves his tag and moves on. Fires again. Dam the luck, another doe! Can’t tag that, so he fills his gun and moves on—gets in a shot—but its another doe. That’s three does.

Finally, after all day of hiking—at the end of a trail of blood and destruction—he hits one with horns—oh, boys, ain’t it a gug-g-glorious feelin’?

He’s got his “Buck”—and the game is conserved; that is, according to the “reasoning” of our astute legislators.

That is why I said dumb.

D-U-M-B.

D—U—M— B.

You’ll get no sheets from them. Organize. In L W. I. U. 120 of the I. W. W.

## 1925\_16\_IS\_12021925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**THE HOT-CAKE PANIC**

“Nothing is too good for you when you get back.”—Please note: That is **not** a promise. That is merely a statement as to the quality of your power “to discriminate.” The men (press) that made that crack, knew when they made it; that you would get nothing and that nothing is too good for you—and, now **you** know it.—The sentiment is not mine, nor am I laughing over the **deception**— you’ll get what you organize to get or you will have the **supreme** pleasure of hearing “some tall ‘**let-me-explais.**’ “

\* \* \*

The author of this ensuing musical comedy has come into full possession of a full package of large sized needles, suitable for horny fingers. He will, upon sufficient proof, donate one each to the deserving poor, so they can mend their clothes—the “eyes” are large and (s)holeful; will take grocery string.

\* \*

“Det var satan vad jag mor illa har,” writes a lonesome lumberjack on the depot wall at Winchester, Wisconsin.—I asked Pete Ekman, what does it mean?

“Oh,” says Pete, “that’s only a tender sentiment about the flowers that bloom in springtime.”—34 below zero, oh, Mabel— Home sweet carbox depot! at Sylvania, Mich., in the year of our lord and northwestern railroad 1925— and no fire in the stove at Marenisco . . . . The revolution can start anytime, anytime.

\* \* \*

I have absolutely nothing to say, editor (no evidence against me) I’m simply drained dry. Positively nothing is happening. . . Write we must, (to kill time, and joy) so we will return to the “good old days” when “Charlie” Stange’s employes bought Charles a 700 dollar overcoat for Xmas present. Yes, the mill hands at Merrill. . . . Chas, gazed proudly at the coat for one solid week, then a thought struck him . . . he ordered a cut in wages for his beloved crew. . . Star Lake has again cut the wages of those (this time) that **cut the logs**.

And I’m asking Karl Stange, through the medium of our press, what did the crew buy you this time—a diamond pin mebbe or a carload of rutabagas?— First in garbage, first in hounding and first in slashing of wages, The Stange Lumber Co.—Karl is rated at $80,000,000.

\* \* \*

Scientists are outstripped again.

For years they have been “cudgeling” their brains to discover a way whereby man can live without eating—all that, now, is a thing of the past. The lumber companies have solved the problem; and it was very simple indeed, when we look at the way it’s done :

They simply put up a **cryptic** leg-end beside the dining room door, MeALS 35 cts., and the thing was done— The “Jacks” had no 35 cts. Isn’t it simple?—Keith’s Siding.

On the other hand I notice Armour Company delivers, and piles right at the door of “jacks” shelter, “smoked meats” in large quantities—I didn’t look at the address but I ‘spose it’s for the hungry “jacks” that wayfare this way—That is a graceful deed, for such a powerful company to take notice of us poor lumberjacks and our pitiful plight. Thanks.

\* \* \*

Prohibition law gave us moonshine; one “buck” law killed-off the “doe’s”.; individual-towels-law abolished face washing,—few more laws and they—the legislators— will wreck the wrepublic.

\* \* \*

While in Hurley I and my sawing partner couldn’t get a cheap flop, in the scratch houses, so we went to a respectable hotel—”What can I do for you,” inquires the lady clerk (evidently a society leader temporarily porced to the point of production).

“We’d like to get a room,” apologizes my partner.

“I’m awful sorry boys,” says the elegant creature, “there’s only one girl left . . . .”

“Hold on there, madam —hold your leaders,” says John, “we don’t want to dance; we want to sleep—a bed, madam; a B-E-D.”

“Oh,” gasps the fair clerk, “Number 11—two dollars, please.”

## 1925\_17\_IW\_14021925

**Wise Cracks**

Quite frequently, we, T-Bone Slim, have referred to the professional millions; to the bourgeois millions and to parasite millions, and we have permitted our tone to take on the qualities of bitterness and scorn—scorn for the smug aristocracy (of clothes) who know no better than to maintain a subject people, labor—and who know not what their act will lead to.

And it may be that our readers have taken a wrong conception of our purposes in razzing those respectables: It may be they have garnered an idea that the over-indulgence of those tired-business men weary-lawyers and fatigued-professors and bushed-politicians and played-out-doctors is the cause of our under-consumption. Not so, Hilare.

They may indulge however they will; they may spend all they can; they may waste all they might, yet, in connection with modern machinery, we can produce twice more than enough for all—and then some. . .

The trouble is not there.

It is no trouble to produce what they eat. It is of no moment to produce what they wear. It is of but little consequence to produce shelter, for them—mansions grand—we can do all that in no time; with the aid of machinery. We can absolutely guarantee them a swell living (If that’s all they want?) and we can do it nil, using six-hour day as a unit—in fact: even now, we are working less than 8 hours per day, figuring “worktime” year in and year out—one year I had nine straight months of workless days during a “depression.”

We are entirely capable of producing that what they can get along without—whatever it may be—too.

We are capable men—men—ain’t we? Too.? We can furnish them recreation, entertainment and enjoyment with very little effort on our part (none on theirs) and we do, too. We can build them five or six cars a piece and put in little, or not overtime ( ) and we do, too. Yes, indeed, we do too.

Their board, bed and bandages bother us little to produce—what they need, lo, it is supplied—what they waste, it is there.

Our needs and their needs would take only one day per week of creation; our waste and their waste calk for another, day of production—production is terrific . . . and we are equal to it.

What is wasted is not lost.

They can use, consume or destroy, all they may, we can replace all—and still have enough for ourselves—it is only when they, or their co-pensioners, start carting it away—hiding it as value or wealth—that our health fails and soul quails.

When the industrial kings take possession of the machinery of production, produced by labor—and take possession of the products of labor produced on the machines that labor made and commence to hide it (the products) in banks and storehouses denying us free access to the things we have produced, it is then that we grow worried and start talking about hard times—hard times is a new name for hardening of heads.

For isn’t it true, we who produce everything have nothing?

Yet—I have said it before and I don’t mind saying it again, that, in the matter of support, these need not look to us in vain, so far as our ability goes—if they run short, it will be because they “bet on the wrong color.”

But when they, or their co-performers, the employers, take possession (stewardship) of all things, under the flimsy pretext that we have lost, consumed (ate, drank or I worn-out) our title to the things we alone have produced, they are running into hard sledding—in the wage of argument. Our production is so great that it can not be eaten, drank, weather-beaten, worn-out or lost— at any one period. It can only be stolen and hid—legally and other wise—else, there is a great sufficiency for us all.

It is with many misgivings I compare myself to a hen:

With many a full-throated cackle, I wend my way to the nest (the industry) and lay an egg (a commodity). And then I cackle about it (big loads) as long as anybody will listen . . . when I go to lay another egg, I find the first egg has disappeared (the hen spent it).—I keep on, laying eggs, in hopes—wan hopes—but nothing ever rewards my efforts save two or three door knobs. Hot dog! eh, fellow workers, eh.—To kill the goose that lays the golden eggs is the most merciful thing that could happen—but then, the egg-hunters would starve.

Gruesome, isn’t it?

We do too!

Addenda:

If it can’t be done with organization, it can’t be done, i. e.:

“The railroads appreciate the spirit of cooperation through which this organization was formed,” and Mid-West Regional Advisory Board. There you have it. Why did they organize? Because they desired to put something over. They put things over with organization—no other way; these days.

Now, when you get ready to put your scheme over, organize—I know the boss will be surprised. He’ll get quite a “kick out of it.”—quite a shock.

## 1925\_18\_IS\_16021925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**THE POWERS THAT BE!**

–––––

“**Will Power is one of the greatest forces in a world**,” opens up a deacon-seat “cheer leader,” knowingly.

“You’re right; go on,” encourage the listening lumberjacks. “Say more.”

“**Even if you’re starving, Will Power will appease your hunger.”**

“Yes, yes—a fellow, can see that right here at our table; and at Pembine. . . . .”

“it may bo raining cats and dogs— Will Power will keep you comfortable if, not bone dry. ...”

“Hear! Hehr!” (Great applause).

“**Everybody will agree it’s a great force— I tell you Will Power, if you’ve got it, will keep you warm when everybody else is freezing. . . .**”

“Will Power?” interrupts a buck swamper; “I thought you said wool power.”

\* \* \*

Editor: Slim was greatly moved upon beholding a pair of heels peeping over the rear “railing” of a pair of oxfords on the feet of a would-be-but-can’t lumberlogger . . . out into the drifts he went.

Talk about your Valley Forge, in war times—

We have peace.

\* \* \*

Home. Is there any word more desperately mournful than HOME? Every annotation of sadness is in its sound. Tears, groans, and hopelessness—sighs—are in its very letters. (I respectfully ask H. L. Mencken to analyze that hideous despairing tone, so joyously pronounced).

The “Dutchman,” with his “Heim,” on the other hand, says it just as if he had stepped on a broken bottle, or bumped his shins. The “Savage,” the more civilized American and Indian, has it “Wigwam”—ah, a note of hope. A word of cheer. A cry of joy. Home! Heim! Wigwam!

Methinks the Indian has said it.

\* \* \*

The honorable M. J. Fox. of the Von Platen Fox Lumber Co., sent a letter to the mayor of Iron Mountain praying for a reduction in the water rate for his company claiming the rate is too high. Mayor Henze sent a letter to Mr. Fox suggesting that the price, $6 per load, for firewood (slabs and “Fox’s bark”) is too high.

There the matter rests. . . .

I mention this because I see where Brother Hinman is arguing on behalf of the income **earners** as against the income **receivers** in the present or prospective move for tax legislation and I wish to point out that regardless of what income earners are taxed they can recover by charging more for their services.

The same thing holds true to the M. J. Fox-Mayor Henze water rate “controversy.” If Mr. Fox’s water is too high, nothing prevents him **jacking up** the price of slabs and trimmings, to say nothing about the uncracked boards. Hinman seems to opine that a great outrage portends— put your shirt back on, George—no law prevents “income earners” passing the buck.

It is impossible to outrage them under the system you try so hard to guide into right channels—all channels lead to the ocean.

Is your tub seaworthy?—T-b. S.

## 1925\_19\_IS\_18021925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**ETHICS OF FREE LUNCH**

Brisbane proves by front page of newspaper “news” that we are “**right at the beginning of civilisation**.” Will somebody please turn it on?

—Our Slim knew all along that we had been **going some** but he **didn’t think** we had traveled quite so far.

(One of Arthur’s “landmarks,” point: “A young girl in Maryland—it might have happened in any other state—is mobbed, stripped naked, beaten by a crowd of fifty” (**infuriated citizens**) “and set running through the country covered with hot tar and feathers.”)

Let us change this system, under which no progress can be made—since only change is progress—and which is making beasts of us all.

The Christian Era? Huh. The whirlpool, with no outlet.—Let us organize the machinery that will put into practice some of the glorious theories advanced by profound gentlemen bent on “rubbing it in” when we are hound hard and fast.

\* \* \*

Ethics are not enough. We must have the machinery that will check up on them now and then. “Do unto others,” etc. is merely good advice, a penalty for the privilege of living in society; and failure to perform that “office” should be noted and the recalcitrant should be docked. . . . . We’re not going to stand for any gate-crashing or gimme-meals.—The day of the free lunch passed with the day of “What’ll you have?” We’re organizing in one big I. W. W. to kind o’ look after things—some of our leading citizens are getting their living in a very complicatod, ‘roundabout way and it may be necessary any day now to use a stomach pump on them in order to find out whose grub they’ve been devouring.

\* \* \*

Flies will fool around with the human race until mankind gets sore and puts ‘em out of commission with a GRAND banquet.

## 1925\_20\_IW\_18021925

**Tips For All**

Sodbusters and Sears and Roebuck loggers always refer to the lumberlords, in a nice way, as “lumber people.”

\* \* \*

Contrary to widespread conception the lumber people operate without masks.

\* \* \*

I see by the boss’ press—a touching tale it is—they are rushing Antitoxin to Nome, Alaska, with dog teams; champion drivers and all that. Touching? I’m quite unstrung! Antitoxin, serum for diphtheria, is quite heavy and too bulky to be “rushed” by aeroplane, but if it was moonshine that was wanted . . . oh, well.

If the dogs don’t get there in time, I s’pose the good citizens of Nome will pull a feather from the tail of a walrus and paint their throats with common “Creoline”—and cure their diphtheria that way.

Maybe they had better do it that way, anyway—and -use the serum to kill rats with, eh, doctors?

\* \* \*

A tip to the dignified merchants:

Since you have only one office, why not use your own brat for an office boy—you’d get him a ‘deal cheaper.

You cheap skate!

\* \* \*

“The foundation on which to continue building up American agriculture involves the development of markets overseas and at home for finished agricultural products which our farmers can turn out at a profit without bankrupting their capital stock of soil fertility.”—The Breeders Gazette.

Why not reduce acreage, produce for “home” use only—why be everlastingly scabbing on other countries farmers by unloading surplus, overseas—

The foundations on which to continue building foreign agriculture involves the development of markets in America . . .and so on, tiddle dumb DUMB.

Some builders! Some breeders! (Of war).

Pss’t.

Only the otter day Hank Ford had to send over to “Belgia” for steel rails—just as if Judge Gary’s products were allee samme oleomargarine.

Anent Ben Nelson’s Alaskan inquiry:

Must have me confusod with Fellow Worker Governor Bone. I’m not guilty. But, I suspect, the conditions in Alaska Fisheries Industry would require a word or two of ‘Xplanation—you write them. Ben, I can’t seem to swing; at this distance—besides: I’m fond of herring and don’t want to injure my appetite.

## 1925\_21\_IW\_21021925

**SOLD OUT**

Quite frequently we hear the expression, “He sold out the workers.” It may be even so. He may have sold his class. He may have traded his class for wealth prestige or power, and if he did, he is a traitor and his act was that of a traitor.

A billion voices denounce him as a traitor—to the exclusion of all other sounds. They razz him unmercifully, which is well and proper. Thereafter he is an outcast, ostracised by respectables as well as by those who are not so particular about the “ethics of deportment.”

But it so happens, at not infrequent intervals, that the muchly “sold out” workers tell out their champions—and leave their spokesman to wrestle with the bear of oppression when this happens—not a billion voices denounce the traitors, oh no—one puny little voice protests against the crime; against the lack of support; against the sale—against the turning-over to the hands of the Philistines the earnest champions of the cause of labor; one puny little voice tries to point out that there is no “consideration” in the deal; no wealth, no fame and no fulfilled ambitions; that labor has sold out its champion cheap—one puny voice proclaims this, but it is soon drowned out and the world moves on to the next market place.

Yes, these sell out—both “sides” sell out—a good illustration of that habit is the fable of the sale of Jesus Christ—not by Judas—but by the “cripples” that infested the Labor Temple in Jerusulem. He was duly crucified, so the fable relates, because he championed the cause of the people. The same thing is going on today (Ford and Suhr are still in the “can” deserted by those whose cause they espoused).

Where labor has been sold out once, it has sold itself out 10,000 times.

\* \* \*

But, it may be true, a few Christs have reversed the procedure in the late years:

I’m not praising them, I’m merely relating cold blooded facts, as I concieve them to be—and I know that the noise about being sold out is out of all proportion to the damage done; I know that if labor quits selling itself out it will not be sold out too much.

\* \* \*

There are no champions in the I. W. W., in reality and theory. And those that forge to the front are only normally active members—doing normal work. It is the failure of others that makes them stick out prominently. The introduction of caste (leadership) is the downfall of every cause because it presupposes inaction on the part of those being led—inaction begets inaction.

The loss of a cause is not poor leadership, the loss of it i$ due to first-class inaction. Where all are active none are leaders; for after all, mankind varies but little and produces enormous numbers of each (closely allied) series. Saviors are sold and saviors sell, hence, if the workers desire not to be sold out they can set a good example by not selling out themselves; they can become active in their own behalf and find out, thereby, that leadership good, bud, or indifferent will disappear without formal repudiations. . . . .get in action.”

“Bread your chains, demand your rights.”

Few men will take the responsibility of decision, on great questions and will compromise— what good are they? What good is a compromise decision?

No good. Life is too short.

P. S.— Fellow Worker Labor: When next you get sold out, don’t come to me looking for sympathy. Why?

First, because I need all the sympathy I’ve got.

Second, because I’m liable to ask you were you drunk when it happened—or asleep? (I’ve heard of men sleeping with their shoes on, but they were exceptionally sound sleepers).

Sold out! Huh!

Why it is ridiculous!

All mighty labor sold out?

Why it’s impossible!

Can’t be done—unless he’s willing—make it a point to be unwilling. . .

Moral: Raise the ante.

## 1925\_22\_IS\_25021925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**DULUTH**

–––––

It has been stated, right in my hearing, that the average weight of the prisoners on Duluth’s work-farm exceeds the average weight of the police-force—fur coats thrown in—and exceeds the average weight of all the citizens, invading all those in Lester Park, Morgan Park and Duluth Heights.—Now, regardless of whether I believe this, I must hasten to the defense of the eating-houses and restaurants—for have I not stated in bold-print and cold-type that Duluth’s standard of living is the highest this side of Hagan, Nebraska?

While it may be true that the work farm prisoners weigh more than the police and weigh more than all the citizens—on an average, of course—I must, as a truthful and thorough writer, point out that the citizens of Lester Park (where the fresh air is) weigh more, man for man, than prisoners, West Duluth and Police-force combined

And while the prisoners are great big strapping fellows it is not derogatory of the glorious and rich traditions of the various eating houses—nor is it any credit to the work-house. For, if the weight of the prisoners proves anything, it proves that Duluth needs another work-farm where the frailer men would find genteel society, mental re-enforcement and congenial labor wrestling with rocks and stumps on cut over lands (i. e. clearing land, making farms that can be sold for purchase price to selected parties). Of course it could be argued by Fred Ward or anybody else that, insofar as the breezes blow and fresh-airs go, Lester Park has nothing on Duluth’s work-farm when it is considered that prisoners work almost naked—save for dilapidated cotton underwear, overalls in the last stages of disintegration, carpet mackinaws (faded and worn) mitts, sox and rubbers; that prisoners have every advantage in coming In contact with the invigorating atmosphere and that citizens of Lester Park (if they weigh more than the prisoners on the work-farm), are not that way be- cause of fresher air but because of superior agility, and ability to dodge the strong arm of law better—at least we haven’t heard Lester Park breaking police regulations. . . . . Be that as it may, Duluth’s living standard is high and it will not surprise me in the least if its prisoners are heavy-weights—this much I will say: They never got that way eating meatless hash.—T-bone Slim.

## 1925\_23\_IW\_25021925

**Some ‘Taint So**

T’ain’t so:

A piece of misleading know ledge has gone forth—and, as usual, it is up to me to correct the impression before it sets in and becomes incorrigible.

Many people think that Labor’s deep and serried ranks are worrying about getting an automobile. Nothing could be more yonder from the truth. Labor isn’t giving it a thought. What Labor is trying to dope out is how to get gas and oil for it after they get it. . . So you see Labor is only two steps removed from the car:

First step, rhe price of gas and oil.

Second step, the price of the car itself. . . . So close and yet so far!

The agony of it:

Frequently we hear people say, “Gee, I wish 1 had Labor’s appetite.”

How do you like it when I say Labor has no appetite; it’s a law with him—eat or expire (Labor is handling heavy objects and it knows that if it doesn’t eat the thing won’t move—long).

It doesn’t like to eat—it’s a case of must . . . and much . . .

O that people could understand the necessary woe of over-eating—that too, to please industrial over lords.

Labor has no appetite—long ago, it has steeled its heart against the whims of appetite; long ago it has repudiated relish—and if, at times, it eats voraciously (with apparent relish) you may be sure it is eating for the very agony of it.

Maybe so:

For a long time I have had no kind word for the doctors. And, what’s worse, I ain’t saying they’ll get one. It is my office merely to record social happenings leaving praise to the dead years of silence:

We note the doctors are advocating “slowing down on the job.” They say:

“The American people cut too much.”—That’s us. That’s us. . . Americans all! They want you to eat less. All right: We eat too much because it is necessary; we over-eat because we over-work. . . If we eat less we’ll have to work less—that’s slowing down on the job. The doctors are advocating it.

But there is yet another phase to this dilemma. Which comes first? . . .—So be careful, buddy, don’t stop over-eating till first you stop over-working. . . .In other words: Do away with the cause of over-eating—said over-eating is merely a result, an effect. . .

Foxy gian:

He gets tired of using hand tool, invents a machine, (by a series of improvements) puts a child to run it and goes camp inspecting hisself—or hits a soup line.

Note: Machine is the sum total of all available “matured knowledge” of all workers interviewed or consulted—if more had been consulted the machine would be better still, much better.

The machine, in many cases, at cruder work, has an increased productivity of over four times the original hand method—it pays for itself in one month, last year’s—And it is supposed to be sinful to ask the child to slow down—you see the employer wants “the extra four-times-production.”

I wonder is the child getting four times the pay we got in those good old days—machine being all paid for—or is he being robbed at the point of production?

You tell ‘em!

Some machines have a productivity 5,000 fold over muscle. . . and awkwardness. Just multiply $.3.00 by 5,000—it equal $15,000 (per day). Nice wages if they get it.

‘Tis so:

I’m just after drinking a half-cup of delicious black rain-water for coffee (for a chill) at the Hotel (not the boarding house) in White Lake, Wis.—a one man town.

“How much is it,” I inquired.

“Fifteen Cents.”

I refuse to prosecute!

—Fellow Workers prejudiced against such prices will have to restrain their chills or become open minded.

\* \* \*

This space represents the privations and miseries of the “lumberjack.” Chills and fevers; eight hours of shivering in a box car; 16-mile walks and surly bosses. Protracted sickness—but hard-boiled enough to overcome it. It’s a tearful story, 3,000 words—many of them expletives; unmailable; hence, I have condensed. . .

Wages per pay, $1.73—

Board (in town) $2.00 per day.

If we “got” 7 cents more we could keep a wife—she to furnish duds—and 20 cents.

It’s worth 20 cents of any woman’smoney to have a husband.

## 1925\_24\_IW\_28021925

**Tonsorial Work**

Let us not be unmindful of that sterling logger, the swamper; that nobleman that shingle-bobs, massages and manicures the legs. He is somebody too. A very important personage—but his wages are small. His wages are the smallest of all the crew.

I’ve often wondered why “this” was so—and on different occasions I have undertaken the job of swamping in order to study it from a personal angle, almost got cockeyed studying it—without arriving at a reason for the emaciated wages.

The work is hard (and soft) and highly technical—technical to the extent that anybody can do it; even like all other technical work, for not a man has departed this life that was not instantly replaced— John L. Sullivan, Edgar A. Poe, Spearshakes William, Big Ole of Moorhead, Pauline Hall and all other and numerous technicians have been replaced without special effort. (That stands with the possible exception of Poe—give us time).

All this does not explain the cause of the low wages.

In the course of swamping I find the gyppo sawyer is not displacing swampers, so, that cannot be the cause. . . . Gyppo-sawing and swamping must be re-swamped because gyppo, not being a surveyor, has laid the road where the stumps are—re-swamping is harder than “hot” swamping.

Poor kicking is not the cause for I find the swamper is an excellent kicker. Of course, some would say lack of organization is the cause—and it may be—I admit the lack—that raises the question: With the same lack of organization why are the wages of top-loaders higher? Ah, a hot trail! No better kickers than the swampers yet their wages are twice as high. My God—can it be—can it be their work is twice as technical? So I went loading.

The answer wasn’t there.

I was almost deranged, hysterical, over the question—had a half a mind to hit the hootch and forget it all when, just then, it occurred to me that maybe the higher wages ate a bribe; maybe the top man is an agitator in disguise and the company uses higher wages to plug his mouth und curb his inspirational out-pourings. Eureka! I have found it—I thought all that out myself—after n fellow worker told it to me—there’s something in my head besides a cold. Eureka! It sounds reasonable—but it isn’t so, the swamper is a good agitator. . .

Maybe the thing has a compound cause? Let’s see. The topman is a highly respected citizen. Now, is he respected or is it his job that is respected? (That’s a compound fracture, nobody knows). But his word is law with the crew. Ah, but his word is law!

Then it is the respect of the crew for the job or man that keeps his wages up and cripples him in the use of his “word.”

Darn it, he’s a potential agitator hobbled with wages! Ain’t I smart?—No better agitator than the swamper, but the crew worship him or his job, with the result that companies, after many a bitter experience, have grown gentle and sympathetic in the treatment of the top-man—they know that if the top-man was getting $35 per month he would organize a strike first thing in the morning before tightening the comer binds—that’s organization. Potential organization.

But if the crew could learn to respect the swamper or his job and give ear unto his words of wisdom, the companies would learn to love the swamper like a brother—a twin brother—they would say “what’s mine, is yours,” 50-50, we’ll split even—for the potentialities of a strike would be there.

That, in turn, would pre-suppose organization. Now we’re getting along. Let’s quit.

## 1925\_25\_IS\_04031925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**MEDICINE**

–––––

. . . . ?

And then, when the delegates have allotted themselves ten camps each, and when enough delegates are organized to reach around, when delegates grow weary of looking at the “ten camps,” they can trade with the delegate across the way, and thus, be **purractically** born again.

How fervently, frequently and fearfully we have cussed the $30 per month. We have profaned the very air with our malediction, **contradiction** and just **plain** diction. We have sworn terrific oaths and lamented something wonderful. We have straightened ourselves to our full lumberjack height and annunciated gigantic truths—in the state of Minnesota, state of despair and state of partial **coma**. We have affirmed by the powers that be and by those that never existed that we’re not getting a square deal. . . . But we haven’t organized!

A few delegates did all they could—enough to keep the organization above water—a few hundred delegates would have put the organization on dry footing—somewhere between the master’s shoulder blades. . . . . and so we cussed. How we cursed!

Curse no more—the thirty per month will “surrender”\*\*\*\*\*to the soothing application of organization.

It’s no worse than a bad cold.

\* \* \*

Even doctors, little as they know, wouldn’t curse a cold. . . . .

Ah, doctors! How little they know!

Well! Well! Well!

If your heart stops beating, the doctor “pulls a most profound face” and pronounces you dead.—A lot of good that does you !

He can’t start ‘er up again!

Your watch stops: the jeweller doesn’t pronounce it “stopped.” No. He gives it one shake with a “twist of his wrist” and announces—”It’s gonna cost you $3 for a ‘hair spring’ and a new jewel (a piece of beer bottle glass). It will be ready for you Thursday morning.” (It’s always Thursday). After you are gone he extricates the bedbug from between the gears, dips the “works” into kerosene (to keep “germs” out) and pronounces nothing. . . . .

How little doctors know!

And how sorry I feel for them!

Your car stops (Fords never stop)—your engine goes dead. Up comes a smiling motor mechanic: “What’d she do, die on you?” inquires he in high humor. Death of a motor, to him, evidently, is but a trilling incident.— In a jiffy ho has scraped some wire-ends he pulled out of his overalls pocket; fumbles around a few screws with a pair of pliers—and lo, once again the motor purrs in perfect rhythm. . . . .

God bless him!

How little doctors know!

## 1925\_26\_IW\_04031925

**CAMP INSPECTING**

“Well,” says a noted and successful camp-inspector, “I think I’ll have to go to work for a few days and get rested-up.” —

Now, I don’t know a thing about camp-inspecting—I never did take to those technical trades—but I’m willing to. discuss the subject. . . . a man doesn’t necessarily need to know anything about a subject to discuss it, eh, editor— am I right?

We learn from discussion—the hair is slit. I’ll play these— All set:

You heard what the gentleman said at the beginning of this article— now, don’t get excited—it looks easy (in the blue prints), but it is it? Ah, is it?

Too much of one thing is always bad.

Walking is a good exercise if done with moderation; it is slow suicide, if overdone and work when done faster than “slow,” slower than “fast,” longer than “little” and less than “too much.”

It is hard work at all times . . . proof for this lies in skis, skates, bicycles, wagons, automobiles, boats, ice-boats and airships—none of them would be in existence if walking wasn’t hard work—and railroads and trains; They were built not to haul freight, not to save sole-leather, they were built because walking is hard work— the first train was a passenger train.

Well, discussion, too, is hard work (I can see that) since this article refuses to bend —I s’pose that’s because discussion, is scheduled thinking” and must be on time.

Two paints are made.

\* \* \*

But there be one advantage to camp-inspecting. A camp-inspector “enjoys” every kind of filth, he is not compelled to associate himself with too much of one kind . . . point three (made twice. It seems all the same but really, at each successive camp, it is fresh filth —there because only the crews can remedy it, but won’t—the longer the crew stays the better; they like it (the less they hate it) the first days smell is worst, a case of “hate at first whiff”—after that nature takes its course and the nostrils become calloused, deadened and reconciled .. . you get used to it. (Is that a point, or two of them?) They’re made. There is filth. And men are used to it.

\* \* \*

Men could with less and pleasurable trouble get “used” to cleanliness. Cleanliness like filth grows on a man—he can go either way. Filth gets worse or cleanliness gets better. He can shine or pine and he can betwix’t one or the other.—This raises the question :

Are men unclean from choice?

No. Most emphatically, No!

I remember a time when I was younger and had more resistance and more recuperative power, I stopped in a particularly dirty camp three months and some odd days—at Heisie Siding, Minnesota.—

Coming in from the sunlight into the bunkhouse I had to stand fully twenty minutes on the middle of the floor—until my eyes got used to the gloom—before I could find a seat. My nose bothered me the first day only and on the second day you couldn’t tell me from an old timer.

The bills, towels and crew were dirty.

The floor was dirty.

And wonders of wonders, the two cats were dirty—cats, you know, are cleanly animals. The two cats were the most sorry, disreputable looking creatures I ever saw.

The bull-cook was dirty. (The cook was clean, the timber was clean—3 months).

But it happened the bull-cook got sick, (because of too much of one thing) and went down. A new chore boy came and “swamped” the place from end to apex—washed and scrubbed it most thoroly. . .

That night, when we came in, a miracle comfronted us— the two cats were busy cleaning themselves, instead of sleeping.

Inside of two weeks, those cats were “a change animal,” apiece. Cleanliness had made them sit up and take notice.— (Point is made).

“But,” you say; “some men wouldn’t keep clean even if the company cleaned its camps.”

Not “some,” but one. One man wouldn’t. He is the exception.

He is the man “who has known nothing but filth.”

He is the orphan devil who has been frequenting strange hells. He has ‘xcuse, you have none.

P. S.—To make dirty companies “come clean” organize with the I. W. W.—

Are you on?

Pss’t: Don’t expect anything from the Health Board—the health-board itself is lousy; too lazy to boil-up.

Do it yourself.

## 1925\_27\_IW\_07031925

**CAMP INSPECTING AND---**

Part II—

Only yesterday I was discussing camp-inspecting and would you believe it—I left out most of the material. Yes, I did. . .

Camp-inspecting is a form of “side-stepping the issue”—the issue is low-wages and bad conditions. So far good, but this side-stepping doesn’t side-step—the boss wants you to side-step, so he can hit you all the harder—he even bets you five dollars that you won’t stay a month (i. e. $40 and $45) forty-five if you stay; forty if you don’t and thirty-five if you “jump.” Thus, you may kid yourself, “Well, I’m three meals ahead—two “coming,” and one “going,” after one day’s work— (one day out of three). . . . Let’s see: Ten dollars per month less for jumping—that’s 38 cents less per day.

That thirty-eight cents pays for the three extra meals you got.

You didn’t side-step a gosh durn bit.

A man must be ‘n awful hoosier to try it.

(Cost of camp board about 20 cents per day).

Yes, it’s getting to be quite a gamble.—

“Bet you five you don’t stay.” The other day a hookman presented himself to Black Dan, Daniel introduced the hookman to an axe—and then the following conversation ensued:

“What’s are you paying, Dan?”

Dan: “Forty and Forty-five.”

Hookman: “Forty?”

Dan: “Forty and Forty-five.”

Hookman: “Forty, did you say?”

Dan: “I’m paying Forty and Forty-five.”

Hookman: “No, Dan, you’re paying Forty.

Dan: “Forty and Forty-five.”

Hookman: “Now you know, Dan, your paying only Forty—what’s the use of lying about it. Forty a month—I’ll leave this axe by the office door”—and away he wheeled.

Now, that is no way to do to a kindly and trusting foreman.

The hookman walked away and true it is that two meals—such as they were—walked away with him, but the company didn’t lose one cent. How is that? I’ll tell you.

One man, who will jump tomorrow, has two days in. Thirty-eight cents per day will be deducted from his wages—one day pays for his own extra meals, the other 38 cents pays for the hookman’s meals—you can’t beat the system by side-stepping the issue—the companies are protected from loss—from all loss—insured against all loss.

In a 100 man camp thirty-five men jump on an average of every five days—low estimate—that’s thirty-five jumping five times per month; 5x35 equals 175—one hundred and 75 men jump, taking a cut of 19 cents at least per day (on five days’ work) 5x9 equals 95 cents—per man—175x95 cents equals $166.25.

One hundred and sixty-six dollars and twenty-five cents is the amount the company collects every month from the wages of the jumpers, in a 100 man camp. (Low estimate) —

Thirty-five dollars pays for the extra meals they got.

The rest of the $166.25 will pay the board of all the camp inspectors . . . and then some!

Seems to me we lumberjacks are kind a disorganized? Isn’t it about time we get together—on some damn thing—and look into this 40-45 business—and that 35 business—and, if necessary, make it interesting and enjoyable by jumping all together (it makes a smoother trail) —

Damn this individual—jumping, anyway—it’s like married life without a partner.

Join the I. W. W.

## 1925\_28\_IS\_11031925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**KNOWLEDGE**

Your fan belt slips— your physical fan belt.— In comes a physician, face glum, you’d almost think he was about to go into **executive** session with a mortician; internment guide:

“Tuberculosis.” cays he in a most ghostly voice, and tells you. “sunshine is good for you,” and tells you what to eat . . . . there you are. There you are in the middle of the road, hungry, on a cloudy day, blocking the highway of life with a busted fan. . . . Why doesn’t he go to work and fix your busted tuber-co-loosis?

How little they know— they have been so damned busy learning Latin they had no time to learn their trade—how little they know.

Tuberco loose is? We know, but how do you tighten it? That’s what we wanta know.

How about it, doctors; how about a few spare parts—kneecaps, knuckles, joints, livers, etc.? An electric motor gets sick —refuses to work the semaphore. An electrician arrives on the scene, throws his “velocipede” into the “ditch” and without going into the sick-chamber of the dead motor he proceeds to clean out and refill the battery, cell and container— (he knows) —with acid, zinc and such, he brings the dead motor buck to life. That’s no miracle. That’s knowledge. Knowledge of one’s avowed business. Doctors, take down your signs!

What more evidence do you want? The man is practically charged with **murder-after-the-fact.**

Engineer, will you please take the witness stand? The pinion, wheel in the prime intermediate transmission starts spilling its teeth all over the engine room.—The engineer spins the “globe” valve shut and kills the engine.— Kills the engine.

Then he walks over to the master mechanic’s office. . . . . “Good morning. Rudolph,” he opens up, “have you got an extra pinion in your pocket?”

“Pinion?” grunts the MM. “What **do tell** do you want of a pinion?”

“I want it for an anchor . . . . . thinking of going fishing this afternoon,” confides the engineer.

“Holy God of Israel!” cries the master mechanic clapping his hand to his heart, “did that brand new pinion break again?”

So you see, he knows, he knows—even master mechanics know and understand. . . . .

The engine is repaired—no coroner is called; no mortician officiates. . . .

Are you ready to confess?

\* \* \*

There are good doctors and bad doctors—the bad doctors are worse than no doctors. You are the doctor—I’m a doctor. (You didn’t know that, did you?)

Originally I studied for the ministry in Edward Hines Memorable Theological Institute, Pike River, Wisconsin—but got to swearing so violently (while driving a balky team) that the regents, virgins et cetera (note the Latin) concluded to make a doctor of me. Therefore: It is as a man of medicine I appear before you—first, last and after a while. . . . I’m a specialist. I specialize in organization ills. If there be such organizations, in these plagued Americas, let them come to me. . . . . No! I will come to them. I would not ask a sick organization to leave the house—my remedy, my wonderful platinum discovery, my glorious cure-all . . . . my . . . . ray nostrum is: Sunshine, (not moonshine); air, (not hot); pork chops, (not woodchops); exercise, (not exorcise); activity with moderation; alive but not galvanized or ELECTRIFIED—just a little, steady, sober, dignified work. It’s up to the delegates.—T-b S.

## 1925\_29\_IW\_11031925

**TO MY FRIEND**

Tho the skin be sorely wrinkled

And the form be badly bent;

Tho by showers often sprinkled

And by crowding moments rent––

Tho the shape be bruised and mangled

Crushed by ages driven hard

It is still with “tokens” spangled––

It is still my Wobblie card.

Tho the cheeks be sadly faded,

All the color from them flown––

(And the “atmosphere” gets jaded,

Like a busted understone!)

Tho bereft of youth and vigor,

Quite devoid of pleasing-looks;

Still––it cuts a *quite a figure!*

It is still my book of books!

Tho the troubles, (by some jinx sent)

Puts a burden on my soul,

And we both grow quite delinquent

In our most engrossing role––

(This is not of “bull” I’m handing)

I will linger by my pard

Even in its “twisted” standing

It is still my union card.

Tho the hand of “thoughtful” passion

Mutilates “what I adore,”

In a most ignoble fashion––

In a mood most awful sore;

Rends my old “side-kick” to pieces,

Throws the chunks out in the yard––

I will still maintain the thesis:

It is STILL A PERFECT CARD!

P. S. ––Upon hearing that a violent tempered fellow worker had torn up his card, Slim gets poetical as hell. . .

Some cards are merely tossed away, but an I. W. W. card. . . well, you know how it is, they’re worth more attention, worth more attention!

Cool down and get a duplicate.

## 1925\_30\_IW\_14031925

**TO MY FRIEND**

Most of us are aware of the “struggle for existence” but where, when and how it manifests itself? That is a terrible secret. At dinner time, fellow workers, at dinner time— before that it is known as “struggle of mind over money-matters” (if memory serves me and it has, most all winter, nothing but— ) at dinner time, in a crowded restaurant, in the usual manner. Time, place, and How.

It is commonly K’K’Known as “fight for farina, battle for bread, war for wieners, campaign for cabbage, crusade for crullers—a dinner engagement, in fact.

\* \* \*

Where O Where if not on the farm

Is a living to be made, any more?

The farm population has decreased—there is no livlihood, no more, at the source of livlihood—all because I. U. 110 gets $99 instead of $66, eh Richards—a $33 livlihood—and we can’t all go to Michigan, eh Richards.

The “going wage.” a measure of work, adopted by the farmers, is not a new science. It was first used in those strenuous days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Bible times, according to the sayso of the Later-Day Duluthians. . .

A man had a vineyard, so, naturally he went out to the slave market and hired a few “wicks” and put them to work, seeing as how the wicks had no vineyard of their own—but at the “eleventh hour,” figuring it might rain, he went out and hired a few stiffs, wobs, and ran into a snag:

“What are you paying?” Inquired those “treacherous” proletarians, almost in one breath.

“Whatever is right that thou shall receive.”

Fair enough! They went to work.

In the evening, when settling-up, he gave them “penny a piece;” those that had worked all day and those that had started in 11 o’clock he paid them penny a piece—the wicks kicked.

“Wherefore,” said they, “them wobblies are getting as much as we and Io, we have put in the full day?”

“They made a bargain before they started, they found out what they’re getting,” opines the hoosier dryly.

\* \* \*

R. Richards, Chase, B. (is a candid person.

While I disagree with his entire article, except his closing statement. “Your T-bone Slim is a fool.” Shakespeare said the same thing, perhaps not in so straight-forward manner—yet, I feel, I cannot take up space for an extended reply especially since C. E. Payne has covered the subject in its essetials. . .

I agree that I am a fool and I would point out, to Richards: — You don’t know, the half of it. But, if I am a fool, with all my natural resources, with all my latent (patent) abilities, what must be the deplorable state of diplomacy prevailing o’er the rest of the republic! For the first time in my mercurial career, I’m worried—and, for the sake of my fellow citizens, their intellectual prestige, I am templed to make Richards out a liar—only tempted—hence: let us say, instead, that we doubt his ability to judge between wisdom and foolishness. “What fools these mortals be.”

\* \* \*

Only one correct statement, and that borrowed!

\* \* \*

The “authority” under which I could indict Richards of prevarication is, Longfellows, “Things are not what they seem;” Serviss’ tale as to how looking from a fast train (anger) the ground on near-side of fence seems to travel in one direction while beyond the fence it swings leisurely in another direction— but only the train moves—and then, “looks are deceptive.” . . .

Did I not hear ringing in my ears—where’s the bells? Was there not a brown taste in my mouth although I had eaten nothing? Did I not shiver with cold when my body was burning? Did I not feel lice running when nothing was there?—It’s the liver, Richards, the liver.

It may be that T-bone Slim is Not a fool and Richards not a liar—at least, we hope not!

Very debatable! Highly questionable!

Alienists should sit on Slim until Richards theory is disproved. . .that is the more desirable. . .my way o’looking at it.

I thank R. Richards for these few hundred words—I only wish he had bawled me out—may I hope the flowers are “genuine?”

Have you read “Batouala?”

. . . “The district of Grimuri”—equatorial Congo— (or Bembe or Kandjia from the two names of the river near which the government station is established) is 120 kilometers east of Krebedge.

This region used to be very rich in rubber and had a large population. It was covered with plantations of every kind andteemed with goats and poultry.

Seven years have been enough to work complete ruin. Villages have grown fewer and farther between, the plantations have disappeared, the goats and poultry have been exterminated. As for the natives, they were broken down by incessant toil, for which they were not paid, and were robbed of even the time to sow their crops. They saw disease come and take up its abode with them, saw famine stalk their land, saw their numbers grow less and less.— Rene Maran.

Sounds familiar, doesn’t it? What caused it?

Capital? — Ona hundred and fifty “whites.”

It is said that the raw materials for chewing gum come from abroad—abroad? a “broad?” Where’s the joke? What’s them idee of shipping hoofs and horns abroad and then shippem back again?

Abroad, abroad—queer name for a stock yard.

\* \* \*

One of the arguments used in favor of prohibition was that “it was gonna stop men throwing their money over the bar, foolishly.” (Yes, yes, go on). “So they gave them slot machines” . . .

You drop the coin in the slot, pull the lever—and that’s the end of it. But, if the machine coughs up the coin— try, try again— persevere — in the end you will win. You’ll win—sense. A fool and his money are soon parted. Moral? If your gonna gamble use stage money.

Written in bold type four feet high, over the entrance to courthouse is the following legend:

“The Peoples Laws Define Usages,” Establish Rights and Duties, Defend Liberty, Create Reverence and Establish Justice . . . something like that. Yes! Yes’ the “peoples” laws. What a careful statement! I s’pose the Other “laws,” if I’m allowed to infer, ensconse the people in a Workhouse, Escort him to a Poolhouse, and “Enter” him in a Bugghouse, I s’pose.

(Crowd it in, editor, I’ve already cut it to cripple it).

## 1925\_32\_IW\_18031925

**? ? ?**

Down in the Accordion and Fiddle in country adjoining Marshfield, Wisconsin, they serve God Only and Conners Lbr. Co.— four months at a time. That part is all right, and has not grieved me extensively— don’t care whom they serve—but still and all it is quite a relief to read a poster “on the southshore.” put out by Michigan Railroad Association, to-wit: WE SERVE MICHIGAN—such frankness should not go unrewarded; such high idealism should not be discouraged.

\* \* \*

Farmers have been “advised” so often by various friends that I hesitate to give them counsel from the wealth of my experience. But I will make an exception in the case of machinery—and what kind to buy: For a timepiece, I would suggest the farmer invest a part of the hired-man’s wages in a 17-swivel McCormick. . .For an automobile, (regardless of the virtues of “Fords,”) I would suggest he get a DeLaval, extensively advertised as a mechanical-marvel.

\* \* \*

“A fool and his mofiey are soon parted”—I’m broke. Chase, B. C., papers, please copy.

\* \* \*

“Multiplying Man-power.”

Right now, in the spring of the year, when holes have special attractions for mankind— (I refer to those more or less symmetrical “openings” in the center of every properly reared “donut”)—I consider it “timely” to discuss post-holes—telephone-post holes. Upon second thought I will let the Bell Telephone Co. do the discussing merely, eliminating the “speculation” B. T. Co. indulges in:

“To the man with a pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable conditions three to five holes are for him an average day’s work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with spikes.

“But the ‘hole-borer’ with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in one day— releasing (\_\_\_\_) forty men.”

\* \* \*

—Forty men have lost their jobs—to a derrick? No more need they dig or delve, push or boost—nor need they draw their pay?

Of course, it isn’t quite as bad ns that, though bad enough—the Bell T. Co. is careless of its figures (arguing two ways). Take it from me: Under favorable conditions a man digs, and Bell T. Co. expects, on an AVERAGE of little less than four holes (3½-ft. deep) PER HOUR; thirty-two, per day—a little less.

Our papers ain’t so hard-up that we must needs gloss, roughen or camouflage conditions in order to make our argument stick—The Bell T. Co. might study our style to advantage—so we think.

Organization makes both “right” and “might”:

As between “might and right” opinions vary: Thde righteousness of “might” if often quoted us a hifty arrangement—maybe, maybe. But I would joyously point out that “might” collects the bigger indemnities—and “might,” regardless of right, is the “popular” procedure among those that set themselves up as examples for us to follow. Right? There is no such thing. Why? Because we’re on a wrong premise; we’re on a “wrong” street looking for a “right” number.

In the meantime: “might” substitutes for “right” . . .

“Might is Right.” If might is right, then right must be might (they’re twins, hard to tell ‘em apart) i. e., muscle is brain; brain is muscle—allee samee savvy now. “The smith a mighty man was he”; the mule a mighty jackass—but are, and were, they right?

“Might” was “right” when brains were nil—

(A refuge for a savage;)

“Might was right” meant but to kill—

To rend, to rape, to ravage. . .

P. S.—I’m not prepared to admit either that might is right or right is might, but I will compromise—if we can’t agree they are two separate “terms”—I will say “might” is art; art is long; long is—you know what long is, and theorizers will put us -wise to all else—we’re not concerned. Organize.

A working man’s realm is in labor and not in the field of contracting. His strong holt is in simplifying the “manner” in which he draws his pay. He must, in order to survive, so simplify the terms of his agreement to labor, that but the slightest trace of speculation (gambling) remains; his wage must be made clear and certain, otherwise he will find himself unemployed while yet busy with paper and pencil trying to figure out the intricate scales and schedules of piece-work. While he is busy figuring, he has no time to think, watch or dodge. His work takes his days; figures takes his nights—he is fully occupied.

The great cry now is birth-control—(Pullman has already established berth-control). And well it is: They send a kid out in the world without first finding out whether or no there is a place for him—without an undershirt they send him out. Yea, it begins to look like shirt-control.

Next will be hearth-control, followed by worth-control. Mirth-control next (will hit us serious writers) with the inevitable result that girth-control will fasten itself upon our heartiest gigglers—from there it is only a step to earth-control. Hurrah! Evolution in full blister. Hurrah! The battle is half begun. Hurrah!

## 1925\_31\_IS\_18031925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**SLEEPING SICKNESS**

–––––

Many people have amassed a notion that we, the scribe, are of good-natured, happy, sunny disposition––not that it matters––but such notion is a collection of errors, and is wayward or way-off. . . . Every night I bawl myself to s-l-e-e-p (when I don’t shiver). In reality, I have won great fame for irascibility . . . . etc. When we arrive at a lumber camp the boss begins to tremble and the “straw” hides his face from our searching gaze. Just the other day the foreman approaches us and says, “Slim, now I don’t want you to jump,” sez he, “and I hate to ask you to do it,” sez he, “but I’m in an awful jam,” sez he, “now, I want you to take that team of bounding bays and haul in a little firewood––never mind the wages,” sez he, “I’ll see to that” . . . . and he took me in the office and told the clerk to give me three stacks of Copenhagen tooth powder, as an appreciation. . . . But just as the clerk jumped to his feet––I’m sorry to say––I woke up. The boss was shaking my foot, saying: “This is no hospital––if you’re sick or sleepy you better roll up and roll out . . . .”

I tried to tell him I was waiting for a favorable wind––an east wind––so I could cut across over to the Hines camp––but all to no avail.

He was adamant.

Generally when we arrive at a camp the cook digs down into his sea-bag and pulls out his 4th of July apron orders the flunkeys (more or less soiled) into the roothouse and sends, by the B. C. (bull cook), a barrel of water, six bars of lily-white, with instructions for them to use “all or none” and to present themselves to his presence after they are presentable. Then he rushes over to the men’s bunkhouse to shake our illustrious hand; steps on the cat’s tail. . . ‘Damn that cat––God, but I’m glad to see you, Slim”––while I blush appropriately, and modestly. Hardly ever––any more––do they drive me out of camp at the point of a gun, 9 p. m., into a snowstorm, amongst coyotes and wolves––I s’pose that’s because I’ve grown so crabby and cranky that they fear I would bite a chunk from their cannon––besides, the companies are in no position to declare war against so powerful an ally as your humble servant––we have declared for a truce, to give each time to prepare. Furthermore: the companies are too deeply **immersed** in **logging** to give their undivided attention to campaigns against our integrity: whereas I’m not––I’m not handicapped in any way.

But occasionally, today, a misunderstanding arises––when the foreman’s schooling has been neglected or misplaced.

I’m driving a skidding team––I blush to mention their names, Bessie and Babe––a lady-like team––since 9 a. m., I’ve decided to leave till after dinner (skidding elsewhere in meantime) so’s to let the trail pack and freeze during noon hour and in order to have **freshened team** after dinner. All right. After luncheon I arrives at the “butt,” hooks on, (she’s stuck), hooks on other end, swings wrong end in trail figuring to haul “away from skidway,” for a turn––(she’s stuck again) –– business of letting team blow ere we shake the other end––along comes the boss full of pea soup––”Pull ‘er straight ahead,” says he (if I do I’m blocked by stump, if the team could––log being dead weight, nosed).

“The team won’t pull ‘er,” opines I.

“Pull ‘er straight ahead,” he yells.

“The team won’t pull ‘er,” I yells.

“Pull ‘er . . . .”

“Pull ‘er hell, pull ‘er yourself, here’s the lines,” says I.

“Go to the shanty, go to the shanty,” he roars.

I roar.

He roars. (We both roar).

“Dat’s right, dat’s right,” chips in the old Finn swamper, tickled ‘cause I’m fired, (he’s been with the company all his life––loyal). Note:––I mention this because of its “news” value; he is the first one of that kind I’ve ever met––a curiosity.

My position is quite clear; one teamster is enough for one team––especially if that team be high-life and small.

I ran into an 11-mile hike because of upholding that principle––and it commenced to snow––some day I’ll get heart failure from failure to guard my surging irascibility––there should be a law against bosses intruding themselves among the feelings of lumberjacks. . . .

When you run with wolves you’ve got to howl!

\* \* \*

And the boss came unto me and said: “Slim, forget it,” says he; “I’m a fool,” says he, “but the company don’t know it,” says he. And he invites me into the office to have a dipper of prune syrup, and tells the clerk to mark down five days extra for me, and five dollars per month more––”not that the company is exactly stuck on you,” as he said, “but as a slight token of appreciation of your sterling worth and character.”

I reached out to accept the dipper and, in so doing, rolled off the bench––to the enjoyment of an intelligent but untactful bunch of camp inspectors––Like the Frenchman, when he saw a cyclone, I says: “I can’t see wat push dat thing.” ––T-b. Sl.

## 1925\_33\_IW\_21031925

**Tea and Liberty**

Our eye fell on a paragraph, in a fragment of a newspaper, telling about one Janice Meredith and Gen. George Washington—and it goes on to relate: How the General spoke and acted before he drank tea . . . “Ah.” thought ours truly, “one of Tom Lipton’s advertisements” ouch, indeed!

For it cannot be the Father of his Country drank Tea so soon after the Boston Tea Party? Why you might just as well expect to see “Humpy” Bourg hoisting iron-ore from Sun-Maid Raisins or T-Bone Slim munching Sun (barely) Kissed Oranges. It isn’t done. It just isn’t done!

Revise “Janice Meredith.”

\* \* \*

“Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.”—The occasion for that statement was a time when the slightest slackening of vigilance would have sent the “cause,” the whole program, into the limbo of perdition—such occasions crop up from time to time in the lives of men and, if, it happens, the emphasis of that statement be worn and faded folks will fail to realise the urgency of the appeal it contains.

The I. W. W. is in u strategical position, “raising a disturbance,” it is said, “at the point from whence capitalism derives its sustenance;” hence, it ise reasonable to think—and we know for a fact—it is not free from onslaught and interference, (that is to be expected) therefore: Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty today, as well as ever—no reduction in price has been quoted. That price will hold to the end of time, so far as we know. . .

Vote YES!

Capitalist Exploitation [ ].

Industrial Unionism [x].

N. B.—Vote for ONE only.

## 1925\_34\_IS\_25031925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**TALL TALKING AND TALL TIMBER**

–––––

“Lumber Jacking” is not exactly “a delightful pastime”—it is not, all, solid enjoyment. It is not a vocation tempered by balmy zephyrs or scents of magnolia—’tleast not in Minnesota—it is not a gradilosquent gestured . . .

It is something ordinary and substantial—hardly a fortnightly flirtation for saviors and idealists.—And, since the abolition of “lunches,” and the substitution of Meals 35 cts., it is even less a paradise and resembles less the halcyon days of treasured remembrance:

I told Jack to do the talking to the cook insofar as I felt sorely depressed and not able to raise my spirits to the surface, which he did—and soon they were exchanging happy recollections of the time they both were in the Minneapolis workhouse and the cook quite oblivious of what he was doing carried out doughnuts for us even while we absent mindedly dipped coffee for ourselves.

Just then the “walking boss” came in. With a glance we saw that he had never seen the inside of a work-house—much as he deserved it—and with a glance we saw he didn’t take kindly to our presence. . .

“We’re not hiring anybody,” he opens up; “we’re full-handed and, (looking hard at us) we don’t feed anybody.”

“I see you don’t,” injected Jack, looking at the doughnuts.

“But you’re fillin’ up, aint you?” snarled the’ walker.

“Trying to, trying to,” corrected Jack, hut I’m not having much success—you can see, yourself.”

“Well, there’s no use in bucking your luck—git out of this camp . . . and STAY put,” he added.

“Hold on, hold on,” pleads Jack, “we can’t leave until you pay us off— for today’s work.”

“Today’s work? Why, it’s only 9 o’clock now,” ejaculated the boss.

“That makes no difference. We’re here in the capacity of workers, not camp inspectors. We intended to go to work, and, according to American law, intent to commit work is as bad us the actual knack of performing the act— we intended to work three days,” explained Jack.

“Well I’ll be damned,” says the walker.”you’ve got three days coming—that’s the hell of it—you’ll still have it coming when you leave, but—don’t be in a hurry—it’s getting too late to go any place today, so you better stay here and rest up—and, when you leave, see the cook before you go. . . .” And so, still speaking encouraging words the mighty “walker” wheeled on his heel bent on climbing the frame of the first foreman that may stray into his “swath.”

And John and the cook returned to the matter of the Minneapolis work-house.

—T-b. S.

## 1925\_35\_IW\_25031925

**Family Entrance**

The front of Capitalism is O. K., all that we could ask for—the veneer—the veneer false, work, in front—but the backside? Ah! The backside, the alleyway—it is N. G. It is the front side of capitalism that pleases the eye; beguiles the nostrils— ravishes the senses. It is phoney. Like a corpse in a coffin, collar, tie and starched front—but no shirt — it is phoney, and not worth the expenditure of time, labor and money required to make it substantial, sane, safe and sound . . . Capitalism is now in a very disreputable state of disrepair— (I refer to the caves and caverns in the rear of “its gilded cafes” where “delicious dishes” dwell along with rodents, roaches and rubbIsh). Capitalism has befouled its rear . . .

It is a substitute—not even an adulteration—it is a genuine substitute for a good, pure and wholesome arrangement and, like most substitutes, it is inferior—colored artificially. seasoned with aromatic spices, perfumed with rosewater and draped with patriotism— but the stench from its rear is terrific. . . .

Unlike the new order being born. Quite.

In Duluth, I am reminded: I was hungry, they fed me; I was depressed, they made “a great ado” over me; I was cold, they purchased clothes for me; I was sick, they bought me pills—these are the harbingers of the new order, helpfulness. . .

But while yet the cold, clammy hand of death was upon me—as I thought—I got upon a street car and—and read an advertisement.: “You are cordially invited to visit this beautiful spot—FOREST HILL CEMETERY, 2516 Woodland Avenue.”—Unfortunately I had other pressing engagements and could not accept the invitation—but, I feel, the very cordiality of the “invite” gave me determination to conquer sickness and move over to Superior to put the finishing touches to disease. Duluth’s chlorinated drinking water further encouraged me to this act of—of desertion— (that’s all it is)—And, there’s such a thing as carrying cordiality too far—so early in the struggle for universal emancipation. But I am not unmindful of the services rendered, even, though I would discourage the “services-to-be-held”—and, therefore, in payment, I would counsel the citizens of Duluth to start digging wells for themselves e’er it is too late.

In this connection, while still feeling spooky over the Forest Hill advertisement, and before I start singing the praises of the New Order, may I remark that the death of Floyd Collins, trapped and scaled, in the depths of Sand Cave, Ky., has one consoling feature—he didn’t die of “the high cost of living or the low wage of working”—the world was before him but he couldn’t embrace it. He was trapped. Trapped! Trapped! D’you know, I sometimes feel trapped?—Give me room:

The caves and caverns at the rear of capitalist institutions are no less traps than the caving rocks in Sand Cave, Ky. But the hope of release is less—more maneuvers are required—organizations must be formed—power must be generated . . . Everything to be done.

Behind the glossed exterior lives the barbarism of the ages. Behind the thin coat of outward glow resides the putrefaction of centuries. Behind, and in under, the marble-slabs dwell the “dirts of time” undisturbed, uncleansed—a polished lie—that is Capitalism! and its by-product. A polished lie!

What a whale of a difference a few scents will make!

Here are a few examples . . . space and time forbids . . . hence we must—to the “point of perdition” and untimely end, (of this article) —to be sure.

Listen Lester! Hearken Hester! Notice Nestor! Five ball in the corner pocket!

The New Order? Ah, it may be one of many a kind, who can say, Ah!

We may decide to seal the whole front of capitalism with plate glass— neat letters on its Maine entrance, at the Rear—or we may decide to clean up the rear and alley and leave the front as it is.

One thing is certain. Something ought to be done . . . that is Capitalism.

## 1925\_36\_IW\_28031925

**Sympathize Here!**

The inauguration of T-Bone Slim to the swanpercy of the Mellen Lumber Co., on March 4 was a “tame affair:” Being very democratic, though republican by birth, Slim eschewes (God! I hope that word is right) eschewed all display and pomp. His inaugural address “of acceptance” was the shortest on record, just two words: “Whad-dayer Payin.”––in this he is much like Calvin Coolidge inaugurated to the presidency of North America on the same date–– Careful Cal he is called (affectionately) by those whose axe needs grinding. . . .

But insofar as my inauguration, like Pul-huskey (Pulaski) Slim’s vaccination, dinna ketch; and insofar as I was compulsorarily divorced from that job already––I feel I should have (from the wreckage) at least, the soubriquet––Silent Slim.

\* \* \*

Evolution:

I disremember just now who it was that invented evolution––It may be one of my earlier discoveries and then, again––I’m inclined to the belief that it was discovered by a bunch of ex-wobblies while “waiting for the harvest,” way back in––in . . . when they weren’t ex––But this, I remember: It has not been fully explained to the “masses,” as our competitors would say. Therefore, I shall proceed to explain it––you will please note I have nothing in either sleeve––and I shall use no confusing verbiage––and I shall explain it with just one word: GEORGE.

George Evolution is the full name––you all know George, surely––the guy that does––NAWTHING. Gnawthing!

\* \* \*

Famous “firsts:” I was the first fool to break trail (after the blizzard) from State Line to Star Lake––others may follow––Time: 24 hours, 30 minutes; distance 18 miles––can be made in 11½ miles––doubled miles 7, 8, 9. . .

Little knowledge is quickly told. Yes.

Each new day brings new knowledge. Hence, if you last the day out (without interrupted flow) your knowledge is beyond computation. But, much knowledge is beyond computation. But, much knowledge is not always a credit to a man; in fact, some form of knowledge, much or little, is a “debit.”

There are three kinds of knowledge: Wise, vain and foolish.

Little knowledge, if it be wisdom, (though quickly told) is worth more than the eternal prattle of vain platitudes and foolish sophistry. The despatch with which a thing is said, does not prove the quality of the knowledge imparted. Ex: It takes as long to say “two and two make four” as to state “all wealth belongs to labor”––yet both statements are knowledge.

\* \* \*

*Full many an electric light is destined to*

*bloom unseen*

*And waste its radiance upon the drying*

*sox.*

-Spokespierre.

\* \* \*

In the “beautiful No. 6,” camp of the Strange Lumber Co., I am trying to write this historical record, in semi darkness––necessarily it will be short––I have no flashlight. And I notice, a flashlight is no plaything––a letter, (with its aid) can be written, but it takes two men, one to hold the light.

You can’t see to read; you can’t see to write and, alas, you can see to take a few “tucks” with the needle, alas. . . .

About the only thing you can see to do is play the mouth organ––so don’t be surprised if this camp turns out scores of musicians––this winter.

Whatever possest Charlie Stange to run those light-wires down the middle of the bunkhouse, I don’t know? In his model camp, too?

And how in the world, did he get upwards of $80,000,000 ahead of the game?

*Full many an electric light is destined to bloom unseen*. . . . and no washhouse in “beautiful No. 6.”

\* \* \*

The eventual downfall of capitalism will be caused by empty Ketch-up bottles. How Come?

The labels on the empty bottles read thus forth: Not Colored Artificially; Contains No Poisons; Not Made From Rags, Rats, Mice, Lice and Vermin––and Filth––No Bensoate of Soda––No Arsenic––Not a Coffin in Gross, etc.

But the tin can from which they are refilled carries no labels––alas. We need another law, alas. The capitalist system, as it becomes more concentrated, will depend more and more upon law to guide “our” every move, incarcerating us and exterminating us, in a mad effort to maintain its equilibrium––the more laws, the more enemies it will have; and it wouldn’t surprise me in the least if some humorously inclined citizen one day would lean against it mischievously––not intending harm, gosh no––just to see the splash.

Empty Ketchup bottles will be the determining factor.

## 1925\_37\_IS\_01041925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**DISTRIBUTION**

–––––

Editor, you know me— wherever injustice abounds there fun I, like flies around a swill barrel a cook-car—you know me: Just now, editor, I am concerned with a deep injustice that is being perpetrated right in our midst— no sir, no sir, editor, I am not referring to stomach, no sirree—if you jumped to such conclusions, editor, you don’t know me—a deep injustice right in our midst is being perpetrated. It wouldn’t be so bad if it wasn’t perpetrated—you know perpetrated injustice is worse than premeditated injustice— I believe I’d as soon be castigated as suffer perpetrated injustice. Yes, I would—and I don’t blame some of these parasites for beginning to howl—no I don’t. You’d howl yourself editor, yes you would, if you were a victim of perpetrated injustice, in your midst, and neighborhood—sure you would, wouldn’t you?

Now wouldn’t you?

Yes sir editor, the parasites themselves are beginning to protest, yes they are—it seems that a few of them are getting as high as $2,000,000 per annum while the rest of ‘em ‘sgot to content themselves with 1-4 million dollars apiece, ‘taint right fellow worker editor, ‘taint right, is it? Of course it isn’t, is it?

I should think they’d have the manners to divide the loot more equiequitably ‘mongst their numbers (it wouldn’t cost us more) do you follow me editor, I mean that they should split the pot evenly ‘mongst all those that can prove they are bona fide parasites . . . . without further ado editor, I demand justice be here done—even as we have been done—and I demand that a check-rein be put on those $2,000,000 prize beauties— make ‘em whack-up with their less unfortunate compatriots and fraternal “fungi.”

Editoir: There’s where the millennium’s got to commence! We’ve got to rush to the aid of those underhogs! I raise my voice, editor, in behalf of those under-hogs, yes I do. I demand justice for those under-hogs.

\* \* \*

Once we have arranged for justice for those birds, hogs I mean—the rest will be easy. Next we can take up the railroad payroll:

The president (who does next to nothing) gets . . $200,000.

The vice-president (who works a little) gets . . . $125,000.

The superintendent (who works 4 hrs.) gets . . . $25,000.

The road-master (who works 6 hrs.) gets . . . $5,000.

The section-hand (who works 8 hrs.) gets . . . $1200.

The crossing-guad (who works 12 hrs.) gets . . . $480.

No sir, no sir, the moral is not “quit work,” no sir. The moral is organize (I put it here because we ain’t coming back).

The president receives almost as much in one day as n section man gets in one year. Is it any wonder that section men have to chase lumber companies’ pigs onto the right of way to the end, and in hopes, that an ore-jimmy (train) will run over them which happens often enough to serve all purposes and suit all ends??

Providentially, a section man is there, to cut the pig’s throat, after train has passed—and report same to Lbr.Co.

Often as not—often enough—the Lbr. Co. says. “We don’t want it.”

“All right,’” agrees section man, “then I’ll bury it.”

He does. He buries it in a barrel of salt. A decidedly precarious way of obtaining a livlihood—what would Jesus think of it?

I think we had better organize, I say. I think we had better organize. How about it, fellow worker editor, how about it? I put it squarely up to you editor. Are you in position to light-out after those privileged parasites? with both barrels, two columns wide, three-deep head—say:

ROYAL ROBBERS RAID RAVEN’S ROOST— put plenty of R’s in it—RAVENS REVOLT RAVENOUSLY—on the other hand—PARASITES PLAN POGROM— would not that be correct journalism?— I leave the case with you. I have every confidence in your sense of justice. My cry for justice (for parasites) shall not go unheeded—I want ‘em all used alike— no special favors to any. This custom of giving one parasite $2,000,000 per year and another a measly $500,000’s got to stop. I say, it’s got to stop.

## 1925\_38\_IW\_01041925

**THE S. A.**

SALVATION ARMY FUND CAMPAIGN SET IN VIRGINIA

“VIRGINIA. March 3.— (Special.) —The annual drive for funds for the Virginia Salvation Army unit will open Monday morning, March 9. and continue for three days, it was announced today by Judge Edward Freeman, chairman of the campaign.

“A quota of $3,400 is necessary to insure the operation of the Salvation Army in the Queen City. Virginia civic and fraternal organizations will co-operate with the committee in charge.

“The campaign committee, announced today by Judge Freeman, consists of Walter E. Martin, treasurer: H. E. Kelsey of the Lions club; Fred Hill of the Kiwanis club, Alexander Reid of the Rotary club, A. E. Bickford, representative of city and county offices and A. D. Heritage, representative of the Bailey Lumber Company.

“Preliminary arrangements for the campaign are being made by Robert E. Trager, Salvation Army representative.

“Organization of a women’s branch of the Salvation Army fund campaign, will take place some time this week, Mr. Trager said.”

\* \* \*

The S. A. Army is hanging tough!

But how come the Court, Martin, the Lions Club, the Kiwanis, the Rotary, the City and County offices, and the Bailey Lumber Co., are backing it up? “Laborious is the way of the rich man to heaven:” Is it possible that those have had a sincere change of heart and are, at last, on the road to the “lap of the lamb” where neither rust corrodes or fire wears away—their gold?

For many moons it has been a source of blighting apprehension to me, to see the Salvation Army making every effort to save those (poor) of whom it was said, “for such as theirs is the Kingdom of heaven”—(what in hell is the use of wasting time, and hallelujah, on those that have a cinch-hold on eternal life?)

And I have longingly waited for the army to turn its heavy batteries and prayers loose upon the rich who haven’t a shadow of a chance and now, hallelujah! I see the Virginia S. A. is going to remove $3,400 of the richman’s handicap—Glory be—and I hope, I most fervently hope, the Salvation Army will send its heavy and musical regiments “the rounds” among the Courts, City and County offices, Lions Club, Kiwanis, Rotary and Bailey Lumber Co. Sing: “Washed in the Blood” and “Where’s My Foundering Boy Tonight”—and stick to it until there isn’t a plugged nickle left in the whole bunch—the only way to save ‘em—get—the—money!

Aside, from that:

At one time I—yes, I, was in financial difficulties, but landing a job—the only place I could find lodging was at the S. A. Hotel. After working four days in my well known restless style the boss inquired for my address —the address of my palatial domicile. I was tempted to say “Blackstone” but thought better of it and decided to abide by the laws of Moses, regarding truth:

“I’m stopping at the Workingmen’s Palace.”

“Well, then,” says the friendly foreman, “I won’t mark it down, in the book—I’ll give you a chance to get another address.”

I wonder what’s the matter with the address I gave him—the S. A. must be O. K. if the Lions, Kiwanis and Rotary’s “back ‘em up,” as Jimmy Rohn would say. The Y. M. C. A. better look to Its laurels and fig leaves.

## 1925\_39\_IW\_04041925

**HISTORY**

Concrete:

O how labored is the speech

Of those who labor would miss-teach.

\* \* \*

T ruth is homely — more’s the pity — as homely as a side of a barn.

\* \* \*

Voltaire, garrulous Voltaire, when he wrote the History of the World used seven words: “Men are born, they suffer, they die.” Anatole France wrote them for him—(I’m writing this).

\* \* \*

Why so many words? Why not more? Why not be accurate, thus: men are, born, laugh once and croak. The lone “laugh” presupposes torture. Hence, amended, “Men are born, are tortured, are murdered.”—”Happiness is an accident.” Huh! Nothing of the Kind. It is something the Managers of Misery overlooked—Carelessness that’s what it is—or something “the cat” dragged in.

Apology \* \* \*

I’m the pump that is daily drained—and then, along comes a native of distant lands and says: “Water my plugs.”

Take ‘em down to Bad Medicine lake, sez I.

\* \* \*

“The women thronged to look

but never a one

Showed sorrow in her

eyes of steely blue;

And little lads, lynchers

that were to be.

Danced ‘round the dreadful

thing in fiendish glee.”

Poetry, what! Claude McKay, ace of spades, said it. “Eyes of steely blue? H’m. No hazel-eyed “wenches” were present. Oh you Poetry!

\* \* \*

A distinct “atmosphere of optimism” (hot air) prevails on the slave market in Chicago and all points east, west \* \* \*

The optimism is all in the air—the slaves are unaffected by it.

\* \* \*

Frail ladies, propelled by powerful legs, hurry to their employments through the doldrums of unemployed men.

Unemployment, therefore, is as masculine is it is real.

\* \* \*

Frozen meats turn black in 15 minutes, when thawed. Labor is “liable” to turn black this spring. It is waiting for the “Chinook.” On the level, my masters, I’m afraid you are over doing it.

\* \* \*

If this keeps on, the Wobblies, despite their organization, will find themselves out of work—so far, more mutts than men have suffered.

\* \* \*

But, even THO—There is no cause for despair! Livings can be made in 17 ways. \* \* \* Let us remember the 17,000 times we didn’t starve; the 963 times we didn’t freeze; the 19,370 times we didn’t sweat and the 16,000 times we never “carried the banner”— ingenuity, gentlemen, ingenuity. Keep the upper lip stiff.

Atmosphere of optimism! Count the times you didn’t die, nor cry, nor lie down—or do any or all these things \* \* \*

Read the signs (no shipment today).

No, Not on the boards! Ain’t you ever gonna learn? Keep your face away from the boards. Pass through the crowds and gaze into the eyes of the unemployed—it is printed there in big letters, “No shipment today.” You don’t have to look at the boards. Gaze at the faces of your fellow men!

Read:

Want, Doughnuts, Sickness, Despair — the history of Capitalism in four words.

And then \* \* \*

Go out and organize.

P. S.— Mch 25th at hand:

To liquidate the I. W. W. is like spreading concrete on bread—it will tear your “bread” all to Helmar’r’r’r. “*But if we should*, as a result of the internecine struggle, go down into defeat before the combined onslaught of the Communist party and the Capitalist class, it will be the blackest spot on the blackest page of treachery and crime in the American labor movement.” (My sentiment precisely). But, it will not be. The base for future *resistance* is already laid and the “comrades” will be spared the odium of being successful traitors.

## 1925\_40\_IS\_08041925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**THE PASSING SHOW**

–––––

(A souperfishal eggshamination cornducted into a soup-cellar (sub-cellar) by the author at Milwaukee, Wis., while the souphounds, hugging their “identies” (passes) were trailing down to the feast––a decideadly “soupy” supposition.)

Let’s go:

Soupposing som soupernatural souperintendent soupercillously soupprest soup!

Soup! souperb soup! Soupblime soup!

Soup erlative soup––Soupposing!

And soupposing the SOUPer-MEN, soupprised, souppliantly soupplicate the SOUPPREME SOUP-BONE for soupport, soupstenance and soupstance.

And souppose the SOUPPREME SOUPERIOR souplements the “soupprest soup” with soupterranean soupulchres, as soupstitute––to said soupceptibe soupbordinates and unsoupspicious soupbalterns and loyal-soupjects.

And soupposing, souprequetly, the soupersticious soupurhan soupfragettes and unsoup[lucky] soupreme’s soupply the mellifluent notes of We Shall Meat––bye and bye (Note! “O” and “meat” is silent in “soup”). Would that, O mighty editor, be soupfishient grounds to soupspect that our soupfaring (suffering) is souperinjuiced and that we should organize to get the rest––the rest––the REST . . . of the good things of life (very “festful they are). I pause for reply.

Soupserviantly yours,––T-bone S.

(P. S. May I call this a cuss-word puzzle?)

## 1925\_41\_IW\_08041925

**SENSE OF PROPORTION**

Fellow Workers:

As much as I hate to go into the barn—so early -in the morning—I see it must be done if we’re gonna get those logs out—and, I act accordingly. . . But there is time (after I have dressed the horses) for scientific research— (we all can’t be organizers)—some of us got to do the dirty work. Some of us is got to, simply Got To, keep track of the “sense of proportion.” Therefore, I, T-Bone Slim shall, as I stand admiring the business-end of the company’s team, proceed to shun the lower branches of higher learning and take up mathematics—figurative acrobatics—forthwith: . . . (and fifth width:)

How much horsepower does it take to organize the lumber workers?

You think I’m stuck, don’t you? Well, I’m not. Don’t interrupt.

A “horsepower” is the amount of energy that it takes to lift 33,000 pounds to the height of one foot in one minute of time (half a car, of logs, twelve inches in 60 seconds). That’s horsepower.

How much do the lumber workers weigh? (We can’t tell how much horsepower it takes to organize them until we first find out how heavy they are).

One lumberjack weighs 175 pounds—two weight 350 lbs.—fifty, (that’s an average camp) weigh 8,750 pounds; more than 4 short tons. There’s 4,000 camps. 4,000 times 8,750 . . . say editor, will you hand me the “lightning calculator” or burro’s—multiplier, (I ain’t exactly stuck but I’m getting into some steep figures) —I should have stuck to “tons” or rough estimates. Thanks

Four thousand times eight thousand seven hundred and fifty . . . say, that looks like one of those -week-day titles of Czar Nicholas before abbreviation became a habit in Rooshia; put it this way: 4,000 (camps) times 8,750 pounds (of “manpower”) equals 35,000,000 pounds. Who’d have thunk—there’s that many million pounds of lumberjacks in America working every day, besides the millions of pounds of lumberjacks in town or on the way out!

Who’d have thunk it! Gosh! Gee!

Gee, Gosh!

Fellow Workers, we, Slim, Absolutely and T-ToTally refuse to vouch for the truth of those figures—we vouched for some figures on a “time-check” once, and they had us in jail for a week—until the figures could be verified; and remember, this is mathematics-higher learning—truth belongs to a branch of lower learning. . .

Are you satisfied?

Seven hundred and fifty words already, and nothing said yet! Oh, well . . . higher learning! That’s the way it is. (shrug).

Where was we at—oh yes:

A delegate weighs 170 pounds, five pounds less than a lumberjack—that’s because he loses sleep. . . . It takes six (6) delegates to equal one (1) horsepower, 33,000 pounds.—33,000 (lbs.) divided by 6 (delegates) equals 5,555. Thus you see, the horsepower of a delegate is 5,555 lbs. lifted one cubic foot in one cubic minute—of time, of course—we ain’t gyppoing. (Remember: I’m talking about delegates. The horsepower may seem high, to you—I can’t help that). Now, there’s 35,000,000 lbs. of lumberjacks (working) they’re 70 inches high. A h. p. will lift 33,000 lbs. one inch in one minute—to uplift them to their full height we would be required to lift . . . 70 times 35,000,000 lbs., that’s right in the neighborhood of two billion four hundred and fifty million (2,450,000,000) lbs. But we’re not lifting ‘em, we’re organizing. I mention this merely to show how easy it is to go wrong in the realm of higher learning why, a man might get the idea “it can’t be done.”

That would be discouraging, indeed! ‘Twould.—Then again, a lumberjack lives (with good luck) seven or eight years; a year has many minutes, 525,600, to be exact—if You was lifting “lumber” you would have to lift him (them) all those minutes (like catching pike, you couldn’t leave any slack in the line) let’s see: 525,600 times 2,450.000,000 h. p. equals . . . (deleted by the editor, at the request of the mathematician, at unfit for publication) and then you multiply that by eight years. That will give you the total horsepower required to lift the lumberjacks.

But, as I said before, we’re organizing—not lifting. All right, we’ll go back to the “iced-road”—we’re on the “kick-back” . . . and, knock down a few of those humps on the way:

When anything is to be done it is important that plenty of help abounds. For instance: It takes six men to lift a ton. Now, if four men are sent to pick it up, how far will they throw it? That’s one hump. That’s enough. They’re not going to throw it very far.

We know a delegate is capable of lining up 500 men, we know that—nothing mysterious about that. It’s on the books, in black and white, and acid will not erase it.

We know the weight »f the lumberworkers—thanks to mathematics—35,000,000 lbs., working. We know the horsepower of a delegate—5,555 lbs.

We know, or should know, that it requires 400 delegates to do this work—all organized, working in unison—we, know this. Therefore:

To find how much horsepower it takes to organize the lumber workers, multiply the h. p. of a delegate, 5,555 lbs. by 400, which gives you the total . . . 2,222,000 lbs.

Add horsepower to this and send a few delegates after the jacks camp inspecting or in town . . . I believe we can generate at least 4,000,000 lbs. of horsepower. ‘S worth trying.

Let the delegates get together—may their tribe increase.

## 1925\_42\_IW\_11041925

**They’re All Quitters?**

*To be sung with distinct drawl draggingly.*

The Czar is dead (he lost his head)

No more will we hear him snore––

He broke his pick, (t’was a low-down trick)

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

CHORUS

He ain’t gonna reign no more, no more;

He ain’t gonna reign no more––

We’ll all get a rest (when we clean his nest)

He ain’t gonna reign no more.

The Feudal Lord has lost his sword––

He’s through with his “kingly chore”

(He gave three cheers for the financeers)

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

The Duke of Trust is about to bust,

And acts like a person sore––

He’ll leave his “things” to industrial kings

And ain’t gonna rule no more.

Productions’ chief is full o’ grief

No more does it PAY to roar––

The working class will revoke his “pass”

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

Ambitions come! Ambitions go!

Ambitions sink and soar––

But each such Ace has a broken mace;

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

When leadership, with a “massive brow,”

Gets lost on the banquet floor

The “rough-neck bunch” has an awful hunch––

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

The Savior’s angry . . . (mad clear through)

And howls for a keg of gore;

The folks all think that he needs a drink––

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

In Holland lives a Cord-wood King

His name is “Hohenshore”

He’s Kaiser Bill (but he never will)

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

The polly-tician lost his goat,

His silvery locks he tore––

He’s out of luck––jes’ a pore lame-duck.

He ain’t gonna rule no more.

Note––(He also tore his pants).

PART II.

Ambitions come! Ambitions go!

Ambitions sink and soar––

But one ambish, (It’s the workers’ wish,)

Is now gonna rule once more.

CHORUS

Oh IT’S gonna Reign some more, some more––

Oh IT’S gonna Reign once more,

To end all crime––to the “End of Time.”

Oh IT’S gonna Reign once more!

Old things will pass, with the Age of Gas

And institutions hoar––

When Toil treks home to reclaim its OWN––

Oh it’s gonna reign once more.

P. S.––Some people rule in an impersonal way, purely from altruistic or misguided motives or upon instructions––for the good of the “ruled,” regardless if the “ruled” perish because and of the unhappy nature of their ministrations . . . the author recognizes this, but the poet doesn’t.

What can we do about it?

It looks’s if there’s gonna be a shortage of rulers.

Next to impossible to get them to serve.

## 1925\_44\_IW\_15041925

**The Last Chord**

Five o’clock in the morning,

That’s when they “toot” the horn;

To give the loggers “fair warning”

Mankind is born to morn

It’s just a safety-first “measure,”

Not a blow “mean and wrong”—

The company fears “they would RUIN thei kidneys,”

By sleeping long.

CHORUS:

“Ding Dang. Ding Dang—Dang it, my insoles are gone!

Ding Dang, Ding Dang—waiting for breakfast—and d-a-w-n.

Ding Dang. Ding Dang—Dang it, they’ve stolen my brawn!

Ding Dang, m’lousy check will be for gingseng drawn.

Note— An error in the first line, can you find it?

Wha’at! You can’t?

Come with me. I’ll show you: “Five o’clock” comes only in the afternoon (days) and after midnight (nights) —never in the morning; excepting when the clock is slow. Morning is the first half of day, not the last half of night. Watch that!

It is important that labor become well founded on this phase of chronology—look, at your “Ingersol”—don’t watch the clock . . . (reason given in another article).

All right, professor:

Eight o’clock in the evening

That’s when the lights grow dim—

Just like the “masters young thieveling,”

“Jacks,” are abed—tucked in.

It’s not a saving of coal-oil,

Nor e’en a deed of hate—

The company fears “they will RUIN their eyesight”—

By Reading Late.

CHORUS:

Ding Dang. Ding Dang—Dang it, the lights are gone!

Ding Dang, Ding Dang— Nothing to do but yawn.

Ding Dang, Dang Dang—Dang it, they’ve stolen by brawn!

Ding Dang, m’lousy check will be for gingseng d’awn.

Note—First line of second verse is proper Irish—it’s “Eight o’clock in the evening,” not eight o’clock in the afternoon (as the bosses would have us believe). Eight o’clock comes in the forenoon (days) and in the evening (nights) —never before supper—if supper has not been delayed, or estrayed—estranged.

Labor should make it a point to study these philosophies: work a little days, enjoy evenings and sleep nights—don’t mixed ‘em up. Remember, night is a part of the “day-before,” hence, there is no sense in getting up yesterday to do today’s work—today will be early enough—getting up last night to tackle today’s breakfast is like borrowing from the past. Live in the present. Die in the future.

Last Note—Note, since so many boiler-makers, molders, fishermen, firemen and bartenders undertook to cook and since they are not buglers from overseas, the horn doesn’t sound “ta tatata ta, the tatata traa”—it goes: “Ding Dang, Ding Dang—Dang it . . (Altogether!) “Ding” . . . ( Everybody!! ) Let’s sing!

## 1925\_43\_IS\_15041925

**T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

**RISING IN THE WORLD**

I see they’re still at it.

They’re still miss-in-forming and mal-advising the young––tellin’ them there’s “always room on top. . . .” First thing they’ll know, they’ll have the place so crowded we won’t have room to turn around––to say nothing about doing any work––with all those kids getting in the way. Editor, I want you to put in a kick against such bare-faced miss-representation and naked prevarication, in your columns––call a halt to all such missleadership playing upon the trustfulness of our youth; those in the first and second childhood, editor––call them liars, and tell ‘em I told you to. The very ideah! A bunch of too by for purrfessors, a raft of cub reporters and twenty-four-dollars a-week cartoonists gets up and tells aforesaid children about the “open spaces” on top––can you imagine! Tell ‘em to sit down and shut up.

When did they visit the top? Ask ‘em, editor––since they seem to know so much about the elbow room. Go ahead, editor, the logic is with us––their talk is pure hearsay. The nearest they’ve ever been to the top was “upstairs, in de base ment,” as Joe Grow would say. They know absolutely nothing about the top, never have and never will––you tell ‘em.

Why they’re worse than streetcar conductors––”Step up in front,” with the car packed––I’m telling you, editor, the place is full up––sleeping on the floor––has been all winter and some lumberjacks are beginning to do talk of “staying down below” next winter and yield the floor to first and second childhoods––yes, they are––thousands of ‘em. –– If there were more of ‘em I would mention it, yes I would. But it’s bad enough as it is.

I’d like to see ‘em all on top again, next winter . . . where’d we leave that car––that streetcar?––Oh yes, “full up in front.”

I’ve seen signs in cars urging, “to eliminate congestion, step up in front” and I’ve seen steady streams of sensible-looking people drop their contribution into the box, step up in front and be crowded out at the next stop––minus seven cents, watch, six teeth and one hat––and I’ve heard them utter the most beautiful Ianguage. I’ve stood spell-bound by their eloquence for hours and hours, only taking time now and again to watch other prospective passengers, full of hope––or dope––making a mad dash to get action on their seven cents.

And I’ve said to myself, the pay-as-you-enter is the clear catsnip––on a busy day, on a busy corner, a car could take up a goodly collection without turning a wheel. The citizens would rush up to the rear, roll out at the front––some of them would repeat in hopes of throwing out an anchor inside, and, thus, staying the onward rush of the advancing human avalanche.

And I’ve said to myself, “Slim,” says I, “what’s the matter with plugging up the front end, so they can’t fall off?”

Slim was thoughtful a moment.

“That would cut into the company’s profits too much,’ says he.

“But Slim,” says I, “that would solve the corngestion.”

“How would it?” questioned Slim.

“Simple. After the car got full, no more could get on until somebody fought his way out.”

“That wouldn’t solve the congestion, it would aggravate it,” opines Slim.

“The hell it would,” says I, out of patience, “economic determinism would then bear on the question––the company wouldn’t hold its cars still while somebody was fighting his way out, nothing coming in––nor would it carry them all to the end of the line, or all day around the loop. It would see the desirability of filling its cars just so full only––comfortably full––it would pass by extra passengers in favor of room to let one off . . . .”

Slim, of course; wouldn’t admit I was right (he hates to praise me to my face, fearing I’d get the swelled head) but he did say, “Kid, you’ve got your Karl Marx down pat,” and I could see he was deeply chagrined.

The same applies to “always room on top.’

T-Bone Slim.

P. S.––Once upon a time when I was “shacking up” in a piece-maker shack at Kettle River–– one morning (as I was cooking cornmeal mush) I was visited by a bear. The door was open. “How ‘oof ar’r’r you,” greeted the bear.

I happened to think of, of––”always room on top.” Suiting action to words, I jumped up, grabbed the crosspiece overhead and shot feet-first through the sky-light. More room up there.––But when the bear strolled, leisurely, to the back of the shack and started shinning up, the “maneuvering chance” on the ground appealed to me so strongly that I jumped down and got my gun. We had bear steak for breakfast.

MORAL: If the bear had stayed on the ground it could have had our mush and welcome––we would have had no breakfast––mebbe wouldn’t need any!

## 1925\_45\_IW\_18041925

**LO, THE SCRIBE**

I, T-bone Slim, author by the grace of “a crying need,” and humpbacked by virtue of having worked at the Galewood freight-house ten days, do hereby take the readers into full, free and unlimited confidence:

We have been ambitious—like Ceasar.

We are still ambitious—like Ceasar.

And we propose to remain ambitious—until we die of overwork—like Ceasar didn’t. All our life, so far—we have had three ambitions:

First, to be “different.”

Second, to write the best poem—just one.

Third, to be a party to all current heartache, want and oppression—we desire no special privilege. (And now, oo la la, Vera Moller has gotten “off the center” and beat me to it, with the poem “When Fiends Laugh Loudest,” O Oh la la—I melt with grief).

Being an author, in distinct contravention to my ambitions, because of peculiar circumstancial “demands,” it may be that I will be pardoned for discussing Ambition No. 3, viz: “to be a party to all heartaches, etc.,” to participate in all hopes and fears and other great disturbances that rimwrack the human stethoscope. And being a writer I must anticipate and partake of the disappointment and sorrow of other writers—I must grieve with them lament with them and altogether perform as if I had been the victim of their misfortune. My duty is clear. Not only must I help them with their sorrowing, but I must aid them to overcome their sorrow.

My duty is double; but not doubly clear. What can be the cause of their sorrow? There is only one cause for sorrow, failure.

Success is never a grieving matter (and tears in connection, indicate the presence of happiness, onions or cinders).

Failure it is then that causes writers to mourn.

Well then, if that’s the case, I, with my greater experience, must “prompt” those struggling writers in the ways of successful penmanship, penwomanship and penchildrenship.

I believe that is settled.

First—the first qualifications for a successful writer is a red-card, in a hip pocket; in the case of a lady, as near the hip as practicable. That will prove the presence of sufficient brains—brains really are the first qualification but since they are synonomous with Wobblie “tickets” we will not make an ourang-utang of ourselves by harrangueing further on that score.

Second: Obtain a specimen of good penmanship. Get yourself a model of classic literature—and study it until you know it by heart, including punctuations. The I. W. W. Preamble is best for that purpose—especially that part of it that says, “so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people.” Note: It says “so long,” not “as long”—That’s the “grammer,” (pronounced gran’ma) of it.

When you’ve got that, you’re a writer—you can now commence laying awake nights—earning your living days, preferably with your feet or shoulders so’s to keep your writing fingers pliable. (Keep away from a spike-maul and wheel-barrow).

You’re now a writer—a great writer—without question. The inquiring multitude will read your stuff and understand every word; with the result that you are strong in their strength, a most positive factor in the world of events—a medium for great good —you are clear. And as time flies you become clearer—either that or your readers get more penetrating, mebbe a little of both But—

A time will come when you doubt your ability, just like I did—it is then you must undergo a test. Send a story or two to a literary contest—like I did.

You will now begin to lose flesh. The august judges will ponder and ponder, cock their eye toward the ceiling, compress their lips, purse their eyes and mop sweat . . . and the flesh will simply roll “off of you.” Your friends will think: “It’s his conscience,” “You’ve kermitted a crime or corntracted a secret disease. . . I tell you this final test is the worst thing about literature . . . I’m waiting for a decision right now, a shadow of my former glorious self, and twice as critical.

You’ve entered a story. Good!

Your continuation as a writer will now depend on the judges’ decision.

You will either be discouraged or exalted. So, let me tell you, if the judges, in all their wisdom, award you “the prize” you had better try paper-hanging, plain hanging, peddling papers or rolling cigarettes—your “line of communication” is broken—your usefulness is at an end—your career as a writer is finished—your whole life is blighted and your friends will flea you as they would a pest. . .

That is the Test—for is it not written in the book of life, “it is given but to a few to understand horses.”

P. S.—Written pending decisions Feb. 2, 1925.

## 1925\_46\_IS\_22041925

**T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

**CONGRESSMEN AND KIDS**

–––––

Says The American “Questioned concerning allegations of Mrs. Frank D. Scott, that drunken orgies were the chief pastime of some congressmen in Washington, former Congressm a n Volstead . . . . . declared that the days of drunken congressmen are gone forever.”

He said: “I have seen the day in Congress when men on the floor were so drunk they couldn’t stand.” (Can you imagine! “couldn’t stand”? were sitting down? on hands and knees or lying PRONE on the floor?)––”I have witnessed scenes that would disgust an ordinary barroom enacted on the floors of the House and speeches made under the influence of liquor that were ridiculous.”

Ah, then “the prohibition act” was the result of a drunken orgy! And, if prohibition is good, a law should be passed to compel congressmen to remain drunk during sessions––you argue like a fish! No wonder the I. W. W. is “running away with the bacon.”

\* \* \*

We, “Jack,” my partner, and I were swamping away, all unconcerned like, when all of a sudden we heard a childish voice––right in the woods––baby voices––right at the point of production; the little fellow was singing a song––(that contented was he)––the song was: “Just break the snus to m’m’mother.” The Kid was cold. That evening the jacks, always considerate, took an inventory of the child’s clothing. He was wearing:

“One mackinaw, a mackinaw jumper, a sweater, a leather vest, another sweater, a shirt, another one, suit of woolen underwear, another one, B. V. D.’s under that––and diapers.”––The latter may be propaganda, slipped in by a soured lumberjack––kids twelve years old don’t wear **bandages**. Clothes make the man but how to disguise that maple sugar voice? There’s a problem.

The lumber barons are only a little slower than the farmer in exploiting child labor––it has started––and, as on the farms, it is not a question of helping **daddy** with the **dishes** or helping **mater** with the chores––it’s a question of substituting frail childhood for hardened adult. . . It’s a question of putting two children in a “bundle-rack” instead of one man. It’s not a question. It’s a crime.

\* \* \*

We, the L. W. I. U. in middle states, should have **at least one delegate for each ten camps**––there are over 4,000 camps––we should have at least 800 (hundred) delegates; 400 hundred in full eruption, at all times. Show me 800 delegates––to get along with less and do business (no matter how good they are) is like feeding 10,000 bums with ten sandwiches––we ain’t Christ––the sandwiches would have to be durn big. **Nor are we Ford.**

––Ford has one strawboss for each six men.

**Nor are we government.**

––Government embraces one out of twelve men. If we had one delegate to each ten camps (fifty men being average) that would be only one for every five hundred men. Not a high percentage.

\* \* \*

Too many skinners in the loading crew––Strange.––I’m driving tow-team, skidding team, holding two offices; leading double life, so’s to murmur –– top-man, a noted horseman yells “hurry up.”––I did.––I didn’t stop till I got to the far-away Grandon.

Two many bullcooks driving sleigh-teams––how do I know this? From the conversation?––Until far into the night they talk “sleighs, wrappers, cross-chains, pitches, knolls and swamps––an old teamster would disdain to talk about them (all night)––He’d have something more remarkable to wrestle with (in his dreams). A beginner talks shop: an old skinner talks “engines’“ and “separators” and tractors––and unionism.

\* \* \*

If I had to be one or the other, I would rather be a “bull” in a small town than a mayor of a city––But I would so try to live each day that I wouldn’t have to stay in front of the drugstore all the time––I would dare to “look around a little.”

I find I have wasted **one big part** of the winter needlessly––I’ve been on the jump unnecessarily.

Just the other day I left **Shawano**’s camp under the impression that it was going to close; you see, the breakfast table ran shot of **hotcakes**––so, naturally, I thought it was the wind up. . . Now, I find it didn’t close at all and I’ve a mind to go back there.

I find the reason for the hotcake shortage was this: The gasoline engine had broken down; the bull cook wouldn’t pump water––there was plenty of flour, but no water to mix it with. Hence the Hotcake Panic.

A fellow should never jump till he hears all the evidence. Make ‘em fire you!––T-b. S.

## 1925\_47\_IS\_25041925

**T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

**SKEPTIC**

–––––

If Anton Flettner took his idea for “rotor-sails” (including positive and negative pressure) from “theories” respecting antics of aeroplanes (that they are “sucked up”— word making it clear—) may I not suggest that a revolving baseball traveling “on a line” is sucked to one side or another depending on -the- direction it is “revolved,” (spinning) — up, down, or sideways with equal facility—since the augmented speed of Flettner’s Rotor Ship, equals the “off-set” in the “curve” travelled by the ball, app. 20 per cent—baseball being handicapped (being ta[pp]red at the extremity points of “suction,” causing vacuum to get a “mouthful of air” instead of ball) whereas Anton’s sawed-off “column” conserves the full force of vacuum (?).

Tho principle is even the same as being hit by a car: The positive pressure of the air in front doesn’t hurt you as much as the negative car—in that ease, in that ease, to be sure.

And now, since it is finally decided that labor “ain’t gonna organize” for more gjng-seng, I suggest we challenge Capitalism to a game of baseball, crap, or pool—or rummy.

Forgive me T. P.—I don’t believe a word Flettner says.

—Flettner’s “rotor sails” would be more “efficient” still, if they were modeled after a lady’s corset: It would have a tendency of creating a regular “pocket” of suction that would stay by the ship till the last sailor had starved to death munching sea-biscuit and salt horse — or had choked to death over vacuum created by plumi-duff, once n week — on Thursdays.

\* \* \*

Even in the case of ordinary sails, the suction is there—but it “drifts” off to one side being unable to “make fast” to the belly of the sail, which is rounded like a sailor’s on “shore leave.” Hence, applying Flettner’s principal to canvass, all you have to do is “poke the belly in” and carry it aft of the line of gravity between the crow’s nest and the tallow bucket beginning, (below) forward of an imaginary line between port and starboard rat lines— I hope I’m clear— thus creating, or helping the negative pressure to aide in the “hollow” of the sail and pull the ship while the wind would push “on the belly”—thus, performing for all the world like two cops grappling for a Indiamans timberman” —one pushing and one pulling.

Let us sing:

Brightly beams our father’s mercy

From the **beer sign** on the shore

Old Manhattan and New Jersey—

Sandy Hook and Mission floor

Etc. . . .

T-b. S.

## 1925\_48\_IW\_25041925

**GOTZON MORGLUM**

While I do not know Fellow Worker Borglum personally. I have been given to understand that he is not an I. W. W.—(yet) — But, insofar, as I recognize in him a toiler, a producer, a creator—an artist—a great sculptor, I feel my pencil might be led farther astray lest I discuss, however gingerly, the late developments in the “smashing of those studio models” reported to have been done by the passionate Gotzon—the temperamental Borglum.

It seems that he had been “selected by ability” to “do” the Confederate Memorial upon the face of Stoney Mountain and it seems that “he was spending too much time elsewhere” to suit those who have delegated themselves bosses of his artistic output—production.

Very thoughtless of Gotzon I’m sure—in this age of high-pressure.

It seems that his nose wasn’t up against the grindstone—Stoney Mountain—snug enough to suit the *knowledgeful* committee and it was decided by them—by the fully-sophisticated committee-—to discipline this “go as please artist,” doing acres of sculption, by getting someone else to take his ideas and put over an imitation thus conforming with the tendency of the times—they reckoned without the vitriolic Gotzon.

His ideas, true, were embalmed in the studio models, but when Gotzon got through with ‘em they looked more like Murphysboro after the tornado — only worse—and, alas, it was impossible to have some thought-paupered-faker finish the job of carving-up that frowning precipice.

\* \* \*

While I believe Gotzon had no right to let his goat roam at rampage, I hasten to assure him that no court in this depraved world will decide in my favor—he is safe. Already his fellow artists are rushing to his moral aid and semi-lucid professors are very, very, guardedly smirking “justification,” on the principle of property-rights to ideas. We will not discuss that.

We are concerned with the fact that Gotzon declined to become a slave to so powerful a force; withdrew his art from the market and refused, point blank, effectively and finally, to be a party to foisting a hurried, inferior product on the trusting public—in his case “hurry up John” fell upon contrary ears—and, as a result, future generations will gaze upon a real work of art or they will raise a monument to the man who dared to be a true artist and dared to do his work in his own way.

What is behind all this we of course do not know. The press dispatches are meager—unreliable—and we should not take-on so, for that reason—

But if the press dispatches are half true it is to tickle our funny bone. We always did take kindly to the sight of our “divine” supervisors running into a full-grown snag. Gotzon Borglum is a brave man.

## 1925\_49\_IW\_29041925

**T-BONE SLIM SKEPTIC**

If Anton Flettner took his idea for “rotor-sails” (including positive and negative pressure) from “theories” respecting antics of aeroplanes (that they are “sucked up”— word making it clear—) may I not suggest that a revolving baseball traveling “on a line” is sucked to one side or another depending on -the- direction it is “revolved,” (spinning) — up, down, or sideways with equal facility—since the augmented speed of Flettner’s Rotor Ship, equals the “off-set” in the “curve” travelled by the ball, app. 20 per cent—baseball being handicapped (being ta[pp]red at the extremity points of “suction,” causing vacuum to get a “mouthful of air” instead of ball) whereas Anton’s sawed-off “column” conserves the full force of vacuum (?).

Tho principle is even the same as being hit by a car: The positive pressure of the air in front doesn’t hurt you as much as the negative car—in that ease, in that ease, to be sure.

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\* \* \*

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Let us sing:

Brightly beams our father’s mercy

From the **beer sign** on the shore

Old Manhattan and New Jersey—

Sandy Hook and Mission floor

Etc. . . .

T-b. S.

## 1925\_50\_IP\_00051925

**AMENDED COMMANDS**

Never play slot machines before breakfast — make sure of the breakfast first.

It isn’t a sin to eat sausage on Friday; it’s nothing but sawdust anyhow. Use your “own discression.”

Don’t watch the clock—it’s three minutes fast mornings and seven minutes slow evenings. . . . .

—T-Bone Slim.

## 1925\_51\_IP\_00051925

**Jerusalem Redestroyed**

By T-BONE SLIM

THE saddest words, on tongues of men, are these——perhaps——”It might have been.”

Perhaps, indeed! For . . . .

For sadder words are spoken. Words that defy description. Words that denote all the agony of failure, defeat, retreat—aye rout and despair, “I HAD A CARD.”

Can you imagine anything more heartrending? “I HAD A CARD—I was a man once ‘t. I fought for freedom. I was a Wobbly —Now, I’m nothing . . . . . nothing . . . nothing. . . . The road is long, the way is rough —I am weary. I’m alone. Nothing. Nothing in my pocket . . . (to pull out and look at) — **How many times of yore** I used to pull it out on the lonesome trail, “you my pard — while the owl wondered who . . . who . . . who am I— **I wasn’t alone then**!

Gosh no, there was four of us------

A jungle fire, a chew of snuff —and thou . . . . my card . . . . and I. Four? Now? Nothing, zero!

**I will rise and go to my father’s house.**

There are Wobblies. There are fellow workers.

I will leave this mental edifice that is falling about my ears— I will go back.

I can’t go back? Why not? The trail is lost? No, nor I. . . . . The hell I can’t. . . . . Stop me!

I’ on my way. And . . . . .

I will eat that fatted calf, Capitalism — a lumbering cow by this time. . . . . . I would dine. I would feast— the tougher the better, I’m hungry——my spirit yearns food.

The banquet awaits, my lords.

## 1925\_52\_IW\_06051925

**HARKING BACK**

Remember the time way back in— let’s see—way back in (it seems like an age) in 1924, when we were in the harvest field?

Remember it?

What? You don’t? Good Lord! Is it that long ago? Well! Well! Well! So you have forgotten it? How time flies!

When T-bone Slim pulled $4.50, a full day’s product for a full day’s work, from his pocket—and you accused him of being a hi-jack (bent on bankrupting the farmers) and you argued that “any man who has more than 35 cents is dishonest”—have you forgotten that already

When you low-rated my purrsonality down to the very lowest stratum of piracy on seas of golden grain—only the grain wasn’t waving anymore, it was shocked; and I had the $4.50 to prove it, as I remember it. Do you remember those pork chops and eggs? Wha-at? You don’t? With the white meat, slightly spotted with ashes like milady’s neck — unavoidable, let me assure you, as was the scorching on one side — and those eggs? Ah, rebels! How could you forget those eggs? Those eggs — those beautiful eggs? With their great big brown eyes looking at you in restful wonderment? In the pan?

Remember, how we gazed into the depths of those eyes and how peaceful and pure we felt afterwards— our soul distended to the utmost . . . (maximum) my mistake . . . we felt like going uptown and kissing the marshal on the ear.

And when that $4.50 “gave out”—and other 4.50’s—and a great gloom spread over the republic—remember it? How short your memory is?

When I went to the butcher? And the butcher said, “Peace, peace, Slim, you break me all up with your rendition of your rending tale,” and when I tried to thank him he said, “that’s all right, Slim, we gotter help one another —the granger will pay for this, Slim—and Slim.” he added dreamily, “tell the boys to remember me when they get on the job—tell ‘em to be militant and demand lots of meat, Slim— we’ve all gutter eat, Slim—we’ve all gutter live, Slim”—and he wiped away the tears and wrapped up a rosey ring of boloney—Remember it? And the sky clouded up again and it began to rain? And the old-heads all got the rheumatism—alas —that ain’t all they got (the blow was a hard one) they got a notion in their heads that, in their old age, they can compete with the sheiks in the industries of our fair democracy ... let us hope so, but we tremble . . . we tremble . . . we tremb . . . it can’t be done. Don’t withdraw your experience! If you do, it will “bounce” right back at you. Don’t admit, or alibi, that you’ve been wrong all these years. . .

The berries are almost ripe.

\* \* \*

Press wails that agricultural colleges are in need—of students. And proceeds to explain—why.

Now let me explain:

Farmer boys go to college only in “the draft age.” (The slump in attendance was first noticed when the “dutchman” began shooting). They never returned to finish their course. And since then, in the absence of Reuben and Napoleon, it is necessary to keep Willie and Clarence “to home” — farm having been “adjusted” to absorb the efforts of “several” people. And it seems (over there) if there was a farmer in the regiment, a bullet was sure to hit him (Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota statistics).

What queer pranks bullets will play.

Ben Reitman says, “Figures may lie, but statistics never.” He ought to know, he’s got a lead pencil n’everything.

So, if you stay away from the harvest field the folks will think you’re a crippled-soldier. Get a car . . . uh, huh. The granger will pay.

## 1925\_53\_IW\_09051925

**PROFOUND MOMENTS**

Chicago’s last ball came off last night—for the season—that makes it even. The affair was more intensive than extensive—the decorations being rather rigid compared to an affair held in the sub—sub-barbs. Quite a few ball- fams and “fanettes” took active part in the proceedings but Slim, though extremely liberal, was pesent more in spirit than silhouette. He doesn’t believe in centrally located balls, he still clings to the old fashioned dances in the “outskirts,” next to the great open spaces of natures glories, the snowdrifts, the mudpuddles, here and there a tuft of dry dead grass to soften the aspects of a grim, defeated winter—in March. Slim is old fashioned and doesn’t believe in long intermissions.

\* \* \*

In his capacity that of a national benefactor and adviser. Slim would suggest that Babe Ruth, the cherubic ruby of the Yankee ball association, can improve his batting average the coming “depression” by keeping his elbows tight against his sides—at the table—and, thus, be spared the misfortune of spreading shoulder-blades—stay within the 26-inch limit.

\* \* \*

While exercising his snow-legs upon hard footing on W. Madison street, he counted the drunks he didn’t meet and one he did meet—out of about 10,000 people. . . .

Not a bad average—but those 10,000 were poor . . . can it be that one lone drunk has caused poverty to stalk all those good people, or is capitalism to blame?

\* \* \*

Only “13 voters out of 1,500” voted at Merchantville, N. J.—it ought to be easy for the 1,487 to argue the 13 into their way of thinking.

The intellectual is right—God knows—and he’s going down the line in a glow of neckties and front. But, alas, the behind! There’s nothing behind—nothing happens—nothing is gained—but he was RIGHT. He was R-I-G-H-T!

The rough-neck was wrong—always wrong—but he acted; great forces were released—something happened—a world was remade—ACCOMPLISHMENT!

HE was wrong — blundervd — but’ he brought results. He was wrong—God bless him!

\* \* \*

Let us cease blubbering! Let us wipe our nose and take a chew o’snus . . . Emb’rassing? Course it’s emb’rassing! Like when I put a little syrup (‘bout 12 cents worth) on a stack of 15 cent hot cakes up in Leeds, No. D. The sweet empress of the counter, an I. U. 460 princess, planted her dimpled elbows on the two sides of my plate, rested her dimpled chin in the hollow of her hands, her nose almost rubbing mine, and coyly said: “Go ahead, Slim, have some syrup; we got lots and lots of it.”

\* \* \*

One year before the war ended we made a prediction that the war would end between September 1st and 30th—we missed by 42 days—and we said further, “Five years from that date we will find out who won the war”—the time is up, more than up—and, I desire, at this time, an extension of time—say two years and seven months.

\* \* \*

Where labor falls down in his judgment and our judgment, is when he gets a notion in his head that he should get something for his toil—as a sort of free-will offering from the bosses. If he would learn not to expect any money for his services the disappointment wouldn’t be half so devastating.

But, as it is, all around him he sees people getting money for almost nothing—his cupidity is stirred. He feels that great rafts of wages should come to him, without any special effort on his part outside of the regular daily grind; that munificient pay should come to him even like wisdomteeth—without pain, without warning—almost unbeknownst and plentiful. He reads in the daily papers about a doctor who got $100,000 from a guy just for showing him how to shoot typhoid into another guy and he becomes avaricious. He thinks he should get a little something for his efforts in the line of doing three men’s work—the price of “a show,” a bottle of coca cola once in a while, sox and so forth. He thinks this.

But he fails to notice that industry is organized to produce things, not to pay for ‘em; to produce profits, (in connection) not to pay wages. And he fails to see that if he would get big wages he must organize a big union, put in a big demand (demand regulates wages) and have a big time all around—remembering: Honesty, without organization, doesn’t pay. The best it will do is enhance your ability to keep out of jail.

Organization regulates wages—or will . . . or know why.

## 1925\_54\_IW\_13051925

**History Repeats**

This little hoosier village, Tchicowgo, lay peacefully basking in the mellow hoosier sunshine of its own importance. T’was the day of the first coming of one Blabramovich, a Yiddish speaking anti-bolshevic cossack, from regions of Volga and Dnieper, beyond the lower cast-side of Dnew Yorrikgrad; and the town was out enmasse, hushed, virtuous and expectant— for “vas not here alretty a man” who spoke their native tongue?

Tchicowgo is located on the beautiful chlorinatedd Lake Mitchiganskaia, a body of fresh water—t’were well so, for if the lake was located on Tchicowgo it would be bad for *beesnes*, as the hives—I mean, the dives—are called—especially would it be ruinous to the Fire-Sales pop-trades, playing-card-commerce and to the traffic in labor-leadership in Tchicowgos slave-pits — For Tchicowgo dealt in versified undertakings not only in second-hand garments. . . .

Needless here to state the settlement is Yiddish and speaks Jewish not only in terms of articulation (sibilantly plaintive) but in terms of stocks, bonds, per cent und accent and is dedicated to the program of world domination by Yiddish — a laudable ambition however misplaced, since that desideratum is already an accomplished fact. The mayor is a Jew as are all the officials, judges, -street-cleaners, aldermea and patrolmen all being descendants of Noah—and, ‘teho, the mayor is unable to speak Yiddish he tries hard enough “to look Yiddish” when he wants anything done, in the absence of instructions. From the Swedes on Lincolnoff Avenewski, to Maginnis the belligerent checka (not sheik) of Mid-Israel and swarthy sons of Garibaldi as far it; Maxwellnoff Halsteadski and beyond the population is Yiddish and speaks Jewish —of two kinds, orthodox and paradox—for history, repeats itself.

Loughmann and Rohn are the two eminent rabbis that condescend at, not infrequent intervals, Jeffersoneff-Madisonitch, and distinct sacrifice to exhort the “erring rabble”—as the sighing sons of Solomon are called by the “female Jack Londons” of the Proletarian Panhandling Pageant of Progress, (or is it “patient of progress”?) to reformation, the need for which is not evident since the rabble, no less than the rabbis, cherubims, tabernacles and “hobo college for the advancement of exact science in re-value,” price and profit — (before-the-draw) —of two pairs, is distinctly eligible to handle old metal in the disintegrating stage of its declining infirmity for none such, and no better Jews abound; despite the fact that they too are in two camps like the waters of the dead sea, orthodox and paradox (let us hope the waters will not n assemble and crown the Pharaohs und save hangmen labor) —orthodox and paradox, for history repeats herself.

History is a Jewess—madam of reckless habits, a seducer of trusting souls; inquisitor of noble thoughts; coquette fer convivial spirit and mistress of predatory interest—the hi-way that grows no grass.

And she repeats and repeats until the veriest tyro *knows she is a perfect lady*

As before stated Tchicowgo lay listlessly lapping the mellow hoosier sunlight, even as she watched the incorrigible history pigeon-toe her irresponsible way down the market place, among the publicans of the army of unemployed fixedly staring into the future and searching for the elusive golden haired Prosperity—a maid of charm and refinement, but very unpunctual in her appointments—and Tchicowgo heaved a sigh for Tchicowgo knew that publicans waited in vain, or Prosperity was “up for repairs” having become a war-bride during a period of over-powering patriotism and land-love—They would watch in vain.

They might look hither and thither, like Ireland’s two governments standing vigil on the border, yet they would see nothing— nothing but History repeating herself . . . (and McGinnis).

An old hag, most decidedly unapproachable, repeating and repeating herself. They might cry out in agony. (Prosperty will not come). They might plead. (Prosperity will not hear). Prosperity has been betrayed once too often, and violently—by the rake Capitalism— (not unlike the boy who “stood on the burning deck.” his back against the mast; who swore he wouldn’t move a step till Oscar Wilde went past). Prosperity refuses to make her appearance on the streets of Tchicowgo while Capitalism roams at-large seeking to “stick-up” Virtue und relieve “it of its own reward”—and Tchicowgo doesn’t blame her, in the least, as much us it deplores the presence of the old hag History upon the thorough fares. . . .

The day broke even. It was determined—and Blabramovich, the mighty orator of the Ural, held forth in purest Yiddish, and in a theatre—while Bill Dunnski; the extreme left feather of the left wing of what is left of the left-over Workers Partiviki, the Lion Crustky of the American *blabor* movement, stood in the offing of the show place, not far from an inevitable soap box, prepared to hypnotize , the *exodus-to-be*­­—But Which Wasn’t— Alass!

They came to scoff, remained to pray and thus came the split in the Partiviki and the old hag History haggled, and snickered, and “whinnered” and repeated herself. Alass! No one was left to hold the bag— or the “bushwahs,” sorely impressed, took the sack along bent on discovering “ashes” with which, soda-base, they intended to exterminate lice in their beards and hairs. For had not the lusty Blabramovich, he of the purest Yiddish, inferred in his soul the utmost propriety of permitting dogs to lick the geievous wounds of Capitalism and had he not as a prophet appeared in their midst, right in the village of Tchicowgo (the seat of speckled radicalism) and revealed to them the “intentions” of the *stirred comintern?* And had they not used their earspoons diligently to the end and purpose that they heard every word of the mystic message and inspired tongue and was it not a matter of record that the left wing of the divided front in view of the “purest Yiddish,” found no cause to bust up the meeting, proving Ignorance is blessed?

And Bill Dunnski waited in vain—and stayed the torrent of *registered rhetoric* welling within his breast—a model unborn, (unless at another time). A chance to set an example wasted— (Oh, well, another time. It won’t take many, eh. Bill?)

Tchichowgo basked in the hoosier moonlight—while the bushwahs worried. . . .

The unemployed publicans worried—not that they should, for was they not so created as to absolve their soul from all worry; was not the upper part and lower part of their bodies connected by a shock-absorber instead of a belly and was not the whole governed by an automatic snubber—which, prevented them taking exception even to the reiterations of History as she ambled down the street brazenly unconscious of her “past” and unafraid of getting a “rap on the jaw?”

And Tchicowgo gazed into space with incomprehending eyes, like a monkey that lifts a newspaper from the ground to discover what is beneath—like an aged *discard* shuffling three nickles and two cents in hi sgnarled hand; the “change” for two-bits he received upon paying for his meal . . . But Tchicowgo refused to face Facts, and refused to organize. Discontent hail introduced Facts to Tchicowgo, in a proper manner, observing all the rules of etiquette and other rules not so critical—all to no purpose. For Tchicowgo supcreiliously snubbed the logical Facts and nestled down to rest in the mire of its own lassitude. Prayers did no good —it was like standing ankle deep in a crate of eggs, in a roothouse reaching for a ham, and praying for guidance; threats accomplished nothing—Tchicowgo’s livelihood was in the error of its way; Refined Criticism (of its ways) washed its way down the drainage canal without so much as causing a flush on the smooth bellying cheeks of the hoosier metropolis, Facts attempted to redeem Tehi., from hock-reciting over the logic of sage, the wisdom of age and the truth of printed page that *organization changes human nature*; that *majority opinion is irresistible*; that organization presupposes system, system presupposes full-filled desires—a system of distribution, which, in turn, presupposes justices, tranquillity, and satisfaction —all to no purpose.

Facts, out of patience, resorted to vituperation, saying:

“You Do Not Advocate Majority Rule.

“You Act As Sole Dictators.

“You Ignore the Wants of Rank-and-File.

“You Are Against Universalism.

“You Are Against a Complete Accounting System.

“You Act One Way and Talk Another.

“You Say the Rank and File Have Not Enough Brains to Rule—and then

“You Ask Thein to Back You Up—(they’re apt to do it) —Or to Vote for You.

“YOU!

“You Are Against the Election of all Job of Office Holders (For the Organization) By the Rank and File.

“You Are For the Sliding Scale and Class Distinction, within the Organization—Which Is Against Universalism.”

Tchicowgo only grinned!

Facts essayed a threat:

“Napoleon marched to Moscow, (Napoleon marched back again) and when he got back he was a BUM—that was the winter of the Blue snow, blue lips and Blues in general.”

The Great organizer Napoleon! The great leader Bonaparte!

And History waddled forth distainfully tessing her hips and repeated herself for the benefit of the descendants of the Sons and Daughters of Noah, the erstwhile uniformily successful organizers—now punk—and what did History say? She said: “Divide and Conquer”—That’s all she knows. . . .

And the Publicans went, some to read Zinovieff, Mime Spinoza, others to mope—But the great majority went to pray to the one and only almighty god. JOB.

“Our Job who art in Calumet.

“Give us this day our daily bread.”

And the Great God heard their cry and answered: No Shipment Today.

## 1925\_55\_IW\_20051925

**Cross Word Puzzle**

If mud was gold and gold was snow (sniff sniff) and words could emancipate the workers, T-bone Slim would have J. Christ backed in the corner by six columns and a bunch of pomes.

\* \* \*

Dictionaries would find a ready sale among professional saviors and savees.

\* \* \*

Newspapers would save all their old lead and take contracts in salvation.

\* \* \*

The Dawes Plan would be a suspended sentence and Cal Coolidge would be a new-fangled leg-iron––if words could emancipate men.

Typewriters would burn un with hot-box, linotypes, also––the mimeograph would be equal to one dozen hacksaws and a bar of soap.

The Tribune plant would be a conditional pardon, Herald-Examiner a perfect alibi––I. W. W. Press would be a jail delivery if words . . . shucks!

\* \* \*

Cross-word puzzles would solve slavery, book of synonyms would be a taste of freedom; slang, a mouthful––the alphabet would be license and sub-titles a privilege––headlines, a statute of liberty.

\* \* \*

Cartoons, (picture words). would be a two weeks’ vacation on pay.

\* \* \*

A four letter word meaning death would be a Saturday half holiday––an eight letter word meaning line-up or co-ordinate would be equivalent to a two weeks’ fishing trip––with five gallons of pink bait. Bonded.

(Ans. to last week’s solution: Four letter word meaning death is––Rest).

\* \* \*

Our old friend B. S. (a relative) would be allee samee commutation of sentence. Women, Gord bless ‘em, with their volley of verbs would be more powerful than a stay of execution or a definite reprieve––the two to run concurrently, indefinitely, Yea! O yea! O yes! if words could emancipate!

\* \* \*

Phylology would be an absolute power. Phonographs would tear down the walls like Joshua’s trombone squad at Jericho; radio would make Gainsborough hair-nets of the steel cell-bars to say nothing about the energy for liberation residing in the puny lungs of a little green parrot . . . Words, dammit words––we’d have job control on slavery if words could do it.

Words cawn’t do it, deontchu know.

Words can only lay the facts, fancies and fakes before the folks––(the folks are the sole judges). The folks will then, immidjitly organize the proceed to emancipate.

Nothing happens without work, effort, deeds and action.

Words are necessary never-the-less. Like a silver (not to kill lions) but as a toothpick. But . . .

When words embody a jumble of facts, fancies and fakes they constitute a controversy. A controversy is possible only in an unorganized bunch of men.

For instance: A controversy is impossible in the I. W. W. because the majority rule settles all questions. Should a controversy arise, it will prove that matters are not left to the membership. This in turn will prove that members supposed to look after such things have been listening to extensive programs of words.

When that happens the membership should proceed to express themselves, at an early date, ere some of their number become as discouraged––one way of wrecking an organization is to put these things off until the membership has dwindled down to an appointed number––a vote after that is not a vote, since the result will be settled in advance. Another way to wreck is to install two, three or a dozen sets of officials and divide their support pro rata among the members––in that case failure to support them settles nothing. It merely settles the organization.

This, of course, cannot happen in the I. W. W., for two reasons. First, because of the majority rule. Second, because the membership will demand a vote at the first appearance of controversial master––they will decide as a whole and not as two or more factions, or as a fraction.

\* \* \*

Words are necessary and, in this article I use over many, maybe––if so, it is to show the power of words and compare them with the power of action––and balloting is a form of action (words are not). Be it noted I do not discuss the question “whether it is advantageous to divide organizations”––and it may be at times, when the membership is lax, or too busy, that matters get into bad shape. . . .

\* \* \*

I am reminded: “Our old members are quitting.” They’re not quitting––they joined a certain thing way back in––when was it?––They knew what they were doing and SO LONG as THAT THING remains “The Thing” It Was when they joined, so long will they support it––if they “quit,” they merely refuse to adopt a substitute. Nine times out of ten. . . .

\* \* \*

There is reason to be frank.

If one man “quits” it is a very serious matter and indicates the presence of alterations in the organization. If dozen men “quit” it is a catastrophy and indicates an undesirable condition in the organization.

If great numbers “quit”––what is it?––It would indicate that the organization harbors “skunks.”

The above holds true only to such organizations that entertain machine administration of affairs and elections, and cannot hold true as to the A. F. of L. (a heavy leser) and the I. W. W. That is, in the respect of the above indictments, in full. We have our troubles, true––about 20 of them. But our membership is calloused to such things and is not quitting––though we may be drifting slightly from our course––(this can be verified or disproved by digging up 1914, 1915 and 1916 Constitution By-Laws). Also by determining the sentiments of the membership in regards the three following form of unionism.

Industrial Unionism (straight).

Departmental Unionism (blended).

District Council Unionism (scrambled).

## 1925\_56\_IW\_27051925

**WISE AND NOT SO WISE**

It’s all right to follow the races—with a broom and shovel. The ponies I mean.

Never follow the aces—the “kitty” licks r up all the cream and “his-honor” laps up what is left. A case of “a trysting soul betrayed.”

\* \* \*

In spring an old man’s fancy turns

To lining-bars—with deep concern:

In concentration thus he yearns

And never learns—never learns

He never learns—and ne’er discerns

Or feels the woe of courted burns—

Nor cares two hoots and several “durns”

Of all he hears, fell snubs—and spurns

Returning Days—that ne’er return;

(Till autumn turns the leaves—adjourns).

\* \* \*

“A union is all right if it’s run right.” How come? So is a Ford. So is a train. So is a ship—if it is run right.

A Ford is all right whether it is being run or not. So is a train; so is a ship; so is a woman—anything. And they’re all right, as institutions, even when run wrong. So is a union.

A union that won’t run itself is soon “run ragged.” A union that depends too much on stale rules instead of demands of the moment, for motive power—will soon be calling for a tow.

\* \* \*

The “Hobo College,” one of Chicago’s advanced institutions of higher learning, was raided by the police, April 2, and the raidees were tried before the “speeders court,” Desplains St.

It is whispered that the “new found pep” is partly due to blood-infusions and an early spring—as usual the I. W. W. is blamed for both.

It seems that the gambols of this frolicsome body of prospective-workers carried them over the limit. . . .

The judge took that into consideration and granted them every opportunity to provide themselves with approved speedometers. . . .

In the meantime unemployment promenades her gorgeous splendor, brazenly.

\* \* \*

The tri-star motto, “organization, education and emancipation” looks better every day—and hush, the education must come from within, not from without. Imported education is inferior. Foreign teachers are handicapped.

\* \* \*

It has come to my inferior notice that the “problem” is not now to elect peoples’ representatives but how to eject the one elected: They hang, and hang, on and on, even after the people have quit applauding them; even after the people have quit throwing their hats in the air; after they’re quit standing on their heads—they hang and hang, on and on, and, when the people quit turning handsprings, they murmur something about a third term and settle down in “the chair”—when they should be “out” looking for a new master. Apparently there is no way to fire ‘em—for instance: The presidents of this country have never known what it is to “get fired”— I believe I can say without fear of contradiction, that the general belief is that some of them were in office too long—if so, why?

True, few of them left office dramatically—but that is not the point. The point is that they were not fired in the regular manner. Which proves that the people are poor bosses. . . .?

\* \* \*

The great scandals in Little Britain has been a large shock to our Anglo-Saxon prejudice. And it is therefore in n spirit of deep concern I disclaim and discount all blame and absolve myself from all responsibility (as to the habits). “Am I my sister’s keeper”—It wasn’t that way when I was over there—they’ve spoilt since.

Wives of great men all remind us

We can fill our soul with grime

And departing leave behind us

Marks of shoulders in the slime.

—(Longbellow).

P. S.—Nothing can rescue the situation now save the throwing of our own Lady Astor into the breach. They will not observe their own code of morals!—

I recognize the frailty of codes and rules, and, therefore, I am my sister’s keeper in the sense that I shall defend her right to do as she pleases—peculiarly, too, the law in its liberality and flexibility, gives her this right, subject to consequences. . . .

## 1925\_57\_IW\_30051925

**CONFLICTING ‘MOTIONS**

We must never admit we intend to dethrone the “master of our obsequis”—a soft mushy word turneth away wrath—let us say we are gonna de-drone him. ‘T amounts to the same t’ing.

Katharine Mayo tells about the wonderful success of state-police law in Pennsylvania—

4 bank robberies per year—(which year?)

54 in Illinois in 1924.

Chicago might try employing robbers as cossacks—nothing like legalizing “the income” even if it doesn’t reduce it. Horseback riding too, is very healthful, and four robberies is enough.

Art Brisbane is nervous about foreign airships dropping bombs on our unprotected heads.

Brace up. Art, the chances of them making a direct hit (on either of us) are small—and, if worst comes to worst, I will write a sizzling denunciation of the crowd that drops anything on your head. I will write your epitaph (in rhyme) and obituary notice (in pathos).

There aro two men that should be supprest. Art Brisbane and one Baker.

Baker for praising T-bone Slim and Brisbane for giving hope to the enemy by divulging the state secrets of our unprotected heads. Right now half of our available enemies think our gun isn’t loaded—mebbe it isn’t, mebbe it isn’t. . . .

Use discretion, Art, use discression!

You’re liable to “sick” the whole “kyoddle’“ upon our neck.

May I gabble—I mean gargle:

When progress comes to “check your time”

And “overhaul” your THOUGHT

It counts not that you won or lost

But marks the HOW you fought.

The labor condition in Chicago is a problem—a puzzle.

The problem is not

Whether one ever thought

Or did—a certain thing.

The problem indeed

Is—did he succeed

And WHY didymake that swing?

Ex: Why did I kiss that girl.

Why O-Y-O-Y?

He doesn’t inquire “Did eye “didn’t eye kiss or “Did eye miss, nor “How did eye miss, or “kiss . . . No. The problem is “WHY did eye—And I don’t blame him. I’d want to know the reason myself.

The judge says, “Did you hit this man?” But the crowd wants to know “WHY” the haymaker was adjusted. “What was it all about?” That’s the problem—the real problem. How, when, where, who, did or didn’t are no problems. The one and only live problem is “WHY?”

Hardly enough organization on the job to furnish ex-politicians and lame (duck) leaders “tenderloin plain”—in the craft unions. In the I. W. W. there is the headquarters, no hall. Chicago is badly in need of organizers. One or two organizers to gather our membership together to organize a branch of some kind—Chicago, you know, is the “strategical” Industrial Empire.

The draft-union officials and guardians of Illinoi politics, manage to eke out a living and hall-rent by collecting 5 cents per hour from non-union workers and from Wobblies — (a condition) — Don’t ask me why the Wobblies pay it—I’ll tell you, give me time. As I was saying, we need organizers—the pay is 70 cents per hour less 5 cents which equals 65 cents, take it or leave it. It is all done within the capitalist system, March 28th AD 1925 in Chicago.

I do not pretend to be an organizer and therefore cannot be expected to understand organization work. And I do not mention the five cent drag as an example of what should be done by our organization. I would rather see these men organized, and let them pay direct dues in a monthly lump sum—say fifty cents per month—instead of fifty cents per each ten hours. There are 4 weeks plus, 260 hours or 26 days in each month, and non-union men when they pay five cents per hour, pay $13.00 per month dues into a union (?) without being allowed voice and vote—and when a Wobblie does it he pays $13.50 per month. Ten such men could afford to rent a hall! $130!

Note: All wages are subjected to a draft whether or not a union gets any of it. There are no full wages. “Paid in Full” is a melodrama). The boss’ living, etc., is deducted from all wages.

A little ging-seng—yes, by heck!

‘S deducted from the ol’ time check—

If stylish shoes develop corns

A shrunken hat is cause for horns—

And not—as some poor pervert said,

That horns bedeck an empty head.

And not the looseness of its drape,

Nor yet its tensil strength or shape;

For be it sharp or be it dull,

The horns denote a swollen skull.

But this is more true (komplete knowledge being missing) of organization than it is about men. Once’t an Org. hits the rut it will follow it instead of making one of its own. Once’t it formulates laws copying laws of the then prevailing system—capitalist system, for example—it will be like the system or IT WILL BE THE SYSTEM, with but slight EVOLUTIONARY advantages.

Now that the plot is laid, may I ask, what are we going to do with our Departmental laws, our District counsel laws, etc? When will we use them? Where’s the need? Are they excess baggage and shall we continue paying storage on them? And other laws? I ask this because it is getting more difficult every day (ivory day) to find consolation and guidance in our laws—speaking for T-b S.

## 1925\_58\_IW\_06061925

**A NEAR ERUPTION**

A “revolution” has happened in the ice cream industry. Where formerly the ice cream was composed of solid frozen globules of cream it now is hollow bubbles of cream et al., frozen. . . .

The “guts” have been removed through a “whipping” process. — It weighs only one-third what the solid cream did, and sells for a little more.

Dimes, on the other hand, retain their full strength and are minted in real artistic designs.

Labor, on the third hand, is no child’s play— nothing hollow about it save the laborers cough and stomach. We are progressing in a truly *hun dread per cent* manner. We are a great people. And our unionism is just too sweet for anything.

This featherweight cream is one of the outstanding (upstanding) gains made by LABOR under the benign guidance of Prov. . . . of Gompers. And we’re gaining right along—by the time Green (Green, so they wouldn’t have to change the initial “G” on ‘xecutive linen) by the time Green gets through they’ll fill us up with a bicycle pump.

You don’t mind if I repeat, we’re a great people we’ve got brains and everything — more brains than we need and 99 per cent more than we use — Us! Americans, by heck!

Our unionism is now almost 4 per cent— I mean labor unionism— out of 115,000,000 we have 4,000,000 organized. True, our unionism is crude and crafty but unionism just the same. I’m proud of it.

We are almost abreast of such great powers as Mexico, with its 10 per cent— but I understand, from inside-hearsay, that an effort is to be made by our capitalists to bring Mexican unionism down to the level of ours, in the near future— purely a patriotic move on the part of our employers. Incidently, it may be they do not care to disturb the existing arrangement—that of paying one in tea living wages, those to carry an A. F. of L. or any other “respectable brand”—to distinguish them from those who are selected to work for less than “living wages”—seniority to serve as a guarantee that outsiders do not sit at the first table.

How successful the parasites missionaries will be below the Rio Grande is yet to be announced.

\* \* \*

Unemployment serves many purposes — good and evil. We will mention two of them, and discuss the third:

First, it serves the employer as a club over the head of those employed —causing Bill Bellyache to murmur, “I was ‘bumped’ by Earnest Hotcake”— But that is not the main reason why employers welcome it.

Second, it serves the unemployed as an opportunity to express their thoughts and recount the good jobs they had in the dim past—they were some jobs— unemployment ‘*limbers the jaw*.’

Third, the main reason for unemployment is not a desire to have unemployed men cut the wages of those working. Peculiar as this may seem—and unbelievable—nevertheless it is true.

That theory has a fatal weakness:

Men Are Not Inclined to Scab on other men.

Ah, “on other men”? A ray of light—will he then scab on himself?

Rather, He would rather. . . .

Hence, unemployment is for the purpose, of taking the wind out of our sails— not to scare the other fellow. Men whose sails are not “bellying,” whose bellows are not bellowing seldom become unemployed.

\* \* \*

But men, normal men, men who dare are the men that get enforced idyllness—not to scare the other fellow.

\* \* \*

(The other fellow has been “scared stiff” for the last twenty years). It’s to tame “this” fellow— *It’s to tame the unemployed*. (The other fellow is eating from the bosses hand—and judging by the smell it isn’t i honey—and doing a little judicious scabbing on the side). (Note, the word “scabbing” is very abstract— I use it in the liberal sense — it has no literal sense. I don’t like the word).

There is no reason why we should think that unemployment is intended for to further frighten the servile. We may as well make up our minds that unemployment is not an accident. Though the blow may appear aimless you may be sure seniority will protect the tame ones.

A club thrown into a “gathering” of dogs has a vicious aim at some particular dog behind it. If it hits another dog—it is incidental and accidental, but, as a general rule, the dog that yelps is one aimed at — and then, if it hits the wrong dog, you may be sure there are those who will pat “curley” on the head and sympathize with him.

(We will not discuss the “fourth” important reason— profits— because that is subject to our approval and has but little bearing on the ultimate result, ditto, ditto, etc.)

Unemployment is for the purpose of chastening the spirit of the kickers and any sentiments the boss may have about it are over-ruled by the system— eventually the fighter finds himself unemployed and must organize as a matter of self-preservation. He can do no different. He can try. He will fail — It isn’t his nature.

## 1925\_59\_IW\_20061925

**THE SCOOP**

Tribunes “Scoop:” ,

According to the Chicago Tribune, an authority on such matters. President Coolidge is about to experience an increase in the population of these United States of America. Mrs. Coolidge is “to have a baby,” says the Tribune.—

That ought to jar Cal loose from a speech. And, it is hoped, (right here) that he will definitely define and outline his policies, in his courageous and forceful way—especially regarding domestic problems—so clearly as to leave nothing to surprise or disillusion those who marked his course during the months he served as a President of a less populous country; that he may indicate a continuance, if not indeed a still firmer purpose to maintain, a strict adherence to the fundamentals of constitutional democracy.

And it is hoped (right here) that he will reaffirm the right of a sovereign people—the inherent right—to enjoy the fruits of their own industry—where it doesn’t conflict with “the idealism of Economy in its most practical form.” . . .

We hope it’s a boy.

## 1925\_60\_IW\_27061925

**INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM**

Ind. Uns’m is here explained for the first time by the author himself––uncoached or prompted. It is a deep study and is understood only by a few lunkheads like myself and the dumbest members of society.

It is a situation where *all hands working in any industry are members of a union made up of workers working in that industry*––that’s how deep it is. Only the dumbest of us can understand it. (And only the toughest can withstand it). Brainiest men have fallen down miserably trying to cipher it (or syphon) it out.

Convention after convention has tried to put it over. Brilliant speakers have . . . Say! Mebbe you think it’s simple? *All workers working in one industry “belonging” to the one and same union*. I tell you it never would have been explained if I. . . . as I was saying, brilliant men have started to explain it, have grown wild-eyed and wandered off into revolutionary-ardorism (enthusiasmism) and finally wound up their careers selling “Christ on the Cross” in the Alleghany Valley and were rescued for martyrdom only by the super-human efforts of the Eagle Eye squad of the 1917 revolution––and it’s easy to be a martyr when you’re shackled to oppression, not so easy when your two hands and two feet are free––the hands, to reach across the sea; the feet, to scratch the gravel. . . .

No, Industrial Unionism is quite beyond the ken of those learned gentlemen, long despondent because of enlarged ego caused by long disassociation with normal beings ($2 please for the prescription) come out of it––despise and be not despised ($10 more; attorney fee).

(Unfinished).

## 1925\_61\_IW\_04071925

**IT IS DONE**

Now that young men and young ladies have learned to circumvent conventional-restrictions by “marrying on approval,” early and often, it begins to look us if *we gotter put more teeth in the marriage contract* and open our public schools to courses “Hou to live happy ‘ever afterwards’ on $24 per week”— Porterhouse 75 cents a pound. Palmerhouse rolls 18 cents a dozen.

\* \* \*

The whole superstructure of our libertines is liable to drop if these amorous gyppo’s are not checked—the connubial undertakings are getting so now that they can no longer be called experimental.

Punks, without a shade of whisker pass themselves off as experienced “hubbies”—and flappers count that day wasted when they’re not married at least once.

\* \* \*

“What’s the world coming to?”

None of our business — If they’re old enough to earn their own living, they’re also old enough to know what they’re doing. Let us tend to OUR business, I. U.—

Labor Leader: (to employer) “You get up arid state that ‘existing wage schedule must remain’; I’ll take exceptions to the word ‘must’ and we’ll have it out— I’ll argue that ‘must’ leaves no room for arbitration —then you get up and ‘*take it all back*,’ that will put me in solid with the membership—only the intelligentia will get wise and they won’t have the gutts to point it out.”

Employer: “All right, Sam, glad to help you —but I didn’t know your position was as delicate as all that. . .” (Curtain).

\* \* \*

Seniority right to live?

\* \* \*

That reminds me that poor old Woodrow Wilson in his late years went stone blind— he spoke touchingly about the invisible-government. The thing we all saw was denied this great statesman. How it must have irked him that he could not stroll down Wall Street, on a beautiful spring day, and hear the beautiful voice of Morgan and Company—down below the dead line. He could not see—see to pick posies on Maiden Lane, or the Bowery—on the way down, alas.

Abraham Lincoln fought four years to preserve the union—the railsplitters union. But hardly was he dead—bumped-off—when the “thinkers” began moving (and seconding) the fixtures, furniture and books down to Wall Street. . . .

Upon investigation it will perhaps be discovered that Old Abe didn’t long survive his remarks about predatory interests—be it noted: It took the united “cognosenti,” press, pulpit, and rostrum to establish the thing we have today.

The people trust their agents not wisely but too much—they’re off the mainline, on a branch that ends in the wilderness of bewilderment. And the way out is back at the switch —back or perish.

There is no short cut.

P. S. —Competition among the slaves is keen and undeniable and general—no man has right to throw bricks—lack of organization is the cause for it.

On excavation jobs man with a shovel is shown preferment over a man without a shovel— (in city) —hence, men carry shovels to and from work. (The shovel is either purchased, borrowed or stolen—stolen, probably, since the slaves will not risk leaving it on the jobs nights). Next we may expect to see stenographers packing typewriters and engineers and firemen carrying locomotives.

There’s a limit, ladies and gentlemen, there’s a limit. And it’s way back there—somewhere.

*Somewhere bands are playing.*

*Somewhere hearts are light.*

## 1925\_62\_IW\_18071925

**United Affiont**

*“Hans Breitman gif’s a barty.”*

*Where is that barty now?*

I now admit and announce to the popeyed palpitating world that I’m dumber than I act and foolisher’n I look––I can’t understand the Workers party. (Neither do I forstay other political parties or political revolutions). I cannot see why the Workers party press is “knocking” the Russian revolution that resulted in a change of bosses in that tormented country and at the same time knocking the tormented I. W. W. that is trying to do something for the working class in these tormented states of industrial slavery?

Fellow workers hand me their literature, in hopes that I may overcome my ignorance and be like the secondhand dealers and other petite buzz-saws––alas, all to no avail! My ignorance grows denser and denser, as I read their heartfelt apologies for capitalism: “That it is progress; (that puts progressives in jail) “That it has merit; “That it was bound to come in Russia”––as else where––like fleas to a dog. Zinovev discusses it in the “monthly,” and “Zino” is the nozzle of the conduit of communist (?) rhetoric when Krassin or “Tchick” Cheering hasn’t the floor. He lets out a wail, incidently, about former brave revolutionists, (that can be heard from Moscow to Hammond, Indiana) and explains––explains––as how those former revolutionists are now in reactionary camps but does not mention if, or why, they were kicked out––he merely, and in a most scholarly manner, points out where they landed and the shape they were in before and after. . . . “Struve,” he moans, etc. (he reads the whole “backsliding” or catapulted roll call) without honoring the effect environment played upon the mental processes of those estimable gentlemen denied a “team to drive” in the bureaucracy of the reborn political Russia.

I’m not belittling the Russian Rebellion, as I would call it, not being prepared, in view of the dearth of development, to dignify it with the name of revolution, in the higher sense; since, as they themselves say, “capitalism was inevitable”––hence, evolutionary; aided by an armed insurrection unhorsing Nick and mounting Lenin.

It was no inauguration of “new” in any sense worth going into hysterics over.

It was the fuedal Russia breaking its bonds, as Vic Hugo would say. It was Russia desperately trying to catch up with and embrace the “inevitable” want, torture and despair of capitalism, that we know so well. It was Russia trying to learn for herself the price of retarded progress, under capitalism.

I only hope––fervently hope––that Russia may not suffer long and as meekly as I . . . “What thou dost do quickly,” since thou art “inevitable.” Let not her agony be long.

\* \* \*

I am enabled to understand Russia, not detracting from her new found misery nor overestimating the glory of her achievement. But the Workers party I cannot understand––it is so revolutionary. It admits itself and if it was more revolutionary it would mention it without further ado. It uses words that curdles the blood in the veins of rulers great and small the like of which has not been heard since stools and agent provocateurs quit paying dues in the I. W. W.

In conclusion: word comes direct from Moscow through Workers Monthly to the effect that “further wage-increases will now depend upon increased productivity” only it is said more politely––I cannot bring my pencil to observe all the niceties of revolutionary speech; it wants to put it more bluntly––speed-up. “Hurry up, Ivan.”

Why is the Communist mouth piece exposing the shame of Russia so guilelessly?

What is behind it? It gets ‘em nothing.

Why have they tuned in with the master to “knock” the Industrial Workers of the WORLD––why?

## 1925\_63\_IS\_22071925

**T-Bone Slim Discusses**

I see where we’ve got to organyze.

A man must eat, although tomorrow he may die—although tomorrow may take care of itself.

It is necessary despite conflicting **sayings** which I now forget—and music should go with the meals. The ther day a fellow worker demanded that I eat with him, and, naturally we repaired to an emporium of laquered foods, passing a Salvation Army Rear Admiral carrying two suitcases—shipping out, I thought.

We seated ourselves, expecting to dine without music—but just as we were served the Salvation “officers” busted out in the most heavenly peans of music and viabrated the sinful ozone with inspired oratory (Iwondered what was in those two suitcases) — they didn’t appear to be drunk, yet they seemed to be heavily charged with something; waving their arms and hollering for all they were worth.

We had music with our meal.

Boy a song book.

\* \* \*

Much shocking is being done in Minneapolis and surroundings. Same in Fargo. Same in Jungles—shocking everywhere. Oh Lord!

\* \* \*

Everybody knows that a condition of unemployment exists among great numbers of people, (who are not too sick to work) —but they do not know why unemployment is so plentiful, and work so scarce—there’s my excuse.

Every place, I hear, (from men who have, been out to dun employment, not intending, in any way to shun employment that may **sashay** in their direction)—that unemployment has treated them with scandalous familiarity—a disgrace, coming as it does, from a perfect stranger.

In thee meantime a coal-loading machine dumps into a vessel as much coal as 200 men could shovel—taking the jobs away from 194 men — every day it works. The same is true about unloading.

And all the while craft **liver and onionists** are prating about and conceding extraordinary “rights” to employers: “They should have the right to “hire and fire” if the **men** retain the “right” to “**work and quit**.” Good Lord- Where is your right to work, if the boss fires you?

\* \* \*

In the workhouse, m’lad.

Your right to work it imaginary, necessary, compulsory—the boss can compel you to work, or cripple you.

Why not join the Industrial Workers of the World an **get your rights?**

—T-b. S.

## 1925\_64\_IW\_25071925

**Rumor Drama Tragedy**

It is now definitely established that Adanm, wasn’t the first apple-knocker. The first man was a guy by the name Atom. Low-browed printers simply made a typeical error. They do that.

And. for that reason Atom’s descendants have been “knocking” everything (including apples) ever since. Proving Darwin’s “Origin of Knockers” is exploded. See W. J. Bryan’s anthotolgy of bi-metalism.

\* \* \*

Rumor has it Leon Trotsky, able military organizer, is peddling shoe-laces in Chicago. Presposterior! Another rumor, given consideration by A. Brisbane, has it that he was bumped off—two ways.

One rumor sent him to Japan as embassador. Canny Zinoview! American diplomacy! It gets over—tho’ crude.

All these rumors are at par with the rumor that K. C. is backing the “workers” party.

K. C. isn’t plumb crazy. They wouldn’t bet on a dead horse, or buy one for, that matter—not in this age of “panco.”

\* \* \*

“We can all sing together but we can’t all talk together” says “Mickey” Conley despondent because of static interference.

\* \* \*

Vagrancy is a law that is used when there is no law that applies. A man charged with vagrancy is innocent of all crime, etc., on the face of the charge itself, but he can be fined and sentenced under that charge for imperfections of any sort.

\* \* \*

The sale and purchase of the Dodge Automobile plant for $175,000,000 would have passed unnoticed had not the “sworn friends of news” assured us the incident was “dramatic.” (About as dramatic as the renting of a $3.50 per week housekeeping room) requiring only the possession of enough capital. “The creation of the plant from the nucleus of an insignificant machine shop took personal initiative and rare constructive genius.”

I don’t know about the genius part or the ‘nitiative but I do know that it took considerable ossilation on the part of the men that built it—the workers I mean—and I s’pose they will get a share of that $175,000,000 seeing as how they made it all almost from nothing—a la jehovah.

There are thousands of plants like it—yet the genius is admitted. An enlarged shop is dignified with a name “plant” and unloaded for 2½ times its value upon an unsuspecting purchaser and immediately those whose “limitations” could not stay the march of mechanical progress are hailed geniuses; where only the commonest of commonsense was displayed, when the Dodge Brothers happened to possess it—which was not all ways. Initiative Is not worth discussing. We are driven, not the driver—and wo need no incentive. It’s a case of move or melt.

The men that built Chicago are 10,000 times greater genius’ than the workers that built the Dodge plant and 1,000,000 times greater than the Dodge Brothcni (my figures). Nothing has happened in the Dodge plant that is not happening in every factory in the world—a slow, darn slow, adoption of methods that approximate the realm of sensible production in a speed crazed industry—the speed being the only evidence of abberration, tho conforming with the weakness of Industrial Kings in general—Not dramatic tragic.

\* \* \*

The story of “creation” has nothing back of it save the every-day phenomena of workers taking nothing and making something from it. At one time labor came within an ace of being deified, worshipped as God, for his abilities along those lines—and would be today, were it not that the supported class is thoroughly selfish and conceited :

In the early days a progressive slave did a piece of work—he made a garden out of an ugly rock-pile—the master, an old parasite who never had done a tap of work in all his life and therefore didn’t know what could be accomplished, not by genius, not by initiative, but by application, got a quite a “kick out of it” and said: “He took nothing and made a garden.”

That was the start.

The story got going the rounds in the pool-halls and damn me if the mob didn’t want to elect him God. This wouldn’t do and since the parasites could show no “works,” and not being as raw as they are today, and having no . . . newspapers to speak for them, they shifted the glory first on to wind and weather, detracting from the achievenient—and then onto Jehovah a being that is supposed to inhabit the upper air currents. Far enough away, to be sure.

And the end is not yet.

Organize!

Labor takes nothing (wages and creates a paradise for parasites).

\* \* \*

“O say can you see by the dawn’s early light?” I should say not!

## 1925\_65\_IP\_00081925

**ELECTRICITY**

By T-BONE SLIM

JUICE is stranger than friction.

A friendly stranger is half as strange as a strange friend.

The world’s champion friend has 198 friends— two, former friends—are no more.

China has 440,000,000 opportunities for a man looking for friends.

The thinning out of the Chinese, in favor of western civilinsanity, has started in earnest—earnfest —to enslave the rest.

The idea is to get the 440,000,000 Chinamen to support the world —an impossibility without thinning them out, and impossible after.

China industrialized will number about 200,000,000 workers, and will be able to do much of Europe’s manufacturing, when not conducting an engagement with rice and chop-suey— and, when Europe’s unemployed hold extraordinary sessions with soup and petrified biscuits.

Europe’s civilinsanity, too, will feel safer after China is deflated: remember how rosy the school girl complexion of “our” capitalism got after labor was deflated, 1920—?

But, (note this) they do not deflate labor in America any more— they use a stomach-pump: they grab a man in the street, full of compulsory temperance, rush him to a hospital, and pump the constitutional sobriety out of him.

Sometimes they save the man. Good I Bravo I But, **neverthelittle**, prohibition has killed more men than we lost in the last war— this is not favoring war nor prohibition — prohibition is the worst stuff I ever drank.

I would not mention it if it wasn’t a thinning-out process—why carry on war when— when you can give the victims wood alcohol, hair oil, chloral and torso-ointment— ?

If you want to thin ‘em faster, re-introduce saloons, legalize moonshine and denatured “gas.”

Not much prohibitionary stimulant is being guzzled—little is SO effective, and SO cheap. Really, prohibition seems like a concession to the mounting gas bills— with what would you buy a radio if the people were allowed to spend the money for liquor? Only saloon-keepers would have Fords and “Neitherdynes.”

Leaving all jokes aside, I would rather listen to a radio than a drunk, yes I would—as much as the pufformers stagger in their igloo—Sixon — but I would rather be half shot while doing it, yes I would.

How helpless we Americans are. Law tells us when to work, what to eat, what to drink, what to chew and smoke, where and when to sleep; tells us what to think; tells us where to live; tells us when to die— where would we be without law? What would we do? It tells us not to celebrate our Independence with Chinese fire-crackers.

I suggest — patriotically suggest —that we Ioan our laws to China, just as soon as we can spare them.

Another thing in our favor is cheap food. It’s really astoundful!

You can get two spoonfuls of oats and a tube of milk for 10 cents—everybody, too, seems to have a dime —ah, may the dimes never grow extinct!

I stood by the cashier’s desk and watched the breakfast customers pay their bills. Here is what the register registered: 10, 15, 10, 05, 05, 10, 10, 10, 10, 05, 10, 20, 10, 10—I wonder where all that money is coming from.— A hundred years from now they’ll celebrate this prosperity and Coolidge— the one-man PROSPERITY.

## 1925\_66\_IW\_01081925

**From Murder to Re-Action**

“Axman Admits Killing Wife”—headline.

We don’t believe a word, of it— But if he admitted that his wife killed him we would swallow the yrn whole and call for a second helping. It doesn’t sound reasonable.

It isn’t the style. The women have been killing their husbands, their neighbor’s husbands, stray boarders and even inoffensive batchelors—Whenever they could get a shot at ‘em without hitting a horse or a dog . . . I s’pose they thought “long’s they won’t organize it’s best to get rid of ‘em.”— I won’t believe a word of it till I see the body.

Women ain’t gonna stand for so much fiddling around! They want direct-action — I want belief.

\* \* \*

After capitalism is fully developed and civilization has reached it’s dizziest pinnacle. and when the whole land, all the ponds, and part of Lake Michigan is dotted with tombstones—and all the prairies are graveyards —all the valleys are cemeteries—and all the mountains are mausoleums. I mean—when there is left no place in which to tuck the dead, this will be a good world to live in.

The graves should be dug deeper. Plant the dead two and three deep—sort of “stack ‘em up.” Square the tops of the tombstones—all of equal height—so that we can build our HOUSE on the remains of the dead.

When monument is against monument.

Note: Since making above discovery and after proposing the remedy for the congestion, a thoughtless fellow worker informs me that it is done that way in Scotland. . . . What’s the use of having imagination or conceiving anything when others beat you to it by 900 years —through no fault of yours.

Our house is built, on the remains of the dead—there it is—sticking up in the air— on top of those tombstones. We have no bread, no wheat, no farm? No bologny, no meat, no stock—we’re stuck?

Just a second there—we have our radio!

Ha! With its two tube hook-up; its condenser housing stator and rotor; its amplifier superheterodyne; its . . . its . . . stuck again, well I’ll be damned . . . its thermo-electric principles . . . Ha! We shall tune in. Turn the knob to eleven octaves and fourteen degrees LLD Fahrenheit, (do it just as if you was opening a box of snuff) have you got it . . . Darn THAT STATIQUE! (We had the bread broadcasting station, R. Y. E.) Dam that loud-baker, anyway . . . I believe they palmed a one-step amplifier on us . . . just us we were about to eat. Static? I should say so! Capitalism! Interference! Sap o dodge! Skull-druggery! HELP!!—Try it again:

Place the loud-feeder against your bellybutton—hm—now turn the knob. Do you taste it? Is it fresh? Broadcasting from the waters, is it? What station— P. U. N. K.?

Now tune in on the butcher—odd and ends is on the program for tonight . . . Say, ain’t this a great life—I’d like to see Scotty, (canny us can be) beat that! Live on air, Humph!— Yesterday I saw a book in a window:

“The Life of Christ.”

Wot a life! Wot a lift!

A certain amount of organization is very necessary —enough anyway to maintain a hall or an appointed meeting place; not so much to transact legisaltion [sic] as to compare notes, discover jobs and familiarize ourself with the appearances of our fellow workers (so that we may recognize and co-operate with them on the jobs). The benefits overbalance the losses enough to pay the rent.

Much organization is desirable. Complete organization is important

A little is necessary —satfed “lost time” (between jobs) is money and, quite frequently, lost-time is work—unpaid labor. Organization changes all that.

\* \* \*

Still at it:

“A fool and his money are soon parted.”

In succession, thus:

A fool and his hair are soon parted.

Thus:

A fool and his wealth, his teeth, his watch, are soon parted.

A bee and his honey are soon divorced.

Proving: Thieves are wise, or “Franklin” Fed. Take your pick.

Idiotic bees honeyless, foolish men moneyless, is not an ideal condition and therefore: full-wits should cease robbing half-wits—they’re apt to hit you, or sting you. I’m telling you for your own good. How provoking!

\* \* \*

“Re-actionary! You’re a re-actionary.”

So goes the wail. They think they alone are the only smart ones the “lord awlmighty” made. “You can’t go back.” (If you walk out of the house without your trousers you got to tough it out). If you go back your a re-actionary. Terrible! Terriffffic! — Oh, well, maybe, you can find a pair of pantaloons on the way; out in the desert —deserts are that way—and, surely, you wouldn’t hang around civilization without pants? Surely?

If you run into a blind-alley and if you come out the way you went in—you’re a re-actionary. But if you start “milling” round and round, “you’re a revolutionist of the first-class.” They will say so. . .

And remember: It’s quite a temptation to “back out.” I recall a gentleman in Chicago who went a bit further than that: Chased “in” by the law he fought his way “out” . . . he must have been reactionary aas hell itself.

## 1925\_67\_IS\_05081925

**T-Bone Slim Discusses**

–––––

**FINDING THE JOB THAT AIN’T AT ALL**

Praise be to the ringtail saints of yore, the age of trustification is here. Everything is trustified except farmers and politicians — and religion. Labor always has been ONE, but drifted apart as a result of financial worries. Oppression, depression and suppression has caused him to blame individuals and doubt his fellow worker (of his dozen friends twelve are flawless, why, then, doubt the strangers?)

\* \* \*

Labor’s apparent “distribution” is an artificial condition and a temporary one—it will come together again, and again. It is natural. His interests demand it. In fact, the “common interest” of the workers—which is plain—gave the “exploiters” the idea for incorporation.

\* \* \*

That’s the sad part of it. Their wage system cannot exist two weeks without unemployment—so, if you like to hunt jobs all your days, and every other night, just leave things as they are. But it’s sad. Sure is sad!

\* \* \*

Uptodate about one-eighth of the industrial producers have been idle and are thoroughly acquainted with unemployment. Travel around with it days and sleep with it nights. . . . . yes. sir, organization is the necessary thing. You bet.

\* \* \*

Proof of the **wholesomeness** of organization lies in the fact that if any of its members or officials die, the organization doesn’t die; if the heads (or tails) of a corporation die, the company still lives (and advertises the life-giving qualities of its products). I have in mind a famous yeast company.

I have still better evidence:

I am one of the thousands of members of the Industrial Workers of the World, and being taken sick, I, in my importance, thought two things: First, that I was due to quit the world; second, that the I. W. W. would commit suicide if it lost my precious presence.

Neither came to pass. Why, the organization didn’t even shed a tear—not one drop. Damme if I know whether I’m an asset or a cate of debility.

Cheer up, fellow workers, they are shipping harvest hands from Minneapolis. Two fares are advanced. The one fare you pay with your work, the other is taken out of your wages at the rate, of 50 cents a day—in other words, the Minneapolis (or any other sharkapolis) rate, is 50 cents per day lower than the rate on the job. The sharks see to that.

It is therefore reasonable to think that there, will be considerable unemployment in the harvest, fields, and thece will be a certain tendency to blame the “others” for coming — **blaming them isn’t going to remedy that condition**. They are men who have been displaced in their industries because of Iack of organization, or because of wrong kind of organization — organization without solidarity. (And “blame” is the first symptom of both lack of organization and lack of solidarity). But, since they are displaced workers, it may be that they are open to the acceptance of the one, lone, single, idea that we Uncle Samuelitans have left—industrial unionism. It would be decidedly wrong to have those men leave the field, unorganized.

Organizing them, of course, will not give you more work — but IT WILL GIVE YOU A SHORTER DAY—it would be insanity to work long hours while thousands of men are unemployed.

There are two things that we must do—note the must—I dassent emphasize it—the editor would change it to should. — **We must organize them, or they will cut our wages.**

**We must shorten the day, or we can’t use them**—in fact, we can’t organize them unless we can show them a short day. And if we don’t organize them, nothing has been done; it will boomerang us again and again. Yes, fellow workers, organization is the most important thing—our very dinner depends on it . . . I know the position is difficult. It will take much work to untangle it. **If the system was a poorer fighter it would cause us to get angry**. But as it is:

I see where the system will occupy our full time. Why, we won’t have time to scrap one another—oven after supper when tired, and sore —T-b. S.

P. S. (Still in bad shape).

## 1925\_68\_IW\_08081925

**Beseech and Collect**

*“Ask-and you shall receive.”*

In these times, when Bryan tried to establish an alibi (for his feats and defeats) down in Sunny Tennessee, and the several contradictory editions of the bible are getting such an academic overhauling, I think it is proper to rescue the above headline from international damnation. Ask and you shall receive. Yes, yes––but be sure you are organized so s’s’strongly that the master of ceremonies can hear you. He’s deaf in one ear and near-sighted in the other.

Demand and you shall get.

That’s better.

The mere asking doesn’t seem to do justice to the subject at hand, for bosses are inclined to terrific listlessness and unaccommodating lassitude. The plea therefor must be emfatic.

Of course, it is against the law to ask––a form of vagrancy. For instance: If you pray one or all the gods for something––a pair of overalls, sox, spectacles or aces––it comes under the head of begging, but is allowed. The law knows you are wasting your wind. In fact they (the lawyers) like to see you do it because they know all you’ll get is rheumatism, second-hand shirts and soup.

Yes, indeed, they like to see you “bum” God. There’s only one more kind of praying they’d like to see you do––kneel to a telegraph pole and ask for more beans––and some pork––pork from *contented sows*.

By the way––right of way––all the bible’s prophecies are coming true––the Milwaukee has laid-off half of its extra gangs as far as Hettinger, S. D. The world’s coming to an end.

It is said that prayer is good for the soul––it must be. It must be good for something. It isn’t good for the liver, heart, brain or bunions. It isn’t good for shoes (3 in 1 is better). It’s not good for beef steak (ketchup and salt for mine––when I can get the steak). So it must be good for the soul.

Asking, on the other hand, is a concession to politeness (I won’t go into details; an illustration is better).

Ever see one of those little, sweet-faced, yellow, courteous curs; bowing his nose to the ground; licking the tallow from your Florsheims; doing the Hetchy-Ketchy shimmy, its tail safely ensconced beneath its belly––ever see one of these?

Well, that’s what I calls doggone politeness.

That’s the dog’s way of inquiring for a bone or a bologna skin––That’s asking.

That’s begging. That’s praying. That’s pleading––beseeching. Beseech and you will be given the swill, the junk, the rags, the cot (bunk) and the poor house. . .

I won’t go into details––I’ll simply write down what you think:

Organize, and you will not have to beg––you can then suggest, propose or demand.

And since you know that beggars are poor––or selfish––I would demand that we, labor, make an effort to broaden out; transact our business in a dignified manner. . .

Ask and you shall receive is not strictly true––just like fishing: “We threw in cur line and waited for a bite.”

We’re still waiting.

The postoffice doubled the postage on picture post cards, expecting to double its income––it’s still expecting.

Why didn’t it pray?

*Prayer is the final eclipse of the soul.*

## 1925\_69\_IS\_12081925

**T-BONE SLIM SAYS**

–––––

**FIGURES LIE XII - - - - XII**

–––––

I.

‘Tis said we cannot (clearly) prove

That two and two is four

And that, no matter how we move,

It may be less or more.

II.

Since no two things are quite alike,

How can they sum up four?

Indeed, the humble three, or five

Might be the final score.

III.

Three onions, true, is more than none

Right here is where we cry––

Another man with only one

Was twice as strong as I!

IV.

One-half of twelve is seven, prex––

Let’s with the figures delve:

The VII joined to its reflex

Transforms itself to XII.

V.

Cut off the lower half of X (ten)

It leaves you even V (Five)

Cut II––it leaves you 2, dear, mon––

Thus seven we derive!

I II III IV V VI––.–– 7 8 9 10 11 12.

You will note the half of twelve is not six, the “half-way” is between 6 and 7––the last half of six and the first half of seven––hence, six and one half includes one half of seven and since 3½ is half of 7, 10 1-2 is exactly half of twelve––somebody is a liar.

And figures are unreliable––anything can be proved, and disproved, as fast––It’s tough! “Wanted Harvest Hands––Red River Valley––Long Run––$3.50 and $4.00”

What does that mean?

That’s figures.

It means that you will work for $3.50 and that the I. W. W. will raise your pay to $4.50. Somebody is a liar.

I think it’s mathematics.

\* \* \*

“Each man kills the thing he loves.” (Not knowing when to write or quit.) Each man “eats” the thing he hates––But through no lack of ken or wit. The opening line above was written by one Oscar Fingal O’Flaherty Willis Wilde––what a barbarous name!––England’s smartest Irishman.

\* \* \*

“Man wants but little here below.” The little he gets is poor––

Birds thrive on quite a bit less, ye

know––

But sometimes it’s manure.

\* \* \*

It is said “mind hangs by a hair.” Mine must have dropped. (The hairs, no longer anchored, fell out.) Won’t I look like hell going into the harvest bald-headed. Who shall I blame? Is there any provision in the compensation law for the loss of fuzz (fur)?

\* \* \*

Point of order: I see there are still a few careless members who are behind in their dues––that’s bad. I would suggest to those men that they **make it a point to keep themselves paid up 90 days ahead.** (Just in case of a pinch––of course.)

“N W BUSINESS MAKES STRIKING GAINS IN JUNE”––

Ah, if LABOR had only thought to MAKE GAINS STRIKING in June. Ah!

## 1925\_70\_IW\_15081925

**MY “POSISH”**

We were asked, “How do you stand on centralization?”

Now, although we are not much of an organizer, the question comes under the head of things that we have an opinion on.

We are a centralizer—55 per cent.

We are a decentralizer—45 per cent.

That makes 100 per cent.

But we are not an extreme “centralist,” like capitalism.

Our reason for this is in the fact, that (as we think) the capitalist’s system, when fully centralized, will be unloaded into a garbage dump. *Its “center” won’t save it.*

(Note: The question is not How to handle capitalism?—at least not yet. The question is How can we organize working class power?) A. F. of L. is highly centralized—it’s centrifugal force was in the person of Mr. Samuel Gompers, now dead—that is, in a sense.

Now that my position is clear I will apologize for assuming that I have a right to support centralization or decentralization—so long as I’m honest about it —and don’t exceed the four-bit limit.

*Mankind first must learn to act*

*Before it can tribute exact.*

Still being apologetic, I may as well be blunt—if not dull:

I’m not a thorough-bred centralizer.

I’m not a pure blooded one—a mosquito bite causes my pedigree to fluctuate and I grow flexible, in the swatting-arm.

But I’m better than a half-breed—about 11-16 central and 5-16 “dissent.”

I’m out of order—the thing is a very minor question, and fully settled; since nobody seems to know where decentralization ends and where centralization begins—draw a line between them and we’ll take sides, we will do an Anna Held “split”—like sheol we will!

I speak for “specification.” Let us discuss things on their merits, not by generalizations.

\* \* \*

The Legion Fund Quota.

The business-men of Minneapolis have donated $22,077.67 to the American Legion—money to be sent east. The business men collected this money, in the regular manner, from their customers and employes.

The merchants are quite liberal with other peoples’ money.

The Legion is seeking $5,000,000.

In’ connection let’s suggest that we, the workers, approach the boss for a little something extra and donate it to our papers.

\* \* \*

I have in my pocket one of those little red cards—you’ve seen them. On the front page among other things is written:

Agriculture—Department.

Farming—Industry.

Laborer—Occupation.

Now, I take exceptions to that word laborer. I am not a member of the Industrial Laborers of the Earth.

I’m simply a worker—an unassuming member of the Industrial Workers of the World. I recognize no craft—skilled or non-skid. I don’t want the word “slave” put in my book in place of “laborer”—*worker* is better, holy us the name labor it.

What’s the matter with the words:

Exploitee.

Employee.

Wage-earner.

Producer, etc.

Note—My reason for “kicking” is in the fact that the word LABOR implies a WHOLE of USEFUL PEOPLE, but “Laborer,” on the other hand, insinuates there is an assortment of disunited “grades”—establishing a division of labor—creating “differences” . . .

We’re a One Big Union of Workers.—

(T-b. S.)

## 1925\_71\_IS\_19081925

**T-BONE SLIM SAYS**

–––––

**MONEY COUNTS**

–––––

Evolution of woman, beginning in a mulberry bush: Now (first) it may be that mulberry trees came from the “rib.”

“Silk-worm came from mulberry tree; silk came from worm; (dress came from silk) and woman came from silk; took to punching a cash register, became hard and brazenly fingered the typewriter, joined the drill-press, core-making and roustabout gang—drew her pay, $16, bought a silk dress, and took out a card with the Imperious Slaves of Freedom. But it was the typewriter that most aided and sanctified the finding of her level.

\* \* \*

It would he hell, indeed, if a man was to die and leave behind him a full box of snuff—for the relatives to fight over.

Mistake me not, I’m not tryin to insinuate that it ain’t all right to die with your dues paid up ahead. Don’t misunderstand me—snuss and dues are by nature different by God! One of them is private property.

The street cur rates in Minneapolis have RISEN—from 6 to 8 cents—and citizens are leaving the town in DROVES and box cars, thus turning-down the long, magnificent hikes, **pro and corn**, of the City Beautiful, deserting the resplendent village. . . . After rassling with the problem June and July the court was finally convinced that the people have the money—no such a thing.

Also the court was convinced that the street-car company would be able to spend the money once they did get it. Nothing like trying to get it anyway—**How about higher waged all around,** so’s to be in style,—everything seems to be going up.

Fortunately, the court put off the increased fare until Aug. 1; thus giving the people’s relatives in the harvest fields a chance to “ship in” some carfares. I tell you, it’s a shame to build a town this away and then desert it on account of 2 cents—a crying shame. ‘Tis.

\* \* \*

The Industrial Workers of the World.

\* \* \*

I feel it is a part of my duty to apologize to the fellow workers for not working in the harvest fields this year. The farmers expect me to work 11hours a day, at triple speed, 8 to 12 days per month (very special work) ordinary, damnable wages—$3.50; 32 cents per hour, spuds, corn and punk.

I can do better in extra-gang. I can make 27 cents per hour, SINGLE SPEED—and veal-stew —26 days per month.

NOTE.—27 cents (single speed) amounts to 81 cents per hour compared to John’s triple speed 32 cents—I simply can’t afford to throw money or labor away—I’m a poor man—I’m a weak man . . .

Why, I’d bankrupt myself!

Provoking ain’t it?

P. S.— If it wasn’t for the A. W. I. U. 110 you have to pay the farmer for letting you exercise.—T-b. S.

## 1925\_72\_IW\_22081925

**LOCK YOUR CARS**

Our beloved people are up in the air, and suffering. Not only the workers but poachers, bootleggers and businessmen as well. A general condition of bewilderment prevails all over the country including Seattle, Bismarck, Bay City and Harrisburg—where did you say you are going—Huh, why go: why not stand your ground and organize, huh?

The bewilderment and bedevilment and “begodment” if the result of slack lines in the hands of labor. Chicago, Dekalb, Des-Moines, Mason City, St. Paul and St. Minneapolis are hit all alike— Dubuque, ditto. Omaha. Sioux City and Sault Ste Marie, likewise—Wise?

Houses for rent; stores for rent; space for rent—it is really touching; it is pathetic—Garages for rent; second-hand cars for sale—I. W. W. press is crowded—sure its crowded—but WHY?

Because labor is driving THROUGH THE CONGESTION with *tender lines*.

How are you going to change this? Do you know of ANY WAY to do it without organization?

Some will say “individual action.”

Allow me to tell you my friend that state penitentiaries are full of such—and others—eating steam cooked food, acidifying foods. (18 times out of 21) which ruins their stomach, morals and mind; out of 1,080 convicts there are 125 per year that grow gloomy, hysterial, insane and are transfered into an insane asylum, every year—hash and bread—facts. *Wherever the silent system is in force,*

That’s “reforming” — reforming want misery and cold; that’s punishment —punishing necessity; that’s deliberate murder—society murdering its victims—and I fear that if such men survive and make their second debut (in this world) they will not rush to kiss society upon either ear. Paper says: “Lock your cars—expert auto thieves have been released from “pen” according to gum-shoe grafters”—evidently they know the “reform” didn’t catch, grub didn’t kill and silence didn’t, craze. Lock your curs, but help the prisoners by organizing— at all times. They sacrifice much!

## 1925\_73\_IS\_26081925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

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**CHOP SUEY**

The best way to spend a loose hour is flirting with a chop suey––but be sure the suey is young and fresh in memory. When you can no longer, and any more, eat American civilization, you can **confront the celestial stew**. Ah, laborers, there is nothing like the lobelia poultice; the mournful looking “special plain”––made from contented onions and martyred suey––there is peace and plenty; cheer, and tears subdued––heroism.

(Editor: Get your hat; we’ll go down to the Noodle-Distillery).

o o o

Then well return and throw our organized eye over what’s left of the capitalist’s system . . what’s that––what’s that! You say that onions interprevents the consternation of mind over labor matters? Shame on you! Shame . . . . that’s just the trouble, heretofore we have not kept faith with the succulent, chopped heelskins and we have fallen into a knowtion that our lot is the rest of a “paradise lost.” Impossible!

Impossible, since paradise lost is the same thing as suckers––success––It is lost before it gets started. We can’t dream a paradise; we must make it––and with the aid of the lord and onions! we’ll build one.

But that isn’t what I was gonna say.

But that is not what I’m talking about.

In a subject such as this it is real difficult to pick out what to write–– a few words in favor of cherry pie might have the “proper” flavor: I hear denunciations to the left of me, to the right of me , to the rear of me, to the front of me, above me, below me, around me . . . peoples claim that cherry pie is a dulusion in size, shape and **materia**; they say the name is wrong; that, instead of cherry pie it should read pied-cherry––so depraved are they.

I took apart one of those cute V-shaped morsels, intending to count the flies in it (to determine by majority rule if the disguised “dish” is not meat pie) and found only four whole flies and three fractions (where the ruthless pie knife had severed their last remains). Checking further, I found three ghastly cherries, one raisin, one genuine pearl button and a spoontul of something that looked like blue ointment (cornstarch, the national custard, probably)––all for ten cents.

Not satistied with robbing you of wages, sticking you up for money, rolling you and picking your pockets, they now rob your stomach and different parts of your–– of your physiology; eyesight, ear-hear, teeth-bite, nose-smell, mind-thought, hair-curl, voice-talk, foot-walk, life-live, etc. They rob you blind, deaf, toothless, smelless, thoughtless, baldheaded, dumb, halt and dead––am I plain?

The system is now so rotten that, unless we organize, we will be compelled to start each a system of his own––every man will have to carry a pie factory and a fly trap; a cherry tree and an oven.

(lce-cream is frozen corn starch).

But that’s not what I’m writing about––I’m particular, I am.

(If you do your own washing, rub the contents of one cone in the collars, wring dry, stretch and “press” between two hot stones . . . . .)

Such are conditions. Things are dressed too much––with a name.

Ah, when I think of it, they take a dozen houseflies and make a cherry pie; they take twelve flies and make an apple pie; six pairs of buzzers make a mince pie––ah––two half-dozens of these playful birds make one “**crusted buggy of the dessert!”** Ah. . . .

(Editor: Kindly tell your readers how many flies you devoured during July).

**I can’t make the point slam!**

The point is not that German farmers are feeding **dog** and **beef**, nor is it the terrible waste of heat (on a windy day) at the jungle fire––the point is that things are misnamed. To illustrate: We are pleased to call men who superintend, oversee, propose (accept or reject) “Executives.” How come? They tell me what to do, and I execute the necessary moves, and they are executives. Truly, how come? Who am I? Am I an executor, executionist or an **execu**stiff?

Seems to me that it was I “that grasped his pipedream,” in a flash; that it was I (labor) that exceuted every move––’xcutive!

Improvements in farm machinery has no part in this article –– that would be sentimentalism.

The fact that I heard two harvest hands (8 and 11 years old) complaining that “the two of them could not keep up with an eight-foot binder” should not influence me.

## 1925\_74\_IW\_29081925

**BRICK BY BRICK**

Even with one ear practically out of comission I hear men discussing the doubling of dues— I have heard little else in the past five years and I swear that that is what put my ear on the bum.

I never hear men talking about doubling the wages. Strange. Oh no, they are willing to accept a 30 per cent inciease—and giggle over it like a funny bone with a seven year itch or a hoosier orchestra with knee-teasing *jimmies*. They act as if there is no figures after 50; that one dollar follows four bits; that two dollars follows one dollar with nothing in between—they must be from Montana—I hail from Missouri, and I’m always willing to be shown—and further, they act as if Bryan had won the free and unlimited coinage of silver issue.

True it is that our organization could use more money advantageously—the four bits is now worth 31½ cents compared to what it was worth 10 years ago—but in the absence of figures on the amounts of collected through voluntary (so-called) assessments we cannot know how much of an increase is needed. We do not know whether amounts to one dollar per man or not, and we have been assured that it is only “the few” that carry assessment stamps—

If that be true then, evidently, we have been experimenting with trouble . . . we are in need of a direct, clar-cut system of gathering funds.

F. W. Cheesebrew has a very good plan, a plan that would remedy that condition, but it is too revolutionary—it will be difficult to get the members to accept it, in paying numbers.

A plan we must have. We have tried this, that and the other—and tried them ever again— until some have gotten the idea that, since no stabile plan can be found, that we should at least rotate the plans, spring, summer, fall and winter. . . .

Personally I am opposed to the dollar dues— because it isn’t necessary—and I can’t see, for the life of me, why we should make *an exception of dues alone.*

We hear (with that bad ear) much about compulsory assessments. Let me see have I got it right: The members are going to compel themselves to pay extra assessments. Gee whiz, won’t they be threatening! Or, is it possible that some other outfit will do the compelling—I must be frank—sposing they quit paying dues entirely; sposing they themselves prefer to do all the compelling?

(Needles to say a sensible man won’t quit.) Outside of slavery, there is nothing compulsory— but death. Ha ha haa!

A body of men will get together, admit their disinclination to pay and use force on themselves. In other words, they will make a mountain of a mole-hill, throw a dignified fit of self-scaring, self-chastening and self-chastisement—”I’m going to compel myself to do this. I’m gonna give myself orders. No sympathy for yours truly goes. I’m gonna do as I say. Myself must listen to me.

Isn’t compulsory grand!

Isn’t it!

What men want, what they desire, what they demand and *what they vote for* cannot be considered compulsory . . . I’m most thoroughly sick of that word, and would suggest to the compulsorites that they apply for a job as court of last resort.

Going back to F. W. Cheesebrew article will say that the other provisions *hinge on the dollar dues* and therefore, if the dollar dues are tried again, the rest of the plan should be put in force at the same time—it’s a good plan.

But, as it is, we are now under a reconstruction period —a poor time for overhauling—that is, we have seen days and we will see more of them—when we were and will be in a better position to make a change—we’re not strong enough to die of apoplexy nor weak enough to die of garlic. *Right at this time we can’t make a complete change*. We must do like the boy, of the golden west, grow up with the gravel.

Apology here. etc., and here, etc., etc.!

My plan: Increase the dues to 65 cents.

The 15 cents to go to the papers. There’s your start. The editors thus strengthened will cause activity, build the organization—when results begin to show, start weeding out the assessment stamps—not before.

I most thoroughly believe in direct tax—all alike—in a direct way; I do not believe in fostering petty business men by printing their advertisements—the big ones we can’t get. That’s too round about.

I believe in stretching out one hand with the ONE FULL DUES in it/ to the organization and holding out the other hand for the boss to fill—make the two moves with one motion, like husking corn. Fifteen cents per month more amounts to half a cent per day—so, I would tell the boss pay me five dollars and one cent per day instead of the usual $5.

That would leave me a profit of 15 cents per month—see, it’s not what you’ve got but what you get—that way, too, the boss supports your press as directly as it can be done under present system of peculiar ownership and the papers wouldn’t have to even tell “what a fine man he is.”

As before stated in apology this would be right in line with *building* a new society within the shell of the old—not the whole works at once, to a miscarriage—but brick by brick. Going as the extra money does to a worried press doing wonders, even as it is—the organization would soon double its membership and efficiency—but even before that: The Industrial Unions can, if they desire, remember their papers and carry seme of the burden. . . .

Now in conclusion I will say (lacking space, time and brains) that at this time the doubling of dues will not double the organization efficiency and it may decrease the membership in several directions.

But 15 cents per month increase will double the membership—saving each member 35 cents per month—support your papers.

The question is what CAN be DONE?

I was thinking of using that stale ear of mine as pencil carrier.

## 1925\_75\_IW\_05091925

**Without Organization**

Without Organization:

It is reasonable to think that it is proper not to expect money for your *services of labor* but it would seem that we ought to get a few clothes anyway, yoa know.

You know getting clothes from a larger man is fraught with incipient hazard, the clothes of a smaller man won’t fit and the clothes of a man *your size* won’t come off except in pieces.

We are proud to relate that we have seven shirts (of different sizes) — and, gentlemen, the time is coming when they al will adorn (if not warm) our crying need; six on top the other—all on top the illegal (and original) portion of our complexion.

Clothes make the man; lack of them—pneumonia.

*Be it ever so ragged there’s n space like pants.*

\* \* \*

I would like to warn the ladies that if they keep on encroaching on our prerogatives—rivet-buttoned pants—the dressing of the masculine public is going to be simplified in the accomplishment . . . already I have seen a legionite wearing a pair of lady’s ham-protectors— she probably loaned him the pair for the season — I don’t think he stole them.

How the lady came in possession of them, like Germany (sour) “Chasm” says, “I can not find, by the sheesus Krais, out.”

Read the Industrial Worker.

\* \* \*

The exceptional demand for the cheaper cuts, meat, nut-crispo and meals has so much raised the cost of living that progressive laborers are depending more and more on pate de foi gras and terrapin.

## 1925\_76\_IS\_09091925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**“OUR MEETINGS”**

–––––

The surplus of workers in the harvest field would seem to indicate that the managers of industry have laid off men, in the shops and mills, out of consideration for the poor, poor farmers—poor farmers; that the managers have suddenly grown tenderhearted—kind-hearted.

That is not so.

The men in the field are squeezed business men (I see their stores empty) carpenters (whose work is being done by dairy farmers) and other men who have been displaced by improved machniery, speed-up system and reorganized work—besides the regular harvest hand, etc.

Of course, it is wrong for the various industries to unload their displaced men onto the farming industry, that in itself is displacing “hands” and owners.

Each industry should take care of all its workers, regardless.

Each industry will do so—when the workers organize industrially.

Not, before.

\* \* \*

The modern locomotive has done away with 29 railroad crews. Therefore, if the 29 unemployed crews were to be employed, we would have to have 29 times as much export trade, or, we would have to consume 29 times as much as we do—an impossibility. Clearly, the fault is not “in the markets.”

Clearlyl the remedy for railroad unemployment lies in putting the 39 crews to work by shortening the day of the one crew working.

\* \* \*

But fellow citizens, workers and parasites: Compose yourselves. Keep cool even if it is 102 ¾ in the shade. Our author has solved the problem.

The other day I went out looking for a fifteen cent, shirt . . . . cortainly, I found one), why, it costs hardly nothing to live—to dress up, I mean—and, gentlemen, consider, if you are without a shirt in September, it will rain soft collar shirts from heaven like it did manna for the **adults of Israel** in the wilderness.

The ladies, too, will be protected by the weatherman. His forecast will read: Increasing cloudiness followed by cloudbusrt of traveling gowns— take your pick.

But the unemployed ladies, sisters, wives and grandmothers, of unemployed sons, hubbies and grandpas need not wait for the cloudburst. With a few cents, (which they can pick up), they can purchase a few yards of mosquito netting, wrap it around themselves, “step” in well-dressed society without tossing a stitch or buying shave.

\* \* \*

Something to bear in mind: .J

Construction is slower’ than destruction.

One shot will sink a ship—-it takes two years to build one.

(Knocking is destruction; praising is construction).

It is knocking (chopping) that makes the tree fall.

\* \* \*

Praising individuals helps individuals; praising organizations helps organizations—individuals hate to ,be viewed as needing help; organizations admit they need help. They plead and demand it.

\* \* \*

Now, here I will recite an occasion of organized “assistance,” to point out the power of praise and its use:

A small bunch of us used to gather to hear a speaker, a good one—indeed, really a great one—but we could get no crowd. (Never mind the speaker’s name—I’m bragging for myself).

I consulted the bunch of listeners, one by one, and got them to swear by all that is “holy” that they would make it a point to pass the word around that “**the speaker is the greatest talker in the world**” (he was, too) and to boost him till Hell wouldn’t have it. This was done.

The next meeting was a mob. All could not hear the speaker—who was better than ever—but that made no difference, for had we not told them that he was a great speaker? Did they not know that the speech would be the exact truth? And so, in turn, they had a good word to say.

Meetings, to be successful, need organization from beginning (before) to end (and after). Smothered like.

Finally, remember: A speaker will not ask you to maneuver in his favor. Therefore, I ask you to view every meeting not as Fellow Worker So-and-So’s meeting” but as YOUR meeting, and I ask you to see to it that no slip-ups occur. The mere fact that I must point this out proves that I have not done my share. Hence my early bragging loks bad).

—T-Bone Slim.

P. S.— The I. W. W. is growing.

## 1925\_77\_IW\_12091925

**Groaning Career**

The Milwaukee Road is in the hands of a receiver—a bona fide receiver. The rest of us will be. shortly.

This receivership of a trans-continental line will have a tendency of convincing me that the road is actually in need of more spending money. The test of us, likewise.

Why bum us?

Of course. I don’t know how many millions the Milwaukee has paid out us dividends in the last ten years nor do I know how much it paid for the C. T. H. &. R. R., I only know that I’ve spent less than 500 dollars per year of our money.

Why bum us?

Why is the road “received?”

Some think that it is highly desirable, at this time, in the face of embryonic western hydraulic manufacture to increase the freight rates on the “small” western roads—Milwaukee, ditto—you see. Idaho, Washington and Montana (and near future) contain, say, one-half of all the available waterpower—in this country. Others think that since western lumber is in high demand east, increasingly—that it would be about the proper caper to bark-mark it a little with railroad tariff.

First haul it west, then east—without doubt western commodities will travel east (proven by the fact that such heroic efforts are being made to civilize the high-priced workers with low wages, chicken-feed— (remember the time I sat in the jungles with $830 in gold) and low standards.

Even today Montana gives respectful attention to nickles. . . .

I’m off my subject.

No! No! No! That isn’t why the Milwaukee is—well “received.”

You see, the Milwaukee some time ago inducted agricultural experts into its machine shops to repair the walking-boom hand cars—cars that are worked under the same principle as rural pump handles, of 40 years ago (but, I understand, the company is considering a proposition of putting wind-mills on the cars ns soon as “they” can spare the wind from their increased freight rate literature).

Indeed, the granger mechanics jamb the gears tight together, where they should have (much) play, almost clearance, and plant one set of wheels pointing north by northwest, on an east and west line . . . for pumping these cars the company pays 38 cents per hour—as fast as we quit. The gears grind that way a life time—the woodwork, in the cars, wear out in time—with the result that never in all its groaning career do you have a handcar. (I say this because I think old Byrum does not know this—a fit is easier to make than a driving-fit).

Out of eleven cars I found only one “fair” one. . . .

Isn’t it strange how only I know the cause of receivership?

## 1925\_78\_IS\_16091925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**WORST IS YET**

–––––

It looks like a hard winter.

Buy your mitts now—avoid the rush.

Avoid the Christmas rush, especially.

I don’t wish to discourage you, but if you have any Xmas-Rush money it will be because the bosses ain’t got no place to put it—not even foreign investments.

The C. M. & St Paul laid off 80 men from its extra-gang—half of them—yesterday. The speed with which the men worked was too much for the company.

\* \* \*

The railroads claim they cannot afford to pay the men living wages and keep up their donations to the bankers—I can’t see for the life of me why they pay out millions to the bankers every year. Must be that they have “hocked” the furniture of the roads? If so they must be dumber than we thought they were.

The very idea! and then they criticize a worker who “peddles” his overcoat!

As I was saying: It looks like a hard, hard wintr. The ice will be thick. The snow will be bulky. Slaves, shirts, soups and chances will be thin—not wishing to discourage you. How hot is it now?

\* \* \*

**Clannishness**

The parasites’ press proclaims prosperity throughout the land. Things are picking up. Business prospects are looking up—The J. A. W. broad-casting station, seconds the motion without a stutter . . .

(Just wait, when business gets way up and begins to **look down** upon us god-fearing mortals, just wait!)

And what’s more, it’s all true.

Despite poverty and unemployment, it’s true. Despite non-reception of pay, it’s true. True, it’s true—there prosperity for the parasites, **and their papers recognize the fact.** They speak for their class. Wouldn’t hardly expect them to talk for labor.

Of course, there’s prosperity.

Now our papers, the labor papers, the I. W. W. papers, despite the evident prosperity of the parasites, recognize the poverty of the working class, and say so. And what’s more, it’s all true.

Despite the millionaires, it’s true.

Despite the billionaires, it’s true.

True, it’s true—there is no prosperity for you.

What paper do you support?

\* \* \*

Man has two hands—not exactly to eat with. He therefore must have two uses for them. Years pago it was ought that hands were for the purpose of crushing error—wrong—and injustice.

One hand would be enough for that.

What is the other hand for?

Ah, it is for the purpose of giving a lift to down-trodden truth, right and justice.

Crushing error, is only half of the work—and not enough.

Man, in his conceit, has thought the crushing of falsehood was his only job. A light-exercise, truly. He has been very considerate to himself. He has neglected to help the faltering, staggering, fainting truth.

But, now, us young-timers recognize that we have two things to do, choke “error” and glad-hand truth; fight “wrong” and defend right, denounce “injustice” and boost justice.

Indeed we have our hands, full.

The struggle is ceaseless:

Error crushed to earth will rise again  
And Truth, picked up, is forthwih slain.

ORGANIZE—anything!

ALLTHINGS.—T-b. S.

## 1925\_79\_IW\_19091925

**OVERHEAD CHARGES**

At this time I would suggest that all stores except the 5 and 10 cent stores be abolished –– our progressive prosperity would seem to warrant this. It is very seldom that a worker (nowdays) has more than 10 cents to invest at one time––and it is so hard to get them to save their dimes. They simply refuse to become as millionaires by the dime route––dime-millionaires, of course. They seem to have no business-sense. Different here!

Only the other day I saved and saved until I had two dimes. Then all of a sudden a spending-vice took hold of me and a I blowed the whole fortune for a safety razor and four blades at a 10 cent store.

Without a trace of guilt and with light heart and feet I marched down to the Wobbly hall and let a fellow worker use it––he wanted to buy it:

“All right,” says I, “It has cost me 20 cents; you can have it for 50 cents.”

Business sense.

He called me a propheteer, an unprincipled gouger and a reprobate of the most scandalous character; that I was trying to grab 60 per cent profit in these times of ortho––orthodox p’prosperity and said, further, that I should let him have it for 20 cents.

Where’s his business sense?

Here I’ve sunk two dimes into the deal––my hard earned money.

Here I’ve walked two miles––on high-priced sole-leather––to buy it.

(He don’t want to pay me for the hour’s walk). Such ungratefullness!

Here I’ve spent years and years in school learning to trade with wisdom (just like the doctors) and he refuses to let me charge him a slight tax for all the lickings in which I par-participated.

I was struck dumb. A terrible fear entered my soul: can it be possible all workers are that way? Is it possible that mornings, before the whistle blows, they are all wraught up over the day’s work; that they are not free, but under orders; that they expend time, energy and shoe-leather for hours every morning before the pay starts ––for which they get nothing? If this be so, it is an outrage and I demand that time-clocks be moved up against the bed, so that you can punch it when the alarm goes off. There’s no sense in keeping the clock on the job; the work doesn’t begin there nor does it end there––after quitting time your work to get home begins (and other work, a part of your life as a slave––patchng, gardening, fighting the landlady, star-boarder and six bulls, shopping and other work necessary to make yourself successful as an industrial slave––pay being light). All that should go in as over-time! But does it?

Certainly not––that shows where labor lacks business sense.

A business man would tend to overhead expenses first of all. It would go on the price of goods something like this:

Heat, rent and light, 30 per cent.

Preacher, bootlegger American Legion, 30 per cent.

K K Klux 10 per cent.

Community Chest 5 per cent.

Lodges 5 per cent.

Beggars (general) 5 per cent.

Miscellaneous (repairs) 5 per cent.

And so on.

When all these are added to the cost of shoes, a $1.65 pair of shoes will cost (you) $3.30. So, you see, if a business man gives 50 cents to a beggar, it doesn’t cost him a cent.

The customers pay that in the per cent racket.

On the other hand:

A worker, shy of business sense, neglects to keep track of his overhead expense. He neglects to charge for railroad fare, with the result that he must ride an apple-car. He forgets to add on “the price of a new suit,” with the result that he runs a chance of being arrested for exposing his s-s-spine. And so on.

And finally, he quite forgets the beggar. He fails to charge the boss enough so that he could help a brother in distress; so that and he could give his charitable nature full reign. He forgets this. He neglects this.

Such carelessness, I saw nothing else but! He, the man that produces everything hasn’t got six bits to toss his kind.

Allmighty Labor, the one most entitled to deal charity (help) is broke, and bumming “lumps.”

Business men and professional men, who produce nothing, are the only ones capable of giving aid––which doesn’t cost them a cent––because they include “charity” in their overhead charges––and them keep it themselves.

Such is “overhead charge.”

Labor has its doubts whether it could put into effect an equitable charging system, and I know it can’t.

Why?

Because it is unorganized.

For years and years it has been working for the lump sum of $40 per month––even in seasonal work like harvest work, the scissors have been working for $4 per day; 10 days per month.

You don’t get your new suit that way.

You don’t ride cushions that way.

You won’t pass around many $2 bills that way.

But if you organize, and find out what your running expenses are, and add to that *a reasonable profit*, you can do just about what you like.

This doesn’t mean that you join a union and drop out just when another man joins.

It means that you join the I. W. W. and stay joined.

P. S.––I cannot resist the temptation to point to the workers the necessity of delegates. We cannot grow without them!

Things are bad all around––on jobs. Also let me point out that speakers, writers and entertainers are just as necessary––a ship “without a rudder” is as badly off as one “without a propeller.” And the papers––ah––”without the engine” the ship with float only. “Without the papers” enthusiasm will run in streaks like a delirious cyclone. In fact, “without the papers” we can not progress––all these are important. Equally important. Still, I would suggest that we encourage delegates, (stand by them) at this time––and get out more of them; plenty of them.

## 1925\_80\_IS\_23091925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

So I will change the subject––I will discuss the inferiority complex, under the head of “insignificantly hoax.”

Many workers believe they do not amount to much; many view themselves as nothing––they have been “instructed” in that belief. But belief is not knowledge. . . . Every man is of the greatest importance––they are “alike as two raindrops.” Some men reason they are not needed in an organization of labor––supposing all men thought the same way––supposing all raindrops refused to come down. . . .

Men are important––nothing much can be done without them. This attitude that I belong to this and that is a delusion.

“I belong to such and such a church” is a lie. The church belongs to you. “I belong to the republican party”––Gee, you’ve surely got owners. “I belong to the I. W. W.”––Isn’t it possible the organization belongs partly to you? Lies are not constructive; and a lie, no matter how innocent, is perfidious. Take for example the pure white Sunday school lie that “Santa Claus gives presents to good children.” That’s sanctified lying. And Sunday school teachers are sanctimonious liars.

We’ve been lied to since childhood and we have been convinced that we belong (and have lied ourself) but the time has now come when we no longer believe our insignificance; we know our importance––and we know that without the so-called insignificant raindrops there will be no flood.

Further, we know that at the “first drop of rain” the citizen’s face blanches and he right shrewdly guesses what’s coming.––T-b. S.

## 1925\_81\_IW\_26091925

**EVOLUTION**

We’ve been ill, but our illness was mild—the mere fact that we didn’t die proves that. Infact, our death, no matter how’ appropriate and desirable, is long delayed—and we feel that illness glories in an exaggerated importance.

Like the wind-stormi n Minneapolis: Newspapers headlined it and made a great *mockado* about it.

“Four killed; 30 Injured and 40 Houses Wrecked.”—

There are 750.000 people in St. Paul and Minneapolis—and yet only four was killed. I wouldn’t call that a storm—it’s merely a skirmish, of the elements.

“Thirty injured.” Good Lord: first thing we know they’ll headline a skinned knuckle.

Forty houses wrecked. Isn’t it possible they fell down for the lack of wind to hold them up?

So, too, it is. with sickness—terrifically exaggerated.

But should we die— boys—we desire to be buried 7 a. m. sharp—because we always feel better after dinner.

(A man wouldn’t want to be buried just when he feels good.)

Watch that!

\* \* \*

Likewise:

We have read and read and read about great, glorious grandiloquent Industrial Potentates and Productions Kings WHO employ 25,000 men.

We gasp—gasp for breath—Jimini Crimini!

Then we remember that Gen. F. (fellow worker) Foch bossed 12.000.000 men in 1917—and, you know, we begin to think that bossing 25,000 is pretty petty, hoozier-fied, haywire business.

Tell me more of your wonders and I will show you how kinder-gartenish they are.

\* \* \*

Evolution:

I have seen evolution with my own eyes: There is nothing particular or peculiar about it except the name. It has existed at all times during the period of my existence upon earth—nobody discovered it or invented it—it was in plain sight like a limb on a tree, at all times.

A man would *have to have* a cinder in both eyes not to see it.

Nevertheless great credit is due man for giving it a name; for having brains to put a title upon it—just like doctors who let the sunshine through blue glass and had the presence of mind to call the ray, Violet— if the glass had been a piece of a brown beer bottle they would have called the adulterated-light, maroon-ray. Yes, indeed, it takes smartness to christen the things we kick around in this world.

Iron-ore *evolutes* into steel.

A monkey *evolutes* in a mule.

Man *evolutes* into an ape (and vici-versa).

But the greatest single piece of evolution on record is the evolution of a scissorbill into a Wobblie.

## 1925\_82\_IW\_03101925

**Credit Where Credit Is Due**

“This man and »hat man did so and s,” we hear. “He had charge of 25,000 men” Wonderful! He sat in a rocker-swivel chair and the multitude heard his voice— a feat. indeed, sit in a chair.

Foch sat in a “chateau” and 12,000,000 heard His voice—and, we credit Foch with not being entirely minus brains —but we do not not credit him with “victory.”

We also do not credit the 12,000,000 with “victory.”

No. We think the so-called victory was the result of *superior loners sufficiently organized*—

The boss doesn’t count. The general (luckily sane) didn’t matter. But these men’s organizations did matter.

Foch was the first man given control over the various armies of the different nations— any other general could have filled the bill (probably) as well—organizntion followed: a ONE big organization was formed, and, THAT ORGANIZATION put Fellow Worker Kaiser Wilhelm to cutting cord wood over in Holland.

An organization is *all important*—in all things, including labor— it’s “kind” is next—it’s size comes last.

Even the poorest, worst, organization is 7 ¼ times better than none at all.

\* \* \*

HOW DO YOU DO—

The burning question in the mouths of many, many—too many men is as follows:

“Will the I. W. W. be a success”—not exactly in those words. (They think “the I. W. W. is a failure; the one great idea is a fizzle.” So they say; so they think, and so they drift through life discouraged unnecessarily).

\* \* \*

The cause of their doubt is in the fact that they expect the *other fellow to do something for them*. The other fellow, alone, is unequal to the task and needs help, active help—organization help. Therefore, if the impossible should come to pass (an idea fail) it would not be an “organization failure,” it would be the failure of its members to back-up the soundness of their idea.

That would be sad indeed, considering the fact that their idea is the one and only pure (unmixed) tool of their emancipation—hence, if they will not up-hold the idea of *one big union of industrial unions* it is because they love to be a slave.

“Good morning, Mr. Boss.”

*He who sucks the hardest will succeed?*

Emancipation, what? Purgatory. Courted insanity. The soiling of servile spirit.

\* \* \*

WE KNOW YOU—

Many men think the I. W. W. should and will emancipate them. Correct. It will—But it will do it 98 times quicker if THEY take an active part in the proceedings. Men believe the I. W. W. will raise their wages. It will do that very thing, and has already done it dozens of times— poorly as it has been supported by the non-members— (Give the Wobs a lift and watch the wages puff up).

\* \* \*

Although we, the I. W. W., are young—practically a kid—less than 21 years old—our record is something wonderful; our organization-childhood completely out-classes the spick and span manhood of other “unions.” Our critics, the inactionists, suckers, with ten cents worth of hash in their belly, might just as well go the route—the whole route— make the last worshipful concession to their immoral boss—get right down on their knees and pray the lord of their livelihood, and not be criticizing men who try, do and did something.

“We have not done anything for you,” you say— Don’t kid yourself!

Even if we didn’t. Why should we? We don’t know you! You have no card in your pocket.

## 1925\_83\_IS\_07101925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**MARTIN TABERT**

–––––

Rumor has it that the Fargo Chamber of Commerce has a handle : When I first heard that, my eccentric old heart started going **potato potato potato** in a moat fetching manner and, if I hadn’t been sick and looking like an Aultman Taylor rooster I would have dispatched myself from the salubrious climate of “Sowdakota” to that proud and concieted suburb of Moorhead—to feel with my own hands the ears of that useful body.

Fellow workers sitting by my side—those of mechanical turn of mind—called my attention at that moment to the desperate efforts of the [E]lectric Power house engine and exprest keen sorrow that an engine should be allowed to pound that way—here it was my heart all the while . . . . but they wouldn’t believe me when I informed them that they had been listening to & criticizing as true a heart as ever bobbed into a man’s throat—I was so deeply moved that I turned pale (and my back) and a cold chill ran down my feet. . . .When I lookt up I discovered myself trying to throw catarrhal shadows on the zig-zagging burning strand—40 miles away—that deeply moved was I.

x x x

When I came to, I heard that Fargo bad pulled a geuine Martin Tabert by arresting and beating up some of my fellow workers.

I was not surprised because for some time I have been aware that Fargo’s menlallity leaves much to be desired and, it may be, that Jamestown will have to take charge of her in the two next dry years.

Fargo hasn’t advanced any in the past 15 years—even today the Emerson Brantingham is peddling its great building recognizing that the citizens of the state of North Dakota are tired of throwing money away to Fargo’s grasping profiteers.

A few years ago the N. P. railroad gave up Fargo as “impossible” and installed its division point on the safe side of Moorhead.

A few years ago the Skandinavian American Bank was squeezed to the wall in that city by the faithful flunkies of the powers that be—”huh, the nerve of the Swedes to try to enter the sacred precincts of business.” And so Fargo droops like cow’s tail, dirty and disordered.

Is it then strange that the black-sheep-burg institutes a system of strongarm government; assaults its prisoners; clubs them; beats them befor trial—a la Martin Tabert? Florida stands horrified!—T-bone Slim

**Job Note**:—Work is hard to get just now. Bosses appear to be in sublime ignorance as to our need of heavy exercise—but the workers need not worry: Since there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the proper amount of exercise, let me suggest that, in lieu of something better, they can keep in trim by winding the Ingersol cautiousfully evenings before retiring.—T-b S.

## 1925\_84\_IW\_10101925

**Ideals**

When a jumble of ideas occurs and a babble of tones resound and everything snarls and roils—it is ludicrous, of course, but it is also more:

It is the good followership of poor leadership gone loco. Take heart—it is nothing compared to our other troubles—Rent, light, heat, clothing and refreshments. True, it makes one feel like he was unloaded at a way station—and makes one swear. . . .

I do hereby most solemnly swear ^darnittohel” anyway, and so forth and so forth. A man is perfectly justified in swearing—or praying or jumping on his hat—yes, he is.

He is justified in pulling his bailout, tearing his shirt, marching out dramatically, stomping his feet and charging around the block frothing at the mouth and collar—and it will do him good. But it will not straigthen matters, ideas, snarls, roils or troubles.

Followership is poor leadership.

## 1925\_85\_IS\_14101925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**SAFE ON FIRST**

–––––

The saving hab[it] is strong upon us. Souls, cigar butts and pennies are being rescued morning, noon and twilight. Daylight is being saved, night preserved and gas conserved. Everybody seems to be deeply concerned about it––God how they save––but that isn’t enough: They’re all saving, saving––say, did I swear already?––they save. Even the workers save. Month after day and day after month they toil and skimp and pinch and squeeze………but there’s no use talking, there’s not enough saving being done. Honest to gosh, there ain’t. The population of saviors must be increased (married men please note). The present population is unequal to the production of sufficient preservation. We must have more salvage.

\* \* \*

Heroically labor embraces every penny. Walks around in rags under our glorious flag of high-grade materials. Refuses to spend his hoard upon moonshine, refuses to pay fines, but wears his fortune out on board, a la mode and buttermilk. After working trebly hard for weeks he is in position to withstand three days of unemployment. **Unfortunately he has more than that to stand**. Hence, we must increase the population so that we can divide our supply of unemployment among more people––giving less idleness to each.

I’m in an awful fix, editor––you can see yourself. You see, there’s many people, including parasites, who believe that **this here blessed idleness** is good for a fellow and they believe that the men who are working should work harder and longer––so as to create more unemployment––to be divided among greater numbers.

On the other hand, there’s a bunch of natives who believe that exercise is good, and that the men working should work slower and shorter hours––so’s to give the unemployed (including parasites) a chance to exercise by producing something………so you see, editor, I’m in a hell of a fix! I don’t want to **jimm** myself by taking sides. Darn these questions anyhow! I’ll go out and buy me a fishline.

An unreformed worker, a reformed poker player, has many, many, superior qualities: Ability to weigh and consider.

Can’t be bluffed. “Plays his hand” for all it’s worth. Bets ‘em high and, if necessary, sleeps on the street. He’ll do.

Great strides have been taken “is sleeping on the street.” Before the Bible times, the noted characters used to pillow their head “on a rock” and dream of golden ladders that reached to Heaven, like Jacob did––but now they carry a bundle of overalls for that purpose. Such is progress––in extent and nature. From rock to overalls––and getting “softer” every 5000 years. After a while we will have “excelsior” pillows and “shavings” mattresses. We’re coming right along. \* \* \*

Nowadays and these nights we not dream of golden ladders (the soft pillow accounts for that). We’re progressive, we’re revolutionary––what, with all those elevators and airships. We dream of goden wings and monoplanes. Our grand, glorious individual opportunity––”Riffians in Flight Before Attacking French Columns,” capitalists substitute for press. I ‘spose they took the flight for exercise.

\* \* \*

“Official Communique States Overgha River Valley Is Clear of Enemy.” Good! I ‘spose the French wish were as lucky. Must have followed the French. The French can now win the war by jumping into the Medi –– Meditationerrainium Sea––provided the Ruffians can be depended on to the follow them. . . . Why does the parasites’ press tell us so much news about foreign countries? Because they know we can’t prove they’re liars.

\* \* \*

Conclusion:: No Chance To Kick.

(**Shakespeared**)

## 1925\_86\_IW\_17101925

**Cause *and* Effect**

I urge that it is absolutely necessary t[o] go into this subject, because so many p[eople] carelessly arrange campaigns agai[nst] effects when they should ambuscade [the] causes.

For instances: If a man tears his vene[r]able pants on a depraved nail, what doe[s] he do? Does he call on volunteers “to ge[t] a hammer” and smite that nail hip an[d] thigh on the nose? No. He sneaks through the alley to his room and crawls into bed, and, with excellent––nay marvelous––command o’er profanity, he repairs the effect of his adventure and his pants. He has no redress, so he re-dresses, goes back and tears his pants (this time) on the same ol’ nail.

Somebody had neglected to discipline (for him) the intruding, devastating spike and he had neglected his share of *improving the world*.

He flies into a rage; grabs a wrench from a Ford and bends the nail. (Thank God, he has done his duty––but, why do people always rage before they do it?) And––then, he went out and bought a new pair of “experienced” pants–– (new old pants.)

That’s the way it goes––eventually, why not early or before hand.

Now you take the matter of death––its the little things like that that count: Many people have a wrongfull idea about the cause of death. Some think that it’s sickness that causes a fellow to *keel-over*––nothing could be farther from the truth––ain’t I sick; am I dead––surely not; others say rough accidents injures a man to death”–– wrong again for is it not true that many people die in bed, asleep––still, we can’t say that sleep killed them; others say that it is old age that kills––nonsense! Why old age merely proves the distance of time you traveled before you died. Hence: sickness, injury and old-age is not the cause of death.

The cause of death is birth––if you had not been *born* you wouldn’t *die*. Quite clear, fellow workers, and indisputate a *bull*.

That bri[ngs u]s to the question of birth––you know [there] has been a question about it for a [- - w]hile: Whenever that phenomena occured people would lift their eyebrows in extensive surprise and wonder what causes . . . say, do you want me to disc this phase of our dilema? Alright, alright––as you know, birth is a beginning . . . say we better not discuss this, it will spoil the article––for how in the world can there be a cause before the beginning?

We can’t go back beyond the beginning, so, with your permission, I’ll stay this side of the start and answer your questions.

One at a time, please.

How’s that, how’s that, “what’s the cause of poverty,” did you say?

That’s easy.

The cause of poverty is shortage of funds.

What’s the cause of the shortage of funds?

Let’s see, le’s see––it’s not exploitation; it ain’t “the blowing of it in”; it isn’t the Wall St.––it isn’t scarcity of banks . . . Oh, I’ve got it: *Shortage of funds is caused by the failure to carry a red card*.

Bring on your questions.

“What causes drunkenness?”

Liquor and canned-heat.

“What causes drinking?”

Thirst.

“What causes starvation?”

Lack of organization.

“What causes high prices?”

Low wages, of course.

“What causes hope?”

Cold feet and paralysis.

“What causes love?”

I don’t know––unless stewed apricots for supper.

“What causes quarrels?”

Sour stomach.

“What causes broken engagements?”

You think I’m gonna say flat-tire––nothing of the sort––he could run on the rim for a while.––(Editor, this is important)–– when two trusting souls trite their broth; bite their draught; blight their troth; I mean––the broken engagement (it is clear) has been dropped. What can you expect?

“What causes weddings?”

Hamburger.

“What causes alimony?”

Divorce.

“What causes divorce?”

Marriage.

“What causes effect?”

Power.

“What causes power?”

“Agitation, education will defeat the and foe,” if any––connected with ceaseless activity.

“What is power anyhow?”

The organization of all live factors into a union, properly. (Example: The Industrial Workers of the World).

“What is the cause of cause?”

I don’t know.

“What as the cause of that submarine wreck?”

Well, although that is somewhat of a hypothetical (and dialectic) question, I do not mind saying that it is, from the evidence at hand, my firm belief that the crew of the submarine forgot to wind-up the alarm clock.

## 1925\_87\_IS\_21101925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**ODDS AND ENDS**

The lunger industry has been repeatedly criticized as a backwoods industry — an industry that hasn’t progressed as much as other industries (like the Godwill Industries and American Legion Funds Driving Industries, etc.)

It has been pointed out that the lumber workers are working for as low as $50 a month in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, that they don’t know enough to join the I. W. W. and get $85.

It’s a dammed lie, they are I. W. W.’s and are right now considering a strike for that sum of money—the lumber companies may as well make suitable arrangements now — and avoid the Christmas rush

\* \* \*

Box cars, insidings and out-of-way places, are frequently humped violently without consideration for the weary United States American that has retired therein. And, now it’s getting to be so that it isn’t safe to use a submarine for “flop.”—Capt. Heinen has cleared himsef with the whitewashers of the szippelin.

\* \* \*

A. Brisbane almost has an heir-apparent over the $2,000.000 J. G. Shedd promises to “supply” to build the world’s largest aquarium in Chicago.

He continues, feelingly: “Thus, all over United States, men **who have worked hard all their lives** . . . . give back the money to people among whom they earned it.”

What exquisite humor!

Worked ward?—Ha ha haw!

Must be some mistake about that—I’ve worked hard all my flife and I’m hanging onto every cent). All my life? Haha haw! Ho ho whoa! LIFE IS SHORT! Ha ha haa!

**Men who have worked hard all their—all their lives**— (great applause). Say, Art, why don’t you get a job and do your writing before breakfast, like I do. Further, dear Art, is J. G. Shedd going to give, supply or collect that $2,000,000—I’m dumb.

\* \* \*

“Is the return address on the envelope?” politely inquires the U. S. Postoffice. What a foolish question.—Of course it isn’t.

I don’t want that letter to come; I want it to go—not to arrive—but to depart. Please, oh please, understand me!

Whenever I cash a hundred dollar bill at the bank—that is, “change” it—that is, if I happen to have that much money with me—that is, if I haven’t left my billfold in the **portmanteau** or on the portcullis—that is,—oh, you know—when I’m not fiat—the banker always unloads upon me all the cracked and patched-up one dollar bills he can find.

\* \* \*

Samuel Rea, president of the Penna. R. R., retires under the company’s pension regulation.

There! Who said railroads have no conscience!

T-b. S.

## 1925\_88\_IW\_24101925

**Achievement**

“Happiness is a state of mind.” it is! She is!––But that doesn’t settle the question.

The question is *How come?* *What for? Why not?*

We’re not concerned with *effect* we want *cause*––and we want to know the cause.

Happiness is a state of mind undisturbed by human depravity. How’s that? Satisfactory?

Sorrow is a feeling of mental torture––caused, through the ages, by *everything that capitalism stands for*, and will FALL for––unless we “fall for it.”

“Slim, my son.” sayeth T-bone Senior, “Wash your ears and list to the words of Experience.”

“Shoot,” says I, interrupting the old gent.

“And I want you to give them, what I am about to impart, careful consideration,” he continued:

“When you, my son, have conquered the world, you have conquered nothing; when nations lie at your feet and behind your back, there’s nobody there; when kingdoms fall at the contracting of your brows, nothing has happened; when you rebuild a world destroyed, it is not an accomplishment; when you, through close application to scientific research, rescue civilization from a plague, you might as well have been playing second fiddle to Nero; when you rescue a homely maiden from the clutches of a ravisher, ye haven’t turned a wheel; when you save an “innocent” child from under the very trampling feet of a fire-truck, you ain’t done nothing; when you risk your life to save your enemy, that is nothing; when, with your mighty brain and brawn, you discover eternal life for all hands, show them the way, etc., you might as well have spent the time snapping your fingers or picking your nose––you done nothing. But Slim, if you line-up one worker to fight for freedom, you have done more for your fellow men than all the scientists and philosophers (combined) since the beginning of time.”––

(I believe the old jigger is right––although that’s not saying much for the sonnets I’ve been writing, is it, editor).

## 1925\_89\_IS\_28101925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**EASY GOING**

–––––

A good and willing slave died for the kind and gentle master [unclear] master was overcome with grief over the loss of a faithful “hand” and, being superstitious, decided to interview a spiritualist and have him “rise” [unclear] (from the dead) so that he could again tell him **how well he had treated** him.

“Hello, Joe,” says the boss “how’s she going?” “Not so worse,” murmured Joe, “can’t kick.” “I know, Joe, you never were a kicker. Tell me what are you doing?”

“Oh, I’ve got a good job now, Mr. Boss.”

“Glad to hear it Joe. Is it better than the one you had with me?”

“I should say so; it’s just one round of pleasure.”

“And have you got wings and everything?”

“Not so you could notice and everything?”

“Not so you could notice them.”

“Is that so?” Well, tell me about Heaven, anyhow.”

“Heaven?” queried Joe “say, boss, I guess you’ve got me wrong—I’m Shoveling sulphur.”—T. B. S.

## 1925\_90\_IW\_31101925

**MAGIC WORDS**

“Dollar Wheat—Dollar Corn—Two-Dollar Flax”— Ah!—Dollar Six Bit Wheat for DOLLAR.

Ah. indeed! Magic Words? Magnanimous words? Magnificent words? Mag \* \* \* hell.

There’s only one crop of land; several of mud (and dirt—eternal). Magic words.

\* \* \*

Well, us Labor am all *fixed* for the winter—plenty of clothes (including the blue bandana: sack-cloth-makinaw) hangover shoes and fuz sox. \* \* \* And—no money \* \* \*. We are well fixed, I said, as usual.

Made in U. S. A.

\* \* \*

Say, since when has the so-called and snow galled public acquired the right to dictate the price of commodities? (Such as hartd coal). And—

How are they going to do it? By going to churrch or tanking-up on swill-hootch? How?

I claim the public is not qualified to estimate my expenses of the past—how much goat milk and corn flake I was obliged to buy in order to generate enough physical prowess to hold a job. I claim that I alone am familiar with this investment and capable of setting the wages at proper level—hence if the public finds the cost of commodities (that I produce) too high, it need not buy. Let the dear public ‘tend to its own business—raise its own income, else the system is wrong.

\* \* \*

FRENCH MINISTER WELCOMED—

Headline.

That means that he wasn’t tarred and feathered, lynched or otherwise discommoded.

The French will be agreeably surprised

\* \* \*

It is to be hoped they let him sample our stuff, and take him home—give him the best in the house.

\* \* \*

Man lives not “by bread alone.”

That means that it is a *relief to open your mouth and say something*. (Silence Kills). But that isn’t enough—there’s got to be butter \* \* \* on that bread.

And ham and Cackleberries and \* \* \*.

Try it when next you have the blues—get up, stride three times (with both legs) and say something—speak—and note the improvement in your health.

Wall-eyed-Pike is the best remedy for asthma and catarrh.

(By the way: the curing of catarrh is optional with you—It has its advantages like everything else; it provides you with an inexpensive “big head” regularly every morning and “that”—you may desire—to hold—in *sacred remembrance of the good old nights* \* \* \*.

Days being otherways (foolishly) occupied.

\* \* \*

Idea.

The “tainted” Garland Fund of $800,000 invested in “high class” securities has grown to $1,500,000.

The “taint” evidently hangs, in its original and “published” form; may gather additional “taint” and expose hitherto *unexplored taint* already gathered—Woe is me, I have n few words to say on this matter, editor, but I am terribly busy (advancing radical, political and economic ideas).

Pretty big tip that $700,000.

(Note—Just had another cup of coffee—confuse not my heartfelt reference of “political” with the hyphenated “pile-of-tickle” salve, soft-soap or other soothing ointments like syrup and sentimentalism).

A lady writer vows that it isn’t necessary’ to “tip” to get service. She’s traveled all over the country and *got by* simply—and neatly—by smiling.

Kind lady: that smile was a tip—had you gone farther you would have been arrested and detained at the telegraph pole while the *officer* called the municipal cab. Your crest would have fallen at our primitive civilization.

\* \* \*

Francis ATKinson, a gentleman and civil engineer employed by the state of Massachusetts, has quit his pOSiTioN to become a coMmoN laborer.

There!

I told you!

He claims he can make money at 65 cents an hour as a laborer (sacred labor) than he drew for superintending a $200,000 job.

Good Lord Jehovanah! Is he working for less than Six Bits? Holy Makarel!—and Holy—holy fishes bathing fluid \* \* \*

‘Tis the nature of the gentleman. S’shpst!

“Organization of the ‘White collar’ workers would also help,” opines The Duluth News Tribune—By God, I believe the Trib is right. I’ve suspected that—a long time—and, I’m always glad to ask our belligerent editors to reprint *their bright sayings* and rare.

Go ahead, editor, lay it to me:

Mr. Atkinson should have stayed *sooping*. ORGANIZED and raised his wages instead of slipping over and licking the cream of wages already made.

\* \* \*

It is now established definitely that the world is a giant egg—the land is the *yolk* and water is the *white*. Now, too, it is why *at times* it seems to be strictly *unfresh*, and in need of fumigation—Yes, we may call it round. Square eggs are rare. Flat, fried—hell.

WANTED—Threshing job by steam-engineer with 15 years experience.

A hog! A hog, that’s all—precisely.

## 1925\_91\_IP\_00111925

**REAL ESTATE**

“If you have a farm, hang on to it; if you have not, buy one.”

Hm. How in the devil am I going to buy one if he hangs on to it, tell me.

Solomon had a great press agent.

“Hearm my words, Kid,” he used to say (cocksure that his words were tuneful.)—Just like we speak to our horses: **gee** this and **haw** that—whoa!

If the farms are so durn delectable, why doesn’t the Real Estate Shark hang on to ‘em?

The deFense is down.—T-b. S.

## 1925\_92\_IW\_07111925

**Industrial “Cramps”**

Editor of the Industrial Workers of the World: Prepare to shed your . . . our tears!!

Whenever there are any tears to be shed its the duty of our editors, one and all, to shed them—whether or no; rain or snow :

A tearful tale emanates—yes sirree — emanates heart-rendingly (ding it!) from the convention of the “lumber” supermen, the astute, genteel, gentlemen that are *trusted with the sacred trust* of wringing profits from the labors of working men in connection with the handling of “*the meek and lowly hemlock*.”

(Excuse this writing—it isn’t quite daylight yet).

“At one time.” Chortles Mr. Osborne.” owners of hemlock timber felt that they had n reasonably secure and certain investment. But this status has been changed, he continued, “all because the genius of man has pierced a short piece of land and united two oceans.”

He means that “genius” dug a ditch across the istmus— istmus of Panama (how do you spell istmus)?

(Steam shovels and dredges was the genius) . . . and that western lumber, thus, found eastern markets and made *uncertain* and *insecure* hemlock investments. H’m, H’m. I don’t know where in hell and these three states that hemlock is—I can’t find it—but if such there be, Henry Ford will buy it; “Stephenson” will buy it—infact: “Stephensen” says, “See us first.”

That being settled, let me point out to the barons that western fir and redwood has nothing to do with the hardwood market—that’s what we’re cutting, not hemlock.

True. 500,000,000 feet of fir went through the canal in 1923; 1,000,000,000 in 1924, and 1,500,000,000 in 1925—but that proves nothing *except that the railroads didn’t haul it* and are yelpping about it. (Should the canal “plug-up,” 3,000,000,000 feet of fir will *ride in state* o’er the N. P., G. N., Milwaukee, etc. In 1926—or any other year from now on.)

“With reference to the tax situation, Mr. Osborne asserted that of every 1,000 feet of lumber purchased by the consumer $5 of the cost went to taxes and workmen’s compensation.”

And—

“The tremenduous effect of this new source of supply (Panama) is almost impossible to sense.”

And—

“The lumber industry in Florida is very large, yet in the city of Jacksonville there is a large mill and lumber was brought in by outside purchasers and sold there for $10 less per thousand feet than the home producer could sell it for.”

There’s the tale. Where’s the tears

Evidently this lumber, *sold so cheap*, was western lumber and, if it be true, it is clear the western “lumberjack” is working too cheaply—for, reason tells me, when lumber barons *haven’t the heart* to charge as much as the next one, their workers must be donating their services to such “producers.”

*Here’s $10 per thousand feet they absolutely refuse to grab!*

Dry your tears editor, maybe we can get the workers to accept it.

## 1925\_93\_IW\_14111925

**Individualism Is Dead**

To those of us workers that are thinking of quitting our job, we . . . I wish to proclaim this warning—Don’t do it! I mean, keep on doing it (your . . . our job) and everything connected with it.

With your permission I will now opine that it is *palpably* foolish, (verging on the *foolishness standard* of the babel (bable) of voices intoxicated with bread and meat . . .) to quit as an individual over any injustice whatsoever—no matter what the condition is, or how bad; individualism’s dead. True the condition can be remedied by “one quitting at a time,” if the practice is carried out long enough. But it will take a long while and maybe sixty or seventy men will have to quit before the thing is remedied. It is foolish to thus martyrize 75 men; there is a more direct way of peeling the pussy—it is not for us to pack our serge and hie ourself to bright lights where whiskey, meat and sleep *all cast fifty cents*.

A snake has its *clay-pipe*.

A bird its cage.

A fox its *drift*.

But a son of woman has no *lean-to*—or a place to rest his feet.

At the table he is crowded (till his shirt wears out at the sides).

Ah, when I think of it—that’s one thing I like about barns—the stalls are so wide that a horse has plenty of *room* to eat—and oats.

Oh, why wasn’t I born a horse instead of good-looking, rich and jackassinine.

\* \* \*

As I was saying, it is foolish to quit; (if the cook smothers you) the boys can gather around the cook in serried ranks gone zig zag, urge him to try his own medicine—act like gentlemen (no choking allowed) and it will be found the cook is a man of solid reason, sound judgment and pure logic—In the morning there will be a dozen *set-ups* on the center table, extra. Oh, what’s the use of quitting—meybe the bad condition is *intended to get you to quit.*

As I was saying—the cook is logical, judge *mental* and reasonable. He will see that if he crowds the crew, on two of three tables, it will cause the *wide men* to quit leaving him to cook for the *narrow* $35 men (in the woods).

He will know by these presents that the company doesn’t want such *excellent* cooking for such *cheap men* and he, the cook, in turn, will be obliged accept a salary reduction or hunt a camp that caters to the broader lumberjack.

(Above has reference to “shipping jobs,” at 35 to 45 out of Escanaba—on such jobs you will get $35 rate because *conditions will be made to rise* that causes you to rise and demand in stentorian tones “where in hell’s the tote road!”

Ah, if you could suffer the full month—you would get $45, mebbe.

P. S.—Many small outfits are paying $50 low. $55 low—stay a minute or a year. Some pay $65 straight for swamping—that is, organized men are *getting it*. Let’s organize.

## 1925\_94\_IS\_18111925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**SAND-BOTTOM LOGGING**

–––––

We have seen fearful ends, sad ends, **the two ends**, depraved ends, praiseworthy ends, **odd end ends**—but the saddest , and most touching and gladdest end is “The End of the Double Track.”

\* \* \*

Farms deserted in upper peninsula:

After living for 30 years on it the farmer has moved the [r]efrom . . . to Iron Mountain.

JOB NOTE: We went up to Nahma, the Bay De Noq[u]et Lbr. Co. . . . We went up there early so as to not get caught up there in the dead of the winter.—We came back.

Is it necessary to say more?

\* \* \*

Harness, harness everywhere, but not an inch for soles:

A man can’t get a piece of “tug” to “corduroy” his “genuine” Chippewa ox-fords—and yet—and yet everyday, “tugs” are breaking—not once but a dozen time. . . . The foreman grew grey and wild over (two) nights. . . . “What shall I do, what shall I do, I’m running short of rivets and haywire,” he moaned. Someone told him to see “Slim” . . .

Out the rushes to where I am earning $50 and supposed to be swamping logs:

“My God, Slim,” he pants as soon as he could speak; “my harnesses are falling apart—tugs breaking every hour.—What shall I do?”

“Well air,” says I, “firet of all do the same as you always do, nothing; secondly, the next time you patch a tug, I’m sure you will have no further trouble if you use a piece of that beefstead we had for Sunday dinner; thirdly, tell the clerk to rate me at $55. . . .”

Alas, when I raised my eyes (from deep thought) the foreman was flown—I could but hear his profane breathing.

NOTE: Do not attempt to cut **logging-beef.** Split it? And then let it slide down your throat lengthwise; either end first. Do not bite it—you’ll only break your **bridges**, falsework or jaw. . . .

\* \* \*

“When I open the door and say ‘**Guess we will try ‘er, boys’** I want you fellers, working by the month to MOVE.” Foreman.

—Such confidence in the power of mere words! The same thing could be, brought about by putting something on the table that would make the boys move days, instead of nights. Why, even five of the piece-workers were still still. Unmoved—58 minutes past 5 A. M.

Why—the unreasonableness—only a few men (except lumberjacks) start work before 7 A. M.

I feel terroribly insulted!

WARNING: Lumberjacks w h e n riding in a Pullman- “sleeper”—$3.50 flop—should lie down with feet towards the “engine.” Then, if the engine runs into something heavey, it will only, break your legs (the porter may try to get you to break your kneck). The same thing holds true to corner bunks in a lumber camp—in case of a heavy frost, on the end wall, it is better to freeze your feet than your head.

Liberty makes liberty; intelligence makes intelligence, and so on. . . . . . Ride the Pullman.

\* \* \*

Failure to inter-associate promiscuously with people, creates a condition of **inbred intelligence** (ignorance)—the better people are subject to that deplorable malady.

PROOFS: First, the better people do not associate with their betters, the workers. Second, they do not associate with their betters, the workers, because they fear to expose their gigantic ignorance and sub-ordinary intelligence—they like to be “thought well of”—and that amounts to a confession than the malady is **active**.

“. . . . and each week-end he motored up from the busy city for a few days’ outdoor recreation.”

That leaves him how many days in the busy city? What is a week-end? Is “few days,” by any possibility less than **half a month**?

\* \* \*

Busy city. Hm. He ought to be out Were and watch the author untangling the **death-grip** antenna of the silver birch and gnarled tentacles of the birdseye maple. Busy city. Huh!

\* \* \*

It has misted a few (2) days heavy dew one (1) night—which all augured, and of which wo pothered, that it wouldn’t rain for three (3) days.

## 1925\_95\_IW\_21111925

**Turn to the Left**

You—to the right:

There isn’t much sense to hte cry for the “doing away with the dangerous grade crosing?,” at this time. None whatever.

It would be decidedly most unreasonable to disfigure our Sheridan Roads by tunneling under those alleged railroad crossings—Just for the sake of a few months the railways have left to run.

At one time it may have been highly approprite to lower our highways in honor of the rails. But that time, egad—is past. It would be a shame to countersink the glorious “sight” of Lincoln highway wending its smooth and level way across the twin streaks of rust and scrap iron—yes ‘twould.

Imagine those thoughtless critters depressing the velvet-purple of the Jesse James rollway and the shiney giltlike Gen. Custer trail.

Conjure up the scene of foul hands being laid on pick and shovel to make an “open pit” of th beautiful Benedict Arnold Ave. No “sunken road of Cain,” for me. Won’t have it!

No sense at all—lest they figure on filling up the holes just as soon as the railroads are successful in busting themselves. Besides, what would they do with all the dirt? pile it in rings and make cellars?

As I was saying, it will be only a few weeks to the time when railroads will sease to exist and exhaust—why, only the other day I saw a cow climb on the track and gaze inquiringly down the track wondering why it wasn’t getting its customary shower of cinders.

That is why I am convinced that it is too late to remedy the railways’ malady—management—and, with reason, too, for when the *lower* animals take cognizance of a condition it is time for us immortals to scratch our ear.

Ever since I can remember, the travelling publicians have received no consideration at the feet of the railroads. They have been packed and huddled *double up* doubled-up and squeezed in seats 3 inches too narrow, 4 inches too short—even with one passenger in a coach, he was crowded . . . He absolutely could not squirm into a comfortable position except by hanging his feet “out the window.”

Yet, the roads were too tender hearted to torture the fare-payer too severely. So they turned him over to a sleeping car company with the result that before he regainued his reason, the next day, he was an owner of a commodious Ford.

The railroads didn’t have the guts either to furnish wholesom food or charge tripleprices for 1-3 sandwiches—so, in that case, travellers got no consideration good or ill and many of them bought $12 grips—to carry lunches in—and posed as drummers; even a few smutty yarns. Naturally the travellers took to riding Fords, ice-boxes and puddle-jumpers.

Upon one occasion I was mistaken for a railroad man, on account of my intelligent aspect and do you know the railway eating house charged me less, that way What would you call that? Would you call that Rebait? Is that making pie of one and pickle of another? *I pass*.

The railroads built houses for their section bosses; then built a shack along side of each house—a dwelling for the crew—So as to impress the “King Snipe” with the glories of his *manse*—and, then, constructed a pig-pen as a contrast to the shack.

Consideration—as full of it as my empty snuff box.

I have here cheerfully related instances that indicate the trend of the railways heralded superior management—and its result, partial and probable. . . . Although it is too late to regain the “public’s” confidence, the railroads need not be entirely without hope—they will now and again get a passenger whenever a former victim gets the cushion cramps worked out of his legs.

Turn to the left!— (T-Bone Slim).

P. S.—At first I thought that the sign Railroad Crossing is “the name of the town”—how dumb I am—later I found out that it was put up as mark to distinguish the railroad from an ordinary cow lane.

—o—

According to Escanaba Press, in Michigan intends to carry the Wisconsin boundary “dispute” to the supreme court. The danger that Wisconsin will give Hurley to the Upper Peninsula has not yet passed.

What with Escanaba, Ontonagon and Watersmeet, Michigan has troubles enough of her own.

This, too, just as Wisconsin goes on butter diet and turns its face on Holy-o-margarine.

Its doubtful if Hprley could bring herself to countenance genuine butter.

Pass the butter. “Henry” Detroit in 1923 decided “eating” is not a No. 1 problem. Service comes first—uh huh, right after dinner. . . .

Consider meals, but do not confuse meals mealtimes; mathematics show that meals can be distinguished from mealtimes by the simple expedient of calculus (count them on your fingers) —it will be found that mealtimes outnumber the meals.

## 1925\_96\_IS\_25111925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

Our contemporary swamper noted that the moon is too “strong” to snow or rain. . . .

Next morning it didn’t rain—until after we were on the job; then it started nice and easy.

Somehow the rain hung back and we didn’t get very wet.

After dinner we went out again (the rain having improved somewhat).

1 o’clock: It is raining with regularity and big drops (someone suggested grinding the axes).

2 o’clock: It’s quite damp (and cool).

3 o’clock: Half a pint of water in the waterproof weatherboard (starboard) rubber.

4 o’clock: Unmarried lumberjack suggests going home; and the crosshaul skinner’s green horse hummed “Home Sweet Home” with great power. . . . .

“Let’s go in,” was the heartfelt sigh.

“It’s too dam late now,” says an old grizzly ; we can’t get any wetter than we are”—so we stayed, and it did rain (some) more wet (water).

NOTE: The companies permit us to stay in the rain because “they wants” us to get **soaking wet** in order that, if we “go in” or the company chases us in, we don’t have to go out again should the rain cease—we’re soaked for the day. The other reason for keeping us out is the great value of our labors—our pay is no object to us. (We were willing and anxious to “go in”, with the first drop). A certain individual, I’m sorry to say, stood under a bowering balsam during the whole performance and, necessarily, wrung no water from his drawers that night.

\* \* \*

It is contended, with considerable reason, that Swifts, Armours and Cudahys sausages are superior to the finest grades of brans—as a stomach tonic.

\* \* \*

The farmers’ emancipation is near at foot. Soon he will be able to sell his whole crop to a single concern. Should the sausage, branufacturers be that concern, they can advertise their “camp sausages” as containing meat salt and pepper with cerials, potatoes, and alfalfa added — won’t that be nice!

\* \* \*

“Which of these three states is the best to ‘log’ in?”

MICHIGAN: It pay a little more: works you harder and works you longer.

“Well, if it works you harder and longer days, how do you figure that it is best to log in?”

The board is better.

\* \* \*

“Are you a Michigan ‘Jumper,’ a Minneapolis ‘Kicker’ or a Wisconsin ‘Sticker’?

I am neither one of those three, Mr. Foreman. I’m a North Dakota “blizzard.” I blew in here and IT blow out the same way.

“All right, Jack, but pay for your supper bed and breakfast.”

Certainly I will.—Just send me a dunning letter, the first of the month and my secretary will send you a “time check” by return mail.

\* \* \*

Now in conclusion, let me say, the present foreman would make a wonderful weather prophet. Only this morning he turned us out a 5:55 A. M. and we wasn’t on the job over 20 minutes when, sure enough, the day began to break.

That’s what I call guesing!—

—T-b. Slim.

## 1925\_97\_IW\_28111925

**SALVATION**

Must?

All peoples must work out their own salvation in their own way. In the way they know how. . . .

Labor is no different from the general run of people.

Help of course is acceptable at all times, preferably from those that are not far removed from the scene of disaster.

If you were drowning in Lake Huron you would not look-to Russia for help, you would have your eyes skinned on the life-saving station, on the shore—in Michigan. You bet—without blinking your eyes—and you would busy yourself with the problem before you.

Individuals will help; groups may help; unions do, at times; governments seldom; nations never. Puff over that a while.

Nations never!

If they help they help themselves!

\* \* \*

John D. liked to say “save your pennies,” then he would hand you a dime; so you could get started.

I’ve got that beat: Save the quarters and grow rich—you can’t miss. Never spend a quarter.

In the course of an ordinary day you will get several quarters in change — That’s a dollar and a quarter right there.

“But.” you say, “supposing you’re down to the last quarter?”

That time will never come unless you’ve spent the other quarters . . . I’m telling you to save the quarters.

“But s’posing,” you say, “s’posing you’ve only got quarters and you’re hungry? What do you do in that case?”

What would you do if you didn’t have the quarters?—well, do the same thing. Save the quarters—don’t be a pauper all your life.

But if your right eye “interferes,” cut it out. Example: You fear the “last ten-spot” (you’re right eye) will be stolen. Arise! Put on your pants, and carry it down to the river—one or both of you should be thrown in (with or without the old millwheel) the water’s fine.

\* \* \*

An average slave after working two days has no recollection of the panic that was—day before yesterday. “On the third day he rose from the dead,” became a live one —but you couldn’t talk to him for “He is risen.”

\* \* \*

Editor Evening-American speaks of the “keen eye” of the vulture, “raves” about it. Explains how vultures clean up all decaying meat—tho also fond of “fresh meat.”

Would submit that if vulture didn’t fly so high it would have fresh meat more regularly—mebbe it wouldn’t have to eat rotten meat at all.—The Literary Digest and Intellectual Diagnosia please copy.

\* \* \*

In reply to the numerous communications, I hereby “blanket” praise and thanks—sometimes I received letters “fresh”—more often 7 weeks and 6 months, later—in the latter case reply seems futile—besides Uncle Samuel charges me 2½ cents every time I get sentimental. So, as John D. says, save the pennies. At first, I did reply to about 12,000 letters and my stuff in the papers got so rotten that several editors were fired over it — I’m a broken man. Therefore, be it resolved, That I do hereby undertake a vacation until such a time as I have fully recovered. Whereas, The concrete in my head is but recently laid it must have time to set.

Yours for the O. B. U.—T-Bone Slim.

P. S. The Best and the Heaviest and the Toughest ORGANIZERS Win.

## 1925\_98\_IS\_02121925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**SOUL R PLEXUS PLUS—**

Consider, oh earner of bonafide income———oh bonafide earner of **income with strings attached**———consider, oh worker, the great American institution—the pooltable: When the price is 5 cents a cue, it takes 85 minutes to play a game, When the price is 40 cents an hour, it takes 14½ minutes to play a game. Consider, oh man, that the pocketbook makes gentlemen step around lively, in the second game. Truly the philosofer says, “It is money that makes the mare go.

Uneasy lies the wallet that pays the bills.

A blow on the pocketbook is a foul blow—a dirty tick—a nasty wallop—a soul “R” plexus.

\* \* \*

Consider, oh neighbor, the thoughtful tenderness with which the autoist wraps and tucks warm blankets around his radiator front.

Why?

Ah, my fellow man, if he didn’t’t do that, $15 would freeze in his pocket. Thus it is that the radiator (despised all summer) gets, such loving care in the winter time.

There is potential power in a pocketbook—and if it comes to a real showdown it will make the parasite work—or “make a stab at it.”

There is great agitation over ‘crossings accidents’. Much tears has been split over the motorists’ wrecklessness. They have been begged, pleaded with to “please have sense.” Allin vain.—Accidents occur—happen. Warning signboards have been placed—a black, gloomy crow on white with letters RR sunk thereon.

No use. (Peace to their pieces. ‘Xcuse these few tears of regret ;

Nobody seems to know how to save those mad fools, and somebody thinks they ain’t worth saving—not so here.

I’ll save them. ‘Tis I, the noble T-bone Slim, that knows how:

Just **corrugate** the road a little on both sides of the crossing. By the time a wreckless driver has busted a few springs, he will Kross Krossii Kautiously.

Isn’t it strange how a “jar to a pocketbook” drives sense clear thru a man, and eliminates the jar of the train on one’s vertibraey.

\* \* \*

“Grief that does not speak” is not bad at all—like laughing up your sleev—it’s the silence that hurts.

Being an expert on grief, I want all grievers to take my words to heart and mourn accordingly. Out with facts and grow fat!

\* \* \*

Grief is one of the greatest of pleasures!

\* \* \*

Cry and gain a sympathetic audience; laugh and they lock you up.

\* \* \*

All men are born great and, immediately start slipping—die, as nothing, small indeed, and quickly.

\* \* \*

**“It is folly to expect man to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do”**—WHATELY.

That’s just is. We all fail to do our full duty. Where’s our, greatness? Is it in the “failure”?

Seems to me our greatness is next to nothing—seeing as how “getting the money” away our fellow **critters** is not even probability of greatness. As Carlyle would say, Fame is not a test of merit . . . . it is an accident and “not a property of a man.”

A man, I said —a m-a-n.

\* \* \*

Speaking of men: I beheld the organization drive of the Chamber of Commerce in Iron Mountain, “Fordesia.”. And, in the ceremony, a Grecian restaurant proprietor was initiated into full fledged membership upon the payment of $12.50 and a promise to pay a like amount six months later.

Now, I am not opposed to paying a nickle extra for my meals if by so doing I can make it possible for restaurant keepers to join a union of their class, because I realize that their interests can not be protected except by organization.—Labor too would be doing itself a great favor if it would organize in a union to protect “his source of livelihood;” now that he feels “he” needs one. Join the I. W. W.—Yes indeed, the aforesaid business man proudly hung his certificate of membership in the window, and I am sure—quite sure—his presence in the Iron Mountain Chamber of Commerce is equivalent to a blood transfusion in a life and death question.

## 1925\_99\_IW\_05121925

**METAL MIKES**

WANTED — For an extra-gang, a good milker — one experienced on Canned-Contentedness.

Woods: ‘Tis said you’ve got to saw 70 and 73 logs per day. No you don’t “gotto,” at all—wasn’t I up there? Didn’t I saw 36 and 46, and didn’t the boss kiss me on both lips when I came and spilled 3 pints of 100 per cent tears when I left.

Bearding California’s Dirtquivers: “San Diego is chosen base of Navy Dirigibles.” If the earth cracks they’ll anchor in the air. This ingenuity is got the fly-trap sugar bowls skinned and disemboweled. The army will select a less nervous landscape.

Elbert Gary, steel magnate, “although not sick.” spent three weeks in Tennesee coal and iron company’s hospitaj. He was denied alcohol, pie and ice cream—wurra, wurra— but was permitted exercise, “plenty of hard work,” obeying the golden rule, holding his temper and plenty of green vegetables. Seems to be dieting all around.

Chicago: Russell Scott, former Canadian financier, has been twice saved from the gallows during the last two weeks—if he dies as well the next two weeks, it will be quite a joke on gallows.

Dallas. Texas: “Youth finds $5,200; gets $1 as reward.”—Entirely proper, and, further, I believe, the youngster should be allowed to keep the dollar.

Opinion: Instead of using the union check-off as a yearly tidbit of discussion (at Atlantic City) the miners should organize industrially, as one body, and have no separately expiring agreements.

Live at once—die at once.—Remarks: At the point of the “rising cost of living” the miners can (and do) negotiate timed agreements, but in the face of the “falling cost of living they’re compelled to “take turns” at striking.—Why not work together and work the boss together and with you?

Germany: The Saar miners are now on general strike — 70,000 strong — over the question of wages. Strange, isn’t it? The League of Nations runs these mines, now— but it looks as if the miners are calling for a point of order.

Progress: You don’t have to run down the pig any more. The pig doesn’t tear loose from you minus a mouthfull of chiropractic tenderloin. No. You just sit on a round stool and make grammatical signals, verbally, to an immaculate waiter—and lo, any part of the evanescent lonesomeness — tasting like Krisco. Further, the *dirty-plate route* is no more: Where you carried a newspaper for a dish towel; where the plate was nailed to the table and cups hung from a log chain. That is no more!

“Hoot” Gibson is no longer working for Miller & Lux—$2.50 a day and chow—and, they do say that Hoot registers his most tantalizing smile when he thinks of the $2.50 and CHOW. Can you blame him? It drove him into the “movies”—’tis a wonder it didn’t unbalance his discression.

That is no more—and soon, I fear, California itself will shiver a few times and start for Honolulu, Hawaii (just leartn to spell Hawaii, so had to use it).

In Remini*scences*: Remember those luxurious little pigs—and wild. You had to ketch them by the tail to paralyze static interference? You do! And remember those ferocious big ones—that wanted to reverse the eating process—that didn’t believe in us doing ALL the eating—that insisted on eating us for a change—remember it? You do! Good! Well, there’s been quite a change since then . . and . . there . . will . . be . . some . . more .. changes, as we get our second back-pressure relieved and our cylinders hitting on all plugs.

Gentlemen and kind friends: The best way to raise wages is with credentials—not in HIS pockets, not in THEIR pockets but in YOUR pocket. The workers are always ready! Your belief that somebody else is carrying credentials is belief, *not proof*— he also believes that you are carrying, carrying credentials . . . You think he is doing it; he thinks you’re doing it—that’s how Dobbin lost his supper.

It used to be, gentlemen, “George did it.” That’s changed.

George now thinks the rest are doing it. Rest, did I say? Hump, Rest.

Ownership: Many of our fellow workers are of the “idea” that “capitalists own the world.” No such a thing. They didn’t even buy the labor power that produced it.

They begged, bribed, wheedled, and embezzled us out of it, with wages. Labor owns the world.

The world is wealth—and labor produced it.

As Joe Hill said:

“*It belonged to you by right*.”

P. S. Minneapolis: The “crush” at the Milwaukee R. R. Free Employment Bureau has been so great that a “change” has been made.

The sharks will now sell you a job on the Milwaukee for $1, $2, 5, or $50—whatever you’ve got.

It is claimed that the board is so rotten that men desert the job for harvest work.

It is true the board is (or was) bod, but it is not true that men “prefer to harvest.”

## 1925\_100\_IS\_09121925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES WAR—**

–––––

**Tame, Normal, Violent and Abstract**

–––––

FELLOW SWAMPERS:

If I was to say that I never swamp “another log” till the teamster has taken away the one I finished the supreme court would be so astoundished that it would fall off the bench.

The federal undertaker would probably prefer charges against me for blocking the traffic, guiltless as I am.

Now, I would like to know, how am I to swamp “logs ahead” when the teamster is always waiting, ready to haul away the one I’m working on?

I’ll bet they’d convict me!

We have intended to say, quite often, a few kind words about the sacredness of work (the Polanders call it rubbish or rubbish––or robbitch). We have been told, times without number, that “work is very healthful and invigorating.” Grate men have assured us they would “go crazy without it.” “The human race would perish if it wasn’t for work––work is so good.” Yes, and then they strain every ounce of their brains trying to invent a machine to do the work––I say, if work is so damn good, let’s do away with the machines and pass the work around to all hands.

But, Fellow Swampers, work isn’t as healthy as it’s made out to be; it isn’t fun––may be funny––and isn’t lucrative (no money in it). In fact, the statement that work is good for a fellow is a misstatement something like the statement that “water hurts no man.”––Many men believed that statement and drank deep of the bubbling brook of typhoid fever––.

Work isn’t a health conserver; it isn’t curative; it isn’t a pleasure; it doesn’t pay, and . . . it is unnecessary.

Lots of people never work.

Not to change the subject two suddenly three times––Mr. Anderson Jr., of the alleged lumber company at Drummond, Wis., is getting slightly humpbacked––a Skandinavian fellow worker informs me “that is because Mr. Anderson’s **interfere-less** legs, fast as they are, are too slow to keep up with Mr. Anderson’s **prow**.” I don’t believe it. If overseer Anderson will step over to one of the “jobbers” and get a little something to eat, the food will have a tendency of bolstering his drooping chest.

\* \* \*

Disturbing reports are coming in to the eftect that ““umberjacks” are being attacked by squirrels in upper Michigan. Upon investigation I find the truth greatly enlargerated.

Peace has been declared.

The facts in the case are as follows: A prestigeful “tailer-down” had voluntarily raised the wages of a squirrel to the extent of one doughnut per day––that he slipped over the end of a broken-off twig or branch––

The squirrel, of course, wanted to save the doughnut for “old age” and would “gnaw the branch in two” below the doughnut. One day the “tailer” went “skidding;” the doughnut was missing. . . Say, you ought to have heard the language that squirrel used; how he swore. He called me the most damnable impropate and rascalion; so to appease his wrath I compromised myself and bribed him with a piece of cake––this I did by splitting the twig and inserting the cake in the “split.” Oh if I had only known! Oh if I had known the depth of depravity of that unsconcionable rapscallion, he never would have received a bribe from me––I felt like a lumber baron that ships men out for $35 to $45––bribes them to be good: bribes them to “stay” a month––Oh, oh, oh . . . You know, that squirrel in the absence of the doughnut had raided the teamsters coat pockets where they had stored cookies, tidbits and delicacies for their pure-blooded horses. Actually distained to climb into the pocket, but chewed gaping holes into the “Patrick’s and Bennies.”

Such was the “attack”––a clear case of ignoring the property rights of human beings––teamsters are more than human––a clear case of vandalism against the peace and dignity of the state of Michigan––a clear . . . clear––

The squirrel will get his doughnut after this in the usual way––impaled upon a spear. War is over.

I’m led to make these remarks, in a hopeful vein, upon discovering that the war feeling ‘mongst working men (in all countries) is non-existent. Right in this camp we have Irish, Pole, French, Finn, German, Swede, Russian, Italian, Austrian, English, Scotch, Norsk, Dane, and transplanted “Americans”––one American Indian––and others, mebbe. But we have no war!

Peace is rampant.

The only evidence of any overt acts, so far––I saw this morning when I arose: **a torn deck of cards**!

Get my point?

Scraps of paper!

## 1925\_101\_IW\_12121925

**SHORT CUTS**

The “substitute wrapping paper” and toilet first-aids have it that a new synthetic way has been discovered for making imitation silk.

That is a hard blow to the hard-working industrious silk worms.

\* \* \*

It is evident the worms are booked to lose their jobs––or an overproduction will result.

The latter condition will be very unhandy. Yes, terrible––I may say––to have too much silk.

Just like having too many clothes when walking 22 miles to a lumber camp. Terrible . . .

\* \* \*

It may be the worm will have to do like labor––run for office––the way jobs are getting “tight.”

Note: Aforesaid heartfelt reference to “toilet first-aid” has nothing sinister on either side––merely a shaving sheet.

\* \* \*

“Odd, how thirsty a logger gets in town,” says T-B. S., as he turns away from the W. C. T. U. water “cooler.”

Mebbe that’s why they turn to cooked beveridges and refreshments

“The worst burst of thirst thus becomes first nursed, then rehearst and finally cursed. . . .

\* \* \*

“Politeness is the life of trade.” Now, I’m polite as can be––after I have swamped and swamped for hours; and after I have three logs swamped I don’t holler for a skinner to come and get ‘em. No; I walk over to him and whisper in his ear, “bring your skilled horses out and try those logs.” “Skilled horses!” he roars, “they ‘ain’t skilled, they’re just common laborers––I’m the skilled *hombre* of the outfit,” he added.

\* \* \*

Strange how lumberjacks take exceptions to the most ordinary phenomena: Recently I heard that a friend of mine, a confirmed “self-batcher” and ex-sheepherder was cooking in a lumber camp. I hurried out there as fast as my habitual rheumatism would allow. . . .

When I arrived there he was busy making pies but greeted me heartily. He complained sorrowfully about a severe cold––and I believed him for every little while (while we were talking) and as he rolled the piecrust a clear crystal of “snot” would drop from his leaky nose on the crust in the making and he would roll it in with the rest of the material.

He assured me that I could get a job, as he said, “32 men quit this morning over something or t’other––nothing probably.”

That’s the way they are, I consoled him, they quit for no reason at all, at all. . . .

He ruined my appetite.

So it goes.

Once upon a time a worker had occasion to criticize “the pie” for being *stiffened* with corn starch––He wouldn’t eat it.

The cook, upon hearing about his remark, took him to task about it: “When you have anything to say, I wish you would say it to my face.” . . .

“If you refer to my remark about the pie, I wish you would understand that I had reason to kick about the corn starch.”

“Well sir,” says the cook, “if I don’t use corn starch it will run ––you can’t cut it.”

“And if you do use it you can’t eat it––What do you make it for, to cut or to eat?”

The meeting adjourned.

Lumberjacks don’t get much sleep now-a-days––”The “newer” men were greatly surprised Sunday to find the camp is painted––and red.

\* \* \*

“I suppose the bull cook ‘don’t sleep at I––wonder when he sleeps?”

“He sleeps every third winter.”

\* \* \*

If “Jack” get fired, it makes no difference––he’s *the only man living that can’t lose*.

“We get $1.73 per day.”

“Yes, that’s quite a bit less than the $3.50 the farmer offered.”

“Yes, that’s right, but consider that when we earn $3.50 here, we get two day’s board free.”

Hallelujah, the victory is lost.

\* \* \*

Basswood is nothing but aristocratic poplar––and the value of organization shows in its latest “trial” (or test in the negative)––not a fair or final test: The gyppoes, individualists speculating in various piece-making “fliers,” have been unable to maintain a high piece-work “price” in the face of increasing *difficulties* –– brush, rough timbe: and scattering swamp roads, more and more––”picking up” and so on.

*The gyppo, alone, has most absolutely and miserably failed!*

He’ll organize.

True, a sawyer by tucking his tongue under his belt, can make $100 per month. But true it is also that every “logger” can make $120 per month simply by organizing into a union––the L. W. I. U. No. 120––and up-to-the-minute union––He won’t have to stick his tongue under his belt, either. . . . He can let it bulge out of either cheek like two Lands full of Peerless.

\* \* \*

The “rights” of workers to strike is under discussion at this time because the exploiting *dumb bells* have discovered that “a strike interferes with the operation of the capitalist system––in any of all of its parts . . . where workers participate (as ameture owners) in petty business, the question of “right” becomes terribly INVOLVED. . .

It all goes to show that emancipation, or “relief for ills,” lies not in joining the parasites’ game.

Stud poker would be b[etter.]

Organization is the [cure.]

## 1925\_102\_IW\_19121925

**SHORT CUTS**

Now that deer, rabbits and would-peekers have been killed off, I would suggest that the game wardens be laid off. . .

Mayor Snively of Duluth, following close upon the heels of Roosevelt and other experienced politicians, “*got lost in the woods*.” Luckily, after climbing one ‘of Northern Lumber company’s *lofty pine stumps*, he was able to see a street light, or was it a street car—I wasn’t there. Had I been there, His Honor would have been saved the trouble of “shinning” that stump. . .

Luckily, too, he didn’t step over- it—in the dark.

\* \* \*

*Andrews Lumber company*, between Foster City and “Waucedah,” dozen miles either way, (Escanaba County) $50 low, speed high. . .

*Savord,* out of Ralph, Stephenson line, 6 miles, $50 low, coffee weak (near Steph. Camp 9; “Pembine” has resigned).

*Big Boy*, try a smalletr bay; $1 a day; regardless of what the pay is.

*Bay De Noquet*, bay too small, $1 a day (their “Doc De Nog” charges as much as Munising Box Car Rose did for personal attention.

Von Platen, “workhouse,” according to Ontonagon employment agent—he knows—chuck fair, including genuine pigs-knuckles, camp clean outside, dirty inside, bullcook needs a bath. Wages $45, pay $40; what the boss don’t know the bullcook tells him. The “straw” from “Boyahegan” does the logging (with the help of Finns) giving the light jobs to scissorbill Pollacks and a few genuine American suckers.

*Rosseau*, jobber, 3 miles from Von Platen, 3 miles from Pori, also straight opposite depot on top the big hill, to the left, on sleigh road. Wages $40-$45; $50-$55; Jumpers $35-45.

*Cleveland Cliffs*, out of *Chatham* on Lake Superior road (out of Marquette or Munising) also out of *Rock River*, D. S. S. & R. R., 4 miles hike from either place, $40-$45.

Camps out of Sand “Creek,” hour’s walk.

Now I have mentioned about half the camps “I visited” and, it may seem, to inexperienced loggers, that I was camp inspecting.

Nothing of the kind.

Allow me to assure you that I worked 5 or 6 months in each of those camps last month.

P. S.— I see where the leading “thinkers” are wondering if prohibition will ever come back.

Leading drinkers are very skeptical as to its return.

Drinking “leaders” are sure that ‘twont. Thinking leaders not heard from — too drunk.

To the best of-my knowledge!— (T-B. S.).

## 1925\_103\_IS\_23121925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**ROLLING STOCK**

–––––

Mules (asses) and horses are the revoluting offenders—fenders in the air.

Railroad care, sometimes hailed as selling stock, are bound to have their little joke, and present themselves as **laughing stock**:

Timetables (folders) were lengthened out to conform with the staying power of an Eight Day Clock.

Ingersoll-carriers thereupon tossed their seamless grain sacks upon their sh-backs and gravitated over the hill on foot.

Speed of trains, was adjusted to three positions: fastet than a sleeping policeman, faster than a walking voter and—faster, faster than a running . . . sore. That puts the railroads into third position, as my revered friend F. F. would say, “win slow and I’lose—in order: ‘tomobile, dobbin and railway carriage. Not counting “bike” the “hoss” is coming back . . . . first—.

This 2 minutes to a mile will get us nowhere—what’s the big idee of detaining the populace?

Men would think that the outstanding failure of the railroads is caused by low speed; other men would opine that it is caused by the cost of maintaining luxurious compartments for the manicured industrial idiots, mercantile maniacs and professional paranoics (imperious imbeciles—pronounce imp-pestles).

Not so, me hearties, there are no luxurious compartments—day coaches should be done away with by constitutional amendment, and all passengers should have the “freedom of tile less primitive cars.—The proposition of packing certain people into coaches (to bear the expense of hauling two or three half-way decent cars with few smirking parasites in them) has gone far enough. The worthwhile people are getting off at the next stop. Huh! Destroy our democracy will they.

\* \* \*

Experienced lumberjacks and discerning tell me “Henry Ford is putting up a **dandy camp** 14 miles from Sidnaw,” the gateway to the Ontonagon country, Michigan.

Dandy? Isn’t that putting it rather strong? Just because it isn’t as crude, gloomy, cramped, cold or uncomfortable (as the camps they are accustomed to) doesn’t make it “dandy.” Dandy is a pet name for desirable.

Henry may have ideas about what a lumber camp should be—if so, Iet him come out with them. An improvement on present-day camps is but an improvement.

Not one camp do I know that would make a good barn. Improvements!

I know hundreds of barns that would make better camps.

\* \* \*

Any “camper” could go, and would, out into the woods with a jacknife (with a broken blade) and a match, and find more comfort than the barons are able to find their loyal victims—would take better care of themselves.

For Christsake don’t tell me about a dandy camp if you haven’t an idea of what a camp should be——I’ll, admit Mr. Ford is not capable of putting up a thoroughly rotten camp. His “worst” would be an improvement on our rotten best.

\* \* \*

Origin of Name Sidnaw: A hungry lumberjack told the town’s first “kind ady to Iet Sid gnaw a crust of bread, please.

So the kind lady brought out one of her home-made biscuits to Sidney and said, “Gnaw, Sid, gnaw, I haven’t anything else.”

Sid thanked her and went down to the track to gnaw on the biscuit.

After a few days it got so that the trains used to stop there so that passengers could watch Sid gnaw—hence Sidnaw, Michigan.

The biscuit is somewhat worn.

—T-b. S.

## 1925\_104\_IS\_26121925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

–––––

**WHO’S WHO**

–––––

Who is he that does it all?

The delegate.

Who is it that bucks the wall?

The delegate.

Who is it that scratches gravel,

Tho’ averse to midnight travel—

When it pains his rebel navel?

The delegate..

II

Who is it that knows it all?

The rank and file.

Who sits on the mossy wall?

The rank and file.

Who is it that yawns complacent,

Stands aloof, unmoved, adjacent—

Proves himself a sluggish agent?

The rank and file.

III

Who is it that “bobs up bland?”

The delegate.

Who forwards the slaves’ demand?

The delegate.

Who is that— (lone fire brand?)

That harasses—the plunder band,

Yet, trips the graceless burning strand?

The delegate.

IV

Who is it that’s big find strong?

The rank and file.

Who is it that can’t do wrong?

The rank and file.

Who is it that trusts the Lord

And leaves the work for Jane and George , .

To make the thieves repay; disgorge?

The rank and file.

(Encore)

We ought to turn a newer slate

And help to steer, the hand of fate;

(We, who pay the Nation’s freight—)

We ought to mark the newer date

And kind o’ limber up our gait;

(We, who feel the hand of Hate—)

\_\_\_

P. S.:

We can’t low-rate a delegate.

And pray the “great” to “pass the bait”;

We must ourselves “surfeit” the plate.

We ought to cultivate a trait

To kind o’ help, the delegate

—When the bosses mongrels wait—

—To hand our mate the frigid gate—

Orate, state and agitate;

Oscillate, EDUCATE—

Emancipate! Initiate!

T-b. S.

P. S. II.

For the benefit of our dense legal fraternity let me say: “Lone firebrand” and “Burning strand” has no reference to incendiarism or arson, they are merely prosaic descriptions of the delegate’s nature and hip manner of hot-footing it at **odd periods** when he lacks support and is overwhelmingly out-numbered and out-weighed . . . I’m not afraid of jail—it’s the disgrace. The disgrace of a nation jailing its beat man.

T-bone Slim.

## 1925\_105\_IW\_26121925

**LOCK YOUR CARS**

James McGillicuddy’s Rolls Royce was stolen while standing in front of the county poorhouse where he was visiting his parents.––Dowagiac (Michigan) News.

\* \* \*

An impression has gone forth that the Milwaukee road is ELECTRIFIED–– just like that. Allow me to tell you that we consider ourselves a part of the road and we’re not electrified: and the next paragraph will prove that Byram himself isn’t electrified: While it is true that Milwaukee has already adopted the use of push cars and pump-handled cars (cars that should be in hospitals and men that should be sent to “the shops”) that is a long way from being electrified––Damn it! The cars remind me of a farm wagon, wheels set V-shape, good for one way curves––have to turn the car end for end for reverse curves.

\* \* \*

Today we were dumfounded with astonishment. We had shaded our eyes with our mitt and gazed across the prairie at some cows, bulls, steers and heifers all bunched––the flies were *michievous.*

They, the cattle, had bunched up in self-defense. They had a one big union of beef . . .

Understand me right, the flies are considered parasites and, so, the cattle being aware of that gathered together for self-protection. Understand me right––the cattle experienced benefits from their organization; evidenced by the fact that they calmly *chawed their cud* standing shoulder to shoulder––winking at each other. They knew, they understood that “The Reason” they had used in the first place was sound intelligence; indeed, their faith in their union was so strong that each stood his position without so much as changing “end for end.”

That’s what I call intelligence –– that’s where intelligence begins.

Anything less than that would be called ignorance . . . strange to say, not one of the cows parroted the old saying, “In union there’s strength.”

No; they simply practised unionism and let the flies do the buzzing.

It is said in an extra gang that “we ain’t supposed to know NOTHING,” an insinuation that 38 cents an hour doesn’t call for much knowledge. True. It calls for the use of very little of it. In fact, we use little more than a carpenter or a bricklayer––our work consists mainly of waving a “number two flag.”

This doesn’t mean that we, carpenters or bricklayers are ignorant, indeed not. Only an ignoramus would call us ignorant: for

[unlcear]

[ignor]ant is to admit the capitalist system of compensation (wages) is just and that our “holler” is unjustified.

If 38 cents is full pay for the knowledge we use and the work we do, then there is no need of changing the system. (But what’s the use of having much knowledge if you’re allowed only 38 cents worth an hour?)

I do claim and say that we’re getting their paid A LITTLE for the much we do and nothing for what we know––nothing for the knowledge we use, little as it is––and THAT IS NOT ENOUGH. Many spikers have recognized the abundancy of their brilliance and have gone into the plastering business, thus creating a “shortage of maul-motoneers.”

A native of a certain creek bottom had “a sick woman” and got the notion in his head that she needed a change of climate––so he moved down the river, 30 miles. For what’s a man to do, when he gets all tangled up in an idea? I do not recite this as an example of ignorance, for he was not ignorant. Later he deeded over to his son half of his property in the belief that doing so would reduce the income tax he would have to pay––he being convinced the tax for two halves is less than for one whole––doesn’t look like ignorance, does it?

Be that as it may, the Stange lumber interests are now composed of four companies, I do believe––and if true, that the heavier burden of tax can be dodged by splitting the property into two or more parts, what does it prove? Isn’t it true that the income tax is so arranged that it prevents the property falling into fewer hands, temporarily––if not in reality. And, if that be true, then things are most certainly in a desperate fix in the capitalist world. . . . It’s our move.

My first impulse this morning at the breakfast table was to get myself *back into a workhouse*. The next brilliant thought was to quit this gang and go over to the sted-gang to see if they have meat. Why? Bacon.

We have salt bacon: About three pounds of it feed 40 men, 2½ pounds left over. . . . Be of good cheer, there is a way to parboil the salt from bacon, and, if the cook refuses to do that favor, there is a way minor repairs can be made in the cook’s failing psychology.

Otherwise the job is a slice of a perfect paradise––we work 8 hours, from barn to barn––pumping the handcar is classified as work. The noonhours we enjoy as only “gandies” know how. I’m getting enthusiastic, hic!

When I look back into the dim past and remember those poor devils that had to work 10 hours (in one day) my heart goes out to them and my soul grieves over their misfortunes––yes it does––even the while my bosom swells with pride over the great strides civilization has taken in the last few years. All we lack is wages.

Many of the folks have wondered what is the cause for sudden outbursts of energy––they are still wondering.

But few have concentrated their thinking apparatumn upon this––––subject of high speed work with any degree of success, and, they do opine that fast work is caused by a flaw-in-the-head-motor of impulse. That is hedging the issue.

I have thoroughly investigated this subject and do hereby clear the *victims of that custom* from all suspicion of being mentally unbalanced –– their thinking apparatus is better than mine––it’s their muscles that go crazy. The same holds true to sounds: Interlocking sounds go on a jamboree of unmusical disturbance––it may be a motor car, a boilerfactory or a farm “behinder” reaper––thus it is that things are “called out of their name.”

The other day, while watching the beautiful landscape where the natives and industrial leaders play pasture-pool –– sometimes after hours, far into the night––a bonafide insult was tendered our “Detroit Hank” in regards the eloquent expression of “lizzie;” a man seeing a “lizzie” passing by murmured, “there goes another mowing machine.”

Sounds. But that explains not our heartfelt mentioning of the pasture-pool. For some time past the regular billiard parlors have been discouraged out of existence and pasture-pool has been encouraged into flourishing drives and slices. . . . Why?

In the poolhalls outspoken truths were peddled about the employers, whereas, on the golfgrounds smooth schemes are proposed as to how to best frame labor––you see, the employers use the pasture for the purpose of keeping in touch with the burning questions of the day. There’s no difference between golf and pool––the difference is between capital and labor.

## 1925\_106\_IS\_30121925

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**HOW TO FAIL**

–––––

A lumberjack when fully dressed in his manly garb (not skirts), is a beautiful thing to see—and fully prepared to attend any “gathering” that may be, social entertainment, spree, dance or prayer meeting—full or half full. . . There you go again, jumping at conclusions—you think that the “rig” you see him wearing in a **multiduty** outfit and that it is the only suit of clothes he has.

Even so, if it is, he would be in proper form to attend every reception and hold his own. But it isn’t:

Take off the Mackinaw, jumper and Alpena “Stags” and he still is fully dressed—suitable for senate, spooning or poker—anything. Go on further.

Take off his Presbyterian “serge” and Soo shirt and lo—hush—now you’re getting down to the real man—he is now dressed for walking and by the Internal Lynx-eyed Gods, I believe we could peel off another layer of cothes and still remain within the limits of law—all of ‘em clean; none of ‘em lousey—the best dressed man in starving America. Hurrah!

I’m led to make these tearful remarks because when in a restaurant at Chatham, Mich., I inquired for a cup of coffee the proprietor assured me “I’m sorry, lad, but there isn’t a restaurant in town.”

“Well,” says I politely, “I don’t see how in hell they can do any logging without coffee.”

“Logging!” he screamed. “They don’t do any logging out of here there hasn’t been a lumberjack around here for twenty years.”

(Ceveland Cliffs Iron—Clothes Pin and Wooden’ Wash Basin—Company camps are 4, 5, and 6 miles out) —and so, with tears in his eyes he pointed through the blizzard towards a red brn back of which I found a well. . . . **That’s why Jack is so well dressed!**

He is too tame to fight for his board. Too tame to build up his system so that he could get along with one shirt (and that open at the throat showing a mat of hair on his breast). He covers his quivering frame with wool, camel-hair and what you may call it—still he shivers.

He neglects to organize:—neglect it a little longer, oh, by-product of the timber belt, you’ll quit shivering—and breathing.

Fellow workers, I may seem a trifle severe in my language—I do that to make my point clear. I feel sorry for you and for myself. I know the grief is great. I know the misery is much.

But of all the agony, trials and weariness, the most pitiful thing is that you refuse (fail) to organize. FAIL! FAILURE! You won’t join the wobblies because they have **hair on their breast**. Well and good. Suit yourself. But watch out. Some morning you’ll wake up and find pin feathers on yours—you’ll be a regular chicken, a most delightful and winsome he-hen, a turkey, a goose . . . . (without further delay I’d advise you to get a handful of buck hair, and plaster it on your chest).

P. S. Editor: Witness the old logger 20 years ago didn’t get much—he got eggs by “four-horse loads,” fresh fish twice a week, meat on hoof etc. Today he gets canned salmon, bull beef, oleo, imitation milk, coffee, (hump) tea “Sweepings from Japan” . . . ye Lords! Does that mean war? Making us eat off their floor!—We’re lucky, lumberjacks; we’re lucky that the Japs don’t take a notion to wash their lavatories, bottle the juice, and sell it to our importers as “Tea Extract,” “Mopped in Japan.”

I don’t blame Japan. I’m talking to you. You don’t have to drink it. Didn’t you know that? And you can; get tea—by organizing. By organizing you can induce the lumber companies to melt oleomargarine and run fit into old catsup bottles — ‘twill keep better and give you more room at the table. One set of sealed oleo bottles would last forever and forever and forever more.

**Beech it only stubborn basswood**— the restaurant “keep” probably mistook me for a lumberjack.

—T-b S.

# 1926

## 1926\_1\_IW\_02011926

**GASTRITIS**

I’ve intended to say all along a few words about warning to the American motor public but have neglected to do so heretofore on occount of having more important warnings to dish out:

Sometimes it so happens that the “power of the car” has all leaked out––through a hole in the right hand pocket of the Rummage Sale Balloon trousers . . . Well and good, you approach a touring car and kindly ask the “tourer” for a pint of gas to carry you to the next “stationary filler.”

“Certainly,” says the motor-crusader, “certainly,” and he escorts you around to his rear-tank (it is locked) he feels around in every pocket for the key. “Darn the luck!” saye he, “I’ve lost the key––I can’t help you out.”

Then you “fish out” a two-foot chunk of gas hose and volunteer to syphon out a pint (into a five-gallon pail). “Certainly, certainly,” says the helpful tourist (doubling up his first over the lost key) “certainly, help yourself.” That’s where you make the mistake of your life!

Sucking on that hose (to get the syphon started) will afflict you with a new, terrible disease––a horrifying disease––gastritis they call it.

You should always ask the tourist to take a puff at the hose for you––the country could stand the losing of him.

\* \* \*

That brings us right up to physical examinations:

In many places of employment a man must pass an examination before he can get a job––take off his clothes and go through all kinds of contortions; including bending over and gazing respectfully, if not prayerfully, at the doctor from between one’s legs. Can you imagine!

(Why its worse than sawing logs and using-cow bell wedges––those darn things that you almost have to undress before you can fish them from your hip pocket).

Now I’ve always been opposed to such examinations––until lately––and, as it happens, now I want to work in such places . . . But, fellow workers, *I can’t work in such places until the boss has been examined by my doctor.* How do I know that he is physically able to pay me––he might die before payday.

Therefore, fellow works, let us so organize that we can *pursuade* the boss to undergo an inspection at the hands of our mon of Medicine. *Wot’s sass for the goose is gravy for the gander.*

\* \* \*

The Dayton flood of oratory would float Noah’s ark––but at the same time, it raises the question: “Is there a God?” And who created Him? From what was He made? How? There is––there is a god:

A Sunday dinner (in an extra gang) is “the best” one of the week. . . .

That proves it, doughnut?

\* \* \*

The resplendent cleanliness of the gandy dancers hanging around the village depot shall not be considered an average for the whole crew. *Full many a sylph may blush unglimpsed.*

\* \* \*

That delicious vealbone stew––the bones so tender and juicy –– salubriously pink –– shall not be construed as the base from which the “delectable” dining-car service and scenery was born.

\* \* \*

The cook may be no good. But let me point out the boss and his three “straws” are highly pleased with his cooking.

Mebbe the swill and the crew are no good? *Mebbe the “long, black-haired Wobblie” was right.*

\* \* \*

Speaking about cooking reminds me of chicken; chicken (because it flaps its wings) reminds me of flappers; flappers remind me of chicken––Inn––”Are you going to have chicken supper,” gains meaning––and that, naturally, reminds me of science––how to hypnotize a hen: Draw a long chalkline on the floor. Place biddy’s bill to the chalkline. That’s all there is to it. The hen will stand there and stare at the chalk mark, just like The Image of God trying to solve a crossword puzzle.

\* \* \*

Those new cheesecloth “work shirts” are the handiest thing yet––instead of making a bundle you can fold it nicely, and carry it in a snuff box.

\* \* \*

Conditions it is that command men. Orders their lives. It, the compliance-with, is left up to us more and more every day. How come?

Were I an inferior Wob, to tell 300,000 good Wobblies to strike and they struck––that would not indicate that I influenced them. It would indicate that conditions, pay, board or hours are out of date.

They would say “Holy Halifax, even ‘Slim’ is next to our condition!”

\* \* \*

Even on the “battlefield” the general’s order “charge!” is a confidential whisper alongside the reasoned command of danger.

The “threat across the way” has the last word––It is commander-in-chief!

The decision, as ever, lies with the commanded––they accept, they reject––and they temporize.

As on the field of battle, the “commanded” are there *because they have the power*. There can be no victories, industrial or military, without them.

\* \* \*

But––but conditions can be tampered with––thus conveying to you an insidious command. The bosses make conditions bad––thus, it is that *really they, the bosses order you to strike*––and if you have the guts, I’m innocent.

## 1926\_2\_IS\_06011926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**“YUMPING YAKS”**

–––––

Mine advice, right or wrong, but mine advice:

When you have six or seven days “coming” in a lumber camp, a seemingly unresistable desire to “jump” takes possession of your hind laigs.

There’s a reason. . . .

In that case my advice is “go into the commissary and spend your whole week’s pay for a $4 suit of underwear”—again you are free, and [unclear] the boss opens the door in the morning, you will be surprised to find ; yourself full o’ **ham**bition. . . On the job you will work harder, one, eye peeled on the possibility of being fired— underwear included. ...

Again, when you are seven days ahead, and the rotten “conditions” **confiscate your goat**, you can repeat the performance by investing a week’s pay in new pants. That will put new life into your limbs and fresh vigor into your swings—and energetic stamina into your s o u l —

“Stick another week,” and when the call of the “Tame” sounds in your ear, walk into the commissary and “shoot the works” for a pair of rubbers—your reserve strength will surprise you, and your goat will return to nibble at the places that once were green. . .

You’ll have to stay another week for two pairs of ventilated socks, 2 packs of Camels and 12 boxes of snuff.

You’ve got in 4 weeks already.

By this time your new suit of underwear is stolen—that gives you 5 weeks, and next week your brand new panta “fall apart.” That’s six weeks —and to think that you were going to “jump” the first week!

A new shirt; that’s, seven weeks. Two pairs of mitts, a bottle of Pain Killer, 2 boxes of Bromo Quinine— and “you’re out of snuff again” — that’s eight weeks.

Jesus but you’re a sticker!

You will notice I haven’t said a word about a Mackinaw Jumper — you’ll work two weeks for that—and that gives you 10 weeks.

But on the 11th week the grub gets too bad, the camp too dirty and cold. . . . walk into the commissary, get another pair of rubbers. (Did you think they’d last all winter?) You’ve now got ELEVEN weeks. You can get the next twelve weeks in just as easy.

But, of course, if you “don’t think much of my advice,” and if you feel that making yourself miserable just to be enabled to “stick” at a camp— if you honestly, believe that “busting” yourself every Saturday night is a damn poor policy—you don’t have to do it. You can organize.

All right. Now, in this article, I have absentmindedly made it appear **the things cost too much**. Nonsense!

Not at all—shirts are reasonable— ah, if only we could be as reasonable!

Pants—trousers— of wool and personality—are a “buy in the true sense of the word” even at $5.75. Pain Killer, at any price, is dirt cheap, and so on. . . . .

Therefor; If you have garnered an idea that prices are high, you have probably hooked onto a fragment of statis **metaloballism** or something like that. . . .

They may seem high— but isn’t it true that there is something wrong with the wages if takes a week’s pay to buy a shirt. . . . That’s why I think you’ll organize. You’ll organize with earnestness—am I right?

The editor of this paper has gone to special pains to make this issue desirable in the hands of the unorganized workers. You’ll do me, you, him and everybody a great favor if you take it out to the job—next time.

Optimistic as usual, I believe the ladies will leave a civilizing effect on the barbers. I most sincerely hope so.

The bobbershops may yet become a great force for good-—one bobber tells me that he had to revise all his dirty stories in order to draw the trade of the militant Amazons and Debutantes. Bravo girls!

—T-b. S.

## 1926\_3\_IW\_09011926

**HALL OF FAME**

Please record that:

*There has been, and is now, but few great men outside of lumberjacks.*

If I were to recite a full list of great men, all of them lumberjacks, the editor would purchase a clothesbasket for waste paper––and, if he DID print the list, many heretofor respected FAKES would blush their disgrace, redden from shame, turn their face, hide themselves *under a tarpaulin* and *feel naked* indeed. I won’t take chances on wearing out my pencil–– I will merely mention a few, extemporaneously, contemporaneously: Pegleg Ryan, Abraham Lincoln, Sandy and Grizzly McDonald, Abrahamson, McClelland, Fred Aho, Von Platen “Gallagher,” and Swiss Pea-Soup of the Welis-Pori outfit. There! Where in all this shop-blithering world could you find a more imposing list of labor Technicians?

Nowhere––Every one of them “roll-out” boys!

Great men! And all of them drink Japanese tea-screenings, with the possible exception of , whom I didn’t mention.

Socrates, a famous lumberjack, used to drink hemlock sap every time he run out of oleomargarine.

And so it goes-––taste is taste. The gang of gods that used to live high on Mount Olympus drank *ambrosia and nectar*––for sore throat––it being important that the gods’ orders could be heard. . .

Therefore, being a great man, myself, I would like to suggest (to aforesaid great men, at least) that they cannot expect long to be heard if they persist in stimulating their throat with *Tendust dew of the Rising Sun.*

\* \* \*

Many of these aforesaid great men have monuments erected in their memory––and, the rest are dead ripe even as the others were ripe dead . . . Jim Pole Smith. Hail!

Bug House Lynch––alas! Peace to his ashes!

Now we’re down to the great men––and with your permission I will mention kind of *intimate* like the world’s *greatest* living creatures; men who not only can find their way home along the well lighted, paved, named thoroughfares and numbered houses but can remember and find a four-foot skid seven weeks after throwing it into a world of brush: To be brief: The Sawyer, the Swamper, the Skinner, and the Skidway “Ameer”––those are the greater men I am spouting about. If they ever decide to organize, It Will Be Done, and a greater organization It Will Be.

Note.––I’m hearing that the “Shippo’s” are thinking of joining the Chamber of Commerce on account of the short days and timber, 70 per cent scale and shortage of Sundays––some of them, owing to that latter misfortune, have grown lousy. That all seems plausible and seems to disprove the statement that gyppos cannot organize.

To make this story short, let me say, editor, this *hopeless* condition of the middle eastern gyppo is traveling west––and, let me say, the western logger, with his higher taste and *demandful mind* cannot and will not be able to withstand the onslaught of approaching *disestablishment* movement *unless they organize* without losing a minute.

I’m not joking––I never joke.

But this I will say––and it’s a *hypothetical* statement: When a Western logger, as honest as he is, tells you that in Eastern country that a camp is “no good,” don’t believe him––You see, he is accustomed *to live* in half-way decent camps.

\* \* \*

The best way to strike is to organize your fellow worker on (or off) the job. By the way: Another “annex” has been added to the burdens of the extra-gang. The old bosses have been “let go” for various reasons. Drink, lack of beauty, lack of driving power are recited as causes. The work, during period of “surplus of men,” has been speeded up double; period of employment cut in two and the grub has been left unimproved––wages cut.

On the other hand: The I. W. W. Hall in Minneapolis has grown quite attractive––clean, sanitary and popular. I wonder––I wonder why

I don’t wonder at all!

Speeding up and machinery create much unemployment –– not only in these United States, but in that beloved “mudderland,” England.

England has, since 1918, put out in the neighborhood of $999,000,000 unemplovment”dole”––a matter of $133,000,000 per year. Handed out equally to England’s producers, it would amount to about $7.13 apiece. Not much money, it it?

Figure it out yourself — my ‘rithmetic is rythmetic.

\* \* \*

Doctor Mayo says “happiness is a state of mind.” Glad that’s settled. Now an “agreeable” person may develop corns on his feet without jeopardizing his intoxication of spirit. True. But why not say, happy is a stately mind––instead of the much repeated phrase, “*much know: much woe*.”

## 1926\_4\_I\_09011926

**“Yumping Yaks”**

Kirj. T-bone Slim

(Pyydämme lukijoillemme huomauttaa että tämän tuplajuulaisen maailmankuulun työmaafilosofin ja humoristin T-bone Slimin mehevät kirjoitukset eivät mitenkään voi suomennettuina säilyttää täyttä alkuperäistä arvoaan ja makuaan. Niissä näyttelee englanninkielen käytössä mahdollinen laaja sanaleikki niin suurta osaa, että sitä ei voida käännöksessä säilyttää. Koetamme kuitenkin säilyttää ajatuksen mahdollisimman lähellä alkuperäistä. — Ind. toimitus.)

Minun neuvojani, oikeita tai vääriä, mutta kuitenkin minun neuvojani:

Kun sinulla on kuusi tai seitsemän päivää “tulevaa” tukkikämpäitä, silloin ilmeisesti vastustamaton halu “jumpata” saa vallan takajaloissasi.

Siihen on syy. . .

Sellaisessa tapauksessa minun neuvoni on: “Mene kämpän tavaravarastoon ja uhraa viikon palkkasi neljän dollarin aluspukuun.” — Silloin olet jälleen vapaa (edellä mainitusta halustasi). Kun sitten paasl aamulla avaa kämpän oven, niin hämmästyksellä huomaat kuinka täynnä työhalua jälleen olet... Työmaalle tultuasi pusket entistä lujemmin, yksi silmäsi aina ollen kiinnitettynä “säkätyksi” tulemisen mahdollisuuteen — alusvaatteinesl.

Ja taas kun olet saanut seitsemän päivää sisälle ja kurjat olosuhteet ovat kyllästyttäneet mielesi, voit uusia saman menettelyn sijoittamalla viikon palkkasi uusiin housuihin. Se panee jälleen uutta elämää raajoihisi ja tuoretta vauhtia kirveesi heilahduksiin — ja energististä kestävyyttä sieluusi —

“Stikkaa viela vilkko” ja kun lähtemishalun kutsu jälleen kaikuu korvissasi, kävele tavaravarastoon ja “puhalla” koko saaliisi jälleen pariin “ropessia.” Taas tulet hämmästymään jäljellä olevien voimavarojesi suuruutta ja “vuohesi” palaa jälleen rauhallisesti pureskelemaan joskus vihreinä olleille kentille.

Sinun täytyy vielä olla viikko ilmanvaihtellla varustettu sukkaparia, kahta “kameli”-pakettia ja kahtatoista nuuska-askia varten.

Nyt sinulla on jo neljä viikkoa.

Tähän mennessä on uusi aluspukusi jo varastettu — se antaa sinulle viidennen viikon. Ja seuraavalla viikolla “aivan uudet” housusi hajoilevat kappaleiksl. Se merkitsee kuudetta viikkoa — ja ajatella että olit vähällä “jumpata” jo ensimmäisen viikon jälkeen!

Uusi paita; se on seitsemäs viikko. Kaksi paria kintaita, pullo “pain killeriä” ja kaksi askia “Bromo Quinia” ja — slihen mennessä on nuuskasi jo loppunut — se on kahdeksan viikkoa.

Jeesus! Mutta sinähän olet oikea “stikkari”!

Huomaat että an olo sanonut vielä mitään “mackinaw jumpparista” — sen edestä teet työtä kaksi viikkoa — siten saat jo kymmenen viikkoa sisälle.

Mutta yhdennellätoista viikolla ruoka käy liian kujaksi, kämppä liian likaiseksi ja kylmyys… Käbele taas tavaravarastoon ja ota uusi pari “ropesseja”. (Luulitko sen yhden parin kestävän koko talven?) Nyt sinulla on jo yksitoista viikkoa. Seuraavat kaksitoista viikkoa saat sisälle juuri yhtä helposti.

Mutta, luonnollisesti, jos et katso neuvojani minkään arvoiseksi ja sinusta tuntuu että ei kannata sietää tätä kurjuutta vain siksi että saat “stikata” kämpällä — ja rehellisesti olet sitä mieltä että itsesi “postauttaminen” joka lauantai-ilta on pirun huono menettelyohjelma — jos siten käsität, niin ei sinun ole pakko sitä tehdä. Sinä voit järjestyä.

No niin. Nyt minä olen tässä kirjoituksessa hajamielisyydessäni saattanut asiat näyttämään siltä että nuo tavarat maksavat liian paljon. — Järjettömyyttä.

Ei ollenkaan. Paidat ovat järkiperäisessä hinnassa. Ah, jospa me itse voisimme olla yhtä järkiperäisiä!

Housut — villaa ja persoonallisuutta sisältävät — ostetaan hyvällä kaupalla vaikkapa niiden hinta onkin $5.75. “Pain killer” on halpaa kuin multa mihin hintaan tahansa ja niin edespäin…

Senvuoksi: Jos sinuun on istunut senlainen käsitys että hinnat ovat korkeat, niin olet todennäköisesti saanut kiinni kappaleen statis metaloblasismia (mitä tahansa se lieneekään) tai jotain sentapaista…

Hinnat saattavat näyttää korkeilta — mutta eikö ole totta että jotain täytyy olla vinossa palkkojen suhteen silloin kun tarvitaan viikon palkka yhden paidan maksuksi… Tästä syytä olen tullut siihen käsitykseen että sinä tulet järjestymään; tulet järjestymään pikein tositarkoituksessa — olenko oikeassa?

Tämän lehden toimittaja koettaa pitää erikoista huolta siitä, että lehti olisi työläisille haluttua tavaraa. Sinä teet minulle, sinulle, hänelle ja jokaiselle (paitsi työnantajalle) hyvän palveluksen jos hankit sen mukaasi työmaallesi — seuraavalla kerralla.

- - -

Ollen optimisti, kuten tavallista, minä uskon että naiset tulevat jättämään sivistävän vaikutuksen partureihin. Minä mitä vilpittömimmin toivon sitä.

“Bobbaussapat” voivat vielä muuttua valtavaksi vaikuttimeksi. Eräs “bobberi” juuri kertoi minulle että hänen on täytynyt muokata uudelleen kaikki ruokottomat juttunsa, voidakseen tehdä liikettä näiden militanttisten amazonien ja debutanttien kanssa. Bravoo, tytöt!

## 1926\_5\_IS\_13011926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**BLOOD–CIRCULATING AND CURDLING**

–––––

At last!

At last I ran across “a lumber camp on wheels.”

I am overwhelmed”

By the shades of Saint Croix and Appetite Mike, now I know why they put “Jacks” in cars—car-camps:

The floor is cold—(no carpets, but car pet)—feet are cold. . . .

That’s why they have cars for us”

The companies reason that “**we can’t strike with cold feet.**”

The companies are right, cold feet are a terrible handicap. . . .

I’m gland I don’t write with my feet. . . .

My wrist is limbery; my ankle is numb.

\* \* \*

Cold feet are an absolute preventative of strikes—the only way to pull a strike in a car-camp is with hot water bottles. . . . Let the delegate load his portmanteau with empty **sea** bags—the sea can be heated wight in the camp. . . .

Warm hearts ain’t worth a damb . . . you don’t walk out with your heart. . . .

The feet, brother, the feet!

\* \* \*

Cold feet is the cause of peace—my proofs: The Eskimos haven’t pulled a strike since the switchmen’s strike. . . .

The Mexicans strike regularly. . . .

Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan woodsmen can’t strike because of **cold-medal rubbers**.

Portland, Spokane and Seattle, on the other hand, strike on the strength of cow hide cork shoes.

Good Lord. What more proofs do you want? You don’t see anybody working for nothing in the summertime, do you —when the wind is in the south?

That’s ‘cause the feet are warm —with heavy flavor. . . .

**Clearly, cold feet are a great force for Peace!**

Occasionally lumber companies recognize “this, get lonesome, and long for a strike—then they do everything to warm the “Jacks’ “ feet. . . .

Only recently, the Von Platen Co. was hauling its workers in and out on flat-cars, cold affairs, and the Jacks’ feet grew chilly—so, to start the blood circulating, and warm the Jacks, Von Platen **set stakes** on the cars! That wiren’t warm enough —So the company **drove wedges behind the stakes!**

Still the Jacks pounded their feet. So the persistent Von Platen circled the “stakes” **with one-inch rope** —to break the wind!

But the Von Platen couldn’t get a rise out of the boys—cold feet, you see. Up-to-date the company has “furnished” thy boys with a box-car—all to no avail. It’s money wasted! Of course the boys can see a **great improvement**, the difference between a flat-car and car-box——ggrrand! Now if the company had, in the first place, bought each lumberjack a fifty cent hot water bottle, the strike would be over by this time, yes ‘twould.

What was the flat-car for?

To break the boys into accepting the box-car “freeze-out.”

Slick? What!

## 1926\_7\_IS\_20011926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**MEAT OF THE PRESS**

–––––

We see where the Herald-Examiner throws a fit over the “generosity” of Padeewski, Polish, pianist, premier—”a man.”

Well done, Hearst—recognition of Paderewski’s service does far to prove that journalism is not utterly depraved in this “naughty” saturnalia—else ‘Xaminer wouldn’t raise its voice in behalf the “veteran” Americans recipient of the “generous” proceeds of the glorious Paderewski concerts.

Paderewski gives one night’s work—out of 365—nay, he gives three nights, per year. . . .

No, he generously gives ten evenings every year in the service of his fellow critters—disabled veterans.

A “cant-hook man” gives most every evening to the task of turning the grindstone for the veteran American swamper—in the woods but we do not call that generosity.

We call that **police** duty.

Wobblies frequently give a whole day’s pay to help out their newspapers— but we don’t call that generosity.

We call that **common** sense.

Therefore, it is quite a relief to be assured (by the pessimistic ‘xaminer) that the dextrous Paderewski, a good musician ,has not been bereft of that **scant and scattering**, quality—common sense—a desire to help—one duty done.

Count yourself. Step out and **look** how many you are. Take a **count** of yourself—ascertain your—your multitudinous numerical strength (if more than any), study your figure, or figures, and find out whether you are one or “**several**,” as Casey used to say—know thy numbers, names and nuances. . .

S. R., in Sol., writes a calm article leaning heavily on psychology (that’s the mental phase of the same subject), but we’re not concerned any further about that, sufficient to say S. R. swings a virtuous pen.

“Are you a twin, and don’t know it?” inquires the Herald-’Xaminer, or Lit. Digest—which? That seems to settle my subject.

Count yourself! You may be your own cousin—or grandmother.

\* \* \*

Alas! Prepare to shed your teairs—start shedding any time they will shed—Washington is about to gag District of Columbia gossipers with an anti-gossip bill—after awhile the headquarter’s cats will be muzzled with a purr-silencer, ye gods.

S’posing a prattling gossiper, laying the life bare (and history naked) of our leading “opposition,” gets pinched (by a thick headed bull) and s’posing the person is tried—ye gods! and s’posing he proves his **light remarks** to have been based on sound, solid and safe foundation!

“Egad, m’lads,” don’t do nothing rash—even to attain precedent to connect by association to milk and water “tyrannies,” later.

I’m not threatening; I’m not warning—I’m merely acting in a advisory capacity:

If you must make a law. I’m sure, Fellow Worker King, you can find a subject more appropriate than the tying of the tongue in a bell-wether’s **brass** aerophone.

For instance: Give the [½] ton bulls liberty to walk roughshod over the tenderest corns of the gentle public—that ought to drive them out of town and district—that is, if that is your object; that is, if you desire to have no witnesses to your wonderful (past) performances and still more glorious performances of the future.

\* \* \*

We don’t need disarmament conferences, wha twe need is dis**alarm**ament confidences—and organization. —T-bs.

## 1926\_6\_IW\_16011926

**On Side of It**

This here eternity is a terrible thing to anticipate. Here we are growing old at the rate of sixty seconds per minute—soon to be dead. Dam the luck! Look at all the years we will be dead, after we actually die—presupposing that we were not dead while alive—look at all them years we won’t get a chance to correct our bosses’ errors.

“Slowing down on the job” has no injurious effect on capitalism as a system; it merely puts more would-be parasites to work: adds improved machinery to our collection—*conserves the nation’s supply of toil* without creating hand-outs (and gifts) for Europe’s craving appetite.

As it is we over-produce everything—the few, 36 millions that support 115 millions, may work fast or slow without effect upon the system (*as a system of free board* for the self-elected light-exercisers). If they work slow, 60 millions will go to work; if they work fast (as at present) 36 millions will do, the honors—and if they work faster (which God forbid) only 16 millions then will have employment and, I suppose, will “belong” to one big union. But if they work still faster soon there will be only a few shieks and flappers bobbin’ in and out among the gigantic machines; among the shoddy of push-buttons in industry. There will be plenty of oil on the machines, but labor—allmighty Labor—will have starved to death; bottom, belly, and benevolence.

When eggs were 70 cents a dozen, many men severely criticized the hen as a profiteer—this too in the face of the fact that it takes 24 hours of the hen’s time to produce a dozen cackleberries, including an hour of Cackles-Before-The-Egg and another hour AFTER- and several foot-races with various roosters—a matter of less than 3 cents per hour.

Unemployment is now an accepted truth. Few indeed there are that doubt it. Jobless and lunchless men wander (and wonder) quite ignoring the satisfying qualities of dandelion leaves (and other delicious fodder) decking the bosom of Mother Dirt. Bull-headedly they persist in striving for the customary foods, such as beans, baked , heart, canned spinach, and bread—and pie! Alas! What a terrific hold habits have upon us! Towns have been bummed and re-bummed. Alas, this is none too true!—and President Coolidge’s created prosperity seems to be getting worse.

There is no shortage of anything in the country—except work—so I cannot see why men deliberately skip their meals. And as I was saying, and since men persist in begging for food (and committing suicide) I would suggest that their chosen method of obtaining a livlihood be sanctified by law and that railroads be compelled to carry them to the next town whenever they get through bumming one town.

I ask this in the name of America!

“What is good for round shoulders, doctor?” inquires a searcher for knowledge.

“Stand straight and breathe deeply,” replies the doctor. It cannot be done while working here, doctor, work is bad for round shoulders.

\* \* \*

Justice and law are two separate institutions, according to my opinion.

Justice is less “prolific” than law, according to my observation.

Laws are so numerous that it is certain some of them are being broken at all times—enough of them so that at all times it is possibIe for the officers to step out and arrest a crew for convict road work . . . The justice in that, if present, is decidedly questionable.

\* \* \*

Health Bulletin.— Our author who has been sick 11 weeks with infantile paralysis, or something (of his own) and mental paralysis (of the doctor’s) is now 15 per cent recovered, but the doctors are suffering as ever. Too bad Dr. Galen died about 2,000 years ago—I’d have told him my troubles.— (T-B. Slim).

\* \* \*

I have it from reliable sources that souplines have been installed in the leading cities to cheer the heart and lenten-belly of the downtrodden and kicked proletariat. Be that as it may, I wonder if any of the “unfortunate fortunate” *that guzzle the food of the gods* know that soup was invented in the lumber camps and, I suppose, they know not even the whereas why it was invented.

Soup, as you should know, was intended not for daily use and, at first, it was served only once per week—as per need demanded—you see, the dishes didn’t get dirty in less than six days and, therefore required hot soup only 52 times a year . . . If you do not know this for a fact, it will surprise you—the amount of cleanliness good soup accomplishes in the regular course of a meal. But it’s wrong to call soup dishwater—the dishes get washed three times a day in addition to the weekly “bath.”

Note.— As the baths became popular mornings and nights, soup was given a regular berth at luncheons and dinners—finally, frenzied frantics organized soup fests, soup drives, soup crusades and, the more modest soup lines. It wouldn’t surprise me if — it’s true that ....

Souplines are irrefutable proof of our prosperity—no soup; no prosperity.

I’m eating solids!

Of course, I’m drinking tea made from Japanese Screenings, and people will say, “wot’s the odds, he’s only a lumberjack!” The odds are great. Lumberjacks are great people.

You don’t believe it?

Well, why for, art thou raising monuments to Honest Abe, the railsplitter. Now be honest, you wouldn’t like to see Abraham Lincoln drinking tea made from *screenings*, would you?

## 1926\_8\_IW\_23011926

**The Evolution of Cunning**

Many people wonder why it is that they must buy a job: pay for a “position;” put out money for employment—and, they blame the “kind,” Christian “shark” for that condition.

The thing has gotten to be such a great issue that I feel it is necessary to rise up in defense of the shark and apology for the system: The shark, be it noted, is merely an employee of labor, at this time; and acts as an agent of *me or you*.

We hire him to give us the job he has discovered.

Of course, it was only a few years ago the boss paid him to find us. And before that, the boss used to hunt us up himself. Well sir, this business of “hunting us up” was rather hard on the bosses shoe leather (and he wears high-priced shoes) so he tried in every -way to make it easier for himself: First he bought, a bicycle, and “ran us down with it. Then he got a Ford and ran around with that—why he even used to have us pinched, so that he could hire us all at one place—all at once.

But those things cost money. The bulls had to get a tip: the bicycle was full of punctures and the Ford had to have new tin roofs and energy . . . You know how the boss hates to give up money. He was desperate.

At last he said to himself, “Mr. Sweatdodger (he calls himself mister), “why not,” says he. “why not pay ‘the men’ less money and give the difference to Mr. Shark?” That seemed to settle the question, and he did that very thing—there being no union big enough to stop him and the men being too busy learning table manners and arguing which was worst, the democratic party, the republican G. O. P. or delirium tremens.

He now had a shark!

That’s evolution, isn’t it?

The shark rented an office and bought fixtures on the installment plan. . . .

Then the boss had another idea:

“Mr. Sweatdodger,” says he, “there’s no sense in giving the shark any money (he’s kind that way; kind of tight) so he kept the “wage-cut” himself.

That’s evolution, isn’t it?

Or isn’t it?

IT IS !

The poor shark was up against it. Rent was due; payment on fixtures, Creole sweetheart in need of sox and lagging . . . he was in a heluva fix.

Then he began to think:

“Wot’s the matter,” says he,” wit’ lettin’ ‘the men’ pay for their jobs—and call it service?” That suited him, so he held out his hand and LABOR placed in it a cigar wrapped with a $3 bill—labor is that way, polite and “chuck” full of manners.

That’s evolution, isn’t it

First, the boss himself hunted us; then the bulls captured us; then the boss bought us from the shark, and then we bought a boss from the shark—and now, we pay the bills.

As I was saying, “Looking for help” is hard work. The boss needs help but will not look for it—he merely leaves an order—an injustice, in view of the fact that an idle man is easier to find than an idle job. (In view of the fact that labor can get along without capital, but capital cannot get along without labor).

Step by step the boss has shaken from himself the job of looking for help—he now does you a favor by letting you build his millions.

Then the shark got rid of the idea of looking for you—they organized a little system right inside capitalism.

And so it is that Labor, when he isn’t courting the boss, is reading the “blackboard” just like he did in 1890 when he was learning “how to become a president”—in school. Those were happy days!

Now, in conclusion, let me point out: Looking for help is too much like begging to suit the boss.

Paying to bulls to hold you—the boss to rush to the rescue—was expensive and very dangerous. The bull might squeal—or try blackmail.

Paying the shark, too, had its drawbacks because the shark might double-cross the boss by maintaining a gang of champion quitters; besides, the expense.

Then the question arose *how to get the men to stand the expense?*

There was only one way; Create an army of unemployed!

\* \* \*

Only fools can call the workers foolish. The workers pay for the jobs because it is necessary — they are compelled by hunger (present or future) to do it.

Thus, you see, it is to the interest of the “masters” to have an army of unemployed. (It cuts wages, *pays for “work”* and destroys the morale of 85,000,000 people).

But an army of unemployed is absolutely *unnecessary*. The workers can’ at any time divide the work among themselves equally—*doing away with begging at the same time*. They can, also, “pay off the boss” who now is so concerned over the interests of the few and undisturbed over the welfare of the many.

The workers can do that.

What workers?

The industrial workers, of course. “But it’s got to be,” like Frenchy says, “ze one big union.”

P. S.—”Paying for the job” is but the gradual fastening of the capitalist system’s annex” upon labor—like adding a summer kitchen to a house. It is not good *economies* to fight that particular part of the cut-throat system, as such, alone. The capitalist organization, as a whole, can be defeated as easily as any part of it—that is, permanently. But it can be done only with superior organization, stick-to-it-ness and solidarity.

## 1926\_9\_IS\_27011926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**WRY–BREAD––**

–––––

We have been requested, editor, to announce to the world the secret of our longevity (whatever that is) and the mysterious persistency of our vigorous and timely health.

All right, I am willing.

But, first, we must make note of the fact that many of our truest friends think that we’ve, editor, lived too long already––that we have no valid excuse for existing––that our death notice published simultaneously in the three, (worlds, first, decent) papers, Sol, Worker and Pioneer would have a tranquilizing effect upon the World Crooks––boobs that think “one world united is able to stand alone.”

I say no, editor, no––they’ve got to join hands with all the planets, meteors, satelites, hematites, mennonites and morphodites––it being proved by Stresseman that “no nation can stand alone,” it follows that no world can stand alone.

Huh?

Then they ask us to explain ourself; explain how we are able to stand it––alone.

Gutts, eh?

Here’s my formula:

An apple a day keeps the doctor away––there are 7 million doctors––seven million apples a day keeps ‘em all away.––Simple, isn’t it? Just eat a boatload of apples every day and you will be protected against all doctors.

That’s half of your health, right there.

Next. You’ll want something to eat with those apples.

All right.

Rye bread.

What? You can’t get rye bread? Make it yourself––here’s the recipe: Three inches of water, one yeast, two inches of wheat flower––be careful not to use any rye flour––oh yes, stir the yeast and water with stove poker, it you have one; if not, hold an unwashed frying pan in the water for 3½ minutes––did you put the salt in? You didn’t? Don’t you know a thing about cooking? Would we have to tell you to start a fire in the stove?

Editor, it’s a hard life. What can you do with a bunch of men leave the salt out of the bread?

I agree with you, editor––’tcertainly is!

Le’s see, did we put the oleomargarine in?

Well, then she’s done.––Just set it to rise in a warm place; throw a woolen blanket over it. . . . .

No woolen blanket?

Well, it’s got to be covered––rip open an individual invalided undershirt . . . no, not a clean one; no sense in wasting a clean shirt if you have dirties. . . . After it is risen; should she not look rye-ish, shake a few empty potato sacks over it, punch it a few times, cut into cute chunks, and bake in a pan––and in an oven.––Remember! Bread should not be boiled, fried, roasted or stewed––it’s sinners that are fried; peanuts roasted; lice boiled and men stewed––remember that.

Fellow worker: I feel confident, already––if you have followed my instructions––that your oven will give birth to fine rye bread, I’m sorry only that I can’t be with you to congratulate your superlative cooking abilities––the bread I won’t miss because I’m getting the same kind right here in this lumber camp.

New life surges through my dilapitated frame and I feel that if the cock don’t cut himself and get blood poison I will live long and prosper––I’m starting the new year with twenty-four dollars––if I don’t get fired between now and the expiration of the time it-would-take-to-earn t h a t amount––**theexpirationoftimeitwouldtaketoneathatamount**––an’ eager of our too well known prosperity; a midnight eerie of dull thuds gallopping in persuit of health and happiness––seeking health where happiness prowls; hunting happiness whether health skulks––

Finding, work, work, work . . . .

The devil finds work for somebody else to do.

\* \* \*

Speaking about law it has come to my notice that people are complaining that even the rich cannot get justice in our courts. I believe that.

Personally I know of case after case where rich men were tried for one-tenth of one per cent murder and failed to get justice––they were turned loose, a stranger to the noose, their goose uncooked. “Not guilty,” this time––but don’t do it again. And I know of at least one such seeker for justice that tried it again––under another charge ––and failed to fall.

On the other hand, the innocent poor cannot get justice and are “rail-roaded” for years and years into the can––but occasionallly the frame-up is proven, generally years later––**after the victim’s life has been ruined.**

\* \* \*

While discussing. courts, l’m reminded––and I ask you, editor, what is that World-Spirit I hear the Swedes talking about?

Is it some kind of cement that is supposed to glue all the rattletrap capitalist institutions together into an association of rattletraps––on the principle that a rotten egg is improved by re-laying it in a nest with other rotten eggs––I wouldn’t be surprised, editor, and I fully agree with you.

## 1926\_10\_IW\_30011926

**GO OR MELT**

In olden days the good citizens had a nasty habit of cutting *chunks off the forward ends* of kings. Along would come an official amputator with an ax on his shoulder or a cleaver under his arm and proceed to hack away –– yes sirree –– hack away at *the kink in the king’s neck* till the blue blood squirted over the carpet like sawdust from a sawsage –– that is: sawdust (ribbons of it; most like Colgate’s dental cream) from a fresh cut; the old saw “whining through the pine” broadcasting gleefully: *today or’r’r tomor’r’row; today or’r’r’r tomor’r’row* . . . Yessirree, and we thought in those days, What a shame! to thus waste labor power––even for dear old art’s sake––upon the king’s neck––and muss up the sweet-scented Persian rugs (made in the Cleveland workhouse) . . . so we straightway and etcetra edged forth and organized the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, their descendants, ante-seedlings and crescendonuts. . .

Little did we think in those good old days––and we haven’t thought much since––that is: little did we think that the guillotine-contraption was the forerunner of the modern bread-slicing machine––ah, fellow workers, little did we realize that the block on which the king pillowed his head *for the last time* was the predecessor of the present-day butcher-anvil. Such ignorance has never been beaten yet, what editor?

‘Twouldn’t been so sad, editor, if the block––the rock––had been used to sever the king’s relation with his head and then have some *son-of-a-gun* hide it on him––but no, editor, they goes to work and wrecks his prospects and clips his dynasty all with one fatal swing––on the principle of *might as well have the game as the name*–– headless *king*.

Such was progress––just one thing after another––until today when we blink at our glistening civilization and behold the highly flavored cornflakes –– just add cream and sugar (the cream you can get in Canada or Mesopotamia). Sugar is extinct.

But one consolation persists, gentlemen and fellow sisters:

Sourkraut!

But woe unto the day that Gus invented it!––he might have known that if he starts mangling cabbage Battle Creek and Armour would take a new hold on life––ours and theirs––and “wrangle” our “goat”––and feed us corn shavings––so I say, back to nature; back to, no –– face to sourkraut; back to the good old days when the meat market anvil first found its conception in our consciousness, as old “Hutch” would say: back, back to the days when the first bread-knife descended for the first time on *punk* . . . .

It is evident that progress has been too much of a high-ball order for most men to keep up . . .

Today we are living the life of twenty years ago –– repeating and repeating the same old stuff without knowing enough to sit down . . . to sit down and think it over . . . shedding tears . . . weak.

Weak! And we can’t see that united we are strong.

Cry away –– I will go and fetch you a pail. . . .

Did it ever occur to you to join the Industrial Workers of the World and Act with them?

I’m telling you, *gentle stranger of tears and sighs, that shedding your sap* is not going to purify the system!

Progress is inexorable.

It’s a case of Move or Melt!

Organize your “ways and means” congress!

\* \* \*

I have stated before (for excellent reasons) that we need more delegates (and I have been called for making that statement) and, at this time, I am pleased to make the statement: *we need more delegates.*

Do not misunderstand me––I do not mean that the delegates we have are “no good.” (If they were no good I wouldn’t be asking for more of them).

Putting it more plainly: I want more delegates because I think delegates are good; because they are great people––in fact, I am greatly flattered in *my pure and holy soul* every time I meet one of those serious-minded characters––and I do mean characters.

They have character.

I meet such fellow workers not often, and as a result, to be perfectly blank––frank––my serene soul is starving for the want of beholding that *display of human perfection in action*. (Get your pardner to back the rigging, too) What would you think of the war if you had visited six battlefields and found nary a FRIEND?

That’s right! You’d think peace had been declared, armistice signed or your side was “licked.” That’s what you’d think.

What would I think? Ah, I’d think we *need more delegates*!

Any outfit that says “We have enough delegates” don’t, won’t, and can’t think. The thinking lies between us. They can’t see or count.

\* \* \*

The Catholic Press Directory gives the number of Catholics in the United States as 20,738,447. (The bunch the K. K. K. selected as “undesirable members of their lodge”). There are 23,976 priests and 60,155 sisters and nuns––one priest for every 846; one sister or nun for every 344. Some organization!

## 1926\_11\_IP\_00021926

A wobble: By the way, the wobbles in our papers have a true office to perforin— that of bringing the sublime and the ridiculous into a compromising proximity. . . .

True humor, after all, is the carefree manhandling of extremes— to extremes extreme sorrow. To illustrate:

A STEEL MAGNATE CRYING IS A PATHETIC FIGURE.

Not always!

A steel magnate crying and (at the same time) eating a pig’s foot— is rather a pleasing spectacle.

That’s what I mean by sublime and ridiculous. . . .

— T-BS.

## 1926\_12\_IS\_03021926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**AD LIBRE**

–––––

The month of March has arrived in Duluth safely—rather early this year, true; seeing as how it came ahead of good ol’ February and wouldn’t let January Finish it’s “dirty” work.

Even while Florida shivers on the shores of the southern sea.

\* \* \*

The only reason the plates insist that sawmill and factory whistles be blown each morning is because the fear, if slaves are left an option on the question, no one will get up first—they’d all want to see if George is stirring.

\* \* \*

**“The only thing the plutes [fear] is power.”**—BRITT SMITH.

\* \* \*

**When the days begin to lengthen- The cold begins to strengthen.**

\* \* \*

We very readily understand how a man can be as “broke” one day all. “Krizmuz” but we cannot understand how he happens to be “busted” 364 days before Xmas.

\* \* \*

If he is “broke” the day after we can blame Sandy Claws; but if he’s broke almost a year before, then we must blame **slow income** — dilatory dividends — truant distribution!

\* \* \*

“The lord made the world in six days.”—it is still growing.

He didn’t have enough words to finish the job. **The I. W. W. volunteers to finish the job.**

\* \* \*

Experts have called sabotage “the withdrawal of efficiency.” Well and good—we care not what they call it, and we will be the last man to call them liars—everybody will have taken on his turn before us—in fact, we may decide to retain our opinion in the privacy of our secrecy and **act noncommital-like** or reciprocate—or grunt.

But it has come to my knowledge that handles on syrup pails are hooked up so “cunningly” that they slip off in the most cute manner and the pail released from bondage sinks to the linoleum and lies there on it right side no longer filled with syrup **but with anguish**—the flood of nice juicy syrup spreading far and near like burning lava scorching the **risque** linoleum. I’m working on harnessthat, I’m confident, will break those outlaw pails to domestic uprighteousness).

My reason for gathering my wits and concentrating them on the science of invention is not because one pail of syrup will ruin $14 worth of linoleum. Far from it.

I own no linoleum.

My move is selfish.

I take that damn pail and fill it full of delicious coffee and carry it out to the job, figuring on stimulating my drooping soul with a mouthful of pure java.—Alas, I raise my hand and wipe the sweat off my brow. . . .

Alas, I bend my weary frame and lift the steaming pot from the fire— I can see my fellow workers licking their chops—I raise the pall to my trembling lips. — Alas, as I stand there like Napoleon on a flat-car, I twig breaks under my foot—heavens drop—firmaments explode.

There’s the damn coffee in the snow! My jaw drops.

Haw! Haw! Haw! console my fellow workers trying to belittle my misfortune.

No linoleum there, but the coffe is gone.

\* \* \*

I don’t say that the syrup company is pulling off deliberate sabotage—it might be criminal snickersneeism or mebbe they have lots of syrup.

I’m not concerned about the syrup—what if a few million gallons is wasted one way or another—I’d rather see it on the floor than on a pancake.

What if acres and acres of linoleum suffer the torments of hereafter, therebefore?

But, gentlemen, fellow citizens and patriots, when my coffee lies there in the cold, cold snow, it is a blotch on our national honor and international ‘tegrity—and I, T-bone Slim, I direct descendant of forefathers that landed on Manhatton Rock and paid their way on the S. S. Elbe, and was not shipped out of England for the good of the mother land, I rise in my stentorian wrath **and proceed to invent a harness for those pails**. I’m resolved that these pails shall be made a useful part of our resplendent political economy.—T-bone Slim

## 1926\_13\_IW\_06021926

**A SQUINT BEHIND**

Just two hours ago I wrote an article for the Industrial Worker and stated that we are living “the life of twenty years ago”— meaning that we (labor) are behind the times—though behind everything else also. Anything happens, lo and behold—we are behind it.

But when I said we are twenty years stow I erred. As a matter of figures I was thinking of 1876, and that is fifty years ago.

Gladly do I make this correction for the sake of humanity (regardless of the dark looks the editor is tossing my way) because the *life of labor is at stake*! It stands to reason that a man cannot live the life of 1876 and cat the concoctions of 1926 and get by with it. He’ll strip his gears or be stripped all around—if nothing worse happens—and it is for that reason that I corrected myself so that labor may be fully warned as to its location, time and speed.

In the matter of unionism. I note evidences of it stick out every place I go—but it is 1876 model.

Not one worker have I seen that didn’t show signs of it.

\* \* \*

Throw a bunch of strange men together and after the first grape-vine preliminary is over, and it has been determined whether each man is a bonafide old-timer, the organization work proceeds. Somehow names are found out. George, Charlie, Adam, Phil, Matt, etc., and a certain agreeable *brotherhood of sacrifice and desperation* has been started to help men bear the burdens of the shekelless shackles of unceasing toil. The bunch of men have every respect for each other and give sincere consideration to each others views—and would give the *shirt off their backs* to help a brother in distress—for, as I said, they are now organized in a union, however unconscious they may be of the fact.

All interclan disagreements stand automatically dispelled; quarrels stand gagged and f*ights stand hitched* serenely nibbling at the olive branch of surging slavery—each man so distributed as to catch a little more than his share of that irritant.

\* \* \*

Thus, you see, editor, organization is inevitable—it comes in spite of hell, and because of it.

But when it does so come without a chaperone, it is an old model (and not of much use to the struggling workers). It cannot alleviate the strain on his muscles and frame; it can only ease the mental *shrdiu* of mutual distress making for the amicable reception of the impersonal dirt of a master’s will.

But, it is unionism, nevertheless — and better than no fellowship at all!

The next step naturally is Industrial Unionism—and, the Industrial Workers of the World is its prophet.

A high grade of unionism that will transfer some of your aches and pains into the shoulders of the boss; driving n modicum of sense into his head and saving his soul—a union of great ramifications—an institution of gigantic possibilities, timely and upto date.

\* \* \*

FISH OIL

When I was running a ferry across the river Styx, over in Aphasia, I was conriderable older than I am now. It’s a long while ago—and although I’ve forgotten the owner’s name I can remember that it was I—myself. Understand me, I was not running the ferry for profit or for the love of it—I was running it just to serve my fellowman. An unselfish deed. A thoroughly unselfish . . . why I even didn’t sell the fish that came aboard (voluntarily) and surrendered themselves. No sirreebegee—I mean, yessirreebegosh, I gave them away free of charge to itinerant and transient blacksmiths that did me the honor to use my humble scow and prowess. . . And soon it was that my fish had the fame of being the “best” for tempering chisels and cold cuts—and my rise to fame showed signs of life shortly after. . .:

But I did accept money for my services, and for to live on—just enough enough to live on. That was the custom—and it was customary for pie to wring a certain reasonable custom duty—I mean booty—from my customers.

On days when business was dull I used to charge higher rates; when it was bad I charged still more and on days that I had only one passenger I used to make *him* pay my upkeep, the full dollar—for I was living on the “piecework” plan, a dollar a day. Tips I would not accept because they would disarrange my charging system, disorganize my bookkeeping or *lighten the burden of those coming later*.

But, as luck would have it, word reached my ear that a bridge across the Styx was proposed. Tough titty! That would kill my business, take away my livelihood and leave the wow deadweight upon my hands. So what did I do.

It wouldn’t do to be without business, so I continued to take souls across the Styx—but, thereafter, before transferring them to the “hereafter,” I began to charge each pilgrim $1.15 (15 cents peace tax; $1 for sinking fund). Business was good! As the bridge began to take form I increased the *ransom* and when it neared completion I soaked each rambling soul $5 per head, on the grounds of hi-cost of cornflakes. My fame and fortune grew, and when the bridge wax finished “I had it made!”

I was quite well off—a billionaire. I lived happy forever afterwards . . . and when I died the dead ones raised a monument in my memory, inscribed quite properly: T-Bone Slim, Pioneer Settler and Phish-Oil-Philanthropist.

## 1926\_14\_IW\_13021926

**MAGIC WORDS**

“Dollar Wheat—Dollar Corn—Two Dollar Flax”—Ah!—Dollar Six Bit Wheat for a DOLLAR. Ah, indeed! Magic Words? Magnanimous Words? Magnificent Words? Mag . . . hell. There’s only one crop of land; several of mud (and dirt—eternal). Magic Words.

\* \* \*

Well, us Labor am all *fixed* for the winter—plenty of clothes (including blue bandana: sock-cloth mackinaw) hangover shoes and fuzz sox . . . And—and no money . . . We are well fixed. I said, as usual.

Made in U. S. A.

\* \* \*

Say, since when has the so-called and snow-galled public acquired the right to dictate the price of commodities—such as hard coal? And—how are they going to do it? By going to church, or tanking-up on swill-hootch? How?

I claim the public is not qualified to estimate my expenses of the past—how much goat milk and cornflakes I was obliged to buy in order to generate enough physical prowess to hold a job. I claim that I alone am familiar with this investment and capable of setting the wages at proper level—hence if the public finds the cost of commodities (that I produce) too high, it need not buy. Let the dear public tend to its own business—raise its own income, else the system is wrong.

\* \* \*

“French Minister Welcomed”— headline. That means that he wasn’t tarred and feathered, or otherwise discommoded.

The French will be agreeably surprised.

It is to be hoped that they let him sample our stuff, and take him home—give him the best in the house.

\* \* \*

Man lives note “by bread alone.” That means that it is a *relief to open your mouth and say something*. (Silence kills). But that isn’t enough—there’s got to be butter . . . on that bread. And ham and cackleberries and . . . Try it when next you have the blues—get up, stride three times (with both legs) and say something—speak—and note the improvement in your health.

Wall-eyed pike is the best remedy for asthma and catarrh.

(By the way: the curing of catarrh is optional with you—It has its advantages like everything else; it provides you with an inexpensive “big head” regularly every morning and “that”—you may desire—to hold— in *sacred remembrance of the good old nights*. . . Days being otherways foolishly occupied.

\* \* \*

The “tainted” Garland Fund of $80,000 invested in “high class” securities has grown to $1,500,000.

The “taint” evidently hangs, in its original and “published” form; may gather additional “taint” and expose hitherto *unexplored taint already gathered*. Woe is me, I have a few words to say on this matter, editor, but I am terribly busy (advancing radical political and economic ideas). Pretty big tip that $700,000.

(Note.—Just had another cup of coffee—confuse not my heartfelt reference of “political” with the hyphenated “pile-of-tickle,” salve, soft-soap or other soothing ointments like syrup and sentimentalism).

A lady writer vows that it isn’t necessary to “tip” to get service. She’s traveled all over the country and got by simply—and and neatly—by smiling. Kind lady: that smile was a tip—had you gone farther you would have been arrested and detained at the telegraph pole while the *officer* called the municipal cab. Your crest would, have fallen at our primitive civilization.

\* \* \*

Francis Atkinson, a gentleman and civil engineer employed by the state of Massachusetts, has quit his pOSiTloN to become a cOMmoN laborer.

There! I told you!

He claims he can make more money at 65 cents an hour as a laborer (sacred labor) than he drew for superintending a $200,000 job.

Good Lord Jehovanah! Is he working for less than Six Bits? Holy Mackarel!—and Holy—holy fishes bathing fluid. . . ‘Tis the nature of the gentleman. S’shpst!

“Organization of the ‘white collar’ workers would also help,” opines The Duluth News Tribune. By god, I believe the Trib is right. I’ve suspected that a long time—and, I’m always glad to ask our beligerant editors to reprint *their bright sayings* and rare. Go ahead, editors; lay it to me. Mr. Atkinson should have stayed *souping*, organized and raised his wages instead of slipping over and licking the cream of wages already made

\* \* \*

It is now established definitely that the world is a giant egg. The land is the *yolk* and water is the *white*. Now, too, it is clear why at times it seems to be strictly *unfresh* and in need of fumigating. Yes, we may call it round. Square eggs are rare. Flat, fried—hell!

\* \* \*

WANTED.—Threshing job by steam engineer with 15 years’ experience. A hog! A hog, that’s all—precisely.

We remember “in our wills” many a nurse that *nurses* us to death.

We’re not ignonsensible, but liberal. We care not who gets our money once we are nursed. Yet ... we should not inflict our will upon the survivors.

## 1926\_15\_IS\_17021926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**KAPHUSTA - -**

–––––

It is well known what a valiant trencherman I am, therefor it seems unnecessary to testify further, and, I would not were it not for that a time came when I was horrified to find myself overfed—I had been overeating. I was in a desperate fix!

I knew hardly what to do—and the queer part of it was I was broke and therefore unable to consult a physician.

Deep study, too, on a full belly, isn’t the easiest thing in the world (not desiring to make a martyr of myself, I’ll let it go at that and mention not the dire suffering mental and material that I negotiated).

But just as I was in the midst of a twinge—amidst my midst—a happy thought came to me:

**What’s the matter with shipping out to the Connors Lumber Co., at Thomaston, Mich., and get away from all this food?**

Capital! Eureka! Here I am! As you know, Robert Connors bought a lot of timber-bearing land here and paid so much for it that he hasn’t been able to buy potatoes since—except two sacks that the Stratfordite Marshfieldian flunkeys devoured raw and complete.

Not a spud bn the table—so you can imagine my surprise, in the bunkhouse, when the workers were agreed that the “starchy-tubers were pretty small”—small is right. Having no magnifying glass, I won’t state the exact size.

—O—

Health Bulletin: (Direct from the table-side of the potato eaters). Rumor has it that a carload of frost-smitten spuds awaits our pleasure at the switch (the switch is on its way from South Chicago; track isn’t laid).—Chart shows the fever (spud-fever) took a jump from 43 degrees to 147. . . . bullcook and barn supervisor are convinced that if switch and spuds get no nearer the fever will continue to mount to $4 a bushel.

Another rumor has it that the envelope containing the potatoes was lost in the mails. Fever went up 27 degrees on the strength of the possibility—of—recovery of the spuds—from the Dead Leather Office.

**Kapushta**! Oh, Cabbage!

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1926\_16\_IW\_20021926

**Peterson’s Side Glances**

If it be true that the lumber companies are not running the state legislature of Wisconsin, and are serving oleomargerine, contrary to the interests of *cream valley citizens* and *dairy stump farmers*, in favor of Armous, Swift and “Packington,” then, I would suggest that the *brains of the state* proceed to tax such *unpatriotic lumber companies* a proper amount of money in preparation against the day when it comes *time for the bankers to foreclose on the unstumped farmers*. In that way the state will be in position to reward said farmers for their work and favor lumberjacks *for eating the damned stuff* . . .

I have it directly from unimpeachable lumberjacks (in discussion general) that Peterson, the great *motivator* of the Hines Lumber Co., *hath sayeth* that he, himself, for 40 years in the woods, *had not seen butter until he came over to boss Hines’ layout.*

Be that as it may. the fact Is the butter was cut out as soon as Peterson got a word in *edgewise* and oleo was substituted in the latest effort to starve-out those optimistic stump-ranchers that bought land from persuasive lumber companies. *Those farmers cannot raise oleo—nor taxes!*

Now, it seems to me, if it’s true that Peterson said—if “Sugar-O” said (a sweet name!) — if “Stewbine” said — in fact, if anybody said that he hadn’t seen butter for 40 years in the woods that it is now high time to install butter as a special performance for all to see, and behold . . . .

I take the position that every man in the woods is entitled to not only to see but taste and smell butter at least once in every 35 years—so, if Peterson went 40 years without it, I do claim he suffered too much. Needlessly, too, since in his many visits over to Weir’s camp, of the Kneeland-McClurg Lumber Co., he could have gazed at butter for hours at a time—at least he could have shot a shy glance at it as he ate of Weir’s hospitality.

At first I didn’t believe that Peterson had made that crack, exposing a condition too long neglected—indicating that he might have better (butter) control over his brains and a curb on his slippery tongue—but since viewing the operations of that noted “Skandinave” on the job, I’m inclined to the belief that, truly, Peterson cannot see. Note: he did not say he hadn’t tasted or smelt butter; no, he simply “hadn’t seen butter.” What does that mean? Dods it mean that he turned his back when he ate butter, doubled the bread so as to hide the butter—or is he blind?

A week ago the Hines Lumber Co. got drunk—that is, the part of the company that ran Camp 31. The intoxication tapered down in this order: The foreman, straw-boss, assistant straw, bullcook, and two camp inspectors—all Swedes. Peterson took a whole week to see that. He isn’t stone blind.

In the meantime the camp ran just as if prohibition had not perished.

What’s the use? What’s the use of reciting this man’s infirmities? Why recount the antics of the various bosses, disciples of that peculiar lumber company? Just one, just one more: Over in Camp No. 35 the benighted boss stood at the door one morning (three weeks ago) when men were plentiful, pointing his finger he said: “You, and you, and you, you too, and you, you, you, you, you you (men were trying to slip by unfired) and you, you both and you *go and get your time*.”

A couple of the other boys noticed that he fired thirteen, and, being a little superstitious, they quit voluntarily so’s to make it fifteen—trying thus to stave off bad luck.

Since then, that camp has witnessed several bad accidents, sawyer killed, a child-laborer killed and others injured—blood all around, just as if someone had washed a “Red Buffalo” shirt (fast color!) in the snow.

In regards the children working for the Hines Lumber Co., let me say the foremen are not to blame for hiring them. In the morning when they come into the bunkhouse to hire *new help* the bunkhouse is dark, “lighted” by three or four smokey oil- burners. Of course the boss can’t tell the difference between a 14-year-old kid and an 81-year-old chum of “Mr. Sugar-O”— in fact, after a man has been on oleo diet for 40 years a boss is very apt to skip him and hire a youngster, well padded—especially in the semi darkness of the Hines Co.’s bunkhouse.

She’s dark 24 hours per day—seven days a week! Therefore: the “Hines” is responsible for the injuries and deaths of those youngsters because of its failure to furnish its bosses—Peterson included—a flashlight.

So they could look for a whisker—

Or a hair in the butter.

In closing let me add:

There is a general belief among the lumberjacks here that Hines is giving his moral support to “Weyerheuser” in his efforts to make things miserable *for the white man*—and *it sure does look like it*.

Camp 31 wash-up place is half way to “Weir’s Camp”— mile and a half from camp.

It sure do look like it.

Concluding:

It is understood that Hines will go back to butter just as soon as Peterson’s stomach gets a little accustomed . . . you see, when a man “has went” 40 years without resting his eyes on butter he’s got to be broken gently — a sudden glimpse of “creamery” might prove fatal to Peterson’s “tender” glances.

Oh well, after a while!

## 1926\_17\_IS\_24021926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES THE LAUGHING DOG**

–––––

**(Written after Mark Twain’s “Leaping Frog”)**

The Von Platen Lumber Company, an elite outfit, at Pori, Mich., Camp C had, in addition to “the aggressive ‘Gulliver,’ obstacle-overcoming, overbearing and overpowering glad the sheik of Hill Creek and positive Lotharia of Nett River–– as [I] was saying, in addition to all these things, the Von Platen had a Spitz-bitch gifted with a hilarious turn of mind.

No one seemed to know what the dog was laughing at and many theories were advanced as the cause of her mirth, sometimes hysterical but always mysterious–– discarded as fast as proposed.

One of the popular theories was that “the dog had caught a case of grins, contagious-like from one of the super-intellectual gyppos that had a habit of talking to himself, in a fatherly way, nights, (when he had time) laughing over his own brilliancy and applauding his mental gyrations with wreaths of smiles, ebbing and flowing–– fading and flourishing––ravishing.

Another opinion that prevailed, but finally perished, was that the dog was highly gratified at the way “Gulliver” ran the works and the amount of logs that were taken out pay between two nights––and for a while the dog was under suspicion of being a”Company man.” Said suspicion, too, may have been the cause of the sad demise of the “slut” and mother of five pups––peace to her ashes––rumor had it that the poor dog had caught a chill as a result of her vigilancy in keeping track of the restive gyppos and nighthawks taking observations over the heavenly beauties after hours wondering how much raisinjack the big dipper would hold.

Many were the reasons given––almost every man had a version of his own and it was hard to know whom to believe. Superstitious forty-niners were firmly convinced that the dog was possesed of one Beelzebub, if not His Majesty himself, and then was those that insisted that a **doglegation** be sent down to Appleton, Wisconsin to fetch up an official **shagger** of Mephistophelian **squatters**––a monk, expert in expelling and exorcising Luciferian intruders and microbes of the Satanical-common-wealth.

And the **beauty** of that theory was that it could not be disargued––no question could be raised as to its plausibility since there was absolutely no possibility of a frame-up between the dog and the monk. If Beelzebub was in the dog, it was genuine. (Hearst paper please copy).

Where was I? Oh yes––anyhow, the dog just laughed and laughed. One morning, I think it was the night before she died, she stepped out the porch to see the boys off as they were getting on the car to be taken out to work and, sure enough, here again the dog just stretched out in convulsions of joy, skinned her teeth way back to both her ears in a most knowing smile. . .

“I wonder what makes the dog do that?” inquires a new-comer, deeply interested.

“Why, don’t you know?” counters an old-timer, in surprise.

“No. I can’t figure it out.”

“It’s very simple––that dog is laughing at you guys getting on that flat car half past five in the morning.” I. B. S.

## 1926\_18\_IW\_27021926

**Peterson’s Side Glances**

The inhabitants of Bridge Square, Minneapolis, may have been beat out of house, home and ages, but they are not going to be beat out of eternal life and perpetual salvation, in the NEXT world—no, not by a damsite.

Three gospel-groups preach within throwing distance of each other and claim that the blood of one Mr. J. Christ did (or will) wash their soles as clean as snow—that means: as clean as warm water and castile soap “washed” the cows tails at the Minneapolis workhouse — under a former administration.

There is no trouble at all to have your SPIRIT cleaned—the dutch-kleener isn’t in it with the blood of the lamb—but the difficulty ASCENDS when you want a neckwash, a drink of water or a clean bed. But, if you can have your soul cleansed, by praying, it strikes me that we might invite Christ to rid the scratch-houses of bedbugs, and thus spare us the necessity of murdering bugs and English.

“I believe there is good in every man”—even in the “best of us.” Even the “better people” have some good in them. Even the presidents, senators and judges have good in them. . . .

Most assuredly!

Therefore, let us not get the idea that we (the slaves) alone are good: Dress the crew of a workhouse in silk hats, pressed pants, pastry shirts, glossy-floorshiems, and you will naturally get the idea they are not as good as they’re “dolled up to be;” dress the “best people” in workhouse “clothes” and immediately the good in them shines forth like a spotlight on the hind end of a lightning bug. Truly. Positively. Remarkable. Astounding.

“QUICK ON THE TRIGGER”

The other evening a St. Paul citizen, of vision, shot a blind man that was searching for an ice cream social at a wrong address. Luckily, friends were able to identify the corpse at the morgue . . . excuse me, the man was a deaf-mute—and so remains—not blind. He couldn’t answer because he was mute and couldn’t hear because he was deaf, so he reached for his pencil and paper—and landed in heaven. The shooter has been exonerated, though apparently he is sane—just a “mistake!” . . .

Just a mistake like that of a worker when ho joins an organization composed of business men. A blind man can see, a deaf man can hear and a mute can testify that workers should join workers’ organizations of themselves and by themselves; and not expect cigarette-sellers, ribbon-dealers and bandana-peddlers to do anything for them. As I was saying: one of the aforesaid men was, or is, a grave-digger and it may be that the death-rate among the folks and flocks had been unsatisfactory to the point of disemployment.

True it is that farming does not furnish sufficient funds for the maintenance of gas, tires, telephones, separators, wind-mills, machinery and other “rights” and necessities. Absolutely! It is out of the question to install Delco or other lights, to “take the curse off of night work”—the money simply isn’t there.

\* \* \*

Many a huge joke has been printed about the farmers’ expenses; and all have enumerated appliances and utilities have been mentioned as the cause of the farmer’s DISABILITY—even the tin-lizzie has been accused of ravaging John’s hoard—and the funny, pathetic part of it is THE FARMER HAS NONE OF THESE THINGS, with the possibe exception of a Ford, by Heck! Nineteen out of twenty farms have no Delco; ten out of twenty have UNCLEANABLE lanterns and the rest have no lights at all. There are no motor-driven cream separators and wash-machines worth speaking about. I’ve seen only one, though I’m along in years. It seems strange that the things he has not, have been so costly as to BREAK the farmer; that the things he didn’t buy, bankrupted him—damn me if it doesn’t !

The farmer sells his products for what he can get—the buyer sets the price and GUESSES it low. That’s because the farmer isn’t organized. He’s poor because he gives his stuff away — and for no other reason.

Farm labor, too, is poor because it works for $4 per day, 10 days per month. That’s why they organize. They’re not going to let the farmer GUESS their wages, I reckon.

## 1926\_19\_IS\_03031926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**AT RANDOM**

According to the most careful estimates every lumberjacks’ packsack, weighs three quarters of a ton.

\* \* \*

I see where Roger Babson (not Rogers that slings the lariat for Bulls Mixture has begotten an idea that owing to prohibition “more people are buying houses and lots.”

I believe it Bab—and it’s the blindpeggers that are buying them. And cars. And Heatrolas. And . . .

Not only houses, but porterhouses.

Otherwise, regular amounts of sorrow are being drowned every day—of course, fewer men are able to find the ol’ swimming hole but, believe me, they sure make up in enthusiasm what they lack in quorum and decorum—and ordinary r’rum.

Taking turns, sort of.

\* \* \*

As we all know, I do not like to prohibit the other fellow—nothing bossy about me—yet I will order myself around in a most [unclear] auto-cratic manner and dis[unclear]tion—still I will say in justice, that prohibition is not all bad.

“It has its fine points?”

Take for instance the Jack rabbits; Since prohibition came the rabbits have multiplied and added and multiplied themselves ENORMOUSLY. Just like that.

Look under any bush and there would be, and I, two rabbits studying arithmetic . . . Whereas in the wet days rabbits were rapidly becoming extinct—the farmers had them clubbed, shot, cooked and eaten to death. But now since prohibition came—since farmers started selling their crops by the gallon instead of by the bushel—rabbits have grown so **thickly settled** that a timber cruiser hardly can find a place to rest his ankle.

As to its bad effects, no words of mine can ease the agony . . .

Brighter days are yet to come.

\* \* \*

Speaking about intelligence:

After careful perusal of capitalist papers (which I do periodically—as often as the periodicals do us I’ve come to the opinion that those papers consider us a good deal crazier than we really are—in view of the stuff they feed us. Forty-eight pages of bed-time jokes. Note: The craziness in conceded and conceited. But let me say, we’re not as crazy *as all that.*

\* \* \*  
Weather February 16.

“Good morning.” Fine day.” “Yes it is—quite a change from yesterday. “It must be at least 20 below:”

Weather is an issue that can be dodged no longer and our author hastens to align himself with “the other great authors” upon this burning question:

In buying underclothes use judgment.

If you are size 38 get size 44—they’ll shrink. Next consider the time of year—on July 4th it is strictly proper and good taste to buy 100 karat cotton, depending ony on the country you live in.

Should it be December according to reliable almanacs and up-to-date calendars, unroll $84 from your roll and buy a suit (or underwear) 100 proof wool—good for two presidential terms.

In January watch yourself—you can save $70 by paying $14 only for a suit 66 2-3 per cent wool.

Note: After freezing all of December it wouldn’t be right to let go $84, all of a sudden.

In February use caution. Get a suit 33 1-3 per cent wooll, you pay $2.98 for it.

Use it the balance of February and overture of March. By that time the wool has followed gravity and is bunched up in between your toes—you can poke it loose with an **extra chair rung** which you should carry for that purpose in your toolkit.

You can see, yourself, that, by the time warm weather sets in your 33 1-3 per cent will be less than 1-10 of 1 per cent—an absolutely **harmless** garment.

It’s just a mater of using sound logic in clothing your apparatus.

In closing let me point out you have no excuse: I’ve told what to buy, the I. W. W. preamble tells you how to get the price and, I suppose, the capitalist press already has informed you that the winter is over—and the coal-strike ended, strikers tied for five years—Ghod, sposing the rent goes up—or mebbe, you noticed [t]hese things yourself.—T. B. S.

## 1926\_20\_IW\_06031926

**FROM THE DISTANCE**

The company, the “owner,” the impersonal quantity known as “boss” can no more stay away from “his” industries than can a murderer from the scene of his crime.

\* \* \*

POWER OF THE PRESS

Right now, the well advertised Peggy Joyce could be elected for president of America — and T-bone Slim, a too much celebrated human, would draw a full house as a blonde soprano—or as Madam “Gonna Howlska” in Venetian Garlic Song.

\* \* \*

I throw my eye over to Washington, P. C., (Pacific Coast) and see, truly or no, that Washington logged six thousand and five hundred million feet of lumber—and broke all records—last year. Am I right?

If so, why is it that ye Washington loggers consider 1925 a slack year? How does it come that their earnings didn’t break any records?

It’s a great life if you don’t weaken!—

*It’s a great life if you don’t weaken!—*

\* \* \*

CHICAGO—

I sew where the Tribune agrees with Col. Ellicott that Mr. (Sup’t) McAndrews is a true patriot (as distinguished apart from untrue patriots) and adds: “We agree with him most thoroughly, that those who are not satisfied with form of government should remain silent or go to some other country more to their liking. This includes pacifists.” I would like to go a step farther and say: If the Tribune doesn’t like peace it should shut up and go to a country where war is the order of the day and fighting a virtue.

Let’s all shut up! Let us not air our likes or dislikes. Let’s be an oyster—until the people become thoroughly exasperated and act.

\* \* \*

IMPROVE NOTHING!

*Not Even the Tribune—*

\* \* \*

What is life?

Life is very elastic and plastic—just like rubber—and as important. (Why even the lumberjack puts rubber tires on his feet).

Life’s stages can be summed up shortly, like this:

Nipples

Hot-water bags

Ice bags

Atomizers

Cushions (air bags)

—and Akron, Ohio, is the Seat of Life, the American Holy of Holies—puncture-proof!

\* \* \*

In school we were taught that the sun “rises” in the east—like n rubber ball—and “sets” in the west (like a busted balloon). I wonder what’s the big idea of lying to the children? The sun doesn’t rise or set, crawl or bounce: rest or retire. It’s The WORLD that turns its back to the sun.

And it’s the world that turns it’s back to true knowledge as expounded by the I. W. W. press. Why, damn it, the world is too tight to subscribe for our papers. Even the migratory worked says he has “no address.” Is he, too, TOO TIGHT to rent a mail box, and have his mail forwarded?

\* \* \*

OFF SIDE —

It might not be out of place to be real impressive—though off the center—hence: “In union there is strength”— everybody thinks so; no matter what they say. No argument has ever shaken the truth of that statement, true in more ways than one. That will develop in the course of this profound document.

Yet, men will not unite! When they’re licked, and know they’re licked, when in deep desperation and hot water—when, with brow steaming and shirt-tail dripping, they toss their glances hither and thence googooing for an avenue of escape . . .

I have in mind the piecework sawyers, not far from Park Falls, Wisc., who are receiving $2.75 per thousand fet, company scale. The timber runs 25 to 30 logs per thousand. Fifty logs gives each contractor $2.75 less $1 for board, or, in other words, $1.75 less 16 cents for Sunday’s board. In other words, $1.59 per day; $9.54 per week; $41.34 per month. . . . I wonder what’s the big idea of sawing logs for $41.34 per month? Do they not know that monthly sawyers, even those from correspondence schools, are getting $50 low. . . . What’s the big idea of donating $8.66 every month to the company? They have lots of money. Why, that would buy a Hudson Bay Jumper!

\* \* \*

I’LL TELL YOU WHY—

It’s because you’re licked and you know you’re licked—and haven’t the guts to unite with your fellow man—and too dumb to buy rat poison.

\* \* \*

“In union there is strength” presented itself very forcibly, this day, the Lord’s Sabbath, when I wanted to wash my sox—Hallujah! No union; no boil-up cans; no washtub; no washboard; no nothing . . .

“Ah haa;,” says I, “they may prevent me washing my dirty, rickety socks but I’ll be verily damned if they can prevent me sewing two shakey socks together—joining two holeproof garments inseparably. . .

*Two holes, with not a single draught;*

*Two sox that fit as one.*

“Slim is too visionary,” you say, “the holes in the sox match!”

Not at all, not at all—I took a left-hand sock and sewed it on a right-foot sock, and a right-foot sock on a left-hand sock—so there!

I had “In union there is strength”—not limited to one kind of strength, either.

So, verily it can.be seen, no matter what we discuss, that Strength is Inherent In a Union. LINE UP!

## 1926\_21\_IW\_13031926

**SMOKE UP!**

At this time Ireland is experiencing an acute “program” of immigration—Germans, French, Italians and Belgians are “flocking” into the land of the Shamrock and brogue.

And the sons of Erin are leaving for parts (to them as yet) unknown!

Heretofore, Ireland has been occupied only with an emigration question from I time to time—as her young men would leave for America or other points of interest, rent and profit. . . .

It is difficult to locate the reason for that changed condition in the face of the fact that as many Irish leave as newcomers arrive.

If opportunities were there, why do the Irishmen vacate their “home” in favor of foreigners?

*I refuse to say.*

\* \* \*

In California, Oregon and Washington a similar situation obtains. Men who practically have been raised in those three states are departing for unfamiliar districts and their places *are filled* with strangers of *agreeable turn of mind*. Southerners—European and American—foreigners of a class considered low by the masters of jobs; *among them many men who buy the boss* whiskey and keep him in spending money to the limit, of their abilities—their ambition being only *to be permitted to live and work*. Of course, these men are not union men—but slaves of the most confirmed type.

Now I do not wish to leave the impression that all Southerners and foreigners are of that type. No; that would not do. Such a program of doing away with the older inhabitants, driving them to other parts, would be too raw—even for lumber companies to tackle. But, I do say, that there is a liberal sprinkling of such men among those imported sardines, as the poor frog would say.

Luckily, fellow workers, the *suckers* can be distinguished from the real men by *asking them to join the I. W. W.*—after all, the I. W. W. is the only remedy for this *pressure* that is trying to implant the misery of the *middle-east* upon the pioneers of the *golden west* — through the insidious but steady introduction of the God damned clearinghouse.

\* \* \*

As in Ireland, so too in the “west,” the labor population is being *emulsified*, mixed, scrambled — with an *hobject* in view — and the companies are doing it.

Now the question rises, are the workers of the Pacific Coast going to stand for it? Are you going to ask those men to prove their manhood? Are you going to organise those men *for self-protection* or are you going to desert your job, your home, your battle, and run away *to grab the job the sucker just left?*

I’m telling you—and you can see I’m in earnest—*you will not fit in the job he has vacated*, but he will fit in your job.

What are you going to do—let it slide down hill?

*Whose going to pull it back?*

—Your pipe is out!—

P. S.—There are many Southerners that are excellent fighters. In fact, my sawing pardner is from the South, and a better rebel never lived—many of the foreigners would make good Wobblies. And they *will organize*.

I have only to point to the Greeks, (who are now “invading” Ireland and this country) when they enter business they join the chamber of commerce. So, too, will the workers join the union of their class—and once the manhood is organised the suckers will take short puffs—the boss will swear off smoking entirely.

\* \* \*

Labor complains bitterly that it isn’t getting a *square shake* from the parasites’ press. In this, labor is very unreasonable. Labor should realize that those papers must cater to the *reading public*—and not to labor. Labor is not as “great a reader” as those whom he supports and is, therefore, given very little consideration in the various “periodicals.” True, the papers are *many-sided*—from criss-cross puzzles to murder accounts, but to add *labor’s side* would be like wasting powder on a bird *that isn’t there*.

It wouldn’t look right to have *labor’s side* in a parasite’s paper. Let us be reasonable.

When you are out of work—looking for work and cannot find any; and you inquire at place after place only to be told “I’m sorry, call again;” and you begin to think in Bible terms, “The Same Today, The Same Yesterday, and The Same Forever”—then pick up a parasite’s paper and read—read about the wonderful prosperity all over the country.

Do you doubt it? Do you get it

Sure there’s prosperity. “Plenty of men; cheap help; high prices; low wages—the parasites were never more prosperous than today and their press *recognizes that fact, and states it. IT’S THE TRUTH!*”

Editor will here insert a good word for the Wobbly press—and lay it on heavy!

## 1926\_22\_IW\_20031926

**MUSINGS**

In the midst of prosperity we are in debt! Y*et there are those who are too proud to shoot* (snipes)!

\* \* \*

Advertisement.––Eight-room house to ex-side change for a grocery.––Lima, Ohio.

That bird sure is hungry. Mebbe he’s going on a canned goods diet.

\* \* \*

‘Way back in Eighteen Hundred and Few ‘Steen a 2 per cent tax on incomes of $4,000 and better was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court––if memory serves me rightly.

The Constitution, or Court, has changed on mightily since those days.

\* \* \*

Things will change; nothing is permanent––and we’ve got it, ain’t we, Labor?

Got what?

Nothing!

\* \* \*

Only the other day I was in court, an interested spectator at my own trial:

“*You are accused of trespassing*.”

“I was looking for work, oh judge,” I said.

“*You were on the railroad property.”*

I don’t know whose property it was. I was walking between the railroad and a residence on a piece of ground that looked like a much-travelled highway.

“*Don’t you know you have no right to the walk on railroad property?*”

I certainly do, judge––and as I have no property of my own to walk on I think I better have my legs cut off and make soup out of them. . . .

“*You get right out of town*.” roars the red judge.

“Walk out “

“*No; ride out*,” he yells––and declared the court adjourned for refreshments.

Lost “time” is never found again. Next time I shall walk on the other side of the residence.

\* \* \*

Eggs and potatoes now sell for 2 cents a piece (take your pick) that is, of medium potatoes––the big ones, of course, cost a good deal more because they take up so much more parking space in a bushel.

And a bushel, you know, is holy.

\* \* \*

Owing to the late lamented hard coal strike the Delaware & “Sackawana” railroad repair shops have been running skip-stop “time.” It, and the Erie railroad, resumes in full.

Owing to the hard coal strike the New York Central has been working on full time with a full force all winter.

Lehigh Valley will continue its four days a week schedule.

Other railroads report “there would be no change in their car shop forces or schedules.” All in all the railroads East are doing a rushing traffic business, a sign of relief for this workless age.

Serious unemployment in Van Werth, Lima, Findlay and Fostoria, etc.

Our author is chief sufferer.

\* \* \*

Last Saturday morning witnessed a congestion of horny handed sons of toil on the main street of Lima, Ohio––out for “air.” Not a cheerful word in the whole bunch.

\* \* \*

So much for work.

Now let us continue our musings about prohibition––for we are deeply concerned:

Many people view prohibition as an unadulterated blessing –– the reverse can be proven––and, I shall offer here my final remarks along that line. Prior to prohibition the whiskey business was in the hands of a, whiskey trust, rapidly falling into fewer and fewer hands. An alarming condition. The few were getting rich too rapidly and their wealth was beginning to interfere in the affairs of other, more or less, legitimate business. Something “had to be done.”

Other business, too, was becoming too centralized, so, the distillers were selected to do the *grand flop*. Prohibition came and took the liquor business away from the trust and distributed it among hundreds of thousands of moonshiners and bootleggers that seemed to spring out of the ground overnight––men who ordinarily were “never doing well” were soon riding around in Stutz-mobiles and embracing the sheriffs in a most patronizing way.

Now I do claim that prohibition has served to decentralize the whiskey business and, although I’m not in favor of booze, I’lI frankly state that I’m not in favor of prohibition––insofar as prohibition doesn’t touch the question of drinking in the least:

I’m opposed to all such backward steps and *doubling* back. In fact, to be strictly honest, I believe a drink right now (its cold) wouldn’t harm my delicate constitution.

## 1926\_23\_IW\_27031926

**– A – NAMELESS DOG**

Talk all you want to, great men have things named after ‘em; like Henry Ford––one of the most popular pupmobiles carries his revered name.

Then again the Mozart seegar is as great a composer as was that musician in his *dryest* days.

You don’t hear of any Kaiser Wilhelm pumpernickle or his partner’s (God’s) *liverwurst*, do you?

Of course not!

Now you take Mr. Von Bismarck: there is a fried cake named after him.

And, ourselves (I blush profusely) one of the best pieces of beefsteak carries the illustrious Christian name of T-bone Slim (Thanks for the applause).

People simply will recognize comprehensive greatness wherever they see it.

Up in upper Wisconsin, between Park Falls and Holy Cross, there is a railroad switch named Coolidge––no disparagement intended.

(If there had been a town without a name instead of name without a town, they would have called it Coolidge just the same).

On the other hand, I’m surprised that Signor Mussolini has no macaroni or spaghetti named in his honor––such a noted comrade, too! Is it because there is a conspiracy against him or against the Italian people?

They should, at least, put out a bottle of lard and kerosene and name it Mussolini, Castor Olini meni mini mo.

Let’s be fair!

Up in Michigan they have named a railroad junction Nestoria in honor of lumber baron Nestor, to commemorate the great deed of his in 1894 when he paid off his lumberjacks at $8 per month . . . Haw haw, haw––that was a hot one!

He saved enough in wages to almost pay for the millions of feet of timber that burned up on him the next year. Haw, haw, haw!

They couldn’t blame the I. W. W. because the I. W. W. wasn’t organized until 1905. Haw, haw, haw! That was a hot one!

Hinckley, named after a liniment, burned at the same time.

Various causes for these fires were given:

Accidental––set by locomotives.

Inevitable––struck by lightning.

Ornamental––started by lumberjacks.

Confidential––caused by lumberjacks to clear off the underbrush; a very profitable undertaking if carried on in moderation. Let me point out that it could not have been lumberjacks because the eight dollars they earned the winter before was all licked up at the rate of 60 cents a quart––they could not have had a match unless they borrowed one.

So, it lays between the locomotives, loco-lighting or loco-companies––loco-companies with a motive.

You see, they were logging pine only, amongst hardwood and much brush. The burning of all the brush and killing of millions of feet of hardwood did not damage the pine they were after––that is, the sound, green pine. Rotten, dry, hollow, punky pine they did not want. That burnt up

Locomotives, of course, could not have had an interest in making it easier to approach the stately pines.

Lightning doesn’t care two whoops in hell whether its easy or hard to make pine roads.

And companies, of course, wouldn’t burn the brush when they can get lumberjacks to chop it up for $8 a month.

I don’t believe there was a fire!

Ah, if we could find out who set the fire we would send him to a . . . penitentiary, by god––and name our dog after the man that invented hard light––a soft drink.

\* \* \*

CONCENTRATION

The Workers Party (Communist) that is so fond of belfttling the I. W. W., is sorely afflicted . . . with APATHY (contracted, no doubt, from the stricken workers). Its membership now embraces but 3,333 1-8 souls––to be precise. How do I get at these figures? Well, Borah said last year “there are 10,000 of ‘em.” Well, since then, their three outspoken organs, Pictorial Russia, LeBerator, and Labor Herald have CONSOLIDATED themselves into one Workers Monthly––the size of one of the former (a man is judged by his luggage).

The Workers Monthly could be further consolidated (to one neat page) and still be the “mighty force” for good it always has been. Now, if these papers had been ‘Malgamated ‘stead of ‘Solidated a “Rougher-end-dum” of the Virile pages would have been treble . . .hence by dividing 10,000 souls by one-third publications, I arrive at the Euphemeral Result ––3,333 1-3 souls. It’s unreasonable to think the “Education League” would deliberately put the “mighty party” on a mental diet––despite the fact that fasting is “good for the soul”––we can only believe in the mathematical appropriatism: Let the rations suffice the gang.

## 1926\_24\_IS\_31031926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**POINT OF ORDER**

–––––

Recently the foremen of the camp in which I am drawing my sober breath and $35 per month, got drunk, quite forgetting that Volstead christianed a prohibition law his own name.

I was deeply grieved to see drunk and thereupon I took the floor in favor of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, or Western Union––some union anyhow––and I says to a lumberjack sitting next to me, says I:

“**Now you see what booze will do.**”

“Can’t see it, bud,” say he; “we put out just as many cars today as yesterday when the bosses were “dry.”

“**Oh, I don’t mean that––I mean the booze is bad . . . .**”

“Sure it’s bad,” interrupts he, “worst I’ve ever tasted . . . .”

“**And we ought to vote it out of existence**,” opines I.

“Vote it out!” exclaims he. “What in hell’s the sense of going to the trouble of **voting it out** when you can quit ‘er cold without lifting a foot?”

“But you must remember the others,” says I kind of rattled.

“You mean that I should tend to the other fellow’s business––isn’t that kind of little too personal––who am I to pass judgment on what he shall drink––I tell you Slim, I’ve got my hands full tending to my own business trying to make $35 jump another notch––prohibition isn’t the issue––wages is the issue.”

I was dumbfounded.

“No, Slim, I can’t go over to the ballot box and cut out another man’s drinking––but I’II serve as one of a committee to see the boss about an increase in wages.

Silence. Eloquent silence.

x x x

Business sense, as commonly known, is not a deep science––. Very little brains are required in buying a thing for a nickel and selling it for thirty-five cents.

The same amount of brains is exhibited by a dog daily––yet a dog is supposed to stand “poor” in arithmetic.

Test it for yourself: Place two juicy bones in one place and one such bone in another place. he dog will run two times to each spot, no doubt wishing the three bones were in one place. (Another dog appears). The first dog hastens to the place where the two bones lie. . . . (Just to count them o’er again, I spose).

x x x

I have heard it said that “labor conditions now are so bad that it is immaterial if one happens to get pinched.” Jails must be improving faster than the jobs.

Surprising indeed. Yes it is.

Further, I’m informed by a reliable lumberjack that “Leavenworth, Kansas, was built by Uncle Sam for the special use of bankers, and that bankers are the biggest frauds of all us unhung immortals.” “Not,” says he, “that they hurt us lumberjacks––for what could they steal from us––a matter of $800 (hundred). What is that? A mere bagatelle. A lumberjack can save that much easy in twenty years.

I am almost persuaded (with the heavy majority) that “working” has now reached the stage when it is best to look for another way of making a living.––**T-Bone Slim**.

## 1926\_25\_IP\_00041926

**He Had Pride**

By T-BONE SLIM

Lo, behold, all ye scoffers, a story—

A story of life’s underwhirl;

And mark ye, your blood may turn gory

As its vital statistics uncurl.

It’s astory of struggle and labor,

A tale of a nobleman true,

Who may be your very next neighbor—

Yes, perhaps— it may be even you.

Just an expert in system and dodging

A toiler predestined to roam—

At every new boxcar, and “lodging,”

There was no one to welcome him home.

With a mind that was lofty with learning

He drifted along with the tide

And knew off hut contempt for earning

The than going wage—he had pride.

How be longed for the joys of tomorrow

And swore at the woes of today,

For “his” was an every-day sorrow

But his future —was sunshine and play.

He had fought where the game went the farthest

And tried out the greatest of loads;

At times his pet grief was the harvest

Then again ‘twas the building of roads.

In the woods, for poor down-trodden workers,

His voice had repeatedly rung

And, strangely, the o’erbearing shrinkers

Were afraid of his sulphuric tongue.

From the heights of a noted mechanic

He stepped down to lift up his kind—

Nor felt he slightest of panic

As he left the smashed ladder behind

He would quote well the great Aristotle,

The pages of Marx he had turned;

He had read, too, his shirt and his bottle—

So, you might say that he was well learned.

When it came to commanding or hating,

We’d find him quite anxious to serve;

In fact, he was too ‘commodating

In all questions of honor or nerve.

Thus it was, when hard-pressed by the masters,

He shook down the ladies of shame;

Relieving the girls of their piastres

And left them financially lame.

Then the sheik of the sisters of mercy,

A bull-cook and bottler of souls.

Took after our fast-heeling Percy

Just to “plug him up” plumb full of holes.

When the war had subsided (if any)

Six bullets had punctured his hide—

His wounds though both grievous and many

Were apart from hit grit and hit pride.

So he rushed to a doctor and savior

And thus to the sawbonet he said:

“I say, on my word and behavior—

I ran foul of a hailstorm of lead.”

Lo behold, all ye scoffers, a story

A story of life very bold—

I warn you your blood may turn gory

As its vital statistics unfold.

He recovered hit health, in a measure—

And lovingly gazed at reform,

And sought once again the pay-treasure

In industrial serfdom and storm.

But the pay, it was low and unnerving

The board, it was maggots and swill;

His bed was a hangout for vermin

And, shortly, he found himself ill.

Then a hospital beckoned and offered

To help him to fight the new foe—

And now, for the first time, he suffered

On a cot that was whiter than snow.

All the strife of the ages barbaric

Did parade in the nooks of his mind;

His words, therefore, grew quite tartaric—

I’m afraid he forgot to be kind.

His remarks showed a lack of good training

So sharp was his breathing and trite—

Indeed his blue words were most maiming;

Yet, he thought he was safely polite.

Yes, he staggered the 100 lb. nurses

With many an unpolished cough

And horrified, with his soft curses,

To the poorhouse they hustled him off.

I’ll admit that his pride was new fractured,

And deeply he felt his disgrace—

It looked like a plot, manufactured;

An insult “too damn dirty to face.”

Down the railroad he walked, tears agushing—

And hid in the weeds (as he cried)

And when the fast mail came arushing

Then he crawled on the tracks —

‘Guess he died.

Yes, of course our poor tale has a moral

(‘Tis vital statistics you scan)

He came out of the exploiters’ chloral

And expired a non-union man I

MORAL:

Oh if he and his kind had united

Their numbers, ideas and skill—

His wrongs would, no doubt, have been righted;

And the trains would have no one to kill.

He’d have followed great ideals and high codes

And would not have feasted on swill—

He would not have slept with the microbes

And, of course, he would not have been ill.

They’d have broken their unholy fetter,

Not deigning a cross word to spill—

His pay would have doubled, or better—

Thereby saving the poor ladies “till.”

Oh if they had but organized strongly,

Our troubles would be o’er, or nil;

No power could hop on us wrongly—

And our dead friend would be with us still.

## 1926\_26\_IP\_00041926

**WEAR YOU WELL**

At times the **welfare** of the people is a very thin shell “affair”—**shell fate**—much resembling cell fare.

To put it mildly, it is **fell fare** compared to the succulent **jell-fare** of the parasites. And I fear, **lest the slaves organize**, that their **welfare** means **knell-fare**—for, even now, the dumbest of critics call it hell-fare. Fare thee well.

—T-b. S.

P. S.—It gets my goat when people who can’t tell **fare** from a **sows-ear** yell “fair,” leaving the impression that here and there slaves dwell fair, or on swell fare—just as if they were getting something that’s good enough for ‘em.

**Nothing but the beet is bad!**

## 1926\_27\_IW\_03041926

**TAXES**

If American labor produces three times as much as English labor, and gets paid two times as much, English labor can *reverse the standing* by producing three times the amount American labor is now producing—and get paid twice as much.

Simple, isn’t it?

And after everything is produced, put it in Inner-Seal packages and stow it away for future generations to look at . . .

No, sir—no, sir!—I didn’t say no such a thing! I didn’t say that American labor is scabbing on the English by producing three times as much for two times the money. What I said was IF . . . etc.

I have no access to figures, so I will yield to Mr. Forbes or Mr. Hinman!

Before introducing such figures as I have, I wish to point out that all wealth is the product of labor applied to natural resources of the earth, and that labor is entitled to its product—but doesn’t get it.

Labor cultivates the corn, builds the railroads, digs and transports the coal (or ore), builds and operates the smelters, invents and constructs every machine small or big.

Labor plans and erects the factories, constructs and paints the ships, fires the boilers, operates every machine—repairs eyery machine.

All this, *and then some*, is the result of human effort—and, if you want to know *human effort is labor*. A busy man is he—not getting what he produces.

*How come he don’t get it?*

*How come that OTHERS get it.*

Get this: *Our civilisation*, so-called, out of ribaldry, is *operated under an industrial system*, and swings a wicked collection box thusly:

It has in connection an unjust and indirect “tax” us one of its chief subsidiaries, i.e., more than one way of skinning a cat twice. For instance: Wheat, the base of our food products, sells for two bucks a bushel. It can be produced, on a large scale, by up-to-date machinery for less than six cents per bushel. Therefore, the system robs you of more than 3,000 per cent over and above the cost of its production.

Stock markets (another subsidiary) serve to “agitate” the kettle so that the contents won’t scorch.

A loaf of bread-for which we pay a dime costs 2½ mills, or one-quarter of a cent. Here the system takes another small profit—a measly 800 per cent!

Spuds can be produced for three cents per bushel, which at Duluth prices exploits us right close to 10,000 per cent. This system robs you 1,000 per cent on shoes and nearly 2,000 per cent on clothes—shoddy quality noted.

Such is the sad tale about “our system”—and we could recite such facts and figures indefinitely—sufficient to show that under that system, with its many subsidiary “influences,” labor cannot expect to go ahead—wage earners cannot succeed so long as that haywire system remains. Above figures are very conservative—I haven’t exaggerated a penny.

Ordinarily we do not pay much attention to such figures—no matter how exact and true that phase of robbery is. We realize that to start attempting to control “the price we have to pay” we are turning our hand against too many (the smaller thieves) and that means war—with the big thieves looking on as interested spectators — applauding the efforts of cither side qquite impartially.

We realize, further, that just now financial control (an IMPORTANT detail) is rapidly slipping from the hands of bankers and “cashiers” two ways: Into the hands of “speculators,” in a small way and into the hands of Industrial Kings in the larger way. Visible signs of this latter trend can be seen in the numbers of “State and National Banks” that now carry the names—Industrial Security, Industrial Savings,, Industrial “this” and Industrial “that,” etc.

That is the trend, no matter how insignificant the actual “Industrialist” control may be—yea, the names of the banks may be inspired by fear of such an actuality—(That it doesn’t exist but is coming). Be that as it may, and an opinion of many—I will say that *control by the Industrial Kings is now an established fact.*

I will say further, the lending of money at 20, 10, 6, 4 or 1 per cent wont buy our “Present” or Half-Past FINANCIERS a nuddle-jumper—not so much as a roller-skate for a Buzzmobile . . .

They’ll either starve or turn Industrialist.

Now, since the INDUSTRIAL “Kings” have such wonderful power that they can compel the erstwhile Financial “Kings” to haul down their “signs” I think the working class can save time by directing their attention strictly to the Industrial Field; meet the Industrial Rulers directly and “deal” with them to the end that they, the powerful Industrial Potentates, will be compelled to declare “war” on the small thieves, call a halt on high-cost-of-living, etc.

The principle of it is: Let the master dirty his hands on the small thieves—Keep ours pure and “white.”

## 1926\_28\_IS\_07041926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**WASHINGTON, MD., AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

–––––

“Let us approach our destinction.’ opines our sawing pardner—you see, it had been previously agreed between us that we would visit the capital of Alaska, Hawaia, Phillipines. Long Island and Lake Michigan etc., making our journeyfication a matter of predestination, pure if not simple. . .

And so we ankled our way democratically, demidoggedly a down the thoroughfare, bearing to the right where we had glimpsed the location of Washington monument on a lesser prominence. . . Night comes. I miss my Chicago. Ah ha! Another day. St. Patrick’s, to be exact.

Today we will visit the statues of military men. The town seems to be fairly well supplied with them:

I loaded my old reliable corncob pipe at the feet of Brig. Gen. Pulaski, a fiery Polander on horseback, and then I was ready for the day’s ordeal.

Pretty much all the monuments are for military men—which proves the risky nature of their occupation; insofar as the hero’s are pictured full of pep in the prime of life. . .

I am wondering why there is no monument depicting *the horney handed son of toil tossing a shower of sweat*—something like a fountain or a perpetual sprinkler, if you know what I mean.

Few of the dead ones were on their feet. Rawlins was on hard footing with a pair of binoculars (been-occulars) in his hand, looking ‘s if the ship had been sunk under him.

Dan Webster also was found “hoofing it.”

Ben Franklin, too, was a portly looking, pedestrian and printer—afoot, no doubt because of the activities of the illustrious horsethieves among our sanctimonious ancestors.

Being St. Patrick’s day, I ankled over to the statue of John Barry of Wexford, Ire. . . he too was on foot it having been thought unnessesary to have him standing on a quarterdeck (of cards) even..

Here was old Doc. Hahnemann (in five poses) Founder of the Homoeopathic School of collecting fees — he has three names, (space forbids the printing of them) sufficient to say, “Die Milde Macht ist Gross in Omnibus Caritas.” *Prescriptions Carefully Confounded*. Just as if it made any difference whether one puts little or much sugar in hi? coffee, once two or absent mindedly (a normal state) twice two heaping *spoonfulls*; with or with out. . . nature takes its course towards remedying accumulated ills whether prescriptions are carelessly muddled or no.

Monument after monument tends to prove that the trend is towards death. . . and Washington right now with its statues resembles a struggling graveyard unable to complete its mission of perpetuating the fast failing memory of our lustreous dead.

Even George Rothwell Brown, the live paragrapher of the Wash. Post, in Postscripts, jumps in to his pants wrong end to, and opines that “if Molly Pitcher had been a suffragist instead of a soldier (soldieress) she’d have had a statue in the Capital long ago, instead of a second-hand grave at West Point.”

George. George! What ails thee? Can thee not see that just now the beloved people ain’t got money enough to start statuefying the women? Throw your eye over to the incompleted and deserted Washington Memorial . . just as soon as we get work, “the people will finish that job.” Money’s tight, even in the Jewish precinct, 7th St.— is it N. E., N. W. or W.?

I had no compass.

Yes we have statues and will have more of them—that is what the people want, and the will of the people is supreme in this and every world. . . And, I am sure, the people will not rest until they have me, poor me, life-like sitting on a boxcar, perched on one wheel on that vacant pedestal in Capital park.

Where the Sifo-Kid, Father Knicker-bocker or whoever he is (on top the Dome) could gaze down at a working man, gone but not forgotten. — T-bone Slim

## 1926\_29\_IW\_10041926

**INFORMATION**

“What is a paradox”

At one time I thought it was a typographical error for pair o’ sox. Only recently I’ve discovered what it is:

When thousands of men are out of work in all towns; when competition for jobs is keen; when, despite the law of supply and demand, the wages do not drop any lower––that is a paradox.

“What isn’t a paradox?”

That’s easy! When the wages are so low that men cannot live on less; when working men eat only on five days a week and skip meals on all holidays; when, despite supply and demand, wages don’t drop lower––that is what a paradox isn’t.

It isn’t a paradox when wages at the bottom do not fall lower. I don’t know where they could fall to, except into the sewer.

Stands to reason, too, that you wouldn’t expect an elevator to fall from the ground floor––unless you were going down into a sugar mine.

Wages are now on the ground floor and are known far and wide as living wages.

“What is living wages?”

Wages that can be exchanged for a livlihood is living wages. Anything less than that is not wages at all. Americans are not getting living wages; hence, no wages––what they get is part of subsistance.

“Are you a taxpayer?”

That’s a big question.

Although I own no land––not one square inch––I’m a taxpayer. Even though I have no home, I’m a taxpayer. Even though I have no stocks, bonds, yellowbacks, greenbacks, dollars, halfs, quarters, dimes, nickels, vea, even if I haven’t a red cent––I’m a taxpayer. My boss pays his taxes from the money that I don’t get. With the money that I do get I buy a box of snuff, and my taxes are in the price I pay for that tooth powder.

Thusly:

The landlord pays taxes and *passes the buck* to the dealer; the dealer pays, therefore, higher rent, and *passes the buck* to snuff users. Why it’s getting to be so that every time I spit into a coalpail I help to pay the nation’s taxes.

*Out of every $8 that I spend, $1 goes for taxes, federal, state and local––no matter who actually delivers the dollar to the government.*

When I sleep I’m a taxpayer––and I snore like one. Taxes are paid on the house that I sleep in; the landlady gets all her taxes from us sleepers; she has no mint of her own; and so it goes.

What is “supply and demand?”

What man produces, that is supply; demand is the holler he raises when his supply gets away from him.

Both, supply and demand, are created by man, and, therefore, are not a RIGID standard.

He may holler low or holler high, his supply amounts to an overproduction.

The law of supply and demand is the twin rule of “product and prayer;” prosperity and requisition; sufficiency and necessity.

\* \* \*

“No hobos allowed to loaf in here.”––Hocking Valley Depot, Fostoria, O. What does that mean?

It means that the depot is too dirty for self-respecting hobos to visit except with mop, soap and water.

\* \* \*

“Woman hurt when motor turns turtle.”

Turned snapping turtle, I suppose. Suppose it had turned crocodile!

\* \* \*

It is said that some Negroes are shiftless. The Rockefeller doctors call this trouble hookworm, and are searching for a cure for it. We call it jugginess, caused by skipping too many meals. The remedy is: Three squares per day and four on Sabbath.

\* \* \*

The preacher drew a gloomy face

And scorned to toil a tap,

Yet, somehow, reaped the “joys of grace”

And grew rotundly fat.

The financier grew quite insane

With grief “too tough to bear,”

And drank “a tub” of dry champagne

To save his falling hair.

\* \* \*

Persons having no legitimate business herein are FORBIDDEN to remain or loiter in or about PASSENGER STATIONS, etc.––Blue Onion R. R. *If you haven’t any money you needn’t come around.*

## 1926\_30\_IW\_17041926

**SEABOARD NOTES**

“European gambling palaces on the Riviera have taken millions of dollars from American tourists this past season.”

That’s where the money goes, instead of into our pay envelopes.

\* \* \*

Says Philadelphia Record: “What of R? These Americans who are so foolish, or so disgustingly rich as not to care what becomes of their money, are not deserving of any sympathy from their fellow citizens.”

Their money! Since when?

Its ours, if you please, Mr. “Record.”

\* \* \*

“Their losses at Nice are not worth reading about.”

Now, now, Mr. “Record,” that isn’t at all a nice way to put it—you should have said their losses make NICE reading matter to those whose money is thus being thrown away.

Kindly remember that it is general admitted by the financiers that THEY are MERELY stewards of OUR wealth.

\* \* \*

According to the A. P., John D. Rockefeller, Junior, was made “A Citizen of Versailles” by the City Council at a meeting today (March 30) in recognition of his donation of $1,000,000 for repairs to and reconstruction of the palaces at Versailles and Fountianbleau and the Rheims Cathedral. Six million frances from Mr. Rockefeller’s donation already has been spent in repairs on the Grand Trianon Palace at Versailles, the Louis XVI Palace and the Queen Theatre.—

Interesting reading, by heck!

Price of gasoline, too, appears to be as steady as the man who took home a manhole cover and beat up his wife because she wouldn’t put it on the graphophone. He shouldn’t have beaten her—he should first have tried it (as a slug) in a slot machine.

\* \* \*

UNSHAKABLE EVIDENCE

Judger (severely: “You surely ought to be ashamed of yourself —a big, husky man—and beating up a poor, weak woman.”

Judgee: “But, your honor, she was irritating me all the time.”

Judger: “How did she irritate you?”

Judgee: “She kept telling me, ‘Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once and I’ll have you hauled up in front of that bald headed reprobate of a magistrate and you’ll see what he’ll do to you’!”

Judger (kindly) : “You’re discharged.”

\* \* \*

So far this year the M. T. W. I. U. 510 has not been suspended. It is still a very live member of the I. W. W. family.

\* \* \*

The other day as I ankled into their hall trying hard to look like n mariner, the secretary was just in the act of mailing a letter to M. T. W. I. U. 510 Headquarters, New York City, Box 173.

“What’s the big idea of New York City, fellow worker,” says I searching for knowledge. And so I pulls a Constitution from my pocket and shows him that his industrial union had been transferred to Chicago, Ill. The secretary was amazed!

“That’s news to me,” says the secretary, “and strange, seeing as how I get regular communications from the New York office and I can’t get so much ns a Constitution from Chicago . . .”

“A directory, you mean?”

“No; a Constitution.”

So I let him keep mine.

\* \* \*

How the seamen and the longshoremen will like their new quarters, I have no means of knowing. But, I surmise that the move was in preparation against the day when the St. Lawrence Creek will be enlarged to accomodate the deep-water barges and oceanic-ferries—when Chicago will be the main seaport of the Western World.

\* \* \*

No doubt, too, the move was in line with the inalienable rights of the expiring “board” to function within its inalienable rights, as it is a habit with out-going boards. Be that as it may, be anything as it is, or will be—the seamen and longshoremen realize that they must once again come together as a strong organization.

Mebbe more than once. Mebbe twice. Mebbe again and again. . . .

Yea, even as a shipwrecked mess-boy: strike ofter stroke and then more strokes—until you strike “ground.”

## 1926\_31\_IS\_21041926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**SCRIPT—**

Listen to my words, son, and give ear unto my murmurings, for I (me) am exceedingly wise and do hereby admit it. . . Misunderstand me not the above bit of **boneless wisdom** holds true only insofar as I know—developments may occur; complications may set in; in fact, all the evifence is not yet in, and cannot be all in until the last straw is **muffled**:

**Accustom thy eye to printed matter**! And learn therefrom, that you must think up all the **missing details**—for verily writer, skip them, editors scalp them, and printers pie them. . . .

Insofar as you must “think” to get the full low-down-holt upn knowledge as it is handed down to thee, (that is, pushed up to thee) it will be seen that familiarizing the eye to typographical crowfeet can be classed a “first aid” to undestanding.

Read not to believe.

Read not to doubt.

Reid not to learn.

Read not to forget.

Read not to kill time.

For verily I say unto you, “belief” is thinner than air; “doubt” is thicker than ignorance; “learn” is an admission of ignorance, a selfish tongue licking the hand of conceit, an **underestimation** of all the things you DO KNOW and, if you do **read [and] learn,** you’re just like a stately [unclear] reducing fat—I say, nurse the fat you have, and grow more. Be strong and keep strong.

Read not to forget.

To read to forget, is resignation—yea, it is SURRENDER.

It is to dream, semi-paralysis, partial suicide (about 20 percent), a dramatic death-bed scene, a tragedy—only worse than “read to remember.”

Read not to kill time.

You’d have to strike fast to kill time—to hit the NOW—the PRESENT. Yesterday wasn’t time; tomorrow—ah, we don’t know whether tomorrow will have time.

All we know is that right NOW is timo—here all the time.

Time never is “was.”

Time never is “will be.”

Time always is “is”—and you cannot get away from it.

Read not to believe, doubt, learn, forget or to kill time.

Merely exercise your eye over the printers hieroglyphics, and knowledge will grew within you like rose of Sharon behind the livery stable.

You hear apostles of deceit say, “the future looks prosperous.”——What wonderful eyesight! They can see a thing that doesn’t exist. They see into the future—not only do they see “the future”—**the future that never arrives**—but they see it clearly enough to describe it prosperous.

They don’t need any “Shur-ons” on on their sap-spouts.

No man of my acquaintance has ever seen **the future**—the best m chums can see is **the present.**

No reliable person has ever seen **the past**—only “Sweet or sour” bitter) remembrances of the present-that-was. That is all they saw.

“Prosperity is just around the corner.”

Ah, here is vision that bends around the corner—curved vision—may I say, crooked vision. Wonderbull! (Let me say ah! again). Vision that traveös a line of **right angle** or **left angle or**—can it be possibull—it is X-Ray vision, and penetrates through brick walls. Ah! Such **visionaries** should have dimmers on their headlights. Methinks they see too much prosperity—and coke. As you read, the machinery of your thinking apparatus will grow and develop to its fullest possibility and oscillate **something scandalous**, and you will get **quite a kick from** separating the **bull** from the **fodder.**

Do not dream through the masters’ advertising sheets of denatured and “rectified” news of robberies, rapes, revels and raids—eat onions, you’ll sleep better—or, better still, pant over the “genuine” TORN DRAWERS MAGAZINE—it will at least keep you awake. What of it if you do get night-sweats!

Yes, as I said, **accustom thy eye to printed matter.** But there’s a difference. There’s a difference between papers. To illustrate: a tailor ays, “Suits Made To Order.”—That means nothing new. If he said, ORDERS MADE TO SUIT, that would verge (and surge) right close to the startling. . . .

Therefore, son, patronize the papers that plug for thee and deign not to stop the other papers from going into hell.—**T-b. Slim.**

## 1926\_32\_IW\_24041926

**BITS**

Very properly, the name of the president of the Associated Press is Frank B. Noyes. No noise has been made of it, either.

\* \* \*

I’m glad that this fasting season, Lent, an is over with. Now the good Christians can get up and eat corn-leaf and coffee (with a clear conscience) instead of starving themselves on dried beef and brookfield cheese sandwiches in the privacy of their bedchamber.

\* \* \*

Washington, the one that once was burnt down by the British, an act long since forgiven, as is proved by the fact that we do not meditate arson against their “Jolly London;” have not ever and do not now anticipate the “pleasure” of returning the compliment––is fire-proof insofar as the government buildings and torch are concerned.

\* \* \*

But Washington (as to its officials) is not fire-proof or sense-proof, as is demonstrated by the fact that one of the peoples representatives only recently put his colleagues “hep” to the fact that 4,000,000 working men are unemployed and doing not a tap to produce the learnt gentlemen spending money.

It’s doubtful if Congress will prefer any charges of vagrancy against so many delinquents.

\* \* \*

Owing to this surplus of working men, it will be seen, the synthetic foods serve to relieve the situation. Barbarously, it is true, but not in the sense that it kills them off.

Oh no! You see, when the people eat indiscriminately of “adulterated foods” they will need more doctors. The 4,000,000 unemployed will take out diplomas. Soon the country will be half on medical-footing––everybody working––as doctors or patients. Patience. NOTHING IS SO BAD THAT IT ISN’T GOOD!

\* \* \*

Heretofore, always it was thought that “unemployed absorb adulterated food products” (when they can catch them).

Now, lo and behold, through the efforts of our noble author, it is seen that adulterated foods absorb the unemployed.

Suction there! or I’ve picked the wrong pony.

\* \* \*

It is insinuated, as gossip fit to print in our daily RUMOR HUCKSTERS that Alabama is making only one million dollars a year on its prison camps.

That seems like an NON-AWEFUL figure, to a man experienced in getting four bits an hour. And, it true, there is danger that the state will LOCK OUT its unprofitable prisoners.

\* \* \*

Religious matters are having a boom just now––no doubt affected by the tides.

Both Jesus and Mohamet have joined the I. W. W.

I wonder what the O. M. C. A. thinks about that?

Jesus is Mexican. Mohamet is Turkish. O. M. C. A. is OLD MAIDS’ CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

\* \* \*

Kuo Min Tang is Chinese Nationalist Party. Comintern––what is Komintern?

It is an abreviation for Comrade-Interned.

\* \* \*

There is considerable misunderstanding about the word capital.

Some people have an idea that capital is a Power that is entitled to profits from the undertakings of labor.

Others argue that labor COMES FIRST and is entitled to all it produces, an admission that capital is entitled to some income.

Still others insist that capital is more important than labor and is therefore entitled to a greater share of the returns.

All those “views” seem to be to uphold the rights of capital to some, little or much profit––where does labor come in?

Our author is sitting tight, conscious of the fact that capital is the product of labor ––one of the products––and that capital is none the more entitled to returns than is an axe-handle or a rolling-pin.

Am I dumb? Am I to understand that if a man produces a wheelbarrow he shall let the wheelbarrow collect a greater share (80 per cent) of its value to be turned over to a wheelbarrow capitalist (wheelbarrowist).

Else, how can we understand it?

Labor makes capital, then capital insists that it get paid for being made. “Can you beat it!”

Seems to me that it should be the other way around. Instead of capital taking “toll” from labor, it should pay labor for the labor-power used in the making of capital.

Truly it is beyond comprehension and unexplainable.

HERE IS ONE OF THE PRODUCTS OF LABOR DEMANDING PROFITS! IMAGINE!

Imagine a patch on my overalls demanding that I WHACK-UP with it; that I, the great proletarian and sawyer give the patch two-bits and keep the dime for java and coffee-cake––(rolls).

## 1926\_33\_IS\_28041926

**T-BONE SLIM Discusses**

–––––

**THE SIDE SHOWS**

–––––

Says the Times:

“Liptons Four Challenges Cost $10,000,000; Ready to Spend Another Million to Get Cup.”––Hm. Cost of cups must be coming down! He just for four challenges ($2,500,000 spent 10,000,000 American rubles a piece)––and got nothing.

Now he’s ready to spend another million to get the cup.

If we let the cup out of our hands (just the empty cup) for a cent less than $13,000,000 dollars my faith in American arithmetic will never regain its composure.

\* \* \*

You can’t fight booze, boss and your fellow worker at one time…Those are three seperate wars! So, if you sincerely desire to take a fall out of those three you should time the engagements to occur at different periods.—Else you have a majority against you—your power split in three parts. If you decide to hold the wars at different times, and intend to fight booze first, I ask you to use caution and restraint. Under no circumstances begin “the hostilities” at a prohibition banquet. Give booze a fair show—or booze will claim your **allies licked** him. Now, when you tackle the boss, don’t make the mistake of fighting him in a grocery store or a butcher shop—he’s liable to throw a cleaver at you or bounce an 11 cent can of condensed codfish off your**catacomb**.—Well! Now that booze is licked and the boss is tricked, now is the time to have it out with your fellow worker. I’ve always argued that the best time to fight him is after the boss has capitulated.

The war is over.

\* \* \*

Extremes: Some ladies are so cleanly about the house that the Lord and Master “has no home;” so cleanly that the aforsaid King and Knute retreats, takes on a few braces (to steady his nerves and “unsteady” his legs) and **retires With the Pigs**. Averages are thus kept up.

Moral: Kind lady, clean-up the house, from top to bottom; enclose the whole in an**airtight** **package**, and “move in” with your husband in his new found Deliria…

You’ve stuck together

thru many a row,

Don’t let a scrubbrush

part you now!

I do not mean that if your husband drops a speck of dust on the floor, you should not pick it up if you feel like bending your aristocratic back—I mean that even if he drops a peck of dust, even on the best burlap, you should not make a speech over it two hours long and six horse-horse-powers strong. Don’t use your husband for an audience! Rent a hall, and hire a select applaudience to start the clapping. Unless you are an extraordinary great orator, you should never address a small audience—and never, never lecture a lone man except when he is securely fenced in behind iron-bars.

Your finest bits of verbal-sauce

May never, never get across—

Your well meant **spiel** may prove a **loss**—

**He hears such stuff from every boss!**

Alass! Here I am, as Adam said when the Lord was poking the brush

[rest of the text is missing]

## 1926\_34\_IP\_00051926

**A COUPLE FROM T-BONE**

Scissor: (sharply) I tell you it can’t be done! They’ll sell out. Every man has his price!

Wobbly: (impressively) That’s right! They’ll sell out—for the full product of their toil. Nothing less.

• • • • • • • •

Brakeman: (in high dungeon) What! You haven’t a union card? And you’ve got the nerve to ride this train! Get off—UNLOAD!— Yes, both of you. Why you’re worse off than a ship without a rudder!

First Hobo: (as they are going) Wot did he say, a stiff without a brother?

Socond Hobo: (peeved) Naw, he said a ship without a rudder —dam him!

First Hobo: (thinking) Well, I guess he’s right. We don’t seem to be getting anywhere.

## 1926\_35\_IW\_01051926

**AIN’T IT SO?**

Lions, the respected beasts of the jungle, have received much adverse publicity in the *late years we passed*. Justly or no matters not — nevertheless, we have been deeply pained and greatly influenced by his seeming unseemly conduct. We have it directly from sculptors of untarnished integrity, men that wouldn’t lie even for sweet sentimentality’s sake, that a lion will at times pounce upon a family of other animals and practically put the “kibosh” on their modest aspirations by grabbing the mother of the *layout* by the nape of the neck and shaking the very lifeblood out of her right into the faces of the young and hopeful cubs.

Why the lion prefers the tough steak of the mother in preference to the nice, juicy steaks of the cubs is a mystery, and the sculptors, as “canny” as they are, have not indicated the cause therefor. It would at first glance seem that the lions are “smart” and eat the old ones first because they fear the old one is apt to die a natural death leaving them nothing but cold meat on the table—something, I’m informed, the lion is not at all fond of. That theory, of course, is untenable because we cannot readily admit that lions are *as smart us we are*.

And, therefore, to think that a lion moves from the principle of “old ladies first,” or “perishable goods first” is not dialectic reasoning.

Why, it is preposterous!—that would be functioning just like the capitalist system! Imagine a low-brow lion exhibiting the same intellectual capacity as capitalism. Need I say more?

No, No! We can never, never admit that, a lion has the same amount of intelligence as has the capitalist system—that is, to conserve the young by letting them work for their livlihood and kill the old by “scrapping” them. Nor can we concede that a lion is conscious of the principle of saving the good foods (because of their value) and eating the bad foods as fast as. they spoil—and no faster.

We never can concede them credit for so much all-around *sagasity*.

We never could admit that a lion reasons far enough to *retard the development* of the young by *worrying the parent*, or, by eliminating it. That would be altogether too liberal a view for practical men to entertain.

That lions would kill the “experienced,” on the plea that “let the kids learn for themselves,” would be comparing them a trifle too favorably with———*capitalism*,— its ethics, etc.

We’re not going to do so. Well be darned if we do!

But as unfavorable as the sculptors reports are in regards the lions’ hobby, it is refreshing to note that they have had the honesty to indicate in the sublime creations (with great power) that lions are almost scholarly in their selection of *the biggest mouthful*.

This would seem to indicate that a lion is not entirely a stranger to “tables of measure” and that it has a live “sense of proportions” despite the fact that it is considered a poor judge of quality—probably wouldn’t know a piece of spring chicken from a “panco” half-sole.

This earnest criticism of the lion has been handled *superbly* by the sculptors—but, unfortunately, they have been powerless to depict the cause of the lions peculiar *selectiveness* in picking its victims.

Ordinarily we would jump to the conclusion that lions grub the head of the family because they are too polite to pick on the poor innocent cubs.

But when we recall that the parent hasn’t been proved guilty—no matter how considerate the lions action may seem—we must conclude that sympathy has no part in the lions *apparent* solicitude for the young.

Especially when we recall that its so-called “graciousness” was making orphans of the cubs and instituting life-long troubles upon them instead of ending their miseries at once and forever; thus retarding the development of the cubs civilization (instinct)—frail as that civilization may be even when fully developed.

This being so, we must lay aside the lions “sentimental-motiff and conscientious scruples,” base our investigation on something more substantial than *mushiness of the soul* and search elsewhere for the answer to our problem.

The fact that a lion attacks the big one disposes of the theory that it fears it—and proves he’s damn hungry.

But—three of those cubs would make every bit as hearty a meal; and spare him the manifold torments of indigestion. Then why is it that he attacks the mother instead of the cubs?

Ah, fellow workers, if he attacked the cubs, *the mother would “chew off his ears.”*

## 1926\_36\_IS\_05051926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**HOW DO THEY DO IT—**

–––––

I would like to know how these “self-made men” managed to do it without parents––how they managed to make themselves––without first aid from the stork.

I should imagine that making one’s self purely by one’s own effort would be rather a lonesome job and subject to many a “fizzle.”

\* \* \*

Even after the strike is settled, “the mills will probably be operated on a very curtailed schedule for several months,” says the Passaic Chamber of Commerce––and adds, “the time is now so short for Fall orders that only a portion of the usual deliveries can be made under the best of circumstances.”

Working “part time” evidently is expected to increase the output, speed up the deliveries and rectify the circumstances.

Sort of cool off the shirt and warm up the hide affair––powerful stuff, that!

One consolation: “the self-made male” that employs 50,000 men has not made any of his employes.

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that we taxed coming and going: toll tax, poll tax, soul tax, troll (fishing) tax, etc.

Bog tax, dog tax, log (culls) tax, grog tax, etc. Carpet tax, shoe tax, syntax, dues tax, etc.

We are taxed from one end to the other. Hear a speaker––tax; write a letter––tax; get a job––tax. It’s nothing but tax, tax, tax. Yellow tax, checker tax, bus tax, marriage tax, church tax, school tax, campaign tax. Tax as far as the eye can see. They don’t seem to know how much we owe. They certainly don’t know how much they need. And know less as to how much they’ll get. They know only that all they get will be spent.

That’s capitalist civilization.

Get a little here, a little there, and more elsewnere.

A man fills his pipe. Hurrah!––Revenue. He lights a cigarette. Hip! Hip!––Tariff. Sees a show. Hosana! War––Debt. Scratches his neck. –– (Free of duty). Spits on the floor. Attaboy! $5 and costs.

Dear Reader, the editor hollers “Enough” (of that stuff)––so I will conclude my earnest remarks by putting out a “defy” for the tax makers to make another, single, original tax. And, also, let me indicate that although our very move is measured, counted and priced––and taxed––I’m happy in the conviction that never, never, so long as we live, will we have to pay a tax for sweating.––Except in a bathhouse.

Dam the luck!

\* \* \*

J. Christ, Jr., runs a place of business on Smith St., Perth Amboy, N. J.––His friends call him “Joe” for short.

\* \* \*

The healthfulness of walking is generally conceded without question. But we, after giving the matter thorough consideration, must say that “it all depends. . . . .”

In fact we will say that the reverse is true quite often.

We attribute our silvery old age, not to the fact that we walked, but to the fact that we ran when a bear wanted to get in bed with us.

Ridiculous, of course––but, then, walking would have been just ridiculous, without the advantage of healthfulness.

Standing our ground –– I mean, holding our bunk –– would have been **heavenly** in more senses than one.

So, we must toss our vote in favor of running as the most healthful exercise. We would not be alive today had we not ran.

\* \* \*

A full-blooded cad is the thorough breed that calls a “mulatto” halfbred. (Excuse me). And refers to redskins (Americans) as quarterbreds––he is the very last word in in-bred frailty and witless pride.

\* \* \*

In the olden days when the slaves got to talking on “the subject” or “issue”––whatever it was––**the powers that was** was hardprest for ways and means how to distract their minds aged from the matter before the house. In those days they couldn’t hire a man to pound a piano, and prevent the slaves thinking––because they didn’t have a piano. They couldn’t turn on the radio to drive the slaves’ cares away––because they did not have a radio.

The best they could do in such cases, when the slaves were in order, was to trot out the court clown to make faces at the debaters.

What could HE do!

Some irreverant listener would hit him in the eye with an over-ripe camel’s egg and destroy the “spell.”

Even great court jesters like Knee-Bone Flim were spending half their time digging scrambled drommedary eggs from their ears-absolute fizzles.

Something had to be done.

So the Great King Holyfarthing called a general convention of all the slick rascals of HIS ranchdom, and put the matter up to them squarely.

“Leave it to me, O Royal Reprobate,” says Hippo Krit, the official “Alibier” of the realm––”leave it to me––tomorrow night by this time I’ll have the slaves eating out of your hand.”

“Go to it, Kid,” says the king, “organize a brass band, a carnival or something––anything that will make a racket––and, remembaww! If you fail! your life insurance will go to The Society For the Prevention of Employment To Parasites.”

“Aye, aye, Sir,” retorts Krit, giving his trousers a hitch, “Thy will be done.”

Now, fellow workers, being a historianeer, I don’t want to make statements that I can’t prove––not being a resurrectioneer––but this much I will say:

When Hippo left the prescense of Holyfarthing, there wasn’t a preacher in the whole Reprobatedom. Next day there was one on every street corner, and two in front of Moses Lipslit’s pawnshop––and the funny part of it was, they took their gosbull so seriously that they were calling each other fakers and misbelievers.

The slaves heard so much about Had’em and Heave, Hebrewham, Pilate, Nicodemus, Sampson, Solomon, Saul, etc.––in a nice, gossipy way––that they couldn’t concentrate their thoughts on short rations, short change and short measure––with the result that that night they were all at the Royal Manger wanting to kiss the king’s “number twelves.”

That’s what publicity will do.

But today we have publicity in a more perfected form, such as: Magazines, newspapers (one outfit alone has 80,000 men trying to weed out the news) radios, etc.––quite an improvement on the old way of doing ‘em.–– **T-Bone Slim**.

## 1926\_37\_IW\_08051926

**AIN’T IT SO?**

Well as the sculptors have reproduced the customs of lions, they have been pretty much concerned with the “actual *deeds*,” more so than with the moves that led up to it—therefore, if we desire additional information *on the lions* we must consult the poets:

They tell us that lions have a habit of preying upon institutions of animal and living upon them because they’ve never learned to support themselves any other way. They lie in wait in dense undergrowths, watch their opportunity (opportunists) sneak up on their victim when least expected and bring it down for a hasty meal.

“In this,” the poets tell, “lions differ from capitalism insofar as they do not enslave their *meal tickets* for a series of years” —presumably owing to the fact that lions have not developed abreast of capitalism in the art of extortion—that is, they do not take the product in *installments*, day by day, but wait until the product has accumulated to a reasonable extent—in other words, as the pets yell:

They trust their victim to the fullest.

Let him pile on wealth of store;

Ere their gentle joke they pullest—

Bring him down to kiss the floor.

It is idle for us to call them names such as “vile” and “parasite,” as idle as it is to wonder why they don’t organize for themselves a less destructive way of obtaining a livelihood, but I simply can’t help wondering why, if they want to eat animals, they don’t grow their own stock—why they persist on jumping on animals already made, produced by someone else?

Why do they insist on gobblingg up the full product of their neighbor?

Can you beat it!

(Capitalism confiscates only 80 per cent of the product of its victims and, that, in instalments or “easy payments;” figures not exact).

Lions are to be severely censured for their highhanded procedure regardless of their apologies and explanations us to how “they do it all for the best”—they, themselves, being the said best—yea, regardless of any hope or promise they hold out—and they certainly do hold out!

Nothing in this world is more dispicable than moving in on another man’s product—thief—and when a lion hides in the undergrowth and unexpectedly “jumps another animal’s claim,” he is more than a thief— he is a sneak-thief. Now, if it be admitted that alion is a sneak-thief, what’s the use of speculating as to why he don’t get his his living honestly? We must know he is lazy. We should know he’s brainless. He is not capable; is selfish; a beast of the most degenerate type.

So, when it sometimes happens, the lion accidentally jumps upon a family of eats, not wild cats—but tigers—we can withhold our sympathy within reasonable bounds and mummur:

The pup is dead!

Let’s save our tears!

He got too red—

Behind the ears.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Edna May Coursey was convicted by a jury of manslaughter in connection with the death of her five-year-old boy Eldridge, following repeated beatings with a broomhandle.

Thus it may be seen that broom-sticks are detrimental to the advancement of rising young America; even as cigarettes, poolhalls and other religious institutions were. Even us picnics, limburger and beer-saloons were to their fathers—and mothers.

Clearly something should be done about it. I would suggest that, since the devastating effect of broom-sticks is self-evident, our able legislators ought to either proscribe the Bill of Rights or prohibit the manufacture of brooms with handles attached. That ought to bring our belligerant mothers down to their knees—at least while sweeping.

But no!

The “dear mothers” of Towson, Md., would then tear the handle off the pump and lambast their *half-fare offspring* until thoughts of funeral expenses would cause them to hesitate — mebbe too late. Then, again, if pump-handles were abolished, the mothers would no doubt look to the rail fence for suitable weapons, or pound their kids with wagon tongues.

We can’t abolish everything!

By the way Ralph T. Coursey, husband, jointly charged with- beating Eldridge, is to go on trial Monday, having elected a nonjury trial.

## 1926\_38\_IS\_12051926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**MAKESHIFTS—**

–––––

“MAN DIES OF TETANUS.” — **I wonder if he swallowed the ship by mistake.**

\* \* \*

Mussolini I cannot understand!

Groomed, in the Italian press, less than our own Walton of Oklahoma was in our press, much less than Mitchell, barely mentioned compared to Butler, to say nothing about Gen. Wood—yet he was given full swing, for better or worse, over the destiny of the Italians.

I can’t figure it out—but I’m figuring.

\* \* \*

The twelve-mile limit on high seas is but formality as protection for our dry-land moonshiners—I would suggest that a Chinese Wall be put on the waterfront to commemorate the able statesmen that voted us dry; incidentally, prevent our prone juice and raisin-jack from disturbing the world liquor market.—

\* \* \*

California has a mysterious drawing power.

We read where a banker “goes south” with the money. Is captured. Where? California.

We read further, prisoner comes out of pen in a barrel of hot ashes. Gets away. Is captured. Where? For God’s sake— California. Etc.

\* \* \*

It is being charged that Spring is late in “putting in” appearance.

Here it is—May the First—and no flies and mosquitos!

The evidence is very conclusive and clear. The charge is sustained. Spring is late.

\* \* \*

We hope that the French Briand to whom the French carpenter sent a 1,000-franc note had no warning beforehand that the money was coming and that the coming of it would go a long way to convince the French (and us irritated Americans) that his wages, $3,225 Are Too Low.

\* \* \*

“The plasterers of Chicago are demanding $70 for a five-day week.”—”That is one of the reasons the farmers are so restless.”—**Shelbyville (Ind.) Republican**.

“WELL! If it’s making farmer restless, something certainly ‘out’ to be done about it” —**Phila. Ing.**

Restless is right! They’ve moved into Chicago and are now demanding “the $70.”—Give it to ‘em—before they move again!—T-b. S.

Rents in Chicago for suitable places to live in are $140— $240 per month. Whadyer expect a plasterer to do, live in a bam!

Then again a plasterer’s work is unsteady. Do you expect them is oblige by starving between jobs!

You expect too much.

The French Briand is getting $268 per month, steady year ‘round — whether he works or not. And he doesn’t have to contend with the eight tent carfare—neither does the plasteer for that matter, not having the money. He walks, and carries his box of plaster brushes under his arm. (How about it, Sheridan?)

“Yes,” you say, “but the rents are high in Chicago because the builders get such high wages.”

Here’s where we differ. The rents already are high, whereas the builders have only just now put in their demands. You couldn’t blame the high rent on a thing that is yet to come.

The cause always travels ahead of result—and the result is the demand for $70 per five-day week. . . .

The five-day week is the first rational thing I’ve ever heard plasterers mention.

\* \* \*

Tact.

When buying Cod Liver Oil, do not “leave it to the druggist” (Dr. Uggist) to pick out the kind you want—he’ll give you the kind he can’t sell. Ask him to mention the names—then pick one out yourself—that way you have a gambler’s chance, at least. Use tact.

Same way with your unionism. Don’t let the boss pick out a union for you—he’s liable to have you hooked up to a conglomeration of disunited units. Awefull!

Ask him to recite the names of the unions, and then pick out the one he doesn’t mention—that way you stand a show of winning the pot.

\* \* \*

This is Mr. Hiram Plute speaking; hello—hello—yes—allright—did you telephone down to the union hall to find out if there’s any men hanging around there——yes——hello . . . . (buzz) HELLO!—Hell—Oh!— Dammit I’m disconnected! ——

(The wires couldn’t stand it).

‘Stoo bad! No doubt he was just on the verge of “shooting over” a raise in pay. . . .

## 1926\_39\_IW\_15051926

**Hysterical Record**

A certain quasi-political labor-party is based upon the principle of “leadership—with the result that there always is a possibility of its members being “misled.”

Now, I don’t want to mention any names but you must know, oh labor, that there is a labor union that is not based upon leadership—consequently you are not and will not be and *cannot be* misled.

Now it also happens that that aforesaid political labor-party has never organized a labor union but has ever attempted to take control in unions already organized. This it would endeavor to do by capturing the office or “state” of the union.

But after capturing the “control” this party will find out that it has captured only a shadow—a reflex of power—to them a non-usable quality, except in the sense of a temporary pie-counter for its thick-headed egotists.

Otherwise these shadow-seekers are helpless.

Being shadow-seekers (head hunters) it is said that they contemplate capturing the “state” or Government. (I presume that is for the purpose of supplanting them with a greater assortment of delicious pie. Can you blame them? They’re a hungry lot! They quite forget “they’ll get pie in the sky when they die.

When they capture the “state” (let us suppose) through a distraction supplied by a foreign nation, a threatening gesture by some power other than their own *silhouette* *of power* they cannot serve labor in the least because they have never learnt to organize labor to help itself, and, unorganized labor cannot help itself nor hold what it gets as a free will offering from the retiring masters.

But we must give them full credit. That political labor-party, although never having organized labor unions, has had great success in organizing “dramatic dubs” and young pupils boring-machines and “daughters of the revolutionary rythmic heel”—not only those but a dozen other such societies as revolutionary cake garglers, linoleum lancers, and debating circles. A perfectly peaceable tribe!

There are two things they will not do:

They will not fight; they will not organize labor unions; they will not willingly “discomfort” capitalism—they merely desire to become our new masters. Modest, ain’t they? Anybody that objects “IS A HANARCHIST,” hain’t they, comrade?

\* \* \*

“BOSTON, April 24, 1826.— A meeting was called (here) on Thursday evening to take into consideration the expediency of raising funds for the relief of the venerable Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. A lottery is being drawn in Virginia for his benefit.”—From the U. S. Gazette— (in effect).

That’s how we used to do it 100 years ago — that was prior to the invention of *mysterous black satchels*.

\* \* \*

According to reliable reports Thomas was an industrious servant of the people, therefore it seems strange, to a lunkhead like myself, that the good things of life found other channels and drifted into paws that couldn’t hardly write their names to say nothing about the Bill of Rights.

\* \* \*

Thomas Jefferson at that time was 82 years old, unless my arithmetic is out of date—today, 100 years later, a shaft was unveiled on the “spot where he was born,” Monticello, and bears the legend, “Lover of Liberty.” Good! Tom would get quite a “kick out of that” were he alive.

Loyer of Liberty? That’s hinting, anyhow that Tom wasn’t entirely cold-blooded towards liberty. Good!

Come to think of it—Jefferson, practically alone, Fought for Liberty — with Paine — and, if the Liberty is unsatisfactory in any way it is because Tom Jefferson (alone) was not stronger. No wonder he came near starving in his old age!

Other men, of course, fought for a change of rule—a substitute for British misrule. And well they fought, considering — they knew not what they fought for.

They wanted “a change.”

\* \* \*

Only recently we visited Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and threw our eye over the beginning of things — that was after viewing the “progress made,” at Washington. After resting my eyes on the present bunch of legislators I’m favorably impressed with the appearance of the bunch that “started things” (as pictured in oil and paint).

But, alas. I’m staggered to find four different men labeled “Geo. Washington.” One of ‘em looks like a Swede.

I’m worried.

Supposing somebody digs up a picture of Jesse James and labels it U. S. Grant! This won’t do. This simply will not do! Three of those four Washingtons will have to change their looks.

Just now heard a horn-rimmed intellectual say, “This picture looks more like Washington.” (He was about 30 years old, so, I fainted on the spot). How’d he know?

Now, if those pictures in the Independence Hall are “poetry, imagination, lies,” instead of historical records, it may be that the bunch was no better or worse than the bunch at Washington—as much as they, the Washington bunch, have been retouched by the ‘tographers and cartoonists.

## 1926\_40\_IW\_22051926

**PEACE BE “MIT”**

Strange, there is no world-war going on among the Christian nations and brethern!

Every morning, nowadays, personally. I’m getting up hostile—dander sticking up like goose pimples on a scared patriot.

But the chances for general carnage are few — though not small. About the only chance for a little blood-letting diversion is in the hands of Brother Mussolini—Pope and Jehova, of course.

Do you call me a liar?

Brother, comrade, Mussolini is “getting by,” ain’t he?

“What is he putting out?” is the All-American question of all Americans.

“How much?” by hecklers, abrupt.

“How?” gurgles the “Injun.”

\* \* \*

SOME VIEWS

In the opinion of an American magazine writer (editor) “American writers haw no superiors in Europe.”

Of course not!

Not even the versatile writers “wot looks after the Souvereign Georgie.”

All our writers are in the first division, modestly led by T-bone Slim.

Then a long stretch of no writers at all. One would almost suspect that Europe is not taking part in the parade!

Finally, after a wait, wot seems like ages, along comes n European writer—and he’s an African Negro—with sore fbet.

Our writers, editors, lead the procession—that is, lead the profession.

As to where, I cannot say—but WE lead. Reader: You didn’t READ that right ! Strike an attitude! Swing your eyes distainfully! Let your voice quaver hysterically; and road victoriously: WE LEAD!!

The band now will brass a few *National Airs.*

\* \* \*

What gets my goat is the lack of advertizements in the comic sheets—that is, on the *comic page* of the *comic sheets*. Not even Camels is mentioned; or Bissel’s Carpet Sweepers; or Talcum’s Powder.

*What’s the matter with running an ad of Tooth Paste on our bed sheet? It would help to pay laundry bills!*

\* \* \*

And what’s the matter with cutting the sheets of the Sunday Advertisements Six Feet Long so that a Citizen could use it for a lounge while reading Hood’s Almana and Dr. Pierce’s Calendar?

I pause for answers.

\* \* \*

While pausing for answer I’ll continue my remarks and suggest that the great untamed and unterrified American reader has been starved out with headlines—and unless something is soon done the reader will bedone for. And that means just one thing:

H E A D - S T O N E S !

The difference between the “best families” and the worst families is so slight that unless one is very, very careful he is apt to mistake one for t’other; only to discover too late that he was wrong when he should have been right; that the best was the worst and the worst was superior. They’re like twins.

One is an angel in the morning—devilish in the evening.

The other is quarrelsome at daybreak—and saintly in twilight.

All in all the best families are a close second-worst, and the worst families are a start in the right direction.

But look it where we’ve got to go!

Whew!

*No one is “lone best” at all times!*

You should see us at our worst—and, if it wasn’t for the beneficient effect of our ruthless editors, (that kind of causes us to shrink — in our own estimation) I would walk right out the front page and show it to you.

\* \* \*

Heywood Broun did not say “a horse is not intelligent.” What he said was:

“Never within my own experience have I come across any particular intelligent piece of conduct by a horse.”

Depends upon what is intelligence, and how many horses did Heywood “come across”—and what “trucks” does Broun boost. Personally, I’ve been driver of intelligent horses, only—the crazier the more highly intelligent.

Juggy horses, too, may be intelligent; if so—their intelligence *is suppressed*.

\* \* \*

We behold where one Mr. McKinley, of the souvenir State of Illinois, was elected to stay home during the next session of Congress. That causes us to wonder if President Calvin Coolidge, of the United States of America will recognize Mac’s sterling worth and send him as an embassador to the Court of Jeems.

The most important study for schoolchildren is “play.”

Not play that lags or grows monotonous, but play that is enlivened, recharged from time to time by experts with initiative. . . The all-important study for grownups is: Hold your temper—an easy job if your play in childhood has suffered no crop failure. Join the I. W. W.—we need you.

## 1926\_41\_IS\_26051926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**CIRCUM—NAVIGATION**

–––––

Whenever I read the papers about shipwreck and as “how the captain” and the galley-stove “stuck faithfully with the ship,” and went down with her, I feel a thrill all over my person — I can almost feel the cold water gurgling along my spine —my keel, I mean.

That is because it never occurs to me that the skipper has been so damned dirty to shis crew — that he didn’t have the gutts to get in the life-boat with them.

I feel equally inspired at the untimely end of the noble Stove that served the crew (to the best of its greasy ability) on many a rough voyage.\_\_\_\_

Not one single instance do I know where the stove deserted the ship.

I cannot say as much for the captains — most of them have no shame and get right into the boat with the MEN.

And on one occasiop, I tink it was the wreck of the Titanic, a thoughtful **master of ships** had the presence of mind to **dress in skirts** before jumping into the life-boat. How often do we hear that food supplies were “all washed overboard”— what wonderful imagination!

All the eggs and pork chops and pie and cake and ice cream and candy and fruit and salt-horse and sea-pork were “all washhed overboard”—no one had the presence of marlin to lash them to the stove.

Wonderful imagination!

**Food that never came over the side is washed overboard?** “Do that again!” Mebbe if the M. T. W. I. U 510 will see to it that the food **arrives on board** and is properly **jettisoned** and **bulk-headed**, mebbe, it will not wash overboard so easily — even in heavy seas.

\* \* \*

Peace! Peace! is a very handy cry under every circumstance.

When a strongarm or a gendarme goes through your clothes — hush! (don’t disturb services.)

When a transportation company hires you for money that is practically worthless. — hush! When the marine, industry starves you on 3rd class swill and quarters you in a 1st class pig pen—hush! pst!—

Peace..

It shall be so. There will be peace! But peace may throw her rudder, swing on her spring-line and it may be the M. T. W. I. U. 510 that will **shush** the dry-land master’s objections by murmuring—”peace.” The highly-learned, sky-scraper-Admirals, the Royal Dirt Navigator will be signalled to mute their Fog horn—until such a time as the sailors’ living conditions aboard the unseaworthy tubs have experienced a change........a change for the better, not worse.

It shall be so.

\* \* \*

We are assured by seamen that “ships and steamships are built ashore” and that “there is no good reason why accumulations cannot be put aboard at the time when the finishing touches are put on the vessel itself.”

We, in our humble way, aye, aye sir, gather from that that those vessels are outfitted with hottoms, propellers, smoke-stacks, logs and nothing much else — and that when a seaman discovers the shortage of accomodations he is hushed, peace, by having it **compassed** to him “how ridiculous it is to expect such things on high-seas.”

True.

There is no ship chandlery on the ocean lanes.

There is no bed-sheets flapping in the trade winds.

There is no matresses **billowing on the beautiful blue**.. Excuse the poetry.)

All those things must be loaded; in port **before departure**. (Excuse the poetry.)

\* \* \*

It is a notorious fact too, that seamen must quit a ship in order to “keep clean” and it is a fact that, regardless of “hailing-port, 95 out of 100 ships are lacking in common comfort, food and wages — aside from the fact that equally many ships, because of commercial construction (low mid-ship and flanging bow,) the fan-tail brought forward like a snow-plow upside down, which causes ship to turn summersaults like a porpoise doing the “Charleston........” in rough weather.

That concession was made to commercialism without consulting the fo’csl crew..

\* \* \*

We have here mentioned just a few of the shortcomings in seafaring life and [Rest of the text is missing. The following lines are from the text column besides this one and are partly cut out:]

M. T. W. I. U. 510 m[missing]

mands, no “shipowner” [missing]

the gutts to yell “Peace[missing]

The reason we think s[missing]  
observe:

Heretofore whenever [missing]

any country, made a [missing]

“ship-company” would [missing]

hands and say “Good L[missing]

**we can’t give it to you** [missing]

**seamen in another country** [missing]

**ing so cheaply”**

Well sir, all that is now [missing]

The Marine Transport [missing]

Industrial Union will put[missing]

mand that will reach ar[missing]

world……..No man shall w[missing]

ly.

It shall be so.

## 1926\_42\_IW\_29051926

**STANDARDS**

The disturbing elements on the approach of a critical industrial situation, inject themselves into the breech and start wondering aloud, very loud––why the workers don’t fight on both economic and political field at one and the same time.

I take the liberty to point out that I suspect it is because workers are not politicians––they stick to their trade (industry)––even so as they do not meet the masters in a military way.

\* \* \*

Exploitation is in a *fluid state.* That’s why at times it appears that the exploitation happens at the point of production. (A Fluid State is a “condition” that is not anchored). To illustrate: If a man raises his wages every time the “cost of living” goes up he cannot be exploited at the point of consumption; if he raises his wages more than the amount of the increase in the cost of living it would appear that he is an exploiter (another fluid state). But that would not be true: He is merely withdrawing a greater share of the value of his production –– more than that is impossible? Finally, if man never goes “to the point of production he is absolutely free from exploitation no matter how much he may frequent the point of consumption––the table.

\* \* \*

The I. W. W. is fighting the boss at the point of production!––not at the table; not in the bed; not in Congress; not in church––or in Heaven––or the ballot-box!

Here Now! At the point of production––on the job.

\* \* \*

The “leaders’ tents” are far, far from the battlefront.

They are crooked and yellow.

\* \* \*

Destruction of property, under any circumstances, is but destroying that which belongs to labor. And when the boss destroys property he is committing a crime against the working class.

When labor destroys property he is hurting the boss––the boss is insured against all loss; even a temporary interruption in his business is covered by insurance. . . AND THAT INSURANCE COMES FROM THE WORKERS.

\* \* \*

Freedom is of no given “standard.” *To a man hanging from a noose*––freedom is the touch of the foot on solid ground.

*To a man chained to a wall*––freedom is “the liberty of the cell.”

*To a man in jail*––freedom is the “release” from incarceration.

\* \* \*

Were I to advocate the destruction of New York City––and some FOOL went and did it––who would rebuild it?

The politicians wouldn’t do it.

The noted economists wouldn’t “turn a wheel”––or push a barrow.

The self-made leaders wouldn’t rebuild it.

No! Labor would have to do it!––in the sweat of his brow.

Therefore, when any man tells you he is in favor of destroying property––believe him. He is in favor of destroying property; but too cowardly to do it. He wants you to do it. He wants to appear as a bold, bad, man in front of you––what he really has in mind is that two-bits that is in your pocket. For god’s sake, hand it to him––before he devastates the universe.

\* \* \*

We have here a reported menu of the Solovetzky prison in Russia –– considered “very poor” by the prisoners:

One and one-half pounds of rye bread a day.

Half a bottle of sunflower seed oil.

Two and one-half pounds of dried vegetables every fortnight.

About one pound of sugar a month.

Dried cod, in addition.

There! Now I wish to point out that the lumberjacks in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan are not getting “a bottle of sunflower seed oil.”

What they get is a brick of “*cotton-seed oil margarine*––considered “very poor” by in the lumberjack.

\* \* \*

*Any man who follows advice is a fool!*

Consult yourself! Determine the value of the “advice” and if it measures up to your specifications it is no longer advice––merely a cue for your consideration. Hence: A wise man follow the verdict of his own reasoning.

Advice is merely a suggestion.

Your decision denatures it.

A thinking man cannot follow advice––the blind accept it.

\* \* \*

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

The price of O. Henry candy is ten cents, be there much or little.

Should an “over-production” occur as a result of national toothache all they have to do is tell the engineer to bank his fires and go to a Polish wedding for two weeks.

Seems to me Henry Ford has said something to the effect that “overproduction” is real, continual, habitual; has been before, is today and will be tomorrow.

Mm! We got the supply! Where’s the demand?

## 1926\_43\_IP\_00061926

**GENTLE GESTURE**

We have been accused of being “too sarcastic” by the leading authorities on sarcasm. They are mistaken. We’re the other guy. My sarcasm is **just sour enough**, and carefully compounded like felony or prescriptions. And if I make it less sarcastic, my sarcastic readers will sour “on my efforts” and start wondering if the editor bas lost his mind for printing it.

The other day, when, sicker than usual, we hies ourself over to a clinic, to be tuned up, The doctor sat us in a chair and made soundings and took observations—murmured something about “symptoms indicate” to his sweet looking apprentices who profoundly nodded in perfect comprehension. . . . I was given a nickel’s worth of throat gargle for 50 cents, plus 25 cents admission —and was told to take five drops with a glass of water three times a day.

Weil sir, the three glasses of water have failed to cure me.

Now, I don’t know but the doctor knows what is the matter with me, and I believe that he truthfully told his apprentices what is the matter with me—now they knew— but why in the name of blazes didn’t he hand me the cure?

As an “experiment” I was a perfect success— and I would have made an ideal “object lesson” for the rest of the summer.

Unfortunately I’m very sensitive even to most delicate swindling. . . . “Ah,” they say, “you’ve been getting sick 50 years— it will take a long time to cure you.”

Indeed! Well, in that case, I’d hate to have yon repairing an electric light system—we’d have to stay in darkness loo long.

Do you call that sarcasm?

—**T-Bone Slim**

## 1926\_44\_IW\_05061926

**REPORTING THE REPORTS**

The New York Times quotes Mathew Woll, vice-president of what is left of the A. F. of L., as saying: “American capital was trying to take advatange of Mexico’s backwardness.”

Backwardness? How come?

Seems to me, Mexico is advanced farther in unionism––that is, they are organize to a greater “per cent of population” than is our own United States.

And now that the A. F. of L. has made such a sorry spectacle of itself as an “organizer” in the U. S. A., is is trying to form “a haven of shelter” for itself among our enlightened neighbors.

If there is any hokum in that move, only developments will prove whether or not it is successful.

\* \* \*

Says Prof. Salvemini: “Fascism is merely Bolshevism of the Right as Bolshevism is Fascism of the Left.”

Now wouldn’t that scale your cheeks! Here we thought that one was two-faced and the other all face––or no face at all.

Dear––Dear. what shall we do?

Let’s see––Right face of the left and left face of the right.

No; that ain’t right––I mean, left––the––the right face of what’s left and left face of––Goodness Sakes! I believe they’re a pair of twins born of separate mothers.

How was that again, professor?

One is the left of the right and the other is the right of the left, is that it?

By the eternal Jimminy! If those were a pair of shoes, a man would have *one historical time* getting into ‘em.

Either I’m not right or they ain’t right! That’s all there’s to it.

\* \* \*

“The poor man thinks that if only he can be rich he will be happy.”

The poor man might just as well think he will be fat (instead of poor) when rich. It’s the consciousness of not being robbed that makes the crown so light to carry. Poverty and riches are opposite––happiness is in no way related to either one.

Says Bishop of Durham: “Believe me, cottages have a better reputation for happiness than palaces.”

So have saloons, for that matter.

Surely the Bishop doesn’t advocate the doing away with palaces, on those grounds.

\* \* \*

“The liberal but economical use of forests will breed reforestation.”

Could anything be truer!

Just like the liberal but economical use of snuff will breed re-Copenhagen.

\* \* \*

“Protestant bodies,” (that’s what they call Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians) are considering the “possibility” of “UNIFIED COMMAND.” They claim “they’ve been split,” and don’t amount to full rating––because political leaders adopt the policy of Disraeli toward Protestants –– conquer by dividing.

\* \* \*

The excommunicated Bulgarian Church wants to take part in the orthodox gathering planned at Mount Athos.

A rigid churchman interviewed at Sofia, said: “We are deeply moved at the Christian spirit of the Romanian Synod . . . we are Keenly anxious to re-establish friendly relations with the Balkan orthodox churches and welcome the opportunity to become reunited.” In “joint work to restore morals,” etc. “Seven years ago,” he said, “we faced our Roumanian brothers on the battlefields; today we stand shoulder to shoulder in an act of Christian forgiveness and cooperation.”

“That’s what I like about Christians––they can “stand shoulder to shoulder” one minute, and fight like cats and dogs the next (at the mere word of a political leader) and then, again, toss each other an olive branch, embrace, kiss and smoke a pipe of peace––all, in an act of Christian forgiveness and cooperation. Hot Dog!

\* \* \*

“OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS IN CANADA IS GOOD.”

(Outlook for LABOR is HIS lookout).

“Farmers Generally Prosperous “

(Are the BUSINESS MEN going to stand for that?)

“Fewer Failures.”

Does that mean that farmers are generally prosperous when “fewer failures” report? One would naturally think that if the farmers had been able to hang onto prosperity there would have been MORE than “fewer failures”––or does it mean that farmers are classed “prosperous” every time they don’t fail unanimously? Who fails? Or does “fewer failures” mean that farmers have been able to accommodate a majority of the applications for failure-relief and are prepared, prosperous, to handle additional prospective backsliders.

Darn those headlines, any way!

I can’t make head or t’line of ‘em.

\* \* \*

No two Christians are a like. There’s as big a difference between Christians as there is between whiskeys––weak, mild, rotten, blend, good, fine, exquisite, grand, great, gorgeous, glorious––I can’t go any farther; I’ve run short of Christians––even while yet mentioning only the moderately priced liquors.

Sturdy churchmen will say: “Evidently Slim has studied whiskies more closely than Christians.”

I’ll say I have! Studied them closer than even the most critical Christian that ever threw his eye over (or laid his tongue under) the Spirit of Food in perfunctory examination and painstaking appraisal.

I’m thankful for the confidence you place in me, bless you. I’ve studied ‘em both (man and boy) until I’m lopsided just from conscientious scrutiny.

## 1926\_45\_IS\_09061926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**STUCK ON THE JOB**

–––––

The decietfulness of the capitalist press can be discerned in the propaganda they are putting out exhorting you to “stick to your Job” “A rolling stone gathers no floss” etc. what happens?

You hang to “your” job like a child to a mudpuddle—you hold it, you dream it, you talk it—you sing it’s praises —you stick— and then the boss puts in a machine to take your place.

You’re expected to stick to your job at least until the machine relieves you— after that you can go home and live happy ever afterward —it being understood that you can’t compete with machines, in getting a job. Why you can’t even compete with horses—as the following timetable will show:

Santa Fe R. R. reports “ average cost of moving dirt with the DITCHER-OUTFIT is 21 cents a *cub* yard, compared with 50 cents to 75 cents per yard for moving dirt by teams and $1 to $1.25 for moving by hand.”—

There! I quess that will hold you a while.

The railroads would be tender hearted indeed under the circumstances—and soft headed—if they hired you instead of the ditcher.

They would be no less soft headed if they hired a team and gave it an opportunity to earn its uncrushed oats. . . . .

The very fact that they don’t use teams to have their locomotives, is with machinery—and I cannot see proof that **horseflesh** cannot compete for the life of me, why they want you to stick to the job— why they don’t starve you right off the bat.

A “rolling stone” has nothing to do with it.

A man may roll and toss and throw or *turn summersults*, like a “tidewater grey hound” off Sandy Hook, but that has nothing to do with machinery taking a man’s job.

The remedy. Ah, the r’remedy— I knew you wanted to hear that.

It is noy “poultice.” It is not “the juice of six lemons taken spiritsually.” It is not religion—or pagan experimentation—it is none of these.

There are only two remedies for this “*malady of machines taking men’s jobs*.” The first is “physical-culture”—exerzise your mucles to the point where you can lift just as much as steam shovel.

The second remedy is more popular because you do not have to go into training for that:

Join the I. W. W. — and be in numbers one billion times as strong as a steamshovel—and don’t “shake before taking.”

Note.no 1. Author has not misscalculated the “one billion strength”—”strength” compounds like “interest.”

Note No. 2., Santa Fe has given labor a position next to horses.

Note No. 3., Santa Fe has a position open for a mathematician (no experience required). It has been able to find the average cost of moving dirt with ditchers, 21 cents per cubic yard, but has not been able to determine the average cost of moving it by teams 50 to 75 cents a yard isn’t an average.

Although it’s a foggy morning. I would like to guess —just once—that the average cost of moving dirt by teams is half way between 50 and 75 cents, just 62½ cents a cubic yard — that is if the “Santa” figures don’t lie, and if equal amounts was moved at both figures.

The average cost of moving it by hand is given as $1 to $1.25—take your pick. I s’pose.

Note No. 4., if Santa Fe gets its “expansion” as close as it gets it’s “average” it’s locomotives will certainly scratch gravel between rail ends, or bump the bumps over lapping rails—even so, the “*calculating*” Santa Fe will come out in the Christian Science “Dove of Peace” and call all such “laps” and “lapse” “average joints,” or I miss my guess.

Note No. 5., these notes are not for the purpose of missdoubting readers comprehension, and insinuating same.

All the materials should have been carried along with the tale, in front and not in the “rear,” as I have it.

Author apologises for his frailties and foggy morning.

Note No. 6. Truly we are “stuck” on the job, *right on the point of production* and, truly, if we want to roll a little, like a stone and wear off a little mold and polish up the rough spots, we find that we can’t very well do so because the point of production is like a fishhook that holds suckers and bullheads and has a barb on it that was [parts missing] the bologny used for [parts missing] have swallowed the bait [parts missing] some of the yarn.

Indeed our stomach is [missing] the job and we can’t [parts missing] leaving our stomach—The [parts missing] us. “stick to your job.”

Aye aye, sir! We will [missing] -til we get that hook loo[parts missing]

Why, it’s just like te[parts missing] swinging by the neck [parts missing] of a tree at the end of ro[parts missing] on, pard, a rolling stone [parts missing] moss.” HOW TRUE [parts missing] SEEMS” —T-Bone Slim.

## 1926\_46\_IW\_12061926

**EXODUS —FROM— PARADISE**

You wouldn’t believe, if I told that J. W. Wells Lumber Company has a camp out of Iron River, Michigan. Mind you, I do not say they have a camp— the company itself claims to have one. . .

It is about 3 miles walk and 8 miles of highway—which you ride whether you have a car (Ford) or no.

Steam heat, electric lights, showerbaths, dirty blankets, no board to speak or eat of . . . “*Give the boys all the apples they want— that’s what they’re here for*” says Mr. Wells, having heard that “an apple a day keeps the veterinary away” —and keeps a slave cheerful (though lousy) upon having used Mr. Wells’ (cool) Boil-up-System—and apples.

(Isn’t there a danger that Mr. Wells’ conversion to APPLESAUCE may cause another exodus from paradise?)

The discouraging feature in connection with this camp (to incomers) is the number of “packing-sticks” strewn along the highway between camp and town. It leads one to think that the traffic is great and that the camp is no good. (Some thoughtful lumberjacks, conscious of the fact that carrying-staffs tossed into the ditch would soon plug up the brook and cause the creek to choke-up in a REGULAR river jamb, have diffidently laid their shoulder-canes right on the GRAVEL THOROUGH FARE without considering the comfort of the gashorse).

True, the traffic is great but that proves not that Mr. Wells’ layout is no good— you can take my word for that!

Opinions will differ, of course —some will read those signs and say: “The men are fleaing a plague;” some will say. “There’s the sticks of the men that went to town to eat”—and, “The mere *thought of food to come*, so much stimulated those travelers that they threw away their suitcasecrutches;” but I say unto you, these men are guiltless (gilt-less) and went into town merely for toothpicks and to get the horse-shoer of the village of Iron River to sharpen their molars so that they can drill through Mr. Wells’ excellent, petrified, sow-belly breakfast bacon.

\* \* \*

Speaking about words, how different are the words of Iron Mountain’s *substancial* citizen, Mr. M. J. Fox of the Van Platen Fox Lumber Company:

Several accidents had happened at his camps, “the red-tabernacles,” at Pori, Mich., (at the’ time of the great hardwood rush for Hank Ford) couple were killed:

“Be careful, boys,” says M. J., “don’t drink moonshine —in the camp.” He added as an afterthought, “These accidents make me feel like going out of -business,” he confessed, and although he would, no doubt, bury you if you suffered a bona-fide death—it was plain to be seen that Mr. Fox could not see any fun in a funeral —the long expected goal of a present day lumberjack logging for pastime.

There! That’s what I call a real human-touch statement. Mr. Fox ain’t no scissorbill, with his line—and, he makes speeches quite frequently to the “Jacks.”

\* \* \*

But if I were to express my opinion of the Wells outfit, our mailing privileges would be shanghaied. I dassent even point out that Mr. Wells’ boasted steam heat—aided by stoves and dirty blankets, are not enough to keep one warm lest upon retiring he puts his feet into a makinaw jumper and wiggles his toes all night — and uses his mackinaw coat for a blanket. His showerbath has a capacity of hot water for one; warm water for two; cool water for three; cold water for four—and ice water for the rest—still it’s a shower bath, and there’s no denying that! Parking space is at a premium! “*Give the boys all the applet they want!*”—canned apples!

On the other hand, Mr. Fox motto evidently is, “Eat harder, work harder (and a little longer) —and well leave the wages as they are.”

Ontonagon district, just now, is mildly “inspected” —nothing serious.

P. S.—The food question has been eliminated—in the camps. High-power gas and high-frequency (freak -quenchy) moonshine has the floor. The ideal that “Ham and eggs ain’t good enough,” has been lost. In fact, anything gots now-a-days, and jacks are patiently waiting for a tree to fall upon ‘em.

P. S.—”What do they do with the men that get killed in the woods?” inquired a motor-logger from Clarion, Iowa.

Oh, they bury them at the switch—just dig a ditch and dump ‘em in —a couple of gyppos make their snuff money that way,” volunteers a serious-minded lumberjack very soberly.

“Yes, but sometimes they cheat on the job,” avers another one; “only last night when I went out after my ‘wash’ I fell over the leg of one of them sticking out of the grave . . .. “

“But that’s against the law, ain’t it?” insists the Iowa logger.

“Law? Hell, there ain’t no law this side of Spreadeagle, Michigan!

## 1926\_47\_I\_13061926

**Tehtäväänsä Takertunut**

Kirj. T-Bone Slim

(Lukijalle selitykseksi ja Slimiltä anteeksi pyytääksemme tahdomme tässä sanoa että suomennettuna ei tule näkyviin lähimainkaan kaikki se veikeä sanaleikki, jota Slim niin taidokkaasti käyttelee alkuperäisissä kirjoituksissaan.)

Kapitalistisen sanomalehdistön petollisuus voidaan käsittää siinä propagandassa, jota se levittää, yllyttämällä sinua “stikkaamaan työpaikassasi.” “Vierivä kivi ei kasva sammalta” jne. Mitä tapahtuu?

Sinä riiput kiinni työpaikassasi kuten lapsi mutalätäkössään — säilytät sen, uneksit siitä, puhut siitä, laulat sen kunniaa — sinä “stikkaat” — ja sitten isäntäsi asettaa koneen tekemään työtä jota sinä olet ennen tehnyt.

Sinun odotetaan “stikkaavan” työpaikassasi ainakin siihen saakka kunnes kone sinut siitä vapauttaa — sitten voit mennä kotiisi ja elää onnellisena lopun elämääsi — ymmärretään näet että työpaikan saamisessa et sinä kykene kilpailemaan koneen kanssa. Ethän sinä kykene kilpailemaan edes hevosenkaan kanssa, kuten seuraava “aikataulu” osoittaa:

Santa Fe rautatie tiedottaa: “Keskinkertaiset kustannukset maan siirtämisestä ojakoneella ovat 21 senttiä kuutiojaardilta verrattuna 50—75 senttiin jaardilta maan siirtämisestä hevosilla ja $0.00—$1.25 jaardilta käsin.”

Siinä! Luulempa että tuo pidättää sinua hetkisen.

Rautatiet olisivat todellakin helläsydämisiä — ja pehmeäpäisiä — jos ne tällaisten suhteiden vallitessa ottaisivat työhön sinut eikä ojankaivukonetta.

Vähemmän pehmeäpäisiä eivät ne olisi jos ne palkkaisivat hevosparin ja antaisivat sille tilaisuuden ansaita jauhamattomat kauransa.

Se tosiasia, että rautatiet eivät käytä hevosia vetämässä juniaan, todistaa että hevosenliha ei voi kilpailla koneiston kanssa — ja henkenikään tähden en minä voi käsittää miksi ne haluavat sinun “stikkaavan” työpaikassa — miksi ne eivät suorastaan tapa sinua nälkään.

“Vierivällä kivellä” ei ole mitään tekemistä tämän kanssa.

Mies saattaa vieriä ja hyppelehtiä ja heittää kuperkeikkaa aivan kuin valtameren vinttikoira” Sandy Hookin ulkopuolella, mutta sillä ei ole mitään tekemistä sen kanssa, että kone ottaa miehen työpaikan.

Parannuskeino? Ahaa, parannuskeino! Minä tiesin että sinä tahtoisit kuulla sen.

Hyvä!

Se ei ole pakottavan palkan päälle asetettavaksi keitettyä puuroa. Se ei ole “kuudennen sitruunan mehu, henkisesti juotuna.” Ei se ole uskontoa, eikä “kokeilemista pakanuudella” — ei, se ei ole mitään näistä.

On olemassa ainoastaan kaksi lääkettä tähän koneiden miehen työpaikan ottamistautiin. Ensimäinen on “ruumiillinen kulttuuri” — harjoita lihaksesi sellaisiksi että voit nostaa juuri yhtä paljon kuin höyrylapio nostaa.

Älä menetä rohkeuttasi, äläkä “vapise ennen lääkkeen nauttimista.”

Huomautus no. 1. Kirjoittaja ei ole laskenut väärin “biljoonavoimaa.” “Voima” kasvaa samalla tavalla kuin korko rahalle.

Huomautus no. 2. Santa Fe on asettanut työläiset seuraavalle tilalle hevosten jälkeen.

Huomautus no. 3. Santa Fella on paikka avoinna laskutaiturille (aikaisempaa kokemusta ei vaadita). Se on kyennyt saamaan selville kustannukset maan siirtämisestä ojakoineella, ollen se 21 senttiä kuutiojaardilta, mutta ei ole voinut laskea keskimäärää kustannuksista sen hevosilla siirtämisestä. Viidestäkymmenestä seitsemäänkymmeneen viiteen ei ole mikään keskimäärä.

Vaikka onkin sumuinen aamu niin minä haluaisin arvata — vain kerran — että keskinkertainen maksu maan hevosilla siirtämisestä on juuri 50 sentin ja 75 sentin keskivälillä, siis 62 ja puoli senttiä jaardilta — jos Santan numerot eivät valhettele ja jos yhtä paljon maata siirretään kummallakin edellä mainituista hinnoista.

Keskinkertaiset kustannukset käsin maan siirtämisestä on sanottu olevan dollarista dollariin ja neljännekseen — luultavasti saat valita kumman haluat.

Huomautus no. 4. Jos Santa Fe ei ole tarkempi “laajennus”-laskelmissaan ja muissa laskelmissaan kuin se on näiden “keskimäärien” kanssa, niin varmasti sen veturit kuopivat soraa ratakiskojen välissä tai juoksevat kokonaan pois raiteilta.

Huomautus no. 5. Näiden huomautusten tarkoitus ei ole väärinepäillä lukijan käsityskykyä eikä edes sinnepäin viitatakaan.

Kaikki kirjoituksemme aiheet olisi ollut esitettävä kertomuksen etupäässä, eikä jälkipäässä, kuten ne minulla ovat.

Kirjoittaja pyytää anteeksi heikkouksiensa ja sumuisen aamun puolesta.

Huomautus no. 6. Totisesti me olemme takertuneet tehtäväämme, aivan työmaallamme ja totisesti jos me haluamme vieriä vähän, kuten kivi, kuluttaa pois vähän hometta ja silotella karkeita kohtia, havaitsemme että emme oikein voi sitä tehdä sillä työpaikka on kuin ongenkoukku, johon sokkerit ja mateet tarttuvat ja jossa oleva väkä oli peitetty syötiksi asetettuun “boloniin” — ja katso, me olemme nielaisseet syötin, koukun ja joukon siimaluikuriakin.

Totisesti meidän vatsamme on kiinni työpaikassa emmekä me voi siitä lähteä ja jättää vatsaamme. — Ja sittenkin he vielä yllyttävät sinua “stikkaamaan työpaikassasi.”

“Kyllä, kyllä, herra” Me teemme siten, herra! (siihen saakka, kunnes saamme nielaisemamme koukun irrotetuksi).

Sehän on jotenkin samaa kuin neuvoa kaulastaan puunoksassa olevassa nuorassa roikkuvalle miehelle että: “pysyttele kiinni nuorassasi, kaveri; vierivä kivi ei kasva sammalta.” Kuinka todelliselta kaikki tuo näyttääkin.

## 1926\_48\_IS\_16061926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**CERTAINTY IS UNCERTAIN**

–––––

A gentleman from Spokane writing in letters to the SUN says he is “here only pleading, for the correct use of the word ‘gentleman’.”

He says that the word “gentleman” properly means a man of noble birth or, in the case of Americans, a man descended from noble European families.” (Not much of a drop).

“But,” he wails, “the term no longer has this significance in our American speech. What term will we substitute for it? “Aristocrat” will not do. It has an arrogant flavor.—

I would suggest the gentleman join the I. W. W. and call ‘em “parasites.”

**Things are changing!**—T-b. S.

## 1926\_49\_IW\_19061926

**ROBBING THE NOTEBOOK**

Carelessness, that’s what!

Our neighbors die and we bury them with every respect, but we quite neglect to slip an extinguisher into the coffin—Supposing he doesn’t go to heaven! He will be caught flat-footed without so much as a hand-grenade to squirt on the blaze.

Our faith in his ultimate destination is foolhardy.

Mr. Rockefeller isn’t handing new dimes to the King of Egypt.

King Fuad has immortalized himself by rejecting a gift of $10,000,000. I move that King Fuad be given a job as base ball jurist.

“Mr. John D. Jr., has withdrawn the offer of $10,000,000 for a museum—.”

They wouldn’t take it. What could he do?

The N. Y. Sun wants to know where do they get Aldermen now that the s’loons areK’closed— (my throat is dry).

We have no reason to object if the working class “want to dress well.” God knows, the imbeciles of the upper class are too conspicuous and “attirely” in need of more intelligent background.

Heywood Broun hasn’t come across an intelligent horse in all his tempestuous carter! Let this be a lesson to the 14th St. Tribe—place no faith in horses—hold no parley with them!

Heywood Broun evidently speaks not unfree from bitter experience.

\* \* \*

Begging your pardon, I am now in favor of having our “beer strength” the same “pro-scent” as American unionism—four per cent! Must be O’pen-SHOP here-abouts, wot?

“Baltimore’s Whipping Post For Delinquent Husbands Moves Women to Laughter” asserts headline. A hysterical thrill shoots through their frame, dormant insanity awakens and exhausts itself on air in peals of giggles. Moral: Don’t be delinquent!—the “nuts” will laugh at you. Pay your dues!

“I could whip the fellow myself,” says Mrs. Ag. Butler.

If that be so, Smedley Butler better look to his laurels.

“It was fine; there ought to be more of it,” voices another woman.

If this keeps on butcher shops will soon be charging admission.

You know heretofore I’ve wondered why the women spend so much time in the meat markets—the “dear things” just love to see Fritz cutting the meat. For real, hilarious performances *they ought to go to the stockyards or slaughter houses*—get a job in an abattoir.

\* \* \*

It is easier to support a paper already in existence thin it is to start a paper that isn’t. ‘ .

If the paper is “no good” it is because its support is stale; contagious disease that’s wot!

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that God made man in His own likeness and told ‘em: Thou shalt not construct a likeness of ME under PENALTY of Barbecue.

What did man do?

He started a doll factory, building perfect likenesses of The Lord-in His Youth.

\* \* \*

Speaking about birds:

“Condor Lays Another $750 Egg For U. S. Zoo.”

Ah, if the Condor would only lay 750 dollar eggs!—or 1,500 fifty cent eggs—and a little bacon! Ah, I’m nearly disfamished already!

Now that all the crooks are going to Philadelphia (to witness the Sesqui-Expo.) New York is putting on 3,000 new policemen.

Looks as if the city intends to prevent the “best people” from coming back home.

Saw a statue of naked man, dressed only in a leaf the wind had blown against him . .

What about it?

Nothing much—only—I was wondering if the sun and rain and wind and weather did tan him WHITE or is it just another one of those Nordic *pleasantries*?

At the curbing in front of a fashionable store stood several handsome carriages, with stiff-backed, motionless coachmen in bottle-green livery (dungarees, etc.) —all of which plainly indicated the very, the very desirable patronage accorded the store. Sure did! So it set me wondering as to whether the store hires those coachmen by the month or by the day—in fact, I had half a mind to go into the store and ask for a job.

N. Y. Times reports on May 12, under the head “THE WEATHER:”

“The disturbance that was over Nora Scotia has advanced to Western Newfoundland.”

I believe if the Times will look closer it will find it was Nora herself that created all the disturbance—probably under the influence of denatured liquor and trying to shade the glory of Clowntess Caskhart that was probably, also, another case of interrupted moral turpitude.

Long have I wondered where New Yorkers go for a drink of water. At last I found the fountain on corner of Chamber and B’way. Good! But when we remember that 7,000,000 people drink out of it—we can’t very well blame the parched *literati* for licking up a bath-tub full of grape extract.

## 1926\_50\_IS\_26061926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**FITNESS OF THINGS**

–––––

“Hyperbole,” sometimes pronounced hyperbull or superbull, cam be abreviated to just plain “bull”—in the interest of clarity.

It has no roots that I can find—but will have if the spreader don’t break down. Great language!

x x x

“Machine guns should not be sold expect on permits issued by military authorities or the police.”—N. Y. SUN.

I am glad to SEE the SUN cla[unlcear] the military authorities on a basis of equality with the police—glad indeed—for, true it is, when either one of them raps you over the head and **cracks yoyr strike**, you can’t tell which is which and who is who—at least not until the stars quit acting like excited comets. Even then your first question is, “Was he in uniform?”

x x x

The Washington Irving, a palatial pleasure boat and passenger liner, lies at the bottom of the “Hudson” river.

It ran foul of an oil barge, in a fog—and the hard-working, humble barge punched a hole in Irving’s ebaneled and arrogant wearing-streak. . . .

Of all the women aboard, only one asserted her rights and fainted.—The men—ah, the men—that wear the exposed pants—they were as excited as an ironworker with a red-hot rivet in his trousers. . . .

From this it would appear that barges still have some certain rights that will be respected in New York Harbor.

Note: A barge is about as big as three cigarboxes—the gigantic transatlantic liners are as big as three barges—the Atlantic is big enough to sink 37,000,000½ of ‘em.

News item: Ocean transportaton has gone back to **one wave-length** vessels, with four tubes—I mean funnels (smokestacks, on the Lakes). Just like Farmer John: You know, John now has the narrow gauge separator-of-individuality—one tube. Owing to the prohibitive prices of the sheet-metalwares such as sardine tins, etc., the time is fast approaching when the ocean liners will have to be kept in cotton battin’ and docks will be cushioned like billiarc tables.

x x x

Money is getting tight in New s York—Bronx bandits get only $500.

x x x

Startled, we climb to a point of information! Is president “Calles” pronounced “Kelly”?

x x x

Every ordinary man needs eight hours of sleep, and if any part of that is used in working overtime, “his” health is injured—mebbe permanently—and an injury to one . . . etc.

“Stribling was a trifle fine at 171 pounds. Berlenback never looked better at 714½, exactly one-half a pound below the weight required.”—New York JOURNAL.

Why comment? Figures don’t fib.

x x x

“Editor In Bankrupcy Quizzed By U. S. Court.”—Headline.

Gosh! S’posin’ it had been **Bunkrapture**!

x x x

Much has been said about the benefits of military training — and I guess it’s so:

They take a young man (young men are less apt to have rheumatism) and have him run the gauntlet of three or seven sets of doctors—(more or less rational and able to see) and, if the young man passes all those doctors and they can’t find a thing the matter with him, then military training stops in and benefits him—just how, I’m not prepared to say.

x x x

“Two can live as ‘cheap’ as one.” Many find it hard to believe that, and for that reason refuse to “pair” their livelihood. Unworthy doubts!

That above phenomenigma, can be readily understood when it is remembered that since “one” doesn’t get enough to live on, how could the living cost of “two” increase his expenses? Impossible!

(Above optimistikate words were written because my friends have a habit of figuring the cost of two lives according to **current price-lists** of the mercantile (smirk and smile) outfits—’way up into high finance. It is my earnest and fervent and hectic hope that my friends will cease to dwell in that strange world of figures. Come down to earth and calculate on things as they really have.

## 1926\_51\_IW\_26061926

**TAXING OUR SPIRIT**

Railroads are complaining that their pay-toilets are not money-making affairs–– even at 5 cents a throw. At the same time they accuse the passenger traffic “dropping off.” Can it be possible the traffic has followed “free toilets?”

Brace up, railroads! The generous public will return to thee as soon as you set free comfort and quit that petty nickel game.

Of course they felt hurt––the public––when they got *caught short* and you, railroads, took advantage of it and squeezed a nickel out of ‘em.

In this connection, I’m sorry to say that the public being averse to parting with the jit has functioned in a manner that lays them open to suspicion––where the doors of the pay-as-you-enter do not reach clear to the floor the public is frequently caught on his hands and knees either crawling in or backing out.

Now that looks suspicious, indeed.

An officer of the law extricated one such publican from such a compromising position and asked him, “Wot’s the big idea?”

The heineous culprit produced a coin and explained that “just as he was putting it in the slot it slipped and rolled into the closet; that he was only fishing it out.”

“Noble man!” exclaimed the cop, slapping the victim of circumstancial evidence on the shoulder so hard that the nickel again rolled into the exclusive booth.

Again, during rush hours, the traffic in this department is so great that the doors don’t get a chance to lock before a new candidate has moved in––thus killing two birds with one stone. The railroads consequently lost many nickels that way . . . but I’m sure that the public who gain a nickel that way, invariably give it to charity––drop it in the collection box––when they attend the more divine service––especially on Easter morning –– otherwise, mebbe, they couldn’t attend church owing to financial stringency.

\* \* \*

WHEN IS A MAN CRAZY?

Ah, a very proper question, following the above treatise on sanitary taxation. The craziness of man depends (according to a popular bureau of standards) wholly upon the man’s own words:

As long as he keeps his mouth shut he isn’t crazy––that is, as long as he keeps his thoughts to himself he is considered a wise man. If he opens his mouth and speaks his thoughts to somebody else, he is a nut.

But, if he thinks his thoughts resonantly to himself––talks to himself––he is crazy. A condition wherein his governor-belt has slipped off his “clarifier” causing his annunciator to transmit vocal variations of various mental vagaries “neck and neck” with the production of his deduction motor, idea-occilators, thought-generator and also his knowledge-dynamo. But a writer, ah, he is never crazy––he may be queer, but that’s all.

And so, as I was going to say in regards that lavatory deal, may it please the reader to have me produce right in front of his expectant gaze that the 5 cents tax on our tile sanitary efforts is merely a step in the direction of taking absolute control over our very lives––and let him note that the exchange reports a terrible slump in Castor Oil (unlimited) as a result of it.

It, the step, is a move to prepare the way for taxing our breathing, in the future. Radio will be perfected to the end that it will register (on a meter) in the Air Corporation’s office the number of cubic feet of air you inhaled last month and a bill will be mailed to you––you’ll pay it, or do your breathing behind iron bars. Of course, a 20 per cent discount will be allowed for dust and smoke. That’s when, not only man, but men and women are crazy––or easy.

P. S.––Our author gathers from the above that capitalism is not yet at the end of its resources––it will approximate its end when it begins to keep tab of our breathing.

\* \* \*

Anent the British strike, says Wm. Randolph Hearst, a rising journalist for the New York Journal:

“A catastrophe which has overtaken England” (you mean, Eng. caught up with said cat-as-trophy?) “in the great strike, a catastrophe which might easily have been averted if only some one of the parties to the original dispute had had the intelligence or the patriotism to avert the conflict.” England should import a little intelligence––he we could spare Hearst.

Dr. John Roach Stratton, Calvary Baptist Church, Manhattan, says “*no better thing could happen than the whole rising generation be put under the strict authority of military training.*”

Not necessary––just feed ‘em beans!

\* \* \*

No “better thing” could happen? Then why does Dr. John fool his time away––preaching?

\* \* \*

Great minds are still booting the “moot question” as to whether newspapers create public senitiment or merely reflect it. (Let me answer that, editor––it is my turn).

I believe the modern murder-messengers and advertising-argusies, after pruning the public of all sentimen, reflect the shorn––butt! To me the question is not “do they create, or do they reflect––but do they destroy sentiment?

We know what they reflect––disaster, devastation and desolation. Dissolution, in fact!

And they refuse responsibility––debating as to whether they create or reflect public sentiment. Methinks they’re “off the subject”––and “off” other ways, too––not so wise––and, really, its a shame to pay three cents for the department store advertisements that’s fit to read, and worth printing.

## 1926\_52\_IW\_03071926

**WHOLEWHEAT PHILOSOPHY**

Mother may be your truest friend, a sweetheart may be your most saccharine friend, but, your warmest friend is a stove––or a bath house.

A dog probably is your most faithful friend, a pipe, too, is constant––but your closest friend is your underwear. . . .

\* \* \*

Our main objection to the other fellow is––”because he isn’t like us.”

He’s not at all calm, like we are. He doesn’t think as great thoughts. . . . He’s so absent minded; mislays things; does everything wrongly––in fact, we object to him because he is everything that he thinks we are; and we––of course––are everything we think we ain’t. Know Thyself!

\* \* \*

Industrial Unionism is conceded to be the best kind of unionism. Why is it then that workers are slow in accepting it? The idea is good, the Preamble is masterpiece––then why don’t workers use them?

\* \* \*

THEORY AND PRACTICE––

New York City paper opines that Luther Burbank cannot be spoken of “as a great scientist.” Certainly not! He was a genius.

\* \* \*

IGNORANCE IS OUR WORST ENEMY

It is––and the funny part of it is that it isn’t OUR ignorance. It’s the ignorance of the CAPITALIST CLASS! Look at the system they boost. Some day they’ll get caught with the goods right on ‘em––our watch in their pocket (numbers on it corresponding with the numbers in our note-book). What then? Nineteen years of hard labor––and the return of the jewelry.

\* \* \*

WE LEARN EVERY DAY––

What is a monologue? A monologue is a conversation between man and wife.

\* \* \*

In a restaurant a lumberjack reasons something like this: “Eggs are a good food. Waitah! Fetch me three orders of ham and eggs and one cup of that rotten coffee.”

In the woods he reasons something like this: “Kind and Gentle Foreman––We re-SPOKEfully DEMAND! eggs for NEXT! Christmus.” Lumberjacks are *just the greatest* for poking fun!

\* \* \*

NEW YORK CITY.––Lower East Side in New York City begins on the West Side (on foreign territory, so as to say). Upper West Side had no place to begin on account of the river so it had to go over to the North side to make a start––the North Side now had no place in the sun to commence so it grabbed one of Mayor Hylan’s ferries and moved over to the Bush Terminal, Brooklyn. The present mayor is more of a Walker; Brooklyn’s now crowded, so was forced into the sea, Atlantic, at Coney Island. Population: 8,000,000 complacent humans.

Many good reasons are advanced why New York City is the biggest city in this world. But it remained for me to tell folks the true cause for its shortage of smallness. Five cent street car fare! As a result of the small car fare the cross town cars run very cautiously (as is expected) and kill no pedestrians––with the result that their name stays in the directory. As a result of their slowness many people walk––in fact, only visitors ride the cars. The result is that all the walkers benefit from the exercises, remain well and strong. . . Their name remains in the directory also!

All this is due to five cent car fare.

You see, then, the higher fare kills off the population two ways: first, being hooked up to higher speed, it would run over the slow walkers. Second, higher speed would make it an object for the hurrying people to ride and skip their invigorating walks.

Terrible! Murder! Just plain murder! Twin Degree Assination!

The five cent fare is general in New York––except where four cents is extorted. A six cent fare, a rarity, is the exception that proves the nickel. Therefore, readers, in view of New York City’s tubes, subways, ferries, elevated “open air lines” and surface, (trollyless) cars, almost satisfactory, it may appear to you when your traction lords, in your low cost community holler for 6, 7, 8, and 10 cent that they figure on killing off some of the population.

Don’t you believe it! They’re just dumb!

\* \* \*

In regards to why workers don’t use industrial unionism more extensively, let me point out: the I. W. W. is the only union that offers industrial unionism –– but the workers are slow in grabbing it up. Why? People move from economic interest––offer a man better wages than he is getting and he will follow you “to the end of the earth.” Offer him a better system than the capitalist system and he will “switch” that quick. But you must prove it to him! You can’t get him to accept something “just as good” because he has grown “attached” to the old one. The old will vanish only when a better one appears––people want the best! Now, if our organization has even the slightest resemblance to capitalist system slaves will look at it long and hard before they accept it––even for a substitute.

Capitalist itself didn’t come into existence until it was proven conclusively that it was the best, and “politest” way “to work the slave for free lunch.” The best way to keep the workers poor and the parasites rich!

Now, prove to the worker that Industrial Unionism will make the worker rich and the parasite poor and he will step up to examine your organization. Be sure, then capitalist features lurk in your wood pile––I mean it!

## 1926\_53\_IS\_07071926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**DEVOTEES?**

–––––

The Neo-Malthusians are advocates of fewer and better children.

A good idea, but it would be better still if the Neo-Malthusians would dig in and put their theories and lectures into practice—

The principle, I s’pose, is copied after the **reasoning done in the purple-milk days** when the populance almost as one, demanded [unclear] and better quarts—

I see—I see, the children of the future will be something like condensed babies—in conformity with progress made in the art, or is it science, of canning milk.

But let us hope, editor, that they don’t get a notion to can the children. And, editor, whilst we’re at it, will you inform your readers and writers which is which: it says right here on this can, “made from pure cow’s milk”—now, which was pure, the cow or the milk?

If the cow, was the cow whole?

If the milk, was milk all presen?

Modesty may prevent you distinguishing this burning question. . .

Thanks, just the same—the success of “the birth-control” hinges on those questions (that is, insofar as “a need” may exist)

It’s only other **threatening** competitor is mustard-gas.

Either that, or deport them to Texas—or New York City.

\* \* \*

SUCH IS LIFE—

We see where a defenseless and deroofless woman got $100,000 for the **alienification** of her husband’s affections—whatever that is. Or was it her husband’s affectations. Aside from purely chivalrous “feelings” we, the T-bone Slim, believe that **the husband should have got the $100,000**: considering that it was his affections, not hers, that was alienized.

We see where a man got $14,000 for being smashed, bruised-up and crippled for life. Good! That’s something.

Now we are in a position to say that life isn’t worth 12½ cents a pound for sweetpotatoes.

\* \* \*

SASSIETY NOTE

Whin a married and otherwise abused women called on Miss Stone with a witness and span of detectives, her equally married husband lost his equilibrium and fell out of the window— no looking for an avenue . . . of, escape.

“I was fully dressed,” said Miss Stone—not that it makes any differenee. You know, women now days wear so “little” that it is hard to decifer when they **are in the full uniform**.

Besides: I guess a person has a right to take-off or put-on cloth—and not be considered “caught” doing it.

No bath-tub figured . . . no bath control

\* \* \*

About 1926 years ago Judas Horse-Chariot traded-off Jesus Christ, to the church-people of those blissful days—for 30 cents.That was considered a good price in those days—seeing as how it covered all claims and set the church people free to do as they please with their purchase (which would be considered a bargain nowdays).

In those days the church people were well-fed and vindictive acccordingly, so they hit upon, a plan of nailing Christ to a cross.

Today, of course, thanks to capitalism, the church-people are not as vindictive, and cannot be,—we can’t expect them to be—not on the food-flakes they eat—and therefor, we, the writer, feel reasonably safe with but the crudest of armor, and lightest of artillery.

\* \* \*

INTRODUCTION WANTED

True the ways of the world are devious and the undertakings of man are **too damn ambitious**: Filled with unfilled longings and **unfulfillments** we feel that our own powers of deportment are insufficient . . .This does not mean our delinquency, shortcoming, arrearage or want shall be re-inforced by an army, navy, militia and police; it does not meant that our cravings for adventure shall be proscribed, curbed and arrested, in the rudimentary stage, by additional prohibitionary laws—no. It means that we recognize thefrailty of our efforts, the immatureness of our judgment, the deceit in our vision, the faltering in ourstep—hence, in order to saturateour wish and consummate our will wedon’t need a book of rules, set ofinstructions or blue-prints.

What we need is information, guardian and—a guide.

We’ll do the rest—speaking for.

—T-bs.

## 1926\_54\_IW\_10071926

**MEN ARE STUBBORN**

Sometimes it is too cold—or too hot—in the lumber camps. Too hot, so as to make it feel like the next-world as much as possible.

When you go out to the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company’s camps don’t forget to take along a package of bedbug powder.

When a lawyer says “*gentlemen* of the jury,” his fingers are crossed. When I say “*fellow worker*” I mean it. I recognize you have earned all you get, or got—even if you haven’t got it now.

\* \* \*

A Woodsman had found a fine fur glove and was showing “his good fortune” to a bunch of lumberjacks:

“It’s too bad you didn’t find the mate to it,” remarked one.

“Well, I *would* *of*, but the man was sitting on it!” How truthful! Such downright, out and out, solid honesty!

\* \* \*

I’m reminded that, having nothing else to do, I took a trip to Tripoli—to ‘vestigate the story about the Riffians. It’s all bosh!

I found no Riffians and I found no mattresses on the beds.

\* \* \*

In the town boarding house I was escorted to a virtuous iron bed and upon rearranging the “*blanket and a half*” espied upon the corner of the blanket what appeared to, be a strong squirt of tobacco juice.

My critics will say . . . “To hell with the critics!” *The time is now to be franker than ever*—”the hell with ‘em.” The lumberjacks will back me up. We want *the exact ghastly whole truth — the unbutted truth*.

I found no Riffians—but a Swede told me I should have gone to Morocco. Now, where is Morocco? It must be on the Bradley Line between Tomahawk and Spirit Lake. I know of no Morocco or Mecca in Wisconsin, but I do know of Marengo, and Rubicon, Michigan.

As I was saying, the Bissel has one camp out of Tripoli—and four jobbers. Nelson is the most active jobber. Bissel’s board leaves much to be desired.

\* \* \*

The company camp, 120 men, fits “kind of tight” around-the full crew: In passing out one must step over the knees of the suffering victims. Some men have grown quite skillful in this — the younger men through the practice of walking on the “one-cornered ties;” the older men through the practice of straddling the same railroad ties.

\* \* \*

My critics will say “there are no *one-cornered ties*.” Huh! What’s a round tie? Is that all corners? Ever walk on ‘em? When they’re bridged way up-in the air? Just walk on ‘em, and when your foot slips you’ll know there’s no other corner.

That’s how Bissel’s workers get so skillful in passing over knees of their compatriots.

\* \* \*

Pass this paper on and buy another one just like it—and pass that on.

\* \* \*

As per usual, the *members* of the Industrial Workers of the World have been lax in their organization work in the woods, especially the L. W. I. U. 120 in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, by God. . . .

\* \* \*

The drive for unionizing the woods must start (on the dot) on the first day of October — that is, when the industry starts! We must start with it! THE GRIEF SETS IN MUCH LATER.

When the grief sets in, in order for us to be fully successful, our work must have progressed to such an extent that we can swing the rest. As it is we can do what we we can, and the unorganized can help us by organizing. Don’t wait for somebody to ask you—DO IT YOURSELF !

\* \* \*

PUBLIC PROPERTY—Wheat has about in dozen different properties, or quantities. About three of them get into the bread—that’s why some breads are called wheatbread, i. e., some wheat in it. It would be too long a name to call it Minority Report of the Wheat Properties, or By-Product of the Whole Wheat—you can see for yourself. The “scientists” saw it first! That’s what comes of ISOLATING the atom—they sure isolated (coralled) and then hid them!—Hide’solated is the proper word.

\* \* \*

MURDER !

He came into an eating-sty

And when the waitresses gathered nigh,

He murmured with a ghastly sigh,

“T-bone smothered.”

Just like a soul born but to lose

He gazed downcastly at his shoes

And once again he broke the news:

“T-bone smothered.”

The waiting-girls took up the cry—

(Theirs not to question how or why—

Theirs but to raise their voices high)

“T-bone smothered.”

Six customers fell off the stools

Six sturdy hearts *on T-bone cools*

And all because Time’s record rules:

“T-bone smothered.”

## 1926\_55\_IW\_17071926

**H’OPTIMISM**

Some people have an idea that will-power is an institution that stays and doesn’t change; that it is a part of a man same as his leg or watch; that once you have it, you always have it, and so on . . .

That is an––an erotic idea––shall I say it?

\* \* \*

Will-power comes and goes––at will.

There––I’ve admitted the existence of it! Now, let us locate it:

To start in let us move from the position that there is no such thing as will-power. I believe that is the correct position.

To generate will-power, then, we must move –– act –– perform some sign –– else, we must differentiate between the will-to-do and the will-to-not-do. For instance, to abstain from drinking red pop we must first quit red pop before our will-power puts itself in evidence. That’s the will-not-to-do and consists not of will power but actions taken.

\* \* \*

The will-to-do, on the other hand, as in stealing a horse, for instance, the act itself covers the transaction and will-power operates only afterwards, if at all. . . .

We find will-power is not a fundamental phenomena any more than a corn on one’s foot.

The “corn” wasn’t there first but developed as the result of friction (action), so with will-power; what is it but a mental callous resulting from the action taken, or the processes of recording the action taken?

Will-power gives you no super-power to accomplish things. Will-power does not antedate the act, or fact. Your reason tells you what to do; your organs, (with or without will-power) are capable of doing, and do perform, the dictates of reason most satisfactorily. Will-power follows, after a prolonged exercise in action, even so as bodily strength follows the judicious exercising of muscles. Will-power does not precede the act––it follows one or several acts, and is not a necessary part of my accomplishment.

A poetic term:

Wait for will-power to act and you will wait “for a heluva long time.”

Will-power’s side kick is “tomorrow.”

\* \* \*

What we need is not better delegates––but more of them.

The outlook in the woods is decidedly optimistic, though disorganized. On the other hand an atmosphere of optimism prevails among the lumber operators. Edward Hines, multimillionarie lumberman says the demand for lumber is great. That would seem to indicate that Charley Strange will be able to “keep up” his dues in the lumbermen’s association without much trouble. In fact, it is thought, none of them will suffer actual want the coming summer.

Elsewhere, too, the reports are encouraging. Henry Ford, John Rockefeller, Morgan and so on, are all prosperous and will not “hafto” work for board and clothes–– in order to live. They’re pretty stakey.

In every sense of the word the Wrepublican era of prosperity has arrived until the slaves organize as a class . . . after that a far more widespread era of prosperity will blanket the whole people; mebbe reach to as far as where we are––shivering on the edges.

If at any time things begin to snarl, the matter can be taken over by the membership and adjusted according to the only known rule that can or will adjust anything––the majority rule.

Meetings, conferences, conventions and more meetings, conferences, and conventions meet, confer and convene; until the snarl subsides.

\* \* \*

(A tip to topers: Organize your drinking; form a “tipplers trust”––the “times” demand organized procedure. Organize your every move).

Pool your labor power with the I. W. W.!

\* \* \*

The Stock and Dairy Farmer takes a fling at the Twentieth Amendment (child-labor) with a most heart-rendering “no” . . . and adds:

“Taking a different slant a farm woman with a family of her own” (get that family? of her own?) “says”: “Some men of vision” (get that––”men”) “believe this amendment to be another weapon secretly forged for the destruction of our Constitutional form of government; for if this becomes unduly oppressive our people will revolt and destroy it as others have done. The chaos and misery following the overthrow of organized government in Russia should be a horrible example to all men and women of red-radical leanings”––Stock and Dairy Farmer, February, 1925.

This woman with a family of her own quotes what “Some men of vision” believe. (Was there any pink snakes in the vision?). It will be remembered Russia had a constitutional government under Nicholas, known as “Darkest Russia.” If that is the kind this woman pines for, I believe she can be accommodated. Her tale about “chaos and misery” is based upon the belief of “some men”––and not upon knowledge.

The editor of that paper has insulted us.

## 1926\_56\_IS\_21071926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**WALL STREET—**

–––––

Introduction:

“Did you see anything of [unclear] QUARTER that Morris lost?”

The Metropolitan Cafeteria is [unclear]excited about it—Morris lost it [in] New Years Day.

All of Flatbush Terminal [unclear] half of Queensburgo is keenly [in]terested and even staid old [unclear] brows . . . isn’t safe to flash [unclear] of my $30 bills . . New [unclear] Gotham and Spiten-Devil will [unclear] never rest till this mystery is [solved].

\* \* \*

There is only one exc[unclear] failure to defend (support) [unclear] [fel]ow worker and that is **empty** [unclear] **ury**—a broken leg is no [excuse].

\* \* \*

“Isn’t and organization [unclear] is no excuse—because the [unclear] “Organization case” until pro[ven] to be something different.

So, when it is remember that his defence of money and [unclear] comes prior to the proof of [his] quilt, innosense or *status,* it wil [be] seen that the statement “it [unclear] and organization case” is but [unclear] timonous dodging of responsibility, putting of judgement before the trial.

Therefore: let us not hunt for excuses—and whereas: lack [of] money is “no excuse,” let us [unclear] money—

Now: having gained [unclear] through organization, let us [unclear]some of it in the treasury [unclear] destroy forever the temptation [unclear] the official guardian of our we[unclear] to say “IT ISN’T an ORGANIZATION case”—for after all an empty treasury will make but [unclear] strongest men talk foolishly.

\* \* \*

NERVOUS

New York Safe?

“No high explosives are [unclear] at any army post, within or [unclear] the city limits, it was learned [unclear] N. Y. Times.—

Learned what= From whom? Give us the authority of that statement. Seems to me the “Times” is rushing in to assume the[unclear] **of lying** in case something explodes.—It was learned!

\* \* \*

WATERED CIVILIZATION

It has been stated too many times that “Taking of collection” discourages attendance at business meetings.

That may be true.

But even if true, I claim, it does no harm to the meeting—insofar as the men and women who fear to be “bummed” are strangers to solidarity.

Hence, the men and women who do not fear and hold solidarity with their fellowman are just the proper folks to conduct business meetings . . Illustration: If a fellow worker is in “the can,” **framed or unframed,** it is perfectly proper to “dig,” beg, borrow, cry-for and demand money for his defense and subsistence.

I’ll admit the remark refered to is not intended in the sense that I take it—so, let us all be more cautious about accusing our own dear selves of lack of solidarity; let us dig down—if we have it—and let us have the nerve to say NO—if we **haint no got.**

And let us not fear.—T-bs.

\* \* \*

Our employers are to be highly congratulated for the faithful and willing slaves that are working for them—more peaceable and industrious **industrians** never graced the face of God’s green Platz, covered with soot. . . .

Nothing is too heavy for ‘em. Nothing too fast. Nothing too contrary. Everything is done in record time—sometimes busting a frail and dilapitated record in the manouver.

Nowhere under the sun, over it, or on either side, before or behind, or inside (the sun) can you find as good, husky, spry and cheerful wage slaves as in these good old Lucky United States of North America—yet, our employers appear to be ungrateful and dissatisfied. . . .

Shed them now!—T-b. S.

## 1926\_57\_IW\_24071926

**FISH TALES**

New York Evening Journal is editorially edificated ecause it has seen a queen—Her Majesty—that doesn’t look like a “woebegone” housemaid: Just how much of the queen was under inspection is not given out, but it is reasonable to suppose that the Journal overhauled the queen thoroughly, else it would not venture into print comparing her to housemaids that *are not woe-begone*.

The author of this article is very highly pleased that the Journal has found one queen that can be compared to housemaids (he, the author, in his ignorance, supposed that all majesty was thoroughly maggotty).

\* \* \*

Coolidge Lands Five-Pound Pike.—Headline.—Notice of this event should be “wired” the president instantly. He may not see it in the papers—and the goodly fish will spoil. Pretty big fish that—nothing smaller should be printed. God! I can almost smell it!

The Great T-Bone Slim (T-Bone The Great) was kidnaped and Shanghaied into the Goodrich, Silvertown Cord Advertisement, at the Strand Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., to hear said “orchestras” render Tchaikovski limb from limb . . . The piece under discussion was “1812.” I will say that the mechanical execution was precise as the ambulations of a print-press—but words fail me when I try to describe the mellow melody of the composition. The heavenly inspiration can be compared only to the plaintive tones of a loaded sheep car on rock-ballast, undertones of car included—and Strindberg riding it

If this Tchaikowski wrote that piece, as rendered by Knecht’s accomplices, he could be pinched for sabotage—a word coined by Quackenbush in his immortal words, “possibility of sabotage,” just as if he knew what the company was going to do in the I. R. T. subway strike.

\* \* \*

AS A CAUSE:

In automobile-accident deaths, intoxication with liquor stands at the bottom of the list despite the fact that newspapers give it first place in headlines. (Note.—Headlines and hawsers pre two different things: hawsers are rope and headlines are string) .

Now, if intoxication causes least deaths in automobile accidents it proves but one of three things:

First, Newspapers are liars.

Second, Few drivers drink.

Third, All drivers should drink.

Further: Drunken drivers break many bottles on boulevards, preventing sober ones prilling anybody—they can’t kill with “a flat tire”—too expensive.

Further: When a drunk is too drunk to *recognize caution*, he parks his car and sleeps it off. (The judge fines him $12.50 for his failure to be *on duty* killing the people). The drunk, of course, pays it gladly for he thinks “the saving of even one life is worth that much.”

Besides: He might only cripple them!

\* \* \*

IDLE RATTLE TRAPS

I see where the New York City I. R. T. is sueing 62 strikers to recover $239,000 in loss of revenues suffered by the company since the inception of the strike ten days ago.

It means nothing—insofar as the company didn’t wait until all the losses were in. Besides, that stunt may have worked in Danbury, Connecticut, but ‘twill not work in derepublicanized Gotham. What will work is a suit of the strikers to recover wages up to the zero-hour when the company separated them from the pay-roll—that, on the grounds that the company refused to meet them to have its recalcitrant ignorance dissipated.

Warning.— Don’t buy houses and lots — it isn’t safe—the fond companies will sue you for them and GET THEM.

DANBURY !

*Join the I. W. W.!*

\* \* \*

SPECTACLE

Good times are setting in for the eyespecialists (opticians) in New York—examination free!

An epidemic of blindness has struck the city a terrible blow. Thousands and thousands of workers are so blind they cannot see *that signing agreement with the bosses, as a union, compels them to withdraw from the union and organize a so-called “outlaw” union* whenever they feel like striking.

In other words, they were so near sighted that they paid dues to a union merely for the purpose of getting the union to *hook them to an agreement*.

\* \* \*

The genuineness of the failing eyesight is evidenced by the fact that those men, after withdrawing from the union and forming an “outlaw” union, are now flirting with the A. F. of L. to get it to tie them to a contract—only to withdraw again and form another “outlaw” . . .

The blindness is general, and although I’m fully aware of the *shenanigan* being attempted, I cannot for the life of me see the sense of paying dues, for the privilege of getting *hog-tied*.

It is useless to’ tell these *blindbirds* about the I. W. W.—a union that doesn’t tie its members for the boss.

They’re blind, I tell you; and the only help for them is eye-glasses—*Spectacles*!

## 1926\_58\_IS\_28071926

**BONEYARD—**

(By T-BONE SLIM)

Considering we have imitat[unlcear] sausages, creamless ice cream, [unlcear] en (excelsior) pillows and knowledgeless colleges, it gets my goat where [unlcear] can find no lawn of **artificial grass** [unlcear] we myst be losing our grip.

Brace up, gents, something phon[ey] will crop up!

\* \* \*

The revolution will have to be [post]poned on account od the [unlcear] fans frooting for the home team.

\* \* \*

Civilization has now reached [unlcear] stage where we can dispense with [unlcear] services of the Society For the [unlcear] vention of Cruelty To A[nimals].

Why even jingoes in [unlcear]are so peaceful that it is a [unlcear]—I. W. W. hasn’t been on the front page since **seven weeks tomorrow.**

Further: The S. P. C. A. is la[unlcear] **down** on its duties.

I demand to know that the S. P. C. A. is going to do about those [unlcear]stipated dogs in Brooklyn.

\* \* \*

You have nothing to lose but your chains and “change” . . . .

A broken chain; right through its weakest link—for be it remembered: A hose is no **longer than its weakes link.**

\* \* \*

I had no doubt about George Washington praying at Valley Forge until I saw the “Sesqui” picture of G. W. “imploring divine aid” for American troops.

‘Methinks the “intolerants” are overdoing it—with the result that the harsh Washington is made to appear sacred. Making him appear sacred—makes it appear that George would tell a lie in a “pinch,” on one hand; and other other hand, it ddestroys the “belief” that he never told the truth—all and all, making him appear as a very ordinary father of his country ——

I protest!

\* \* \*

“I speak but the truth” is a lie insofar as one can speak the truth only “to the best of his knowledge.”

“I believe I speak the truth” [is] another fib—people don’t believe—they know—**I think, or know, that I speak the truth in conformity with the** [unlcear] **and thinking** [unlcear] **that I have or haven’t!**

That’s a sweet way to put it!

Suspicion is but a condition of [unlcear] complete knowledge—a word prest[unlcear]tute.

Doubt and belief belong to the same family.

\* \* \*

Much u n d e s e r v e d criticism is tossed at the bull for his habit of chasing citizens “off his pasture” and reservation. This, too, in the face of the fact /As a Chicago paper has shown) when a bull chases a man he is only helping him to “break in” a pair of new shoes.

I have every regard for the bull (except hjis steak)—especially do I honor him for swearing off cow’s milk; in this he is superior to man—for, verily I do “believe,” a man with his face buried in a glass of milk resembles a calf. “But milk is a good food.”—

So it is, so it is—for babies.

\* \* \*

SHE’S “HUNG UP”

One of the main reasons why labor finds itself in financial difficulties, from time to time, is the machine. The reason for this lies in the fact that machine is not the “same” tomorrow, today and yesterday.

The machine changes from worse to “fair” and “not so worse” to better—in other words, the machine is a growing institution and not a fixed standard.

If it was a fixed-standard, labor could very easily adjust the wages tso that there would be no shortage of shekels among the horney-lingered subjectys of the alarm-clock . . .

Indeed, he might even grow [unlcear] careless as to forgot to wind the thing and ‘squently forget to wake up e’en for the romantic **spurtposes** [unlcear]ordained by the seld-manufactured overseers and . . .

What’s the moral to this?

The moral is just like this:

The working class is too-much inclined to remain a fixed-standard and not a growing institution. The result of that is that it finds itself on the scrap-pile **all too soon**—a bystander on the outskirts of progress.

Where’s the moral?

Dam me if I didn’t quite forget the moral!

**Read the I. W. W. papers and progress with the crowd.B**

Being as how it is now summer according to reliable reports mebbe—mebbe you can spare the price for one year’s subscription—mebbe.

## 1926\_59\_IW\_31071926

**THE BEST—- - -**

–––––

“We have no speakers,” mourns a fellow worker flooding my shoulders with hot tears. I’ve got a blister to prove if.

He must of never heard Archie Sinclair address the Crookstone Lumber Co., or had the pleasure of hearing our noble, though humble, author address the citizens and merchants on Forty-Second Street.

So I suggest that he attend the business meeting and hear the boys open up on good and welfare—not that I BElieve in good to and welfare (in this I’m not philosophical). Good and welfare follows organization, demands, and solidarity, as surely and faithfully as rain follows the east wind—we can’t dodge it, so why should I tire myself believing it?

Yes, we have the best speaker, and the best speakers; the best subject, and the best subjects—including those in our papers—the best papers, etc.

*Everything ours is the best.*

If it isn’t best, it isn’t ours — Take it away!

Our ex-members are the best ex-members in the world although I aint got no blisters to prove it:

We, in our justified conceit look down upon them as if they were nothing—here’s where we do them an unjust injustice. Why, fellow workers, an exWobblie holds the second highest position in all this world—that’s something.

Having no blisters on my shoulder to prove this, I’ll point out as how a GOVERNOR of a state when he falls short in the selection-returns, never tires of mentioning (in a casual way) that he’s an Ex-Gov.—you see, that’s almost as good as being a governor; better than being an acting-governor and twice as good as a Lieutenant-Governor. Yes indeed, an Ex-Wob is way up in “G.”

By the way: The ex-saloonkeepers are thinking of resigning from the police force—as a result of the late agitation for heavier beer and weightier wine. You know, these noble men were too honest to dish-up crayoned-water to their heartbroken customers; so, rather than act like the “Christian druggists” that sell you medicine they know to be worthless—just to gain four-bits—without cracking a smile—without confessing their sins—these heroic saloon-keepers preferred to become Ex. and went on the police force.

\* \* \*

Witness the defeated Congressmen and Senators: When the people no longer permit them to go to Washington as their representatives, the administration generally sends “the Ex-Congressmen and Ex-Senators” to foreign countries as Ambassadors. So, who knows but Attaches and Ambassadors of the Future will be selected from among the Ex-Wobs—’specially, if the right Party gets s’strong.

\* \* \*

Yes sir, we have all kinds of all kind Wobblies and they’re all kind—and, good—and true. True, they have flaws — who hasn’t—even I, as perfect as I am, have a weak spot in my heart and sole for us *valiant strugglers a-gainst - odd-looking-odds*; as stoic and sullen as I am (cool) I indicate great surprise at the sticking ability of us frail creatures (manufactured) — I’ve seen it done and having seen all, felt all, heard all, smelt all and tasted all (from grief to chicken) I just sit here bn the Department of Plants and Structures ferry boat and marvel at the allaround, general and copious assortment of Wobblies—from card-bearing rebels to those not so bearing; clear down to Scissorbills—and I’m pleased.

Now let me die!

\* \* \*

P. S.— Here’s a piece that I tried to squeeze into the article:

We needn’t worry about the other fellow—he is fully capable of functioning as he thinks best.

We needn’t worry about ourselves — not even when we quit the class struggle. Because: If we automatically desort the class struggle, the class struggle will very democratically come to us—typified by the old statement, “The Cat Came Back”—It is that way! Mohamet wouldn’t go to the mountain so the mountain unlimbered itself and toddled over to Mohamet—and that’s no philosophy.

## 1926\_60\_IS\_04081926

**BONEYARD—**

(By T-BONE SLIM)

We have many laws in the statue books that are not enforced, and many that **lie in the books and bloom unseen, unknown.**

This deplorable condition is caused by the legislator’s failure to expose their wares, display their produsct and demonstrate their acts.

Therefor: People having the freedom to break laws subject to penalties provided by the law, and

Whereas: They cannot very easily break a law when the don’t know of its existence, or content, I suggest that: The lawmakers inform the people of such laws and remind them of laws they have forgotten—and describe in detail how to break those laws—so the people, who desire to break a law, can go about it in an intelligent manner.

Of course it may be, if the people are properly introduced to various laws, made acquainted, so as to say—they might not care to break many of the cruder ones. Even for arts dear stake.

Altho, I recognize that law is a *factor* that completely ignores my education along the lined of virtue and then when I err steps in and pompously sits in judgement over my efforts, I am charitable enough not to hold any grudge against I, or desire to break any of its *part or paree*—especially during this hot weather.

Others may not be so considerate—there for I suggest that the [unclear] legislators start a campaign of dissemination of the law and point out the parts that can be broken most easily; in order that the freedom of the public may not in way be hobbler.

\* \* \*

“A man is found dead in woman’s clothes—Served him right—he had no business in there. Probably looking for a shade—in his hot weather—and got sunstruck.

Let this be a warning to the “110 cats” on fields of burning lava.

\* \* \*

In turning-over new leaves, don’t get discouraged when you come to the last leaf—even id the last leaf is only a five—turn ‘er over. And then *rise and get a new book.*

\* \* \*

Will some kind of unkind reader lend me a couple of eggs till pay day?

\* \* \*

“Richard” (fight promoter) “I Engaged To Former Actress.”—

That “ought to” make a good scrap! (If we had money we would bet on “Tex.”)

\* \* \*

The city of Binghampton [unclear]anton), N. Y., is advertising f[unclear] pint of GOOD whiskey and RINGTAILED monkey.

The monkey escaped from confinement, sore at prohibition, and the whiskey is needed to lure him from his forest hiding place—it is figured that getting the monkey drunk will result in easy capture.—

Might be something to that?

\* \* \*

Between rounds worrying about women’s legs and wondering if skirts are coming down or going up, the N. Y. press has time to report that Bill Leeds and several other spilllionaires, unlike their yacht, (which was “dragged” ashore), were aided ashore—looks as id the “tub” was over-stimulated with high-test gas and spirit of not-to-be-denied youth—when it struck. Man [of] ‘War Rocks in the East River; part of HELL-gate and its truculent tides.

Rumor sayeth not if the Rock was sober. (Volstead, rest easy!)

Rescuers were “lucky.”

Why, ‘“That was Bill Leeds!”

“Bill,” of course, had the bad luck to be “fished out.”

NO IRONY HERE—

This morning my failing eyes beheld a pushcart business man peddling cups, saucers and bowls to the bellicose housewives of strife-riddles Brooklyn, and I says in my anguished heart: This shall not be!

For, I take the position that if those warlike women smash their crockery and china on the ivory of their husbands, they should be manly enough to walk to a store of additional missiles instead od having the ammunition carried to them in pushcarts.

It seems that a “police permit” is not enough to deter these venders from giving aid and comfort to the enemy; taking part in, and refusing to remain neutral in wars that do not concern them, and profiting accordingly.

Therefor: I, the tolerant T-bone Slim, demand that those peddlers be compelled to get a permit from the WAR DEPARTMENT—in order to put an end to this insidious uprising against sovereign husbands, fathers and affinities.

—T-bone Slim.

## 1926\_61\_IW\_07081926

**ASH-CREAM**

–––––

Two of the cutest little, cup-shaped lobes of icecream can be had for 15 cents. Marvelous!

Years ago we could get but one (twice as big as the two) for 5 cents. Ingenious machines have been invented that measure the icecream to a “T.” Guess THAT’S civilization!

Wonderful machines freeze twice as much water into the KREAM––That’s civilization, plus––or pus.

Intricate mechanism churns the condensed milk with delicious oils and aromatic water and produces the finest icecream “that delights the palate” of falling-hair flappers.

Let’s see. The cost has tripled, 5-15. Alright, we’ll triple the wages, $2.50 to $7.50. Twice as much water goes in. That doubles the cost––water doesn’t cost much. Alright, we’ll have to double that wage of $7.50––twice $7.50 is $13––Gosh, an unlucky number! (I’m “good” at figures).

Oh, well, the icecream has been further blended and weakened––about 90 per cent––by the substitution of condensen milk for cream. Here’s where the wages take a big jump. Ninety per cent reduction in its food value requires that we must buy (at least) 10 dishes––instead of one. Well and good–– 9 times $13 equals $117 (per day). *Kind and gentle foreman, “come across!”*

P. S.––(P. S. is my youngest brother) Our wages right now are good wages as far as they go and will keep us in cigarettes if we do not stay up too late––cigarettes cost us only one penny each. That gives us 450 cigarettes per day––thus, you see, we don’t have to go without smoking only 150 minutes per day (10-hour day) and 14 hours nights––provided, of course, we do not spend our money for food, clothing and lodging, foolishly.

Now these figures apply to all industries (because I’ve been very liberal) and, therefore, I think it would be proper for all us hands to organize for the purpose of making the boss loosen up on more cigarettes for those orphaned 150 minutes, because––we all can’t chew snuff.

True, we ought to get lodging, clothes and food, too––we can’t forever continue our present diet, “fast,” I mean. But, citizens and patriots, as a measure of protecting America’s prestige and honor, I firmly believe we ought to go without eating until we get a full complement of Sweet Corporals, first.

The best way to get them is through the I. W. W.

\* \* \*

AN APPRECIATION

Fellow Worker Harrison George, an able writer of the Workers Party, takes time from his emancipation duties to make the point that Anarchists have saved the I. W. W. from the Communists.

I’m glad to hear that!

Now if Harrison can rescue the Workers Party from the hands of the Anarchists, all hands will be safe once more––and Moscow shall celebrate.

P. S.––(my younger brother) Let me assure Harrison George the I. W. W. is not safe from the Communists or other politicians––it must forever be on guard.

\* \* \*

“Italy must expand or suffocate,” says Mussolini.

What’s suffocate got to do with expanding?

He meant, Italy must expand or explode.

\* \* \*

PHYSICAL CULTURE

If it should so happen that your physical development becomes nearly perfect and you think you could get along with LESS exercise, do not make the mistake of quitting work entirely.

\* \* \*

As you know, years ago, when the people wanted “less” king they did not “do away” with the “whole” king––they merely shortened. him. *That’s what you should do with “work.”*

\* \* \*

But, as you remember, they shortened the king at the wrong end and had to pay his funeral expenses . . . Do not make that same mistake with “work.”

\* \* \*

There’s a difference: If you shorten the day in the morning while you are fresh and full of pep you can use the time for clear thinking––mebbe you could see that you need more money––to keep up appearances––who knows?

\* \* \*

But if you shorten the day at the wrong end you’ll come home tired and have all your leisure hours in a weary state––of course, you can’t think clearly after putting out most all your energy in working for the boss.

In that case, I’d advise you to do no “denatured thinking” Go to bed, rest up, and get up at midnight to do your thinking with a fresh mind.

Who wants to get up at midnight! !

*Clearly the day’s work shouldn’t be begun until the day’s thoughts are perfectly done.*

\* \* \*

There’s another difference: Most everybody hates to start work in the morning, hence it is easy to delay the act of jumping into the collar. On the other hand, when men are deeply interested in work it is hard to get them to knock-off in the afternoon––without music. You’d have to blow a whistle, toot a horn or ring a bell. Labor is so fond of music!

And they might as well keep working––they can’t think anyhow.

## 1926\_62\_IS\_11081926

**BONEYARD—**

(By T-BONE SLIM)

Samuel Insull’s contributions [to] the latest lamented Illinois campaign found totals, up-to-date, to $196,235.19 (last week).

Not a cent wasted—”favorite son” was elected.

Election, too, **was all that could be asked for.**

\* \* \*

It has been found that insulin ointment is valuable in the treatment of old ulcers, even though the patient is not suffering from diabetes.

\* \* \*

“Hurley Goes Broke; 44 Saloonists “Find.”

HURLEY, Wis. July 25—Forty-four saloonkeepers of this town have contributed “$275 and costs” each to the city of Hurley since July 1, it became known, (leaked out) thereby relieving the barren “condition” of the city’s treasury.

When the city went broke recently, city officials notified the saloonkeepers to appera in court to answer charges of violating the prohibition law. Forty-four answered the appeal and the court /graciously) omposed the sentence in each case. No evidence was produced (no drinks were passed around) and no attorneys appeared for the prosecution or defense (although, no doubt, sober attorneys could have been found, if wanted).

Transcribed from N. Y. City paper—

**Thus Hurley Rises Triumphant  
Upon Gogebies Iron-front**

Now that admittedly prohibition is unenforceable, it would be graceful deed for Volstead to **go on a drunk.**

\* \* \*

No! No ! No! the capitalist’s system never will fall of its own accord, but all the people may take a notion to trade it off for a sack of cracked eggs.—Even as the system and the eggs gradually and surely continue to spoil.

The system never will last “long enough to fall”—the folks will have peddled it off for a second hand mouth organ od a tooth brush long before she even TOTTERS. But—to peddle a big pile of manure like that, requires organization.

Therefor: I suggest that we all take out cards in the I. W. W. and aske the I. W. W. to know it down to the highest bidder.

\* \* \*

The main reason why T-b S. has refrained writing ral “sardonic” stuff is because he desires to give George Bernard Shaw every chance. (George is 70).

Just wait.

O Pshaw!

\* \* \*

England is GWINE to help us enforce the dry law!

Why not? It is to her interest.

In ocean travel, who’s going to ride on an American blind pig when he can book passage on a British saloon?

Nobody—or a bunch of nobodies—nabobs, I mean.

Sure, she’ll help.

But we don’t need her help—we can enforce the dry law ourselves with the 4,500,000 odd employed.

Put them on the force—and—payday we’ll all get drunk together.

We’ll drink her dry!

As it is now, we don’t need the law. Nothing to buy with.

\* \* \*

**Man Most Efficient**

**At 70, He Declares**

CHICAGO—”A man is most efficient at the age of 70,” says Dr. Herman N. Bundeson, health commissioner.

\* \* \*

“That is the age of highest mentallity, and it is a man’s duty to keep his body fit so that he will be an asset at that time of life.”—

How Bundeson’s Bones Must Ache.—I know how it is—I’ve been there!

Such great truths and so much of them can come only from men who have fought and suffered, and I agree with Bundeson to the extent that it is “policy” to conserve health while young so as to have **a little something left** when 70—otherwise:

What are we going to do with our young congressmen and **senators?**

Chloroform them until they are **sveaty?**

Boy! Page Dr. Osler.

## 1926\_64\_IW\_14081926

**THE TREND**

–––––

The best way to eliminate congestion in the street cars (elevated trains) is have a preacher deliver a sermon in each car, every trip. Possibly the skipping of sermons on a few trips, if done in secrecy, wouldn’t create a relapse of sardine*ism*.

\* \* \*

The laws of Moses was written on stone so as to enable readers to turn a page on windy days. Very thoughtful!

\* \* \*

MOTHS.––On your way to heaven watch your step! As you go up the air gets colder and colder. That’s all right––but, finally, you’ll have to pass the sun. Pass it!––don’t go near it to warm yourself because, if you do, SNAP––just like that––the heat will singe your wings and consume you *entirely*. Goodnight! You’ll return to West Third Street in form of sun’s rays and same tuberculars will use you to cure their con. . . Keep on going. . . .

\* \* \*

The difference between a STATESMAN and a GANDYDANCER is they gaze at things from a different tangle:

A STATESMAN thinks he KNOWS, but doesn’t; a GANDYDANCER knows, but THINKS he doesn’t. It’s Just a case of doesn’t, that’s all.

\* \* \*

The way I. U. 110 is able to show periodical and increasing robust health, has been a mystery to many persons disinclined to credit *achievement* on the part of mere others–– hence, for their benefit, let me say the I. U. 110 succeeds because it can get its members to carry credentials.

Hence, again –– If your industrial union ails in any way; creaks, groans, grunts, or otherwise exhibits signs of internal disturbance, you may be sure that the captious members of your industrial union are too censorious and, consequently, too dignified to “dig up” new members––not to raise hell, but, to *raise the dead*.

\* \* \*

People lose confidence––that is one of the unremedied weak spots in a person’s construction. The pillars and columns of his “frame” (of mind), instead of being cement and sand are composed of empty barrels, *full of wind*, covered with a thin shell of concrete. The slightest earthshake will quake them down.

Here’s a man who says “he has no condidence in the ultimate *wearing ability* of this or that outstanding success.” Why tell us about your flaw; your weakness. If you lack confidence, we are grieved, true, but we do not desire to hear about it.

We would rather hear you say “I have every confidence in this or that,” and explain why. That way others would gain confidence. . . .

May I say: a little less *criticism* and that much more *suggestions*––boost nothing!

It is well, you may say, “Confidence is belief.” and that you “believe nothing.” The world will say: “If you believe nothing, that is your belief . . . “

But I say: “That is not your belief––that is your knowledge.”

Hence, if you have no confidence you lack knowledge.

Well and good. But, for the sake of Beloved Pete, never admit it. Keep it a dark and fearsome secret.

\* \* \*

Truth, though crushed (flat) to earth, will swell-up again––

We take pleasure in informing the downtrodden treaders that ham and eggs are a great aid in climbing stairs. Climbing stairs develops the kicking ability, and once the kicking ability is fully developed the ham and eggs come as a matter of course––main courage.

All is vanity!

\* \* \*

Lincoln C. Andrews, “dry czar,” arrived in London. (How he must miss the drouth) ! Ambrasssador meets him today.

\* \* \*

King George, Greece, lately fired by his boss, is coming to US to look for work.––Welcome! Let’s see your references. Would suggest that if George finds difficulty in landing a job that he *ship out* on the Erie R. R., gandydancing. Good old Erie demands *no bill of health.*

\* \* \*

CHANGE––

Years ago the drug stores sold drugs––such as castor-oil, paregoric, and larkspur. But now, owing to the accumulated health of the people, rather than go out of business they started selling over-ready ice-cream-soda and delicious razor blades.

Change!

\* \* \*

You know that big cord that holds up the big toe? Well, sir, I have a pain that is camped on that cord and strolls along it just like a gunman on guard. Now, I understand, (am right?) that it is the custom (in such cases) to send for religious consolation. No kidding––the pain is plain and real. Now, editor, can it be possible that it is love?

\* \* \*

“California Lecturer Thinks Wife of 1936 Will Have Career and Split Housework With Her Husband.” Gosh! What a relief! I thought we would have to do all the housework.

## 1926\_63\_IS\_14081926

**T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES**

**HARD READING**

–––––

Owing to eye-strain our author has been compelled to limit his reading to bill of fares.––Even that seems too hazardous owing to the surplus of ex-orbitant figures–– got to real too long before you arrive at right size print.

“Prime Tenderlion . . . 85 cents,” is matter that never should be printed in a respectable bill of fare––its entirely too suggestive and may not only ruin the eyesight but cause honest men to turn criminal-idealist.

In recent storms S. S. Laleham sent out SOS (save our souls) message, 480 miles from shore horizontally and 2 miles perpendicularly. S. S. Mauretania 180 miles away picked up the message, and newspapers report touchingly that, “Maurentania is going full speed ahead to the rescue.”

Tears welled in my headlights.

I’m always deeply touched when a ship runs to the assistance of another ship “that is almost on its beam ends” instead of on its stanchions.

Then it occured to me that mebbe the “Laleham disaster” was directly in the path of the Mauretani 180 miles away and that Mauretani simply continued its “full speed ahead” instead of reversing her engines, throwing her helm, or otherwise dodging her duty––or ignoring the SOS of the Laleham.

So I wiped the tears from my searchlights and weatherboard, and wrung my handkerchief dry.

Laleham is probably an English ship, insofar as the last syllable “ham” indicates––as in Nottingham, Hamlet, Birmingham etc.––The British are very fond, also of Cudahyham, Swiftham and Packinghamham.

Were the ship Dutch, she would have been named Damsterdam, Rudierdam, Tinkerdam, Ubedam or I’LLBEDAM––or some “dam” like Gavadam.

\* \* \*

(Note: the author did not steal the dam names. His memory is too poor to do that. He simply had to reproduce them––on the principle “you must be born agin.”

\* \* \*

When is a man drunk?

Some will say, “When he’s full of bona fide liquor.”

Some will suggest, “On pay-day.”

That’s dodging the issue!

Our author has studied this question from every angle, curve, position, skid, stagger, stumble, crawl, nod and nightmare––and finds for the defendant:

**No man is drunk when he’s got enough.**

Hence: A man is drunk when he has all he can carry and thinks he could “tote” just one more.

Whether he gets “one more” or not, **if he thinks he can chaperon one more when he shouldn’t’** he is drunk––and, if gets one more, when he shouldn’t, he’s more than drunk. He’s drunk, plus––the cuss!

\* \* \*

Phila. Bulletin suspicions that “Health” brew may not displace home brew.––

(Even so as saloon brawl didn’t eclipse home brawl).

As between brews and brawls our author refused to pick a candidate altho he is conscious that healthbrew, homebrew, nearbrew, pigbrew and other brews have a niche of their own in the hearts of their countrymen; as well as has the various brawls––but this he will say, the various brews from bockbrew to stockbrew will never displace the Hebrew and that saloon brawls, house brawls, senate brawls, religious brawls, home brawls, union brawls, insane brawls and intellectual brawls all put together cannot drown out the DRY BRAWL––she simply will not sink.

I hope I haven’t touhed anybody’s pet brawl or private brew–– really, I’m not drunk. No bruise from any brawl.

\* \* \*

Still, being desperately sick with old age, several **roomers** have gone forth to the anxious public.

One of them reads, “T b. S. not expected to live.”––

Of course not. Why even I, myself don’t expect to live––not on such biscuits. Another one:

“T-b S. drawing his last breath in Philadelphia.”––

They thought that I was on my way to Harrisburg, Pa.––I missed my train and had to call for another stack of breaths.

\* \* \*

Indoor-shipping is carrying on a lively ocean traffic and the Sesquicentential Fair is taking on Fine Arts Form.

Picked up Valparaiso (Chile) paper “La Voz Dil Mar,” Organo Del Transporte Maritimo De La I. W. W.––Must be that I. W. W. is as popular down that way as here.––T.b. S.

## 1926\_65\_IS\_18081926

**BONEYARD**

(By T-BONE SLIM)

*Natural Selection:*

One of the errors pulled off by few fo the delegates is lining up “men” in places that are *far from, the job;* with the result that the organization may bloom with politicians.

Now it happens that “the job” is the one place a politician will not visit—so, I think it would be a good, idea for us to confine our organization efforts to the job—that would mean that branch offices shall not line-up men or women on a *suspicion they are workers.*

I’m getting real revolutionary. I say that if a politician has the grit to stick *on a job* long enough to be line-up, he will make a good member—and a damn poor official.

\* \* \*

Never praise a husband to a wife—she knoes *all about him* (and *half* about all men within radius of 100 sq. miles.) If you want to flatter, praise her cooking—that’s something about which she knows nothing.

\* \* \*

For the 43 time let me point out IGNORANCE is not CAUSE but RESULT—R-E-S-U-L-T.

Ignorance cannot be the origin of our troubles—it merely is one of our troubles like poverty, parasites and pyorshes.

*Can we not deal with causes—and let the results speak for themselves?*

\* \* \*

I ask you *is not capitalism the cause of ignorance and other debillities?*

\* \* \*

Thieving systems down the ages has been cause of all suffering.

\* \* \*

A murder was committed in Sioux City, Iowa., 11 years ago for which one John Newman was sentenced to 15 years in prison because he happened to have a gun of certain calibre on his person. But John, conscious of his innocense, fuond time hung heavy on his hands and took Absence without leave—and left no address, where he could be reached.

Sioux City’s soulful eyes filled with tears at John’s perfidious disloyalty and faithlessness, and she grieved long and audibly. . . .

Now, a Thomas Smith alies Kelly, in Seattle, in lookin’ over hie records finds that he has one murder to his credit In Sioux City.

Ah! Sioux City sits bolt-upright and **brushas** the tears away with a dusty wrist. Possibly she can prevail on Smith to come and finish Newman’s term. . .

\* \* \*

Farmers Co-operative Elevator Co. is a sort of uplift-society.

\* \* \*

The difference between a man and “something just as good” is $2.50—*That’s what they cost now in the cheaper Industrial Unions. Use it now—not later.*

The beginning of the and: Associated Press express “surprise that Angora government (Turkish) has closed the American Chamber of Commerce at Constantinople.

No surprise at all—I’ve been expecting the foreigners to take a lead in that praise worthy endeavor for months.

*They’re not so dumb!*

\* \* \*

Unbaptised channel:

We see where that Miss Ederle swam serosa the English Channel (the channel has no other name) Massage states not whether the channel has any impediment of speech, despite the rumor that British mortal public is inquiring “Wot are the wild waves saying—or do they talk like Roscoe Conkling?”

Ederle’s swim should encourage other women to take a bath—occasionally—and it should go a long way to convince the yearning flappers that time spent pumping the churn handle is NOT WASTED . . . . . . The “bleeding” channel now will probably be christianed Edorle Swimming Hole.

\* \* \*

ADS—

We hear much nowadays about “as how the advertisement pay for the printing of the newspapers.” So far so good.

But there is a phase of the deal that escapes many great thinkers: It is a damned outrage to ask me to plank down 10 cants for a Sunday edition of advertisements.

Radiodom, Motordom, Murderdom, Filmdom, Baseballdom and Sportsdom, SalesmenWanteddom, Loan Sharkdom and other things equally dom intersperced with advertisements till you get a **bargain hunter’s** wrist just from turning pages.

Read the I. W. W. papers and save your wrist and temper.

\* \* \*

Mount Shasta, long dormant, is resuming its early day activities—the I. W. W., too, is showing unmistakable signs of life.

## 1926\_66\_IW\_21081926

**BAD ETIQUETTE**

–––––

In the good old days when the farmers in the Shredded Wheat belt had “Larned” (Kansas) to pay $6 per day, a farmer espied my manly form among the hundreds of harvest workers and approached me:

“Fine weather,” he observed, touchingly. “It is,” I agreed noncommittant-like. Then he lifted his *eyebrows* and inquired how I would like to take advantage of this fine weather and help him to do some work (threshing) on his beautiful estate.

“Nothing could be fairer,” exclaims I heartily, “in fact.” says I, “I’m farily itching to go out and perform glorious deeds at the end of a pitchfork. Certainly I’ll go out—for $7 a day.”

He walked away. My jaw dropped—but, thanks God—my wages didn’t!

Pretty soon (24 minutes) the farmer came back.

“Well, you going out.” he smiles snake-like. You see, I knew he would come back—he could no more stay away from me than a murderer from the scene of his crime—me sitting there with my sides fairly welling, with muscle; efficiency fairly sticking out all over me—in fact. I’m so rampageous a worker that I feel guilty if I don’t get a dollar more than the others—guilty on two counts—I feel that I’m giving too much and he’s getting too much; and he’s giving too little and I’m getting too little—so, if a farmer wants to use my terrific powers of production he’s simply got to come prepared to bid for it.

That’s why I took that stand.

Certainly, I’ll go out for $7 a day and prayers with the meals—before or after—five times a day with the understanding that if prayers are given both before and after meals there shall be ten prayers a day, at least—and the usual, “now, or me’ow I lay me down to sleep. ...” The farmer was uneasy—his mind wouldn’t stay on the subject.

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” sez he, “I’ll GIVE you the SEVEN DOLLARS—if you will agree to do as much work as the others.”

Nothing doing! I’ll agree to no such a thing! Imagine him, a big burly four feet wide and two yards long, misdoubting my output! No sir, I’ll agree to do no such a thing—but, I’ll tell you what I will do—*I’ll guarantee to do as much as you.*

“Fair enough,” shouts the farmer, slapping me on my sunburnt shoulder. He saw the point!

\* \* \*

In 1895 locomotives hauled 6 cars up hill, 15 cars on level and throw terrific clouds of smoke and cinders. . . . Wages *blocked*. In 1900 they hauled 30 cars on “level”—business increased so much that less than one-half the traincrews took jobs in phonograph foundries. .. . Wages *flagged*.

In 1920 locomotives hauled 60 cars. Business having picked up, necessitating additional trainmen—half of these, now, headed for Detroit, on the strength of their Brotherhood, having heard of the horseless FORD . . . . Wages *Swung Down*.

In 1915 they hauled only 75 cars, twice ns big. Business is good. Half of traincrews are considering taking part in the World War, then beginning to attract attention—some among them seem to favor the airship industry as the surest way of ending their trouble. .. . Wages *still in the hole*. So, too, are the men!

In 1920 locomotives hauled 90 cars—getting right close to *tonnage*. Again half of the increased crews, after consulting the MISSUS in regards the available supply of onions and “Pittsburg lump,” accepted positions in the radio industry—and prohibition industry. . . . Wages *still on the siding*.

In 1925, 120 cars. Some think the limit has been “attained;” that if we have longer trains, we’ll have to have a wider country.

Not so at all, at all—why, right now, they can triple the tonnage of a train *without stretching the train one inch.* They also can triple the length without busting’ a knuckle.

Right now the trains are long and far apart—almost pays to lay a new road for every train. I know not how the crews manage to live—on so few trains!

Something should be done. This condition works a terriblo hardship on people—especially hard on the hoboes that wish to travel and have no Oldsmobile.

Thirty years ago the train crews were made up as follows: Greaser, Flagman, Brakeman, Assistant Brakeman, Conductor, Fireman and Engineer, a total of seven men. Today, with trains 30 times as heavy and three times as long; there is only five men to a crew—safety first!

And wages *still* are still on the blindsiding.

P. S.—Beg your pardon. Cars are now over 40 feet long instead of less than 30 feet. That makes the present day 90-cartrain FOUR times as, long as the 30-card train of 30 years ago—my mistake! *I ain’t as young as I used to be!*

What a subject for a song. Boy! Page Irving Berlin.

\* \* \*

THE GREEN MONSTER

When you see a fellow worker step up to the boss and talk to him LIKE A MAN, ain’t you just a little bit jealous of him? Do you not wish that you, too, could stand on your legs and be sure of your ground. Do you not wish that you could step up and *back him up* instead of hesitating and stepping back that one *little half a step* that gives the boss so much courage?

I agree with you. You are jealous of him. You wish you were as manly as he is.

I agree with you—but I’m surprised and deeply touched!

## 1926\_67\_IS\_25081926

**T-BONE SLIM COLUMN**

Rhinelander, Wis, Farmer returning from fishing trip, undertaken to relieve the friday-strain on his lardier—was killed when car went into a ditch.

The kind of bait used was not mentioned. Liquor probably played no part in the tragety insofar as the Rhinelander Moon is water-logged and tale points clearly the accident occurred as a result disordered “compas,” flow in steering apparatus rather than a situation of drowning as a result of water-logged domestic moonshine

\* \* \*

Driving with one hand causes most of t automobile accidents—divorce records, is offered in proof—who sa[id] marriage is a lottery?

\* \* \*

Hank Ford, tinkerer, of Detroit as Dearborn, says: There are 1000 opportunities for every man.—

999 opportunities waiting for ONE job to get finished. Lots of work Henry, eh? Wot?

“We are in the gReAt aGe of transition from the drudgery of life to the enjoyment of life.”—

Tod true, Hank, especially the drudgery part of it—we all know that. The “enjoyment of life” is a dream. The “great age” is a lie.

And history is punk!

The transition is slow and backward—let us organize:

“Man decended from Jack-ass”— I disagree—I diss-a-gree. Descend means to go “lower”—to go down. That leaves the Jackass too high.

“Man ascented from Jack-ass.” That’s better, but I’m afraid it leaves the Jack-ass too low.

Now, since comparisons are odious, we will say Man is a Jack-ass——

Mind you, i’m not “running down” man; i’m uplifting the mule.

No, thanks, I never touch mule.— That simple tale reminds me of a headline I read somewhere In Lewd Concecssions magazine or in The Degnerated Press:

“Boat Makes River Trip”

Now who in the world would have suspected that a boat would make a river trip—actually float on the stream? Marvelous! (Let me [unlcear]) Wonderful!

Fine!—But the editor should have mentioned, with great profund[ness] “The water in the river made Miracle possible.”

I tell you the parasite editors are getting real “good”—and we [unclear] their classy stuff (as we suck our thumb) and try to look modest ([nut]ty) as possible. The tale couldn’t been a gripper, except he told, Fish Makes River Trip and caused River to Fall three inches as a result of bubbles exploding behind the stardy strokes of its tale. . . . Wonderful!

\* \* \*

Periodically the state of Massaehusetts brings Sacco and Vanzetti out to be executed.

But each time she has done so she’s been interrupted by the people watching her.

Again, and for the ‘steenth time, Sacco and Vanzetti have been hid away to await the “forgetfulness” of the people.

Vain hope!

*Massachusetts ain’t you ashamed of yourself?*

You bounded Wendel Philips and Garrson—will you continue to h[ound] your betters! —T-b S.

## 1926\_68\_IW\_28081926

**THE MASTER’S VOICE**

–––––

*“The hands and kneck are Jacob’s*

*But the fog-horn is Esau’s.”*

Dictatorialism is a fell disease that attacks selfish and narrow men, causing them to IMAGINE things. . . .

One of the things those afflicted imagine is that THEY are just the proper persons to do the DICTATING. It never occurs to them that someone else might do the dictating . . . grab the megaphone. The reason it never occurs to them is because, being dictatorial, they cannot conceive of successful dictatorship except they do it themselves.

*That dictatorship is rabid.*

Now the next form of dictatorialism is a mental disturbance wherein the VICTIM *imagines* that a committee of dictators is the remedy for all ills and the true salvation for all souls undergoing the torments of the damned ahead of time.

That form, too, is only less narrow than the previous, and, like in the previous, they imagine that their self-adopted “charges” are contemptible mutts and require the most careful and charitable efforts on the part of thir CORRECT committee. (Excuse the word “correct;” I did not wish to knock off a wing).

Both of these sufferers ignore the fact that we have such dictatorialism already; that is being practiced with excellent results to those who dictate—and they fail to note that people are, and grow, weary of reveling in the *promise of their good intentions*.

Then there is a dictatorialism which imagines that the *offended class*, as a whole, is none too large to do the dictating—instead of being dictated to.

This form of dictatorialism is very, very BROAD—and, if it be true that dictators benefit from dictating, it would seem that the bigger the number of dictators the bettor—and it sounds reasonable, too, that the *offended class*, the long suffering, patient LABOR, will be able to dictate with the *greatest generosity*, for the greatest good of the many. I gaze BENIGNLY upon this form of dictatorialism as far superior to the kind that despises wage earners and works for the good of the few.

P. S.—The world is composed, at present, of employers and employes; dictators and *dictatees*—but the dictatees are squirming, like a bathing beauty with a touch of sunburn.

\* \* \*

Should an 18-year-old girl who comes “in” at 2 o’clock in the morning be spanked?

*First*:No. Call out the militia or the Kaw Kaw Kaks.

*Second:* No. Scrap the clock.

*Thirds* No. Especially if “comes in” means to one of those “synthetic homes” with radio and all that stuff—home-substitute.

*Fourth:* No. She should be encouraged to visit her “home” oftener and earlier; besides, 2 a. m. is only 1 a. m. according to moonlight saving time!! Besides, there are so many different kinds of time the poor girl hardly knows which is what, i. e. Suntime. Eastern-time, Summer-time, Bedtime, Railroad-time, Bouelvard-time, Lifetime—and so on — On-Time, Behind-Time—and—Ahead-of-Time:

No. She should not be spanked—*There are better ways of getting rid of her.* Of course we all know that a time comes in every fathers life when he feels like spanking an 18-year-old girl—nothing else seems to satisfy his craving. Nevertheless, I advise in such a case, that he forego the pleasure of beating her and step out and blow off steam by cutting a few sticks of kindling wood.

*Fifth:* No. She should be given a medal for coming “in” at all. . . .

*Sixth*: No!

Let the father save his last spark of energy and join the I. W. W.—thereby making his home a fit place for an 18-year-old girl to live in. *Put the blame where it belongs*—DON’T KICK THE DOG!

\* \* \*

BROKEN SILENCES—

The speeches of President Cal. (excuse the brevity) are undergoing a rather severe post-mortem.

They are, so’s to say, in the third and fourth reading.

His opponents openly condemn them.

His supporters are on the defensive—explaining—far from being *positive*.

Captain Coolidges’ crusaders are lukewarm!

“IS Coolidge Slipping.” *yankquires* the Literary Digest.

No, Dige, I can say (in view of reports) that Cal. has come to a standstill—*the slipping is done finished.*

(And I’m afraid. Cal is likewise).

A word from Stearn now would roll great majorities in favor of Boston’s Baked Frijolies.

\* \* \*

A 10 to 2 verdict is put forth as a preventative of crime.

Go on, Kid—twelve men good and true are not the cause of crime, nor is 10 | good and crooked the remedy for it

The cause for crime is the 83 to 17 “break” in the industries—labor getting the 17 cents.

## 1926\_69\_IW\_04091926

**DUST THOU ART – OR, THUS THOU ART**

–––––

A HEAVY PROMISE—

“The Lord said unto Abram, . . . Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee I will give it, and to thy seed forever.”

(Note.—He “said,” I will give it—instead of I give). “And I will make thy seed as dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Ariseth, walk (not run) through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I WILL GIVE IT unto thee.” Gen. 13: (13) 14-17.

I suppose that means, after the seed is numerous as the “dust of the earth.” Won’t that be great when each man has his own speck of dust to stand upon; when each man will live happy (on a dusty day) on a chunk of dust and is wafted hither and thither (lighter than a feather) lighter than the “Charleston” farmyard - fantastic (before going in to dinner) thus: ), (, ), (, ),; leaving foot-strokes on the sand of time (muchly to the peace of mind of the plump and stately “missis” and your own peace of mind undisturbed by her piece of mind—won’t that be great!

Each man will homestead a piece of dust, LANDI Halelujah! with a fence around it of fine, fine wire. Of course, we’ll all be pretty’ small—not smaller than we are, but small—and the dust will be big, not thick, but big . . .

I respectfully request Arthur Brisbane, the leading real estate exponent, to toss a light on this perplexing PROMISE — and let me know if I’ve misunderstood my SCRAPTURES.

\* \* \*

“For centuries the Jews have bewailed the loss of their former national prestige, and the scattered condition of their people.”

Crapl Hand me the ivories!

Their prestige has never been lost, and their scattered condition is thickly populated—send a self-addressed envelope and I’ll hand you the address not far from Mulberry Street.

\* \*

In regards production, ‘twould be well for the producer to remember that “over-production” is wasted energy—an dwasted energy is a social crime—even as masturbation—or dissipation.

\* \* \*

SPLITS—

Even in schooldays we heard much about splits—splits of all kinds.

Later, in the theatres, we actually saw, with our own eyes — nobody elses’ — ladies doing splits and we were greatly inspired—in fact, we can say, with sober countenance, that our mntal grasp and profound depth of precise intuition was greatly engendered if not wholly due to the soul-stirring splits pulled off on the stage.

Many is the time we thought we would split—that is, our sides would split—sides are that way, more so than front or back . . . (Don’t confuse “would split” with split-wood).

Split-infinitives has been a daily associate with us and we have taken the salubrious banana-split to our bosom — even as split-milk, a frail product.

We have tried splits and splits, from Red Raven splits to splits less ravenous—and we can say, with a clear conscience, that we consider ourself an authority on splits and not as one who has no experience on the 50-50 split—and we can say with a still clearer conscience that splits are not very s’rengthening, in fact, *splits are about the poorest form of unionism*— (about as poor as “boring from within”—they’re a pair—two parts of a split—poor because unionism doesn’t grow that way—boosting from within and praising from without is the lifegiving “bull” for any union..

Chipping, boring, blasting and wrecking comes under one head.

Splitting, cutting, chopping is the tail to the proposition.

Result: minced unionism—hash! Hash for all hands!

The earliest split that I remember is the one referred to in these letters—when the Lord “said,” to Abram, To thee and thy seed I WILL give all the land, east, west, south and north, forever. (He will give it forever nor ever stop—but, whether they get it or not is a *different* proposition.) The seed of Abram took it seriously and the split was complete—so complete that the Lord saw it was best to drown all the land seekers except Noah, etc., with the result that, today, we all are Seed of Abram—and the land is ours. Halelujah—all we need is the DEED. Hurrah!

P. S.—Some of “Seed” already have their land—lots of it—but lemme point out:

They bought it!

Can you imagine! Can you imagine a “gift” that must be purchased by the *receivee*? What kind of a gift is that? The rest of us are still without land and I don’t see “where the Lord is passing out any. ln fact, I believe, there is a slight disagreement here between the church and the state. The church says “accept this gift.” The state adds, “but pay for it.”

*One way of raising revenue—*

Peddle Sandy Claw’s Caravan.

P. S.—If those suckers paid for that land there’s fraud—I’m waiting for mine clear of “strings.”

## 1926\_70\_IS\_09091626

**BONE YARD**

By T-bone Slim

“Aye are you there?” as [unlcear] bark into the telephone in glor[unlcear] merrie England, (glorious b[unlcear] of Capt. Beach) “are you there[?”]

Well, if you’re there, **Stay** [unlcear] **Your Industrial Union**—and d[unlcear] let no man, or no women, or [unlcear] act, consideration or institution [in]fluence you.

If there’s influencing to be done do it thyself—make it felt, r[unlcear] than abrasive. But, if you are [unlcear] there—please step up to the fr[ont].

\* \* \*

“He who humbles himself [to] be elevated,” is the principle un[unlcear] which the hi-jacks operate.

It is also the theory under wh[ich] the Christian hypocrites expect [unlcear] **salve** the human race. But why continue?

Many at Sheriff’s Funeral

The largest number of people that ever gathered at a funeral in Cavalier County, paid their [unlcear] respects to Fred A. Thompson, [unlcear]cumbent sheriff, last Saturday.—

Nothing like making sure that everything goes off according to prorgam—for it would be inconvenient indeed to “live” under the impression that “The Law is dead” andthen have the sheriff walk in unannounced. . . . Just as you were running off another batch . . . of germ-killer or something. . . .

What gets me, is “the large number” that was deeply interested—and yet, excuse me, it might have been just an ordinary “Saturday crowd.”

If that be true sheriffs should time their demise so’s to draw a full house at their weekend party. All I have to say farther, I believe a sheriff’s funeral could charge admission and draw neck and neck with baseball

\* \* \*

Perth, N. D.—Wages $$$$. Whew!—Stooking. Perth has two water wells.—Of course, the Home Café has water. But, he spoiled it by putting a little coffee into it. It is claimed by idiotic farmers in this district that women and children make the best stockers—and men make the best threshers. (13 days: “call again next year.”)

True the men make the best threshers, true; but they also make the best stockers—the prettiest—if given time, and if they themselves aren’t homely.

It is said, “the farmers of Rol[ls] are hardpressed.”—Not at all. It’s their children and wives and visitors that hard pressed—yes indeed, [unlcear] farmers’ wife and niece, and children are now classed with the “dirty” hobo, so called.

\* \* \*

I wish to most respectfully apologize to the M. St. P. & Ste. [unlcear] an estimable railroad, for using [unlcear] part of the “Soo Line” for the shoelast—You see, the **belt-splice** that I had for a “sole” began to curl up at the corners. In my distress I turned to the Soo Line and found one of “its most important parts”—a claw-bar—which I gently tucked into my shoe and corrected the error of its way.

I’m sure the Soo is glad to have served me.

\* \* \*

INFORMATION: **The many different stories” told about “getting into Canada” are all true. The getting in varies in accordance with the need for men—**and varies in accordance with the desire for rake-off in case of heavy crop. Don’t believe stories.

Met the “Tiny” Morgan in Egeland—he doesn’t seem to be taking capitalism’s best licks seriously—he’s completing his final Chiropratic studies on the Soo Line—low joints and curvature of the rail and stuff like that—or lining up the drive-belt.

\* \* \*

In this country, owing to the vigorous specific gravity of the bundles the age has arrived when the women and children no longer can be used as substitutes for Labor—with the result that men will now be given a few days’ work at trifle larger wages so that they can get out of the country and not be disturbing the slumbers of the roosters as they retire for the night—blessed night! —T-b S.

## 1926\_71\_IW\_11091626

**A Restaurant Is No Stronger Than Its Weakest Coffee**

–––––

The harvest workers on the Wheat Line are complaining “the hot-cakes are no bigger than a silver dollar.” If this be true, it is additional proof that the circumference of the dollar is too small––

It has always been my contention that the dollar should be limited only by the size of pocket–– a squeezing fit––then it couldn’t be fall through the holes!

Let the skinning game proceed.

\* \* \*

Yesterday, while eating I had the misfortune to spill half of my potatoes on the floor. You see, I had them balanced on a fork instead of “bayoneted.” A sudden jar, from weakness, and lo, the house-dog (leaping nine feet and four inches) had them gobbled up before I could rescue them.

Poor dog!

\* \* \*

*The Wheat-Line belongs to the I. W. W.*

\* \* \*

I take pleasure in informing the discouraged members that I, T-bone Slim, am the inventor of that great doctrine “What’s The Use”––and the Heartfelt SIGH that goes along with it*. I invented it from my own head* and intended it for my own use––and I defy any man to use it as something original of theirs. I’m going to have it copyrighted just as soon as the payroll *begins to erupt.*

\* \* \*

I care not who makes the nation’s laws, but let the Frenchman cook the coffee!

\* \* \*

What did you scare that dog for and make him drop that bone––he probably worked two hours this morning to find it?

“Cowardly dog––oh well, he couldn’t get anything out of that bone––its bare.”

True. *But its a right, and a habit for a dog to gather property.*

\* \* \*

A harvest worker mourns the expenditure of $80 (so far) and opines that he’ll have to look at a hole-card *quite a few times* before he regains his former glory. I sure believe it!

\* \* \*

HALF FARE RATES GRANTED FOR LEGION CONVENTION

Good Lord, has it come to this? A “12-year” limit! Twelve? Garsh! and likewise Oddsplush! I thought all along that it was only the intelligence-test that registered 12 and less!

Editor, may I swear––may I?

Just once, editor––that’s a good fellow. C’Kin-eye?

Thanks.

\* \* \*

The crops in North Dakota are–– shall I say it––NO GOOD.

Jackrabbits will ketch hell this fall. Fishermen: consider well before you throw the small bullheads back. . . . .

\* \* \*

**Notice to the Public**

**–––**

Methinks there is too durn much of this “Notice to the Public.” Every place I go the depot is plastered with placards “Notice to the Public.” Look! Listen! Learn! –– Just like that.

What do they think we are, a bunch of school kids? For Heaven’s sake, why don’t they address us properly, sirs and sisters, misters and hers? Why?

There’s a traffic department notice.

There’s a freight tariff notice.

A motion picture film notice.

Notice! Notice!! Notice!!!

Notice to the public, Baggage service.

Notice to the Public, Safeguard Your Baggage.

Notice to Public, Transportation of Dogs in Baggage Cars.

Public Notice!

Notice!––Notice!––All kinds of ‘em. Some of ‘em framed.

I noticed ‘em!

And I noticed that there was no fire in the stove so I wondered why they hadn’t put up a notice to that effect.

\* \* \*

**Into the Gloom**

**–––**

The old gentleman himself, our heavenly Hughie, sat on the golden fence surrounding the palace of re-inforced jasper. He was kidding St. Pete about a big pickerel Pete was supposed to have caught in the might sea of Galilea––”Well,” sez he, looking at his twenty-three jeweled Bum-Special and changing the subject, “it’s purtty near time to turn on daylight for the world––it’s now quarter of 6 a. m. and as you know, Pete, it’s purty dark down there––sometimes”––shading his eyes, he started down into the gloom. “Holy Mackerel! he ejaculated, “Quick, Peter, switch on the sun; Gabriel blow the horn––let the dead arise to witness––there goes Foster and Latimer’s crew out to work––blow your horn, Gabriel, blow your horn, I say. . . “

Unfortunately, Gabe’s horn was busted––kids had been playing with it––Gabe says it will take a thousand years to fix it, at rate of speed the mechanics work “up here.” You’d almost think they were here for an eternal rest instead of “eternal life.”

My, but he was peeved!

## 1926\_72\_IW\_18091926

**LIGHT LUNCHES**

–––––

Considerable consideration is given in South Dakota to “the prohibition of the use of automobiles” in the night time, because of a general crop failure. It is argued that the headlights of cars dazzle the rabbits and partly blind them . . . with the result that highways are strewn with dead rabbits—thereby endangering the state’s good supply.

\* \*

A failure to “appreciate” our Will Rogers (by the British audience) in London Pavilion would have been considered tantamount to open hostility and an overt act or overtact. Our T-bone Slim already was mobilizing himself for a prolonged struggle.

\* \* \*

We are greatly concerned because the “Fedora” Government is running ten poisoning plants in New York City for the purpose of poisoning grain alcohol, incidentally, its users. Seems to me a death sentence is rather severe punishment for the crime of belly-ache.

(This may or may not account for Will Rogers’ prolonged stay on the tight little isle—and, mebbe, the rest of us better take a trip across, also.)

If this keeps up—if this keeps up, individual “stills” of personality will be all the rage and we, US, will be the world’s mightiest race of moonshiners—distinctive.

At last we will be “somebody!”

We, of course, do not believe that the poisoning plants were started for the purpose of throwing “public” opinion in favor of the “wets.” How the officials feel about it is another matter and they may be equal to explaining their action without feeling *uncomfortable*.

Be that as it may, I wouldn’t touch upon it were it not a sample of *beautiful politics*.

Further, we have been able to observe that we cannot get so much as a lemon-phosphate unpoisoned. In proof we offer the ew places recently started where you can see the lemon squeezed *in front of you*. Why the display except to allay fears? What the phosphate is, who knows?

That’s why I’m of the opinion that the nation will rise and superintend the manufacture of its own drinks—as well as butcher its own beef, and roll its own cigarettes.

\* \*

MARKET REPORT

Owing to heavy rains in Youngstown, O., that flooded West Madison St (Chicago, Ill.) basements, the price of wild-oats soared to unheardof altitudes.

At the same time wheat took a jump sideways and narrowly escaped being elevated for a rise (raise).

On account of the heavy drouth in the Yankee Stadium (N. Y. C.) and Detroit, Mich., the loaf of bread (in the cupboard) took a decided slump for the worse.

Owing to heavy mists and dew on the buffalo grass the price of Alfalfa dropped out of flight Al Smith’s presidential chances were improved and Oklahoma coyotes struck off a few notes of “Star Spangle Banner” in a highly artistic manner.

\* \*

PREDICTION:

February 22, Just about the time the farmer ponders whether to plant barley or corn-flakes, the price of wheat will take a jump skyward in honor of Geo. Washington.

\* \* \*

“Old Father Victory” has again come to the defense of France in her hour of need.

George Clemenceau, 85 years young, wartime premier and “Tiger,” appealed to President Coolidge “not to treat the settlement of war debts ns purely commercial matter. . .” (A plea, I presume, to give war debts the same standing as gambling I-O-U’s or saloon obligations).

*“France is not for sale, even to her friends,”* he said. (Viva! and likewise Au Revoir!)

*“Independent she came to us, Independent we shall leave her.”*

Clemenceau’s words “France is not for sale” reminds me of the words of the Tokyo Kakumin. (1915) when offended by an intimation that Japan would be compensated liberally if she were to send her army to Europe: *“The Mikado’s army is not for hire.”*

(Whether or no our army was liberally compensated is as yet a deep mystery to me. But, ignorant as I am. I’m inclined to think that we fought purely from charitable motives—and not like hired Hessians, Quien Sabe).

\* \* \*

AH, A SOLUTION !

One of the terribly intelligent *alibiers* says there never will be a shortage of food (prouounced fud) because increased profits will draw additional farmers to the soil.

*Hurroo, glory be fyther!*

Yes, and aditional farmers will cause decreased profits and push them back to moving furniture. Brainy Boys!

\* \* \*

Owing to barberrybush 13 states loot 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. Instructions on how to anihilate “barberry” is given John and John, the damned fool, is plowing around killing barberry thinking “he will just save additional bushels. He will. And the price of wheat will drop accordingly! Instead of killing barberry he should be studying how to make it grow—so’s to boost the price of wheat. Thanks!

## 1926\_73\_IS\_22091926

**Bone-Mots**

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Fanning is specialization, and is not a diversified endeavor.—I will offer in proof just one phrase:

**“He feeds the world.”**

Thus It can be seen a farm isn’t a brewery, a boiler works or a steel furnace—it isn’t a steamship line or a railroad—and, therefore, if the prodiveraificationists’ argument is O. K., the farmer may as well take over the capitalist system, go the whole hog, raise the crop, haul it, transport it, mill It, bake it, sell it, bank it, be the banker, financier, judge, jury, verdict, gongressman, senator, president, president’s adviser, House, supreme court and ambassador to foreign squirts—that’s diversification. I, of course, know that a farmer is a specialist (but he doesn’t know it) and, further, I think it would be well for him to further specialize on the selling end of the deal same as Labor who organizes a One Big Union for the purpose not to trade his labor power for a living but to secure the full product of his toils—or an ever increasing volume of wealth to the point of parasites’ starvation. In other words, labor specialises in the sale of labor powers and, to more efficiently do so, he organizes a union—the I. W. W.—which, further, serves to protect him from interference of all kinds and irresponsible assault.

He selects the I. W. W. because the I. W. W. is the only pure-blooded union in America—its record is perfect.

**It’s historic mission is to put capitalism in a “cooler” where it can do no harm!**

\* \* \*

Market Report:

Labor power at Langdon, N. D., is selling at 50 cents an hour—Scissorwilliams are getting 45 cents.

Early slump South when wages dropped to $2.50 war the cause of temporary shortage of men north, and caused northern wages to jump to $5.50—in this state.

That shows urgent need of minimum wage (and no maximum limit) to prevent Wahpeton partisans from cutting Cavalier’s throat.

NOTE: Men who are of the opinion that minimum wage benefits the working class may now revise their opinion and consider well the advantages of economic power opposed to political side-stepping.

The numerous North Dakota “stories” are selling shoes that **staringly** resemble the shoes sold by the **so-called “despicable” mail-order houses.**

Huge joke, what?

They TELL their customers not to patronize “mail order” and then they sell ‘em a shoe for $3.50 that is a twin to the $1.98 shoe of the mail order house.

Question: **How much profit do they get on the shoes they buy elsewhere?** —$2? mebbe $3? a pair?

Haw, haw, haw!

If that ain’t a joke, I’m slipping.

\* \* \*

A second hand Ford “For Sale”,, $34.98—”Stem Winder.”

\* \* \*

FLIRTING WITH EGGSPLOSIVES

A story is afloat that a considerate farmer fed eggs to his crew. On the face of it, no matter how practical, such munificiense seems improbable. The story continues that “when the eggs made their appearance, it was discovered there was eggzactly one apiece.”

The farmer slid one of them on his plate; Axel, the noble Swede, took one—and I, the lustrous T-bone Slim, dug into the other two (my partner don’t eat albuminous foods—his stomach pines for luminous foods like corn-wafers).

By this time Axel gets jealous because I’m making advances to two eggs and, in a hoarse voice calls for more eggs. “Katie—KATIE!” yells the farmer, “cook this man ANOTHER EGG—let him b’bust hisself.”

NOTE: This story is worse than the worst story I ever heard.

## 1926\_74\_IW\_25091926

**JOHN’S DOLLAR**

–––––

The farmer’s dollar is now worth 78 cents—depending upon where he spends it—but John, unfortunately, ain’t got the dollar. He says so himself. He ought to know.

So John’s dollar (if he has one) is worth 78 cents. That’s better.

Well take his word for it, *he hasn’t got it*, and well recall that when we pointed out to him that his butter has jumped from 14 cents in 1895 to 76 cents in 1925 that he threw up his hands in stark dismay and protested, “I ain’t getting it.”

Mebbe he ain’t.

However, that ain’t the question. The question is WHY ain’t he getting it? Darn these apologies, anyway!

I ain’t getting it?

Now, according to my way of thinking; he should have got it and, consequently, he’s “guilty” because the 76 cents certainly was got. We ain’t got it.

There seems to be a mystery about that 76 cents. We should have it—the farmer didn’t get it, but should haye (he’s out a pound of butter) and we’re out 76 cents.

I think we better go no further in this matter and return to the question: “Why didn’t the farmer get the 76 cents?”

Do I have to answer this question?

He Didn’t Get It Because He’s An Unorganized Farmer.

Kind Reader: Feel in your pocket for that 76 cents, and, if it isn’t there, go and have your soul fumigated.

P. S.—Our author has not time to finish this article because he’s busy inventing a new device for handling unsanitary money. I don’t mind saying that my invention will take the form of pliers or tongs and rubber gloves and will be very antiseptic in every direction.

There’s a crying need for this invention because it is now established that lumberjacks have a habit of dropping great fortunes down their drawer leg re the fine ladies get a chance to kiss the bills good bye for a bob that looks like the straggling end of a retreating sheep.

At first our author was going to request that all money be made of steel and that a magnet be used for transporting it from place to place, but being prejudiced against pickpockets he had to give up that idea.

Patience, genlemen — and, in the meantime use your toenail scissors in picking up funds—our author will succeed. We are determined. For what would be the sense of having individual drinking cups if we must *dirty our fingers with filthy luore?*

This condition shall not prevail. Our fingers must remain clean—else—how can we pick our nose? Am thinking of inventing a scraper for that purpose!

Patience!

\* \* \*

“Why do wages in the harvest field go up every time it rains?”

We will have to consult our intellect for an answer to that problem. It isn’t a question that can be answered from the wealth of our knowledge because the problem being new, our varied, and harrowing experiences has recorded no rule that applies to that phenomena.

There! I hope I’m plain—that is a way I have in making “heap big talk” without saying anything.

We are now in touch with our intellect and it says, “Slim, contrary to the general belief that wages jump-up in rainy weather trying to keep its feet dry, we find that wages go up because farmers board their men in town during the rainy spell—the men pay their own board—and, since the town board is of a higher quality and of fancier figure the men feel that the farmer would be offended if not allowed to pay for that excellent board, indirectly, in the form of higher pay. Am I plain?

\* \* \*

Threshing hands, as well as the harvest help, are hired according to the size of the foot, nowadays. The rubber tramp sits in his Chewterbacker Six and places his foot against the windshield where the farmers can see it as they pass along in single fileline forms at the right.

\* \* \*

The human family is composed of parts: *rable* and Honorable,

\* \* \*

SPIRITUALISM:

Contrary to general doctrine, I am in a position to say spirits don’t “rap,” or “knock”—they ring.

Some people mistake the ringing for catarrh and argue that spirits whistle . . . sounds reasonable . . . but, as an experienced medium and sensitive recorder of spiritualist frenomena, I can assure the anxious public that the spirit world has no traffic officers or steam boilers (despite the far-reaching opinion about hot air). The spirits, when they wish to address anybody, always “ring up the party” in an up-to-date manner instead of whistling like a man would to a dog or thresher. . . Undoubtedly spirits exist—else how can we account for Johanes Barleycorn—spirit of food?

We have evidence on all hand, from men who have seen spirits—pink ones, blue ones, speckled—and held communion with them—and were chased by them—spirits! I’ll say so—I’ve seen ‘em myself!

## 1926\_75\_IS\_29091926

**Ready Market**

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

In an unguarded moment a young lad had succeeded in unearthing [missing] considerable spuds and having [missing] up more than he could use (doctor’s orders) he proceeded to put the [missing]ance on the market.

With this praiseworthy object, [missing] view, he approached a bunch of [missing]ored gentlemen and revealed to them the nature of His errand.

They laughed at him.

“Why, white boy, I can’t buy [missing] ‘taters; I’ve got only one cent in my pocket.”

(Deadly silence).

“You sure need spuds;” sympathized the young business man.

\* \* \*

he U. S. reservations in [missing] of Nations “deal” were found [missing] factory save No. 5 —of that [missing] doubt. That provides that the [missing] shall not render an “advisory” [missing]ion on any subject in which [missing] has of claims an interest [missing] without consent of the U. S.?

I’m dumb, I am!

Why prohibit advisory opinions?

Up to date, in jungle press, Spain wasn’t given a permanent berth is the League of Nations bed––[every] time someone comes in, Hisp[anians] will have to “get up” and sleep “standing” or crawl in under the bed.

\* \* \*

Am reliably informed that: A woman ran after us yipping at the top of her voice and bottom of her lung.

“A woman in distress;” we thought and returned to the succor––rescue I mean.

“My husband has hurt himself,” she moaned; “he’s in the barn.”

We hot-footed into the barn and and ran plumb into the man gently swaying at the end of a rope.

“I guess he’s injured beyond [re]pair,” says my partner.

“Take him down,” says the [missing].

“Can’t be done without [orders] from the coroner,” opines I.

“Take him down,” phones the coroner.

“Cut him down,” says I, offering my jack-knife.

“What! Not by a damnsite,” [says] my partner, “we’ll have to untie the knot––it’s a brand new line––[some]one else may want to use it!

I agreed with him and helped [him] to turn the suicide loose.––The [lady] thanked us kindly and told us to call again (must be figuring on getting married). And so we went [our] way rejoicing. The discovery of sow-thistle on his land was the cause of his premature death.

\* \* \*

Threshing hands shaking as [they] arise from the hay is not concl[usive] proof of chill––they may be shak[ing] off fox-tail or chaff.

And indeed, it’s a conserva[tion] and general opinion of bundle [press]ers, in loft assembled, that [with] slight chills and minor freeze-[missing] perform a real, genuine and en[dear]ing service to menkind––insofar [as] it is claimed, hell holds no terr[ors] for them, as they say “it will [take] at least ten years for them to [missing] out––and, by that time, they cl[aim] they can **blarney the devil** into [missing]ing suitable concessions in the [missing]est of comfort.

## 1926\_76\_I\_30091626

***Should She Be Spanked***

Should an 18-year-old girl who comes “in” at 2 o’clock in the morning be spanked?

First: No. Call out the militia or the Kaw Kaw Kaks.

Second: No. Scrap the clock.

Thirds No. Especially if “comes in” means to one of those “synthetic homes” with radio and all that stuff—home-substitute.

Fourth: No. She should be encouraged to visit her “home” oftener and earlier; besides, 2 a. m. is only 1 a. m. according to moonlight saving time!! Besides, there are so many different kinds of time the poor girl hardly knows which is what, i. e. Suntime. Eastern-time, Summer-time, Bedtime, Railroad-time, Bouelvard-time, Lifetime—and so on — On-Time, Behind-Time—and—Ahead-of-Time:

No. She should not be spanked—There are better ways of getting rid of her. Of course we all know that a time comes in every fathers life when he feels like spanking an 18-year-old girl—nothing else seems to satisfy his craving. Nevertheless, I advise in such a case, that he forego the pleasure of beating her and step out and blow off steam by cutting a few sticks of kindling wood.

Fifth: No. She should be given a medal for coming “in” at all. . . .

Sixth: No!

Let the father save his last spark of energy and join the I. W. W.—thereby making his home a fit place for an 18-year-old girl to live in. Put the blame where it belongs—DON’T KICK THE DOG! —T-bone Slim, in Industrial Worker.

## 1926\_77\_IW\_02101926

**WEAK BATTERIES, EH?**

–––––

St. Paul Press is of the “opinion” that folks are agitated over drinking more so than thinking because they are more accustomed to drinking.

People do not wax excited over that to which they are accustomed—that’s- why, I suppose, the Press is agitated about thinking — not being practiced in “using the noodle.”

How do you get that way?

\* \* \*

Now, on the other hand, I, T-bone Slim, the great thresherman, find that I am called upon, increasingly, to do the thinking for the citizens of our brave republic. Just now I’m obliged to use my abundant and punctilious brains on the behalf of the farmers of our fair united soil.

I am glad to do this—no matter how many “turns” I miss.

It has come to my notice that our fellow countrymen are adverse to taking advantage of modern inventions and much prefer to take advantage of their fellow workers working with, them; with the result that our kind-hearted author has been grieved sorely. . . .

An inventor goes to the trouble of inventing a telephone—does the farmer use it?

No! He “mushes” over to his neighbor on foot, in his stockingless shoes, (soxless because of the sand ballast in his ever-leaks) and carries the message by hand.

An inventor invents a bathtub—the farmer bathes in a watering-trough. Electric light? The farmer still uses the good old reliable moon—except in rainy weather.

And so on.

Invention after invention has come, but the farmer appears to be prejudiced against innovations.

For years the harvest hands have been trying to get the farmers to adopt a dock, or a time-piece of some kind—all to no avail. He absolutely refuses to have anything to do with those “goldang new-fangled contraptions” and places his faith in daybreak and nightfall. . .

Absolutely rediculous! — Because, sometimes when night falls on Tuesday the day breaks on Wednesday.

They can’t be blamed, though, because their editors say: “Those that have been successful were obliged to work long days.” Hm! Then, in order for all to be successful, all have only to work longer and those that are already, successful can be still more successful by working still longer.

They actually believe that!

Lookit the long hours John D. works—

I understand he works about 831 years every day except Sunday. No; you can’t get the farmer to crank up an Ingersol; the best he’ll do is adopt the radio and listen to the “mousey” squealing, a cracked klaxon clattering, gears stripping, steampipes hissing, joints creaking, asthma, catarrh and a bedlam of scrap - iron smothered in a *see-saw suffocation* of morbid static. God help us!—and the bartender reciting “The Mothers Prayer:”

We’re lost! We’re sunk!

Pass the life preservers!

What terrible things they inflict on the air that we must breathe. Ach! “Go Feather Your Nest” frontward and backward (at same time) along with genuine death-rattle and consumptive cough in the last stages.

\* \* \*

*Shortsightedness is one of the greatest weaknesses of the human family.*

As an illustration I will offer the auspicious occasion of the sad and untimely demise, in an automobile wreck, of an able banker in “the Granite City country:” Soon as the county commissioners heard about the wreck, they sent working men to put up a guard-rail on that dangerous spot . . .and flowers to the funeral.

“There!” says a citizen, “if it had been a poor man that got killed, the commissioners would have paid no atttention—and would not have put up a guard-rail.” “Of course not,” agrees the town *gloomerist.* What would be the sense of putting up a guardrail before they got the banker?”

*One of these men was shortsighted.*

\* \* \*

A mistake has been made in reporting that the buffalo is almost extinct— it is raisin pie that is extinct.

In New York City there is a great demand for raisin pie insofar as the people imagine that it would be better than corn-starch pie with raisins running it.

We doubt it; for we happen to know that raisins won’t even make good moonshine—that is, it makes the worst moonshine. There is no good moonshine I

\* \* \*

Literary Digest in the late years threw a literary fit about sugar—as to how certain things are more sugary than sugar and leaves a longing with us that these sweet things should be called sugar.

According to that, this author ain’t glucose, lactose—but sugar.

The Digest further justly points out that if glucose and other substitutes are not marked “sugar” it works a hardship on the people that love to use them.

Good, by God!

Now I would like to ask The Literary Digest if SOAP made from asphalt should be called tar-soap?

## 1926\_78\_IW\_09101926

**NOW-A-DAYS**

–––––

Sensitive thieves are greatly perturbed and discouraged this year owing to the fact that parked cars are minus overcoats and good blankets.

Didn’t used to be so.

Years ago whenever a farmer grabbed a coat or a spare tire from the solicitor’s car the strong arm of the law would get a jolt on its funnybone, go plumb crazy and rush down to the tracks and search *every blessed boxcar*.

Now-a-days, when a rubber-tramp steals an engine or a fuselafe *offan a nother* car the sheriff orders all the footsore and loose-foot workingmen out of town “this minute.”

I presume this is because it is feared that working men, present, might in some way interfere with the activities of thieves. Or, it might be, it is considered that intercourse with such *jolly rogues* is not, may I say, beneficial to honest men––that is, morally, of course. They seem to desire to keep labor pure and sweet, modest and ususpecting––forever honest.

It would never, never do, for instance, for labor to find out how much The Sarles merchant made on those farm-engines he sold this fall and how chokingly he protested the handing out of two-bits for breakfast to our noble author.

\* \* \*

These frosty morns may be healthy and all that’s claimed for them––and it may be fine exercise to stand outside the cook-car shivering, waiting for five o’clock breakfast. I’m not arguing that it isn’t––besides, the dewy grass, later, has a tendency of thawing one’s icey feet and makes threshing a highly desirable occupation. . . .

What I’m arguing is that the Society for the Propagation of Kindness to American Animals take into consideration the terrible night of the Great American Mosquito.

Only the other morn I had the pleasure of visiting the great American manure pile, hack of the barn; and, would you believe it, I was horrified to espy there a mosquito, half from struggling to his feet. He came out of the recesses of the manure where, evidently, he had used a vagrant straw or half-digested oat for a blanket––American farm horses having notoriously poor digestion.

Ah! I said. He struggled to his feet only to fall down again––catarrh, probably. He fell and fell only to rise again. Such wonderful persistency I never saw! Such stamina! Such, such strength of will power! I held a match for him, so that he could thaw himself out––and I was glad to see, would you believe it, that the bug highly appreciated my efforts and actually wanted to kiss me on the back of the neck. . . .

As to the harvest hands, they are well provided for: 12-hour day, 10 pounds of hamburger, 41½ cents per hour and a 1917 model–––quilt!

Therefore, let the S. P. K. A. A. throwing their benevolent eye upon the poor struggling mosquito, in compassion and aid him in his heroic battle for supremacy.

As I was going to say, speaking as a traveller of great renown, the depots on our transcontinental railroads are experiencing a rather severe winter this autumn; an atmosphere of great frigidity permeates the very radiations of the various “heatrolas” in the sanctified waiting-rooms. This, I presume, is a conservation measure adopted to guarantee better than 6 per cert every 90 days to the stockholders. . . .

The railroads’ consistency cannot be questioned because it will be noted they keep a rosey fire roaring in the agent’ office––so’s to keep him from freezing to death and carrying with him the secret of the hiding place of the company’s funds. He must be kept alive at all hazards.

As to the passengers?

Oh well, what’s the difference? What’s the difference, they’ve already bought their tickets, paid for ‘em and the company has the money; what’s the difference, let ‘em freeze! We’ll ship ‘em home “in the baggage car, ahead.” Hooray!

Hush, editor, can you keep a secret? The farmers along “Jim Hill’s right-of-way are using the G. N. stations as cold storage plants for eggs, butter and other liquids––hush, pss’t, don’t let this go any farther. Pss’t!

P. S.––One of the better “harvest fields” is the iron-range in Minnesota; and the copper-country in Michigan is another one. Ford’s plant, in Detroit, is mentioned favorably as an ideal location for shocking and threshing.

You see, harvesting is a form of mental-abberation, more so than physical contortion.

It has been stated and reiterated that a man who drinks canned-heat is crazy; however untrue that may be, it’ is now firmly established in the minds of present year harvest hands that there is no doubt as to the insanity of those who came to North Dakota to help the farmers support the bankers and their favorite bootleggers.

\* \* \*

Many and serious exceptions are being taken to “exclusive” hotels––made exclusive by “prices.” Needless, too, as can be seen when it is remembered the “select” people gather there assuming that *in such places abides honor among thieves. . . .*

## 1926\_79\_IS\_13101926

**BONE-YARD**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

I’m in a terrific fix editor, I can’t make up my mind which is the more entertaining, an ice cream social or a rummage sale—I leave it to you.

\* \* \*

Wealth is a slick scheme to get something for nothing. %! **Do I hear any opposed?**

\* \* \*

A Hi-Jacker’s capital—is his gun. **Any objections?** If not? So ordered.

\* \* \*

Can it be? Can it be that aforesaid rummage sale, a religious ceremo . . . cere**money**, is nothing but a depraved second-hand store sanctified with a blessing? Amen. So ordered.

\* \* \*

To Say that man is entitled to profits on the $500 he has saved—that is in a business way—is to say that he was not paid in full when he got the 500.

I concede the point.

He is entitled to profit—on them grounds—and again, he isn’t.

He should have got the amount of the profits in the first place, the same place where he got the 500—not from every John, Hick and Larry. **Fine set of social bookkeeping it would be if a man could leave part of his income behind and then start collecting from entire strangers!**

Bums, I calls ‘em.

And again, he is entitled to profits to a certain extent but that does not mean that he may run his $500 into $3,500,000,000, not by damsite—and still keep on collecting.

Upon seventh thought, I’ve come to the conclusion that he should lose the $500 for trying to tax innocent bystanders.

\* \* \*

“WORKMAN IMPROVES

AFTER SUSTAINING

BROKEN RIBS”—

Just as I suspected. It’s unbroken ribs that’s holding us back.

Possibly if his neck too was broken he would be a regular, whirlwind of a workman.

\* \* \*

“Broke, jobless and cold John Lucas, 22, Wilmtngton, Del., demanded the privilege of dying in an Electric chair. . . .”

High toned “buck” wasn’t he?

Once upon a time, on a personally conducted excursion (or incursion) I too had the misfortune to project myself upon Wilmington—the B & O bull tight on my heels.

Although I didn’t precisely insist on being executed, I couldn’t help but wish that if ever again I visit Wilmington, I’ll have no objections to being crucified.

—————

“SOUTH FLORIDA  
STORM LOSS  
HITS $200,000,000”

When anything hits dollars and cents is **amounts to something!**—and the papers are bound to mention it in a casual way. And, I think, our papers should point out to the palpitating public, especially to the nervous rebel girl whose heart is going twitter-twitter, and to the calm, fierocious male radical whose heart is repeating potato-potato that when zephyrs on the warpath “hits $200,000,000” it also hits a millionaire or two, more’s the pity.

Imagine a perfectly good millionaire being bowled along end for end over acres and acres of finest fruit land; a long lanky financier making revolutions in the air like a crankshaft with one end loose from its bearing, and a big fat money king rolling along the **terra**-not-so-**firma** and land of the free, like a barrel of calcium carbide —imagine this and you lose all taste for the tilting doldrums of the Charlesdale “wrastling.”

Imagine our own Johnny Rockefeller, the Dime King, doing a tail spin in i cloud of dust, dishpans and debutantes — Imagine this and you’ll wonder what’s the world coming to.

More. You’ll stand aghast—you’ll be unable to wonder.

Yea. You’ll blurt out “God! is there no safe retreat for our better people— our money men and weather-beaten better- halves?”

Discouraging outlook, true, but when we consider that money men don’t risk their hide down there during hurricane season, we can dry our leant and view the fleet of cardboard houses (in the air) with a feeling akin to equanimity.

The human loss is not under discussion—we know God loves the poor—we’re discussing dollars and cents. And the marvel is not that millions were demolished by a slight breeze (of about the same intensity as that of a Ford uhhobbled). The marvel is that **they stood all those calm days**.

Several ships r e p o r t e d nasty, weather.

Sailors must be getting **neurotic!**

## 1926\_80\_IW\_16101926

**BY THE POWERS!**

–––––

We, the people, have a way of using old, obsolete terms or sayings that convey a meaning that is foreign to the facts in the case.

For instance, in a case of death we say he was “gathered unto his ancestors”—to kind of fill up the collection, I s’pose—when we should say “he climbed the family tree.” We simply cannot bring ourselves to say “he played his last tune,” or, more direct still, “he lost his life or coughed up the ghost.” No; we’ve got to beat around the bush and insinuate (just because we’ve been *hi-balling* all our life) that he’s gone to his eternal rest.

Nothing of the kind! He died and had to be carted away — he didn’t go — never moved. Only recently I read a statement that “Truth, alone, will set you free,” and, being of inventive turns of mind, I got to wondering if “truth” could be harnessed so’s to lift one of those htavy hand-cars on the track.

My partner suggested that I better stick to perpetual motion (he’s a sarcastic cuss). That’s what comes of having too many chestnuts in the fire. But I couldn’t very well give up the idea because if truth can set me free, there must be power; and power certainly ought to put that car on the track; once on the track we could take it off the track by using a little falsehood.

It occured to me that it isn’t enough that truth seta me free. We got to hitch it up some way so it will do some of thia work.

This HE-IDEA of truth going around and freeing people is all right as far as it goes and I believe every word of it. And I believe, further, that it will be a great help to George—George, you know, had a contract to free people while the people were pounding their ear catching a few of those famous forty winks. . . . .

Now George can lay down his tools— drills, hacksaws, coldcuts and hammers, and take a much needed flop for himself, for the truth is going to cut the shackles that prevent people doing the “Clarenceburg stagger”—and, in the meantime, the people can rest assured that when they wake up they’ll find the *bawl and chain* missing from their economic-ankle—yessirree—just like that—they even don’t have to give a hand *filing* them off. Just turn over on their side and stick out their other leg.

I don’t know how long I would have kept on hugging this idea (of easy virtue) if my partner hadn’t asked me, kind of abruptly: “Slim, are you working in this gang?”

He’s a sarcastic bugger and if he don’t improve fast I’m thinking of trading him off for a box of snuff or one of those new Fords that make 35 miles on a gallon.

“Certainly, I’m working in this gang! and I’m about the only one in the gang that is earning the substantial wage issued by the considerate railroad ($7.05 for 5 days’ work, on the former empire-builder, Jim Hill’s Northern Pacific R. R., at Lincoln, Minn., Gang No. 2—what the other gangs got, I know not; but I do know, I had to wait five days (after I quit) before’ I got my seven dollars and a nickel. The company is honest—they even gave me the nickel. . . .

“Certainly, I’m working in this gang!”

“Well.” says he, “get a hold of the corner of this car.”

“Damn those cars, anyway,” says I, forgetting for the time being about applying truth to the job of heavy lifting, “certainly I’ll get on the comer, but, before I do, I wish you fellows would kind of arrange yourselves around the load—there’s four of you on one side and two of us on the other. Indeed it seems to me that we’ve got to organize ourselves so’s not to be too thickly populated on one side. We don’t owe you fellows anything, do we? “

They were struck dumb by the force of my logic; and my sarcastic partner even didn’t have a comeback.

“Certainly, I’ll get on the comer; but bear in mind, not only on this teeny job, but on all jobs we’ve got to organize (to do equitable lifting) until such time as our great author and inventor has perfected an instrument whereby truth can be squirted on the handles and handcars float in the atmosphere—mind you, not that I’m running down truth.

I am fully conscious of the irresistable horsepower of truth and its potential, its *positive* pep; as well as I’m aware of the reciprocating effect of falsehood, its destructability and *negative* noxiousness—you see, I’ve watched for years the struggle between positive truth and negative false- hood and I’ve come to the conclusion that if negative-falsehood didn’t have the *veto* *power*, freedom would be a cinch. As it is, class, truth is too busy to give us a hand lifting this handcar. We got to organize ourselves and set it on the track by main-beef—if you please. And we got to organize ourselves into an industrial union to help us lift the wages—stands to reason: If one alone is weak, then many together are strong, and, *all together*, can raise *the heaviest of wages*; if they all lift.

“O dry up on that,” says my partner, “this gang of men know all about that. The trouble is you can’t get the men to stick together.” Can’t, hey? Well, then, that being the case, well just keep on slaving and thank God for the blessings he pours down our neck —and try to get the ball and chain loose by wearing it off. Let’s put the car on the track boys—the company is waiting!

As I was saying: Industrial Unionism alone, with or without either truth or falsehood, will set you free—nothing else but!

\* \* \*

P. S -A noted electrician said: “Juice will set you free”‘

An oracle, of Minneapolis claims: “Snus will set you free—if you chew ‘nough of it.”

So, how can we decide? At first I thought it a dilemma but now I see its only a predicament.

## 1926\_81\_IS\_20101926

**BONE-YARD**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

**Bright Sayings of Children**

A railroad man’s two-year-old, not feeling equal to making a speech fell down a flight of stairs . . . and still had “nothing to say.” Wonderful.

(Probably laker after his mother).

The “old man” himself finds plenty of “inspiration” even in the slightest occurrences—such as stale coffee in R. H. eating house or **break-in-two** of a small train of 150 cars—a very commonplace occurrence. Engineer Savage turned bright red-headed just in one night.

Great Northern needs heavier couples or lighter “yardmasters.”

\* \* \*

Saying is not so bright.

“Nan Peterson” hats have made their appearance in Duluth \* \* \* \* on the heads of youn gmen

Our author, though he would concede that **long may they wave** opines that on or about December 21st those hats will come down orr the perch and relinquish their seats to the lowly Scotch cap. \* \* \* \* Longer, toss your eye over that fact and don’t go around telling that I didn’t say so.

\* \* \*

Over in Hansboro, N. D., when the rubber tramps made their appearance, one morning 6:30 A. M., in their MAD, cross country race for the gold fields of grain at St. John, N. D., the wages dropped from 50 cents per hour to $4.50 per 12 hours.

Great credit is due the farmers for this noble act—they knew those “birds” were not “used to” big money, so they voluntarily lowered the rate. (Can’t please everybody, so, naturally, it will be found, many took exceptions. \* \* \* I hope the lumber companies will not be compelled to adjust the wages to suit these same desperate workers fleeing starvation, on wheels — I wonder, could they be organized.

I think so. Of course they can.

**Nothing has happened, ‘xcept the harvest labor shedding its skin.**

Behold the new-skinned harvester thoroughly sophisticated —already versed in misery and introduced to box-cars!

Nex year?

\* \* \*

We have a habit of saying “Summoned by Death”—when we mean Discarded (scrapped) by Life). — (Thanks).

Excuse me: Death doesn’t summon—death is dead.

Life does all the summoning in my neighborhood. (Thank you again).

\* \* \*

“Germany now bus a large surplus of women between the ages of 18 and 45”

We too have a large surplus, but they’re all bathing beauties.

\* \* \*

“Eleven policewomen of the Washington, D. C., police force resigned recently to be married.”

Job probably too tame.

\* \* \*

“Miss Helen Barnaby, aged 19 years, of North Danville, N. H., recently defeated 11 men in a hay mowing contest.”

I’ll bet the same Helen could defeat the same 11 men at the supper table—in a corn beef and cabbage contest.

\* \* \*

A harvest hand with an eye for business arrived in North Dakota—Langdon is in North Dakota—a few years ago with thirty cents in his pocket. He invested the whole sum in hamburger steak and started a restaurant—don’t know where he got the biscuits.

A man came in and wanted donuts and coffee.

“Sorry, just now sold the last donut in the house, but we have fine hamburger sandwitches. . .”

That’s how it started—the coffee he had in his pocket when he came. When he went away a few weeks later he had $1,500.

That’s how it ended.

Ended because wealth is **hard to take**. The first $1,000 is hardest. But, after practicing on $10,000 and $100,000, !a million” is a relatively easy—and by and by $1,000,000,000 goes down without a sign of distress.

\* \* \*

“Despite the fact that footbinding has been condemned by the Chinese Government, 85 per cent of the women have small feet.”

Although I have unbounding faith in bandageless pedals, I believe quicker results could be had by transplanting some of our “finest” traffic cops in the “Heavenly Kingdom.”

## 1926\_82\_IW\_23101926

**THOU SHALT NOT STEAL**

–––––

A traveling jeweler, a bourgeois of parts Minoequa, Wise., and a likeable sort of a chap at that, visited with us at Camp No. 4 of the Strange Liimber Co. After business began to lag, being weary of packing two heavy cases, he stretched out in one of the bunks—even distaining to respect the possible lice therein, very democratically—and soon was sound asleep.

The swift thinkers of our organisation will say, “T-Bone Slim is a confounded liar!” With them I have no quarrel—but wait!

My quarrel is with those fellow workers who say: “Remarkable confidence in one of business.”

Confidence, nothing! He knew the kind of people he was amongst. If he had been amongst church goers, at that time, he wouldn’t have slept; if he did, his sleep would have been troubled sleep, and if he did, the various congregations would have no need to go into market for watches and high-grade jewelry.

Another bunch will sarcastically remark: “What’d he do, hypnotize the crew? Must ‘ave had Slim tied to a bunk, at least. . . .”

Such remark are decided pussillanimous and supercillious to a degree hardly expected in a rebelutionary organization.

The fact of the matter is as I stated, and, when the migratory merchant awoke his socks were intact and three sales had been made subject to his awakening and sanction.

The left wingers, of course, will “suspect” the man was murdered in his bunk as he slept and the loot was divied “pro-rata” among the lumber workers of Vilas county. Let ‘em suspect!

I’m here to uphold the glorious tradition—no, damn it, no, honesty isn’t a tradition (among the lumberjacks) it’s a living and breathing institution. It’s been bred right into their bones with their mother’s milk. It’s as much a part of them as frozen toes, in tho winter time—words fail me!

Their unimpeachable character blazes forth like the noon-day sun in Sioux City Iowa. And like soothing moonlight to a blistered neck, in June, in South St. Paul, their rugged integrity sticks forth and rebalms our faith in human nature. There!

When the merchant was gone — we all marveled at our marvelous honesty and self-control. No one had taken anything.

But wait!

A man who bought a comb complained that he hadn’t seen anyone take the comb out of the case, leaving him an empty case . . . I wouldn’t know the man that stole my lead pencil. No doubt, before morning the various purchases will have had changed hands, (like my partner’s mitts). Petite larceny? Maybe, mebbe, but still and all, it’s no worse than stealing the proverbial “straw” from the hands of a drowning man — the straw hardly would save him. If that’s all he has . . .?

THE MORAL? There ain’t none! This is an UNmoral story.

\* \* \*

“HOW’S THE RAILROADS — are they busy?” I inquired of a railroad worker in Jackson, Mich.

“I’ll say they are! Busiest since the war,” was the answer.

But it doesn’t answer why the companies don’t throw a chunk of coal in the stove.

(What of it if a “hobo” does breeze in and warm himself —you may be ON THE TRAMP some day yourself).

I’ll say that railroad’s laid in “proper” and placers an- busy and making millions. Of course, railroads laid in places where a wheelbarrow would be about the “proper vehicle” are not making money. Railroads that saw the success of a genuine road and proceeded to imitate, hoping to lay their tongue on a bit of cream $ $ $ $ $ $ $! To illustrate: Mr. Oh Henry “put out a candy bar chocolate coated and then bought a dozen 300-ton trucks to haul the *harvest of dimes* to the bank.

Hardly had the dimes been shovelled off the first truck, into the hoppers of the bank, when seventeen different kinds of chocolate bars appeared on the market—their owners tongues sticking out of their head a quarter of a foot reaching for the concentrated milk. Of course, they ain’t making money!

They’ll be HOLLERIN’ for government help pretty soon and, when they do, put ‘em in jail for trying to imitate that *delicious bar on an empty stummick . . .*

New York Central wouldn’t be making any money if it was running excursion trains for old, rheumatic prospectors in the Death Valley or hauling shakey lumberjacks through the Oleomargarine Territory.

Certainly not!

\* \* \*

When a locomotive gets stuck on a hill it does so from three causes: Low steam, lack of sand, and insufficient momentum. Insufficient momentum carries with it an insinuation that the locomotive was lightweight and was trying to haul *heavyweight* freight.

Without a doubt, the locomotive has power, but, in this case, it amounts to weakness because the friction of the train is too great and the resistance of the grade is too BLUNT.

Now, a locomotive may get stuck on a hill fo one or all three causes—or more causes—Just like a Labor Union—low steam or lack of sand and insufficient momentum.

When a locomotive gets stuck on the hill too frequently they do one of two things: They either *trim down the resistance* and grease the friction or *get a bigger locomotive*.

What does a labor union do?

Does it get a bigger union?

NO!

IT LOSES ITS CHARTER!

## 1926\_83\_IS\_27101926

**BONE-MOTS —**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

Thompson Cafeterias have discovered a new lump of sugar; it is of glossy smooth surface and three of **them** more than equal in quantityone of the old ones—this is goingto make millions and millions of dollars for Thompson, that is, provided the customers don’t use their prerogatives and sink five lumps intotheir coffee—perish the thought.

But if it so do happen that the greedy customers make concessions to their sweet tooth, Mr. Thompson can recover in a measure by making his coffee of a nature more reciprovocative towards sugar—and thus discourage the tendency of extreme lavishness, liberality, ill-considered and utter freedom of the public paws in Thompson’s sugar [unclear.]

Be it noted the lumps of sugar have been reduced in size in strict accordance with the timber—as we all know timber has been getting smaller and smaller year by year. . . Great God! Can it be possible? Can it be possible that presidential timber has suffered a similar shrinkage? That it is running less and less scale along with logs and sugar cubes?

Well, if so, we’ll simply have to put more sticks into office.

This cannot be; Calvin Coolidge is a decided improvement on the usual type of president.

He ain’t paying me darned cent—but I presume that if I was to ask him, in a careless way, he would send me as an ambassador to Bronx or Coney Island—or any other foreign country. Really, we ought to hire Cal for another 4 years and telle the boarding missis to fill the dinnerpail, full.

You will excuse me for throwing a few apprehensions on account of the shrinkage of timber and sugar—us great writers must make careful historical records of all such things and, if it so happens that Cal don’t want to hire out for four years more, I hereby nominate Thompson’s Cafeteria for president—he’s a man that most certainly isn’t dodging the issue. Neither am I!

Yes, I’ll run for vice president.

CUT THE CARDS——

“Some of our great men started from the bottom and got so used to it they simply cannot learn to deal from the top.”—Cut the dards.

\* \* \*

Our bathing beauties and dried beauties, are properly named. Anybody, even with a glass eye or half view, can see that much. All of them look better than a wheelbarrow—I play no favorites. Most of them surpass John D.’s oil barrels in beauty, and equal them in capacity—any way you take it.

Great credit is due the maudling press for printing their likenesses in imperishable gravure and genial Art—the papers may have fallen down on everything else, but in reproducing these magnificent creatures they most certainly have upheld the noble traditions’ of “American” journalism.

Lives there a man with sight so weak,

Who to himself did never speak.

Those legs, sublime, are just like ours.

Minneapolis Daily Star, in its Sports, Market and Comic Section tells how the patient is handled after “he” arrives at General hospital (I suppose all the “shes” areburied without “further ado, medically speaking). — —

Naturally the Star neglects to mention the “hard times board” dished out to the workers in this institution; by the “student nursas”—in the diet laboratory—”deciding how many callories” each worker must have.

Star didn’t say whether a change in the management, shortly, would be advisable.

\* \* \*

We “MUST” not. Enough said.

We don’t have to “must”—we hold the trumps—it is WE that is going to make the other fellow “must”; or quit. I wonder where some fellow workers get so much “must”—I’ve used (with my inalienable rights) the word “must” only 12 ½ times, and, I was drunk both times.

**Just a smile, that “cracks the funline,”**

**Cures an avalanche of pain;**

**Just a glimpse of blessed sunshine**

**After seven weeks of rain.**

The word “must” has killed more co-operation than a church-full-o’-polecats.

Pay no attention to it; we must not!

## 1926\_84\_IW\_30101926

**“PARA GRABHS”**

–––––

What’s in a name?

Sherman without the “S” spells Herman; Herman hyphenated registers Her-man; without the “r”, Her-man spells He-man; bring back the “s” and she’s a She-man; give him both “s” and “r” and he’s Sherman.

\* \* \*

“The bride-elect was presented with a lovely polychrome plaque. . .”

What’s polychrome plaque, a seamless sleeping-bag or a fluffy cur?––not fur!

\* \* \*

“Vulturs have the highest (up) developed sense of smell of most all birds,” some people rumor “they will scent carrion for 40 miles . . . .”

That will do––now I know its a lie. No vultures hover over the Chicago restaurants, besides, vultures circle and circle and circle––not over one spot––until their eye lights on a carrion. They do not “trail” smells. They stumble!

\* \* \*

Organization will produce results!

\* \* \*

Some people are like blotters––they soak up “things” BACKWARDS. So do mirrors. Mebbe things are kinda AXE-END-TO? You know it!

\* \* \*

For instance, most all action and undertaking is impromptu–– ill-considered, considered CURSORARILY (curses-o-rar-ly)––considered, but considered not like you would consider a program from which no deviation can be tolerated––we are inclined to function in the IMMATERIALS.

Well––guess we’ll go over to the Greek’s for a cup of coffee––I know not what he makes it from but I do know the others are trying to make it from nothing––even begrudging me the cup of “solied” water, lukewarm. They must think I’m going to wash a flannel shirt in it. Fie!

\* \* \*

You may laugh all you want to (for all I care) at the patches on my overalls. At least, I am in tune with the capitalist system; I can camouflage nary a gosh darn bit––or bib!

Behold the patches IN the depot platform, Soo Line, at Garrison, N. D.; D. S. S. & A. at Newberry, Mich.

I’m in tune!

Behold the “patches” on capitalism:

Republican party;

Democratic party;

Behold the patches on patches:

Red Cross, Legion, Klux, etc.

All patches! And, gentlememn, the goods in the patches is better material than the garment! Vote for patches––but darn your sox!

\* \* \*

OUR DAILY BREAD

“The Lord’s Last Supper” on the wall!

Hangs thereby too a tale––

It seems the food is rather small––

The menu rather frail.

It-ill-befits that Jesus’ should

Sit by so scant a board;

When with His word that hombre could

Have grabbed it by the cord.

So darkling thoughts disturb me now:

‘Tis propaganda, sure––

(The absence of a steaming cow)

To reconcile the poor.

“That frugal board is ordered so

By System’s mighty voice;

To keep the living standard low––

The artist had no choice?”

Alas for doughnuts! And musings quaint!

And verdicts quick and mean!

How could the starving artist paint

A thing he’s never seen?

\* \* \*

Ed.––We miss you, T-Bone Slim; and your copy isn’t “coming” like it uster––You know the story of the “Little Brown Hen?”

## 1926\_85\_IS\_24111926

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

A scientific gentleman has [unlcear]ered that each person has two [unlcear]—one of them located sourh[unlcear] the liver in the solar plexus [unlcear]. The scientist neglected to pro[unlcear] so I, having nothing to do, will [unlcear] deavor to, and do prove the [unlcear]ence of two brains, in good [unlcear]ing order, in each one headed [unlcear].

Now, just suppose—just [unlcear] that you are riding in a [unlcear] coach, your back broke in two [unlcear] sitting in one of those [unlcear] jackets used for a seat—[unlcear] your eyes in desperation up to [unlcear] heaven and your eye lights [unlcear] your knap-sack that you carry [unlcear] for just this kind of an emerg[ency]. You pull it down from the [unlcear]. You plave it next to the win[unlcear]. You take off your coat, dou[unlcear] for pillow and lay it on the [win]dow sill. You turn sideways [unlcear] seat, raise your feet and poke [unlcear]through the arm of the seat [unlcear]the aisle, heave a sigh of [unlcear] a prayer, and go to sleep.

All that was accomplished [unlcear] use of the brain in the upper [unlcear]—top floor. All of a sudden [the] train hits a curve, leaves the [unlcear] (as a result of bum tamping [unlcear] by the milkers employed by [the] company). My God! The tra[in is] tipping over! It is going ov[er] the side on which your head [unlcear]. It looks bad. Your feet are higher than your head. Gee whiz. Train runs smoothly a moment—you seat [unlcear] to float.

Bang! There’s a sudden jar. [unlcear] truck of car has struck a rock. [unlcear] suddenly jerks to left. You [unlcear] to right. Your head goes th[unlcear] the window and is clipped off [unlcear] clean.

All that happened so quickly [that] you had to finish you thinking [with] your stomach.

FURNISHED ROOMS

Thirsty-sixth St., 7th Ave., (ho[unlcear][New] York)—Single rooms, with running water, $14 per week. With private bath, $18; Large outside [unlcear] rooms, with running water, for [unlcear] persons, $21 per week; with [unlcear] p[rivate] bath, $25.

What wages do you get?

“**Ah, but I can get cheaper room than that.**”

So you can—they **expect** you [to] live like a hog.

How about demanding and getting the best?

No?

Yeas?

What am I offered?

\* \* \*

Anent starchless collars, “trade comment points to growing sanity of American males.”

Years ago the stiff collar was considered an accessory to respectability—even I, T-Bone Slim, would [unlcear] such two bladed choker, and sit for hours in front of a mirror and just respect and respect myself.

Paper opines the change from collars with tarch attached to **collars with starct detached and shirts attached** “amounts to a revolution.”

Huh! Let’s see.

In the first place, isn’t it possible that soft shirts do not indicate sanity; that laundry bills drove men crazy and caused them and collars to lay down? If so, the move certainly isn’t a revolution!

Merely a full retreat—rout!

“In Remembrance of Officers and Men of the Merchant, Marine Who, in the World War of 1914-1918, Without Fervor of Battle or Privilege of Fame Went Down to the Sea and Endured All Things.”—

You said it; they endured all things. They did more.

They stood for EVERYTHING—aye, like a sheep **in the hands of a Receiver.**

\* \* \*

Bum health, editor, bum health.

## 1926\_86\_IW\_27111926

**LIKE MICRO-METERS**

–––––

The suburbs of New York City, just a least bit jealous of the appendix of Chicago, (Cicero) staged a real machinegun-hold-up. The affair, so far, was a success from the viewpoint of the promoters—

A Thompson gun (subautomatie) was used, strange to say (insofar as the “Thompsons” are manufactured for banks and payroll guards.) But, maybe, after all. the lifting of the $167,000 was merely for the purpose of testing the gun.

If so, the gun most certainly is all that’s claimed for it.

Should Cicero burst forth in more ambitious fashion, our author is confident that this unassuming neighborhood will hold its own even if it has to resort to aerotorpedoes or chemical-zephyrs— (stench). Who would have thought that the lawless — element would have the STUBBORNDINATION to use the very things intended to put the fear of Christ into their bosom?

That they would have the temerity to reciprocate, sauce for sauce—like for like?

If this keeps on, America will have to go in for heavier HARMAMENTS—and I fear, the powers that be may yet feel fully justified in loosening up on wages — a little.

Shortage of blue berry pie and strained muscles is considered the main cause of these periodical outbreaks of independence.

Prohibition is blameless!

\* \* \*

P. S.

It’s only a short time now when we can say our prayers by machinery. “Machine-made” appears to be the motto more and more—this being so, the people cannot be blamed for being deeply interested in robberies engineered with mechanical appliances and uncanny precision.

(Prayerwheels has been a “respected utility for centuries, in Thibet.)

—T. B. S.

\* \* \*

In a recent election hereabouts, in the heart of the “milk issue” and wet and dry controversy, it was given out that “vote for Al and your wet dreams will come true.” Naturally Al won, and verily, there is a certain dampness to our favorite nightmare.

I see where, “Chicago Clubs Urge Women Police Force.”—

Well, well, well! At last!

At last the STUFF IS OFF with those bandits. — T. B. S.

## 1926\_87\_IS\_08121926

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Catastrophe:

George Bernard Shaw is an innocent victim of a terrible tragedy. He’s **shackled** with a Nobel Prize. He’s crippled for life.

Why do they “pick” on an old man? Why don’t they let him finish his outspoken career?

\* \* \*

Muzzle ‘em ain’t been shot at to-day. \* \* \*

The first whiff’s of Shaw’s misfortune had no more than “took the air” when Balfour jumps into the “breech” and starts talking about equality and cooperation (as among the dumb-minions).

\* \* \*

It develops the kaiser has been over-abused as miscreant––didn’t he just now get out of bed with rheumatism?

Why, that man’s human, that’s wot! \* \* \*

Nobel Prize Shaw comes out in favor of “every schoolma’am having a baby.–– “

Careful there, George, a man of your age . . . that is, I agree with Mr. Shaw (in the essentials, of course). It’s all right with me––but wot does Heywould Broun say?

\* \* \*

The fickle press after deserting the Peaches-Browning romance in favor of Hall-Mills murder trial announces that “In **some quarters** the accusation is voiced that the **alleged** Mexican **movement** has for its purpose the establishment of a Bolshevist authority in Mexico, thus placing a **barrier** in the way of American protection of the Panama Canal.” (And Camel Cigarettes).––

I see. Would the press mind telling us in what “quarters” it was “voiced? Was it the hind quarters and was it a horse?

Back to Peaches Browning and Pig Woman!

Well, it’s bedtime––1:35 A. M.–– Thanksgiving morn. When we wake up we shall open that tin of sardines for dinner, praise the Lord!

P. S.––What happens when strengthless body meets a weightless load. That’s too deep for me, but I can tell why easy-chairs have springs: Contrary to common belief that springs are put in to receive you gently, they’re there to give you a start when you want to get up.––See how easy it is to decipher the most mysterious sorcery?

The principle is “hurry-up, Lucas.”

## 1926\_88\_IW\_11121926

**SHADE OF TRUTH**

–––––

In the T-Pot Dome csae silence is golden, the Republican party is always ready to forget and forgive, and I don’t blame her.

“The Halls Case Hinges on Pig Womans Illness.”––headline.

Alright, in the first place, isn’t it possible Pig-Womans Illness Hinges on Hall Case?

Next, wouldn’t it be better for the Metropolitan papers to use more refined terms, Pig woman is so abrupt.

Why not tip your hat and call her Swine Lady––it sounds so mighty like “fine lady.”

\* \* \*

ARMISTICE DAY:

In compliance with Mayor Walkers proclamation (N. Y. C.) all traffic on subway, “L” and surface lines will be suspended for two minutes.

Yes, and wouldn’t be nice if the men that engineered the war could be suspended for about 4 minutes––between breaths––retroactive.

Hall-Mills murder case is one of the best shows in town, running to full houses––(a good substitute for “touching” stories about Babes ball Ruth)––4,000,027 people and 4001 newspapers are discussing it earnestly––neither has time for “prayers” or comment on weather\_ Oh well, might as well!

\* \* \*

Potatoes should be parboiled, I’m firmly convinced that potatoes are the cause of the tidal-crime-wave. You see, poisonous matters are released into the water in the process of cooking. Upon eating of it the poison goes straight to the seat of righteousness and paralyzes the morals.

Therefor: Parboil the spudtatoes and separate the water from the spuds; throw the water over the landscape, and spuds, into the sloppail.

They’re $4 per bushel, too!

Altho, as yet, I haven’t bandited any payrolls, I’m effected––already I’m so far gone that I can’t even commit slumber.

Were I to see a doctor he would ding-nose it “perspicacious-perspicuity”––Tough!

What?

\* \* \*

“Water, water everywhere. But not a drop to drink”.––Tis unfortunate indeed, especially on highseas, to find the jug empty just when you need it most.

Not much washing of clothes, dishes or necks aboard coalbarges––owing to purity of sea air––Don’t need to.

But, nevertheless, a flatiron is an absolute necessity––else, what would you use for anvil?

Geroge Sterling, famous California poet commits suicide.––

It’s just that extra day of “Sunshine” referred to feelingly by Art Brisbane.

For the love o’mike, Art, stay away from Cal.––you’re not flat, are you?

Anglicans, aroused in England, declare Marbro-Vanderspilt annulment case ‘strikes at roots of modern marriage” and I’m here to tell you that when anything gets down to the roots the stuff is off with the family tree.

Church, today, appears, to be a sort of a marriage agency––either that or a buttinski––at so much PER.

The PER is the root.

T-b-s.

## 1926\_89\_IS\_15121926

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

More praying was done years ago than today––in fact, they prayed so much that their knees got sore and they had to invent a prayer-rug . . .

Today the preachers’ best argument for more wages is the claim our pants wear out at the knees so fast.

Have you seen those “bums” tearing around the streets with their knees sticking out of their pants?

Them’s all ministers’ pants––sure they are––ex-pants––the minister had made his exit.

–––––

In the Hall-Mills murder case, an old case, too infected to handle while fresh, a mistake was made when Senator Simpson was picked as prosecutor.

They should have got Samson!

The first barber’s husband.

Murderers cannot be kept on the shelf too long––they sour like eggs.

–––––

When a person is drowning he does not need help––he can drown without help. He doesn’t need help even to get saved.

The shape he’s in––He couldn’t do any part of the saving. If he’s drowning he doesn’t want help––what he wants is a complete performance of rescue. The nerve of these drowning people is the limit, conceited buggers––Help! Help! Just as if they was doing the job and needed but a put here and a lift there . . . The next time a drowning man hollers at me, I’m going to point this out to him. When I pull people out of the ocean, I’m no helper––I’m the mechanic––And I want all the credit, or blame.

Pass the medals, please.

If a man goes through life without pulling too many bonehead plays they call him Alexander the Great . . .

His support? O they’re mutts! eh? Houdini was the Napoleon of illusion.

–––––

The trouble with American airships is we’re too ambitious; we pick out distances that are “just a little more” that we can do.

“No can do.”

Our aviators should first try the subway and, if successful, “then the surface lines; and, if still undefeated, then the elevated. By and by, by judicious use of deck-scows, to give aviators wind-legs, they could slip into an airplane and shave the house––tops mebbe as far as Bronx––starting from Harlem.

It begins to look as if 1000 individuals will have to demostrate that airships are a going concern––and, I don’t mean mebbe, or the second line trench of substitutes for good men . . .

I mean mechanics––not strategists. I’m getting to believe that a rusty “Bulldog” engine, from a coal-barge, will push an airplane from Hawaii to Halifax and back without stopping for Socony. \*.

\* Standard Oil Co. Of New York.

## 1926\_90\_IW\_18121926

**WAGES OF VIRTUE**

–––––

There appears to be a great and abiding discrepancy of wages as among the preachers. Here in New York, where the sin is more **fulminating**, even ecclesiastical, the various rectors get as high as $10,000 per twelve-month while in Clay-Arcadia they get only $50 every thirty days––yea, verily, $150 per month is considered good wages by the hired hands of the lord.

Now, I don’t know how the lord arranges his schedule of wages, and I don’t blame him, altho I kind of think **he ought to kind of out of the kindnes of his blessed heart** standardize the wages a little––but this I know, if a preacher combats sin cheaper than another warrior, he’s scabbing. He’s cutting prices. He’s taking an unfair advantage and attracting more than his share of sheepherding––doing it cheaper––a very un-American thing to do, and I blame him. Of course, he’s unorganized––Did you ever hear of ascab that was **organized?** No?

Niether did I.

Now my point is this (I beg your pardon): Combatting sin is all alike––not harder on one preacher than another––I know this because I’ve studied sin early and late and am still giving a great share of my time to the conscientious examination of iniquity––yea, to the extent that my friends when they catch me at it turn their backs to hide their grief (I’m not often caught; so my excelent record is nothing to grow chesty about––it’s just a matter of lack of vigilance). Where are we at, editor, did you notice what I was talking about––where in hell did I put that page 2,––(I want to see what I was writing about,) I’ve got it editor, right here in my hand––You may start the press again. . .

My point extends itself. I claim the preachers ain’t getting enough wages–– for the work they do. Not only do they combats in but they have to wrastle with the lord, seven days a week, 24 hour shift. . . . Lots of you guys think preaching is a snap.

So it is––the preaching part of it––sometimes deliver sermons myself (to the tugboat captains). It never hurt me! But when you go into conference with the lord and he start wrastling with you you’ll earn your bread by the sweat of your kneek.

Holy Moses! There’s my point again!

Conference. They got to hold sessions with the lord. Alright. Now, who ever heard of delegate to a conference getting only $50 per month? Even the cheap A. F. of L. never think of paying less than 5 bucks a day (for 8 hours; 3, 8, and 2––and overtime).

**And these preachers ought to be setting a good example**! Scandalous! . . . I say, if the lord wont come across with decent wages let him step out and save his sinners himself. . . .What’s that––what’s that, editor? You want to stop the press?

Just a second––with preachers working dirt-cheap, how can we expect to get wages for decent men?

Throw off the belt.

**T-bone Slim.**

## 1926\_91\_IW\_25121926

**DOG-IN-MANAGER-LAWS–**

–––––

T. B. Slim.

The blue-laws are so numerous that the very air is purple.

They were intended to drive the people into church—After the raving preachers drove them out! The laws didn’t do no such a thing — they merely drove people to other forms of dissipation.

It’s a shame, just think of it! After hypocritical preachers have made them uncomable, and they have gone to the trouble of inventing new ways of spending Sunday, along comes a bunch of “astute” Legislators and “cut-outs” their pleasure—they’re going to drive the citizens into church?

Why. they couldn’t drive a fly onto a gut-wagon!

Moral: Much of this advertising you see isn’t advertising at all.

It’s merely exposition of quarterwittedness— advertisers assume that we are as crazy as they.

T-B-S. —

\* \* \*

THE AGED — MURDER

Fan. Hurst calls Mrs. Hall “SPHINX OF THE AGE” because the murdered reverands widow doesn’t jump right up and blurt out:

“Gentlemen of the jury, I did it with my little hand-axe.”

Hurst, Hurst, since when has the Sphinx started answering as many questions as half dozen gabby dextrous-lawyers can reel out?

I’ve never seen the like, or heard of similar — Here’s a couple of true lovers, the better-half of one family and the modest-end of another household, get murdered in De Rosies Lane and everybody, when brought to trial, modestly rufuses to take credit for putting a stop to such hectie proceedings — Damn me, if I was sure that I wasn’t in a workhouse when that happened, I would step forth and let them pin the medals on my gallant chest.

Perjure myself I will not.

I’d rather be a sphinx.

By the way the trial 1s being held aboard a coal-barge, as well as elsewhere.

But we captains cannot figure it out: A reverend preacher goes into a lane with another mans wife; the “coroner” brings in a verdict that he was murdered.\_\_\_ Murdered nothing! He committed suicide — by straying into the lane—some trapper probably mistook him for a game-warden — Jersey is a wild country.

Had he stayed by the pulpit or “hard-road,” he’d be alive today, praising God and goosing the congregation; ‘stead of tormenting the harp.

Short and narrow way!

—T-bone Slim.

\_\_\_\_\_\_

SAYETH THE “SOUPRITANDER”

According to Sutp. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield’s sayso, in the N. Y. Sun, drugs, dope and narcotics” are being peddled in the Seamans Church Institute (on the sly):

That sets me to wondering if the “interview” was given to advertise the business or was it merely a bid to draw the patronage of the “needle-trade” artists-addiets, I mean? Further: “The modern seaman is different from the fellows I knew twenty-five years ago”, confesses Dr. Mansfield. “He is more nervous and more susceptible to narcotics.” Dr. Mansfield, you haven’t been observing “Modem Seamen,” you have been taking slants at modem hop heads that hang around your institute.

You say in 1912 the present building “was intended to provide lodging for 500 “ — inmates, shall I say; “during the war and since it has been necessary for the institute to house 836”— “A $750,000 annex has been built and the institute is trying to raise $1,500,000 to complete it so that 1,500 men may be lodged nightly and thus protected from the new crimp—the dope peddling bootlegger.”

I hope you get the 1½ million—the congestion of hop heads on 42nd. St is simply unbearable.

You say you have a police force—ah! A police force to guard 836 men? Do you know, Dr. Mansfield, I know several hotels, as big as yours, that haven’t a single officer.

Just what kind of a place are you running?

Alass, Dr. Mansfield, I believe you have spoken the truth—that your place abounds in dope-peddlers and bootleggers. Can’t something be done about it?

Can’t you get dear ol’ Gov. Al. to send a regiment or two of soldiers to trow de sailors out? Alass!

But, if it isn’t true? It’s a damn shame, religiously speaking, to term hootch-hounds and dope-friends “modem seamen.”

It that’s modem navigation, ashore goes my “shirt.” —T-Bone-Slim.

## 1926\_92\_IS\_29121926

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Modest forbids me to keep still–– and, although my writing may be inaudible and quiet I shall push along in a dignified manner; while others, and greater men, are building castles in Spain, and btridges behind them; while some are building Rome and still others conquering the World I shall continue consequentialing inconsequentials . . . you bet. Who’s got a chew of snuff?

Yes sir, as I was saying, the Hearst papers, that look ofter such matters, tells all and sundry that “TWO WARSHIPS SENT TO NICARAGUA”––This is serious––wait till I get my breath: I hope they had the presence of mind not to send them by water! Why, a hot tempered overheated fireman may get grieved and, losing jurisdiction over himself, take one of those gigantic tack hammers that they use to crack particles of coal powder and toss it into the coat bunker and put a yawning gash right into side of the ship––besides losing the hammer––and that darn thing is cast-iron, it’ll never, never come up . . .

My kind reader will say “crap” ––

Not at all––just gentle constructive criticism.

Nobody ain’t got no snuff?––Well, they can understand my grief––a man can’t live on coffee alone (he’s got to have some one with him) a parrot, for instance. D’ye ever hear a parrot trying to mimic one of those radio primo––donnas? Well sir, a parrot’s got ‘em beat––he’s more sincere and twice as melodious––especially, in the sad parts and arpeggio, whatever that is––in fact, a radio is practically worthless without a parrot to forecast, and re-broadcast the finer points that you may miss––besides, improving long cadenzas, ad lib. when the radio is having hysteries . . .

A parrot may get profane, but hysterical never.

An emergency exists the crown is without snuff (the crown of the tooth) and if day don’t break soon, so that I can step out among the criminals (to get some) I shall grow morose, malapert, macaroni, malevolent, martial, misanthropie, monstrous, morbid, moribund––ah that’s the word I was looking for, moribund––and shall deem clare a moratorium on metonomy.

Attention: whenever you see me soupline so many words you may be sure I’m tearing a leaf from the dictionary; or, whenever you see me using the SKYSCRAPERS (heavy-lead) you may be sure the words are Jacob’s but the LETTERS and spirit are MINE.

Well sir, if you fellows are out of snuff you certainly have my warmest symphony, darn the luck. . .

Moratorium starts here.

P. S. Editor, what have you on the Sacco Vanzetti case?

The mere fact that Massachusettes continues to hold those innocent men goes far to prove that it is unable to keep up with the passing times. Its industries have fallen off; its politicians (Butler) tumbled down–– can it be that in the changing events its judges too will have to make room for uptodate people? Of course, Capt.

Coolidge is doing his best to save the pieces. Especially, in Butler’s case––but that is no remedy. The remedy is: Wipe off the slate occasionally.

Let not your mistakes glare at you year after year!

# 1927

## 1927\_1\_IW\_01011927

**FOOTSTEPS OF THE JOURNAL**

–––––

V. Vivaudon, Inc. advertises thus: let YoOUR friends be among the happy women who says: “Just what I wanted.”

I say no. No sir! My friends ain’t gonna be there unless I’m totally disabled Why, the IDEA! That’s just what starts the trouble — letting your friends hang around happy women. I say no. When happy women get ready to make sure that I’m present, alone — so that there can be no question raised as to what they mean by “the thing.”—and I’m gonna blush, furiously—

\* \* \*

Proclamation:

I see where his honor, the CZAR of baseball is asking for a raise in pay. His honor is quite within his rights and the evidence is material, but why ask? Why not issue himself an award, as a judge, and govern it to himself as a Czar.

(I’m getting dumber every day) And — and — spend it like a sport!

Am deeply gratified to note that all queens and princesses arriving to this country have two legs — that is, up to the knees, anyhow.

The daily press prints their pictures — including said pair of legs but slightly emphasized

Only the other day when I got nosing around, near-sightedly, in the paper damn near got a pair of legs right in my eye.

Would suggest that the best part of the legs doesn’t show: Hence, can we not persuade the ladies to wear their skirts from the knees down, instead of knees up?

I pause for answer, I’m not out of wind!

History:

\* \* \*

“Calling his men about him Columbus bade them kneel. There on the deck of the ship these rough, hardy seamen knelt” and Columbus tossed them a pair of dice

(BREAK)

Ah haa! Instead of former Office boy head of bank, let’s have former head of bank is office boy — If it can be done. Many a young sapling that figures on being made into bankrolls, when grown-up, turns out to be nothing but a roll of toiletpaper.

Truth is raising, ain’t it?

\* \* \*

PANTASMS

The spirit can talk only a babel ;— if it talks at all:

We have hear’d much about this mans spirit and that mans spirit and nosy we are to be entertained for a couple years with tales about Houdini’s spirit.

Why? Because a “thought” has revealed itself lately that. says “We all use the one and same spirit — no man ‘owns’ a spirit.”

“This thought must be combatted – hence the “indirect” agitation about Jones’ spook, Johnson’s ghost, Shultzes shade, etc.; and, necessarily, the “counter-poison” must be organized.

It matters not, to them, whither they can prove the presence of certain spirit or not, just so they can drill, harp on, and insinuate about Johny’s soul, Jimmy’s spirit and Jenny’s “silhouette”‘ — they hope to carry their point on assertions and reassertions. Plural .— Spectre! Ethereal-Phanasmagoria!

\* \* \*

BIGGER BUNCH

Putting two. and two together we realize that four is stronger than one. — That’s an old platitude, but ‘twas the father of “In union there’s strength,” another self-evident “wisdom”

By putting many sticks together they’rt harder to break. True, but in breaking kindling wood (slivers) it is advantageous to lay several across your knee and make more pieces with one stroke—True for me, this time.

What does that argue? It argues that if you want your union to stand the racket you better have a one big union and it’s part’s better stick together and not go ricky-shaying (ricochet) around to get busted up part at a time.

Old stuff, that — but doesn’t she ‘lustrate.

— T-B-S.

## 1927\_2\_IW\_15011927

**NEW LEADERSHIP IS URGED FOR INDUSTRY**

–––––

“Plea for a new leadership in industry was made by Sam A. Lewisohn, vice-president of the Miami Copper Company, at the annual dinner of the League for Industrial Democracy at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant last night

Mr. Lewisohn suggested as a means to a broader spirited leadership a more adequate training in public schools.”—

What do you know about that?

Guess that’s rubbing it in!

(Remember how we used to hate to go to school?)

Aside from that, I think it an outrage to insinuate that our industrial leaders should know something or go back to their lessons.

What with Forbes and Hinman telling ‘em where to get off at!

Fie!!

Only today I gave two shivering boys playing hooky a handful of matches so they could start a fire to keep warm till school lets out—

If they bum up the town, it will go hard with me but I’m entirely willing to become a martyr for a good cause. I shall tell his honor that altho I’ve made mistakes in my life I’m perfectly satisfied with the operations of my noodle.\_

“What do you mean by noodle?”

I’m glad you ask me, judge, it goes to show the court hasn’t studied his dictionary and that knowledge is knowledge no matter where found.\_

I see two boys, precious darlings caught tween the **horns of a dilema** and winter and gradually perishing of frost, am I gonna stand there squeesing a mit full of matches.

I should say not! Bring on the executioneer — I die like a true patriot.

\* \* \*

“Russia to sell Czarist Crowns.” — I wonder if there’s any chance to buy his shoes— I d’ like to get a pair of ‘em — mine are dropping off.

\* \* \*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Our life has become so pure and holy, 99 37/100 per cent, that we have nothing to swear off. We can’t swear off drinking, the country is dry— Hold on there, if you think I’m gonna enumerate all my failings, sins and vices you better swear off “thinking.”

As I said before, I have nothing to swear off — so, I’m ‘thinking I better swear on a few faults, flaws, flounces, frowns and folly—

New Year without swearing is only a continuation of the old, damn it— Having nothing to swear off. I’ll swear something on — so, if you hear “So help me God” in my neighborhood, you may rest assured that T-bone Slim is turning over a new leaf— backward.

Stationary he will not remain!

\* \* \*

The reason men don’t rise in this world is because—because someone is standing on their neck.

Those availing themselves of that standing-room should, as a matter of fellow-feeling, use rubber heels. Note: Above pasteurized pietur is the birthplace of the word “sore-head.”

\* \* \*

Drama:

The boy stood on the burning deck.

His neck as white as snow

And everywhere the vessel went

The neck was sure to go.

No. That wont do.

The boy stood on the burning deck,

His feet as cold as ice,

And washed his dirty little neck —

Now ain’t that awful nice!

Above immortal words are about as dramatic as the situation of a serious gentleman picking breakfast real-estate from his eyes and rumbling “good morning”. The same to you, sir, the same to you.

\* \* \*

Me too, Carl—we regret to announce there was no Sandy Claws.

Almanac’s all we got—unless we keep the five-spot we borrowed.

\* \* \*

The most famous man in U. S. is not Coolidge, Ourself, Ford, Fall or Cobb. Indeed no.

His name is Volstead—no need of me telling you; everybody knows it I don’t know his first name—why, I don’t even know has he got one . . .

In this he is like Borah and Hoover—although at times Hoover is touchingly referred to as “Herbie”.

## 1927\_3\_IW\_29011927

**“ERESKINE TAKES THE CAKE”**

–––––

The New York American prints the picture of “the 300-pound cake” between Chief Pastry Cook Laird and the president of the Studebaker Corporation. They stand 2½ feet apart and the cake reaches from hips to shoulder, in pyramid fashion, a matter of 2 feet and 4 inches high.

Now, be it far from me to insinuate that the “American” is a liar about the weight of that cake, I much prefer to think a typographical error has caused an extra cipher to creep into the figures to keep company with the goose-eggs –– that the cake weighed 30 pounds––either that or the cake held slugs––. I hardly know what to think, but I do know if the cake really weighed 300 pounds I better eat crackers.

\* \* \*

(Automobile) “Makers Listen to Salesman” speaking.

Quite properly.

I contend that if anybody the makers should be given first chance, always, to the find out something about their CARS–– else how in the world can they realize the full significance of their glorious achievement?

\* \* \*

T-Bone Slim, tho a fool for punishment, was injured today while he had his head in Bugs Baer’s grouch bag; when he noticed the architects of the ‘sgraceful sheet had omitted the best part of Senor Baer’s message––his picture (Neat, eh, Buggs?)

Should the Industrial Worker omit my picture just once, I fear the worst––my lopsided heart wouldn’t stand the jar.

\* \* \*

All my chores done, I just sit and wonder. I wonder if the oil interests in Mexico are using the Roman Faith to blast wells? If so, the gain for the church will not be lasting––never lasting everlasting. Typothetical Question: Was Mexico going after a can of kerosene and did the church get in amongst Mexico’s feet and “got stepped on,” or did Mexico attack the Church and got hit over the head with the oil-can?

Which came first?

I wonder!

\* \* \*

Brisbane throws a few broad hints in favor of vaccination, Well and good, Art, WE IS WILLING––provided the doctors are vaccinated first–––all of ‘em.

We firmly believe, without apparent reason, that un-vaccinated doctors are the cause of periodic epidemics of small-pox.

Let them all be vaccinated first––even if we have to hold their heads. Then, when our doubts are laid to rest, we will bare our arm and “innoculate” the lifegiving qualities of Cow-pox. Otherwise we refuse to be milked.

\* \* \*

Scientists inform us gravely that the sea floor of the Atlantic is gradually rising.

Now you see what prohibition does!

\* \* \*

Doctors have discovered a way to make diabetes––virus––and, papers say, “that leaves an opening for finding a cure for the disease” –– So it does, so it does––but why bother about the cure, s’long’s they can hand us the disease?

I would respectfully submit that the discovery of the virus leaves an opening to our pocketbook.

Isn’tit strange the way doctors work! First they learn how to give you a disease, then they “peer” into an “opening” far away to cure it. Long and longingly they gaze into the aperature for the elusive apparition of remedy.

O’ who’s got a piece of rope!

\* \* \*

But one there was,

Whose feet were sore

And couldn’t run for help––

Who peeled off all the clothes he wore

And saved the sassy whelp.

IL ENNUI: While **saving “de che-ild”** someone stole his coat and shoes.

MORAL: Never **take off weight when** entering de **aqua-infirma.**

––T-B-S.

## 1927\_4\_IS\_09021927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

Made-To-Order Deaths.

Inexpensive ways to commit siucide are getting more expensive every day. In act, “its” so expensive that a poor man, (who needs it worst) can’t afford it. Guns are too costly just for one operation. Safety razor blades won’t do because you’ve got to have a pair of fifty cent pliers to hold’em––besides you can’t buy a lone single and blade, you’re got to buy a dozen––that’s 79 cents–the rest will rust and spoil!

The best poisons now are so high that a man who is “short” can’t reach ‘em. Even the lowly rope is **beyond** the means of an average citizen.

Mebbe you’ve noticed, all the suicides are men who are well off . . . that is, they’ve got no opposition.

This thing must not be allowed to continue and since the federal authorities are disinclined to supply the people with proper weapons, for this purpose. I suggest that the citizens before investing in those high priced auxiliaries consider well the advantages of drowning or jumping in front of freight trains (they’re heavier, and will push you further.) But if those don’t appeal to you, you might overhaul the more “expensive ones” and pick out one that you put to “a dual use”––for instance, buy yourself a post-war drink and thus combine business with pleasure––whichever is which.

**D’D’Death is s’s’certain, b’b’but you will d’d’die happy in the consciousness that it d’d’didn’t cost b’b’but two-b’b’bits––d’d’drink included. (Them’s tears)**

P. S.

Science is on the point of **tapping the mystery of life**. The unknown is **not so far away.** Unfortunately, to get at it, science must pass through about about six feet of solid ivory––and there it is. There it was. There it will be.

T-b. S––

“Newspapers men generally are not aware that any ‘chain of Catholic newspapers’ exist.”––

Yes–– by the looks of the papers, they **know not much** about anything and are quite **unaware** of practically everything.

They sell their papers on the strength of U.S. Weather Reports.

And for BENEFIT of DATE.

After the Great WRIGGLEY CATALINA CONTEST, FINE CHANNEL-CATS CAN BE caught with a bent PIN and crooked STRING.

WRIGGLEY is fondly remembered as the man that did most to Americanize foreign-born women. . .

Women that didn’t know a word about liberty now chew gum as nonchalantly as our own daughters and grandmothers.

The future will point proudly to them as “our heroic ansisters” who improved each vagrant hour by chewing slabs of Wriggley’s Gum with all their mouthful-power.––And with the other hand future will say Behold my noble son, Chewlius Wriggley, the author of “AFTER EACH MEAL” and inventor of THE ONE and ONLY durable––yea, IMPERISHABLE barnacle for chair-bottoms.

Now that that is that––may I remind the senators (glaring at Illinois and Philadelphia)––:

“AND THAT NO STATE, WITHOUT ITS CONSENT, SHALL BE DEPRIVED OF ITS EQUAL SUFFRAGE IN THE SENATE.”––

Let Smith and Vare grin!

“WITHOUT ITS CONSENT”––pure English, by God!

## 1927\_5\_IW\_12021927

**BROTHERLY LOVE**

Philadelphia is the City of Brotherly Love. But brotherly as the love is it is thought by many that it is a”trifle too commonplace” to demonstrate a condition of “peaceable feelings” between blood-relatives. And there are those that feel the city’s affection cannot be classed as deeper or warmer than the love of two brothers resting under a truce, or laboring under an unwelcome armistice—a “dishonorable” lull in hostilities.

Then, again, there are those who prove in detail the brotherly love of the Philadelphians by pointing out that the citizens throw nothing header than a hatchet at one another.

(Most reasonable creatures on the forehead of the globe!)

Whenever public opinion (self-criticism) gets too specific against them for shooting each other, they, like true brotherly lovers, hock their guns and proceed to whittle-up each other in the most affectionate and brotherly way.

Even as I am writing this, one of the younger lovers lies in the hospital with seven bullets in him—half a dozen doctors working over him with grappling hooks trying to fish out the sinkers.

(He refuses to divulge whose brother he is).

Clearly Philadelphia’s tenderest passions are purely brotherly love—nothing stronger—and, it has been thus a long time. Down in the tederloin, tough-steak distrcit, interested parties belittle the brotherly love of their neighbors and rate that sublime feeling at 5 cents—just as if it could be measured by five pennies, or one nickel.

I won’t believe it.

Another warrior, of the Army of the Lord, says that brotherly love is an alternating current and does not flow steadily in an uninterrupted stream—offering in proof that yesterday morning, before the dinner hour, he was obliged to eat eight times before he got his fill, so inconstant was the various love affairs of the morning.

“It simply will not extend itself and surpass the limits of brotherly love,” he says; and fears that, “Philadelphia always will remain a Municipality of Amorous Brothers on a peace footing.”‘

(Peace and love are, as you know, somewhat synonimous, and Religion, too, lays certain claims to said synonimic-knot, family-tie and relationship.)

The other day we took a trip down to the south-end (League Island) navy yard and “reviewed” the ships moored to the docks in peace conference array, nestling together in the basin, innocent looking—may I say simple looking—in the most brotherly way—quite “threatening” enough to exemplify brotherly love—and, I note, in sincere dismay, that with a few minor changes the ships could be changed to Maytag washing machines.

(I saw two Able-Bodied Machinists with one Stilson’s wrench and a pot of “white lead” going aboard—so I figured that the American Admiralty is about to embark upon an emergency suds corporation project and shake down the laurels of the fleet corporation—so’ dumb I am!)

Needlessly too, since they could lay down the red tape and toss us the after-end of a piece of heaving-yam and let us anchor our washable-fabrics in the gentle swell between the vessels—thus saving soap and gas and electricity and profanity.

(We’ll need that profanity some day).

Now, insofar, as it would take about five columns of type to rate (proper) brotherly love—and I haven’t five columns of time—hence, I will leave out about three columns right here and trust the reader to determine the true horse-power of brotherly love as understood apart from the two extremes, love and hate—wet and dry—even as I point out in the latter case the favorite conditions preferred by a great majority of the people—moist, damp, dewey, frosty, foamy and foggy.

(I mention those few because I note no excursion trains headed towards the Sahara.)

Between extremes, a habitable position must be found else we must concede our inability to satisfy the many.

Brotherly love is one of those positions on the shifting sands of time, as variable as the brothers themselves, and open to praise or blame—depending on the susceptibility of the brothers. At times of course, even in Philadelphia, brotherly love has been severely criticized—as for instance, when the “cossacks” charged upon the waterfront with a great clatter of trappings—during the longshoremen’s strike—breathing fire of affection and sounding like a loose load of tin-ware—trappings in comic opera.

And when the longshoremen rushed out to embrace their beloved Constabules, the Cossacks went down the waterfront scattering sunshine and cheer in their wake, like a wounded “tanker” hobbling over the rocks—and seeping crude oil.

That night a great peace came over the longshoremen and they went home to read “the good book” and— as luck would have it—one of them came across the story about the Philistines and as to how the Lord hated that trite. Like a flash it came to him that these scabs, working the boats, were Philistines of the deepest dye and could not be reconcield with their theory of brotherly love.

The upshot of that story was that a bunch of Christian brothers moved in on the Pagan scabs and proceeded to wash them, in the Delaware Bay, as a tribute to clean morals.

(This brotherly action was severely criticized by the New York stevedoring company.)

Then again, on occasions beyond number, determined seamen would arrive t in Philadelphia “logged so heavily” that the skippers would “fear” openly they never would be able to collect the BACK-talk—rent—such a glorious sum. Word could be carried slyly to the longshoremen, yo-ow! The men would quit work to help the Captain, in a brotherly way, to look over the figures. And 10 times out of ten they were able to point out “mistakes” in the “log”—and the seaman would be surprised to find out that he wasn’t logged at all.

Really he almost hated to take the money—and would not have taken it, if it hadn’t been proven to him that.it was a brotherly thing to do.

Now, by reciting these few occurrences I do not aim to infer that Philadelphia won her name, “The City of Brotherly Love,” as a result of these exhibitions of sympathetic interestedness.

No.

But I do claim that without these recurring evidences of Solidarity she would have lost her name—and might be now called “The City of Brotherly Squabbles.” Lucky Philadelphia!

If I said that the people of Philadelphia are stubborn, such a statement would require six columns of defense.

But they are strict and insist that the letter and spirit of brotherly love be observed and practiced. They are so strict about said “ethics of consideration” that even officers of the law carry revolvers in ready reach, in plain sight, for protection against the day when (as they fear) their feet shall slip from the path laid out for them—when they wander into “ratings” other than brotherly love.

Some say “Philadelphians are hardboiled.”

Others argue that,

“They’re not soft, anyhow.

## 1927\_6\_IW\_19021927

**WAKE UP THE DEAD**

–––––

“And yet, good gods,” as Cicero would say, “what is there in Woman’s dress that can be called short?”

Quite right, Cicero; it’s the legs, it’s the legs that are long––are growing longer all the time. Had you held your peace, Cicero, I wouldn’t have noticed ‘em.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bryant, fireman, kissed by a woman rescued from blaze, **looked kind of expectant**––(just as if his shoe was full of whiskey from a busted bottle . . .)

\* \* \*

**Hawaiian Melodies**

As every one bloody well knows, meowing is as necessary to a cat as breathing to a politician.

But sometimes it is difficult to get the cat to take advantage of a few healthy meows––to exercise her lungs. The best way is, as Cicero would say, put the cat outside on a cold night. The cat will just pace back and fro by the door and **exercise** and **exercise.**

Should the cat quiet down make a little noise so’s to let the cat know you ain’t asleep––and it will take new heart. You see, as Cicero would observe, when you make a noise (like that) a **cold chill strikes** the vitals of the cat––**she fears that she’s losing out on some hamburger.**

By the way, the best way to get the cat to stay off the table is put a **four pound morsel of liver** on the floor––she’ll founder herself.

In the morning get a new cat. (Lots o’ new cats, nowadays.)

\* \* \*

Magistrate Joseph E. Corcoran, Irish but. . .’ sponsors legislation to combat perjury.

Worth trying, Joe––but we “believe” that if you give the people meat and drink they won’t lie. **Away with those “better foods” the papers yawl about!** and those delicious tinted drinks.

Don’t you think, brother, the world is––is––eh––getting better since the women gave up gossiping and the daily papers took it up? Don’t you think so, brother?

\* \* \*

I started out to yell about Hawaiian melodies; here I am:

A soft hearted drunk in a 5 and 25 cent store, tried to stuff a package of liver into the “loud-speaker”––he thought a starving cat was broadcasting distress signals.

It was with difficulty the official of the luncheonette convinced him “the cat is on a milk diet.” Many by-standers were carried away with the thought––the drunk was just

trying to plug up the machine.

\* \* \*

Kind reader, notice my position––I think I can make it with a **puttee** from here: Plug up the machine!

Machines are not always iron and brass. Building Associations are machines, and periodically get the proverbial monkey wrench thrown into their vital parts. Just now I gather from dispatches and extended observation of ardent admirers of things real-estate, that the time is now come when monkey-wrench artists will begin BOMbarding Building Associations––a form of financial sabotage. There is still time to get most all your money out!

Saturation point is reached, if you take it the right way.

\* \* \*

I love laws, but holy gee! they’re getting so numberless and thick, broad I mean––that I’M thinking of buying an adding machine.

Isn’t there a way to escort those legislators out at sunrise?

\* \* \*

**Health Note:**

A potato always should be cooked and eaten before it gets in the family way––same as onion––except in case of seed potato––then, it should be cut.

Note:

Contrary to accepted belief, a philanthropist is not one who aids or showers mankind with gifts, coins (dimes) or blessings; he is merely a “lover of mankind, person of abstract benevolence . . .”

All right, I see––abstract is defined: To take or draw away; separate; purloin or steal––(What the hell kind of benevolence is that?) Philanthropy, purloin or steal; epitomize, (brag about it) separate from and consider apart. (Count it in the cellar?)

There’s something wrong here!

According to that, a philanthropist isn’t as public spirited as men who steal from one and pass it on––to a congregation––few to many? As Henry Ford said about history I say about dictionaries and philanderphists––”they’re punk.” Throw that into the press.

## 1927\_7\_IS\_23021927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

“Premier Baldwin Nominates . Self as Loneliest Man.” Headline.—Here may be a misprint.—

Can it be the polite “linotyper” substituted “Loneliest” for Homeliest—some more British propaganda?

In. Re. Sir Sam Hoare and wife flight to Delhi, Asia, (per Brisbane) “Lady Hoare said it was a comfortable trip and she could use her powderpuff very nicely in flight.”—

Art, Art. O why didn’t you say the Lady Hoare found it necessary to use a powder puff repeatedly e’re herdainty slippers found solid bottom—good thing you quoted her—neither you nor I are obliged to believe her version . . .

Show us the puff—we want to see if we can’t squeese a few tears out of it.

And since Baldwin has elected himself “Loneliest Man”, let us hope and pray he doesn’t mean to the Point of Obscurity.

O wot a relief!

\* \* \*

Sonic of the old timers still can remember our war with Nicaragua—that is, upon the occasion of our brave boys and courageous marines perfecting American property and country-men yesterday—in a fashion obsoletely necessary because there in Nicaragua is possibility of a canal short-cut from Frisco to Connecticut, suburb of N. Y. City—the lives of our exiles must be protected and the namesake of Maple-Flakes manufacturer is **just the man to do it** being no longer a lame-duck. (His name I forget).

Brains! Nothing else but.

But if it so do happen that this astute diplomacy makes it unsafe for a “blue bellied yankee” to “light” in Latin America, think ye, o Ieavnt statesmen, that we can enforce our presence upon them any better than we enforced **cukkoo-cool-ah upon** our thirsty brethern?

“Thirsty days has September, April June and November” . . .

Roy Ka Moul[t]ou, the skinny author of “This Sluggish World,” in N. Y. American is an absolutely fair man—he’d give the devil his dues.

Says he, in regards Crown Prince. Carol of Roumania being led into compromising relationship with Mille. What’s—her—name:

“So far as; royal blood is concerned, we are almost thankful to worry along and be ruled by Wayne B. Wheeler.”—Thanks.

## 1927\_8\_IS\_26021927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

Twenty-four Hours:

(I like to quote Arthur Brisbane, he is so suggestive and sometimes “sloppy”‘––provokingly suggestive) ––

**“It must be remembered, however that while broker works from 10 a. m. to 3 p.m., he worries from 3 p. m. to 10 a.m….”**

Correct as hell, monsieur––he often worries the chorus girls, sometimes whole choruses and sprinklings of flappers not so chorus or decorous–– night clubs, and pulchritudinous police up in the **lisping-eighties....**

That gent sure worries, Art, just like a convincing poker player or race track prophet.

**He worries the life outen ‘em!**

From 3 p. m. to 10 a.m.––making it a 24 hour shift. (How’s dat for fade-out?) Yesterday was fishday and fry-day. Today people are more brainy, including A Brisbane and Ourself.

“Shaw Attacks Press Agents.”–– It’s a shame, that’s wot it is––to attack defenseless publicity moulders. Tex Richard should be awakened to make note of George Bernard’s style and estimate whether Maloney, Delaney and Tunney in mass formation, each bringing his own crutches, could stand in front of this latest white hope. Irishman and hopping zephyr––or, satyr is it?

Sing Sing is full. . . . –– (Tearfully, gents). **O, wot a shame!––S’posing some unoffending, sweet and innocent criminal should desire to honor the place with his presence**––not only to get out of de rain. . . .

**Supposing the pure and holy “bulls” desire to transport some depraved, non-principled and onerous** “nature’s––nobleman” **into the “pen”!**

What then? Wot then?

\* \* \*

“Countess Psalm Fogstrottin on her arrival in Waterford, Ire., said she (she’s a she) is “finished with the Count.”––

**She may need the count, again?**

\* \* \*

I see where Hearst had the presence of mind to wash his hands off of our latest Hamperialist Crusade practically completing a gentleman’s treaty with the Lily-white England. . . Hearst is one of our sole diplomats! But, fellow workers, there was no need of all that cleanliness on the part of the impeccable Hearst––he coulda let his hands go for another six months or six years––there will be no war––we’re too tired––why, we’re too tired to wash those dishes even, say nothing about a fight!

I know not how the ladies feel, but as for me: Give me time or take my life! Is it worthwhile? Or is it Hearst-while––

\* \* \*

The erstwhile, holidaysical Cicero, the great Roman “Kidder” who had the happy faculty of putting into conversational style all the main facts of the great philosophical truths as understood by the scrub-ladies of his period, and I, the present day nearest approach to greatness, are in perfect agreement––**neither of us admit that a cat is cleanly.** Cicero, of course, didn’t say so––because he fairly hated to quality his remarks––I must.

Ignorance shall perish!

Ignorance shall die an ignoble death right here in our hands––**pease to its hashes.**

Dumb creatures behold the cat “cleaning” itself and they braid their legs, roll their eyes reverently and squirm: “O, why can’t our cabinet members be as cautious about their appearance!

“O, why doesn’t Landis take a lesson from the cat and white-wash the “lively-ball” game!

“O, why. . . O. . .!––O. .!––Oh!––”

Oh Crap!!!––

The cat ain’t clean. He’s smeared from end to end with spit––the filthy creature!––you wouldn’t call me “clean” if I took a bath in a spittoon, would you? Cicero would have said, if asked––”fish is a brainfood” (editorial diet), but Cicero, too, would have opined, “it’s a brainfood not because it’s fish but because you dassent swallow it without chewing it thoroughly, so’s to dodge the bones.

That’s why I dug up Cicero’s grave this morning and let him speak for hisself––He had good eye-sight.

T-bone Slim.

P. S.––Editor, the nub to paragraph depicting Cicero’s skill, rich with philosophy and not poor with speculation, lies in the contrast, of today: We say it with Flowers and Bubbles––save in the case of our humble self. Although we cannot wring the truth from scrub-ladies, as of yore––we sincerely delve in the pay-dirt of the 17 souls of every male slave. We hold nothing back, intentionally––even if we had to post-script **all we know!**

## 1927\_9\_IW\_26021927

**AN AWFUL APOLOGUE**

Only recently the “original” of Whittier’s “Barefoot Boy” caught a severe cold, pneumonia, mumps or something, and thus it all came out. (It all comes out).

Now, many people who have been religiously reading my modest interpretations of thought pressure at the nozzle, do not know that I am the “original,” perpendicular, six foot shelf of all worthwhile, and necessary, knowledge. Yessir! Eliot will bear me out––on a stretcher––at least he would like to if he isn’t entirely too dead.

\* \* \*

Once we admit “evolution,” we’ve got to admit “dissolution”, too. Irratiocinational! Why, we might have to go as far as to say salt dissolves in water and butter melts in our mouths. Impossible! Its oleomargarine. How could butter melt if it wasn’t there?

\* \* \*

Headline: “Boy, 17, Wins $25,000 Channel Prize.” That means that the kid is less than a hundred years old and that he probably was given some money––17, you know, is a handy figure (like Shrudly) the printers use when they can’t think of “the” word. Had the kid been over a hundred years old the papers centainly would have mentioned it.––”Child Four Hundred Years Old Swims into Truck Load of Lincoln Pennies”––just like that.

Hysterical press!

“When Caillaux Speaks, the World Listens.” When I speak, the INHABITANTS dodge––so does the cat.

Japan approves another disarmament conference . . . “Japan Wants Arms Cut and 5-5-3 Navy, Too,”––headline. (Fellow Workers: Let’s stay out of this conference––it won’t be an arms cut, it’ll be our throat, too).

\* \* \*

Ida M. Tarbell, who at one time came near grabbing the literary laurels away from Sam Langford, the Boston tar-baby, has a gripping yarn in the Collier’ Nation, entitled, “Lincoln Kissed Him.”

Beautiful Dear Ida: If you really want to pry us offen center, tell us a tale something like this: “Rockefeller Kissed Her Though the Steel-Trust.” (It is now 3.30 A. M. and Lincoln’s going to bed).

“I reckon they would, said Mr. Lincoln,”––Ida, Ida, isn’t it strange that a great debater, like Lincoln, a rail-splinterer, was so fond of using sentences containing the word would?

\* \* \*

May I propose, as a **mathew-matt tishum**, that Arthur Brisbane is not a great writer –– he’s a great reader. Thanks, Art, don’t call it intuition! (I’M moved to these remarks because I see some one has built a fire under Art,––Sure, Editor, go ahead land and print it!)

If United States (Hearst or any other annex) owns any part of Mexico, president Coolidge’s “NO”, in regards to “confiscation,” is equivalent to the justly famous tinker’s damn.

‘Tis too early for another war! We’re somebody, too––seeing as how ultimately, we’ve got to do the fighting. Of course, if Hearst or Whizbrain wants to declare war, I well and good––we’ll put on our other pants and attend the funeral.

\* \* \*

“Has mind power over matter?”––That’s all settled. It has and it hasn’t.

The new question is, Has aim power over force? It has––else, how can we account for the fact that nine times out of ten I hit the dge of the slop pail when I spit? As I essayed before, When I speak the inhabitants dodge.

\* \* \*

Lives there a man so intelligent that he can give a believable “motive” to show that Mooney and Billings committed that Preparedness Day explosion? Is there a man who can explain what Mooney and Billings possibly stood to gain by the deed––(Imagination won’t do.) Isn’t there a single man in the United States with brains enough to plausibly explain why they did it?

They’re not crazy. They must have had had a reason.

Did **somebody else** do it?

If so, what was “their” motive?

Well, sir, it strikes me, the only possible motive was to get Mooney and Billings into the penitentiary. That is believable!

Willingly I staump to the head of the class. That is sarcasm.

## 1927\_10\_IS\_02031927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

Brer. SENECA, Spaniard, wise man of Rome, whose duties among other things consisted of tossing **a mean line of bull** to NERO (it had to be **mean,** or Goof Night SENECA!) was a man of **great gift**.

He had Nero swallowing it whole and hollering for more!

After convincing him that he, Nero, was **the original copy of** clemency SENECA **pulls this gem:**

**“But, I do not call it clemency to be wearied of cruelty**; true clemency, Caesar, is that which you display which has not begun from remorse at its past ferocity” . . .

Them, were the days—It had to be laid on thick!

Here’s another one:

“Through poverty he is hindered to teach, how a commonwealth may be managed: but he teacheth that thing, HOW POVERTY IS TO BE managed.” — (Ah ha! after all he is an expert **in his line!** Ah ha, oh ho and likewise Ho hom!—)

“Dear, o dear,” the lisping-press salivates, (slobbers) “basket-ball is crooked.”—

If that be so, I earnestfully beg the athletes to get away from those **ignominiously-gainful endeavors** and commence chewing snuff: a virtue that knows no end lasting and not fleeting like the joys of dollars and cents.

Wot do you mean crooked?

In this age of $100,00 black baskets, and 2,000,000,000-dollarnaires crookedness must take tangible form else we shall nominate it essence of high emprise.

\* \* \*

**“Your employer cannot keep your shop healthful unless you do your part.”**

(Somehow I like that statement) (I’m always glad to get testimony like that). He can’t keep our shop (not his, but ours) clean unless we do our part. Well sir, hereafter we’re going to do our part—mebbe before here after? We’re going to have health in our shop, or know the reason why . . !

\* \*

Daylight factories:

We need better light to work by. Aside from the fact that we turn; out bum work in those dark holes, we get sick-headache and eye-strain watching the boss—which, in turn, calls for care of eye specialist and that in turn calls for attention from pay specialist—you see, the pay must be fixt first before the eye can be fixt; and if the eye **ain’t fixt first** we can’t see the pay or the eye specialist—you see, we’re in a heluvafix!

All in all, I think, in view of the light we go by, the best way is have better light to go by and sprinkle phosphorous on the hands of the clock—so we can see it . . .

Note: Light Should come from above (not from “the- top”, the. “spinning” slaverer, nor from heavenly Hughie but from the roof) for be it observed, jn our walks through life, there is no light that comes from beneath us, except **reflections of light**. Give it to us **from the overhead**.

\* \* \*

No favorable reports came my way about Mr. Henry Ford’s intelligence during the so called Newberry investigation, or that court proceeding, whatever it was, and I was sorely depressed.

But I formed an opinion—I hate to spell it:

Henry may be “dumb” and all that, but so is Wall St—I notice Henry still has his money even after the great Prentiss made a special trip to see him about reorganizing the plant. **Mebby Hank couldn’t get the point?** York State:

A “homoginizer” is used to “mix” condensed milk, “pure”, milk, skim-milk and water, turns out what is acclaimed to be good milk, at Canastota and Mallina and . . . Reassembling, thus, the vital parts of milk good and true—truly the country is going dry.

Would it not be better to let the farmer pump the water in, in the first place, in his spare moments?

\* \* \*

New disease in Chicago:

Bacterium tularense!

The germ is named after Tulare Lake, California. Terrible, I’m sure! The “Sheikago” wictim contracted it handling rabbits . . . Oh wot a relief! At first, I was stunned that he had captured it “taking on” some Harrison St. hootch.

Those rabbits certainly travelled some—like the farmer said:

“We farmers don’t go off often, but when we do . . . when we do, o’ oo! Heck, Heck ! quit your joshing.”

## 1927\_11\_IW\_05031927

Insofar as Senator Heflin yawned and fell asleep, looking over (overlooking) Army intelligent test No. 8, I will rub my eyes and proceed to answer the multitude of sins: —

**America was discovered** by Henry Ford in Detroit, Michigan—he put wheels under it and forever established the gospel of the saying, “Distance lends enchantment to the love-scene.” , . .

**Pinochle** isn’t played with rackets, pins or dice, but by a bunch of pin-heads, wearing dice, with cards and much racket, crookedness and stub lead pencils—when they ought to be earning the living they get . . . (space forbids!)

**Wyandotte** isn’t a horse. King of Skandia, cattle, fowl or granite—it’s a county in Kansas.

The United States school for officers isn’t .. . (We don’t need one. They know it all—that’s where this test comes from!)

**The Guernsey** isn’t a cow, sheep, goat or mule—it’s either a hog or a new type sailor’s uniform.

**Salsify?** Name of a bungaloo at Oyster Peninsula.

**Coral** is obtained from ex-volcanoes, not from mines, clamshells or ball-players—ivory is different again—. It comes from Cincinnati—Proctor and Gamble, you know—a soap sir, colonel.

**Emerald** is red, blue, green—never yellow—one of the chief props of the British Empire.

**Maize?** Generally an Irish sweetheart of Cracker Jack.

**Velvet Joe:** America’s leading poet.

**Cypress?** Afro-American cedar.

**Bombay?** Abdomen of our leading citizens.

**Pancreas?** A town in South America. (China, Egypt, India and Japan gets honorable mention—I’ve got to learn to spell their honorable names.)

**Cheviot?** (Absolutely refuse to answer this question—will not bare my whole life. Army is unfair in asking me to.)

**Gretna Green?** Now had this question been:

**Beans?** A regular army diet (See how I respond to kindness?)

**Larceny?** An invention of one Mr. Larsen

**Battle of Gettysburg** Wasn’t fought in 1863, 1813, 1778 nor 1812—it was fought in Pennsylvania—in fact at Gettysburg.

**The Bassoon?** Another name for mythical Gabriel’s mysterious horn—hasn’t been blown yet.

**Turpentine** comes from drugstores and, no doubt, has everything in it that can’t be sold for more—hard to tell whether its lumber, oil, skins or TNT.

**The number of a Zulu’s legs** is 1½, un- less you count crutches.

**The Scimitar**,—ah, attaboy! A scimitar is a left-handed snickersnee.

**Author of The Raven?** (Unfair, unfair!) We’re not boosting struggling authors like Stevenson, Hawthorne and Kipling. Unfair question.

**Spare** may be a term used in bowling but we rather feel that it is either an accessory to automobiles or an accessory to ribs and cabbage.

**Six sided figure**, (six faced) ah, that must be one of those diplomatic figures that “have nothing to say” until after they hear the evidence.

**Ampere?** theoretical measure of juice volume.

**Mauve?** (We’re not French, but we’ll answer.) It’s not dry goods, peanuts, pop,—color?—Gosh, zat’s wot it ces; a tint; pinky; purply; a scene.

**Stanchion?** Used in fishing—something the fishermen slide down to regain control of their corkscrew from the hold of a smack.

**Mica** is mineral oil wagon grease.

(Now the last question—mebbe)

**Scrooge** appears in Vanity Fair, The Christmas Carol, Romola, Henry IV—we don’t know. We never read those True Compassion stories or Classic Smutt. We content ourselves with such light matter as College Humor, and sincerely do we weep at their best jokes—we don’t know.

Believe me, I’m not kidding like college breds are prone to do—I’m in earnest. I’ve done my best.

## 1927\_12\_IW\_12031927

Instead of originating from an ape (I now know) we came from a cat. Just take a look at a cat’s mitt and let your eye linger on the way he swings a punch at you. Need I say more? **And neither one or the other has learned much since.** (Sense.)

(Note, I do admit some learning in both!)

Those INTOLERANT that DESPAIR of the INTELLIGENCE of their NEIGHBORS are SICK, also—”MORONS.” ala mode. But they KNOW it NOT.

They THINK they’re RIGHT (only THINK—) They KNOW it NOT. (Intolerance?— )

Yet we cannot accuse them of **knowsiness**, for verily learning, and the learnt, have not as yet **punched so much as a hole in the pelt of knowledge.**

(Last clause “accounts” for schools like the Work People’s College.)

They may have “thought” that the hide of knowledge reposed in theri lap; that the stuff was all off with wisdom but, alass: so far, **knowledge hasn’t lost a single drop of blood**—the boys have been inhaling sweat and hailing it victory—and, like moronstrue, puffing out their pining bellies andcrating on their wonderful corpulence—thefatness of their head. **That’s why we need schools!** That’s why we need the I. W. W.—primarily, to raise wages but ultimatelyto obtain a “strangle-holt” on knowledge,attain and introduce that well advertised civilization long overdue.

I ain’t getting hysterical, am I, editor?

(Not a bit of it, T-Bone; not a bit of it You are handing them out the right sort of punch, and if it wallops them into the Work Peoples College next year so much the better. They have neglected our college long enough!—Ed.)

We may write and write—what’s that!

Linoleum, the great Roman, wrote 4,000 books—and said things we don’t know how to say with leadpencils. Speakers may pour out their very souls, in torrents of word—huh! It amounts to the same as pumping a coal barge dry into the ocean; so many words were laid before—it’s like a gentle shower on a parched desert, sadly in need of it—but unquenched and a desert still.

Say, where in hell is that big advance we are supposed to have made? My point is this: Knowledge is untouched—a virgin of purest complexion—and to say we have participated in the falling of that giant of the forest is a bare-faced lie with whiskers; to say we have cut a notch into it, shows we ain’t loggers—or the tree would be down! Why lie about it? The tree of knowledge is untouched; I claim we haven’t seen the tree; never “got a whiff’ of its fragrant presence—to say nothing about basking about in its grateful shade.

Big thing, Joe—big tree!

Show me bad conditions and I’ll show you ignorance.

(Did you get me?)

Bad conditions, when they exist—and they do exist—in factories and industrial pens, “are due mainly to ignorance.” That’s right big boy, forty different ways—but we don’t call it ignorance: we calls it greed, so we do—greed of the boss and his system: “It’s all one and the same things: that makes it ignorance, pure and simple, mainly!

And when bad conditions exist, it leaves no room for us to exist—and they do exist (the bad conditions) so, we don’t. We’ve quit—we’ve quit existing. We’re nothing but a—but a—fond memory.

**But we’re a memory that won’t stay ‘laid.’**

A ghost that won’t stay “put.”

## 1927\_13\_IS\_16031927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

–––––

The jury freed the minister on the ground he shot to save his own life when the lumberman, came to his private study—he wasn’t ready to meet his maker and passed the buck to ye lumebrman probably **equally** unready . . .

(Lumbermen generally are — — **that a way**). Now, there’s nothing the matter with that verdict—quite proper—the man of the lord was scared and honestly thought the bull of the woods was going to chop his Life-line (Lumbermen are kind a ferocious looking especially in a private study intended for the consolation of frailer sex.)

Understand me right, editor, don’t jump at confusions—I’m not trying to make it out that our nervous fundamentalist was afraid, to start for heaven—he simply wasn’t ready . . . as I said, Might as well ask a coal-barque captain to fall over board day before payday! Get me right, editor, you’re way off-coal barque captains don’t mind falling over board, but they insist that it be not earlier than evening **after pay day**. The responsibilities of a preacher require that he consider his flock of sheep —he aint like me or his flock of sheep—he aint like me or you that could start ankling for the next world any minute—a good way to be, editor, because our visitors live longer that way and prepare themselves more fully for perpetual life.

So, as I see it, editor—the jury did perfectly right in considering the preacher’s yellow streak (so strong that he adopted foxiness a better part of valor) and his total unreadiness to take part in the eternal—Jazz or—the big barbecue.

How dare you, editor—How dare you! How dare you think that I’m wrong?—and, yet, I admire your brave nerve.

The gutts of those prosecutors are marvelous—they take the people’s money and try to try ministers of the heavenly empire—Buggs! What chance have they to convict? None what ever.

Like Mr. Hugo would say: With one Roll of their Eye; one Wave of their Wing—they Return to their Congregation.

Might as well try to convict September-Morn! This, too, in the face of the fact that New York refuses to try perjurors because juries wilt not convict witnesses “lying for a friend”—and, thus it is that this great state, is torn up with agitation for cut-rate punishment for “friends” (should be, too, for friends of friends).

Convictions are highly desirable, the Sing Sing is full.

The people will not rest till the fast man has all the rest under lock and key—except preachers, they’ll swing the key on the last man.

Toleration, wotl

Paraphrasing the Parodoxical Parallelgram—On the other hand, editor—not ankle—No, no, no! not angle, but hand—the other hand—it appears that Mr. Browning did not have peaches for dessert—applesauce—

We’ve been palpitating over Mr. Browning’s tainted laundry for some time but darned if we tan find anything in the basket that looks as if there’d been foul—play—in fact, we re highly pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Browning’s performance so far as pulling and hawing is concerned and believe that those press-agent-hitches can’t slip—especially are we gratified with Mr. Browning’s interpretation of Flaming Age and, naturally we’re on the **qui vive** to find out how he made out on the actual romance part of it—and did he have any difficulty in giving expression to his tenderest passion.

A statement from Browning at this time, being the older and, therefore, having keener insight into such things—that is, inside knowledge of things platonic (pronounced, play-tonic)—such a statement now would relieve the tension, the strain, the terrific uncertainty under which we wallow—mebbe clarify the atmosphere enough to dispel the hate hanging over Washington dubbed “arbitration” (a medium of going on record; establishment of precedent) and cause good old Uncle Sam, Mexico, Brow ding and Peaches to Forget their Difficulties as the Ouickest cure for Hallucination.

T—bS—

## 1927\_14\_IS\_23031927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

The other day **owing to the [unclear]nant inferior-complex of the [unclear] America beefsteak,** wanted to go to Europe . . . but I didn’t know whether it was on the Lehigh Valley or on the Missouri Pacific—That dumb I was!

I was desperate as one afflicted with anglo-sex appeal, hyperamericana or methodist dementia. I turned to the left of me and to the right of me: “Where’s Europe”, I wailed.

“Has anyone here seen Europe”, I chorused.

Nobody deposed reply.

Like a man drowning in a cesspool I grabs and as luck would have it I grabbed the N. Y. Journal—a newspaper that modestly claims to be America’s greatest evening paper—the bashful one—for where in the whole world can you find greatness greater?

Feverishly, I turned to Abie The Agent and proceeded to absorb that elixir of life into the veins of my doldrums of igniorance:

“Three Musketeers”—Haa, Abid takes in a show.

“A Wonderful Story”—He is pleased—invites Meyer up to his house— shows him his library. . .

“A fine set of books; have you read them all, Abe?” —

“I didn’t have to; since I got these books, I’ve seen every one off them in the movies.” —

H’ml every one of them?

In the movies?

Well! That being the case I’ll just drop this paper and rush off to the movies—mebbe I can see America’s greatest evening Journal there, too?

Alas, alas, fellow workers, the first show I came to was Syncopating—Sue!

**It was like a blow from a clear sky!!**

(But wait a minute.)

The hero of the play is headed for Europe. . .

**The plot thickens!**

The heroine finds it out:

“On the Mauretania”.

(Then it isn’t on a railroad?} ‘

Hm”—

She does a “Douglas Fairbanks” and grabs a taxi—”PIER S57”, she yells (almost causing her beautiful jaw to turn a somersault.)—

**Mauretania, eh?**

**Pier 57, bey?**

Hm!

I see. I see.—

I wish I had that Evening Journal, now.

Not having, I went out and bought me a beefsteak, darn the luck any way!

Now fellow workers, if there be among ye those who have seen many shows, this heartbroken author would be elated beyond measure if you would tell him what show to, see in order to find out the best remedy for pain-in-the-neck.

T. Bone Slim.

## 1927\_15\_IW\_26031927

**SAMPLE SHOES**

–––––

The most important thing a man needs, and the two most important things a woman needs is (or are) OBJECTIVE.

How’s that for a start?

It isn’t enough that man and woman struggle—in different places, of course—he or she needs AIM, (objective) too. It isn’t enough that man and woman—woman and man—for instance, struggle on the dance floor, singly or plurally, they need in addition to exercising their culture, GOAL, (aim, objective) also.

To illustrate: A man is hungry—they get that way; he is “borke”—woe is me—they will blow their riches on foolish things like overalls and canvas gloves—do you follow the “plot?”

He rises, with determination written all over his noble face—that man is going to eat! We have every confidence in the happy consumation of his intention and repast. He strides forth on his errand of want, seeking suitable substances to devour. He “plows” ahead, not turning to the right of him nor to the left of him—nor caring a consecrated dam wro blundered—he’s going to eat.

Now, what is it that gives him the necessary persistancy to stay by his errand? Is it the pangs of hunger?

No, gentlemen, it is not. It is simply the vision of a rosey meal that puts new life in his despondent legs. Fear of starvation comes much later. So, you see, it is the objective and not the conditions that sway men’s legs.

Education is a good objective—if you have no target. Not to know it all, but to increase the amount you have—.

It would surprise you to know how little I have—I think I will just use this lesson myself . . .

\* \* \*

I see where Madame Kollantay sails for Vera Crux aboard S. S. Lafayette after being debarred from landing in Cuba. (It will be remembered, she wasn’t allowed to light her foot in these several United States) An entrance into Mexico couldn’t be more melodramatic—I hope she didn’t have to bribe Cuba to bar her.

**What a wonderful start!**

Since when has United States of America and Western Hemisphere, and Cuba of the same address, become Mme. Kollantay’s press agent?

\* \* \*

“What Price Glory?” inquires a dear friend of mine:

Well, sir, it all depends upon the quality of the glory. Some glory, you know, wears a long time and improves with age like poor wine, and, again, another glory will fade and shrink in the afterwash so that you can’t get it over your head.

Of course if it’s a good glory, sound on both ends and not rotten in the middle and has solid sides of good timbre, well seasoned, sturdy bottom and water proof roof, I should judge that it ought to be worth the time it takes to steal it—even if you tear your pants in the barbwire fence in getting

it and can’t use it after yon get it. Cheap glory (of thin veneer) and cut-price glory I refuse to discuss because I’m death on all adulterated products.

“Is Life Worth While?” another friend relies upon my judgment—being as how I’m an inveterate optimist:

You have heard the testimony oh this, there is no need for me to dig up the corpse and tear it all apart. The testimony has been very complete—as complete as the endorsements to Hearsts’ programme of uniting all the people “dat spicks de Engleesh” or Lydia Pinkham’s list of grateful beneficiaries—I refuse to take sides on this question, but will say if Life Ain’t Worth While it’s a dead cinch death ain’t all it’s cracked up to be—wot’ll ye have?

Like Mike said:

“I’ve just been to Callahan’s funeral.”

Paddy: “Why, is Cal. dead?”

Mike: “If he ain’t we certainly played him a dirty trick.”

\* \* \*

**Sample Shoes**

Here’s the way us great writers build a straw man:

**Which is the proper end to open a soft boiled egg if yer gonna eat it with a spoon?**

Here’s the way our heroic figure of straw goes down:

**“The small end. It being smaller, it is cooked firmer than the big end.”**

## 1927\_16\_IS\_06041927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM.

Elections had been bought and sold.

Ballot boxes (turkeys) had been stuffed. Brainy men had quit voting.

The dumber ones began to miss their “Chances to vote.”

A great share of the working class had been “disfranchised.”

Not having votes, women weregiven that right, (now it lies between Italians, women and voting-machines).

And now—and now, I said along comes the Workers Party and says “we’ll do it politically.”

What travesty I— tragic travesty. **Did you get me?**

Polities on the way out, was buttonholed by the effusive Muscovites and detained: “Come back to me, sweetheart”— for a return engagement—and “leave me never more.” — Delay? O, why delay decrepit “polly?” **Trying to use polities, is just like flirting with your own grandmother.** Shame on you!

\* \* \*

“A hard headed businessman.”—That does not moan that he is bone-headed, as they say— nor that he is ivory-headed — no matter how much bone or ivory may be in the “composition” of his cranium. (Cranium sounds like metal, doesn’t it— that’s wwhere we get the saying “the hard-headed businessman was on his metal.”) As I was saying, these terms used may sound like hell, but nevertheless, they may contain the most affable and worshipful idolatry of modern churldom —thus supplying a second meaning to the terms . . . As for instance, the word “business”, itself, has two meanings.

And, insofar, as there may be a doubt as to it being called “employment,” the various authorities refer to it as “occupation”— you see, there’s a vast diffence between employment and occupation.— Breaking and entering is an occupation— creating is employment. And so it goes.

So too, in the case of concentration or centralization, a gigantic alniost catalysmic misconception has gone forth . . .

People thought, for instance, that the concentration of Industrial Unions under one roof was a form of centralization and highly desirable—and many were the arguments sincere and indifferent that arose to skies) in favor of it. Now, let us not go into a seance as to whether it was beneficial or injurious—let us rather concede the benefit and that the move was good.

And, further, if it was centralization, and was good, let us further centralize, **move all our branches under the same roof.** “Ah” you say, “but that won’t work!” Well then, **centralization won’t work**— neither will decentralization — two extremes.

But I argue the moving of the branches (all under one roof) is not centralization as the congregation of Industrial Unions under one roof was not centralization— merely, may I say, a “mulligan” of effort.

JUDGES FAVOR WHIPPING

POST.

“The cat-o-nine-tails is best cure for moral defectives.”—Judge Marcus Kavanagh, Chicago—.

I hope hizzoner doesn’t speak from personal experience of actual contact with pussy-three-quarters-o-dozen-tails?—but, if so, I fear the evidence indicates the cure was a failure—seeing as how hizzoner smells blood so readily. But I’m game, and don’t doubt the scratching ability of the cat, but holy gee—you could draw more blood by currying the defective with a brush made from ten-penny nails and piece board . . .

Patience, judge,—I offer this merely to inspire inventors to bring out something that would scratch a fellow in truly good fashion —skin ‘em alive. And judge, your honor, in the interim—excuse the Latin —while waiting—I’m irrevocably opposed, to the “cat” being used on maudlin judges, the ertswhile fizzling barristers of yesteryear . . .

We got to- draw the line some place! Many may disagree with the learnt and sincere judge; but when it is remembered that on top of trying to keep everybody else right, and correct those that ain’t right, many of our judges find no little difficulty in keeping themselves right—especially in Chicago—it will be seen they speak not only as theoretical but practical men.

As for myself—very readily I see the judge’s mind embodies no mean legislative ability as well as judicial, and I mourn because he isn’t in Springfield where he could introduce the cat-o-nine-tails on the floor of the House—his constituents would take it good naturedly.

Springfield, Ill. Mch. 22.—Bert Gillen, eighteen, died in solitary confinement in the State Reformatory after having been given the “water cure” for an attack on a guard . . .

What should we do with such a morally defective, and mentally unbalanced, “water brigade”? —Come to think of it, a death sentence seems pretty heavy punishment for mere attack on a guard —even in a REFORMATORY.

Guess the judge is right after all—the cat-o-nine-tails would have saved this boy’s life and he might have grown up to be president of our fair republic . . .

Still, many people prefer to drown!

## 1927\_17\_IW\_09041927

**STARTING OFF-SIDE**

–––––

“Conan Doyle’s Dogs In Trouble,”—my heart goes out to Conan—Yes, it does; I know what it means to have sore feet.

What can you expect—what, with all those prison made shoes and plastered together socks!

Doyle, thank god! soon we can go barefooted. that is—we’ll hafto. As it is, I have two pair of shoes that need half-soling—how are you editor?\*

\* \* \*

Leadership?

There appears to be a great difference of opinion about this pompous question. Some of the boys, gifted with enormous brains, argues that “the only way to save labor is to put up a halter on his head;—while others (of monstrous intellect) politely suggest, “Nay, nay, brother; the true and correct way is to put a bridle over his ears and pound him on the back”—(must think we’re jackasses, hey!)

I would urge:

Ride ‘urm cow boy—and use the horns—use the horns—plenty.

Save yourself, first—before collecting salvage for the derelict class.

The way to save labor is Organize it—whether they follow or flee, tarry or be driven they are safe once they are organized—and forever thereafter. Yessiree, this here leadership question is **amomenchewou**s issue! **But who’s gwine to credential himself to git the slave’s name in the book?**

\* \* \*

The capitalist system just will not fit. The suit is altogether too small for our skinny, but growing, civilization. The bakers that use strictly fresh eggs making sponge cake cannot compete with those that use rotten eggs—because rotten eggs are cheaper (even if they leave out the sponges!) Gosh!—what’s the result?

They all use rotten eggs and compete and compete . . .

Now in order to kind o’ keep our bakers from exceeding this rotten egg limit, capitalism maintains a government and appoints snifters, watchers and inspectors to keep an eye, ear and nose on the egg from the time the hen delivers it until its sunk in the cake mixture—or mixer—one inspectre for each egg.

He blinks once, in goes a rotten egg—so rotten that the cake will have to be sold as meat pie—for a better price.

As I was saying, the capitalist system just will not fit—just like that—it takes too many inspectors to keep the eggs pure and wholesome—. Then, again, ‘sposing the inspectors and eggs both get rotten?

God forbid!

**That’s the system’s “programme,”** **Number ONE.**

But there’s another way to protect yourself against those eggs and flourrie-yeggs: Quit eating cake.

(God forbid!)

Once you quit eating the bakers will soon go bankbroke and will be forced to eat their own stuff with the result that they’ll git the cholera and croak . . .

You’ll have to bury ‘em—some more expense—but fellow workers, it’s better to bury ‘em than haring ‘em crying at your own funeral.

**That’s two ways out.**

I’m chuck full of ways and means and remedies and cake this morning, editor,\*\* but cramped for space, so I will just recite one more short cut out of our dilimbo:

In order for us cake-eaters to be successful in inducing the bakers to take a mouthful of their own baking, we got to quit **as one**—suddenly—and in order for us to be able to quit as one “we got to be organized”—organized “all in one big union”—Well!—so long as we’ve got to belong to one big union we may as well put the myriads of craft-union officials on a cake diet, too—and take a day off to bury ‘em.

Red cards, gentlemen; and don’t let any one tell you that “gentlemen prefer blondes.”

**T-Bone Slim.**

\* \* \*

P. S.

I’ve went and done it! In above spasm I’ve honored the baking companies by calling them bakers. They’re no more bakers than I’m a bathing-heifer—that’s that! The real baker has to use what the Baking Powder Gods provide—or try bootlegging for a change.

T-b S.

\* \* \*

\* You are “twict” as “blest” as the Editor, T-Bone; if the Editor had one pair of half-soles and another pair of good uppers, and could get the two put together, he would have one good pair of shoes.

\*\* Is that all you are full of—so early in the morning?

Anyway, the Editor gets your point on “leadership” and “education” (in a previous issue) He hasn’t **graduated** and is still getting his **education**.

The Editor.

## 1927\_18\_IS\_13041927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM.

I abdicate!

Editor, J. A. G., Ind. Sol., the ‘torial “Less Pie; More Piety” was (is) a tasty morsel — take the crown!

You’ve earnt it.

I’m flat; once in a while, now-days, I get off a good one—when the editor **unearths** a year old article . .

I refer to “Brotherly Love” recently printed in the Industrial Worker, Seattle, Wash.—**I’ve felt robbed the whole year long**.

Is it wonder I’m flat?

\* \* \*

Arthurus Brisbane again:

Dante said, “Give light and the people will find their OWN way.” (Skycraper mine). He adds, “The public school is the light and hope of the nation, and education will do to crime, superstition and vice what bright sunshine does to germs of disease.”

How provoking! (Have another one, Art.)

Then, Art, the public schools are not afflicted same as rest of us? (How interesting!)

Schoolboys are not committing suicide or anything?—

I accept your qualifying remark “bright sunshine” and reject your prophecy about what public schools (as wing of education) will do.

True, public schools are a hope—nothing more—not “the light”—and, when Dante said “Give light” he meant no public schools, he was talking about, and hollering for, the “bright sushine” that kills germs.

One arc-light, on the corner, does more to offset crime, vice and superstition than all the public schools this side of Duluth, Minnesota—of course Duluth has the Work People’s College and, therefore . . .

\* \*

Here’s Bad Luck to “jevla”?

MRS. MsPherson (Aimee Semple) drank lemonade with gusto **yes**terday” in her rooms” at Hotel McAlpin . . .

Who’s Gusto? Is he Swede? Is he an operator, too?

O, why don’t they let this woman alone, and let her become famous!

“In her rooms”? That probably means the second-hand rooms in which she dwells— she probably rented somebody else’s rooms, as others rented them before her—second-hand matter, all around.

Editor: blame me not; a flatiron snoozed atop my tablet. Thanks.

‘Tis easy to moralize—’specially normal man.

But when normal man moralizes (or demoralizes) for denormalized man, his moralization is denormalization—and he “deserves” the sincere pity of every denormal critter!

**‘This then, and not until then, he is one of the buneh.**

When one man proposes and does think for another man, his own thinking suffers—with the **result that instead of one, two need help—and no help available!**

**Roll your own.**

\* \* \*

A some what hysterical divine, of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwcrie, opines that “Geo. Washington was a gentleman; Lincoln and Jackson were not” I’m glad to hear that—tho I hate to sacrifice Washington to that absolutely worthless tribe—and I can only hope that new evidence will be found to prove that George really wasn’t a gentleman or a yellow cur in the true sense of the word.

“**A man’s a man for a’ that**”. Burns said—he didn’t say a gentleman’s a gentleman.

## 1927\_19\_IS\_20041927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM.

**Without Benefit of Evidence—**

All I can say about the bullheaded, prospective execution of Sacco and Vanzetti by the State of “Mass.” is this:

It resembles, closely, the bullheaded “attempt to execute” a man in Spain (France, ditto) a couple of decades ago—and powerfully we wailed,

Use your sense, Massachusetts!

“Aaron Sapiro, suing Henry Ford for libel, is not permitted to charge ‘Jew’ was used as ‘general’ term of reproach.”

That proves nothing; and if it isn’t sourcasm it’s damn close to **propagander**.

I’m beginning to think that Aaron and Henry sit on the same pot. **Let’s get some life to this trial!**

o o o

Segrave’s **200-miles-a-minute-car** didn’t move a step—the 166 miles de (an hour) is unofficial. My watch is slow! Stopped, by God!

o o o

“America,” says Ben Hecht on other matters, “**is slowly giving birth to a race of respectable criminals.**

He knows.

o o o

May I, editor?

Editor, I’m hardly in shape to write “it.” I’m all wrought up—Editor, when you see me putting only seven words to a line, make up your mind that I must have got hold of excellent wine—or I wouldn’t be that liberal with high-grade writing paper.

As I say—as pretty a murder as was ever inaugurated was culminated right here in New York (but it took a man from Syracuse to make it an outstanding success).

Mrs. Snyder, a Swede, never would, or could have, accomplished the “half of it” (By the way, records show Swedish women do not murder their husbands).

It took a man from Syracuse, by the name of Gray (at first I read it Gary) **on a special trip**, to bring out the few moves with a window-weight that put him (and her) on pages 1, 2, 3, and 8 of the metropolitan papers—even as I was expiring for a murder mystery. The jury will have its hands full!

One extenuating circumstance is the fact that the murdered man was an editor—metropole editors will (for that reason) exhibit better than 50-50 “cautiousness” in discovering the merits of the case.

o o o

The United States, “Uncle Sam,” should kind o’ watch his step and move it swiftly into the seats of the trousers of the many “retiring” gents I know. . . . This here idea of using U. S. jobs fishing for publicity is illicit and using it for pressagentage, or agentism, is taking advantage of a trusting soul—and, one who does that could improve himself by being “straighter.” . . .

Without a scintilla of ability (to warm their ribs) ; without a record of something done, they propose to step forth (unlike gold-digging heifers) on the “rep” a “grateful” country has accorded them—on the superimpondage of ravings of the blighted press.

A name— that’s all they possess.

Superimpondage of ravings means heft of evidence—or should.

## 1927\_20\_IW\_23041927

–––––

**NO NEED TO HOLD A GUN ON ‘EM**

–––––

(Finest sarcasm I ever saw.)

**“How’s business since they pared the highway past your store. Si?”**

**“Why, these blame automobeelists have near ruint me. Bought up dem near all my stock the first week and I ain’t got nothing to sell.— “**

Isn’t that the truth, New York American? These here “automobeelsists” just will not pass a store- They always stop and buy up all the stock, from store to store . . . We ought to build them some more roads (free) so they can visit other stores and load up on merchandise. They’re “buying fools!” That’s what they are, American!

Psst American, lookit all the cats and dogs and hens and hogs whose lives are saved by having the automobeclist slow down to make a landing at a store. My goodn . . . “I think the “step-on-’er”-problem can be solved by spotting our stores at strategical points; no store to be near railroad crossings (because the low grade quality of hootch, would have a tendency to rob the locomotive of her perfectly good victims) as it is, the death rate at the crossings is about the only bright and encouraging feature of our dull and drab existence. I mean, run a chain of stopes along straightways and fairways of our bouncing boulevards, **yust so far apart und no furder.**

Raying fools! That’s wot dey are—and there wasn’t a word of propaganda in that gag; just pure, undiluted, deelightful sourcasm.

\* \* \*

The big butter and egg companies (Swift etc.) provide the grocers with egg containers that hold an even dozen. Heretofore, the grocers suffered terrific losses owing to getting muddled in the count and inserting as high as 13 and 14 eggs in a sack—many of them couldn’t count up to 12, but pretended to, and went by guess. So, ‘twas up to Swift to hand them a measure to go by—a crying need.

**Now, the astute grocer rolls his sleeves up and drops an egg at a time in a paper slot until the box is full**—all the while giving his competitor across the street dirty looks and nasty glances.

\* \* \*

‘T’s now established a crime wave is nothing but a grime wave.

Workingmen’s children, and boys in Brooklyn, are the latest **peice de exhibit** in report of state board.

‘T appears some of Albany’s Iws got busted—”the boys steal in order to get movie money \* \* \*.”

By the eternal gods and seventeen Irish angels, I’ve noticed that myself! Ever since the pictures started moving I’ve had an almost irresistible desire to step out and steal sumpin’. Abolish the movies!

“Red Hook workingmen’s sons and daughters spend their time in 105 pool rooms\*\*” What! I thought you said they were thieves—and here they are in pool rooms? Fat chance of getting hold of movie money in a pool room!

Ah, but the board opines: “More burglaries among boys of sixteen to twentyone are concocted in low pool rooms than in any other single places.”

Low pool rooms?

Abolish them—make then concoct their burglaries in high pool rooms, or behind the warehouse.

“There are fifty-one churches” Abolish them. Move the lots close together, make a golf ground out of them so the lads can concoct their schemes same as financeers—what if they do steal the price of clubs to start off with-

“Red Hook housing conditions are wretched. None of the families boast bath tubs.” (Patience, board—soon as the kid’s get a chance to lift a Stillson’s wrench they’ll come home with a bath tub.) “The wash tub is used when necessary,” adds the board.

Finally the board prints this homely philosophy: “When large numbers of children steal to enjoy illegal purchase of amusement, the odds are against the parent who is seeking to bring up children decently.”—So it is,, so it is,—and when there are 105 pool rooms, 51 churches and only 6 playgrounds in this district the cause of stealing is apparent as a matter of “following suit or trumping.” Concentration of people in one place, in order that they may be robbed the better. (circus style) is an example the young are quick to grasp. But, nevertheless, me thinks the board is unnecessarily exercised over the depredations of our future presidents. It seems to forget we are living, as LUCK would have it, under a thieving system.

\* \* \*

I see where the Chinese situation is getting worse than Herrin, Illinois—guerilla warfare and everything ‘round Socony Hill (Standard Oil Company Of New York Hill)—our citizens, (nuts) after dallying 60 days ‘round Nanking were shot full of holes—martyrs, bury ‘em deep! Why they didn’t dare come home, I know not. Embezzlement? Forgery? Rape? Breech of Promise? Mayhem? Mopery? Murder? Manslaughter? What!—I presume Socony provided the photos of Nanking Hill—if it didn’t it’s a frame-up.

I notice S. S. Preston defended Socony Hill—J. D. Rockefeller ought to get quite a “kick” out o’ that . . . before he dies—which I hope will not be soon; or ever, for that matter.

T-b S.

## 1927\_21\_IS\_27041924

**The “Half of It”**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

She fell and fell and fell and FELL——”

They all saw her capsizing!

But I saw more, I hope to tell—

Indeed, I saw her rising.

I didn’t see her fall, at all—

And “down,” like others blather;

I saw her rise, against the wall!

I didn’t see her stagger.

I saw her rise and rise and rise—

Such is my testimony—

The others need a pair of eyes,

They and their eyes are phony.

Cheap skates! the “nuts” who only see

The Fall, the WHINE, the grumble

And make of them a melody——

I never saw her tumble.

I never saw her take the spill;

The fall to me was “curtained”

I only saw the “hope,” the will

To rise the more determined!

Observing sirs, please do recall

She STOOD— before capsizing;

In fact, so oft she couldn’t fall

Unless she kept arising.

She did, she does, she will again

Rise up in all her splendor

And heal the ailing eyes of men—

Excuse me and her gender.

## 1927\_22\_IS\_27041927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM.

That year and a day sentence to Atlanta’s Somber Resort made poor Earl Carroll, Knight of Bath, think of his mother’s grave—and suiting action to inspiration, he ankled over and dropped a few solemn tears o’er the sacred ground and memory. . . . We feel for you, Earl— but why, oh why, didn’t you play the game, stand pat and say NOTHING. . . .

The same habits, customs still prevail, to the exclusion of all turpitudes, moral or dismoral, in giddy New York— but they’re IMPORTED.

—

EXTRA!!!

Baseball will have one of its greatest years.

The National League pennant will be won by Freeport, Ill.— Brundage pitching.

The American League creep will end in a “tie”—all teams in front and stock still. The season will be stretched three times and will extend up to “do-your-shopping-early-week” when it will be called off as special token of homage to the pope. The stove league is expected to break the “tie” after “New Years.” Above program is necessary in order to create interest for next year—for the great American pastime, what? Dollars!

—

Henry E. Huntington paid $640,000 for a picture, in Europe—a picture I could paint with my feet without cramping my legs— had it been a pitcher of beer I wouldn’t . . . . ain’t it hell we ain’t got no artist: of our own7 in this country ‘cep myself and ‘cept the starving kind

—

Mince Meat. 422 children were run down in New York last year by automobiles—guess that’s cleaning ‘em off to the tune “I didn’t raise my boy to be a soldier”?

Now I have a preventive for all this: Get red-headed drivers. Thanks! Not only has my suggestion its inherent value but, if given publicity, carries blood-curdling prestige and will, cut down the “run downs” figures from 422 to 22. Thank you ever so much—kind ladies!

Cease hiring drivers from the asylum—spelled b-u-g-h-o-u-s-e- !

Pay the wages and you can get red-headed ones, more speed, “anticipated danger” and maximum safety.

—

Kipling has had his innings lately on the strength of an immortal saying . . . —yes, sure, in the papers—”Woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.”

Power, what!

A smoke is only a smoke, but a woman is a—a —a cure for surplus energy.

Is that treason? Nothing greater! There is no substitute.

A good cigar? Huh! Who’s got a cigarette?

Don’t b’lieve Kip said it!—If he did, if he DID, I’ll bet he picked up a butt on the Mojave desert when he flew off the handle!—

—

Ah, but we forget! Liberty is the watchword of benign governments; tyranny is the motto of business, their motivator.—Let us consider well the functions of economic pow-versus financial — one of these powers is power—the other is promissory, and unreal.

## 1927\_23\_IW\_30041927

**BEGGING THE QUESTION**

–––––

BUENOS AYRES.—A beggar on the streets of this capital can make $1.25 in an hour. An unskilled laborer draws about $2 for eight hours work, (play.) Board cost almost nothing (hospitality).

Unfortunately, like Oscar Wildcat said, “the hours seem like years—and years worse than that.”

\* \* \*

N. Y. American says: “Judges in all courts are shamefully underpaid.”

I’m surprised!

The judges that I’ve met, if they get a cent are subsidized beyond all dreams of avarice. “American” carelessly omits to mention the size of their pay—not that we care a hoot.

\* \* \*

*THREE THIRDS*

Some time ago we were startled beyond expression over the safety of our country because it came to our ears the landlords are m favor of chopping the year into thirteen months.

THIRTEEN! Can you IMAGINE!

I rushed to the nearest blind pig and told the Pig, “I don’t care what becomes of me now ; give me a coca-cola.”

“What’s the matter?” inquires the Pig.

“Matter? Don’t you know they’re going to make us pay rent for thirteen months a year! Fill ‘er up again,”

“Oh dats nodding,” laughs the Pig’ heartily; “work py der month; I’ll trust you till day pay.”

“Yes, that’s all right; but how about the thirteen—I’d rather pay rent for fourteen months.”

A great light came over the Pig; his eyes began to curdle prettily; all color left his school-boy complexion, and with one mighty yell he clutched at his heart and fell dead.

I got way—.

As I was going to say, speaking about figures and time and relationship between employe and employer—in view of the various efforts to “reform” existing arrangements: How about putting into practice the great natural law of one third time to work, one third time to pitch horse shoes, and one third time to “hit the hay,” hey?— Breakfast and supper time to be reduced from work time, hey?

The boss of course will try to tell you that instead of wasting time tossing horse shoes, (heavy things) you ought to spend it pitching rivets.

Thell with that noise, hey?

\* \* \*

The other day one of Neuvo Yorrick’s greatest papers (nothing much, but greater than nothing at all, nevertheless) printed Tyrus Cobb’s picture marked Herb Pennock, and Pennock’s picture labelled Ty Cobb.

Nobody suspected the substitution.

Such is fame. Such is interestcaness. Such is memorie—.

Now, I would suggest to ye papers that when short of a Chinese “generals” picture don’t go over to Chinatown and snap a laundryman—just print Wayne B. Wheeler’s picture, once more.

Nobody’ll know the difference.

Ditto: E. W. Latchem called it “One Bib Union” o’ Bosses—a full dress affair, likely—.

Sucklings, ‘stead o’ parasites, eh!

## 1927\_24\_IS\_04051927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM.

Good morning . . . . . . . judge. Eight Anti-Trust-Law Violators Win Their Freedom—dodge their “time.”

(After all, they didn’t hare to veil “take in” the New Jersey “stop”—as famous as New Jersey “justice.”)

These manufacturers were convicted and sentenced in 192 —(this is 1927) —recently the U, S. Supreme Court upheld their conviction—(same as saying lock ‘em up)—so, Judge Hand, in federal court, **suspended their sentences**. (Handy to have a sensible Judge like that on hand, let me assure you!)

Charles Evans Hughes (hot Heavens Hughes) and George Wharton Pepper fixed it with the judge, in the way of a stirring plea—betters from leading church and professional men were read to the court.

U. S. Attorney Charles H. Tuttle “washt his hands” as not being present in the deal.

Charles Evans Hughes used to sit on the Supreme bench but that should not be held against him—really does know not a little about law.

MORAL: A sentence of the court, upheld by the Supreme Court means nothing in the lives of manufacturers—can’t expect them to lock themselves up. That ain’t wot, jails are for!

In Massachusetts they lock up four kinds of men: linesmen, railroadmen, barge captains and innocent men—the thieves, robbers, bandits and business men prance around doing the black bottom, both legs froe.

Not that we give a damn.

P. S.: Cautious Daily News refers to Hughes and Pepper as “high priced” lawyers.—That can mean but one thing—they come high.

Anyhow, the eight men are free through the kindness of Judge Hand and, I’m sure, if Hughes of Pepper were judge they would do’ as much for Hand—under similar “trying” conditions—excuse my emotion.

x x x

True, editor—a black satchel containing $50,000 changed hands as a part of patriotic duty, in the- oil scandal, when Doheny was saving the country from assault and battery. Now visualize—imagine—the long, long line of suitcases that passed into Mexico. If you can do that you will understand why Gonzales laid down his guitar, and you will also interpret correctly the mighty cry: “**Kellogg, Kellogg, save our p’p’property**.”

Property? Which? The suitcase or oil field? Personally, I think U. S. should mobilize and get that suitcase and get its original owner, throw him in the can for disturbing the world’s peace—appoint me Bribes Custodian—and apologize for the low down rats that contaminate our virtuous population.

And rediscover that: Uncle Sam and Mexico are neighbors!

## 1927\_25\_IW\_07051927

**“BY A HAIR”**

–––––

An inconsistency:

‘Tis said there is no such thing as “CAN’T”––everything “CAN”––just “Try and try again.”

I **believe** it!

But civilization doesn’t believe it! The hangman’s noose and the electric “throne” go far to prove that Civilization **believes it “CAN’T”,** and follows the line of **no resistance.** And jails––are they a solution? Or, are they just a sample of Civilization’s delightful way of “passing the bunch?”

**Heartily have I laughed over Civilization’s drowsy antics**––she must not be bothered.

Is there so much difference between jailing, hanging, (lynching) electrocution and the old American Indian’s custom of lifting the scalp?––origin of present day custom of having one’s **half-o’-one-per-cent-face lifted**. True, the Redman wasn’t always a lifter: It has been recited, with great gusto, as how when the pale skins first came Noble John dropped on his belly and kissed the corns of the “new gods” (till he found out WHO they were) and got kicked in the nozzle for his pains; in dishing up mis-directed, superimposed reverance.––’Twas then John held a heap big pow-wow and reluctantly decided to hoist a few scalps in defense of old gods, wigwams and hunting grounds––so I was taught in school.

Of course, hunting grounds may mean economic grounds; wigwam may mean “bread and butter,” and old gods may be a deep joke about freedom. We can’t say.

But white-man, instead of “lifting the scalp,” lifts his eyebrows and throws you in jail––how quaint! I wonder does he do that on economic grounds, for god and country?––**Are his biscuits in danger?**

He ties a rope around your neck and spares you the pain of watching his future performances. He sits you in an electric chair and burns you, after the manner of micmicing the sanctified witch burners––a great improvement on being “toasted” on a stake.

Ah, gentlemen, the Civilized white men are great people––their culture includes all.

**But did the Injun do right in picking scalps?**

\* \* \*

**Shrinking Violets**

Old fashioned girls used to point with pride, “I have nothing to wear.”

Now they don’t point; they **simply** live the part. (A sign of independence, I think––either that or contempt of escourt.)

The old fashioned girl, tho gifted, never used to “wear in public”––but Christ, how she could curse when unobserved

Now they use slang, “BANANNA”––carramba!––and are all in all less foul mouthed. (The second next issue of posterity should show a decided improvement over the past generations born of two-faced goddesses.)

What kind of girls has Slim been observing?––

I took them as they came: Old-fashioned, sheathe-gown, slit-skirt, bloomer-girl, hobble,skirt, trouser-queen and present day Quarter-Dress Flapper.” I glimpsed, too, the Bustle Girl (1885) but the Hoop Skirt Girl has been denied my soulful eyes.

The flapper is an improvement on all this. Straightforward and unbandaged––’twill never be said of her “She swears like a trooper”––as was said of her sisters ere they broke through the armor of hardshell convention.

Truth stings; I’m sorry ladies!

The old-fashioned girl, helpless,––could but weep and swear. Her only defense and compensation. Came a day when she resorted to poisons and fire arms. Now, they Organize!

Through their organization they can right all wrongs under which they may be suffering––even unto correcting **miss**-placed confidence. Lone girl can do nothing, but a “bunch of girls” can make **any man back his signature.**

Organization means more money in the envelope. Bigger paydays––shorter work-days.

Recently a New York newspaper conducted a poll among college men (kids and they rejected the flapper in favor of the old-fashioned girl.

Now, let me point out to these studes (dudes) that if they want an old-fashioned girl they’ll have to date up a mummy– not a mammy––because old fashioned girls do not exist. Their vision of “the baker,” washerwoman, tailor, (seemstress) cook, is an illusion––”Bond” bakes the bread, laundries wash the clothes, cafeterias cook the food, Hart-Marx and Shafner sells the clothes. Sox are no longer washed under a water-**fawcett**––except in Princeton.

Nicholas Murray Butler: Send those kids back to grammar school.

And Kids: If you feel you can’t afford to live in “accepted” style, don’t commit suicide, don’t lean on the ladies––wait till you get sense––then join the I. W. W.

You’d be surprised what a little organization will do.

**T.b S.**

## 1927\_26\_IW\_14051927

**CONCESSIONAIRES?**

–––––

The I. W. W. has no use for concessions, tributes, bribes or (despite loks) pension––allowance.

To say we have the power to obtain concessions is the truth, one third truth, nothing else but––poetry––and means nothing insofar as concession is the act of conceding, a grant, an allowance; and, as it happens, we have the ,’power to obtain” the objects of our desires as a matter of precise justice, with out strings, and not have anything “wished” on us.

To say we have the power to obtain consessions is a frightened glance in the direction of things we feel we’re not entitled to, and to accept concessions is to admit we are not entitled to them––the sentence is equivalent to a bill of sale to the powers that be that swiped our baby’s milk. Keep the concession and hand us wages, hours and conditions––unconditionally.

**HANDS:**

How well I remember the time about thirty years back when farmers were short of hands, shops were short of hands, factories were short of hands––especially lathe hands and planer hands––;general shortage of hands all around––sufficient hands could not be found except on alarm clocks. Desperation stared us in the face––parasites turned pale––captains of industry, impotent, in this intricate imbroglio, deplored, implored, importuned Immanuel to send them hands;––nobody seemed to know how, where and when to get hands.

And then John Phillip Sousa, March King, sat down and struck a happy note:

“Hands Across the Sea.”

Who but John Phillip would have thought of it?

We haven’t been shorthanded since!

\* \* \*

I’ve been reliably informed that kissing is bad, dangerous, for the lips, health, brain and stomach––because of the germs, toilet-powder, “turkish”-red and nicotine.

Of course I had to investigate this and will say that at first blush it did seem that the kisses were kind of sloppy, slippery and slimey and might have been the hatching place of worms or microbes––but upon second thought I made up my mind “it can’t be true”; else less people would be dying of hootch amendment.

Then again, grey-haired or hairless gentlemen, before doddering into office, kiss the bible. (And I always kiss Harry Acton on the “forehead” before submerging my perspicacity in his “On the Gangplank”––)

Now, if kissing the old calfskin puts new life into those shaky gentlemen, a scortch from a real hectic “mollie-kiss” would make new men of them––and the people would have to rescind their “election.”

What! If a one-sided kiss, minus reciprocity and spit, implanted on a finger-printed bible-cover- (misplaced shoe-leather) benefits the **statesmen** and **the nation**, a double-action osculation, as a rebuke to imitational one-sided exercises would put the nation back on its feet.

Sir, kissing a book or a shirt or a garbage can is just like single handed love in a cottage and is not as beneficial as the split responsibility––”two heads are better as one.”

**T-b S.**

## 1927\_27\_IS\_18051927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM.

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Men are disinclined to embrace a complicated proposition — not because of ignorance or lack of grasp but because of disinclination.

Ego has no bearing on the case and causes in them no desire to conquer. (Egotists are few and poisonous.) —Hence, would an industrial union be entirely successful, it must needs have fewest possible parts, arranged in the simplest manner—its language short and snappy; its laws far apart. Recruiting Unions, further, must be the easiest to grasp and, like industrial unions, must depend more and more on the idea on **industrial unionism** for results—fine feathers make poor rib-roasts.

Should a union be overly burdened with trappings, rusty nails, burnt battries, dull saws, junk, rubbish, etc., it can remedy than condition each spring by doing a little housecleaning on its neck, hands and face (instead of putting it in evidence as a virtue) — and approach the world unencumbered. Relieve me; such trappings, be they few or many, will not drop -off of their own accord but will remain a surplusage to the end.

Yes, I firmly believe and solemnly swear, the Industrial Unions are carrying too much rigging and delegates not enough—our rigging is in the wrong place.

And, if you want my opinion as a God-fearing seaman, We’ll have to put our stern over or the yacht will **capsize** and, drown the cat—just like that. ——

P. S. (meaning pointed sport): Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Collins and—and Rowland will have one of th e greatest **ballyears** of their careers—due to the fat they lost during the investigation of the alleged putrefaction: past, present and prospective last winter—hence I think it advisable for the I. W. W. to kinda pull themselves together, increase their purchasing power, and “take on” a few of those **elecmosynary** struggles. . . .

Mebbe we could learn teamwork!

NOTE: This P. S. hooks up with what went before — otherwise I wouldn’t write it and ye editor wouldn’t print it—that’s the kind o’ guys we are!

(Read first line over again).

\_\_\_

\*Eleemosynary Is pronounced: **Elimousine**rie — accent on the gas.

P. S. No. II: “Candid Edward” Payne has told you, mimic the polly (politician) and you’ll be a parrot— and I agree with his findings.

We have shifted from foot to foot and failed to find comfort—we have shifted so often that I defy all the prophets to even guess what we’ll do next—and, we’ll do if—but the funny part is **not one of our shifts was compulsory**. We simply shifted for change of scenery like matrons are apt to do on moving day. . . One more shift can’t harm us—what if it does?—and then, there’s always a chance ‘twill do us good.

One thing is certain: a shifty person is hard to “paste.”

Compulsory: A quarterly compulsory assessment, say, of $1 is not a compulsory stamp at all—it merely changes the dues from $12 to $16 a year.

Let’s invent a new word that denotes our well known and habitual slavery. Courage, fellow workers, let’s flirt a while longer with the charming word compulsory and then let our next shift be: standing on our head, to rest our feet.

Pure humor, gents — sourcasm is dead.

## 1927\_28\_IW\_21051927

**ROTTEN**

–––––

“Listen to that radio, Slim across the way—does not it sound clear?”

It does, but it isn’t a radio. It’s just a drunken captain overhauling the miseries of his past life—and if he don’t “pipe down” there’ll be a bunch of brats (sneak thieves) working on him pretty soon.

But I don’t blame you for thinking it was a radio—mistakes will happen. Why, only the other eve I was deceiving my hearing; I thought I was listening to a coloratura cow broadcasting her woes, in soprano—and, may I say, I was deeply mortified may I say grossly embarrassed when my friend informed me that I had been listening to a leaky opera star (or leading opera star, did he say?) over the marcel-wave of the powerful station B. U. Z. Z.—JUNK!

\* \* \*

I note by yesterday’s paper that Roy K. Moulton, Ted Cook and Rugs Baer are no longer writing for the New York American. Strange!—Can it be possible this “holy trio” is one—with three complexes—with the result that when “one quits” they all quit “just like the I. W. W.?” Anyhow it saves me three cents a day and **that’s something to be sneezed at.**

I’m deeply grateful to the American for this, that is, if she did it in good faith—but I fear the worst Nothing less than that.

I fear, gentlemen, that this Is a shrewd scheme to force my collective self to read Arthur Brisbane, under the principle: **If you take his potatoes and pie and pablum away he’ll cat oats.**

The hell he will—three cents is money! U. S. coin! (Note: Owing to the “long waits” for I. W. W. papers I have been practically forced to read inferior products—purely as a matter of eye exercise.) I s’pose Quillen will be next—that will make the “American” an ideal spread when you stretch on the grasses of the coming year.

Grieved!

Horace Gredy died too young.

\* \* \*

**An ugly thing can be made beautiful by emphasizing it.**

Many have strove (striven) to say that and failed—else it took a column, or half a day, or a ton of words, **it never has been said!**

Thanks—I want no credit I’m a cash customer. I want no man burning incense under my pork chops! Thanks again—thank you, damn you.

\* \* \*

Mssrs. Acosta, Chamberlin, flyers that broke all records, are to try a N. Y. C. to Paris flight—humph!

In the last flight they went “a day without food,” An outfit that can’t think fast enough to take a few sandwiches along bettor take out skippers license and sail the seas—else they might accidently toss their gas supply overside, “thinking it a cigarette butt.

\* \* \*

My fears confirmed:

Sacramental wane to the tune of $250,000 was seized by United Sam yesterday in Brooklyn.

“Four Vats Fall in U. S. Net.”—News.

A net?, A net! Something fishy there—Why didn’t they get a tank to put in In?

I’ve often wondered where the word confirmed-drunk came from, but now I imagine its a descriptive term applied to dry agents on the morning after an all night Inspection of sacramental evidence. And I’ll say this much—such an agent, full of wine, faith, hope and charity—Christ, what not?—is apt to be full of snakes, too—oven as you and meselluf.

This is serious that is if the wine was in good odor! And I see where the church will have to do something about this: Raids, of course, will continue; hence I deem it advisable for the church lay its ropes in another direction.

Haleujah! Condensed milk points the way!

What’s the matter with having consecrated milk, as a substitute for sacramental wine?

Long has the church confirmed and confirmed—now’ let it conform and be ONE with us poor devils that haven’t had a toothful of decent garbage or threatful of refreshing exhiliration since Dr. Wiley was smoked out and Volstead yielded his self-control. Substitutions amendments, patches, half-soles, substitutions “something better” substitutions “just as good,” substitutions.

Wouldn’t it be a heluva note if Satan followed suit and turned on us an acetylene torch?

## 1927\_29\_IW\_28051927

**DEAD O’ WINTER**

Napoleon was successful in crossing the Alps (winter?) because he **“Wouldn’t believe that it couldn’t be done.”**

How intrigueing!

Professor Tacitus, historian. 2,000 years ago, tells about a cuss by the name of Honey Ball, or Hannibal, that crossed the Alps in that early date, and **how it was done**—Napoleon was one of the world’s best mimics.

Come to think of it, ‘twas Pliny who tells about.—

Our parasitic press better look up its history before grovelling before Bonaparte—to encourage the young—; she backfires, gents, and makes you worse than liars—ignorant.

Man would soon kiss the world good-bye if insects (bugs) quit eating each other; so, too, the parasites if working men stopped fighting each other.

(EDITOIS NOTE: Slim probably refers to two kinds of parasites.)

My humble self gathers from the “papers,” by using “yust a leetle rewerse English,” that the statement “Russia is behind the Chop-Suey Trouble” is nothing but a bunch of smoke screen.

\* \* \*

Havn’t so far read the fatal words of Borah-Butler-”Batting-’em-out” on Hic’teenth Commandment but will say nevertheless, the best way to settle the question forever—run both for president, put a ‘stick’ in Borah’s bath and dilute Butler’s beverage (benzene)—neither one can say a word!

Had I been there, I’d have went wet, not only to the point of a heluva jag, but completely a-wash—a wet-wash—saloons and houses of ill-repute, inc. Hand me the reins, gents—not the rains—the reigns, I mean (I’m wet enough, so it is!)

**Will Jennings Bryan, rest his soul—first he was bimetal, 16 to 1; then he was grape-juice, 16-plus; then he got religious, fundamentally,—**came near proving Darwin was right— and “cashed-in.”

I wonder if Brother Borah has “got” his orders?

\* \* \*

Morgan—Corsair sail for Bermuda.

J. Pierpont Morgan is on his- way to Bermuda for a vacation aboard his yacht, the Corsair. Evidently J. P. is fond of onions born in Bermuda. Shucksl He could get them right here on the sidewalks of New York—Bermuda is wet.

R. (Reuben) Overalls Jones is not going this year, **owing** to pressing business and not being fond of “liver-and”—besides his yacht, the Aching Void, lies belly-up awaiting its usual yearly coat of tin-ware and Woolworth’s paint.

Mr. Morgan has had a hard year and it began to tell on him to the extent that he started giving away huge sums of money to this or that outfit.—I presume his legal advisers told him “you better take a vacation else there’ll be nothing

\* \* \*

left for us.”

Anent that Snyder murder, T-bone Slim earnestly hopes the trial judge Scudder will not be found guilty should Gray and Ruth escape—and it looks as if they will, own if they have to hang the jury. “They did it for love,” ‘tis said; illicit, but love **just the same**! Oh well—all’s fair in love and murder—even a window-weight.

\* \* \*

Now, as to those hi-grade prize fights engineered by Tex Rickard, I would suggest the trouble with them is **referees afflicted with unsuperiority-complex.**

Therefore, Tex, let me urge you to get Judge Rosalski, a man of greatest acumen and clearest insight (and sight) to referee the next battle. Iet Max D. Stuer stand up for one or both ferocious malcontents. **“I hope you don’t feel hurt.”**

\* \* \*

May it please the ladies: The doctors now say that short skirts, with the attendant habit of crossing the legs, is cause for women’s diseases; nervousness, lumbago, sciatica, utica and other ills, etc.— Unfortunately, I must disagree with the learned gentlemen. Again they have mal-diagnosed the symptoms.

Short skirts—bare-knees and crossed legs **are the “effect,” not the “cause”**—in fact a symptom! And indicates sexual starvation, if you please—and that, in turn, causes lumbago.

**T-b S.**

## 1927\_30\_IW\_04061927

**POWER; SPEED**

–––––

Confound the capitalist press!

Along comes a man with a tin can (a racing car) “200 miles an hour” yells the press in exclamation points, on the point of losing the mind it never had. If that’s all it’ll make, I’ll walk! 200 miles an hour, huh!

Did you ever stop to figure that an hour has about 3,600 seconds! Good lord almighty, if that car won’t make at least 600 miles, *put her on the junk pile*!

S’posing you was going somewhere?

I’ll tell you boys, life is too short for us to be frittering away our fat in a car puffing and pounding practically on one spot.

Take it away—hitch a team onto it!

By the way: that car is supposed to-have 1.000 horsepower. Now let’s see—the speed of one horse is 6 miles per hour; hundred horses 600 miles per hour ,and thousand horses 6,000 miles per hour—”hold her Newt;” Let’s see—that car makes 200 miles on 1,000 horse power. Sir! What became of those 5,800 miles? Sir, don’t try to get away with all that mileage. Come across, sir!

I ask you, how came you to lose so much horse power? On wheels, too! Mercy! Gosh!

200 miles an hour! For goodness sake! Get some legs under that car!

(I can use exclamation points, too!)

\* \* \*

It develops Gloria Swanson, screen-laboress, is to be permitted to keep her husband, Henri de la Falaise, Frenchman, another six months according to U. S. ruling—that is, in this country.

Considerate, I’m sure, of Sam to let a husband and wife both stay in the country at one time. Hands across the sea may work all right but when you try to put anything more than that across you’re apt to run into hard sledding.

\* \* \*

J. P. Morgan, jack-shuffler, gives $200,000 for study of sleeping sickness.

Nice indeed; Morg.—unfortunately, we haven’t sleeping sickness; the trouble with us—is—we can’t sleep.

Calm yourself, Mr. Morgan; nobody’s oversleeping *nowadays and these nights*—So, as I was going to say, how’s chances to get you to loosen-up a few dollars for sleeping powders? You know, a good night’s sleep would put us in shape for a hard day’s work—that’s what you’re after, ain’t it?

\* \* \*

More Taffy:

“A cut in Taxes” now appears as often as Jack Dempsey’s picture in the papers; so often, in fact, that I’ve got suspicious—trusting soul that I am.

Secretary Mellon gets his praise as often as he gets his ham and eggs—right to his face—they won’t wait till he dies.

I wonder what’s the big idea? Be what it may, good man or bad, I suggest *cut no taxes till the debts are paid*—pay off those interest grabbers first. Once you pay them off you will shortly be in a position to cut off a bigger chunk of taxes with one lick—to hell with this slicing and slicing and slicing; for verily no meat shows up in the sandwich.

A bunch of “divines” was in Albany the ether day, doing their durndest to help clean up the New York City stage—John Roach Stratton armed with his trusty bible.

That reminds me: The actors would be doing a graceful deed indeed if they would help the pastors to clean up the bible. One good turn deserves another.

\* \* \*

Epidemic of suicide among the “intellectuals” is laid to the study of philosophy and behavioristic psychology. Debatable!

Cure: Give the boys a pork chop apiece—or raw hamburger.

*The poor boys are starved out 57 different ways*—pink pop included. Salt-peter! Formaldehyde! Suicide! Cyanide!

## 1927\_31\_IW\_11061927

**HOOTCH AND POLYGAMY**

–––––

In our mad dash around the calm circle, polygamy will be the next game to cheer the hearts of desperate ladies. In the U. S. A. poisoned hootch kills off breadwinners so fast that thread spinners will have a very, very choice selection to pick from (and pick on) and may have to whack-up a husband with several “huskies”—mebbe with regiments of Amazons—assuming that ladies fight shy of poisoned hootch.

In that, day the majority of husbands will be of Afro-American persuasion, owing to difficulty of *forging illigitimate gin*, and the schoolgirl complexion will fade to a muddy-gray.

Note: The same outfit that shows its love for us by providing us poisons and perfumes to drink is the one and the same that *prates* about pure foods.

Partiality! Inconsistency! Why not souse our foods with creosote or cyanide and dump rattlesnakes in our beds? Greater love hath no man, etc.

\* \* \*

STILLBORN, Mich.—Let me deliberate: What was it the Sapiro-Ford Feud had—was it a mis-carriage, flivver, or fizzle?

What could you expect? What, with Gray and Ruthie thoughtlessly committing that hi-class murder right in the midlie of Sapiro’s suit—lawsuit—is it any wonder the trial got all wet and froze to death, deserted by fickle public interest?

The yawning (chasms) was too much for “Show Me” Reed’s upset-stomach and he “took-off” to Hank’s hospital to have his innards overhauled. We’ll watch our chance and have this trial later, when there’s nothing else on tap.

They called the game!

\* \* \*

**Accent Sting and Stink**

Two things have been a source of delight to my American pride:—almost everything we have is distinctive (pronounce diss-*stink*-tive) and almost everybody we know is distinguished (pronounce diss-*sting*-wished).

We have, in addition, almost everything that IS *distinctive* and if it isn’t distinctive it has at least character or individuality.—We have distinctive toilet-paper (private stationery) ; distinctive burlap (glad-rags) ; distinctive cheese-cloth (feminine-sails). Everything distinctive, and our distinguished citizens are committing suicide every day, caught in grafting and other distinctive schemes of cunning.

\* \* \*

Misprint in Industrial Worker, “Orgy of Cagitalism,” gives us a new word: *Cagica*pitalism—pronounced, cageycapitalism and means, abolish side pockets from labor’s pants—later the pants—finally, too, Labor, himself—the Man Behind the Drone! The Woman Before the Shearers!

\* \* \*

**DEAD WEIGHT:**

Woman pays? How can she? How can she, I’d like to know, with her pay bobbed in the latest style,

It may interest the Rebel Girls to know that 15 ounces of raisins weighs more than a pound of butter. Miracles are coming back in style. (16 ounces equals 14½ ounces).

On the other leg, a ton of butter weighs more than the same amount of coal. (1,500 pounds appears to be the popular ton.)

Led to these hap-hazard (hazardous) remarks after seeing an ablebodied girl’s check; two weeks pay, only $40.00.

(She bought cheese and crackers for food.)

Let us pray:

Dear Lord, owing to the high cost of water-logged cheese and lighter than sunshine crackerså we hope you can see your way clear to pay the girls $40. twice in two weeks.

Amen.

## 1927\_32\_IW\_18061927

**“Origin of Fatal Explosion Baffles all Investigation”**

–––––

‘Twas ever thus, gentlemanners and gentlemamies, save in my case. I refuse to be baffled, and refuse to use addled headlies ‘xcept in “quotes.”

The explosion was caused by super-abundance of immaculate cleanliness wedged in between immense areas of high tension sanitation and vibrant harmony, (the whole volatilizing and creating a vortex in the geyser of human virtues) culminating in over pressure back firing upon the lily pure cleanliness and touching off the whole works.

Baffled? Not me!

I never “pass the buck.”

\* \* \*

Begging your pardon: That Mississippi flood, not only showing what prohibition will do (?), washing the feet of the great, chivalrous, unwashed South, shows also what the almighty goddess (Mississippi) can do in the way of fertilizing the ‘raped’ corn fields of that jerk-crop valley.

Millions were added to U. S. wealth.

Sixty lives were lost.

Price of corn drops.

Water is a great thing; that’s why the “puritans” are in favor of it. Why, water added to hash transforms it into stew and vice into versa\_\_; then there’s the “watered stock.”

Mrs. Sippi, the father of waters, sure is mothering the sterile soil of fertile dixie!

\* \* \*

Fellow Workers: I’ve now reached the age when I begin to feel that I ought to be president of the United States and, I warn you, **my feel is law and desire a fulfilled promise**. Nevertheless, in decency, I must enwise the professional electors of my matured availability in order that they may not enscramble the detail by picking some poor devil that don’t know any better than to disguise himself with good man’s shoes,––leaving me, the logical contender, practically barefooted for four years.

My platform:

I stand, irrevocabularily, for softer seats––and rubber heels.)

\* \* \*

The next step following this present dance of political-oleogarchy (democratic-autocrazy) probably will be satanical-puritanism––but it will be only a step––then the deluge. (Del-uge.)

I’m getting to be quite a prophet.

\* \* \*

Pretty near time for that Browning to couple-up with another Ginger-Ella. Age must be served before **tempo fugits** too much!––’xcuse the Latin, it’s another prediction.

\* \* \*

“One of the greatest habits to be acquired is being happy.’

‘Tisn’t so.

Gentleman (or gentlewoman) must think happiness is a pair o’ pajamas that one wears walking in his sleep?

Happiness is economic and physical well-being––or rather, a product of those conditions. Grief in the form of tooth-ache is grief, and you cannot fool yourself into thinking you are happy while the tooth sorrows. Pull that tooth, do you acquire happiness? Naw. You simply set rid of that particular grief, **the rent is gotta be paid yet.**

Ya don’t get even **contentment**-––such is the depraved sappiness of Ghod’s lucky-strike, masterstroke.

\* \* \*

“Permit tomorrow to take care of itself.”

Quite right, my learnt friend; truer command was never given.

Let the dish-washing wait till you’re ready to use the dishes. Clean the lamp chimneys when you are ready to light the the lamp. Time for everything. Why worry about the future? Don’t look ahead when you walk––oggle athwart. Don’t dodge when you see a fist coming––WAIT––see if it hits your nose.

\* \* \*

I’m an extremeist, perhaps, but not bigoted––I hope. I’ll go either way.

F’rinstance: The newsboy may bring me a paper every morning––or no morning.

I’m liberal that way––the skip-stop system doesn’t appeal to me. Why? Because when I miss an issue I’m WEENED. (All or none!) Most Wobblies are that way––but, unlucklily, they don’t see the urgency of obtaining and distributing our papers (among themselves) with the result that the “weening process” continues.––Miss one issue: you, yourself, will notice the difference. Miss two issues: your fellow workers will notice. Miss three issues: the whole world knows you lack learning.

\* \* \*

There is hope!

“Judge” Bernard Shaw “admits need of prayer.”

George can’t be very low long’s ‘e can call for prayers––I reason a man don’t need prayers when he confesses the need. If George had said, Avast, there––stow that intervention, mediation and intercession, I want no man interposing in front of the lord on my behalf,––that would o’ bankers been that and I’d dropt on my prayer knuckles on the spot.

“In short”, says N. Y. Eve. Journal, “the Queen (of England) is a lady.” How surprising! We thought all along that it was the King who “is a lady,” and that the pants somehow was handed to the wrong party. Glad to know which is which.

**T-b S.**

## 1927\_33\_IW\_25061927

I don’t want to get religious all of a sudden, but it sure did my depraved heart good to see our brave preachers tossing boulders at Mrs. Snyder, the first assistant mechanic to Judd Gray in the murder of Editor Snyder; to whom she was hooked up in snarled New York state matrimonial ties—beyond all possibility of disentanglement.

“He who is without sin”—Yes indeed, our heroic ministers were not slow in passing judgment upon the lady and condemned in no uncertain terms the condition of “her soul”—ha! ha!—the meanwhile eulogizing Gray and his newborn Christianity—ha! ha!—which, all, leads me to think that those divines have no Swedish blood in their arteries or else they belong to the same lodge as Mr. Gray.

Henry Judd Gray, the popular murderer of Editor Snyder, attributes his drunkenness to the “compelling” influence of long, active, frequent and thorough relations with Mrs. Snyder, apparently—he did not drink because he likes booze (hootch)—oh! no?—the relationship made him thirsty—correct as hell madam, but-ton.

Now that that is that, what was it that influenced him to “run for the office of star boarder” aboard Snyder’s ship of matrimony?—I hope his desires had nothing to do with it?

\* \* \*

Gray has been severely criticized “as a cheap skate,” too tight to let loose of thirty-five cents for a piece of rope; that h went to a five and ten cent store and invested a nickel for picture wire—with which to “truss-up” the editor. Wire in the pocket is less suspicious looking than a lariat.

Unjust, that’s wot they are!

The wire was in the office—originally, not for that purpose—and since Gray (drunk) doesn’t like booze, he kills the editor against his wishes and commits a series of humpdultery with the ambitious wife, may I not question whether or no such a mental condition would not warrant the belief that picture wire purchased (not for use against Snyder particularly) was there (in the office) to be used for similar purposes “*on the road*” or to conciliate obstreperous “flappers”—that he is a moron?

Freud may now take the back seat.

\* \* \*

Like Gray, contrary to my wishes and minus better sense, the virtuous author has gone into considerable detail to show the deplorable results of life subordinated (enslaved) under a system of dictation (tyranny) —capitalism.

“Sleep now, here, on that;

“Eat this, there, now;

“Drink IT, this and the other, now, next pay-day.

“Wear these, nothing else but—

“Work fast—hurry-up!

“Die, now, quick—its your turn;

“Murder, steal, rape and lie,”

the system tells you!

But this is the peoples’ system; they want it, and they want under it. And, as the blood-curdling Arthur Brisbane would say, *they’ll keep on wanting*—so, I guess its all right.

Give the boys nil the eggs they want!

Raw eggs.

P. S.:

There’s nothing to indicate the Gray-Snyder jury is going crazy. She, Ruth, won’t be electrocuted because jurymen know their neighbors; won’t be freed, because, in that case, she would get $96,000 life insurance.

Ah!

Newspapers have pictured so many different murderers lately that its *got my goat* and is getting *on my nerves*. Just this day I was sizing up some pictures (in the World) : “*What a vicious looking trio*,” says I, and would ye *bullieve it*, I was horrified to find out they were *sweet and innocent* “Pulitzer prize winners,” darn the luck!

*T-b S.*

## 1927\_34\_IS\_29061927

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

–––––

Businessmen have lots of perspicacity, loads of perspicuity, but dam little perspiration—the sweat is ours.

\* \*

His Honor Black, N. Y., wants perjurers whipped, in public—WOW! NOW! Now, liars, are you going to change your story?

\* \*

His Honor’s proposal “smacks heavily” of revenge, more so than of prevention—and considering the extensive, fluent, yea elquent, bunch of liars we have, wouldn’t it be better to take the public out after breakfast, have it thrashed soundly, so as to kind of stimulate its memory, get the low-down on facts in court and save the trouble of beating him up after his imagination “kinkt” his testimony?

\* \* \*

“Muscleiini Toils On Farm To Harvest Own Wheat”

Must have torn a leaf from Signor Calvin’s bible?

Whaddaye mean, toil? Harvesting wheat is play—light exercise. Nevertheless, I would suggest that Benito **follow it as life work**—it beats holding the bag for autocracy. In fact, harvesting wheat already is a **vile and vicious form of democracy**.

I hope Mr. Mussolini is not “hedging”! Why not try fishing?

Our own Cal caught seven shortly after his train left Hammond, Ind. Enterprising Associated Press!

\* \* \*

(What are “the chances”—10 to 1?)

Hey, Attorney General Sargent! True, Earl Carroll’s sickness appears feigned (how do you pronounce it, feined?) But let us “thinkers” remember: **a sickness is more common than the assimilated variety! Kick him out!** and ship him to New York—he’ll never recover elsewhere! And, Sarge, New York will never be the same till Earl comes back—just think, think! Seven million people haven’t had a bath since Carroll went away.

They demand baths!

Don’t let them die on our hands!

He’s suffered too much enough.

\* \* \*

Unusual The Daily News has it all wrong ‘bout the Volsteadian steadiness law. It isn’t “legislative insanity’”—it looks more like legislative impudence.

\* \* \*

My platform: A seat for every child in congress—beds for senators.

And when Governor Al Smith and Mayor Walker decide to exceed Slimbergh’s speed limit and fly across Atlantic my $7 goes on Al. (Here’s where Mayor Jeems chases me over to Hobukken).

\* \* \*

New York:

“Crowded 5th Avenue Coach Turns Over After Hitting Light Car.”

This should be a lesson to Irving Cobb and Roy K. Moulton—don’t bump into Slim Lindbergh.

\* \* \*

Buggs Baer may do as he pleases.

\* \* \*

Perth Amboy:

Greek restaurants are beginning, to feel their oats.

The other morn, while in a daze, I went in one and ordered my favorite dish, ham sandwich on rye and coffee in a cup.

Just as I was parting my gold teeth for a bite, Venezelos the Prime Minister of the Dump says,

“Pay before eat”.

I said nothing, and put sugar in my coffee.

“Pay before eat,” rang his hopeful tones.

“Why,” says I, bereaved of all sarcasthma, “I always thought it was all right to pay for such things later in the day.”

“Pay before eat,” says he—so I tossed him a bin, spoiled the sandwich by taking one bite; picked up my change and walked out . . .

There are other restaurants in town. I’m not obliged to eat there. That spoiled sandwich will probably turn up in hash.

Dirty in front; dirty behind— pretty soon the sons of Athens will lose their monopoly on Spanish stew.

\* \* \*

Be it noted: the aforesaid **restauranteurs** are of the bourgeois and are obliged at times to **scratch our sides** climbing on our backs.

\* \* \*

The time is not yet come when labor will align (line) its forces with the bourgeoisie, should never come but will come.

On that day labor can go back and start all over again, and again, and again, only to line up with the **buzzsaws,** lay down, die and be born again, again, again—no gain

\* \* \*

One comforting feature about “a traitor to the working class” is this: He’s a traitor all the way down the line. His treachery to the workers is not his original sin, merely his latest effort. Good stools, as we all know, are in great demand, and interested parties hire them young and pay them well—but we, of course; learn only the final stunt, grieve accordingly, while our magnanimous counter-mates grin happily, innocent of their own befouled underwear. That grin will drop—so, too, the offal will crumble.

Time is purification.

In the long run!

\* \*

‘Tis not proper to drink coffee from a saucer—polite society is “sup”-posed to be **too drunk to steady a saucer.**”

If yon hidre no hot water bag drink from the cup difect. Atta boy!

\* \* \*

‘Tnow develops a mistake was made in fighting the world war over the Bagdad R. R.

Tough titty!

Now we’ll have to fight it all over again, over airships and airship lanes.

Tough titty!

Might as well start another Grand Duck for Sarajevo!

## 1927\_35\_IW\_02071927

**PERPETUAL PEACE**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Ever hear of Ogle-Thorpe Uni-Versity?

No?

Poor dumb brutes!––

Wellsir, William RANDOLPH hearst made there his “tbacca-laureate address,” I hear––and was handed “the HONORARY degree of Doctor of Laws.”

(That’s. K. O. with me, but I think the laws have been doctored too much already.)

He now comes under the terms of a beautiful accolade that sounds something like this: “Counsellor of millionaires––” No, no, no––that isn’t it. **“Counsellor of millions.”** (Ah, of dollars, I s’pose.). “**Lover of America**––”.

(Now that’s awful nice of Randolph to thus announce the “engagement”––I hope his intentions are honorable––that he will prove a true lothario.)

**“Exponent of a perpetual peace entente among the English speaking peoples of the world.”**

Good! So far.

H’m.

Why only English speaking peoples?

Why not all peoples?

Why not the Irish?

Why not the Polish?

Why not the French?

Why not!––

Supposing some despised Turk, an Italian, or a “Wily” Jap, gets up before a dillapitated Phenolph-Thalien University, makes a snuff-a-laureate address and proposes an entente for “perpetual peace”––perpetual, I said––among all those peoples that don’t speak English––(What becomes then of our vacationing “haitches”? we might have to talk Turkey, Crawish, (crawfish) or eat crow.) Phenolph-Thalien would accolade our foreign two-legged “Hague” as: Counsellor of Latins, lover of India, exponent of peace eternal as between all peoples outside of English speakers. The WAR would be ON! The peace-prize would go to Hearst!––and, hush! the Phenolph-Thalien University would lassoo the lover of India and pin the Honorary Law of Doctor of Degrees and entire pharmacopeia (including sundry shots of spirits-fer**ment**us) upon his humane embonpoint. (Pronounce, embung-bang––bosom.)

Inthemeantime: Our humble T-Bone Slim would spit out his chew, address the clinic of Horse-Sense, take on a few accolades or other refreshments, such as Camels or sermons or onions, become famous instead of famished and be hailed counsellor of counsellors, friend of everybody except liars (deceivers), and exponent of perpetual “show-down” until the day when white and yellow and labor has other things to do “besides” fighting the battles of curley-nosed schemers.

**One country, one tongue, does not alter the conditions of our servitude in the least.**

The only thing that can do that is a union of all slaves and a continual show. down.

The I. W. W. fits that description!

## 1927\_36\_IS\_13071927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Relativities––proclivities, rather:

Man goes up or down, ahead of astern, is never stationary, except as a corpse––who wants to be a cadaver ahead of his turn?––a dead one?––he never sidles, so help me . . . . That being settled to the bottom, man when he has learned to plaster down his hair with perfumed vaseline is a matinee idol, not counting the dirty sox and stinking feet––and when he successfully negotiates the intricate square-knot in his bandana around his neck he is a movie star, provided he can stick to the saddle (if a thoroughbred bone-pile) long enough (between spills) to get his picture taken. . . . that being so, they’re gentlemen, social lions (not rats) way up in “G” . . . But we believe their previous condition and status, as a bum or foster guardian to cows (Godfather to cattle) was on a firmer base than their glory of the present.

As I said, man goes up or down.

**wlw**

Bakers will persist in sprinkling shredded cocoanut on “buns” (rolls) despite the fact that vast majorities of people prefer other kinds of wood––pine, maple, balm of gilead (poplar) or ordinary “excelsior.” –– ––

But what can we do? In most states it’s a crime to kill bakers––no matter what the provocation––no matter how many they kill with petrified cocoanut.

**wlw**

All has not yet been said about “save your pennies.” When your boss or his representathief tells you to do that, tearfully beseeches you to salvage them, your cue is to register great surprise, lift your eyebrows and breathe: “What! is figuring on paying off with pennies?”

Aside from that, we’ll groom that slogan a bit: The object of that remark “save” is not to inculcate the spirit of thrift into your vitals, nossir. Nor is it a left-handed accusation against your non-existent “spedthrifticie,” nossir.

**It is put forth merely as an alibi for the paleness of your pocketbook.**

Remarks by editor . . . \*)

**wlw**

Considering the mediocre sincerity of American metals, castings especially and agricultural machinery in general, I can’t for the life of me see how this here Charles Lindbergh ever, ever succeeded in flying “a binder” across the Atlantic Puddle without beer kegs on the bullwheel––particularly, during wet season.––

Even O. P. Williams, the noted metallurgist of N. Y. American, indicates great and noted surprise and writes a cartoon, “DURABLE, DEPENDABLE, FINELY ADJUSTED MACHINES”––even as the “American’s” own presses are struggling a hop, skip and a jump and venerable Charleston “scrape” –– just about the time too when Chamberlin, overcome, rushes to a telephone to talk to his mother––mamma’s boy.

(I s’pose William Randolph Hearst “tells” his mamma every time Roy K. Moulton **squeezes through his machine––Bill’s machine).**

Otherwise, let me warn Chamberlin and Lindbergh: America is terribly afraid you’ll get money for your achievement––yes, indeed, we’d prefer to **warm your ribs** with praise, bull, taffy, honor, something you don’t need to count––and the next time you fly, for God’s sake build your own machine––or walk.

On account of Levine’s foolhardiness, “running chances with a Jew ‘stead of a pagan,” I rescind all my opinions about the hardy race of religionists––Louie Handler, please note.

Now let Reverend Cayenne (KiYi) Horseradish and Father “Seven Hill” O’Kavaghnaw start practicing against the day when wings will keep us cool and “whirlwind” motors will uplift our soul above such prosaic things as hot air and torrid temperatures.

Bet you Levine flew on the strength of milk and dry rye!

\*). EDITOR’S REMARKS: **NONE!** This is too good for any editorial attempt at elaboration. When a work of art is finished, it’s finished; that’s all, and the editor knows enough not to go “bustin” through with a sledge-hammer, or like the vandal soldiers who pulled down and broke up one of De Vinci’s most famous sculptures, even while he watched them.

## 1927\_37\_IW\_16071927

**ROUGH LOGIC: SEEING’S BELIEVING: POLITICS ‘N POCKETS**

–––––

It makes no difference to us, the citizens of industry, whether we are robbed at point of bayonet, point of order or point of desperation; whether its done by broadcloth, cheese cloth or pure burlap––yea and likewise verily––be it done under *whatflagsoever*, white flag, black flag, rainbow, dishrag, its all the same to us––the mere fact that we ARE robbed is sufficent unto the day if not too much.

But I fear its too much––more than sufficient and only less than calamity and its attendant HOWL. And what are you going to do about it?

Are you going to howl?

Are you going to lift your beautiful baritone in dirge of distress, or are you going to organize? I was thinking if you’re going to howl I’m with you––let’s yodle together, that’s a mild form of organization: Two souls without & single cent; **two lungs** that howl **as** one. Can you beat it?

Aside from that, let me console the unorganized: We know you won’t line up, voluntarily––you’re too thick headed for so fast a move. You will need lots and lots of encouragement––otherwise you will line up after you are on crutches at the county poor farm or state infirmary. Right now you should be dressed in calico and sent to the old ladies home. I thank you!

\* \* \*

Fellow Worker Editor: In view of the fact that labor refuses to mind its own business (with the result that his pockets are empty save for a few blackened matches, a sweat-rusted toadsticker and two and a half second hand tooth picks) I deem it advisable, and it may not be amiss, to say a few words about the political situation in our beloved America.

As you know, Editor, all the political nostigators are up a tree and the tree is down. . . Cal’s up in South Dakota, having heard about T-Bone Slim’s accumulation of fat (10 pounds in seven days) in that great commonwealth.

But Captain Coolidge has it all wrong. He’s in the wrong part of South Dakota. Where he wants to go is some place west of Aberdeen on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and work in an extra gang––heat, drouth and high altitude will do the rest, provided, of course, he refrains from eating any *individual* dishes and confines his efforts to absorbing from the common pot.

He’s as good as elected right now, but we have no vice-presidential cord-wood (timber I mean, timber I mean) outside of Roy K. Moulton, the “Tom Reed” of literature and oh, oh––he’s too fat to run!––even in November. We don’t know if Charles Dawes’ famous underslung pipe is still burning. We haven’t heard his cheery “Hell and Maria” for 27 months––looks as if he ain’t running.

Newspapers coyly tell us Dawes is trying to get Cal’s goat––wots he going to do, use it in place of the goat Cal collected? Ha haw! We don’t believe Charley was after Cal’s goat––we believe he was looking for his own pet. Either that or he was looking for a way out––a rear exit mebbe, to Chicago.

Oh ho! Al. Smith, A No. 1, is “down” at Sulphur Springs, recuperating. Some one must have thrown a monkey wrench in Al’s chuck?

We know what it is––kidney trouble, heart “missing,” lungs flapping, bones cracking, teeth dropping––.Now,––not that there is any connection ––old Seneca used to eat fruit and drink from running brooks. He’s DEAD. Help yourself!

\* \* \*

Haven’t seen a delegate in past ten months.

What shall I do? Walk to Chicago and pay my––my respects; or remain as I am, delinquent?

The I. W. W. should not be so contemptuous of money––it comes in handy.

*T-b S.*

## 1927\_38\_IW\_23071927

**RAZZPECTABILITY!**

–––––

Ralph Waldo Emerson and the celebrated Henry David Thoreau once discussed (or cussed) the advisability of paying taxes to a democracy that sanctioned the holding of slaves; they decided they would not “contribute.”

In the show-down Ralph Waldo “came across,” but Thoreau stood by his principles and was thrown in “the can.”

Pretty soon Emerson went “with the money” to get Henry out and as he looked in on poor Hank, behind the bars, he said in mild reproof: “Thoreau, why are you in here?”

*“Emerson, why are you not in here?”* was Thoreau’s scortching “comeback.”

Rebels?

\* \* \*

“It is more blessed to give than receive.”

Does that mean it is best to “yield” to temptation? Must be so; politeness alone would seem to dictate that.

“Let your conscience be your guide.”

What’s the matter with letting *cold feet chaperone your ankling*––it is one and the same thing, isn’t it?

\* \* \*

Soon’s Lindbergh landed right side up, Tommy Lipton workt up an appetite and decided to dine with the bankers.

I think the flying fool would much prefer a package of Bull Durham to all the honors this side of morality and beyond Moronia, Taffy!

\* \* \*

Our venerable author while slightly cockeyed fell overboard and wet his cigarettes. Luckily they were Lucky Strikes and toasted, so he simply retoasted them . . This will be a source of great relief and a lesson to all those whose feet need washing. The citizens in Kansas may well take this lesson to heart.

\* \* \*

“Thanks, God!”

‘Tis easy enough to say that––and I suppose God ‘ppreciates our politeness––but, nevertheless, it seems one-sided.

We never hear God saying “Well done my noble sergeant,” nowdays––do we?

Why is that?

Is it possible that we’re just a bunch of stinkers in his nostrils, on his rostrums and no nostrum in sight?

It didn’t use to be that way. Years ago the old gent used to get behind our virtuous forefathers and “hock” and “hock” and “honk praises” till the devil got jealous––

Now, I would suggest to our ministers, Fosdick, Empringham, Bishop Brown, Jawn R. Straton, etc., don’t be so bashful––stow your modesty. When the good Lord says, “Much obliged, Rev. Straton,” as the case may be, get right up on your hind haunches and tell us about it––else we’ll lose faith and you’ll go the way of Massachusetts courts.

Nobody, of course, expects ministers to take a stand on anything, least of all on the two innocent men about to undergo judicial murder––anymore than the stand they took when Christ was hung––(we expect, rather, that they will hoot resonantly with their trained voices)––dumb creatures.

And when religion, in addition, becomes an opium and is used to lull the slaves into submission, so much worse for religion. Pews are empty. Preachers feet are under the bosses table. A complete circle has been made. Evolution has turned once.

O Tempore O Morons!

## 1927\_39\_IS\_27071927

**CAN’T IS CANT**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Not so long ago leading humorists told us government is incapable of running railroads.

So? IS our U. S. A. so DUMB!

I do ‘not wish to doubt their “word,” but tell me—wot’s to prevent railroads constituting themselves government and run all three—roads, state and US? **Can or no can is all the same.**

All the capital stock of the Canadian National (R. R.) a matter of 23,000 miles, is owned by the governinent of Dominion of Canada. Huh! Can’t, hey? I’m not nosey—but U. S. A. couldn’t hire brains same as coupon clipping imbeciles do?

No?

**Well then, we’ll acknowledge the corn!**

o o o

A monoxide:

Prohibition, unfortunately, has not yet made its appearance in our beloved land.

Some say, “she came, she was, she died —tread softly;” “flee as a bird.” True, drinking now kills and eliminates drinkers—well and good—but true, also, **more drink now because they mustn’t**. And thus averages keep going strong.

Our National Aroma:

It’s hard to tell, just by the breath whether your friend is a man or an automobile.

o o o

The reason Slimberg didn’t take that cat along, to Paree: He didn’t want to drown it, unnecessarily.

Thanks, Colonel! Very few would be so considerate.

o o o

Ah, the world is going to diss-arm! “United States is going to scrap 62,000 tons of cruisers.”

How nice! Only trouble is, they were scrapped long ago by subs and airships.

5—5—3 arrangement on battleships to remain—something for airships to shoot at.

Johannes Bull goes a bit further and proposes limiting size of battleships to “less than 30,000 tons”—no sense in having “sunk” anything bigger. Good idea, bah jove. John is getting wittier every day. Submarines Not to Be Scrapped Under Plan. Why should they? Them’s not obsolete.

Poison Gas stays. Hip, hip!

Bombs will be hung onto. Hurrah!

Airships? More of ‘em!

That conference sure is up to snuff —everything goes that can’t be used. Bright boys!

I wonder who pays their board?

**The next war will be a dandy!**

o o o

Still decorated:

W ell. At last Sir Charles A. Lindborough, the great British flier, is back home and New York is decorated from Garrison Ave. to the other side of Perth Amboy — I mean **decorated**, almost to the last nose. Children are out selling tags and damaged flappers are shaking paper cans in your face exposing cute little slots thereon —on the head of said can.

They are “so tickled” that Herr Karl Augustus Limburger, the grosse German airman is back home.

Bet you the hero, Herra Kalle Aukusti Lindperi, the now famous “Flying Finn,” won’t get a cent out of those cans and tags!

Further: I’ll bet all I win, that important and aristocratic “madams” will help the poor with a SHARE OF THE MONEY collected in his name.

Word comes from Vermont: “Rutland and Bellows Falls are all lit up in honor of Calvin Angus Lynchspragh, famed New England puddlehopper.” Ten chauffeurs celebrating Brigadear-General Lindsprague’s hop had their licenses revoked in Montpelier, for three years—that being considered a period sufficient to wind-up e’en a most extended jag. . . . .

o o o

“All the crack writers” in the parasites’ press are “having a baby” about the “remarkable stearsmanship” of transatlantic fliers. “Fogs, Sleet, Rain,” they shout. Huh! No sunlight? No moonshine? Huh!—D’ever occur to those overbaked “brainpans” that a compass was invented a few days ago? Huh! That works in all kinds of weather? That it’s easier to “lay a course” mile a minute, or two miles a minute, than 20 knots an hour?

Example: Drunken man can’t stear standing still. He steers better walking. Start him running his curves are longer and straighter. Put him on a bicycle he’ll follow a chalk line or cross a creek on six inch board. Give him a Ford (speed 25 miles) and he’ll squeeze through opening one-quarter inch narrower than car. Boost him in cockpit of airplane he’ll fly across Atlantic, upside down, backwards, and poke the tailboard of his “plane” through King George’s bedroom window after all lights are out, on a cloudy night. Huh! Not the hootch, brother the speed.

The speed —the compass.

**I hope you ain’t hurt!**

Some more sarcasthma.

This here now Lindbergh didn’t have three helpers to fly him to Yurrup; he didn’t pick soft places to land on—like swamps—or the British channels.

He started for LaBelle Bourget and damn me if he didn’t land right there — quite a coincident —a **sorgumstance** that can not be overlooked in our records. **He went after bacon, and brought bacon!**

Brought home the goods!

At’s wot we all like gaze at—the goods. Laying down and bungling are synonymous—and a sin**onerous**, to boot.

## 1927\_40\_IS\_31081927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Day by day, more and more, horse radish tastes **a la turnip**—rutabaga: .

Owing to the class consciousnes of the tennis courrts, I dare not say that “big business” has doublecrossed “little business” by “**putting out**” butter in quarter-pound packages.

Why months ago little business could get 52 cents a pound for common wrapping paper, by weighing it with the oleomargarine. . . .

They’d **tare** “off’ a chunk of paper, big enough to “paperhang” a room, deftly insert about a quarter pound, of butter in the center of it, throw the weight of their **personality** upon the scales—and grin most hyennausly—”Three-quarters of a pound.” 49 cents.

Then they wonder why college students commit siouxide.

Alas! (after Tracy) alas, good health is not so much a matter of diet as it is something to diet with.

Can’t diet without ingredients—not with out **greedy**ence!

Tracy can “alas” most feelingly—he’s the champion **alass**er!

—

The ono great trouble with the intelligent “worker” is not so much a fault as a lack of virtue—he wants the thicker-headed fellow worker, the very one he despises; to do all the heavy work, the organising—(While he, HIMSELF, is preoccupied with “problems.”)

Wurra! Wurra—and likewise Woe and CorRupTion!

Want is served both.

This ingenious author is no exception to the rule established in intimate remarks immediately above.

Our belly has been too full to “organize,” the past three years.

The next three it will be empty—in fact, we’ll have “bellies,” nothing else but—too many , of them. . . . Wurra, Wurr. . . .

I’m somewhat an **alass**er, too”

—

Us men—what would we ween, where would we welter, without woman’s warnful whimper, “Don’t Act Silly——!”

That’s not all that keeps us sensible!

That’s all that keeps our aplomb from crumbling.

—

Getting Ahead.

American people don’t know **what hard work is**. . . .

They fail to recognise it.

That’s why so many of them get tangled up in it—and perish ahead of schedule.

In reality, there is no, such thing as hard work. . . .

When work gets to the point of being called hard, it changes its name—it’s called half-wittedness.

Just like the Missouri river—it’s Missouri all the way down to St. Louie, then it’s Mississippi.

Work is the same way—it changes its complexion—skin—a sort of Dr. Shekel and. Mr. Hide—especially the hide—technically speaking.

—

Are you suffering from half-wittedness, or are you suffering half-wittedness to cause you suffering!

Do you suffer meekly and suffer the suffering to multiply into, a litter of sufferings?

You have my **simp**athy!

## 1927\_41\_IS\_07091927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

“Out of Disorder!” is the beginning of the “Eternal Fitness” of unfinished business. (I’ll be condemned for that platitude). Finished Business is life; Unfinished Business is Torture — self-inflicted — but not Death. Death is not Finished Business, it’s nothing but a continuation of Things Left Undone. Quite a —a moralist aint I? Oh well, morally speaking, moral is mostly oral, anyhow — to hear some folks reel it off.

Heaven be praised, no longer need the Workingmen “work” free, of charge. Now, AT LAST, they can turn their band to gathering worldly gain — that thieves can’t cart away. . . German locks can be bought for 25c at 5 & 10 cts stores — 2 keys and one ring. Buy yourself a lock — then you’ll have no excuse for doing three men’s work for half-day’s pay, eh! Mebbe, you think you’re getting enough? Mebbe you are? If so, shed these pants and wriggle into diapers.

New York’s bridges are wonderful if lookt at from beneath — lookt at from distance, not so marvelous. The city (including Albany, Washington, D. C. and Big Bill Thompson’s **availaburg** is afraid to put out a few million dollars for a new bridge,” What’s $40,000,000? What’s $80,000,000? What’s $400,000,000, $800,000,000 and what’s Fourteen Hundred Million Dollars? NOTHING, Nothing, gentlemen, — a few years from now the boys will be dropping million dollar bills into a beggar’s palm and get a black eye for being “tight”. That’s why I say buy look’s; the harvest is about to begin (To hell with the bridge) — get a Red Card. Save your pennies? Say, what in the world will you, do with your pennies in those days? Why, all your pennies wouldn’t make a dilapidated bill afflicted with inferiority complex.

Well-meaning men smear our ears with the verdict “I. W. W. ought to become INDUSTRIAL — How I laughed! I roared, (mebbe you think I can’t roar.) The L W. W. was, is and will be, forever, always and seven days thereafter INDUSTRIAL; and, the minute that it isn’t, IT ISN’T, WASN’T and NEVER, WILL. BE — as it is: It is, was and will be—like it’ or not. Editor thinks I ought to take back that “forever, always and six days.”

**Editor’s Note: John thinks no such a thing. John knows the I. W. W. will be on the job always.**

## 1927\_42\_IS\_21091927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

All right editor, ‘tis not all “bull” wot the preacher say (when all puffed out on sacramental wine) about “how women fall”—they do editor, they do, I admit, (though I’m not much of a woman admirer in these days of long pants) they do—they fall for a lot of things even like unto a chip or stone or market or Rome. But it is said they fall for brassbuttons, stripes and uniforms?— (Trusting souls!)

‘Tis a LIE, editor, ‘taint so!

The reason ladies prefer uniformed men is:

First, simply “Because”.

Second, because they know such men have passed government inspection and found not wanting. Give the girls credit—don’t always insinuate they are carried away by esthetic instinct.

(This ad not paid for.)

\* \* \*

Word reaches me that Calvin Coolidge confessed, “I have no shoes to run”.—That reminds me of my visit to my physician:

He diagnosed my ailment as— — HOPTOPCYCHOLORRHUM . . .etc. I was struck dumb (that is, dumber than before.)

“Well,” says I, after I got my wind, “which is it, a sprained wrist, or a broken fetlock—I want to know, so’s to know what to do! If it’s a bad wrist I can’t fight and if it’s a bum ankle I can’t run and will I have to be innoculated with a dose of Glaptonasturdhum before it can be cured?—

“There’s nothing the matter with you,” says Doc., “but **ought to be** and will be if you don’t leave this office.”

\* \* \*

Professorial Economies, Eh, LED. Shortage of “Jack” (medium of exchange) among the workers is not caused by the low hourly rates of pay — (such as 60 or 90 cents an hour.)

Those figures have no bearing on the case, it can be seen, if examined with tolerant eyes.

The trouble with the almost universal scarcity of readw cash (among producers) is **the failure of tha regular two weeks’ pay to arrive twice a week** and once a day on legal and extra-legal holidays. Plain, isn’t it, eh?

—

\* \* \*

Now that all the **hideous momsels** have won beauty prizes, let Wail St. pull itself together and hold a **booty-contest**.

Now is the time of year when the official O. K.’ers of the capitalist system warn us Watch Out for Pickpockets.

Ha, ha, haw! a good joke—just as if anything reposed in our pockets. That’s a good one, Look out for Pickpockets . . .

But hush— mebbe the warning is for the bosses?

Well, that’s a horse of another collar—the horse is on us— but nevertheless, doesn’t that warning show partiality, huh?

Rut hush—after all— mebbe the warning is pure and sweet, mebbe it means that we should watch the gentlemen that pick our pockets before we get a chance to fill’em? Hurrah—my faith in human nature has returned. Watch Out for Pickpockets— the pilferers (pillars) of society.

Society men? Sociable sleight o’ handers . . . Next!

They want to know what art is let me define:

(“It’s a cinch that it isn’t something undefinable”).

**It’s something that cannot be made to “look natural”** — without spoiling the darn thing.

It’s if I didn’t have a sore thumb, I’d define it.

—

Anyhow, it’s superfine at the same ratio as supermen are superswine— pedigreed hogs. Ex: “A weatherbeaten” Civic-Virtue shows no signs of sunburn (bronze) but retains the whiteness of one that had just climbed out of BVD’s— unreal, phoney.

\* \* \*

New York World “throes” an editorial “fit” about Turkey changing the name Constantinople to Mustafa-Kemal and quite forgets that WE (during the World-Disturbance) wuz going to change the name of Bismarck, North Dakota, to “Liberty Cabbage”—and GermanCarp to “Sewer-Trout”.

Turkey isn’t alone, with a soft head—and a —a —a soft -heart.

## 1927\_43\_IS\_05101927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Many bitter words were spoken at Judge Thayer’s lapse of sense of proportion. Indeed, he is credited with serving himself, serving Wall St.—and the Law.

Who was he serving?

Was he like our professors during the war hysteria?

(Who ran certain propaganda only to repudiate it after the armistice?)

What could have been the object of giving this country a black eye, in the eyes of the world —at just this time?

Surely not a hate of anarchism?

Certainly not a love for Wall St.?

Can it be that it was not hate for Sacco and Vanzetti; so much as it was an active hate for this country?

(Results count! We have the shame!) Those are the questions the people will have to answer—and keep on answering.

Quite a quandary, eh?

If that second last question is pertinent, what show did Sacco and Vanzetti have?

\* \* \*

Yes, yes— the forty unknown immortals, imperishable!

Murders are getting so scarce in N. Y. C., owing to Bum’s Law, that policemen are beginning to do them.

(It is to be hoped metropolitan papers haven’t bribed them to furnish reading mutter.)

Personally, I took a trip to Catskill Mountains, so as not to be in criminated before my time —safety first.

\* \* \*

No, no, no, not the ape— the apple, Silly!

Philosophy:

The man who “wants what he wants” **when he wants it** and don’t give a dam what it costs **when it costs**, is a man who is traitor to every human being excepting his dealer —and faithful, only to his wishbone. He’s one of those gentlemen **that leaves the battle for others to fight.**

He deserts the front, permits the enemy to entrench, thus handicapping others that will fight—a crime tahan which there is no greater: BETRAYAL OF CONFIDENCE. He doesn’t “lay down”— he was never up!

NOW!

Now that we’ve got MUST and MUSTN’T and DO THIS AND DON’T DO THAT, a way ought to be found to force this here now, William Gibbs McAdoo to take the presidency of these here United States.

He’s been resting long enough . . . Look at this here Levine now —he don’t rest— no more than he gets through jumping the Atlantic (the papers say) “Levine Attends a Big Dinner”— yum, yum, — that’s what I call **industriosity.**

The size of the number 3333 Belmont, Chicago tells all the skeptics that “Chicago” means Chicago, Illinois.

And it means U. S. A.

And it means North America.

But, you wouldn’t need that mch address :

A letter addressed General Administration of the I. W. W. would reach the right party without re-sort to Jography— we’re well known people. In fact, we’re the very “publicus” you’ve heard so much about. Thanks.

It’s painful if not downright pitiful the way smaller town fail to follow the rules of robbing the customers: In New York City they faithfully assess one an extra nickel for an ice cream soda— same for finishing nails— whereas rural districts like Albany and Buffalo charge only ten cents for chocolate soda made from real cream—whoever heard of cream in ice-cream? Fie!

(Above has bearing on general health of victim the less a man is robbed the higher he kicks.)

War is over. Never again!

The airship has put the kibosh on any further efforts to put democracy in a safe— or dictatorship, for that matter. No more glory. No medals. No nothing. Oil; oil! oil!

Thinkest thou that a financial buzzard will declare war against Mesobatavia for its failure to dish out 17 per cent ?

Not so you can notice it!

He gets up at the **de-wreckt-ers** meeting, tosses a withering eye at his co-leagues and warbles: “Feller Skinners: Go slow. S’posing some Mesobatavian flyin’-fool drops a stink bomb down our necks?” “Hear! Hear!” yowls the rest of the promoters. “we better tell the Daily Sun and Evening Moon and Morning Star to kill those atrocities of the low life Mesobatavians and we may as well fire our diplomats we can’t use ‘em—too risky, and life insurance going up all the time.”

Neat way to end war, ain’t it?

**Just one flying fool can put the fear of god in the hearts of our brave parasites!**

Cooked Food for Cows Produces More Milk—

Ah! Us cooks needn’t worry about a job— Even if the citizens do quit eating. And if the cow’s stomach goes back on her, we’ll cook for sows.

Ours is a sure job! Steady. Warm. Congenial. And if the sow dies we’ll cook her too.

An illustrious oat company advertises the FAMOUS flavor of its oats . . . .

I can see it coming (like the prophets of old). Since the auto took Dobbin’s job away and Dobbin starved to death, they’re going to feed Dobbin’s rations to sovereign citizens (to keep them from following Dobbin) and make them like it.

I can see it —I can see it. Any minute, now, I expect to see a man come along with a halter and start putting a saddle on my back just as plain, editor—draw the curtain, please.

Pull the shades down.—T-b S.

## 1927\_44\_IW\_22101927

**FAMOUS ALIBIS (WITH SAUCE)**

–––––

EDITOR’S NOTE: T-Bone hasn’t been with us for a long time; we hope it will not be so long till the next time.

\* \* \*

“I don’t belong to no union because I’m an anarchist and conscientious objector to paying dues.”

You ain’t no anarchist, comrade; you’re “tight”

\* \* \*

“I won’t marry a -girl that colors her lips, vermillion.”

Naturally. You have no sense of art. She’ll probably marry a poet and live unhappy (and hungry) forever after. You’ll marry an un-varnished one (if you can find one that wants a work-ox) become thoroughly domesticated, if not subjucated, live long, happy, and die poor, honest—and thin.

\* \* \*

Slim says to the Editor: We have a new one: some of the ladies, not satisfied with painting their lips, have enameled the inside of their substancial and capacious mouths red, as far back as the throat—and how much further only “she-god” knows—and now the enchanted orifice and cavern looks as beautiful as the bulkheads within a coalbarque cabin—red. Trank God.)

\* \* \*

The bare headed men galloping our thoroughfares are not bare for the purpose of ventilating their scalp. They prepare themselves that way in order to be unencumbered against the hour (woe is me) when they accidentally pick up another man’s hat.—Dam capitalism, anyhow! Not enough hats to go around and no place for the kids to take a swim. Business! Commerce! Merchandizing!—Insanity!

New York City would be money ahead if it junked half its obsolete piers, hoists, ferries, warehouses, including municipal **pharaphernalia**, modernized the remaining half, and leave the kids room to wash off a little dirt. Yes, the city would be doing a great public good, in addition, if it hung a ladder from the pier so the kids could climb out without going through the formality of reproduction, — being fished out, run through a wringer, or completely rebuilt.

\* \* \*

An impression has gone forth that England is “a nation of butlers,” that our parasites employ them as menials—or something—just as if “butlering” possibly could be menial to **strutting-parasiticism**.

\* \* \*

Things are kind o’ dull in the labor market and labor, himself, is not the sharpest thing about it; he’s too weary to organize and put an edge on the market.

Oh well, a feller needs a rest. A good long rest. An eternal rest, may I say.

Tired! Exhausted! Pass him cushions, please.

T-b S.

## 1927\_45\_IS\_26101927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Knows-it-all:

“As much as you criticize the boss you’ve got to admit he’s a man of his word, keeps his promises, pays you in full––that he’s **as honest as the day is long.”**

Bitter-ender:

“I wouldn’t go that far. I’d say he’s as square as a goose egg. . . . Otherwise, you are right about the day being long––only labor is short.”

**wlw**

Calling a man a jackass is all a mistake––in fact, viewing men and women from the “Open Air Elevated,” one can’t help but feel and see it’s criminal libel to call a man a mule and women a jinny––nothing less.

Unfortunately there is no way the jackass can bring it up in court–– jackasses frequent them.

Exhibit A: A jackass holds his head up, white man doesn’t––that’s how to’ tell ‘em apart.

Exhibit B: A jackass has no hump––isn’t even round-shouldered. In this respect white man resembles a camel, but talks more freely.

**wlw**

Physician Dies, Victim of Dope. ––Headline.

That’s nothing. Many proletarians die victims of hope––dope doesn’t seem to save ‘em.

**Half-mast the flag!**

Doctors and bootleggers should be more cautious about sampling their own wares of trade.

On the other hand, proletarians might try expiring in despair, for a change––the change will come––any kind of a change is better than no change at all––no change, may I say, is inconvenient; a discomfort beyond the realm of **pussonal umbrage or**

**embarrassment.**

I know.

I’ve wrestled with hope.

I too have sat in Union Square and gave myself over to hope––I wished and wished and wisht till the concrete sidewalks began to crack from the agony of my concentration.

Sure I got my coffee an’––the wages of hope.

I’m a wreck––a coffee an’ wreck.

**wlw**

“Why do they call it American Legion?”

“Well, sonny, us Yankees like to acknowledge and identify everything ours no matter how low, degraded or rotten the thing may be.”

The above heart-felt sentiments I heard on Father Knickerbocker’s 42nd St. ferry the day S. S. **Leave**-me-**at**-’em sailed.

I stood aghast, where I sat––like one gassed.

Just to think! Think that that great corps of officers and sprinkling of loyal privates should come under the head of being something less than something to be proud of and more than something to be ashamed of––for the inference was there.

And, O, I was mortified––in fact, mortification set in immediately, or sooner.

**wlw**

One hundred fifty-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine citizens of our fair republican country attended the Dempsey-Tunney **mauling exebition**––actual count, editor, from the ringside at Hoboken, Nu-Zerxes. You didn’t know there were that many millionaires in the republic, did you? Neither did I, till I counted them.

By the way––the best way to stop breeding millionaires is to take the wherewithal away from them in the form of wages, **according to lawr.**

Back to the ringside: I wonder what they were fighting about––in three-minute shifts?

I can appreciate and am in favor of rest **every fourth minute**, but I can’t comprehend any sense or tail to so much labor between leisure. And I was thinking, editor, that perchance the same arrangement could be foisted on restless labor––make ‘em drop their tools and stagger to their corners every fourth minute by the clock; with additional privilege of clinching (with toil) as often as inspiration dictates, during working moments.

That would actually cripple our willing and speedy workers.

That actually would––wouldn’t it?

**wlw**

And now, editor, my heart fails me––I begin to suspect there’s something wrong. Why it is, **I asts yer,** that Tunney gets a million dollars for fighting and I get only black eyes and thirty days––is he better looking than I am?

A problem, wot? The pair of ‘em swinging like a country gate?

**wlw**

Governments. “set examples” in ‘lectrocuting and locktrocuting prisoners with the result that Simple Simons afflicted with superiority calmplex, get into trouble every time they experiment on their fellow citizens . . . . .

It never occurs to them that extermination is destruction of private property . . . sacred stuff. Disestablishment of intimate vitals. In other words, governments say: Don’t do as I do––nor nothing like it––but do as I whisper. . . .

No **following suit!**

There are to my cognosense only four perfect men in this world. First come the two judges, one on “the coast,” Hon. Beezik, the other, Hon. Thayer, of the blithering East––they never err like humans.

They are more than human.

Like God who viewed his handiwork and “found it good”, these two magistrates are capable of passing **on their own work** and find it can not be improved upon.

Next comes number three, a Jew––his name I disremember––who said: “I never make mistakes.”

Last, but not least, comes Kaiser Bill, our friend of “Me und Gott” fame. ‘Tis a pity we ain’t got more like ‘em!

## 1927\_46\_IS\_02111927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

THE way of all fish—the highly polished and overly educated **sweet pickles**, editors of our dear masters’ press, have made the astounding discovery that they cannot hide the I. W. W. on the back page. Nossir! I’m not callin’ ‘emnames—I’m tryin’ to describe the scribes.

\* \* \*

Lost time is never around again—yes, yes, but Stop, Look and Listen. No, no, no, for he who hesitates is lost (and he’s lost if he doesn’t hesitate). That makes it even.

Look before you leap—Why, you haven’t time to admire the scenery—If you toss a glance or two, you won’t have to leap—a ten-ton truck will start you off to your new address. Leap before you look? Ah, a Ford grinds you up. Darn the luck. Fine advice! Pulp!—

Better far had you gone and fought to free Cuba so that our Sugar-Kings would have something to put in their coffee.

\* \* \*

Did you ever stop to figure what would happen if a drowsy barber would drop an open razor on your jugular?

Now, quit your shivering —be a **hope** -timist, not a **pest**-timist.

Think you not, O learnt reader, if the **old saw** came down teeth first it would stop your hiccoughs?

\* \* \*

If there’s anything more dangerous than a women with an umbrella, it’s a man. The other day it rained. I was hemmed in on all sides by himstichers and umbrellas. I begged for mercy. “Kill me if you will but don’t **cripple me**,” I warns ‘em. “Madam, will you pull that parashute out of my eye,” I coaxed. The only way I saved my life was by suggesting to a lady, who was making poor execution with her “weapon,” sweat creature, “let me help you tame that contrary balloon”—and together we breasted the surging tide of the murderous throng.

“The hussy,” you say — Hussy nothing, for be it understood she gave me no . . . . **anchorage**-ment.

\* \* \*

Accidentally, I placed a can of Sheffield “Sealed” Evaporated Milk on the neck of a cockroach—Now I can imagine how labor feels under the iron heel. (The can was over half-full, too!) And I can imagine, how the bourgeoisie would feel under Labor’s “left, left—I had a good home and I left!”

\* \* \*

Leadership too often is a vicious form of loafership and t**he suggesting of that which is obvious to the dumbest tyro** is not even loafership—nor does it make for activity.

The day is fast approaching when we will have to drag our leaders by a leash . . . Will individuality then perish? No! It cannot perish before it cornea to life.

In the meantime, we’ll have to do the best we can as a loaferless body.

\* \* \*

Avast! A split threatens the Church of England over the delicious question of evolution and communion. Mebbe they ought to split the pot more diffidently differently?

Questions, lord lift us, are more devastating than rakers on a militant cootie .... Half of my black eyes got just from raising a question on the wrong dot.

Questions are also carnivorous. And carnal.

\* \* \*

The Supreme court states Brother Albert (Prince) Fall is a “faithless-servant,” and called him all kinds of names beside — But the court didn’t call him a thief or swindler . . . . At least, didn’t sentence him to jail. He was merely faithless, and still being footloose, it would seem unfaithfulness is one o’ the inalienable rights and **parfactly legal**?

The ways of politics are unscrewable!

\* \* \*

Reading from left to right “. . . he recently lectured before the Alppian Scientific Society and declared the analogy between American unionism and Swiss cheese, is close.”

So it is, so it is, professor—both are full of holes.

We’ve got only about 27 organized men out of a 1,000 . . . .

We don’t hang together any better than the venerable cheese referred to . . . .

Gosh! Let my eyes pop! S’posing the Dutchman compares us with Limberger? — there’ll be war——**there’ll be war** if we get **killed** for it. A matter of principle, etc. etc.

It is high time that American labor use some of the sense the Lord Almightly, took the trouble to give him—and organize!

## 1927\_47\_IW\_19111927

Over 30 million bushels of wheat more than last year were threshed by the ‘hands’ this year.

A bunch of seeds, eh? And—*yet it was a bad year for the harvest hand.*

Why?

Work was plentiful; men were strong; nights were short; days long-winded. They tell me, too, that wages too were paid; two dollars, and better, too,—around Hope, N. D.—and a dollar and seventy-five cents, too, and less, too.

H’m!

Why then was it a bad year for the chivalrous harvest hand? Was it because he wasn’t organized?

Over 50 million bushels more wheat was threshed this year than the average for the past five years—looks as if the harvesters are going hungry this winter. Fact is he may grow so thin that he won’t have strength enough left to organize next year—or sense enough—to say nothing about pitching prosperous bundles of macaroni and headstrong bouquets of bluestem. Forty bushel rye too may stay on the ground unless some of his rich relatives kick the bucket.

\* \* \*

New Borg City,— (a bad cold)—. Once we admit that South Street has less than nothing, and First street has one dollar, then we’ve got to admit the Fourteenth street tribe has fourteen dollars, and the Twenty-third street clique has twenty-three bucks, and so on. For, verily, when I have forty-two bucks I go to Forty-Second street and mingle with the other apes disguised as the Park Avenue theatre crowd that infests that sacred precinct;— needless to say I haven’t yet been there.

Reasoning along those lines the Finns on One Hundred and Twenty Fifth street must be holding one hundred and twenty five dollars out of circulation. This cannot be—for is not the Fourteenth street tribe already hissing thru its bridgework that it has more than fourteen dollars, and the dukes and barons of First street grow boisterous to the effect that they have more than a dollar left of the few tips they collected on Eighty Sixth street? Besides, our geography is all wrong: South street rubs elbows and scrapes acquaintanceship with Wall Street. Nobody ever said Wallet street has no jack!

Let us create new and better distinctions, streets, alleys and places denote much nothing. Didn’t a $200 man use the subway for a lodging house? All right.

\* \* \*

Looking over my bible, as usual, I came across that passage where the Master fed 5,000 Jews with 5 mackerel and 2 yeast cakes, and I got to wondering what satirical press agents His Father’s Son had? You see, they’d never talk straight from the shoulder—it was always a parable, parabola or paradox. Peace to their ashes!

In those days the citizens were quick witted, like the present day assistant district attorneys of our thick headed prosecutors-in-chief: too thick to keep track of their paydays—the assistant has to do even that for them. Wellsir, in those days, here-in-be-fore refened to, the writers could be as subtle as they pleased, the citizens would get the point.

Not so today. Were I to turn loose all my capabilities, which are myriad, ye editor would hack me up with a pair of dull shears and shove me into the waste basket, after dismembering my personality to his wicked heart’s content—mebbe. If he didn’t, the assistant district attorney would read my pearls of wisdom and try to explain them to a jury—wood thru and thru—and fail. But the jury, being able to talk if not understand, would say: “He looks guilty”—so much different are my looks from those of the scoundrels they are in the habit of associating with on an equal basis—ahem.

But I’m not turning loose my capabilities; rather, I’m gonna talk straight:

Thousands of people never did understand how five thousand Hebrews could get their belly full of five sardines and a coupla Uneeda biscuits. That’s easy! Remember the old sugar buns we used to have? A dozen of them would fill a sack that would drag the brick sidewalks. Why, people got round shouldered just from struggling with those dozens, and at times ruptured themselves when ever the baker, liberal—after a birthday party—bearded the gods by throwing in thirteen.

What do you get today? If I was to say that you can take the same amount of dough (not $$$’s) that formerly made one biscuit , and make four today you would say that I’m an unreasonable radical and a reasonable liar, so you would. So much has things changed since Christ ran a restaurant!

Does the sack drag the pavement today? No. The buscuits ingenuously formed to pass muster under your weary eye, are dropped four abreast into a fragile bag—after which you unconcernedly pay two bits (not ten cents) and bashfully tuck the bag in your vest pocket.

I guess that’s feeding 5,000 suckers with one worm—for which heaven be perished.

*—T-b S.*

## 1927\_48\_IS\_23111927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

The spokesmen: They’re liars, that’s wot they are; people do not cheer a price-fighter because he’s murdering his adversary. They simply appreciate the adversary’s genuine surprise at getting a “push in the mush,” and the suddenness of the delivery finds the god-fearing audience unprepared to withold within its bosom its (as it proves to be) unconfined joy and great and resonant **eclat**. (Laugh that off).

The embarrassment and atmosphere of inquiry connected transforms that dignified operation into a screaming farce—people will always laugh at a good joke, and encourage high class deviltry.

Equally ready to sneer, to jeer, to cheer or drop a tear, as the case may be.

“The talking picture of the future will be educational.”

Art Brisbane says: “The great surgeon will perform his operation on the screen, (screan) explaining it as he works.”

So? He’s gonna make a speech while carving, is he? Well, I would much rather have him do more **surg**ing and less talking, or carve up on someone else—the students, for instance.

I’m firmly convinced talk has killed more patients, and patiene, than all the hordes of christendom or flu. Methinks the pictures won’t paramount to much—like the auto, soon a dodo as **pressure congestion**.

Babe Roofs’ reputation is all made and country wide/ He needs not worry. After he gets so he can’t see the ball, he can hire out as an umpire—or a judge.

**wlw**

Stevens’ job at the Yankee Stadium on hot days, Huggins, is to shut the water off on the drinking public. (Psst—keep this quiet, Hug!)

That reminds me, Col. Jake Ruppert: since those good old dry days the admission price reposes in my pants.

Got drunk reading Heywood Broun in “Nation.” Completely pollutificated. Tossed a coin in the air to uncover if ‘twas the will of gods “to be or not to be” Scotch stew or Irish stew—and a, great calm enveloped my soul for the “price” went up, then down, and never did come up again to its righteous owner and now is, by all laws of probability, spent for degrading “buns” and coffee a la eastern.

While not yet fully recovered, persuaded myself (judging on evidence of wonderful photos of beauty prize winners) that Queens ran Heavily to Legs—which is good and proper—the more legs the merrier.

A dark and tortuous insinufication has gone forth that labor is at the bottom; that labor is the underpup, you might say; and, in fact, these broadsized hints have gone so far that coffee an[d] radicals wave their palsied fingers in their hair and insist they, are pointing the fact out for the ‘steenth occasion. (John D. Rockefeller Junior Brand of Coal-Oil in their washwater would have a tendency of keeping their hands and hair apart—dandruff).

Attention; gents!

By using this certain tooth putty you save three bucks a year. With this a man may buy a good pair of gloves, a hat or necktie; a woman may buy silk stockings, handkerchiefs, etc. O Lord! Why is it they dress a man from top down (gloves, hat, necktie) and woman from bottom up (silk stockings, garters, unmentionables or tearnets) I ast yer?

On two 50-cent tubes of molarmulsion I can save $3 per annum?

What kind of economics is that!

That annum must come five times a year, huh? Or am I supposed to be doing, nothing but polishing my fangs night and day?

NOTE: The reader may be puzzled as to the whyfor I touch upon this subject. Let me explain:

Starting the woman from (as I said) bottom, leaves a sub-inference of something low, and “impressionables” gasping, gulping imitation salaciousness: whereas, addressing a man safely above the waist line leaves that boob high and dry lofty as an imbecillie liberal that can find no more problems to solve and damn little tenderloin to absorb.

An absorbing topic! But let us build no permanent residence upon it. The age of substitutions is here. We have substitutions for everything. Not only one or two, but dozens: The Gem razor blades are rapidly taking the place of Hood’s Sarsaparilla in drugstores.

Bedtime stories by sports writers takes the place of ballplayers on the diamond, and **that honored pastime**, in turn, has drafted the best wrestlers from the padded—rug—beef.

But why clutter tho column—.

Organization work too has its substitutions: dances, entertainment, slumber, hootch, sexecution, art, etc.—that “etc.” probably is worst.

All these, far, far from the point of production—woe is me—saddest of the sadists mimicing half-wit. Yip, yip. . . . !

I do not choose to classify these; let each take his pick—enough there to pacify the most militant supermen and superior women.

Some will prefer to dance.

Some giggle.

Some may insist on a diet that is one-half forbidden fruit.

Still others will buzz around art and higher ideals or capitulate to the demands of playful idiocy. . .

As for me? If we’re to show our preference for substitutions:

Give m hootch—far, far from the point where men toil and women sulk—an indefinite holiday—a feast of varnish —a festival of Moroniana.

## 1927\_49\_IS\_30111927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

What we call “the gains we have made”, were not made through the influences of capitalism but in spite of them. Capitalism was, is a system to keep thieves in practice . . .

**And always will be until it is no more!**

In ther words: So long as capitalism lasts, so long will thieves be skillful. This does not mean that capitalism flourishes because thieves are dexterous. Capitalism is merely **the means** that sanctifies unearned tributes as to the semi-parasites from men and women and children of the working class—and from one another, as between two parasites, so as to envelop the transaction in an atmosphere of moral dignity.

What! No one from Milwaukee?

(Rara-Avis, but delectable).

The New York World, struggling along, hands us the news that “Princeton University received its students this year from forty-six states, twenty foreign countries, the District of Columbia and Hawaii” . . . Quite an assortment, what? Gosh—then it is possible for nationalities to get along in peaceful pursuits?

Says The World further:

“New Mexico and Wyoming are the only states which have no representatives among Princeton’s 2,485 students.”—

I wonder if that means that Wyoming and New Mexico are the only two with sense enough to send their youngsters to the Work Peoples College, Duluth, Minn.

Yeah—I think so too.

\* \* \*

“Wets” backward spells Stew—lots of it: Ho hom. Life is’ mostly **dry angles** and **tight angles**, to be square about it — ho hom — when Montana mavericks mimic the society “circles”, the astute “ranchers” call the performance “milling”. Nothing new. Inmates of insane asylums originated social circles — and they, in Turn, got their technique from curt-seylng-calves and rudderless-cows.

\* \* \*

Scandalous, if true:

Thank God that oil scandal is only an oil scandal—for a while we thought it was something serious, like libel or slander or stealing water melons or—or breech of p’p’promise—or putting a wayward wife back on the straight and narrow path with a chunk of garden hose— so we did—**indeed we did.**

But s’ long’s it ft only scandal, the Associated White-washer may as well put it on the back page and tell us the latest fashions in murder—we’re getting cramps, so we are—**indeed we are**—although, true, we survived the terrible scandals of Jesse James, didn’t we?

Indeed we did.

\* \* \*

Our beloved government and its valiant courts are showing a remarkable front of nerve jumping at Harold Ford Sinclair—I’m almost persuaded there’s another millionaire in the woodpile and that interests conflict—I sort o’ get a strong whiff in my ol’ factory nerves.

Now, trot out the woman in the case! And all will be sweet.

\* \* \*

The country cannot hang on much longer, half Rockefeller and half Sinclair—I hope I’m wrong, but anyhow—let’s run ‘em for president and settle. the case—Hank Ford to run vice for both. To prevent a tie (the public’s feet being too sore to pilgrimate to the ballot box) let the cunning or cute Tex Rickard arrange the election—the loser to stand dessicated Ambassador Plenty potential—Airy to Bessarabia, that’s an oil country, ain’t ft?

\* \* \*

No one loves a steamboiler no more, but its fruits—such is the appeal of oil and gas.

Even the superheated boiler is a heartily superhated oven . . .

Its erstwhile estimable **steamina** seems no longer to have the ardent stamina to conquer our finer passion. Editor:—

What has become of that— I believe they called it—Civet Federation, that Sammy Gompers used to belong to? Yeh. The outfit—a scientific body—a body that used to be so deeply concerned about training citizens, yeh, arid joshing with the workers?

Are they letting the pole-cat to do all the training . . . ? .

Editor, you should keep track of such things—else you ain’t a good trapper.

\* \* \*

S. Parkes Cadman., M. D., or Dr. Says Clergy Needs More Education. (That statement right there seems to indicate they already; have some but not enough.)

“ . . . it will enable them to cope with the modernists.”

(Sake ‘s alive” What’s the sense of coping with the modernists—the modernists are Just as badly off. Yes, way off! Amen and hosiana—Halelujah!) Oo-la-la!

“A new era has dawned. Our clergy must be trained, so we shall have no reason to be ashamed.” (Bravo, Dr. Cadman—this hero being ashamed of our pastors is deucedly uncomfortable, don’t you know—lately I’ve been blushing so that my friends started carrying me typhoid serums and other anti-intoxicants—yeh . . . but continue, Doc., attaboy!)

“One weakness of the clergy is that they are not sufficiently ripe educationally to meet questions.”— (Tut, Tut Doctor! You don’t mean to say they’re green, do you?—here we’ve been thinking they give us a bellyache cause they’re rotten-ripe—of course not, doctor; you wouldn’t say that?

\* \* \*

The one-armed hero pulled from his overcoat pocket a handful of nickels and dimes—counted them, so did I . . .

Then he pulled out four one dollar bills (someone had been liberal) and counted them.

(The coat too must have been a gift for it was built for a two-armed man and fitted him rather snugly.)

Apparently satisfied with his campaign, he fished out a jack-knife and applied himself to trimming his finger nails.

(How do they do it? (How hold the knife?) “Army training adds years to your life.”—

Yes? Then why not splice a piece on this man’s arm?

**He laid away, a suit of gray**

**To wear a unionsuit . . .**

## 1927\_50\_IW\_03121927

I have it that Major General Charles P. Summerall took a fall out of the housing conditions of our to-be-respected-men-of-war-soldiers.

“The housing situation of the army,” said our tremendous soldier, “is a disgrace. Men are living in quarters at Camp Hearn like workers in a logging camp. The same condition prevails at other places.”

H’m!

Here’s- something to be looked into!

It’s a direct charge that lumberjacks ain’t any better off than the poor, poor soldiers—whose battles the doughty Summerall is fighting — and further, it’s a charge that lumberjacks ain’t any better fighters than the confirmed fighters.

H’m!

Both, of course, are getting about the same pay—nothing; less the better accomodations, pleasures, grub, etc. Both work for the love of the country—purely, merely, only, etc.

Both make the supreme sacrifice once, only—etc.; sooner or later—mostly sooner—weep, citizens, weep!

Now, fellow workers: Just now I ain’t acquainted with lumber camp conditions—got discurvied couple o’ years ago and moved under the Statue of Liberty on Fatblush avenue, Brooklyn—hence, I’m obliged to take Summerall’s rever-berating word for it. (Editor! Should the linotyper change the word Fatblush to Flatbush, show him no mercy—hand him no quarter—unless you have a leaden one. Send all your good quarters to me—we’ve got, to have better quarters like Summerhall says.)

As I was gonna say, it can be understood that a soldier, hooked up to an several-year agreement, finds it his patriotic duty to stand for disgraceful conditions, but nothing like that stands in the way of the lumberjack; he can step out for better conditions at any time.—Anytime, all the time, or between two times.

Never is it his civic, patriotic, or idiotic duty to sleep in any pig pen to oblige a bunch of rollicking lumberkings—that’s that.

Lumberkings, being as they are the most reasonable creatures, are always open to lumber-lore and Jack’s logic—. They’ll listen. Let the lumberjacks organize their arguments and polish their demands and the barons will supply them— yen, even the exquisite flavored “Stay-comb” to lubricate their bristling whiskers.

That’s that Verily, I’ve said it all. Summerhall.

Have I?

The complaint is that soldiers are living nothing like “Ritzy” because “they live like workers in a lumber camp.”

Well.

Now my idea is that lumberjacks should step out and live a little Ritzier and thus, indirectly, the soldiers will be benefitted—seeing as how they’re using lumberjack living as a standard to go by—-or get by.

Yes; I believe ‘tis the “Jacks” sacred patriotic duty to put more feathers in the heroic doughboys’ pillow.

What do you say? — T-B. S.

## 1927\_51\_IS\_07121927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

So as not to be too blunt—let us put it this way:

There are only one and one-half (excuses, alibis) for not helping a striking workingman, financially. The first excuse, the only fullgrown excuse is—no money.

That’s a good one.

Now let us examine that “half excuse:” Failure to help a striker, in this case, is the same as making a statement that you never intend to strike yourself; that you are unconscious of ever running into a situation where you will need the help of your fellow workers. That is the half-excuse—no matter how you disguise it.

All other excuses are perfect **un-naturals**— cripples.

How differently Capt. Goos—(that pickt up Ruth Elder) acted!

He refused to accept $1,000 as reward but dod accept it as “a token” on the grounds, as he said: “Someday we may feel like being saved ourself.”

Now, the Colorado miners are in position to accept tokens of your manhood and, no doubt, will return the compliment, many times— even when you won’t actually need it.

If John D. Rockefeller, himself, fails to help “his own” strikers, he’s strictly un-American, and what not.

## 1927\_52\_IS\_21121927

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Editor:

I have a subject matter here that lays close to my heart, so if you’ll step aside or look the other way, I shall proceed to handle it with bare hands and clear conscience. These many moons I have been razzing our great speakers unmercifully, yet I have managed to live long without being scratched-up too badly or crowned with construction material (Note, having been a construction worker, I am familiar with the sailing habits of bricks and cobble stones and ran judge fairly close where such raw materials won’t land—if I see it coming— which I do, seeing as how I’m expecting it to come. This may account for the uncrowned condition of my uneasy head— weaving head.)

Further, A. Brisbane reminds us, “reading makes a full man, writing makes an exact man and speaking makes a ready man,” so you can see yourself, it kind of behooves us writers to keep an eye on the speakers’ throwing arm, at all times.

Of course, I cannot question Brisbane’s finding as to “reading makes a full man” but, do claim (to the gasping world) writers are not so “exact” as they are half-full — half the time.

Ha! I’ve come to my subject.

Shake!

The one great trouble with us great writers is faulty elimination—the result of which is: our thoughts cannot come out pure as the driven snow of Ontonagon country but resemble more the Chicago sewage-canal, as it ripples o’er the rocks at Joliet.

Heywood Brown, in **The Nation**, tries to bring home the above great truth to Brass-Check Sinclair (as he coyly points out to Upton that his thoughts are all wet and should be fumigated or sent to a dry cleaner.) Broun of course is too much of a gentleman to come right out and sav where the trouble lies.

Not so here!

When I peel off gloves to handle a subject you can bet your last dollar that the matter is urgent and demands instant attention.

Why, editor, in our own organization thousands and thousands of our fellow workers have threatened to tear up their cards unless I go to a doctor and get myself thoroughly renovated—so rotten had my articles become—can you blame ‘em editor? Didn’t you yourself get sick just from cursorily glancing at ‘em? You, who curse so rarely?

You did—and by rights, I should pay your doctor bills. And I will to as soon as I draw my back pay from the birds that’ve been robbing me all these years.

—

The name condition of congestion prevails in society, as a whole. Capitalism is poisoning the very fundsamentals of civilization. Things are going from worse to worse. The people are pale.

The very “faulty elimination,” that ruins well meant writings, is the same **indisposition** that makes society unequal to the task of expelling the thing (capitalism) that is slowly but surely killing it. **But the people will not move.**

That’s just the trouble!

Remedy?

You expect me to say, “buy an all-day sucker.”

I’ll say no such a thing, I’m not sarcastic— I’m serious.

Subscribe for the **Industrial Solidarity.—T-bone Slim.**

## 1927\_53\_IW\_24121927

Figures of the Ludlow tent colony massacre tend to show the Colorado state mlitia prefers women and children first––for targets of their half-baked beastliness; six men, two women and eleven children.

Cromwell, in his religious fervor was no different.

*“Six hundred hicks, with their shooting sticks,*

*Piled on one starving striker––”*

\* \* \*

Thanksgiving Day, too, is here––ye gods! What is there new in that day of praise or eulogy; haven’t I been thanks gibbering all year?

\* \* \*

Not that there is any connection between the dispatch with which Calles, the Republic of Mexico, put down its latest “revolt” and the aspirations of the workers.

There is none. It’s merely a straw that shows which way the soda flows. Neither was there a connection, in a superficial sense, between the revolt itself and the workers of Mexico––it was more a private than a public movement. But the squelching of that revolt indicates that brother Calles is now in position to place his foot on the neck of labor if he thinks it for the best and desires to do so.

Word comes to me that it is the purpose of the government not to allow any strike at all, and that if any workers strike is each declared the government declares it illegal.

How intrigueing!

Just saw wood––and starve––and say nothing?

Mr. Government, aren’t you asking a little too mucho?

On the other hand:

The latest exposure of Mexican government papers in the William Randolph Hearst newspapers shows, clearly, that our beloved and bewhiskered Uncle Sam is “right to home” in Mexico City––he’s the gallivantingest hombre imaginable. He just won’t stay home.

If he isn’t tiling down in Panama, he’s digging ditches in Nicaraugua––yes, canals––canals.

Now that that is that, wot’s the matter with us hardworking men organizing for the purpose of guiding our masters heel off our lilly-white neck, or is that too illegal?

\* \* \*

I don’t believe a word about this here now-British propaganda. It’s unreasonable. Might as well accuse John of losing his mind––a sweet time Mr. Lord Bull, Esq., would have making anglophiles of our great American Pollacks and Skandinavians, to say nothing about our Germans. He’d have to knight all the Irish police officers in New York City and other progressive burgs; make dukes and lords of all the Italians and pay England’s war debt direct to our Hebrew brethren. By the time got thru Mayor Thompson would be trying to squeeze his abundant self into the uneasy chair of realm, over in Lunnon.

In fact: it is high time for England to come into the great American fold, as one of the sovereign states of Senator Borah––for protection.

\* \* \*

The ledger is balanced. Vanzetti forgave them one and all––only guiltless men can forgive.

*Prisoner’s Song, (Air: Boston Burglar)* “Oh if Christ, HE, “the same WHOM weowe much,”

Was to come once again among men,

Would he pass out the coffee and doughnuts

To the guards at the CHARLESTON PEN?”

Would HE?

He would not! He’d say, “fasting is good for the soul.”

A great lesson:

The Sacco and Vanzetti case proves, for all time to come, that marching and denouncing bring no results. Women and men wore themselves out *marching and sighing;* professorsdrank gallons of water denouncing politicians.

Therefore: I suggest that American labor do all its marching on Sammy Gompers’ Labor Day and all its organizing on *the other* 364 days––and devil take the hindmost.

When you kill a philosopher––even if you roast him by electricity––you ain’t getting away with a blessed thing. The whole world reacts against it––consciously and Unconsciously.

I’m sorry America has reached the stage when it thinks it a part of wisdom to “bump” philos off, The night Sacco and Van went out, I could not sleep between the hours of 10 p. m. and 12:30 a. m. Sleep? Ah! So sure was that Massachusetts had brains.

*T-Bone Slim.*

# 1928

## 1928\_1\_IS\_01021928

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

A compulsory strike—a new kind. (It seems like an anomaly or something—good or bad dream.)

“Impossible”, you say.

Not at all, fellow workingman, not at all . . .

The heroic barge captains’ wages were cut $10 per month—a blow than which there is nothing fouler—a blow upon tie bell line and below it. The barge-man’s eye glistened with unholy light; casually he squinted at the far-away—

Did he wail? Did he struggle to suppress his grief? Did he weigh the advisability of drowning his sorrow in saltwater? — — —— Alas! He did not.

He’s top horse to wail. He hates to struggle—even to suppress emotion. As to sorrow, he and sorrow are strangers—so why should he sink his sorrow?

He shouldn’t didn’t and won’t.

\* \* \*

“Weill” he roars, “what do you knowest about that”—and the timbers of the good ship trembled in suspense, or, sixpence.

Thereafter, therefore, no matter how, willingly, cheerfully, gladly he went on strike, hiss strike was compulsory. He was not attacking—he was defending himself—first law of nature. This system of carrying a strike to the men is called “delivering the goods”.

\* \* \*

The well-fed “runner” (shore captain) who, as he says, received a cut too, but unfazed proceeded to place scabs from Seamen’s Church Institute aboard the barges—Christ, himself, wasn’t there, else he too would have been hired—mebbe. Mebbe he would have said, “Get behind me, Satan.”

Well, sir, you know how captains are—strict disclipinarians, and in full charge of ship—until paid off. They had as yet not been paid off, so you can imagine their horror at discovering a scab aboard their boat. Full of righteous indignation they proceeded to land the scabs on the sacred soils of Perth Amboy and inviting piers of the great Lehigh Valley Railroad . . .

The “runner” by this time gets terribly self-conscious and finds heels a good substitute for Indian “Scout” motorsycle.

Run? How he did run! Paavo Nurmi has nothing on Mr. Millian.

A bright spot glowing in either cheek, he annihilated space . . .

Witnesses tell me, “that was the fastest time ever made in going after cops”—three of ‘em.

The cops came and smiled.

The captain smiled.

The world smiled.

What could they do? Wasn’t the captain in “full charge”—and weren’t forty captains on the pier there to see that no scab desecrates the sanetity of the coal-barge.

They were.

But, like all good things, the strike didn’t last. It was prepared to go on much further—even to the point of trade exposures.

Unfortunaterly, the wages went up—as fast as the cut came down.

\* \* \*

Let’s sing:

Springtime, springtime, springtime cannot last;

Like the charms of Lenora its charms now are past—

Like the blossoms in May that were here not to stay;

Like the flowers in June too soon faded away—

So this strike in life’s sweet glowing springtime.

## 1928\_2\_IS\_08021928

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

When I was a kid I used to weep’ because employment was scrapping the older slaves. (Dr. Osler, desperate, devoid of all hope, suggested: chloroform the poor buggers).

Brainiest investigators found no good reason why a man 45 years old should be relieved of his tasks and be permitted to spend the rest of his days like blue blooded parasites—resting. Consensus of opinion argued a man could be “drove” a dozen years longer. Investigators knew not that the young had to be employed, or they would “break and enter.”

They knew not that slavery is so productive that 20 years of it means dividends, profitss; 25 years, a neat surplus. (Only the nerviest employer would have the crust to ask a man to work more than that).

Investigators knew not that armies of unemployeds are necessary to cow those that are working—hence the early relief at the conservative age of 40 or 45—fifty-five or sixty-five will not do, as a horrible example of unemployment. Because why?

First, too old to serve as “threat.” Second, will not function; get discouraged too easily—and commit suicide. **They’ve got to be 40 or 45.**

How I did weep, when I was a kid. But now, dear mourners, they tell me big business is scrapping the older women workers. Ha, a bolt from a clear sky! Struck by lightning last week in January at Watersmeet, Mich.! Editor, you don’t mind if I drop a few tears on the paper—I’m gonna bust out again —I hope it will be my last, good cry.

So! So they’re going to scrap the ladies, in the prime of life. Hm!— Let me marvel:

I wonder what they mean by such high handed procedure?

First they hire 12,000,000 of ‘em and then they fire 1,500,000—

What’s the idea?

Looks bad.

Does this latest move mean they are gonna pay off the men below the 40-year limit?

If so, production must be picking up? Somebody must be toiling too fast? Gosh! Who’d have thought it? Gosh!

**— wlw—**

Let us compose ourself.

The “dear bosses” ain’t gonna turn loose any livelier or lovelier job hunters.

The employed young already are driven as fast as they can be driven—anything faster than’ that would cause them to rebel, and work great hardships and havocs to the souls of the industrial overlords; cause them to lose their appetite, and fat in proportion.

We’re safe, there!

But what’s the big holler about being weaned from a job, anyhow?

A man of 45, looking back over 25 years of useful toil, should be reconciled to the laying down of his tools; in fact, he should turn a few handsprings, kick his heels in the air and yodel a hymn of praise. . . .

Why don’t they do It?

## 1928\_3\_IS\_15021928

**BONEYARD**

By T-BONE SLIM

Bulletins:

It’s a quiet world, after all. Positively nothing is happening **all the time**. Peace in plenty abounds and contentment o’erspreads the calm of our slackened, sacred, seared, hokum. Nothing transpires.

Action inanimate, inertia struts victorious. Repose, rampant, languishes in the throes of acute debilitation. Quiet. Silence. Relaxation. . . . Is that death?

No. That’s United States.

Wages are cut––labor snores. Prosperity assails the populace. Newsboys wearing silk sox. Satin cascades the supple lines of laboring ladies. Plush covers the observation thrones of Pullman cabooses. . . . Corn beef and cabbage still undefeated. Three million unemployed––the rest loafing. Forty freeze. Thousand starve.

Eight hundred petition Borah for sandwiches––nothing’s happening.

I tell you––it’s happening.

Soldiers take shots at the people, countrymen giggle. Citizens grin. Such a good joke, eh neighbor? Our boys learn to defend themselves, thataway––we’ve got lots of people suitable for target practice, eh neighbor? 117,000,000! Wot’s vital statistics for anyhow, if not to keep track of “clean hits”?

“Just as if a hungry striker had any rights to be unreasonable,” you say––

He should be cool and collected. Bread? Forget it! and think of next summer’s watermelon crop.

Very undignified, I’m sure.

Never get rattled, like the army!

A sturdy-minded citizen just now remarked, “This country needs a cleaning up.”

Is it, then, that we must build a new society in the hell of the old?

How ingenious!

**—wlw—**

Fashions:

Well Proportioned Garment Tends to Slenderize Form.––Headlight.

Yeah? So does low wages!

**—wlw—**

Mastodon’s Fossil 35,000 Years Old Found in Seattle––

I suppose Post-Intelligentsia will soon pension him off.

**—wlw—**

An artist informs me “it’s hard to seems find a woman who is true.”

Just what do you mean? True to what? True to you?

You’re asking the impossible!

She might prove true to about a dozen of your calibre––nothing less.

Low pressure women, are born no morel They simply will demand that their object-horrible be something more than an eruption of hot air––a reasonable requisition.

**Bank Your fires.**

**—wlw—**

The people demanded **wurst**.

What did they get?

**Faust**––that’s what they got.

**H’aitch-H’e-Double H’ell**, you spell it.––

**—wlw—**

1,117,000,000 dollars per year are spent to cure colds.

A pile of snot, ain’t it?

One million doctors could just about live off the coughs alone.

**—wlw—**

“Complete Wire Reports of the UNITED PRESS, the Greatest World-Wide News Service.”

Yes, yes––but why not print some of that “news” and let us judge for ourselves?

Still and all, hadn’t you assured us, we would have gone right on thinking it worst. . . .

You have completely changed the grammer of our viewpoint.

## 1928\_4\_IW\_18021928

(Yes, dear; he is back again; he comes and goes with stops and starts––EDITOR)

–––––

**THAT “TRIPLE THREAT”**

–––––

Mercy? No; just be yourself!!!

To control one’s ferocity is not a part in mercy. Mercy is one of those very unreal things that could not be but for the presence of active ferocity. Therefore, exposition of mercy indirectly identifies such “mercifuls” as ferocious citizens disguised as good samaritans, but better hypocrites.

Better far to be yourself; just natural––and strive to outgrow your FRAILTIES–– aiming, always, at higher emprise. For, be it remembered, the exercising of thought in realms of hypocrisy is to surrender it to destruction.

Colorado capitalists, to end the coal strike, shoot down hungry strikers at the slightest sign of enthusiasm or show of anything but strictest dignity. Hunger and reason, thus, are supposed to be concomitants––but what can be said of the “shooter” with his belly full of heavy beans? What of the people of Colorado whose hand is on the trigger as much as is the hand that actually commits that crime against civilization?

Have we come to this?

Would mercy apply here?

Is that not murder?

Could we say, failure to commit cold blooded murder is a graceful act of mercy?

Nay.

**I maintain a condition of ferocity is there that cries for correction!**

\* \* \*

PENNSYLVANIA––a protegee of the P. R. R. and part of the United States––through its agents the state constabulary, attacks the children of the coal miners and knocks down mothers that rush to the aid of the kids, and drags the whole along he the highways to receive first aid from their bountiful stores.

Not much mercy there.

Not much sense either––although it may be that the children were about to attack the brave officers and they merely defended themselves.

Be that as it may, I’m inclined to the belief the circumstance IN REALITY was just another one of those outcroppings of pure, perhaps less violent, ferocity; a punishment for making faces and, in the case of the mother, a beating for being accomplice thereto.

I understand one of the heroic CONSTABULES was bit in the leg by a rabbit.

\* \* \*

New York executes Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. Elliott did not electrocute them––New York was the man! **The people pulled the chain**. Eight million people in New York City helpt to throw the switch, then went to bed, slept soundly and never saw a ghost.

Ghost? Ah! Excuse me; let us write no more concrete examples of ferocity. Let us rather leave unsaid and unthought, HENCE UNTAUGHT, all such items of mental disorder and wellmeant action of people fighting a losing fight with embattled abberations. Let us be MERCIFUL in that respect, and make haste to point out the results of all such, well or ill considered, ferociousness.

Does the Christian State of New York know what became of the soul of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray? No? It acted without knowing what it was doing? It knows where the bodies are. Can it be this great commonwealth was only after the bodies? How strange!

All such ferociousness, active or dormant, makes for the brutalization of the people. If not present personally they get the “tremendous” kick second hand from the cold blooded accounts of the “disinterested” press. It is assumed “the mutts” are better men and women after being thoroughly brutalized by yellow sheets––two and three cents per brutalization––buy your own ruin. Sometimes the citizen is too stiff-necked to be brutalized––the sobstuff gets him. “The widows”, “the orphans,” “the cripples”, “the martyrs’,, “the sole-supports,”––a-ahh! The symptoms of this attack consists of a lump in your throat the size of a small hen’s egg, and your eyes brim with tears. The lump cannot be swallowed or thrown up––you’re helpless.

But there is a remedy, if used in time! Unfortunately, you can’t talk or notify your neighbor of your terrible affliction––he could help you. As it is, don’t turn from him to hide your tears. Face him. That is important! All right. When he beholds the tears and your shirt front wet he can guess the “lump” and realize that you’re on dead center of a destructive siege of mollycoddleism––emotion –– sentimentalism––and if he’s any kind of a man at all he’ll save you A MODICUM of the “manhood that was” by placing his left hand on your shoulder and unscrewing your nose with his right.

That’s the only way to drive the lumps away.

What have we now?

I have three virile points:

No. 1.––Ruined soul, tortured to extreme and finally despatched, somewhere, electrically.

No. 2.––Brutalization by savagery of deeds, and records thereof in blood-thirsty press.

No. 3.––Manhood undermined by periodical sob-stories and mollycoddleized by said perverted and putrescent journals––the sordid, may I say, BRAGMATICAL publications.

**All three conditions border on ferocity and make for ferociousness.**

## 1928\_5\_IW\_03031928

**CENTRALIA**

–––––

A violence has happened. People are deprived of necessities, comforts, pleasures, home, love, liberty and life itself —by force.

No element of Justice is there. No shade of mercy.

Nothing but active, most vicious vindictiveness — ferociousness of most unprincipled character.

Ye gods !—This, too, against innocent men, few in number, who defended their castle, home, hall against the onslaughts of the half-erased armistice day celebrators, paraders, flag-wavers— never overly right — whose ambition takes the form of running amuck in peace times and strategic retreats in times of danger.

These few men called a halt to such nonsense and defended themselves against the horde of destructionists. And they defended themselves to the effect that a halt was established — something unexpected — some of the heroic mischiefmakers halted never to start again.

For thus interrupting the natural activities in ferociousness of the semi-imbecilic “marchers” — the defenders were thrown in jail, for, what seems, an interminable period.

For upholding law (when law refused to proclaim its might) the law punished them —a clear piece of violence, an essence of the same ferocious insanity that sends men to bite the hand that feeds them, — LABORS!

In all moral codes there is no justification for attacking a law abiding citizen in his castle — even common politeness forbids it.

All the Blackstones since time began have failed to find rules of order or law that would permit an intrusion upon man’s place of shelter or violation of his peace and dignity —his inalienable rights. And when law fails to guarantee these, and says so in so many words, it is a man’s right and duty, individually or collectively, to so provide that these blessings shall be preserved.

But these men are in jail.

Unfortunately, such is the case.

The strong defense they put up against the charge of the “tight parade” was something so unusual that the court forgot what little law it knew (its balloon went up) and sentenced the men before he could parachute back to grateful earth. The governor, by his silence, acquiesced in this tragedy of errors.

Will the present governor endorse them?

Will the present governor set aside the consideration of this case as inconsequential? — this case whose very sentences smack heavily of viciousness and untempered ferocity.

It’s time we all came back to earth. The jury that convicted these men has “repudiated” its action. Wil! the Governor of Washington compound the tragedy?

T-b S.—

## 1928\_6\_IS\_06061928

**BONEYARD**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

WAR—NING!

Do not start that canal digging in Nicaragua, just yet. Hold your shovels! “But,” you say, “If we don’t start it, Nigaraugua may build it herself and then we’ll look like monkeys for having built the Panama ditch!”

True enough, brother, but supposin’ we do build it, and afterwards discover that a canal through Mexico will make monkeys of us for the second time.

Are we gonna’ be - monkeys all our lives? Ain’t there no evolution?

That’s why I say, don’t sink your shovels in the soil, till you find out where you’re at . . .

And, fellow countrymen, most earnestly I propose that we give Panama canal and its famous cuts and slides to Brazil or Czechoslovakia for a Christmas present (they might find use for it) and look over the possibility of sluicing our ships across the grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in the King’s Dominion of Canada (anywhere but the United States) and leave ‘em there-—till we regain the use of our brains.

Why am I writing with such touching regard for pessimism?

Ah, editor, the blunders of our great men simply “breaks me all up.”

They’ll crack any heart, yet!

But there is a consoling feature about us “canalers,” I’ll recite it, editor, for your benefit— to prevent you getting unduly discouraged and committing mayhem—ahem:

**Kindly fate dissuaded us in building the Panama canal down in Brasil—that’s a feather in our hat!**

If we’d sunk our canal in Roosevelt’s Lost River our ears never would’ve cooled down.

Anyhow, I’m exceedingly sorry that the muchly touted “Panama” is now a has been. I mourn the myriads of mosquitoes that gave up their lives (on the altar of yellow fever) so that Panama might be a fit place for a democrat to live in. And, finally, my heartfelt sympathy goes out to Gen. George Washington Goethals, the great digger, who only recently curled-up and died as a result of hearing that Uncle Samuel had switched his affections to the Nicaragua canal site—Rest in peace! His sickness dated from the time the first doughboy kickt the bucket. Canalitis was the disease.

I think he died fully conscious that he pulled a bone in “laying down” the Panama and was reconciled to death—especially so since he must have entertained apprehension for the safety of the continent; what, with Sam toying with a shovel?

P. S.—Why don’t they consult with the workers?

\* \*

Mr. Hotelling, Michigan, gets religion goes out and murders a child, becomes a deacon. Murders another child, gets sanctified and is promoted to high office of elder. Feels the urge again, and cuts up a little girl. Hm—Given a little more time he would have made a saint of himself and started chopping up the heavier citizens. But no, Michigan sends him to Marquette for life. “Ferocious judge weeps because he can’t hang him.”

New York papers, too, moan because the man gets “life” only. Now let me suggest the judge and N. Y. papers be sent to Marquette for life—so that they may form a true opinion as to the relative merits of hanging and being hung-up in Marquette for life—and, I further suggest, that Michigan present each prisoner with six feet of good [¾]in. rope, to be hung up in the cell—merely as an ornament

You’d be surprised!

After a while the population of Marquette would consist of New York papers and guards. A gas line would be in order.

## 1928\_7\_IS\_20061928

**BONEYARD**

By T-bone Slim

–––––

Since it has been proven and reproven that “Labor is not getting his” we must conclude that a labor union is primarily to secure his needs and to secure him from further inroads being made upon what he already has, such as that what he is wearing and what he is chewing upon—very illusionary things. The mere fact that Labor, almost to a man, dies without a nickel can be held as evidence that “he didn’t get his” or that he’s an awful profligate (is that word right) and that same fact throws light on the why for of Labor unions as well as indicating strongly—too strongly—that all these years Labor has been working for a living wage. True, he is given a respectable funeral by his son or daughter, now old enough bo work— not that there is any credit due the boy or girl: because they in turn will enjoy the same privilege a little later—not exactly an ideal way to do it, getting trusted for the last bed, putting the planting expense on each coming generation—it’s carrying the credit system one day too far, if not more.

What of it if vou did “dig down” to lay your father to rest— it’s a burial on tick, nevertheless.

Because why?

Because someone, too shiftless to organize, started it—that was the original sin.

That man did not combine with his fellow worker to demand a greater share of the output to, at least cover funeral incidentals— Tough luck! Mebbe he didn’t givadam whether he got buried or not?

Mebbe, really, he didn’t Intend to beat his children out of the fare to Eternals. But he did—and established a custom.

## 1928\_8\_IW\_27061928

**Extracts**

“Is it a part of intelligence to squeeze the Juice out of meats and feed the pulp to workers?

“Is it sound logic to separate the small good (the juice) from the mass of bad (the pulp) and feed the pure good (the juice) to the few; the pure bad (the pulp) to the many?”

According to my way of thinking these two should remain inseparable.

\* \* \*

“ . . . for another). If it had intended ‘It’ to be ‘So it would have made bubbling springs of beef-extract for one; and mountains of pulp for the other. However, nature did not see fit to make such an arrangement”

\* \* \*

“... The one denied roughage become a degenerate and goes into the market, for new glands; the other one “filled up on roughage,’ gets radical and begins to howl for a one big union?”

\* \* \*

“. . . You come around belly aching ‘that you’ve been fooled?’ You give your officials power to pull strikes, when the boss feels strong; to call off strikes, when the boss feels faint.”

\* \* \*

“. . . How’s chances to carry your pay envelope home for you?”

\* \* \*

“The I. W. W. doesn’t ask you to trust it—it is not a faith organization. It gives you the best ‘unionism’ at least expense—it lets . . .”

\* \* \*

“It guarantees the wages will go up faster than the cost of living?”

\* \* \*

“There is no danger in overrating, if the food is pure, and if your stomach has not previously been ruined with improper foods. (Men do not give themselves pain, unnecessarily).”

\* \* \*

“Cheap meals are cheap death—or a . . . “

\* \* \*

“The cooks are compelled to work eight, to twelve, to sixteen hours a day over a hot range that would put to shame a Scotch boiler bn an ocean grey hound.”

\* \* \*

“Prices charged do not always determine the quality of the food; rather the prices determine who shall eat it?”

\* \* \*

“Never an artist painted a prettier picture than a clean plate. A clean plate with two smiling eggs on it: sunny side up. Alas! This can never be . . .” (until)

\* \* \*

“If it wasn’t for the dishwasher, black-plague or hog-cholera would have us all wipe’t off the pay roll by this time.”

“A la King” translated means ‘like king.’ Hence, when you have eaten ‘chick a la king’ in a cheap restaurant, you become convinced that it was prepared from Tut-ankh-amen himself, or some other potentate of equal historic significance?”

\* \* \*

“Hereafter, employers if they want to rent, hire or purchase labor (power) must pay the price set by labor.”

\* \* \*

The above are “extracts,” (only a few) from “our own” book, entitled: “Starving Amidst Too Much,” written for the F. W. I. U. No. 460 by

T-BONE SLIM.

P. S. Of course, they are only extracts; and as we maintain the pulp and juice are inseparable, we do not dare to take out too much of the extracts in this time.

The book will be out on or about July 15. Write to James E. Carrol, 1001 West Madisen St., Chicago, Ill. Admission 15 cents. Order through your job branch secretary.

## 1928\_9\_IS\_11071928

**SUNFLOWERS**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

NESS CITY, Kans.—One hundred and three combines were sold in this city up to June 19th—since then It has been raining and bright farmers are thinking of “cradling” their wheat in the good old fashioned way.

LARNED, Kan. is organising a yacht club.

CONWAY SPRINGS, Kans.—After a gentle shower this morning, proportions of cloudburst, frogs gave a fine concert on outskirts of this thriving metropolis— many of the bystanders were deeply moved—nobody seriously hurt—all will recover.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the rescue of the country and dig post holes—the ground is soft.

Now, also, is the season of history when junk dealers should buy up all the new combines . . . it’s Ivory soap that floats—a combing is no canoe!

ENROUTE.

No one yet has discovered why John bought, a combine—he doesn’t use it—he hires men to use it. Grain took another slump yesterday—yet nobody was cutting. Strange.

John, I suppose, thinks the price of grain will remain stationary while he is cutting his grain with less men, and cheaply—a wan delusion.

He is champion economist—even as I am a skilled chinologist well versed in the science of phillolipops.

One would think the man who uses machines should own them? “Yes,” says John, “but if we waited for harvest hand to introduce new machinery, we’d never get ‘em.”

That’s where John is wrong. The harvest hand does introduce improved machinery and does it in a healthy normal manner—his ideas, in fact, are the foundation for all improved methods of harvest—natural.

It is only when John Introduces a machine the thing becomes abnormal and boomerangs back at him; and, when it is noted, he makes his living by selling grain instead of eliminating cost we must conclude John is outside of his territory—would John control both price and cost—or neither, as at present?

To me it would seem, greater gain can be made by controlling price of products—even as labor stands to gain by controlling wages and adjusting them periodically to the increasing cost of living. Aside from the fact that combines abolish harvesters, bread and butter, break the market for John, wastes and ruin, quality of grain during wet periods, it does more:

Towns have been built (business places) under the supposition they will get their support from all hands, farmers and harvesters.

Now John has eliminated the harvester and his purchasing power causing various Hamburger merchants to be thrown on the labor market already crowded with unemployed harvest hands—in other cases he assumes the support of all, in this top-heavy business-conditions, alone; for be it understood the harvest hand, as they are still called, cannot purchase even a haircut (within the sacred precincts of Kansas) and farmers are notorious for their neglect of the cravings of barbers, and personal pulchritude.

But why waste space.

Harvester loses. John loses. Struggling cafe loses. Barber hires out to butcher, etc.

The only guy who wins is the grain gambler—and gosh, how John loves him!

The remedy?

Oh, hell, the remedy is predicated on the proposition of organization to control the selling price of farm products just like the harvester’s well-being demands the control of of wages, his livelihood. But I don’t suppose either will organize— both will want to lick the world as individuals alone.

They’ll keep on wanting.

They’ll lick their thumbs.

It’s a losing game.

P. S.—Farm lands were paid for by horsee; and lost with machinery. I don’t think it would hurt John to take a hoe, go in the cornfield and cut cockle bum and sunflowers—shakey legs are an exploded theory and passee alibi.

June 28th, ANTHONY ans HARPER, Kans.—Grain dead-ripe, wet and drooping—one more rain and then the squawk. John refuses to attach separate engine to cycle (cutter) of binder, loosen his canvas and save the grain. Editor: Send me a sandwich!

## 1928\_10\_IS\_18071928

**“STOMACHS ARE GRAVEYARDS”**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

This morning, in Clearwater, Kansas, while resting on side street curb-stone, I saw a beautiful, colored bird swoop down upon a sparrow and begin to peck at Its head and neck—ah, clear murder—evidently the bird was preparing the sparrow to serve as principal part of a morning meal . . . I did not interfere because I did suddenly recall I too had not had my breakfast—fellow feeling, like—and, then, I reasoned, the bird probably was experienced and knew what it was doing.

Again, it may be, it placed the sparrow in same category as we would a horse thief and war administering plain justice, punishment, death—so who am I to interfere?

The erudite reader will, of course, read between the lines and recognize that we cannot get our breakfast in a manner set forth in the example of this colorful bird—besides, who wants to eat a horse thief?

Wobbly.

Quite right

It may interest bird lovers to know that the bird which thus took the law into its feet, and executed the poor sparrow, was a Blue Jay.

Les’ pray: my mistake—an ignorant “hand” contends the bird was a sparrow hawk and was following the happy pursuits of that respected family. To err is humorous—if I’d o’known that bird was one o’ those low down, parasitical pharisees o’the floss and feather kingdom, a hawk, that probably sits down and says “Our Father who Art in Heaven” before he eats and pays his help $3 for Thirteen Hours and Ten Minutes, I most certainly would have interfered with his reckless pastime.

—

Prairies may be lost forever,

Handed o’er to the combine;

Badlands, sloughs, ravines and sinkholes.

Always will be yours and mine.

Why should I, then, be discouraged,

Or surrender unto ghosts?

Why should I feel under nourished

When I’ve dined on empty boasts?

## 1928\_11\_IS\_01081928

**Harvest High Hallucinations**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

“I wonder what’s the matter with them two guys I sat down beside them and they walked across the street and sat down?”

“Well, mebbe the trouble is not with them, but you. Have you got halitosis?” I suggested, brokenly.

“Good Lord, no!” roared the desperate man. “I don’t even know what this helvadose is.”

Well, then, if your breath doesn’t smell and you’ve religiously used Life Buoy soap—so as not to have body odors—it must be the two gentlemen have agreed among themselves upon a going wage and do not like to have anybody around when they, hire out—rnebbe ashamed of the low figure that appeals to their impoverished soul.”

“By God, you’re right,” gasped the now mollified man (I blushed, appropriately and profusely).

“You’ve hit the nail on the head.”

“That’s nothing,” says I, modestly, “I used to be head spiker on the Grand Trunk.”

“Well, what can be done with such characters?”

Nothing much, just appoint a guardian for ‘em and suffer it out.

\* \* \*

Somewhere in this neighborhood is a town and a farm where I got the start—I mean, the starving of my life. . . I dassent hire out to a young farmer without first ascertaining if he’s married to a school marm—the older farmers are safe; you see, their schoolmistress has worn off her notions about angel cake and cream (corn starch) pie—halleluyah! The place, I don’t know the name, had man, wife, child and Hudson—the Hudson and child were of different parents, of course. . .

I’m losing much work this year because many of the farmers are young and look as if susceptible to the blandishments of “marms” and party to a plot to dwarf our belly— **man’s object de glorification.**

Leading politicians are averse to opening their mouth for fear of putting their foot in it.

Wash the foot, why not?

Besides, speech requires the exercising of 40 muscles (41, if French)—Can it be they’re too lazy to use so much muscle to kill the frog in their silver toned chords—or it is hook worm?

Heaven forijid!

Now this here Halbert H. Smythe ain’t afraid of spitting it out—feet or no feet—but, then, mebbe his feet (and hands) are clean?

10,000,000 people has four times said that Halbert’s feet are as clean as the driven snow—so it looks as if the nuptials of Colgate’s son to Palm-Olive’s daughter ‘hain’t gonna interest the favorite son of Halibut Row and East River.

Facts are unmanagable; not pliable; not malleable; not—not mixable with fancy . . . you say it—ed.—dam those flies, anyhow!

Nothing to say.—T.-B.-S.

## 1928\_12\_IS\_08081928

**Hiawatha, Kansas**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

There ought to be, editor, you can see it yourself, a law to curb this here now indiscriminal honking of auto horns making a vary nightmare of our days . . . Why it’s getting so that a man, with one leather ear, can’t tell whether it’s a truck squeezing out from an alley or a “Shiverlay” (shove or lea ve it) groaning for ice cream in front of the drugstore, by God; with the result that many Innocent victims dive heads foremost Into sighclone cellars and barber poles or rush for the hospital thinking they been hit, killed, or, at least, convinced they are better than half dead—so realistic are the delusions of today and indicate truthfully the poverty of ignorance as understood apart from the wealth of knowledge. Ahem! did I get away from my subject?

\* \* \*

Youth must be served—must have its fling:

Farmers are hiring the young knowing them to be strangers to good wages; and the young, inexperienced in the higher learning and dignity of daily toil, rush into the furnace of harvest, reckless of the singe inherent thereto.

The principle, is to quote one J. Christ, “The old and spavined will be with you always.” (Cheer, brothers, cheer!)

\* \* \*

It is given me to understand “hobos have quit riding the Kock Island R. R.”—This, if true, is a sad blow to that dilapidated line insofar as it destroys the confidence of ticket buyers, who reason: if it isn’t safe for bums it isn’t safe for others.

On the other hand I hear the Missouri Pathetic is gonna pad all the truss rods (on all its old fashioned box cars) so that the poverty stricken populace may travel In comfort if not style—a step in ye right direction.

\* \* \*

Kansas is longingly looking toward Ireland for a potato market—at least she has a faraway look in her soulful eye. (eggs) —

No doubt distance lends rapture and all that, but if she lookt closer she would find a market for spuds right in Kansas—right on the platter in every restaurant—Just shovel two spoonfuls of the life-giving potato to each plate, instead of one as at present.

That, would double the market straining the arm of the “disher-up” of those precious, muddy pearls of the soil.

Anent the passing-up of experienced hands in favor of the milk fed variety, let me offer a little encouragement to the despairing, old harvesters:

Use your reason! The farmer, as deprived as he is, is doing you a favor by passing you by. Only yesterday one took out two young men, too late for breakfast, worked them all day and paid ‘em off too early for supper—they walked in (nine miles) all steamed up—with three bucks apiece. You don’t want that to happen to you, do you, hah?

Only today one of ‘em didn’t need, a hay hand in the morning (there was I waiting) he didn’t need one at one o’clock. No. But two o’clock, mistaking me for two other fellows on account of my simplified looks, he approached me and wanted me to work the balance of the afternoon.

Mustering up the last remaining spark of intelligence, I started to wonder when and where was I to board—eat? Breakfast was gone! Dinner was flown! Will supper come?

A deadly fear gripped my soul and I sobbed, “No, no John, I cannot do it. I swore on my grandmother’s grave I would never lift a fork against new mown hay. I would be faithless to s trust and deceiver of deepest dye, if I did so.”

Thus it is, old timer, whey they pass you by, they are favoring you—so, why mourn?

You don’t want a bunch of those irresponsible farmers hiring you for long walks—just sit still—you’re old—why should you want to act as a butt for a joke of those joyous, cackling imbeciles—let the young have its fling.

Be patient!

By and by a farmer will come in whose voice doesn’t sound like a door hinge in distress; he knows what he’ll pay; how many minutes you’ll work—he’s a good guesser and you’ll not walk back—his joking days are over.

Should he not come in, you can make up your mind there isn’t a single decent farmer in that district and that the [rest of the text is missing].

## 1928\_13\_IS\_15081928

**Passing The Plate**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

Just as the police officers gave up the pastime of nickel-snatching––a habit they had of grabbing “the change” from crap games––our leading railroads are taking up the habit of forcing men caught in their yards to buy transportation to the full extent of their capital––thus, to all intents and purposes, taking the very bread from the mouths of poor people. Missouri Pathetic is the latest offender––at Omaha.

This procedure cannot be classed grand larceny, on account of the petty amounts of money involved––pretty small business for a railroad that boasts thousands of miles of lines––hence, I’m persuaded, it’s more like nickel snatching than, even, petty larceny.

The men are “forced” to buy tickets or go to jail. In other words, the railroads, through their “dicks” constitute themselves judge and jury; find the men guilty of trespass and sentence them to buy tickets with all their money.

Judge and Jury? Ambitious aren’t they? Nothing petty about that––After awhile we won’t need no courts at all; the railroads will condescend to take care of the calendar, in their spare moments––and we can put our judges to pasture.

—

**Transcontinental Largess**

I was indeed, practically seduced, manner into trying my hand and foot in the game of hitch-hiking, if you know what that is: begging rides from automobile and Ford drivers.

Well, I humped along the high-ways full of hope––nothing else much––and pretty soon along comes a car. . .

Haa! Shall I top him?

No!

I gave one look at the driver, through the dirty windshield and jumped into a ditch––he looked like a man that would rob the bank of his child; a farmer, probably.

When he was gone I crawled from the ditch and brushed myself.

A narrow escape!

Pretty soon along comes another one––Christ, are they all escaped convicts? Into the ditch, I goes––I’m not gonna be robbed by any car driver if I can help it.

After being in the various ditches all day, after dark I sneaked back into town and caught a train and I’m proud to say, here in Chew City, Iowa, my money (3 cents) is still in my pocket. Damn that hitch-hiking, anyway––you can’t tell what’s liable to happen to you!

Let us sing:

When the last p’pop bottle is empty

And the last joyous symphony sung,

It is then that it tickles our mem’ry

Just to note that as vet were unhung.

O, our lot is as hard as they make ‘em;

What with chills, poison ivy and corns––

And our change––as together we scrape ‘em––

But revives us a new set of mourns.

Not a doubt but our troubles are extant,

That they’re powerful, ruthless and real,

That we need no “diviner” or sextant,

To locate the grim sorrow we feel.

After breakfast we’re too apt to hurry

For the nest meal––we paw dirt and squeal––

Yet we know that a five minute worry,

Is enough for an average meal.

We complain much of losing our hearing,

And conclude that ol’ fate is unkind:

Thus engrossod in our hoping and fearing,

Fail to see a poor cuss that is blind.

Disregard, then, our tears that doth splatter,

And our tunes of stark bitterness full––

What’s the odds if we don’t hear the clatter

Of a tongue that is coated with “bull”?

Let’s forget all our errors and failings;

Looking backward but adds to the pain––

Nothing much in melodious wailings,

Otherwise every effort’s in vain.

Even If those why, awkward back glances,

In their wake, left our joy unrestrained;

They would interfere with our––our dances (or chances)

And, if nothing is lost, naught is gained.

Looking backward we see but the ruins!

Looking forward we see progress built!

Therefore, let us have enough of such doin’s,

As of longing for milk that is spilt.

In this Age of mentality’s rattle,

In this Era of Whisper and Buzz;

It is better to run like scared cattle,

Than to harp on the glory that was.

––T.-B.-S.

## 1928\_14\_IS\_00091928

**BONEYARD**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

**“Voice of The People”**

Manhattan: I am so lazy that I realise the fact myself. Is there a cure? Can your readers help me?

—C. R.

We certainly can. Nothing lazy about us. We’ll give you a lift . . . First of all, the only cure for laziness is “absolute quiet”. Settle down! But you ain’t lazy. Else you wouldn’t have noticed it realized it . . . Don’t get excited. Keep cool. Wait till your laziness attracts the attention of the surrounding populace. Once you win their notice, plaudits or condemnation you can form an unbiased, personal opinion of your speed proclivities, or momentum, or occilational propensities. After that you’ll be two lazy to look for a cure and too comfortable to accept one if fetched to yon by others.

You don’t want a cure for that condition. Cultivate it, till you have something to cure.

Moral: Unripe boil pulls hard.

Advertisers are notorious liars—some od them verge on the excellent. Example: “Carefully Blended” may mean a bad load of coffee is thoroughly mixed with good or indifferent.

Nothing wasted.

The principle is: Not to give some people all bad, but all peopl some bad—thus blending business with deviltry.

Authority:

**Human testimony is, at best, unreliable. Eye witnesses too often differ broadly on details.**

\* \* \*

When a tale-bearer goes into a tale-spin, for instance, rushes to the boss and bares his soul, becomes a soul-barer, he’s a bear for details; and tattle. Unfortunately, he must draw on his imagination to make his testimony stand. Three-quarters one-quarter with truth is thoroughly saturated with falsehood. Bring on your mathematicians! There’s your one-tenth of one per cent. The victim, offended, bows his head— alas, and passes off the incident to his fellow worker by murmuring, laconically:

“He Turned Me In.”

Now, my point is this: A tale-bearer as a regenerative proposition is not hopeless. He can be rebuilt.

Vast alterations can be made in his general make-up, structure, attitude and deportment.

As we all know, the man suffers from some sinister ailment, such as breathing raw air through hie mouth.

Correct this, if such be the flaw, and you will find he enjoys breathing through his nostrils same as rest of us.

## 1928\_15\_IS\_12091928

**Transports ‘O Joy**

By T-Bone Slim

–––––

What I miss mostly, and muchly, in this salubrious or lugubrious North Dakota is an automobile. Not having one Is drawback, may I say, and seems actually to prevent me from making highly desired progress or headway—another thing, the possession of one would enable me while working on the farms to slip to town of an evening and purchase a meal now and then, to kind of eke out a supplement to the well intended provisions the kindly farmer bestows upon me.

But that is not all, a car is not enough—a man needs an airplane.

The other day I saw an airplane flying low over the farm and rightly I concluded the airman was looking for a job, shocking or threshing. Of course, I don’t know how the scheme is arranged but I surmise when a farmer needs a hand he puts a red hat on his head like deer hunters do and when the flock of flyers behold the red cap they can make up their minds the wearer is either an employer or a cardinal. The red hat would be an ideal arrangement in town also since, then, the innocent spectators would have advance notice of their danger, have time to hide away, until the farmer went back home to have a snack of summer sausage—it wouldn’t be long . . .

Well, such is life, man wants and wants. First the learning of a few steps in the time honored art of walking, then roller skates, then a bicycle, then a freight train, a lizzie and now, gosh dang it, we simply must have an airplane—you’ll notice I didn’t mention swimming, rafts, skiffs, dories, yawls, yachts or Leviathans of the deep; that would be coming in bad faith from a header-barge captain—said barge, too, being a stage in the evolution of transportation, a thing that has developed so fast that our purchasing power fell by the wayside exhausted, hopelessly beaten from the very start. Please remember that even walking as a means of transportation was an established fact long before old Abe Lincoln was crucified and made Pullman porters of Afro-Americans. Indeed, even for that crude means of travel, we came late and learned to walk only to find our neighbors buzzing by on wheels or skiis—and since then we have been behind time. Transportation has travelled so fast that we’ve been left at the post—yes, and the nerve of them, magnificent guts, I should say, to periodically fasten to a man’s leg a ball and chain. Bah! Could anything be more ridiculous? The man’s ‘way behind schedule as it is; without an anchor tied to his propellors.

But, gentlemen, as slow as we are, behind time, schedule and in our appointments, we’re ‘way ahead of the schedule of wages—one would almost think wages was afoot with both legs broken (above the knees), or creeping along in a four-wheel-brake case of infantile paralysis. Now the trick is how to drain “the paralysis” front poor wages or how to put a couple of good legs under it.

I wonder if organizing for that purpose would do any good—seeing as how we ain’t going anywhere until wages are first put on its feet, so that, instead of saying “what are they paying around here” we would be able to guess just exactly the proportions of the money involved—organize to the point where frustrations would play but a minor key In the grand symphony of happy and contended labor, eliminating petty contentions to the realm of “used to be.”

\* \* \*

Our battle is with frustrations; and if leadership, absolute mental monarchy or monopoly of intelligence, be good then co-operation as between many is a failure—a thing which our institutions of learning (schools) tend to disprove—for why educate the many if one person is all that’s required to transform a lost cause into a howling success? Be it understood, though followers may be ever so willing (heroic yes-men), the very crudest orders are not carried out satisfactory to the “brains”—yon employing despot—and if money won’t move them what shall we try? Love? Patriotism? Altruism? Religion? Fear? . . .

Or shall we flatter them?

I wonder how personal initiative of many in co-operation would work—it being figured that a team of two horses can pull more than two single horses and hold back more than two single horses—this latter they accomplish by leaning one against the other.

Why, then, cannot two horn-headed intellectuals generate an energy superior to the pair of ‘em even as aforesaid jackasses do on a downgrade—by leaning one against the other? Can it be they fear to louse up each other by rubbing shoulders?

## 1928\_16\_IS\_00111928

**Velvet A La Bias**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

As the country now stands (and ‘tis a wonder it stands) we’re short on millinery and long on military . . .

\* \* \*

Wars from now on will be between two (2) most progressive nations—where doubt exists as to which nations are most progressive, the “leading powers” will fight it out severally—no jealousies will he countenanced.

\* \* \*

Next to impossible to make a writer’s face look intelligent—practically got to rebuild it. New York Telegram dug up Bill Hart’s picture and tagged it Heywood Broun.

A little more publicity for “Lindboigh” and I would be tempted to marry her.

Lindboigh is not to blame—it’s those journalistic morons of the parisites’ press running true to form. O Lord! Stepping in character.

\* \* \*

In 1958 pies, site of coffee saucers, will cost two and a half dollars. No question about it, except the she—you may get ‘em on half shell . . .

How do I know this?

Greening-pies now cost 50 cent. In 1898 they cost 10 cents (3 for a quarter), site of a barrel-bottom. Four costs have been added since ‘98. Have you received four different kinds of wages? With which to purchase those pies?

No?

I thought so!

Well, sir, the pie merchant is just as good at addition today as he ever was—he’ll see to it that the price grows five times its current also every thirty years. You don’t see any “pie tossing” on the stage, do you? Anymore? Not at 50 coats a throw!

\* \* \*

Now, I’m not very pious, never was, but still and all I feel a little pie now and then sort of takes the curse off of hamburger . . . Well and good, but why pi up the column thissaway?

Forgive me; I was just trying to make we point that we better take our single-layer wages and toss them in the river and starve like men—if wo can’t organize like men and get the other four parts . . .

**I’m sorry I haven’t two countries to give to my presidential candidates.**

\* \* \*

The slackwardness of individual initiative is somewhat emphasized by New York City subways:

It never occurred to I. R. T. or B. M. T. to dig the tunnels Oh no. But after the city dug them they were right there to sack up the nickels. Some enterprise, anyhow, eh?

At this time of the year, editor, when sox are getting kind of thin, it might not be remiss, how do you say it, to murmur a few words about baseball.

Are you listening, editor? I said, murmur a few words about baseball as a solution, or remedy, to the ills of mankind-apparent. Early in the game Ruppert, owner of the Nigh York “Yankees,” saw he was not to be allowed to make Gotham drunk with his beer (God, how I hate to put that word in print, but must be is must be, and it was good beer, too), so he made ‘em drunk with baseball and made ‘em like it—gave Stevens a concession to shut off the drinking water under the bleachers and fill the “fans” with red pop and salted dogs.

All steamed-up and feverish the fans would roar their heads off everytime Babe Ruth made a home r u n— more boisterous roisterers never was. Not even in Hoboken.

Our troubles are solved!

T.-B. S.

Ed:

“Z”ep IS a machine— first one for a long, long time.

T.-B. S.

P. S.—Lay to that! There’ll be NO spills.

Be not deceived with its grandstand navigation—Germany is in a hole.

We know not, was she repaired (over the water), we only know the exhibit number one was attached to port horizontal when she got here—born there, or put there, we can’t say—we must take their word for it.

## 1928\_17\_IS\_12121928

**The Spoilt Argument**

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Man, the well known institution of hopes and (fears), measures but poorly against the forces opposing him. Be the forces natural or artificial, mere man fades into insignificance—and grasps daily at straws to bolster his crumbling position. What the straws are is immaterial to this treatise, but we will mention just one, as a sample—superstitution.

Ever an edifice for doubts and worries, his pomp, dignity and conceit appears ridiculous—poor helpless critter.

Eternally stuck. Never “all there” Always seeking precedent. Vctim of habit.

(I’ve seen him searching his vest pocket for means with which to rescue a drowning woman.)

(I’ve seen him rescuing an ex-Follies girl—blister—full of sea water and sanctification a la Volstead, and I noted: when a virgin bottle departed his bent form he let go of the beautiful affinity and “dived” after the bottle.)

Values, what!

Usage?

But we shall be charitable. We will not paint his full picture. Do you recognise him from the description!

That’s him.

(Put him contemplating the ocean—”O, wot a beautiful ocean” . . . the thing he first sees is the bottom; two miles down. The next thing he sees is “the brink,” then a dark hole—and a great uplift takes possession of his soul—he’s startled.

(Yet, only a while ago, he saw the bottom clearly, a more cheerful vision.)

Next he sees the white-caps.

That settles it. Ho feels like a man in the tow of Ku Klux Klan, or Legion—yet, his feet are on solid ground.

What do you know about that?

Ain’t he a most anticipating critter—he actually held his breath and thought he would drown right there on dry ground—dry by amendment.

Put him in a cockleshell boat and he begins to wish he had taken part in the last war and offered his life for bis **country** instead of drowning (like a rat) in that dirty water with a new necktie.

That’s him. The bottom is now six miles south and he might hit a rock or run into a swordfish, circlesaw flounder and a school of cannibalistic sharks. How he wishes he had not neglected to make his will . . . Holy Mackerel, and not a cent of insurance! . . .

He’s as good as lost—in desperation he gives one look at the ocean’s Plimsal Line (the horizon).

My God! He staggers! The boat overturns, and he’s in the water up to his knees! A pretty helpless critter. The water is awful wet. Get the coffin. The man thinks he’s sunk.

That’s him, uh huh.

He stands there like the justly famous September Mom—looking for help. **He’ll move when ice forms around his ankles** . . . always did before.

Where’s the life-saving crew?

Ah, they’re playing pinochle—their “look-out” righted our hero through a **half-pint** ocular and groaned: “a nut.”

But no. He’s not a nut. He’s an individualist; slightly embarrassed.

But let him explain:

“The sea was rough, the rotten boat was making water fast when all of a sudden, a giant tidal wave struck her and smashed her to smithereens—I went down and down and down . . . I thought I would NEVER come up ... but I did . . . and swam ashore . . . about seven miles . . . nothing else for me to do . . . I had no life-preserver . . . and the cars weren’t running,” he adds whimsically—HTMsically.

That’s him you know ‘im?

Don’t ask him if he got any water in his ears.

Alone, he is helpless—weak.

Among many, he’s as big as they make ‘em.

He came near drowning on dry ground—in the dust.

Wo saw him shipwrecked in 18 inched of wet brine.

All right. Now put him on a ship of tonnage and watch him strut—see him throw his cheat, lift his heels and voice. Why is that!

Ah, twelve hundred men took the trouble to build a bottom under him—and he feels strong—strong, encouragod merely by “the work” of twelve hundred “hands.”

Supposing, the 1,200 were there?

Yon couldn’t hold him down— he’d fly clear off the handle—just with his own power. Such is man. Fully dependant on of his kind, and that is why he organizes in unions—so’s to have help when he needs it most, much or little.

He’ll never be satisfied with less than a one big union—the one big hand.

## 1928\_18\_IS\_26121928

**Dirty Finger**

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Reform is but skin deep.

War is a form of birth-control. I’m reminded: yon are permitted to grow up (with certain restrictions) then you are “wiped off the books” with a great big eraser— might as well be born not at all . . .

Wouldn’t it be better to use a small eraser—and do It before you got in so many days of hard work? Now, wouldn’t it— I ast you?

\* \* \*

One thing I don’t like about elections: If one is elected, another is rejected— that’s two things— and if election is a great honor, rejection must of needs be a terrible disgrace—that’s a bunch of things—

If rejection isn’t a disgrace, then where’s the honor?

Honor, mebbe, has a weak case and, it may be the victorious candidate in addition to buttering his bread is but doing the country a favor, if not a service—by taking the job.

Still and all, some people do not like to crowd a wheelbarrow.

\* \* \*

Mankind is harrassed by six lives. Count ‘em: Civil life, political life, domestic life, commercial life, industrial life and dog’s life.

But, as Honest Abe truthfully said— some people are troubled with all kinds of life, all people worry along with some kind of life, but all people cannot suffer from all kinds of liver trouble.

Then there’s the organized life that hinges on one or all lives—whole life. THAT IS THE LIFE!

\* \* \*

**IS DOT SO—**

Dreher Ready to Defend Woman’s Plagiarism Charge.— World.

I’m afraid thet trial is gonna be dry, sir . . .

Nevertheless, when two authors begin throwing bouquets at each other the spectators better take to cover.

Example: “John Gahan, I confess I’ve lifted all the meat out of your editorials.”—

“Slim, you’re a liar, you’re a liar by the clock— you ain’t [that] kind of a man— besides: you ain’t got nothing on me. I’ve been grafting on your pearls of wisdom something scoundrellous, yes I have.”—

“John, what are you giving me? Are you trying to act as character witness for Ananias, and ruin his reputation? I don’t believe a word you say. Where’d you ever learn to. graft??”

And so on down the column . . .

\* \* \*

It seems Dorothy and Theodore describe one and the same thing in almost identical language—but Dorothy says she saw it first.

Well, now, that’s all right, and if she described it truthfully and he described it truthfully, naturally the tales must jibe.

But of course, if **she drew on her** imagination and **he drew on her** imagination it proves merely thatTheodore was too much of a gentle-man to contradict her, and no oneis hurt except the reader—he’s betrayed.

The accusation is an admission!

\* \* \*

Now, John and I go. about it differently.

We pull straws. The one that flashes the shortest straw, throws the first brick.— John never did learn to pinch his straw in two before the count— too darned honest, that’s what he is—and I stand elected. My only sorrow is, my stuff is so rotten no one will admit I stole it —I’ve got to blame it on the dead ones. Karl Marks or Oscar Wilde . . .

Editor, do you think Theodore Dreiser and Dorothy Thompson have been leaning against any of my stuff?—I’m worried. T. B. S.

# 1929

## 1929\_1\_IS\_02011929

**NOTHING DOING ---by T-Bone Slim**

–––––

T-bone Slim, the brilliant disappointment, undertakes a pencil in his palsied fingers to point out to the palpitating population that **all is not yet lost.** Hope still lingers. An encouraging feature.

....The brains of the country say, “**the brawn of the land is too damn dumb to do anything for itself**.” Yes? yes? and when we ask them to do it for us, they shout in horror: “My God! that would be paternalism!”

In other words, dumb as we are, we have got to do it ourselves.

They won’t!

To illustrate: Johannes Farmer has for years been crying for relief at the feet of the politicians—it’s a wonder he didn’t get kickt in his cornfed complexion for having the nerve to approach those great men.

And so it goes—understand me right—the politician reasons (many of them do) that “**you’re twenty-one, ain’t you**; you’re old enough to walk, and you ought to have sense enough not to try to adopt a father for yourself, at this late date.” So they do. And for that reason they refuse to dish out paternalism—you may as well get up, and brush your knees—nothing doing.

Prayers before the legislature are not entirely dissimilar to those before the high priest or archbishop, as we shall see:

It is easy to offer a soul-felt prayer when the archbishop steps forth in all his glory, pomp, dignity, robes and vestments, collar upside down. Let the glory, pomp and dignity pass. (We’ve seen such on wild bronchos.) Let us rather “flank” the robes and vest Could you pray, I ask you, if the great venerable archbishop stepped forth, on the “rostrum,” without a stitch of clothing on his back?

Could you worship his highness under those circumstances?

You might and then again you might not; and, to be frank, I think your mind would be worried about the great man catching cold—selah.

It follows then that we do not pray to the man but to the robes . . .

Would not a golden calf serve the same purpose.

We worship position and uniforms—both more or less artificial; position being the more entitled to respect as it hinges on association of more than one (even a common thief can robe up by raiding a parked buggy). Therefore, we must conclude, a prayer offered to either robes, britches or polished shoes is a terrific waste of wind: nothing doing.

But there is an anachronism: Legislatures are moved almost entirely by prayer (such as the power trust’s, Daughters of American Tribulation’s, and various other patriotic institutions), which all goes to show the holt prayer has tken upon the body politic. No doubt the legislators could move without a prayer and would move without one— hence it follows, here again prayer is discredited.

But there are certain benefits to be derived from praying; provided the praying is done in a large, resonant voice, i. e.: articulation or the exercising of vocal chords more than offsets the curse of self-pity and sentimentalism peculiar to moans for aid; making it a better than 50-50 proposition.

A silent prayer Is a total loss—a disaster.

A prayer by proxy is not so bad. The “you pray for me and I’ll pray, for you,” is still better; insofar as both in that case can remain deeply disinterested and reap the full benefit of vocal exercise—and other blessings, if any—let’s hope not too many.

Note: This article goes on and on—even when I’m out of paper. Amen.

\* \* \*

**FINE-GRADING IT**

–––––

The fashionable society is fashionable indeed—it can be fashioned into anything from a moron ape to lascivious rake.

Much of the time no fashioning is needed—they’re born and bred that way—poor quarter wits!

Much praise should be given the American press for printing their pictures of semi-luscid, conventional moments and hiding the record of their sustained occupational lewdness.

Truth does rasp, doesn’t it?

\* \* \*

12,000,000 mothers and wives work in the industries, offices and stores, in these prosperous United States.

Married life is taking on new raptures for the husband and father. A few more improvements like that and heaven will lose all its enchantment—as far as daddy is concerned. Why, it’s getting so that a man can’t get a job unless he’s a mother of half a dozen kids.

I see where a woman masqueraded as man for 40 years—she’a gone back to dresses.)

Rumor has it that big burly men are stealing skirts off the clothes lines. Some would say the poor devils is gonna try to land a job.

Nix, on that stuff—man might work in woman’s clothes but he will never work for woman’s wages—the bait is stale.

He want the skirt so his wife can go to work. Evidently there’s a scarcity of workingskirts—worn out probably. Well, let ‘em take turns—we won’t stop the wheels of progress.

It was the typewriter that first pulled the divan from under American Beauty and shoved her on a hardwood chair. **T. B. S.**

## 1929\_2\_IW\_12011929

**ON THE WARPATH:**

Sometimes happens that a man get in a word edgewise because of Roberts Rules of Order. Whenever that happens it is imperative to go back to new business or jump to new business and revise Roberts “dictums” so that we can hear what the man has to say. All men may be created equal but they’re not all lawyers—that’s one relief.

Robot’s rules have precedence over everything—or should have!

\* \* \*

Whenever the print gets too weak to stand Kerosene lights, it is not necessary to bespectade the working class.

Just throw in another tubful of ink, fire the printer or scrap the press . . .

Some men work days, read nights; other men work nights and read by sunshine.

Did I hear you say use electric lights?

Can’t be did. Got to see the print first Take over the plants afterwards.

T-b S.

\* \* \*

NOT SO GOOD

Break:

The New York World prints the pictures of “outstanding champions” for 1928 but fails to include the “map” of Neal O’Hara. What’s the use—I give up!

Questionnaire:

How you going to make the country dry as long as there i8 alcohol in the radiators?

You’ll have a bunch of frozen radiators and an army of thawed-out citizens—that’s what.

Just had two drinks of cold water, consequently don’t know if next point will sting—ah, if those two drinks had been anything else but water—ah, indeed! They tell me there’s whiskey in government warehouses. How come?

If whiskey’s as bad as the government says, what’s the gigantic idea of storing it? What’s that you say? That it’s for medicinal purposes? Is that so?

And medicine is good for a feller?

Hm.—Well! That’s a horse of two colors. (Damn them two drinks of water, I’m stuck.) — Then, whiskey ain’t as bad as you say, and Volstead has been picking on a poor innocent germ killer?

Anyhow, Sam, as long as you keep the “cursed stuff stored up the people will have an idea that it’s good; and, if it’s good, they’ll want some of it—as sure as Christ made green apples!

I would suggest the government hold a reunion of all the bluenose reformers, issue them drills and augers, turn em loose in the whiskey warehouses and let ‘em bore “gimlets” in every last one of the barrels. (When they come out drunk, singing, “You have made me what I am today,” arrest ‘em and give ‘em hundred years apiece. A reformer that sings is a traitor to his country.)

There’s no excuse for holding it any longer, and it would be a crime even to give it away, to foreign countries—the manhood of our fair land would follow it and then come back raising hell in this great moral country (to say nothing about chorus girls.)

Why Florenz Ziegfeld would be left flat, Earl Carrol would be on his uppers and the Coco Cola market would be saturated—voters, that remained, would grow violent and elect their congressmen to stay home (where they could be watched and carried to bed.) The country would be in a heluva fix.

Let us sing:

Then cave the tops of barrels in

And turn ‘em bottom up!

In arid grief, let’s wipe our chin

And smash the last gay cup.

Cho.:

We’ve rescued! We’re rescued!

Let’s open up our’ vent.

We’re rescued! We’re rescued!

By Act of Gov—em—ment.

–––––

## 1929\_3\_IS\_16011929

**TOOLS OF TRADE**

**BY T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Question Mark (?)

Sayeth “Don’t S e l l America Short,” otherwise known as Art Brisbane: “A small refueling plane pumped 150 gallons of gasoline into the big plane’s tank in six minutes . . .” What was the matter, Art––wouldn’t the gasoline run **down** through a three-inch hose without being pumpt?? Why the pump? Why not just a “spiggot”––a valve––a gate valve?

Art, are you trying to repudiate the convolutions of Newton’s “Delicious?” Don’t do it, Art––control yourself. Wait till we really overcome gravity. Then we’ll push the water down hill.

Sayeth the WORLD, editorially, in regards lynching of negro in Mississippi: “Society is not the loser by this death.”––

How does The World get that way? Where does it get its hokum?

\* \* \*

I take the position “souls,” so-called, are interlocking to the extent of constituting a single unit––a whole––one soul––not “souls”––get me?

Does The World think (if it thinks) that you can fry or roast a section of soul in a negro’s body without affecting the part that animates John Roach Stratton, for instance? Does it?

I claim soul is indivisible and society cannot monkey with any part of it without coming out second best. Legally or illegelly, the result is the same––it backfires.

Why dammit, you can’t even put a man in jail with good results (unless he’s paralyzed drunk).

Soon as he sobers up the soul begins to squirm and people begin to shove their fingers in their mouth.

Society cannot even tramp on a tramp’s pet corn without deteriorating and endangering the whole structure of our social soul . . .

That’s how! How’s that?

Ditto, it is easy (for that reason) to organize a one big union––unite the working class. Half the work is already done, by “nature”––they’re hooked-up through soul––through life, as it’s called––energy. (Now you tell one!)

Yessirree, torture the soul and it kicks back like a muzzle loader . . . Some would say, “in the burning of the negro the soul left the body before it got uncomfortable; that it departed unscathed.”

Ah, if that only were true!

**But it isn’t,** and wishing won’t make it come true.

Let’s quit punching ourselves in the face . . .

The witnessing of torture, or the engineering of torture, soon can be forgotten, and the damage is slight. But when the soul backfires, you’ll never **laugh that off!**

It hits and keeps on hitting.

That’s where you get the eternal torment––Not in any theoretical hell, but this one. Right here and now––and how!––o-o-ow!!!

That’s where you get the sins of fathers upon the children to the fourth and forty-ninth edition. Self-acquired by society at great sacrifice of time, energy and self-respect, with great and recurring persistency––under the guise of “protecting society.”

Ye gods, society is protected so muchly that it’s all but a wreck! Go on ye meddlers, ye maudling bone-heids, ye masters of morals––go to it––we’ll all soon be madmen, morons, and murderers like yourself.

I refuse to apologize––the foregoing is nothing spiritual, but very prosaic, platitudinous and moralistic; though invisible to eyes suffering the mortification of misdirected observation and inimical to the calculus born of wrongful premises. Ho hom!

By the way: the fanatics are going to force religion upon us in the near future. They will make that mistake––and **be warmly welcome.**

It’s their funeral––not in the sense of physical end.

The makings of a religious war is in the offing, I’m sorry to say––but I console myself with the knowledge that each Christian war has resulted in the pulling in of myriads foreboding horns for several succeeding generations––to the glory of God and to forestall utter dissolution and general, and popular, disillusionment––ho, hom!––but they always come again. Things spiritual are not so easy of comprehension and, in fact, or fancy, even the careful records of the “chosen” whore-masters, conspirators and murderers are shrouded in mystery––an ordinary mortal cannot penetrate into the secrets of sanctified life, he’s got to have an interpreter to unravel the language of the ALL-WISE–– a theologian.

I never could understand this: How in the world the Lord ever got stuck for words to make himself plain to us poor contributors that never had too much learning in theology to the tune of bottle beer, port wine, easy virtue and porterhouse; making it necessary for us to have a prompter, a professional exemplifier and informer––the aforesaid theologian.

Now, you take Industrial Unionism: Strangely enough, it requires no service of super or supernatural (superifical) unionologist or professional correctifiers and simplifiers to explain itself to those that support the theological marvels of religious magic.

The prospectus (excuse me Latin) is made so clear by mere man that the veriest tyro (excuse me again) gets it all without the aid of mental acrobats and intellectual contortionists. He gets it!

He gets it now, but that is not saying that the time won’t come when he will be so dumb that he cannot get it––sorry day.

The time may have been, too, when the religious message was so clear that folks needed no coaching from expert tongue manipulators––if so, we must conclude that education is a fizzle and tongue artists are fakes––either that, or religion is a fake and its interpreters are grafters–­–it needs explaining.

P. S

Any time a negro is tortured, an article of this kind is justified. Any time that the torture happens in a state of great religious fervor, the article is bound to be of this discription.

Any time the great New York WORLD goes off at half-cock and prints a statement that i s wide open to question, i.e., “Society is not the loser by his death,” it is my duty to warn the people.

(Obviously, the statement is ill-considered, or considered not at all).

The statement is proofless––a sad frailty in unqualified remarks and, for that reason, taboo from ye editor’s tools of trade.

Now if the I. W. W. editors suddenly got overly complacent, considered illy or not at all their findings, the fellow workers would rise, stretch––and run them ragged.

Therefore: I advise all and sundry to read the I. W. W. papers, industriously––before it’s too late!

What’s that you say?

That some of my statements are proofless?

Well, that’s all right––I ain’t an editor.

## 1929\_4\_IW\_19011929

A bad ending is better than no ending at all––a beginning is the thing!

A good beginning is the most beautiful thing in the world.

Consider the first steps of a child––what of it if he walks to the gallows, later? *He has at least moved!*

A good beginning compensates for all errors and anything accomplished is clear profit.

Action pays no rent.

Lots of people “refrain” to act, not that they doubt their power to “begin,” but they fear they cannot “wind-up.”

What’s the difference? Put a trick finish to it––same as I do when an article gets beyond control.

But I’m not talking about writing––anybody can write––all it takes is paper and pencil, etcetera, dammit!

Writing is one of those backward arts––too much time is lost sharpening leadpencils. Fountain pens will splutter and explode showering “periods” all over great moral truths and table cloth and, if one uses the old fashioned pen, his good right arm, always is on its way after more ink––no wonder us writers are “behind time.”

Such contortions will make anybody late.

Use a typewriter?

Do you mean as a cook . . .?

I don’t see no overproduction rolling out of those typewriters.

No. I’m not talking about writing––writing is the long way around; ‘tis either entertainment, abstract philosophy or tedious bringing up of the coming generation to the *foothills* of our high position––wage slavery––justified only by the general demoralization existing and necessary for the pointing out of the sore spots in society and bad cuts in the road––but its *slow work* and harder than stud poker.

We’ve got to have faster transportation than writing.

We must be credentialed to organize the working class, to reach the top, to arrive there all together––equally scarred, if the Gods so ordain––but together. Our ambition should not be to pave the way for Willie to reach the top, but for US to reach the top––and give Willie a chance to start from *somewhere.*

What if we fail?

A bad ending is better than no ending

Credentials will do the business.

\* \* \*

When the devil was broke,

The devil a union man would be;

When the devil was rich,

The devil a union man was he.

So you see, in Satan’s case, unionism is predicated on the shortage of ready cash, or poverty––while he’s well off, he’s self-sufficient. But let him go broke once––you’ll hear him squawk till Hell wont have it . . .

Enough of this.

Unionism is not something mystical or magical (tho at times it works miracles) it is not spiritual, (abstract) or residue of conjurors’ artifice.

Oh, no. It is real. It is natural. It is the putting together of two or more things. It is building. It is “the finished product.”

Put two blue-tip matches together, what have you?

What! You don’t know?

You have a substitute rivet for your broken bicycle chain.

Why not use just one?

Because it’s too weak.

(Better stuff in three of ‘em!)

That’s unionism––the strengthening of anything by joining two or more things together.

Lumber will warp––nail two boards together and they wont warp––united they stiffen each other. Pile ‘em high, none of ‘em warp––except the culls on top. That’s unionism.

Enough of this––mind you, I could go on indefinitely (with proofs) but it is not necessary––our case is made.

Working men also can strengthen their position by uniting with *those of their class*. Disorganized, their strength is “one-tenth of one per cent.”

Organized, their strength is so great that I hesitate to even guess––and, if I came out with the figures, they would be so staggering that I’m afraid the unorganized would become overly excited and break their legs rushing for the I. W. W. hall. T-b S.

## 1929\_5\_IS\_23011929

**SILENCE IS GOLDEN**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

Paper says “ British are anxious to see Al Smith.”

Can’t be very anxious or they’d come over and have a look.

(Possibly they want Al to pay the freight?)

Let me think . . .

Ha, I have it! The paper is making a courageous, outrageous guess; or exercising its power of prevarication.

\* \* \*

Another paper bursts forth, thusly: “Now plowing forward at a fast pace the Utah (Hoover’s yaeht) today was about 1,200 miles due west of Key West, Fla., and about 1,500 miles south of Hampton Roads, Va.”

First time in the history of U. S. a battleship has succeeded in being in two places at the same time.

We’re coming along!

I wonder how the Utah finds the highways in Mexico?

**Assuredly the paper is not lying,** and the government should be more cautious about sending heavy ships into such hilly countries.

Now, if it was a submarine . . .?

Oh hell— maybe the paper is only guessing and thinks Mexico is due north of Ireland and south-by-east of Mesopotamia.

(Now John, if you ever feel like telling one— don’t do it, you’ll only be caught; and you’ll disgrace us truthful story tellers.)

Note: If I were a judge, one of those broken down solicitors, dumb, but honest, I would hail those newspapers into court to show cause why a man, though a half-wit, should pay three cents to read a lot of guesswork, advertisements and prophecies of a bunch of blithering scientists—came near saying idiots—beg your pardont

Papers fail to state that Hoover’s good will tour went down both coasts, simultaneously—and met at Rio Janeiro; making it unnecessary for the Pacific Tour to touch in Central America, Mexico or Cuba . . . East Papers are silent also as to whether Col. Lindbergh’s good will tour was far the purpose of breaking the ice for this latest good will excursion— they cling tenaciously to the theory that Lindbergh was promolting aviation . . . and de- feathering the eagle. Now, seeing as we are paying 3 cents a copy for those disgraceful sheets it is no more than right that they be compelled to print a complete assortment of lies in regards this smoldering question.

Bigger and better lies!

Love me with thine lies— ao’s to say . . .

Now, John! Shame on you!

I’m not jealous of ‘em— I could lie all around ‘em—because there’s nothing the matter with my head—and these few painful words are not the outpourings of a jealous soul—let ‘em practice.

Give ‘em time— 15 years to life.

\* \* \*

P. S.

The greatest lie a soul can weld,

Is sparkling truth— when it’s withheld.

Suppressing the news—an artifice olden,

Is pregnant with cues, and

Silence is golden.

\* \* \*

I’m forever telling myself to shut up!

## 1929\_6\_IW\_26011929

**I’M PERSUADED**

The object of capitalism appears to be to “make it miserable” for 36,000,000 workingmen, their wives and progeny — matter of 90,000,000 people, all told — in the United States alone.

The grief has been lifted from 4,000,000 workingmen, their wives and progeny — a matter of 14 million people, all told.

Joy and abundance is dedicated to 4,000,000 parasites, professionals, grafters; their wives and progeny — a matter of 10,000,000 people, all told. Mellenium shall have been reached when all those 114,000,000 people starve as one — camped outside of full warehouses.

\* \* \*

But while we’re waiting for that there now millenium I think it advisable to kind o’ look after the (200 lb.) baby’s canned milk—enough butterfat should be put in them THAR CANS to keep down the rust.

\* \* \*

Water is all right in its place, in moderate qualities, but a tin can is not the place.

Shouldn’t try to crowd the whole Niagara Falls into one can.

\* \* \*

A farmer doesn’t necessarily have to leave the farm to succeed —r despite the records of “a sprinkling” of farmers that made what is termed a success and “millions” at occupations other than farming.

He can succeed right on the farm, but he must grab a leaf from the ledger of those “aggressive” business men that dictate to middlemen instead of taking dictation from them.

Not only must they set a price on their products to the middleman but, in order to gain success and “millions, as farmers, they must do as most Industrial Kings do — set the price at which the middle man may dispose of the product. A rather cruel program, necessary in self-defense —— unsentimental as it is it is entirely feasible, but it presupposes that farmers will organise themselves into a selling corporation. “Impossible,” you say.

Well those farmers that find it impossible will be weeded out and when the impossibilists are sufficiently thinned out the selling corporation will come—success will come—”millions” will roll in—and the rule will be:

Rule the middle man and not be ruled by him.

Looks like a class struggle, don’t it?

Oh well, such things will happen in a civilized society.

(Resume speed.)

A workingman need not lay down his shovel in order to make a success (and “millions”) at something else.

He can succeed right on the job and gamer “millions” (chicken feed), but he must jerk a leaf out of the industrial potentates note book and boss the middleman, the man that buys his labor power and incidentally the product of his toil—instead taking orders from him.

For a workingman to be an “outstanding success” and gather riches, he must set a pride on his commodity—labor power—and, further, he must set the price at which the middleman—the employer—may dispose of the product of his toil.

(If he doesn’t do that, he is out of harmony with the present day outstanding successes.)

Naturally such a program is deviod of the usual tenderness, mushiness or “genuine” affection that plays such havoc to lovers and their appetites—but necessary, nevertheless, as a matter of self-defense,

\* \* \*

Of course it is possible—why, dammit, such a thing already exists. How do you suppose the automobile manufacturers are able to guess to a penny how much the middleman is gonna charge you for a car ?

How about cigarettes?

If it exists in one form, how can we say “impossible.”

Of course, it’s possible—but it presupposes that workingmen will organize a world wide union for the purpose of selling their labor power as dearly as possible—sufficiently dearly, at least, to guarantee that no member of that union shall starve, diet or die—in want.- If there’s any starving to be done, the middlemen will do the honors.”

Now the question arises are the workers going to organize a one big union to protect themselves or are they going to continue fighting each other for the jobs remaining, in the swathe of improved machinery?

I have no means of forecasting their action and I content myself by merely saying “it is possible”—but should they decide that fighting each other shows greater promise, then it won’t be long before they are sufficiently thinned out to dear the way for a union—it will be one, but not so big—it’s membership will just about equal the number of their beneficiaries, the millionaire paupers. Machines shall have displaced the rest. Some were killed. Some starved to death. Some froze—and some had the manners to commit suicide.

Hundred million lives misspent!

—T-B-S.

## 1929\_7\_IS\_31011929

**JUNK**

**Or Close Quarters**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Einstein’s “theories” pertaining among other phenomena to time, space, place as well as “fourth dimension” (to supplement length, width and depth) are “pretty much” for an ordinary “mind” that never fell out of a window when it was young.

Now, I’ve never fallen out of a window but I have been hit over the head with a hammer and other things my dear mother could grasp on the spur of the moment, not understanding my altruistic motives and intricate movements . . .

So, naturally, I hasten to explain to the uncrippled public the “true facts” about this momentous question––and a question it must remain, I s’pose, till I get through explaining––maybe afterwards, too––if so it merely proves that I deviated from facts (something like Einstein’s lines of force or light or something in relativity) to dodge Insurmountable obstructions –– not dissimilar to the maneuver of a married man sidestepping an instalment collector. And it will prove, further, that my dear mother didn’t get a good swing at me, on account of the furniture and small quarters.

\* \* \*

But, to get to that “fourth dimension,” I must use an illustration––to save space:

Somebody tosses a safe (not a rubber one) out of a skyscraper window. The cash-box hurtles down to the street. On its way it has weight, speed and distance––but when it lands it has resistance.

Unfortunately it lands on a taxpayer!

The good citizen tries to retreat in four different directions––in this he is only partially successful . . .

Now, lots of people would think that the three dimensions. weight, speed and resistance, killed him. Nothing of the kind.

How about the impact?

Not so bad, but––?

What really happened, the man was caught in the presence of “absence of space”; squeezer between “tight” and “narrow.” (Chances are the safe didn’t touch him at all––nothing but compressed air.)

People speak affectionately of the “old” trinity length, breadth and height.

How about short. narrow and low? **There’s six dimensions, right there.** And shallow.

\* \* \*

I’ve almost died laughing at some tragedy queens on the stage, why dammit––’xcuse the Latin. came near swearing––their “antics” can’t hold a candle to a man who has just lost a strike (or an argument)––or a bum who dropped a full bottle by mistake––or a Salvation Army captain that found a bunch of empty bottles in the toilet, **with not one single drop left in them**––ah, that’s drama! that’s real tragedy! that’s real acting!

Disappointment, sorrow, grief, pain and desperation are there registered. And when I think of those scientists sucking their thumbs and going batty over measurements of things that have no dimensions, my first impulse is to find a secluded spot and have a good laugh for myself––get it outa my system––but no, suddenly I recall other great men who started out wrong, but finally came to their senses and did useful things! And I find it’s my duty to rescue these deluded scientists.

They might lay down their tape for a moment and help the class that, in the ultimate, is supporting them. One good turn deserves reciprocation.

P.S.––We’ll find our own way to heaven when the time comes.

**wIw**

## 1929\_8\_IW\_02021929

**“YES”––MEN**

The King is Dead!

Duke the Tobacco King Kickt the Bucket.

The Baron of Durham, North Carolina inhaled his last whiff.

Benjamin N. Duke, famous tobacco magnet –– magnate, I mean (and don’t you dare to read it maggot; he’s not dead long enough) died yesterday in New York, age 74. The body will be taken to Durham, N. C. –– the assumption being that dead he can rest at peace where he could not bear to witness the misery of his employees while alive. He left $200,000,000, plus.

They called him a philanthropist––(Upton Sinclair, have a look!)

\* \* \*

North Carolina has salubrious climate, clothes and practically unnecessary and Duke’s employes never did wear any––and Duke never could see the sense of providing for any in the pay envelopes. Nothing but sow-belly and corn-bread.

\* \* \*

“Let the little ones come unto me,” appeared to be his pet hobby and many’s the little rascal that jumpped out his diapers right into the tobacco factory––fell out of the cradle, you might say, **in its anxiety to lend Ben a hand.** (Durham has no cradles–– the kids sleep on ironing-boards. Durham has no flatirons––gotta use the board **fer suthing.**)

They called him a philanthropist? The American newspapers, expert judges in such things called him “**Philanthropist**.”–

And I ,expert judge in such things, call those papers LIARS––just liars––but liars with the mentality of a three year old.

Hypothetical question::

I have five dollars of other peoples money, I peel-off thirteen cents, (12½) from this five bucks, to help a college––am I a philanthropist?

**Astute Journalistie three-year olds**:–– Ye need not answer that question––I know ye are incapable of distinguishing the difference between philanthropy and advertisement––ye are too young––to young!––ye undertook to do the serious work of life too early––TOO EARLY!

Your quota of mud pies remain unmolded.

Back to the clay pile, brats!

Apology:

My quarrel is not with Ben. N. Duke or his high pressure methods of extracting a few hundred million dollars in profits from the work of his employes and American people, his customers––and thru them from various other channels and sources.

My quarrel is with childish toadyism of the “weak sisters” of journalistic buffoonery; the epicurean “side-kicks” of a plate of hamburger; the abject worshipers at the shrine of two-bits.

When they grow up, I want them to define philanthropy . . .

Is it the knack of relieving the nation of a billion dollars for the purpose of pensioning a starved out professor to study the effect of planked-steak on pelegra?

Please do not think me unseemingly brutal to the children of the press––it would never do to massage a dislocated joint with soothing syrup, it must be brought to place with a jerk.

And do not get the idea that they became sycophants only recently –– their trouble dates back and back and, some more –– and I shall recite an example to show that it’s an old “sprain:”

These very same three year olds were dishing out the honey when Devery was chief of police or something –– a man that was under charges of one kind or another almost every minute of the time he was in office and during his compulsory vacation –– and after his reinstatement –– all those –– years up to the time of his death. Well, sir, kind readers, when Devery died those same three years olds eulogized Devery till Hell wouldn’t have it. ––

They were liars and sycophants then, are now, and will be to morrow.

Read the I. W. W. papers.

–– T-b. S.

## 1929\_9\_IS\_06021929

**How Poems Are Made**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Many people have an idea that I stay up nights and Sunday afternoons writing these heartrending truths for the purpose of uplifting the readers of our otherwise faultless press.

Nothing of the kind.

In the first place I don’t write in the night time, in the second place I slumber all day Sunday and, in the third place, our readers don’t need any uplifting.

My sole purpose is to enlighten the linotype operator.

Some would think that Slim, mebbe, is trying to slip the editors a chunk of wisdom now and again camouflaged as an innocious countrybution.

I ain’t that crazy.

In the first place, even if I convinced them, they still would think of me as a liar, in the second place editors are consecrated to the belief that anything that comes “in is no better than” not so bad and, in the third place, **they don’t have to read** it––they can smell it blindfolded and send it down to the linotyper. That’s the man I’m after! He can’t dodge it! He’s got to read it!! If he doesn’t––he’ll lose a day’s pay (besides the cost of liquids to drown his sorrow.

**wIw**

I’m reminded Crocker was editor of the Sol. in that fateful day when August Walquist and myself were attacked by muses, in old 951 W. Madison St. Nothing would do but write a song. August, **hemmed** in the corner, wrote two choruses that were the direct cause of Samuel Gompers’ death––and I hawed in the wings and did the dirty work––three stanzas.

**The masterpiece was finished!**

“Take it up to Crocker,” orders Walquist. “Why, Walquist, has the strain been too great on your brain-pan?” inquires I, in sincere solicitude, “can’t we lower it into a waste basket, ourselves?”

“Well, we’ll both go up,” blurts August.

**wIw**

Crocker was very nervous that morning after an all night study of economic problems and the participation of too much black coffee to drive the ever creeping slumber away––for those were perilous days and a great responsibility hinged upon our editors. Crocker was keen and alert––as usual. Walquist stood on one side of him; I, on the other––he was seated in the middle (a deucedly awkward position).

“I got a poem for you, Crocker,” says I, in my best grave digger voice and funeral-director manner, “care to look at it?”

“Hand her over,” groans Crocker, taking his cue from me.

He look at it, cleared his throat, twisted his neck and lookt at Walquist (185 lbs), turned his head and lookt at me (5 ft. 11½, inches) “why demmit,” says he, “that’s better stuff than has been coming up here; take it right down to the printer and tell him that it he don’t get that in this issue I’II come down there and kick him all over the place . . .

So we let him live!

**wIw**

“There,” exclaims Walquist, as we hit the street, “when you’ve got a really good piece, everybody will admit it.” ––

“A good piece? How do you know it’s good?”––

“Crocker said so.”––

“How does Crocker know, he hasn’t seen it yet––he merely stared at it for three minutes,”––

“Dammit, I believe you’re right, Slim,” whispers Walquist a great flood of understanding lighting his noble face.

But the linotyper did see it and stated that “a rottener place never went through his machine”––but then, you know how linotypers are––good mechanics and all that––but what do they know about real ART?

Pooh! Nothing––what with lead-poison? Besides, they’re bound to be habitually sore because they have to read it––they ain’t like me or you that can lift a lid and shove it in the stove––if it doesn’t jibe in with our views of true literature.

**The General Health —**

Slippery as it was in the “city”, most of the street accidents were fractures of the hip flask.

**O when will the Gothamites learn to carry them next to the heart!**

**wIw**

See where Alma Rubens, screenactress, tried to cut herself loose(with a paper knife) from a coupledetermined doctirs that were goingput her in a sanitarium. Don’tblame her a gosh shang bit—I’vebeen in lumber jack hospitals enoughto understand Alma’s feelings in thematter.

Ah! If she only had a straight edge razor, or a two bladed snickersnee, what a difference a few timely slashes would have made? No, I haven’t anything in particular against doctors—a death penalty would be too severe for them—neither do I believe in cutting ‘em up into bits—nor do I think Alma intended to make them up into bouillon cubes—but, you know how it is, and the doctors themselves say that letting out bad blood occasionally is beneficial for the health.—I can not help but believe it!

But at the same time, I’m conscious of the fact that Alma made a mistake in not having them stretched out on an operating table, where she could work oh ‘em without being interfered with, by taxi cabs and motor trucks—she’d have found thousands of willing hands to hold ‘em down.

A street is no place for “a delicate operation”, as the doctor’s say—too many always standing around anxious to pick-up a trade, a profession—beg your pardon.

It’s now up to Alma’s press agent to inform the populace: “the operation was a complete success, tho the doc. will live.”

## 1929\_10\_IW\_09021929

**OLD CLOTHES**

**—not a cough in a cartfull.**

–––––

I’m not greatly concerned whether we have war with England, or not And I’m still less concerned whether we get licked, or not . . . I reason that licking would kind o’ break the monotony of this hand-to-mouth disease.

Of course, I know that we’ll have war with England — I figure this out from the fact that we’re already having war with England.

Now, to win this war, Sam better pick out a good reliable man somewhere and start shaking hands with him. (I offer this advice to prove I’m a true blue — too blue yankee.) The present war with England, of course, is unnecessary — as are all wars.

This war, and all wars, can be ended very promptly and easily:

Just let the robbers sit down and divide the loot evenly “two for me and one for you will never do; the rascals know their arithmetic too well.

(I’ve often wondered if “Peace” could not be best had by abolishing the arithmetic from the schools).

Editor: Of course you know that this essay is veiled in the cheese-clothes of sarcasm and satire — necessary to make my point jump.

My point is this:

I’ve been reliably informed that the Nobel Peace Prize peddlers have been unable to find a man big enough to wear Nobel’s LEFT-OVERS, this year ;— or was it last year. Be that as it may, in view of the fact, as I said before — in view of the fact that I’m afflicted with the dread hand-to-mouth disease and can’t make an honest living no more, I should think the “world sympathies” would dictate that I get the Nobel “duds” — for meritorious service in behalf of world and eternal peace. Hm, let me point out to the august commission: Search the world no further — right here is a man big enough to wear that suit! (I hope it isn’t too tight for me — the last time I wore a second hand suit it took me two hours to “let out” the pants, at the back). But I’m willing — send ‘em along.

T-B. S.

P. S. While we’re waiting, why wardrobe wonton wastrels with warrior’s wear?

Then shed those stolen pants, ye thief

And shiver in the breeze;

Too many ye have brought to grief—

It’s your turn now to freeze.

It’s your turn now to freeze, my lord

For ye have had your bun:

Ye revelled in the stolen board,

Forbidden fruits and fun.

It’s your turn NOW to sober up—

(And tramp on no man’s corns)

You know you’ve been a dirty pup,

A misanthrope with horns.

So ante up those stolen pants,

(Before I call a cop) —

IT IS your ONE and ONLY chance —

From now on wear a mop.

\* \* \*

THE GAMUT

Many of our pulpiteers and scientists fancy they are prophets. And now, Lord help us, the financiers, industrial kings and politicians “have got the bug.”

\* \* \*

The other morning (5 A. M.), not thinking about anything, I started singing “Equal Rights” — in the cabin-by-the-sea.

The neighboring CAPTAINE rasehed in, thinking that I was being murdered—or was murdering. I FELT HURT! (So did the song.)

\* \* \*

Must be getting near payday, so many of the brave Americans are broke?

‘Bout 7,000,000 of ‘em.

Pst! If we had ‘em in the I. W. W. they, wouldn’t be broke long!

\* \* \*

“The preachers have gone into politics and are going to let the Lord go to Hell”—

(I heard the above remark, on government property—never mind where.)

It’s a damned outrage, too, for people to be making such raw cracks right before women and high school girls . . . had a good notion to land him one on the lug right there in the Post Office and I would have, too, only I had my Sunday clothes on—it takes restraint.

But, if his words fall within the truth, “collections” must be getting smaller—and the move may have an economic bend. Be that as it may, twas a raw, raw crack.

\* \* \*

The tropical life of Americans is something to be “marvelled” at: All I hear in New York is “Hot dog, Warm baby, Red-Hot mama. Hectic papa, Steaming daddy, Sultry sister, Flaming boy-friend, Melting madam, Sweating swain, Burnt broker. Scorched chorine—and the Hudson River is full of ice flows and “cundrums” . . .

I could go on like this for some time, but I must stop right here and point out that California has nothing on New York for climate—Hollywood included in these figures of speech.

## 1929\_11\_IW\_23021929

Still believe the Eighteenth Amendment is a myth—show me the book.

I was run over by a roly-poly, lady yesterday, on a straight sidewalk. She appeared to be in hilarious sorrow . . .

It’s terrible—it’s terrible how drunk roly-poly ladies can get in these hard, hard times—on such soft, refreshments.

\* \* \*

The population of Newark, N. J. has almost doubled since New York City began driving out her unemployed’s, petty thieves and chronic bums the competition of whom, in the begging line, made it impossible for bashful burglars and radiant robbers to make a decent living on the Great White Way”.

\* \* \*

Hoboken, N. J.

One hour and ten minutes after N. Y. City drive started, the free lunches in Hobokens’ sumptuous refreshment parlors gave out. Every effort is being made on the Jersey side to start a metropolis with New York’s discards—but the city fathers insist that if Manhattan was really sincere she would send over the jails, too.

Strange!—Jails are first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of our councilmen.

T-B. S.

## 1929\_12\_IW\_02031929

**Work Versus Ultra Violet**

–––––

“Work saves U. S. Women from being spoiled.”

Isn’t that a pretty headline? And true, as a gospel.

They may get humpbacked, of course, and may have to bolster their pretty heads on three pillows when they *lie down for a few hours to rest and spoil*. But what is that when they can set the alarm to arrest land the spoiling process, get up and unspoil themselves with a few licks of labor and keep themselves sweet and pure the rest of the day, the same way. But work is kind o’ hard on the kidneys––so I got to wondering if ultra-violet rays wouldn’t make a good substitute.

I know, one day a butcher gazed into my trustful eyes and sold me two pounds of rotten veal and I thought I was up against it for foul––but, as luck would have it I had a “milk of magnesia” bottle which was blue––naturally I held it up to the sun and let the ultra-violet rays play on the meat.

And do you know that pound and a half of twelve year old steer turned into milk-fed veal of the finest quality, worth sixty five cents a pound of any man’s money. . .

Now, if ultra-violet rays will unspoil veal chops, it stands to reason it will do as much for the women––in case the ladies get fired or laid off––of course they’ll have to find a bigger bottle––a carboy––or, dip a K. K. K. uniform into laundry-Blue. . . or a tablecloth.

Undoubtedly unemployed women will spoil––witness the terrible condition of putrefaction in the fashionable socity, yelept in the royal households:

Here’s a princess gone over to Bohemia to study art––under the best medical men the land affords.

A billionaire, overcome by business worries, jumps out of a 49th story window and cures his “dose” with one operation––why germs were splattered against the windows for blocks. How about gland grafting? How about blood transfusions? *Tell me they don’t spoil?* Huh! Let’s pull the curtain. Let’s give no names or dates. Let’s print no photos or scenes––sufficient to say, if those unfortunate, unemployed parasites had only thought of a blue magnesia bottle, they would have been completely rejuvenated!

“Work Saves U. S. Women from Being Spoiled.”

Not only women, but horses and mules.

Now you take it in a lumber camp, a team of horses that’s been laying around the barn since last August doing nothing, gets hi-falluting ideas, kicks out the side of the barn occasionally––just for pastime.

*Don’t tell me they don’t spoil!* Showering splinters and twisted horse shoes through the sky-light of the cook-shack! Try to harness them up, and either you or the harness goes to the hospital . . .

Such is the effect of rich foods and prolonged, virulent unemployment. Part time employment is not so bad . . .

Now, my point it this:

You may be located at a place where its next to impossible to find a piece of blue glass (like a lumber camp) and suddenly you start to spoil on one side or the other, all the work is done, what are you gonna do? Kick the side of the barn down? Wouldn’t it be better to save a little work and spare yourself the trouble of climbing a high tree or chopping your head off with a grub-hoe?

It’s WORK or Ultra-Violet Rays! Nothing else will save you, so they say.

T-B S.

P. S.

Of course the regular working class is not so apt to spoil because they, when unemployed, generally abstain from rich foods. As a rule they die a noble, natural death of starvation or commit suicide (which is just as natural but not quite so noble). Whenever the latter happens, the most observant of doctors cannot find the slightest trace of spoilation––such as syphilis, high blood pressure or etcetera.

## 1929\_13\_IS\_06031929

**The Great and Near-Great**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**Man wants but a little bit here below. A slice of souse and a place to go** . . . ahem:

But they will not put souse on the table, a sorry spectacle, in view of the close affinity as between great thoughts and good food.

Every one o’ ‘em appear to be in the business of repelling the boarders or by them be repelled. Instance:

Sayeth the cook to the retiring gandy dancer. “I’m making up lunch for tomorrow and you’ll have to pay for that.”

“You only think so,” murmured the gandy, sweetly.

“Well then,” confides the cook, “you’ll get no supper.”

“Better still!” exclaims the gandy.

“I’ll have more money coming. — I can go out and bum my supper—what do you think I am? — do you think I’m gonna put on a nose-bag to go to town?”

A great light enveloped the cook. Supper was had, and the **not-to-be-eaten** breakfast was unpaid for.

\* \* \*

Sayeth the captain of the coal barque. **Calamity:**

“I want you to stay off this boat.”—”What you want and what you’ll get is two different things,” murmurs the neighborly visitor.

The captain went back, aft, and laid his head in his wife’s arms.

Isn’t it strange, editor, how everything turns out for the best and with so little steering?

\* \* \*

Einstein (Ono Schooner) is sure good with a pencil—he’ll yet prove that an atom is a gila monster and an electron is an elephant . . . Already he speaks touchingly about the energy relation between an electron and its nucleus, indicating the pair of ‘em are animals of some kind—I do hope the nucleus has more solid matter than the nucleus in a lumberjack’s energy relation upon an evening after a greasy supper—we don’t want an electron dreaming a nucleus; it’s got to be there.

Now what as energy? Can a man use energy to dream—can’t he dream without energy? Can he energize a dream—recharge it same as a dead battery?

Bring a dead dream to’ life? Did I hear some one say he can?

Well, if he can, I’d like to see him try to awaken a slumbering Wobbly—for a starter; after that, put a kick in the corpse of a dream and, finally, raise the dead taxpayer (for revenue only) and hell in general and particular.

After that . . . oh shucks.

**PARAGRAPHS**

Out of about 36,000,000 voter in the latest election—in the major parties, yes—20.000,000 were citizens of U. S. by Treaty—”paper citizens”—citizens on paper only—”aliens by birth”—foreigners by superstition—and **a slinkling of “citizen” by protest**”.

\* \* \*

“Mass Production” is the art of having the masses produce great masses of goods without any pay except board, bandages and bedding—and a little bull Durham, mebbe.

\* \* \*

The democrats and republicans, every last one of ‘em a foreigner by direct descent or inclination, are reconciled to their fate and will stick to this country and see what they can get out of it—as long as the “grub” remains fair to middling—unless forced by unforeseen **sorghumstances** to flee acros sthe border.

\* \* \*

According to latest published pictures in the public prints, Col. Lindbergh, old time friend of mine from Little Falls, Minn., (The town that “Jacks” built) is about to marry six different girls—all of ‘em beautiful.

Note, editor, when Lindbergh was in Little Falls the town was no good, when I was there it was good, it isn’t any better now and, I despair, never will be.

\* \* \*

What makes those Finns (Nurmi and Purje) so fast on their feet,—is—”the practice” their forefathers got fighting the Turks for Russia.

\* \* \*

What’s the matter, has the N. Y. World no ink, or is the editorial page so bad that it dare not show it?

I have no telescope!

I aint blind!

My lights are good!

The lamp is clean!

If you see me wearing cheaters, make up your mind I’VE Bitten!

**Give back my gold!!**

\* \* \*

Gentlemen do not prefer blonde newspapers.

\* \* \*

Pertness:

In these days of **experts this and experts that** we get to wondering what has become of all the good, old time OX-perts—Hush, s-sh, pst— can it be the present day experts are ponding their thumb with a hammer with their left hoof in their loudspeaker—up to the ankle?

\* \* \*

“The British King is better, strong enough to feed himself.”—Now isn’t that nice? Heretofore it has taken 40.000,000 Englishmen to

Let us sing:

“All King’s horses and all

King’s men. . .”

“God save the King!”

\* \* \*

I have nothing against Clarence Darrow but his first name—O, why wasn’t it Pete!

(A Clarence in South Dakota got so sore at his parents that he called himself “Dusty”.)

Darrow is correct, of course, and can’t go wrong lest his foundation moves from under him, but how in the world is it possible for a “Olarence” to be on such solid footing?

\* \* \*

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness”—I s’pose that’s why the great American forking man is clean—day before pay day. Tut, tut!

T-b S.

## 1929\_14\_IW\_30031929

Within my province––or transmogrification of the Erstwhile. The ubiquitous yes-men of the seduced press inform as, in good faith and induced eclat, that great progress has been made in this cruel world day in the past thirty years––automobiles, listerine, airships, boyish-bob, radios, cornflakes, submarines, short-skirts, movie-tone-squawking pictures, bell-bottom pants and black bottom, electric locomotives, rubber-tired eyeglasses and absentee beer glasses and presentee jackasses, five and ten cent stores, monkey glands, appendicitis, neuritis, 606, flu, insulin, pellagra, high blood pressure . . .

Quite right, my learned co-scribblers, all those are within the progress but, unfortunately, you cannot eat any of those except possibly, corn-flakes, jackasses and monkey glands.

But I do not wish to chide you for the list you have made––progress is there––and I hereby absolve you of all blame save the neglect to mention that progress was not general, that it played favorites, that it broke out only in few isolated cases––all of which can be recorded in less than 200 words, including the luscious aspirin.

Thirty years ago today the great American workingman ate hamburger, in great chunks––my mouth waters yet.

The good house wife would toss a large beefstek (unrefrigerated) into a large wooden bowl, pick up her lignum-vitae maul and proceed to pound the steak, pound and pound it, turn it over and over, and pound it––ah, what I mean to say, that was chopped meat! And, gentlemen of the press, as I bit into it, some of it would quite naturally fall into my ears.

Thirty minutes ago today, still carrying the taste, I hied myself to a restaurant and ordered hamburger, as a matter of fact.

*It came! It stunk! It conquered!*

What was it made of?

Three quarters stale bread and quarter ancient beef––probably part of the same cow I ate thirty years ago.

Not much progress there, is there?

Time was when the miner found six chunks of boiled beef, as big as a lady’s fist, in his dinner bucket (rations for eight hours) . . . What do you see there now?

Half an orange, four crackers, one bread and jelly sandwich, and an orphan sardine.

Not much progress there, is there?

True, we get meat 365 days a year––But O, how little!

How thin they slice it––more meat is shaved off by the barber––and if we were not getting our beef-shavings or pork-flakes regularly, day by day, soon the barber would have an edge on us . . How thin we are shrinking!

Not much progress there, is there?

Thirty years ago today I could average between six and seven dollars a day (when I worked)––others did the same.

I was a mere kid––too young to understand the iniquities of our “best” people.

I now average between four and five dollars a day and what I mean to say I WORK––or walk.

Not much progress there, is there?

Thirty years ago today, hardly big enough to wear overalls, I could buy that noble uniform for fifty cents––good for two years.

Now I can buy the same, at a bargain, for two dollars––good for nine months, and no more.

Not much progress there, is there?

Thirty years ago today I could buy “Hub-Gore-Congress” work shoes for two dollars and twenty-five cents––good for two years without half-soling.

Now I must pay four dollars and ninety eight cents for a similar shoe––similar in looks only––they, with good luck, last me three weeks––or one day after the first rain, I am kept busy half-soling them and have no time to make my fortune.

Not much progress there, is there?

Thirty years ago today a twenty-five cent cap was built to stand the rigors of time up to and during forever––if you didn’t lose it while under the influence Overholt’s seductive concoctions.

A two dollar and fifty cent cap today cannot survive one April shower.

Not much progress there, is there?

Thirty years ago today men would snatch forty winks in an alley covered by a blanket of snow––two feet thick––and still be strong enough, and wet enough, in the morning to argue the bartender out of an eye-opener.

Today, like a dying calf, they curl up with heart trouble.

Not much progress there, is there?

Thirty years ago today unionism was not so strong––that is, in the sense of stench. But, the boys did have their union halls, worthy presidents and faithful secretaries––and any old time they didn’t like the brand of tobacco the boss chewed, they could hold a meeting (and did) call a strike (and did) and make the boss like it.

What have we now?

A bunch of ‘em down in Washington, D. C., hollering for beer––to go with their pretzels.

Others are supinely laying on the flat of their backs waiting for Gabriel to blow his saxophone.

Still others are playing for “hickeys.”

Not much progress there, is there?

*I should say not!*

I want to go ahead––and, when I say “ahead,” I mean in that general direction: not sideways, as at present––for verily I do believe it is better to faint than feint.

T-B S.

## 1929\_15\_IW\_06041929

**Psycholeragising Wealth**

**––And Time**

–––

*“Wealth isn’t all in life.”*

We know. But it’s something!

What else is there?

Wealth of health. Wealth of brains. Wealth of bravery. Wealth of respect and modesty. Wealth of willingness and helpfulness and fellow-feeling. Wealth of sociability, hospitality and tenderness to the stricken and unfortunate.

Wealth of humanity, class-consciousness and solidarity––all wealth.

What else is there?

Why make “cracks” like that without specifying what is, instead of what isn’t? Is life to be further complicated, made into a frowning problem, a puzzle and it’s lines tangled and twisted till they look like a ravenous corkscrew?

*“Wealth isn’t all in life.”*

Of course not––bellyache, for instance. Now go on tell us what all is in life.

\* \* \*

Another Peter came and warmed himself:

*“Lost timepieces are never wound again.”* Haw, haw ha . . . humpf! How about the fellow that finds it? Is he armless?

Can’t he wind it with his toes?––or teeth?

Time is never lost and never found––and cannot be exchanged or dealt with. It is stationary. Doesn’t come, and doesn’t go. Isn’t fast and isn’t slow. Doesn’t fly and doesn’t crawl. Doesn’t fall––it is every bit as constant as “change” and has less wear and tear.

Mebbe I’m right?

If I am, I’m greatly surprised!

Man does not use time––has no control over time.

Time is the original bull-headed sitting bull––unbudgeabull . . . Rather, time uses and controls man, Man is in the midst of time––time isn’t in the midst of man.

When a man says “I didn’t have time enough” it’s a safe bet than time didn’t have man enough––but time is too polite to mention it.

Time needs no alibi––excuse––to wit: “the woman thou gavest me.” Man cannot find time because he imagines that time whistles past like an excursion train while he is limping around with a fist full of tools––O MAN!

Many men imagine that yesterday was time.

Nothing of the sort, yesterday was pay day.

Past, present and future are but a crude table of measures man uses in an effort to size up time. “Quarter to Nine,” Wednesday, April, 1929, Twentieth century are NOT the NAMES of time.

*Time uses no alias.*

Huh! “1929,” huh––a number!

Awful crust!––they’ve dressed poor innocent time in stripes––made a convict of him––put a license plate on him––They think they have!

But after all, as I said before, half past three, dog-days, Monday, September, 1895 and stone age are only the suit of clothes we have dressed him in––and a bum fit it is.

But even if poor old “time” is dressed like a scarecrow, under the auspices of mandling mankind, still it is the period under the duration of which we must build our *one big union of genial labor*,––and, I wish to point out, TIME is practically untouched––mebbe one o’ the untouchables.

## 1929\_16\_IS\_10041929

**Those Rebels  
By T-BONE SLIM**

**The Stars and Stripes**, a periodical—just a periodical—says “EMBLEM OF THE REBEL—The White Flag”.—How interesting!

I suppose that means that Paderic Henry, when he announced “Give me Liberty or Give me Death”, was waving a white flag over his head, and spitting cotton?

Did it ever occur to the courteous Stars and Stripes that a rebel is one who is patriotic to his convictions, conscience and principles and, at the same time, doesn’t give a damn for death or its related parts.

Ghtifrfcte Washington, a likely lad, can be classed as a cautious rebel—but it is out of the question to say that Mr. Washington while toasting his toes down in Valley Forge was patiently oocilating the lily-white gonfalon—if he was, he was wiping his nose with it, which is unlikely in view of the fact that handkerchiefs in those days were made from ex-shirt tails and those shirts were not white . . .

Come again, **Stars and Stripes**, but try to keep the foot and mouth separate. Stay by the fundamentals—none but rebels have principles and the EMBLEM of the STUCK-IN-THE-MUD is—Skull and Cross-Bones.

Mighty suckers! Herbie yes-men!

Where did Putnam ever wave the pale banner?

When did Jefferson ever unfurl a bed sheet?

How about Hancock, was he yellow too? And Morris?

Methinks the **Stars and Stripes** has guessed it wrong—the rebel has no part or parcel in a white flag.

You’re painting in the wrong direction, dear sir!

**wlw**

Advance The Spark—

‘Twon’t do to think in the present— one must think **ahead.**

Things are happening so fast nowdaws that if one directed his thought to the thing upon the occasion of its happening, the thing and the occasion would be in the **past** before the thinker could properly scratch his car—no matter how quick the daw—no matter how fast the thought.

“Tomorrow will take care of itself” is pure bunk and purer “bull”—tomorrow is notoriously improvident and would starve to death if it could not lean against **yesterday** and **today.** Thinkingin the **present** but proves that “afterthoughts” have the best aroma and flavor—too late.

Thinking **ahead**, afterthoughts are regular thoughts, on time, in their proper place and running as per schedule. **Make the brain advance** **the pearls!**

Example: a pigeon is circling around you. Your throwing arm itches. You’ve already got the stone. Do you throw at the bird? You wouldn’t be that cruel? Certainly not! You aim at a spot about eight feet ahead of the dove and the damn-fool bird flies right into the rock—commits suicide, in fact.

In other words, make the thing come to “the thought” instead of sending thought careening after “things”—too late.

## 1929\_17\_IW\_13041929

**The Power of Tears**

–––––

Some time ago in a reckless moment I threatened to weep right in one of our dignified papers––on account of the terrible sufferings of myself and shortage of snus . . . (I see now it can’t be done with a leadpencil.)

Many of my kind readers imagine wrongly that I am a merry old soul and that my belly fairly shakes with the violence of my laughter––and rafters tremble . . . Nothing could be wronger.

I’m about as cheerful as a wet blanket or a death sentence in the face of an unspent winter-stake. And my enemies, who know me best, do say that I’m about as lugubrious piiece of wreckage it has ever been their misfortune to gaze upon. They’re right––whatever that lugubrious means.

I do weep, ladies and gentlemen, in private and public––it don’t make any difference to me––that is, when I’m not sulking or scowling and what I mean, when I weep, I weep––none of this supprest grief for me.

I’ll have nothing to do with dry grief––when I grieve I want the tears for accompaniment.

Another thing, this “husky” form of crying is about as contemptible piece of wailing as is and, I wish to point out, when sorrow steals over me and sadness fills my soul, I don’t start in like a leaky steam pipe or sizzling coffee pot––I bust right out in a full-throated hearty lament. My eries are famous the world over for timbre and resonance. Why, people walk miles just to grab an earful.

I’m writing this very article, uplifting as it is, thru my tears––because I’ve been severely criticized by hard-boiled fellow workers for tossing my lefthanded harmonies on the air, “broadcasting my woes to an un-sympathetic bunch of unscrupulous scoundrels,” as they say; and, naturally I’m persuaded, I must defend myself.

I do most solemnly swear that not only is my crying a noble experiment but a successful one; and a damsite more melodious than half of those busted chords of optimism extolling the virtues of non-existing prosperity and penniless opulence––worshipping at the shrine of that what is not even a bonafide mirage.

I, at least, am sincere!

I, at least, do not attempt to fool myself!

Nothing hypocritical about my voluble emotions––when I weep, I mean it, and I don’t mean mebbe.

My tears rise and fall automatically. Now, let me point out, I have a perfect right to weep if I feel like it––nothing in the United States Constitution (as yet) forbidding me the exercising of my vocal chords in tones of deepest distress and agony . . . But if I laugh, umh––’specially at the wrong time––I’m liable to be locked up as half-wit, be fined for contempt of court (or a hundred other things) and possibly get punched in the face and kicked in the ribs, to boot––for my pains––as a gentle reminder to control my risibillities and excessive mirth.

But if I weep . . . Say! Who’s gonna hit a crying man? Who?

Nobody. NO. . . BODY!

Weep it is.

But I don’t propose do all the crying alone.

How would I look circulating among the multitudes, my nose wrinkled, mouth twisted and warped all out of shape and uttering bloodcurddling howls of despair and desperation, all by myself Not me!

My idea is to step out and organize all the best tear-spillers and militant weepers into a union of grief––”wet front” shall be our slogan––and we shall make the country resound with our wails as it never resounded before––and as it never will resound thereafter.

A wet towel shall be our battle flag and when we wring those flags––towels, I mean––the cities can junk their street sprinklers, for the dust is gonna be laid––in fact, the gutters are gonna run with tears.

Yessir, the country is going wet.

Great big pearls of tears, as big as Barlett pears, will bounce off our chins and hit the pavement killing forever the fond ambition of many a half-smoked, smoldering Chesterfield and Sluggish Strike.

Weather reports shall read:

“Owing to emotional disturbances, sentimental showers are predicted throughout the Lachrymose States of America today, tomorrow and the next day and the day after. . .

“Great floods are expected in the valley regions––and many may drown in tears. It is feared the brine inhevantly a part of the flood will kill all the little fishes and bullheads and when the torrents subside the low lands will be strewn with salt herring and pickled pork––a blessing in lieu of the washed-out maize.”

I tell you there’s gonna be tears what IS tears and wails that wont jell––and any political spellbinder that wants to be heard will have to yell louder than we howl.

You may be sure we’ll howl loud enough, for verily these leaky militants, champeen pessimists and weeping geniuses feel as I feel and are unequivocally committed to the doctrine that brines and whines, if salty and loud enough, will one day emancipate not only the powerful howlers and tear-spillers but the grinning imbecile and pauperized hyena, as well.

T-b S.

## 1929\_18\_IS\_17041929

**AN ELEGY**

*Stand Or Fall On Your Own Arches*

**By T-BONE SLIM**

We cannot know whether the staid Ambassador Herrick, (of the Buckeye state of Foraker and Dougherty) made Lindbergh, or did the pioneer spirit of the Middle West enforce itself upon “the holy grounds” of “sorghumcised chicanery” and refuse to be denied? We cannot know whether Lindbergh, goodwill Ambassador, “the flying fool,” made Ambassador Herrick or did the stay-as-hitched spirit of the old guard (Gen. M. A. Hanna) bring accumulating honors to the Ambassador Herrick, last past?

**We know only that Lindbergh is as was . . .**

Bring on the evidence!

**wIw**

The mere effort to reap “honor by association” is an insult to both so associated—and, if this effort be the meisterstroke of worshipful imbeciles, then the effort is a denatured form of calumny. **Man must stand or fall on his own legs**—can you understand that, one syllable words.

“To be free,” warbles, Heywood Broun, “man must conquer the fear of death.”

I’ll forgive Heywood for his past demeanors—but this one, Broun, I’ll have to hold against you. When a man conquers fear of death, he’s nothing more than a rebel—why “yump” to conclusions, ask and get more space.

You know what the bible says: “Ask and you . . .”

**wIw**

U. S. possibly is pushing its diplomats a little too hard—and they drop off almost before the full quota” of laurels bedeck their brow. It may be that Samuel is trying to shunt-off those old cadgers with a modicum of glory so as to keep the record straight—but still and all, I say, if a man has not made his name by the time he is 60 or 70 he should not be allowed to lean on Lindbergh, or any other new beginner.

We should remember: those “greenhorns” have their own name to decorate and have no spare time to donate to unfulfilled ambitions of the aged endeavorers or the glorification of clay that never found its full usefullness.

**wIw**

Man is the most liberal of creatures. His liberalness can not be estimated by present-day standards of weights and measures.

He will gnaw and gnaw at a piece of bone and, finally, hand it to the dog.

I wonder why he doesn’t get a piece of meat to use his powers upon—instead of purifying the bone for the dog?

**—T-bS.**

## 1929\_19\_IW\_20041929

**STRUGGLE DOWN THE PAGE**

–––––

Caught short

The Mexican revolution was a gott-send to American newspapers—they had almost nothing else to lie about.

See where Calvin’s gonna write for N. Y. American—it develops, then, that he’s a writer.

Had I known that our last president was a writer, I wouldn’t of slept a wink daring his incumbency—I thought all along his only weakness was that of being a Jockey to “ellum hosses.”

I hope president Hoover don’t know how to write—or read, for that matter—but I s’pose he’ll blossom out as a sculptor, cherubim or sporano before he gets out of the public eye.

\* \* \*

When a public servant says “I’m gonna follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor,” don’t take it to heart.

That is a form of hooey they must gargle no matter how the predecessor’s shoes are befouled.

\* \* \*

If anything a working man is inclined to be too vivacious—a little more dignity would help a lot.

Fawning is a poor substitute for “earnesty.”

\* \* \*

Time changes things and “dings”—but the change is not always satisfactory. Better make the changes personally and live happy ever after—wotever you’re after.

\* \* \*

Grammar lesson: (free) It is not proper to say “I don’t know how near right I am?”—you wouldn’t say I don’t know how near wrong I am, wouldcha?

That settles that—the figures (statistics) are “right” there.

Tis “okso” a question which is the better word, pretty or party—my support goes to purty (it sounds less like an explosion).

\* \* \*

Tammany is pawing over an assortment of heads in fond hopes of selecting one for itself—the record, as reported by the daily press, sounds like an Irish election.

What’s the matter with the Jews—an “inspection of heads” in full progress and not a Roman nose in the showcase? Are they one of the backward nations? It’s high time Tammany start yoddling “sidewalks of New York” in yiddish.

\* \* \*

Anent the passing of rights, liberties, freedom and etcetera, may I bravely submit the following “episode”—to sustain the no longer tenable theories of our proficient optimists—and to, for the time being, assuage all doubts and revivify the inherant faith of man in registering a series defeats by saying “All is not yet lost.”

A couple of “bohunka”, as the parasites call them, worked long and faithfully for the Lehigh Valley R. R., and when the time came for them to go into Jersey City to get their horn scraped, as they say at Walla Walla, they felt as all men would feel that so long as the Lehigh was going into Jersey City it could square itself by offering them a lift . . .

Upon application, a thirty cent pool-sport, a representative of the great “BLACK DIAMOND,” Lehigh, gave both workingmen the following certificate:

*“This is to certify the bearer is entitled to walk to Jersey City.”*

I had quite a time to translate the word “walk,” but finally they understood—when I suggested that a train goes “around 1 o’clock,” and gets there quicker than the bus or street car, they gave me a dirty look and headed for a blindpig.

The above proves that we still retain the right to walk to Jersey City—as to any other towns, I have no data. No doubt, those two men, (one of them with a suitcase) eventually used a street car (30 miles) to arrive at their beloved Jersey City.

Not me!

I would have walked.

Along the Lehigh tracks.

And I would have made careful note of all the low joints, rotten ties and locations of all unrotted ties piled along the right-of-way waiting for mortification to set in—and when I got thru *the Lehigh would rediscover her hospitality.*

## 1929\_20\_IS\_24041929

**Paralysis of Ideals—**

**Seige Of The Surrendered—**

**Sorghumscribed Mirth—**

**–––––**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**–––––**

PASTOR PLACES WAR’S BLAME ON ‘MOB SPTRIT’.—headline.

eems to me “mob spirit” and “war” are identical and neither can be blamed for creating the other, neither is selfmade; Are Siamese twins, both are one, a case of two joined together equals one . . .

Business jealousies, commercial rivalries, mercantile suspicions, crooked deals, betrayal of confidences, graft, greed and general gambling for the goods of the other, are singly or all together the cause of any first class war or mob spirit.

If not, then craving the other’s land settles the question—but it generally takes the form of beating him out of it according to established commercial rules, business ethics, orthodox graft; the more genteel form of unconscionable thievery.

But the pastor is right, in a way—The cause of tight shoes is big feet, just like that.

\* \* \*

Most things are of off color, of the most startling hues and overpowering tints; yellow and crimson predominating, with scarlet leading the grand panorama of moral turpitude as understood, aye, even in the salons and “proscenium” halls of the smug aristocracy of our depraved world—a turpitude that at times causes Rome itself to unbuckle and rush to relieve the strain on high tension matrimonial ties and connubial knots.

Is it then any wonder that a bevy, of girls enjoying the full flush of blissful singleness appeared in night court and were charged by the good, Christian court, with the heinous crime of peddling their attractions and charms at popular prices muchly to the lasting sorrow of the virtuous court—so virtuous, indeed, that it wouldn’t steal even under the guise of graft (no matter how tempting) nor accept dirty tokens of appreciation or gratitude for services rendered in the past. The girls one after another plead “not guilty” and each explained her occupation as being “dressmaker and fancy cake baker”.

His Honor was in a desperate fix but did rise to the occasion and deal out justice by the throatful—”seventy-five dollars or thirty days”.

The seventy-five in hope of bolstering the city’s shrinking opulence. . .Some of the more skillful dress-goods worker and high-grade fakers did blushingly request privacy so that they might explore the recesses of they stockings to find out if by any chance the required tribute to law and order e snuggled therein. Finally came the last lady, bleary eyed, none too sober and apparently one of the original dowagers of the American Revolution — Civil War veteran, at least.

“I s’pose you’re too,” suggests “his honor”, sourly.

“No, your honor, I’m just a plain prostitute,” she snaps out, bitingly, “so many of the girls went into the baking business, that us older needle artists can’t make a living no more.”

The judge gasped!

“You’re discharged,” he murmured sweetly when he regained his breath. —

WELL!—what’s my text?

Ah, brethern and sistern, so many millionaires went into congress that us workers can not find any nourishment in politics, no more.

But, like the girls of easy virtue that nursed the fond dream, mirage, “cake-mechanic” and “architect of gowns” (in preference to recognizing the realities life” we, too, are inclined to place our faith in abstract powers—and powerless powers.

But when we get hungry we go to the boss—somehow we are able to decipher that he controls our living—It must be Intuition! Where he got such rights, is a problem for further deciphering unless we desire to be ciphers all our lives. .

Like the last jane that recognized the saturating point in dress making and jelly-roll moulding, it is up to us to size up the possibilities of politics as a remedy for poverty; consider the adaptability of millionairedom as a present help or succor for a sucker in distress.

Doubts may rise.

Is million dollars a qualification to represent people in congress? If so, congressional requirements are very **inostentatious**— and people might be tempted to jar the millionaire loose from his vanity and exchange him for his office boy who, at present, is taking care of his vast interests.

That’s that.

## 1929\_21\_IS\_01051929

**The Gallant Wage Earner**

By T-BONE SLIM

Owing to contributing factors in the sectors of exploitation, it is difficult to determine whether toil is heroism or martyrdom— or just plain charitableness—or a touch of mild amiable insanity. Personally, without apparent reason, I am of the **manured opinion** that toil is heroism, its participants are heroes and its accomplishments far superior to deeds of war, destruction and devastation; that its victories ARE victories and its glories, though dimmed by the fast moves of **remorseless tribute takers**, surpass in effulgence the phoney sheen of the highly ballyhooed deeds of extermination.

There is this difference — toilers DO something; spoilers KILL someone—dozens—thousand —millions— in and out of war (and cripple the rest mentally, morally or physically.)

Further, as a heroic effort, toil radiates a glow that out-shines the resplendent but puny sparks of **isolated rescues**, or spontaneous deeds of valor— in so far as such rescues affect friends or strangers; whereas toil’s benevolence contributes to the well-being of friend and foe alike— impartially—to sub-heroes, morons, as well as confirmed parasites. Phases of charity, dispensed from the gatherings of **earned increment**, have an element of heroism that wins our admiration and voluminous approbation—nevertheless, it is but the afterglow of a greater charity and can in no way compare with the heroism of daily toil.

**If ever a hero was born, toiler is he.**

**If ever a Christ was crucified, it is he.**

How come?

From the time he was big enough to steal a sack (too full) of coal for his freezing mother, he has been overloaded. In the frailty of his youth his growing bones were twisted and warped in a way that defies reproduction by any other method and **still leave the child alive to suffer the balance of his shortened career**— its shortness presenting itself as the lone cheerful view, of seemingly endless struggle against overwhelming odds.

(I’m not pessimistic, I’m dealing with facts—a careful record of things as IS and not not a “phantastic phantasy” of things that AIN’T—)

From the early days of his boyhood, to this otherwise pleasant spring morning, he has managed to live on the swills of **a complacent civilization**—this, too, without jeopardizing his already broken health or shortening his already abbreviated life. Crippled young— too young— yea, at birth the pompous doctors grab him with a pair of tongs and make him look like a small copy of Lon Chaney in his prime. Swills that would disgust the finer sensibilities of a **self-disrespecting hog**, can not injure a health that is destroyed—that doesn’t exist. It is immune.

(As immune as an Oil-head, or a Cabinet-member. . . excuse, please.)

Talk about heroes in the line of duty—here’s one that does **more** than his duty—suffers the torments of the damned—goes through hell while yet alive and practically bare of protective coating— naked save for a few burlaps and a pair of paper shoes— insanitary things at best and properly a fit offering to the elements, wrath of flume and curse of frost.

(If they can not hold against heat and cold, what good are they?) We’re not quite clear in our experiences and observation in regards the noble efforts of our superhero in keeping winter out of his clothes, and we have marvelled at the skill and dexterity required—and practiced —in the prevention of his wracked self from departing the filthy comforts of his worn-out and establishing itself in the midst of “marts of trade”, in the **original one piece**— to begin life anew.

And we have practically concluded, were he of less stern stuff, he would ooze out from the myriad holes (too small to fall out of) and be like screened chaff before the gales of iniquity.

Other “heroes” may have homes (not likely) but this hero positively has no such edifice, palace, with its concomitant accommodations—only a shelter for bedbugs and cockroaches—and, in view of the fact that marketing for the cheaper swills are out and out garbage (that society has to offer) is such a drain on his exchequer that it do seem like a piece of foolishment to forego the pleasures of the toothsome “slop” arm start buying poisons for the playful roaches. . .

A roof over his head keeps out most of the rains and by parking himself under or near the ridgepole he can, if experienced, which comes with years, keep his bald pate reasonably dry. During heavy rains when heroes need sleep most “abjectly”, it is necessary for him to hold his snoring apparatus pointing down and take the floods in the back of the neck—otherwise he will drown.

And thus peaceful, slumber is transformed into restless coma. Under such conditions, anyone but a hero would perish!— not a word of exaggeration. Last, but not least, our hero of the tenacious courage and inexhaustible stamina is afflicted with a boss—-an imbecile that so far has escaped the madhouse and sundry, free-lancing fool-killers— the prevalence of whom is a most bitter and poignant sorrow disturbing the otherwise placid equanimity of our blushing hero.

The rasping tones of this industrial tyrant ring in his ears day and night— even while stretched out under his dripping rooftree the raucous mouthings of the boss come to him and, after the first jump, he finds it difficult to convince himself **it can’t be true**— but the night is spoiled.

The size of his wages is determined by unheroic and unprincipled minds and like a true hero he accepts the findings of those princes of selfishness and greed— even so as he accepts the constitutional amazements of the present era of circumscribed liberty. Pay-day to him is only a formality and were he sure of a respectable casket death would be acceptable, indeed. Therefore, it follows: toilers (in particular and general) being subjected to such sufferings and maneuvers for self-preservation, must find that heroism here and there is a great aid to their digestion, comfort and short-longevity.

If so, they have the sense to use it—and are heroes to all intents and purposes.

I said a while ago:

“If ever a hero was born, toiler is IT.”— Now don’t grab a headful of wrong conceptions—I didn’t say he was born a hero.

I want it distinctly understood he was MADE a hero.

But I don’t think it advisable for him to REMAIN a hero—hero-business is getting to be quite **passe.**

Dog eat dog seems to be the rule.

## 1929\_22\_IS\_26061929

**It Was This Way**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Well I see where the Pope is popping off to Mussolini—let us wait with mien humble and meek till they both pop at once.

(Probably money matters.)

Really, we ought to have a Yankee Pope and Herbert Hoover, president of United States and California, should appoint one right away—any one of the vagrant lame ducks will do—or Mabel—just so they know how to pop off.

**wIw**

Farmers will get no relief unless said relief can be hooked up to something that relieves the hardpressed (came near saying hardboiled) multibillionaires.

**wIw**

Instead of efficiency, enforcement is analgalousy to effrontery—or en**farce**ment.

**wIw**

Men with their hands in their pockets, feel but the emptiness of it all—but men with their hands in other people’s pockets, seem to have better luck.

**wIw**

To tell the truth, I’m not sure that whiskey right now would conserve me the short “remainder” of my “unnatural” life.

**wIw**

Be that as it may, I feel great solation-in-faith that saloons in heaven ore running full blast—and all available reformers are going to hell. “A Lyons (Kansas) man dropt a bundle of laundry on the pavement and broke both bottles”—a wet-wash, so’s to say.

**wIw**

I’m flooded with titles, here’s one:

“It Won’t Be Long Now.”

It’s not new, but it’s pure Anglo-American—a language I did not invent.

Anybody want to use it?

**wIw**

Hard to tell whether the shooting of that business man near International Falls was staged by the liquor interests to bolster their waning prestige or done by prohibition agents, upon their own initiative, in the spirit of fun. Be that as it may, we can not help but feel the U. S. government would be doing a square deed if it declared war against the people formally—instead of having them shot from ambuscade—and give the folks a chance to mobilize. I’m sure such a move would be beneficial to the country; in so far as, though, wo would lose many good citizens, a bunch of pimps, stool pigeons and sanctimonious hypocrites would bite the turf in defense of the “noble” **hyperphobia**.

**wIw**

“Taft Plans To Leave For Canada Today.”—That’s gonna take a big load off the states—’esides Canada is wet.

**wIw**

Times haven’t changed much. Years ago, long ago, they used to shoot men because they wouldn’t swallow a certain brand of religion. Now they bump off citizens for swallowing certain liquors banned by the “better than thou”. Better than thou? Humph! I wouldn’t waste powder on ‘em—less the powder was no good.

When the United States Supreme Court moves to Canada it’s time said U. S. rescind its former foolishness.

\* \* \*

**‘Twas This Way**

Instead of having their face lifted the ladies should try to raise their own looks—grow ‘em.

**wIw**

Purchased beauty is a delusion; girls should remember men can buy the same “attractions” at drug stores unattached to usual vocabulary.

Powder and rouge, in the pure form, never nags . . .

Likewise the gardener of natural beauty never scowls.

**wIw**

As a rule paint and powder are a substitute for bad health, lost looks and abandoned disposition — and necessary in proportion to the infractions of nature’s rules negotiated and accomplished.

Now girls, I see where the U. S. Supreme Court has denied citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer because she said she “would not take up arms personally”.

Now, if I’m not entirely sterile in my deductions, that can mean but two things.

First, women must wear arms.

Second, they may be used to supplant the trousered “valiants”.

The court decision in Rosika Schwimmer’s case carries with it, in addition to precedent set, not only an obligation to fight but removes for all time the age old, unwritten disability privileges of the frailer sex.

That is the law, or I’m “dumb” right.

Who knows but we’ll live to see I the kind ladies doing all our fighting for us and we (men) can either sit back as penny patriots, cheer them on or join the Red Cross and carry off the corpses. But they’ll have to fight without doughnuts for as Shoiman said:

Who in bell’s gonna tote “sinkers” midst shot and shell?

The sum, substance, alpha, acme and omigosh of wisdom—Eat the rotten egg last.

(It might ruin your appetite.)

But wisdom splits in twain—a pair:

Eat That Suspicious Egg First—it might come up. You don’t want to throw up eleven or five good eggs with one bad one—besides, you can hold it down better on an empty stomach—I reason your stomach must be empty or you couldn’t have eggs and, having eggs, you may have been innocently instrumental in wrecking the fond hopes of a setting hen. If not, then you can’t afford to throw up nary egg, good, bad or indifferential.—Save -your money.

It don’t take much of this stuff, does it, editor?

## 1929\_23\_IS\_03071929

**BORROWED GLORY**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The confirmed Pharisees, sometimes referred to as “reformers”, are having their day in N. Y. C.

wIw

Prohibitionists, no different, are clowning the whole attention just at present. –– “Legitimate” show boats are bowing to the “circus” and going on ice.

wIw

Prohibition, itself, according to late scientific discoveries, is the product of militant “meddlers” variously described––”Hypocrites” being the popular title.

They can be identified, it is said, by a certain “narrowness of the air-gap between the eyes.”

wIw

Look in the mirror––you may be a “reformer” yourself.

If your fears prove to be sound and you find your eyes sparkle kind o knock-kneed, don’t become paralyzed at the horror of it––see a good doctor (if any) right away. If you have no mirror, you can determine your social status spiritually: if you feel a distinct swelling in the neighborhood of you ego, you’re a reformer pure and simple––very pure and simple. In such a case, you’ll never need “blinders” to keep you in the rut.

wIw

Needless to say reformers accomplish nothing that is beneficial to the human race––their output consists of “programs” (that no one follows) a situation wherein they bask in the artificial light of borrowed glory without paying “interest” (Last statement is inspired.)

wIw

All right. As I was saying, this country was “reformed” of its we[t] habits during the period when 2,000,000 of our heavier fisted citizens were in France arguing it out with the “beer guzzling” Fritz and Hans and Herman.

It was safe for the reformers at that time to put the country in a hole that it will never get out of. A broad statement, eh? (Note: I’m not saying “our boys” were sober “over there”.)

**Yes, we’re in a hole to stay.**

I’m reminded in this connection of a friend of mine––a collie dog: From time to time he would come home in the gloomiest of spirits. Despondency, shame, fairly stuck out on him . . . from afar I concluded the rabbit got away . . . But upon closer study, I had to revise my views: the dog was downcast because he had just been reformed by a skunk.

In an “uncautious” moment he had got within range of the pole-cat’s “appendment”.

You know the stench sticks. Well sir, do you know, by the time the dog wore off most of the perfume, he would saunter in again “perfumigated” to the nozzle––he could always step out and find another skunk––generally the skunk found him first.

But this hath nothing to do with my subject.

Years ago the kings, instead of saying thou “shalt not” let things pass by simply saying “Thou Shalt!” For instance, they didn’t say, “Buddy, your god is a fake, ye showldn’t worship him.” No, they came out flatfooted and roared: “Get down on your knees, varmint, and give a crawl to the divine oiler”––and sure enough, in those days, the kings were greasy enuff to satisfy the most lubrigatingest god. They, the kings, didn’t criticize your style of worship. No, they said, “Hey, ye halfwit, do it this-a-way”––if you fell down, off rolled your head.

That was the reason given out for a great exodus of worshipers from Merrie England––and many a redskin bit the dust––Now they PROHIBIT––what’s the difference? No more “**do like a dis; do like a dat**.” It’s just “DON’T” with three exclamation points and Maybelle Wille-brandt behind it.

What’s the difference?

What difference does it make whether you are Pushed or Pulled––you get there just the same, dontcha?

Anyhow, it’s better than finding your place just ahead of a series of kicks upon the **after-protuberance.**

Keep your shirt on! I’m busting in two this article with the modest philosophy: we are aided and abetted in doing the will of others––which, same, keeps us busy the whole of our docile life and peradventure causes many to cast jealous eyes upon the worm that turned. No use talking, editor, the good folks appear to be absinthe-minded or something . . .

wIw

A National Problem.

It has puzzled many a brave [Ame]rican––this prosperity that [missing]tant and running around throughout our fair land––and are those of delicate faith that [missing] right out and say that it do[es] exist . . .

Well, now, although I conf[ess] never personally met with prosperity, I can say with a [missing] heart that it lives and is one of fundamental principles broad during electioneering periods [missing] the “I Got MINE” boys and “I [missing] MINE TO GET” editors––it [missing] the cut-rate editors are yow[missing] “prosperity” to bolster their ev[missing] rating courage, a condition wh[missing] in, as a natural phenomenon, t[missing] mouthings are bound to be s[missing] what gaseous . . .

An editor under financial st[missing]gency never should try to y[missing] “prosperity”––he should confine musings to “IT MIGHT [GET] WORSE.”

That would sound more reason[able] and people might once again, [missing] fully bend an ear to the press—[missing] MORNING TISSUE AND HERA[[missing]IMAGINER.

After election, of course, [pros]perity is a dead issue save for [missing] once-a-month assurance “it’s [missing] around the corner”––on such [occa]sions the suffering multitudes t[missing] heart and try to drag themselves [missing] the favored locale, intersection [missing] “Poorhouse Rd. and Gold Co[missing] Drive”.––And––When

They––Get––There:

It’s just around the corner––next corner –– in Mr. Gotgel[missing] palace.

Has It Come to This?

“A professor employs 800 le[missing] soldiers to teach maneuvers . . [.]

“Cambridge, Mass., April 10 [missing] Yessir. Telegram.”

“An army or 800 lead soldi[ers] (not tin) assists the faculty of MA[missing] Institute of Technology in giving instructions in history and kindr[missing] subjects . . .”

No doubt the professor gets qui[te] a thrill marshalling all those pewt[missing] warriors in battle array and killing the hated enemy by the carload . .

I, in prison, didn’t think the pr[ofessors] had yet graduated out of t[he] **alfabet**-class that plays with wood[en] blocks (no insidious insinuation he[re)]––if I meant wooden-blocs I wou[ld] have had the courtesy to say so.

Still and all, I have my doubts s[s] to this higher learning, and, whe[n] you realize that I am writing this a[t] 2.30 a. m., by the time of the clock you will understand that I entertai[n] great fear as to the advisability of deserting the good, old, reliabl[e] blocks, right in the middle of [a] crisis––in fact, I feel, this advance[d] study will wreck the delicate arch[i]tecture of the student brain-pan[missing] cause the crown-sheet of the[m]masticating cavern to drop on the sibillitating annunciator and arrest or destroy its usefulness as it unsuspectingly shuttles to and fro between mouthfuls––mebbe choke ‘em––mebbe start a new crime wave––a permanent wave.

Verily I do believe the students should be allowed nothing more exhilirating or exciting than Star Spangled Banner as an outlet for their pent up patriotism and draw poker as a medium of inculcating in their hearts the finer elements of attack and strategy.

wIw

Let’s fosget it.

Nicholas Murray Butler, noted evangelist of things educational, High Mogul of Princeton or Columbia, is on the flat of his back with a mysterious sickness. Even the most luscid newspapers of New York City, heretofore disseminators of knowledge in all things from social registerites pyjama parties to world courts and cancer cures, are unable at this moment to name the disease that attacked the doughty “professor”.

The people will hold their breath till we find out whether he is accursed with ingrowing toe nails or falling of the hair.

The doctors appear to be tickled pink––”his condition is satisfactory”, as they say. Almost like “good enough for him”.

I s’pose the sawbones don’t know more about his malady than I know about health––which all sums up to and including––nothing.

Drop that.

It now develops a multum-millionaire can be jailed––at least for “sassing” the senate.

But, brethern, it took five years and couple administrations to do it. No use talking, it’s a laborious pro- [rest of the text is missing].

## 1929\_24\_IS\_10071929

**Was It Like This?**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

The hign nan of prohibition appears to be Lowman—and he says in effect that gunmen and killers of the “noble experiment” shall be tried before the infallable federal courts and not by state courts.

I suppose “everything is arrangeed” as they say in legal circles—but why go to the bother of trial? Why not just hand a medal or a mackerel on their chest, give them a bonus, a couple weeks’ vacation, on double pay (to garner a few L. L. D’s from universities, or B. V. D’s from clothes lines) in recognition of faithful service in the extermination of “suspicious” citizens! Many people are aghast at the horror of it all—which attitude, I consider, a lot of high grade agahstness going to waste.

Those same killers, if they were not killing folks for pay, for the United States government, would, no doubt, be free-lancing in a far more murderous way without hope of other reward than what they could find on the person of their kill— It’s their nature.

There is a certain **shrudlu** about government employment that seems to stay their trigger finger and, as a result, many a perfectly good target is allowed to continue paying taxes and drinking hair oil in the noble experiment of trying to raise fuss in their belly . . . From this it can be seen the government is not, in reality, paying those men to murder people but puts them on the payroll to reduce their output of corpses— the government knows it’s natural for the likes of them to slow down the minute their porkchops are protected by conference of a little authority and honorarium coupled to responsibility; and what little killing they do can hardly be classed practice for greater blood-letting to come.

I have heard considerable criticism of congress for letting Vostead “act like that” but, fortunately, it all comes from shallow-minded people who can not understand that were it not for the brainy legislators finding workless employment for those gunmen they soon would have been running amuck in each city, town and hamlet—mebbe kill off a bunch of our best parasites, heaven help us!

Yessirree, many, many, wouldn’t be able to keep their urgent engagements, but would be compelled to report to St. Peter without further ado, or dido; against their will and, in many cases, without proper knowledge of the approaching event.

On the other hand, (not counting myself) many of us have seen all there is to see (or enough to convince us that the rest isn’t worth witnessing) and it wouldn’t make a helluva lot of difference whether we serve as a target for bullets or target for exploiters. Damn me if this article didn’t sour on me!—hot weather, hot weather—violent voters throwing away their stove pokers.

## 1929\_25\_IS\_24071929

**As Bugs as the News   
or What The Wild Words Say**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Where, O where, can “a starchy” fella go—now that an earthquake rocked almost the Whole—archipelago?

It develops (devil-ups) receiver-ships in N. Y. courts were mistaken for **reaervoirahips** (of graft.)

\* \* \*

Paris hails the Yaller Bird stowaway an “imbecile”, and no wonder: I have it straight from the hip that twenty seconds after the start when one of avigators pulled out his bandana he found this here now Schreiber coiled up in his pocket—or was it in a spectacle case.

Anyway, a fine alibi—unfortunately the figures do not back up the yarn. His weight, say 150 lbs., can not cause a shortage of 500 miles on 4000 mile hop. Let us recall, 150 lbs. is a very small fraction of the weight of plane and contents.

Schreiber may be an imbecile for all I know but, and I wish to serve notice on Paris, the rest of us AIN’T. (Personally, I think the gentlemen came down because they thought they had reached, at the least—Russia . . .) .

\* \* \*

The one and only Arthur is grown sour (sore) around the edges because Canadian Railway Co. can borrow 40,000,000 in New York at better terms than U. S. government.

Art, greatly puzzled, can not be aware the “Canadian Railways” has of late been exhibiting unmistakable signs of enduring sanity and not the slightest evidence of the lamentable “flightiness” so common on the dry side of our beloved border. Besides, it’s a habit.

We send our best bacons (hams) to Southampton (Liverpool) and eat the “left overs” or liver and onions at a better price than Johannes Bull pays for the good ones. In fact, Mr. Bull (if he could think) could and would sell them back to us at a clear profit—about the only way we can get a mouthful of something really decent.

Our export pans are marked plainly—no doubt for the purpose of obviating errors and making sure the delicious contents disappear only into the whiskers of a foreigner. No wonder Art is groping in a maze, dazed!

So ‘m I.

Puzzled? Puzzled, me eye! I’m completely flappergasedted—or shellshocked and ready to blubber. Greater **hops**pitality hath no samaritan!

\* \* \*

Some people who imagine they are patriotic are merely pathetic . . .

Televox—all this blah, **blah**, BLAB about “talking pictures” is hooey. Why, dammit, even the boisterous radio has not yet leart no talk—or [s]ing . . . Other day I heard one of [t]hose coloradomaduro souppranos [h]owling—in a blindpig it was, more’s [t]he pity—over the radio. The drunks [w]ere deeply affected, crying and all [t]hat, for we felt the poor girl had, to say the least) lost her poodle [p ]uppy along with her voice and re[s]erve—you just can’t hold a good [w]oman down . . .

What was I doing there?

I assure you my mission was strict-honorable, as usual . . .

Let that pass—when a manufacrer sells a car at a small margin profit, he really sells it on installment plan—no magic to it—for instance, if you own a Fjord car, your payments start when the car stops and you start buying Fjord parts.

Shiverlay parts won’t fit a Fjord car lest the price stray into Mr. Shiverlei’s “grouch-sack”—a calamity. That’s why cars ain’t standardized. A car that sells for 398 dollars and 79 cents, if bought piece at a time, to be assembled by yourself properly, will cost you about, let’s see, how much is 3 times 398 dollars and 79 cents? Oh well, it’s more than a working man will ever have at one time, unless he joins the I. W. W.

Manufacturers could afford to bribe us to use their cars, that is, offer us honorariums, but they can not be sure we would buy parts when we break down—the rascals think we would go to other manufacturers looking for more honorariums.

I’m not saying we wouldn’t! We might.

They don’t want much for that there, here, now, liverwurst now-days, do they?

**Only all you got**, and if you haven’t more the kindly butchers will wait till you step out and get it . . .

A fine hot weather dish it is, too, and, strangely, it’s a cold weather dish also—about the only seasonable dish for morning, night and noon on off-years . . .

What do you think about it, editor? Doesn’t it make your mouth water? Of course it does—But The Price!! (Does that make your eyes water?) How’s a man gonna get started saving his first million unless those butchers use better judgement?

It must be that there is a bunch of low life stoolpigeons extant for verily, it seems, you no more than get a hold of a piece of jack than the butcher knows all about it. He ain’t no mind reader—why, dammit, some of ‘em can’t read print—therefore it follows some sucker bears the information to him and bares, so as to say, your innermost secret. You walk into his bologny parlor unsuspectingly, trying to look as innocent as possible with all that wealth in your pocket . . .

In the course of humane events, he throws both hands on the scale— you throw both hands in the air: Seven pounds and a half in a chunk of liverwurst that could be bandaged with a torn cigarette papier!

Something should be done about this . . .

I propose that when the boss begins to show signs of tender heartedness as a result of hot weather or something and exposes an inclination gjve us an increase in wages, that butchers be thrown in jail and held incommunicado until the increase is consummated, refused, spent or, if necessary, until the maiden’s prayer is answered . . . .

## 1929\_26\_IS\_29071929

**It’s Like This**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

It is said snuff drives a person crazy. How well I know it! My snuff-box has been empty these many days and if any man is batty, it’s I’m.

\* \* \*

Now, I’ve used it fifty years and if it drives a man nuts, how about some of these farmers around here? They must have used it 150 years . . . ?

(But that isn’t why I haven’t been writing much, lately.)

It’s like this:

My old fractured ribs are bothering me again to such an extent that I can scarce hold a pencil beween my toes. You see, a few years ago I had some heavy lifting to do and you know when I get “hold of a thing” something must give––It did. It was my ribs. My short ribs, front and back. My partner here has a theory my ribs are all right but are starting to cave because I have failed to keep a proper amount of stuffing behind ‘em, vitamins, etc., and are starting to buckle-up for that reason––

Reason?––why. that’s unreasonable.

\* \* \*

A certain uneasiness is pervading the chests of our crack writers in this land of greatest wealth––Hearst papers are no longer hollering for additional immigration but are on the contrary offering their properties to stockholders, via, also, the curb market––(Chi. “Herald-Examiner,” N. Y. “American” not mentioned; in rural districts of the Omaha “Bee”). This uneasiness is a natural condition although lacking the proper “horsepower” that would be present; had the crack writers gone without their daily rations and had they left undissipated their three daily hungers.

Therefore his somewhat tardy uneasiness stands out as a mere shadow temporarily crossing the horizon of their consciousness. The real, genuine uneasiness rests temporarily secure within the hearts of Mr. Hearts’s countrymen––how long it will remain secure is a question that may well inspire our crack writers to greater realization of the calamities that are almost upon us––are upon us. There being no call at present for more “assimilable foreigners.” Finns, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Germans, French, etc., the assumption is we have all the foreigners we can skin profitably at this time, and that our skinners must remove their outfits to lands that are capable of supporting the “to be skinned” until the peaceful penetrator is a fact––and the hide is safely removed and strung on the fence.

There is a certain pecularity about this skinning process that makes it an ever present nightmare to all skin-bearing animals. Whether the critter has much or little epidermis there’s always a long row of skinners whetting their knives (in plain sight) and casting appraising eyes at the sunkissed coat of pores . . . Not infrequently a skinner himself is horrified to recognize his own hide decorating the bulwarks of privacy and breastworks of spite . . . Not a hide seems secure (in it’s original location) in these days of super-civilization and civilized brainlessness . . .

**Existence under a program of fears!**

**Progress tempered with worry and tears!**

**––﻿T-b. S.**

## 1929\_27\_IW\_10081929

**BREAK THE NEWS GENTLY**

Now that New York has had two rebellions in as many penitentiaries the psychologists are “working” overtime and tellingus all about it:

“The lifers did it; the Baumes Law (life for fourth offense) is the cause; poor board, crowded cells and too much work; snotty guards, etc.”

There’s the case as they put it, but I’m saying the psychologists are crazier than the raving maniacs of the leading bug-houses throughout the world—the cause of the uprising dates back to the time when their bosses condescendingly allowed them to work for a dollar a week at the age of thirteen—that dollar still sticks in their craw.

Their revolt dates back to the time when they were expected to sweat 12 or 8 hours a day for board and lodging as represented by the dollars and cents they handled as go-between ‘twixt paymaster and pay-grabber—men do not rebel because of present injustices but because of a series at injustices that culminates in “the last straw”—in other words rebels are grown, raised, brought up, trained—then condemned.

*The last straw would not have broken the earners back had not the other straws been there!*

\* \* \*

Those men early saw the futility and foolishness of working for nothing and elected to do illegally that which “pillars of society” and their bishops do legally—or extra legally (murder included).

Of course it occurred to them that they might be caught, but it never did occur to them that in a penitentiary they would find the very thing they were trying to dodge—”work for nothing”—embarrassing to say the least—the captains of sobsiety had provided for this (bosses ‘n everything) they had vision, the reprobates!

But it backfired upon them with the full force of the jail arsenal—isn’t it strange how things will do that when the straw-pile gets big enough!

\* \* \*

Injustice, crime and rebellion we have had since the world began—”Cain killed Abel” (he should have bumped Adam the source of injustice); “Jacob masquerades as Esau” the defeat the aims of Ike in dishing out “seniority rights”, and so on to date—and let me tell you in strict confidence:

Crime and revolt you will have until such a time as all the people get a square deal—additional injustice such as bigger whips, the most excruciating of torture, abuse, insuits etcetera will not and cannot remedy this condition—may as well cure a broken nose with a “night stick” on a bright sunny afternoon.

The Baumes Law, bum hash, bum cells, bum work and bum guards are merely the straws that that that stears the wind . . . let that pass.

Here I must deliver myself of mine´opening statement of this article, to show you how I spoiled it:

*I’m in favor of hiffher wages for the prison guards.*

(There she is.)

If I had said that to start out with, my article never would have been read, both of my readers (the editors and linotypers) life would be hanging by a thread, due to apoplexy—ond I might be trying to out-gallup a mob of angry workers—’sa good thing editor, we had the presence of intellect to break the news gently. Nevertheless I’m, as I said, in favor of giving those society’s “throwbacks” more money so they : can support themselves and families—they might learn to respect themselves and others if nobody respected them—they might become tolerable—but that’s a long story.

For years the great states have been paying such low wages to guards, that it attracted none but the deficients and the vicious and, naturally, the continued low wages make for more viciousness and they become unbearable to themselves and the prisoners.

*But take off that straw and the camel will still walk bow-legged.*

\* \* \*

I’ve recited the above facts for the purpose of indicating the direction in which the remedy lays: reduce the load.

Yes, take it all off,—the camel will walk better!

Start with the kids—a dollar a week is injustice—it is swindling—it is crookedness—lowest form of thievery and highest crime.

It breeds crime and makes morons of men.

*It is the eating of the seed corn.*

How times have changed!

\* \* \*

Newspaper all exited over the revolt prints the warden’s picture with a sprained look on his face, and screams:”Warden Betrayed.” Allow me to tell you, gentlemen, when 1700 convicts revolt it indicates someone else (not the warden) was betrayed.

Maybe the warden’s hokum wouldn’t sell?

Betrayed? Never!

Outgeneraled—mebbe.

T-B. S.

## 1929\_28\_IW\_17081929

**LONG ISLAND SOUND**

–––––

“Do you want a state room?” purred the polite purser, sympathetically.

“No sir, I do not––I expect to swim ashore before morning . . .” Hence it is that I am defying sleep and writing an experimental article just to show folks what a great writer can do when he’s dog tired––besides, I do all my best swimming when I’m awake––not that I objected drawning––drowning is all right in a way––but I most certainly do object to drowning in one of those cubby holes they call state rooms.

When I drown I want lots of room and plenty of water . . .

I see by the paper, “Poet Drowns At Cape Cod”––as good a place as any, and I unhesitatingly recommend that place to Walt Mason and Edgar Guest––why, there you can drown in three different directions not counting straight down––for a poet, he sure showed a live consideration for the feelings of humanity, for which he should be credited and for which the good people will, no doubt, be duly and monumentally grateful. But there is another fly in our blue-ointment––the street lights of Long Island Sound are too far apart––we can’t see where we’re going––and for the life of me I can’t see how those kids up on the pilot-coop can keep the old tub in the wet places––why, I’ll swear by the bones of our illustrious ancesters that a couple of times we came near running into a drugstore––! Won’t say I saw the Gem Safety Razor sign but I most certainly did see the red and green torts in the window and the druggist’s bald-pate glistering like an evening star.

Of course, I went up on the cyclone or tornado deck right away and examined the life boats––in fact, it was my idea to “lie down in one of ‘em––purely as a shelter against the wind––I don’t want people to think I was stealing a march on the women and children. Unfortunately there was no straw in ‘em––nothing but cold, rusty, galvanized iron––and me with rheumatism of the most despicable type.

One of the boats, No. 2, starboard, would have been an ideal crib to flop in, it occillated in its “V” blocks the tune of the vibrations of the ship––it soon would have lulled my dull senses to sleep, but then!! a dreadful dread gripped my vitals–– sposing the “V” blocks have chafed the old iron sides thru? And if I flounder in there I might fall thru one of the holes?

Lord have mercy––and its rusty keel looks as if some one has squirted tobacco juice all over it!––if the life-boat looks like that, in the open––I wonder how the bottom of the ship looks? And I wonder and wonder what a steamboat inspector looks like.

Has anyone ever sten one?

WHEN––FOR GOD’S SAKE! AND WHERE!

P. S. Let the inspection department send me a check for this month––I saw in ten minutes what has taken INSPECTORS years to MISS.

## 1929\_29\_IW\_24081929

**EXCESS BAGGAGE**

–––––

Today, three days ago, I saw a pigeon in the park picking cooties from, behind the ears of another one and I thought what a blessing it is to have a friend—when you’re lousy.

The poor bird had no doubt acquired the nice from those senators and assembly-men that have a habit of sitting in the park and feeding ‘em a great share of their lunch—peanuts—which further goes to show that helpfulness is eternal and not a passion of pigeons only.

Obviously, the pigeon could not himself get at the vermin that had gathered around his chops and backs of his neck for self-protection, so another pigeon steps up and no doubt, says, “hold still—le’s have a look at ‘em”—and proceeded to delouse the pardner in distress.

I imagine he did a good job-good deed, I mean to say—and ferreted out every last pernicious parasite and, like a person who had done his full duty the louser gave one last vicious peck at the now unloused head, as much as to say: “after this, keep away from those legislators.”

What’s the matter, I don’t see you crying?

Can it be possible that after all I’ve done, and sharpened my pencil twice, you are unaware of what happened to those parasites—what terrible fate overtook ‘em—tossed to one side into the cold, cruel world not knowing where the next meal is coming from—you know how parasites like foul, too, dammit—and I can’t get you to spill a tear.

There’s absolutely no use, editor, to write on such serious matters and expect to break the reserve of our hard-boiled readers—they’d stand there picking their teeth if a million parasites were perishing for the want of a little tender meat.

They’ll laugh when I laugh but they will not weep when I weep—mebbe their weeping days are over—a good sign—after the storm the calm.—”LOVELY! —After the calm the hurricane.”ROTTEN!”

(Spontaneous Apple-sauce).

“Rous mit lim! Ride him on a rail! “Run him ragged!” “Ruin the rummy!”—Do I hear any more pre-requiem? I guess not—my hearing it not so good anymore.

*Never-the-less*, these things shall come to pass: there shall be leaky citizens and snarling taxpayers pulling their hairs and tearing their shirts . . . (Applause) “Rush the roque!” “Roll the rascal!” “Razz the reprobate!” “Raid the radical!” “Roast the renegade!” “Rap the reptile!” “Raw! Raw! Raw! Rat!” “Ruffian!” “Republican!” (Ah, a democrat in the bunch!) Not wisdom in all those groat words.

\* \* \*

We were speaking about parasites, the vermin the pigeon sprinkled all over the capitol lawn. Well, sir and sister, I am now in a position to inform you a noticeable shortage of parasites exists in the country and cities. Whether caused by such tactics as used by the pigeon or lack of breeding, self-control, birth-control or job-control I haven’t been able to find out as yet but I notice prices are going up all the while—why even common blood suckers (leaches) bring four bits a half a dozen and then they ain’t much good, being unused to handling blood reeking with hair-oil and other Volsteadian stimulants. Such are the sorry facts—you can hardly find a parasite in a days travel. But up here in New England we are trying O so hard to remedy that condition.

We have invented a system of producion we call “simulation,” a lovely word, it goes something like this: You toss an old shoe into a machine and when it comes out the other end its a raincoat or an automobile-top, whatever the machine is set for. This system far surpasses the puny efforts of the weavers in the textile, who have been unable to operate more than twenty-four- looms apiece—owing to distance of travel; but, I understand, they have rigged up a kind of a shuttle for the weaver to ride back and forth—that ought to put a few more parasites on easy street.

As I was saying the weavers (beavers) being thus handicapped, causes common broadcloth (that sells for a buck per yard) to bring his highness, the weaver, an exorbitant wage of better than a cent a yard—$1.44 per 120 yards. God! I hope I’m wrong—and I hope come weaver will take exceptions to my ignorance and spill the whole sack of beans so we can count ‘em— get his publicity in NOW, and—in our papers.

But that “simultation” when they get in working properly will starve out many workers and leave just that much chuck for good and willing parasites—and eventually solve the problem of parasite shortage.

Stick around boys, you will yet be emancipated by special dispensation of the parasites themselves—if you sing sweetly enough—but if you want none of this hack door emancipation,—YOU BETTER NOT LOITER.

## 1929\_30\_IW\_31081929

**PEDIGREED INSTITUTIONS**

–––––

Armaments do not breed war—nor do they guarantee peace.

Commercial and other rivalries breed both armaments and wan—it’s a very fertile daddy.

Great armaments have greater armaments to contend with and the small powers must of needs fight with smaller tools—but fight they do and as often as the big boys.

Wars will remain though you abolish every weapon except a fountain pen—the folks will use such weapons as are at hand —barrel staves and picknandles—very murderous instruments. Not having shot and shell they’ll let fly with stove lids and billiard balls. Armaments merely determine whether the war is gonna be a success or “a flop.”

It might be argued, armaments make for happiness—to ‘llustrate:

Man will fight for hours with his bare knuckles “happy” in the consciousness that, (if his low-life adversary hits him below the belt-buckle or kicks him between the pockets) with the trusty “roscoe” in his hip pocket he can introduce that gazabo to St. Peter, pronto. I think that theory is rawther far fetched but, nevertheless, it may be possible that an arsenal in the best bottle-pocket adds a certain, delightful confidence to the ceremony.

For. instance—(I’m chock full of frinstances, illustrations, examples and flaked-brain this morning).

To wit:

If a working man declares war (a strike) against the “Boss” is that strike a weapon or is it a major operation?

Hush! Be quiet—we’re passing a hospital. (I will not commit myself on that proposition because, as a rule, my words areof such high-powered wisdom that even the act of clearing my throat, after smoking a carload of Old Golds, creates a precedent or law and people will believe every word I cough.)

But, if a strike is an offensive instead of a-a-a you say it, editor — it’s one of those things that come sailing along when you aint looking and knocks you for a row of mourners-delight—not a utensil—well, if a strike is war, where is the persuader?

Isn’t it a beautiful truth that man in the throes of a strike feels a greater CONFIDENCE in the general outcome of the affair if he has an organization back of him? Would you, in that case, call his strike a war and the organization his roscoe ? Damnedifiknow.

Oh-ho! it’s an “affair” now, is it—a sort of a “serious offense,” is it—one of those things you start when you take a girl out Ito look at furniture after making sure every furniture dealer is home reading his bible—and the store locked. Editor, how would you wind up this article? (I think it’s already woundup—I can’t see either end).

Well, let’s go back to the beginning:

You could not expect a single individual to use much of a battering ram, could you (how could you!)—unless he was an awful big man—even then a bunch of organized little fellows (kids) could swing a bigger boom-stick.

Yea, verily, I say unto you, that bunch of kids organized as such could make your gigantic, individual-hombre turn to heaven for first aid and succor . . . If you don’t believe this, just give one of the Eastside kids in New York a kick in the trousers and see how quickly you start for Brooklyn without waiting for a ferry—the kids are not in reality organized but, oh my, how they gang up on those supermen—I suppose it is solidarity or the unwritten law that causes them to use teamwork on the straying bullies of the Bowery.

The presumption then is that organization is, in the case of a workingman, preparation as against the conflicts bound to occur between the drivers and the driven—be it noted, even jackasses revolt when they see their first cousin up in the seat wallowing in his own tallow—in other words, when Jack gets hep to the old homily; As between jackasses they should take turns pulling the buggy. Or put a sail on it and both ride.

Dammit these things solve themselves! Editor, I see where we’re gonna be thrown out of work—where was I at?

Oh yes—then, it might be supposed, conflicts being bound to rise because of the habit of bosses in trying to make the “cost” (wage) fit the “price” he receives for the thing produced—making the man fit the shoe, instead of shoe fit the man—they’re just that dumb— it never occurs to them to make the price fit the cost—well, conflicts being bound to bob-up (on account of those tight shoes) the dumb masters organized for protection and against the possibility of being invited to take other exercizes than chewing up canvas-back duck and gargling champaigne—a thing they dread—WORK.

They feared ‘twas gonna be another case of “work or fight” and, evidently, they elected to fight—I don’t see “any of ‘em down on the skidroad.

Now, in this article, I find in looking back that “LIKE BEGETS LIKE”; war begets war (hatched like elephant eggs); rivalries beget rivalries; organization begets organization; solidarity begets solidarity—armaments beget armiments, not war; rabbits beget rabbits, not lions, etc.—no slur intended.

The boas is organized—the worker isn’t.

The worker is tired. — the boss isn’t.

The boss is fat—the worker isn’t.

**(Continued on Page 4).**

**T-BONE SLIM**

(Continued from Page 2)

The worker is sweating—the boss isn’t.

The boss is wealthy—the worker isn’t.

The worker is humpbacked—the boss isn’t

The boss is dressed—the worker isn’t

Strange! What one hasn’t the other has—between the two they have everything. Not only does it pay to organise, it saves your life—and. I’d like to point out, the gravediggers are on strike.

P. S. This rambling article has cost the Industrial Worker a poem entitled: I’d like to Ride on Morgan’s Yacht.”

## 1929\_31\_IW\_07091929

**OSLERIZED!**

–––––

I wonder what Mr. Horace Wells the discoverer of anaesthesia would think were he able to glimpse the almost total eclipse of working class consciousness of today—he quit looking in the middle of last century, and I don’t blame him—it isn’t an entertaining spectacle.

Lest our readers think that anaesthesia is a country in Patagonia or Abyssinia or Berangaria I feel it proper to throw a few hints in their direction and save them the embarrassment of trying to buy a ticket to the state—of somnambulism.

By the way, somnanbulism is the habit of jumping out of bed before the alarm clock awakens yo and starting out on the highways and byways looking for work, in your night shirt—a condition wherein wheels and gears and callipers and shovels and mauls and crowbars and trowels and pitchforks and micrometers and tools have taken such a holt on mans dream’s that they cavort thru his brains in fantastic disorder and futuristic phantasmagoria,— and that in turn isn’t a disease—it’s a mislaid goat—muffed manhood.

Anaesthesia is something like that, a condition created by dope whether administered from pulpit, rostrum, phial or over a mahogany bar—by preacher, politician, physician or pigger.

The reader will bear with me—hard, if necessary—for putting these things in their proper places before I start my article and remember it hurts me more than you—I’m breaking trail.

This condition in the working class takes many forms of which I shall mention a pair or so.

For instance the partial lack of consciousness known as twilight sleep or half-wittedness.

Then again, the complete calloused consciousness of supercilousness known as superintelligence—a condition of ego in full eruption.

Both these examples are of course a condition of semi-stagnant thought (as far as progress is concerned) and make for but disputes among the builders, delaying the ultimate triumph of those who constantly work with an objective in view.

Then again, those several conditions of anaesthesia are based on one or all of the following forms of mental disturbance: selfishness, jealousy, contempt, contrariness and so on clear down to the underestimation of values in others, or their work—to illustrate: (I.hope my points stick out like the ribs of a well driven horse)—Many people underestimate the value of the famous four-wheeled horseless vehicle made in dynamic Detroit, Mich. “Naw,” say those ignoramuses, “it ain’t worth all that ‘jack’, two billion dollars.” I say it is! —*Anything to worth anything you can get out of it.*

While it may be true that Hank could not sell the idea as a whole for two billion he can sell it piece-meal as production of labor for twice that sum—so profitable is the power of hands. In other words, the idea wasn’t worth two billion but the work of ins employees was worth two billions—as to system of production: sawmills used it before Lizzie was born.

Without the Lizzie people would have had to use a Dodge, a Chevrolet, a Maxwell or a dozen other cars, and many mistakenly did do that very thing.

They’d have had to ride a Buick, a Packard, a Chrysler or a Rolls-Royce—do I hear any objection? Your objection to overruled—where does it say in the Bible or Geography that they’re gonna be too poor to buy a Rolls?

No where—in fact the people have it in their power to refuse to buy anything but a “Rolls”—they have it in their power to forbid (prohibit) the building of anything but “Rolls” and, if a man disobeys orders, the people can toss him in jail for any suitable number of years and forget to wind the clock—when’s HE gonna get out?—NEVER.

We have now seen, the “underestimation” results from failure to take in consideration all the factors. The idea itself is worth board and lodging and shelter to the idea-carrier, provided he works in connection . . .

But couple that idea to the labors of 150,000 men it is worth 150,000 times board and lodging plus two to four billion dollars. A nice stake!

What’s the use of going to Klondyke? This argument is not original with me, muchly to my shame—I understand Hank himself takes the position that he is but a steward of the people’s wealth. (Self- elected).—

That’s okay with me and it follows if the people hanker for another steward other than Hank they. can get together and appoint me—I’m a poor man—I mean, I’m a good man—I’d make as good use of the money as he does—mebbe go to extremes and hand that hungry lumber jack in Saginaw, Mich, Six bits to eat on—even if he betrayed me and bought a drink with it.

Lack of space is creeping up on us, reader, so let us wind up our story right now—and let other writers take up the different forms of anaesthesia . . . Steward! So he’s a steward? And we a bunch of STEWards?”

Well, all I can say, if Henry Ford is a steward, John D. is a waiter—not long ago he dished out two million dollars to the British for educational purposes—John being dissatisfied with Johnny Bull’s learning.

(Continued on Page 4).

T-BONE SLIM

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(Continued from Page 2)

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The question is, are we gonna cantinue working overtime so that John D., the inventor of gasoline, can buy school books for the British Empire—aside from that it’s an insult to Britannia to question her intelligence. Stewards, are they?

Well! Well! Well!—I’ll Be Damned!

T-b S.

## 1929\_32\_IS\_14091929

**TIME**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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Looking over my archives I find I have neglected to bring forth many a good argument on various important, if not impertinent, things and my soul flounders in sorrow when I see all the crap (as the men of learning call it) that I have brought forth on the pages that deserved a better fate—the editors naturally thought, as they laid eyes on my fulminations, “Poor Slim, he is all in—I’ll have to print this—they may be his last words and testimonials.” And you can’t blame ‘em for desecrating perfectly good print paper in honor of the dead.

But I’m not dead as yet in the physical sense (or even common sense) and, hence, no more symptoms of that kind will appear—if this is not one. When I look back adown the history of man and woman struggling to find resistance for their almost superhuman “energies” and labor “powers”, behold the I primitive man, first, lying in the shade of a chestnut tree beating off fleas and flying ants, sorely in need of physical culture and about three bosses to keep an eye (or two) on him and notify him when to knock off. The insuffiency of the exercise was apparent to all and our hero grew moldy on one side and rusty on the other . . . what all would have happened is hard to tell, and terrible as well, had not an inventive genius answered 79 questions correctly and brought out (as a child of his brain) a “number two” shovel—one of the greatest inventions, dirt movers and sweat looseners of all time and needless to say it saved our hero—in no time, just in time.

Our heroine in the meantime is lounging on the sofa, squirming as if in pain for labor (not labor pains) and all the wise men came over to ponder and express their heartfelt —or felt-heart—sorrow for her terrible affliction that of being pre-divorced from exercises, light as well as heavy—ahead of time. “Let us dance and shake off a few cooties.” suggests one of the younger professors.

“Nothing doing,” roars another scientist, “what she needs is steady exercise. Let somebody start a stew-joint and have her punch the cash register, all day long—that’ll loosen up her shoulder blades.”

And so, she was saved . . .

But, alas, there are conflicting interests:

Men and women are hollering for more and more work an the boss is trying to put them on part-time, call-time or ketch-time— and I’m expected to referee this quarrel. All right. I shall pass judgement in this matter and I shall find in favor of the boss.

The workers are demanding the impossible. They have exercised and exercised until their muscles have grown so ponderous and virile that there is no satisfying of theur demands for additional jobs to do—besides, there is no time.

They’ve grown too ambitious.

In the olden day when their muscles were soft, a few turns at the wheel or a few jerks at the lever would suffice.

But look at ‘em now, foaming at the neck—the day isn’t long enough.

Therefore, I must decide in favor of the boss; especially on following grounds:

The boss’ desperate efforts to so handspike the clock as to get all out of it that’s in it is conclusive proof that workers are overstepping the hours of daylight and reason.

I consider the establishment of daylight-craving time the best argument in favor of a shorter workday.

Brains like whiskey is not so good unless aged in wood .

They give you enough butter for what are you gonna do with the odd one—split it in two and make rubber heels?

## 1929\_33\_IW\_14091929

**THE TASTE THAT TELLS**

–––––

Never again!

I swear by everything holy that never again will I enter a cafeteria and pay extra for the privilege of scabbing on the unemployed waiters and waitresses by the way of self-service.

I confess I’ve done this very thing in my muddle-headedness and I can only hope and pray the waitresses and waiters will forgive and forget my thoughtlessness.

Can you imagine me a horn-headed freight-handler trying to juggle those fragile and elusive dishes, trays, half-cups of creosote and chicory––me, whom some nature, in its outraged and begrudgeful moments, so admirably fitted for the lifting of heavy objects and the prying loose of er tight materials?

Why, a bull-rhinocerous in a china shop would have nothing on me!

Can you imagine the bantam-weight waiter with his delicate fingers grabbing a hold of my two wheeled truck and self-servicing himself to a row of until wealth and affluence? You can? Yes, and you may as well imagine further––those sixteen sacks of cement on that truck would blister his patties, break his back, explode one or both kidneys and bankrupt half the hospitals in the country.

Well, that being that, the fact that I’m able to handle both jobs is not a good reason for hogging his job––and an injustice for the simple reason that he cannot supplant me on my regular job. In other words when I put him on the bum he stays there and gets nothing because I’m not getting enough from freight-handling to help him––and furthermore, the additional expenditure attendant to said self-service weakens my financial standing to such an extent that I can’t help him––All in all, the best way for me to do is to quit self-service and give myself and him a better break–– and if I must carry food to my mouth with fingers, contaminated with that form of insidious scabbery it is better for as me to quiet eating and run-in a streak it of lean––it might clear my head.

I’m not saying self-service autocratically shunts the waitresses into the shadow of disproval––you might suspect I have inside knowledge––so I will merely murmur, “self-service” takes their bread and butter away, and in a very clumsy manner.

## 1929\_34\_IS\_09101929

***Put A Head On It***

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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To become a governor of a state the first thing to do is get a street named after you (in the heart of the town) while still in your first childhood— where people will see it daily as they pass by to their various and many misdemeanors and capital offences.

**A live cross-street is the best.**

People will actually learn to love the name and naturally, when you shove it in as a candidate they’ll fall all over themselves electing you as next champion of the people.

People are that way—they’d elect a street to governorship—not that it makes a muckle difference— in fact, every minute I’ve been expecting Arizona to run the Grand Canyon for president of the United Stated— New York would grab the vice-presidency by nominating the good old Erie Canal.

As to New York City, there is nothing there that can beat “Jimmy” Walker until they get the TriBoro Bridges and Narrows Tunnel (across the Atlantic) built— even a fusion ticket of Woolworth Tower, Central Park and Bronx Zoo would fall many millions short.

But, dear reader, we’re getting nowhere this way so we may as well change the politics of our discussion: Being a shrewd politician, I’ve repeatedly been requested to define the magic terms “Conservative, Liberal and Radical”—well, now, altho I don’t want to make a habit of this, I shall humor those nosey gentlemen for the once for the sake of the others that may get snooty on those problems.

But I shall must needs use an illustration — are you ready?

“Liberal” (being the hardest to define in so far as the Liberals themselves don’t know what they are) shall come first—

A Liberal is a man of moderation. He believes that if an automobile hits you it should slow down a little, partly skin you and, of course, knock you down and askew on soft asphalt— not concrete because, as they say, “the coarse, rough surface of the concrete might remove too much of your complexion and force you to flash your birth-certificate to draw your pay”— if you’ve got anything coming. In other words, they want you scratched up just right— no more, no less— just the right number of bones broken and only a few teeth knocked out or in—they’re I not so bad.

Conservatives believe, “If” we’re in the business of knocking ‘em down” we may as well do a good job of it and plaster their hide against the pearly gates with one wallop and put’em out of their misery with one operation— it has Its merits.

But the radical, he of the low-pressure “Americanism”, as they say, he doesn’t believe in being hit by the car at all, at all— why, he doesn’t want the car even to rub against his leg as it purrs by—he rants a clean miss. What’s the matter with him!

Is he trying to take all the fun out of spins?—out of politics, I mean? What’s the use of being in politics if you ain’t allowed to skin the other fellow or rub his fur the wrong way every so often?

No use at all.

Those several beliefs makes for disputes among the leading disputers of our fair land and to drown ‘em out scientists got together and invented the radio, never thinking those cheerful windbag, would grab it and use it for their foul and dastardly ends.

Anyhow, all that hellobulloo is extra punishment for our many and intricate sins of omission.— T-b S.

## 1929\_35\_IS\_16101929

**Great Motivator**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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If a man knows anything at all about building tin-lizzies in Detroit (and other points and parts) and lives in Dearborn—O, dear!—he is eminently fitted to be judge about what the other fellow shall drink and eat—and fully justified in getting snotty about it.

But I think he would make better time—in this age of speed —if he took a junk wagon and canvassed good old New England —Blessed word!—and collected a few antiques he could play with once he reaches the mellow age of second playfulness.

It would seem like old times, a tinkering with the horseless contraption, and, like old times, should he grow weary of fooling around with ‘em, he always can hire a man to finish the job—-the game, I mean.

I’m reminded here of a very dear friend of mine who was forever tinkering around with things, gossipping and butting-in in other people’s business—of course, the verdict of the multitude was, “he’s nutts . . .”

One day he caine upon some letters, a name, painted on hard, hard Georgia pine—a brilliant idea penetrated his substantial cranium and flood-lights the caverns of the cerebellum to the innermost shadows. In his mouth goes a finger! “What’s the matter with counter-sinking those letters so they won’t have to be painted forevermore.” Not a bad idea—a labor saving device. Out comes a dull wood-chisel and the hammer-with-a-stick-for-a-handle — and the great undertaking was begun.

Unfortunately, my friend had no powers like Jehovah, he could not command the letters to sink into wood by making a speech to ‘em—he tried it, in the spirit of fun “let there be letter H”— he roar’d. There wasn’t.

He had to get down on one knee in a very prayerful attitude and gouge them out by man-power.

He started on the left fork of the letter (H) and cut it out three eights deep to the cross-bar, and then he rested. He looked at the rest of the letters, eleven of ‘em, and then he rested again. He goes and has a cup of tea, and then he rested again.

In desperation, not being able to do those letters during his rest periods, he tried to cajole another man to do them for him, but he proved to be just another rester—so they both rested.

(If this sounds familiar don’t think I’m aiming at you).

The cross-bar is as far as the two of ‘em ever got . . .

One day along comes a likely lad and spies the letters. He goes and gets a slop-bucket,turns it upside down, sits upon it and sites up the job. “The multitude was right,” he murmurs, “those letters never should be countersunk.” “They should be scribed and slightly convexed at the edges,” he stormed.

Did he convex them?

No—he whittled out a piece of box lumber and plugged the left fork and made it whole again—painted it.

The moral to this story is:

If you’re too lazy to shovel manure invent a horseless carriage.

—T-b. S.

## 1929\_36\_IS\_00111929

**Am I Right?**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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Bragging is one of the finest forms of truth—it goes over big.

We may despise a braggart and all that but gentlemen we forget to disbelieve him, or doubt his message—of such horsepower is his horse-sense on fact. He may embellish the account somewhat for art’s dear sake but nevertheless his oration carries with it conviction and overwhelms our believing apparatus. Is there another form of truth that can stand up unaided without proofs? I thought not!

All other truths require additional testimony by the yard—”I solemnly swear by the whiskers of Abraham, Ike, and Jake” and so on—and exhibits A. B. and Z. indorsments, witnesses, experts, evidence upon evidence, direct and circumstantial and, finally, the whole yarn turns out to be a—False Alarm.” Let us have something to brag about.

Hear! Hear!

‘Business On Sound Basis, Hoover Says.”—Yea? Lots of sound, eh—same as the talkies? And senate? And New York’s election? I s’pose accoustics are good, else the heavenly harmonies would not have reached presidential ear, or ears— if he hear with both of em—if he has ear or ears? Wall St. twanged the tuning fork and Livermore made 30 million bucks—nice afternoon’s work—just like that.

Now Jesse James was in business—what was I gonna say? Demmit, it’s done clean slipped my mind—I’m getting aged.

–––––

Alimony should be paid at the rate of time and a half extra for all overtime and straight time for daylight saving time—except when man is on night shift. In such daylight saving time shall constitute overtime, visa viscera.

I was just thinking about the mudpacks the unfairer sex are in the habit of plastering over their “mush” in a last desperate effort to grow whiskers like us men, and it came to me in a flash. . .

In so far as our baldheaded neighbors are in error in smearing precious craniums with various greases, oils and tonics in earnest effort to re-hirsute the clearings and great open spaces over their noble brows, I got to thinking they could outstrip the ladies in this hair race by using a manure-pack. Stands to reason, too: if manure will make grass grow, it will do the same for hair—what’s the odds if it comes out green, so long as it covers.

That was that—

Baldness; before-handed age —a stolen march!

Gann and Alice get first and second helping of the presidential board, but good old Hiram Johnson doesn’t get a smell—if I was Hiram I’d quit my job on the grounds of hunger— not a tap of senating would I do until the pigs’ knuckles were placed before me.

Hoover’s getting tighter than Coolidge ever was or knew how.

It’s a great life if you don’t awaken —but once you stir an eyelid the stuffing falls out of your dreams like the entrails of a butchered hog and you begin to feel as hollow as the very “horn of plenty” itself —or a bushel of emtpy-figures—optimism or hope—sleep on.

Have another little nap—you won’t feel better in the morning. Mornings are for mournings—the parade starts after dinner. No dinner; no parade— man cannot walk on rubber heels alone.—**T-b S.**

## 1929\_37\_IS\_04121929

***Will We Ever Learn?***

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

United States is the “promised land” of Israel —it would be well for our Jewish brethren, those who work, to “give a consideration” to Industrial Unionism; with a view of making it, U. S. A., something more substantial than a promise. Politics lead but to mental and physical pogroms.

\* \* \*

New York American spills the beans: . . . and he had always been honest . . h dff pvfqunhuv 40in, onaio.”—How’s that for crossed fingers, O’in onaio? . . .

\* \* \*

Warder, bank examiner, gets 5 to 10 years in the cooler for winking at Ferrari, president of the 5 million dollar City Trust “crash” and big hearted disher of presents—bribes and automobiles. Warder’s daughter one day was surprised with a brand new car . . . Well, if the car is a good one, it’s well worth papa’s time to serve a few years in a cage for good ol’ York state.

\* \* \*

In the roto-gravure section of the great American press a woman’s leg is a leg, but man’s leg is only a suit of underwear.

(Naturally, men are deeply offended.)

\* \* \*

A good- test for all those reputed cancer cures: Try it on Wall Street. (If it works, pass it on to the small fry.)

\* \* \*

Those pigs are only half as blind as justice—blind pigs have yet to grab a cup and rush forth to solicit alms—or bribes.

\* \* \*

Anachronism:

The cost of industrial peace exceeds the cost of active hostilities.

\* \* \*

Sweat was rolling down the man’s grimy cheeks as he swung the twelve pound persuader . . . “Wait a minute, Bill,” purrs the foreman, “we just got a phone call that your wife is dead.”

“Dead I” gasps Bill, “is that right —are you sure?”

“That’s what the doctor said.”

“Well,” snorts Bill as he threw down his maul, “here’s where I quit, right now! I’m done! No more work for me—I’ve been waiting twenty years for this.” (Married blitz!—under systemized capitalism.)

\* \* \*

Two hours’ overtime throws one-quarter of a whole man out of work.

Four men working overtime that way throw one full man out of work. Yes—and that ONE jobless man can cut the wages for the four of ‘em. Expensive overtime, isn’t it? Overtime is the road to the poorhouse.

\* \* \*

Just now the working class is demanding “a living wage”—a reasonable demand—but they need not demand it. The boss sees to it that the “boys” get a living wage, all right—not a cent more—else his income will stop.

Let me tell you in strict confidence: Living wages and parity are of a piece. Parity is the big idea of having the working man eat as well as the boss he supports. (I think it would be better to send the boss to a poorhouse and put him on parity with the old jiggers he skinned ahead of us—but that’s another matter.)

\* \* \*

“Lookit, all my milk and honey,” belched Croessus, the King of Barnyard . . .

“Yeah!” yehhed Solon, “and when a feller comes along with thinner milk he’ll eat that honey.”—**T-bS.**

# 1930

## 1930\_1\_IS\_08011930

**Where Lies Safety?**

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By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Lies, Lies, Lies––?

Ten perished in Pathe Film fire; 9 “check-out” in Auburn prisoners’ revolt––peace hath its casualties no less than war.

The several that didn’t scorched, toasted, broiled, baked or roasted in the film fire got their picture in the papers . . .

Now let us see the picture of 1600 odd prisoners that didn’t get so much as a scratch in the “riot” at Auburn . . .

Deucedly unsafe to be an actor.

Imprisonment too has its drawbacks. Guess 1811 look for a job handling nitroglycerine or teaching rattlesnakes to do the hula-hula.

Man isn’t safe no more, nowhere! I expect to see the “Peace” commission warm up words and cut each other’s throat––in the near future.

Unless a man is too skilful, self-destruction appears to be the safest occupation.

Even admitting that many of the actors were “ham” that doesn’t signify the “death public” prefers it’s actors fried. Every man to his taste however, frinstance parboiled, raw or dessicated.

It’s now up to the actors––the law already recognizes them a poor fuel and says “burn no actors except when protected by automatic sprinklers”––some consolation––it’s now up to the actors.

Why not join the I. W. W. and smoke out a few of those stinkers that benefit––yea, unto the millions––from your singes and jeopardize of your deah, deah public?

Haiti: Twenty marines fired 250 shots and hit three people among the hundreds present––not bad at all for peace-time markmanship but, nevertheless, the fire hazards of the flaming still hold a high percentage in the column of risks.

Even had there been only three people on the island and our brave marines turned in a perfect score, the 250 bullets is quite a lot of lead and augurs well for the general safety and well being of the Haitians––for I reason that if a man successfully dodges 83 bullets he’s got no kick coming if the odd one-third of a bullet punctures his expectancy of life and lays him ‘longside the immortals––afar more glorious death than being burnt alive by the film companies.

But what of it? What am I beefing about?

What’s my argument?

My argument is that those film fires are the “old form of fun,” most thoroughly and unneccessary cruel––death comes too slowly––and if I had my pick as between laying my life on the altar pyre of pictures or electrocution, I would select the chair (even if denied chloroform) laugh that off.

One of those deaths is in retaliation, for something or other: preconceived, intentional, sudden and complete (even without chloroform or laughing gas.)

The other is unintentional, accidental (coupled to neglect) leisurely, a condition of dying by inches.

One a death from shock!

The other a bed of pain!

Well, what of it?

Who cares?

Death in the chair is an act of war.

Death in the pure is an act, tho indirect, of the same war––the classes at struggle.

What of it?

Nothing much, only, the out and out, direct, war “tax”is a pretty peaceful performance compared to the “accidents” of camouflaged peace.

Both are preventable––if desired; lest death be a pleasure––a major amusement.

The folks can have anything they want––if they have something that harmonizes not with their heart’s desire, it was conferred upon them without consulation––if it offends their spleen they can “scrap” it.

Point is: they can get what they want.

Spurious hundred dollar bills are in circulation. Let ‘em circle­­––it worries me none! A cold sweat strikes me only when they counterfeit quarters and dimes.

\*

All undred dollar bills look spurious to me––I have no doubt. One of ‘em should be put on exhibition so the millions of workers could see one and mebbe be encouraged to put in a few extra hard licks of hard labor while under its spell, in Satan’s name.

No, fellow workers: what’s the use of lying about it? You know damned well that you never saw a hundred at one look to say nothing about a bill of that description­­––why? I, myself, as highly learned as I am, never studied any further than twenty––and decimals.

P. S. I’ll modify a part of that “snapper”: you saw a hundred all right––pennies.

## 1930\_2\_IS\_23011930

**Subject To Corrections**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

I wonder if they’ve got it all figured out where they’re gonna getlumber after all the Coast lumber isshipped to Southern China? Andwhat’s the idea of weeping overshortage of lumber while “shoving”it aboard ships to be carried away?Why wail about a few forest fires—yes, you —it’s the Chinaman thatshould be crying his eyes out; he’sthe ultimate loser

Let me tell you a story: The moment a snowflake hits one of our airplanes, “it’s a blizzard”; our sturdy airplanes, built from the ground up. from F. W. Woolworth’s hardware counter to the clouds; and a “blizzard” hits ‘em with capital letters—that’s journalism.

The day was as clear as a politician’s perfidy when the “storm broke,” the wind was blowing 740 miles a minute ... an hour . . . no, a month —that’s better—when the orphan snowflake landed on the wing constituting a journalistic blizzard.

Never in all aviation’s history has snow come gently drifting down —it’s a whistling blizzard, nothing less—and how those pilots suffer!—Just like a lumberjack! And I can’t see for the life of me why a lumberjack, as much as he loves the Chinese, will go out and suffer like an aviator for little or no money and stand for conditions that would make a self-respecting “chink” commit hari-kari or beri-beri.

\* \* \*

I. U. 110. of the I.W.W., is of royal blood.—Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to use a fork; and gosh, how that baby could pitch—food. Food, of course, food —that’s what 110 pitches, ain’t it, or isn’t it? Feed and fodder, feel and fodder, for man and beast.

\* \* \*

A sinister insinuation slides forth, not so insidiously either, that the working class is afflicted with boobonic plague, in the head. Even so, if so, let me point out while my finger is in the air: Boobonic plague plays no favorites and you may rest assured, if they’ve got it, they caught it from some proud parasite parading around as angel of mercy

\* \* \*

“Better Times Coming,” say R. R. heads— What, again—or yet? What for, I’d like to know this time?—let ‘em come! Good times have been coming ever since I quit using diapers . . .

Always coming. Always on the way—and, to extol the truth, I’d rather see good times going than coming— if I see it going, I know it’s been here. Would suggest he R. R. heads put up, or shut up.

AM I TO UNDERSTAND THE “HEADS” are BELITTLEing our PRESENT PROSPERITY?

Ye Gods!— Running down our country that-a-way? Hadn’t we better deport ‘em—’twouldn’t be so bad if they came right out and said TIMES ARE ROTTEN, but no, they hint and insinuate it—”BETTER TIMES ARE COMING.”

IT DOESN’T TAKE MUCH for times to be BETTER —and still be far from good. A cent added, per year, would bring “times” under the head of BETTER— but still bitter.

\* \* \*

Nature provided workers with teeth so they can carry more than two things at a time to humor the boss— thoughtful of nature, I’m sure. (I don’t know what the great companies would do if they didn’t have the worker’s fangs to hook things on to.)

An ordinary porter carries eight grips; two in each hand, two under arms and two in his mouth. — I’m working on an invention right now, a sort of a non-slip hook affair, the porter can clamp his teeth on and carry as many as twelve suitcases or three trunks with his tusk . . . My justification: It is said, and widely known to me, the carrying of excess baggage with teeth prevents pyorrhea. if you ain’t got it.

\* \* \*

Pyorrhea, by the way, is to teeth the same as sickly faith to character . . .

## 1930\_3\_IS\_05021930

**The Dizzy Race**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

It takes all my spare and sparse moments argying it out with the shining lights of organized fiction sometimes called “the press” and then, and again––”Journalism”. Said luminaries upon special request by very special people toss their hats in the air revealing an imposing area of bald pate and screaming: “Look-it the progress WE have made! Hear ye! Lookit all OUR solid comforts! OUR wealth! Glorious institutions! Influence! Power!” etc., ad lib. infinitum, the same old gag in the same old way as barren of thought as the day it was born.

I’ve looked.

I saw millionaires of yesterday jumping from skyscraper windows and penniless paupers drowning their sorrows in the lakes and rivers of our fair land––and I got to wondering, wondering:

Are those suicides a fair indication of the great blessings we are “enjoying” or just about to enjoy?

Let’s take this matter up, editor.

Here’s a man, Mr. Abraham Appis, 38, a tailor, discouraged over failure of his business, killed himself to-day, but he first thought of his wife and five children.

He tiptoed through their apartment, 463 E. 171st St., the Bronx, and flung open every window.

Assured that the rooms were well ventilated, Appis locked himself in the bathroom, placed a tube in his mouth and turned on the gas-jet.

Lena, 31, his wife, found him this morning.

I suppose the champions of “AS IS”, and apologists extraordinary, will let go the lid again and screetch: “Modern conveniences”!

Let’s take this matter up, editor.

Mr. Appis tiptoed his way to open the windows . . .

Now supposing Abe’s toes had been weak from over-starvation and had dropt his arches or landed on his heels, waking up his wife? The suicide would have been all off, wouldn’t it, and the poor man would have had to put in another long day and balance of sleepless night against his will and better judgement.

Wouldst the apologists call a suicide, that hinges on strong arches a convenience? I don’t.

A time comes in every man’s life under capitalism when he feels a change is necessary –– imperative, acceptable or tolerable. The individualist immediately looks to suicide for a way out and leaves things exactly “As IS” for other misguided suicides to follow.

What is this, a program of self-destruction labelled PROGRESS?

That’s about the size of it and the forecast is: continued cold and cloudy.

We haven’t seen a thing yet. Just wait. It’s due to be a national pastime . . .That’s why I say it’s an outrage for society to expect its members to pull off the “Big Idea” with poor tools, appliances, such as gas hose, razor blades and bailing wire.

I do not propose to rest till an electric chair graces every home, boarding house and camp––public chairs at public squares and missions, (nickel in the slot affairs, at convenient distances) for the down and outs and “kicked outs”––anyone will hand ‘em a nickel for that purpose.

Chairs in colleges should proportionate population of professors.

Death must be placed within reach of all!

## 1930\_4\_IW\_20031930

**To Deport or Not to Deport**

By T-Bone Slim

–––––

East side, West side all around the town,

Folks are entertaining thoughts

Of darkest, deepest brown;

Men and matrons gather

Denounce the blameless stork—

Police are clubbing the unemployed

On the sidewalks of New York.

East side, West side, everywhere the same,

Jobless men and women strive to play this “merry game.”

Cops are sweet and gentle—

Hark, the full report:

“Police are loving the unemployed

On the sidewalks of New York.”

East side, West side, on the other hand,

Starving men must be polite and and leave this happy land;

Lawyers have decreed it—as the last resort—

Police are rounding the unemployed

On the sidewalks of New York

East side, West side, foreigners must go,

Since they can’t quite learn the great American “Kotow”—

Makes no difference where to, Moscow, Nice or Cork?

Police are sorting the unemployed

On the sidewalks of New York

East side, West side, coudn’t stand the test!

Time was when the stanger was a much sought after guest

Native sons were jealous, immigrants had pork—

Now they’re shagging ‘em both alike

On the sidewalks of New York

## 1930\_5\_IW\_29031930

**AFTER CONSIDERABLE RESEARCH**

–––––

Professor Bolton, Temple University, Philadelphia, has discovered that food was beneficial to twenty feminine office workers . . .

Well! If it works well with women, it should not be very harmful to full grown men.

This is an important discovery!––especially in view of the fact that great corporations have made every effort to keep their slaves away from food––as if it was violent poison.

I don’t know what to think of it––here we’ve been fasting all our lives, doctors hollering in our ears “drink lotsa water,” and now, along comes this professor and tries out twenty frail women by feeding ‘em food and the girls instead of dropping dead at his feet survive, was fat and pep-up wonderfully.

It appears Bolton is also in favor of afternoon tea in the middle of forenoon––”loggers” of Maine state to be fed every three hours. This man knows his loggerithms!

You BET he does.

An idea?

An idea comes not from nothing.

An idea has its father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, uncle, cousin and carbuncle just like everybody else––idea being human.

Take an idea and apply it to a new use, build a cash register. Use all your inherant ignorance, oodles of time, waste all kinds of materials, skin your knuckles, hammer your thumbs; exhibit no skill––she’s done. Cost: court plaster, calendar and seven tons of raw materials $150––Well done, me boy! Remember now it cost $150 to build––that’s your price.

Price is established.

O. K.

Now improve your methods (old ideas will do) use no court plaster, less almanac and only 3½ tons of materials–– the cost is only half as much, the price is a little more––$179; to make it seem fair. (It shines better than the first one.)

O. K. Your getting to be a great man––a national figure.

More improvements: hire 127,000 slaves, pay ‘em little or nothing, cut out all waste of materials––cost now is $31.27, O. K.–– price $227.50, O. K., O. K., you’re a millionaire.

You ought to a billionaire.

Now look over the antecedents of “your ideas”––their family tree––you’ll be surprised.

Some of ‘em may turn out to be poor relation or rank imposter . . .

Let’s see, how many millions did you take from American people with your system of gouging? Is that so? A nice pile o’ rocks!––and is that why so many of the people are starving today? Couldn’t you get along with less––oh, I see, you couldn’t trust them to keep it, they might waste it foolishly, I see.

Well, wasn’t it wasting it foolishly when they let you have it?

You don’t answer me––well, let’s stay on the subject, you took the money? Now suppose they get normal all of a sudden and decide to take it back, hadn’t you better ship a few boatloads into foreign lands with a few of your ideas––they might take there, among the Euro*peons* for instance, who, I hear, ain’t as bright as our own serfs.

No danger, did you say? What’s that? No danger because our serfs have no system?

Oh, I see. Now, isn’t that peculiar, you can get all the other fellows money if you have a system, and cops won’t grab you, or nothing. Well I’ll be darn! That’s what I call good business.

## 1930\_6\_IW\_05041930

**Martyrs To Mathematics**

–––––

(N. Y. C. Notes)

–––––

About 8,000,000 unemployed—nobody knows how many. Nobody but I will say how many. 7,990,000 of those 8,000,000 believe they personally are the one and only unemployed. Each thinks he’s *the only one* that is getting the dirty end of it.

How comes it that I’m the only one in all these United States that knows exactly how many men and women are unemployed? Newspapers don’t know—if they do, they will not tell. Nothing but the most excruciating torture can make them tell, and then it will be a lie. They will not tell because they do not know.

But they will tell you, for instance, unemployment decreased one-tenth of one per cent, in the month of February—one tenth on one per cent of whatever It was. But what was it—2,000,000 or 12,000,000?

Gods knows—and me; us two.

How do they arrive at the figure one tenth of one per cent if they know not the number of men out of work?

God knows—or mebbe the socalled printer’s devil told ‘em.

Well, why in hell don’t they say so?

One tenth of one per cent. Hm, one tenth? One tenth of the workingclass get pie with their meals and meals with their pie.—That’s the arrangement and statistics of national pie consumption will prove it; due allowance being given to pies eaten by democratic politicians and baptist preachers .. .

That part may be all right, considering, but when they introduce a system of keeping one-tenth of the working class perpetually unemployed, they are carrying the idea of perpetual monotony too far.

Considering what?

Considering the pies are one-tenth raisins and nine-tenths cornstarch.

\* \* \*

Even the lowly “liquidators,” apostles of Willie Z. Fusster, are opposed to that much unemployment and make no secret of it in loud and prolonged terms of proclamation, vituperation, denunciation . . .

“Industrial Workers of the World are degenerates” they squeel hysterically; implying thereby that parasites of the world and” political “morfodites” are just about the cream of the strawberry patch.

So great indeed is the outpourings of their soul-sufferings that Sidney Smith, the great “tribune” of the News was moved to heave a sigh and murmur:

The worst wheel of the wagon makes the most noise.

Comrades, was he refering to you?

\* \* \*

Short, Not Sweet—

–––––

Hoovers *porous*perity is full of holes,—or is it *perhaps*perity—leaks like a callander, or something—’tis a sive—seine.

Prohibitionally, we are on the verge of going track to prewar stuff. Can no do! without prayer—methodists and baptists better start winding-up.

Decline of wholesale commodity prices in February to less than 1 per cent above the lowest post-war level of 1922 was reported by the labor department today (March 19).

That’s all and more than they’ll get—that’s what they think they’ll get—they’ll think several more times, ho hom! The people are broke.

Hungry Bowery raids its own relief supply—A thousand hungry men staged a riot yesterday in which the sacred sidewalks of the Bowery were littered with jelly rolls—u, umh!—Cookies—haa-ah!—and bread (not so good) —yum, yum. Evidently the mission soup was too thin as well as the Army’s gospel and the boys took this method of thickening their diet—an error on their part—the jelly in the rolls was imitation. The men attacked two automobile trucks loaded with the pastry—no pies, praise God. Had the trucks been loaded with “Mrs. Wagners” toothsome products the carnage would have been appalling—horrible.

As I said before, wholesale prices of commodities dropt to 1922 levels.

Speaking about levels: Progress in United States and Germany has reached the *stupid*endious level of over 4,000.000 unemployed—hock, hurrah!

Riots:

There’s too much racket to riots for them to be born of sense.

Racket:

There’s too much riot to racket for it to be born of intelligence.

Riot of words, a racket par delirium, is an eruption of hysteria of bodies in a trance.—non compos mentis.

Many a communist considers himself a linguistic Vesuvius and lays down a lava of terrifying rhetoric—*terrible*. But many as the words are, I fear the right word to emancipate slaves has not been found.

That word is organize—it’s synonim is act.

Brass-banding, appertains to circus and winds-up as a show or sale of zinc-oxide ointment or arnica.

Organization winds-up in emancipation.

## 1930\_7\_IS\_23041930

**PUTTING SLIM TO WORK**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Cops are great people.

They have a duty to perforin—a very urgent duty.

But sometimes they mistake their duty and present themselves in a form verging on the ridiculous . . .

In these trying times it is clearly the duty of the cops to protect “the bums” in their hour of need.

Nobody can gainsay this; especially in view of the fact the solvent citizen has been interviewed and reinterviewed on money matters so often and repeatedly as to awaken all his dormant dander and give rise to an irritability that is wholly foreign to his gentle nature.

It is those moments when the solid citizen loses control of his usual equanimity and proceeds to murder his “auditor,” that the law in the person of a cop should rush up (all out of breath) and undertake to preserve the health and dignity of “the bum” and pour healing ointment on his wounded pride.

Sometimes they forget to do so—at the same time remembering too many other and wrongful things they do perform.

This should not be.

True, the solid citizen should not be bothered. But then, again, when we evaluate mental agony truly, we can not help but feel it is better to be begged for a meal a hundred times than be absent from a hundred “food fights”. It must be remembered we are component parts of “United” States, if nothing holier and as Abhor’em Lincolonge said: “A nation half starving and half carving can not stand, withstand, understand, worth a damn,” he said.

I could quote thousands of great men (if there be that many — in fact I could quote ‘em if they were yet to come) but why quote, the point is self-evident: Let’s All Eat—even Caesar.

We have here touched on a condition that is a natural result of unemployment when it reaches people on a larger scale. Women, too, are not unaffected by the present yen of the capitalist to tame his slaves—I see them on the street and bend my ear to tales of most pitiful description and proposals of desperation: not Mothers Machree, but slightly soured sweet girl-graduates, sub-debs and “abandoned heifers” of twenty—girls from 12 to 30; 40 to 65—a serious matter, and strictly out of my line of chatter.

Nobody will believe I speak the truth except the men responsible for it.

“Slim is exaggerating”— (I heard you.) Yeah? Well, come with me—let’s take a walk—not far—four or five blocks and let the people hear you do a little of this “exaggerating” . . .

We may as well get away from “results” and deal with “causes”—WHY? Until WHY is answered the remedy for this “Cancer” shall remain SECRET—a mystery.

Nevertheless, there’s nothing mysterious’about unemployment.

People are unemployed for two (2) reasons, both the same:

First, they are unemployed because they are unorganized.

Second, they are unemployed because they are not organized well.

Out of 40,000,000 workers only 4,000,000 belong to unions, and Oh, what unions!

What’s the result?

Unemployment.

Put 40,000,000 workers in a ONE BIG UNION—I. W. W.—and unemployment will be a MEMORY—not a mystery. This is getting serious—they might even put ME, poor me, to work.

**T-Bone Slim.**

## 1930\_8\_IS\_07051930

**A Ghost Story**

–––––

By T-Bone Slim

–––––

Crime and chaos because of unemployment threaten the country; said A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Trainmen.

A case of **virtue is work deep**––outside of that may I observe with due humility: crime and chaos no longer threaten––they function.

Masters are gone completely berserk, if you ask me.

\* \* \*

When better wages are made, (to paraphrase the Buick deep-thinker), the I. W. W. will make them––in fact, as it is, that organization is credited with maintaining the present standard against terrific odds––were it otherwise, we would have to pay the bosses for letting us work––a sort of a bribe, you know, to keep us out of crime and chaos.

Work! blessed word.

Today I passed a public school at recess time. Children (most of ‘em) were playing tag, white and colored––no color line was drawn and I got to wondering if this nation will be more colorful in years to come.

My prayer was answered: Only a few paces farther I passed an office, “Automobile Insurance,” “Let us take care of your troubles,” “Money to Loan” . . .

I glanced in and there on the “mourners’ bench” sat an old lady, deathly pale. I figured: a long delayed square feed would do her no harm.

Color? I despair of ever seeing color in this nation, or in that little school-girl spending her recess playtime, O so carefully, shaking crumbs of something from an oh so small sack . . .

Somebody is to blame and that somebody has no shame.

Philadelphia’s business, always conservative, cautious, is at a dead standstill––but so is New York, for that matter Upon the waterfront saw three liners, Berkshire and a couple lesser evils and gang after gang of longshoremen waiting, waiting . . . what are they waiting for? For the heavens to open and dump some bread on their heads?

For the first time I was regarded suspiciously––as if I, poor me, could deprive the whole “mob” of their jobs. Why I wanted only one.

Such are the muchly heralded signs of prosperity. Yesterday saw first spring bird. Made up my mind the bird is demented––what the bird thought of me is not for me to say.

This morning I’ve got a date with a master, 8:30––visions of great wealth flood my soul.

He fails to show up.

There was great mourning in our camp until an ageing, working mechanic started broadcasting his woes . . . For 12 years he had worked in the place––week before last he was sent home for two days––last week he was turned back six times––this week, Monday, he is told to go home and, if he has a chance, grab another job.

He did succeed in landing another job, beginning tomorrow––that explains how I came to eat his lunch, one orange and three chicken sandwiches.

All signs of prosperity.

## 1930\_9\_IS\_14051930

**Kittens’ Feast**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It is not generally known that “hiring of help” is a racket in the industrial field no less than the shaking down of tired business men (profiteers and racketeers themselves) by other slick gentlemen and pillars of prosperity; they, in turn shook down by officers of the law from the stool pigeons up. THAT generally is not known and, it would seem, an effort is being made to keep it secret; even so as any sex disability or the raiding of “verboten” sweets.

Of course in the shake down of these latter day shakers, a finger of scorn is pointed at the sincere grafters trying to gain a foothold in the they sunshine of yellow gold, their tongue dangling out a foot or two for the velvetly richness of the calfs’ banquet . . .

Indeed, far from being considered a racketeer, the employer of labor is looked up to and upon as a present help for every distress, a savior of the country, and hot as a man who fishes in your pocket, pulls out a dollar and hinds you two-bits for a beef stew—warning you to rustle the ‘xtra nickel for coffee.

Trying to make a racketeer of you too, forsooth!—and, mebbe it would be for the best if he succeeded.

Mind you, I’m not saying he is a racketeer, I’m merely observing, casually, no such a thing is generally known. Why, bless your heart, in these last days, as I approach the cemetery, my thoughts have been so pure I even don’t know what a racketeer is. I only know what he ain’t—a workingman.

And don’t get the idea that I’m trying to make it appear the employer is dishonest when he robs you. Such a thing is farthest from my thoughts—why, bless youp heart, again—he’s honest as the day is long. He knows just exactly what he is doing, he has no illusions abut it. He doesn’t think, frinstance, that when he relieves you of a couple hundred million dollars that he is saving your life or nursing you.

Why, it’s you that are dishonest. It’s you that think he is nursing you: that you are hanging on to his teat . . .

Why, man alive! Get next to yourself—the employer has no teats. But, If I am mistaken and the company is gifted with udders, you may be sure the anxious maws of lesser nave found them—quite properly too, be the racketeer common fink or bribed judge. As the poet said:

All my air-castles then were, perfected

My possessions extended afar

And I never so much as suspected

How treacherous some people are.

Not satisfied with attaching an automatic milker to the working class the big companies eat up the little companies using the hand method. A very special diet—cannibalism nevertheless—a throwback to the age of dog-eat-dog. But what’s the joke, Slim, what’s the joke?

Ah, hand me a handkerchief, the joke is they call it CIVILIZATION.

**T-B. S.**

–––––

**Our Mama Machree**

—

There’s a phase to our struggle each

worker should know,

There’s a debt to their

honest men owe.

There’s a dream, yes a

doldrums can blur,

No shadow can dim it,

can slur.

CHORUS:

Solidarity still is a power that rules,

Individualism is meant but for fools.

Don’t blame the slick rascals or ill-tempered knaves,

All united, we conquer—

divided, we’re slaves.

**T. B. S.**

## 1930\_10\_IS\_28051930

**COMMUNITY OF INTEREST (USURY)**

**INTRODUCTION**

Capitalism is an expensive undertaking—mebbe I should say advantage-taking — anyhow, our author went bankrupt riding street cars looking for work. (Three articles right there, but “we’re gonna resist the temptation to write them, with all the force of our nature.)

Just one of those experiments, not noble, but quite painful —an operation—that’s capitalism. The first cave man that used it on his neighbor went home in such a battered condition that he frightened his children out of their wits — that’s where the “commies” come from — since the many improvements have been made in the system if not in the commies and, now, the Wall St. cliff-dwellers have got it down so fine they can carry off a man’s valuables and make him applaud the performance . . .

Capitalism’s aim appears to be to make two bums grow where one grew before—seemingly necessary because of the high death rate among the bums.

This explains, satisfactorily, I hope, the miracle of a million men waking from their ‘**slum**’bers this morning to find themselves bums for the first time in their lives with the result that now you can tell ‘em your troubles in poorest “Turkestani” and they’ll understand every word you say—

People estimate capitalism’s value not by blood pressure but belly pressure—if the. belt hangs loose it indicates the system is not so good, or the belt is stretching — then, again, if it starves the other fellow the system is perfectly all right but if it shoves an empty bowl in front of your complexion it’s a matter of an entirely different specification. (They better hustle up with that census—people are dropping off by the carload.)

\* \* \*

Dr. G. L. Walton, eminent neurologist, in “Why Worry,” says that every American adult would be benefited by a two-mile walk in the open air every day. Well, yes, especially on those days when the prison is on fire—fifty-miles hike wouldn’t hurt—even a stroll into the next cell-block would be beneficial.

Our thick headed guards can’t see it! By the same token here’s a man that’s been in a hospital for years, is entirely cured; perfectly well, excellent health but dassent leave the hosp for fear of starving to death. His name is 125,000,000—the hospital is Capitalism.

I said cured—just like a side of bacon.

Our guards can’t see anything better than that hospital!

Yet I cannot but think hospitals are for sick people—and hate like the deuce to admit Mr. 125,000,000 is ailing unless, unless it be in the head.

\* \* \*

I feel deeply insulted . . .

“What’s the matter now, Slim?”

Oh, it’s the same old insult still rankling in my choler — churches, prohibition and bread lines — why, dammit, they’re trying to ruin the reputation of our country and smirch the character of our nation; both innocent as they make ‘em.

I ask you, what can an intelligent foreigner think of our moral condition when he reads in the press that we have 500,000 churches in U. S. A.?

Must be a devilish nation that needs so many preachers to steer it away from hell, Kerplunk?

Now if that isn’t a steepled slur against our integrity I’m a liar, which, of course, I ain’t — an outrage against a virtuous people that are on their knees this minute bootlegging prayers to the howlmighty (foregoing the formality of chipping into the collection plate) and swiping his neighbor’s mattress and blankets after sundown, a quaint idiosyncrasy (idea-sin-crazy) of his.

Come, come, out with it? Did you or did you not or didn’t you in the secret recesses of your chamber offer a prayer or was you swearing?

\* \* \*

“Tired business man” is a perfectly proper definition for that gentleman’s energy. Born tired, he went into business for an alibi and to cover up his disgrace—but the disgrace simply will not down, he’s still tired and liable to stay tired to the great day of eternal rest. Misunderstand me not: I do not mean he consciously plotted to hide his failings under a halo of business.”Service” was his sole objective—just as if a “tired one” could function properly in that capacity. His deflection was due entirely to urgings of a subconscious mind. That leaves him free of guilt, and true to the glorious traditions of the business world . . .

Too many or too few is not a question. What else could you do with ‘em? Tired bosses won’t hire ‘em, except to fire ‘em. They’re here, here to stay, now let’s all buckle up and support ‘em—and let us hope and pray no more countrymen get tired and afflicted with “vision.”

\*

They would have us believe that American industry is so susceptible to “horrors” that it becomes paralyzed every time our astute law-givers discuss the tariff . . . Tell us another one!

New York sports writers mention Sharkey-Schmeling fight “for the benefit of the Milk Fund”—three times per article its for the benefit of the “Milk Fund” (not Mother’s Milk) .

Milk business is in terrible straits, you know . . .

Moral: If your childhood sins bother you, reach for a glass of milk and start life anew—that’s what the “Milk Fund” is for.

\*

Honorable Sirs and Noblemen of the Working Class—

While you are unorganized you are few, they are many— unorganized men don’t count.

(No matter how serious the thing, there’s always a good joke and a hearty laugh in it, it is so ridiculous. . . .)

No need, or use, of ye organized to shade their eyes with their horny hands, stand and review the multitude and say: “**Look at us, we are many, they are few.”** That simply isn’t so, you are looking at unorganized men and you are few, not many. . . .

(But you can be many if you organize many and tear down your “private” signs.)

The rank and file better be coming back to life, rise from the dead, and raise a little steam in those scissorbills and chronic ne’erdowells —assume the responsibility that is rightly yours and yours only.

**—T-b S—**

## 1930\_11\_I\_29051930

**Child Labor**

**Or birth of a company**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

New York City stood in openmouthed wonder at the terrific crowds that assembled to hear Einstein’s pet theory of relatives expounded in the light of latter day erudition. But great as the crowds were, they do not a candle to the crowds come with their buckets bags to hear a coal barge captain lecture on the evils of stolen heat.

Appreciative as the audience is, agreeing in substance, and applauding the righteous captain with respectful murmurs of “yes, captain; you’re right, captain,” no more than the captain turns his back, the crowd swarms over the “combing”‘ and takes up the usual collection of black diamonds—picking blackberries, so’s to say.

(Nice start for an article, fellow workers.)

\* \* \*

The winter was cold—so were the people, and suffered much—more than we know—more than we can imagine in our wildest dreams. It consoles them but little to remind them “plenty of heat in the next world”—they appear to be earnest, and eager to warm up this one. Apparently they do stand the logic of storing so much heat for future use.

How can they?

A little more than children—some so small they can carry only a cement bag-ful. And this they are able to do only because of much practice—remarkable for their size!

But small as they are, they made Rubel Coal Co. go into I the ice cream business (to sort o’ fill a long felt want). Rubel figuring that if scales won’t do justice in selling by ton he’ll just reverse himself and sell by gallon or carboy.

And I won’t be a bit surprised to see the great Burns Bros. Coal Co. selling peanuts and pop ere long if the kids’ kidneys don’t play out.

(All this has been sad, so far—very sad.)

\* \* \*

“But stealing coal is against the law, ain’t it?”

So it is, brother—but, what isn’t? Everything we do nowadays is against the law—and, really, it’s hard on law— tough,.

“But the kids ought to be arrested.”—Yur crazy. What good is it gonna do to arrest them kids—didn’t I just tell you the people are cold (the lockup is warm) —in the morning judge thinks of his misspent discharges boyhood and the kids.

“How about arresting the parents?”—What for do you want to arrest a bunch of innocent parents—they ain’t getting the coal—they never see any of it—the boys sell it. Business before affection.

The other evening I saw a little lad come puffing along, a sack on his drooping shoulder, ambition and sweat in his eyes. He trips over a cable for a nasty spill and the deck is strewn with boy, coal and silver money—several dollars in quarters, dimes and nickels. (Short as I was myself, I made no effort to help him pick it. up.) Had William Jennings Bryan been there, peace to his ashes, the sight of so much silver would have made his eyes pop—mebbe rip his eyelids.

The fond parents didn’t hand that boy all that silver—more than I ever saw at his age (and I lived in an unenlightened age with more opportunities, law— but then, winters warmer.)

No.

The boy got that money from a coal peddler — horse and wagon.

“Well, arrest him?”

Now you’re talking! Now you’re talking good sense! He’s the hombre that is making criminals of the young, in the name of business.

What happens?

The young coal thieves save their pennies and go in for firearms and strongarm work—anything but labor.

The peddler saves his dollars and forms a coal company and goes in for robbing the people on a larger “Falrbanks”—most companies are born that way. The most respected of companies do not care to glance into their family tree.

Right?

Of curse, I’m right. I wouldn’t fool you.

\* \* \*

It’s really touching to hear him talk about his small beginning: a rickety old horse and ricketier cart; how he had to work long days and longer nights before he got a start. (Many times I’ve wept from pure sympathy.) (Most of ‘em talk that way, you know, and It’s next to impossible to hold back the tears.)—But the falled, he failed to mention that he kept twenty young coal thieves in cigarette money and that he had to work nights because the kids stole the coal nights and he could not trust the kids to hold the coal till morning, for fear the rascals would peddle it and ruin his trade.

Just a small oversight on his part. Now go on with the story:

A free country, but if you commit a crime, you will pay a penalty—after years of training those kids will break one law after another and finally, In New York State, the Baumes law puts them away as fourth offenders—for life.

In all this time the state has done nothing to prevent the “training in crime” had by the boys.

In the meantime the crooked peddler, receiver of stolen goods, has not reformed nor repented—he’s now a COMPANY, highly respected dealer in dust, slate and stone to the tune of short measure.

And how he cusses the coming generation for trying to drive him into the charlotte russe business.

But—

You arrest that peddler and give him 100 years, that does not put an end to the business of stealing coal—the boys themselves will sprout out as peddlers, house to house. A shallow view would dictate that an end might be had by prevention—prevent the boys from having fuel to sell—the only stealing then would be based on stark necessity—a condition of empty stove and low temperature.

But there is a way to end the stealing of coal:

People are inherently honest.

Coal is inherently heavy.

Putting these two together, coupled to the fact that many people have not the where-withal to purchase coal by the ton and must buy it by the sack, the market of the young coal thieves can be destroyed by doubling the workers’ wages. Or is that too much of a sacrifice on the part of the parasites?

Much or little it must be made, to keep the young pure and out of jail.

The quickest way to bring this very desirable thing to pass is for the workers to organize in a one big union—the I. W. W., to be exact.

—T-b S.

## 1930\_12\_IS\_04061930

**DROWNING A PUSSY CAR**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Notion how all those habitual “cripples” go to Flowerida for the winter? They should be exiled there for life—no sense **at all at all** for them to come stalling around here, in the spring, just as if we needed ‘em—we don’t, and likewise do not.

\* \* \*

“Rumor has It that Labor is being robbed . . .”

Where, for heaven’s sake?

“At the point of consumption.”—

What! At the beefsteak counter?

“No, I was only kidding, he’s being robbed at the point of production.”—

Well, why don’t he report it to the police and have the thing arrested?

\* \* \*

Lots and lots of people are wondering why Washington is all het up about prohibition, the nobby ex-spearmint, and not a bit worried about poverty and the great unemployment.

Tsk, tsk! What has politicians got to do with employment? (Let the boys talk “pro” and con, pro and “con”.) I was just thinking (betw. drinks) what would become of unemployment if the folks would sort of whack up the work amongst themselves, say five or six hours apiece?

Why, soon lots of people would have lots of work that wasn’t looking for it, didn’t expect it, do not want it, and won’t have it— you’d have to call out the police force, and the boy scouts, before you could make them bend a back or stir a muscle . . . The rest would be minus a good **subject de discussion.**

\* \* \*

Last paragraph is the proper way to bring the matter before the public—it’s so full of good cheer,

fellow feeling and forgiveness—many, many, will think I didn’t write it alone. Like the poet says: The world will know that I’ve been “trying”: if down I go—with collars flying. No soiree, the stinkma should not be placed upon my **esclutcheon**! Nevertheless: when I go to get my “frying,” its nice to know the yokes are flying . . .

Collars great and collars small

And collars large enough for all.

Collars that will fit the giant.

And his brat—it’s so darn pliant

Away they fit, a neckware blizzard

All due. of course, to this poor wizard.

That’s nothing! Absolutely nothing! Today as I sat down to my “repast,” a sugar bun that had been lying on the table got up on its feet and walked away.

I gazed in amazement!

Did you ever see one of them take to his heels that way? Dignified, yet contemptuous, I swear . . .

No. I swore.

Oh well. Lives of great men oft remind us, as their several ways they take, that were apt to leave behind us—

Fetters that we ought to break.

But I don’t believe in this, the passing of shackles from father to son—or shekels, for that matter—it’s my firm opinion that each succeeding generation should rustle its own leg-irons and not be ballasted with a lot of out-of-date **impedimenta** of his forebear now turned to mutton.

Sometimes it takes the old man a whole lifetime to pick up those weights, a little here and a little there— well and’good—but the mere fact that the old fossil **ass**idiously gathered them is no good reason why they should be saddled on the son—mebbe the young man would rather pick his own odds and ends of grief or go in for a complete set at one full stroke—you can’t tell.

So:

**When you’re thru with “blowing bubbles”**

**And grim death seems kind and aweet.**

**Do not will your wealth of troubles—**

**Lay them at Saini Peter’s feet.**

(Careful you don’t smash his toes!)

\* \* \*

‘D’ye ever see lighthouse gleams alternating?

\* \* \*

I have tossed water, pot after potful, upon a cat—in an earnest effort to suppress its freedom of speech. Where I got the license to waste so much city water is not quite clear to me, in this late day, as I gaze back at the half drowned cat hardly more than a kitten.

The cat took refuge under the stove and just as I was congratulating myself that I had won a bloodless and spoiless victory, out came it’s complaint:

Mee-ow!

I lost control.

Half blind with rage I reached for the ready filled pot, Zowie! the cat got it—another and another, in quick succession. (Heretofore I had given it a drink only when it spoke.) I half-emptied the barrel. Every time the flood struck her the cat would spit and finally, desperate, out she came and attacked me.

ME!—a tomcat wouldn’t do that.

These females—well, I didn’t want to get all scratched up so I retreated into the corner and the dripping cat held the middle of the floor; giving me some very dirty looks.

I saw that she wasn’t gonna murder me right away, so I sat down to kind of revolve the thing over in my mind.

I’m still revolving it.

The ruling class has a — a penchant for going to extremes in matters such as the above, and administer kick after kick upon the person of the under dog. Not that a kick or two less would make much difference to one who is black and blue all over (especially blue) but there is always a danger in the final kick—the “puppy”, as they say, may grab the foot. What! Revolution?—in this enlightened age?

Let us both revolve this over in our “minds.”

Can it be that revolution, its threat, is the only agent that stays the mailer’s foot from delivering a full measure of kicks upon the person of that “dog” and that there is a limit beyond which he will not trespass regardless of his personal feelings in the matter?

It would seem so.

Every now and then a polished gentleman gets up to speak, crocodile tears streaming down his anguished face and we hear:

“Gentlemen! Gentlemen! you mustn’t do that! we’ve got to give labor more of a break! You’re going too far! Let us be fair . . .

What do you mean let us be fair? After you’ve got labor practically exterminated, the fairness in your heart wells forth and you refuse the attempt to finish the job?

Why?

Every time I hear one of those speakers I say to myself: that bird has been throwing water at a she-cat.

## 1930\_13\_IS\_10061930

**EXCEPTIONS**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Meal hours should be lengthened. Some of the speediest panhandlers tell me it takes them more than an hour to raise the price—to say nothing about eating.

\* \* \*

Romance was no tthe driving force of Eugene O’Neill’s trip abroad—Gene simply could not write with all those radios blaring.

\* \* \*

“No Beggars, Agents or Salesmen Allowed.” Now, what has the beggar done to be thus classified?

\* \* \*

Who’s Who? Ten thousand newspapers say we’ve got prosperity. Ten million men call them liars.

\* \* \*

“For God’s sake, advertise during dull periods.” Singing the same tune, are they not?

\* \* \*

Readers may now read my ravings with perfect safety—I’ve passed the psychopathic test in Bellevue hospital, and was not straight-jacketed. Inadvertently I went there to find out what will dissolve creosote—they took my measurements but I made my escape . . . It follows, my writings are law.

\* \* \*

N. Y. C.—Woolworth sells the best ten cent sock in the city. Horn and Hardart put out the best five cent coffee.

Horn and Hardart also provides the best silverware for the coal barges.

\* \* \*

A railroad man is tangled up in the phrase,” history is his-story.”—Hiss that off —and he’s gonna stick to it. I couldn’t untie him.

\* \* \*

Gus explains how to succeed in an extra gang: “When they tell me, I pick it up; when they tell me to lay it down, I lay it down.” S’posing they forget to tell you to lay it down, Gus, what then?

\* \* \*

I tremble at the thought what havoc the ravages of time will have on Gus’ trousers.

\* \* \*

“Three Gansters Shot.” Those are not “gang-murders,” they’re merely a violent form of traffic relief. An imbecile rolls his car to block the “between the lines” walk; an exasperated pedestrian pulls out his rod and puts a hole in the congestion that stays put—an opening that can be used for years.

\* \* \*

How cities go broke?

This is very easy to grasp. The “good old town” spends too much of its money to buy disguises for its plainclothes men, such as thin soled shoes, bouttonierres, Boston garters and silk underwear . . .

\* \* \*

The impending revolution is about all that keeps the boys from severing diplomatic relations with life and pinocle—last word should not be confused with pig-knuckles tho’ spelling has a resemblance most appetizing.

\* \* \*

The statement “it’s gonna take a pile of entertainments to overthrow the capitalist system” is a pretty snotty observation and minus all premise.

Entertainments, dances, social gatherings serve as a phase in education, the upbuilding of speakers of the future and as contact-points in the more monotonous moments. I do not dance myself, (girls, make a note of that). I know only one dance—gandy-dance. (Note: statement was one of my own, sour reflections.) (Let that pass.)

\* \* \*

The workers’ commonwealth is not so far away as it looks, the visibility is low. It is almost here.

The parasites themselves are most thoroly disgusted with the capitalist system and are furtively blinking sideways for a way out. And, like the great American scissorbill, are waiting for somebody to reserve them from their own “catastrophe,’ as some of them say.

Things being what they are, all it takes is a little organization on the part of the workers and the plutes themselves will get up and say “Boys, go as far as you like, we’re sick and tried of this phoney game.”

**—T-b S.**

## 1930\_14\_IS\_10061930

**Labor Pains**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

Millennium and prosperity have gone into a huddle, just around the corner—coffee and (3) rolls, seven cents. Steak 21 cts. a pound.

T-bone steak 45 cts., burnt.

But there’s a ketch, don’t cheer yet—where will you get the seven cents? Even the most sympathetic , **rescuitraunts** will ignore less powerful pleas.

\* \* \*

The republican party has for years been trying to make bums of the American people—with only a moderate degree of success—and now, with Hoover at the helm, it is willing to try just once more.

True, the great party has succeeded to the extent of making “the boys” pound the back doors with their knuckles and interview the butcher and baker, confidentially, but what is that—a man is not truly a bum until he has “the face” to go down the main thoroughfare and see the situation eye to eye with any and all the citizens, princes, billionaires; male or female. In this the G. O. P. has utterly failed. Socalled bums ankle down the street and pick their subjects with a selectivity that is a downright disgrace to the grand old party; pass by flower stores, millinery shops and beauty parlors with a disdain that is almost a criminal offence. The whole procedure breathes of the failure of the party properly to bring those high spirited patriots to an understanding of their true mission in life; whether or not it was the party’s purpose to do so . . . If the party had no such intention, and those bums are purely accidental **incidenta** of the protective tariff squabbles, disarmament deals and other noble experiments, the party still stands indicted of **the failure to prevent the necessity of dabbling in the art of loosening meals by force of eloquence and personality.**

Inconceivable as it may seem, such is the case. Inefficiency is exposed and it can serve only the purpose of showing political parties can but worsen the times—this by mismanagement—good times, when present, being phenomena of the industrial world.

Politics, in addition to being & complication of diseases, is a machine of many lost motions, too much play and friction—the long way around, dilatorious to the extent of futurity in the rapid transit of conditions. It may be, politics can serve the employing class whose turnovers are farther apart. In fact, I believe that is its function, if it has any function—and therefore it follows the employing class is the class that should elect their political defenders.

Political parties in the very nature of their get up cannot guard the interests of the working class, as I pointed out before, the parties are too loose jointed—it takes direct action as between employer and employee to care for the interests of the workers.

What have we now, John?

We have the workers ballotting for politicians to protect their bosses. Hm. and likewise ummh! Can you imagine? Why don’t they do it themselves.

Now why’ pick on me? True, this article deals with bumming, so it does, altho it’s all about prohibition, mentioned once.

Let me point out politics and panhandling are rampant — unemployment on rampage. What will you have?

A ray of hope? Soap bubbles?

Here it is:

A manufacturing company in Chicago is going to perform a miracle—it’s going to put ten thousand men to work in next two months, so it says.

Sounds interesting . . . . . . those ten thousand men will be in their coffins by that time and you know how a guy hates to leave his casket . . . But let the company try it—they might jump up and bang away at the time-clock. No knowing what a stiff will do.

## 1930\_15\_IS\_17061930

**IN TRANSIT**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Pretty Near Time To Put John D., On a Pension.

“Hoover To Speak At Gettysburg, Then Go Fishing.”

What more of a cue do the good citizens want? What’s ‘the sense of starving, go fishing? There’s the Calumet creek lined up with anglers (going to it by lantern light) and Johnny trudging homeward with seven clubs and two sunfish—starvation displaced for another day.

New York fishermen tied-up at Staten Island waiting for moonless night and market—moonless for the purpose of being able to see the schools of fish, phosphorescent or electrical not visible in moon or daylight— markets not visible day or night and fishermen must therefore cook their catch in original juices (Atlantic) or bum the salt.

World war veterans now claim they can’t make a living selling poppies—even with the help of future war mothers.

Sounds reasonable—but, then, almost every other business is suffering a “recess” just now. Possibly one-third of Chicago’s stores are vacant (including the shops in the new and noble Stadium where Porat knocked out Gagnon—preserved the honor and prestige of Norsk mutton and herring.)

No applause, please—were talking about empty business places and poppies.

The veterans should try fishing, like Hoover—”a bite” is the equivalent of a mouthful and a few mouthfuls approximate a living in our mild climate.

Our pestiferous author himself, veteran -of dozens of wars against bosses, finds it hard sledding in Chicago and at present is packing up his belongings (toothbrush, foot powders and a spool of thread) for flight to New York City . . . By the way, on my way west recently the Pennsylvania R. R. kindly fired 3,000 bulls so as to make sure no stealing is perpetrated while I’m in transit, an appreciation, but I must protest insofar as the throwing of 3,000 bulls out of work swells the army of unemployed same as wet alfalfa a fence jumping heifer and we must after all give some classification to bulls since they, like some of us, must live on what they earn and what they steal, yclept.

Further the laying-off of the bulls is unnecessary for the protection of my reputation because everybody knows that I steal with extreme moderation—why I won’t even ride a fruit train except when afflicted with creosote poisoning—fruit trains, you know are strongly alkali and neutralize the most violent of creosotes . . .

But, Mr. Atterbury, if you’ve still got ‘em “bumming lumps,” keep them at it until I get back to the Tenting grounds of Tammany—they might thoughtlessly delay my passage—and don’t let your conscience bother you, the bulls will steal enough the first week after they get back to make up for all lost time.

Fraternally, T-B. S.

## 1930\_16\_IS\_18061930

**WORTH HIS SALT —By T-BONE SLIM**

**(Abilene, Salina and Topeka papers please copy)**

–––––

**It is civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect. —Steele**

–––––

Now I wish to record,

With considerable pain,

That the day of free board

Lies a-ravished and slain

And the wiles of the “moocher” confounded,

Circumvented, denied of all gain.

Long the “moocher” had ruled

By strategical might

Being thoroly schooled

In the ways of “the sleight”—

And the way he manhandled the merchant!

Was a caution — indeed, ‘twas a fright.

He would enter the marts

Of the gentlemen hale—

With ingenious arts

Separate them from kale!

Not to mention cracked eggs and boloney,

And the bread, very brittle and stale.

Right before custmers!

He would blurt out his grief

As to how, “‘my dear sirs,

I am all out of beef —

And my soul cries aloud for sustenance;

For assistance, dear sir, and relief.”

The great merchant turns sick

And his thoughts fairly spin.

And he moans “It’s a trick!”

While the customers grin —

But he hastens to help the poor “moocher”.

Just to show he is free of all sin.

‘Twas too deep for the “prince”,

This here system of graft.

And it made his heart wince,

Almost drove the man daft—

Where he used to be pleasant and merry—

Very seldom he now ever laughted.

But a “traveler” betrayed

His poor pals of the road;

To the merchant essayed

And unbosomed a load

As to how to combat the road-orphan

How to dull the perfidious goad.

“Organize ye ‘a chest.’

A community ‘ffair

And direct every guest

To apply there for fare

“It will save you n lot of discomfort :

Show the folks you are doing your share.”

“But you need not donate

To the onerous thing

Let it hand out ‘red-tape’,

To the ‘bo’ and the ‘ding’

And you’ll find that your troubles are ended

To your person more profits will cling”

“But it may be unwise!

(This is more than a guess)

Hospitality dies

An unnatural death;

The community mourns of its passing

And in turn, it throws-in its last breath.

“What is then all your dough.

In your strong boxes decked?

With your friendliness low

And your fellowship wrecked?

When your neighbor is sour and suspicious.

And your moves are appraised and re-checked.

“All your mountains of gold

Are but pewter and lead

All the wealth you withhold,

Are but faces unfed —

Generosity dead is your trophy,

Ravished charity flics at your head.”

“Ho hom, ‘Father forgive them,’

For they know not a lot,

And their crude stratagem

Is imbecilic rot;

Unintentional national poison —

Its effects are far reaching—I wot.”

Then the commercial club

Got to feeling quite gay.

And elected to rub

Certain furs the wrong way—

All the cats grew exceedingly mournful

And their hearts filled with startled dismay.

For the honorable body

Cogitated, agreed

That the gentlemen shoddy

Should be weened from their feed

A resolve both rambunctions and surly—

And so it was ordered, decreed:

“That no matter what comes,

Every hobo must fast;

Not a handout to bums,

Nary tramp shall repast—

On this we’re united, determined!

And there isn’t no use for to ast.”

All the heavens turned gray,

And the sun was a blot.

Human blood turned to whey

And “the future” lookt hot—

On account of that raw ultimatum —

On account of inane tommy rot.

Then arose “Jumbo Dutch”

With a terrible screetch

And he threw in his clutch

For to turn out a speech

“Feller citizens, gents of the jungles:

I’m afraid that our sunburn will bleach.”

“We’ve got nothing to eat

Except bullheads and corn

Some potatoes and meat—

And our feelings is tom I

Not a mouthful of cold slaw — or sour kraut,

And the cabbages yet to be born!”

“If those merchantmen hoard

And their ‘duties’ discharge,

It will ruin our board

And no canned-goods we’ll carve

It is simply an awful predicament,

In the raw, we are foredoomed to starve.

“Great affluence and power

Never entered our plan

But to live ‘by the hour’

And to die like a man!

Which is now—shed your tears O, compatriots!

We must scrap the old Ja-Mocha can!

“By commercial ‘state’

We’re commanded to halt

And enslaved to a fate

To subsist by default—

Are we then to outrun those jack rabbits?

They to turn down their thumbs on our salt?”

## 1930\_17\_IW\_21061930

TOPEKA. Kans.— Rabbits, you know, run in circles; great big circles—sometimes as big as political maneuvers—and, it happens, the poor rabbit winds up with its rear end chewed off. You and I know the rabbit makes those circles but, unfortunately for the bunny, so does the wolf —coyote.

Coyotes hunt in pairs or packs—they found it necessary to organize that way on account of the rabbit’s great speed . . . When they come upon a rabbit one of them takes after him; the other stretches out and rests his weary legs.

The rabbit makes his round—a good run it was—as the rabbit is beginning to think coyote has quit the race, out jumps other one.

It isn’t fair!

On goes the race and it’s no use for rabbit to squawk, “I got no rest.”

Look at ‘em go—a fine race!

The other coyote, panting furiously, lies down to wait.

Watchful waiting, they call it.

Ah, here comes the rabbit back again. It isn’t caught yet.— Why in the name of common sense doesn’t the rabbit run straight and keep on going? “The rabbit is a fool,” did I hear you say. “and unlike us men it can’t think.” Mebbe so. Mebbe so—let’s watch him:

See that other coyote crouching—the dirty scoundrel—the rabbit is coming straight to him— why don’t it run in curves—why, why, why?—out jumps the tested coyote. He’s got him.—No he ain’t!—there they go—but the rabbit appears to be “all in.’ We’re NOT gonna see that rabbit anymore— after a while this other coyote, when it gets its wind, will attend Brer Rabbit’s funeral.

I’ve been merciful in extreme in bringing these facts before the public in their less grewsome light but I must add, without enlarging upon it, and to absolve the rabbit of the charge of foolishness, the rabbit was perfectly within its rights on that ground and that ground constituted its feeding ground. It ran in circles because it was unwilling to leave its table behind—a chair and a table has proved a trap for many a man . . .

Some one has said the working class runs in circles and that a bunch of coyotes is, may I say, practically trampling on its tail. We look over here and we see the class sprinting for dear life in the republican party; over there it is scratching gravel with the democrats; yonder it goes with the communists—the pack right on its heels, snapping at its bustleworks. What kind of a race is this? Why not stop running and have it over with? Why waste all the puffing? Pardon me, some people prefer to be chewed up when thoroughly winded—and just can’t lay still, even while the feast is progressing—Restless souls!

Over there I see the class running with the coyotes, a part of the pack. I see the trotting along with Christ. I see them in a rout with robbers and burglars. I see them jumping off cliffs, into rivers. I see them guillotined by locomotives . . . Some race, eh! All for the sake of denying “service with a smile” to the coyotes. Life may be a paying proposition but all that running-around is wasted mileage.

But I’m not ready to say the working class is running in circles—I’ve merely described the outstanding spots on the great oval—how it can be done—and its result. Participation in any part of that race indicates the class has no objective and whatever may come.

Now, if the workingclass had an objective, other than to throw the coyotes off scent, their course would be laid on a straight line, direct to the point and “their” speed would do the rest.

But no, the honorable body wants to run in the other fellow’s alley—dozens of alleys. I’d like to time him in his own alley—I bet he would bust all records.

No percentage in running circles with coyotes—they “lay” for you.

To gain an unobstructed view of the sun I hied myself to the state of Henry J. Allen and William A. White—Kansas. Kansas is a highly moral state and a man coming from there is as a rule in high moral condition.

The first thing my optics rested upon, after leaving the virtuous Missouri behind me, was a sign “Interdenominational Revival”—put up, no doubt, , by a strongly Antidemoniacal outfit with strong celestial and pro-divinity leanings,

\* \* \*

We read: “Ruth Bryan Owen Reared in Politics”—

What a mess to be born in! I much prefer to be born in poverty and in obscurity.

\* \* \*

It’s not the gray in the hair but under it that counts—bughouses are full of graybeards.

## 1930\_18\_IS\_24061930

**Laugh That Off**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

“Makes It Safe To Be Hungry.”—General Electric Refrigerator.

There are in this country about 6,000,000 unemployed who will forever be thankful to the General Electric for that great discovery—some of them actually worried.

Now let the doctors get up and say, it’s perfectly all right, that hunger is good for ‘em, beneficial, and the poor unemployed will begin turning handsprings and cartwheels—all’s well that ends well.

Santa Fe Shops, Topeka, Kans., laid off 280 men —500 elsewhere.

Electrical appliance outfit, Kansas City, Mo. laid off 2,800 (rumor) workers.

Uncle Sam, Fort Riley, Kansas, laid off gang of (civil service) workers.— (Signs of prosperity—Hearst papers please copy.)

What in the world would those workers do had not the General Electric made it “safe to be hungry?”

Now, even the very humblest can sport an appetite!

**That Second Childhood**

“Free Hide Move Fails”—that’s gonna work a great hardship on bachelors and bartenders unless I mistake my tariff. (No romance in business!) The failure of that move destroys the very base of barter and fundamental principles of contractual society.

This will be the second time barter suffers destruction, this time it will lose its base—I think it will be a total eclipse.

The first time it was wrecked was when the wages system was born, a system of paying less than the worth of your work with magic tokens called money — you all know what money is—many of you, no doubt, have seen it—some of you possibly held some of it in your hands for a short time.

Well, sir, it made quick work of barter. People that used to run around trying to trade in seven buttertubs for a pair of pure cowhide boots now simply trade in the tubs for a bag of **piastres** at the chamber of commerce and then trade the piastres to the board of trade for a pair of cardboard boots and gets beat twice instead of once—and, if he hollers, congress passes an appropriation for $167,000,000 for eight new jails—the man sneaks back to his churn and consoles himself with the fact, “the butter was loaded with water, and rank at that . . .”

Still some people say life is a serious undertaking!

Let’s see? I was gonna write an article? Our hero, here, again, is even with the world—nothing coming, nothing going—and though he finds the abolition the wages system a difficult problem he reports with no small pride that he has succeeded, insofar as he is concerned, in abolishing the money system —a great gain for the working class.

When you’re even with the world, you know, it amounts to beginning life anew—”ye must be born again,” was the sarcastic way our savior put it —a difficult performance in view of the many minor expenditure-habits, Copenhagen, Bull Durham, canned heat, etc., acquired during the first session upon earth. Not only must ye be born again but ye must rise from the dead. And you thought you could stay dead the rest of your life?

Nothing like that! In this country! You may as well start breathing! Right now! In the boss’ ear!

(Naturally these remarks are not intended for Chicago consumption for it may be that I will reconsider my present stand on the money question; in fact I may adopt the money system and raise it to heights of great moral uplift, turpitude and pulchritude.)

## 1930\_19\_IS\_24061930

**K. C. TIMES WRITER WARNS ABOUT THE DANGER OF “CHAIN” FARMS**

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**Corporation Tillers Imperil Individual, Journalist McGugin Tells Readers Of Eminent Sheet In Dear Old Bloody Kansas**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

“Monopolization in America is taking away the last opportunity for the American citizen to enjoy economic freedom and opportunity.”—Yeah, Mac, whether that monopolization be local or distant? Is that it?

“Monopoly controlling our merchandising means that the profits derived from the buying power of our community are daily sent away to build up some other community. Individual ownership of local business is the only way whereby profits derived from our community may remain at home for our development and wellbeing.”

Mac, you must mean the profits in the latter case will stay in the local merchant’s strong box and develop him? Is that it? You know, the intruding monopoly is able to intrude only because it sells cheaper and leaves the “difference” in the purchaser’s pocket, where it belongs—isn’t that building up your community? Do you want to build up your business man, or yourself?

“Until all our roads are built, our streams under control, with devastating floods forever prevented, civilization has not yet finished its work here. To do these things, it will require all the wealth which we can produce.” (Sure will, Mac). “That wealth must remain here for our development lest our civilization a hundred years from now be no more advanced than it is today.”

Well, Mac, the wealth is gonna stay here, if left in the purchaser’s pocket, and will be available for road building, flood control, etc. And, if you desire local labor power to build those roads and floodgates, there’s your home talent, young and fairly oozing with energy—employ them—surely you were not thinking of importing labor for such important work—and have them carry away all that wealth in the form of wages?

Surely, Mac, you did not intend that? Why, one time there I thought you was gonna put me to work, and I belong way over there in Flint, Michigan, so I do.

Then it may be your ex-merchants and business men are desirous of loosening up their shoulder blades with a few licks of hard labor, and earn a few honest dollars?

It shall come to pass . . . “Corporation farming replaces the individual farmer with a few hired

hands, (or transforms the farmer to a hired hand or chore boy). It is the purpose of corporation farming to completely supercede (super-seed) the individual farmer.”

“Rest not in the vain delusion (vanishing varnish, Mac) that corporation farming affects only the wheat farming sections of Western Kansas. Corporation dairying is rapidly monopolizing the dairy business. A 30 million-dollar dairy corporation is driving the individual dairymen of the South into bankruptcy.

“Chain banking or monopolistic banking will destroy all local and personal credit.” (Not until locality or person is stripped clean of everything but the hide—any banking, will do that much for a feller, Mac). “Local chain banks will be but gathering agencies (what’re the others?) to ship the money to the parent bank located in some large banking center. The large distant banks will not care to make loans to local farmers, merchants and business men.” (Yeah! Well, how are they gonna do their gathering?)

“Large distant banks will only be interested in making large loans to large borrowers. (Large loans to small borrowers would hardly be a proper caper). Individual credit will be destroyed.”

Right, Mac, and as far as the working man renter or one-horse farmer is concerned his credit is already destroyed at the local bank, has been for years, and the only way he can get money is slap a plaster on his prayer-rug and coffee-pot—which same deed isn’t credit but peaceful penetration.

Just a question of how you prefer to be robbed—I’ll take mine standing up, hands toward high heaven in front of a pistol loaded with blank cartridges—that is, I’ll hand mine over— no, I can’t do that, my hands are up in the air—I mean, they can have, take all I’ve got—and I’ve got nothing—hope they don’t tamp up on me—for my neglect—I’ve been sick—terribly sick—am still sick—of the capitalist system, Mac**.—T-b. S.**

If there are better people than Kansans they must be further west. Now, lest that fervid remark be construed akin to flattery, salve or taffy let us put it this way: the citizens of the Sunflower State average better than the average, and to do that some of them must of needs measure well night into perfection or better—a superior people.

Rub that out, editor! I wrote that last night on a full stomach — you know, a fellow can’t write well when his stomach is overloaded — rub it out. Why, this morning I ain’t had no breakfast yet and here it’s an hour and half past dinner time. Barbarians, that’s what they are! Savages!!—They’ve changed over night.

**Isn’t human nature grand?** Heh, heh, heh! Been trying to find out when summer begins in Kansas: “Oh, long about middle of August it begins to warm up a little,” stuttered the drayman through his chattering teeth on a bitter cold June morning.

Ice in under the bridges, I found, when I went to bed and there I lay dreaming about—about Duluth, Minnesota and swore never again to pillow my head on a glacier.

## 1930\_20\_IW\_28061930

A touching appeal,

Have here a clipping from the Toronto Globe—you know, I get papers from all over the world.

“The lumberjack seems to be passing from the scene, as pulp companies in the New England states cannot get men to go into the woods. Many of them would be better in the bush than on the city streets and out of work, but they do not see it that way. As Canada still has a few expert woodsmen, the eyes of the pulp makers in the States are turning northward, and the man who is handy with an axe may join the bricklayer in the aristocracy of labor.—”

So they can’t get men to go into the woods—that’s a problem. The New England pulpmakers might try paying wages, it might entice the “jacks” away from their firesides—a little food, too, on the tables would be admirable bait. Lumber camps have not yet reached the point in sanitation where they could be classed as health resorts—therefore, it follows, a littie bribery in the form of food, comfort and wages is positively necessary.

Jailing of a few raw-mouthed bosses would be a big aid to the perishing companies.

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P-r-o-s-p-e-r-i-t-y, says H-e-n-r-y,

Extends around the n-a-t-i-o-n.

Which shows that Ford,

The flivver lord,

Has mental i-n-f-l-a-t-i-o-n.

—Baxter.

## 1930\_21\_IS\_01071930

**Ins and Outs of It—**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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Unemployment is a matter of viewpoint. Sometimes I think it unreal—a mirage—a ghost—a spook.

The other day I’m telling a man how great it is. the terrible amount of work that doesn’t exist. Millions of people busily engaged in doing nothing. Thousands of tons of food they ain’t eating. Millions of suits of clothes they ain’t wearing. Hundreds of thousands beds they ain’t sleeping in—it’s terrible. Millions of dollars of money they ain’t spending. Treasuries chock full of it. Only the other day Mellon tossed $33,000,000 to the Steel Trust as income taxes he had collected by mistake—the joke of it is the poor innocent, trustful Trust was taken completely by surprise not knowing a thing about it. Such ignorance! Good thing we had a smart man in charge of the treasury, otherwise the place would have been so full that he could not turn around in it . . .

Other treasuries, too, are bursting with money, so much so that industrial “heads” are shipping it to foreign countries cargo after cargo—to build shops “over there”.

(We could use a few of those shops right here.)

At the same lime billions of dollars are lying idle, its caretakers too damned dumb to put it out as wages, with the result that as many men are idle as are working; thus establishing to all intents and purposes two new major parties—”employees and unemployeds”—and no new work to be had—and the old isn’t enough. “The hell it isn’t”, says he, “look at me, I’m working 14 hours a day. Day before yesterday I worked 24 hours and every damn man you see here is a boss, tramping on my tail all the time . . . where do you get that stuff that work is scarce?”

“There’s too goddam much of it,” he added, “for the money I’m getting.”—

I had to agree with him, “you’re right, buddy, the average boss would rather be castrated by a potato-digger than part with a banknote. But, seeing as how you ain’t a union man, wouldn’t it be proper to organize and encourage them to become geldings?”—

“You’re right. Slim, your right—they’re doing altogether too much, ‘prancing around’ for dignified old fossils—I’ll chip in for the digger.”

\* \* \*

“Dead on their feet!”

Mrs. Ferguson once said, “Man is not wholly stupid, either.”

(The word “either” is quite a concession coming as it does from one of the opposing sex—may no wrinkle disfigure her stockings!)

But what would the madam have said had she known that **workingman and women are this instant actually in full possession of the industries but don’t know it.**

I’m afraid the madam would have forgotten her best manners and delivered herself of a few choice words used exclusively by little Cherry St. girls—words that caused a future boy bandit to chide them, “cut that out, that’s rough”—Indeed, the madam probably would have said: The dumbbells are dead on their feet; their isn’t a ray of intelligence in the whole caboodle. Working, sweating, producing wealth; shooting it into the office—and nobody there to send it back to its producers. O, wot travesty! standing uneasily on one leg to sign for “bait” money. O Lord! O Lord!

Far better graft than robbing a goose of its golden eggs and tossing it a handful of chaff in loving remembrance.

## 1930\_22\_IS\_01071930

**FOIBLES By T-Bone Slim**

Men are disinclined to join an all embracing union because they fear it is too big, too great and that it will do some terrible things; that its power will be too great for this puny old world to withstand.

The same fear was expressed in regard to automobile trucks: “the roads are too soft, trucks keep off”; roads are too narrow and trucks will have to contest for right of way with flivvers and super sixes.

But, strange to say, all those fears proved to be unfounded and never in all motordom’s history has a flivver had the crust to dispute the right of way with even a five ton truck—the same will happen in the case of the one big union, nobody is gonna attack it and nobody is gonna get in its way—lest it be a blind man.

Peace shall prevail and plenty shall be more plentiful; as the poet says, “deliciously different and differently delicious . . .

Make your mouth water?

I was afraid it would.

\* \* \*

Darn those newspapers. Tribune comes right out in public and informs its readers Pension Passes Over Veto, or something like that. Now here I am absolutely unfamiliar with the whole procedure.

Now, dearest Tribune, what I want to know, was the “Pension Bill” unpalatable without the veto and did the veto improve its taste enough to make it swallowable without grimace or other sauce? And was that method used, or were all the moves on the “up and up”? No shenanigans used?

Have a heart, Tribune—tell us.

\* \* \*

Strange to say the more embarrassed citizens and poverty stricken patriots traveling the highways of steel (R. Rds.) are growing extremely bitter toward the various constabules and all because those guardians of peace and public morals permit them not to enter the sacred precincts of their virtuous bailiwicks.

Ho hom, that is to say, the conduct of those constabules is proper according to their light, for verily if he permits the hoboes to enter (some of ‘em broke), the kind hearted householder feeds ‘em (quieting his conscience), the constabules can not expect as many cigars or other free will offerings from the citzens in recognition of the majesty of law and puissance of its strong arm . . .

It therefore follows, the action of constabulary is based on self defense—cigars is cigars, even in these esthetic days—and almost any jury would decide in their favor, if not on the grounds of the snipes, then for saving the allotted rations of the towns’ multitudinous mongrels.

## 1930\_23\_IW\_05071930

**“The Marshall Will Cut Your Hair—”**

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**T-Bone Slim Records Some Impressions Of the Psychic State Of Christian In the Famed City of Salina, Kan.**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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Stories had come to me to the effect that harvest hands are suffering great privations in the sovereign state off Kansas; therefore, being a man of great wealth and independent fortune, I thought it fitting that I sacrifice my time in investigating the rumors—in fact, I saw it as an urgent duty.

To get at the facts I must of needs disguise myself and present myself as a povertystricken workingman—this was not very difficult because I resemble a workingman in many respects and the look of desperation comes to me as naturally as the same look comes to a farmers wife kicked all out of shape by a herd of discontented Holsteins.

First of all I discovered that no harvest hands starved to death in Salma this year—a record that the city can look back upon in afteryears with pride and distinction—Kingman had better look to her laurels.

True it is, tho, Salina has no clear title to that record insofar as the hand of fate intervened—a harvest hand discovered an empty box car in which one or more bags of beans had ripped open and spilled all over the floor—that incident alone rescued many from an untimely end and helped in no mean measure to preserve Salina’s prestige in the forefront of Jayhawk hospitality. Then, again, just as the situation became critical, and the more tender hearted commission men, (rank outsiders) left sacks of potatoes out in the night air for the “purpose of being stolen,” as one remarked, the officers of the law hastened to “the jungles” and loaded 70 of the hungry men on the MOP, M. P. Lines, if you please, and sent them south where the grain is riper no doubt figuring “the riper the grain, the less the cramp “—anyhow, nobody starved within the limits of Salina: that is, lest he be lying in the weeds. And Salina’s “community chest” is still intact in its virgin glory! The first three restaurants I applied to for aid to appease “the terrific pangs of my hunger” and to calm the “assaults of my surging appetite” (in Russell, Kans.) I was turned down and told, “go to the marshal”- a very sympathetic creature, no doubt, and not at all like a man elected because of the calloused nature of his conscience—sort of “passing the buck,” so as to say.

“What! Me go to the marshal? Me?,” I exclaimed “Me, who knows every farmer in this county and could be elected for sheriff tomorrow morning before breakfasta. Me?” I moans, losin all sense of my grammar . . .

When I said that the proprietor almost jumped out of his clothes, but still stuck to his story “gop to the marshal.” I’m beginning to believe those dark rumors are true—but I need verification. I approaches a businessman. After assuming a proper look of anguish I imparts to him the secret desire of my heart: “My dear sir,” I cries, “I do not want to starve today—I ant to sort of stick around so that next winter we may all starve together—I’mmost irrevocably opposed to starving in thesummer time.”

“Well,” says the great man, “go to the marshal.”

Hm—a great man, that marshal ,and to tell the truth I would rather go to him than to a public executioner (no matter how gentle or considerate.)

Now, to be just, let us not say that those business people are thus trying to dodge their responsibilities and kill the last remaining spark of generosity within their otherwise worthless hides; let us say rather that their selfishness is in the ascendancy and that it grieves them sorely to live in the fear that other citizens are not doing their share to still the suffering of the unemployed—hence the community chest, “to to the marshal.”

Unfortunately, only the professional beggars find it opportune to go to that busy thief-catcher and crime-detector; while others of the needful canvas the residences as yet unaffected (shall I say uncontaminated?) by organized charity and collective Samaritanism— no doubt a few find their way to the marshal’s manor where his good wife, who knows her husband like nobody else knows him (if he has a wife) throws open the bounties of the marshal’s board to the unfortunates— people speak well of the marshal, but that is beside the point.

The point is, business men have found it necessary to organize their charitable inclinations, (if any) so as to distribute the burden upon the community instead of adding it to the price of commodities—not that I see what difference it makes insofar as the community pays the bill in either case; in fact the move lends itself unhappily to the view that absentee-helpfulness is charged to costs, and “chests” exist for the purpose of discouraging all but the rawest application for succor— a very depraved condition — its only extenuation is “they organized.”

The starving harvest hands are unorganized. They have neglected to shunt their miseries from their shoulders and are, for that reason, begging today— begging for work, begging for bread, begging for bull-durham, begging for salt, begging for soap, thread, medicine,— some praying for death — they neglected to organize.

Few years ago an organized worker thoughtlessly mentioned organization to one of those weak minded workers on a freight train they were riding—the poor, unfortunate man got dizzy, his head went around and around—he fell off the train. When they gathered him up in a clothes basket, he said, “I was thrown off” . . .

Not long ago the employers themselves became disgusted with the unorganized condition of the American working class and organized “company unions” all over the country; trying their damnedest to keep our disgrace a secret —and I cannot find it in my heart to blame them for, verily, if the workers won’t organize a genuine union, ll immitation is better than none insofar as it may encourage the boys to organize a real one.

I have not the power to put inwords the arguments necessary to bring to life “the action to unite”— I can only hope. As to the advisability of the workers uniting at this time, I can only add to their own conviction by saying “this time” like any other time is the right time. It’s something like “the right time to beg”— if you wake a man up at 2 o’clock in the morning and ask him to feed you, that’s the right time.

Apologize for not reaching him sooner. (Darn those flies!—they seem to think they are writing this article.)

Be it known by these presents that for 40 years Kansas has knocked the bottom out of the northern market by dumping ahead of those less favored states, and felt secure in doing it. The result of that has been that a greater percentage of northern farmers were bankrupted —mebbe I should say, bank disrupted.

Overproduction has been the great cry these forty years— with the possible exception of two war-years—each year there has been an overproduction but I can not find the accumulated pile. It must be hid. Argentina has been beefing about an over-production these many years. Canada howls it cannot sell its suprlus. Russia claims a surplus.— Practically every country has produced so much that it’s people starve for the want of it — logic, what?

The same holds true to Kansas, etc.— ! But I prefer to think the American farmer is starving, with his hand on the plow, because he is unorganized. Were the farmers organized, that enormous surplus would shrink so small that it would require most powerful “specs” to see it. I claim the farmers are unorganized, both for attack and defense. I claim the northern farmer is totally unorganized for self-defense against the Kansas “dumping” and, incidentally, unprepared to hold this year’s wheat to dupm ahead of Kansas next year. The mere mention of that condition goes far to prove them unorganized and explains their presence on the legislative “prayer rug” at Washington, D. C.

What do they expect the senators to do, eat the surplus? Possibly they are “begging” Congress for assistance—for all the world like an unorganized harvest hand in front of the butcher and baker. Now my opinion of organization is not that it facilitates and makes for well-being with fine-phrases, soft-syllables, beautiful-pleas, a tear or two— I view organization in a very different light and when I see people weeping I make up my mind they are unorganized.

This year Kansas begins to realize its lack of solidarity with its northern brother and if they have any money in the bank they better take it out now while the taking is good—55 cent wheat will not pay for that combine!

The combine, by the way, has not benefitted the Kansas farmer in the slightest—all it has done is throw 100,000 men (or more) out of work and the Kansas farmer in his sublime ignorance has been getting a great kick out of it: “Thank God, we’re at last rid of those bums.”

## 1930\_24\_IS\_08071930

**“Low Down On It”**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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The handling of concrete, which is almost as hard work as harvesting, pays 85 cents an hour. But being an eight hour day, it amounts to only seven dollars per day—out of this you must pay your own board bill.

Now, it happens that the farmer looks highly on the value of money and considers five dollars a day enormous wages. In fact he considers five dollars beyond all reason, and out of it, and falls into a very grave error of thought, because of it. He believes the grain companies are cutting down on the price of his wheat because the said companies think he is well to do, else he wouldn’t be paying such “exorbitant wages,” (as he calls it) to those rough-necked harvesters.

Therefore, it follows, the farmer’s whole life and ambition is bound up in the problem of cutting the workingman’s wages down to nothing, next to nothing or to the point where they would appear sweet and innocent in the eyes of the grain gamblers—in order that the speculators might be prevailed upon to dish out better prices and lavish greater blessing upon them. Another error of the farmer is he fails to credit the speculator with reason, the reason that says: “farmers must have money since they never put out any of it to the harvest hands.”

The farmer thinks the speculator is blind and that he never has seen harvest hands coming out of harvest fields broke, cold and hungry—beating their way in tatters and begging a thousand towns.

We will not go any farther in this, sufficient to say—the farmers’ beliefs in this case art misplaced, misapplied and result of mirages aroused by diseased thinking. On the other hand the harvest hand is equally crazy in thinking the farmer actually begrudges him the few dollars he puts out. The farmer doesn’t care two hoots in hell for your dollar—he’d just as soon toss them into the slough as bury ‘em in the coffee barrel.

What he wants is to be absolved of the imaginary charge of paying big wages—he is trying to cleanse himself in the eyes of the grain crooks— no need of that; like any other wrong thinking man he’ll he cleaned soon enough.

His honesty can’t be questioned.

His thinking—can.

**—T-b. S.**

## 1930\_25\_IS\_08071930

**U. S. History**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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My real life began in the public schools, when I was a presidential possibility; before that, my time was occupied in stealing watermelons, bananas, grapes, and short-changing my dear mother as an errand boy.

After learning of my presidential possibilities I quit stealing altogether and, although my early efforts showed considerable promise and originality, I resolved to lead a moral life; as befits a person destined for so great an office. Now before we go any further in this last will and testament, and I don’t want anybody to think I’ve run out of snuff, it would seem to me that IF it is sanitary and proper to ride “used cars,” used cigars are equally in taste and proper.

Why is it then that a person who has a “used car” is a plutocrat and the fancier of “used cigars” is only a bum? Personally, John, I think them all bums, including ourself, John––but why the distinction? What is there about a “used car” that makes it more respectable than a used cigar? Not a living soul can answer that question––but I have a solution: Combine the two; ride one and chew the other. Who’s gonna know different but that car came to you right off the display blocks and that cigar butt is a wad of genuine, strictly fresh Copenhagen snuff, and no second-hand stuff?

As I was saying my possibilities in the presidential line got to weighing quite heavily on my shoulders––in fact I attribute my rounded shoulders to presidential worries.

How I worried!

I was afraid they’d elect me before I had mastered my grammar––some of which you see right in front of you, and I hope you discern offhand that it is I and not the grammar that is here master of ceremonies. Of course there were slanderous people who said I get round shouldered stealing coal for my dear parents in the course of a few severe winters. Again other misguided folks opined I got that way from being all humped up delving into the literary mysteries of Nick Carter, Diamond Dick and Jesse James––well, what of it? didn’t I just now tell you presidential worries had me on a run and I was stampeded into seeking knowledge wherever I could lay my hands on it, and in a hurry––I didn’t know what minute they’d shove in into the chair––the presidential chair––not the chair you’re thinking about––and I didn’t want to be caught short, like some of those others, and sit there dizzy for four years.

I studied hard. There wasn’t much that happened that I didn’t know something about it, and sometimes people thought that I was the sole or chief authority on the miraculous happenings in the neighborhood; although never directly accused of being instigator or creator of those wonders that caused people to marvel and itch to spill blood. After months and months of preparation I feel fit for the great job. I hid my school books in a lumberyard and stepped out to listen for the call of my country––republicans all over the country were my witnesses that the then present democratic incumbent in the chair was nothing more than a downright incubus and an outrageous fake, if not an actual imbecile. And the democrats, in turn, accused the republicans of hauling all their presidential timber from asylums and infirmaries.

Here was my chance. I’ll run as a Mormon or a Holy Roller––neither of those outfits have ever before been ruined––they’re my meat; especially in view of the fact that the then present incubus, who went in as a great feeder and distributor of nourishing viands and victuals, refused pointblankety blank to take credit for the streak of lean he ran into his people––I’m a Christian from now on and will announce my platform in due time.

**T-b. S.**

P. S. Hope to continue these articles from time to time as history develops––readers should bear in mind: The history of the United States is the history of yours truly––no more, no less and nothing else.

And not so darn “hot”!

## 1930\_26\_IW\_12071930

**LOOKING THINGS OVER**

–––––

The greatest laugh in this country is the cry “our communists are imported from Russia.”

Poppycock !

Russia isn’t shipping out any communists, she needs all she’s got; in fact she’s in the market for more—caviar is what she exports—and anthracite.

I’m reminded in this connection of a motto I beheld in a “gentlemens rest room”—in Texas longhorn country: “step up close; don’t kid yourself.”

Uncle Samuel may as well quit kidding himself and herald it to the world at large that he’s the father of those “commies”; they’re his children, his very own, strictly home-made and that they’ll outgrow their fouming propensities.

\* \* \*

Jim Reed, ex-senator, possibility for something or t’other, goes to Europe—

To be perfumed, fumigated or merely fumed—the papers don’t say.

The same trip has been taken by Hiram Johnson and several others in the past, with compelling results. Why not have the job done right here?

\* \* \*

Spanish- American war veterans exchanged a 1½ billion dollar war for 9 billion dollars worth of real-estate—now they are to be denied a few million dollars hero-bait. It can hardly be said the brave boys are on a percentage basis—50-50 they do not expect.

\* \* \*

“When in Rome do as the Romans do.” Uncle Sam. the United States, thru its government, should now start in the bootleg industry and put those petty bootseoise out of business—make it unanimous.

\* \* \*

“The exxemthraorthie myxxxigger of the Linotype failed to function for a while this week.”— Rexford News.

Was he drunk, again?

\* \* \*

Big Business tries to “Hornswoggle” the kids: Ottawa, Kan.—Bounty on crow’s eggs is one cent each; crows’ head brings ten cents. Some of the county’s enterprising youngsters, with an eye to business, have been incubating crows’ eggs and collecting the extra nine cents—all that extra labor.

O, when will governments learn to pay fair wages?

\* \* \*

It is said that men get cross.

Their temper fairly bristles,

When they miss their daily sauce

And due “layout” of gristles?

Then, again, those burly men

Those selfsame hungry “bandits”

Sing as sweet as any wren

On just a hot-beef sandwich.

Here, again, we need some light.

To chase away our quandries—

Jack Dempsey hasn’t won a fight

Since patronizing laundries.

\* \* \*

Pay no attention to my ravings its merely a way I have of saving the lives of the parasites—ungrateful rogues they are. I don’t want to see them killed—I’d rather see them nursing a ball and chain across the landscape—and were I not to write these cheerful items from time to time the good people would lose their minds and the carnage would be terrific—something I can’t bear. This other way we can hope they will maintain their well known equianimity and dress the parasites in hobbles, or tether them out in the pastures.

\* \* \*

A fellow -worker here tells me evolution is revolution with inflammatory rheumatism in both hips. As to that I cannot say. It being a delicate laboratory question requiring much experimental work, I would rather view evolution as an harmless man with a seven-year itch—hot a hopeless condition, for did they not erect scratching posts in Scotland in the grim past, for the convenience of the travelers, mile or so apar. And did not many a wayfarer heave n sigh of relief and murmur: “God Bless the Duke of Argyle!”

Thus, you see, evolution can stop every mile or so and scratch, even the armless, at each post or any one post for seven years—or duration of the itch.

\* \* \*

ELLIS, Kan.—A bunch of scissors here got a job from a farmer at $5 a day, in a header barge; another bunch of scissors caught the farmer in town next day and talked him into firing the $5 men and took the job for $4—doesn’t look good, does it?

Well, that’s how it looks in print.

Why not organize?

Had this bunch of men been organized the five dollar men would not have lost their job and the others would not have tad to work for one dollar less—organization is a matter of dollars and cents, the difference between money and poverty.

## 1930\_27\_IS\_15071930

**The Horsepower of Four Bits**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

QUINTER GROVE, Kan. — The great American harvest hand is a proud, independent spirit. His pride and independence costs him a pretty penny, in real cash, U. S. money.

For one thing—he is too proud and independent to pay fifty cents a month dues to the I. W. W., the only organization that ever has given him high wages—and the organization that could give it to him today did he but belong to it—but no, he’s not putting out fifty cents every thirty days.

As a result of his failure to pay fifty cents a month for protection, the farmer puts a fine of two dollars a day on him in wages and pays him $4 a day instead of $6—that’s $60 per month that the harvest hand pays for his independence. It’s all right, if he can afford it but, personally, I think he should take the sixty dollars and put out the fifty cents instead—if for no other reason, than to fool the people into thinking he understands his arithmetic.

Some would think that an advantage is being taken of the harvest hand and that he is compelled to do one or the other, pay out union dues or sacrifice two dollars a day in wages, and that he is a slave to the proposition—it would seem so, too, in view of the criminal syndicalism laws passed by some of the agricultural states— by the farmers, in other words—to prevent the harvest hand from protecting himself “by way of a union.”

The mere fact that farmers have seen the effectiveness of unionism in the protection of workers, and their mad rush to criminally syndicalize their laws, then their failure to utilize organization in their own affairs, does not detract from their reputaion for general all-around ignorance—with the result that today we have the farmer applying simself assiduously to the task of prying two dollars per day from a ten-day harvest stake, his income thus limited only by the shortness of the period of employment.

Presumably the farmer, after forbidding his helpers to organize, feels guilty and therefore cannot take advantage of organization himself —a ridiculous situation that places him at a disadvantage and at the mercy of the organized grain speculators—but, nevertheless, on a basis of perfect equality with the unorganized harvest worker—both of them practically on the bum and dispossessed of all things that make life worth living.

The farmer today, in his unorganized condition, as a perennial pleader before his legislative representatives, receives less than one cent a pound for his wheat. The same wheat (after it’s bread) is bought back by the farmer for 15 cents per 14 ounces—what became of the odd 2 ounces it is short of a full pound, I do not know — but I do know bread at 15 cents or 14 ounces is fifteen times the price John gets for his wheat and indicates the baker and miller are better organized, or that the grain passes through fifteen hands all of whom receive as much (or little) as John. In the latter case, it would seem the farmer could make more money by milling and baking his crop and selling it in waxed papers under poetical cognomens.

But no, unorganized farmers would compete one with the other and we’d have the ridiculous spectacle of, John, flour from head to heels, begging “lumps” from Congress —a chronic bum. He will not organize himself, and sanctifies by his approval the laws that aim to prevent the more sensible people organizing.

John has therefore the choice between organizing or stepping out—he’ll step out. The reason I think he will step out is he has already permitted laws to be passed that will prevent him organizing. Should he (in the last wan hope to save himself) attempt to organize, his faithful servant, the law, will lock him up a criminal syndicalist and make him eat corporation wheat and packing house butter, a low grade axle grease . . .

Well, that was that.

Now the question arises what is the harvest hand going to do? Is he gonna continue paying the farmer two dollars a day tribute and finally step out of the picture? He will do neither—that man has good sense. He will organize a union for his own protection and prevent the farmer dragging him down to destruction. He will organize a union against the day when corporation farming will try to make a serf of him and John—and to be on time, he will do it now.—T-b S.

## 1930\_28\_IW\_19071930

**STILL SEEING THINGS**

–––––

What is there in the United States that attracts these endurance fliers? A few hundred hours they are up in the air and then right back to terry-firmy––and Chicago, of all towns! Can’t be that Newton’s gravity works after all? Now, if they stayed up a few years I wouldn’t . . . hm.––

A sign in the rescuitraunt says.

“Here’s how it works:”

“You pay me, I pay him, he pays you.”

A regular ring around-rosey, by heck!

Let’s see––How was it?

You beat me, I beat him, he beats you––

Dammit, I believe it works––everybody gets beat and nobody is winner––a perfect arrangement, by . . . heck.

What’s the sense of having money?

Not that I care a rapaho whether it works or no, its the purrinciple of the thing.

\* \* \*

COMMON CONSIDERATION

–––––

*Into a barber shop there strayed*

*An old trail-blazer stooped and grayed*

*Bewhiskered, wrinkled, sadly frayed––*

*“The grim old warrior” was his trade.*

*The Lady-Barber obeisance made*

*Quite unabashed and undismayed*

*And welcomed “this presumptious raid”*

*Upon the peace of her “stockade”.*

*“Say Kiddo,” roars the warrior staid,*

*“I want you for to strop my blade––*

*“So thru these whiskers it will wade––*

*“Remember, gal, you don’t get paid.”*

*She took the razor, Sheffield made,*

*Along its edge her eye she laid––*

*“This blade needs honer, sir,” she said*

*And promptly o’er the hone she swayed*

*Long live the helpful barber-maid!*

*For no sarcasms she essayed,*

*Nor tried the trapper to up-braid,*

*But offered service, time and aid.*

*Tonsorialists, with pride arrayed,*

*May take a lesson from this maid––*

*The world cantankerous decayed*

*Remembers how the game was played*

*When hard times strike the artful trade,*

*Privations, want, your haunts invade,*

*When skill and income from you fade,*

*‘Tis well to know how friends are made.*

P. S. A friend is a man who knows all about you but likes you just the same.

\* \* \*

It appears the rich man doesn’t lose out completely on his slim chances to get to heaven––(the paupers’ paradise). The boys were discussing his prospects and one of them of the ripe age of seventeen remarked: “I do not think the rich man can make it and, for one, I’m not in favor of it.”––

“Oh well,” opines another one, “he gets his, right in this world, while the getting is good.”––

Now, that’s what I call thinking––if not outright wisdom.

Note: The above should not be construed to mean the rich man will in any way resemble a fried herring or a barbecued buffalo in the next picture.

\* \* \*

Unemployment is the chief phenomenon in the harvest fields of Kansas. The seemingly endless yellow landscape appears as nothing remarkable, 104 in the shade gets but passing mention and the “combine,” the cause of employment, gets hardly a second look as it purrs its way disdainfully tossing its hips and sprinkling bolts, nuts and washers, etc.

Unemployment is a serious matter not only to the worker, now hungry, but also to the farmer who must needs sell his crop profitably in order to perpetuate himself as a farmer––a wan hope, conditions being what they are. It looks as if the farmer too will be dethroned––unenfarmed.

The combine of course is here to stay altho as yet it is in an experimental stage and can in no way compare with a, say, 44-60 old time separator. Gleaner-Baldwin combine, for instance is a collection of parts gathered from all quarters: Henry Ford builds its engine, radiator, etc., the wheels remind me strongly of the Pressed Steel Car, American Car and Foundry, if not American Can Co., the gears, castings, etc., probably come to Independence, Mo., in [c]arload lots and are there assembled into what is considered “a good combine.”

All that will change. Combines will be made a unit machine and bigger. Fences will be knocked down by farming corporations and up to the date machine shops will be installed upon the place––in other words the farm will be made a unit and will include everything from filling station to department store. Somebody’s gonna beg and starve.

It would **seem the march of** progress has a deleterious effect upon the human frame––if so, it is because of embracing those revolutionary changes too suddenly, impulsively and too ardently––unprepared.

I’m reminded in this connection of the Jackrabbit: Mr. Rabbit, long used to the buffalo-grass trails, stubble and plowed lands, finds considerable comfort and good footing on the “improved” roads, and nothing will do but dally his footsteps in the selfsame “lines of progress.”

Unfortunately . . . this morning I found its body flat as a pancake where it had been [se]t and crushed by a remorseless non-skid.

\* \* \*

THE MIRAGE

–––––

*Phantoms, spirits, elfs, surround us––*

*Daily toil has sprouted wings;*

*Grewsome apparitions hound us*

*And the folks are “seeing things.”*

*Like a lost soul . . . Hush, what was it!*

*Did you hear those awful groans?*

*Thar’s a skeleton in that closet––*

*Hear the rascal roll his bones!*

*Help!––I fear the place is haunted!*

*Evil spirits in it lurk!*

*Thru our vaunted wealth undaunted,*

*Stalks “the ghastly ghost of work.”*

*Look!––Another spook engages*

*Our old friend in battle roy’l––*

*It’s the shade of “going wages”*

*Clawing at the phantom toil.*

*I behold the graveyards walking,*

*Minus flesh and minus guts;*

*Ghosts of men and women squawking––*

*Can it be that I am “nuts”?*

*Can it be these things, recurring––*

*Are but mirages of mind?*

*And that politicians purring*

*Are not yet completely blind?*

*Can it be that this confusion*

*And the ever present want*

*Are fake––a mere delusion*

*And no bona facie haunt?*

*Everyone is quite contented?*

*Everyone has had his fill?*

*I alone am off, demented;*

*Shy of faith of hope and will.*

*This is not a real damnation?*

*What they call a sure-fire hell?*

*Just a minor aberration?*

*And, of course, the folks live well!*

*Not a soul is sad or worried?*

*Everyone just rolls in wealth?*

*Not a hand or foot is hurried?*

*Everyone is “foul” with health?*

*All those ghosts, that I have sighted,*

*Come from drinking too much cream?*

*Workingmen are all united*

*T-Bone Slim has had a dream?*

*Everything is hunky-dory?*

*And I’m not a bit surprised––*

*As I hold this inventory*

*O’er the slaves well organized.*

## 1930\_29\_IS\_22071930

**“Starvester’s Dream”**

**By T-Bone Slim**

–––––

**(air: Prisoners Song)**

–––––

**(Sentiments expressed by young man, age 17 Jennings, Kansas July 6, 1930)**

–––––

“O, I’ll get me a job in a brick yard,

In the place of a man “gone to wars”—

I will hasten to Hastings, Nebraska—

I am tired of pounding on doors!

“And I’ll push there a loaded wheelbarrow—

There I’ll live, stay and there too I’ll die—

While the man I replace does the harvest,

Does the battles of corn, wheat and rye.

“There I’ll stay—’cause a man gone to harvest

Nevermore can regain his old place—

And when thousands of harvesters starvest

I’ll be joyously clogging my face.”

\*

What a dream! What a face!

\*

Ah, if imagination only would bring high wages! But it won’t. I’ve tried it. And, I’ve got a damned good imagination . . .

I’ve just sat there on the ant-hill and imagined and imagined. 6, 7, 8, 13 dollars I imagined —finally geting up off the ants’ homestead to find the farmer offering 4 dollars for a full day’s work and board —and what board—enough for me, of course, as I hardly ever eat more than a few pounds of sunkissed-dried beef of a setting.

No, imagination won’t bring high wages. It’s gonna take piles and piles of organization work; yes, the delegates are gonna be pretty busy.

But that isn’t all—the delegates are gonna be too busy stamping up the boys to round up the thousands of harvest hands that are fairly aching to take out cards—here’s where the rank and file comes in. The rank and file has done enough poring on that sidewalk and are due right now to step out and offer encouraging words to the downtrodden unorganized and escort them to the delegates with all due and civil honors—not necessarily by the ear; because, didn’t I just now say they are aching to take out cards?

Hardly a man of them but understands the theory of **getting all he can for his day’s labors**—a thing that was profound secret to him until this year—and, in so far as unionsism will bring him more than he is able to get single handed, he is ready and willing to join any and all unions, right now.

So, just as soon as the rank and file turns a few more times on his heel on that sidewalk and quits posing we can expect to put the delegates on double shift . . . Our rank and file, of which I am one, are fully conscious to necessity of functioning as “guard of honor” to the unorganized men, and I’m not telling them a thing—I’m just reminding them, like saying: “Buddy, here comes your train.”

Above herewith is a poor little, innocent poem with the cruel title, “Starvester’s Dream” — of course everybody knows I didn’t and wouldn’t invent such a vicious name for a sweet, sentimental song. Nevertheless it is true many unorganized harvesters are starving—I call underconsumption the worst kind of starvation —it is also known that organized men are not starving and can not starve; because co-operation between them forbids and brings them an assortment of good foods, board, that can be best described 4 ft. wide and 10 ft. long—and coffee.

Ah, if Sammy Domb was only here to view that acreage of “french-toast” we had this morning in Minden, Nebr.— 37 pieces left over after everybody was packed full—umh! and that peach jelly.

## 1930\_30\_IS\_22071930

**U. S. History**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

In my presidential race I was advised by all the wise heads to work up from the bottom, “take a job as a fish salesman, like Al Smith, and harden yourself to the responsibilities of the great office”. This advice appealed to me and I got me a basket of fish and proceeded to sing the praises of perch and herring to the attentive housewives.

This noble profession although not very lucrative, kept me in milkshakes and Dukes Cameo cigarettes and certain phases of it worked to my advantage, I fear, because of my faulty memory: it was imperative that I select the fish all one size in order that I would not be accused of favoring any of my customers and naturally to protect my own interests the fish had to be of a small models. Thus it was that the most economical housewives could paw through my basket and never find a big one. Unfortunately the practice taught me how much a basket of fish should weight and being conscious of the weight I’m afraid I neglected to escort my basket to the scales for verification, but marched out on my route fully convinced that the formality of paying for the fish had been accomplished, and, many times, I was astounded at the profits derived from a single basketful––which all led me to believe my memory had played me a dirty trick just as I had quit stealing.

Oh, well, mistakes like that will happen in any business.––I know I shouldn’t confess to a weak memory as a presidential candidate, and I wouldn’t, but I feel confident the good people will discern that such a memory is really a blessing disguised as a flaw should I ever be bribed as president to do so and so, for so much: I can proceed to forget all about the bribe and give the people a fair break. With such a memory I can get up with a clear conscience a blank soul and swear I never received a red cent and that all that money in the bank is something I can’t remember a thing about––let’s see––that probably one of my rich relatives died and left it behind him.

“That ought to go over big with the population.”

My slogan: Not one single dishonest dollar do I remember and not many honest ones.

All right. I will have to run, the demand is so great, so I may as well start laying down my platform: First of all I am for FARM RELIEF––the farmers ain’t been relieved of their farms yet. I’ll attend to that the first year I’m in office. (That offer ought to swing every farmer vote in my favor and I’m good as elected right now.)

No. 2: I will have a law passed making it a penitentiary offense to offer or pay a workingman less than four dollars a day if I have to bulldoze every millionaire in Congress––mind you, it already is a penitentiary offense in so far as it incites workingmen to riot, but the law isn’t enforced.

But you just wait till I get in there, I’ll run some of those two-by-four employers ragged. We will not build more of this platform just now; the flies are so darn bad we might hit our thumb with the hammer and cripple ourself just when we need both hands in good shape.

## 1930\_31\_IW\_26071930

**AMONG US HUMANS**

–––––

According to last sabbath’s Topeka Daily Capital, a prize for singing of “Star Spangled Banner” was offered, but found no takers.

Here’s the how:

“Emporia, Kan., June 21.— (Special) — Even the D. A. R. has a skeleton in its closet. At a D. A. R. breakfast here this week, a prize was offered to anyone who could ring correctly three verses of ‘The Star Spangled Banner’.

“A patriotic chord’s boomed loudly on the first stanza, followed by a deep silence. Then one woman started singing the third verse, thinking it was the second.” (A mathematical blunder).

“She sang it thru, could think of no more verses and the prize wasn’t awarded.”

Shucks! That’s nothing. The girls simply had an off day! I remember once when I was to sing in front of an audience of 50,000, I quite forgot the ballad, title and all. Did I stand there squirming, helplessly? Not by a jugfull!

I sang them “The Lords Prayer.”

The D. A. R. girls could have done the same thing without anybody getting hep to the substitution . . .

But leaving all jokes aside: I’ll bet the D. A. R. one dollar against a cooky that any bunch of “reds” in the country can sing that song, front end first, without slurring a single note—are you game—or dontcha gamble? Me thinks the D. A. R. will put in a miserable summer with their singing lessons . . .

\* \* \*

“Clarendon, Tex., June 23.— (A. P.)—The Donley County State Bank was robbed of $7,500 by two unmasked men at the noon hour today.”

The dirty rascals! They didn’t have the decency to wear masks. What’s this world coming to anyway? The flaggers bare from the ground up and now those robbers committing bare-face robbery in broad daylight. Watson, the arsenic quick!

\* \* \*

Few years back I said, “if Babe Ruth is worth $50,000, Bob Shawkey is worth a million”—which goes to show I know something else besides Industrial Unionism. My knowledge is multi-various or mutilateral, however you please.

\* \* \*

Yesterday a granger brought 100 “fries” (chickens) into town and sold them for $13—an unlucky number; 13 cents a piece—another unlucky number—the man must be hoodooed. That $13 is what is known as “farm-relief.”

O wot a relief!

Butter fat 23 per lb.

Corn-willy (packed in Urugay) 40 cents a short lb.

Watson, you heard what I said!

\* \* \*

The federal farm board wheat stabilization corporation is on a larger scale what a community chest is on smaller—and just about is charitable.

If community chest functions in any other capacity than a “self-devouring-stall,” then great things, circumscribed, may be expected from the “board”—limited because of the unwieldiness of its size—but, if the “chest” does not function helpfully, then we must learn to view the efforts of the “board” as constituting a sorry zero.

\* \* \*

Power companies (utility )are the only outfits that put out their product at 15 times its cost . . .

Labor power is sold at cut-rate prices. The cost to produce labor power for one day is the cost of “3 squares,” plus incidentals, all told, say, $3.00.

Fifteen times $3 equals $45.00. Forty-five dollars, then, is a days pay for a workingman if he cares to charge like the power companies do.

Power companies are able to charge 15 times the cost of a volt or watt of power; plus extra perambulations of well-oiled meters—because they are organized—a company.

Labor must sell its power at cut rates—sometimes below cost—because it is disorganized as individuals; is not known as labor but as labor’ers—notice the split.

\* \* \*

The writer is wrong as hell; but right, nevertheless.- Altogether too damned much perfume in “Joe” Addison’s writings.

\* \* \*

All a present day sheik needs is a Ford, pint of hootch and a package of cigarettes. Isn’t love wonderful?

\* \* \*

Hays, Kan.—At this writing, Tuesday, June 24, we are on the verge of being drafted into harvest work, to make the acquaintance of that famous “big winter stake.”

But there is a hitch to the program. Some of the wages offered look as if they had been imported here from my old stamping ground, Conway Springs, Kan. Then again the farmers are casting sheep’s eyes at the harvest hand’s dollar, instead of tending to their business of selling their wheat and brussels-sprouts. Indications are the wages will be six dollars up—the boys have talked it over.

Not a bad idea, it seems.

It sometimes pays to pop-off.

## 1930\_32\_IS\_29071930

**It’s Like This**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

It is said snuff drives a person crazy. How well I know it! My snuff-box has been empty these many days and if any man is batty, it’s I’m.

\* \* \*

Now, I’ve used it fifty years and if it drives a man nuts, how about some of these farmers around here? They must have used it 150 years . . . ?

(But that isn’t why I haven’t been writing much, lately.)

It’s like this:

My old fractured ribs are bothering me again to such an extent that I can scarce hold a pencil beween my toes. You see, a few years ago I had some heavy lifting to do and you know when I get “hold of a thing” something must give—It did. It was my ribs. My short ribs, front and back. My partner here has a theory my ribs are all right but are starting to cave because I have failed to keep a proper amount of stuffing behind ‘em, vitamins, etc., and are starting to buckle-up for that reason —

Reason? —why, that’s unreasonable.

\* \* \*

A certain uneasiness is pervading the chests of our crack writers in this land of greatest wealth —Hearst papers are no longer hollering for additional immigration but are on the contrary offering their properties to stockholders, via, also, the curb market — (Chi. “Herald-Examiner.” N. Y “Americar” qot mentioned; in rural districts of the Omaha “Bee”) This uneasiness is a natural condition although lacking the proper “horsepower” that would be present had the crack writers gone without their daily rations and had they left their three daily hungers.

Therefore his somewhat tardy uneasiness stands out as a mere shadow temporarily crossing the horizon of their consciousness. The real, genuine uneasiness rests temporarily secure within the hearts of Mr. Hearst’s countrymen —how long it will remain secure is a question that may well inspire our crack writers to greater realization of the calamities that an almost upon us—are upon us. There being no call at present for more “assimilable foreigners.” Finns, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Germans, French etc., the assumption we have all the foreigners we can skin profitably at this time, and that our skinners must remove their o[a]tfits to lands that are capable of supporting the “to be skinned” until the peaceful penetra[tor] is a fact—and the hide is safely removed and strung on the fence.

There is a certain popularity about the skinning process that makes it an even present nightmare to all skin-bearing animals. Whether the critter has much or little epidermis there’s always a long row of skinners whetting their knives (in plain sight and casting appraising eyes at the sunkissed coat of pores . . . Not infrequently a skinner himself is horrified to recognize his own hide decorating the bulwarks of privacy and breastworks of spite . . .Not a hide seems secure (in it’s original location) in these days of super-civilization and civilized brainlessness . . .

**Existence under a program of fears! Progres tempered with worry and tears!**

— T-b. S.

## 1930\_33\_IS\_29071930

**“SUNDOWNITIS”**

–––––

**York, Nebraska, “Hoosiers-Up” On Slim**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

In the famed state of feather beds, Nebraska, where this poor author ruined his kidneys sleeping in the boss’ private chamber, in the front room, downstairs, if you please, while the boss chased his rising generation, considerate sons, admirable daughters and good but hefty wife up to the attic (where he followed them) to swelter in the midsummer night’s balmy breezes . . . ah, a touch of real humanitarian consideration on his part; no doubt due to his Germanic origin and training. Although his wife formerly was an up-stater from New York, her cooking was marvelous; the only flaw in her art was a slight miscarriage she had in the making of ice cream––a thing that very easily can be overlooked in this age of phoney phreezers. Looking at those meals I made up my mind the Kaiser wasn’t such a bad man after all, and that if he starts another war I’m afraid I might be persuaded to pull my punches and die the hero that I am––it wouldn’t seem right to slaughter off a nation of good cooks. Well, that’s all right, but this same State has within her borders what the boys call “sundown towns,” a very apt term meaning nature’s “throwback towns”; among them we might mention Norfolk, York and Fremont (Hastings isn’t so bad, but slipping)––Nebraska, of course, is conscious of those weak points in her make-up but owing to her construction is unable to get rid of them and lives in the hope those unfortunate towns will outgrow their mental infirmities and abberations or hallucinations. . . .

I had the misfortune recently to get off a perfectly good train (free lunch included, silver mounted toppings, but lunch just the same) to find myself in York, Nebr.––darn the luck––the town looked all right, too.

Me, directly from the City of New York on the shores of the turbulent Atlantic, a city of no mean proportions––where I used to stretch my great frame upon the sidewalk, piers or bank-portals and where the city ordinances had to conform with my comforts on sultry nights––where the populace defied upstart patrolmen to make any changes in their mode of spending the night––and where, too, patrolmen consider it the height of folly to disturb a sleeping person; a deed so foul that no lower animal will attempt; a peace so profound that neither snake nor tiger will violate.

But in York, Nebr., I had with considerable effort prepared myself a bed that was suitable to my “form of build;” in a box car of course and probably as sanitary as any place in that immaculate village –– Hardly had my snores started vibrations in the rafters when in marches three big burlies of the law and apologized for the intrusion but invited me to spend the balance of the night in the town’s calaboose. Hm. My rest was ruined; my sleep seduced.

Being very broadminded, ‘twas easy for me to see that the officers of the law, paid for being awake nights, saw no wrong in disturbing people tired out by the toils of the day before––a bear would have lumbered on, about his own business; a snake would have waited till morning to sting me. . . .

I guess that is what the boys mean by “sundown towns;” ace in the hole towns, where hospitality is so nil that workers carry their lunches in their coat sleeves for hundreds of miles coming into town––an “ace in the hole”––in preparation against the welcome to come.

I feel sincerely sorry for the good state of Nebraska because of those towns but, can offer no cure for that condition––in fact, I think it incurable and that it will fester and contaminate the whole state––let’s hope

(Continued On Page Two)

[rest of the text is missing]

## 1930\_34\_IW\_02081930

**TEE-BONE SLIM SAYS “KEEP PACE WITH HARVEST”**

–––––

DAVID CITY, Nebr., July 24.—One-Ten harvest drive is moving along satisfactorily up to this point, and will continue to gain momentum as it goes along. Many members are not as yet alive to the importance of this particular drive and many for that reason neglect to fully co-operate to the fullest extent—and may thereby contribute to whatever may be lacking in its measure of success.

I can think of only one thing that may cour the outcome and that is the membership may over-reach themselves and travel ahead of the harvest—this should not be. Under no circumstances should they be more than 24 hours ahead; inasmuch as being too previous marks them and operates against their economic security.

T-b. S.

## 1930\_35\_IW\_02081930

**“OVER 45”**

–––––

Just at this time (after a cup of powerful but muddy coffee) I don’t give a damn what anybody else thinks—I’m in favor of doles for us old Jiggers on the scrap-pile. They can hand mine to me right now and I’ll sit right here on the scrap-pile and make people peel their bonnets by warbling, “Star Spangled Banner Forever.”— What do I care if the parasites “ways and means committee” is weeping bitter tears over their misdeed of placing me on the retired list—it’s their funeral not mine. Mismanagement like theirs will not pass for mustard in an up-and-going country like this here, now, our United States—not by a damsite, and I expect to see that committee in the soupline next winter.

Who’s gonna put ‘em there?

Excuse my blushes, I shall do that myself.

I most solomonly swear to cook up a mess of real, genuine, thin soup, from the purest of waters: soup that will wash down all the deviltry in their system and leave them clean as a lily in the dell . . .

Yes, I’m in favor of the dole—but, a lot of good that’s gonna do me or anybody else to be in favor of it! I can starve to death in favor of it—so can everybody else. Favoring ain’t gonna make it come. Wishing ain’t gonna make it come. Sucking my thumbs ain’t gonna make it come. No. Quite right. Slim—all those moves are too ethereal for the dole-wishers to understand.

Ask and you shall not receive.

Demand and they’ll laugh at you.

Demand till you’re blue in the face—you will not get it.

Organize and it’s yours!

Us old codgers, of course, are entitled to receive a dole—any way you look at it: The money has been produced by us who have had a most full working life, and it is in the lockers of the few who did not produce it . . . We are entitled to receive this last insult, if for no other reason then because we have failed to organize in the past to the end of guiding those dollars into our own coffers . . .

I’m not alone on the scrap-pile:

Thousand of workers have reached the age when industrial overlords have autocratically condemned them, discriminated against them, openly, bare-faced, contrary to all law of reason or decency; absolution in its final power: a deed so ill-conceived, illogical, unethical that I tremble in anticipation of its consequences: condemnation to death to all intents and purposes of all those workers that have reached the age of 45 years.

Illogical, because the rule won’t hold—are we to understand (in following that rule) that a machine, factory, industry, government, nation shall be scrapped at the ripe old age of 45 years?

Which is the goat, which the sucker?

Flesh? Fish?

Allright.

Our overlords, the magnates, have overslept all boundaries this time, as usual, and have freed too many workers from all opportunity to produce a living for themselves; constituted themselves extra legal judge and jury over the life of all those guilty of the age of 45 years—were led on and on believing those men will not organize to defend their lives against such outrageous attack, going over the hill (A. W. O. L.) with a man’s bread and butter.

And they call those magnates intelligent!

Half-baked, is a better description.

(They have been poorly advised and should fire their advisors without notice).

They are grinding somebody’s axe—and a hard bit it is, too . . .

I am trying to save them from their own indiscretion.

Thousands of workers of that age have given up the struggle, reconciled themselves to the misery laid before them: “It’s no use,” they say. “I cannot compete with the youngsters.”

Nobody expects you to compete—you ain’t a racehorse, are you?

—But I see you are not a union man.

How come?

Are you too old to be a union man? Do you think that only the young should be active in union matters?

Let me tell you, no age limit is placed against the youngsters—the bosses take them out of the cradle, pull them sway from their mother’s breast and drive them till they are 45 . . .

It is you and me on the scrap-pile that needs a union the worst way . . .

You’ve done your bit? So, you have

Well, you’re bit wasn’t enough.

## 1930\_36\_IS\_05081930

**BEATING DOWN THE UNBEATEN**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

GARRETSON, S. D.—Just now found out this town is in South Dakota—always before thought it in Michigan or Iowa. Hired out to a Norwegian here; board, conditions good—wages, humph, I guess there was an element of wages attached to the deal, not big, as wages go or come, but wages just the same—the same, I needed for razor blades. But I don’t believe he was pure-blooded Norwegian because he served lunch only once a day between meals—I’m used to eating five times a day while engaged in hard labor . . . temperature 107-111.

He had the right idea though, he threatened to chase the women out of the house, as he said, “if they don’t make the coffee stout enough to make a harvest hand shock ‘a one j hour row’ in forty minutes—even coffee seems to have economic power.

Don’t know whether it has any bearing on political platforms or elections—and, indeed, some of the late lamented platforms look as if they were born of barley corn or hard rye.

Individualism, one of the essentials of politics and part of political minds is not so clearly a result of over-intoxication or prolonged debauch and is, therefore, more difficult to define or describe—and once described, or associated, it leaves a hard-cider taste in the mouth:

**Individualism is not much else than ingrained, thoroughbred selfishness.**

We, of course, have known this all along and never were deceived by the metallic sound of the word.

Folks have a habit of placing wrong constructions on such delicate matters and thus it is individualism is considered perfectly respectable; whereas selfishness is classed right next to stealing an old maid’s false teeth . . .

Take, for instance, another such case; Sig. Mussolini, according to the ambitious Mr. Hearst, is in favor of “Spirit of Expansion”—Oo, la la!—and the Industrial Union No. 110 favors Expansion of Spirit. One oi those is quite right—mebbe both. Now, the following few remarks are but gatherings or threads I have left’ out of my former ravings, the printing of which leaves me with a clean slate—a desirable frame of mind.

Political action, in the broad sense, works from the top downward—downward, but but not to the bottom.

Labor is at the bottom.

Economic action works from the bottom upward—upward, but not to the top.

Parasites are on top

I hope this explains why parasites are in favor of political action— it gives them first crack at the fruit salad.

It should also explain why the more sensible slaves are determined to use economic action—it spreads the pie heavier at the bottom.

Labor being what it is, foundation of society, civilization and all other things, it would seem this capitalist system, as rotten as it is, could regain some of its former prestige if it would but operate to strengthen the foundation, Labor—and I’m giving these views free of all charge to the mismanagers of our welfare, recognizing their disability to think for themselves or anybody else.

But to be not misunderstood, and to guard against being not understood, I must be very precise in my language; I must tell them exactly what to do, lest they go off at a tangent and fail in the accomplishment of the salvage—saving of the system now rapidly falling to pieces and dis-use.

It stands to reason that no establishment can stand on a weak foundation. The foundation must be sound, solid.

Labor is the foundation.

No worthwhile establishment can stand on a hollow foundation.

Labor is hollow. (Just now).

Thus, it follows, the one and only way to rescue the tottering system is to strengthen the foundation —never mind the upper stories: they stand or fall with labor no matter what else you do.

Now, the quickest and best way to strengthen Labor is with money—give them big wages. Simple remedy. Isn’t it?

I’ll bet you never would have thought of it without my assistance.

Labor, of course, conscious of its want, has thought it all along.

It seems that were the caretakers of the system to concentrate and establish and enrich the foundation

with mortars of nigh wages, all other parts of the structure would cease their quaking and shaking and “settle down” to a long life of usefulness— not the best but usefulness just the same—all parts of the structure would adjust themselves to the healthy condition of the foundation, Labor.

Otherwise we must conclude, paints, polishes, white-washes, re-inforccmcnts applied to the upper stories can but add to the load supported by the already crumbling foundation.

There is no other way out — the foundation is cracking under the strain—and, gentlemen, nary a foundation yet “gave away” but the structure became uninhabitable or warped out of all shape and symmetry.—**T-b. S.**

## 1930\_38\_I\_09081930

**Ne Junista Heitellyt Miehet**

Kirj. T-bone Slim.

(Lukiessaan suomennosta T-bone Silmin kirjoituksesta on lukijan otettava huomioon että hänen kirjoituksissaan sanaleikki merkitsee tavattoman paljon. Sitä on mahdoton saada kokonaan esille silloin kun kirjoitus käännetään jollekin toiselle kielelle. — Toim.)

–––––

Sanoa että I. W. W. nakkelee miehiä pois tavarajunista sen vuoksi että heitä epäillään rosvoiksi (hi-jacks) olisi yhtä narrimaista kuin sanoa että Kommunistipuolue on yhtiön unio . . .

Ensiksikin, I. W. W. ei heittele mleliiä pois tavarajunista sen tai tämän, monen tai minkäänlaisen syyn vuoksi.

Toiseksi, se ei koskaan toimi muuten kuin tietoisuutensa perusteella; ei koskaan epäluulon perusteella.

Kolmanneksi, koskaan ei ole tarpeellista heittää miehiä pois tavarajunista — miehet ovat iloisia päästessään niistä — nauttivat siitä, käsittävät sen velvollisuudekseen.

Mutta I. W. W:llä on karkea maine, tietysti epäansaitusti, ja se on tullut sille täten:

Mies tulee uniseksi junassa, nukahtaa, sanokaamme, tankkivaunun sivulaudalle. Juna tärskähtelee, huojuu, hyppii ja mies vierähtää vaunun laudalta ohdakkeiden sekaan. Tunnustaako tämä mies nyt että hän itse meni vuoteelle junassa ja heräsi ojassa?

Ei.

Hän marssii läheisimpaän farmitaloon ja kerjää köyhältä farmarilta laastarikangasta ja aamiaista sekä tyhjentää hänelle sydämensä seuraavalla tavalla:

“I. w. w.:läiset rosvosivat minut ja heittivät pois junasta.”

Hänetkö olisi rosvottu! Hänet joka ei ole nähnyt dollaria sen jälkeen kun Hoover kastettiin! Siitä huolimatta mies todella saattaa uskoa että I. W. W:llä oli avustavaa osuutta hänen saamiinsa naarmuihin ja t a s a p ainonsa menettämiseen, jos ei muuten niin ainakin propagandan kautta, sillä se teki hänet uniseksi ja sai hänet uneksimaan olevansa liitelytaso.

Tässä suhteessa hänen uskonsa saattaa olla niinkin vahva että turvatakseen itseään vastaisuudessa sellaisilta tapauksilta hän ottaa punaisen kortin ja pysyttelee yhtämittaisesti hereillä. (Kaikella tällä on yhteyttä Mr. presidentti Hooverin saituruuden tai anteliaisuuden kanssa.)

Mutta löytyy joitakin tapauksia, hyvin harvoja, joissa täysin hereillä olevia miehiä on autettu pois junista tai rohkaistu heitä lähtemään nopeasti ja vähemmän arvokkaalla tavalla, esillä olleiden asiain edullisuuden vuoksi. Vuosien kuluessa jotkut niistä tapauksista ovat voineet lisätä menekkiä ruumisarkkumarkkinoilla.

Minä en ole persoonalisesti tuttava niiden gentlemannien kanssa jotka heittelevät miehiä pois junista enkä voi tietää mitä uskontoa he tunnustavat. Ovatko he periaatteettomia medotisteja, paatuneita presbyteeriläisiä tai ilkeämielisiä reformeeratun kirkon jäseniä; sitä en voi tällä kertaa sanoa tekemättä lähempiä tutkimuksia. Mutta minä voin sanoa että heidän toimintansa haiskahtaa vahvasti samanlaiselta k u i n kohtelu joka annettiin Jeesukselle Kristukselle silloin kun hänen isänsä lähetti hänet juutalaisten keskuuteen ristiin naulattavaksi. Tapahtui että juutalaiset saivat hänet kiinni ja naulasivat seetripuuristille — eikä isäukko nostanut sormeaankaan poikansa puolustamiseksi.

Minä en ole saanut uskontoani äitini maidossa; sain sen halkovajassa vanhan vetohihnan päästä. Saattaa siis olla niin että miesten heittäminen junasta on liian hienopiirteinen uskonnon muoto minun känsittyneen sieluni ymmärrettäväksi. Siten olen myöskin kykenemätöin uskomaan että rautateiden “bullit” ja agentit (tarkoituksella kasvattaa huonoa mainetta I.W.W:lle) nakkelisivat miehiä junista; esiintyisivät union miehinä tai arvonsa arvonsa tuntevina rosvoilijoina lossatessaan työläisiä vaunuista ja rosvotessaan heitä. En usko heidän olevan juuri niin hyviä kristittyjä. Siihen johtopäätökseen olen pakotettu, niin usein kuin olenkin saanut kuulla heidän ylevämielistä ärjyntäansä

Ei, en voi sanoa josko nämä viranomaiset ja “hi-jackit” toimivat sillä tavalla, mutta voin sanoa että I. W. W., niin pitkälle kuin sen jäseniä tunnen, vastustaa kovin laajaa seurustelua sellaisten aistiviallisten kanssa jotka eivät omaa edes alkeellisimpiakaan käsityksiä unionismista. Mutta tämä kanta ei kuitenkaan pukeudu väkivallan tai päällehyökkäyksen muotoon. Ja mitä tulee junista pois heitettyihin miehiin niin sallikaa minun sanoa että monet siten heitetyistä ovat olleet I. W. W.n jäseniä.

Tuskin voitanee heitä epäillä itsensä junasta pois heittämiseen; voidaanko?

Tietysti ei.

Saattaa olla että “hi-jackit” ovat toimittaneet heittämisen — epäluulo kohdistuu siihen suuntaan. Jos siten on asia niin he suorastaan hävittävät omaa liikettään, sillä I. W. W., itseään turvatakseen, joutuu katsomaan jokaista järjestymätöntä miestä mahdollisena “hi-jackina.” Ja siten tapahtuu että järjestymättömät työläiset pakoittava I. W. W:n antamaan paljon enemmän huomiota “hi-jackeille” kuin mitä heidän kohtuullinen osuutensa olisi. Samalla kertaa moni ei-union mies joutuu tukalaan asemaan todistelussaan että hänen unionismin puutteensa on ainoa tahra hänen muuten terveessä moraalissaan. Tilanne on perin kiusallinen — kukin epäilee toisia. Mutta se voidaan parantaa varsin helposti:

Ottakoon jokainen ei-union mies punaisen kortin ja oppikoon tuntemaan työläistoverinsa. Kun se tapahtuu, silloin kaikki ovat i. w. w:läisiä ja työläisiä. Työsuhteet ja palkat paranevat niin paljon että jokainen mies on halukas tekemään hyödyllistä työtä ja “hi-jackit” jäävät menneisyyteen kuuluviksi. Sillä totisesti se on alhainen palkka ja kurjat työsuhteet, kauan kestettyinä, jotka tekevät “hi-jackeja” — toisin sanoen: työnantajaluokka ja sen työtä nylkevä järjestelmä.

Yksinpä paatuneinkin rosvoilija paljon mieluummin ansaitsisi toimeentulonsa kunnollisissa työsuhteissa, kuin koettaisi hankkia sen mitään omistamattomien rosvoilemisella.

Miksikä olla mitään omistamaton?

J. K.

Viljankorjuun aikana kymmeniätuhansia työläisiä on matkalla yötä ja päivää, toisinaan, päästäkseen jollekin vissille paikalle. Satoja jopa tuhansiakin heitä nukkuu vaarallisissa paikoissa, tavaravaunujen katoilla, avonaisissa vaunuissa ja tankkivaunujen sivulaudoilla. Onko siis ihme että muutamia heistä on vuosien kuluessa putoillut?

Minä puolestani uskon että joka ainoa noista luikurin laskijoista on siten pudonnut.

Juuri nyt North Dakota ilmoittaa Minneapolisin lehdissä viittätoistatuhatta viljankorjaajaa. Poloinen North Dakota! Juuri nyt sillä on vain 20,000 miestä enemmän kuin se voi käyttää ja tarvitsee 15,000 lisää.

Vetäkää esille itkuliinanne, pojat; tämä on aivan ulvova tarve.

## 1930\_37\_IW\_09081930

**WHY BE A PAUPER?**

–––––

To say I. W. W. throws men off the freight trains because they suspect them of being hi-jacks is just as ridiculous as to say the Communist party is a company union . . .

In the first place, the I. W. W. doesn’t throw men off the freight trains for any, many or nary reasons whatsoever.

In the second place, it never acts except upon knowledge; and not on mere suspicion. Thirdly, it never is necessary to throw men off trains––men are glad to get off––consider it a pleasure, a duty to get off. But the I. W. W. has a hard reputation, undeservedly, of course, and this is “how come”:

A man gets drowsy on the train, drops off to sleep on, say, the runningboard of a tank car, the train jerks, sways, jumps, the man rolls off the train and lands in the weeds. Is that man gonna admit he went to bed on a train and woke up in a ditch?

No.

He marches to the first farm house bums the poor farmer for court plaster and breakfast and unburdens his soul thusly:

“I was robbed and thrown off the train by the I. W. W.”

Him, robbed?––He hasn’t seen a dollar since Hoover was baptized. Nevertheless, the man actually believes the I. W. W. contributed to his scratches and loss of equipoise; if in no other way then by their propaganda, which made him drowsy and caused him to dream himself a glider . . .

His faith in that respect is so powerful he will protect himself from further such happenings by getting himself a red card and keeping himself awake at all times, (this ail is contingent on the stinginess or generosity of Mr. President Hoover).

But there are a few, very few, cases in which men fully awake have been peremptorily assisted off trains or encouraged to make a hasty and undignified exit in the interest of the business at hand and, in the course of years, few of those cases have resulted in the strengthening of the coffin market.

Noow I am not personally acquainted with those gentlemen that heave men off trains, and cannot know their religions. Be they unprincipled methodists or calloused presbyterians or mayhap malicious members of the reformed church I cannot say at this time without further investigation––but I will say their act smacks heavily of the handling bestowed upon Jesus Christ the time his Father sent him among the Hebrews to be crucified and, as it happened, the Hebrews did ketch-up, with him and spike him to a cedar cross––the “old man” not lifting a finger in defense of his son. Now I, myself, didn’t get my religion with my mother’s milk; but got it in a woodshed from the end of a piece of “draft-harness”; therefore, it may be the throwing of men off trains is a form of religion as yet too subtle for my crusted soul or understanding––thus it is too that I am unable to believe that railroad bulls, agents, (in the interest of upbringing a bad reputation for the virtuous I. W. W.), toss men off the trains; masquerading themselves as union men or self-respecting hi-jacks in the process of unloading workingmen and robbing them––they ain’t that good christians, I must conclude, despite the encouraging timbre of their snarls the many times I have listened to the enraptured.

No, I cannot say those officers or hi-jacks perform in that manner but I can say the I. W. W. does not do so.

At the same time in the interest of truth I must say the I. W. W., in so far as many of its members is concerned, is opposed to associating too extensively with such defectives as do not possess the rudiments of unionism––but that aversion does not take the form of assault or attack and as for throwing men off trains let me say many of the men thrown off were I. W. W.’s.

They wouldn’t hardly throw themselves off trains, would they?

Of course not.

It may be that hi-jacks have been doing the throwing off––there is a suspicion in that direction. If so, they are practically ruining their business in doing so because the I. W. W., to protect itself must view every unorganized man a possible hi-jack. Thus it is that a number of unorganized men causes the I. W. W. to pay them, the hi-jacks, more than their proper share of attention. At the same time many non-union men are inconvenienced considerably in proving that their lack of unionism is the only blemish on their otherwise healthy morals. This situation is very difficult to live under––each man “suspicioning” the other––but it can be remedied very easily:

Let every non-union man take out a red card and learn to know his fellow worker––when that happens all will be wobblies and workers; conditions and wages will improve so much that it will be a desire of every man to perform useful labor and hi-jacks will be a thing of the past for verily, it is low wages and rotten conditions long endured that make hi-jacks––in other words the employer with his rotten system of skinning toil.

The most hardened hi-jack, even, would much prefer to earn his living, at just wages, than get it by robbing paupers.

Why be a pauper?

T-b S.

P. S.

During harvest season tens of thousands of harvest hands travel night and day, some times, to reach certain points––hundreds, yes thousands of them deliberately go to sleep in precarious positions, on top box cars, flat cars and “rough” freight––oil tanks.

It is then a wonder that few, very few, in the course of years have fallen off?

Personally I think every damned one of those liars fell off.

Just now North Dakota is advertising in Minneapolis papers for 15,000 harvest hands.

Poor North Dakota! Right now she has only twenty thousand more men than she can use and needs 15,000 more.

Out with your handkerchiefs,boys––this is a crying need.––T-b S.

## 1930\_39\_IS\_12081930

**SETTING WAGES**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Bankers and burglars have a very snotty way of dipping into other people’s business––and something should be done about it. Both use practically the same method of peaceful penetration––one under the cover of darkness, the other under cover of broad daylight, from, say, 10 o’clock to 3 p. m. or a. m. as the case may be–– the burglar seemingly prefers to work between 10 p. m. and 3 a. m. . . .

One depends largely on sleight-of-hand, magic and high explosives to gain a livelyhood; the other uses no explosives, other than words of that description and relies wholly on the art of persuasion and sleight-of-tongue to produce the necessary “melons” as he says, for his “wife and kiddies”.

I may be wholly wrong when I say “they have much in common”––writers will make such careless statements in the fervor (heat) of their inspiration, even going so far as to make two successive statements that conflict, from the word go––as to that I can comfort the b. and b. by saying this is not the first time such a grave error finds its way into immortal annals of the times. Writers should read the Preamble of The Industrial Workers of the World more carefully and study in particular the material in regards the statement “The working class and the employing class have nothing in common”. How can they have, when one has and the other hasn’t? To have anything in common one of them would have to use very strong, powerful imagination, work himself into a trance, hold the spell the rest of his life lest he wake up and find himself a busted plute, a panicky panhandler.

Yea bo, as I was articulating, the bankers and burglars dip into people’s business in an uncalled for manner, but we will not go into the question as to their value to society, in so far as their primary occupation is concerned. We will proceed to divide them and concern ourself strictly with the unhappy custom of the banker neglecting his melon patch to the extent of setting the wages for people who are obliged to work––bankers appear to be especially anxious about that matter and worry days and weeks in trepidation and cold sweat convinced that if they do not set-em the wages never will be set.

Naturally the melon patch suffers severely from this inattention and I see chain banks carrying off the choicest ripe ones.

Don’t get the idea that the bankers deliberately step out on the pavement and deliver the verdict of their deliberations (35 cents an hour). Oh, no, a certain amount of ceremony is necessary to make it look respectable and to keep the banker’s back from peeling violently and all of a sudden. The chamber of commerce is called together:

“What are we gonna pay those roughnecks this year?”

“Mr. Honorable President,” stutters the barbwire-magnate, “I can’t think of anything bigger than 35 cents.” Mr. Butter and Egg, of the Sacred Grocery Stores Corp., rises to point of order: “Thirty-five pennies is too much. I make a motion we pay them $3.50 a day and let the farmers work ‘em 11½ hours.”

“We pay ‘em?” hiccoughs the butcher, “We pay ‘em what do you mean, we pay ‘em. Why not let the farmers pay ‘em?”

“Set down, Mr. Baconbutts, you’re out of order, you’re drunk.”

“Mr. President, I quite agree with Mr. Baconbutts,” opines Otto Flivver, the manager of the Sun-Blistered Trail Garage Co., (he owes the butcher $1.87 he hopes the butcher will have the decency to forget), “I quite agree with Mr. Baconbutts, not only in letting the farmer pay ‘em but also in letting the farmer set their wages.”

Pres.: “Why Mr. Flivver, I’m surprised at you! as long as you’ve been dealing with farmers you ought to know they are teetotally incapable of setting anything except a hen––you must have been hitting up the butcher’s jug, too; set down. Let’s hear from Mr. Aloysius Cadwallader Skads, president of our Wurst Rational Bank; capital $147,000.00; surplus, $140,000.00––what’s your pleasure, Mr. Skads?”

Mr. Skads: “Gentlemen, I want to be absolutely fair, in fact liberal, and although I think $3.50 a day is an awful big pile of money to pay one man for a day’s work I feel we ought to let the goodness of our heart well forth and place our faith in the Lord that those rough-necks will spend it well if not wisely . . .”

Butcher: “I agree with Cad Skads. . .”

Chairman: “Set down, youre slopping over.”

Butcher: “We ain’t got no business setting them wages, but we have to give ‘em something––enough so they can buy a little chuck steak for the jungles while they’re washing up––I don’t want ‘em bumming me all the time, I’ve got a soft heart, last week while one of ‘em was bumming me in front another on ran off with a full jug of green rye at the back, damn ‘em, I’m in favor of giving ‘em $4.00 a day.”

“Mr. Baconbutts, set down, you’re out of order –– –– –– you didn’t lose this week’s jug, did you?”

“I did not, I found a new hiding place, puffectly safe and––that reminds me if the honorable chamber will excuse me and Mr. Flivver I’ll go and tend to my customers.”

(Otto Flivver and Rasher Baconbutts depart arm in arm singing “Throw out the life-line.”)

\*

Can you imagine, here’s a bunch of men (outside the butch) that never did a tap of work in all their lazy life having the presumption to set the wages for actual working men––a banker that would last less than one hour on the end of a pitchfork and less than half-hour shocking; and, it appears, the working men are incapable in the setting of their own price on the labor power they sell. Nobody in all this world speaking for them but a drunken butcher and, possibly, the I. W. W.

## 1930\_40\_IW\_16081930

**IT DO SEEM SO—**

–––––

“No man is wiser for his learning. Wit and wisdom are born with a man.”––Seldon.

Oh what a bitter pill, Mr. Seldon!

A scissorbill packs his head with learning, only to find himself a scissorbill still?

Oh what a wallop! Mercy! Help! Police!!

I cannot agree with Mr. Seldon right off the bat on that proposition because of the accepted interpretation given to wit and wisdom in the late years.

But then, again, once we admit that environment is a factor in learning we must conclude the present day wise heads learnt to live without labor right on their mother’s breast and are following that line of endeavor throughout their life.

I don’t know what this country is coming to––what with Heywood Broun running for congress and Henrik L. Mencken getting married––but its going to be something terrible, TERRIBLE. Will Rogers had better make no bones about it but announce his forthcoming suicide right away.

\* \* \*

What this country needs is more row-boats for the kids to steal––as I understand it there is an unwritten law that gives them inalienable rights to haul off with any man’s rowboat that suits their purpose.

And, unless I’m mistake, they also have certain constitutional privileges in that direction, too.

\* \* \*

I’ve been counting noses.

There are 36,000,000 unorganized men in good ol’ U. S. A.––

Inside of five years they will be either in the poorhouse or palace.

If they choose to remain unorganized, they will be served eggs once a year, by the county, on easter morn.

It may be, a lot of organized men will be keeping them company, reading Brewsters Millions and True Confessions and telling the unorganized all about Karl Marx and Professor Deepskin––I can actually see some of the shyer-rebel chins rattling in the wind, with the egg of last year’s feast still upon them.

But should the 36,000,000 choose to organize they will . . . I cannot tell that––leadpencils costing what they do, and me a great whittler.

\* \* \*

It would do Jim Hill’s heart good, up in heaven, could he but see his old firemen (Big G) trying to keep the “hot-shots” warm on sand and gravel––and to think, coal miners are starving.

\* \* \*

Native sons at last are getting “a break.” The other day I was sorely in need of a job to get the kinks out of my muscles. I made judicious inquiries in that direction and rolled up my sleeves for all the world to see . . .

“Do you live around here?” inquires the employer, beaming all over, his eye glued to my bulging muscles.

Like a damned fool I blurted out, “No.” (I should have invited him up to the house to meet the missus.)

“I’m awful, awful sorry,” he assured me, “we are hiring only home grown talent.”

My jaw drops.

Damnit, I had to walk out, way out, to the cemetery and read the headlines till I found a name that had been dead just about long enough to fit me.

When I came back I was a different man. A farmer hired me right away and said he was well acquainted with my folks––what he didn’t know I told him.

I tell you a little walk like that benefits not only the health but financial standing. Even if it is to the graveyard.

\* \* \*

The poor, poor Belgians!––around Marshall, Minn.

The Belgian farmers around Marshall are, to quote an eyewitness, “trying to put this country (cottonwood) on the bum.”

They are trying to hire AMERICAN CITIZENS for $1.50, $2.50, anything, little or––nothing. (Hoover, give a look.)

The Lord Almighty, grieved and disgusted, sent a big wind down that way last sabbath and blew off roofs, chicken-coops––even the poor innocent Great Northern R. R. lost a few box cars and has sent tracers after them––and piled most all the shacks into ditches.

I tell you sinfulness doesn’t pay––Me, a virtuous man? Why, I never even woke up.

The Lord ain’t gonna stand for monkeying around with those wages too much . . . I most earnestly beg the Belgians to mend their ways, regret their sins and ask forgiveness––not all of them are sinful of course; it can be seen from the fact that the Lord kept the wind south of Marshall as much as possible––them were the boys he was after––they better reform right now or dig into cyclone cellars! Tracy and Ivanhoe are already busy with their Psalms and Prayer Books and offer $4 a day and five meals.

Those people are truly good Christians.

This idea of cutting the harvesters’ wages and then praying for a shower to save the corn crop looks like too much darn much hoggishness in the eyes of the Lord and his answer may have a very high velocity––or he may take a notion to send a dry shower.

\* \* \*

Farmers are determined to give away their crop this year as usual––and there is no way to stop them it seems. Stubborn gentlemen! This is to heresay, I’ve seen them hauling it into town with my own eyes and heard them make the presentation speech with my own ears––they are simply determined to get the crop off their hands––and in the face of a rising market, too, darn it.

Last week the market rose 5 points, this week it will rise 3, 4 points, next week it will rise 5 points and so until, say, September 20––in spite of all those presents. Because why?

Because of an underconsumption (National Fast) that looks like an over-production (National Dementia.)

Ho hum.

Mr. Legge, of the farm board, has been legging it thru the farm states and estates, tears streaming down his ample chest, his Adam’s apple revolving like a “universal joint”, begging, pleading with the farmers not to donate any more to those well-to-do corporations––all to no avail.

No more than Legge would get thru talking and dry his tears with his shirtsleeve the farmer would shovel 140 bu. into a Dodge speed wagon and off to town he would go to subscribe his bit to the happiness of the grain speculators.

I said “there is no way to stop him it seems.”

I meant it.

It seems so––only seems.

\* \* \*

Farmers are asking harvest hands to donate their services to this noble cause; that of enriching a few millionaires and providing mosaic and mezzanine floors for the new skyscrapers in New York City. Well sir, in view of that fact, the harvest hands are justified in refusing to “chip in” any part of their wages for that purpose and further they are justified in refusing to perform any of that work that makes it possible for John to scatter deeds of sunshine like a steamed-up seaman on shore leave.

Furthermore if the harvesthands do not thresh the wheat John cannot give it away it seems.

It does seem so.

Speculators are foxy. They don’t want any present with work attached, and I don’t blame them for threshing in 100 to 200 degrees of “Fair” and “Heat” is nothing like bouncing a baby bathing beauty on your knee in the sequestered seclusion of a private yacht.

Thank you.

## 1930\_41\_IS\_19081930

**WONDER CITY OF THE UNIVERSE**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

GRANITE FALLS, Minn. –– The main purpose of this article is to serve notice on Fellow Workers Elsassa[c] and Rommel that a 157 pound catfish was caught at this port. It was 6 ft., 1 inch long and measured 28 inches around the horns––a genuine Mississippi cat, and so tough a bunch of hardened old sows got lock-jaws trying to eat it. This place is noted for being the home-port of Mr. Andrew Volstead; the man who rid this country of snakes and tremens all at one fell stroke. It was here that Andy spent his happy boyhood and finally devised a way to end the bad habits of his rum-guzzling countrymen –– ah, had Aimee Semple McPherson been born here this town’s pride would overflow the rim of its joycup and hiccup . . .

The rumor that Andy was run out of town is false––he is away on business––and the good citizens maintain the spirit of tolerance and fellowship by attending an occasional barn dance and in imbibing in mysterious potions that light their happy beings with kindness and wrinkle their faces with smiles of genuine friendliness. But when “that big cat” was caught the civic pride did get beyond bounds and a movement was started immediately to send her out-standing son, Mr. Andrew Volstead, as ambassador to Sahara Desert where water is water and whiskey is something else again . . .

It may be well for Hanley Falls to brag about its big mud turtles and its best drinking water but fish is fish and when they start biting, seven feet long, its time our membership take notice and impale liver on their hooks.

As I understand it, and I don’t doubt it a bit, some of those catfish got peeved the other eve and chased citizens for blocks around the town and in the excitement one of them, slightly deranged, thought himself a farmer and tried to hire a crew of men to thresh hotcakes—yes, the man wanted first of all a man to run a binder, and to cut the flakes, but to go around and around practising up for derby to come later. All his “racks” were to be one-horse racks and common table forks were to do duty to catapult shocks into the separator.

Beautiful ladies would pass the shocks to the crew on trays.

Nevertheless, his hallucination was so realistic that like a true farmer he refused to pay more than 30 cents an hour to the syrup hauler.

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Other farmers around here are offering $4 a day which all helps to prove the lower figure emanates from an unbalanced mind—and no man can reasonably argue that a man fleeing catfish can retain his full reason—mind you, I’m not arguing that a farmer must outrun a school of cross-country “cats” before he qualifies for a nuthouse; I’m merely pointing out that the smaller figure is a sure sign his mental condition has been overstrained. Such mental deterioration is common, and not peculiar to farmers alone. I’ve known bonafide workingmen to experience the disintegration of thinking ability; it happens in the best of families, but at this time I have in mind the railway trainmen, a brave bunch of men, that would disdain to run away from catfish. Few years ago, in 1915, the trainmen had a union they were proud of and their sayso and saga was considered good law––now one of their members tells me he has no union at all and that he belongs to an insurance company divided into five major parts, and sixteen minor parts.

Sixteen parts? Can it be there is a clue to something or other?

Now, let me see, wasn’t it William Jennings Bryan that invented the measure 16 to 1––is it possible the railroad men went “free silver” to the extent of chopping up their organization that way––what kind of paranoiacs would that be?

No. It is more likely they go by weight, and not by piece: sixteen ounces equal one pound. No, No. No, I tell you, no! This can not be . . .

Let’s see.

Ha! I have it.

A mud turtle has sixteen kinds of meat in its carcass. It’s entirely possible the rails figured if sixteen kinds of meat are good for the snapper nothing less satisfies a hard working rail . . .

That’s reason all right and logic but there is a flaw; wieners under sixteen given names are still for the most part cereals and pepper. They can’t prove the meat like a mud turtle can –– why, they can’t prove the longevity even. If they can, then why the insurance.

That’s the end of this article but somehow there appears to be no power to it. How can there be? It’s chopped up into 16 parts and no insurance.

Anything of that description needs insurance. What was it we had?

We had: R. R. trainmen, one kind of meat with sixteen names;

Mud turtle, sixteen kinds of meat with only one name.

How are you betting––I’m going catfishing.

**––T-b. S.**

## 1930\_42\_IW\_23081930

**THE DELINQUENTS**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

I’m sorry to say that there remain a few former members of the Industrial Workers of the World in this country who are delinquent to the organization and whom the United States government so far has made no effort to deport.

These delinquent gentlemen cannot justify their delinquency by pleading the efficiency of the capitalist system; for the system is known to be notoriously inefficient, sometimes to the point when it would seem to be giving an actual break to the suffering people.

No, those gentlemen themselves must assume the responsibility for neglecting to function properly with the cash and customs of the I. W. W.

Now. let us proceed to examine the occasions for that neglect—let’s call it neglect—and try to find extenuating circumstances for their seemingly unprincipled conduct. First of all. we must find the cause for their action: for action cannot be unless there be a cause—and shoving organizations funds into one’s own bank account is most certainly action, if not the right kind.

Yes, there was a reason for their action; they thought, the I. W. W. was dead, dead, dead. They had a delusion that the Industrial Workers of the World had drawn its last breath and was stretched out in a coffin shipped in from Russia and they figured there is no use paying their bills to dead people.

Not bad reasoning, at all—but they did not reason far enough; a mistake on their part.

The I. W. W. is not dead, never was dead and, what’s more, never will be dead.

That’s a joke on the delinquents, a good joke, a huge joke—they thought in perfectly good faith they never would haw to pay the corpse good money, but could shack-up on that money to their heart’s content.

Alas, how delusions vanish!

The I. W. W. is out of its bed, like the old Mississippi River—very much alive.

Yes, fellow workers. those gentlemen mourned the passing of the I. W. W. and dutifully hung out their crepe, honestly believing the I. W. W. had made the last kick and lad stand—-how ridiculous—how impossible!

Let’s put it in black and white:

No matter how earnestly the organizaition may wish to die, her wish shall never be fulfilled.

No matter how earnestly others may desire her death, they’ll simply have to keep on desiring for all the good it does.

No use for her to try to commit suicide; she will not croak.

No use to try to kill her; she won’t “assassinate” worth a damn.

After every death it breaks out all over again, just like rash—and twice as red.

Toughest proposition in the world!

It cannot be killed—and if killed, it won’t stay killed. Inside of three days after death it prances mound livelier than ever.

It won’t die and can’t die, so what are you going to do about it?

My guess is that it’s here to say and will be here long after we are— where we are.

Now, I am not writing these few remarks for the purpose of poisoning the minds of the membership against the delinquents—indeed, nothing is farther from my thoughts.

My purpose is not to stampede the delinquents into doing something against their will.

My role object in bringing up this matter iat this time is to convince the delinquents of the general all around good health of the I. W. W. and point out to them that they now can straighten out their accounts to a going concern— going in, not out.

In a few cases, the I. W. W. has waited seevral years for this impending accounting, but from this it must not be assumed that years mean nothing to the deathless organization. T-BS.

## 1930\_43\_IS\_26081930

***Twitting Twitters***

––––– **By T-Bone Slim**

–––––

The Argus-Leader blushingly admits it is the “Leading Newspaper in South Dakota”—and there isn’t a doubt of it.

But why hook up the state to the disgrace?

Why give the state a black eye? Too?

Wouldn’t it be more sportsmanlike to carry the “shiner” alone and, if necessary, be proud of it and defy the world- to darken the other one? Another paper tickles itself under the chin boastfully, spitefully, as “The Greatest Newspaper in the World”.

Now, what grudge that paper has against the world is quite beyond me—the world must have pulled off a particularly dirty stunt on the paper to sour it that-a-away—nevertheless, no matter what the grievance, I must criticize the paper for everlastingly harping on that string and twitting the world that it has nothing better.

Newspapers should try to keep their shortcomings secret, mourn them in private and not hook them up so much acreage.

This doesn’t mean there isn’t good newspapers in this world—there’s the I. W. W. papers, Industrial Worker and Industrial Solidarity, for instance.

What’s the matter with ‘em?

Absolutely nothing. Nary a thing is matter with ‘em—you don’t ever see them carrying their eye in a sling do you? Certainly not—those papers are put out by straight thinking people and read by serious minded subscribers—also read by journalists when they wish regain contact thought in its unadultarated form.

In fact, in these perilous times, the I.W.W. papers appear to be the source of all healthy thought and, were it not so, they soon would be put out of business . . .

As it is the world can not afford to dispense with all its thinking and tolerates, supports, defends and will do battle for those papers.

That’s that!

But there is a thing rubbing against my soul and the friction is so great I must get it off my chest ... I won’t throw any bouquets at our excellent writers at this time because I am of very bashful nature—my retiring nature forbids me to do honors to the scribes just now and I must find another outlet for my feelings.

It would have been a very simple matter for me to scatter those flowers around my own feet and around in them belly-deep— but “no”, says I, “Slim hang on to yourself; don’t make a peacock of yourself— pin those feathers on the I. W. W. speakers.”

I agreed with myself —we shall proceed to decorate the speakers.

Let it be understood I do this merely to put the matter into concrete form and not all in the spirit of display justified by the pride I entertain in their accomplishment.

The I.W.W. speakers survive because the powers of darkness are not stone blind and need light to guide their footsteps through the morass of their ignorance—an occasional sensible remark is acceptable to those ignoramuses; which goes to show their ignorance, though vast and dismal, is not light-proof or abysmal, and that there is hope. Otherwise the speakers would not be permitted to hold forth, civilization would perish and sink into the oblivion from which it recently came. The powers of darkness are not yet ready to step out of the picture and value their existence highly. And, insofar, as their existence hangs precariously to sound thought, incidentally to spoken word, it develops “the power”, in defense of themselves, permit the speakers to live.

Thus it is too that other than I. W.W. speakers have a lease on life although they never had a lucid thought in all their careers — the powers of darkness ‘consider their mouthings the real McCoy not knowing any different.

Then again it is evident that lesser speakers are jealous of the better speakers and view the good ones as obstructions in their road to pre-eminence—a condition of mind that explains the cause for their inferiority and retards the full development of their powers. Jealousies are notoriously paralyzing to eloquence; causing words to hop out in forms of green-eyed monsters and finest sentiments to explode in strings of low-grade profanity. I don’t mean cuss-words, for words can be profane without being offensive in the strict sense of the word . . .

Possibly many of the lesser orators entertain the thought that were all those better speakers to kick the bucket it would leave them—ah them!—as best speakers.

This is getting to be a serious situation—they are practically wishing death upon the better talkers—and, I fear, they will be the death of them yet.

Not a very wholesome attitude for the lesser Demosthenes to take insofar as the expiration of the better speakers does not improve the quality of articulation in the efforts, of the lesser ones, but establishes a lower standard of eloquence all around. No, we better let the good speakers live, guard their health and, now and then, buy them a carload of Old Golds—I understand smoking Old Gold by carload lots eases the throat and stops the most impressive cough dead in its tracks, h, harr-mf!

We have here hinted in a light way as to the general excellence of the world of I.W.W. editors and free lance writers; the pure-bred quality of the I.W.W. literature; the fundamental soundness of the I.W.W. speakers—all based on irrevocable fact irrevocably—wisdom in its ultimate and final element. But it is said the working class does not take kindly to it, as much as they need it, and it does seem just now as if the working class is too busy staving off starvation to consider anything, be it the pure “McCoy” or very common drivel and platitudinous -convictions an “county highways”, world courts and “new dimes”—nickles by this time.

Such matters as the civilizing of the working class by working them like hell and paying them next to nothing, never enters the head of the parasites’ spokesmen and editors.

A serious situation prevails in this country just now and will be more serious later.

It won’t do any good to kid yourself “there is no later”.

There is a “later” and its apt to be “sooner” than we expect.

Take heart—The working class will yet listen to reason and organize industrially—baseball scores, absentee-sex and hero-worship seems not to have the necessary calories they had in the good old days of cornbeef and cabbage—now long past.

The working class has now the choice between joining the Industrial Workers of the World or starving to death—and the approaching of St. Peter, by the way, on an empty belly would seem to lack the proper dignity, and pomposity required to register at Old Pete’s domicile and might move the old gentleman to steer a fellow into the lower regions. The working class will not run that risk!

They’re gonna join the I.W.W., fill the embonpoint—mebbe toss out Pete’s furniture.

P.S. Everything depends on the organizing of the unorganized-—there are a matter of 36,000,000 of them in this country. The organizing in foreign lands can safely be trusted to the working class in those lands—’t would look like hell for an unorganized country like United States of America to start unionizing distant territories—transportation expenses are so high too. Straight organization work is the thing—the hanging of lace curtains can wait until the adoption of the Workers Commonwealth.

## 1930\_44\_IS\_02091930

**YEGGS, STEAKS, EGGS**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

A certain delightful modesty has overspread the features of Willmar, Minn., since those bold, bad men brought fame to the virtuous city by committing a “big-town bank robbery” and “tearing away” over the improved highways to the tune of (say) $80,000 . . . This great change in Willmar’s demeanor happened only after she became convinced the robbers had returned no portion of that “tidy sum” and had no intention of doing it . . . but that’s a matter of mere money. What concerns me more, as I hear it, the robbers showed genuine Samaritan consideration for the more impetuous element by “seeding the highway behind them with tacks” or tarpapernails; thus preventing pursuit and saving the life of full many a fool that would have tried to run Henry Ford’s great invention into the mouth of a machine gun.

I agree with those robbers to the extent that ft isn’t good to kill a man no matter bow big a fool he may be and, if a package of carpet tacks spares him as horrible example to the rising generation, I consider that dime well spent—especially in view of the fact that $80,000 will buy quite a few kegs of those ingenious and useful rugfasteners.— Pull the curtain, editor, let us not discuss financial problems further— they are too intriguing.

\* \* \*

Small Steak 50

Sirloin Steak 80

T-bone Steak 85 ($3 per day?)

Pork Chops 50

H-bgr. Steak 40

Hm. Notice how that T-bone Steak stands up well among the proteins—I consider it a personal insult not to place it at the head of the list. And woe be unto the **ratstewarrant** keeper that gets tried for murder, if I’m on the jury — he’ll swing. I’ll show him who’s had to walk way over to the cigar counter for a toothpick and had his whole life embittered in the process. He’ll hang—even though we can produce no corpus delicti—excuse my learning—we’ll make one of him . . .

Now it may not be out of place to state, the main ingredients of democratic life In this republic are bread, meat, potatoes and butter. Hardly a man but Is acquainted with one or all of those epicurean wonders besides many may have drummed up passing acquaintanceship with eggs, fruit, peanuts, fishballs and fish, itself—by the way, take it from me, fish dose agree with your stomach—possibly not in fried state—oily state—boil all the grease off it and you’ll find your stomach, precious stomach, rebels not at fish but grease.

We just mentioned bread.

An average farmer must raise 4,500 bushels of wheat per year in order to get 12 bushels for his own use—in other words, he must raise the wheat for 375 happy countrymen of his in connection with his own demands—4,488 bushels goes out to others; 12 bushels he keeps for his own use.

Our farmer raises spuds, also.

He raises on an average 375 bushels of potatoes per year and of that be uses 12 bushels himself—363 bushels goes to others.

Meat—he raises 5,000 lbs. of pork, 8000 lbs. of beef, 200 lbs. of poultry—8,200 lbs. all told—of this he himself uses 700 lbs. per year and the rest, 7,500 lbs., goes to others.

Butter—he produces the equivalent of 1,820 lbs. of butter per year and uses but 78 lbs. of ft on his own table; 1,742 lbs. goes to others. In addition of course he raises other foods, fruits, eggs, corn, etc., which same we will not discuss. Sufficient has been shown that all Is not well with the farmer in so far as returns are concerned.

Twelve bushels of flour for 4,488 bushels of wheat is out of all proportion to civilized barter.

Twelve bushels of spuds (culls) in exchange for 263 bushels of potatoes is like taking candy away from a yearling.

Seven hundred pounds of meat per year looks like a damned small mouthful compared to the 7,500 lbs. he must give away yearly. Seventy-eight pounds of butter he uses per year seems like an insignificant pile of grease alongside 1,742 lbs. he hauls to town—and comes back broke.

Those figures are so outrageous, editor, I shall refuse to write this article—sufficient to say unorganized farmers are the cause of that condition even so as unorganized working men are the cause of souplines.

The system is rotten!

I have here given unhesitant figures and I defy the world to challenge them. They may call me liar and all that but no living man has the guts to give out figures to prove me wrong—to do so will spill the beans.

## 1930\_45\_IW\_06091930

**The Coddling of Molly-Coddles**

–––––

The guts of those scissorbills are in comparable, incomprehensive, uncanny—they get right on a train run by union men, union men who have paid dues to the various brotherhoods all their lives. Yes, they hop right on those trains and try to steal a ride right under the eyes of organized men and the organized men, sympathetic souls, pretend they do not see them.

But they do see them and most heartily they despise those creatures to whom the good lord hath not given enough brains to make union men of them.

Rumors are afloat that railroad trainmen actually let the milk of human kindness overflow “their containers” and take those imbecile “no bills” under their wings and entertain them on the rear veranda of the little red caboose while in transit. This is inconceivable—and I for one am unwilling to believe it. Yes, I refuse to believe an organized union man would so far forget his obligation and book of rules as to elect to carry non-union men into the harvest fields to sponge upon the good things established by organized labor—sometimes with blood and tears, tears a parcel of accomplishment. Nevertheless, it is true those non-union men have the unutterable crust to swing onto those trains, ride them, establish themselves in favorable localities and proceed to partake of the bounties they had no hand in creating; have the unmitigated nerve to underbid sincere union men and offer themselves to employers at a figure that can but worsen the lot of every union man; insofar as their deviation from the established schedule serves as a break in the levee—such or several such “breaks” precedes the deluge. A deluge pre-supposes that even the railroad man cannot escape without wetting his garters.

Far be it from me to tell the railroad man what or what not to do—I’m not that presumptuous—he is eating well and is able to formulate his ownp Ians and lay out his own line of action. I do not expect him to roll up his sleeves and throw those “wicks” off the trains, the railroad does not expect him to do so and provides him plenty of other work to occupy his attention, but I do maintain in my humble soul, neither I, or the railroad, expect him to shield and shelter those non-union men within the cabooses; thereby jeopardizing the good name built up by the more sincere union men of the brotherhoods.

The incident I have in mind I have purposely called a rumor—an ugly rumor that cannot be explained away by saying “I had an unprovoked ‘run-in’ with the I. W. W.”; for verily, when scabs are falling like ten-pins the provocation is present.

When the I. W. W. says broad, it means bread—not wafers; when it says meat, it means meat—not boloney. . . .

The I. W. W. ever has been a friend of the railroad man and desires to continue in that capacity whether or no the railroad man returns the compliment. In every trouble “the rail” has had the I. W. W. has been ready and willing to assist, is so today, will be tomorrow—not a scab in a carload.

May I suggest, by the way, brother: every six cars added to your train is a wage-cut—then, you ARE in trouble.

Personally, I have the utmost respect for the “rail”—possibly I have more reasons for the high esteem in which I hold them than has other mortals: They have fed me, when I was hungry—D. & S. S. R. R. Thomaston, Mich., 40 below zero, “go to the eating house, tell them Turbble sent you.”—

When I was cold engineer Mile-And-Half-A-Minute MAIL carried me alongside the fire-box—dead of winter. The hot-shot, “cannonball,” P. & I. R. R., milepost 49, stopt and pulled me from a snowdrift—saved me (he trouble of thawing out in the next world . . .

No doubt, the “rails” would have got quite, a kick out of seeing me swat icicles in the next world if they themselves didn’t have to come too near the fires. . . .

Be that as it may be, they saw their duty and went out of their way to soften the rough places—their good deeds are many. Not a better body of men exist as a whole and just because an odd conductor acts in a shady manner is no reason for condemning the others—the others can reform the shady ones with a few kind words and fatherly advice.

The time has come when the undermining of union men must stop. The men who have organized, fought for improvements, gave of their time and energies to establish decent living conditions, shall they be doomed to stand aside and let others reap where they have sown?

Are we to nurture a nation of molly-coddles, men with not the gumption of a jack-rabbit, haul them around “in state” on freight trains to dip in here and there for choice morsels at the expense of earnest union men? Because, if we are, what shall this country do in the event of being attacked by a world-power such as Liberia, Afghanistan, Montenegro or South Chicago—why, those scissorbills, our defenders, would run themselves to death and—alas—to the victors go the spoils.

## 1930\_46\_IS\_09091930

**A Peach of a Story**

**By T-bone Slim**

–––––

It seems the peach crop must be destroyed so as to keep the prices from spoiling in cans––couldn’t they give them to the paupers in the country poor farms to go with that yearly egg?

Of course not––what am I thinking about––the system would go kerplunk.

Recently I was accused of being “smarty”––that’s all right but pay no attention to them people –– I’m capable of being worse: when I left for the harvest this year I though I was the whole cheese and half the macaroni but I soon found out there are other people in this organization––I ain’t so much just now. Mistakes like that will happen to the most careful mathematicians.

Last night a perfectly respectable citizen was overwhelmed by a series of errors and disgraced himself intellectually something scandalous . . .

I was in his garden carrying on some scientific demonstrations –– not experiments––removing potatoes from the vines and replanting the vines; my theory being that if the operation is done on a moonless night nature will replace the spuds I carry away.

I had considerable trouble convincing him on that score––indeed it was his opinion I was trying to put him in a poor house. What would I want to put him in the poor house for, an entire stranger to me––he reasons like a fish!

Many poor fish reason that way. A farmer reasons the I. W. W. is trying to put him in a poor house––a case of mistaken identity.

When the I. W. W. asks the farmer to pay $4 for 10 hours’ work it is offering John a bargain––actually making John a handsome present. When the I. W. W. asks John to pay as much as other employers pay, 5 or 6 or 7 dollars, it is still wishing on John a great benefit and profit––for everybody knows when John hires an I. W. W. he is getting an able-bodied worker, the pick of the class and when he hires a non-union man he gets “scrub” materials––he himself must know that all good workers are first to organize and that all his capable men have been union men as well as that all his inefficient men have been non-union, non-sensible and non-moral.

No, indeed, the I. W. W. is not trying to put John in the poor house––but John himself is trying to break into it––and the I. W. W. is trying to keep him out.

The farmer is trying to put the I. W. W. into a poor house––such pulling and hauling I never saw in my life:

John gets out on the corner and proclaims a wage scale that can be accepted only by “kids” (not yet dry behind the ears) and expects full grown, he-men to jump into his Rolls-Royce and break it down–– yessir, there he is on the corner waving three dollars in the air and offering to bet it against a day’s work––5 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. a matter of 9½ hours belt time––who ever heard of a $3 man that could stay out in the field 15½ hours and work besides, belt-time or blower-time, anytime? But the $3, low pay, has a tendency of keeping that worker always frail, always inefficient and always busted and, if the union man, the strong man, accepts similar wages soon he too will be frail, inefficient and bankrupt and twenty-four hours won’t be long enough for a day’s work.

If the “kid” is trained to low wages he will grow up a low grade working man and that is the direction in which lies the poor house––the other house is the bug house.

## 1930\_47\_I\_11091930

**A Peach of a Story**

By T-bone Slim in Industrial Solidarity

–––––

It seems the peach crop must be destroyed so as to keep the prices from spoiling in cans––couldn’t they give them to the paupers in the country poor farms to go with that yearly egg?

Of course not––what am I thinking about––the s y s t e m would go kerplunk.

Recently I was accused of being “smarty”––that’s all right but pay no attention to them people –– I’m capable of being worse: when I left for the harvest this year I though I was the whole cheese and half the macaroni but I soon found out there are other people in this organization––I ain’t so much just now. Mistakes like that will happen to the most careful mathematicians.

Last night a perfectly respectable citizen was overwhelmed by a series of errors and disgraced himself intellectually something scandalous . . .

I was in his garden carrying on some scientific demonstrations –– not experiments––removing potatoes from the vines and replanting the vines; my theory being that if the operation is done on a moonless night nature will replace the spuds I carry away.

I had considerable trouble convincing him on that score––indeed it was his opinion I was trying to put him in a poor house. What would I want to put him in the poor house for, an entire stranger to me––he reasons like a fish!

Many poor fish reason that way. A farmer reasons the I. W. W. is trying to put him in a poor house––a case of mistaken identity.

When the I. W. W. asks the farmer to pay $4 for 10 hours’ work it is offering John a bargain––actually making John a handsome present. When the I. W. W. asks John to pay as much as other employers pay, 5 or 6 or 7 dollars, it is still wishing on John a great benefit and profit––for everybody knows when John hires an I. W. W. he is getting an able-bodied worker, the pick of the class and when he hires a non-union man he gets “scrub” materials––he himself must know that all good workers are first to organize and that all his capable men have been union men as well as that all his inefficient men have been non-union, non-sensible and non-moral.

No, indeed, the I. W. W. is not trying to put John in the poor house––but John himself is trying to break into it––and the I. W. W. is trying to keep him out.

The farmer is trying to put the I. W. W. into a poor house––such pulling and hauling I never saw in my life:

John gets out on the corner and proclaims a wage scale that can be accepted only by “kids” (not yet dry behind the ears) and expects full grown, he-men to jump into his Rolls-Royce and break it down–– yes sir, there he is on the corner waving three dollars in the air and offering to bet it against a day’s work––5 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. a matter of 9½ hours belt time––who ever heard of a $3 man that could stay out in the field 15½ hours and work besides, belt-time or blower-time, anytime? But the $3, low pay, has a tendency of keeping that worker always frail, always inefficient and always busted and, if the union man, the strong man, accepts similar wages soon he too will be frail, inefficient and bankrupt and twenty-four hours won’t be long enough for a day’s work.

If the “kid” is trained to low wages he will grow up a low grade working man and that is the direction in which lies the poor house––the other house is the bug house.

## 1930\_48\_IW\_13091930

**T-Bone Slim Takes to the Air**

**OR**

**SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME**

–––––

**A Thrilling Story of the Harvest Fields.**

–––––

Instead of “with a car,” our famed author is going to make next year’s harvest in an airplane; he’s going to buy one of those condemned “Jennies,” name it “The Cream of the Tartars” and show some of those pole to pole vaulters how to get over the country––I’d have done this sooner but I didn’t want to discourage Colonel Lindbergh (a friend of mine––Charlie, I call him––both of us practically driven out of Little Falls, Minn.)

God only knows where I’ll get the money to buy that machine and it may not be good policy to question me too closely afterwards inasmuch as I have a terrible temper when fully aroused.

I’m telling the citizens of Rolla, N. D. all about it in advance.

A speck appears on the horizon; farmers are searching the box cars for the harvest hands that starved to death last fall; grain is all cut down and nobody present to shock it and thresh it; 37 farmers commit suicide and the town’s leading banker sneaks off to Canada in the excitement, by way of the Indian Reservation, Turtle Mountains.

The gloom grows thicker––but just as the gloom is thickest, that speck grows bigger and bigger and even as the desperate farmers are getting ready to run, or pray, there is a blueish streak in the atmosphere and the great plane hurtles thru it seven miles a minute . . .

“Saved! Saved!” a great cry arose, “It’s The Cream of Tartars come to save us!”

Sixteen women faint, ninety-two kids crawl in under the five elevators for safety and the managers of I. G. A., Red Owl and Red and White stores head a mighty procession to the airdrome south of town.

The Cream of Tartars circles the county three times, noses down and alights in the multitudes . . .”

I was just going to tell about the handshaking and toast drinking when a citizen speaks up:

“Slim, you better get yourself a Ford next year; we ain’t going to let you sail no Jinny over our heads––you might fall and hit one of us.”

“Fall? Well, what difference does that make to you––if you don’t starve to death this winter you’ll be so weak by harvest time that you wont give a damn which way you get killed.––Just so it happens thoroughly.

“That’s so too, Slim, but I wasn’t worrying about myself––I was afraid you might be injured and all that grain would rot.”

“I never thought of that,” I had to confess, “mebbe I better get a Ford.”

PART II.

In proportion as the proponents of this skin-game system befoul their underwear they are disinclined to step up and interfere with the proceedings of sensible people––and I don’t blame them for, verily, underwear in any but the pure state is a sore affliction and acts as a hindrance in the travels of our would-be guides and advisors.

Right now is one of those periods in history, when the purity squads and professional white-washers are unable to keep up with their work of sanitation, renovation, and the great men we worshipped but yesterday shuffle around like a dog that has interviewed a skunk––even circumspect Christians hold their noses, look askance and debate whether or not the great men should be quarrantined.

Indeed it is a problem.

Were we living in the happy-go-lucky age, ere the civilizing of Montana was accomplished, the good ranchers would roundup the great men and bury them neck-deep (in the shadows of her stately buttes) until such a time as the odoriferous gentlemen might emerge wholly cleansed and disestablished of their misdeeds––as it is, civilization prevents the purification of the parasites upon a large scale and we must, perforce, hold our nostrils and sail close to the wind.

True, this condition is highly obnoxious to use of the finer sensibilities (olfactorily laden with a stench that violates the aromatic sanctity of a sewer rat) and it is with difficulty that people resist the temptation to turn the disinfectant or fire department upon them. But altho its objectionable features or flavors or scents or stinks are many, it has an element that is greatly beneficial to public welfare––it keeps the parasites from stirring around too much and gives the downtrodden public a chance to organize.

As I said before, their self-acquired putrefaction is mortifying to the extent of causing the plutes to shy at presenting themselves in open society and encourages them to hide––out in the secret recesses of their manors and castles––trying their damnedest to rectify the marriage of their ill-conceived program.

Only yesterday there were kings and money-gods; today they are bums, half-wits and . . . what? It is well––it is well the time at last arrived when the people have “the perfect freedom” to organize themselves in which way ever they wish, to remedy and correct the evils instigated and brought about by those unsanitary gentlemen hereinbefore referred to. And it is well and proper that those remedial agencies be applied now while the plute mourns the departed pulchritude of his haberdashery . . . Nossir, it is not taking advantage of him––he brought it on himself––nobody asked him to incapacitate himself––nobody asked the Hessians to polish their whiskers and get drunk the time George Washington was fixing to visit them. . .

It is well and proper to correct any and all evils now or any other time and if now appears to be the more favorable time now is the time to correct them––if the people want them corrected, and I have an idea they do.

I have been quite unable to make clear what constitutes the condition that smells to high heaven and it may be that I must recite an incident in connection to give my readers a chance to better penetrate my meaning:

A few years ago the state of Washington sent to Walla Walla a body of men accused of conspiring to defend their hall against any and all comers––that was eleven years ago. They were accused of doing what they had conspired to do––in other words they had done what all education, training, usage and principles of the country ask them to do and which is specifically permitted by law.

But they were sent to pail for conspiring to do it and the law, conspirator before the fact, has its freedom to masquerade before the people as innocent of all gulle.

How can a body of men conspire to do that which is permissible lest the word conspire be given scope that denatures its natural limitations?

Deeds (acts) assemble themselves readily into three categories or classifications.

Those that are forbidden.

Those that are permitted.

And those that are welcomed.

And it is my conception of the English tongue that “conspire” pertains merely to the doing of that which is forbidden; that men cannot conspire to do good; that men cannot conspire to protect themselves or conspire to defend their life, lives, property or inalienable rights. But in repelling the attack against them and their hall those men did execute, kill, one or more of the law-breakers who had conspired to break the law and who did get killed in the act of breaking the law and who did break the law and that the killing of those lawbreakers in selfdefense, in the protection of lives and property and rights, contributed in some mystic manner to the adjudgment of them guilty.

Those are the things that stink. Eleven long years that smell has risen to high heaven and the state of Washington stands before us today unclean.

A few men in defending themselves against a parade of monstrous propertions and bent on mischief––mischief that included the premeditated murder of one or more occupants of that hall––are taken in hand by a judge and sentenced “from 10 to 40 years” in Walla Walla.

I cannot understand the people of Washington––are they going to stand by idly while all their rights are removed by judicial dictumn, farcial court procedure and political hokum

The precedent is now set, the stench is now strongest and now is the time to repudiate that precedent.

The “Centralia bunch” were all loggers and as loggers they deserve the support of every logger in this country and the best support the loggers can give is organize in the Lumber Workers Industrial Union.

## 1930\_49\_IW\_20091930

**ELASTIC TRANSPORTATION**

–––––

The nearest approach to a covered wagon is a 1930 model freight train––a wheat train. Only yesterday I had occasion to observe a freight train in full blossom, whizzing (not wheezing) along at the terrific speed of 45 miles in 6½ hours. It was loaded from here far into next county with car-boxes and it intrigued me greatly to discover the wherefore of loading those engines down so heavily. After considerable brain work I did propose the shrewd R. R. Co. had resolved to string them out behind the engine in such numbers so as to prevent the high-life engineer from picking up the speed required to pound those rotten box-cars to pieces.

“Wrong again, Slim, as usual,” groans a fellow passenger, “the accommodative railroad has strung those box-cars out that way in a desperate effort to give each individualistic harvesthand a private car to ride so they won’t have to associate with their fellow mortals and split punk with ‘em.”

Dumb as I am, I could see the logic of his oration and did forthwith absolve the railroad of all selfish motives––but nonetheless I protest the action of the honorable railroad on the grounds of the delay occasioned in the transporting of the grain from the field to the hungry mouths and hungrier stomachs of free born, full-blooded American taxpayers. I protest on the grounds of the women and children and babes who have been standing open-mouthed waiting for a month and mouthful of durum and mustard speeds. Those mouths should be the first consideration of every right thinking railroad and it should be against the law to provide private box-cars for harvest hands for verily, if they are too individualistic to organize and ride the compartments and cushions, and if they still persist in the demand for privacy, condemn them to ride the rods . . .

Aside from that, the service is unsatisfactory and even the most amiable of scissors are beginning to lament and complain most bitterly. Undoubtedly the service will get worse next year and the laments accordingly more profound so I may be entirely within reason to suppose the harvesthand next year will circumvent much grief by riding one of those guaranteed, 1920 model, used vars, price $17.50 including crank-twister and fan-belt. No doubt, too, “those ferocious” I. W. W.’s will go in the market for sedans as an improvement on sandals––I’m informed by malicious minded scandal-mongers “the terrible tempered wobs caught up on all their walking this year.” I believe it––if they walked at all, it was too much and according to that they are entitled to ride next year––I’m telling you.

I hope I may not be considered sacrilegious for suggesting that next year’s drive be put entirely upon rubber and depend no more on the erratic service of evil-minded railroads. Exhibit: Any railroad that locks its toilets and installs spring-faucets over washstands (requiring two men to operate in the event one man’s face is sooty) is evil-minded enough to put square wheels on all its rolling stock. I’m not telling that “harvest on rubber” is for the best, I’m merely telling––I’d like to see it tested.

## 1930\_50\_IW\_20091930

**CITY OF DULUTH GOES VERMILLON HONORING T-BONE**

–––––

**Communists Stage Usual Demonstration With Banners, Ballyhoo Pinches an’ Everything Just as T-Bone Slim Arrives in Town.**

–––––

*Reported By T-Bone Slim.*

–––––

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 10.—This town put on a show, last Saturday evening in honor of the arrival in town of Mr. T-bone Slim, the great man of letters and literature. Communists got out all their best placards and signs and paraded the great white way, Superior Street and the lesser thoroughfare Michigan Street, better known as “The Bowery.”

Back again to the corner of Superior and 6th Ave., where they proceeded to unload torrents of wisdom to the multiude temporarily stationed at the “end of their ravels.” The “party” consisted of several persons including, a one-armed warrior and a schoolgirl on the verge of hysterics. It did my old heart good to see the revolution starting right under my eyes at the auspicious moment of my arrival in town —and I hurriedly made up my mind there’s nothing to it, it’s a cinch.

A little earlier an officer of the law casually visited the Nicollet and International pool rooms—no doubt to assure himself no cossacks were hiding therein. Upon observing that mysterious procedure the great T-bone thought discretion the better part of valor and ordered instantaneous retreat for himself—to view the breakers along the east shore, of course, of course — not desiring to dissipate any of his well-known bravery.

Upon his return from that gallant and strategical retreat Slim came upon the comrades once more on the corner denouncing Andy Mellon and bootleggers in general, after first having paid their respect to police brutality—all of a sudden like a bolt from a clear sky, or a pre-arranged plan, something mapped in the officers’ heads and with much puffing and wellfed vigor the cops dumb the speaker’s stand, a truck, and with eager hands grasped the comrades, one at a time, and lowered them to the pavements.

From my position in “the outskirts,” where the running chances were “clear sailing,” I could not decifer whether or no an officer held a pillow or a cushion in under the falling comrades but even if the cops did forget for a moment the niceties of common etiquette, the fall, insofar as it wasn’t “a header,” could hardly offend even the most obstreperous rebel.

The cops, mindful of the chivalries, drew a rigid sex line and did not even so much as wink at the feminine wing of the movement and confined the rest of their blushing activities trying to hold the spear end of the signs in the air, so as not to arouse the spirit of revolution in the populace—populace, by the way, by this time were absent-mindedely wondering about such great problems as hamburger steak and beef stew—they simply can’t keep their mind on the revolution.

The only evidence of official loss of temper was the occasion of an officer, who no doubt never had played “ketch the reindeer by the tail,” trying to walk thru the crowd with the “Vote The Communist Ticket” between his legs— I’m sorry to say, I fear, the officer did become as one ill-humored and did handle that innocent signboard with extreme severity — yes, cruelty.

Failure of the cops to use brutality is a brutality never to be forgiven by the comrades who were all set to capitalize it— what could be more brutal than a brutality that scorns brutality

Had I been in on that revolution I would have punched myself in the nose to start the claret and hollered murder—upon second thot : no, I would have smeared my face with red paint—precious color!

T-b S.

P. S.

Duluth is blessed with a cop that remembers everything.

Now, I am a man that knows everything.

What a pair we would make!

(I know it; he remembers it.)

He is seven inches between the eyes.

## 1930\_51\_IS\_23091930

**Vanishing Soap By T-Bone Slim**

**Mysterious Disappearance Of Soap In Saddle Rock Cafe, Rolla, N. Dak.**

–––––

Intercourse as between peoples has its compensations. The law of “give and take” (2 laws) internal friction distributes benefits and bumps with a lavish hand, indiscriminately. In where the toilers’ hands are deplorably knotted, rough and wrinkled requiring the application of tremendous quantities of Palmolive, the parasites’ hands are soft, smooth and velvety and require an insignificant amount of soap. Where the toiler uses buckets and buckets of water on his hands and feet and features, the parasite is but a minor strain on the pumping stations––despite the fact that he, in order to approximate an external purity and sweetness, immerses his whole body in aqua pura at frequent intervals.

Did the toiler and his despoiler have equally rough hands and foreheads and neck, the Colgate Soap Co. could hope never to ketch up with the demand––a desirable condition from their viewpoint insofar as the cost of production of that delectable commodity is insignificant.

My great grief at this time is the terrible coarseness of the working man’s hand. He picks up a cake of, say, Gran-Pa’s Tar soap and with one mighty rub half the cake disappears in the grooves and wrinkles of his mighty paw––why, a hoof-rasp couldn’t make any greater headway through that soap and no other soap could resist the friction to the extent that does the Wonder Soap––

(“Pop” Edwards will bear me out on that last statement.) though he may thirst for my blood afterwards.

I am not alone in my sorrow––the cafe owners that break out an occasional cake of soap, when overcome by enlargement of the soul, have been known to mourn the passing of a cake of palmolive with a mournfulness surpassing the grief over a stricken brother or an unauthorized raid on the cash register––and while thus unstrung have been known to throw elementary business caution to the winds and dish out to the smooth fingered gentry all the choice cuts of sirloin and unbroken cuts of cream pie . . .

I have here in mind also the velvety softness of the tin-horn gamblers, “patties” that makes for the possibility of juggling the bones, dice with a skill almost supernatural but which owing to the depression involving the “horn-handed sons of toil” is of but little use to him other than holding hands with the more susceptible waitresses, and trusting her to forget to issue the customary check, reducing the meal to a matter of mere formality and obviating the necessity of marching out in a trance or being accelerated through the doorways with a loss of dignity and composure––a deplorable condition.

The velvety softness of the hands can not be sacrificed at this time because work is an unheard of element even among the habitual performers and were it otherwise the undertaking of labor would soon disqualify them in their chosen profession and cause them to roll the bones with a clumsiness that would stamp them mere tyros in the eyes of all art loving people––perhaps cause them to become as unable to deal an ace from the bottom of a deck with a dispatch required in all well ordered poker games, possibly irk the patience of the art loving gamesters to the extent of causing one or more of them to draw their razors in righteous exasperation––a signal for a hurried exit.

On the other hand the bones, dice would ketch on the proturberances, callouses or peeled blisters and cause them to turn up a seven instead of a point, thus subjecting the unfortunate crap-shooter’s hands to further injury at the point of production and eventually land him in a poorhouse.

In bringing out the foregoing lamentable condition of the tin-horn, it is not my purpose to slur him or to insinuate that he has no way out other than to adopt one of the more advanced forms of racketeering. Indeed it is only my intention to point out the unreasonableness of expecting a thoroughbred parasite who, no doubt, has passed through all such trying development, to undertake the earning of a living by the doing of manual labor––he will commit suicide first, a deed that would seem unnecessary in view of the fact that we can expect to see him displaced by the so-called racketeers even as the racketeers themselves are displaced by tinhorns and pool sharks––my sympathies are with them, of course, and most fervently I hope they will not be discommoded in any way –– where they go.

I’m kind of liberal with my sympathies this morning because I know how it feels to be displaced, having myself been displaced by modern machinery. The game of tag proceeds merrily; now one is “it”, now the other . . .

A young working man grasps me by the ear today and prates as follows: “Well, it took the republicans six years to make of me a bum” (damned good grammer that). “Yes”, he said, “last fall I thought they had me but I pulled through the winter in nice shape and didn’t have to bum till the middle of the summer right in the heat of prosperity. (He had other and full-throated remarks but we must forego the pleasure of printing them, a homage to censorship. . . )

Now if only a part of his heartfelt sentiments are true and the democrats could have made, say, a better bum of him in less time, we must here recognize that that man’s hands approximated the velvety softness of shammy (chamois) skin and that in a very short time we can expect him to displace some hard working gambler and so it goes.

The other morning at Devils Lake (Devilslake) several gentlemen of the sensitive touch could hardly wait for the jeweler, Mr. Huegson, to open up at 8:05 a. m., ere they robbed him­­––the officers, who had lost much of their virility, were on the sunny side of the street––’twas a cool morning. Great credit is due the robbers, considerate men, for not shooting Mr. Huegson and his three customers, (one of them a lady), full of holes and causing the janitor extra mopping with no additional pay . . . Indeed those self-sacrificing robbers went to the trouble and risk of binding the jeweler and his three witnesses with strong, coarse ropes, cords and lines, with their tender hands; incapacitating themselves for further robberies for at least a week.

Moral: Buy the officers woolen underwear.

Now we’ve got thus far in this article which normally finished requires 10,000 words, as the reader can see––but insofar as the question already is in somewhat “bold relief” why should I go to the pains of assuring the reader the parasites’ competitive system of displacement will not work except to the sorrow of one and all.

No, we will not go into that matter. We will touch rather on an intimate matter that of the displacement of workingmen by machinery and by other workingmen already displaced. We will view the situation, without a job––true they can displace others; but only by sacrificing some of the wages. A futile endeavor insofar as the just displaced (bumped) can return the compliment––cutting the wages is not the way out; that can only wind up in a condition of “no wages; that, in turn, is a condition wherein no man will try to displace the one working for nothing and no man will coveth his neighbor’s job.

Sounds good––it only sounds good. Well, it is pretty thoroughly here established no man can prevent himself being displaced by other men, as an individual––and it’s going to hurt his pride––along comes a better highballer and it’s “hit the trail, Jim” It is perfectly clear to everyone that when the supreme parasite cannot dodge displacement and must jump out the skyscraper window, no individual worker can stave off the inevitable.

Now if he can not hold back the displacement proceedings there must be a reason for it.

There is.

He is too weak, alone.

Well why in hell doesn’t he organize? and be too strong––it might work––gang up on the problem, so as to say?

Whatever else they organize for is another matter––sufficient unto the day the workers can organize and absolutely prevent themselves being displaced by machines or morons––otherwise it’s slow music and hats at half-mast. Another thing––it is said “no one knows” and “no one cay say” what causes unemployment, falling prices, overproduction, underconsumption, etc.

All right, here goes, I’ll tell––in three words: Mal-Distribution of Wealth.––how ‘bout it, Art?

––T-b. S.

P.S.––I wonder what became of that soap?

P.S.––For further information on these, any and all matters attend Work People’s College, Duluth, Minn.

## 1930\_52\_IS\_23091930

**MULTUM BRAVO By T-Bone Slim**

–––––

(Continued from last issue)

**Another Ghost**

I was horror struck—there on my saucer lay a one-sixth part of a pie—the rest all had quarter cuts—I turned sick to my stomach.

What’s the big idea of issuing me the abbreviated portion? Me, who does more work than any pie-face present? Me, the captain of the big rack—it’s a good thing I had my dinner safely in my stomach before I noticed the discrepancy . . .

As it is, I debated the eating of that pie long and finally came to the conclusion that insofar as the pie made its appearance late in the meal and insofar as my piece is the only small piece (several pieces must have been oversize quarters.) It is a “marked” piece. And, if it is a marked piece, why was it marked? What’s the matter with it? Is there croton-oil or arsenic in it? Who can say?

**Slim Sees Light**

By this time other additional eaters had arrived, eaters of prestige, and, simultaneously, a plateful of choicer steaks appeared on the table. I’m deep in the pie problem and although my meal was complete except for the dessert I settled the problem by grabbing the steak plate, sweeping half the steaks onto my own plate and starting dinner anew. (I’m not a meat-eater and I deplore this.) I exchanged two cents worth of corn-starch pie for twenty-five cents worth of beef-steak. I deplore this. I do not want to make a practice of it. It is against my will and interest . . . Can it be the four berries were “markers too” and that if I had eaten them, sinful as I am, old Lucifer would have had the pleasure of tanning my hide? Who can say?

I cannot believe that, of the girl—insofar as I notice her culinary efforts so far has resulted only in the sending of her relatives to Arizona—to a more equable climate. But I don’t want to go to either place. My nemesis pursues me: We have ice cream for supper—dished up with a tablespoon. I’m not nosey or something, but I could not help noticing my dish was the only one that had but two spoonfuls in it— the rest had three to five spoonfuls and, strange to say, the big dish was given to an ablebodied neighbor farmer that had earned it loitering around the grain tanks all day . . . Why did the girl, young old maid, favor that able bodied married man? Should I speak to his wife about it? (Stop me if you’ve heard this story before) —I ate that two spoonfuls of ice cream in very prayerful frame of mind (a man can’t be too careful these days) and after an illness of ten days I’m on high road to recovery . . .

Half of my readers will think this treatment of the harvest hand was the outcome of certain contempt those pauperized aristocrats have for workingmen—bums they call ‘em; that they consider a workingman of low estate and unfit to associate except with the four legged asses, cattle; live in the barn; sleep in the manger, or mow. My dear readers are wrong. These things happen not because they love harvest hands leas but because they love others more—even two spoonfuls of ice cream is on the love side of the ledger (St. Pete, please note.) Four berries is a clear indication of affection and although a dishful may amount to burning passion we must not allow ourself to conclude a lesser dish would indicate a frosted fondness.

\* \* \*

Love it is in its various powers, its full radiance shining forth only when they are dishing things up for themselves, simple souls—self-service, love of self, selfishness, individualism, individualism the (illegitimate child of conceit and discontent. (I use the word discontent advisedly though it doesn’t cover the ground.)

Now I have here held up the girl as an every day example of farm aspiration and have refrained mentioning the more delicate phases—I’ll just mention one, utter disrespect for aged father and dictator of conversation, snotty “I AM TALKING TO HIM” . . .

You? YOU!—I question whether your talk benefits anyone including yourself, in the sense the same amount of cackling would not do.

Individualism.

Early the farmer set out into the world, into the great open spaces, into the wilderness to build himself a home apart from others.

Individualism.

A kingdom of his own, and heroically he toiled to make it approach the specifications of his dreams.

Individualism.

By his own efforts he shall make the desert bloom—just so he can have the freedom of being alone, self-sufficient.

Individualism.

**How can you expect such men to organize?**

Years ago we politely referred to them as pioneer spirited citizens but now, and I pray do not think me hateful, we bluntly say dog-in-the-manger attitudes cannot prevail and individualism is a delusion. But it runs in his blood. I’m afraid it will take much practice for him to shed it from his system. I do not hate the farmer—every word in this article is on the love side of the ledger (St. Pete, look it over.)

Ingrained individualism, whether it afflicts the farmer or working man or statesman is a non-workable proposition — it eliminates team play, generates errors that cannot be corrected, fosters jealousies, greed, constructs oppositions and finally goes down to defeat overcome by superior organizations. In this age of organization everybody must organize or perish—the ones that organize fastest will survive. The rest will whistle for theirs!

This year in the harvest fields we have seen the workers organizing fastly. Hundreds of delegates and active members scoured the country for unorganized men and made them acquainted with industrial unionism. Gave freely of their time, suffered much and did the thing “that could not be done”—it’s done. Nothing short of a miracle and the working class, though unappreciative now, will one day be duly grateful to those determined men.

The AWIU organization drive has been carried on with such effect and eclat that men who never before carried a union card, or recognized the need of one, are determined to take out one at the first opportunity and are convinced, after all, the solution to salvation is solidarity—the same can be done by other industrial unions and probably is being done, so far as I know.

The fight for higher wages has been conducted with such spirit this year (an off year) that “the powers that be” have practically decided to pay the farmers the difference—a proper course, since they can’t get the men to work for nothing . . .

\* \* \*

It is only occasionally that a non-union man takes exceptions to the principles of the IWW and, mindful of the heroic battles put up by individualists of the past, attempts to lick the whole organization with his fists—I do not mention this in the spirit of bravado, or bragging, but merely to point out this one thing: An individualist has a very poor conception of his capabilities and capacity for punishment . . . the presumption being, organized men are of a superior quality. Thus it is that many an heroic attack against the IWW can but give birth to sore muscles, overstrained ligaments and strained relationship—all a futile impedimenta in the struggle for a living.

(Note: Elmer Buddinger once told me, “Slim, you should try to lick only the smaller towns”—I had tackled a great big thriving city—was in the hospital fifty days.)

Yes the harvesthand and farmer can come together but it will be under that horse blanket I spoke about.

**T-b. s.**

## 1930\_53\_IW\_27091930

**Opportunity—A Chronic Knocker**

–––––

The “south shore,” Lake Superior, is crowded with unemployed men; Iumber-jacks. Such camps as are running, are crowded with men who are employed and, further crowded, with “camp inspectors,” self-elected . . .

More camps will be running and more men will be employed after the first of October, say the 10th of the month—but these camps will be mall affairs and occupied mainly m getting out tie-bolts, ties, pulpwood, poles, cordwood (tops) and some logging.

Organization is low and wages are low—strange to say these two travel hand-in-hand. Cost of diving is high—highest in history:

*It costs honor, pride and freedom*—no matter what you do. That brings living into the class of luxuries, a thing we cannot well afford; in view of the quality of living.

The chief subjects of discussion are guns, night-work, shacking and drinking—as among workers. The middleclass discusses robbery, murder and bankruptcy and robbery to them seems the more severe affliction of the three, i. e.: the murder can be condoned if the body be not robbed—thus each class prays to its own god and, in their case, money is IT.

*Their god should not be stolen.*

Altho life to them is dear, their attitude on these three subjects (with emphasis on robbery) would seem to indicate a strange creed: “*Take my life but spare my cash!*”

\* \* \*

These conversations are of course but innocent babblings of impetuous tongues, born of minds disturbed, do not and cannot mean anything, and can have no bearing on the modern “Babers Tower” now once again under construction—yea Gods, in this age of reason and risibilities!

The tower rises apace, made up of theories, doctrines, cure-alls, hokum, soft-soap salve, sermons, salvation and what not—everything but organization—and, of course, the thing will “spill” like its noble predecessor or lean heavily like Italy’s listing Pisa.

Indeed these terrible thoughts and the more terrible remarks can have no basis in good sense in view of the “ideal conditions of prosperity” under which we suffer.

Verily it is easy to succeed, as they say: No trick at all to get “way-up” in this world—the difficulty is all in the getting down without breaking your neck, God’s honest fac-simile—sure enough.

Time and again we’ve been assured “opportunity knocks once on every man’s door.”—Sure does—not only one but whole flocks of opportunities and they not only knock but pound on the door “from the cradle to the grave” and a long time upon the tomb-stone after you’ve cashed in—damnedest rappings, knockings and poundings imaginable, a boilerworks compared to it is “stillness of a starry night,” or a snubbed society sheba . . .

Did I say rap, knock and pound—why, opportunities actually attack the peace-loving citizens, assault and batter them and leave them dizzy on the highways; that’s how thick the oppertunities are in this fair land of ours.

Any man can get a handout anywhere and the crust of bread received is concrete evidence of the superiority of the republican form of prosperity—10 per cent of the odd 40,000,000 actual workers are now enjoying this simplified diet at the expense of those who are employed fully or partly and, no doubt, the odd 35,000,000 working are able to support the 5,000,000 unemployed if not, they can very easily become as bloated plutes by joining an “up and coming” union and increasing the size of their pay envelopes (which have for years been dwarfed to such an extent that our benign government felt obliged to reduced the size of the bills in order that, ye conscientious paymaster might be enabled to pack more of them into those cute and ingenious receptacles) —yes—that’s one of those opportunities, right there; that union.

Still and all, among the employed workers. not so much among the wage-slaves as among the salaried—serfs and positional—peons, we find a type of “kid-brother-mentality” that believes the five (7) million unemployed should strive to get a job “some kind,” their professional spirit prevents them the realization that the job, “some kind,” is abolished forever and that if they get a job of any kind it will be a job now used by another . . .

But opportunities abound.

Any man or woman can get to be president.

Opportunities lie in ambush on every road— you come along and if you have so much as a sliver of presidential timber you lure grabbed and hauled off to the whitehouse. No use your protesting that you’re “a protestant”—in you go.

A man can’t be too careful these days and, if a man don’t want to run the country for four years, he better stay off the beaten trails, get way out in the wilderness—it isn’t safe to even sleep in a box-car— you might get caught and be slapped into the chair any minute.

\* \* \*

I have it 21 trains shall be deleted from service on the North Western R. R., “system.”

This is getting real good!

Ageing “cons” and brakemen are worried and speculate as to who will replace them and what?how? where? when —failing utterly to see that this involuntary vacation is one of those opportunities we were speaking about—to rustle for another job.

Poorhouses will be filled early this year about the middle of October—put your application in early.

Oh well, we did, make 50,000 millionaires, anyway!

## 1930\_54\_I\_02101930

**U. S. History**

By T-bone Slim in Ind. Solidarity

–––––

In my presidential race I was advised by all the wise heads to work up from the bottom, “take a job as a fish salesman, like Al Smith, and harden yourself to the responsibilities of the great office”. This advice appealed to me and I got me a basket of fish and proceeded to sing the praises of perch and herring to the attentive housewives.

This noble profession although not very lucrative, kept me in milkshakes and Dukes Cameo cigarettes and certain phases of it worked to my advantage, I fear, because of my faulty memory: it was imperative that I select the fish all one size in order that I would not be accused of favoring any of my customers and naturally to protect my own interests the fish had to be of a small models. Thus it was that the most economical housewives could paw through my basket and never find a big one. Unfortunately the practice taught me how much a basket of fish should weight and being conscious of the weight I’m afraid I neglected to escort my basket to the scales for verification, but marched out on my route fully convinced that the formality of paying for the fish had been accomplished, and, many times I was astounded at the profits derived from a single basketful––which all led me to believe my memory had played me a dirty trick just as I had quit stealing.

Oh, well, mistakes like that will happen in any business.––I know I shouldn’t confess to a weak memory as a presidential candidate, and I wouldn’t, but I feel confident the good people will discern that such a memory is really a blessing disguised as a flaw should I ever be bribed as president to do so and so, for so much: I can proceed to forget all about the bribe and give the people a fair break. With such a memory I can get up with a clear conscience, a blank soul and swear I never received a red cent and that all that money in the bank is something I can’t remember a thing about––let’s see––that probably one of my rich relatives died and left it behind him.

“That ought to go over big with the population.”

My slogan: Not one single dishonest dollar do I remember and not many honest ones.

All right. I will have to run, the demand is so great, so I may as well start laying down my platform: First of all I am for FARM RELIEF––the farmers ain’t been relieved of their farms yet. I’ll attend to that the first year I’m in office. (That offer ought to swing every farmer vote in my favor and I’m good as elected right now.)

No. 2: I will have a law passed making it a penitentiary offense to offer or pay a workingman less than four dollars a day if I have to bulldoze every millionaire in Congress––mind you, it already is a penitentiary offense in so far as it incites workingmen to riot, but the law isn’t enforced.

But you just wait till I get in there, I’ll run some of those two-by-four employers ragged. We will not build more of this platform just now; the flies are so darn bad we might hit our thumb with the hammer and cripple ourself just when we need both hands in good shape.

## 1930\_55\_IW\_04101930

**A SURVEY**

–––––

We lead; others wallow––serious minded citizens are inquiring “what do they want us to do, turn bolshevik or join the I. W. W.?”––As to the first part I wouldn’t hazard a guess but as to the second that’s precisely what they expect you to do and, what’s more, they’ll keep on tramping on your tail till you do join.––We lead; others wallow.

Yes––times are difficult, hard, and bound to be much harder the next two years. After that––unbearable.

A section boss in giving the matter serious consideration stirred up a nest of hopes: “ain’t the people going to have anything to say about it?” he inquiries.––Well, mebbe the population will desire to add their wisdom to tht con-glom-era-tion of knowledge now rampant, mebbe––who knows?

I have it, Henry Ford, Iron Mountain, Mich., has gone from four to three day “shift.” How people do talk––such matters should be kept a profound secret.

Laona, Wish., is paying lumberjacks $11 per month.

“Impossible!”

Well, yes, it does look impossible––like many other things I have said––nevertheless that statement stands an acid test––I never exaggerate, or underate.

“It’s unreasonable!”

So it is, so unreasonable that if a man jumps in there and works for eleven dollars a month the authorities have a pretty good case of insanity against the man and can throw him in a booby-hatch without further akimbo––still and all the man might be sound as a dollar.

Let us let our mind dwell further on this matter and see if we can’t find compensating features to that apparently featureless condition:

Eleven dollars per month equals 42 4/13 cents per day if you use no tobacco, Sloan’s linement or clothes––figuring 26 workdays per month.

Now let us assume “Mr. Connor” (Lbr. Co.) is honest––absolutely honest and that there is no such a racket as “dollar a day” minimum on the lawbooks of the grand state of Wisconsin: Let us assume that 42 4/13 cents per day is an honest, accurate description, appraisal and estimate of the value of the job––that it is worth precisely 42 4/13 cents per day; no more, no less.

Allright. That peculiarity brings to my most scientific mind the situation, or event or occasion wherein the job is relieved of Mr. Connor’s jurisdiction, and influence and as it is, I can visualize Mr. Connor making a dollar and half squawk over the loss of 42 4/13 cent job. Indeed it would seem the dis-valuation of jobs presages the tossing of them into almighty labors contribution-box, as a free will offering; that labor has only to wait the worthlessness of jobs to become sole owner and controller, that labor will not have to so much as cross two sticks to gain absolute possession of industry––yeah.

But there is a ketch.

By that time there will be no labor––his appetite got the best of him in tht meantime and he’s up with the angels telling ‘em what a grand starving he got at Thomaston and Laona. It’s a long wait and even tho labor hasn’t the guts to organize, the compensations dictate he will need no guts to starve.

I see the organized men grinning, “that’s telling ‘em”––yeah?

But there’s a ketch:

These immortal words are not being read by unorganized men but by organized men. For fifteen years I’ve been talking industrial unionism to industrial unionists––hallfuls of wobs do the same to one another.

Not much percentage in that!

The grin dries up––what are you going to do about it? And shall “the great one” continue preaching emancipation to the emancipated?

We’ll let that matter ride and offer a few praises for the damnable system:

Up till today, noon, I have missed no meals––a marvel of this here workless and supposed to be eatless age.

The clothes I am wearing are too large for me––conclusive proof I did not get ‘em from a smaller man.

I take great pride in announcing this publicly, altho conscious of the fact that smaller men are better fighters––let my reputation suffer.

Six short weeks ago I was a well-to-do working man. Today I am––what I am.

Six short weeks ago I raised a beautiful bunch of callouses on my hands––I’ve got ‘em yet.

Four weeks I have been busted! Of on evening when I soften my pillow by crossing my hands under my head, the callouses hurt my delicate scalp.

Kind reader do you get my point? Why is it that the wages I received have not stayed by me as long as the callouses? Isn’t there an injustice some where hereabouts?

Busted as I am, I’m most heartily ashamed of those callouses and have tried to peel them off.

Oh well, time heals all wounds and welts.

## 1930\_56\_IW\_11101930

***DROP THAT JIT!!***

–––––

*Drop a nickel on the drum,*

*Ye depraved bum, bum;*

*Drop a nickel on the drum*

*And be saved––*

*Drop a nickel on the drum*

*And salavtion’s sure to come,*

*Drop a nickel on the drum,*

*Ye depraved.*

*Drop a nickel on the drum,*

*Ye enslaved––bom, bom;*

*Drop a nickel on the drum*

*And be saved––*

*Drop a nickel on the drum*

*And we’ll fill you full of slum,*

*Drop a nickel on the drum,*

*Ye depraved.*

\* \* \*

BUCKING THE “BOARD”

–––––

One of the chief reasons why the railroad man is respected is that he has succeeded in impressing the eating houses that good food and better coffee keep his dander from rising and put him practically on a peace footing.

Lunch room after lunch room has tried to make him eat swill and drink slop only to “pack up” and head for the poor farm. Any man that can perform miracles like that is entitled to every regard, respect and gratitude.

There is no gamble about it––the element of chance is eliminated: *It has to be good!*

Millionaires have for years been trying to establish a uniformly high quality of diet for themselves––and failed.

Failed because quality does not dwell in the “toadying” class; nor in him, for that matter––he should give the superior people a trial.

\* \* \*

Let’s not run off with the idea the railroader is a man with a perpetually sore ear––his ear is sore only when there is good reason for it to fester. As a rule he is amiable, sociable––but the life he lives makes him eminently fit to formulate startling views as to the shortcomings of the cook and to express those views with dramatic vigor. (I wish there were more railroadmen––then the pigs would “get a break.”)

\* \* \*

Times are very difficult for the railroader and he is getting into a jam with his seniority rights. Many of the younger element have gotten into the notion it is not well to let the good starve young and that the older, and equally good seniors, should take pot luck in this game of “missing” meals––mutton, mutton who’s got the mutton?

No, I’m not kidding, I see the displaced “rails” at each eating house listening to the sincere and comforting words of their brothers as yet not in distress or “off the board”––much good that does them.

\* \* \*

Time was when seniority was the very last word in attainment; once arrived at, a man was immune to all cares and worries––not so today:

Forty-five years employment today is but negligible security against unemployment. Instance a man who worked in the “cement gang” originating, say, Council Bluffs division; later carried valves, castings and, on the strength of that complex work joined the “machinists” and advanced in that “profession” to all but utmost heights of honor, prestige and pecuniary independence.

Today he is displaced by a machinist whose pedigree rates 35 years only, but whose years were all spend in “machinists” and exceeded the record of the other by many months.

Terrible awakening to the man with forty-five years of security––*all behind him.*

I have here in mind also a division point on the Great Northern, Cass Lake, Minn., whose roundhouse used to simplify the bread problem for 14 to 15 men––today only one man does the honors to the iron-horses and the windows are boarded up like a house of ill-repute suffering business reverses.

(I do not like to mention P. O. addresses of places as I speak of them––the other facts are sufficient.)

Today I passed a “rip-track” that used to employ 140 men; now it was deserted but for 4 men, and so it goes.

Having traveled much lately and seen much I could go on reciting instances such as those three––every place it has been the same story: *men deprived of opportunity to earn a living.*

Now my object in writing this is to give railroad men fair warning as to what they are about to face; for this thing has not yet run its limit. More men will be displaced, as time goes on, and the seniority question will become more and more acute. Railroads already are on record as looking kindly upon a man who has less years to contend with––that position taken, in fact, is enough to scramble the detail and turn brother’s hand againstt brother and “the fun will commence.”

*Railroads will get a great kick out of it!* The thing cannot be solved by jumping into another industry, for, verily, in every industry the workers are having their ears knocked down.

\* \* \*

Business men are making dire threats: “Everything must be sold to the bare walls.” Financiers are doing the “Steve Brodie” from sky-scraper windows. Bums are living on the by-products of the incinerator plant. Jungles (too many times) are located near a garbage dump––why?––which is it, the food or wood? Hungry men and women dot the land like towns on the Christ, Moses, St. Peter and Paul R. R. (last night a girl was looking for “a flop” in the Northern Pacific freight yards, St. Paul)—(last seen going into a lumber yard) children, gods bless ‘em, always did miss their meals and are used to it. The well-to-do hesitate about giving a hungry man a full meal for fear he may get healthy and rush for a marriage license––license to multiply the unemployed––can this be America?

The press has it 600 communists tried to lift Pres. Hoover’s crown yesterday in Cleveland, Ohio, where he went to yawn for the bankers––if Herb thus disdains to use caution and flaunts the very fates, it might be good policy to store him for the duration of this lop-sided prosperity––no telling what those starving commisars will do.

## 1930\_57\_IS\_14101930

**Official Bellyhoo**

–––––

**By T-bone Slim**

–––––

“Times are definitely on up trend.”

Uh huh—this morning I met a Soo Line locomotive and it was saying over and over: “**Tryin’ to do bizness, tryin’ to do bizness, tryin’ ro do bizness”,** and it was more than leaking steam! (No doubt, something wrong with its valves or it wouldn’t talk that way.)

\*

The “hearing of cowbells” doesn’t always indicate the cows are coming home to roost or that the discontended bovines are journeying to newer and better pastures. Indeed not—they may be definitely standing still or on the verge of lying down altogether. All that clang and clatter may be the result of bossy’s angry swing at an imaginary mosquito’s moustache.

Good times can not be ballyhooed into existence—nothing else; work isn’t a factor—lots of people put in a good time without a tap of work . . . Wages at present are on down trens—that means hard times are just around the corner, if not already swinging on the gate.

\*

Wages system is the “short-changing” of labor at the point of production; be it factory, mill or rock pile—the more he is short-changed the less he can buy; the less he buys, the lesd he consumes; and, so on, less and less and less; down and down and down to underconsumption, slightconsumption and, finally nonconsumption—Hardtimes! Overproduction is not hard times—overproduction is merely another name for under, slight or nonconsumption, so ordered.

But how comes it, if it is true that wages system is the short changing of labor, that the employer manages to preserve a calm, yea, a cheerful composure, even when caught in the act? Now, I remember when I was official guardian of a till and part of my duties consisted of short-changing customers if they looked the least bit absent minded.

Well sir, fellow sinners, do you know, I never could attain the composure sported by our employers—I’d be uneasy, nervous, stand on one foot, then the other—and debate with myself as to the drawing power of raw beefsteak and leetches, for black eyes—I never could see one but the other was black, too.

Strange the assurance possessed by the powers that be!

\*

Here again, if I go in an alley and roll dice, the officers of the law wait outside till the game gets going good and then they swoop down upon me and grab the nickles and dimes . . .

But I can go into another alley. (Wall St.) and gamble to my heart’s delight and no officers there salute me as I come out with a bagful.

Why is this?

In the first alley case, the judge says 30 days.

In the second. I’m elected bishop-procurator of a diocese, or something.

\*

Remember that bagful I came out of Wall St. with? Well, I’m a capitalist. Being a capitalist it is perfectly proper for me to horn into an industrial organization, manufacturing concern and squeeze out the old heads, send them out bumming lumps or keep them as errand boys, ain’t it?

Ah yes, brothers and sisters, its very fashionable these days . . .

But, darn it, I had a little hard luck in guessing how far stock can jump and there was a slump— (that bag was full of ticker tape and the cops wasted their time in tipping their hat) —consequently I’m no capitalist.

Would it be proper for me to horn into one of those “Moscow Blessed” trade unions and flirt with their treasury, squeeze out the old business agents and send ‘em out bumming lumps or keep them boys?

No?

Well, why not?

Because that would racketeering? Mysterious indeed are the ways of the world: I butt into a union, get a soft seat, a good pie-card, drive away all who so much as lick their lips and I’m a racketeer, am I?

I butt into an industry, gain control, get a softer seat, sho off all the old heads and I’m a—what am I?

It’s too deep for mer.

\*

A bunch of workers goes to works they’re the noblest of creatures; if they grab control over the industy, they’re a mob—a mob of noble critters, eh?

Too deep—but the water is fine.

\*

A bunch of disgruntled liberals turn sour and decide to hold a revolution; throw every Lequiia in the can land tampup on the roil-family so badly that it takes 25 years to identify the czar’s daughter; toss out all the rulers and anoint themselves king-bees of the field or comic-czars of people’s republic. What kind of civilization is that?

It’s dog eat dog, no matter how you figure it; not one scintilla of organization in the whole “kaboodle”.

What the word needs is the organizing of a “new society in the shell of the old”.—

\*

“What are you going to do with the shell, Slim.”—You had to bring that up, didn’t you? What do you do with a peanut shell? Do you now want to grind up the crust of shellback society into breakfast food? What do you do with an eggshell? Drop it in coffee to settle it?

Fauh!! that’s unsanitary—I have a better plan: donate it to the Shell Oil Co. (or other organized charities) they might be able to squeeze a little oil from it.

## 1930\_58\_IW\_18101930

**MEASURED TREAD**

–––––

Conditions must be very bad when a fount of perpetual joy like myself starts dripping bitter tears and filling the ambient atmosphere with wails of hopping-anguish.

A batchelor, who no doubt experiences a certain revulsion against things, as they are, un-burdens his soul thusly: “Before I would raise a kid to go through what I am going through I would shoot him dead.”

“What! Would you shoot a baby,” interposes the clown of the bunch, “and deny him all the pleasures of childhood?”

“Well, no––that is, I’d let him have his fun––but after that––,” What?

He paused and did not indicate just when the lad would cease to be and I got the notion the thought he was dealing with was father of another thought: “Chloroform them at the age of 45 years.”

A Dutchman, discouraged, works himself into a destructive mood and roars:

“Gott dammit, if I had a forty-five?”

“If you had a forty-five, Dutch, what would you do?”

“I’d blow my gott damn head off,” screams Dutch almost bereft of his senses.

“No need to do that, Dutch, I’ve got snuff” (I saw he was out of snuff).

He took a chew and his eyes brightened visibly––everything once again was hunky-dory. It’s a good world after all.

\* \* \*

Across the way, in Minneapolis, Father Dooley is holding forth for Jesus Christ and passing out real, genuine bread to the hungry listeners––bread is still the staff of life and it seems religion with all its modern development has been unable to make of faith its substitute––no meat is trusted with the chunk of bread lest it put faith in “the shade” altogether.

\* \* \*

In the sumptuous 10-cent eating houses the none too clean and none too learned oracles discuss revolution and the proper way to make “those ignorant workers” toe the scratch. “Starve ‘em out, that’s the way Russia done,” and other “valuable” information.

“But,” says I, “suppose THEY take a notion to starve US out, me and you––what then? They might mistake us two for ignoramuses and chop off our lunch, you know”––

A deadly fear gripped his vitals and he hastily tossed the rest of the hash into his mouth . . . .

*What was I doing in such a place?*

Has it come to this? Our great author was––nossir, nossir, not by a darnsite––our great author wasn’t eating there; he was working there. Got to work some place.

\* \* \*

I have no doubt there is a revolution on tap; that a leaven, ferment, foment is working to that end and that it will be premature, precipitant, unorganized and retroactive . . . as are all unorganized movements.

At this time I am not able to decipher the identity of the parties that are about to wish a revolution upon an innocent people and I am not greatly concerned, for verily if the people fall for it I’ll preach their funeral sermon and use the kindest words I can find.

\* \* \*

True, the capitalist system is plunging headlong into dissolution, inevitable end and will finally fall into the discard; but that does not mean the engineers cannot manipulate that machine and bring on a panic ahead of time and stampede a trusting people into an artificial dilemma––

No? Is that so? You mean to say the egg shell cannot be cracked before the chick is fully developed––well sir, I’d have you know last summer I cracked and ate-up eggs that were developed very little. They tell me, too, it’s impossible to eat an egg that has experienced a certain amount of development––I believe it, and it explains why my ma used to grab a persistent setting-hen and cool its “setter” in a tub of water.

Of course, I do not know the nature of this impending-revolution I can only speculate as to its origin and, if it’s anything like I think it is, it would be better for it to die young like the child in the forepart of this article.

It may be another one of those imported things, shipped in from some country that had an overproduction of revolutions––such things are possible; instance the Australian ballot-system and women-suffrage. Revolutions are now a commodity, can be bought and sold ready-made or made to order––social intercourse permits of that much leeway––either kind or several kinds, depending wholly how you like ‘em, straight or mixed.

At the present time, if not at all times, several countries in Europe, alone, stand to benefit by a revolution in America––it would put them on their feet nicely and be a paying proposition from their viewpoint––assumption being, a mechanical “revo.” is now just finished and another one impossible.

A revolution conceived in Wall Street, would find hard sledding for those reasons and be further inconvenienced by having an angular twist applied to the “streets” Jiu Jitsu by the strapping racketeers that favor our land with their presence.

It is said the bourgeoisie will start a revolution and discontinue the age old custom of “good morning, sir; howdydo, sir thank you, sir” and that it will be an informal affair. The tired business man will––oh shucks. “Coo-Coo Klan will revolt”––How interesting! Ex-service will go on a jamboree, yea? Unemployed will assault the bread wagons? Odd Fellows, Baptists, bricklayers and bums will all hold a private revolution of their own?

Let me tell you, nothing like that is going to happen––*nobody is going to do nothing for nobody.*

Join the I. W. W. and do away with the things that make you revolt . . .

That act in itself is revolution––and revelation.

## 1930\_59\_IS\_21101930

**Equality, Fraternity -- and CHARITY**

–––––

**By T-bone Slim**

–––––

So many breadwinners are now displaced by machines that the people might profitably turn their attention to the displacement of “a few” legislators — dislodge about three-quarters of them and put them on bread and water; if you have bread — if not, just water ‘em. . . .

We can not dispense with all, but we can work them part time in alternate years — use the “stagger plan” and then get their opinion as to whether or no by mischance a part of their schooling had suffered a neglect.

Be it not construed that I am spiteful or vindictive; that I would turn those legislators out into the cruel world to perish — nothing is farther from my mind — yes, I have a mind, but no bananas — my idea is to give those legislators an opportunity (blessed word) to study unemployment from the personal contact point of view and get first hand information as to adopting it as a national peccadillo — what a word! And after they have absorbed all they observed I would slap them back into the legislatures and put them back on the a more solid diet, gradually — It wouldn’t do to give them a full meal, right off the bat, on top of all that mission soup.

Think ye not. o ye learnt editor, that a little caution in such a care proper course to pursue; that is, keep them away from pork chops and porterhouse steaks as much as possible the first few weeks and prevent them from having a relapse—accustom their stomachs to the fats of the land gradually, as I said before, and give them every opportunity to pass a few laws while their head is still clear?

You can see, yourself, editor, a vindictive person would grab those lawgivers, rush them straight to a chophouse and telephone for a priest and coroner — not giving the delicate digestive organs of those great men the slightest chance to recuperate and befit themselves to do battle with those heavy foods.

Not me!

Other shallow minded citizens would stand by calmly with an ironical grin on their faces and watch those great men stagger into chophouses without lifting a finger to stop them; knowing full well they would never, never stagger out again and the county would be put to an expense of fifty dollars for a cloth-covered box.

Not me! Nosirree. I’m not that kind of a man — not me!

I would stand at the chophouse door and prevent them making that misconceived death march — only over my dead body could they get in to bid goodbye to the worldly goodd— and, let me tell you, editor, not one single, blessed, starved-out lawgiver could get past me for, you must know, I’m not dallying over a soup that’s thin and a religion that’s thinner (I’m not that kind sinner).

All along the lines m Michigan and Wisconsin, Manitowoc at present. I find men waiting at the mill gates for a job. Two and three here, dozen there and one hundred elsewhere. Nobody ever is hired, everybody knows it, but men must make that daily pilgrimage as a concession to the women folks—at home.

What mockery!

Here in nature’s lap I look over my specs and behold the impatient carp jumping in the river wondering what is delaying the bait. A fisherman appears and discovers a snarl of rusted hooks — it is 7:30 A. M.

I suggest to him “You’re late; the fish have gone back home, to bed — they generally bite between 5 and 8 morning and night.” — “Yes. I had to wait for another I man,” he moans, but I have half an hour yet and only six ‘minnies’ — they died on me last night.”—

Truly the man was in terrible straits — minnies dead and fish gone to bed — he had all my sympathies. But (perish the thought), mebbe the old gent was making the excursion only as a concession to the women folks at home or to seek solitude to still the tumult of his soul. Couldn’t the job-seekers do the same and appear as rational; instead of swapping lies at the mill gates, and running the chance of having a lunatic-commission sit on them? Who knows? Who can say? — I refuse to pass judgment — it’s up to the women-folks. O, what mockery!

T-bs.

## 1930\_60\_IW\_25101930

**A TOUCHING STORY**

–––––

Sad as my situation is, I could make my pen run with tears––but why cry over spilt millions? Let’s laff it off and save our tears for a situation that really needs a good wetting-down.

Tears will of course stir up sympathy (the more sonorous the sobs the greater the sympathy) but let me point out sympathy is one of the hardest things to digest known to contemporary and contemptuous science––it just lays and lays on the stomach like a hen over an ivory doorknob––so what good is it?

As a garment it is out of date and went out of style with Adam and Eve; it is worse than porous-knit underwear, and stops the north winds but very damn little.––A little cheese-cloth wrapped around the ribs is a far better windbreak (not that I’m boosting limburger-nets for everyday wear, or running down the burlaps and ginghams.)

Besides, were a man to prance down Hennepin Ave. dresst in nothing but sympathy the constables and gendarmories would lay violent hands upon him and invite the lunacy-commissars to sit upon him. Why I’ve seen otherwise sensible fly-cops cast covetuous eyes at MY bulky form lurching down the boulevard, fully dressed (up to and including four shirts and a superannuated overcoat.) I said four shirt and I mean it AND I mean to keep them on me AND I’d advise any man that has a shirt to stay inside it––my motto is “keep your shirt on, Slim.”

Nay, we will not dress up in sympathy yet awhile––at least not until sympathy is made from more substantial goods than parrot-palaver.

“I’m sorry, O, so sorry” is NOT the whole truth. He is not sorry at all––he is *going to be* sorry, sooner or later.

But we will not make a song of it.

Some day I shall write a novel about the human habitat, House of Sympathy––how the lord and master froze stiff as a herring, in the wintertime and was roasted to a blister in the summer months (I reveal this much, of the novel), fully convinced that I am the only man in this world capable of writing that novel and if the others grab the idea they’ll look like monkeys after I get mine done––I’d write it this afternoon but the damn pencil keeps breaking off all the time.)

Yessir, sympathy is the phoneyest kind of weather-boarding and as a plaster it is a fly screen minus the netting.

A man would be falling down into the cellar all the time without benefit of stairs to break the fall; for verily, stairs of sympathy drop a man faster than a dog drops a hot cigar butt. A rose under a different title smells just as sweet.

With or without sympathy pork chops is pork chops to a hungry man.

A rose with a thorn is still a rose.

With or without a “bawl-out” pork chops is pork chops.

Sympathy or denunciation do not alter the nature of pork chops––it takes onions or garlic. I’m not saying sympathy is useless. Sympathy benefits the sympathizer (as much as such fallen creature can be benefitted without complete reconstruction––reincarnation, a general re-conditioning you know what I mean.)

Sympathy is very hard to define, to gauge––no table of measure or rule has yet been stumbled on by science to accurately compute or describe that “finer feeling”––thus it frequently happens a hungry hobo has sardines for breakfast instead of grapefruit, shredded wheat and ham and eggs.

Recently a complaint was lodged with me against a parasite who practically refused to “stand and deliver”, as the saying goes, when approached on the delicate matter of ham and eggs, by a starving scotchman:

“Why should I help you,” moans the parasite, seeking knowledge.

Now, as a public sympathizer, it is entirely within my province to take cognizance of the alarmingly increasing number of complaints and lay down a law of procedure in all such cases wherein the matter is gone out of hand––nobody can gainsay the matter is out of joint when “the prospect” says, “why should I help you?”––the answer is:

Dear sir, I know 57 reasons why you should not help me, I know them all, I’ve given this matter much study; but I also know 999 reasons why you should help me––but let us not make this a matter of debate, “no” or “yes” is sufficient; debate the matter with somebody who has a full stomach––excuse me, I’m in a hurry.

Keep your shirt on!

## 1930\_61\_IS\_28101930

***Wraiths of Wrath* By -BONE SLIM**

“Pony” Profanity.

After looking over the myriads of miniature golf courses I came to the conclusion that what this country needs more than anything else is a miniature golf “curse” –– something that could be turned loose without knocking down all the bunkers.

\* \* \*

Present maledictions are entirely too rangey for that allotment of territory and many an enthusiast, rather than chance an oath, bites [h]is tongue.

\* \* \*

One such enclosure, conscious of its limitations, warns its patrons “No Loud Talking Or Profanity After 9 P. M.”

\* \* \*

**Backyard, backyard do not cry:**

**You’ll be a golf-course by and by.**

But first we must uncover milder malediction, less eruptive expletives and serener acrimony –– backyard fences will never stand regulation cuss words.

\* \* \*

Empty lots, formerly an eye-sore, laden with skins of the squeezed-grape, are now a thing of beauty paved with colorful shells of cotton seed dyed an emerald hue. “Hot Dog! Dammit” –– swearing is all done in the alley.

Blasphemy is getting to be a lost art and a certain subdued irreverence graces the land.

The cost of the midget golf course cannot be computed in dollars and **sense,** but it is enormous and will further aggravate the pauperism present. It is not the cause of future, additional “bums” but contributes in no small way to that end and makes for more men canvassing the hostelries and eating houses for handouts, meals and other concomitants of civilized existence. . . . .

\* \* \*

Before we go any farther, let it be distinctly understood it is strictly cross-wise to the law to promote a meal for yourself without laying down sufficient capital to cover the cost of production, materials, delicacies, service and a certain amount over and above that to establish an old age fund for the benefit of the restaurateur (as the case may be, or beint) against the day when he is old and feeble; his legs frail and shakey. . . . .

How ever proper and worthy and legal it may be to promote the lands and chattels and vittles away from a trusting widow, it is contrary to good usage and accepted intercourse to come into possession of a square meal without exercising currency of the realm in the transaction.

It is the law!!!

No need to point out that peculiarity (among the many almost unbelievable marvels) to the sophisticated union man –– he already knows or suspects that such is the case and that we are living under a capitalist system under whose rules of etiquette it is considered bad manners verging on piracy to acquire such food without contributing to the upkeep of the host. But there are men, non-union men, who do not know this and whose livelihood depends wholly upon such promoted meals; it is for their benefit that I launch myself on this literary excursion.

Leaving aside such questions as “a hungry gut has no conscience.” (especially the scissorbill’s, which is straight one and hungry all the time) the enforceability of that law, flexible as it is and practically unbreakable, the preference (shown by some people) to bust bigger laws and better laws and such other interrogation that try to grab space in our publication –– leaving all those aside we must hasten to the assistance of the scissor . . . . but before we go let it be recorded the I. W. W. is to be congratulated for its consideration in sacrificing the services of T-bone Slim, myself, in person, one of the world’s keenest observers, to the task of ferreting out the mystifying details of the “profession”:

When a hungry man, his gut straighter than ever, turns into a restaurant during rush hour, “the place is too busy” to feed him. He waits two hours and goes in between two rush hours –– alas, the boss isn’t in and he is out of luck.

A problem, to be sure––just when is this poor man gonna eat?

He will eat at any time when one or most customers are present if he makes his desires known in clear, distinct English language and loud enough to be heard across the street––the whispering campaign is passe.

As an observer I must admit, tho I decry it, an average scissorbill can not put sufficient weight to his sentences to cause a restaurant manager to pop out from a sugar barrel and issue orders for a meal gratis and, as a result, he is dropping off by the wayside.

Once he gets enough emphasis to his remarks the necessity to promote meals will vanish, he will qualify as a union man and talk the bread question over with the employer –– a far better and surer way.

\* \* \*

Mayor Thompson’s storm and strife was robbed of crown jewels recently –– the mayor took to the warpath right away and woe be unto any crook that runs afoul of his honor.

\* \* \*

The Eagles (BPOE?) conscious of the fact man can hardly survive the years between 45, when “he should be chloroformed,” and 70 when he gets a pension, have succeeded in having an old age pension law passed in eleven states –– Alaska, where the citizens decided that no old-timer should on account of old age suffer for the lack of “reasonable comfort,” considers 65 old enough. Hip, hip! REASONABLE comfort!

What’s UNreasonable comfort?

There appears to be such a thing as too much comfort and Alaska, always cautious, wants to be entirely reasonable in such matters –– nothing like being careful!

\* \* \*

France has no unemployment –– her army of unemployed, 2,000,000 of ‘em, was demolished in the late lamented war.

I never did hear how much France got paid a piece for those men.

“France has not only no unemployment, but is obliged to call into the country Poles and Italians and Spaniards and Czechoslovakians to help in its production.”

No record of Russians being called into France, none came voluntarily; but they may be on their way––few, few Russ-Americans are leaving for Volga and U. S. A. style of unemployment appears to be an improvement over the Russian––given transportation, France can get all the “scissor-bills” she wants right here in the states and a written guarantee they’ll test as high as any Yankee she ever saw, not counting Franklin or Lindbergh.

## 1930\_62\_IS\_00111930

**Preliminary Survey**

**By T-Bone Slim**

–––––

Solomon’s temple, Jerusalem, Judea, had nothing on the Balaban-Katz playhouses, Chicago, Illinois for ornamental work.

\* \* \*

“395”— (pennies, I spose) for a great, big, brute of a car, one of those regular, bankrobbing, “blue sedans”—why it costs hardly nothing no more to live (this is a secret) it only costs that much because that is precisely the amount possessed by the good people—nothing, nothing.

\* \* \*

**Apology magnifique in cause celebre**:

“Hello Jim, gee I’m sorry I stuck you up last night, it was so dark.”

“That’s all right, Joe, right after that I stopped two gentlemen around the corner and more than broke even—let’s go some place and have a s’s’soda.—”

(Something should be done about this, better lights or something—a man is “apt” to stop his father-in-law by mistake and have trouble in the family the rest of his life.

\* \* \*

To those who partake of no rest

And keep tabs on such miracles, deepest:

The cheapest is NEVER (he best— Ah! the best is always the cheapest.

Dame Rumor is crying out loud,

And is trying its damnedest to speak:

The meekest are not a bit proud

But the proud are pretty damn meek.

Right’s wrong! and the short is “the long”

And the oiliest hinges shall squeak:

The weakest is NEVER the strong,

But the strong are ever the weak.

\* \* \*

Now you tell one.

The oiliest hinges, by the way, after viewing the current political selections squeak as follows:

**The fate’s on the barroom floor!**

\* \* \*

Chicago’s organized charity has broken down. Among these may be included United Charities, Christian Industrial League and, to a lesser extent, Catholic institutions.

War veterans’ organizations also ran on a flat tire and many are the denunciations of this and that colonel for real and fanciful wrongs; especially in the case of non-service officers.

What little is put out by those organizations can not be termed charity and should not be dignified with and as coming from such high standing establishments. We will not go into the question what constitutes charity except to bring outgone lone theory:

Charity is the unrelated wealth received from such persons or bodies as have come into possession of their exact share or less than share of the world’s goods and it follows then that any “amount” received from those who have received more than their exact share of wealth is no charity at all but “hit or miss” restitution—and veneer-coated hypocrisy.

Many people do not understand charity as an institution, hence I will donate a few words in that direction.

First of all, organized charity is the art of “passing the buck”—give out nothing except as last resort to save the name of “the business”, in case the applicant has “pull” or backing.

You need a coat: “Come tomorrow mebbe I can find work for you.”

## 1930\_63\_IW\_01111930

**WATERED STOCK**

–––––

When the good ship CAPITAL went down,

And many first class passengers doomed to drown,

All her plates were rusted

And her bottom busted

When the good ship CAPITAL went down.

Built of super-profits, fore and aft––

All her girders forged of toughest graft––

Interest on loans,

Dividends and so-on’s

Made the boat unwieldly as a raft.

When the good ship CAPITAL did sink

And her roster landed “in the drink,”

Down went lots of hooey

When the ship went blooey

In the surging sea of purple-ink.

Gallant ship, but ne’ertheless a pawn!  
Her accounts and credit over-drawn––

Boilers overloaded,

She, no doubt, exploded

And the great ship CAPITAL was gone.

Down went good ship CAPITAL, kerplunk

Every plute aboard remarked “we’re sunk”

All the giltedge betting

Got a grand old wetting

And the great ship now is “a la junk.”

Not a soul was saved to bid or quote,

Not a loan did remain to float,

All was wrack and ruin

In that high-seas doin’––

Not a man thought to “bottle up a note!”

When the good ship CAPITAL went down

Down went something dubbed “supremely sound”––

She was ill-begotten

From the start––and rotten

So the good ship CAPITAL went down.

NUANCE:

Looks like the “Unity League” will have to change its name to Trade Union Annuity League pursuant to the trade unions going on record in favor of paying the slaves yearly; in working by the year instead of skip-stop, hourly, daily, weekly or monthly; instead of starving every other week, the slaves will have the pleasure of starving every other year. Bright boys, those!

## 1930\_64\_IW\_15111930

The drafting of the tug small does not make the Leviathan big. Why not let the tug glory in its “natural” size, and put her mast abaft the cabin?

\* \* \*

Man never burns out or suffers a chill,

Down at the spout but combustion still.

\* \* \*

Officer: What do you mean by bumming those restaurants for coffee, you had coffee and bread in the lock-up.

Poor Hum: Was that coffee? If I’d known I’d drunk more of it.

\* \* \*

Great credit is due this country for accomplishing thru two or several treaties the discontinuing of the building of warships—it’s just like a banker going to a hunch of bankrupt panhandlers and persuading them to spent no money for artillery till they get some.

Give Kellogg another medal!—medallion.

\* \* \*

England continues to expand—it is now almost seven times as big as New York City.

\* \* \*

“Show me”, sayeth Ruth Hanna McCormick, in effect, “a country better off than U. S. A..”

Attaboy, Ruth, let’s not look upon the sardine tins in our own back yard let us gaze rather at the great big rusty tomato cans strewn against our neighbors back-fence—let the rubbish lay.

\* \* \*

The rubbish:

“Go to the Sally, go to the Chest, go to Muncipal and go to Hell”—thus passing the buck. “Go elsewhere, jump in the lake”—they tell you that. But when you point out to them that going to such places is “the negative” way of getting a living or ending it and that you are of “positive” nature they refuse to debate with you because they have spoken on both sides of the question. O what inconsistency!

Be positive and negative at once.

Can you beat it?

\* \* \*

I consider this unemployment a personal affront; Just when I want to perform manual labor an imbecelic employer says, “Nothing doing, Slim, we’re closing down the plant.” What do you know about that, he “closes-down” my job without consulting me about it, without warning, without mercy, without pity—how’m I gonna get my exercise?

But, to paraphrase a great poet. I’m optimistic:

Here’s to the man that carries a card

And keeps his muscles big and hard

Who throws out his feet and tries and tries

And uses job-hunting—as exercise.

We now have 6,000,000 less jobs than workers in this country and I would like to point out to those who are working that unless they throw work in the way of those not working they will find the term “unemployed” will not stick to them—indeed they will bob up as rivals, mebbe supercede the present, complaisant jobholders, incumbents.

In other words, shorten your day—or prepare to cut your wages in competition with the jobless millions.

Mind you, I’m not saying the jobless are inferior union men, superior rather— and any action taken by them is the result of your long hours and your high-speed production; YOU EAT UP TOO MUCH WORK.

Organize. — T-B S.

## 1930\_65\_IW\_22111930

**ON POPULAR SANITATION**

–––––

Am not feeling so good; I’m sick, that’s the word––but I guess a man has a right to be sick if he wants to. A man has certain inalien-rights such as strife, tribulation, pursuit of sappiness and among these we find sickness––a man can be just a sick as he damn pleases without offending the sacred statues; for which heaven be praised. That is one “right” not yet taken away from us.

It is early as yet to start celebrating my illness––I may change my mind and become as one of perfect health; altho, I admit, I’ve been tempted to throw myself away or feed myself to the dogs, if they would have me.

But I’m not squawking about it for, verily, what’s the sense of being sick if your going to squawk about it––why not be healthy and squawk long and lustily on that phenomenon––and well.

\* \* \*

Being the last remaining champion of the people, alive and able to brag about it, never hung, burnt at stake, crucified or tortured––a playful way the people have of showing their profound appreciation of championships––it behoovers me to announce to the amazed public that indisputable evidence of the presence of civilization has been found in the United States of America––not much, of course, but genuine; which proves conclusively, the rumor, “civilization is all used up” is pure canard or hooey. One can step out of his haze any day and verify my statement by seeing civilization come marching up the thorofare, arm in arm, with barbarism.

To illustrate:

We have no community loafing place––one must either loaf on the streets or seek a loafing place in the fastness of the wilderness. No man can gainsay these times of unemployment call for communal loafeterias––excuse the ribaldry––where the former workers can loaf in an organized way.

But no. Each loafer must needs step out and find for himself a loafing place with the result that instead of one up-to-date loafing place Chicago has 200,000 loafing places minus all conveniences, scattered over the city. Can you imagine––that much barbarism left after all these years!  
To illustrate:

There are dirtier people than I am but that does not mean a bath would hurt me. Indeed, as I remember it, yesterday I was astounded to discover I had accumulated a complete set of lice; as a result of sleeping in high-toned hotels––too high-tone to change the linen––and boycotting the regulation scratch-houses.

Unversed as I am in cootie-culture, I went into consultation with a couple of rising merchant princes and they assured me my trepidation was totally uncalled for in this civilized age, that “we have bath houses, if not in Chicago, at least in South Chicago––you go right down to 83rd St. . . . .”

Eighty-third St.? Well, that’s only two miles from here, is the bathhouse on this street?

“No, you’ll have to go to the right a few miles or you can go to 99th St. (98th) if you’re traveling that way. . .”

The bath was all that has been said for it, a clear symptom of trenchant civilization––I revealed in its sprays and drowned every cootie, impartically without pity, mercy or remorse. Yes, but how, about those seven miles? Barbarism!

The placing of those seven miles between me and the bath may have been miscalculation, (if Chicago placed them there) and denotes poor judgement of distances––then again it may have been well intended to give each “bathee” a chance to walk and raise a beautiful sweat before entering the fountains of sanitation. Yes, but how about those “crums?”

I do not consider it fair to drown them twice; place them in jeopardy of their lives by this preliminary drowing in sweat . . .

Imagine the feelings of a crum when he wakes up from his after-dinner nap and finds himself engulfed in a torrent of sweat racing south into your shoes?––my shoes?––

Mebbe this art is getting a little too lousy but my dear reader, let me say in extenuation: The population of lice in this country exceeds and out-breeds all other forms of life, as the late lamented census should show.

I make this statement deliberately and argue that if were going to clutter our pages with most inhuman remarks about other parasites and cockroaches my gentle reference to the great American louse be put right next to pure reading matter.

Now let me point out we cannot much longer survive if every man must drag along a washtub for toilet purposes; neither does it make for the better sanitation to do your ablutions in a box-car from a gallon tomato can; likewise it is passe to ankle down to Lake Michigan, dampen your towel, warm it over a distant radiator and rub-down in the depot toilet––all that is unscientific, far removed from civilized procedure.

Not only that. The tubs and tomato-cans would aggravate the traffic problem and there are those who think there are already enough tincans and lizzies, as it is––on the streets. I subscribe to that viewpoint.

I can not find an ointment

To heal my wounded pride––

My life is disappointment,

My sorrow high and wide.

## 1930\_66\_IW\_29111930

**ORCHESTRAS ON THE BUM**

–––––

By T-BONE SLIM

–––––

Some say human nature’s selfish.

And they doubt men’s brotherhood—

Let me tell THE AUGUST JELL-FISH:

All is well—and to the good.

Things are not so ill-begotten,

As the FAMOUS YOKELS tell.

Men are not so “wholly rotten”—

Insofar as I can smell.

Illkempt, soiled unlearned and frowsy—.

Still and all we must concede:

People are not NEAR SO LOUSY

As the ones that with us plead.

**Nay, no force has yet the power**

**To destroy, demoralise,**

**The pure, the sweet, the good that flower**

**In the minds of the unwise.**

Tho perchance “heart-breaks” are aching,

Spirits steeped in bitter gall,

Better worlds are in the making—

Worlds of joy and peace for all.

There’s no need for to remind us

How the great men used to grunt—

Their brave deeds are all behind us.

Ours are here—right up in front

“But”, you say, “you cannot make it.

Human nature is so foul;

If you do, you’re sure to break it

And they’ll raise an awful howl.”

“Humans are so darned perverted

And their souls so full of sin

That their brains are quite deserted—

Saw for hokum, sex and gin.

**Hush! Be still, the battle rages!**

**As between those “vicious gents”—**

**In the symphony of ages**

**Clash the blaring instruments.**

Nothing can be done about it—

It is simply just too bad—

To the world I hereby shout it—

Harmony cannot be had.”

Is that so? well, ain’t that awful!

Tuning forks are out of tune?

Let me cough another MAWFUL:

Why give up the job so soon?

Was the ship beneath you sinking,

That you had to take the plunge.

That you had to cease your thinking

And throw up the blessed sponge?

No, The ship rides safe at anchor—

You’re by coarse illusion tricked—

In your heart of gall and rancor,

There’s your “blasted derelict!”

## 1930\_67\_IS\_09121930

**Old Troubles And New Ones**

–––––

**By T-bone Slim**

–––––

“The work of building the walls of Jerusalem continued.” (That was some time ago, the reader will remember.) “New problems and difficulties had to be met.” “When the outlying villages were exposed to attacks by Jerusalem’s enemies, the people were brought into the city and lodged there.” “Guards were kept lodged there. “Guards were kept on duty through the night to prevent surprise attacks.”

“While the building of the walls was progressing and the city was being protected from enemies without, all was not going peacefully within the commonwealth.” “There were serious economic troubles that threatened the very life of the Jewish state.” (The Irish had nothing to do with it) “Hard time had compelled land owners to put mortgages on their fields.”

“When they were unable to pay the heavy interest, the mortgages were foreclosed and their fields taken from them; they were left without means of sustenance.” (The dirty rascals!) —”Nehemiah was not slow in dealing with this situation” “Those who had foreclosed on the farms of the people were compelled to restore the land and to remit the heavy interest to that the people might til their fields and gather the harvests and have food for themselves and their families.” (And who else?)— We, of course, have no Nehemiahs in our midst to bring the Shylocks back into the traces with a round turn and must needs therefore square ourself with the erstwhile farmer by handing him an occasional bowl of soup.

**Two thousand years is a long, long time.**

**For Shylock to hop through the hoop.**

**And what once was a crime, in our clime seems sublime—**

**That is, we right all wrings with soup.**

The Great Lakes are the wettest lakes in the world—there’s more wetness in those five lakes than in any other five places and indications are we won’t run out of soup no matter how long this prosperity flourishes . . .

One of the duties of the capitalist system is to keep the working class busted. Did it fail to do so the system would not be retained one instant. Lots of people have a notion the system’s business is to keep money jingling in the parasite’s pocket.

Get rid of that notion! The money jingles in the parasite’s pocket as a matter of course once the working class is busted—it’s got to jingle somewhere.

I’ve been busted, am now busted and will be busted time and again— that’s why I’m in position to record the procedure in obtaining, striving for and not getting food without money.

There’s a cafe—r’remember eat no tomatoes, doctor’s orders.

You get a bowl of tomato soup—it’s a frame-up!

(Thank the Lord that one’s down!)

All right, move on to the next restaurant. Ha, another bowl of tomato soup and crackers— (trying to bind you up?

(This must be Tomato’s Day?)

Next “Lunch Room”:

Tomato soup.

Cafeteria:

Tomato soup. You have visions of a sandwich and step into a Drugstore Luncheon—

**You get tomato soup.** (By this time you’re thinking of switching doctors.)

(That’s five bowls of tomato soup you’ve had and ¼ bushel of crackers . . .

Oh, you want just one more bowl of soup—all right, step into that “Roma” cafe. Merciful God! look at that “dago” pile chuck on your plate — you’re sunk—if you don’t bust you’ll surely swell up something wonderful—that’s what you get for trying to get a full meal—good enough for you!

You should have known you’re going to be either underfed or overfed . . .

This system appeals to me mightily. I get a terrific kick out of it. It shows brain work unsullied by a single thought; brain in its virgin beauty, innocent even of gracious guile . . . .

“How do you like United States?” a student from America asked a man in a village of Poland.

“I hate your country,” said the Pole who had recently returned to his native land after six years in a Buffalo factory. “All you want of us in America is muscle. I hate America.”

“Why did you stay in America if you hated the place so much?”

(Probably spent all his money coming over and didn’t know how to swim.)— Then followed a long story how the industrious husband and father of five children had bought a little farm in Poland. Hence the six years of work in a Buffalo factory to pay off the mortgage on the farm back in the old country.

(I guess this poor devil didn’t get his mortgage lifted, after all, and that’ he spent six years raising the price of a return ticket.)

“When I went to America I was a strong man. Twelve hours a day seven days a week, were spent in a factory, and I came home broken down in health. All they want of us in America is muscle.”

“How did you like our American churches?”

“They are all right. But I never was in one.”

“How did you like our American schools?”

“They are all right. But I never was in one.”

“What did you think of our American homes?”

“They were all right. But I never was in one.”

“Where were you?”

“I was working. I ate at an eating house. Slept in a bunk house. Worked every day. Nobody asked me to go into a church, a school or a home. The people of America only wanted my muscle. They got it.”—Felton (That man must have had a job?)

Now we will proceed and the next shall be:

**There is a past generation and there is a coming generation but a strange present generation lies between** — and omigosh how it can lie.

Now go on with the story:

It is quite a relief in these times of frozen ground, between elections, when no opportunity is presented to send good men to the halls of legislature to remedy things with flowery speeches or sulphurous billingsgate, to know that we have industrial unionism which can and does take up such matters twenty-four hours a day, rain or shine, thaw or freeze, that doesn’t have to wait till the first Tuesday after, the first Monday in November to remedy ills . . .

Aspirations of the people are entangled in one or several of the following forms of procedure named in the order of their importance and efficacy:

Industrial

Philosophical

Geographical

Political

As can be seen, political came near being out of the running, out of the money and came near missing the roll call altogether, therefore it behooves us to offer a few words in explanation of that strange occurrence, not strange at all when we consider the numerous “sure fire” misses it has made in almost all its undertakings—a habit it formed in tender age and which clings to it despte all efforts to reform it.

It is incorrigible.

When a political spokesman says “my organization is an industrial organization as well as political” he is deliberately lying and is not honest.

Honesty, by the way, is but one thing—there is no “comparative” honesty: A man either IS honest WAS honest or NEVER WAS honest, no two ways about it—IS or IS NOT honest—and when a man says a political organization is allee samee Industrial, he is a liar by the clock and the man who listens to him is a fool.

Nevertheless I consider such a statement a compliment and though it is left-handed I get a thrill out of it.

Whenever I hear it I feel like going around the corner and shaking hands with myself and “hee hee” like a giddy girl with—hee’ heaves.

## 1930\_68\_I\_11121930

**Equality, Fraternity---and Charity**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

So many breadwinners are now displaced by machines that the people might profitably turn their attention to the displacement of “a few” legislators — dislodge about three-quarters of them and put them on bread and water; if you have bread — if not, just water ‘em. . . .

We can not dispense with all, but we can work them part time in alternate years — use the “stagger plan” and then get their opinion as to whether or no by mischance a part of their schooling had suffered a neglect.

Be it not construed that I am spiteful or vindictive; that I would turn those legislators out into the cruel world to perish — nothing is farther from my mind — yes, I have a mind, but no bananas — my idea is to give those legislators an opportunity (blessed word) to study unemployment from the personal contact point of view and get first hand information as to adopting it as a national peccadillo — what a word! And after they have absorbed all they observed I would slap them back into the legislatures and put them back on the a more solid diet, gradually — It wouldn’t do to give them a full meal, right off the bat, on top of all that mission soup.

Think ye not. o ye learnt editor, that a little caution in such a care proper course to pursue; that is, keep them away from pork chops and porterhouse steaks as much as possible the first few weeks and prevent them from having a relapse—accustom their stomachs to the fats of the land gradually, as I said before, and give them every opportunity to pass a few laws while their head is still clear?

You can see, yourself, editor, a vindictive person would grab those lawgivers, rush them straight to a chophouse and telephone for a priest and coroner — not giving the delicate digestive organs of those great men the slightest chance to recuperate and befit themselves to do battle with those heavy foods.

Not me!

Other shallow minded citizens would stand by calmly with an ironical grin on their faces and watch those great men stagger into chophouses without lifting a finger to stop them; knowing full well they would never, never stagger out again and the county would be put to an expense of fifty dollars for a cloth-covered box.

Not me! Nosirree. I’m not that kind of a man — not me!

I would stand at the chophouse door and prevent them making that misconceived death march — only over my dead body could they get in to bid goodbye to the worldly goodd— and, let me tell you, editor, not one single, blessed, starved-out lawgiver could get past me for, you must know, I’m not dallying over a soup that’s thin and a religion that’s thinner (I’m not that kind sinner).

All along the lines m Michigan and Wisconsin, Manitowoc at present. I find men waiting at the mill gates for a job. Two and three here, dozen there and one hundred elsewhere. Nobody ever is hired, everybody knows it, but men must make that daily pilgrimage as a concession to the women folks—at home.

What mockery!

Here in nature’s lap I look over my specs and behold the impatient carp jumping in the river wondering what is delaying the bait. A fisherman appears and discovers a snarl of rusted hooks — it is 7:30 A. M.

I suggest to him “You’re late; the fish have gone back home, to bed — they generally bite between 5 and 8 morning and night.” — “Yes. I had to wait for another I man,” he moans, but I have half an hour yet and only six ‘minnies’ — they died on me last night.”—

Truly the man was in terrible straits — minnies dead and fish gone to bed — he had all my sympathies. But (perish the thought), mebbe the old gent was making the excursion only as a concession to the women folks at home or to seek solitude to still the tumult of his soul. Couldn’t the job-seekers do the same and appear as rational; instead of swapping lies at the mill gates, and running the chance of having a lunatic-commission sit on them? Who knows? Who can say? — I refuse to pass judgment — it’s up to the women-folks. O, what mockery!

—T-bs.

Industrial Solidarity.

## 1930\_69\_IW\_13121930

**GOVERNMENT AND SOUP**

–––––

Governments, by reason of their very bulk, are too clumsy to function efficiently in a national emergency or calamity. I am led to that opinion by witnessing the alacrity with which benevolent and charitable organizations rush in to resene the American people with seemingly unlimited gallons of soup just when the great government is comfortably settled down to investigate the matter.

I am further persuaded in this by the sad collection of cases wherein the government spent a life-time investigating and pigeon-holing a debt that finally proved to be correct in its proportions and which eventually was paid not to the man himself but to his son’s children.

The unethicalncss of that developes when we reduce the matter to soups:

A bowl of hot soup would hardly save me from starvation if served to one of my son’s children, after my time.

It follows then that the bulkier the government the slower its movements provided my premise is correct and if the reverse is not true, (i. e., the weight of government is too light for the amount of territory it covers)—a deplorable condition either way much as I’d like to compliment the angust bodies on their speed.

Again, as we pursue our observations, we find the lesser governments, like city administrations, respond to the “crying needs” with a promptness that verges right, nigh, close unto suddenness and with a speed that seems almost foreign to its very nature. It is almost beyond description, the despatch with which a 300 lbs. cop takes ½ lb. of coffee and 5 dozens of out-of-date rolls and performs the miracle of serving breakfasts to 24 men—no crumbs leftover.

From this it would appear further despatch can be had by going to lesser governments, and lesser, until you arrive at government composed of and in one person, an individual,—it is here we may expect quickest response.

Well and good.

Praying political governments for reliefs, first aids or B. V. D.’s, at best, is a tedious process and makes for little results—instance the trustful farmer and his eight years of continuous and vociferous supplication: not once in all those years has he had cause to cease praying and start blessing. In fact he has discontinued his prayers only for short intermissions during which he felt like and did utilize his histrionic abilities in high class agricultural cussing—verbal—pyrotechnics.

Had the farmer placed his faith in the so-called “promiscuous begging” and approached one or more of the lesser governments, say the Red Cross or Legion or both combined or, better still, the Salvation Army, his appeal for B. V. D.’s would have found answer in a pair of short drawers (crushed hen’s nest in the scat) and a fleece lined undershirt with fleece and one sleeve missing— (I’m proving result as I go along).

I have here said “better still, the Salvation Army.” This is because Red Cross and Legion are more of a patriotic government than a religious one and are disinclined to hear your prayer unless you have been killed in France and have a death certificate to prove it .

In that case there latter days saints place their generosity on a base of partiality and subject to your glorious demise in the beloved France even as the greater government stalls the farmer off by screeching, “DOLE!”

It is not a dole, it is a custom of the country and indicates to what extent the governments are left behind the customs of the people.

Begging for, giving and receiving “doles”, (soups, sox, shelter, and soft-soap) is more than a custom, it is a habit—a bad habit—and for any government to continue debating a national calamity is another bad habit.

But governments persist and if past performances are a criterion we may expect the angust body to abolish the dinner hour as a solution to the foodless suppers.

I have not here carried my arguments along, trusting the reader to supply them. What’s more I will not enter any extended debate to show the proper way to approach such ticklish situations as the present “unemployment problem”—I recognize the people can live without work almost indefinitely in a country that has plenty of food, clothing and shelter.

And if those things be “doles” hand them to us and watch what wo do with them.

We produced them!

We did here, though, throw a strange insinuation that going to an individual direct and putting the matter up to him personally brings the matter to a head quicker. If this be so, it then follows if you make your wants known to the boss himself, and not to his governments, your wants will be satisfied the sooner and possibly obviate the necessity of starving while praying.

It also follows you have a better chance with the boss if you approach him as an organized body.

*For Christs sake let us not make a charitable organization of our governments!*

## 1930\_70\_IS\_30121930

**ON THECARPET**

**By T-bone Slim**

**Boss:**

**Why hallo there, Joe! I spose you don’t know.**

**Tomorrow you’re just a big bum;**

**I’m weary, in short, to serve you support**

**My arm is all done-up and numb.”**

**Joe:**

**“Why you, you fat slob, ‘twas I on the job**

**That put all that flesh on your chin;**

**So you support me? Just how can that be?**

**I spose that’s the reason I’m thin?”**

**Boss:**

**I’ve worked hard for you, far into the night,**

**At times even missing my lunch;**

**That you and your wife might use fork and knife,**

**And carefree your marshmallows munch.**

**Joe:**

**Oh well, even so, we’ll say that you toiled,**

**To feed me and mine from the throne,**

**Your efforts, in fine, even added to mine,**

**Have left me a wreck — skin and bone.**

**Boss:**

**I’m sorry, dear Joe, that you are so low,**

**While I am both hearty and plump;**

**It does happen so, as worldly things go—**

**I’m thinking, dear Joe, you’re a chump.**

**\* \* \***

**P. S.— I see where the boss got the last word.**

# 1931

## 1931\_1\_IW\_10011931

**Origin, Development and Malignancy of The House Maid’s Knee**

–––––

Just as soon as “mein herr” had skinned his fellow humans enough to warrant it, the “missus” felt the need of, and hired a mouse maid: Gentle, kind-hearted soul that she was, she picked out “poor girl,” one whose father was not so good at skinning, and gave her a home in the attic and money besides––not so much in the spirit of dodging the house work as to have some one around the house to bawl out for a change (“mein herr” having become quite case-hardened to her preachments). A good many times it happened the “poor girl’s father was the very man that “mein herr” had skinned and therefore it may have seemed eminently prop r for Mrs. Mein Herr to peel the bark from Miss Poor-Girl . . . .

It had come early in life to Mrs. Mein Herr that the scrubbing of floors was highly destructive of the dimples on her knees, something she took special pride in and over which Mr. Mein Herr had complimented her times without number. So, it can be seen, the need for a maid was genuine and the hiring of one was purely in self-defense (in the protection of dimples the like of which Mein Herr would have to wander the world over to find duplicates). The law of selfdefense is recognized in all uncivilized countries –– there being no others––and Mr. Mein Herr’s right to admire dimples cannot be questioned in this unenlightened age of knee-worship––hence, it follows, Mrs. Mein Herr was entirely within law and order in the attempt to salvage her precious dimples as a recurring pleasure and satisfatcion to her lord and master, Mr. Mein Herr, just so she did not obligate Miss Poor Girl in any shape or manner.

But floors had to be scrubbed––Mr. Mein Herr having an inherrant habit of prowling about the house in bare feet and being averse to jumping in bed with them in any but the most immaculate state of sanitation and pulchritude––and Miss Poor Girl, being no faster thinker than her daddy, and oblivious of the terrible devastation attendant to floor-scrubbing, would drop down on her knees––ruin them for all time––and wield a wicked brush.

Mebbe she didn’t give a darn, any now, as the saying goes––that is the origin of the epidemic of housemaid’s knees so prevolent in the last century, lord help us all.

But once the housemaid’s knee got a foothold it spread rapidly and eftsoon the country was flooded with maids whose knee-caps approximated the thickness and hardness of a turtle-shell, and great big muscles like hams would bulge out in the most unexpected places––(to such an extent that the then young republican party was considering making it a campaign issue.) Millions of dimples were destroyed and half as many millions of maids were made almost wholly unfit as objects of adoration––what with parchment like callouses and spavins, ugly blotches of leathery protuberanecs in place of velvety dimples––indeed the more advanced journals of those trying days, when inspired to print the true picturesque beauty of womanhood, were compelled to rush off to the Gold Coast and dig up, likely as not, Mrs. Mein Herr and have her pose for a series of “Before and after the Bath.”

Things were in terrible straits. But just as the gloom was thickest and hardly a girl in the country in condition to march to the altar, up steps a deep thinking Finlander and invents a broom––”I’ll get those Janes off their knees”, were his immortal words. (No bull, the Finns are inventive people and were the first to use windows in houses. Before that, the democrats and republicans dwelt in caves or roosted in trees)––Inventive? Am I not looking at a picture in Chicago Tribune this Saturday, Dec. 27, 1930, of a bunch of Finn “sailors”, (the paper calls them) floating on a raft they threw together from timbers of their wrecked “boat” (picture taken from “ship” that rescued them.) What other nationality would have had the ingenuity to go into raft building in the middle of the ocean?

As I said before, just as the housemaid’s knee was about to put a final kibosh on matrimony, in marches a Finn with his invention. Hardly had he set the broom in the corner when in comes a Swede bearing a mop with a long handle––Modern machinery, what? no more knuckling down on the narrow bones to agitate the scrub-brush, hur-r-raw!

Styles experts instantly came out with short skirt models in Paris and Muskegun, yes.

A revolt of the housemaids was on tap just at the time, and it was feared Mrs. Mein Herr would have to sacrifice her dimples, after all, and chaperon the lowly brush across the floor. But at the advent of the magic broom and ingenous mop the maids were partly reconciled to their task––and after the Finn had scratched his ear a few times and handed them woman suffrage the maids were perfectly mollified and went at their tasks with a vim and vigor that left not a speck of dirt outside the stockyards.

Knees began to soften with liberal use of petrolatum and talcum powder; the old dimples began to appear and once again the young swan’s voice dropt to a tender pitch––Just in time, too, for the preachers larders were getting low of bacon and eggs and other delectable too numerous to mention.

Machinery here, you see, saved the situation without altering the condition of servitude.––Made it less irksome perhaps but also made it possible for one maid to scrub more rooms in a day––in a little time.

## 1931\_2\_IW\_17011931

Every time the people raid a bread wagon the “best-people” hand the Salvation Army another million dolars—every Tom, Dick and Harold runs a relief station—still the people cannot break themselves of their cravings for bread.

\* \* \*

New years resolutions did not hold worth a damn among the light-fingered gentry. 1931 was ushered into the tune of machine guns, bank robberies, etc.

Can it be said those gentlemen really passed no resolutions and “did commit all those crimes in the exuberance of joy in having ahead of them a full new year of peace and plenty.

\* \* \*

Kind and gentle foremen with please control their inherent “restlessness” — a bunch of radio dealers are going back to work. Obviously it wouldn’t do to drive them too hard till they are hardened up.

Besides, they ain’t as young as they used to be. —

Here again we see the regular work-oxen discriminated against, in favor of the busted businessman.

Restaurant keeper: “No, no, no,—nothing doing; there’s to many of you’se guys”.—

Goolash Fiend: “That’s right, brother, our death rate is most discouraging . . . low.”

Restaurant keeper: “Sit down! and for Christ’s sake don’t die in here—this is a respectable joint.”

\* \* \*

Politics as a cure for mal-nutritlon, undernourishment, hunger, is best exemplified, I believe, in Europe—every time things get bad, which is pretty much all the time, they, like a drunken man with a heal or fanciful grievance, tip the cabinet over.

Hitler, Germany, hints he’ll tip one-over in Febr. (Why don’t they throw the alarm-clock for a change?)

No. Politics or the tilting of the cabinets will not remedy ANYTHING—tipping the table or cabinet amount to one and same thing, a minor crash, a part of a brawl and, when its echo dies, things are as before with a table, chair or cabinet to repair.

\* \* \*

It seems they can, and do, prognosticate, tell in advance, when the cabinet shall be dumped. In this they put it all over the drunk who hardly ever knows in advance if he’s going to dump the table or smash the furniture when he gets home—all depending on the good woman and kind of liquor he consumed.

Nontheless the fall of the cabinet is quite an exposition and attracts the attention of the good people for miles around while viewing the circus, political maneauver, are wholly unconscious of the fact that such entertainments do not grow hair on the belly.

A strapping politician pounds himself on the chest and yells, “I’m the guy that’s gonna save you, elect me — Me — ME”, he roars and the good people go home convinced the porkchops are as good as on the table.

They’ve got a long wait!

Witnessing political shows, the dumping of cabinets, or kicking a cat, are barren of food value—or any value—true enough; yet in the absence of organized power the folks may as well get what joy they can from the antics of the political performers.

In our blessed and sensible land the tipping over of cabinets or administrations is discouraged as a piece of utter foolishment—so it is too—in fact all such moves are by law limited to occur once in four years and no two times in succession—thus the people are given more time to consider the serious side of life.

But will they do it?

They will not.

Their belly, pants, pantry and head are practically empty, yet they stand wistfully waiting another election so that they may exercise their suffrage, give their “will” a work-out and witness the stately clowns going thru their performance.

Were the people less circus-minded their cupboard would yawn less dismally and hams would be hanging on every hook.

Unfortunately the good people, deprived of many of the joys of life, find keen enjoyment in those few political entertainments and neglect in fact, and anticipation, the more important phases of life such as organizing industrially, a seemingly sensible thing to do.

—T. B. S.

## 1931\_3\_IW\_24011931

“All things will continue to disappear, till perfection appears and reality is reached.”—Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

–––––

Fragment:

Lack of knowlege grieves me more,

Much more than I can tell;

I have no information,

No one thing I know well —

But this I know my heart is wrung

And Gods are turned to clay

–––All because the wagon tongue

Displaced the one horse shay.

‘Pie and Coffee, 10c.—Chicago, III., in the year of the Full Soup Pot, 1931.—

No ketch to this except the 10 cents; if you have the ten cents the deal goes thru like nobody’s business.

At first, it would seem the capitalist system is not so bad at heart and were it not for the missing dime I would hurrah my head off. That dime is the rub!

How come these cut rates pies, hooked onto a mug of exquisite coffee?

Ah ‘tis a long story:

Mr. Rhurbarb Cornstarch, the great patriot and president of Inter-Hemispherian Pie Corp., is on a still hunt on West Madison St. and lamps the sign, “Pie & Coffee, 10c.”

Chilled to the marrow by this horrible discovery he lurches into his Benz Buggy and yells; “To the plants, Caleb, and don’t spare your horses! Once in the plant Mr. Cornstarch wipes the good old honest sweat from his brow, throws the dripping handkerchief in the waste basket, jerks down his vest and goes into a huddle with Mr. Crustfiller, his trusted activator:

“Mr. Crustfiller,” says he, “today I discovered that some dirty sucker is underselling our pies on West Madison St. and it is up to us, Crust, to meet those prices and, if possible undersell them. Now I want you to notify the women and children working for us their wages are cut in two, to take effect from last Monday—we can’t date it back any farther, the poor devils have spent it—notify them the public has suddenly grown pie-conscious and it is up to the Inter-Hemispherian Pie Corporation to do everything in its power to serve the people with steaming pies at reasonable prices, at least while this panic is on.

“Don’t forget to mention the panic, that’ll scare ‘em senseless.

“Also notify the Embossed Pie Shell Company that we are making an effort to gain supremacy in the pie industry and would value their co-operation to the end of a reduction in their quotations—we’ve got to run different bull with those people and for heavens sake, crust, don’t mention the word monopoly. If you put this over big, I’ll raise your wages.

“Yea, and I came near forgetting it, notify the Immitation Pie-Pulp Filler people that we have received very encouraging quotations from the State Fruit Bureau on several trainloads of surplus fruit in good shape for meat and in view of that flattering offer it would be almost criminal insanity for us to accept Imitation Pie-Pulp products at such exorbitant figures last past quoted.”—

It seems that “dirty sucker”, the Poverty Stricken Pie Co., had succeeded in underselling the Hemispherian by cutting the wages of its workers, and the acceptance of the cut was equivalent to wishing a cut for the workers of the Hemispherian Corporation. Lots of workers don’t seem to have realized that. They seem to imagine that when they wish a cut in wages for themselves nobody else is affected. Nothing could be farther from truth—a cut in wages in Portland, Ore., is felt around the world.

Workers should be very cautious about grabbing wage-cuts—it sets a bad example. On the other hand, increased wages is felt around the world, likewise.

The best known preventative for cuts is the I. W. W. The best known leaven for higher wages is also the Industrial Workers of the World.

## 1931\_4\_IS\_08051931

**A Sound Business Man Converted**

**By T-bone Slim**

Like all moneys, wages talk, too––but it’s tone is sad and low––a dirge.

Russia hails Stalin “Man of Steel”––Bessemer or Stainless?

Aim of New York State hunters is getting worse. Last year 32 hunters were killed; this year only 24.

With the exception of revolution a governmental crisis always is over secondary questions held in abeyance and fought over petit larceny politics by nice balances of power. No major problem is affected.

A working man is seldom “fired” for major reasons but is drummed out on the strength of other and petty “sins” of omission or commission––sins of omission generally.

Most people read carelessly––lots of reading is well worth it. O.M.R.K.M.––wot’s the hydroglibbics for, hic? Bless you, brother, those are Omar Khayyam, all dressed up. Owe ‘em Arkay, hm.

We’re put here to do good for others. I don’t believe it, I won’t believe it––our creators had no such a thing in mind when they placed us here––why, some of us, outside of the “oldest child”, were purely accidental and have no business being here at all, at all, chewing up all the pork chops and crowding the subways. Originally wars were intended for the purpose of putting those guys back where they belong––didn’t King David tell Jacob Banton: “Put this guy in the thickest of the battle; he’s got a good looking wife.” Now, I ask you, didn’t he? And didn’t the good King David for the first time in his life stretch out alongside a bed-partner that wasn’t actually repulsive? I fear the “good ol’ book” needs cleaning and pressing––sub-pressing.

\* \* \*

Oh well, every hamburger has a cereal lining. Can’t buy more cotton underwear in the country no more; all 50 cents suits are silk and wool––silk and wool, gents, silk and wool. My pockets being kind o’ congested of filthy lucre, as they call the government certificates of financial health, so I hastened to purchase me a bill fold.

Sure enough in the window of an emporium I spied entrancing folds market 24 cents, 49 cents, respectively. “Gimme a dozen of those better ones,” says I light-heartedly to the smirking merchant prince.

“I’ll let you have a dozen of those for $5.50 –– they’re really worth $6.00.”

“Six dollars,” marvels I, “why, I thought they were 49 cents a dozen.”

“Forty-nine a dozen!” shrieks the merchant in deep distress and crescendo, “you’re crazy!” he guesses my age.

“Crazy nothing,” groans I, “you’re crazy yourself and I’ll prove it. You’ve got the wrong system here, small sale and big profits. What you ought to do is make quick sales and little profits––that’s the idea. Now if you persist in that foolhardy move of trying to get 49 cents a piece for those pocket books your place is gonna be a stranger to the footfalls of happy customers, you’ll ruin your business and probably land in a poorhouse (I had him blinking). But if you let ‘em go for 49 cents a dozen the man will be in again, in 10 or 12 days after another dozen––he’ll have ‘em worn out by that time.

“But no, you’re not gonna listen to reason, you have steeled your depraved heart against words of wisdom (I could not think of anything out o’ the bible to tell him)––you’re gonna insist on 49 cents or no trade. All right!––all right, a sucker buys one of them and gives you 49 cents of his hard, hard earned money––money that he wore his fingers to the bone tearing loose from a cantankerous world––all right––in good faith he shoves bills into it and departs, a strange sorrow fermenting in his vitals. First time he pulls his treasures from his hip, he’s horrified at the dilapidated bill fold now half worn that bobs out . . . . There’s murder in that man’s heart and you’re gonna need a body guard . .”

“Think that man is gonna come in here again to buy another bill fold, a suit or sox––or an overcoat? I should say not, he’s gonna go right across the street to Natural Bloom cigar store and buy a package of Bull Durham for grouchsack––that’s what he’s gonna do.––Where do you come in? Nowhere! You are as good as half in the poorhouse right now. The only way you can save yourself is sell those folds by the dozen.”

“No, no,” he protested, “I couldn’t afford it, but I will tell you what I will do: I will give you one free if you will go out and let me think . .”

I compromised, fellow workers, but I feel that that man could be converted if only someone would talk to him––he appears to be (same as business) sound at heart.

## 1931\_5\_IS\_12051931

**LET ME EXPLAIN**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Weather Forecast: Pale and weaker; rising blood-pressure. . . .

Of recent months I have had my ear to the, ground but damn if I can determine whether or no the odors of capitaliani are LAID. And the sole result of all my listening was an earful of mud. I had prostrated myself the better to determine the specific gravity of the fumes emanating from society as presently constructed and, may I say, I was horrified to learn the odors coming from the house of our clamorous liquidators weren’t the sweetest in the world.

I am here reminded that many of my fellow workers worked up a chill and fever anticipating the fatal hour when they shall be changed to fluid (milk and water or something equally sinister) and oncce transformed into pints, gallons or barrels, as the case may be they would evaporate away and fall as grateful rain, shower or cloudburst in some far, distant foreign country. I can see them standing on the brink nervously expecting to be dissolved on the spot, any minute. and wondering how much of a puddle they’ll leave them—many expressing the soul-felt opinion “its hard to wind-up as frog-pond or n glass of water.” Their trepidation is unwarranted; there will be no puddle left behind—the wob is insoluble.

Their fear is ungrounded; if for no other reason then for the cantankerous nature of the animal. But there is another reason:

Liquidation is only a threat—a threat to perform a deed of magic; to take that what is and make of it what isn’t. It isn’t as if one went ahead and proceeded to do those things, which imaginably are necessary to liquify a large body of men and women, it’s merely like a promisory note, “you get the coin if you get it”; a transparent phanton raised to horrify the trustful worker. There should be a law against frightening the radicals.

## 1931\_6\_IW\_16051931

**IT LOOKS LIKE THIS—**

–––––

Surprising the number of pocketbooks thrown away!

Last week a Wall St. firm went kerflop; this week a Philadelphia house busted its suspenders; tomorrow, 10,000 storekeepers will be locked out.

A great cry arises as to the terrific amount of hunger in the land and one is half convinced that the sympathy equals the suffering. Be that as it may, the workers need not puff up with importance. The huge wail and truck loads of week-old rolls are merely evidence of “better people” in distress.

The proportion of sympathy to the amount of relief doled out, reminds me of the cigarette smoker who had the misfortune to be handed an ax when he applied for food. After toiling heroically for an hour or so, the pile of cigarette butts equalled the pile of wood. What would you call that—sympathetic relativity or magnetic affinity?

Neither should a workingman throw out his chest and shout,

“I’m a stockholder!”

For, verily, stockholding is becoming a questionable office. Heretofore workers patted themselves on the back and opined, “the boss is in love with me and gives me a chance to hold stock in his company.” Today they are not so sure about that “love.”

Early in life it occurred to the boss that sooner or later the figures would come out and it would look like hell for one man to get so much money—say $876,000,000— for doing nothing. He needed a bunch of dummy stockholders. A bunch of dummy stockholders—say 1,000 of them—behind whom he can hide while he salts away $875,994,000 in camphor balls, while $6,000 went to the thousand dummies.

Six bucks apiece for acting as a smoke screen for the affectionate master’s thrifty peculations. The report ‘would look better—

“The American Loud Squealer Corporation reports earnings of $876,000,000 to be split one thousand and one ways.”

Then people would cross their fingers and fervently murmur,

“God bless the Loud Squealer people!”

Not all stockholders are “hold-my-horses, Willyum,-till-I-bury-this-treasure” kind, and I’m not writing about them. The kind I have over the fires are dummy shareholders (one share), dummy directors and dummy corporations.

Step up closer, gentlemen.

That’s better.

It isn’t considered in good taste for workingmen and those that still consider themselves workingmen (who are that much class-conscious) to pride themselves on the wages they are getting. I had the figures before me yesterday, culled from Senator Couzens’ open letter to the C. of C., but damme if I didn’t go an use that paper for a Hoover blanket and then absentmindedly leave it in the brick kiln.

40,000,000 men, women and children received $46,000,000 per day for their labors. That’s better than one dollar a day apiece and a lot of high standard living it will buy, as Brisbane will tell you. Some men and women of this great class received more than a dollar a day—some less—and counting the unemployed, they, as a whole, as a class received less than a dollar a day each. That’s nothing to brag about. That’s nothing to cause a worker to start strutting. It’s a disgrace.

In the soupline last winter, a workingman appeared pretty dirty. One of the herders goes over to him and says,

“Next time you come here to eat, wash yourself first. How’n’ell did you get so damn dirty?”

“I was working,” protests the soiled citizen.

“Well, don’t you know that this soupline is for the unemployed only?”

“I was working,” corrected the soiled one, “but I didn’t get no money.”

(Frightful grammar he used.)

How many there are who trade their labor power for the exercise that’s in it—for the mere pleasure of production—of course I don’t know and I merely cite this instance to show some men are getting less than a dollar a day—some more. A disgraceful proceeding due wholly to the lack of organization among the toilers. Ignorance or intelligence has nothing to do with it. It’s lack of organization—common, everyday unionism.

Some would say the cause is in the error of seeking prosperity at the ballot box. That is not so. Seeking remedies at the ballot box is the RESULT of non-unionism, a substitute for organization.

\* \* \*

This nation is now ready for Industrial Unionism and in order to help bring about the unionizing of the workers, I will here offer a suggestion:

Let every I. W. W. take out credentials, become a delegate and donate what time he can spare (say 15 minutes a day) to organization work—it won’t kill you. Let every new member automatically become a delegate and arrange to supply him with credentials—the sooner the better. The selective credentialling is proven a failure—a farce—figures don’t lie.

AND—fellow workers, there is only one way to determine the activity in a big organization: Watch closely, and if you see that YOU are not doing anything, make up your mind that activity is DEAD.

—T-Bone Slim.

\* \*

NOTICE:—

I have an impersonator down in the Gulf ports—a communist—not that I’m affected; but M. T. W., I. U. 510 may be. Therefore, I wish it known far and wide that I, the illustrious T-bone Slim, have not been south of the Mason-Dixon line in the past fifteen years.

May 1, 1931, New York City, N. Y.

—T-Bone Slim

## 1931\_7\_IW\_23051931

**HOW TO GET RICH QUICK**

–––

Humans, (as they call us) are not all alike—altho somewhat similar. Fact is, they all are dissimilar in all things; no two alike either in looks, thought, talk, or smell; as dissimilar as peas in a pot; no one of them big as a balloon and none no small as a fault.

But society nevertheless, lies in layers, real and imaginary and any incursion into any one of those layers by outsiders is considered an intrusion, trespass, if not a mortal insult and sin.

Those layers, created by wrongful systems such as the capitalist system, flourish and perpetuate themselves and make for the impossibility bf visiting “missionaries” to obtain a hearing without their cause being prejudiced before them.

In the working class, also, this condition obtains and one worker, from another layer, cannot approach a worker in another stratum and expect his remarks to register a bullseye.

Thus it is that the organizing of the workers requires more organizers than “a few” brilliant, active delegates—for it must be remembered the finest of verbiage and purest of logic is hooey to a man of another stratum.

Why, then, transport a man from the field (area) of his usefulness and set him in a stratum foreign to his capabilities and where he is, and must remain, a stranger. My argument is:

Professors can and should organize professors (they are unorg.) Pickhandlers can and should organize pickhandlers (they are unorganized, and professors preachers or policemen cannot and should not organize them.) Panhandlers can and should organize the panhandlers (they are unorganized).

Each industry no matter what it is can and should organize itself and last but not least each individual in each subdivision can and should organize himself. . .

It is evident from the foregoing the pickhandler and panhandler are out of their territory when they try to organize the preachers, professors, and politicians.

It is evident, too, the job of organizing the working class is too big for the few, brilliant delegates; it’s going to take many more from every stratum to do the job quickly—all hands will be affected—each functioning in the environment to which he or she is natal and vital.

Heretofore, we have been organising “the other guy”, from now on we will organize ourselves.

Heretofore, “the other guy” has been organizing us, from now on he will organize himself—he shall delegate himself to the job of making of himself a good union man,

Any organization that fails to trust its constructive powers into the hands of none but the elite shall forever be doomed to serve as but an irritant in the side of the master and reap retaliation in a measure out of all proportion to the bearing capacity of the thin-skinned intelligentsia.

But any organization that puts its faith in the workers regardless of whether they grade “A”, “B” or “Zero” (calloused or not) that organization will organize the working class promptly, in no time and will, strange to say, reap no untoward retaliation they cannot bear with a smile.

No great big heroic T-bone Slim or Dillpickle Fat is going to prance into an industry and tell the children in the drill-press department, “Hear ye, hear ye, I now organize you into the ‘Yearnful Earners’ of the Universe.”

No, the organizing of the dill-press department will be done by little Willie and the big “Pole” on the “Radial” will have to like it. An organizer in each department will organize that department and nothing but that department.

Example: In the woods a swamper will button hole a swamper, a skinner a skinner, bucker a bucker etc.—SPECIALIZATION.

After each organizer has finished his, activities in each department the result will be One Big Union—not of the “Yearnful Earners”, however, but of the Industrial Workers of the World.

No, the job is too big for “a few” bright boys, we need 400,000 delegates, ten cards apiece.

This plan will work anywhere; all it needs is some one to start it—if you have no starter try one of those new-fangled “self-starters” (do you get the point?)

Outside of its simpleness and inherent power it has this addition feature:

IT MAKES OF THE BOSS YOUR BEST PROPAGANDIST—he will clear his throat and designate and describe the union be fears.

## 1931\_8\_IW\_30051931

**A Perfect Alibi**

–––––

**A Sanitary Discourse On the Hygiene of Hats and Headaches**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

I maybe starting a new fashion, but I never could see the sense of tendering $16.50 to a dealer for a tin-lined felt hat minus all jewels. No sir, I will not do it—not that I love $16.50 too well, unwisely.

I hie myself to a chain-store, ask the gentlemanly manager for an empty five pound paper bag and I put my head in it. Sometimes I find the bag too big—this I overcome by taking a few rolls in it which same enhances the beauty and strength of the band around my noble brow, and de-emphasises the size of my ears which ordinarily stick out and hold the center of the stage as main attraction.

I heartily commend this hat to all true men and especially those who have lost their headgear in the tempests of life and freight trains. It has so many advantages self-evident that I scarce need mention more than three:

First, it is sanitary.

Second, it is easy to arrive at.

Third, it cuts down the overhead expense.

Since wearing those nobby headpieces I never get a headache except when I happen to glance at the prices of germ-ridden felts reeking with chemicals and germicides, etc. The paper hat God bless it soaks up the poisons oozing from my brow and, as a result even my thoughts are pure as Lily Langtry and as clear as Captain Crystal.

Of course, gentlemen, when I approach one of the larger Sodoms and Gomorrahs, such as New York City or City of Chicago, (as a conceuion to conventions) I ditch the paper hat and dig up a felt from the garbage dump hard by; confident its germs are away on a foraging expedition—germs too, you know, must live and when no foreheads appear for a certain period they break camp and strike out in every direction (they ain’t like a human being who sits in front of an empty cupboard and starves to death —Three cheers for the germs!)

To get in on the ground floor it is imperative to put in a supply of paperbags right away; for they sure win put a price on the people’s head when they commence using those common sense hats. Did I not see on the Sound, North Shore, booklets of matches selling two for a penny (you buy two advertisements) and did not the United Cigar Stores refuse me a match—a pox on their snipes.

Many there are who will absent mindedly say, “a man, especially a working man, is entitled to the best,” after me just now telling them what is best. That is an insinuation that there are better hats than a paper hat. It is more than an insinuation, it is almost a lie: that those felts and silk stormers that have been laded with chemicals, colored and polished with everything from shoe-blacking, lampblack to potassium-permanganate are superior to the paper bag, as a hat.

No, no, brother, not under this system can you get a better hat than the five pound bag—why, you’re lucky your head ain’t chewed off by acids ere this—you putting cut 16 bucks to have it done. It’s a wonder you have any head left and sometimes, when I gaze at the unorganized condition of the American workingclass, I’m persuaded the acid did get in its dirty work.

Now resume speed:

**All Is Not Apple Pit In Hat Factory**

*From Norwalk, Conn. “Hour”*

“NORWALK, Conn., May 14.—Six girls were overcome and more than a score of others were affected by gas in the G. H. Katze hat factory, Butler street, this forenoon. Carbon-dioxide gas, formed because of lack of ventilation, spread through the third floor of the building. The employes, men and women, wen forced to drop their work and flee from the loft.

“Those most seriously affected were:

Rose Koflowitz, Bridgeport,

Esther Kearn, Silvermine,

Eva Falk, Norwalk.

“Three other young women also suffered greatly, but their names could not be determined.

“A trio of doctors was hurriedly called and the victims wen given immediate treatment Although those seriously asphyxiated suffered greatly at first, none of the cases is critical and all will recover completely.

“Harry Kapinsky, a superintendent in the factory, said that the trouble could be blamed to the closed windows and lack of ventilation due to the fact that the fans in the loft were not in operation. On this theory, carbon-dioxide quickly formed in the low-ceilinged loft and mixed with the fumes of whatever other gases were in the room. The mixture permeated the factory and when it became strong enough it affected the employes.

“Lack of oxygen and the resulting heat were also factors in the case.

“One of the male employes and a Mrs. Kane, a forelady, were among the first to be affected. Suddenly one of the girls collapsed, a second became ill and a general hysteria followed.

“Everybody in the place was affected to some degree, with the majority of the young women complaining of headaches. Six of the girls, however, fell to the floor and it was necessary to give them medical aid to revive them. These victims, with one or two exceptions, wen removed to their homes. The others recovered sufficiently to walk around.

“Drs. John W. Vollmar, William H. McMahon and Louis Simons rendered medical assistance to the stricken employes.

“Kapinsky declared that operation in the plant would be resumed immediately. The majority of the girls expressed intention to return to work this afternoon.

“At noon the loft was entirely cleared of the poisonous fumes and the power was turned on again, with the fans placed in operation.

“The G. H. Katze Compapy came to Norwalk from New York City six months ago. The firm manufacturers women’s hats and occupies the third floor of the former Young-s Hat factory building.

“At the present time the company is doing a prosperous business and has a number of rush orders on hand. It employs approximately 30 girls and a number of men.”

From the foregoing disspassionate tale we may fairly conclude the sooner we get our heads into bags the better—am I right?

## 1931\_9\_IS\_02061931

**Here And There**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Bugs (Arthur) Baer, leading sob-stuff writer for Hearst papers, eloped with a Follies girl and in full possession of all his many faculties.

**The romantic cus**! or shall I say it was a shrewd move to raise his wages? It doesn’t take much to keep a woman and that would class Art as a profiteer.

\* \* \*

According to latest advices the revolution in Spain was a bloodless one.

That’s something!

Not enough blood was spilt to color a handkerchief. A first class American nose-bleed will throw more claret than that—but we don’t call ‘em revolutions. We calls ‘em misunderstandings.

King Alfonso swears up and down he didn’t quit or get fired; that he’s on a vacation; that he pulled a Heywood Brown—Heywood, you know, is still on “The World” after abdicating in high dudgeon and hot under the collar. Hey-Heywood never did like collars. That reminds me, the best short story writer in America is The Arrow Shirt Co.—to be found in leading show-”programs”.

The capitalist system got this way because of an original flaw in its **prospectus**. Once you start a garbage dump it will grow in spite of all regulation and “No Dumping” signs. It grows and grows until it stinks to high heaven and all intermediate points. A few rusty cans will start it but, after it starts to stink like the capitalist sysem, wha’a gonna stop it?

Not only does it paralize our factory nerves but polutes the very food we eat.

(Put some Cologne Water or Attar of Roses on it—on both.)

Legislation will neither abate or purify the dump or the system, its been tried—so have we. Every effort has been made along those Iines, to illustrate: Petty larcency (less than $25) carries less punishment than grand larceny—plainly an effort to get the good people to steal the lesser amount—an inducement— but the good people persist is stealing the grander amount, as opportunity offers, and suffer accordingly. Here you see, law has been unable oven to determine which amount the folks shall steal and the people, stubborn to a fault, steal as they please; whenever the spirit moves.

The garbage dump continues to grow over night, and this morning the citizens were out there in force mulling over it and gathering unto themselves necessities, firewood, cooking-utensils and what not. Why the cooking-utensils, is more than I can decifer — possibly they have spotted some eatables somewhere, and, by the looks of the assortment of pots and pans, the banquet is going to be a big one.

Enough! Enough!

\* \* \*

Oweing to the fact that an employer of labor can lie like a railroad map (without blushing) and tell us a crooked line is a straight one, we must compare that what is by that what was—a use for history:

A machine that is, with three men, does the work of one hundred and twenty men that was, pays for itself in ninety-days and continues to pay for itself every ninety-days (now to its owner, the boss.) This boss, I have seen him cry like a baby, shower tears all over his seven dollar suit and tell the big pollock operator of that machine that he can not afford to pay more than ninety dollars a month. Could a railroad map lie better?

**—T-b. S.**

**Bridgeport, Conn., May 13, ‘31.**

## 1931\_10\_IW\_06061931

**THREE BOTTLES**

–––––

I see by the paper Mrs. Herbert Hoover is suing her husband for divorce in Brooklyn, New York––Herb may yet have to eat store-hotcakes and carry his coffee in thermos bottles. This isn’t the Hoover you mean.

When the kind and gentle master put up a factory in this country he inveigled a bunch of milkfed Irish and Finns to come here and grab a fortune for themselves. But when the Finns and Irish began to inquire for the aforesaid fortune, the master felt highly insulted and swore––swore he had been misquoted; that he never stole the baby’s milk.

When the same master put up a factory in the “old country”, with the proceeds of the baby’s milk, he did not even suggest the Irish and Finns go over there and get skinned the second time (he knows a skinned ram cannot be shorn, after he has the pelt.) Our friend, the boss! The brains! Who has started more souplines than anyone before him or after him.

\* \* \*

The carelessness of the people is remarkable. I can walk along in my unemployed way and find enough money to keep me clothed like Jimmie Walker––better than Jimmie Walker, for Walker hasn’t overalls. In St Louis I picked up a pocketbook containing twenty-nine dollars and fifty-odd cents. Dozens of people saw me pick it up; but I had the presence of mind to turn around and go back the way I came before the dozens could lay claim to it.

“I’m glad you found it”, murmurs an innocent bystander, eyes not at all avaricious or greedy.

“If I hadn’t, I’d head for the poorhouse; why, do you know all my life savings is in that pocketbook (they were too, as I hadn’t saved anything) all my life’s savings, eight-hundred and thirty dollars hard earned money.”

He gasped, and bummed me for a quarter.

I could not refuse him, my heart is in the right place, left side . . .

Right now I am two chews of snus ahead of the panic.––I’ll have to start finding.

I do not mean to raise false hopes and say that you can do the same, for I am an exceptionally observant cuss. I’d advise you to organize in the I. W. W. and get your clothes in an envelope.

\* \* \*

An I. W. W. prides himself in his ability to win industrial disputes. Defeat to him is an unthinkable calamity and disgrace. He knows no defeat––never met the circumstance. Where and whenever industial unionism has been tried, victory perched on the shoulders of action and the boss jumped up off the pot, pronto. But persons of the toiling persuasion have persisted––may I say, perniciously––to use other unionism of the mixed breed craft type, benevolent brother and sisterhoods, death benefit and pie-in-the-sky outfits and most always they came to me limping and disfigured (out-figured) with a sad, sad tale: *“We were sold out.”*

Why did they climb on the block?

The I. W. W. isn’t an auctioneer and doesn’t auction off its members bread and butter.

Right now, Bro. Green is calling on Jehovah to stop the wage-cuts, enlisting the aid of glossy-jawed Washington to plead before the employers and hints, if wages don’t quit sliding, communists will start a revolt (the other guy is gonna start it?)

Hm, a slight flaw appears in that program:

That prospective revolt is a threat; not worth two cents, if one.

The communists never in all their history started a revolt and are not likely to change their habits. I’m not saying a revolt will not be––necessity determines the existence of all things. What I am saying is: the workingclass by enrolling in the I. W. W. can to a great extent avoid revolt and make its birth unnescessary––practically sterilize the grand emotion.

*Not enough peanuts per pint of gore!*

(I am indebted to the communists themselves for these few remarks––thank you.)

Of course, if it is the desire of your heart to have revolt, unorganized as you are, you shall have it, plenty of it, enough to do you the rest of your life; but I cannot promise you any benefits.

There shall be benefits of course, and I could tell you right now without looking in my book who shall benefit by your revolt. (You ought to hear me propheteer when I’m in good shape.)

It is not in the program of the I. W. W. to keep you revoluting one, five, ten or eight hundred-years (like Ireland) only to reap the gains after you are dead as a matter of evolutionary graciousness. Such a program would be a deliberate swindle.

The I. W. W. program calls for instantaneous benefits, beginning and continuing from NOW––something we can see with our own eyes and not have to grin at from the grave.

P. S. These views are not so just because I say so, they are so only to the extent you accept them as such––the editor is obligated in no way; it’s a quarrel between my readers and myself. It’s counterpart is the quarrel between slave and master (I’m the slave).

\* \* \*

The one great trouble with “The Nation” is the need of one thoroly rotten article per week to kinda make its mediocre roll-top desk stuff stand out. Also, to add glosster to its well-written articles.

When I woke up the other morning, I picked up “The Nation” and was surprised to learn I had read it in my sleep––this will not do; I can buy three empty bottles for fifteen cents.

\* \* \*

Control over liberalism is nothing short of complete-prescribed freedom and all. The dilemma is acute and were the goodly liberals to consult Dr. Heywood Broun, I am sure Broun, devilish for a moment, would advise obstetrics––a husky midwife and a strong pair of tongs or “come-alongs.”

Some bright boys, you know, are of the opinion that liberalism is fecund and that some great good may be born of it any minute now.

Proudflesh and blubber, gentlemen, and a midwife, armed with the obstretical forceps, would be perfectly useless. What the liberals need is a reducing diet. They’ll get it, too, if I read my aches and pains correctly. May as well toss your paint brushes into the bucket and hire a stonemason to throw a foundation under your house.

Am thinking of starting a night school to teach George “Jess” Nathan and Henry “Elbow” Mencken to write English. What do you mean, George? Are you going to sit there with your ill-smelling feet in the fireplace and watch the parasites eat all our sandwiches?

\* \* \*

Before passing judgment on the Chinese you should visit Chinatown––take down the strange signs and you won’t know whose town it is. Passing out, you will notice deterioration in buildings, neatness and sanitation, as you, no doubt, were surprised by the cleanliness and orderliness when you came in. They wear good clothes, buy Ingersolls and eat hamburgers for all the world like great Americans.

\* \* \*

Ralph Barton, best cartoonist, bar none, is dead. He shot himself and didn’t miss. He was best, not because of execution, but because of ideas––he could almost cause “runs” in kinks and make straight hair curl.

Reports have it he was in financial distress. He, himself, gives no reason for his act, but in his report he mentions several, suggests many and says, take your pick––that’s Barton.

It is given to me to know why he did it.

He needed one friend more––he admits he already had one.

Finance had nothing to do with it. He could have stepped out at any time and robbed himself a plumber or a druggist, a man of unlimited means, for, if I remember rightly, he had a gun when he shot himself and it was loaded.

But he could not step out and shoot himself a friend. So he shot himself and by that act, he shot himself a million friends he never knew he had––too late.

Friends, like public opinion, always arrive after the ship has gone down––after a cross marks the spot where the body lay; and they weep bitter tears––(I wish to Christ they’d dry up!)

In this age of mass production, mass transportations (sardine pack), mass assininity, mass this and mass that, it is impossible for a friend to exist––a friend is an individual––and *many are Barton’s that are fingering their pistols.*

But we need not despair––we can use mass friendship. Join the union of your class and take your friendship by volume.

The I. W. W. is the only friend man has now.

Hear ye! Hear ye! The tardy friends now tiptoeing around the bier may as well come down on their heels––the coffin is empty.

They may now take up their pens and draw their own cartoons––see if they’ll sell.

Ralph Barton is dead.

## 1931\_11\_IS\_16061931

**Wandering Jew**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

The people who live just around tba corner” must be pretty prosperous by this time—what with prosperity anchored around their doormat—Henry Ford, you know, lives in that neighborhood.

\* \*

Considerable want is experienced by the Jewish countrymen of ours, no denying, but there is this distinetion as between the wants of a Jew and the wants of a Christian: sooner (That’s not saying much for “the Christians.”) Somehow the Jews are better organised in that respect and live their generosity free swing in such matters as distress and dire need; with a promptness that is surprising as well as pleasurable. The Jew’s wants are satisfied the In other words the Jew takes seriously, the Christian axiom “do unto others as you would have them do unto you”—his Christian brother would rather use an axe—a tree is known by its fruit.

I find, though, among those that profess Christianity, the Catholics are of a helpful nature. And the fruit of their tree, although not always sweet, and sometimes bitter, is fruit nevertheless.

I find also in the sum total of my experience, and I’m supposed to be a good Lutheran, the Protestants’ tree is as barren of fruit as a telegraph pole.

Those are the people to whom the relief of mankind is trusted; people without the slightest trace of human attributes; hypocritical to the core; smug; puppets stuck up to “pass the buck” and deceive the worried; yea, betray **a confidence beautiful**, a greater crime which there is none— I am speaking of organizations .

The other day the Army—the Salvation Army, God bless you—marched down the Street in Brooklyn, New York and brass-banding twenty instruments strong proceeded to interrupt the meeting of Editor John Gahan then in full progress. John turned purple around the gills, and for a while I thought I’d have to grab him and hold him from running amuck in Jimmie Walker’s peace-loving bailiwick.

Fortunately some of the fellow workers busted out in Joe Hills’ time-honored ballad, “Long - haired preachers come out every night,” which some restored Gahan to a peace footing—”music hath charms to quell the”—the-which?—A factor that done more than anythlng else to help John regain his equanimity, was the fact that the song had its “long-haired preachers,” whereas the army-captain was practcially bald.

I also had a hand in causing John to hesitate for a moment: I’m telling John, “Hold your horses, John, my back is lame and I won’t be able to carry you to a hospital; that’s a hard crowd you’re dealing with; regular gangsters; you don’t know about it but a brigadier-general, or something, over in Manhattan beat up the army’s two-hundred pound cook unmercifully and since then the man has disappeared, altogether, failing to appear as complainant in three different trials, John, for God’s sake John, says I, his lawyer is figuring on dragging the North River for the man’s body.” **Sic tempus fugit** and enough time had elapsed to cause the childish cornet players’ lips to give out and the childish voices didn’t have the resonance to drown out labor’s baritones; early the captain saw the futility of trying to take up a collection for “Jesus” under those circumstances and conscious of the only too recent “Brig-General” scandal he did the graceful thing, folded up and left the I. W. W. in possession of the field—other speakers were Jordan, Edwards and Connors.

New York’s unemployment problem should have been taken up before it became a problem, but now since it is a problem and intrudes itself upon us we no longer can ignore it—it will not be jgnored, and isn’t ignored. . . . Much good work is being done and as usual by the I. W. W.—all other oatfits are laying down—in Yonkers, example, the police relief station has a padlock on the door; the assumption is, now that grass is too high for barefoot travel and trees are in full leaf the unemployed may go on vegeta[rian] diet.

What became of the “Wande[ring] Jew” we started to write abo[ut?] Where is he? Why did he wand[er?]

Ah, fellow Lutherans, the wan[der]ing Jew gave one look at the organied Hebrews, struck out o[f] the country and has been seen si[nce] only once in a place—one look [is] enough, every place he goes, a[nd] were he in New York City tod[y] and deigned to glance at the piti[unlcear] lack of organization in the worki[ng] class he would pick up his heels a[nd] proceed to raise water-blisters.

## 1931\_12\_IS\_23061931

**THIS AND THAT**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

“Doak Finds Upswing in Trade Has Begun.”—Forget it, Mr. Doak, trade will have a relapse next fall.

\* \* \*

The nastiest cut of all—N. Y. Times points out it was Mr. Kerensky who in the winter of 1916-17 staked his life to overthrow the Romanoffs and succeeded.

–––––

Well, what did the Bolsheviks overthrow? They overthrew the trustful Kerensky. Such things happen only once in a lifetime and waiting for the other guy to haul the chestnuts out of the fire may keep one on soup diet indefinitely.

A burnt child fears . . . etc., and George is not running around demanding “let me do it.” No, George hints broadly “if you’re fond of nuts there’s the rake—help yourself.”

That is the condition, sad or savorous, and it smells to me the chestnuts will go through a terrific baking.

\* \* \*

Supreme Court Denies Jersey’s Plea and Allows New York a Drink of Water (Delaware River Water)—440,000,000 gallons.

The prohibiting of prohibition evidently did not appeal to that august body.

‘Twas raining! ‘Twas raining hard; soft rain water. A colored lady (fast color) stopped a while to bawl out her help-meet for not waking her the sooner. ... .

Passing us by we saw her dilapidated parasol was vainly trying to do the duties of an umbrella and friendly streams of rain trickled down her neck. . . .

Did she complain?

No, the “Kansas-Eyed” lady looked upon us calmly and remarked: “I’m glad I’m a Baptist.”

Still they say, “no comforts in religion.” Note: Kansas-Eyed eyes are bigger than shoe-buttons—-and frank.

\* \* \*

“Why, I can’t christen him Frank, call him Francis.”— ,

“No, I want him called Frank.”—

“But there is no such a name as St. Frank, it’s St Francis.”—

“True enough, but how in hell do you expect there ever will be St. Frank if you don’t christen one?”

The same way with the dearth of industrial unionists, there never will be any if you do not line ‘em up.

Many persons are begrudgeful of the sixteen dollars a day the bricklayer is getting, and put forth the opinion “we’ve got to get down to reasonable wages.”

“We,” meaning “they”—not themselves. Those persons never have tried to lay brick, perhaps never even tried to shy a brick at their favorite enemy and, in the latter case, if they threw the brick and followed the dictates of their conscience they would crack their arm.

A brick is heavy.

Bricklaying isn’t like shaving a lead pencil into a hole and grinding off the surplus cedar. Nor is it like tossing a can of sardines on the counter or wrapping up a pair of Rockford sox.

And yet the lesser business man feels the day lost when he doesn’t clear $75 ($125 on Saturdays and holidays)—$2.00 on candy alone.

Why pick on the bricklayer who is happy in getting fairer wages than his fellow artisans? Why not organize industrially and jack up your own disgraceful figures? Henry Ford split $44,000,000 with his wife and child last year—$120,000 per day.

## 1931\_13\_IW\_27061931

**DR. TIME—HEALER**

–––––

The unemployment situation is real enough, but it is not a problem to any but those who find themselves without work. Much racket is being raised by others, of course, and it would seem they are deeply effected and that unemployment to them is a problem.

Such is not the case however and the lachrymose gentlemen are shedding crocodile tears—dry ones at that. No matter how anguishing their wail may sound, “give a job,” “do that work now,” “help the unemployed” and so on ad nauseam we must conclude them impersonal at best, insincere at worst and indifferent between times—to all intents and purposes the unem-ployed are deserted and, what’s more, are being at this time most efficiently and thoroughly betrayed.

Unemployment left to its own resources would have come to a head and solved itself in hardly no time—probably not to the whole-souled liking of the hypocritical gentlemen now engaged in the pouring of soothing syrup on social disorders. But it must not be; the workless man bereft of his hamburgers, uneasy, worried, desperate, might despair of ever learning to do without food, cut loose and pull off deeds of great heroism and glory unethical as they might appear to one unversed in the purifying propensities of starvation. They must be broken m gradually.

A day’s work now and again, tho it will not keep up their spirit, will serve to keep them living on hopes and by and by they’ll learn to live without eating altogether, or be so weak they don’t care whether they die, with or without help, a natural death is superinduced.

Is not this a program of betrayal?

It is, gentlemen, and wholly unintentional: well-meaning ignoramuses are yodeling the length and breadth of the land exhorting sundry grafters to turn loose a day’s work for the starving millions—they would do the same were 115,000,000 of our 120,000,000 on the verge of starvation.

I wonder how big a problem must be before such as they recognize it as a problem? Ten million men without means of subsistence does not appear big enough to class as a problem, to them. Nevertheless, it is a problem to the ten million, nobody else. It is idle philanthropy to coax a day’s work for them—to live they need 300 days each, per year. Let’s have a few figures:

Ten million times three-hundred days equals three-billion days—3,000,000,000—that’s how many days work the unemployed will need to live a year. Thinkest thou that those well-meaning imbeciles can beg that much work for “the dear unemployed”? If you think so, something’s the matter with your head.

But I am an optimist, if I say it myself. An optimist, infact, a chief and champion optimist of all the Americas and points surrounding, near and remote. I can always see the bright side of things and if there isn’t a bright side I can always conjure up something that’s worse. I believe if I was hanging in the cross with a few rusty spikes driven in my insteps and hands (spikes are always rusty, ever notice it?) and a great big Roman was tickling my ribs with a bayonet, I would clear my throat and say :

“It’s tough, fellow workingmen, but it isn’t as bad as sitting on a hot stove.

We have here hinted, pretty strongly, more’s the pity, that workers presently employed have no problem and that their sympathetic consideration is inspired by politeness and diplomacy and we have thrown out a pretty broad hint that workers out of work have a problem and that their self-commiseration is inspired by first hand contact and intimate knowledge of the true difficulty and its meaning. Well and good, but, gloomy as the case may seem, we not only see what might be worse we see a distinctly bright side to this dilemma—so why console you with a recital of the thousand and one ways you could be more miserable. Not me. I’m here to tell you how to be less miserable, or miserable not at all. That’s me.

The problem of unemployment is distinctly a property of the unemployed. It is theirs to have and hold or to throw aside. Which way ever they choose, it is entirely within their province and power to do with it whatever pleases them or doesn’t please them—they, alone, are architects of their *destiny*. But, unfortunately, so far, they have not recognized themselves as sole proprietors of their panic and have persistently placed their reliance on professional palliatives, professional first-aid—in other words, they have placed confidence in everybody but themselves. Unorganized, as a body of unemployed men, they have permitted themselves to be pulled and hauled hither and hence, a day’s work here, a day’s work there and thus laid themselves open to further disorganization, if such be possible where no organization existed before.

The thing has now gone so far *community of interest* has practically been destroyed among them and each is striving with might and main to gain preferment in the eyes of appointed dolers of work and the blessings thereto attached—blessings that eventually reconcile them to slower starvation as between the whole cheese or none. A despicable position for, verily, I do believe as between life and death there should be no middle ground, except when life is impossible.

But life is possible—ain’t I cheerful?

Ten million unemployed men can make life possible, if they will, but not by remaining unorganized and trusting their affairs into hands that made or helped to make them jobless. They must take matters out of the hands of those that delude them with a few orphan dollars to prolong their agonies; place confidence in themselves, the only trustworthies; toss in The pot with the I. W. W. and help to create a condition wherein all hands or none shall work.

## 1931\_14\_IS\_30061931

**SAY IT WITH FLOWERS**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Half the people in these states know practically nothing about botany and can’t tell asparrowgrass from a vegetable oyster, so fearfully has their education been neglected. Half of ‘em hasn’t the slightest idea what garlic looks like and could be sold a bunch of persimmons or caraway seeds instead. And there is only one way for them to find out––go into a feed store and order a dozen bulbs. Is it then any wonder they can not describe the looks of one of the most beautiful flowers, the spondulics––half say its green, half say its yellow and there you are.

Here’s a flower that makes orchids (they don’t know what orchids are; neither do I), makes orchids look like some thing the consumptive spit out and the populace are in blissful ignorance as to its existence. They must be color blind.

I’ve often wondered why he menfolk on their rounds do not gather a bunch of those lovely spondulics and take them home to the wife of kinda square themselves in her eyes for past, present and future infractions of various moral codes and codicils of deportment; for I have it from undisputed authority that there’s nothing like a vaseful of spondulics to keep peace in the family.

Not a woman would have the nerve to peel the bark from her dear hubby’s nose with a frying pan if a bunch of fragrant spondulics decorated the dining room table. Peace would be so profound the neighbors would rush in hoping to find the pair of ‘em lying dead, battered beyond recognition. And there they are, sitting peacefully beaming at each other like a case of love at first sight . . .

“Oh, Mrs. Noseby,” exclaims the now docile virago, jumping up from her husbands lap, “look at the pretty flowers Hennery brought me.”

“My goodness gracious!” gasps Noseby through her sparse teeth, “how beautiful; they must be tens and twenties.”

“Yes Mrs. Noseby, there isn’t a five or a two or a one in the whole bunch. Hennery said he could have picked up an armload of fives and ones but he thought I’d like the tens and twenties best––especially the twenties––and I do, too,” she cooed bashfully.

“But don’t you think, Mrs. Knockimstiff, a fifty or a hundred stuck in here and there would enhance the beauty of the bouquet?” says Mrs. Noseby, spitefully. “Indeed it would, Mrs. Noseby, and I’m sending him out to gather a few––ones and twos and fives, as I’m just after telling him, may be all right for a boutonierre, to pin on a coat lapel, but they would never, never do, to put on the centerpiece, near food.” “I quite agree with you, Mrs. Knockimstiff, you have a rare artistic sense and taste for true beauty.” “Thank you, Mrs. Noseby, I’m sorry you can’t stay––do so love to talk with you––but stay, take a few of these flowers with you to show your husband what they look like––mebbe he would like to go out and pick a few after he recovers from the beating-up you gave him.”

Ain’t nature grand!

Perpetual strife, clawing, kicking, mayhem, assault and battery, torture, assassination and what not all turned into a beautiful love scene just by a few stray blossoms of the esoteric spondulics –– spontaneous spondulics. But, as I said before, the people are poorly informed as to the powers of those flowers to quell the rising insurgency of the redoutable female –– nip it in the bud, so as to say––and many is the man carried into hospital for major repairs who lies on the operating table fully unconscious of the flower that would have spared him untold suffering, the disgrace of ignoble defeat at the hands of his dear wife and saved the doctor the trouble of stitching him up and stretching his hide to reach over bare spots. Such is the sad state of botanical erudition in this otherwise happy land of ours–– people eat a pan full of poisonous toadstools all the while thinking they are treating themselves to a mess of mushrooms; trembling husbands and fathers reach home, after an all night session at stud-poker debating circle, fondly hugging a delusion and a bouquet of daisies or posies or pansies when they should have an armful of spondulics––ain’t I right editor?

Course I’m right––and then David Starr Jordan has the unmitigated guts to say “no use loading a $10,000 education on a 50c boy.” (He means by that that you shouldn’t spoil a good half-dollar kid with too much useless education––he’s subtle.)

Well, now, it isn’t going to cost no $10,000 to learn to pick spondulics. The I. W. W. agrees to teach every man that now stands in terror of his wife and the landlord how to distinguish between spondulics and spoilt-bananas.

It absolutely guarantees its instructions to the end that each student will be able to recognize the different kinds of spondulics at a glance and be able to select the harmless from harmful . . .

Mysterious are the ways of nature and she has so arranged it that some are good and some are rotten––but she also has placed clear markings on all spondulics so it’s your own fault if you pick the wrong kind.

The ones and twos and fives are considered every bit as poisonous as toadstools––indeed, in some places they are called toadskins –– too dangerous to handle bare-handed.

It is high time the American people (the workers) begin using these highly ornamental flowers for the purpose nature intended them: to assuage the griefs and calm the feelings of an excited missus. It’s the only way––and the only way we can depart this life with a whole skin unmarked by bludgeonings of the better half:

Take out a course of instructions in the I. W. W., the scientific way to gather spondulics––it will cost you one quarter dozen dollars

What’s three bucks, when it preserves your beauty unmarked for all time––you’d spend that much for courtplaster alone to say nothing about doctor bills––and it saves you the trouble of trying to convince St. Peter you had a run-in with a wild-cat.

Let us have peace.

**T-b. S.**

## 1931\_15\_IW\_04071931

(Read slowly)

No man should wear a necktie until he has reached the age of 44—until then he has no use for it. After he is forty-four he can use it to wipe his spectacles; if he keeps it clean—

Should it so happen he needs “specs” before he is forty-four, let him take salts or oils (whichever suits his spiritual requirement) regularly and persistently until he is fourty-four—in that case he won’t need neckties till he is sixty.

\* \* \*

Should think the American people would get tired of begging and organize to eat the overproduction we hear so much about—no use throwing it away.

Further, it is against the law to beg and, as public spirited patriots, it is their bounden duty to uphold the law.

Still further, the eating of the overproduction is far more honorable than begging—yes, it is noble. The disappearance of overproduction adown your gullet would solve the unemployment problem. I wonder if Babe Ruth has made a home run lately.

\* \* \*

They ain’t throwing many birth-controllers in jail nowdays—thus it is the sins of yesterday are virtues of today and organinations that were anathema the other day are blessings of tomorrow. We are improving.

But I do not believe birth-control is necessary as yet. I do not believe birth-control will solve any problems. The masters can starve few just as easily as they starve many.

Some would say, “yes it solves a problem—the traffic congestion.”—

Well, yes, in a sense—the same way starvation solves it.

We better leave that problem unsolved, and solve starvation—industrial unionism (solidarity) will solve that in a jiffy.

\* \* \*

This panic prosperity is not wholly of natural origin—it is superinduced here and there; emphasized and de-emphasized at will.

By organizing industrially you can make the master forget to emphasize it. In that case it would fall pretty flat.

\* \* \*

This panic of prosperity, as I am pleased to call it, is a natural result of unnatural conditions—the parasites spokesmen worked night and day, heart and soul, to convince the people “all is well” and then the cloud busted—the October Crash.

Lots of fine folk got wet!

\* \* \*

You will notice, if you glance backward, this panic which would have come anyway was not sprung until working class organization was at low ebb—disorganization of the working class. always precedes a panic.

What’s the answer?

Organize now and stay organized.

You will think this is pure hooey like the Dynamic Detroiters thought seven years ago when I was telling them their city is mushroom growth and it will not do to buy property on the strength of carbuilding.

They bought property; they had prosperity and they thought it would last forever.

Where is that prosperity now?

Excuse me for bringing that up; it’s the first time in my life I felt the need of proving the correctness of my conclusions.

This time I am telling you, organize industrially now and stay organized if you wish to make this your last panic.

Industrial unionism is the one and only thing I know that has power to prevent or end a panic.

\* \* \*

Were the country industrially organized California would refuse to hold Tom Mooney a single instant. Walla Walla would tell the Centralia victims, “get your clothes and get to hell out of here.”

You don’t believe it.

I didn’t think you would—that’s why you’ve got a panic, You don’t believe what I tell you. You Have to see a thing before you believe it You see the panic and believe it

I think you better work yourself into a frame of mind that will permit you to believe ‘em before you see ‘em, I’m betting you did not believe A PANIC OF PROSPERITY could follow so close on the heels of THE PROSPERITY OF HARD TIMES but it did. It is here.

I did not order this panic nor did I forecast it—I didn’t have the heart.

I prefer to see the brighter prospects and brighter possibilities.

And when I say Industrial Workers of the World will free the old globe of its chains I mean it—it’s one of those brighter outlooks.

But you did not jump into this panic unwarned:

The I. W. W. paperse gave you due notice of its approach several years before it struck—you did not believe them. It is here and may stay here from now on if you wait for it to disperse of its own accord—generally if a thing is obnoxious the best thing to do is remove it. In the case of the panic, the best way to do that is join the Industrial Workers of the World—get your buddy and your buddy’s buddy to do likewise.

It’s going to be big doings.

— T-b s.

## 1931\_16\_IS\_07071931

**Slim Is Dissatisfied With His Looks**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

I am in the habit of getting parasites’ papers free of charge in the subway trains where they are discarded by good and willing workers on their way to their various employmerts –– not that I am too tight to buy them for I am not and even as it is (getting them without cost) I feel that I am losing money. Early in the game I discovered discarded papers were more plentiful during the morning rush hour and I could select any paper I thought would appease my craving for knowledge. But, I also discovered that later on in the morning the same crowded trains neglected to supply me with free reading matter and I didn’t have the crust to take papers away from the passengers; consoling myself––there is no justice.

This condition irked my complacency and caused me to wonder why the early birds were so liberal with their property and finally I came to the conclusion they were afraid to carry those papers into their place of employment, fearing temptation might get the best of their caution and the boss would catch them glancing at them in their idle moments.

Shame on me! To all intents and purposes I am making it appear freedom is crippled and lies bleeding on the Broadway Express and that those collared slaves respect, worship and fear their boss more than they do God––shame on me.

To once admit that those workers dassent have a newspaper in their possession in front of the boss is to say an I. W. W. hasn’t got the guts to read T-bone Slim’s ravings to J. P. Morgan or Johnny Raha-feller –– Which they have of course. I’m afraid I have misjudged those men in thus accusing them of cowardice and that there is a deeper and more respectable reason for their desertion of “the last issue” for my benefit –– that my very looks stampeded the mob into relinquising their papers in hopes of dispelling some of my outstanding ignorance; that their action was purely altruistic –– noble creatures! and that those tightwads, on those later trains who retained possession of their disgraceful sheets, were selfish to the core and did not belong, as we thought, to the leisure class––the bosses.

My ignorance is so outstandingly comprehensive that people take pity on me even on the streets, hand me tomes and pamphlets and circulars; to practice on . . . and I’ve had it happen a man rushed clear across the street and shoved a salvation army “War Cry” under my arm encouraging me: “Here buddy, you need it worse than I do––”. ‘Twas useless for me to protest that I’ve got lots of cigarette papers; he thought, I was only dressing my ignorance with words––so unsophisticated and innocent is the appearance with which my well-meaning parents cursed me. There is no justice––I’ve got to pack these dumb looks the “all of my life”––which I hope is a short one –– and, if the people ever find out I know anything, they’ll accuse me of betraying them. Where’s the justice in such a condition? If the I. W. W. had any sense at all they’d send me to a beauty specialist, to be rebuilt.

Now that my ignorance is established as far as appearance goes I feel perfectly safe in discussing our over-production –– which goes to show, whatever frailties I am heir to, I am a brave man.

What is over-production?

A country produces 1 1-3 bushels of apples per each man, woman and child and one man (myself) fails, for some reason or other, to eat but one-third of a bushel: that extra bushel is called overproduction and if you call it under-consumption you shall be thrown in jail for forty years for trying to undermine the productive prestige of a fertile region. Makes no difference the country failed to finance me sufficiently to buy that 1 1-3 bushel, my share; makes no difference my compatriots and countrymen failed to consume that extra bushel, it is over-production and over-production it stays until the specks eat it up or rots away and, if you call it underconsumption, in the hoosegow you go for belitting the people’s daily board.

There are many kinds of over-production. Sometimes the people after counting their shekels forego their inalienable rights and privileges to eat pork chops and compromise by dining out of the garbage cans –– this creates an over-production in pork chops, you’ll have to agree. At times the people read their banknotes carefully and decide “in view of the soft winter” to buy no overcoat––overcoats stack-up, are called over-production and the needle-trades hit the soupline.

People decide to sleep in the open air, under bridges, in dry goods boxes, in police stations (for moral support) all of which is very healthy, and right away there are too many dwellings in the land and landlords are being sold out for taxes.

Who would have the crust to call those unused places anything out over-production?

Lives there a man with the unmitigated temerity to hint the people didn’t get enough money to rent or buy those places and are forced to sleep under the viaduct––one word in that direction and I’ll call the cops.

We have an over-production of humility, of sighs, whines and tears and but the most ignorant would call it lack of grit and chicken-feed––

Money itself is an over-production and billions and billions of it is stacfed away in private lockers. Dare you then get up and deel are there is a shortage of money in this country and that the people are under-nourished with the vitamins and calories contained therein.

Over-production takes so many forms, the people are so erratic in their purchases, that the speculators are puzzled at times as to what particular commodity will develop an aggravated case of over-production.

Now they are buying liver and onions, now eggs, now rolled oats, now stale eggs, now fresh ones, now mackerel, now pickerel, now carp and bull-heads –– so it goes –– and when they eat from garbage dumps and stop-buckets the over-production shows in all foodlines.

Overproduction does not “merely happen” like Topsy in Uncle Tom’s Cabinet. It must have a purpose, a cause.

A few years ago (before the big muss) in the good old days when the miners had a penchance for pulling strikes in the springtime, there was an over-production of coal strung alone the railroad tracks. Why was this coal unloaded in these storage yards and reloaded into cars at great expense and deterioration of the product?

Wouldn’t it have been more sensible to stop the miners pick?

Surely there must be a reason for creating that over-supply.

Are we at liberty to think “the interests” took that method to beat the miners in their age old demand for fair wages?

If so, what are we to think of the over-supply of wheat? Laying aside the means “how it was created,” are we to think it is passed on from year to year and held over the heads of the farmers like the coalpile over the miners?

I’m so dumb I can’t figure it out.

Once we admit **that**, we must also admit this surplus of wheat, of which the people were cheated, was in hands of scoundrels –– speculators –– and that they carried things too far and almost starved the farmers like unto the way the miners were starved before them –– I mean, if a man can not afford to take in a show, he is starved. If we admit this much it explains why the government took over the surplus.

The speculators were unreliable in so far as they had a habit selling farmers were getting ready to sell, the surplus at high prices just as the breaking the farmers’ market and buying his wheat at greatly reduced rates to repeat year after year. That was carrying things too far. That was killing the goose.

The government stepped in and took over the so-called surplus and now it will be interesting to see if it will go through with its program. The logical thing for the government to do is sell the surplus at the top of the market and buy new wheat at the same figure –– but will it do it?

In so far as the aiding of the farmers (to the extent of preventing the barefaced robbing of them) is a controversial matter and in so far as speculators too must live it is difficult to decifer what the government will do. One-quarter of the government will weep for the farmers but denounce the uplift on the grounds of paternalism; another quarter will also splash forth dripping tears but denying the farmers pleas on the grounds. Uncle Sam has no business in being in business; a third quarter will wade into the pool of tears, sniffling for the poor farmers but can’t bear the onus of making Sam a speculator; the fourth quarter let’s go a shower of tears because he can’t see any way to help the farmer without helping him –– that seems to make it unanimous and in this conflict of ideals, this pulling and hauling, if the farmer gets away with his “britches” he is lucky.

Thus it is I am unable to prognosticate precisely what the government will do . It may decide that its members get paid for keeping the government pure and keep on sprinkling deodorizer on anything ill-smelling. Then again it may decide its wages represent the obligation to make all the people prosperous and consequently happy.

It is not our purpose to make it appear the wielding of a modest surplus of commodities adversely to the interest of the producer is the establishment of a certain modified form of peonage, not so much in the form of compulsory labor as in the form of compulsory acceptance of any or all wages –– any ol’ wage –– any old price. This space is concerned more with antidotes for that or any ol’ evil . . .

What will be the government’s next move?

I do not know –– but I’m betting the government will throw up its hands and say “boys, it can’t be done––” and the farmers will believe it.

But that does not explain how come the speculators succeeded in doing it to the tune of reverse music; makes it appear the thing works only one way.

Yes, we have over-productions this and that, and it may be the very commodities we produce is held in surplus as a club over our heads––for, verily, if a coalpile can be used as a club a stack of shirts or a tank of oil can be used the same way.

Among the things that are in overproduction are many intimate ones such as shacks full of kids, want, misery and suffering.

I can think of only one thing, that is not over-produced –– that is unionism.

Mebbe that is “the cause of it all.”

**––T.b. S.**

P. S. –– Upon second thought, I. W. W. need not send me to a beauty specialist –– my ignorance is more than skin-deep.

**––T.b. S.**

## 1931\_17\_IW\_11071931

**HALF A DIARY**

–––––

*The only “bank” coal-miners know*

*Is where the “warm”, black diamonds grow*

PATTERSON, N. .„ June 23.—Better call off this panic, I’ve moved into the fourth belt-hole—three is the limit—why that’s backing out from the picture.

Under the administration of all other panics I’ve always put on fat, coming forward a pace or two—something strangely poisonous about this one.

\* \* \*

Passaic, N. J. bewails it cannot get the Polacks out on strike. “Just try it”, snaps a young man bitterly.

Secaucus Terminal has two efficient railroad bulls. They refused to let me ride a string of empty freezers. Very inconsiderate of them I’m sure. They suggested I walk the highway.

I tried to point out the unreasonableness of their demand; that walking became a lost art forty years ago; that people nowadays travel on wheels, boats or airplanes; that were I to adopt their suggestion, it would set me back forty years, the folks in Passaic would’nt know me and I’d be undermining the hard won prestige of modern transportation.

“You sing sweetly enough,” complimented the bull, “but you ain’t going to ride that train.

What could I do—a penniless pauper?

When I lifted my eyes again, there came Passaic rushing at me with the speed of a freight train—which only goes to show faith not only moves mountains but good sized cities.

\* \* \*

Let us croon:

When “my handle” I was carving

On a world then gone to blink,

Old “Secaucus” saw me starving

And it gave me food and drink—

Once again the frogs sing sweetly

And the birds in chorus scream—

I am reconciled completely,

Life is but a busted dream.

—Springtime in the Rockies.

Dare you dissagree with me editor?

(The editor thinks the food and drink, especially the drink, must have been pretty good to break down Slim’s well known morale so completley.)

\* \* \*

A five dollar dole, even in Britain, is not enough. But it establishes precedent, is a step and makes for other, steps to follow—that is why England’s workers are in favor of it and its insufficiencies—it’s a start.

Hoover’s one-year war-debt holiday is too short a period. But it establishes precedent, is a step and makes for more steps—that is why Europe is tickled pink over it and its briefness . . . The principle involved is identical with the principle: do not steal outright; move the object once or twice before administering the final lift.

Ho hom. Looks’ like a hard winter—just now lost 10,000,000,000 dollars.

\* \* \*

Smith And Cohen for President!

United States had 1,916 Smiths to pick a president from, in N. Y. C. directory—and 1,636 Cohens—funny if you can’t find *two good ones* in that mob.

In the case of Hoover it had to take pretty much anything that showed up.

\* \* \*

Anent the panic of the east let me say it is real enough and for once the people are convinced as to its reality—a difficult thing to do; such is the skepticism of the scions born to money and blood.

This panic has been and is a genuine article and has removed all doubt from their minds; not at all to beried because it has at the same time flooded the well springs of generosity to an extent never before known in the history of New England.

“What a lot of unemployed men” is the oft repeated expression and though it seems hamless enough it means much; for unemployment in New England is a disgrace. In Jersey is but the continuation of the tragedy and the hospitality of caution that activates officers of law is caused by petty depredations that precedes crimes of greater magnitude. The wakefulness of the Eric R. R. bulls, for instance, may be caused by leakage of shoes and hams from box cars.

\* \* \*

I see by the papers today, June 24, Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corp., second largest coal producer in Pittsburgh area, trembling in fear the miners would go “bolshevik;” (I. W. W.), opened today with union miners for the first time since 1927—agreeing to eight-hour day, general wage increases, and some degree of union control.

United Mine workers of America are the beneficiaries—2,400 men affected.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—that’s what I call prestige.

Some shallow thinkers might opine that outfit made peace with U. M. W. A. so as to be in position to fill the orders of struck mines in Pa. and also in Ky.—were they organized industrially, the workers I mean, that question would not arise. The work would be divided pro rata—none would be killed by overwork while others starved by underwork. Note: mine work is sufficient to reach all hands in sufficient quantities to give everyone plenty exercice and by organizing industrially the miners can transform that exercise into a good living—it can be used against another (that is all that’s required to tame any field) plus the dissension created by it which by itself would defeat any field—do it industrially.

The mine owners are in position to withdraw all work in one state and run full blast in another or they can stop work in one state and divide that work in ten other states.

The miners by organizing industrially can take the work of those, say, dozen states and divide it equally among themselves—(district form of organization will not do so, never was intended to do so, and works right into the hands of mine owners.)

Only industrial unionism will give the miner a fair shake.

Many of the miners, thousands of them, already are industrial unionists and if they don’t move pretty pronto to convert the rest they are welcome to my sympathy. I used to be a miner.

Forget all about strikes till you’re organized right—you’ll never reach home on the wrong street.

—T-b-s.

## 1931\_18\_IS\_14071931

**Changing The Bosses’ Mind**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

I am not the last word in finesse and when I say district form of organization is identical with the American plan of separation—separate them first and lick them one at a time—I do not mean by that statement that miners should organize in industrially in a one big union the world over, or at least in the states. No, I mean just what I say, district form of organization is separation of labor and any one that thinks it is industrial unionism is undernourished above the ears. Whan I get ready to say they should organize industrially I shall say so in so many, words, point blank. Don’t rush me. When a sailor tells me “it is impossible to gain any benefit by transferring from craft to industrial unionism” and presents argument “the storm is too grout,” he is talking through his hat—a seaman would know better. The storm is too great? Is that an argument for sticking to a rotten raft? What kind of sailors are they? To me it would stem, and it’s a long time since I sailed, when “the storm is too great” that is just the time to change on to something seaworthy, if you have to swim for it. May as well slip out of your dungarees—the storm is terrific.

Any man with half of one eye can see it is next to impossible to get me to say “organize industrially,” but wait, just wait, give me a chance. I’ll say “organize industrially” before I get through with this article. I must guard myself so as not to say it in the wrong place—everything in its place, is my motto and the place for every worker is in the I. W. W.—came pretty near saying it right there. I’ve got to be more careful—big truths should not be tossed around like bricks or baseballs; you may knock out a man’d eye without creating an impression on his brain.

After a miner haa been taught to [unclear] and by shutting down Ohio mines for a period of seven lean years and running West Virginia seven fat years; after Illinois has been tamed by Kentucky coal; after Indiana coal invaded Iowa, and Iowa coal retreated to Wyoming and Wyoming coal jumped to Pennsylvania it is idle to tell me “the mine-owners are not in power and can’t do as they please,” with one exception: they cannot cut wages without hitting rock. Tho wages have reached the lowest possible living level—all of which has been brought about by district form of unionism.

When a miner tells me he cannot desert that union and join the I. W. W. because he fears the boss would cut his wages, he is merely making a noise with his throat and telling a lie at the same time. The fear he entertains is that he’ll get a wage cut whether or no he joins the I. W. W.—that of course is impossible—right now he is spoon-fed. But we must take further note of that rumble in his air shaft and examine his words with a microscope: Colorado tried out the I. W. W. and was gratified to learn that instead of a cut they got an increase; not in the front page but in wages—and they were bucking the toughest bunch of rascals in this or any other counter. But that is a small matter. That is not like running a wage increase in the several states simultaneously—[unclear]do the miners were mem[bers] of the I. W. W.; in the several states the miners belong to Lewis & Co.

But I hear the miners of Colorado, are vaccilating and are looking for a wage cut under the auspices of the communist party—I suppose in the expectation of having the I. W. W. once more pull them out of a hole.

We shall see.

Basically, the I. W. W. is so correct, its prestige so heavy, the merest threat, the faintest whisper, the naivest hint, an innocent rumor or a white lie put in circulation to the effect “miners are joining it” is enough to cause the mine owners to spend a sleepless night and dish up a ten or fifteen per cent increase in the morning—whichever figure he thinks of first—all of this without taking out a single card. Of course it would be perfectly proper to flash the red card before the boss’s eye, to kind of keep his fever at sparking point.

What’s the matter with the miners? Why do they not start that rumor rolling?

Their failure to toss [unclear]it hints indicating their determination to join the I. W. W. is sacriligious and serves to convince all and sundry the miners have no use for money—not that they actually hate it but they do not love it enough to take it when she boss forces it on them. Which, same, the boss does cheerfully in hopes of getting a breathing spell and catching up with his lost slumbers.

There is this peculiarity about a boss’s mind: it works in one direction all the time, cut, cut, cut. It is a one-way street. Of his own accord never would he be able to think of a raise. He must have help, guidance, inspiration. Under the most trying difficulties of income tax dodging he can think of dozens of ways to shrink his loot, hut it never occurs to him to raise the men’s wages.

Here’s where the I. W. W. comes in. It is the prosperity around the corner. But you put it this way: “I. W. W. around the corner.” The boss’s eyes grow big; his frame twitches; he looks behind him—that’s inspiration working—in the morning you get a raise.

But the I. W. W. don’t want any credit for bringing it about—after all it is a very simple service. The wages are low as they can be; the boss can’t think of any way to make them lower; long as he can’t think in his accustomed channel of lowering wages he has only two alternatives: maintain them as is, or raise them.

A little encouragement right there will cause his thinking to flow in the opposite direction and he’ll clap raise after raise on you.

Why then should the I. W. W. demand credit for the simple task of changing the boss’s stream of thoughts to flow uphill? Especially in view of the fact that the boss’s stream of thoughts was pouncing cut, cut, cut against an insurmountable bulkhead and was piling up in one place; eventually to flood the channel, from bottom to top, or cause the boss to lose his mind.

Study that picture, Mr. Reader, it is scientific—I’m pulling a fade-out—we don’t want the bosses crazier than they already are. I was to incite the workers to join the I. W. W. and ask them to organize industrially. I am sorrowful to say it’s too late now, this article is dragging to a close. Besides, we left a bunch of sailors on a rickety raft, storm tossed, in the middle of the Sea of Despond. We’ve got to go back and see how they fare. May the merciful winds blow their craft shoreward, for verily they will not sign on “Industrial Unionism,” because its port light is too red and its starboard too green . . .

May the ocean currents beach them on sandy bottom where they may wade ashore and start a chicken ranch—do anything but the right thing. Seeking a heaven in the hell they have built! And. finding the heaven, they find a hell built by some one else. What is the idea of visiting each others hells, why not stand pat in your own hell and make a heaven of it? Ah, that can be done only industrially! As the preamble says: “By organizing industrially we arr forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old.” Addenda:

Wait a minute! Do not throw your hat in the air just yet and jump on it. Control yourself—the boss is still capable of looking down his vest— downward. Just at present, true enough, he is peering around for a way out and causing it to be published in his daily liar. “Don’t cut the wages. High wages make buying power, “markets,” “prosperity,” not so much in the sense of deceiving the workers and making them think empty pockets are concomitant parts of high wages; not so much in the sense of admitting, left handed, that “he can’t cut ‘em—nothing there to cut;” he does it more in the spirit of a small boy whistling in a dark churchyard to keep up his nerve.

We must do something to distract his attention away from wage-cuts—if we don’t and he does’nt find a way to cut ‘em soon he’ll go batty as a bat.

If you ask him. he’ll admit the I. W. W. is the best distraction he ever tried; that it drove him plumb to distraction. He is still capable of devising ways and means to divide you. He is still able to pass an agreement into your hands reading “party of the second part agrees to not to strike before March 32 or after it until such a time as no one else is on strike and in the event some one else starts striking at the same time the signatory agrees to quit striking instantly.”—Sign on the dotted line, Mr. Yellow Dog.”

I see where the sailor is getting quite a kick out of this article just as if he never signed the ship’s protocols agreeing to make round-trips even if the steward saw fit to feed ‘em slumgullion, made from old shoes. And he murmurs, “you’ve got to sign, it is the law.” So it is, Jack, the ship owner made the agreement and his helper made the law—but there is no law that says ::you’ve got to sign.” Every law says you don’t have to sign. But if you keep on signing to rat shoes and dishwater after a while, not far away, they’ll want your finger prints, height of your instep and length of your inspirator.

You’ll have to lay ‘em on the table to be measured with callipers and yardstick.

Luckily you don’t have to stand for any of that stuff. Ships can sail without your signature, and your signature is wanted only to guarantee that you’ll stand for anything they impose upon you, for a round trip. If no man signed the papers the ship could still sail but there is no return trip—with this exception: the officers in that case would forge your signature and in that case no shoes or dishwater would go in the slum. Consciousness of their guilt would prevent—you are bound in no way—you can jump off anywhere. Now that I’ve argued and won that you don’t have to sign those papers I will argue that you’ve got to sign ‘em. I’m the most obliging cuss in movement. And I must be pretty bright to argue and win on both sides of the fence—excuse me while I blush—after making such a bald-headed, self-appreciative statement, I generally blush fifteen minutes to an half-hour.

My very monicker T. B. S. stands for The Blushing Slave.

I won the last argument on the grounds that you will not sail on that ship; that they can’t make you sign away your appetite if you do not go on the ship. This other argument I’ll win, “you’ve got to sign,” if you sail, if you can’t get the officer to sign for you . . . You’ve got to sign, because you ain’t organized strong enough to be noticed; because you are organized in the weakest form of unionism that comes under the head of organization—the Seamen’s Shipping Sircle; because you are not a member of an industrial union—the M. T. W. of the I. W. W. You may belong to the Marine Transport Workers Social Sheiks Society or thr Marine Transport Workers Benevolent Beefstew Banqueteers, but that isn’t going to keep you from signing away your galley rights on sea-going vessels.

I’ve succeeded in making it clear, despite the fact that the day got cloudy and my mind became befogged—you’ve got to sign because seamen, no matter how able-bodied, are not organized properly in the wrong union they are in (the pay proves this) —what few still belong to it.

To be able to stop your pen from signing away your bill of fare (Menu de Mer) you’ve got to belong to thr Marine Transport Workers’ Industrial Union Number 510 of the Industrial Workers of the World and Chicago, lillinois.

A long name, true enough, but, you see, it’s got to be long lo reach around the world. The seaman, too, has been listening to the cut, cut, cut of the master and he knows the master never yet raised his wages voluntarily. He too knows that every raise he got was the result of persistent demands.

He knows, too, that every cut he got was the result of slack organization and the boss’s inherent habit of looking downward ‘only.

The I. W. W. can make him lift his eyes. Well and good, you shall join tho I. W. W.—your wages shall be raised not only to the level required for living well but to the high level nature intended, to reward industry.

Questions will rise; schemes will be tried to wreck your program; pay no attention to them, sit tight or stand pat—solidarity takes care of all such puny efforts.

You shall walk in on the branch secretary, toss the ante on the table and say “deal me a hand of those red cards.”

Even so—even so. The boss’s mind still works in the one direction only, cut, cut, cut. This trend is so strong in him it will take almost super-human effort to lift his mind from such gloomy things. Verily I do believe we’ll have to stand on his trail all the time, or the great mind won’t soar to any great heights. T. B. S.

## 1931\_19\_IW\_18071931

**CHAMPEEN OPTIMIST LAYS DOWN LAW**

The presidential term of Switzerland is one year––I myself think they should be given only 90 days; they ain’t bad at heart.

Nero did not play the fiddle while Rome burned––the violin was not invented until the Middle Ages––he fiddled his thumbs.

This morning I got closer to nature than usual and while crouching in the bushes I watched ants, colored ants, going about their occupations: Last night while wrestling with an article in a public park, my tablet spread over a newspaper, two ants dropt on my paper from the tree. Raining ants, I thought, but after giving the matter consideration I concluded the ants were up in the tree and upon noticing the Rockland County Journal upon my knee they dropt down to see how that Stalter murder panned out.

Never before did I know that ants climbed trees, but this morning I had the opportunity to study their habits in the said bushes––they’re good at it. They’d run up the bush and investigate every leaf, even straddling the saw tooth edge much to their apparent discomfort and I could almost hear them swear. And what I mean they investigated thoroly––dry-enforcement snoops ain’t in it with those ants. Like any other fool, I concluded they are getting a living out of those bushes and are lumber jacking for that reason––if so they work darn hard for what they get (I did not see them get anything). One thing I did see, they travel equally fast up or down––gravity means nothing to them. Bring on your scientists. Usually, always or most always one ant inspects a leaf but when the bush has berries, tiny apples, it takes two to inspect the berry. They look it over thoroly, I could not see any sense in it; and they keep on, looking it over and over––I suspect their breakfast is in that berry and dares not come out. Anyhow, they weren’t taking any chances and had two on guard.

I see them go over to one side and put their heads together. Were they kissing or whispering into each others’ ear, I could not tell; you see I’m getting near sighted because of eye-strain from watching the railroad bulls––in fact my crouching at this time was for the purpose of keeping a fatherly eye on two bulls. And what I mean to say when I drop into the weeds the bull can pound himself on the chest convinced there is nobody in this world but himself.

But when the train starts to move, umh, the world becomes more thickly populated and the bull overcome by the realization heaves his blank-pistol into the cinders and begins scratching his ear; which same grew itchy all of a sudden.

Those ants in the meantime were busy engineering their prospective breakfasts (or are they gathering a stake for a rainy day––ants, you know, hibernate in rotten cottonwood, for the winter). And there was this peculiarity about those operations as forest workers, they didn’t have “to fall” their trees like beavers do. Also, be this to their credit or discredit, they did no damage to the bushes, which same goes a long way to prove it is waste of hospitality to toss a robin a cooky when he is on worm diet––he’ll only laugh at you. But they were busy as busy can be; doing nothing but running around like a steelworker with a red-hot rivet in his hip pocket or a gossip-monger with a fresh piece of moral delinquency in his, her, claws.

This did not appeal to me because I happen to know there are among dumber animals men and women who do not have to rush here and there, everywhere, tiring themselves out, doing nothing. Further, I know people are not compelled to and do not run their heads off to do something––it is a voluntary operation when they do so and bespeaks of bats in their belfry. Even in this age of universal lunacy I know communities where the people have time to live, have the time of their lives without stealing from insanities the time for such doubtful pleasures as momentary indulgence in forbidden fruits––a damned poor substitute for the lost intelligence––people who have the time to associate, visit one another, cheerful, jolly, on whom the sun does not bake but shine, who eat well and sensibly, take care of themselves and who would disdain to use their nose to slow down a grindstone. And those men and women are workers and they do not have to, and do not, wave and weave and haul and heave and rave their lives away––they achieve. They work, true, but they do not do it with a wildness of desperation. Sixty minutes to them is just one hour––not a period of continuous punishment. Ten hours is but the time they sacrifice each day to intermittent toil and sensible production––not a day of aches, pains and weariness––torture. Theirs is not to make every minute count lest it be to conserve their health and energy. Their time is not a life-long candidateship for canes and crutches . . . or worse. These birds did not slow down the grindstone. But somebody did––it is standing still.

I am satisfied, in my own rights, in view of the meagre results in the ant’s mad race, those black ants are crazier than I am––they go and go and then they go some more. But it may be the ants are untiring––tireless––and do not use muscle or energy in transportation. In that case, my speed is all out of proportion to the brains I carry.

As I said before, the speed of the ant is equally fast up or down. Here is where he has an advantage over the rest of us mortals––he is able to overcome resistance––in some mysterious manner. He can grab a bug proportionally the size of an elephant and march off backward with it––this may not mean that he has lots of muscle so much as that he has good kidneys.

Us couple-legged mortals, when so much as forced to carry a chicken or a dead rabbit, holler murder and refuse to quiet down until we get a package of Dean’s Kidney Pills.

(Note: This ad is not paid for––nor is it going to be paid for.)

But weak of the kidney as we are, we have held our nose against the grindstone till the bloody thing stopt––throwing out our chest for our medals, we were handed a bowl of soup and told to go pick wild strawberries.

Those two ants that dropt from the tree to read that murder mystery dropt ten feet. The height of an ant is 1/8 of an inch. They therefor dropt 690 times their own height. Try that some time! Just close your eyes and drop 5,760 feet, without a parachute––when you land, that murder mystery will seem a bit blurred. This ought to settle the question, do ants know anything about gravity?

Here again we have it: a foot long bird flies mile a minute and when a plane 32 feet long makes 2 miles per minute the populace scream themselves hoarse and call those sedentary drifters, birdmen. Ye Gods! an ordinary mosquito, afflicted with rheumatism, would scorn to flap its wings with 32 ft. length. Ye Gods, again, brethren, those planes should fly from Gothamsport, N. Y. to Cherbourg, Fr. in 1 hr. 40 min, flat or not at all––32 miles per min. 1,920 miles per hr.––one mile per lineal fuselage ft.

What’s the idea of all this constructive criticism? I will tell you––we tinker around with a machine till we break its spirit and when it rolls over once we are right there to hurrah our heads off; we then get into it, fold our arms, and proceed to make a “holy show” of ourselves in a machine that barely moves––it never enters our cranium to find ways to improve the machine––a bicycle, weight for weight, is about 60 times as fast as a racing car.

## 1931\_20\_IW\_25071931

**SLIM GETS NERVOUS**

–––––

Some men are so fearful of starvation they dare not quit their jobs under any circumstance, no matter what the provocation. They stick and stay and stay and stick till the boss gets tired of looking at ‘em and fires ‘em––just now you could not get ‘em off the job with a crowbar.

This makes it appear the men who now are looking for work have designs on the other fellows job. “Gee, I wish I had that guy’s job” is no idle practice––altho it is prattle of idleness.

Over in France (or somewhere) an idle man felt the time hanging so heavy on his hands he butchered a workingman so as to get his job. He didn’t get the job; altho he had opened it––the police interfered––and the job went to another unemployed who had been hanging around, mouth watering and who hadn’t so much as lifted a finger to start the wheels of prosperity rolling––I mean, beg your pardon, to start the rolls of prosperity wheeling.

This should not be.

The workers should get together and “splitup” all this work among themselves and not start butchering one another. And while dividing it they should bear in mind the parasite is entitled to his just share of labor same as human beings.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that I am not encouraging men to quit their jobs––that would solve nothing; it would be merely changing butchers––but I have a personal interest in writing this: I am addicted to wearing of overalls and altho I am unemployed (but cheerful) may be mistaken for a workingman and be butchered without giving me a chance to prove my innocence. Now, I do not object to being murdered if the job is done in a nice way and painlessly but I’ll be damned if I want to get killed by mistake, without a reason––I want the unemployed to stay their dagger at least until I get a pay envelop in my pocket and can prove I am guilty of having a job. Even then there is no good reason why I should be sent up to disport with the angels for did I not just now say the problem can be solved by dividing the work equally. This, in turn, solves itself by shortening the work day. The shorter work day can be brought about by organization––murder solves nothing.

The workingclass may as well throw away their whetstones and use their knives for can-openers.

T-b-s

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Note by the Editor: No doubt the new method of solving unemployment above suggested by Tee-bone Slim will be quickly reduced to an organized racket. The morning classified columns will have such ads as this:

“Several good jobs located by our scouts. Present holders can be bumped off easily. Ambitious young men looking for a start can procure these jobs by putting up a margin to pay for ammunition, police split and flowers for the funerals. Balance of fee on easy terms. See Cauliflower Ike, Racket Building.”

## 1931\_21\_IW\_01081931

**THE RIVER DAMS ITSELF**

“Non-Unionism” or Death Benefit Circles are superior to craft-unionism insofar as neither offers false hope—yet the people cling to craft-unionism, just as if its “limbs” were breaking down with ripe porkchops—O why didn’t they experiment a little longer and build a union that would bring every possible benefit-the whole works: Industrial Unionism.

Nay, the craft brings them something—”to hell with the rest”—and in the meantime the system maneuvers to eliminate craft, craftsmen and his brother. Panics persecute the populace and the people are nonchalant. Underfed toilers dream great dreams opulence and majesty—a fools paradise. It is therefore necessary to have a depression . . . did I hear some one say nay? (It’s a good thing I didn’t) It is necessary to have a depression (low water) so that the shrubs and bushes (intelligence) may take foothold in the higher places, in middle of the river. The higher water of course will flood them and drown them out, but in so doing the river brings down fertile soil and deposits it at the feet of the shrubs and bushes not because it wants to but because it must—the shrubs and bushes prevent the soils from going farther. After the waters subside a noticeable growth appears in the middle of the river and once again bushes sprout on it. The next high water must be considerable higher else it cannot flood or drown cut those bushes. But it is higher and does its best—nature is so perverted—and once again it must surrender soil for the upbuilding of that island (union) and once again when the river recedes bushes spring up—a drought follows, the river now almost dry is one string of bushes and a row of islands is started. Floods endeavor to destroy them but build them up instead. That bigger island is now so great that the mad swirling waters must part and flow on either side of it; so high that but the most foolhardy waters would have the hardihood to try and swamp it.

We are not concerned as to whether or no the rivers periodic rampage is compulsory; that its power lies not in itself but in voluntary contributions by rains and springs—those things do not interest us because we do not pretend to understand nature—I’d be an awful jackass to write about things that I should learn. We do not care whether or no the waters that divide at the island are financial kings on one hand and industrial overlords on the other. No. The thing that nestles against our heart is that that island is indestructible; that nature threw a “natural” in the river of progress—in the river that simply don’t want to behave—that wants to live but not let live.

That island, (industrial unionism) now a nice piece of real estate, with sturdy oaks gracing its eminence, is here to stay. The waters despairing of being able to wash it away have half-resolved to ignore it and by so doing hope to stop its growth.

But will it stop?

Hark! See those churning waters chewing away the island’s sides and carrying it down stream. Yes. But we see also the eddies are depositing that soil behind the island and building it up—I tell you that island will grow.

Bosh! Is there nothoing that can distroy it?

No. It will grow despite hell and high water, with or without—it is a natural.

No agency is now extant that can retard or prevent it taking its place among natures wonders. Now that that is that, is that island to influence the river in any way other than divide it?

It is.

One of those channels, owing to the seemingly everlasting fluctuations, high and low water, is destined to dry up—it will be a park. And the river will have changed its course.

\* \* \*

**MY ARITHMETIC SHOWS THEY**

**KNOW THEIR RUTABAGAS.**

–––––

They know the distance to the moon, to a fraction of an inch; they know the exact number of miles the world travels in its three motions (round and round, shimmy and marathon) and they know the exact spot where she’ll land when she gets there; they know the number of kernels of corn in the world at any given moment; they know Europe is now mining 60,000,000 tons more coal than before the war; they know the world fuel oil production is now 630,000,000 barrels a year; they know 630,000,000 barrels of oil has the heat value of 176,000,000 tons of coal—Gosh!—they know in 1913 we used 582,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas and that in 1929 we used 1,917,000,000,000 cubic feet; (I don’t even know how its pronounced) they know U. S. produces water power to the tune of 15,000,000 horse power, Europe 13,000,000, and Canada 6,000,000.

They know all those things but, alas, they do not know how many billions of dollars the millionaires take from the American people yearly.

They get paid about $10,000 a year each for not knowing this. What a terrible amount of ignorance $10,000 will spread!

\* \* \*

*Contrary to common belief the producion of coal hat increased 12 per cent since 1913.*

They can now send a good likeness of a man over wire to almost any part of the world but they cannot print Albert B. Fall’s picture recognizable, upon his entrance into New Mex. Pen. Surely the great man was not so frail as to cause a photograph to blurr so violently. After careful study of the photo, aided by suggestions from nice people, I came to the conclusion that Fall was too ill to have his picture taken under such trying conditions and that some great hearted Alkali Ike did the posing, while Albert was wheeled direct into the dungeons.

Sanford Bates, federal supt. of prisons, instructed Warden Swope to “take into consideration Falls age and condition of health but to see HE gets no special privileges or “favors.”

“Bates instructed Swope to prevent Fall from giving any interviews, or having any visitors” . . . the rest is too silly to quote; should I print it, somebody might swallow it whole and choke to death. We must guard the breathing paraphernalia of our readers, editor.

Outside of that, editor, I find nothing wrong except the cruel, inhuman dietumn that he shall not be permitted visitors—should think they would have the common decency to let Doheny stay with him a part of the year.

\* \* \*

In Massichusetts here is a law that permits the handing of 2 years imprisonment to a man caught riding a freight train—a dastardly crime compared to the offence of betraying one’s country for $100,000 bucks—many innocent men get the extreme penalty of death—Mooney and Billings have been doing time all these years on perjured evidence—Centralia, Washington, victims are still in Walla Walla for defending their hall against a hysterical mob bent on mischief or worse.

Still they say there is justice!

## 1931\_22\_IS\_04081931

**MIDSUMMER FALLING LEAVES**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It’s just too bad those street cars can not afford two-man crews. I see oil trucks now have two men, one in front and one in the rear. Oh, well, oil really is an improvement over a herd of baptists and prespiretarians — if I read the signs correctly.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. and United Cigar Stores Co. all but kissed when they made-up out of court. “Friendly business relationship between the two had been resumed,” says Staff. Johnson. United” gets $1,900,000 and a cancelled long term contract. Gawd! how that pair love each other? I wish I could love that way.

Alexandria, Va., police chief is charged with raiding an ice box at the city market and removing provisions therefrom—he was fired. The chief has a wife and seven children who no doubt will now mourn the lost pay check as well as the two sacks and one box of vegetables, fruits and canned goods.

This is a serious condition, true enough. But it won’t be real bad till Andy Mellon gets caught in a hen-house (clothes or feathers) and I’m betting in that case we’ll get an explanation that is an explanation.

Farmer John drives through the town in his “Hoover” grain tank with the endgate open, sprinkling the “golden grain” along the streets to feed the pigeons and sparrows. All that grain is just so much tangible poverty to him. Instead of running those sprinkling excursions John should have the manners to let the American people starve in peace as they evidently are determined.

John goes home and reads The Daily Bull-Spreader: $800,000,000 was spent that year to improve the roads; $917,000,000 went the same way in the year of our Lord umpteen-steen—a cramp catches him in the leg, “My Gawd, he groans, hard roads have made of me, a rugged individualist, a pauper!”

Isn’t that the truth?—a path to the cabin bankrupts the rancher.

We don’t need sunspots any more.

Mpls., Minn., Citizens Alliance has been described to me as “a “clearing-house for dehorns.” How much that applies I am unable to say in the heat of the moment, my investigations being incomplete, but I have one of my best operators working on the ease and full report may be expected any moment now.

The dehorns line the curbstone around the Alliance edifice in sitting or reclining postures interrupted only by periodic trips to the 5 and 10 for bottles of bay-rum, an excellent tonic for pates bald as the belly of a watermelon. My operator affirms, after duly being sworn at the aged scare crows partly hobble and partly stagger into the bay-rum marts and make their purchases and then not to be outdone by the beautiful and courteous saleslady they thank her kindly for the service, tip their hats to her and (many of them) try to back out bowing and scraping. A bald head is surely a severe trial!

\* \* \*

Three hundred Royal Weaving Co. strikers, Pawtucket, R. I., had a hand-to-hand scuffle with police near the company’s mills—one hurt, three jailed. The fight started when police sought to disperse the strikers.

Evidently the police have not yet learned to tend to their own knitting.

They do not know, poor innocent dupes, that cities, including the effete Pawtucket, may cut their police force in half; that the available amount of prosperity doesn’t justify the employment of so many watchmen.

Pass the soup, please!

In these days of disarmament agitation, it is only fair to conclude international disarmament can not be carried through with better grace than municipal disarmament — the determining factors are identical; municipal disarmament holds the trumps insofar as it is intimate to the question of empty cupboard.

Needless to say neither generals nor patrolmen will disarm voluntarily—mebbe not even upon request—half of the cops may be called upon to shake the guns from their clothes.

Hundred years hence—

First Wisecracker: “Who wuz dis guy Washington?”

Second Wisehead: “He wasn’t a guy; it was a bridge between Jokey and the Mainland.”

Education is travelling a fearful clip. Better make arrangements to attend Work Peoples’ College, Duluth, Minn., next fall or sooner.

Springfield, Mass., bridge over the Connecticut River is dedicated to every battle we ever fought. Kind of nice to remember those that get killed in the next war.

**—T-b. S.**

P. S.—Leaves falling from trees middle of July—good night!

## 1931\_23\_IW\_08081931

**Turning the Corner**

–––––

**The Romantic Quest of a Lost Love**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM.**

–––––

Once again my surging spirit rushes thru the eerie murk

And I’d love to gently fondle seven kinds of honest work;

Once again my nature tells me that some labor I should steal

Just to revel in its glory and to glory in its feel.

Oh, I’d love to hold it in my hands, my arms around it clasp

And I’d squeeze it in my fingers till I made the poor thing gasp;

I would draw it ever closer, coax me sustenance thereof––

Am I growing batty? Nossir––It is simply burning love!

There’s a chance for sullen sorrow, for the teardrop in my eye––

For the charms of daily labor is what money cannot buy;

It is something I can’t borrow or establish with a sob

And I fear I’ll have to essay forth and burgle me a job.

How I used to love my labor, watch it make the kettle boil,

Even as I loved my neighbor, I did love my daily toil;

Even when the selfsame labor had me down to skin and bone––

Please excuse my blind devotion; I feel dreadful, all alone.

Came a day my labor left me, proved unfaithful to her troth,

Left me for to perish, dammit!, or survive the mission broth––

I’ve survived, but, oh, my brethren, look at what a fearful cost!

Count my ribs and count the poundage my old noble frame has lost.

But I hear my lovely labor, wasted, thin and deadly pale,

Wanders o’er the hills and valleys of this lachrymosal vale,

So I gird my loins a notch or two and leave my cozy shack,

Grab a string of empty box-cars on my lost beloved’s track.

Woe is me! the lovely labor hath at last laid down to rest

And, no doubt, she murmured bravely, “I have done my very best––”

Nevermore to even snore she tore thru miles of sodden dream

And, poor fool, that’s me, stood vigil––please excuse me if I scream.

Is it, then, a six-day wonder that my soulful eyes shall blur

When the lovely, lissome labor doesn’t lift a leg or stir?

I am lost! but all’s forgiven, and my skeleton’s good as wired––

When I lifted up the burlap, I found labor had expired.

## 1931\_24\_IW\_08081931

**A MOSQUITO’S LUNCH**

–––––

Detroit’s unemployed once more gathered in front of the city hall as a result of the closing up by the welfare board of the city’s several lodging houses for homeless men. The board’s acton was based on the question of finance, its insufficiency, and the “unnecessary” nature of such establishments in these warm days and warm nights when the wind blows from the sunny Indiana and sweltering Ohio.

Evidently this board never has undertaken to cajole sleep dressed in a pair of torn pants or transparent skirts, as the case may be, in company with a swarm of healthy Michigan mosquitos.

Last night I was swinging at them right and left till the wee sma’ hours and this morning when I awoke from my well-earned slumbers I was all but horrified to find about a quart of dead and mangled corpses, mosquitos, under either ear; where they had rolled from my noble brow, never to buzz again. Such was the terrific execution of my mighty paws when my dander was fully aroused.

Now it occurs to me the good city of Detroit longs within its kindly heart to have all those mosquitos exterminated at once as a measure of enhancing civic comfort and can think of no more efficacious way to do it than by turning the unemployed, homeless men loose upon them in porous-knit pantaloons and BVD-less underwear.

What at first appeared a question of funds and municipal thrift turns out to be an undertaking pregnant with great common good and, I’m sure, when the unemployed fully understand the true facts they will most cheerfully subordinate their individual comfort to public welfare and proceed to slap the pestiferous mosquitos without mercy or rest.

But there is a small matter we must not overlook.

What are the homeless men, those public benefactors, to be paid for ridding this thriving community of all those winged-demons of the soft and stilly night?

And let us not overlook, a full-blooded Michigan mosquito is no mean adversary to contend with after business hours and before breakfast. There are those who say a Michigan mosquito is only little short of a foot in length and that a more ferocious and blood-thirsty creature never existed––they go over into Canada and tank-up and then they come over here raising hell in our law-abiding purlieus, sapping up the very life blood of our dynamic citizens and endangering the very republic.

A gold medal or a bowl of soup would never never compensate those heroic homeless for their noble, unselfish battle for human rights and meritorious service in behalf of suffering humanity.

They must have money.

I knew that question would pop up again same as it did in the council chambers––it is a ghost that will not stay put or stand unhitched. Quite readily I can conceive as to how the council was more than willing (anxious) to bed the boys down but it could not bear the idea of parting with real money. For them to say, “a lodging in summertime in unnecessary in the absence of soul-killing frosts,” is to say a lodging house in winter months is unnecessary in the absence of vein-tapping mosquitos––a sweet way of passing the buck.

My reader will think me ridiculous for taking up so much valuable space. But my reader is all wrong, it is my subject, not me, that is ridiculous. I will admit, tho, I should know better than to undertake the discussion of such ethereal matters so solemnly.

I do not belong to Detroit and Detriot does not belong to me––no part of it is included among my possessions. I came here yesterday from Toledo and swear by all that’s pure and holy that I did not bring those mosquitos with me––and for those two quarts of mosquitos killed, I expect no emoluments other than a cup of good coffee (six cups of bad coffee) and a little buttered toast.

The unemployed homeless are down at the city hall craving excelsior mattresses. The communists are down there with ‘em, telling ‘em all about the thick soft cushions in Russia. The city fathers are on the verge of civil war. Passing people honor the occasion with a fleeting glance little recking a great drama is unfolding and the fate of the republic hangs in the balance.

To ignore this is to invite chaos, or worse.

Today the unemployed are marching for mattresses; tomorrow they’ll march for matches; next day for mutton; and so on for milk, melons and millionaires.

Tonight they will fight mosquitos; tomorrow night the law of logic ordains they shall seek bigger game––and only chaos can result.

The gathering at the city hall in itself is not chaos but a very elementary form of orderliness––they know of no better way to win a bed for themselves. An attack against such a gathering is an attack against orderliness in its cradle. It need not surprise anybody that people adopt this old form of petition; it’s not so long ago the people prayed the moon––as successfully.

Personally I think they should try the moon once more and then join the I. W. W.

Well aware of the fact that Detroit is gripped by a deathly fear that she is getting more than her share of unemployed, I can only say: every city in the country is affiliated with the same fear, an unholy respect for their treasures. Nevertheless this attitude indicates a healthy regard and pride in their geographical subdivision. The condition is new. No precedent cue or hint intruded to inform the councils as to the nature and extent of this panic. Detroit’s council can not know that every shade tree in the state of Ohio shelters two to three workers whose jobs are abolished forever.

The council can not know, the only way those men can be re-employed is by shortening the workday of those men not working or by abolishing child labor, baby-snatching and female help––nine months of the year a woman should be free of the burden of supporting a bunch of brainless, silk-hat parasites; the other three months she should be supported by those same parasites.

God in his wisdom did not make these hard times. He had nothing to do with it. The same people that wrote the bible wrote this panic. A bunch of maniacs who mistakenly thought themselves intelligent––right now they are standing finger in their mouths wondering what it’s all about––and history is moving in a circle.

Legal minds cannot grasp the significance of these times because there is no precedent––the precedents all lie west of the problem: Romanoff, Kaiser-Bill, Sultans and several kings, including Alphonso got their walking papers only to leave the problem untouched.

Detroit in the infancy of its reasoning, destitute of thought, undertakes to solve the problem by feeding the unemployed to mosquitos; by raising a flock of big, fat, happy and contended mosquitos.

But I cannot understand why a city should be so deeply concerned about the welfare of such a thirsty bunch of bloodsuckers.

When the nation’s business is in such shape that a part of its citizens have no bed and must serve as mosquito bait the disgrace is more than any free people can bear; those people are no longer united by any ties, whatsoever and are justified in getting together and jumping in the lake––in a body.

\* \* \*

The foundation of fortunes is not laid in the blue skies of booms but in the hard pan of depression.

––Roger W. Babson.

By the same token the true foundation of unionism is laid in the panic of depressionn. ––T-B. S.

Mistake me not, Roger doesn’t mean the “future greats” turn your pockets inside out only during periods of hardtimes. Stop. Let us have a little ambiguity here, professor. Allright:

T-B. S. doesn’t mean the edifice of unionism can best be built during depressive days. No, he means just what he says: you can throw a good foundation “in the hole” and wait for the weather to clear; get the shingles and have them ready––and don’t forget the nails.

Let us digest a few figures:

According to New Ulm, Minn., Review, “the investment in American highways is currantly estimated at $25,000,000,000, or slightly in excess of the total investment in our railway system. In 1921, 388,000 miles, or 13 per cent of all United States roads, were surfaced, whereas, at the end of 1930 some 700,000 miles, or 23 per cent of the total, had been improved . . . in 1929 state governments spent $799,876,000 for highway construction and improvements, and in 1930 a total of $937,500,000.”

Brave boys!––The New Ulm, Review quite properly threw a fit about those figures at the right time––but I can not see for the life of me how come the 60,000 millionaires let so much money get away from them, $25,000,000,000; it almost leads one to believe “the big one is never caught.” Coming as those figures do from New Ulm and copied by such organs as Mpls., St. Paul papers they do not leave much room for believing the figures are timely propaganada to keep the people from suspecting the 60,000 millionaires cost them 35 times as much per year as all the hard roads in this country since hardening of arteries were invented. $878,000,000 would build quite a stretch of hard roads!

Far be it from me to insinuate the millionaires are an expensive luxury and that American people should moderate their expenditures in these trying times. Such is not the case.

I firmly believe the American people should be allowed to spend their money as they choose and, if they invest it in

(Continued on page 3)

**T-BONE SLIM**  
(Continued from Page 2)

millionaires, who am to chide them and suggest the money could have better been sunk in glazed do-nuts.

Not me––once you allocate to me the power how the people shall spend their dough the republic is at an end.

**Why must the workingmen always fight**

**With their backs up against the wall?**

Is it because they do not think alike

Or because they think not at all?

Those questions led me to consider the composition of United States working class in part––the complete list would be too long to carry in one issue:

\* \* \*

Tammanyites, Hooverties, Smithites, Fosterites, Rascobites, Cannonites, Mellonites, Lovestoneites, League of Nationites, Leninites, Trotskyites, Anglo-Saxonites, Holy-Rollerites, Neverites, Blatherskites, Muskovites, Farmerites, Dryites, Wetites, Laborites, Emergencyites, Let’er-slideites, Sobsisterites, Coldfeetites, Hamburgerites, Stewites and Whatinhellnotites. That answers the question as to whether the workingclass thinks for itself or hires it out to be done by “skilled mechanics.”

P. S. Boulder Dam casualties indicate: Haste Makes Wakes.

## 1931\_25\_IW\_15081931

**Exhibits A B and C**

–––––

The Methodist Board of Morals and Temperance have not yet hit upon a plan to poison cigarette butts—for wich heaven be praised.

I tremble for the safety of my country—the snipe shooters are our best sharpshooters.

Snipers they are called in times of great national danger.

\* \* \*

Men today are squeamish about joining a union because union men have been thrown in jail during periods of great, national hysteria. They cannot, do not or do not want to see that hysteria takes its toll whether or no there is a union—hysteria is a mild word for this form of insanity.

\* \* \*

The difference between unionism and non-unionism is the difference between surplus and deficit; satisfaction and discontent—therefore: a man that chooses to be non-union out of deferrence to hysteria elects to be “in-the-hole” and dissatisfied—truly a martyr if there ever was one—the martyrdom of shame.

\* \* \*

Almost any man can be a martyr to “rights”, to justice and high ideals but the thing that tries mans soul is the occasion of “being called” to play the part of martyr to ignomy and shame—to self-efface himself in honor of hysteria.

\* \* \*

Hysteria functions in many ways, its velocity or violence depending on its pressure or horsepower per inch—a mild form of hysteria is evidenced in the case of a young man whose burning love has been frost-bitten—without a moments hesitation he kicks the family cat in the seat of its pants. Not because the cat had anything to do with his blasted love.

Hysteria doesn’t pick its victims carefully—except, as in the case of this young man, had that she cat been a bulldog the gentleman would have patted its head, mumbled consoling words and “took out his revenge” by kicking down a few fence posts.

Hysteria operates something like a landslide that covers a socialist kid—it doesn’t cover the kid because he is a socialist nor because he is a kid—it would have covered a democrat just as quickly.

Landslides and hysteria have little if any reasoning power.

But, as we pointed out before, there is a factor that does stop hysteria in its tracks: that is fear. Thus it is, in times of an epidemic of hysteria, people are obliged to organize themselves for self protection and to gain the due respect to which they are entitled—no more and no less.

\* \* \*

The bible speaks feelingly about one Doubting-Thomas—the original “show me!” guy of Jerusalem.

“Lay your cards on the table,” he used to say, “so I can read ‘em”—No bob-tailed flush ever raked in money while he retained his eye sight.

The jam in the bible does not specify precisely who this Tom was suppose to be and one guess is as good as another one. In those days, be it noted, it was none too healthy to point too straight at a guy when he said “lets see ‘em”, so Thomas went down the pages of history as a man of “doubtful” nature.

One guess being as good as another, it is my guess Mr. Thomas Doubtful was the Jewish working class.

They had their doubts about everything imaginable; If a Cohen started a jewelry store, he’ll fail; if Goldfargle puts up a store, it will burn; if this and if that, or the other, it was sure to be a mistake.

They didn’t believe this, that or any man. They doubted everything.

If some of them organized The Nifty Fig Fumblers Union the rest would “Humph! what is it? Just another sick and death benefit outfit to gyp a guy from outa his coffin after he turns his toes up.”

You couldn’t tell ‘em nothing.

But doubting Thomas had a big family and the country was soon over-run with little doubters. The situation became a serious problem—all you’d hear on the street was “tell that to Sweeney; tell that to the marines”—something had to be done. So the leading bookworms, top-rung prophets and substantial citizens got together in a synagogue and decided to deport them to United States of America.

The reader doubts my word.

My God, can it be, editor, he is one of ‘em? And traces his ancestry back to the root of Thomas?

I doat believe it—I mean, I believe he isn’t.

The country is full of ‘em. Suspicion permeates every cranny from top to bottom. Confidence is dead. Doubt sits on the throne—throne.

Without faith, world, country or man can do nothing—and does it.

Without faith, enthusiasm is a death-rattle.

There you are—that’s that

I ask a man to join the union of his class, immediately the questions start to pop.

Another listens bravely enough but doesn’t believe a word I say.

Still another tells me my union is no good. In other words “he doubts” and palms it off as knowledge.

They have misgivings.

Situation being such, it is my duty to break thru their guard—the guard that prevents them doing the right things—and to break thru that guard I shall use an argument of doubtful premise:

If my union is no good and you join it, you are nothing out—but the fee.

But if it is good and you don’t join it, you’re losing money—by the armful.

It is not a gambler’s chance.

There are things that self-evidently “can’t be done” but improving your condition by unionism is not one of them. It is a sure shot! It is the only way a lasting improvment “can be done” and it lasts only so long as you last. In other words, when you want to terminate your wellbeing you can do so by dropping out.

I might here cite that jumping across the Atlantic with one leg tied behind your back, “can’t be done”—but at the same time I wish to “point with pride”: You ain’t jumping no ocean when you join a union and none of your legs has strings on them.

\* \* \*

**Higher Learning**

–––––

College education, in addition to perfecting young men in the arts of football and swiping examination papers, serves to keep them out of reformatories and state penitentiaries—once in college a young man can pull off some real raw stuff and get away with it—he enjoys a certain immunity hardly less complete than a senator—people heave a sigh and say: “that’s alright;” “he isn’t crazy;” “he is a student.”

I tremble to think where Heywood Broun would have wound up had not the prestige of Harvard squared him with the authorities and sanctified his startling movements. Mebbe I am a little too frank—and mebbe, after all, Heywood would have been able to dodge the hangman of his own accord and power and that he does not owe his life to Harvard for pulling him thru the worst and most dangerous yean of his life.

There is a workingman’s school over in Duluth, Minn., known as Work Peoples College. It, too, is in the business of keeping young men out of mischief, workhouses and jails; not in the sense of putting a blessing of high emprise on high-dido’s of the irrepressible youth but in educating such to the high emprise of understanding, and freeing it.

An ordinary knowledge-box somehow neglects to do so and when understanding slips thru the skull of a collegiate he is prepared to suppress it.

To kill time? Hm! You cannot kill time, as I said before; but if you wait long enough, time will kill you—and it won’t be overtime.

\* \* \*

“No use for American workers to join a union.”

“Why, Slim, why, why, why, for God’s sake?”

“Because—because they’ll only join the wrong union.”

\* \* \*

A matter of life and death:

Fag:—”Gimme a cigarette.”

Jag:—”Give you nothing! howm I gonna live?”

\* \* \*

Granger: “I wonder why all our banks go bust?”

Stranger: “They fail to diversify; instead of sticking to one thing they should have added a line of razorblades and sandwiches—they were too busy telling the farmer to diversify and did not notice the hole in their own pocket.”

(Note: if there’s any kidding to be done, we’ll do it.)

\* \* \*

(We are like the artist, when accosted by railroad bull, serious:)

Bull: “Where’nhell do you think you’re going?”

Canheater:—”I’m looking for a place to wring out.”

Bull: “Wringout what?”

Canheater: “Heat”

Bull: “Well, what’s your business; what do you do?”

Canheater: “I’m an artist; I draw flies with my feet.”

## 1931\_26\_IS\_18081931

**Badgering The Badgers**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

In the progressive state of Wisconsin, a very good state, in the very hot bed of progress, Madison, Wisconsin, in the very shadow of the capitol building, a left handed landscape expert located the park benches where shade never lights––other side of the walk would have shaded the benches 21 hours per day. Well, what’s my beefing about other than that the trustful park bench patrons should not be tortured thusly in this advanced age, the 16th century?

Ah, fellow mortals, I fear that left handed expert will never be satisfied until he crashes the gates of Phil LaFollette, pulls the capitol inside out and scorches a bevy of our best legislators––mebbe cause them to turn out laws in bass clef?––I’m nervous.

\* \* \*

Lots of people thought “the law,” not far from Baraboo, Wis., was troubled with a mild case of blueberry hysteria when he went down to the jungles and put a stop to washing the “North-Western Railroad” soot off unemployed noses and soiled shirt collars. Some thought the robbing of two filling stations in California was what brought new life to the great man.

Still others thought he takes exceptions to bums swinging such deadly weapons as Gillette’s safety rakes in broad daylight.

One there was that thought “the law” was victim of “the green-eyed monster” on account of the good coffee the boys were drinking. Be that as it may (I won’t tell on him), “the law” performed his duties in a masterly fashion and nobody was killed––prosecutor was vicious.

\* \* \*

Am thinking of washing my shirt in Lake Michigan––I offer this as a warning to all vegetarians who do not drink beer.

\* \* \*

“It will not happen in our time” (it’s happening now) is like saying “it’s no use,” and reaching for the cyanide caramels.

The force of this attitude hit me strongly yesterday as I rode the tops of a passenger train pursuant to my lately acquired habit of taking open air treatments: Prior to leaving Madison, Wisc., in tears, when I left that emotional town, a professor by almost superhuman effort and engineering still forced himself to his feet and announced, it will be 40 years before **Uncle Samuel gets out of this mudhole-muddle**. I went over the proffered figures and found a slight discrepancy wherein t h e scholar’s pencil had slipped in two places and after putting this and that and the other together and diriding it by the mean horsepower of prosperity ballyhoo I found it will be 42 years, 6 months, 30 days and 10 seconds before prosperity will give us a nod, and most of that time will be spent in jail. “Forty years!” I gasped and got a mouthful of cinders, “forty years,” and to think I’m figuring on staying in this world only twenty-nine more years. It will never happen in my time, I may as well dive off this train between stations. (I would have, too, only I happened to think of a good rocky place a couple of stations farther up the line––you know how it is, a man hates like the very dickens to dive into a nice pile of soft sand.) Unfortunately, just then, the thunderheads that had been gathering let go and gave me the damnedest baptism I’ve had since I fell off the Battery wall. The upshot of that unfortunate circumstance was the lowering of my temperature, “cooled me off,” as the saying goes, and caused my memory to grow sluggish––Zipp! Zoomrr, clickety click! We shot thru the rock cut before I could pull myself together––just sat there dripping water and wondering what it’s all about. Oh, well, some other time––I never backtrack before supper.

Funny, how such a small matter as a thunder storm takes man’s mind off the more serious matters and causes him to start worrying how to dry his clothes. Wasted worry for just then the train hit a tunnel and lo! when she emerged, the clothes were dry. Smoke, gas and hot cinders had accomplished what seemed impossible––then I had to start worrying how to get my clothes wet again and introduce them to soap.

A dark prospect, to be sure, but there is a cheerful note that intrudes itself upon us:

Waupun, Wisconsin state penitentiary, is working full time and only recently went on double shift. According to Warden Oscar Lee the demand for binder twine was greatest known in history of the institution (industry, I mean) and when the supply dwindled down to a few bales he simply had to put on another shift.

The cheerful tone to this lies in the hope that when we get all the prisons working two shifts we may get a little work for ourselves. But that hope should not buoy us up too much insofar as a double shift in the pens means expansion. So after all we should not let our mouths water too profusely. Another Waupun could be built at once and Milwaukee alone could fill it before noon tomorrow from milk thieves and bread robbers––now and again a high-pressure citizen of Chicago whose foot had strayed across the deadline.

\* \* \*

Let us cease to worry. There are no jobs. If work was to be had, a little worry about making contact would be perfectly proper. But since there are no jobs why in the name of common sense worry over it. You can’t worry anything into existence, lest it be lice and I’m sure you don’t to get lousy. I do not expect you to cheer up and cheer your head off. No. I’m merely pleading with you to quit holding conversations with yourself––get a soap box and let them all hear it.

What moots it that each prisoner working in Waupun is costing some poor unemployed worker 3 or 4 dollars in wages per day. What moots it if an idle prisoner costs only, say, 60 cents to support per day.

What moots it if an unemployed worker would gladly pay that prisoner’s board if given the job outside the walls. What moots all those things; that prisoners come first; that prisons are used to beat honest men out of a living and to bankrupt so-called legitimate concerns? What? What? What? Why worry? It’s a crazy system.

“But the prisoners will go crazy if they don’t have work.” And if prisoners have work, the workers will go crazy––why be so damned soliticious about prisoners? I think thou art a hypocrite!––I mean, insincere.

\* \* \*

Much complaint is heard in this state about women handing bona fide tramps a lawn mower or a handax instead of a handout when these worthies apply for chicken or jelly sandwich. Everybody knows a woman has no right to sell a sandwich to a bum (or a banker) without a license issued by the town or county politicians and, to get around that law, the women trade a sandwich for a clipped lawn or a cord or two of splintered wood . . .

Editor, can you imagine such an utter, brazen contempt for our laws and institutions? And coming, as it does, from the finer sex it is well the more robust patriots look to safety of our republic.

Yesterday a young man, soft spoken, entered the jungles and wanted to sell a pair of pants for twenty-five cents––he said he had done “all of fifty cents’ worth of work for them.”––Here again we have the unfathomable female in a rather questionable position––profiteering on a pair of second hand pants! Now, hardly ever do I approach the dwellings of such unprincipled members of our society, and when I do I do not inquire after the health of a sandwich––no beating about the bush for me––I tip my hat and come to the point off hand: “Lady,” says I, “where’s your lawn mower––my muscles crave exercise.”

I’ve had ‘em faint on me––so surprised were they.

Worries galore, small and big––the few thousand prisoners taking the places of that many free men is one of the small ones––drop in the bath tub considering 6 million jobless and 3 million part-time workers; and I mention it only because it indicates how fast politicians are dishing up relief to a desperate people. The remedy has been left in their hands and, I hasten to prophesy, next winter will be just like this summer, only colder. Sixty-thousand millionaires in this country, with minor exceptions, function not as distributors of wealth, but collectors of it. They are not satisfied or happy with one or two or seven dollars a day––they want thousands and get it. Let us be conservative in our figures:

Henry Ford cleared $120,000 per day, seven days a week, last year. Let us assume some of these millionaires were not that fortunate. Let us assume they averaged only one-third of that sum––$40,000.

Sixty thousand times $40,000 equals $2,400,000,000.

That amount represents what the 60,000 millionaires collect from the American people per day.

Is it then a wonder nickels and dimes get scarce?

This collection continues throughout the year and at $2,400,000,000 per day it amounts to $878,000,000,000 a year.

And if these 60,000 millionaires “kick off” today, the collecttion will continue tomorrow just as if nothing had happened––they can be so rotten in the grave that their bones crumble to dust and still the collection goes on unabated––once a millionaire, always a millionaire.

But you say, “they re-invest this money in utilities, factories and lands.”

Quite right, but that is optional with them. Did they not do so they would not be in a position to collect, on an ever growing scale. They may do as they see fit with that wealth. They may either salt it away in barrels for a rainy day, invest in new industries or ship it into foreign countries and collect on a world-wide scale.

But that too is a minor matter and should not silver the locks of a true blue American––Barnum said it!

\* \* \*

In these hot days the cows in Wisconsin’s fertile valleys have a habit of bunching up in Wisconsin’s gurgling brooks and fihghting Wisconsin’s energetic flies (the six legged winged parasites), with their nine too clean tails.

Every so often a too trustful fly that looks like a good-will ambassador incarnate, gets an unsanitary smack in the eye from a tail he wasn’t watching––that isn’t fair, the cow should smack him with her own tail.

A cow’s tail, even when in the best of sanitary repute, is a fearful weapon to lay across the nozzle of those little birds hardly more than an insect and the bunching-up of those cows for that purpose verges right nigh unto criminal syndicalusion if not outright treachery.

Even in the Minneapolis workhouse, where I spent my happy childhood, where the cows’ tails are washed with warm water and castile soap, it is common occurrence to find a prisoner off his feed for weeks at a time, after a smack across the “kisser” by a patient bossy. The cows have it!

This evidence of organization was the only evidence that came under my notice in that superb state.

The Waupun penitentiary was the only industry working full blast.

None of these be very cheerful conditions; yet, even in the case of millionaires we see a hopeful light streaking through the murk: Suppose all those 60,000 millionaires decided $40,000 per day is too high wages for being interviewed and for making after-dinner speeches and whoopee.

Suppose they decided half that amount would be sufficient for their daily needs––$20,000 per day.

That would leave $439,000,000,000 and if “distributed” among the people evenly, each man, woman and child would receive $3,600 per year; close to $10 per day.

Suppose further those millionaires decided to make no more deathbed gifts of $35,000,000,000 a crack (to dodge the income taxes), don’t you think they could get along on $20,000 per day? Or $10,000––that would leave $7,200 a year to each man, woman and child in the country.

Some of their best supporters get only that much for a whole year’s ballyhoo.

T-b S.

P. S.––Wisconsin has its millionaires, but they are not so thick in mind, body and numbers as those in other states I know.

## 1931\_27\_IW\_22081931

***UNNOTICED***

*Some ideas which have more than once offered themselves to the senses have yet been little taken notice of.—Locke.*

Mr. Locke has reference no doubt to such ideas as industrial unionism. (As to the cause why but little notice is taken of it I can only say: it is my belief “thickness of the skull” has much bearing on the case.)

\* \* \*

The present surplus of wheat is a reserve; it is not, and should not come, in conflict with the immutable law of supply and demand—any manipulation of that reserve other than to renew it periodically, is an assault against producers and reacts in favor of gamblers.

(Forget it! is better.)

If the government feels unequal to the task of caring for that reserve; this, too, in the face of a war just around the corner, it should so notify the people and select an able-bodied individual (myself, for instance) to care for it. Just now I feel fully capable of sitting on top of 250,000,000 bu. of wheat—I might spread out somewhat if a greater reserve was found desirable.

\* \* \*

Nobody is making assaults against our government at this time other than the assaults it makes against itself —as to attacks it makes against the people I am not at liberty to say.

Its own members are its severest critics; in justice or otherwise is beside the point.

It would be unreasonable to say our government is attacked (or on the defensive) in view of the fact that it has won the whole hearted pity of the nation—it is my argument persons in the throes of sincere pity cannot carry on a successful assault of sufficient magnitude to be dignified with the term assault or attack.

\* \* \*

From the time when skids were placed under Dr. W. W. Wiley and *ad. lib.* was conferred upon food adulteraters to preserve their concoctions with poisons; to permit the maintenance of a “pickled” surplus for the purpose of forcing downward the farm commodity prices; enabling the holding of such “pickled” products for the “ultimate” figure the market will bear, to the time when violent poisons were introduced to more violent stimulants, is a history or record that never should be discussed in polite society in the name of The National Pure Food and Drug Act.

\* \* \*

Such is a cross section of governmental activities unmixed with voluntary contributions of sadist understrappers and, if those activities are not at all an unmixed joy, we may gaze at the future with mixed feelings that may resolve themselves into goose-flesh or a genuine fox-terrior chill.

The present problem before the house is the doing away with unemployment and in view of the many unfortunate solutions devised in the past—one for instance, the doing away with drinking and drunkeness by doing away with the drinker and the drunk—we may well conclude beforehand the unmployed will be attacked thru their vital organs, (the stomach for one.)

If this be so, it is well for the unemployed who must beg his food to consider well the source of his food. If it is his opinion that “an overworked restaurant” will put a stop to his tale of woe with liberal doses of inexpensive poisons it his duty to eschew such places and confine his begging to private residences—the assumption being the women folk are not and cannot be demoralized sufficiently to cause them to poison a man for the crime of being hungry. Straight “stemming” is also a medium that makes for longer life despite the fact you may be arrested the sooner and “cash in” your wordly chances in jail with others of your kind, to the tune of “mysterious ptomaine poisoning.” Missions too migh be regarded as institutions where little poison might solve much unemployment in addition to administering the original disgrace of placing one in a position of begging beggars . . .

Other ways of gaining a living, as well as all these, are against the law—you have no legal right to live unless you can do so without eating—thus it is you are unable to select your foods on account of law officers and sundry obstacles placed in your way such as yale locks, barbwire-fences and watchful food hoarders—as Kipling said:

Yours Not To Do—But Die.

You’re in a heluva fix!

Well, you had your chance to organize in the days when organizing would have I brought you returns far in excess of anything you could believe. You did not organize and, therefore, you have nobody to blame but yourself. It is no use for you to cry out “oh, what a donkey I was”— that time is past.

You were then too strong in the shoulders and too frail in the bead; a combination that makes the best looking of men resemble a pack-burro.

Let us forget all that—you have learned much! You have learned a class struggle cannot be sidestepped; whether you wish to fight or not the capitalist system transports the class struggle to your door step and rings the bell—yea, it will throw the class struggle in bed with you.

You have learned much more than that—a few more things and your education is complete.

You have yet to learn to support the “wobblie papers” that have been fighting your battles when you were tired—our papers never tire. Both papers are pleading for support and that plea is directed to you—did the papers address their plea to dehorns or canned-heat artists the money would be in the pot before sunset. Are we then to conclude only dehorns and canned-heat artists can afford to read a revolutionary labor paper? That the circumspect revolutionary social lions must learn to subsist on a diet of free literature and parasitic back numbers?

This you have yet to learn.

The idea of industrial unionism has not yet fully penetrated your skull and, altho conditions may change, the idea is the same. In the past you may have had a job to organize industrially—today you may have to organize industrially without the job.

In the past you did not organize—you’re the guy that “didn’t need to.”

*Today you know you need organization!*

What are you gonna do? Are you gonna do some more side-stepping or are you gonna take a stroll down to the city hall?

*THE GREAT DISPOSESSED*

The reason why the discontented cannot obtain relief for their woes without industrial unionism is because they are only a small fraction of the people. I mean by that, their’s are the only woes of sufficient “agony” to classify themselves under the term discontent, in the full meaning of the world—in fact, the word discontent is a very mild word to describe the condition of their worriment.

Being as they are only a small fraction of the people, sufficiently disgruntled to pine for relief from their miseries, it follows their political voice is a whisper compared to the mighty hozannas of the pie guzzling majorities.

Let us kid ourselves no longer.

The vast majorities choking over their second and third cut of synthetic-pie do not care two hoots in hell whether you eat or perish without further notice.

There is a discontent that exceeds the limits I have here laid down but it is not of a continuous nature; it fluctuates spasmodically and appears intermittently or periodically; it is genuine at no stage of the game—I estimate, I know, about 10 per cent of the people are thoroly discontented with things as are and will continue to so remain as long as things are as are.. The marching of those 10 per cent to city halls will not cause a ripple in the soul-pool of the worthy lord mayors nor cause anything more than a few cracked skulls and polite inquiry by the toothpicking passerby: “what’s going on at the hotel de ville?”

Mebbe there are among this noble 10 per cent confreres who know of a way other than industrial unionism to assuage the aches and pains of want; mebbe they have visions of a miraculous occurence wherein the glorious majority will humble itself and throw the weight of its prestige in the scales of justice—a beautiful dream—people move only when it is to their interest to move and even then the interest must be clear cut; they’re not rescuing anybody except for so much “a head” or so much “a month.” Nay, fellow workers, our belief lies within our own ranks, the offended must themselves so perform that their agonies will subside and their wonts be supplied. A reasonable amount of help and good-will can be expected from the others but it should not be depended upon . . .

This 10 per cent of the workingclass that has been dispossessed of everything, food clothing, shelter and job and reduced to beggary, pilfering, suicide, death by starvation, freezing, or the many ills resultant thereof, should in themselves make arrangements to protect themselves now while yet there is a chance for success.

They must recognize they are unemployed and organize accordingly. They must now make provisions for housing themselves next winter as an organized body; if they do not, they will be corralled in bull-pens, to clear the decks for such “individual action” as will crop-up in the interim and what I mean to say; for many, many in the bull-pens—there will be no chinook.

They have their choice. We have our choice. We can either organize and survive or we can lay down and die; we can let things elide and wait for the untimely end or we can take matters into our hands in an organized way and change the date of our death. This is a free country, you can suit yourself. I am not talking the impossible. All this is possible. All this can be done by organization. Nothing can be done without organization. If you will not organize in a life and death matter you most certainly are a thoroughbred boob and entitled to the short shrift you shall receive.

Never mind how I arrived at the figures, 10 per cent.—in school I stood “highest” in mathematics and I haven’t slipped.

Times are not going to get better—how do you like that?—I told you two years ago the same thing and double-cracked it—but you can remove the sting by organization.

“Individualism,” as the poet said, “is the Schidts.”

Ten per cent of the people when organized are a power that can do things and be recognized in any council or any brainery in the world.

Hundred per cent of the people when not organized are just so many inhabitants per square miles and nobody would know of their existence if the government didn’t count noses every ten years.

T-b-s

## 1931\_28\_PN\_2808931

**ALL THE NEWS THAT’S FIT TO READ**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

MR. JOHN P. PUBLIC, is is reported, is in buying mood again. Unfortunately, though, justas John has worked himself into buying mood, he finds his credit is no and he has no money.

Quite a contretempts.

We see John standing in front of the “Coffee And” Laboratories, Inc. sucking his thumb (a sure sign he is in the mood to go into foodstuffs in a big way) or we see him shaking off a few chills in a big way in front of the Burlap, Bagginf and Benny Company’s style display “If I was a millionaire,” he was heard to remark, “I would buy me a pair of sox.” Undoubtedly J. Poor Public is in the buying mood.

(Note: The chills were part of the early August cold snap pressing early winter.)

gee, I’m quite a crepe hanger!

\*\*\*\*\*\*

(Any city you wish to name), August 3, ‘31.— Fire, thought to haw been started by a short circuit in the cash register,destroyed a garage full of used cars, and a ire-pump in good working order—everything but the pump was covered by insurance—loss $2.50. Moral: Don’t forget the pump!

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Two Oakland, Calif., model high school students say they turned bandits to finance themselves at a military training camp, climaxing their career by shooting down a policeman who they’ feared had come to arrest them. No matter how consistent the course of the boys may have been, they must be censured for permitting their military activities to precede their training.

Social workers are puzzled.

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Our Optimist.

Certainly the black clouds of gloom which enveloped the outlook a few short weeks ago show no signs of getting any darker — if only prosperity can hang onto the corner post a little longer; till the clouds roll by. . . ..

(Indians forecast cloudy weather for 40 more years.)

Newspapers, somisscalled, in agricultural states are busy apologizing for 30 cent wheat—an apology is always acceptable. I wonder what tune the press would play if farmers declared for a two year moratorium on taxes?

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Farmers are exploited as producers and their oportunity to pass the buck to others is compeltely dissipated in their role of part time employer of labor, a miner circumstance in their trials. It is in the capacity, that of a producer, they are “taken for a ride” and made to walk back—and all that it implies.

In late years the process has wen described as deflation, a condition that presupposes inflation in other quarters—no deflation can occur without corresponding inflation elsewhere.

When producer (worker or farmer) is deflated, signs of corresponding inflation appear, beginning in his immediate surroundings and continuing to the skyscraper canyons of finance. Highly polished brass dazzles the eve and at times it is thought the deflation and inflation has been carried beyond the zone of prudence. The more intimate inflators therefore to regain the lost regard of the deflated might moderate their customs, slow down their vice for display and ostentation, regulate their lives to conform more nearly to the “humbleness# they helped to create. Grandiose establishments and more grandiose programs are not the more dangerous phenomena od inflation; it is when inflation attacks the otherwise impregnable skull that the damage is done—referred to in everyday parlance as swelled head.

(Some towns have this to a degree verging on supersufficiency.)

Certain political super-seers are tearing lose a series of crocodile cheers for their most-high compatriots of the more or less non-existant grasshopper and drouth relief. “Hoover will take good care of us next winter”—he is preparing, preparing, preparing. (I wonder who will care for us till Hoibut gets ready?)

The dole is trotted out as a ghost to scare the kids—if it isn’t a ghost it’s an ulcer now chewing up the vitals of dear ol’ England.

What is a dole?

It is the difference between 30 cent wheat and $2 wheat, say.

It is the difference between wages and the full product of one’s toil.

(I see nothing frightful about it.)

It is the counteracting of deflation already accomplished and the prevention of it being made absolute and complete.

Every producers knows all this and will excuse me the small conceit of pretending to be the one smart child in the human family. But there is this about inflation that often excapes the best of us in the medley of phoney suggestions advanced as cause per se of our worries:

When inflationcannot absorb all the deflation an extra agency is resported to—this goes under the dignified term of expansion (contraction is its reverse and where one is found the other is not far away.)

Expansion is evidenced not only in material establishments but as

(Continued on Last Page)

**ALL THE NEWS**

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(Continued from front page)

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dividual embonpoint (exhibits: well in the personal rotunda of inchins number 2 and 3.) and whereever flesh shows a rolling tendency we may expect to meet human skeletons afoot (or crated) in the immediate neighborhood — exceptions prove the rule—and uite often we findthe skeleton begging food from the fat party oblivious of the fact he is predestined to fail in his plea not because of any flintiness of the fleshy one’s heart but because, alas, the big boy (big madam) is too stout to rise from the easy chair with out rope and pulleys.

“NO!” solves the problem (taken from life). At times expansion is resorted to in such a grand scale (as at present) that half the plants, utilities, machinery, are just so much useless display and wealth destroyed—witness the witless double-tracking of railroads to handle two or four trains a day; the palatial cream stations (Bordens) windows boarded and hay two feet high in its siding . . . To accomplish this and other gigantic expansion there must be contraction somewhere and unless all signs are upside down methinks it is the farmer and worker that is tightening up his belt.

Now before we go let us try to bear in mind this one thing, this immutable law:

You cannottake something from someone and change it to nothing, it remains no matter what you do withit; if the taking away of things from anybody is carried far enough, soon there shall be nothing more to take away and the person or persons standdeflated. But the things taken away are not turned to naught,they exist and constitute an inflation beginning in the original earner increasingly to the ultimate receiver.

Thus it follows, to say “the farmer shall be deflated” is to say big business shall be inflated—this has been done as an organized move, hence if the producer resires to deflate big business it must organize for that purpose.

## 1931\_29\_IW\_29081931

**“Will There Be Another War?”**

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Why not? Arrangements have already been made for several wars. The kind of war it will be depends on which arrangement fructifies first––the other wars will follow in the order they are able to generate the necessary acidity between brethren.

But that should not worry us in the least––the worst that can happen to us is to be killed and that, in turn, is not as serious a blow as it might have been when Fido was a pup.

But who’s going to pay for that war? Ha! That brings the matter into private concern; it touches a sensitive chord in our make-up––but the question is not pertinent: the war has already been paid for by the workers and will be paid for the second time by the workers after the war is over. Nifty arrangement ain’t it?––a condition wherein labor finances its own extermination.

Now don’t get huffy––could anything be more humorous?

I think labor should hire a bookkeeper. It wouldn’t be so raw if a man had had his fight and then magnanimously paid the expenses, but when you have to pay for it in advance before the show and then pay for it again after the show and keep on paying for it over and over, that is carrying the thing too far into arithmetic. No wonder a guy screamed, “What Price Glory!” Note: under modern methods of cancellations, interests, destruction of war materials etc., a war worth, say, 10 billion dollars can be made to cost labor 50,000 billion dollars––no wonder they are poor.

I suppose you would like for me to produce a sample of that war (those wars) that I was so cocksure about. Senator James A. Reed has the floor: Condemns Hoover moratorium plan as “sheer foolishness.”

“The interest on the $260,000,000––due us from Germany will have to be paid by the American taxpayers.”

Minneapolis Tribune takes the floor:

Declares “splendid isolation” a myth.

“American investors and American business have the largest stake of any country in the world in Germany.”

“Our long term investments in Germany are exceeded only by those made in Canada, they represent only one-third of the investments our citizens have made in Europe.”

(The “largest stake” and the “long term investments” represent the baby’s milk “our” children never did gargle.)

There’s your layout for war, Uncle Sam is farming foreign soil––few, few mortgages wind-up bloodless. And when they do the result is bad-blood. Bad-blood, in turn, can be transformed into war under any pretext whatsoever, pertinent or otherwise.

How do I arrive at the conclusion labor pays for all wars that are paid for?

That is easy to answer; no other agency produces wealth. Brains? Ho, ha, haw! Brains never yet produced a single penny’s worth of worldly goods. Brains merely react to thought, a thing already in existence, and produce absolutely nothing in the form of war reparations. You can’t pay war debts with thoughts, you must have “the goods,” the materials, tangible evidence of labor power used and work performed.

If wars could be carried on with thoughts we could afford to get licked by every nation in the world and then order the national deep-thinker Edgar Guest to pay the doctor bills with poetical thought––and not lose a cent in the transaction. Alas! this cannot be. The victors want something produced by hands or feet––by labor––by labor powder­­––a wrinkled brow to them is just so much tortured epidermis. Nowhere here have I said thinking is unnecessary, thinking is important, but a man can think and think and think till hell freezes, if he doesn’t act, perform a deed of labor or cause it to be performed by others, he will have thought in vain and the sole product of his mental concentration perchance shall be a lively boil gracing his skull-cap––you can’t pay a war-debt with pimples.

Editors find a happy solution, they combine working and thinking––as the prophets say: without works thought is squandered intelligence. I have no mercy––an insane asylum can be put on the war debt paying basis––a man who never in all his life experieenced a thought, is out of tune with thought, catches only parts of several thoughts, that man can and does produce his share of the price of glory. Speakers do not get paid for thinking or knowing, they draw the shekels for jaw action and sounds produced thereby––a speaker that would get up, stand there like a dummy, know everything and say nothing he soon would be a candidate for the poorhouse. Speaking is labor and produces wealth––if not, the speaker is robbed of it.

Preaching is labor. If the preacher gathers up the best thoughts he has reacted to the course of a day or a week and delivers them to “his congregation,” in a concentrated address, that preacher has earned his hire.

But if the goodly minister feels devilish for a moment and fishes an old sermon “from the barrel,” delivers it as fresh evangelism he is receiving money under false pretenses––and as a rule, I’ll say for ‘em, they manage to dig up an old one every other Sunday, at least, and get paid for it as many times as they use it.

Exhibit, No. 1.––

Today while in the market for a box of snuff a strapping young man approaches me. He was about 7 axehandles long and three handles wide. I felt uneasy, a little bilious, as I looked at his gigantic paws and arms four axhandles long:

“Kind stranger,” says he, “have you got an extra nickle you are not in love with––I’ve got just one jit.”

“Buddy, the only piece of money I have is a dime.”

“I’ll give you a nickle for it, says he promptly. I let him have the dime, for verily it pleases my calloused soul to see rugged business principles applied to begging. To hell with the snuff! If I can’t get it for a nickle I’ll chew snipes––mind you, if that young man betrayed me, and bought snuff, I’ll hound him till the box is all used up.

Exhibit No. 2.––

There was a time we thought a millionaire was a luxury we could very well afford––and every young man sporting a budding mustache was determined to align himself among the luxuries. Time rolled along and came a period when the erstwhile “luxury” appeared to be a “necessity” and a great demand arose for more millionaires. (Brisbane of the Hearst papers was the chief hog-caller in the wilderness those days.) Today we are reconciled to trade all our millionaires for a hamburger sandwich.

[continues on another page]

T-BONE SLIM  
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(Henry Ford makes $40 profit per unit.— Brisbane)

First Nut: “How much would that be for 20,000,000 cars?”

Second Nut: “800,000,000 dollars.”

A Ninth: While we’re in the millions let us take note of the fact 15,000,000 negroes, American birth and upbringing, have no member of their color in U. S. Supreme court. And only one Jew graces that body.

The rest, reading from left to right, sound like a string of English nobles.

Good old American names like Hans Schmidt, Ole Larsn, Pete Champaign, Paddy O’Donnel, Stan. Peplinski, Jussi Korpi, Tony Lombardi, Michael Papaopoulus are never invited to sit in.

(All of these mentioned are direct descendants of supreme judges in the old country.) —in this country we don’t trust them with heavier duties than pushing a wheelbarrow or juggling a shovel.

\* \* \*

Twilight — by Covington Hall — was twilight.

— Elgar Allan Poe, please get up and let Covington Hall sit down!

—Our papers are getting to be good — all writers except myself, are steaming along in nice shape.

More power to ‘em! bigger papers or bigger baskets is my motto. Send in news, labor news; if you have no news send your views— give the editor no rest.

\* \* \*

If I get caught up I’ll send him my longest poem: The Piece Makers Bride . . . . “until she fed us from her hand: wild-heifer of the borderland.”

## 1931\_31\_IS\_01091931

**TRAMPS**

–––––

We have always had as many tramps as we have today—the last one hundred years—but they were under cover, in seclusion; in storage, so as to say, and it took just Friend Hoover to ferret them out.

Now you see ‘em hitting the highways and by-ways, railroads and postroads, energetic job hunters sweat foaming over their shoe tops, and we say unto ourselves:

“G.D.X!??? etaoinxmpff Hoover, anyway, darn it!” and—we are doing that great Christian injustice. He isn’t to blame. He merely drove ‘em outa their holes.

There was a time there was only two bums in this country visible to the naked eye—’Cal, Al and myself—the rest had all burrowed (not burro’d) into various industries and were making efforts to convince the holy fathers they had reformed. Every time they were lucky enough to get a new pair of pants they would stand on the street corner for hours showing all and sultry the breathing, living proof of blessings attending the aplication of industry to daily toil; a new pair of shoes would keep them out on the streets till 1.30 A. M. by the post office clock or until the last witness (to so much wealth) had tired of inspecting the new “kicks” and beat it for home and mother**.—T-b-s.**

## 1931\_30\_IS\_01091931

**ROOSEVELT WAS RIGHT —By T-Bone Slim**

How many times do I have to tell the working class to organize? That is hard to say––not many, I hope. I am still young and the working class isn’t old. In fact the working class is in its teens (the master’s last stand) and, unless I am mistaken, this very morning I saw a mother of working class persuasion pushing her brood of breadwinners to the factory in a baby carriage. (They should be made to use a wheelbarrow, pile ‘em in crosswise, five or six deep –– that’s all about those phoney barrows still stand.) All this racket about workers riding to work in Ford cars and motor vehicles is pure hooey of the most **culpabull** nature –– I saw no motors on those baby buggies and there’s no mistake; for I’m an engineer second only to Herbert Hoover himself and tight on his heels. From this it can be seen that every time one of those darling toilers learns to talk and understand English, I’ve got to write a thousand word article asking him to throw away his diapers and join the I. W. W.

How many times do I have to ask the working class to organize? I don’t know. But this I do know: If they do not organize they will carry me along into the same prediction; and, **I like myself**––I’m stuck on myself––I sympathize keenly with myself and, therefore, to protect my own interest, I must request them to line up in the I. W. W. and help cook-up some soup for the boss.

Some years ago Roosevelt, good old Teddy, came out for bigger and better families––people thought he was crazy, so did I. But now we see he was right. As early as all that, he saw a small family never would be able to support a pair of rawboned parents with good appetites and so he suggested bigger families, a condition where the doting parents could have a kid working in every factory in town. He wasn’t so dumb. How we misjudged the poor man! We had fair warning and if we ain’t got big families it ain’t Roosevelt’s fault. Wouldn’t it be nice now to have about thirty-six kids all of ‘em working and bringing home two or three dollars in their envelops? What a pile of rolled-oats that would buy! Now, let’s be frank, wouldn’t it kinda rest your soul and ease your mind, while you are pawing the garbage dump for rotten oranges, to be conscious of a raft of children working in the industries and bringing home the bacon on pay days? Ah, indeed! What a vision old Rosey had. Necessities, sufficiencies, luxuries, affluence all rolled up in a shack-full of child-labor––what a pity we did not think, act and knock out a few sets of triplets––and now it’s too late.

Roosevelt was the first man to advocate mass production of slaves. We should have got in on the ground floor there and then, I see it all now. We should have stocked up on children of all sizes so that we could supply the boss with whatever size he wanted. In the morning we could glance at the bosses blackboard: “1 size 2½; 3 size 7; 6 size 13½” and go home and chase out the sizes required. Should the boss call for a couple teething babes, every well regulated family should be able to supply him. Should he want a six-year-old to play with a No. 6 coalscoop, we should be in position to let him have his pick of twins. Twelve-year-old and so on. Any damn size he could think of. But no, we have neglected our family duties. I see it all now. Where we should have been in position to offer the master “service with a smile”, many of us have not even a single kid to cuff around. How we gonna live? You’ve got me stumped. It all lays with the families. The old man, being unemployed, could take little Willie and lay him across his knees, after Wilyum comes home all tired out by the days toils, and paddle him for half an hour and every little while ask him “are you gonna join the I. W. W.”––a week of that ought to put Willie in a frame of mind to take out a union card. Not only that, but a great saving would accrue to the household in the fact that Willyums painful extremities would preclude the taking in of many picture shows, standing up, and the old man could buy himself an occasional quart of gin for his ailing kidneys. My position is that a man who makes a union man of his boy is entitled to a quart of good gin and a boy that makes a union man of his old man is entitled to two quarts of better gin.

Not one word of exaggeration in this article, so far––and there isn’t going to be. The teething babies are working for the motion pictures and squawkies. The four-year-olds are working for the newspapers selling papers––a business in a sense but really a complex stint disseminating information and wisdom to the masses. Any more questions.

The glory of the United States stands on child labor at present and although it will continue to stand it will not stand on child labor much longer. The master has few men producing machines that will take the children’s jobs away and give them to nuts and bolts. Ain’t you glad now you didn’t raise a big family? What are you going to do about it? Are you going to let the boss get away with it? You are handed a system; it will not work, never did work, never will work and you continue to use it––the capitalists’ system. Did it ever occur to you to try labor’s system? No? Is that so? Well! Well! Well! Strange! You have every confidence in the other fellow’s system. You are uneasy, nervous, frightened, worried, suspicious, miserly, hungry, sorrowful––yea starving, and yet you worship the capitalist system, cling to it, fight for it. You ain’t crazy. You don’t look crazy. What’s the matter with you? Are you hypnotized? For Christ sake come out of it! Get yourself a red card. **—T-B. S.**

## 1931\_32\_IW\_05091931

Simon:—”John Rockefeller is kind hearted. His Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has cut the price of coal $2.85 per ton for Denver markets.”—

Alex: “Yes, uhhuh. He could have obtained the same result by paying miners $2.85 more per ton, but he didn’t happen to think of it . . .”

“Rockefeller is under selling and underpaying the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company.”

The “Rocky Mountain” is paying $7 a day, “Rockefeller ‘Coloratura’ Fuel” $6.52.

Johnny’s cut of $2.85 per ton indicates he still remembers how he used to put people out of business 40 years ago. Miss Josephine Roche, owner of the “Rocky Mountain”, appears to be the pain in Rockefeller’s side.

At this particular time Miss Roche is getting away with it on the strenghth of public opinion generated and on the strength of loyal Denver unionists who push the sale of Roche coal . . . note: union consumption of coal is a very insignificant item in the affairs of any company and Miss Roche’s $7 day hangs by a very slim thread.

Underselling will eventually snake in the works and Northern Colorado will experience the doubtful pleasure of working for Rockefeller’s figure $6.52—John is sore and that may cause him to feel “downcast” and cut the figures to $5, like he already did this spring.

The Industrial commission’s taking up of the matter whether or no John should be sent to the bughouse had no bearing on the cause of his dropping the $5 idea—John is full of ideas.

Had John decided to go thru with the “five spot”, the average wage would have mounted to about $800 per year, working average 165 days—that is ⅓ the amount required to support family of five, according to Bureau Statistics. Note: The $7, which is Colorado “high”, amounts to about $1,100, for average 165 days work and that in turn is ½ the amount required to support a family of five HUMAN beings.

*The one hundred and sixty five workdays per year is an unintentional rebuke to our drivers and a living, powerful argument that a human being need not keep his nose against “the grindstone” 365 days a year in order to live*—according to Rockefeller’s figures ($5) a man to support a family of five would have to work 495 days a year, including sundays.

I wonder what has become all the other Colorado practical jokers—Rockefeller has the field all to hisself. Wouldn’t it be an awful joke on John if the diggers organized a One Big Union and impresst him with the serious side of life and cured him of his humorous ways.

In regards that $2.85 cut in the price of coal for Denver markets, I wish to say: despite the fact it looks as if John had been pocketing $2.85 per ton that he wasn’t entitled to, prior to the cut, I want it distinctly understood I do not indorse that viewpoint—such things would hardly gibe with the soul-stirrings of a muchly “publicised” sabbath school teacher.

\* \* \*

Six year old boy issues his ultimatum in restaurant: “I ain’t gonna drink that water, I want pop.”

He drank pop.

I suppose if the child had sent the pop back and called for champagne he would have had champagne or known the reason why; if “the why” proved weak a war would have been started (on the spot) between generations and wound-up in champagne for the boy. I like persistence—it brings results.

This “I’ll go halfway with you” is too much like “not going at all”—if I can go the last half alone I can make the first half without help—in fact it’s in the last half I may look around for a lad to give me a leg.

T-b-s

P. S. Michigan Central R. R. has no delusions about the prosperity just, around corner and is not expecting to haul much of her freight—a big share of her locomotives are tied-up, killed, drained—all outside (water) plugs are out.

(They forgot to grease the threads.)

Automatic stoker doors set wide open for airing.

N. Y. C. R. R. also set for a long siege—strings and strings of box cars stored with both doors wide open—airing-out process, a very good idea even so are the longitudinal crossfrog-tie timbers, 12 by 20.

If the Honorable Prosperity desires to ride either of these “Centrals” it better quit hiding behind the the filling station and show itself.

Conditions, editor, are worse—society is nothing but a mere shell of itself former self—hardly enough shell left for any reconstruction.

You tell ‘em!

## 1931\_33\_IS\_08091931

**IN WHERE SLIM ALMOST GETS CONVERTED By T-bone Slim**

The recent week of unexampled hot weather in Minneapolis, Minn., (104 degrees) unbalanced the reason of Hub Freisinger, the great chief special agent of the Northern Pacific R. R. (pronounced, Nothin’ Specific)—North Town Junction.

We find him in flesh prowling around the ovenlike yards, mopping the broad expanse of his noble brow and adjacent clearings from which hair had retreated years ago in those arduous days around Little Falls when he tried, oh so hard, to impress the hoboes with the importance and general all around immaculate conception of Jim Hill’s favorite road. Sweat slashed around in Hub’s shoes, on that day, as he labored manfully to keep the unemployed off the train and, although he did all that was humanly possible, he succeeded in discouraging only about 60 of the would-be travellers—20 were so steeped in depravity the exhortations of Hub fell on closed eardrums.

Be it said in favor of Hub, when he saw the futility of it all he fired a salute of six cannon in honor of the determined “twenty” now happily on their way to Staples, Minn., and harvest points beyond.

\* \* \*

In former years wheat prices flunked only after such miraculous conditions as bumpper crop or a train in Argentina; this year, with no crop to speak of, the wheat droped from force of habit.

\* \* \*

Women usually do their house cleaning in the spring of the year; robbers do their bank cleaning in summertime and fall.

\* \* \*

The robbery in Staples, Minn., effected the people deeply. The once proud citizens who were rapidly growing to be a good deal better than the average run of humanity pulled in their horns and are out in numbers greeting the more downtrodden social outcasts as equals and the tone of voice clicks with a sincerity that leaves no room for doubt or suspicion as to the genuineness of their change of heart.

This would indicate the Lord Almighty had a hand in planning that robbery, for, verily, the devil would cut his throat before he would transform the Staples transgressors into such outstanding examples of the good, the true, the pure.

\* \* \*

“Why don’t you work?”

In theory your question is proper; in practice it is haywire—I do not work because of two high-power preventives:

No. 1., I’m too sick to work.

No. 2., There is no work available.

And I’m saying right here if an old man, I or a sick person, or a cripple, or schoolboy can’t get work in these United States, times are tough.

\* \* \*

Floyd B. Olsen, governor of Minnesota, attacks Stillwater pen. “silent system” as “unnecessarily cruel”. He has ordered an investigation. Olson is the first governor in many, many moons on capitol hill to have experienced lucid spell— may he feel many of them.

Why do so many of his Stillwater charges grow insane?

\* \* \*

SILENCE!!!

Market report runs something like this: Buying September and selling December. July opened unchanged. September ⅛c lower and December ⅛c higher. All futures reacted about He below the previous closing level. Liverpool, unchanged to ¼c lower where due ½ @ ⅝ lower.

Buenos Aires, closed ⅝ @ ¾c lower yesterday; noon today was ⅛ @ ¼c lower. Ho Hom!

Now if you want to read something, take another look at the I. W. W. Preamble.

It is the meatiest piece of literature written since man quit writing with his hind feet.

\* \* \*

Lincoln freed the negroes. One Lincoln today would be insufficient; the job is twice as big—he would have to free both the light and the dark.

\* \* \*

Our author reports an improvement in his health—his sins which yesterday appeared in staggering proportions are today shrunken almost to the infinitesimal.

Sinful as he was, he did not fail to take careful note of the many startling sins of the capitalist system and mark the general trend toward the hot place. Realization of the company he was to have, almost caused him to reform. An old Swede in Minneapolis suggested I go to this pastor and the good man would fix me up with liberal application of prayer and case-hardened faith. He had me converted for a moment, but when he arose to depart he could not walk and complained bitterly about the stiffness in his venerable shanks.

It seems prayer helps the other fellow only like the baldheaded barbers’ hair restorer.

I’m sticking to calomel!

\* \* \*

Robins in Bemidgi are not big because they are in Bemidgi; they are in Bemidgi because they are big.

Rumor has it four combines exploded in Minot, No. Dak.—I have received no report from my chief operator in that district, Mr. Billious Alum Pinkherringbone—I suggest his pay be stopped, till he sobers up.

## 1931\_34\_IW\_12091931

**ALL IS RUINED**

–––––

It is said American industry would be ruined were it not permitted to be run like a pig pen. I believe this and I also believe it is ruined if run like a pig pen . . .hoggishness does it. There you are, nothing but ruin stares us in the face!

The question new arises which ruin is best. Personally I favor clean ruin, as do all workers. Masters seem to favor dirty ruin and put it into practice—which goes to show they are not fully developed in the head. Clearly a dean ruin is superior to a filthy one; as it is equally plain a dirty ruin is an inferior product and that dirty is that dirty does.

American industry should be cleaned out and its dirty owners should be cleared out and kept out until they come clean.

That will be a long, long time!

\* \* \*

“Heat Purifies” argues an advertisement meaning no harm or anything.

I must try that sometime on an overripe egg.

\* \* \*

If succor doesn’t arrive soon the suckers will succumb to the sucking of succulent thumbs.

\* \* \*

Fame is measured by the ignorance one is able to hide and by the intelligence others suppress—climbing the pedestal weighted with a burden of a jackass, is the surrendering of sense to witlessness. The struggle to unperch the “would-be-greats” is wasted labor, a senseless procedure, an unconscious movement—I say, let the ignoramus strut his stuff, glow and glisten like a speck of pitch in a barrel of tar. Do not interrupt his fit of self-admiration, he’s the biggest quince in the gutter.

\* \* \*

Among us Americans:

(If you ask me.)

It might not be out of place to throw a match along with the cigarette butt—a good many times a butt lays unobserved until its light goes out and necessitates the organizing of a separate mission to promote a fire-stick; time that could be well spent in exchanging tales of woe with martyrs-miserable and divulging the inner longings of soul enmested in a snarl of slavery.

None are innocent, the term “butt” is figurative, a Used Rolls-Royce is equally to the point:

Something for nothing.

It is no disgrace to “shoot a butt” in Bozeman, Mont, whereas in Baltimore, Md., it is a crime punishable by death or worse—in Bozeman where “nature’s master pieces,” (so wide and so high and one black on eye) say seven times, “yes I’ve had enough, I could not eat another mouthful of morsels,” and wipe their chins seven times with ostentation and a dirty handkerchief to prove it.

*What kind of beggars are these?*

Let there be no mistake, I too am a beggar, and who isn’t? but I do not wipe my chin seven times and if I say anything after the repast I say “God bless Hoover and keep him in office till he gets his ‘20 year prosperity program’ hitting on all eight cylinders.”

\* \* \*

Who would have thought a surplus (reserve) of wheat or cotton would react as guarantee of longer life to the downtrodden dispossessed class? Nobody! and had the money lenders and credit “dealers” kept us out of foreign entanglements, even I would have been in position to mourn the fate prospective of the unemployed. As it is, “foreign entanglements” serve to guarantee not only life but the well-being of all those that have no prospects; insofar as any “credit or nation,” in full possession of its sanity, can not afford to permit Its defenders to “pass out.” Not only that but it cannot afford to permit its defenders to wax thin on transparent soups and deferred meals. Should any nation have the hardihood to try that experiment, laboring under a delusion “all is well,” that nation will live to regret its ill-conceived security and mourn the loss of its intelligence, substance and liberty.

Facts are brutal, are they not?

\* \* \*

The thinning out (process) of the working class is continuing apace and there are those among workers that feel and describe the process as robbery. Now, that is a very blunt way of putting it and lacks every essence of the finer forms and terms used in circumspect society. How much nicer it would be, and feel, to refer to it as deflation— polite term used also to denote the the letting-out of the wind from one’s balloon. Deflation of any portion of society naturally carries with it the inflation of another portion; because the deflation is of materials and substances more tangible than gas and wind, and in addition thereto.

\* \* \*

**They Buy a starving Man a Book**

We know those are big words and hard to digest and even I as erudite as I am, find great difficulty in drawing a meaning from them—I who have read books! Why I’ll never forget the time I fell from the cradle with Pilgrim’s bunions in my hand (written by John Process) and never missed a sentence. Whenever the deflation has set in and substances disappear, (if we throw our eye around) we can trace the departed wherewithal to its hiding place and prove our ownership by the excessive inflation that is bulging the properties of our hypocritical neighbors and philanthropists.

The deflation, of the many, necessarily over-emphasises the inflation of the) few and when inflation no longer is able to absorb the deflation expansion is resorted to and this makes for the possibility of making the deflation complete, as it also gives the engineers of deflation an opportunity to move their operation to the next rung of the social ladder.

Whenever deflation is finished in any section of society the accomplishment is heralded far and wide as a depression and the victims go in for deferred meals and prayers of higher horsepower.

(Damned difficult to keep those big words in their proper stalls.)

Expansion at times is so great it cannot be contained within one country and must be inverted abroad in one or several countries; depending on how well the authors of depression may desire to hedge their bets and distribute their eggs into several baskets . . . When deflation thus presents itself in the form of expansion and invades foreign soils, to the detriment of home industry m such territories, lending a hand to help deflate the citizens there of, such help is considered interference in the time honored custom of permitting only native born “mechanics” to deflate the patriots, and works a great moral injury to national honer, an insult . . .

That means war.

(Note: war will be going on in full blast in Europe before March 1st 1932.)

In the event war intervenes, the investors are not seriously injured, insofar as any repudiation of debts is represented by, and applying to, expansion-monies and credits and is but the surplus of wealth accrued in the process of deflating the people. But, in the event repudiations arise, the people will be expected to grab their muskets and fare forth to rescue “the investors stake;” a strange proceeding in view of the fact the people did relinquish their rights to those monies at the time of the deflation. Logic would seem to dictate the self-proclaimed owners of those monies should jump into their armors and rescue their own monies or credits; especially so since the people were not consulted as to the advisability of locating any part of the country’s wealth in distant foreign lands.

The surprising thing about all this howl for succor is the strange fact that the working class, the producer, is in need of aid. The class that produces all wealth is busted—deflated. This is the more surprising when we consider the working class constitutes a great majority of the people. This in turn indicates that only a small minority is well off, and they are not working people—and that the depression is too extensive for comfort.

When such a great mass of people want aid, it is ridiculous for them to apply to

(**Continued on Page 4**) .

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**T-BONE SLIM**

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(Continued from Page 2)

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the small minority for same. When they pray for food, it is entirely possible the food they receive is unfit, tainted, rotten, inferior, improper. Should they apply for relief politically, they may expect sympathetic resolutions and best wishes of the best wishers and powerful denunciations of special privilege and what not. If that doesn’t fill them up, give them a belly-full, it is beyond the ken of legislators and dealers of second-hand charity how to appease the cravings of a starving people—it never occurs to those brilliant men that food might be of benefit in the treatment of such vigorous, violent appetites—and are at this moment moving heaven and earth in their endeavor to discover ways and means how to do away with “a surplus of food” and prevent the recurence of future “over-production.” They ignore the fact the people are deflated and cannot buy regardless of supply and that they, the food hoarders and curtailers, can hold their food till hell freezes from shore to shore and they will not get their price.

(Note: to get their price they would have to curtail the production of foods to approximate the needs of the 60,000 odd millionaires. Did they do so, they would be unable to collect because of the many things that would happen ere then, that would have great influence upon the problem.)

There is only one remedy for this condition, re-inflate the working class; return to those dispossessed the wealth deflated from them. This can be done in two ways:

First, voluntary restitution by millionaires.

Second, involuntary restitution by the same gentlemen in recognition of encouragement received from the workers one big union.

There is no other ways.

The I. W. W. is the one lone outfit that aims to better the conditions of the workers. All other outfits that I am able to think of aim to worsen the conditions to the point where workers shall become ex-asperated and put in a new set of politicians—no percentage in that.

After the dictator, who?

Let us croon:

“FIRED!”

Kingdoms estates and plantations

Mean the enslaving of folk;

Precinct and district—and nations

Wear of the same cruel yoke.

Nobles and gentlemen royal

Are but the reflex of slaves;

Lords, overseers most loyal,

Can’t be distinguished from knaves

Factories, work shops entwining,

All knew their quota of slaves;

Cliques of great rascals combining,

Builded their castles on graves.

Gone are the servants so willing,

Laborer, craftsman and bum;

Sold is their time for a shilling

Closed is their haven—the slum.

Jobs, means of life, are abolished.

Costs are reduced to the bone;

Order and honor demolished.

Profits are placer! on a throne.

Now let the poets start crooning,

Pull of their forelocks and rave—

Dreaming and sighing and mooning.

Praise for the cast-iron slave.

The people are in a desperate fix, innocent and wholly undeserving of such grievous punishment and when anybody proposes a remedy for their ills they shriek with joy—no matter how untimely or illogical the cure may be. Were I to argue restitution is unnecessary and that the curtailment of deflation and inflation is all that’s required to make the nation pop to its feet, I would be acclaimed chumpion economist of the universe but I would be wrong as hell; wrong as the agricultuist who aims to stabilize a falling market by cutting down the acreage in face of a penniless people—high or low the people cannot buy because they are deflated completely. My curtailment of inflation in one case and deflation in the other would be equally chimerical and devoid of results—the people’s working-capital is missing—they’re flat.

Expatriated wealth :

We may as well have it out right here with that “voluntary restitution”—there’s not going to be any. The master’s, so called, have taken good care to situate that money (credit) in foreign countries and tied it down so as to prevent them the laying of their hands upon it should their heart get the best of their head. What does that leave us, if anything?

It leaves us industrial unionism, the one and only way we can collect monies due us for past labors performed—due us because of our failure to organize and collect as we went along.

There are those of course that want to jump the government for benefits. That’s just what the masters want them to do; not to jump him, but his agents—jump the servant, not the lord.

## 1931\_35\_IW\_19091931

**LET US BE FAIR**

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Time was when the arrest and conviction of an I. W. W. member and broadcasted knowledge thereof practically prevented the organizing of new members—that time is past.

Today an imprisoned wobblie is living, breathing proof of the superiority of that organization, its form of unionism, and new members are not so jail-shy as they were.

I do not go so far as to say the prestige of the I. W. W. rests wholly on the joinings of its members or, for instance, the” continue incarceration of the “Centralia Boys.” No, what I mean to say is the continued imprisonment of the Centralia bunch contributes the most eloquent and irrefutable argument in favor of the I. W. W.

How times change—the horror that was to overwhelm the workers is the horror that will now flatten the bosses.

In the past every attempt to organize the workers was met with every opposition known to bosses and their servile retainers. Every effort to prevent organization was attempted and effected—from misrepresentation, threats, to actual assault and murder—all to no avail, so far as altering the eventual accounting.

The Everett massacre is still vivid in the memories of the loggers as well as in memories of the business elements of that town that suffered directly as a result of the withdrawal of logger trade and who suffer today indirectly the result of having permitted the prevention of organization in their city.

The massacre was a severe blow to organized labor not only in the I. W. W. insofar as because of that setback organized labor was unable to hold up wages (buying power) and the slide-downward (and out) had commenced. Severe as the blow was to labor, it was no less severe to businessmen and Everett’s businessmen today frankly admit the massacre was a mistake. You will notice I move from the position that the massacre was the brain-child of a master mind and not the irresponsible vagary of vagrant mischievousness.

Centralia, Washington, was as blind to its own welfare, as was Everett in the earlier day, and repeated assaults and raids against the union hall was sanctioned indirectly pulled-off and laughed-off, directly. Protection for the hall was denied, which is equivalent to giving carte blanche to the marauders and when the membership defended their hall successfully (without protection) they were brought to trial, accused of conspiration against the lawless and thrown in jail for forty years.

*A fine kettle of fish!*

Is it then a wonder the workers have no money with which to do their buying?

Verily the mastermind made beggars of them—for they cannot have money without a strong organization.

These occurrences had the effect of frightening the workers and caused them to mark time—a dangerous proceeding as is exemplified by the payless days we are experiencing today.

It is my firm opinion had not organization been discouraged by lynchings and murders the West Coast would have no share in this present panic . . .

Seattle’s share in the Everett massacre is not so clear as are some others I have in mind and which I shall offer in future articles, but it is clearer than Tacoma’s share whose growth is the more phlegmatic. It is no small matter to construct a city of Seattle’s prominence in the several hills shoring the placid Puget. It takes labor. Much of it. It takes money. Lots of it. Boulevards must be run (around Alki Point). Piers must be driven. Skyscrapers built. Ravines filled. Hillslevelled, etc.

Where did this money come from?

All of it did not come from Seattle labors pocket. Indeed, some of it was imported into Seattle by merchantmen, railroads, shipping etc., by interests that came to do business there—and much of it came from the pocket of loggers.

I am not inferring the imported money did not come from labor’s pocket, quite to the contrary: Labor in Seattle’s vicinity were unequal to the task of constructing I the city and paying for it. Thus it was that labor’s pockets in distant parts of the country were raided through the medium of low wages and these monies were invested in the upbuilding of the City of Seattle along with other monies collected in the more intimate surroundings—and from familiar points in the state, including the penurious Yakima.

The growth of Seattle was a high-pressure affair from beginning to end which is not yet (lest it be her growth is arrested never to be completed) and the only question that arose in re public improvements, beautification was “will the traffic bear it”—not that those improvements should not be, for they should.

But when a city subconsciously becomes so tangled in her growth that it passively indorses the destruction of labor’s buying power and bends obeisance to the lumber lords now well on their way to complete the destruction of timberlands (only One-half of timber is milled, the rest rots where it fell—waste of wealth) as was done in Germany a generation ago and, in connection, the state and cities shall suffer, during and after, altogether in a mien of a sucker that believed not well but too much.

Seattle has this share in the Everett massacre and the Centralia and Montesano outrage: it agreed, by failing to protest the interference in labor’s affairs, to a regime of ruthless labor exploitation that has now resulted in the only thing a city full of paupers.

True enough the City of Seattle cannot undo the Everett massacre—neither can Weyerhauser or the rest of his ilk—but the City of Seattle can, if she will, urge the release of the Centralia boys in terms so certain that the stubborn but just Governor Hartley will honor the plea.

When it is taken into consideration “those boys” came by their trouble in no small measure because of the fact that they happened to be in town and in view of the fact they’ staked their liberty, their very life, against the right to organize without interference—a right now recognized in court after court—and lost one as well as the other—it ill behooves any of us to show the slightest indication of vindictiveness. We cannot help but note the period under which the sentences were administered was rife with hysteria and therefore we cannot erase from our minds the thought: the sentences were unusual, severe, cruel—

They have served the state dutifully now these many years, not even permitting the sense of guiltlessness to betray them into rebellion against the rules of Walla Walla. Men they were when they went in, so remained and men they will be when they come out. A release to these men, my dear governor, would benefit not only them but society, as well.

In all those years these men have never portrayed themselves as martyrs for an ideal, that they sacrificed their liberty in an effort to stay the difficulties which are now upon us and whose approach they must have seen. Their sincerity and earnestness, your excellency, is deserving of further and, I hope, favorable consideration.

## 1931\_36\_IS\_22091931

**System, By—Product and Prince**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Capitalism has quaint ways of solving social and economic questions:

Bigger and better policemen; stronger stink bombs; heavy-bore riot guns; judges who have learned their prerogatives; jails, prisons, pens, work-farms and nut houses; bombing planes; armies and navies; battleships and tanks; destroyers, mines, submarines and cruisers; war-scares, peace-talk, disarmament-confabs and heavier armor-plate—and when all those speak at once the question before the house shrinks into its shell and the meeting adjourns sine die.

\* \* \*

Business depressions:

1857, lasting 12 months.

1869, lasting 8 months.

1873, lasting 30 months.

1884, lasting 22 months.

1887, lasting 10 months.

1893, lasting 25 months.

1903, lasting 25 months.

1907, lasting 12 months.

1914, lasting 8 months.

1921, lasting 14 months.

The present depression has now lasted over 20 months.

We got over all those other depressions in good shape but we must remember the patient isn’t as young as it was and there’s such a thing as getting sick once too often.

\* \* \*

Eddie for Self-Service.

The latest story about the prince of Wales is that while he was dining at a club in Paris with some friends, the waiters took advantage of his presence and struck for a 30 per cent, increase in wages. The frantic maitre de hotel informed his guests of this contretempts and called for volunteers to help serve the prince.

A score of people immediately rose from the tables and offered their services. Among them, quite unobtrusive, was the prince himself.—Boston Transcript, quoted by Duluth News-Tribune, August 4, 1931.

England ain’t got nothing on us. We have just as democratic strike-breakers right here in this country.**—T-b. S.**

## 1931\_37\_IW\_26091931

**RAISING A FAMILY**

–––––

“Do they bother you on those trains?”

They do, brother, but what’s bother to a life already full––each additional bother, must make room for itself by displacing another bother, thus maintaining the fulsome life we are prone to lament. Thus it is, too, owing to the universal disquietude, it makes no difference whether or no, which way-ever, the train goes or doesn’t it will land you at the right place and in plenty of time (if it never gets there)––you can’t go wrong. What of it if you do have to ketch the train on the bellyside of the curve and instantly became invisible to the law’s cruel, calculating eye––miracles must happen. Standing in the rain waiting for the “8:30” until 10:30 p. m. then retiring soaking wet is just an incident that makes life interesting.

The scenery is just one more eyeful of cinders. The peeling skin is nothing but a ride thru the tunnel behind an ammonia car.

\* \* \*

Stretching myself out in a dirty car which I selected with great care while the train was debating with itself as to whether or no it shall turn a wheel––I reasoned I shall less likely be disturbed by other travelers if I bed myself down in a car not so clean.

Woe is me, how was I to know that car had one or more three cornered wheels––I didn’t sleep long.

Just as the engine sent a sigh thru the air-brakes a “cavalcade” charges the doors of my car and boosts into my car one woman, one baby, one husband and two sheiks––Goodnight I says to myself, my dream of sweet dreams was destined to remain a dream only––had the presence of mind tho to heave a polite snore in their direction in hopes they would pull in their “horns of nonsense” and also to assure them of my disinterestedness . . .

(Shut up, Slim, and let the gentleman do his own talking, and tell his own story:)

. . . “then I got a job for six days and earnt $18. After I paid the rent I had just $2.50 left. This kept us for three weeks but we had to live on ‘pancakes’. Then I got a job and earnt $12 . . . then I was idle again for a while and finally landed a job to ‘tend’ sheep, on shares. This we did for a while and when that blowed-up we had lost everything, including the bedding.”

“I didn’t know what to do or where to go and then I got a job and earnt $15––it was then we decided to open a hamburger joint.

“Fifteen dollars wasn’t enough so I borrowed five . . . then I found out the stove would not work so I had to spend $2.50 of that five for a new, second-hand stove . . . we had just enough money to buy the buns and hamburger and sugar––we borrowed the salt and pepper . . .”

“Yes,” interrupted the soft-spoken young wife, (Mary, age 20) “and I went out and bought a nickel can of milk.”

(She seemed to possess more intelligence than the three men put together––but I shall not quote her more.)

“Well, the joint didn’t pay and at times we didn’t dare to eat, ourselves. Finally I got a chance and sold it for $40.00––with this money we bought a Ford and started for Spokane . . . she had a good motor and only for that motor we’d been stuck in the hills (Continental Divide) but the “washboard” road soon got our tires and, at one time, I had three tires on one wheel––I could tell when one was slipping off by the “side-play” of the car. Finally the roads which are built to be forever improved, never to be finished, got our tires, I had no gas, no oil and only 35 cents to eat on. ‘Twas then I sold the Ford for $5 and made for this train . . .”

Such was the young man’s story and if there is such a thing as salvation this young man would have found it. He had tried almost everything but bank robbery and wound up in a bouncing box car with his six-months old baby, wife and two able comforters.

The young wife unused to this form of transportation was “up in the air,” not only in “the sense” but physically as well––the husband was holding the baby in his hands (not arms) and his lower extremity was pounding a tattoo on the car floor, for the car persisted in its efforts to shake loose a rib or two.

His punishment was SEVERE.

All this I saw by the light of the matches the worried mother was forever striking––every minute or so she would strike one.

(Note: the car was in the far rear end of the train, placed there so that if it jumps the rail no damage is done other than the killing or maiming of the rear-end crew.) The train made a long run to coal chutes without stopping and when it did, when it DID––I got off.

“ANYTHING is better than riding this car,” says I trying to throw a little light on the darkness.

No, the bulls don’t bother us much!

## 1931\_38\_IS\_29091931

**SERVICE WITH A SMIRK**

**By T-bone Slim**

(Get the Spirit.)

You can now get your shoes half-soled in a drug store, get your Gillett blades and Skandinavian tooth-powder in a beauty parlor, play Pool and get your hair cut in a shoe repair Shop, cornbeef sandwiches in a barber shop, genuine pre-war in a hardware store, aspirin iN a jewelry store . . . and, pst, on Labor Day this author tried, to mail a letter in a firehydrant.

Was I right, editor?

\* \* \*

Drawing power.

A sincere I. W. W. should be exhausted the first few times he crosses the street “on red”—red is a very attractive color.

\* \* \*

God bless the hamburger stands and hot dog joints! Years ago we had to save our nickels till we got seven of them together, before we could eat—now, through the grace of the stands and joints we can help to disperse the depression with a single git and, if we have two of them, prosperity beans at us like a fat chippy.

Years ago did you throw down anything less than 35 cents the big hearted cafe keeper would refuse to operate the cash register and say, “that’s all right, buddy, put the change in your pocket.”

So they do today, too, only you haven’t “the to less than 35 cents” to toss down—

Only the other day when I hummed a café to salt-stake me, so that I might arrange for an ocean-bath in a boxcar, he filled a sack for me and inquired considerately, “can I lend you some money?” Naturally, I had to turn down the offer, for what in the world would I do with money that can not be done without it—my pockets, too, are getting kind of thin at the bottom.

\* \* \*

Bums have discovered a new cure for pauperism, “put more money into circulation.” Much good that will do them? Unless they rig a rudder on it, so they can stear it—otherwise it will all float to the boss like the money we had.

To float more money without stearin gear attached is like giving the boss an extra ladle full of consomme—and\* pauperism shall continue to strut its stuff, as at present.

Note: Pauperism herein is not mentioned in the spirit of scorn. The term is merely a matter of fact description of a prevalent condition whose cost is nil, in a sense to wit : paupers are handed only unsalable goods, spoilt fruits, meats, breads and clothing, which formerly went to a garbage-dump (American generosity needs pruning) . . . You’re a liar, I didn’t say the paupers eat that stuff. I said such stuff is handed paupers, and they, always obliging, carry it away— nobody can eat it.

How do they live, then?

Roots and barks, brother, roots and barks.

\* \* \*

Now, for the benefit of those I. W. W. mem-bers who have been hoarding great sums of money in the cornerstone of their shacks and are figuring on investing it in gold-braided stocks and bonds, let me saw—let me, value me, get in a word here:

Naturally, you want to get in on the ground floor in a 10,000.000 dollar corporation, so you pry the bricks loose and fish out the “ten-thousand dollars” from the blind chimney and slide it across the counter.

That ten thousand, old-age grubstake, would have dwindled much more slowly in the cornerstone—dwindled it would have though and necessitated the taking up of garden or carpenter tools in the closing years of your life.

In the cornerstone-racket you are dwindled out of, say, one-tenth of your hoard —by depreciation.

In the corporation-racket you are swindled out of nine-tenths, and no “say” about it.

That $10,000,000 corporation is $1,000.000 “substance” and $9,000,000 water.

The minute you slide $10,000 over the counter, $9,000 turns into water: you receive $1,000 value for $10,000—$9,000 of your riches is wiped out in a flash of an eyelid. You can do almost as well, by throwing it away or letting somebody (pst!) steal it.

That transaction, the changing of $9,000 hard cash into **aqua pura**, is called “getting your feet wet”, but were you to try to wash them in it you wouldn’t have enough water to dampen the dirt—better buy your footwash through the regular and galvanized channels.

Nine to one is wetting down the substance altogether too freely and the saturation point can not be far away. Especially does it seem so when we look back and recall the erstwhile millman, God rest his soul, (and cool his soles) who never, never had the ernst to stretch his commodity more than one part of water to nine parts of milk. He was an honest man, yes, a saint, compared to these later day philantropists. Why, dammit, those stocks salesmen are every bit as unscrupulous as the missions Samaritans who collect ten dollars and give one dollar of it to hungry men in the form of transparent and rotten soups— nine dollars in that case represents watered stock, in financial sense and the one dollar is substances thinned out till it’s no more nourishing than the nine vanished simoleons.

\* \* \*

((Advertisement.) “Prosperity returns with leadership.”—Hm, that is a subtle, one, Bushong. Here we have been hoping that leadership will never return and now it’s coming back with prosperity in tow. Where did it capture prosperity? Or did it have prosperity in tow when it went away? Or did prosperity flee leadership? Or did leadership flee prosperity? And have they been chasing one another for the past two years? And which which one caught up? **O, wot a block head I am!** Prosperity returns with leadership in tow.

(The edict now shall be No Parking Under Lumber Piles.) Now, that old prosperity hauls leadership back to us, I think is a good time to nail (or gail) leadership so it wont get lost again.

\* \* \*

The linearity judgement of our illustrations forefathers is something to marvel at. For instance, the limitting of the presidential term to four years the maximum period of time it is humanly possible for a free people to suffer without going **non compos mentis.**

\* \* \*

Muddy Waters.

Only one restaurant in Portland, Ore., the “Virginia”, cooks better coffee than Arthur Boose — I personally investigated this matter and found it to be so. Of course, I had to drink much bad coffee in arriving at these figures and may have ruined my health— but what’s health in my stage of life? I’m **supposed to be sick**, coughing and splattering snot to the four winds—after a man reaches my age, if he is healthy he is out of style. Health or no health, I wasn’t going to stand by idle and let “that calumny” against Arthur’s coffee stand.

(The test was absolutely fair; even Arthur didn’t know I was coming, and had no chance to get himself decent coffee.)

\* \* \*

Tom Mooney is still in the can. The prosecution of this man passes belief. Every honest man, woman and child in California know this man to be innnocent. How long. I wonder, must this traversty continue?

Hang onto your reason, Tom, a way out shall be found.

\* \* \*

All the unions into whose strikes “the communists” elbowed their “leadership” and lost were tossed into the lap of the A. F. or L. or some other equally reactionary union—except strikes where communists were tossed out. That idiosyneracy places communists foursquare infavor of **craft unionism**.

Trade Union League, the T. U. U. L. of the commissars, speaks for itself—**trade unionism**.

The Pennsylvania “National” miners union, I believe, is their first territorial effort and indicates the goodly comrades are patriotic, after all —**national unionism**. (They got the name from National Biscuit Co.) Just now came from their I. Y. D. (International Youths’ Day) meetings—that, and other organizations on paper, gives them **international unionism**.

Only one fly in their soothing syrup—they lack universal unionism, (including the sun, . moon and stars.) The opening salvo in their program in this country was, as articulated by Mother Bloor—”liquidate the I. W. W.”

(I. W. W. happened to be Industrial Unionism.)

From this it can be seen the communists are not in favor of **industrial unionism**.

Shall I say more?

I am not sure the comrades understand unionism and it might be well for them to hold conversations with themselves and try to find out which unionism they with to indorse—this blanket indorsement of internation, national, trade and craft unionism is too much like catching suckers in too many ponds.

Should they feel incapable, momentarily, and unequal to the task of deciding which unionism is their true love, I would suggest they write a letter to Comrade Stalin or George Bernard Shaw, lay bare their soul and, I am sure, either of those gentlemen will honor them with the muchly needed information—otherwise the only solution to their dilemma is “the pulling straws”.

I have here included George Bernhard, as we love to call him, because he too is a smart man, a dictator in the world of letters, not appointed—he grew—and because only recently, he indorsed the pouring of creosotes into bum’s coffee cans and the squirting of liquid-smoke on bindle-stiffs’ knapsacks and blanket-rolls in the name of communism as it carried, on in United States of America.

(Note: I assume Shaw’s was a blanket indorsement.) Should the comrades desire information as to what is happening to syndicalism in Spain and communism in Russia, I can accommodate them. There is no need for them to leave the country, either in body or spirit, to gain this wisdom—but I shall not volunteer the information.

## 1931\_39\_IW\_03101931

**DEAD LANGUAGE**

–––––

“Portland is going to do something for the unemployed.”— I hope I may not be deemed too inquisitive if I inquire—WHEN?

There’s an old saying “barking dogs never bite.” How well it applies to the opening sentence is of course beyond my powers to prognosticate. We can, tho, examine that sentence and find it infers “Portland has not yet done anything for the unemployed.”

I believe the inference is correct, for had Portland done anything she would not hesitate to mention it. (For Portland is proud of Portland.)

The unemployed (not from choice) are still sleeping under bridges; platforms, lumberpiles, in sheds, shacks and bushes; are begging their sustenance from stores, dwellings and streets . . .

The Commons, Grandma’s Kitchen and Missions are catering to chronic and devout mission stiffs (who cannot lie fast enough to convince the most unsophisticated as to any labor performed in the past ten years—other than the two-hour stint at Common’s woodpile.)

Verily I believe Portland has done nothing for the unemployed.

“We are just trying to see if something could not be done for unemployed.”—

Oh yeah?

Well sir, spare yourself the “trying to see”, our very existence is proof that things CAN BE DONE—every thing that is, HAS BEEN DONE— nothing, that can be conceived, is impossible.

Heartening as the word is, “Portland is going to do something for the unemployed,” it lacks a very nescessary quality—it has no life.

It is a dead statement, no action in it.

Nobody, Portland included, shall do anything for the unemployed. If anything is done for the unemployment, it shall be done by the unemployed—this I doubt.

They’re gonna sit pretty, pitying themselves and wait for a saviour—can you imagine! expecting the city of Portland to perform like a merciful God? . . .

Now I’m not saying that it is impossible for Portland to do so; I have every confidence in Portlands’ abilities. My fear is the change of heart required cannot be accomplished with sufficient despatch to be of benefit to the present generation of unemployed—It seems a certain ritual must be gone thru before vitals and vittles are synonymous—a certain amount or red tape must be unraveled —a certain amount of pawing must be done before a step can be taken.

\* \* \*

The game of marbles is finished.

The game came to an end because the big boy has all the marbles. “No game today” because nobody has marbles and the big boy doesn’t think it worth while or interesting to play “by his lonesome.” I don’t blame him—tho they do say “he hunched” on the I psychological shot, shots.

How can we start a game?

The big boy will have to “stick-in” for us, as we hate like the dickens to gang-up on him — run the game on an I. O. U. basis or stick-in for us *just fer the fun of playing*. Our soul craves marbles.

*Son O’ Man*

We watched poor labor suffer, bleed

And yet we gave but little heed,

And little recked his crying need,

A pleasant word, a kindly deed,

A place to sleep, a modest feed;

“No more, no less, than to a steed,”

*We heard him plead.*

These we denied with promptest speed.—

Humanity now gone to seed—

With none to follow, none to lead

We paid blind homage to the creed

That labor shall be duly treed

And never be of worry freed.—

Upon the cross of greed.

Bleeding inwardly and pale,

Growing stagnant, cowed and stale.

Doomed to ail . . .

Day by day we see him fail

Haunted by a fearsome jail;

Aye, this tear-soaked, desert vale—

*Blows upon that stubborn nail.*

*Deadens e’en the loudest wail!*

‘Tis a grewsome, ghastly tale

Of a hero, docile, frail

Mighty man is he (a male)

*Profits shall prevail!*

Music:

*“From. each according to his abilities;*

*To each accenting to his needs.”—*

\* \* \*

Harry Forss said enough, and well, but neglected to say the capitalist class own the workers.

\* \* \*

Consumers Ice & Cold Storage Co., Sacramento, Cal. caused two faucets and one drinking-fountain to be installed outside of its plant next to the sidewalk—that part doesn’t bother me.

But there is a sign which reads:

WELL WATER—HELP YOURSELF—

(Usually such signs read—

“Beware Of The Dogl”)

\* \* \*

Note:

In Re Begging—which hath crept into this article—let me say: It is a description of a condition and altho I don’t go so far as to say “may the workers always be right, but right or wrong my fellow workers”, I am prepared to go with them should they decide to take the *plaintive course*.

Joe Hill said Don’t MOAN—organize.

Dr. David Starr Jordan did most of his dying on page four—a good man gone wrong. This was his first worst offense.

\* \* \*

Edison spelt behindwards spells No side.

\* \* \*

For the first and the worst time in the history of the land of our forefathers, foremothers and foremen the wages in the Sacramento Valley are in exact proportions to the amount of organization in the laboring class. Wages are nil, so’s organisation. Wages will continue to drop, without unionism to bolster them up, until such a time as one-third of the business men (over expanded class) hit the soupline. Can you stand it that long?

\* \* \*

Over in Idaho a man gets a penitentiary sentence just for slowing down on the job—in the same state a boss shuts down completely and nothing but prayers is said . . . Who’s which?.

\* \* \*

What became of the League of Assassinations?

The league of grandiloquent gestures?

And the Emergency, is it still emerging?

\* \* \*

Can Coolidge find his shoes, to run?— I nominate David Lloyd George, the First, for president; George Bernhard Shaw and Lady Astor for vice-squad and then let’s move to Lunnon.

\* \* \*

Our author has dropt down to three meals a day.

Altho he realizes this is “reducing”, he will do it in the interest of helping to make the panic look real. He expects to remain on this *diet of distantly related meals* thru the winter and if the panic don’t “ketch”, in that time, he proposes to return to his normal consumption of food—a meal before each meal and one after.

Many of the boys have already dropt down to two meals a day. That is a *grave* error! *They have overestimated the rigors of this panic.*

\* \* \*

This system, under which we worry, did not grow—get that out of your head— it was engineered, built. It’s growth cannot be regulated and the knocking of the scaffold from under the builders does not give the system any traits that it has not heretofore had. It shall still be had, minus the scaffold . . .

A great discussion is going on among the business element at this time—system gets ‘em talking—and the burden of their woe is “the working people should be given three of four dollars a week for beautifying U. S. A. so that they could bring those three or four dollars to the business people.”

Aren’t they a cheerful lot? And childish?

Those three or four dollars given to workers is expected to keep business people out of the soupline—free them from the necessity of *leaning* on their own invention.

What is there so terrible about the soupline that the mere thought of it strikes a chill to their marrows?

Can it be they invented something they themselves did not intend to use? I guess they did and had they intended it for themselves it would at least have been a stew-line—a meal-line.

But I am getting ahead of my story, and killed a “flash.” Much as these gentlemen fear the soupline, they are terrorstruck at the idea of giving labor anything—the three or four dollars is the size of their inspiration, including string attached:

IN THE BEGINNING there was hunger. This hunger was contained in ONE man. He put the matter up to the “wise heads” in this manner: I AM HUNGRY, sadly in need of a meal.

At the sound of the last word “meal”, six Lions, seventeen Rotarians and two Kiwanis dropped in a dead faint—when the echoes of their scream subsided, the chairman of the commercial club counted the twenty-five prostrate social pillars and declared this organization in favor of giving this poor, starving devil a—bowl of soup.

Ain’t they a cheerful lot? And childish? And now that they have established souplines, with grave-diggers for head-chefs,

(Continued on Page 4)

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**T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

(Continued from Page 2)

–––––

they can like it—but they never, never can lump it.

The soupline is the businessman’s Frankensteins— line forms around the corner, and performs with a spoon — knives and forks are passee.

Why dirty the spoon?

Let us say that in a city of fifty merchants there are fifty “beggars.” That forms fair enough, and a fact.

At meal time these fifty beggars naturally desire to eat and approach the business men on the street— put out feelers, so as to say.

What happens?

Do those stores each feed a beggar and thus appease the hunger with one stroke each? Nay, brother, not on your tintype, the answer is “no”—Then the parade begins. Fifty beggars troop into each store by turns, take up each a minute or two of the merchants time and possibly a can or two of two-for-a-quarter beans. Along about the 27th hobo, so called, the merchant begins to sweat and lose his mind:” give them the store,” he roars to his clerk (that means 1½ inches of bologna and a stale loaf of bread) “give ‘em the store,” he repeats thinking the clerk hadn’t heard. “My Gawd”, he sweats, “two hundred hoboes and I’ve got to feed ‘em all!”— Not quite.

There was not two hundred, there was only 48 and his quota of those was less than one.—Had he dutifully fed one, that one automatically left the parade.

(Note: such parades continue from door to door indefinately until such a time as the hunger is dissipated—wan hope it is that festers on the idea starvation will put an end to it. Starvation wont even slow the parade, because nobody is going to starve to death.)

Fifty beggars must each beg fifty stores—when it could be so arranged that each business man would see and hear only one beggar.

As I said before, aren’t they a cheerful lot? and childish?

(I said here “a stale loaf of bread:”I mean by that a dry loaf, a mouldy loaf, a bruised loaf; one with wrapper torn and thru which a mouse had excavated a meal or two—verily the “All Over The World” might be less Piggly and more Wiggly about handing it out.) —T-b-S

## 1931\_40\_IS\_13101931

**IN THE REALM OF POLITICS By T-BONE SLIM**

The remarkable thing about Ex-Governor Fuller speaking from the pulpit is the church wasn’t burnt down by heavenly fire or struck by lightning. It will be remembered Fuller “Thou-shalt-Not”—killed Sacco and Vanzetti without proofs of any guilt whatsoever; without suspicion of guilt and plenty prejudice . . .

I am reminded in this connection, the political office holders in the New England States, to a man, are UNFIT to rule over their sheeplike worshippers—and the blasphemy of such mounting the pulpit is enough to cause a church to kick its heels in the air and do a Spanish fandango.—I’m surprised at the Lord. He must be getting domesticated!

wIw

Our lumber companies have a happy faculty of dodging taxes in many and mysterious ways—all things to me are revealed (but I shall not reveal them in turn save one at a time.) —

Here’s one:

While the land bears standing timber, the companies dutifully pay taxes on the land but after the land is logged-out a sheriff is invited in to foreclose the land for taxes—state gets a white elephant.

Remedy: Cause a law to be passed making it unlawful to cut more than 80 per cent, of timber over eight inches in diameter; stumps and broken trees to be counted as logged; second cuts not to follow within a twenty-year period of time, and in accordance with above rule I respectfully submit the above, proposal for the consideration of the state legislatures of Washington and Oregon and their respective governors: Hartley and Meier.

wlw

A man that thinks he can’t is nearer right than he thinks he is—I never had such delusion.

For instance: ever since the misscarriage of justice in the Centralia case I’ve been confident a governor of Washington would rise, declare justice re-established and free those men now serving . inhuman sentence of 40 years for defending their hall against wanton and inspired, lawless attack in the only way they knew; protection for the hall having repeatedly been denied. I am confident Governor Hartley, now well aware of the facts in a calmer day, will rise to the occasion and declare those men once more free.

wIw

Much random criticism has been addressed Governor Hartley, as well as Governor Meier of Oregon, so much so that I felt it a duty to investigate its sources. I will not offer a full report on the matter at this time but will content myself by saying both these gentlemen are conscientious so far as public duty is concerned, act as near correct as it is humanly possible under a vicious system and that the attacks against them are misdirected. Both are well thought of in their respective states; especially so is Hartley in the smaller towns.

The outstanding parallel to “Centralia Case” is the Mooney-Billings Frame-Up in California and the Kentucky Legal Murders now in the making, all serving to discredit the courts of law and indicating in too certain terms special privilege hath made of justice a harlot; of jurisprudence a mockery. The evidence before us lies!

wlw

William Randolph Hearst wept!

The great man surrendered to grief, willy-nilly . . .

Why did Mr. Hearst weep?

Ah fellow mortals and sufferers, Mr. Hearst wept for his friend—Mr. Weyerhaeuser. Soon as Mr. Hearst heard of the threat to increase freight rates on lumber his feelings became as if unstrung and he proceeded to unbutton a few tears. Adown the two column editorial Mr. Hearst moaned through one of his able assistants and, what I mean to say, his grief was genuine, bottom-of-the-soul variety. Not for himself did Mr. Hearst weep, perish the thought. No increased cost of print-paper-pulp harassed his spirit—nay, his grief was the grief of a pure unselfish soul—my friend, he moaned. Could anything be prettier? One great man saves another great man the trouble of crying out loud. Mr. Hears! is that way. He has a heart of young ox and a soul as yet practically unsounded. But Mr. Hearst is a busy man, and injustices creep in when William is looking and when he has not the time to clout them on the nozzle. I refer of course to the Centralia Boys and the injustice done them. Not one word of extenuation has appeared in Seattle’s newspapers, the Post-Intelligencer included, in favor of these then. Mr. Hearst must, know these men were convicted in a period of general hysteria mainly on the ground they had conspired to defend their hall from attack, with any and all weapons, protection for the hall having been repeatedly denied.

The hysteria, Mr. Hearst, is proved by the fact of the conviction in face of a condition wherein the attack was illegal, lawless, and wherein the lawless have no recourse (standing) in law and wherein it is physically impossible to conspire against the lawless. The murder charge falls of it own accord.

These men were within the law, true to themselves and true to the best tradition of this country. For this reason, Mr. Hearst, these loggers are doing time, a maximum of 40 years—a sentence both unusual, cruel and inhuman.

## 1931\_41\_IW\_17101931

‘Tis not so, the workers do not eat with knives—they eat with a spoon.

They are the only spoon fed people in the world.

\* \* \*

Headlines from Scotland indicate Wilhelm Der Grosse will soon have a sawing-pardner. To date Bilir has been bucking alone.

One time there I thought Alphonso would be the man to trade strokes with Bill, but no, Al ducks under the barbwire and goes ranching. Nothing like keeping the old saw in the family.

\* \* \*

**MATTEUCCI & VANNUCCI CO., Inc,**

(Established in 1881)

Those gentlemen are importers and wholesale grocers—that part is allright and bothers me none—but they were established and doing business before the average reader was born; when the average reader was as next to nothing; when he was so small he could pass thru the eye of a peedle crosswise . . .

Why then should the “late arrivals” demand and have special privilege?

First come, first sit down.

\* \* \*

Railroad probably are the most chronic bums we have—I am reminded in this connection of the many tales written by our alleged great writers about beggars, brought to police stations, searched and found to have thousands if not millions of dollars sewn in their underwear or ragged prince-alberts . . . etc. Even the great Walter Windshield slipped one over; when he had nothing to write about . . .

Usually the tale winds up happily for society and the ragged-one is given sixty days on the island.—Recently the railroads appeared before the Interstate Commerce Sec. and bummed that August body for permission to increase freight rates:

When questioned ‘what’s that bulging in your pockets?” the “roads” were numb-struck for a moment but managed to pull themselves together and put over the plea almost as well as if they had not been caught with the goods on their person. The pointing out to them that Norfolk and Western has several truckloads of excess profits that must be returned to Samuel did not seem to faze the railroads a bit.

That’s what I calls good bumming.

But this is not my criticism. If they desire to follow that avocation, it is their privilege. My criticism has to do with the railroads habit high-hatting the other bums—they show no fellow feeling. I must step out and bum me a pair of sox, excuse me. (Stop the press, editor, till I return.)

\* \* \*

California has been celebrating Admission to the Union Day—a matter of eighty years ago—and tore loose with no little eulogizing of the pioneers who came and saw. The forty-niners got mentioned rather sparingly, a big share of the praise going to the lighting-performers that eventually put the state on the bum. The Chinese and Japs, that pulled the state out of its self-dug grave, got no mention at all. (Frisco will have public baths when the Orientals put them up.) Little or no public conveniences, drinking fountains equal Portland’s roses—seven and half, five, and half on the bush and two in the gutter.

Horses have twenty, official, S.P. C. A. troughs.

Politics are in a bad way in Frisco, it now takes five candidates running for “mare” to properly split the votes in favor of the machine. —

P. G. and E. (pure, good and elegant) is on the defensive—its feet are clay. (Mooney Defense, please note.)—

\* \* \*

“Employment committees suggest jobs instead of charity.” — Charity is impossible; the needy are the creditor class—As for jobs, tell me, how can jobs cure overproduction, they prate about? Do they mean non-useful labor, I wonder? A treadmill grinding no grain? Methinks the committee talks like a fish and thinks we too are suckers—what the needy want, is the balance of their pay for creating that overproduction; so they can buy what they already produced (that ain’t charity)—pay them and then watch what happens to overproduction, so called. It will turn out to be a miserable insufficiency not measuring no where near “almost enough” or undersupply.

Why suffer from overproduction when you can pay it off?

(*How Dry I Am*:)

They love their coin!

They love their coin!

To part with it

Would tear their groin —

No gleam of light or hope they see,

So long as they withhold the fee —

They love their coin!

(They love their groin!)

And gayly join, more to purloin.

\* \* \*

Dinner hour always was my “big moment.” “The big moment approached!” The hour had struck!

“Factory whistles welcomed the twin-sandwiches!

“Worries of the world were laid aside, in this hour of our orphan-joy, and the

time dedicated to the sacred pleasure of feeding the face.”—

**There ain’t no bigger moments than time!**

Guard your momenta, yean will take care of themselves.

The I. W. W. has never made what might be termed a full-blooded mistake. Never in all her varied career has it been necessary for the I. W. W. to reverse its attitude. Never did she trim her sails to the wind, she runs on her own power. From the start she was for industrial unionism, is so today and shall be tomorrow. She has only one remedy for our ills—one big union of the workers. Always the’ same—same today, same yesterday, same forever.

It doesn’t experiment.

Many of her proposals that seemed fantastic half-dozen years ago are being put out by stuck-in-the-mud unions as brainchildren of their own today. People see them, with the reactionary stamp upon them, and imagine something good is going to happen—nothing like that will happen. Reactionary unions are fighting for their existence and must of needs indorse progressive programs to gain support . . .

If the workers are carried away with those promises, they deserve to lose— shorter workday, shorter week, increased pay and adult-labor come not from pages or legislative halls—they come from UNION HALLS, don’t kid yourself.

## 1931\_42\_IW\_24101931

**PASSING THE BUCK**

–––––

If the papers quote Washington correctly “Not one cent for relief shall come from the treasury”—well, what in hades, then, is the administration doing in the picture? If she withholds the “needful?”

She has the bucket over the heads of state, county and cities “to local institutions”; therefore it seems to me, if the local institutions can be trusted “to care for the starving,” they can also be trusted to reap whatever credit or blame they stir up—without orders or advice from Washington. Suggestions, following a diplomatic refusal to act, shows an utter contempt for the value of words—yes or no is sufficient. Passing the buck in such a case generally operates as follows:

Washington to states; states on counties; counties to cities; cities to “charitable organizations”; charitable organizations to individuals—rugged individuals—not a scintilla of organization in the whole layout—a “run around.”

Nobody is responsible; nothing is done, and the poor beg, steal and raid garbage cans—or drop dead.

I am reminded here that even I (while on a four-year diet with Hoover) found some minor difficulty in satisfying the wants of my modest belly. Infact, after much effort, I was compelled to go strictly Kosher as far as the venison is concerned, in Portland, Ore.

The great dietician in Washington evidently ignores the unseemliness of a good gentile, like myself, going on such orthodox diet.

Hoover must know “little more cabbage in the soup” isn’t going to solve the program—a little more soup in the sewer might bring better results . . .

Undoubtedly this program of “passing the buck” will react to the detriment of the migratory worker. Not seriously, tho, but I enough to cause him to re-triple his efforts to organize.

The mig. is an inventive genius, footloose and lives on cherries and grapes during fly-season — thereafter on beans and other growths of hard nature—he is the one man that comes nearest to needing nobody’s help and will, in an emergency, help himself.

## 1931\_43\_IS\_27101931

**Stigma On The Fair Name Of California**–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Inspiring scene, the Mooney and Billings Day cheerfulness at the San Francisco Civic Exposition Auditorium; pipe-organs groaning somewhere which I first mistook for Oscar Ameringer making a speech—happily I was located on the balcony from where I could shy eggs at Oscar in case he struck any false notes, in case I had any eggs to shy.

Mother Mooney takes a seat on the stage, hair white: The monotony of her griefs temporarily dispelled by the evidence of people willing and anxious to do something for Tom, in this late day.

We hear a great songbird in La Traviata recently returned from triumphal European tour—didn’t catch the name.

Fremont Older was in good voice, size and logic. Rupert Hughes’ article on Scape-goat read and enthusiastically received—article never has the prestige of personality.

Lincoln Steffens got up and “done his thinking” right on the platform. According to Steff. justice and democracy are in the economic field.

Point: Justice to Mooney of course can not be done; nothing will erase injustice—but injustice can be discontinued and Mooney be freed. Fred Moore made one point in particular, “the courts have failed to measure up to established rules”, in Mooney-Billings case.

Note: Writer believes, according to California laws, through the failure, inability of courts to correct their own errors, every man convicted is in prison ILLEGALLY.—Have Moore or Walsh look this up—”powerlessness.”

Subbornation of perjury was also stressed by Attorney Fred Moore as an important phenomenon in this case that is now beginning to rebound. “Righting the Wrong” brought great applause. Old gentleman introduced or gave OSCAR AMERINGER away.

Oscar was the most consistently logical man on the platform and registered laugh-and-half per minute and applause every two minutes—reader please note: Oscar had all the advantage: none but a humorist can picture the antics of capitalism in full possession of all its insanity.

Ameringer has an idea Mooney is held in the can by God and that that God is Dollar; Almighty God; All-Powerful Dollar—he took up a big collection of dollars and for the once it looks as if God is on Our side.

It was the pipe-organ that hit the false note; a cold in the nose probably.

Chairman Whitaker; Auditorium crowded. Hold the Fort and Internationale; vocal and nasal Notes by T-bone Slim.

P. S. These notes are none too clear so I may as well come again: Frisco was taken for a ride on the matter Auditorium accoustics: Robert Whitaker, the chair, had occasion to use the word “privilege”—it sounded like a busted steampipe. “Pleashure”, Rob’t, is the word.

Mooney-Billings case now has national aspects and will grow more national, as California balks.

In re similarity of Mooney-Billings and Centralia, Washington case let me say the similarity begins and ends with the incarceration of innocent men.

In the Mooney-Billings case a crime was committed and innocent men were convicted. In the Centralia case no crime was committed yet men were convicted.

Now in Mooney-Billings case the courts proclaim to the world their inability, “powerlessness”, to correct their own errors. In that case, every man convicted is held in prison ILLEGALLY, for verily, law thereby nullifies itself.

Coming, as it does, from the sagacious courts is more than passingly strange when the courts themselves set themselves to nullifying the law, what can be expected from the people?

Any sixth grade schoolboy can debate this question with any judge before an intelligent body and win the argument. Courts have put themselves in the hole by exceeding the limits of law to convict—the same situation obtains in Washington and any criminal in Walla Walla is illegally held in view of the fact law is nullified by the conviction of men in the absence of crime.

## 1931\_44\_IW\_31101931

**WITHOUT THE LAW**

–––––

Note:

Regardless of what Tom Mooney has done or not done while in the can on INNOCENT victim of special privilege and the premature flowering of Fickert’s weakness, every man and woman, honest or dishonest, should not rest until his sufferings be ended and he be once more free.

\* \* \*

A resume of the interest the “M & M”, Stockton, Calif., had in the prosecution of this man should be undertaken at once and followed to its logical conclusion—such great investigators as Rupert Hughes, Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair can square themselves with the world by bringing out the underlying motives that eventually caused California law and justice to be kicked around like a football.

\* \* \*

We have no apology to make insofar as we are writing at this time in the interest of having reproach removed from the fair name of California and Washington law, our privilege—yes duty lest it be thought civilization can be best carried on without The Law.

\* \* \*

Mooney and Billings, Centralia Boys and other prisoners are not in the picture—the matter is now a national issue:

I have stated some where, there is such a thing as law nullifying itself. And I stated it in reference to Mooney-Billings case and also the so-called Centralia Case.

Now, the fundamental principle of law is that there shall be no doubt as to the justice of repenting man from his liberty, depriving him of his freedom and incarcerating him in a prison or nny other institution established for the purpose of preventing him the carrying on of his voluntary will and enjoying, or suffering, the fruits of his effort.

The small ray of cheer in the prevention of a prisoner suffering for his misdeeds, then? being none, is small indeed compared to the enjoyments he is denied, and should have no weight in justification of holding him in prison—especially so in view of the fact those misdeeds are in the prospective, unborn, have no face or body and are imaginary.

The next best principle of law is there shall be no doubt as to the guilt of the accused at the time the verdict is found and delivered and executed. The law is very particular and specific about such matters; but the law goes farther than that: It demands the evidence used against the prisoner shall be above reproach, of good character and contain in it all the qualities of truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and pertain m all its particulars wholly to the action before the court.

To illustrate the laws penchants for exactitude, let me point out: In the composition of an indictment the law demands that every letter shall be in its proper place, every “eye” dotted and every “tee” crossed and that no punctuation mark shall be improper, misplaced or absent, that no mistakes or errors shall appear on its fair surface, that nothing foreign to the matter at hand shall be present and that in the event extraneous material develops in the indictment, emissions or errors are discovered, the law penalizes the instrument by declaring it void; *Just as if nary syllabic graced its bosom.*

In the execution of a warrant for arrest if the officer of the law is empowered to arrest John Dough, 927 Blank St. he cannot arrest John Dough, at his home, 987 Blank St.—he must arrest John at the address given or get a new warrant. Should the officer use his discretion and arrest John (the right man) at 987 Bland St. (the wrong address) the law declares John is unlawfully arrested and orders his release.

Law is very finicky about such matters, it demands everything shall be just so, no more or less and its nature must be of a piece.

The law further demands that its judges and prosecutors be persons of great learning and acumen, in the interest of having its provisions properly handled and the interests of the accused properly safeguarded. It is not primarily the intent of law to “let no guilty one escape.” it is law’s function to “see” to it that *no innocent person shall suffer.*

And when the law doce not do it is derelict in reasonable function.

In the case of Mooney and Billings a total eclipse or law occured and innocent men were sentenced first to death and then to life imprisonment on PERJURED evidence; so transparent that a merest tyro in the study of human nature could have pointed out the LIE, off-hand.

(Prosecutor Fickert did not discern the fabrication.)

What conclusion are we driven to?

Musi we perforce conclude Fickert was not a lawyer at the time and an innocent victim at on imposition at the hands of an “honest cattleman,” Oxman; that his ear was untuned to *the tilt of a lie* and that he and took Oxman’s testimony in good faith and trustful nature?

If so, wherein then was Mooney-Billings interests safeguarded by the great learning and acumen the law demands of its prosecotors?

Is my contention the demands of law were unfulfilled.

If I am wrong, and Fickcrt saw the LIE, then the demands of law were not only unfulfilled but were defeated in toto— nullified.

One of the requirements of law is that evidence in the form of testimony shall be of a voluntary nature, that the naked truth be trotted out in court and that it shall be devoid of all dressing or ornamentation on´the part of the prosecutor or any other individual carried away by his private ambition, or mischlevousness, or any other motivator foreign to administration of justice.

*Mooney and Billings were convicted on perjured evidence.*

How does that jibe with the theory the courts with their vast experience are sufficient protection for the prisoner at the bar—they might have just as well been in a death-trap.

The Judge cannot pound himself on the chest and say *I did not nullify the law*. His knowledge, his experience should have attuned his ears to the detection of all false notes . . .

He cannot pass the buck to the jury and say the jury nullified the law because the law does not require any special attributes or intelligence in a jury, other than that it average or better the intelligence of the prisoner at the I bar of justice.

Law has trusted the safety of all prisoners in the hands of the prosecutors and judges—and they have permitted flat testimony to enter and jeopardise the lives of two innocent men. Is there, tell me, another conclusion that we can arrive at other than that the judge and prosecutor that tried Mooney and Billings have leather ears?

“There stands the defence-attorneym, purple in the face from the violence of his effort to trip up Oxman, the honest cattleman, in his lies.”—

(**Continued on Page 4**)

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**T-BONE SLIM**

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(Continued from Page 2)

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Can it be the judge was color blind in addition to his impaired hearing?

What other conclusions can we come to?

The defense lawyer knew the man was lieing, the whole world suspected as much and still the judge and prosecutor never tumbled to the fact that a cock and bull story was going to the front—the law forbids such gullibility on the part of its servants.

I am very, very lenient with those gentlemen and would gladly defend their every action, but I must not.

Law has been nullified and I have a greater obligation . . .

I am not weeping tears for Mooney and Billings, both are utter strangers to me.

Aly sole concern is the breakdown of law in the states of California and Washington.

My tears are not for the Centralia victims although they are members of the same organization of which I am a part.

My “bellyache” is the disgraceful miscarriage of justice and birth of INJUSTICE.

Were all of those prisoners hated enemies of mine I would protest equally loud, if not louder.

Let us reason together:

In the Mooney-Billings case, a dastardly crime had been committed, strange to Mooney and Billings, and a conviction was had by perjured evidence and in the absence of all motive—just as if the crime was committed in the spirit of a lark.

Oh, what lawyers!—when the wind was blowing precisely in the opposite direction.

In the Centralia case a body of innocent men were convicted for a crime that has no existence in law, tradition or reason and, to all intents and purposes, the injured party was made to suffer additional injury at the hands of a court that has no foundation in fact other than the removal of every vestige of injustice in the action.

Law demands the presence of crime in a criminal action, and it demands, further, the crime and accused shall be related, that no man may be convicted for a crime to which lie is a stranger—he must stand or fall on his own works.

Law demands a motive shall be shown in court.

Mooney-Billings case rested without motive.

Centralia case produced no crime.

What’s law coming to—if this is not nullification of the law, my head must be mush.

Gentlemen of the jury: if those legal mechanics are permitted to carry on that way it shall be unsafe to live in United States.

*They have ears and they hear not; they have eyes and they see not; they have noses and they smell not*—good Governor Rolph must have had something like that in mind when he appointed Fickert counsellor for the Medical Board, so as to have medical attention handy in case Fickert shows symptons of a relapse—a man can be arrested and convicted for a series of crimes that never were committed and a motive is so much junk?

Where do they get that stuff that a crime need not be proven and a motive be shown?

Justice moves slowly in this country, more’s the pity—and when it must backtrack, its motion is slower still. If I am correct, the courts of California have declared themselves powerless to correct the injustice did Mooney and Billings, according to law. I believe it.

At the same time I believe they have the power to correct the error by adding to it; contrary to law, as in the original offense.

Be that as it may, the matter is up to Gov. Rolph.

In the Centralia case, which should have drawn compulsory “non-suit” from the court, there is no such handicap confronting the judges. There is absolutely nothing to stop Governor Hartley from releasing those men should he deem it in the interest of preserving respect for law, to do so. But, as I said before, JUSTICE moves SLOWLY, especially so in retracting its foot steps. Therefore : I hope, the governors will rise to the occasion, save the courts all that trouble of returning to the matter—matter which can in no way react to the credit of the courts—and turn those men loose.

Like the famous milling company, can only sigh: Eventually—why not now?

## 1931\_45\_IS\_03111931

**LOS**

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**By T-Bone Slim**

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LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Did George Washington send for Alexander Hamilton when “America’s Prosperity wasn’t worth ten cents on the dollar?” **No. He chopped down the cherry tree.**

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Chivalry is practically dead in these sorrowful states; they went and named America’s first Zeppelin ‘Z R-somethin”, which don’t mean anything. How much nicer it would been to name it Mrs. Hoover or Mabel Willebrant?

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To get a job on the Hoover Dam you must be able to answer the following questions:

How **young** are you?

Were your parents an incubator or a frigidaire?

(That’s to find out how coldblooded you are.)

Where did you **do time** last?

Did you finish your term, get kicked out or did you scale the wall?

If your answers test high-grade oil of imagination you shall be permitted to carry giant timbers on your shoulders and otherwise comport yourself just as if there was nothing the matter with you. After doing this for a while you come to the conclusion your father was a draught-horse, your mother a burro and you a jackass — and you so notify the boss, much to his cha**grin**.

Aftre the boss finds out who you really are he won’t let you stay on the job an instant — you are **persona non grateful**.

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Flint, Mich., is a good place to be hatched. All the old records were burnt-up and Flint started with a clean slate—no ignominy can attach itself to a man born there.

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During the Great World Unpleasantness we had our coffee ready sugared by American Beauties, in restaurants. Quite often the coffee was too sweet and was tossed to pigs. Millions of gallons of coffee and thousands of pounds of sugar were thus wasted, and we almost got licked . . . Man would flee his ambrosia and test his luck in another joint—a slim chance. Billions of nickles went to swell the coffers of Spartan coffee mongers (no slur) and Germany was tossing shells into Paris. Pigs, over-stimulated; tore up American bulldogs and threatened to chew up the docile and peace-loving population . . . And still they call us Americans obstreperous, insurrectums and sons of wild jackasses; accuse us of lying in ambush with petrified cactus in our hands ready to scratch up maudling official dom. Let me assure the government, that cactus is a feather duster. Officials must have their foibles, frozen aspects and a sensible people can not afford to take umbrage time their brain slips a cog.

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In the Mooney-Billings case which is the pet hobby of California politicians in their sterile moments, much descredit is shunted over to the people of that state. It is my purpose to defend that people! The people of this state measure very highly in my estimation. They know precisely what they are about and are in no way positioned like the man that was undecided whether to cut his neighbor’s throat or pass it all off by stealing his wife or motor car . . . They have their life to live it Handicapped by the incarceration of those two outstanding innocent men in their penitentiaries, the people are placed in a very, very difficult position. In the event they are called upon to perform jury duty over the remains of a major crime they can not find it in their hearts to convict.

Because why?

Because the consciousness of two innocent men already convicted would prevent. The people of California are so conscientious that they will **not run the chances of convict**ing another innocent man. . . . . . .

Because why?

Because, **once convicted there is no remedy**.

Here we have a damnable situation where dozens of cold-blooded murderers shall escape **because two innocent men can’t get out.**

Truly this is something to study about. In the state of Washington, where they can’t even blame the weather, the right of self-defense was repudiated in the Centralia case, and, although it doesn’t as yet stink to high heaven like the Mooney-Billings case in California, the same development is in the process of consummation. California knows it to be true, no guilty man can be convicted so long as Mooney-Billings get their mail in the can. Washington will know, no murderer that puts up a plea of self-defense can be convicted.

**Why in the name of hell all this solicitude for criminals?**

Governor Rolph, Governor Hartley, I beg of you, please act.

It is idle for me to point out my argument hinges on the fact it taken only one juror of set views on self-defense, of the twelve men good and true, and the prisoner, no matter how weak his case may be, shall walk out a free man.

The right of self-preservation is the finest pearl in the “collection” and when that right in effaced, or disfigured, civilisation shall have laid down its hand to a bobtaled-flush.

P. S.—I take off my hat to the EDITOR of THE RECORD, Los Angeles. Calif.,—let him live.

## 1931\_46\_IW\_07111931

**WHAT WAS IN THE WRAPPER**

–––––

This article, editor, is written on the paper that was around the wieners a cat stole from me in the wilderness of Glendale, California, while I was eating them––I’d be a very poor man to trust with organization matters, I am that gullible and trustful––they’d steal the seal.

But, I wish to say, editor, that cat traveled, we both traveled, and the wieners unraveled. They were strung out a full yard behind the cat––you have the paper right in front of you, take a sniff at it, if you do not believe my words. Only one extenuation for my malepheasants of stewardship––the cat was black.

Despite the fact the cat clearly registered a guilty conscience when it said good morning to me, I trusted it too far––so I did––a man never should trust a cat as far as the wieners––never.

Had the cat been snow white moer’n likely I would have tossed it in the pot; I’ve got no use for hypocrites and I’m happy to say that is the attitude of all leading cannibals the world over––yes.

The way this calamity befell your great author (accent on thor) is as follows: unaccustomed as I am to “slipping in soft beds,” those devilish creations wherein the mattress fairly reaches out and hugs you the whole night long, I had the misfortune to give way to weakness and surrender my precious person to one such, two nights hand running, in Los Angeles.

I woke up a ruined man!––let this be a warning, editor, stretch out on the floor––lest you too shall be moved to chase a cat around the block, your mouth watering for wieners.

Further, it always was my impression a great author is supposed to sleep in gutters, under tables, in blindpigs and snake rooms, where the inspiration, you know, runs heavy and where you are entertained by reptiles of all descriptions and purple alligators. And here I went and ran counter to tradition and slept in one of those damnable contrivances for the second time this year.

Hardly knowing what I was doing I wrote an article entitled Laissez Faire, it was terrible––nothing like this great masterpiece. Luckily, editor, I had a lucid spell and forthwith went into a tantrum, tore the article into a million pieces, ground my leadpencils to powder under my heels, tore the tablet to shreds and chucked it in a drawer, and “flew the country,” like Cheeseborough used to say. We ain’t gonna have no such stuff in our papers, are we?

You’re right, editor, I agree with you.

That cat just now came back and I did manage to stroke its beautiful fur and let by-gones be by-gones, so I did––cats ain’t getting a fair break with the families, and hunger is a driving force . . .

But let us not lose sight of our brave author who is going across lots just as if he had a date to outfoot seventeen devils and three beelzeboobs. Night ran upon him and he ran upon a box car––the box car was lonesome. There in the sanitary atmosphere fumigated by the aromatic fumes of sulphuric acid, fertilizers and various other sterilizers and purifiers the great man was soon in the arms of Morpheus––let him sleep. In the morning his slumbers were interrupted by the realization that his brain was back on the job. Just as if the great man had never slept in a bed in all his life––calculating, inventing, creating: This morning the burden of his brain pan is: There is no such a thing as freedom of silence. No man has a right to sulk in his tent and contain in himself the thought, the knowledge, the experience, the eloquence, the prestige that might remove injustic from our fair land; that might free Mooney and Billings, illegally convicted and illegally held in the state of California; that might be just the instrument in the hands of justice, that might re-establish the right of self-defense in the state of Washington and be the means of freeing the Centralia victims; that might arrest the so called legal murders now in the making in the state of Kentucky . . .

There are many such men capable and measuring the above specifications in this country––but I have in mind three in particular:

Clarence Darrow, Henry L. Mencken. Heywood Broun. There be three men that can, if they will, wallop injustice so hard that it shall not lift its nozzle for twenty years­­––if they will.

PART II.

I need not introduce those men, they are well known: Darrow is a lawyer, a good lawyer, a lawyer whose mind runs strictly in correct channels, where mind can grasp the finest shade of injustice as well as the rawest deals known to human depravity. Law (justice) is his bread and butter and is being kicked around in the dust of California, Washington and now in Kentucky to end that they are horse-racing the whole state over desperately trying to find a locality sufficiently LOCO to convict a set of coal miners of a crime that should have come under the head of birth-control years ago––convict them and burn them for the blessing showered upon the good state of Kentucky.

Mencken, the man of turbulent eloquence and a vocabulary that sizzles in both ends, is well known to most of us. I have known Henry to write a few gentle remarks that took 40 pounds off a 300 lb. burly and never disturbed the hide. Brave men have fallen in a dead faint and cowards have rushed to the holy fathers any old time. Mencken pulled his brows together. Th[unclear] many moons, true enough, since his hon[unclear] moon, his life has hung in the balance [unclear] I have always felt that at the critical [mo]ment his vocabulary will rush to his [res]cue and that Hank will rise to the occas[ion] and explain it all away.

There’s Heywood Broun. Well, why [is] he wrapped up in that Navajo blanket?

Ah citizens of the republic, Heyyo [unclear] ain’t hot. (A feminine voice) “Hey, H[ey]wood, didn’t I tell you to go down to t[he] New York Central tracks and steal a b[uc]ket of coal; you’ll ketch your death of [unclear] cold.”

“Odds bodkins,” (it means what’s t[he] difference) “There’s lots of warmth a[nd] comfort in the next republic.”

Editor, what can you do with men li[ke] that?

I hear a child crying. Broun becom[e] as galvanized. I see him breaking out fro[m] his shell and blanket; with one sweep. [I] see him catapult adown the stairway. [I] punch my head thru the window light and behold Heywood B. tearing the paveme[nt] up for half a city block, to rescue a[nd] return to the heartbroken lad a penn[y] that fell thru the grating––America’s la[zi]est man!

Is it within reason to think such me[n] shall stand stoic like a wooden indian whi[lst] injustice flowers like a thistle, sheds it[s] seeds and covers the earth? That they sh[all] take refuge behind the filmy “freedom [of] silence?”

Well, sir, we ain’t gonna have no suc[h] in this country. This does not mean we’r[e] gonna make them talk. Nossir, it mean[s] we’re gonna make them shut up–– compulsory silence. Do you get the idea?

But isn’t that injustice?

Injustice? Good Lord! Didn’t I jus[t] now tell you about Mooney and Billings Centralia victims and a shrudlu of Kentucky miners too numerous to mention and you ask, isn’t that injustice?

Of course it’s injustice––what else have we.

PART III.

It was always a source of bewilderment to me to see an officer of the law trying to arrest freedom of speech by pounding the speaker over the head with a billy-club. And the bewilderment, no doubt, revealed itself to the speaker, momentarily, with equal force.

If we continue that method we shall have a row of soreheads––scabs and running sores all over their cranium.

That will not do . . .

But just as the hour seemed darkest, in our search for painless injustice, T-bone Slim, the great man of letters, steps into his breeches and solves the thing.

Ever since the B. & O. R. R., put rubberheels on its passenger coaches to deaden sound and absorb shocks (so as to prevent false teeth from bouncing out of a man’s mouth every mile or so) I have been working on an invention that will cut-out all FREE GRATIS remarks and reduce them to a wheeze. Maxim shall not be allowed to run off with all the honors, with his silencer.

You all remember when good old Dobbin lost his job, was weened of his nosebag, killed and sold as provender to the poor people, at a price that would hardly cover the skinning? Well, sir, when Dobbin displaced Bossy on the meat-block there was lots of horse-collars left over and those collars had sweat-pads, many of them––a tale hangs by those pads, I’m gonna cut those pads in two and rivet a strap to them.

Heywood Brown, STOP! Don’t you dare to run. Come over here, till we test this out, this invention.

What’s that you say, that it’s an outrage?

Outrage? Outrage nothing, it’s a sweat-pad.

I’m gonna defy you to talk over it or even see over it––the best you can do is stand there and admire the heavens––and people will nudge one another and whisper, “He’s a great elocutionist.” We’re gonna make the country soundproof by abolishing sound––anywhere where a torrent of words burst out we’ll jerk out a sweat-pad from a receptable on the corner marked “Peace-Preservers,” clap them over the flow and buckle them behind––we shall prove silence is not onlp golden but the spelling got wet and it is also ghoulden.

And we shall be just. We shall annouce to the public: “Justice and Human Rights are about to share the bonds of wedlock: Is there anyone here that knows why these two shall not be made one? If so, let him (and I shall flash the sweat-pad) speak NOW!––or forever be silent.”

–– T-b-s.

## 1931\_47\_IS\_10111931

***UNDER THE SORGHNMST ANZAS:***

**By T-BONE SLIM**–––––

Muscat, Zinfandel, Mission, Tokay (as a beverage) are superior to larkspur or other noble experiments—the working class seems to thrive on injustice . . .

What a fat, rosy class it would be if it got justice but for the once—just a little justice—a nickle’s worth?

I estimate one-half of California grape-crop rotted on the wines, in crates or on display. Nature did not intend them to be “lookt at” but to be sucked, drank or eaten. Capitalism should quit choking the people and give them a chance to swallow a little grape-juice.

Nay, brother, such wasteful system will not do—that’s going fifty-fifty at the wrong time.

wIw

“A rolling stone gathers no moss”.

Uhhuh, there’s a powerful lesson in that remark: Were a busy bee to take that powerful lesson to heart, it would gather more moss than honey—the honey comb would be plugged with moss and the “roving bee” would soon be minus a bay window—migratory workers, please note.

Had Christopher Columbus observed that rule, there would have been no Teapot Dome—nothing but moss. Capone, not bad man, probably a minor disturbance in nature’s appendix . . .

wIw

Heck of a story—world’s worst boner: (Charlie Chaplin, please give me your ear). Once upon a time a bunch of I. W. W.’s (six) settled in an old shack (farm) to read up on Voltaire, Prudence Penny, Buggs Baer and other great writers. The farm was supposed to be haunted by an “anarchistic memory” so the peace-loving “Wobs” figured they were as safe from interference and interruptions as if they were sleeping in a cemetery in the heart of a negro settlement.

Word of those heinous doings reached the ears of the sheriff and instantly the great man saw his duty to go out there and run a session of counter-revolution and rescue the country once more from chaos. But you know how sheriffs will blab, brassband and pound the desk till the glasses start staggering—the result of this was the Wobs, who always hold one ear to the ground, heard the sheriff’s broadcast and grabbed their fishlines.

The sheriff’s posse crawled through weeds and surrounded the shack, no life, so they affixed bayonets to their carbines, made a grand charge and took possession of the citadel.

The place having been left open, the posse reasoned “the male factors can not be far” and so they proceeded to Hold to Fort, and waited.

Pretty soon over the hill appeared men and they were heavily armed—some of the sheriff’s posse had a rear-end hemorrhage—others were not so taken aback and opened up a volley against the “intruders”. The intruders returned the compliment. It seems the deputy sheriff, always jealous of the sheriff’s undeviating attachment to duty, had resolved the sheriff shall not reap all the glory. He drummed up a posse of his own—that was the body of men that appeared over the hill and that was what all the shooting was about . . . When the smoke cleared away and explanations were had, the count stood:

On one hand, four killed and fourteen injured;

On the other, two small trout and one—bath.

(Taken from T-bone Slim’s “Educational Series”.

wIw

To paraphrase Mr. Rastus Van Devoe: “H’its de-e-cidedly onhealthy” to be deputized by a bright sheriff “dat’s got a bright de-e-puty”.—The sheriff was re-elected by an overwhelming majority—it being not his turn to pull the boner—and Rastus moralizes “I’se gwine ter string along wid de Wobblees”—those two trout looked big to Rastus.

## 1931\_48\_IW\_14111931

**Prosperity is Just Around the “Coroner”   
A Bas-Relief**

–––––

**Under the sorghumstanzas:**

No more than Oscar Ameringer (the bad man from Oklahoma) hit town, Huron Fitts, Dist.-Atty., Los Angeles came out with a headline: “Los Angeles Helpless as Gangsters Headed Here.”

(I wonder what Oscar has been up to now?) The fact that Babe Ruth, myself and “Hurley de Chief” was in town does not point the finger of suspicion away from Ameringer—he’s quite guilty as he stands. Hurley made a hurried escape via airplane and. what’s-his-name, president of the Erie R. R. forded the Los Angeles River (on low tide) before Buron could lay hands on him and made faces at Fitts across the border. Babe Ruth according to last reports is hiding in the swamps between Beverly Hills and Hollywood—I’m the only one brazen enough, to walk the streets and outglare Huron’s gendarmes.

Le’s see, coffee and toast, mince-pie and coffee, coffee and chili con carne, apple-dumpling, coffee and cheese butter-roll—not bad at all, not bad at all, for a stomach that has not been playing to full capacity, these late lamented months.

(Sammy Domb and Harry Rham, please note.)

The flexibility of the I. W. W. is open to question. It’s rigidity is present, active and brittle. (The adjustability of its members is beyond criticism.)

I do not mean the I. W. W. should be elastic like currency, sticky like a leaky barrel of molasses or stretchy like a batch of sour dough tossed over a clothes line—those extremes are far from the requirements of an up and going organization. But it must reciprocate to demands of conditions. Rigidity (rigor-mortis) is possibly the least desired vehicle for long life, and is to be guarded against even to the point of becoming limber as a politician spine. *Never pull the monocle on stubborn fact!* Organism’s must tend to conditions or the coroner shall drop a warm tear on the busom of used to be—and conditions shall flourish rotten as ever.

The painful paragraphs above are the result of a habit I have of arresting my mind every time it refuses to think—no one should pay attention to them—once again the mind is tractable , unbutton the shackles and let it roam around in the garden of Eden: The goodly district attoroney’s hint that strange gangsters have found Los Angeles an attraction that could not be denied is an admirable attitude to take even for so bound-up in pride of residence, as Buron. The very insinuation proclaims to the world Los Angeles has no gangsters of its own, if not it at least serves notice on all and sundry that Buron will brook for no interference or competition with the modest activities of her sons and daughters, by strange actors from the equally strange Chicago. Nowhere in Buron’s proclamation is there the slightest hint that Los Angeles and Chicago exchange gangsters without notice, as the occasion arises, some what after the manner two warring nations exchange prisoners of war—whenever an impasse is reached, when even the most polite officers refuse to speak with or say good morning to the unfortunates of gangster faith.

Now, that attitude has my heartfelt commendation despite the fact no man really and truly proud of Los could do less.

Los Angeles, too, is terribly frightened she is caring for more than her share of unemployed. Every town that is proud of its accomplishments along that line tremble in suspence for the same reason—a proper attitude, and it doesn’t mean a thing.

The extra men are strung out between here and Mount Shasta: Santa Barbara is on the verge of hysterics.

Under the sorghumstanzas:

My watch has gone nutty, completely. It runs allright in the night time but just as soon as noon approaches it gets nervous and jumps ahead two minutes and then in one hour it slips back five minutes. Today, when the factory whistle blew twelve my watch was two minutes past and when it blew one it was three minutes to.

I wonder what there is about a noon hour that sets a watch on its edge that way?

\* \* \*

Some time ago we picked up a nice piece of doubleply belting. Just the thing to half-sole our off-side, armory shoe. We thank the good lord we have had no occasion to eat it! (the belt, I mean, not the shoe.)

“EDITORIAL SALVA” probably means smoothing things over after the irate reader has purchased great quantities of powder and ball out of season.

\* \* \*

We are using a cross between Chinee and Hebrew grammer—naturally some of our sentences seem kind of thick in the middle, like a cobra after swallowing a full-blown missionary. (We can’t help that; they must be digested.)

\* \* \*

In the nick of time:

Just as the gloom seemed thickest and it seemed no more newspapers could be sold in Los Angeles, two women managed to get murdered in Phoenix, Ariz., and saved the day. The newspapers grabbed hold of that juicy incident, like a cat would a piece of raw liver, and dragged it back and forth before the people. Had not the women sacrificed themselves just then, as they did, civilization would have gone on the rocks and society set back to carving its initials in wood and stone.

## 1931\_49\_IS\_17111930

***ALL THEY WANTED WAS THE CREDIT***–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The socialist party has aided the Kentucky miners in their hour of gloom—not blindly as some people do but with their eyes open. Not only did they give but they took the trouble to trace their gift and found it in a communist office — heluva place for a needy miner to be?

The presence of the gift in possession of “comrades” does not only denote excessive acquisitiveness on the part of the commissars; it also indicates extensive lack of consideration, if not complete contempt, for the suffering -miners.

I am not thanking the socialist party for their gift; my hosannas ring because of the timely consideration shown—may its “giving arm” grow stronger as it appears in the **finer things** of life.

(Mention of Kentucky miners is correct in even its many indirect positions.)

Perfection can not be demanded of the communist comrades, and nobody shall, but it can be expected that they shall deign to forego the pleasures of “capitalizing” on socialist generosity Nobody shall say the “comrades” intended to steal the “old clothes” from the backs (practically) of the now shivering miners. No. They fully intended to give the clothes but they insisted—”the credit shall be ours”.

Ill-consideration at that.

The name “New Era” (socialist publication, Los Angeles) does not have the horsepower of the revolutionary watchword—Milk and Water. The paper itself is good (recent issue) and deserves a better ending. Sometime back, W. W. Busick and “Ullman” got off on the wrong foot and the working class emereged from their hands slightly the worse for wear. I will not go so far as to say the great class (white as the drifting snow) was blackened beyond recognition. Nay, we must adhere to facts, the great class was only speckled, like a row of polka dots . . . Here’s where the slave-driving propensities of the socialist party comes to the front—Busick and Ullman were overworked. The whole responsibility of launching the socialist movement was on their shoulders and they hardly knew what they were saying. (I get that way myself when the world on my shoulders begins to chafe.) The labor was not properly distributed. Since then a more equitable distribution of work has been accomplished and the paper, but for its name, looks like a going concern. I suggest its name be The Last Word—take it any way you like. Overcoming a self-selected handicap is the bunk. “Ix»gic Of Today?”

\* \* \*

Not necessary for any man with two legs in working order to perish for the want of drinking water—in Los Angeles. There is a fountain in front of Loj,am Bros., Plumbing, Heating, Hardware, 232 S. Spring St., “No Leaks Since 1892”.

There is a peculiarity about this fountain, it actually has water in it, and not like so many other fountains from which you must drink a bellyful of air to each spoonful of water—precious water and free air!

Nature never intended man’s **indigestion** for a bellows or a breathing apparatus. Lucky Lost Lohman has an advertisement that IS.

\* \* \*

It’s a confounded lie! The American people don’t chase the almighty dollar, it’s a nickel. Where do they get that stuff—didn’t Montana make the penny legal tender in order to permit her ranchers to do their “purchases”? Course she did, and civilization started functioning instanter. Never mind; that roast quarter of beef is on the table all the time—yours for the having Montana says, “Come as you are.”

\* \* \*

It’s the climate:

I

Why give vent to said lament

About hi-rents,

When dos **roscas con cafe**

Is but five cents.

“What’s an **avocado**?”

You would think of it!

When you get your **estofado**

For a jit.

II

**Dos** **hojsidras con cafe**

Or **frijoles**

For a buffalo nickel, SAY!

In Los Ang’lees.

“What’s an **avocado**?”

Dare you mention it?

When the Irish **estofado**

Is a jit.

(Air from Merry Widow.)

\* \* \*

Print had us reading the other day the main occupation of the I. W. W.’s is to burn barns, haystacks, henhouses, etc., that they are petty destructionists. Never is it said they burn homes, churches or schoolhouses—that’s because to do so is to credit them with “grand arson”, as the saying goes. They are also accused of starting forest fires that are, in many cases, a direct benefit to the lumber companies. Indicating they have a stinking love for the boss after all—Pfeuh! Another touching tale is “they burn lumber mills”. A thrill to that tale (Chrysler please mark that word “thrill” on your notebook—I won’t charge you for it) a mill going up the smoke like tinder. But isn’t it strange, the mill never bums till the logging is finished and is never rebuilt in the same locality?

Let us reason: At all times it has been within the power of the I. W. W.’s to destroy every lumber mill in the country, in one day. The lumber mills stand today an incontrovertible proof that I. W. W.’s are not that kind of men, and to say they “take it out” on the out-houses, haystacks, is to deny them the intelligence of a jackass; that the country’s smartest men waste a match on a stack of rotten bay the farmer can’t sell but which is insured and which burns only while lightning is playing.

Put a new record in your funny-graph!

(No man should be offended; the above is just one of our regular habits of killing a ghost. We have to do that once per annum whether it needs it or not—I’ve killed it now 15 times with my trusty leadpencil—it’s a perennial.)

\* \* \*

Russia has not sold a single ounce of goods to discomfit any country—her sales were purely a matter of economics: sell where she could for what she could get—love, hate or mischievousness had no power in the deals.

\* \* \*

A business man doesn’t sell you a pair of sox because he hates another merchant — no — his inspiration is “the fifteen cents in your pocket”. He is not moved to dress your feet to prevent somebody else doing so— in fact, he does’t care whether you wear sox or not. He isn’t a bit sentmental about your feet—or his own feet, for that matter.

He has sox to sell and he so notifies the world — fifteen cents a throw, two pairs for a quarter.

\* \* \*

When the cupboard is empty a man has four choices to replenish his larder. Two of them are illegal, one permissible when not impossible and one is practically compulsory, “a duty as well as a privilege”. The man throws several sheep-eyes at the empty larder, tightens his belt and chooses:

Polls?

Hencoop? (It’s after hours.)

Stem?

Job?

Does ha rush to the ballot-box? Nay, brother, it is out of season—he can’t wait till November—he goes in search for a boss. Failing in this he hits the stem. Failing on the stem he interviews the chickens. If he doesn’t get shot and if the cupboard is still bare on election day he votes for a new set of politicians and closer beer . . . Thus it is we must revise our list of choices and put them in the order of their availability and, it will be noted, politics takes fourth position, just outside the money:

1. JOB— (Win)

2. STEM— (Place)

3. HEN-HOUSE— (Show)

4. POLLS—

The pity of it all is the two “illegal-means” (Stem and Hen-Roost) have precedence over politics. I **shall not nominate the fifth nag in the race**.

Note; I may be out of time, but not out of tune—editor will tell you all about the fifth nag. T-bS-

## 1931\_50\_IW\_2111931

**REACTIONS**

–––––

Day in court:

“Pantages to Bare Pringle Past”––omigosh!

Pringle To Bare Pantage’s Present––omigosh, editor! What a flim that would make: Past and Present flitting by like so much nothing. Pantages stripped to the waste pouring slime on Pringle’s “pretties” and Pringle, hair in disarray, slinging hunks of mud at Pants like a true diminutive Amazon––o wot a picture!

What was it Adam said to the Governor of Paradise––”The WOMAN Thou Gavest Me?” Isn’t Pantages drawing perilously near Adam’s position?

Truly it has been said “movies draw dirty pictures,” but how about our courts?––What is it, a race between them? Verily I do believe Pantages is a victim of minor indescression and major persecution.

\* \* \*

Los Angeles citizens lose their home sweet homes, their radios, their pianos, their cars––all these were bought on the instalment plan. A floor manager in dep’t. store complains he’ll lose his car:

“Let ‘er go,” says I feelingly.

“WHAT? I,” shrieks the great man pulling at his bald head, “AFTER I’VE PAID NINE-HUNDRED DOLLARS DOWN ON IT!”

I fell in dead faint. (I figured they might have a bottle of first-aid in the place)––

There’s a jeweler standing behind the door-post fingering his watch undecided whether to go out and bum a sandwich first or send for the fire department. He must decide quickly, the smoke is getting “thick.”

As I said before, the instalment plan, (an advanced stage of the capitalistic system) is doing this to thousands of “lost angels” and we have a situation wherein people live in The Present on the Proceeds of The Future––born ahead of their time––probably the clock was wrong.

Whenever a system gets it down so fine that you must mortgage your Future to win a home, it is Time To Take To The Trees and grow another tail. Whenever the system performs the miracle of foreclosing on man’s Old-Age before the man is able to raise *a fair to middlin’ m-oustache*, it is time to change one’s habits. altitude or attitude––you wouldn’t consider changing the system, wouldcha? Of course not, I thought so––well then, quit your “beefing” and learn to chatter.

“WHAT! AFTER I’VE PAID DOWN NINE-HUNDRED DOLLARS ON IT?” “Let Her Go?” “I Should S’Say Not!!”

That’s wot I calls “staying buyer.” (by ‘er).

The undependability of things under capitalism is apparent, even to the casual observer, and there are forebodings. Hence, let me advise the parasite: your system is out of date, antique and rattles in every joint: if you wish to use it, have it overhauled, repaired and whitewashed (it’s getting pretty dirty) lest it be taken away from you and placed on file.

“26 Women Plot Escape From L. A. Jail.”––That’s the limit. I never could understand women . . . Here Los Angeles went to all that trouble of building a brand new jail and now these women get on their ear and plan to cop *a mope for themselves*––shame on you, ungrateful wretches! Now, if it were men, I would denounce their aspirations unreasonable, and unworthy the glorious example of our illustrious fore-dads who used sit in jail years at “a click” and never murmur a murm, loosen a whinner or miss-lay their smile. But women, ye gods, first they goes and ignores the dictum of All the Wise-Crackers. that “Woman’s place is in the home doing the dishes so’s her beloved lord and master don’t hafta eat soup off the bottom of the plate” and now they prance right up and try to *null’n-avoid* a brand new jail just as if the learned judge’s observations were so much poppy-cock­­––after the ugly old wall was knocked down, too, so as to give them an unobstructed view of the beautiful mountains in all their majestic frownings . . .

Fer cripe’s sake! what do the women want?

(Whatever it is, give it to ‘em.) Should they hanker for the keys to the locker, hand them over while you can do it graciously, bow low, and don’t forget to tip your hat and invite them to come again. That’s good deal better than to ante-up the keys while oozing blood from every pore.

*“He who sows the wind reaps a bumper-crop.”*

\* \* \*

LASALLE, “Illinois Town, ‘Broke’, Suspends All Police.”––

Good! Disarmament at last is on it’s way I’ve always contended, get the cop’s gun first––to show the way––now I can ditch my four Jack-Knives, yes––Now, if we can get gangsters (on the Riverside Drive-by-the-Sea) to lay down their arms, thieving nations are bound to follow suit.

Down with arms! Yes, but look it the gent keeps his eye peeled on the gat and no man––NO MAN––shall come between him and his loud-speaker––quite an attachment.

Change the system.

In other words: QUIT STEALING.

## 1931\_51\_IS\_24111931

**THE “GET TOGETHER”** **By T-BONE SLIM**

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Caution:

The employing class is class consious.

The working class is class cautious—just a small flaw in the spelling.

Some editor probably got the “n” upside down. (Some of ‘em as spellers are fierce, worse than I am).

The way to remedy that is stand the linotype on its head, the next time that “u” sticks out—make it read class cantious; that’s near enough and far better than having the working class crawl through the weeds like a nervous scatterpillar.

In the Minnesota “Lumber” strike an aged stump farmer went to Micky O’Connel (?) and nervously inquired:

“Is it safe for me to go home through Gimmel?”

“Why, I think so,” returned the irrepressible Micky, “but be cautious, be VERY cautious”—the old gentleman, 85 years old, used every discretion and was soon among his loved ones.

Had he tossed caution to the winds, he’d been home just as soon and just as safe—for Grimmel was not the home of harm.

Spooks are persistent creatures—and still we laugh at a guy fighting imaginary snakes.

Beverly Hills, Oct. 24.

I don’t know anything but what Will Rogers told me in the papers; but I will say this much, this place needs more bums—the few here simply can not handle all this missionary work.

I tried to meet up with Rogers and was told he saw me coming, jumped in an airplane and left no address—he’s getting worse than Harry Lauder. (I only wanted to take a pinch of snuff with him). We have several million men and women in this country who specialize in the art of gaining a living by the use of words in which pathos predominates over ordinary conversational accentuation (much against their will and volition) and not all of them are capable of passing it out as tuneful B. S. in the interest of preserving their manhood.

Those people, too, are called “beggars”, involuntary though they may be.

To those people has come the realization that race, creed, color, or sex is no protection for the intended victim of the “lug”. Thirty cents from a negro taxi driver is thirty cents good United States money and every bit as\*valuable as thirty cents coming from Mary Garden, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, or Bishop Cannon.

wIw

After I got my Compulsory Silence (sweat-pad) improved, so that it won’t slide off the mouth, so stranger coming to these states will get an idea the people are contented like ye even the cows of the pasture —believe or not.

wIw

Parasites’ papers have stolen all our thunder while we were backing one another from the picture and throwing ourselves out of focus.

“Six hoar day, five day week, no reduction in pay, pie five times a day, ice cream on Sundays and Hollowdays and less production those are all demands of the perfidious boss class on behalf of the workers— why not get together and make their dreams click?

Verily (for our national ailment) 6 hour day, 5 day week, fat envelopes, no hi-ball, ice cream, pie and wine bricks, IS a cure, the whole cure and nothing but the cure—soelpmegod!

(That’s three moldy ones I dusted off—I’d like to see somebody else try that and not get deported.)

Gentlemen of the offended class:

You’ve got a historic mission, but damn me if you’ve got a historic position. You are out of position completely. You could not be more out of position if you did not exist . . . What’s the matter, don’t you know your stall? Your place, I mean? That you must be steered? Shoved around? Pulled around? Hauled around?

You can’t find your position because your fellow slave has a theory that emancipation depends on the truism of the quantity of Rocquefort cheese in the moon, whereas your idea is the streak of green is a row of surface- brass; because he thinks emancipation can be attained only by vaporings of super-mentality radiating hi-pressure energy at the nozzle, whereas you pre a confirmed believer that the power must be centrifugal force popping off at both ends of the hub and squirting sulphur and blue-vitriol in the middle.

Even I can’t tell who’s carzy.

You take off your hat to the same boss.

You bend your knee to the same boss.

You kiss the toe of the same boss.

Mebby that’s your place. Mebby you are in the same boat, and didn’t know it.

Some of you believe a pop to the jaw from the left wing is all that’s required to start birdies singing in the bosses’ ears (that’s five old ones). Others think the right wing far superior as a sedative— why quarrel over it? Why not hold a star chamber session and try ‘em out—the party that remains standing has the right dope.

“An endless quarrel is the most disgraceful thing I can conceive, the most needless. The quarrel is now so extended (over theories, not over facts) that every opportunity is given every argument to settle it—theoretical arguments never settle themselves, they are in the abstract. That’s where the rest of us will be, if the quarrel holds out till the boss gets us dressed in our new uniform of slavery—hold tight, boys! the moon sure do look like mouse-bait.

Don’t give up the quip!

After all, mebby the salvation of the working class lies in the muchly despised epsom salts—the boss to take the salts (to clean his system)—the Youngs, the Graces, the Schwabs and Gugglingheims . . .

After all, our lot is a REfind way of burning at the stake—that’s something, and should take the edge off our piercing screams. But it’s still burning at the stake, ain’t it?

Is it?

As to the merits of the recent squawk for free trade, I won’t say. It is propaganda for the removal of tariff from the oldest profession—the theory must hold good all the way down the line, free trade or protected industry. In connection I shall sacrifice my prestige for point and probably be run ragged and ostracized the rest of my days: The good people are pre-occupied with their social sexual and intellectual attainments to the exclusion of all economic demands other than that a modest, aromatic hamburger grace their board and the pre-occupation is for to gain strength to carry on a quarrel that has no foundation in fact.

The grabbing of the Lovestone Temple, the snaking-in of the Daily Worker, the race for position, are not the activities of struggle on the part of the workers. It is not a race for political preferment or strategical position. I see it merely as a move necessary to generate a smoke screen of confusion—to delay benefits—to put something over that should be put under.

Do not try to affix any of these remarks to local affairs. Mentioned material serves as my leaning post. Should I say it is imperative the I. W. W. publications maintain a high standard of reading matter, point out the freedom of readers to read what they please and that H. L. Mencken has said 10,000 new books come out every year, Henry L. is my leaning post, the figure 10,000 is my argument regardless of whether or no Henry said so. I have complimented Henry and tossed the idea in plain sight). Limelight for the purpose of carrying fuel to a quarrel is waste of lime—let us find our defeat in darkness. Electricity costs money and spot lights are too expensive to flood on bickerings of this nature wherein the objector is at loggerheads with even his dear self and could just as well step aside, address his remarks to a lamp post or a bronze statue and surrender the floor to the workers—

The workers are the majority, count ‘em or fight ‘em, anyway you take ‘em—the good of the many is paramount.

And should they, the majority, demand all the evils, all the ills, all the pains, death itself, it is their privilege and they shall be served—they are the majority.

They know best.

Working class organization has reached a situation in this country where it is merely “a weak excuse” for the power dormant in the class. Official jobs in the organizations have been abolished to the point where a few are rattling around in the work that required a small army of “trained” men and women years ago.

It has not been, as many suppose, a mad struggle on the part of office seekers to perpetuate themselves on the jobs. Because why? Because the jobs have disappeared one after another and we are not ready to concede office holders would jeopardize their so-called pie with actions so manifestly maniacal. We must conclude potential office seekers have failed to enter into organization programs with proper spirit, failed to generate the necessary pie necessary for their own consumption and for which the working class stood ready and willing to pay.

“Only organize us”, was their great cry. The action taken, gentlemen, by the bickerers supreme was a defense of their own Disability—the working class stood ready, able and willing to remove The Class Struggle from the shoulders of every last man that showed the slightest sign or smattering of intelligence. It stood ready to employ every ounce of brains in the country, at top prices—is so today and will be tomorrow—but it stipulates: “Pipe down on that bickering—I don’t want to see a circus every day.”

Action is what the great class craves—you either produce, or get in discard.

## 1931\_52\_IS\_01121931

**TOSSING PENNIES TO THE BONES  
By T-BONE SLIM**

This is not the first time labor has sold its birthright for a bowl of soup. The Bible speaks feelingly of a cuss by the name of Esau who peddled his birthright for a mess of porridge. Old Ike, having grown old and blind and suspecting skullduggery, exclaimed: “The voice is Jacob’s, but the hands are Esau’s.”

So it is today too, “the hands are in the soupline but the voice grabs all the blessings.” Had not labor sold its birthright its “The Voice” would be in the soupline. The sale of that right was done by the failure of labor to organize.

The failure of labor to organize was the result of the obvious fact, labor is entitled to all the good things of life as a matter of course. It seemed unnecessary to organize to get the things that by right belong to labor. It never occurred to labor that it needs to organize not so much for the purpose of getting its due but to prevent “The Voice” from getting more than its due through skullduggery.

In the bible series we have Jacob wrapping rabbit skins around his wrists so’s to make them feel like Esau’s to poor blind Isaac.

In the Saturday Evening Post we have capital masquerading as angel of mercy, wings and all, and calling labor his “pal”. His pal is in the soupline while he splits the money-dew-melons. **A fine pair of pals!** (Irving Berlin please note) —Damndest surrender ever heard about— surrender in installments. Here a part of labor surrenders ten per cent; over there it surrenders 15 per cent; another section surrenders its shorter workday; still another gives up Christmas, Fourth of July, Labor Day, and Mothers’ Day; many surrender their pianos, wedding rings and bric-a-brac; here a bunch of workers surrender their pork chops, have the toothsome chop removed from between their incisors (pronounced, in-scissors; accent on the scissors). Still another faction surrenders its overcoat and pants. (We’d have never known of the pants-surrender had they hung onto the overcoat) over there on Eddy Street (can I be mistaken) a lady frail, has surrendered EVERYTHING—I will not say she was drunk, as drunk, or drunker than her two pals (beasts). No, I shall say she was poisoned by the noble experiment. One of her pals takes a punch at her in the coupe (brown), grabs her and drags her out, one slipper slips off and lands in the gutter with the lady’s handbag. He “strong arms” her on the street (her weight 120-130; his 170-175). Next he piles her back in the coupe, picks up most of the articles from the gutter and the three drive off. Was the lady taken for a ride?

No, I do not think so. The gentleman. I neglected to say, took one more punch at her after he loaded her in the coupe—**that’s as far as he will go**. Had he not struck her, I would have thought her life in danger. The next worse thing that can happen to her is have her bea[unclear]y marred—**the worst has already happened.**

(Golddigging is not so good!)

Surrender to the left of us; surrender to the right of us; surrender behind us; surrender in front of us—why, in the name of Cornwallis, cull it anything but SURRENDER?

You, my dear reader, may have surrendered your razor blades; another surrendered his shoes; still another surrendered his unionism, his life insurance, his chances to get to heaven (he stole a bottle of milk) T-b stole a hat) —

Either this surrender of the working class in sections must stop or the workers will organize a one big union and surrender as a body; strip naked and quit eating entirely—go on a fast that IS a fast.

Surrendering gradually requires too much bookkeeping if we are to surrender let us do it in a lump: **All at once, or not at all.**

Take out a Red Card in the I. W. W. and thoughts of SURRENDER will be the last thing to enter your mind.

You will then be in a position to accept the capitulation of the capitalist system.

## 1931\_53\_IW\_08121931

**“THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE NOT INTERESTED”**

–––––

Quite right, my friend, the opinion, through only one-half crystallized, is general: that any red-blooded logger should have no objection to spending a dozen years in Washington’s model penitentiary for the sake of having injustice tested and weighed in the balance, with a view of using it as a substitute for tradition, custom, [s]law, clemency and civilization.

How the “Centralia Victims” feel about this in their twelfth year I, of course, have no means of knowing. But I do feel that they, being reasonable creatures, are of the opinion: if injustice doesn’t stick in twelve years the cement of human enmity is rotten; that further efforts to sanctify injustice is a waste of penitentiary time . . .

Ordinarily a worker is well aware of and acquainted with injustice in its many forms, to the extent that it is said: none but a worker can recognize injustice when it is wrapped around with patriotism and stiff-necked legal procedure—amen. It is, therefore, quite possible that those eight innocent workers tumbled to injustice the minute it raised its head in the courthouse of Montesano, Washington, on that fateful day, when jurisprudence undertook to find a substitute for-good old fashioned justice, (the blind blonde) and took unto itself a helpmeet of loose morals. I can see Britt Smith, the serious Britt, take one look at the layout and say: “I’ve seen that Jane before—she’s no good.”

Such a turning of justice outdoors by law in its, what should be, age of discretion is unreasonable; they two, law and justice, having lived in the same house so long that people upon meeting law would mention it as “I ran into law of justice today—he was out walking ALONE. Law ain’t gonna get away with that stuff—the neighbors shall object.”

The kicking of justice into the streets and the taking up with a hussy, injustice, is just a little more than the virtuous people can stand—such a union shall not prosper.

Governor Hartley is one of those neighbors He lives right next door to the house offlaw and knows precisely what is going on . . .

Wise men in Olympia, when they framed this union of Law and Justice did anticipate that sooner or later Law would start cutting-up and they provided that in such pin- instant the governor of the State of Washington shall have the POWER, willy-nilly, to boot injustice from the house of Law anti re-instate, re-establish, justice in her lawful demense.

I have often marvelled at their marvelous acumen. What greater justification (of which there are many) can the good governor demand than this far-sighted prophecy of lawgivers that “mistakes” shall happen, that this very miscarriage of justice shall occur—to recite the grounds here would be a hateful thing to do. The governor has the facts, outside of possibly the extent to which these eight, and others, were subjected to tortures the least of which was the several murders other than the so-called execution of legioners by Wesley Everest—so proved. Not one of those men, now in Walla Walla, ever committed any crime at any time in their lives so far as has developed in this or any case—even if present incarceration were for crime they would be first offenders— 25 to 40 years, how shall that jibe with law and with humanity? The governor knows **the sentence is an illegal sentence on the face of it.**

Unless I mistake my man, Governor Hartley shall take to the warpath pronto and require that heavy explanation shall be done without finger in the mouth and explanations not forthcoming he shall act.

Note:—The sentence being illegal on the face of it regardless of the merits of the position of offense, if any, any action taken by Governor Hartley, regardless of what satisfaction or dissatisfaction it creates is perfectly justified in view of the mess created by illegality running wild. Whenever the occasion arises that courts cannot convict **according to law** it is the bounden duty of **the governor**, in this state, Washington, to take cognizance and see to it that no injustice is done.

## 1931\_54\_IW\_15121931

Time-lock:

Foresoolh, the banks begin to balk.

Abbreviate their hours small:

They used to open at nine o’clock

And now they won’t open at all.

\* \* \*

“Broadcloth shirts, 49 cents.”

Little consolation in that—our 48 cents will drop faster than thy shirts.

Soon as the Fed. Farm Board heard I had succeeded in shaking down the Munsingwear (good underclothes) for two suits of underwear, it advised that one-third of the cotton crop be destroyed. God! I didn’t think I displaced so much cotton. Who’s the other two guys?

\* \* \*

The organization of the Boulder Dam must have appeared a bit too intricate for the “In-law” unions—even the “commies” dassent go so far away from a soupline. The G. C. W. I. U. 310. healthy part of the I. W. W., not only went and saw but came within an ace of conquering.

They are just like that. They can go places and do things.

Were it not for the I. W. W. the dam would have been built of cement, sand and soup. Now they’ll cut out soup and substitue cash.

\* \* \*

Contrary to accepted belief, the working class does not now need the assistance of the mastering class, never did and never will. The working class is the creditor class and if all the monies owing to it were paid today, it would roll in wealth. — Now I hate like the dickens to be writing these dunning leters on their therefore, (I hope for the last time) **I respectfully request the master clast to straighten out their board bill**—we need the. money.

\* \* \*

The godly Metropolitan Life Insurance Company undertakes to tell the people what and how much to eat: “Most families need to spend from one-quarter to one-third of their income for food.” Sounds alright.

Now I have no income—it follows that I must spend one-third of my time (working time) for food. In other words, I should be able to rustle enough in two hours to keep me a day—is that it?—and that my food and income shall be of a piece, identical, indivisible.—(It’s O. K. with me.)

Now if Henry Ford spent one-third of his income for rolled oats, **what a pile of mush that would make!** Henry ain’t gonna if do no such a thing—in fact, he’s Scotch enough to get himself invited out.

All the facts of the Centralia Case arenot out, by a heluva long shot. Another man, not heretofore mentioned, was murdered and done away with under cover of darkness. Another chapter to the already long list of lawlessness and villainy of the Centralia business element. Another crime hardly less repulsive than the torture and final lynching of Wesley Everest. A crime so dastardly it fits the same picture. A crime that has been hushed by its perpetrators to the point where, on the streets of Centralia they are able to smile at one another—on the street that is now known by lumber workers under the name: “Murderer’s Row”— and prance around as free men.

And to think men of high moral standing, and understanding, must suffer at the hands of the state of Washington for an imaginary crime—this too under the testimony of a man frigtened witless—a man who would have equally readily “confessed” that it was he (Morgan) that assassinated Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley (the mutilated Wesley Everest was dragged before his eyes and he read the business men’s capabilities correctly). It is this picture the business men hope to forget and to have forgotten.

It’s not gonna forget worth a damn!

The “extra” murder forbids.

## 1931\_55\_IW\_22121831

**Nostrums From Rostrums**

–––––

People have strange notions about the power of their respectvie individual acts. Here’s fellow spinner Mahatma Gandhi who apparently believes the Indian nation can be rescued from British rule or misrule by drinking goat’s milk. Mahatma should try our coca cola, once. Industrial overlords of America are presently curing the depression by cutting the wages of the workers. (Mahatma and goat milk seem to be an improvement on what our beloved bosses have to offer.) I would suggest that the bosses just try a swig of pure goats milk . . and a loiz cloth.

The astute communists have an idea that by pooling the workers, the unemployed, the bunkrupt businessmen and prfessionals, the farmers and the ragged soupliners they can emancipate the workers. They cannot see the injustice of asking farmers to leave their stills to bestow emancipation upon a bunch of scissor bills; the unethicalness of requesting a few half-erased dealers and doctors and dentists and demonstrators to leave their private, engrossing affairs to emancipate an unorganized bunch of non-union men.

Mahatma still has the right dope—may the Mohammedan Allah keep his nose out of the teacup. Another set of men are convinced the boss can best be put on bread and water diet by splitting the working class into two or more factious and then splitting the factions into two or more factions and, finally, splitting the worker into two or more parts—left and right wing.

I hate to see them do this, halving a slave that way. (I’d rather see him cut crosswise, in line with his belly-button, top and bottom or split from the side so as to make it front and back—and 4 arms.) Enough, enough!—I believe they got this splitting idea from the boss, and Mahatma and his goats seem almost sacred is comparison . . .

In a scrape of this kind wherein the theory is two-fold, to run a streak of less in the boss and to take the edge off the worker’s appetite, it is unreasonable to suppose a working man would use only one arm, if he has two, and I am persuaded he would be in there (over there) swinging right and left for God and country, frown fire sides, and graves of his ancestors, till hell wouldn’t have it; his eyes (not left or right but both) on a fat, juicy pork chop, yes. And here a bunch of blithering idiots imagine a worker can be split in two, up and down, to get more action from him. Nay, brother, the power still lies in Mahatma’s milk.

The working class is a unit, all of these bucking the same grindstone, and can be divided only by leadership (informers, stool pigeons, agent-provocateurs), men whose mind works so fast it has not time to settle on the prosaic fact of human servitude, wage-slavery and the identity of interest of all those who work for wages and starve for parasites. Let there be no mistake, workers can be divided only by leadership; otherwise they are a unit, a **one big whole** of protesting wage slaves.

What is it then that prevents “him” having a one big union?

Well, sir, there is nothing under the sun to prevent him except he himself—it is not a question of fees—money doesn’t stop him. It is he, himself.

**There is nothing in the laws of the Industrial Workers of the World that would prevent a bonafine worker joining it.** No new legislation need be passed to permit a “sure enough” worker to enroll in its time honored roster. **All the chan[unclear] are open, sometimes night and day.**

But no, the working class would rather step high and mighty on the heels of fantastic leadership that leads to splits. And being a humorist, I shall split my sides—laughing. What has leadership brought you?

The cure for the depression: **Put the worker on a paying basis!**

(To do this at all, or best, or quickest, it is necessary for the workers to organize a one big union; became it is the worker himself who must make of himself a paying proposition. Don’t be horrified. It won’t take long—a one big union can be formed overnight, if all hands help. Is that quick enough?) Ans the paying base will follow fast, to quote Robert Emmet; “Then! and not until then.”

**T. B. S.**

## 1931\_56\_IW\_22121931

**THE BY-PRODUCT**

**Watch Your Turn––Who’s Next?”**

**BY T-BONE SLIM**

As your are, lad, so once was I––

I, too, did wipe the glasses dry;

As I am now, so you shall come ––

Some day you, too, shall be a bum.

Not many juveniles escape

The sad estate of this poor skate;

Not many fossils at my age

Survive the system’s brutal rage.

I, too, was wise when of your size––

Disdained to think or organize,

And made of one good, kindly me

A vassal to the powers that be.

As I am now, so you shall be––

Subservient to necessity;

But while my lot is easy had,

I never can be like you, lad.

For one can ne’er regain his youth

And nurse an aching wisdom tooth:

As once did I, as you do now––

A dunce foredoomed to scrape and bow.

## 1931\_57\_IW\_29121931

**SAPHRONCISCO, CALIFORNIA**

Self-interest:

Opinions will differ: A man throws down a dime for coffee and snail, “Fifteen cents, please,” gurgles the waiter.

“Fifteen? Why I thought I was to get five cents back from the dime?”––

So it goes and here like in all things the variation in opinion has an economic background:

Meet a ma nthat disagrees with you, you may make up your mind his bread is buttered on the reverse side of the question––or is in need of butter on that side.

That which has no economic background is nothing.

\* \* \*

It’s getting so a man hasn’t time to eat his dinner, he must start after his supper, ho, hum!––

Sleeping out is a little too refreshing.––a man doesn’t get his full might’s rest. Me thinks I see snow on top of Mt. Tamalpais––oh well, it’s better up there than in the valleys.

Sunny California!

\* \* \*

Mann cannot be legislated into a union but he can be legislated out. . . .

As Lincoln would say, union is prior to and independent of legislation.

A union that attempts to legislate a man or body of men into its “fold” is legislating a body of trouble for itself and shall live to regret the success of its attempt.

Law directed against isolated individual, or evil, operates too often against a mass of innocent bystanders and virtues galore**––spare the rod.**

Selective organization is futile and makes for an “exclusiveness” that denies the “discriminate” powers to better their condition.

Hand made, not machine made, unionism is what makes the bosses grow gray, and bald, and fends the worker from the soupline and its superior––the garbage can.

Nevertheless, while we’re lunching, the size of the cafe does not denote the strength of the coffee and size of the union does not determine the weight of its prestige.

Haa, I see you want to start an argument? Don’t.

Even though the union is only one person, undivided, and he has the right dope, that union’s power cannot be estimated or measured––its prestige cannot be computed or weighed.

Enlarging upon the habit of directed law hitting the wrong person let me give you a frail example:

One of the bright California ranchers troubled nightly by turkey thieves did set, with **malice** afore thought, a trap-shotgun that was supposed to shoot down the thief when he opened the door. (The thief probably watched him do it). Undoubtedly it is very sinful for a man to deliberately crave another man’s turkey and I can conceive of no **workable** punishment too severe for such a heinous undertaking. Still and all I cannot fully endorse the rancher’s position as a self-elected executioner.

However, let that pass, it seems the rancher preoccupied by his many other troubles quite forgot all about the set-gun, when he went to feed the birdies. Woe is me, the heavy charge of buckshot hit the rancher’s stomach and set him shaking hands with St. Peter.

Were he alive he would testify his law (the trap-gun) was unjust, unnecessarily severe, yea cruel, for the crime of shanghaiing a gobbler. And, on the other hand, death for setting a trap-gun seems kind of heavy punishment. Laws have a habit of destroying right and left and do not pick their victims as carefully as one might expect.

I can’t understand them.

\* \* \*

Now that its been “decided” a union must not be selective we may as well decide a worker, or working class, should be, must be and is selective, finickey about whom (what) he, she or they associate with.

Right and proper.

There they stand, the guides, ballyhooing like a bunch of taxi drivers reaching for your suit case “Come with me! ME! Ride MY car! Right this way!” and so on ad lib and ad nauseum.

Shouldn’t the worker then be selective?

An outfit feels it cannot organize any but the aristocratic workers––should it succeed, the working class is busted in two.

Another outfit aims to organize only those that look as if they could cut a sleepers’ throat . . . Why take up space recounting the many efforts to disrupt the working class; my point sticks out the organizers are selecting workers for their private machine . . .

Are the worker going to fall for it?

\* \* \*

It cannot be disargued the one big union of the workers is the only thing that can save the workers from the slough of despond and industrial despotism.

Well, then, what in hell are all those other organizers in the field for? To crack up the working class? Not one of them has a program that extends beyond the boundaries of their little machine––working class is left out.

The working class is left out involuntarily, discarded, culled and assorted against its will and interest. Assorted and graded and boxed like so much Kadota figs––the rest lay on the ground, under the trees, like a shacker’s supply of English walnuts. All of these movements are factions or fractions there of––and the world calls vainly for a one big union.

It there is any merit in any of these it is in the Industrial Workers of the World.

There is a union that welcomes every man, woman and child that works for a living, regardless of race, creed or color.

In it “the membership do the [unclear]ing ––they have the whole say so.”

Worldwide in its scope, it cannot be accused of selectiveness.

Possibilities for a one big union are there––none elsewhere.

# 1932

## 1932\_1\_IW\_12019132

**SERENE 1932**

–––––

A torch of gray is fringing of the old time rebel’s crown,

Unfathomed woe is twinging hieroglyphics in his frown;

And yet the face is wistful—eyes of penetrating blue:

Envisioning a fistfull of still greater things to do.

\* \* \*

“Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, Los Angeles evangelist, is shown here (picture) in cowboy outfit at Palm Springs, where she and her new husband, David Hutton, are resting.”—Sacto. Bee.

Are you sure they are resting? And isn’t the rest kind of sudden?

Allthesamee, Aimee has my vote—she doesn’t high-hat.

\* \* \*

Wage reductions are widespread—unionism not.

\* \* \*

BRING ME MEN AND WOMEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS,” sighs California, mindful of MOONEY and BILLINGS in “the can” on evidence that should have first been presented “to sweeney” for inspection.—How big is Rolph? Mooney (as no doubt Billings) has been suffering cumulative injustice, day by day, an irritation that would make angel Gabriel swear like Charlie Dawes and bend his horn around the hitching post.

The marvel is they act sane—normal.

\* \* \*

Marysville: Both of Maryswille’s whistles blew out the old and in the new year . . .

I do not know whose new year it is—an average man’s new year begins on his birthday and an average yokel has better sense than to be born on January 1st—nicer way is to date your NOW year from the time you take out a union card.

I hear Yuba City calling me—if you hear of a gold strike in California make up your mind my pick has struck pay-butter.

(Editor’s note: It will be remembered, T-bone Slim it was that led the gallant forty-niners a few years back in a heroic effort to populate California’s barren wastes. Slim is no mean sniper and it is expected the crevisses will got a thorough and final overhauling—as to digging we cannot say. Slim has been complaining bout being shoulder-bound; that too should prevent all his pan handling the river bottom during rainy season. Sure ‘nuf. we may as well start humming “When the Gold comes Rollin’ In”).

\* \* \*

“Three Delicious Aunt Jemima’s Pancakes for—ONE CENT.”

Those figures are not original with me; but I suspected as much. Frisco community chest collected $2,600,000—what a stack of hot cakes that would buy!

No. We won’t stack ‘em up—we’ll lay ‘em flat; one high; side by side. All right, get your feet out of the way . . . We’ll see if we can’t lay a carpet of hot cakes from here to Los Angeles—Los Angeles has $3,500,000 in her chest. In $2,600,000 there are 260,000,000 pennies and, hot cakes selling three for a cent, it will buy 780,000,000 Aunt Jamima’s pancakes. My! What a carpet we’ll have—Los Angeles will have something over a 1,000,000,000 hot cakes (I haven’t time to figure ‘em exact). A mile having 5,280 feet would require 10,560 hot cakes, single file—or do you want ‘em three abreast? All right, all right, three abreast, that’s 31,680 hot cakes per mile.

Five hundred times 31,680 hot cakes equals 15,840,000 hot cakes, and that is how many cakes it takes to lay a carpet three cakes wide from Frisco to L. A.—S. F. is the proper abbr. for San Francisco. Let’s see—we’ve got the price for 780,000,000 hot cakes, that leaves us, say, 764,000,000 hot cakes—what shall we do with them? Let’s run a carpet mile wide to Los.

No. We can’t do it—a square mile requires 111,513,600 hot cakes—we can go only about seven miles—we’ll give that up and run a line, three abreast, to New York City.

N. Y. C. is ten times as far as L. A.—ten times 15,840,000 cakes equals 158,400,000.

There! The line is run and we have 621,600,000 cakes left over. What shall we do with them? Shall we keep on around the world? No. We shall start feeding the populace with what’s left over: Six-hundred twenty one million six hundred thousand hot cakes will feed every man, woman and child in San Francisco (delicious) Aunt Jemima’s pancakes, three times a day, 34 days.

It will feed the unemployed (hot cakes) three times a day for two years.—If it doesn’t too much was spent for syrup. We have a line now from Frisco to Los, Frisco to New York and two years supply of hot cakes left over . . .

So you can see for yourself the spread is great enough to permit the charity racketeers to tuck some of it under their precious person—I doubt whether the two years supply will last 2 months.

The very fact that they raise the question of worthiness goes far to prove their honesty might be reined in a little without bad effects.

Christ knew no unworthiness; they do.

Sunny Cal has now rained nine days and nine nights in quick succession. Most of the population has been forced to move from the culverts and river bottoms. Many a hobo had to desert his “modern” steel dwelling and take to the grades, with blanket roll—dwellings built at great pains to shed water were unequal to withstand the torrents sent down by the “dry” Sierras. Rivers are out of their banks.

By the time this is printed California will have done what she will do to the “hunger march”. If I may predate, it will be march hungry not in name only—nothing worse.

## 1932\_2\_IW\_16021932

**Slim Gets All Het Up**

–––––

**(Coldest California in 54 Years)**

Rafts of vicious, fluent liars

Oscillate our ancient spires.

Vibrate our revered shires.

Dampen down our jungle fires;

Therefore, tune your amplifiers

With a faith that shames our sires

To the wind-producing criers

And the sanctimonious friars:

(Sotto voce:)

*“World is rid of morbid sighers;*

*Merchants laugh with happy buyers;*

*Once again the boatman hives;*

*The depression—Scat!—retires.”*

\* \* \*

No one doubts those gifted guyers;

Each his private wish admires—

Reaches out and naught acquires

But a bunch of prickly briars.

Shakespeare said, “What jokes be diers—

Slaves to brats of their desires.”

(Got that crack hot off the wires—.

Hand me, please, the chert-nut pliers.)

\* \* \*

“What is this,” the wight inquires,

“Are those burrs celestial fliers

For to rouse my dormant ires?

Or to prove my soul aspires

Even so as regal squires

For to sing in vested choirs?”

Pardon me. most meek of tryers.

Power stirs the world’s suppliers.

\* \* \*

Kindle, then, your fires higher

That ye need not draw up nigher

And escape the winter dire.

This is not a funeral pyre

And ye need not fret. Require

Wood whose nature is the drier.

\* \* \*

See! Contempt serenely mires,

Doubt, suspicion, spite expires—

Once more judgment fails, misfires:

“Kerosene!”—the stick perspires.

Strike up. then, your luted lyre!

Oil-soaked wood doth so inspire.

Ailing coals once more conspire

And we have a roaring fire.

\* \* \*

Two working men hate each other because they both are robbed by the big boys.

Big boys hate one another because there are not enough little fellows to be robbed.

Getting so now a man must hide his razor and wrap a log-chain around his neck before he goes to bed . . .

Japan kept popping away at the “bandits” till China got mad and declared war.

(China gets mad awful easy).

Still and all I don’t know, I think I’d get mad myself if a fellow shot at me sixty days and droped pineapples on my quilt sixty nights.

As to additional territory, let me say, the demand for it is deceptive, is crooked and is conceived in crookedness—condrums sell for “dollar a dozen”, and last a life-time.

If you ain’t got room for ‘em, don’t make ‘em.

You wouldn’t put a piano in a bird cage, wouldcha? Neither, would I, unless the cage was a big one or the piano real small.

Houseful of kids is all right but when the house gets so thickly populated the old man must sleep on the window ledge it is time to place your trust in Akron’s ingenious innerseals. Not only for the comfort side, but also profit—an investment of ten cents at this time repays thousandfold (it costs $600 to raise a kid even on horse feed—oats are so high—besides dozen years is a long time to be stretched out on the sill).

But what became of that war we had a moment agone? Where the Fordulac backfired in China and American missionaries or mercenaries dropped down on their knees and thought the Japs had tossed a bomb?

We ain’t talking about that war, it’s old. The new war which is now on tap and will get the front pages cannot be deferred into another month—which goes to show it is not entirely idle for diplomats to fix up wars so long as nations refuse to pay their gamboling bills—France has never been known to crawfish, most of the swearing will be done in good old Polish language.

War is not of hate or love

Or insane urge for pelf;

World is simply holding of

A quarrel with itself.

Were I to drop down under a railroad trestle and proceed to quarrel with myself (nobody else near), the passing “nuts” would have me arrested and locked up in a booby-hatch—so senseless is a quarrel of that kind. Yet, the world seems to be getting by with it? (All quarrels are senseless, with or without a partner—in the sense that idiocy predominates and adulterates whatever half baked reason is present.)

\* \* \*

Rugged individualism and devil take the hindmost mean much about the same thing.

According to Lost Angel’s plan,

You simply do not eat—

Unless you have the congressman,

Jim Beck, for talking beat.

No viands shall approach “your pan”

Nor sidle down your neck—

Unless you are a superman

And out-talk James M. Beck.

\* \* \*

An impossibility, of course.

You may equal Mr. Beck who comes from Pensylvania, if his initials are correct, but you can never, never surpass him. Therefore, if you want to eat, I’d advise you’ to go to Pasardina where oratory is classed in the same category with all other bull and fertilizer.

Einstein is up on Mt. Wilson squinting at the stars; other scientists are back of the Hotel Raymond squinting into coffee cans and analyzing liverwurst—one tenth of one per cent liver 99 and nine tenth suet and the rest transparent rubber.

Red Hynes has given his hearty disapproval of the communists and the communists disapprove of the Hine’s dictatorship—they’ll be forming a mutual admiration society next.

Bums object to visitors in their camps because they crave privacy when they peel-out the bacon rind and powdered bread—I don’t blame them.

They should be left alone until they get the green mold scraped off the smoked pigskin and get their second or third generation of coffee simmering—I always throw my eye out and see to it that they have broken their fast before I approach them—then I hobble up and respectfully listen to the glowing tales of the wonderful repast. “Ha-a!” the bum will belch, “I just downed seven porkchops and a gallon of pure, vita-fresh Maxwell House.”

I refrain mentioning the foot square piece sow-hide I saw him devour—instead I tell him a couple dirty stories and good time is had by all. Sleeping anywhere and covered with a handkerchief won’t work in sunny California this winter, Feb. 2. San Brunette mountains are San Blonde this morning.

## 1932\_3\_IW\_23021932

**Wrinkles Are Caused By Wranglers   
(What’s the Relation?)**

No more than a bunch of dirty necked kids arrive in Hollywood, and Major-General Benedict feeds ‘em mutton and beans, instantly the journals of Los Angeles scream clear across the front “yard”, CITY IS FULL OF EASTERN BUMS. People crawl under beds and hold their breath the better to hear the pineapples pop. Should a tire explode or an engine backfire sanitation under the bed would grow oppressive—I wonder what makes newspapers to jumpy.

Those kids by the way never saw Mississippi or any other river and probably dropt down from Sanluis Obispo to become cowboys in the movies. True enough the city is full of non-producers but the hotels are not fuller now than two years ago, four years ago, eight years ago, any figure you may mention, and new hotels have been built for that imaginary influx. San Francisco can show two to one in the souplines—verily Los Angeles is not caring for its unemployed, to say nothing about transient labor—who, by the way, are not cripples, can take care of themselves and WILL NOT CALL UPON LOS ANGELES ORGANIZED generosity.

Major Benedict puts out one meal per day—breakfast, luncheon and dinner all combined on a large sized saucer, cup of good coffee and one rotten orange—this happens after 11 a. m.—by that time a healthy bum has had several breakfasts and uses the good major’s offering’ as an appetizer—the food is well cooked. Yes, Los Angeles is full of racketeers and sub-lacketeers, with a liberal sprinkling of stool pigeons. All native sons and native bringing up—a very jealous tribe; It is idle to think Los can coax these to leave their native heath by underfeeding ‘em and appointing seven fat cops to watch ‘em eat—they are brothers under the uniform.

–––––

The affront insidious:

Lack of organization should be considered a personal insult; an attack against one’s peace of mind and dignity of bearing: a condition that undermines one’s wealth, prerequisities and prestige — dammit. a curse on its sinister impositions.

\* \* \*

Credit were credit is due:

A drunken sailor could have done better in our foreign investments than all our smart boys put together. This, too, after being warned about foreign tanglefoot by Georgie De Wash . . .

(We use to think fly a sucker for lighting on the sticky stuff . . . )

$815,000,000 S. American securities is now worth $250,000,000. Oi, oi, oi! six-hundred million dollars tossed to the winds. Five dollars of everybody’s money, oi. oi, oi!

They “give till it hurts”. . .

‘Tis more blissful to give than receive—’specially other people’s money. Oi, oi, oi! How it hurts. All right, all right, quit scratching your ear editor. I’ll put a hind-end to that burn, although it really don’t need it; nobody on the hi-way could see it’s wide open at the back—same as you don’t need a seat on your trousers when you’re standing talking to a guy against the wind and the sun is shining behind you. But you wanted it.

The uncanniness of the half-seas-over sailor lies in the fact our smart boys had to bribe the South Americans to take the money, actually pay agents $7,000, $20,000. $50,000 to swing the deal: $815,000,000 for $250,000.000—can you imagine? When I look back at the inebrieated sailor I feel like going back and helping him out of the puddle—but, editor, we better let the sailor lay and see what the smart boys do. They unload the destined-to-be worthless stock upon the dear public—on the poor, innocent lambs— (I’d advise them to sell new whole they can get $2.50 for $8.15) think ye, o learnt editor, that a drunken sailor could pull one as fast as that?

There! our story is spoilt and our hero of the seven seas is just a very ordinary seaman that gives his OWN money away and bribes navy son of a gun to take it. Nohow can he be charged with treason toward his countrymen in the interest of our loving neighbors under the equator. $815,000,000 for $250,000,000 is equivalent to a handsome gift and is bound to help our foreign trade—the wonder of it is it didn’t cost the bankers a cent. Generally when the sailor swings a deal he wakes up busted and in jail.

## 1932\_4\_IW\_01031932

The king fell ill from too much work

And the slaves from fooling around;

And business, tho it was quite berserk,

Was fund-Amen-tally sound.

The “nuts” in all the asylums had

Zoroaster beat by a mile;

And business, tho it was mostly bad,

Did twist her face in a smile.

\* \* \*

“A breakfast saved is a breakfast earned”

Is the height of reason attained—

And “nothing is lost in the things thus spurned”,

But tell me, what have you gained?

A breakfast lost can ne’er be found

And it grieves us boobs very sore;

And business fundamentally sound

Is rotten clear to the core

\* \* \*

Didn’t take Henry Ford long to find out a Chinaman can build a Ford cheaper than Detroit’s dynamic workingmen can; did it?

It’s all in the rice—Detroit’s master mechanics should try a pound or two and see if it wouldn’t improve their approach.

How long will it take Detroit’s workers to find out they don’t have to “pay” Henry so many millions per year—let the Chinaman do it?

The difference between cost and price is the difference which permits Henry to throw “a little work” in front of our yellow fellow workers—which means, if Chinese costs are high, the surplus U. S. price makes the whole world kin.

I ‘spose we’ll be suckers all our lives. (Henry’s earning power is now 500 times as big as Herbert Hoover’s.)

Potatoes, too, U. S. No. 1 Burbank, 10 lbs. for 11 cents. Ye gods! Almost three times as much as farmer gets for wheat.

Henry is putting out a new car for March exihibtion; a four, first an eight, later—both on same chassis—and Henry hastens to assure the public the price will be just a trifle more than nothing, and that he has a conscience. He also serves notice on the sources of raw materials that any jumps in their figures constitute tresonable activity and grave danger for our republic in this hour of greatest gloom. I forget all he did say but I know the sentiments passed muster before my cruel eye.

The mere fact that other automobile makers were working substantial forces had no bearing on Henry’s change of heart—his motives are wholly pure, uh, huh . . .

\* \* \*

We have here Manhattan Beach, Calif and yonder El Segundo, John D. Standard-Oil’s private properties and refineries. That gigantic concern is now employing about 300 men: and desperate housewives, bereft of their senses and breakfasts, room the beach drives denouncing Hoover, the Oil Business and Pacific Ocean (foreign oil) —I can’t see the logic—lest it be the brains of our ill-fated country are straining every nerve and muscle to make things still more miserable.

\* \* \*

Venice knows her oil. The derricks are stuck up just like that (hold up your right hand). Now spread your fingers—just like that. Every derrick has a different owner—Ohio, Todd to Mohawk—rugged idividualism rampant—each trying to pump the other dry.

I s’pose John D. gets the oil. Saw one man that looked like a workingman—saw him twice—and I thought those derricks pretty much machinery for one man to handle. Did not count the derricks because it was gaining but will say they stretch for miles from Plaza Del Rey Hills to the canals—so thick, a rough estimate is impossible. (Of course, there were more than one man—but they were a scarce article; and me wanting match, too.) (Boulevard hasn’t an inch to spare).

Passed L. A. sewage disposal properties yesterday. Picnics and camping prohibited within 500 ft. of the piers. Saw sixty seagulls holding the fort there which indicates L. A. is not putting out with either hand. (Frisco ferry boats always have an escort of 483 gulls, where the liberal Oaklanders toss them bread and pop-corn).

Also saw some sixty smaller birds scamper in and out with waves and dig something front sand—sewage hath no charms for them.

Square-rigger, four-masted, laying off Santa Monica, for no apparent reason—thought I saw another four-master, minus masts, laying hard by—my eyes ain’t as good as they were when I was new . . .

Bait and tackle to the starboard and Scotch Baker (first one) to the port—airplanes overhead riding herd on hoboes lest they stray or be kidnapped.—No danger: the Los Angeles cops meet all trains, like the Toonerville Trolley, (don’t have to walk in) and haul them to the village, and in front of the lady-magistrate. Her honor murmurs ‘twenty day’s suspended sentence” and the orderly process of law and order have been maintained—some day Los will grow up. Don’t try any fast ones on “her honer”; nature hath gifted her with a wit that is surprising so far south of Sacramento. Santa Monica is an industrial city (minus industries) so destined to remain in view of the encroachment upon her sanctities by Beverly Hills (minus hills). It is often referred to as one of the Bay Cities (minus bay).

All in all Santa Monica believes in “Live and Let Live”—not a bad idea and in this connection let me say: many as autoist would pick up a footsore pilgrim were it not for the honest to goodness fear; still others refuse to pick up anybody because of a guilty conscience—they take, the position that: “if there is any

(Continued on Page 3).

T-BONE SLIM

–––––

(Continued from page 2).

murdering to be done, they want to do it themselves” (instead of having it done to and for them)—not a bad idea, all told.

Beverly Hills:

If Beverly Hills are hills, a pancake is a ravine. Further than that the defiant sayeth not, out of due respect for the wing-sore, fellow traveler, Will Rogers.

\* \* \*

Anticipation:

“What was the most remarkable thing you saw in California, Slim?”

The number of dogs I saw everywhere and their resonant barking.

But you mustn’t get mad if dogs bark at you. They’re only working up an appetite—for California loves its dogs dearly and feeds them accordingly. Many of the dogs no doubt imagine themselves Rudy Vallees’ of dogdom, and are not averse to crooning a lay or so to strangers.

In s. Francisco I went to a house for water. Fording the backwater of the tide, I arrived at the house from an unexpected angle and there they were—slaughtered hounds of all discriptions (six or seven) in a pile and four live ones coming at me like the hounds of hell—I laughed them off. This dog fancier’s love had been great but it finally broke down under Hoover’s administration and the merciful thing to do was to cut their melodious windpipe. I am not trying to make it appear those seven dogs had to give up their lives to provide meats for the family and bones for the surviving dogs, indeed I am not—because I do not know, and knowledge is a great thing—but I do know that when a aged tramp cooks up a puppy ´the newspapers spill a bucket of tears and offer most dire vengeance to that, or those scoundrels, that shanghaied Reginald’s playmate. Quite out of proportion to the racket raised when a cast was stewed up in Glendale, Cal.—a fine fat cat it was too; fattened at public expense—the facts are before you but let them not influence you to think California is stingy or poor—she is very liberal. These occurrences are the result of L. A. cops permitting you not to stop long enough (in Glendale) to lean on the everpresent generosity and strengthen the inner man.

The cat is mourned only by hoboes.

\* \* \*

Yon dog is better off than I,

cannot tell a lie —

Yon dog is better off than I,

cannot tell you why.

\* \* \*

Objectives vary:

Parasites crave endless chains.

Workers want chainless ends.

I’m reminded. California’s beautiful boulevards were built by disappointed prospectors dressed in eighteen pound Oregon boots—Rolph’s fire-tail, convict camps are a feint echo of the good old days when Los Angeles laid out her drives.

(The choice of a tampping-up” or trip to the Sierra “snow line” makes not the campless convict or criminal). Rolph is criticised merely for giving rascals an opportunity to ply their trade, that of railroading innocent because of their poverty.—Los Angeles is instrumental in bringing this condition about and Los Angeles, in its bigoted intolerance, is instrumental in the continued incarceration of the innocent Mooney and Billings—today Rolph lays a corner stone for a new prison in San Quentin—his time could be better occupied by laying a wreath on the brow of dead justice.

I do claim Rolph, as well as Moone and Billings, is a victim of sour circumstances

## 1932\_5\_IW\_08031932

**Eight Bells—**

Did I not tell you seamen strong

That something soon would break off wrong;

That just as sure as you’re alive

Your pay would drop to thirty-five,

You did not believe my tearful sobs:

Requesting you to join the Wobs.

You placed your faith, quite unto death,

In good old Andy Furuseth.

I don’t consider myself wise

To guess you would not organize;

That you would choose to starve and freeze

And not stand by your dungarees.

It seems unethical, unwise

To grab yourself a better prize?

That action is VERBOTEN, bad

Except to fight for what you had?

You do not rightly count the cost,

And strive to reach that which is lost—

When how much easier the stress

To hold to that which you posess.

We see the sailor thrice removed

From points where things can be “improved”;

He fights not for to find or hold

Nor tries to add new to the old.

Methinks it is a mortal sin

To take it thrice thus “on the chin”

And I for one shall not believe

His sand has sifted through the sieve.

I seem to see the merry cuss

Disturbing calm and raising fuss;

I see his colors, now unfurled:

“Industrial Workers of the World”.

Los Angeles has two centers, civic center and industrial center—Vernon is the industrial center (I give this “info” for the benefit of the communists; they’re barking up the wrong eucalyptus—Main St. is only Main St. and Fifth Avenue hashery is no Kremlin.)

Vernon is governed “For and By Industry”—a new form of concession even so as chamber of commerce lung-power over Red Hynes. Firestone is out of the district and is working on low shift. Did not hear whether or no Chrysler sprained his foot breaking ground for the mil—trillion dollar plant. South Gate has lots of pavements, much sidewalk, wonderful sewers but no oatmeal. Property owners are in a huddle, (conference). “Will they ever see daylight?” No. They will not. They cannot pay $340 monthly outgo on $18 weekly income—and support a family.

**Yonder shines the famed Mt. Lowe**

**Glistening like the driven snow.**

(As a poet, editor, I’m the best saw-filer in the country—I dare you to dispute—ye can lay to that). Last night a clerk, 45, and hollow-eyed told me:

“I’m working here. Last week they sold me out. Twenty-five thousand I dropped. I had that big place just around the corner.” (Electrical appliance and equipment, how do you spell it?)

“Twenty-five thousand, can you imagine? Then I got this job. I’m only clerking here . . .”

Will they ever see daylight?

This man had all the earmarks of honesty AND WHAT GOES WITH IT—but he plainly showed the sears of the wars he went thru before he capitulated—pale, hollow-eyed but still a nature’s nobleman.

I had bummed him.

My armor, which has developed with age until it is quite hole-proof, a shell that makes a missles **ricky shay** like a beheaded rooster whose steering gear has befouled its propeller, was peforated by his man’s siple story until it looked like porous-knit underwear—I could almost see daylight through it.

My point? “Then I got this job.”—

**Who would have got that job had he not been sold out?**

No. There is no daylight.

Salvation Army in L. A. suburbs insisted upon working a 72-year old mans on the woodpile—or no flop. The man protested that he is ruptured in two places. That did not impress the “top-sergeant”. The army must have its tithes of wood.

The man, of course, was unable to perform and had to walk thru the night to Anaheim—I met him there.

England was unable to ensalve the American people as a whole either by force of arms, money or bribery—what England falled to do is now being done to a part of the people by the Salvation Army, in the name of Jesus Christ.

“We help the worthy,” is their stall . . . How can they determine who is worthy lest they repudiate the fundamental basis of Christianity. “Judge not, lest you too be judged”—do they guess at it?

I have an idea “the worthy” are themselves and it’s just a sweet way of saying, “we help ourselves”—and to the full extent of Les Miserables’ sawing power.

When will the other half of the people get wise to this British-Viking racket—and when will . . . oh, shucks!

\* \* \*

Since Al Smith got defeated I’ve run into more poor people than a little.—Heretofore I thought I had a monopoly on poverty.

\* \* \*

If you don’t complain a little every day you get out of practice—how will you then look if you want to squawk and you’re all rusty . . . Creak?

\* \* \*

Bottom is not yet reached—all the boys have not yet received their wage cuts. (Law of Compensation).—Bottom cannot he reached till no more cuts can be made that IS the bottom—and that is when workers are organized industrially—after that, the next stop is top. Until then . . .? Hm.

Al Smith’s Derby (Hat) Is Sold for $115 at N. Y. Benefit Show—luckily Al had removed his head before the accident occured.

\* \* \*

Goddam hard to get the businessman to prowl around in a bedsheet, making night hideous, these days. He is too busy.

\* \* \*

I see Leon Trotzki is thrown off the “Red Special” for the second time, “for all time”, and told to stay off—30 others were unloaded, but in Trotzki’s case “**it was a matter of mere formality**”. He was ditched 3 years ago.

Pretty formal about such things, ain’t they?

\* \* \*

The editor will bear with me for not immortalizing in verse (or worse) the “bottle of the century” which occurred at Glendale, “Calif. (“Such - - - reporting!”) Press conveniently passed it off to as “a canned heat feud.”—

I’m not saying yes, no, giddap or whoa—let the interested put up what defense they can for their actions.

## 1932\_6\_IW\_08031932

**REPUDIATION**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Old gray-beard fossils war declared

And to their counting-room house repaired,

Their courage, faith quite unimpaired,

For they were well prepared.

But little Johnnie little cared

As with his toys his time he shared

And in his mouth his toes he snared,

Or lustily his views he aired.

And lustily war-bugles blared—

The half-wits grinned, the colonels glared,

And thru the night the rockets flared

For war had boon declared . . .

The youth to instant glory fared,

And for the front their shoulder squared.

And nary one of them despaired-—

The sweethhearts stood and stared . . .

They fought for God and country fair;

For fireside and ffigidaire;

For shoes mid hats and underwear,

And even for the old arm-chair.

They fought for the good pantry—bare—

Forgetting not the old gray mare

And Ford “that needs another spare”—

That’s what they fought for there.

But what they got was woe and care

And bullets—this is very rare;

A thing a Christian good will swear

Was never included in the prayer—

(Of course the darn thing wasn’t fair)

A man goes out to get somewhere,

Not thinking of “machine-gun lair”,

And lands upon the golden stair . . .

The gray-beard fossil has a stroke,

He saw his war was not a joke;

Composed of this and that and smoke,

It made the time-worn rascal choke.

At last it was his time to croak

And leave upon the world his yoke—

And as he came (naught in the poke)

Just so he went—bent, old and broke.

Came to John’s shack and cabin door

A great ambassador and hoar

And in his hand a bill he bore

Requesting John remit “dinor”

To pay for late lamented war,

And every blasted church restore.

Now John a wisp of whisker wore

And such proceeding made him sore

Indeed I believe he all but swore

“Why man alive! I fought no war”

“I’ve never spilt a drop of gore

Why war is something I abhor.

“This bill of course I can deplore,

Although it talks of too much yore

And smacks of money— lenders lore”—

With this— the bill in two he tore

And tossed it on the cabin floor,

As one who lightly feels the chore.

\* \* \*

“You’d better hunt another door,”

Said John, “My God! how you can snore!”

“Wake-up! for Christ sake,”

(John could roar)

His guest asweat in every pore.

“And as you leave this peaceful shore,

Lean heavily on either oar—

Keep this in mind, **and nothing more!**

I will not pay that score . . .

\* \* \*

“Go dig those fossils from their graves

And make -them ante-up to knaves

The capital your system craves;

The price that stultifies, depraves.

That robs the nation of its braves

And slaughters-off the new-born slaves.”

## 1932\_7\_IW\_15031932

**How It Started–And Ended**

**–Conquered—**

Each succeeding word

Was better by a third;

So good it was inferred;

No better could be heard:

Ideas clashing––blurred

And honor wallowed slurred––

It all was so absurd,

Two million muscles stirred.

\* \* \*

Ten thousand airships purred,

Ten million bullets whirred––

And with the dead interred,

‘Twas thought some fool had erred.

(In this we all concurred)––

Some had their ear lobes shirred

Some brains were jumbled curd––

The crippled-herd averred:

We needed just a word.

––––––––––

**COUNTING NOSES**

The population of unionism, good, bad and indifferent, all told, is now 2,889,550 in United States of America––that is less than 2½ per cent of the total population.

(Two and half per cent of the population also have pie with their meals. Strange, isn’t it?)

The percentage of organized power now equals the alcohol in our beer––when we have beer––it’s called one tenth of one per cent but that means “in name only”; it really is of the same power as unionism. It is useless to holler for 7 per cent beer with 2½ per cent unionism . . .

At no time was unionism in U. S. worth writing home about. In 1920, it was:

**4,078,000**; in 1922, **3,195,635**; in 1926, **2,803,063**––now **2,889,550.**

Unionism of that pressure breaks out in souplines, hunger marchers and plaintive letters to rich relatives.

But let us not be discouraged––unionism is optional with the workers. If they do not choose to unite it is their privilege. One thing is certain, they will not follow hysterical or any other leadership wished upon them––not after their experiences of self-government in this country . . . I. W. W.

In 1928, unionism rose to 2,896,063.

In 1930, it soared to 2,961,076.

In both those years soup was a drug on the market . . .

Now it has dropt down to 2,889,550 and Community Kitchens are doing a land office business; counter jumpers and untouchables are learning logging in Salvation Army wood yards and heartrending communications are despatched to well-to-do relatives. One-half the people are beggars, or hinting strongly (or weakly as the case may be) that “a remittance (even tho a pittance) would find welcome ‘mitt’ance, yours, very respectfully, John Doe, Richard Roe, William Woe”.

Are the workers going to organize?

Well, yes; or they’ll be crowded off the map––only lodge members shall be allowed to use their jaws; as things get worse; which they will; lest my war breaks out; which it will shortly after this is printed. That’s that.

**How doth the native scissor-bill**

**Declaim and snort and whoop**

**For ways and means and schemes that will Improve the mission soup?**

It’s the head, gentlemen. It’s hitched too close to the belly, yeah.

This year (1932) will experience a swelling of labor organizations––the cue then is to stay put. Wherever there are labor delegates, workers are joining a union. There is that quality about a delegate. It’s the nature of the cuss. Wherever no workers join the union, the delegate is not present or the dump is a resicure resort for tired plutocrats. To say workers will not join a union is a lie, a deliberate defamation of the delegates character and personality and industry. If no new or rebuilt members join on a given spot, an investigation will disclose no delegate set his foot in that vicinity. If your union is not growing fast enough to stave-off soup, increase the number of your delegates if it takes the last man, jack of the **consortium** (never mind that last word, once upon a time, was being pounded on the chin by a big burly, Hoboken fireman; “Desist,” wails, between blows, “desist”!

“Vat de hell is ‘desist’; you callin’ me names?” roars the Dutchman. “hissin’ me are you-”)

Workers did before, do now and will again join the union of their class. It’s an urge inherent in those who must toil that other may celebrate. They take to unionism as readily as a duck takes to water when its tail feathers are ablaze.

But can you keep the duck in the water? Won’t the duck want to dry its feather and waddle around on the beach? Mebbe. But I don’t think so––that last fire in the duck’s highly ornamental extremity was a severe one. Never again shall its webbed feet touch bottom.

*Editor: Do you remember that poem, it goes something like this:*

**Changing Horses in the Middle of the Stream––or Divide ‘em.**

The new things have newer things

Upon their backs to ride ‘em

And these again have newer still

And newer still, dad hide ‘em!

\* \* \*

And the old things themselves

Use older things to ride on

And these again use older still

And older still––’s if tied on.

\* \* \*

And the old things lay by unused

And new things are idle;

The older things are but abused

To reach the newest bridle––

The newest then miss––lays its goal

And straightaway is discarded

Which indicates our greasy––pole

Is purty darn well larded.

## 1932\_8\_IW\_22031932

*Note: Pronounce “elka-merno-re-all”: accent first, third and last soluble (as in Mont-real) = Montroyal)*

**THE ARROYO SECO**

*El Camino Real!*

*Man mst be, know, see all,*

*Live and learn and recall—*

\* \* \*

And yet it cramps my style

To engineer a smile

The while I boil a mess of bile

In the golden vial:

This Hour of rampant guile!

This Age of sophist wile

This Life, predominantly vile.

The Mooney-Billings trial!

*El Calmino Real!*

*When and what will be all?*

*What grim “fate” shall befall?*

The Royal Road itself is sweet

But not vo sweet on royal feet

The sum beats you of treat, complete—

With heal replete steeped in deceit—

Ah, brethern, that was burning meat

Not of the kind the parsons eat—

Hitch-hiking blisters do not cheat

All that is left, the Royal Seat!

The great baboon now learnt to bleat:

*El Camino Real!*

When I was admiral in the Swiss navy (or was it Irish?) I was almost elevated to high position in the yard-arm by a crew of irresponsible Kings Bosuns on account of lifting anchor for the Battle of Penokee Range without carrying aboard sufficient grog for medical purposes.

I was also uplifted by the King to the title, Royal Horse-Doctor to his Royal Jackass which carried with it the title Chirurgeon-General of the King’s Tubs and Dobbs.

Now it happened a bunch of patriots and halfwits got together and threw a peruna-party in honor of us war-scarred (not seared) heroes of the Battle of Penokee Range, just outside the Port of Hurley, Wisconsin—yes sir, sir.

And it also happened that peruna was not the only steamulating elixir— we had raisin-jack, hair-oil, bay rum and brass-polish—and it wasn’t long till the world resounded to the martial air of “The Old Gray Mare” and other great melodies that inspire men to “go off” and kill somebody. Now peruna as I understand is not constipating—I believe the company gives a written guarantee to that effect—the ladies present can also be absolved of all responsibillity for the terrible things that happened— I lay it to peruna.

It is with mingled feeling- somewhat mangled I must confess I was never caught breathing olive oil and row oysters while murmuring “*angela mia*”—that’s a highly technical statement; I may have been caught while not breathing the above, ingredients. It was only during the breathing of oil and oysters that I was not caught in the act of pronouncing those fatal words. It doesn’t say here anywhere that I did not murmur “angela mia”. It doesn’t say here I was never caught breathing olive oil and raw oysters. In fact the statement accounts only for a very short fraction of my life about 3 seconds, for first offence. (What I’ve been doing the rest of my life is nobody’s business.) (Our editors are growing cockeyed just from watching our majestic flow of language that doesn’t mean a thing.) Do you mean to say editor, that I should not defend my character and uphold the honor of the King’s navy? How do you get that way?

I have not admitted for a single instant, in that statement, that I murmured “angela mia” with or without; or anything like it. Show me!

Now that my character once more is above reproach we can take up these terrible incidents that came within an ace of scandalizing the whole seaboard. We can’t take ‘em up just now. editor! Some of our readers, which are legion, have forgotten the immortal words of that grand ballad of 49 years ago, The Old Gray Mare:

It seems a young man was courting a girl and the pair was deeply in love with one another—almost too deeply. The old man, the father of the girl, had a sorrel mare that was gray. The young man not knowing the old man had settled all his wealth on the young pair, told the old man he would not marry the girl unless he was given the old gray mare. “It’s yours,” the old man said, with hearty curse, “it’s yours.” and he put his scads back in his purse.

Quite a contretemps! He fought for the mare and got it. but lost a fortune. Tough titty!

The girl getting wind of his bone headed play proceeded to take to the warpath and kicked him the full length of Iron County and into the discard—he didn’t even get the mare.

He lost out three ways.

As I said before, tough titty.

Us officers of the king’s navy always sing that sweet ballad, when shot and shell are flying thickest—we feel that we are fighting for the old gray mare.

The young men felt he could not return to his home port until he had built up his rear and time had healed the spots where she had heeled and trampled him—I don’t blame her—and it was twenty years before he showed his schnozzle over the backyard fence:

“Remember me? Sweet Alice shy,”

We hear him snort half in despair.—

“And shure I do, ain’t you the guy

That came to court our old gray mare?”

Mebbe O don’t get it word for word, but then, what’s the odds—our readers have forgotten it word for word.

At the peruna-party this beautiful ballad kept the girls in good humor and gave us veterans of foreign scars an opportunity to pay homage to the best tonic known to human concoction: Suddenly as if the ship had struck a rock there was a rumble in the bowels of the navy’s principle unit that sounded ominous. Being an admiral I immediately made a rush for the closet to say my prayers—unfortunately I had lift the nickel in the flagship’s strongbox and it was one of those pay-closets wherein prayers follow the contribution.

Before I could reach for succor there was a terrific explosion like a crown sheat dropping out of a steamboiler and shooting out from both ends. The king’s admiral was a social, physical hygienic and spiritual wreck—raisinjack and peruna had had it out and I comited.

“Boy, call me a taxi, in the name of the king!” On the way to the quay, me rapidly recovering my wellknown sobriety, we passed a jacksailor who was making heavy seaway, tacking from side to side.— “Stop! In the name of the king—pick up that drunken lout.” “Avast, me lad, can’t you see he can not navigate, pick him up.”—

Together we struggled through a verse or two of the old gray mare and when we reached the quay I was sober to the point of supercilliness: “Officer of the Guard, arrest that man, throw him in the brig. Look at what he did to my cape and uniform. Remember! you saw what he did to my uniform. That’ll be all—when we go aboard come and get these clothes and have them cleaned—that’ll be all.” —

When the clothes were returned to me in the pure state. I reminded the corporal, “you saw that he had comited all over me, that’ll be all.” — “Yes sir, but that isn’t all he did—he dirtied your underwear, too.

“He did! I’ll have him court martialed and drummed out of the navy.”

(Never mind how I got these—I’ve got ‘em, ain’t I? Possession is nine points in law.)

## 1932\_9\_IW\_29031932

When I saw Herbert Hoover was too light in the poop to round-up prosperity, I made a rush for California to consult Hoot Gibson about golddigging prospects around Saugus––I mean digging it right out of dirt. And I figured “Ma Kennedy might possibly adopt me”––but I came too late. She had already adopted a man and domesticated him.

“Well”, I thought, “there’s Aimee McPherson. What’s the matter with us working in unison? She to preach the sermons and me to take up the collection. That’s an idea! Hard to beat.”

But before I could get turned around she was Missus Hutton and there was I stranded in the Placerita Canyon and had no place to go for aid and comfort. Darn the luck, anyway! There is nothing else for me to do but throw my balloon on my shoulder and trek back to civilization. (Editor: Come and get me!)

Understand me: Hoot Gibson is generally home to strangers and God knows I was strange enough after six years of **Calvinism** and three years of **Hooveritis**––He mistook me for a ghost until I mentioned my appetite. Then he recognized me for human being.

“The boys get hungry,” said he.

Upon second thought my program with regard to the now Mrs. Hutton, doesn’t look so good: If I take up the contributions, the collection will be but a minor disturbance; whereas if I lay down the law and gosbull and she gathers in the shekels the shower of simoleons will resemble that of Gulden’s “Mustard Wedding”––A Gulden Opportunity!

Dreams! Wonderful dreams!

Dreams are imperative:

A bank burglar dreams. In his dreams he sees or seizes 50,000 dollars. He never ceases dreaming till he seizes what he sees. Witout his dreams he would seize nothing and the cops would not dream of seazing him or if they did dream of seizing him they would soon cease dreaming and cease seizing––if they had already seized or started to seize. But, if the cops did seize and refuse to cease after the bank burglar had ceased dreaming and had refused to seize anything but had ceased seizing before he really seized and if his ceasing of seizing fails to make the cops cease seizing I am all at sea to see why cops should not be seized for seizing those who had not seized or had ceased to seize before they really seized.

I cant figure it out––and I cito this only to show how hazy dreams can be––especially so when they deal with such ethereal matters as seizing fifty G’s.

(Note: Directions for taking).

The diseases and aches herein mentioned are pains in the neck––both of ‘em, Calvinism and Hooveritis. So, if you have either one or both, or suspect you have, see a good doctor right now.

I was a stanch supporter of Garner till I found out Hollywood favors him.

Hearst can keep his Albion-America Alliance––and we’ll throw in Garner––and run a dutchman for president. This political etiquette has gone too, and God damned, far!

What we want in the white wigwam is a full-breed––Shultz or Breithaupt.

What’s the matter with uplifting a Jew once?

Another thing, we want a young man––not an old huzzard––or crowbait––on probate.

Palmdale: Some of the palms are desperately branching out this-which-hither-way like a busted arm––few of them actually on their knees looking for water. Noah Bcery has a Paradise here abouts.

Desert Garage––must be Maharvey (pronounce Mojave).

Bindlestiff, (one shoulder dragging 5½ inches behind him) starts his trek.

“Pretty long hike without water,” is the comment––I wonder. . . .

California is a slightly warmed-over Montana . . . Studio City Garage . . . Garage City Studio . . . Owing to narrow sidewalks ladies have started reducing . . . Why don’t they fight for their rights. . . demand right-of-way on the boulevards . . . let the “Austins” use the walk. . . getting to be a prettly pass when a lady must arrest her growth because Los Angeles permits narrow walks––if two fullgrown women ever meet on a sidestreet there’s going to be a traffic jam that will take more than dozen left-handed cops to straighten out . . . they’ll need a derrick . . . under the guilding star of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Compand the American bankers robbed depositors to the tune of 3,000,000,000 dollars . . . in the same area of time bank burglars collected a lousy 3,000,000 dollars . . . I think we better send those b. b’s. back to college . . . “Some dirty scoundrel busted into Mr. Art Crafty’s residence last night and stole a valuable, gilded floor-lamp while Mr. Crafty was lifting a calf from Farmer Brown’s pasture”.––Can you imagine, grabbing a man’s reading-lamp!”

Bakersfield:

This town was settled by a first-class baker––not one of those sourdough artists of flour and water mechanics. The “Baker” also hal a gift of judging good liquor and as a result quite often Baker strayed-off into a field to take his bearings. This happened so often the field won a **soubuiquet**––Baker’s field. If you don’t believe it, I’ll show you the field.

The townsmen used to greet Baker with a cheerful “Stewed, eh Baker?” and offered to name the town “Studebaker” but Baker got sore and moved to South Bend, Indiana, and went on a bender there. But the rep “stewed, eh baker” followed close on his heels and made him blush a rosy red. Quite readily Baker saw that if he was to imbibe the liberal libations he needed a wagon to haul him home––that was the origin of four wheeled wagons in South Bend (North Bend used to crawl home on all-fours, yep) and unless I’m mistaken, which is improbable, even to day “South Benders” put out four-wheeled vehicles, floating power and everything affectionately labelled Stude-baker. Now this biography is every bit as truthful as any biography ever written and not a whit more, thank you.

After due consideration I’ve come to the conclusion that water should not be placed in front of eater without close questioning––the man may have already eaten too much water.

No exceptions to this, except wherein absence of water conflicts with fire rules.

––T b-s.

## 1932\_10\_IW\_05041932

**ELMER SMITH**

–––––

Death was finally succeeded in removing Elmer Smith from amogst the living. Strangely his defense against death was in hands that have not at all times been gentle . . . Much might be said of this strange man in a strange world and much of it would not be strange at all—the usual glorification of men that commit no outstanding blunders.

But there is this to be said about Elmer Smith that is decidedly peculiar in this merchandizing world:

He stood by his principles! He had not retrogressed from the high standard set before him by his early training and persevering cultivation in later life. Elmer is gone but the high emprise remains—it took just an Elmer Smith to re-establish principle at the head of crumbling ideals—a work almost too well done.

He shall rest peacefully.

Smith’s body was still warm when I called up from the G. N. “freezer-icebox”. “what town is this?”—

“Centralia.”

Why had I been thinking of Elmer Smith, the injustices done him, the injustices done the other Centralia victims and the belated restitution of liberties to two of the offended; to all intents and purposes condemning the remaining four to suffer the torments of a twelve year hysteria resolved to ferocity? A tiger will attack a man ferociously but, gentlemen, the tiger’s ferocity is wholly free from hysteria.

Now, gentlemen, when a judge in court flies off the handle and sentences men to serve, contrary to law, 40 years for the crime of self-defense, or conspiracy to defend themselves and the successful culmination of the action. Impulsive or considered, no other construction being pertinent, that judge, gentlemen, is free neither of hysteria nor ferocity; is ignorant of the requirements of law; does not understand law when overcome by hysteria; cannot apply law to social phenomena when possessed of hysterical ferocity, of which we have a glaring example that he is a social hazard.

My point is, the four remaining Centralia boys are and have been held contrary to all reasonable requirement of law; that the whole proceeding from beginning to now and from now on is illegal; that only an un-reasonable judge, fighting hysteria and ferocity, can see justification for the continued denial of their liberties.

Point II.—Even though the charge be sustained (which it isn’t) the time already served (12 long years) is commensurate to the gravity of the offense—as charged.

I have ere this pleaded with Governor Hartley to intercede for these boys with the prison-board and I have held great hopes that great good would come of it. But no, time rolls on and the boys haven’t a ghost of a chance—the whole thing must be gone into all over again—the parade will be trotted out—men will be called by their proper names and their accomplishments be given a thorough airing—the underlying motives shall be analyized—political phases shall be exposed— (I, myself, am itching to write without reserve, editor says no.) The death of Elmer Smith practically re-opens the Centralia Case, as will each succeeding death—after the last death, nothing can close the case, it becomes a permanent debt—payment shall be demanded with no possibility of fulfilment.

This is as good time as any to close the case for good.

\* \* \*

**TIME-OFF—**

–––––

This is LABOR’S day!

Is there more to say?

“We gather here from far and near,”

But NOT to sing and play.

Not to grieve and pray.

Not to fight—or slay

THIS IS LABOR’S DAY!

*We know no fear or glistening tear*

*Or entertain dismay.*

We neither cheer nor sneer nor jeer

Nor itch for worthless fray—

Al! those bespeak the DULL DECAY

And WE shall seek a BETTER way.

*That days more bright or drab or gray*

*Shall find its here “to stay”—*

This DAY we highly prize

Ay, worship with our eyes!

While witless play, and cowards pray

And sadist-morons RISE—

We’ll try to be and act more wise

Correctly analyze our size,

Our task before us loudly cries:

“This Day we’ll Organize!”

Note: My squawk in this poem is just this, we’re not going to rush off to a dance before the dishes are washed; we’re not going to hurrah our head off until the chores are done; we’ll skip the peruna-party until such a time as our duties are performed—our crying duty is “to organize.”

Until such a time as the workers are organized in one union there is no debate. There is nothing that takes precedence over organization—camouflage it how you may. All bonafide organization moves **show on the books**—

So you were going to start off to a picnic and let organization wait the pleasure of your poor starved-out soul; there to disport yourself with other nuts of your calibre. Hm!

Subsist on a steady diet of theories until hunger bumps you off?

\* \* \*

What Communism Fears: The Small Farm.

Twenty-five million small farms constitute the fundamental source of the capitalist tendencies in Russia. The kulak (rich peasant) caste, gradually emerging from this mass, is repeating the process of primitive accumulation of capita), digging a broad mine under the socialist position. The further destiny of this process depends ultimately upon the relation between the growth of State enterprises and the private. The slow pace of our Industries vastly increases the tempo of class differentiation among the peasants and the political dangers arising from it.

“In the history of other countries,” wrote Lenin, “the kulaks have more than once restored power to landlords, czars, priests and capitalists. It has been so in all previous European revolutions, where, in consequence of the weakness of the workers, the kulaks have succeeded in reverting from a republic to monarchy, from the rulership of the tolling masses to the omnipotence of the exploiters, the rich parasites . . . you can reconcile the kulak with the landlord, czar, and the priest easily enough, even though they’ve had a quarrel, but with the working class, never.”

(“Leny” wasn’t so damned dumb, was he?)

Whoever fails to understand this, whoever believes In “the kulaks’ growing into socialism,” is good for just one thing—to wreck the revolution on a reef.

The Real Situation in Russia.

Leon Trotzky (Eastman).

The Golden Book Mag.

Those are mine sentiments also—me too. But I’ll bracket the words “on a reef”.

## 1932\_11\_IW\_12041932

**THE HYBRID**

–––––

Genius running wild

Like an average child:

Stormy fair or––mild!

\* \* \*

Reason, error-joined

Unity –– –– –– purloined;

**Another mischief coined!**

\* \* \*

Genius purblind:

Childhood, age entwined;

**Neither bane or mind!**

\* \* \*

Moral:

Why not discard the gen•us

And make a grab for toys;

Let no “freak” subpeona us

Lets all once more be boys!

\* \* \*

That’s gonna work quite a hardship on the women folk –– the change in them would have to be so great that even I, as brave as I am, hesitate to put out exact figures on the problem––so impossible it would seem.

No matter whichever way I squint

That poem has a nasty glint

And doesn’t seem to need a splint.

‘Tis chiseled out of solid flint

By force of labor and the dint

Of great research––the wellknown “stint”.

And therefore, hereby I must hint,

It is by far the best e’er “spint”

The best that ever WILL see print

It’s got the body (schoolgirl tint)

And has the world a full neck skint

My God! how that poor song can sprint!

\* \* \*

Ragged Individualism:

Rugged Individualism has now taken its proud place alongside Harding’s “Back To Normalcy”. We are now almost normal––but it took ten years to do it.

Five years from tomorrow afternoon a rugged individual will hop up and say, “O, what a yap I was!” and explain nothing.

I’ll do the explaining right here:

Over there by those two cans a rugged individual is jungling up; three hundred feet away another proud mortal is cooking; sixty feet to the right still another rugged “I am” is glaring at his frying pan—I see smoke to the right, left and front of me and I smell the smoke back of me and I want the world to know I, too, am a ragged individual and a jackass for I, too, am jungling by my lonesome––how ketchy it is! How was this condition brought about?

An efficiency expert sold the idea to the powers that be. The master sent a few and crude rugged stool-pigeons among the populace. The stiffs swallowed the hook, yarn, sinker and all.

Presto, change!––the sticks are full of rugged individuals. Ha, ha, haa! Ho, ho, hoo! He, haw!! First they normalize, then the individualize and next they’ll moralize “O, what a yap I was!”

The “normalcy” is now long overdue and it is expected rugged individualism will put the finishing touches to it –– There I could have said that in the first place.

Why didn’t I go to Boulder Dam, if I didn’t? ––

If I didn’t it was because I am a fine-grader and a cement-finisher . . .

(I have the low-down on Mr President Hoover’s Dam, from its inception to its miscarriage; from the salt beds to the six prices––it seems the six companies are rugged individuals, after all, and are charging Samuel a price apiece; But I wont say anything if they will “divvy up” the sway with labor.)

\* \* \*

Dismemberment of the Chinese Republic continues apace––to say more is to bespeak the immaterial and irrelevant––methods vary . . .

There is this about rugged individualism that is not apparent in the start-off: it cannot be carried to a successful and its logical conclusion –– self-effacement. More’s the pity. It can only dissociate one from rest of the world and this it does in a very incomplete manner.

Were it possible for one to completely efface one’s self and carry individualism to its 19th hole, I believe the world would survive the shock.

“There is room for only one Laglen in United States,” mourns Leopold L., in court. The judge thought otherwise; that by a little crowding, room might be made for brother Victor­­––”anyhow,” as he said, “we ain’t gonna enlarge the United States just for the sake of the Laglens.”

Oakland, Calif., thinks Contra and is about to start filling in a part of Frisco Bay to give Vic. standing-room.––

“In South America!” roars the speaker, “they had assjacks (Aztecs) that were more intelligent than we are.”––

“How could they be otherwise?”

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

S A M ––

The farmer gave him food for naught,

The fisherman the catch he caught,

The miner, too, in substance thought,

“It isn’t right to charge him aught.”

The cobbler said he really ought

And did donate the shoes he wrought,

The weaver nary profit sought,

The tailor compensation fought;

The logger thought that “Pay was fraught

With moral shame”––What! him be bought?

For few loose boards to build a yacht?

(To such poor Jack was never taught).

And so it went––what a bitter thought!

To take such things, unpaid, unbought––

So fatal was the “goods” onslaught––

He froze and starved and died distraught.

\* \* \*

Note: Ran out of rhymes or I’d give him a blood transfusion –– it being law that such barbarous words as POught and GOught mean no more than the “UGH!” therein contained.

## 1932\_12\_IW\_19041932

**THE (r) “IT”siest THING:**

They scream from houre tops:

“Capitalism will never break clown of its own accord.”

Isn’t that the Pure Homy! a machine won’t breakdown of its own accord?— you gotta “toss in” a monkey wrench? ‘Twon’t wear out, ‘twon’t pet old—it’s a thing of beauty (pronounce “booty”) forever, eh?

**Isn’t it a truth it’s broke down now?**

What happened? Did somebody wild-pitch his javelin?—anyhow, it’s done busted.

Now regardless of whether it wears out of its own accord or is aided in that praiseforthy undertaking you’re out of luck if you haven’t a thing of your own invention to put in its place—I. W. W. has IT.

It’s not a question (my idea) of overthrowal of capitalism: it’s a question (my idea) of the darn thing falling flat like Barnum’s tent when the Johnson-pole broke.

Barnum’s tent wasn’t overthrown by the wind; it flopped down on the ears of the spectators—just like that—how’s your ears?

Compose yourself, gentlemen!

Gentlemen! please don’t excite yourself! It is nothing!

Why should you hop around like a wild man just because an old system gives way to a better one—you don’t do that when you toss off an old shirt and pull on a new one, do you? No, of course not. You forget the old shirt; as good chum as it was . . . (Personally, editor, I think a man should hire the “Marine Band”, everytime he gets a new shirt, to play a dirge over the old one). No, there is nothing to get excited over. It’s simply a process of discarding worn-out materials—as ruthlessly as you yourself are discarded . . . for whatever reason. The boss is not as considerate as is progress. No. He doesn’t wait until you are worn-out. He discard you in your prime.

There is nothing to get excited over—the capitalist system started breaking down the minute it was born; breakdown after breakdown; crash after crash—and the LAST, “October Crash”, was the worst smash-up of all—**You ought to be used to it by this time!** You have seen mechanics rushing hither and you, bearing monkey-wrenches, extra-pails and haywire (Morgan, Mellon and sixteen dozen lesser engineers, including Stimson, ran’way over to Europe “to ketchum” life-giving accessories for the system).

And my learnt friends and neighbors yowl “**it cannot breakdown of its own accord**.”

Naw. It can’t breakdown; it’s already brokedown. It’s a row of breakdowns.

\* \* \*

What constitutes a breakdown in the capitalist system of production and distribution?

Inability to function so as to safe-guard the wellbeing of its producers—it being that the worker is too busy to watch his bossor the clock even . . .

Now let’s have it out : this here latest “debackle” of the parasite is not a breakdown in the full ‘sentence’ of the word.

It is a wreck; w. r. e. c. k— that’s how you spell it.

When the capitalist system says 30.000.000 people are just so much excess baggage; a drain upon the non-producer’s purse—10.000.000 of them erstwhile producers; that it cannot provide means of livelihood, to be produced—in other words, denies them the right to produce their living in the accepted manner—such denial being revolutionary in the face of the fact the offended people know of no other way to generate porkchops and retain their morals if not honor—and refuse to supply these people with the livelihood already produced, that system is not only a wreck but derangement of the most acute form or formlessness.

**Insert:** We’ve got absentee bosses and absentee porkchops—and no “T-bones” at all . . .

**Epigram:** “Helping the poor” is like loading the pockets of a performer with filthy lucre and telling him “now be a good boy and run home”:

His pockets are half-empty before he reaches first-base; Second-base gets a handful: “Hot-corner” gets a nickle: When he reaches home-plate there’s nothing in his pockets but hole; he is “out” and the game is over. The runner strolls back toward third and picks up the pennie—that’s his share—the cheap skate!

First, second and third base immediately challenge the losers to another game.

Home-plate says “to hell with this game, let’s play mumble-peg.”

Now, that’s what they call an epigram—it speaks of a patch on the system—”helping the poor”—without mentioning it. Such things (patches) are never mentioned in an epigram or row of epigrams, you yourself saw the patch wasn’t big enough to reach all around and you begin to wonder what became of that 3,000.000 dollars or whatever it was: “where did it disappear?” — —— Ah brethern, most of it is in first base—”first come, first served”.

**Off-Suit:** Now that Henry Ford’s V-8 has been baptized in blood at the factory gate, how nice it would be of Hank to tear a leaf from the ledger of another “great industrialist,” the “Hero of the Homestead Massacre,” and donate libraries or gold-fish pools to communities where renegades predominate? eh, Hank? Say Hank, you’re a man of the world, a tale hangs by the word renegade—it is not a beautiful tale—and I intend to popularize that word, just for pastime, while waiting the State of California to free Tom Mooney. I have no other interest in the word.

We have here a lineup: “Insert”, “Epigram” and “Off-Suit” merely as truthful description and have thereby weakened the high moral purpose of this article. They have no justification in this article other than to show the trend and tendencies to indecency of capitalism in the event it has to choose between it and “square deal” to worker—they’ve, (the workers) never transcended that’ craving—a homely expression that means all the world to them and to everybody; since, then, everybody would be workers or produce a perfect alibi. No sense at all to get excited—the battle is won; ail it takes is organization.

One deplorable phase, though:

Would you kick the system when it is down? You!

You can kick or twist the stuffing out of it the beat day it ever saw.

You’re like an old woman, closet is full of clothes, dressed like a scare-crow in Capitalism you say “I have nothing to wear.”

Don’t you know you would look better without anything on than with capitalism?

Don’t get the idea that capitalism our only windbreak, come to me and I’ll give a you half dozen systems all better than the capitalist system—you can take your pick.

The Capitalist system is now more than 45 and it is time to discard it—the bosses have shown us the way.

**T—b-s.**

## 1932\_13\_IW\_26041932

**“OH YEAH!”**

–––––

**If a mood comes o’er you stealing**

**And you feel both dumb and weak.**

**And you have that gone-dog-feeling.**

**Go and hear Jim Thompion speak.**

**Hear him reassure the witless,**

**Separate the whest from chaff—**

**Listen! and affirm the fitness**

**Of Jim Thompson’s steel-grey laugh.**

**Not ‘to be confirmed, converted.**

**Nor in many matters minced,**

**But to gain the cause deserted**

**And to be just reconvinced.**

**If a mood comes o’er you stealing**

**And you feel so doggone weak**

**And you have that dumb-weak feeling,**

**Go and hear Jim Thompson speak!**

–––––

**AS YOU ARE**

ARMSTRONG TRADING:—

“Everything SACRIFICED! We are QUITTING! Everything MUST GO! THS DEPRESSION HAS GOT US! FORCED OUT!—come in!”

Cupboard EMPTY! So is the PURSE! We are STARVING! Boss says we MUST GO! THE DEPRESSION HAS GOT US! FORCED OUT! FROZE OUT! FOOLED OUT!—come out

\* \* \*

Portland has been very fortunate this winter in having the truthful Arthur Boose disseminating information to its amazed citizens—the city is the better off as a direct result and our organization had much to gain, and did . . . labor had been struggling in the realm of truth, that truth overdone, underdone or embellished with strange tassels and fixtures which had to be knocked off. But why should I beat about the bush? The workers know the truth—I mean the whole truth—why is it then they are not satisfied with it that they must attach to it half-truths and extra truths. The truth of the matter is, workers are slaves and shall be slaves untill such a time as they have organized power sufficient to free themselves—it is illusion to think any part of the working class can free itself, or the class, by organizing itself; it **must organise the whole class and free the whole class.**

They are enslaved at the point of production and are in fact industrial slaves as well as industrial workers and it is at the point of production freedom must be generated. It is useless to try to win freedom by a ballot—you can’t vote yourself free. (Exception noted); you cannot free yourself by hollering down the rain barrel, (there are no barrels); you cannot knock off the shackles of industrial slavery by shooting down a row of political pie-cards (new ones step up to be shot at, they’re like that); you cannot shed your slavery by praying, by singing, by dancing a jig, by standing on our head or doing a handspring—your slavery sticks to your person no matter how many times you march to the city hail or parade to congress—a parade hasn’t as much power as has a serenade—La Paloma or Humoresque. No. If you are going to free yourself you’ll have to cut out all those antics, take out credentials and organize the POWER—you wouldn’t think of trying to run an engine with a cold boiler, would you? Of course not. You’d get busy with the coal-scoop and watch the stream gauge: “Zero, Ten, Thirty, Eighty, One-hundred and Ten, Hundred and Eigthy-Five”—ah! that’s better; you have organized the power. The engine will now roll over.

You would not think of cooking a cup of good java in the ashes of last year’s fire; no, you’d organize a fire of more recent date—last year’s fire was good enough in its age but will not do for present day culinary experiments. (By the way: this ill-famous writer is now working on a schem how to recharge last year’s worn-out “Coffee grounds” and make them as powerful as they were in their virgin purity—good to the last drop. By letting ‘em steep in the juices of an old shoe I’ve already produced a product that will pull a boil at three paces.)

Yep, the organizing of power comes first, it supercedes everything—the question of ways and means is idle prattle in the face of that fact. It’s like talking of running a footrace with two legs broken off short. The answer is self evident.

## 1932\_14\_IW\_03051932

**Thumbs Down**

The denial of pardon to Mooney and Billings does not end the case. Any such statement as “He’ll never get out”! is sour-grapes. The unpaved answer of Gov. Rolph to question, “aintcha glad the case is settled,” (in effect) “sure, it’s not been off my mind for five months,” rings of insincerity––Is it off his mind now?

It is not––it is there to stay until the case is settled, which is not yet.

The answer gives an insight into Rolph habits of spontaneous thinking when not influenced by Byington, who knows how to read and write but who in the early days had to accept (grab) the district attorneys job to make sure of his elusive pancakes––and Matt, who in the name of same shy waffles, grew big and stout at public expence, lolling on the supreme court bench until it (he) got uncomfortable . . .

Advisors, huh!

What are dis’t-attorneys?

District attorneys, nine times out of ten, are legal failures, same materials as justices are made of. Their advice or opinion when not acquired by consultation with legal talent is worthless––in any case, they are next to dummies insofar as their thinking is not thorough or fundamentally premise-proof. Any grounds they may offer for the further detention of Mooney and Billings, in the light of sanctification of perjured evidence and contingent upon the acceptability of parole (surveillance) or commutation of sentence of the deferring of release on economic grounds (stars and moon ain’t just right) such grounds are dodging the now national issue (precedent for nullification of law) and are wide open to question. Ordinarily a parole has much that can be said in favor of it, but we must remember a California parole is something else again and may be crammed as full of injustice as was this famous case in the start-off.

\* \* \*

**Capitalist System Has Halitosis**

The first rule for saving money is––get it.

Do not try to save that what you haven’t got; you’ll only fail––get it first.

Half of the world is said to be engaged in agriculture. That’s how the other half lives.––Little Rock Ark. Gazette.

(The figures are inaccurate,) one-third).

Plenty of mint in Oregon but nothing to put it in.

**Genius?**

G. B. Shaw: “Into the void left by the annihilation of Wilde be stepped, armed with a keener wit, a tenser dialogue, a more challenging theme, a stranger construction, a deeper and more natural “comprehension.”––Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

Says you:––If Oscar were still alive, Winston, you’d hear wit, dialogue, theme, construction and comprehension that would make you think the grammar exploded.––George, get up and call him a prevaricator: desecrating the ashes that survived calumny? That’s my point––and WILDE it stays. G. B. S. is a great man measured to prevalent specimens; Churchill one of them. Shaw is the finished product for which the obstructive Briton now want’s credit.––Wilde went down under the same “encouragment”, in another day.

America claims George Bernard Shaw –– put that in you pipe, Johnny.

\* \* \*

When a king loses his head, it’s because it’s empty––generally speaking––and those that parade around with it ain’t much better off: I figure, while the parade is wildest another vacancy is covered with a crown––all the marchers get is a pair of sore legs and sensitive bunions.

Moral: Cut out the march instead of the head––and tend to business.

Moral II. a king never should be killed while other meat is pletiful––I understand they ain’t the best of eating; altho, admittedly, a pound of genuine King sirloin would fetch a pretty price in Park Avenue or Riverside Drive––just for the honor of having eaten it. (Chances are Fido gets it). Not all Kings heads are empty at the time of the tragedy and have as many spoonfuls of gray matter as yours and mine––unfortunately they are so hedged in they cannot, will not, dare not, act and rather than act they say **“take the knob and make it snappy.”** It’s the system.

Alfonso said “give me a start of three hundred yards and you won’t even know which way I went”––they didn’t either––for an old man Alfonso sure scratched gravel in a wonderful manner––he showed good sense and sense indicates gray matter.

**He refused to shoot down his countrymen.**

(That last crack is just to allay your doubts).

A King loses his head when it is empty; generally speaking––the Kaiser’s got his yet.

\* \* \*

Lifeterm convict carves-up on Warden Lewis in Oregon “big house”, Salem, Ore.

Well, what did he expect––a Kiss?

I’m in favor of repealing all Foolstedt Acts, beginning from bottom, and don’t get tired. . . they’re thinking of taking away the names from all towns––they’re all the same: i. e.: “What town is this?”––”What difference does it make?” . . . in strict proportion the callouses on hands grorw thinner, those on the conscience thicken (parasites press please print)––pianoplayers make better safe crackers than do gandy-dancers . . . racketeers didn’t get Lindbergh’s Kid, so far; racketeer’s thumbs are in the middle of their paws and cannot throw together a make-shift ladder and would not––if they had to bribe all the cops from the Amboys to Metuchen to watch them cart a store ladder in their “Rolls”––no, a hammer and pocketful of nails took the child. Where?

Where is the place where everybody’s business isn’t anybody’s business––a tradition?

The other place is the muchly-thumbed-racketeer lore. (If there be any hints here the “flying fool” will get ‘em––he is resourceful).

It may be the Kid floats only on high water.

Increment and excrement are two different things despite the hooking-up of filthy-incre (Increment) and tainted-money. Money is the root of all blisters and in the baby-case men who never saw a baby in all their lives are entirely willing to take Charles Jack. Red-Scares:

Mine eyes have seen many scares and mine ears have heard the pitiful screams for help. “Help!” they screetched hysterically as they dug down in their pockets for REDdy Cash to finance the defense––and the **cashtakers** smiled in a knowing manner, and mebby they DID know––”Help!” resounded the cry the length and breath of the land. In the olden day it was “The Redskins Are Coming!”––and the shillings flowed freely.

Then it was “The Redcoats!”––and the mints had to work overtime to print new toadskins to combat the crimson threat.

Lately it has been “Red, red, Reds” till hell wouldn’t have it––and I estimate 16 billion has been raised that way to buy porkchops for the valiant scarers.

I haven’t seen these all in the sense you take it, but I’ve seen them nevertheless and now––right now I am the middle of a scare . . . Who would have thought the gullible public would fall for a T-bone Slim scare? ‘S’fact. Crawl into your holes, reprobates––but “leave your purse where the defenders can find it.”––

(Above paragraph necessarily isn’t weak, it’s short––I could remove the whole hide as easily as I lifted the scalp; nothing is impossible in literature.)

Say editor, you’ve got a grammar, aintcha? It is proper English to say, “the country is naw fully scared?”––(if not fully saved?) Then we have the war-scare––46 billion more. All right. Scares can be manipulated, commercialized even so as the Lindbergh child-hunt––the hunt being in reverse and, unfortunately, was allowed to spread out instead of being narrowed down––no crop that way. Take my word for it––the word of an unimpeachable harbor boatman and patron saint of bankrupt speakeasies and “one night stands.”

\* \* \*

The American people are getting all the worst of it.” There has been some doubt on that score and I hear, “If they are, they’re having hell of a time getting it.” This shows a gigantic lack of confidence; not only that, it shows total absence of faith––, not only that, it is a slur of the most dispicable nature and it is therefore I must hasten to testify: they are most certainly getting the worst of it; all of it––nothing is wasted; nary chunk of worst remains ungetted. Our people are go-getters (push up a statute for that last crack.)

Now that our honor is once more safe I feel we ought to sing a song:

We have got the worst of it

And now we’ll get the best;

That of course is first of it––

And then we’ll get the rest.

The worst and best and all between

Is ours, by right of ruling––

The good or bad, that can be seen,

Belongs to might––no fooling.

(And that’s the last of it.)

## 1932\_15\_IW\_10051932

By-Law No. 371.

It is only in an industrial one big union that workers can, if they so desire, so regulate their sale of labor power as to leave a market for their fellow workers; work so as to permit the available work to reach all hands that none shall be denied an opportunity to gain a livelihood; at the whim or capriece of a more or less demented boss—it being said:

The available work, little or much, equally divided, shall constitute a livelihood, plus, to all hands participating in the performance of that work; that, if through the machinations of the lilyfingered gentry, such livelihood is not present, it shall be made to be present, whether or no. At all times it shall be corstrued, the work to be performed represents the livelihood, plus, of the working class as a whole and no other cost shall be demanded of, or be paid by, the working class.

(Joker?)

But should it so happen a fellow worker desires to support one or more parasites for whatever reason or consideration, or in the event he cannot retain his health lest he be dripping wet with sweat he shall have thhe privilege of so doing subject to Rule 1 in by-law 372—but he must not infringe on work allotted to others or get in the way of any one that wants to work and he shall put in his application for the extra-men’s work in the rgular manner, subject to rule 39, by-law 372, that in the event he injures his health or strains a tendon doing said extra work he shall be put in a padded cell until such a time as he regains his health and mental equilibrim.

Note: I made these by-laws myself without any help from anybody except Karl Marx and Mark Twain Representing the dead, and the Four Marx Brothers, the lives ones—ever see the Marx Bros, act? Drop everything! and see them right away, they are awful.**—T-b.S.**

\* \* \*

**Exhibit A:**

In the window of Grammas Kitchen, which is Dorland’s best, I saw a five gallon can full of lard or shortening with bird’s footprints on its fair surface—the birds may have divided their time between a manure pile and the lardpail, birds are like that: so to that I won’t testify—my point is, there is no guarantee the birds washed heir feet before parading on the lard; my hope is, the lard was used to grease stubborn hinges; my fear is, those imprints are now on the stomach-walls of my ailing compatriots.

\* \* \*

**Must Use Lye?**

Portland. Ore. (By Special Wire.) I make it “Ore.” because then it doesn’t look like a guinea-pig—blank behind.—

For some reason the Chinese mission here looks clean, the gathering looks clean— nothing like our own beloved missions.—But I suppose, after the holy ghost has fully descended upon our yellow brethren, their mission floors will need scrubbing as badly as ours.

To help the unemployment situation I think it would be a good idea for the money squeezing “Hallelujah-Boys” to set paid brooms at work on the Lord’s Temple in the interest of sanitation—two way break. You know, **a paid broom sweeps cleanest.**

My teacher must have misquoted the bible when she said “the Chinese are half-civilized”.

If all that cleanliness is half-civilizied, what is that filth which is a part of the worship in our native missions, and churches? Is it quarter-civilized? No. Too much dirt. It’s about one-sixteenth civilized. Attendance at the services has very naturally droped off —and even I must confess that I would hesitate about bringing my new pair of pants to such a place. Is it then any wonder that those who do go there take the precaution to adorn themselves in their worst rags; so as to be in harmony with theh surrounding filth: in other words, the dress of the **abnegates** is no cleaner than the appointed place of their worship; worship to the KING, GOD SOUP—the trinity supreme, in the old, condemned warehouse; in the old, ramshackle barracks— Isn’t it strange how the Christian mind turns to rats, rot, ruin, rubbish to find relief, ye rescue, for those whom they pretend to aid. Sanitary places are yawning for occupancy, dozens of them and the impoverished workers [unclear] esconced in a dilapitaded old stinkhole to the glory of God—a dirty tribe, loss than one-sixteenth civilized according to their own figures. Admittedly this is a gruesome picture—I cannot help it; I did not make this picture. The so-called worshippers of the Star of Bethlehem drew that picture and draw my comment . . .

A collection for the purpose of buying super-suds, mops, dusters and brooms is now in order—and, fellow religionists when you get your paws on that money slip me a tenspot, the place is clean enough . . .

In re unemployment elsewhere, I would suggest a peculiar remedy and light one: In view of the fact that so many efforts to create employment have worked just opposite, I suggest they try their hand at creating unemployment — it might turn out a row of jobs.

Ere this, I believe I have stated a matter of eight years ago and since at not infrequent intervals as I do here and now and shall again:

The Industrial Workers of the World are Indestructible.

It is here to stay until such a time as the mission for which it was created is fullfilled.

No pewer inside or outside can destroy it so long as misery and want abound— in this it is fool-proof.

Any feeble minded that thinks otherwise should go on a fish diet.

It was instituted among men by providence or by whatever power helps Hoover and Stimson run the world—don’t yon think so, editor?—in an wholly attruistic spirit.

## 1932\_16\_IW\_17051932

It was the railroad lobby that, in a good many cases, get the law passed that makes it all but criminal offense for an automobile driver to pick up a hitchhikers and various responsibilities were imposed upon the doee, in case he does. It simply broke the great heart of the railroads to see so many potential paying passengers negotiate great distances simply by crooking a thumb in the general direction their heart was set upon. Bloodcurding tales were started, telling the world as to how double-d yed-in-wool robbers and hi-jacks masquerade on the highways dressed in hikers clothing. Poker players got a good alibi: “Robbed!” they scream, “by a hitch hiker; by the old mill stream”––and I know of one such actual robbery wherein the culprit was captured, in all these years, and made to suffer the penalty for not letting the car owner lose his money in the regular manner, peddle the car and tell the good woman, “ a hitch hiker drove off with it”––all the others made good their getaway, if any.

Well, the railroads got their law but, unfortunately, they got the hitch-hiker, too. Now, what are they going to do about it? I’ll tell you.

Do some more like that; I love to see brainless function.

(I’d like to see how the RR’s make out). Be it noted the potential paying passengers still wield a wicked thumb and ride other’s cars, law or no law. It is only those that can’t pay that are thus relegated to the making of goo-goo eyes at box-cars.

There are many these owing to the fact that a standard of wages has been set by the good and willing workers that for ever prevents those proud beings from making the acquaintance of work or transportation fees. Similar conditions was the origin of gypsies.

To prevent such men from sleeping in box cars the cars are saturated with sulphuric acid––I do not know did the roads issue the orders for same––but I do know it is not advisible to change clothing or take a bath in box cars so treated.

In later years, in an emergency, a sack of sugar shall be shipped in such car, a candy eater shall get sick and die (the acid shall eat a hole in his stomach and vitamins shall drop thru and miss the intestines entirely) the candy company shall be sent to San Quentin––only recently a bunch of Eagles or was it Elks, 100 or so, got ptomaine poisoning from some mysterious source. Could it have been caused by sulphuric acid in their caviar? Who can say?

This is written in Sacramento on the day the papers give it out the Gov. Rolph endorsed Sharkey “oil-control bill” went under 5 to 1––this indicates Rolph better fix his political fence, the mavericks are stampeding to the opposition––his position with regard to Mooney-Billings case may have the same elements of poor guess-work. All in all, this latest fizzle disqualifies Rolph in any future capacity to serve, anybody.

\* \* \*

One-hundred well-to-do San Franciscans do not want a bonus from Uncle Sam––for “war work”. This raises the question shall the soldiers get it?

No matter how much I favor it, they shall not (economic grounds): The minute they get their fingers on that twelve-hundred dollars they shall quit working for nothing, as a present, and wages shall go up. The “powers that be” are not sufficiently in favor of higher wages t ogo on record for a bonus––so ticklish is the economic situation. In other words, they’ll get the bonus when they use economic purpose––for verily I say unto you: if economic power can keep the bonus and doughboy apart it also can bring them together.

All those who oppose the paying of it do so because they do not wish to disturb the low program in particular and “pay-less” days in general. The principle is: HOLD EVERYTHING.

\* \* \*

We are not short of presidential timber, there’s Buggs Baer, just to mention a few.––It’s in the vice-presidential forest the timber is kinda scraggly.

––––––––––

STILL LONGER

Buggs: “A friend of mine worked six months to finish one book.”

Juggs: “That’s nothing. I know a guy who spent his whole life finishing one sentence.

–––––

Capitalist society is organized, legalized robbery. The policeman defends it, the solider dies for it, the professor apologises for it, the liberal tries to keep it patched together and the priest sprinkles holy-water upon it. Only the real rebel damns the whole proceeding.

–––––

Depression is the normal, sober state of capitalism. War and inflation merely mark the high spots of its orgiastic drunkeness.

## 1932\_17\_IW\_24051932

Us prospectors:

How heartily us 30 cent capitalists laughed at the man with a balloon, years ago. Now we’ve got one ourselves . . . Please, do not burst into tears just yet; there’s a brighter side to those ground parachutes––that’s why they are, life-saving devices.

Here’s the brighter side:

It’s your only exercise.

Thereby you change age 40 to 65; you put a 250 lb. man on 150 lb. legs, for the winter; in the spring you lose your goat and balloon at the same time; that changes your age to 29 and puts 150 lb. man on 250 lb legs . . . Ah, the glorious feeling; you’ll have to be swinging your jaw from left to right and right to left to keep it.

Temblors:

Seattle seismograph registered what was thought to be an earthquake within the radius of 500 miles. That would bring it in the neighborhood of Sacramento and Frisco––probably the beans the Salvation Army is feeding the untouchables. Strange how they can invent machines that will record beans popping five hundred miles away––after awhile they’ll get it down so fine it will throw a fit every time I take a chew of snus.

\* \* \*

out of the way of your knees––so high you are stepping. IF––spring fever don’t get you. All honor to the overland sea-bag!

\* \* \*

California has its share of wonders if Los Angeles hasn’t––lest we consider Red Hynes a marvel:

The up and down of its as follows:

You can stand on the lowest spot in the United States (Death Valley) and see the highest (Mt. Whitney).

Mt. Shasta shines almost the length of California and so on, tired of looking at it, see Mt. Lassen.

Let us add Mooney-Billings Case.

Los is a city of distantly related parts––a collection of towns paying tribute to L. A. W. W.––”a part of Los or no water”––It is therefore Los extends to wherever her water mains can be run––her ordinances is many––”No Dumping” is Ord. 58786––she started making ‘em young––1,000 per year––her Hall of Justice has its pillars in the top story and is square in shape but looks up side down to strangers.

\* \* \*

Redondo Beach is another stoolpigeon resort––a stronghold. Butcher and bakery wagon are in cahoots. (Do not sleep in ready-made bed, nohow––not even after moving it away from under the squirting-hole overhead.)

The stools are getting fat––not too fat.

## 1932\_18\_IW\_31051932

With the Last Gallon of Gas:

In these driving days the affable son-in-law pries the aged father-in-law loose from his easy-chair, loads him in a “chevy” with his dear wife and heir-apparent and drives him down to the freight-house to shake hands with the foreman, an old crony of step-dad’s. The old pair shake hands over the iron-fence, the young wife shows the foreman all her beautiful teeth in a gorgeous smile, little Rudolph blushes appropriately at the gallant foreman’s praise and shrinks modestly out of the picture . . .

Why yes, Mr. Soandso, you can come to work tomorrow morning; I’m firing s couple of ‘harps’. .” (Curtains) —If you have no father-in-law and your wife has great protruding teeth and your darling child is just a “sassy-kid” there is just one thing left for you to do: Join the I. W. W.

I have prayed for wisdom—Solomon did, and it worked—you see, I figured on being another Solomon, or two—but I’m sorry to say, editor, it didn’t ketch —I had the light idea ailright —a little wisdom, or much, or most, wouldn’t hurt me a gosh shang bit. I’ve got right down on my marrow bones and groaned:

“T-bone Slim! may he always be right: but right or wrong, T-bone Slim!”

Editor, do you think a trip to Work People’s College , in Duluth, would do my block any good—or is it loo late, or am I too far gone . . . I am in a desperate fix— I am, as you know, the most desperate writer the world has ever known and the end is not yet, the worst is yet to come. Wholly and totally incapable of distinguishing the difference between right and wrong I have written great tomes and left it to the natives to be my judge: I have every confidence in them and they think me a crook . . . how nearly right they are . . . a pause (that refreshes).

Editor, do you know what that means?

It means the reader is trying to cast reflexions upon my spotless obrobrium.... (Did that last word land right side up? and is it sufficiently spelled—you want to watch those, editor, because in the frame of mind I am in I’m liable to toss out words sprawling here and there— set ‘em hack on their feet, if you have to lean ‘em against the inkwellcover).

But let us not despair. Today when I threatened to quit writing and let somebody else ruin good print paper, a fellow worker jumps up and says: “Silence!—it isn’t true!”

“I remember”, says he, “way back in 1918 you wrote two article\* that were right in every respect”

There you are, editor. I told you, there you are, and I’ve got a witness to prove it. I was once right twice in just one year and God only knows how many times since . . .

Editor, do you consider, there are men who never were right in all their life and here I run a **streak of right** that that covers two articles, in a single year, not leap-year at that—If it was only one article, “pooh! pooh! its an accident” would be good logic, but its TWO. Lightning don’t hit twice in the same place.

Why all this profundity?

I’ll tell you: I want a sticker drawn of a streak of lightning: that streak of lightning shall have saw teeth filed on lower edge and shall have (buckers) handle on one end (with or without empty glove—letters “I. W. W.” can be formed by minor disturbance in background (no stars) preferably no words upon the whole. — Eloquent silence.

Your views are judt as good as mine—

To put it terse;

Indeed, they may be FAR MORE Fine—

Rut never worse.

My views are only views of one

And yours count up as heavy;

Yet anything ha[unclear] EVER done

Is dore by views of many.

P.S.

There’s no debate; that view is considered and properly emphasized.

Instance: (butt-end-first) the socalled “new thought” came from “a seed” and looks just like its father.

If the truth be known, it has a long pedigree of thought behind it and is an issue of same, in successive edition—new, never.

Some have thot thought is law—maybe it is, but I think thought operates under a law same as smell, fear, feel, taste and hearing. The main thing however is:

**Your thought is just as good as mine, possibly better— worse, never!**

A fragment: (A matter of record). — In Russia, after Kerensky had stopt to blow, the Tsar had been dumped and dunkked in his own blood for a change, the first step in revolution had taken place, **three wise men of the west** slept to the front and tied revolution hand and foot. Why, if the first step was good, did they not let the child walk?

It looks fishy and doesn’t smell like attar.

I calls for a new deal—the old deck will do.

**— T-b-S.**

Moral: Watch the dealer.

## 1932\_19\_IW\_07061932

Edison had F and F (Firestone and Ford) on his trail much of the time. They wouldn’t give him peace, rest or chance to draw a full breath. “Rubber” they wailed, in an unholy duet”, synthetic rubber’.. Edison, an inveterate joker, pretended to be deaf so as to shake them off his trail. “How was that?” he would how, “gentlemen, you’ll have to sing that a little louder.”

“Rubber,” they screetched, like a dry axle’ “we want vegeterian rubber.”

“I’ll give you **rubber**”, said Edison to get rid of ‘em, “I’ll make it from morning-glories and chrysanthenums.”

Can you blame him—an old, old man deserving if every rest, the worlds softest cushions, the tendered of homage, attention and service, dignity of respect, and those two “gogetters” crash through the placid serenity of his last and **sacredmost** yars, in the interest of selfish, unequal, commercial competition, violating natures arrangement and the feelings of a mind deserving the harmony of restrospetion.

No wonder he died.

He is dead! I tell you, let him lie in peace—or it means a pop on the schnozzle.

A tear: (Colorado)

**Oh those gloomy, sodden shadows now**

**from grave stones they are gone.**

**What a blow to rampant superstition,**

**flight—**

**Freedom’s merry, fairy children scurry**

**carefree on and on**

**In the scintillating sheen of Alva-light-**

**I never did believe, in sentimentalism, but**

**— Kinds crude, but—**

It was only the surrounding ignorance turned solid (semi-petrified) that made it possible for Thomas Alva Edison to last as long as he did and escape hanging—his greatness lies in that: he kept his mouth shut.

Had the hypocrites known what Edison really was doing, his body would have graced a lamp-post (coal-oil) in the morning—they never, never would have suffered the laying of so many ghosts.

Blessed ignorance.

(Note: I’m giving this merely as proof to show the defeat of ignorance is a forgone conclusion—it can’t think.)

With my puny intellect, am wholly incapable of estimating the number of ghosts that grabbed one-way tickets—my mind staggers around in the maze of its magnitude. We won’t count ‘em—we’ll content ourselves by mulling over the strange fact Edison combined mental and mechanical agency in destroying the hiding place of billion devils—and made the devils like it

Some mechanic! Some mechanic!

Million to six:

\* \* \*

Alone, bowlegged man can tote on his back his living for ten days to a distance of one-hudred miles, using shanks-mare for transportation . . .

A railroad carrying a load that would require one million bowlegged men to pack, steps to the front and says it can’t afford to hire six men to run that train...

It admits it can’t compete with bowed-legs.

\* \* \*

In the past year the American Legion pulled a gigantic “Osman Pascha”. Osman, you will remember, in the siege of Plevna drove all his oxen atop the wall for Gen. Skobeleff to admire and to convince “Skobe” the beleaguered Turks have lots of porkchops.

Next day Osman surrendered.

The Legion has beep boasting on the billboards, as much as to say, ask our advice—many otherwise hard-headed men have been carried away by that show of tinsel and accepted their advice in good faith, a dangerous procedure. The low-down of The Legion’s prestige does no comform with those trappings in the least.

Of recent date they have been criticized even by the reactionaries that hold a warm place in the Legion’s heart. In the bay-district, San Francisco, the Legion complained it could not hold Its May Day celebration because of lack of funds—that looks like prestige lost.

I shall not give a full list of my proofs, the two cited shall convince the Legion I know what I am talking about and that is all that’s required.

I am not here to antagonize them and won’t—I would reason with them and preserve my own and their prestige: The loss of their prestige is due to such stands taken that sum up “immaterial” and hint of spite.

I will mention one: the Centralia Case.

What difference does it make to the Legion whether or no Governor Hartley frees the remaining four victims of that mutual hysteria, at this late date? None.

We must remember they did what every Legion man would have done in similar case. Legionaires are not cowards. Niether were those men. Why be vindictive? Is that brave?

“As Gen. Rosecrans said when he dislodged the enemy, pell meH, and the colonel exclaimed “the cowards”:

“**They are not cowards, but he who respects not bravery IS a coward**.”

I can’t dicide—Rosecrans can’t get up and call me a liar and woudn’t and I ain’t.

\* \* \*

Mystic 1932—

This year, as I said before, is “the year”.

Half of it is shot to hell.

The momentum we gather in the last half determines the thickness of the frost on freedom’s pie. and quality. No other years will follow.

Hence, if you feel you are going to act nevermore, so notify the headkuarters right away—so they won’t stand there like a dummy waiting for you to show signs of life. I’ll tell you fellow workers, we’re not going to starve to death like a chained dog; our bones are not going to punch holes through our strained burlaps—there’s going to be action, the right kind I hope, but action anyhow.

## 1932\_20\_IW\_14061932

Soho:

If a man is scrap at 45 why the “seniority” and why the old engineers ol locomotives?

Hobo: Don’t you know? It takes them that long to learn to run an engine—the roads hate to fire a man till he gets a hang of the job.

\* \* \*

We’re railroading too much—the great problem in this country’s provide T-bone Slim a job. The latent power in his frame is terrific. Why, he was run out of California because in throwing his balloon on his shoulder he knocked down three cops and busted one plate glass window.

Not satisfied with running him out they provided a militant escort, to the border; across Nevada and a reception committee at Ogden—the reception committee, dammit, got on the wrong side of the train and Slim, (who is near sighted after meals), lost track of them.

He presumes the escorts duties were to see to it he dosn’t tumble off one of them mountains.

\* \* \*

We are reminded, in the olden day Jehovah used to guide a pilgrim so as not to have him stubb his toe on a boulder. But after the flashlights came out HE cut it out and said let’em press the button.

\* \* \*

We are not writing this in the sense of exaggerated ego, or overstuffed sense of the importance of Slim’s personage, for Slim is very modest in his demeanor, a sort of a shrinking violet, altogether too frail for this heavy logging and appreciates the honor keenly.

\* \* \*

Delegates in the field, if any, should work in uneven number pairs . . . this is a matter of deportment and import. You (me) shall have one or more partners; depending all on how many you are yourself —no-bull.

Halls, if any, shall be under the benign guildance “deep baying” committees; for as Karl Marx pointed out with that stubby forefinger of his: **if the workers are going to practice the class struggle agaist one another, it is well they do it in an organized manner.” page 171**. Bright lad that Karl—I suppose he reasoned, a greater numbers of ears might be downlifted that way—anyhow, its a solution.

\* \* \*

Threats to deport are never in good faith and free of other and ulterior motives, but are “mixed” to fit the “dmands” of the moment—upon “suspicion” of radicalism, an American citizen, with four generations of Americanism in dilute behind him, can be grabbed under that program, pounded to pieces and hustled-off to the hoose-gow and “the innocent” (gullible) “bystanders” shall moralize “another foreigner bit the dust.” . . . . .

Note: From the date of the landing of the pilgrims to now, this is a country of foreigners—the original owner’s claims were pre-empted, jumpped, to the tune of winchesters versus archery. Therefor: it is unreasonable to think socalled Americans would issue orders to have themselves deported—any such threat necessarily look like Arapaho propaganda—another red-skin scare.

\* \* \*

Ditto:

“**Hot Cakes and Coffee, ten**”

**Coffee and Pie—amen.**

Ditto: Seattle—

“Fire-bugs burning town down—down-town”.

Coolidge Refrigerators and Morgan Organs. Just one thing after another.

The Spinx of Wall St., Dressed in Hole-Proof Armor. Addressed the “Mike” and said . . . did he say anything? If he did, he exceeded his allowance or his caretakers fell asleep. The blue-nose bankers are in hot water and don’t know how to shut off steam—not being g’r’r’eat engineers like Herbut and, besides, some ignorant plumber put hot water in the valve marked “Cold”.

Use your lefthand, Mr. Morgan, your left hand— keep away from that “cold” water it’ll cook, your characteristics, yea ho.

**T-b-S.**

## 1932\_21\_IW\_21061932

When LABOR use of POWER sprned

And to the use of Pleas returned

The Soul of Freemen BURNED!

When not a wheel or swivel turned

And no propeller water churned

It irked the Thinkers, learned!

When NONE the ray of Light discerned

And congress in the night adjourned

A Jackass stood and YEARNED!

\* \* \*

No profits did accrue, unearned.

To all the nuts herein concerned

And all because of power spurned!

\* \* \*

A moral herein ought to be

If one could only — only see.

\* \* \*

When none by wisdom was oppressed.

But by fantastie lights caressed

And by a row of haunts possessed.

Activity lost zest.

When many single soul was blessed

With blue-prints that could stand a test

And every thinking mortal guessed.

Industry came to rest.

Philosophers gazed down their vest

And cleared their throats and scratched their crest.

Grandiloquently then confessed:

“We believe it’s for the best!”

And none conveitions urge digressed.

Nor dared the deadly scourge molest,

Nor cared the monster to divest

Of its fell will to jest.

Then rose a modest wobbly man

And opening his stately pan

Said: Fellow Workers, here’s a Plan

That’s guaranteed to free your “Nan”,

Remove from you the slavish tan

And clear your ears of smut and bran:

You take and ORGANIZE AS ONE.

To live or die as ALL or NONE;

You Do that, and the Thing is Done!

Without the use of prayer or gun

**The matter will have had his fun!**

**The “blowless brawl” it lost and won!**

\* \* \*

The idiots thought otherwise.

Refused point-blank to organize

As every normal should;

They much preferred high sounding lies

And every busted dream that flies.

From get-rich-quick Flossie’s eyes—

**Oh Lord! O, what a brood!**

To THEM the outfit was “too good”

THEY needed NOTHING in the hood—

For they had FAITH in wood:

A queer and quaint pernicious mood

And very little understood;

That fibre in the derby could

Produce a row of wealth and food.

\* \* \*

Just as we protest our unworthiness a lowbrowed wobblie suggests “mebbe Slim you were an innocent victim of general surveillance and the shadows mistook you for another hoosier?”

He ruined my day—such impertinance! There isn’t a spark of diplomacy, in his battery.

## 1932\_22\_IW\_28061932

**ECCLESIA SANCTI BASILLII!**

That guy you see up there is not the regular guy that writes this column. He’s only taking a man’s place for a few years till the other guy gets his darts sharpened.

Yet he has been accused of saying one and the same thing too many times. Pooh, phooh! What is that—the I. W. W. preamble said the same thing fifty-two times last year and is going to do it again this year. Pooh! Phooh! Black is black as long as it is black and I ain’t going to call it any other shade of darkness. Didn’t a Chicago man tell his wife” yon’re too fat.” didn’t she fire six bullets at him from her .44 and didn’t he turn right around and say “you’re too fat to shoot straight”.—Of course we must say the same thing too often or they won’t believe us.

\* \* \*

“We’re sunk!” screams all excited California rancher pulling out a fist full of clay-colored hair, “we’re sunk”.

“Well then”, soothes the valley cut-up’,” let us call our products sunk-ist lemons and oranges.”—

(Note: Chi. Trib. circulatin. oh my gosh, calls Calif, a “painted lady”).

\* \* \*

Mooney Is still in the can—so’s Britt Smith.

California-canned goods are rotten—so’s Washington’s.

Chicago Tribune’s mournfulness rises from the fact that, always patriotic, it suspects California hornswoggled Uncle Sam out of $158,000,000 for the Boulder dam and now wants to bleed Samuel for an additional $220,000,000 to hook-up that $156,000,000 to Los Angeles water-mains.—

That’s a habit in Cal. S. F. has a sink-hole in the Hetch-Hetchy (Hocus-Pokus) in which it tossed a handful of millions and, just because, say, $120,000,000, are tossed in already. Frisco feels the urge of tossing in more millions now and again, at regular intervals—as the politicians need it. It would have been cheaper to buy her water from Waukesha Wis.—good water, too. Straight from Lake Michigan.

\* \* \*

The Six Companies now has a chance to use good judgement—any flaw in their deportment will cause a general “chit-out” as the logger expressed it.

Hiram, you tell ‘em—you’re righ there. You know what happened to Brookhart for just one innocent error. (Reader, note the enthusiasm—I say “any flaw”, I mean “one more flaw,” in the midst of many).

Those veterans either are entitled to the bones or they are not; the distance from which they do their praying is not at issue—just so they don’t kneel on Hoovers corns (if the president wears corns). They should be highly praised for coming great distances so’s to spare the congressmen ear-strain.

Please do not tell ‘em about the empty treasury—they don’t understand taxation—explain to them rather why the war-debt has trippted in times of peace. Pretty expensive peace, ain’t it?

\* \* \*

Mebbe I have been too severe with our head-taxmen.

This should not be. Our taxmen are supposed to be impervious to blandishment, wile or attack. But lest I have offended. I do hereby wish to encourage them:

Just because I am broke, Jones is busted and Smith in the poorhouse is no reason for them to throw their hands in the air and say “taxing abillity has broken down”.

No such a thing—we have 60.000 millionaires. What’s the matter with taxing , them one-million dollars a piece—that will give the government $30,000,000,000 (sixty billion dollars).

Take that sixty-billion and serve eight course meals to unemployed workers, begining from now and continuing indefinately of until such a time as the millionaires recover their sanity.

A country cannot at one and same time be bot hrichest and poorest ,wealthy or bustsed—it is either one or the other. Which is it?

Roadwork in Indiana (Delphi and Napanese) is paying 20 cents per hour—this helps to prolong the depression.

Deflates the worker; inflates the contractor.

Politicans and their press is starting to raise Helifex about it—it will be remedies! when I. W. W. raises two Helifex about it. Not before!

\* \* \*

WET: The Prohibition Act was an act to lower the standard of drinking. Let us stay by facts—**it did just that**. To all intents “and purposes it served as a grudge-instrument against the American people—or I don’t know poison when I see it? The people have been pretty thoroughly saturated with extracts, anti-freeze, body-rub and brass-polish, etc.

Well then, for heavens sake, what is repeal?

It is a blessing poured over the lowered standard of drinking; a santification showered over liquor’s inferiority-complex— why, did you think they would give you a drink of good liquor? My, you’re gullible!

You’ll get a good drink of liquor when you’re organized. Not before!

They, the guardians of our appetites, figure “rot-gut is good enough” for scissorbills—I was going to say, “soda.”

Rut, really, I don’t think so.

I wouldn’t wish rot-gut on my best enemy!

## 1932\_23\_IW\_05071932

**December will a tale unfold**

**Of blasted hope, of rusted gold.—**

Wall St. is in no immediate danger from communists—they have nothing but new shoes; I do not know where they get ‘em from unless Joe Stalin suddenly turned liberal.

Mebby Jimmy Walker bought ‘em; he’s kind hearted.

\* \* \*

The general wreckage extends to New York’s workday-world—more barges and scows would be tied up it there was place to tie them. Every bent pin or bolt boasts a shore line. Tugs that were active a year ago are on the mud. Shipyards, junk. One can bum coffee in Green River, Utah, deserts. but not on 42nd St.

A cup of coffee costs 20 cents—you have to have it filled four times to get it— (analyzed: 3 aqua impura and 1 java). Shows busting. Columnist hysterical. Bugs Baer still sane. The worst is yet to come. If Walker lights on his ear Ritchie will be president. Al is strong but not strong enough; Roosevelt, ditto.

The $2,500,000 needed by Al in last election will not materialize insofar ad Socialists will poll 3,000,000 votes. Communists 50,000. same as Farmer Labour. Huey Long. (I’m considered the shrewest prognostigator in the I.W.W.).

Mebby I should elucidate for the benefit of the comrades: capitalism was not overthrown in Russia. It could not have been because it was not yet born. Absolutely monarchy was overthrown; by Kerensky’s army; with guns—not new shoes. Capitalism is now born in Russia—what are you going to do about it—can’t you hear it crying pitiously for recognition—like a purple alligator?

It wants to be recognized by Wall St. and Wall St. isn’t highhatting it noticeably—in fuel. Foul St. is singing, “Dear Pal of Mine, dear pal of mine!”

I know you’ll be true,

Clear through and through

And follow in line

With the footsteps of mine.

Dear pal of mine

Wind, rain or shine

We’ll get all their shirts!

We’ll take till it hurts!

Dear, dear p’p’pal of Mine.”—

The tears: 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 . . . $?)

(How’s that, Berlin?)

I am not belittling what happened in Russia, it was wonderful—astounding. Communism may prove equally wonderful—I’ll have to look that up. But Communist Party, U. S. A., is impossible. In theory or practice; samples of which I have in my possession. One of those “Look this way” outfits, “while lily-fingers rails your turnip patch”. (You wanted my opinion— you’ve got it.) The I. W. W. is your one best bet. It shall still be your best bet after all others are proven fizzles. It shall still be your best bet (even if never put in practice) after you drop in the soupline trying to swallow your tongue.

I’ll tell you frankly, you’re crazy.

Walker will not drop on his ear. Al will run. Should Walker slip and lose his balance Republicans will run Seabury ragged—mebby deport him to Brazil.

All this looks crazy, doesn’t it? Well, it isn’t crazy. It’s an exact photograph and cross (x) marks the spot where insanity begins . . .

The good people of New York are sulkly settled down to long seige of freeze-out. Old Jewish merchants are irritable beyond all reasonable causation. Nobody seems to know what it’s all about. Scramblers-of-the-Detail are active—they’d connive with their last breath and will breath their last, conniving—like an ostrich with his head in the gravel “nobody can see them”—O, wot fools these mortals be! Even Shakespeare said, “pass the strychnine, please.”—

What me facts? The working class is unorganized, starving, and people are busted. Why are they sad (Note: no smiles over age 5 U. S. A.)

People are gloomy because they feel! they are slaves—”some mysterious power holds them in bondage.”

What is that power?

Lack of organization.

Note: It is a power in negative, their own weakness that enslaves them. Capitalism, for instance, has no power to enslave anybody. That last crack holds, no matter what YOU think —such a phenomenon extant, the power shifts to sickness, insanity or injury.

Lack of organization can and does enslave whole nations to say nothing about the working class.

What’s the remedy?

That is very simple, organize—take out. credentials and organize some more.

You won’t?

Well then—starve, damn you, starve. . . . and I’ll starve with you, etaoinshrudlu, ?x!!oo\*\*!? (how do you yawn in print, editor?) do you hold your mouth this way, () ? it shall never be said “the great T-bone Slim turned back just when starving was getting good.” I’m with you, to the last man, but I’m afraid I’ll be too weak to lift a shovel at your funeral — you better, dig your own grave while you’ve got strength and we’ll roll you in it when the time, conies—”decent burial” is my motto. That part is all right but we must not forget I’m starving with you. I’d like to know where in hell you get the authority to starve me? I should think if you didn’t have any consideration for yourself you’d have the decency to look after interests a little—and the babies—organize enough to have couple fellow workers strong enough to cover you up in case you can’t get accustomed to eatless days. Yeah.

P. S.

**To all intents and purposes**

**producers noware bums:**

**Awatching of the doors from which**

**nobody ever comes.**

## 1932\_24\_IW\_12071932

The Big Potato:

Let me point out once more, in my gentle way, the depression in this country is not political and a billion politicians one or all working ain’t gonna cure it; the running of a bunch of patriots ain’t gonna cure it; the running of a bunch of christians ain’t gonna cure it; the running of a bunch convicts, combines or cleopatras ain’t gonna cure it. These have little more effect on a trouble that is economic than has a row of brass monkeys.

To cure depression you must join a j good labor union, preferably the I. W . W .—whatever union you choose, it must be its composition—or no cure. If you do not join a labor union you thereby go on record us of living well pleased with the depression. And I nope you will continue to like it.

Life in a political arena Is a precise reflex of the gigantic economic struggle as between banks and plants, going on, at this moment, in this country. Plants take a wallop at the bunks and Brookhart goes spinning like a headless rooster in a cornfield. Banks haul off with an upper cut and Masrachusetts goes wet. Plants land a long swing to the snout and Mooney stays in the can. Bunks put in a low punch and Kresel shows signs of being an angel of high emprise. Plants rock banks head with s terrific left to the jaw and Britt Smith, Centralia Boys, stay in Walla Walla, and so on.

Interference in this struggle by an outsider shall cause Banks and Plants to turn on the intruder.

Coolidge said we’ve got lots of prosperity, have some soup.

Harding before him said take the teapot, we got lot’s of it.

Hoover said, we’ve got lots of it and declared in favor of a moratorium just as Europe was about to pay its debts. We’ve got lots of it—last week in New York City I didn’t get one single meal. What I got was as follows:

Forty-two cups of coffee (frail stuff). Sixty-two rolls of all description and some of no description at all.

Eighty-three slices of bread and sixty cubes of grease.

About one bathtubful of soup.

One mushmelon, eight bananas—all of ‘em rotten.

Note: I didn’t try to influence the city either one way or another—this diet is her voluntary contribution to science. It never occurs to N. Y. C. that Germans and Finns have thrived since time immemorial on full meals and that an occasional bellyful couldn’t hurt a guy even if he is unemployed. Nay brother, political action is no action—it is a result.

For me to say, farmers or store keepers can remedy this depression by organizing farmer or store-keeper union is to say a falsehood—they can not. They are not numerous enough und they are not on the ground floor.

They are merely the flora in the potato patch—labor is the bigbaked potato. Labor is the only power in this world that can cure this depression—and cure it to stay cured. This it can do only by organizing a one big union of the workers and by declining all help from parasites or their representatives.

The minute it gets any help from bosses of any shade or description the bets are all off —and the depression shall have a relapse. Labor or Oblivion!

P. S.—The fight between Banks and Plants is for to determine which shall be permitted to skin labor—a senseless, insane struggle.—Soup versus Worms: Do not think me unduly prejudiced against soup. Soup is all right in its place. I can conceive of nothing more suitable for fish to swim in—a combination of sport and nourishment, barbless breakfast you might say. And in re N Y C’s soupabillity, let me say, I could have changed that at any time by lying a little, tell Mr. Knickerbocker that the soup-shower occurred the week before. He would have risen to the occasion promptly—but a test is a test. As in buying a pair of sox I fell one penny short of the price: Knickerbocker howled loud and long that he must not be driven to the wailing wall, he must get ten cents.

“Now lookit here, Knick,” says dropping the pennies into my pocket, “I’m a poor man whose family passed off by starvation.—Why not make it a gift of a pair of sox so I can cover my nakedness?” I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” says Knick, “I’ll give you that pair of sox for nine cents.”

You see, Knick stood to lose sox or gain nine cents—he chose the nine—business is business.

Soup we will have even in the workers commonwealth, and the parasites shall eat it.

## 1932\_25\_IW\_19071932

That Brawl:

Even the stoic Heywood Brown is laughing.

\* \* \*

We need one more amendment:

No more republican conventions—the last was last. Now let’s see what democrats will do.

\* \* \*

Romantic Bernarr McFadden got of sweatty last June and naively suggested dictatorship; that all power on earth, water an heavens be given the president.

Don’t you think Mac the other two cliques would take him for a ride?

Readily he admits, we are in an economic war—and he would fight economic battles with political hokum, is that it? Isn’t that too much like sending regiments to capture a submarine—won’t they get their feet wet?

“Lack of confidence,” Bernarr finds, “is the trouble with this country.”

Not only that, Mac, they’re scared ‘artless, yeah!

Thinkest thou, o ye Bernarr, a dictator would shower them with confidence and drag ‘em out from under the beds? It was tried in Spain, you will remember, and the dictator crawled under the bed and stayed there.

In Italy? Then Mussolini is not bumming lumps from Vatican, is he, the past two years? Quite right Bernarr, and from dictatorship there is no come-back. The logical dictatorship in an economic war is the working class; are you still in favor of it or do you desire the war to continue, the “best people” using antiquated political weapons and the “useful citizens” placing their faith to economic organizations?

Just how would you “enforce” peace as between finance and industry? I think Bernarr, you better call off the war and “pay the man”—he’ll never let you rest until you do. The trouble with this country is labor hasn’t been paid yet—hear those veterans squawking—Sam seems to lack confidence. Their nerve is unlimited. So is yours, Mac—xcuse the compliment. The lay of the land is this:

LABOR

“INDUSTRIALS”

FINANCE.

Just how the heavy engagements are be- tween “industrials” and finance. Finance feels that it ought to have labor and industrials hide for a rug. Industrials are convinced labor’s and finance’s hide should ornament the industrial museum.

Labor says, “me ain’t got no hide.” (Why don’t they let the poor devil alone, till he grows another hide!)

You mention revolution—does it take a revolution to stop Finance and Industrials fight?

If it’ll stop it Mac, why be afraid of it?

The’ trouble with you Mac is you lack confidence.

The political struggle is a counterpart of this one and runs along side by side—here the voter is in a republican wagon, there in a democratic cart; here a financier is sitting on him, there an industrialist is holding him down—I imagine he’s being taken for a ride.

And Bernarr McFadden imagines a dictator will get up and say: “Lay off the horny handed son of toil.”

No Mac, the best your dictator can do is make Industrials and Finance quit kicking each other—and this, he can by organizing them to divide the between them.

But the hell of it is there is no hide to divide. Soon as this becomes apparent the dictator will hit the high spots and the “economic war” shall start all over again. No remedy there.

My remedy is let the peeling proceed—labor ain’t losing any hide—even if it isn’t getting any.

Labor seems to be in strategic, or tragic, position—he can’t lose which ever way the fortunes of war fall. And always has the privilege of organization for protection—he’s an easy going stand pat.

Should labor elect to remain neutral and naked, till the big boys get thru brawling, it will be in good shape to carry away the corpses.

(Another millionaire forget to shut off the motor in a closed garage yesterday.)

Of course, it is hard to keep “hands off”, it’s such a be-u-tiful brawl.

Even the great McFadden is in there putting in his best licks for peace and potato-salad.

## 1932\_26\_IW\_26071932

**Over The Pate de foi Gras**

**A dollar it known by the company it keeps.**

Industrial unionism first of all is an act of providence, to protect and reserve the dollar and keep it from fast company—bad company has been the ruination of many a dollar. Dollar is not the root of evil. Evil is the root of dollar—either way has no bearing on this matter. Industrial unionism is a merciful act of stopping the dollar in it’s tracks; the prevention of its becoming as if wayward; the raising of it as a respectable certificate of labor performed; the retemption of it in the pockets of workers. industrial unionism is the ideal that says **“the dollar can be protected from ecil companions much easier than it can be rescued once it has become a fallen idol**”—that is why industrial unionism is at point of production where the dollar is born—ready to take the dollar while yet it is young and bring it up with meticulous care an honor to its fathers.

If you have no industrial unionism to take those dollars and tame them, do you wonder that the country is full or savage dollars tearing up peoples gardens and chewing up farmers sheep? **The dollar must be civilized, if it takes a leg!** It must be brought **back home**, if it has to be chained down. It must be trained to stay in its own back-yard. Big job that? Easier to train a new one. **Industrial Unionism it the art of stopping the dollar before it gets to the wild man.**

He may not be wild himself, and his wife may be tame, but his children certainly do scare the christians.

**The idea is to hogtie the dollar and keep it in familiar surroundings, amongst its own people, people who are familiar with its production.**

**Make the pile right here!** instead of doing like the farmer did when he built his skyscrapers in New York City— had he built them nearer home he could use them for an elevater; they’re three-quarters empty.

–––––

Benjamin de Casseres said “the world needs a few thousand years of sleep.” Ben is both sarcastic and prophetic—few can understand him.

Let us put it this way, “the world needs few thousand years of waking-up; “it is exceeding the sleep limit.

There is no difference between Happy Days are Here Again and Hail, Hail, the Gang’s all Here—we must not forget the early raiding of garbage cans, for tidbits, maybe to maintain a man’s position us breadwinner; that those more or less juicy delicacies go to bolster the madam’s social prestige and keep the sassy kids from want.

“Did you swill your family today?” shall be the polite greeting, and happy days are here again, regardless of gets elected.

Over-expansion, over-production and underconsumption are all one and same nightmare, and amount to Underexpansion of Labor. **He didn’t get his**.

Why didn’t he get his?

Why, you nut, he wasn’t organized. Nobody’s going to ladle out expansions to a bunch of unorganized men—right now he is so sour he wont organize. That’s all’right. The sourness will wear off when he gets hungry enough—in the meantime much valuable time has been lost—mebbe the chance.

–––––

**The Manipulation:**

Exibit A— (just one).

Influence allotted all its freight to one railroad and forced it to its limits, shops, rolling-stock, palatial limiteds, locomotives, stations, tracks, yards etc. Conhestion was the driving force. (1910—1917 to 1932).

After it was fully expanded, influence withdrew its freight-business and gave it to another railroad, and expanded it in turn.

One at a time it took these railroads and expanded them to the limit and then—gave its’ freight to automobile trucks. A duplication of transportation.

This is what I call over-expansion, the equivalent of four or more national transportation systems. Two of them, trucks and railroads, working to less than quarters capacity—the rest stands and rots as does all over-expansion—money thrown away “to the god of winds and storms.” If this is not wrecking the country, in the interest of rivetting ownership upon it, then my mind wanders; if those influences be patriotic, then I’m a traitor.

“Well Slim, what’s the remedy?”—

Wait till all that over-expansion rots away — you’re not going to organize anyhow—then you can build some more like that. It won’t lie long—about fifty years. Maintenance of over-expansion is good money thrown after bad. Over-expansion is a thing not needed, that has no use; ita cost could have been given to Labor to be USED in buying the many things he NEEDS—that’s the difference. The cost of maintenance of over-expansion today can just as well be given Labor, or somebody that looks like Labor free of strings, as to throw it away on useless tracks, yards or repairs.

Any production undertaken to produce things not needed aggravates the situation.

Produce for USE. How would you remedy a twenty dollar bill that burnt up?

Insure the next one— I. W. W.

## 1932\_27\_IW\_02081932

Nothing but All of It.

Three months ago a six hour-day, five day week, would have cured the depression in one week. up

Not so today.

Since then one-million sets of fingers slipped from the greasy ledge and then owners fell in the soup.

As the seasons thicken more will fall and closer together. But no matter what happens the remedy lies in a shorter workday.

Labor is slow—always late. Today when she is reconciled to a six-hour day the change will not cure the depression—it is like putting sulpho-napthol on a wooden leg to cure the bloodpoisoning that was—its like running to catch a train that left three months ago.

As **inexhorrible time** speeds onward, three-hour day will not cure the depression — it will now.

The next three months shall see myriads of businessmen, professionals, clerics etc. drawn into the vortex of unemployment —the while labor remains unorganized—the while these same buck organization of labor.

When a snake of the proportions of capitalism bites a man he better not cauterize the wound next week.— Not only must be cauterize the bite right now but he must so organize as to cauterize the snake too.

Nothing in the snake’s record would indicate that it won’t bite twice, thrice or ten dozen limits, if given the chance.

Even The Holy Bible, conservative as it is, warns you it is **your duly to kill the snake**— the writer had capitalism under its various alias’ in mind when he said it—the snake was merely a symbol of treachery.

John C. Publix.

Theory Versus Practice:

Short-winded thinkers have described capitalism as of being “greed”. Bless you, my children, greed is almost a sublime passion compared to treason, threachery, batrayaI and deceit, capitalism’s stock in trade—after that fellows murder, third-degree, sabotage and greed, in order named—greed is merely its “wish”.

Treason is it lowest accomplishment; its last and sorriest deed. Internationalization of it is to make treachery worldwide, to point: “Police Commissioner Waldo thought to stop precinct captains grafting in saloons, gambling houses and disorderly houses by organizing a special squad to look out for such places throughout the city”. (New York. 1912). “He put Becker at the head of it, and thus made a city wide graft instead of precinct graft possible.”— Former Gov. Whitman in N. Y. Sun., July 16, 1932.

Am ‘lright?—

Just try each day be so behaved

That none in you shall be betrayed—

But organize your will to right

So that all wrong shall run or fight.

For verily betrayals vice

And kills the good not once but twice;

**As; human nature suffer must**

**And its betrayer bite the dust.**

A battle isn’t half so bad,

Its something gained and something had.

A victory for right is Just,

Defeat is for to how to lust.

A two-times sinner is the gent.

That stores but virtue in his tent;

A two-times loser is the guy,

That stakes his future on a lie.

(The law is very, very old:

All benefits are manifold).

\* \* \*

Be born at age 21—

A lady telling about the miracles her husband performs; “**The worst of it is when he beats ‘em, he kills ‘em: hee positively murders ‘em**.— (I could see the other lady’s eyes shine with approval; wishing she hail a he-man to protect her from children.)

Moral: If you are a pacifist, don’t make ‘em —keep your eye on that he-man too.

\* \* \*

Despite the fact that human generosity hath not yet reached the state when it could accept and put into effect the idealism of barbarism, “if thou havest two guns give one to thy neighbor who hath none”, the sympathetic chords have been touched sufficiently to cause u “two-shirt man” to hang one up to dry, nor give a damn who it fits.

The bonus-veterans are earning their miserable dollars the second or third time.

## 1932\_28\_IW\_09081932

**Race Hatred**

(Your leaven is a dud, my lords)

–––––

America was discovered by a foreigner. American government was founded by foreigners (if King George was a citizen, I don’t remember it). Many foreigners selected U. S. A. their birthplace. Revolutionary war was fought by foreigners and native sons, side by side.

Other foreigners discovered America––these include Paderewski, Jenny Lind, Steinmetz and Mikko Maki.

America was built by foreigners.

America is now kept from tumbling by foreigners?

Our very president spent much of his life between England, China and Down ‘n’ Under. If custom crystalizes absence into fact, he is a foreigner.

America did not produce Charlie Chaplin, Sikorski, Fokker, Faversham or Greta Garbo––now Dies-Fish wants to deport the foreigners.

O. K. Fish, clean up Washington first––then start in on Park Ave. and Gold Coast.

The rest will follow.

But Fish, for the good of your children, you better put a ban on our globetrotting future presidents. How can we get the deportation idea out of the Fish-Dies head?

That is easy. “Foreigners will hereafter trade only with their own nationality––or go without.”

If the so-called foreigners (who have adopted this country for better or worse) do this, Mr. Fish and Mr. Dies (if he is a mister) will “spika da engliskaa” like a son of sunny Scicily, or dragoon from Warsaw, and May Co. will change its name to Straus.

Our statesmen “can’t see eye to eye,”

Tis nough to make a person cry;

For if their vision is too small

I doubt if they can see at all.

Rebellion begins where the dirt is, foreign or native. Remove the dirt and you remove the cause. If you deport anything let it be injustice.

Race-hatred is a dud in any country predominantly foreign––where all are offenders––tarred by the same duster and, more specifically, because in this hoss-race virtue is running seven to one favorite or vice. The sponsors of race-hatred, the spongers, feel their special privileges slipping and race-hatred is the last straw they grab before sinking to the lower levels. Their madness today takes the form of tomato-soup––also pea-soup––innocuous without previous condition of poisoning.

Evosolutionary changes shall in time make membership in United States Chamber of Commerce an offense punishable under criminal syndicalism laws.

Crossing the tracks is like crossing a woman––you may get run over.

We are not telling at this time of many and dastardly stunts being pulled by capitalism to force you to say “papa”––and which in the end will force you to organize a one big union for self-protection and to save your hide. We could though tell of the many bloodcurdling schemes already in operation, were it not for the fact the telling of them, at this time, cuts two ways. Therefore, we shall ensconse these grewsome tales in detail behind our weather car, trust you to protect yourself and trust capitalism to drive you to shelter. Indeed, from now on, we shall confine ourself to telling you what the I. W. W. is, what it was and what can be expected from it.

–––––

**A Gentle Stranger (not strangler)**

Charity itself is a rarity; its many substitutions range within second-handed justice, display and restitution––not that those are not praiseworthy endeavors. We cannot be sure that charity exists in view of the many injustices practiced under the eyes of “easy going” society. We only know charity is possible. The refusal of society to exterminate the victims of an unjust economic system by starvation cannot be considered either mercy or charity, but a duty.

The bright boys down in Washington cut loose with $350,000,000 (350 million dollars) to stave-off the grim reaper for 35,000,000 (35 million) people. as at present.

That is equivalent to one hundred dollars per person, if they get it––which same they won’t.

One hundred dollars, at the very lowest upkeep cost consonant with maintenance of strength, will keep a man for 175-twentyfive-fiftyseventh days, homeless, ragless––or ragged, to be more explicit––the rest of the year he must find, beg, steal or starve.

## 1932\_29\_IW\_16081932

For a Change:

The first line BEF in Washington reaped thanks for their valiant services to make the world safe for autocrats.

An old rule laid down by Abe Lincoln was slightly reserved, it now reads: “Malice toward all; chanty for none.”— “Many have broken laws.”— Mitchell. All are condemned. The enforcement of law was most disorderly and disgraceful, major military operation and engagement against reasonable, unarmed, civilians on labor furlough.

Oh well, we can’t have an Abe Lincoln in there all the tune— what with the way political pie-carders are picking them out? It used to be blase youth; now it’s glazed kids.

If anything. The Jobless Party in a nation of nationalities should be a going concern—a counter-irritant to cut and dried politics.

If you must dally with politics, have at least the

to change playthings occasionally.

After you grow up and life’s monstrosities begin to pale upon you, it might please your vanities to join the union of your class and live the opulence you produce. You produced the engines of production—and you should enjoy, the values they create.

The masters producing nothing—and accepted your inventions under protest. Capital doesn’t creat—it’s a hobble on progress. Mind and matter create and capital represents the value of things produced, in part or whole. Capital itself is a creation of the working class. Who’s got the quoits?

This country is big enough to provide employment for one-thousand million workers.

Those so inclined, and in position, need not suppress their desires or curb their natural abilities in their heroic efforts to populate the great open spaces, we are nowhere near the saturation point——or surrender.

Deportation proceedings also are of a premature nature and rise from the “better than thou spirit” comparable to the weighing and considering the relative metrits of an odoriferous bullhead in a barrel of rotten perch.

Therefore, weep no more— the working class is not too numerous in this country, or any country—and never can be. Every worker born into these states is potentially a producer and self-supporting— even during development period, he or she is a soothful distraction for to keep the fond parents from going “nuts” altogether; a safety valve, you may say, a piece de resistance upon which the adults can practice their powers of finding surcease for their violent tempers and atavistic tendencies.

In view of the fact that every worker is self-supporting, (plus) it lends to reason that the more workers there are the quicker the nation’s chores are done; the more producers that attack a job, the less labor shall be required per worker—and that if any workers are as if unemployed the industries can absorb these by working less hours or shorter days— thereby making it easier for all concerned, and the needful work shall have been done to support the nation; for that is the objective whether few or all hands do the work—”Souping the Unemployed” Is Jipping Them Out of a Living.

Now it would appear there are some twelve million unemployed in this country who are entitled to their just share of work and, in the absence of that work are entitled to live—insofar as the absence of work is proof conclusive that sufficiency abounds and it is unreasonable to expect any worker to shuffle off his mortal coil to please anybody . . .

They have a right to live—and shall live, regardless of any barbarous convention or man-made system of dishing up the misery. At present those twelve million are living” in a fashion” without taking any part in production, the thirty odd millions working are doing the work for them and supporting them. **The difference between the living they get and the living they are denied it just another one of those Rake-offs for the Bosses.**

Can you imagine— raking a porkchop from a man’s plate after other workers put it there? I wonder where they get their license to do so?

My wonderment is perfectly ligitimate; for to say “the three-quarters of the workingclass now working did not produce full meal.s for the unemployed”, is to say the producton of three workers, in the interest of one unemployed, amounted to only three spoonfuls of food value in three pints of warm water, per day—what makes it all the more unbelievable is the big boys are still gulping down plank steaks— three workers produced only one bowl of soup each, over and above their own needs, and the plank steaks. in connection with modern machinery . . . .?

That wont go down—a system must be pretty rotten when a worker can’t support one-third of an unemployed man the while he is doing one-third the unemployed man’s share of the work— pretty rotten. In other words, **this system shall not supply a living to the workers who do the nations work** —twelve millions is the number that industry refuses to support, whether or no—**that are not needed**, the while thirty million odd work the long hours as at present. This system is so adjusted that **it shall provide only three-quarters of a living to the workingclass**: and a dirtier trick never was (lulled on an unorganized people. Christmas may see this great class on half-rations, or twenty-million working and twenty million idle— (I said “may”, I’m sure of it; nothing Is being done to prevent it.) Nothing is in the governmental relief program—twenty per cent, less the graft, into work to expand over-expansion; leaving the depression as is with its cumulative frequency of labor pains. A doleful picture? What do you want me to do, picture it a paradise?

## 1932\_30\_IW\_23081932

**ROW OF SOUREASMS**

(These ‘casms range from size of barn to subtle).

Two nuns left out of my overrich Platform:

(Let there be no misunderstanding.)

The reason I selected Buggs Baer for running mate and vice president of “the states” is as follows:

I wart a master mind, in the senate chamber, to kind of “oh yeah” the senators in case they get funny, wax-humourous or act strangely. There is no other excuse for the existence of vice president.

I’ll make short work of the panic; six hour day, to precise. No. 3.—It shall go kind of hard with democrats and republicans who disagree with my policies—I shall deport them, and not be very particular about the **fursnishings** of the ship; first I’ll give ‘em a good six months starving-out, on “the Island.” First opening on the supreme bench and in goes Al Capone if I have to declare armistice— excess fines shall be returned him. (I am just like Andrew Mellon). Old Andy an I are about the two best men that ever stept in spats—my spats were 12 inch Gold-Seal Rubber-Tops. In fact I’m going to appoint Andy secretary of treasury, as usual, and his duties under my administration shall be to prowl the white-house basement and see to it the president’s medicine chest is well supplied with Old Overholt or Meadville Rye.

Andy will be in better company than before—besides, I may want to borrow a five till I get started working. The rest of my cabinet too, outside of Tex and Aimee, are living from hand to mouth and may want to tell Andy funny stories; so you see, yourself, that out side of hiw true and sterling worth we need Andy to balance the budget till payday.

I’d appoint him if he didn’t have a cent so why hold it against him if he has a few billion— I only hope Heywood Broun wins that fight for “President’s Personal Bouncer,” from Mencken, not that I’ve got any grudge against Henry I., but, you see, I’ve got every confidence in Heywood’s ability to climb the house-tops and explain to the people Andy Mellon’s remarkable comeback—Henry might get up there, get dizzy and lose his temper, fall down maybe and break his neck and I’d lose two cabinet members with one crack —I tell you the country can’t stand it. By that time Broun would be halfway over to Siam and half-seas over to boot and couldn’t ketch my distress signals.

Nicholas Murray Butler will do all the popping off for the Butlers—he’s right five times out of eight and we ain’t going to hold three flat notes against any man—some singers hit the key only when the audience is absent—Smedley will pipe down pronto and wish he never laid down his sword.

The president will be the only blowhard in the country and Buggs Baer will tell him what to say while Irvin Cobb writes a few pacifying notes to Abyssinia and Montenegro to stave off war tail we get our house in order.

Mabel Willebrant we shall hold in reserve for a pinch hitter in case Moriarty’s aim doesn’t improve fast enough, Tom Mooney shall be freed by presidential proclamation and be put in charge of the new federal prison that will be built especially for California politicians, and any of them that get lost in there— don’t look for ‘em.

Given under my hand and heel this twenty third day of August.

**T-bone Slim**.

**Next President U. S. A. E. T. C.**

–––––

Perfectly Armless:

Twenty Six Nations endorse Hoover’s Arms-Cut.

So do I: both of ‘em—at the shoulders.

“Ten-Billion Airms Cut”.

Ah! A job at last! Were they working in a sawmill or was it just a wild wedding?

What makes for sarcasm?

Dearth of plank- on the shoulder and skip-stop pay-day\*s (If the unemployed would uphold the pay of the few that are working the “pay-off” would be bigger and reach further around).

If John D. Jr. supports “repeal” because he got a touch of acidosity then truly John is a humanitarian of first water. Because why? Because, always able to get the Scotch himself, if he needed it, he throws his influence to the rescue of those who can’t get it.

The other side of the story is his cronies have been hard hit by the panic and they blame it on prohibition. Huh! Huh! Prohibition is only one of the smaller battles, and the pig in it didn’t jump in the direction expected: leaving the cronies holding an empty bag.

The pig in the repeal ain’t going to follow no rules in its expected jump—the only title that holds any at all, is this:

The Further it Goes, the Faster it Runs.

We cannot commit the sin of INTOLERANCE and expect to blossom out as an Angel of Mercy.

Transgressors we are (trespassers) and transgressors we stay—let us make no more breaks.

The end of intolerance is in plain sight—loosen your corsets.

Sour:

The “electric-eye” that translates black spots that cross its “rays” into finest Libereati or Handel (music) will be just the thing next winter when black spots appear in front of your eyes because of eating too much onions and nothing else to change those spots into a ton of coal and chute it in the basement.

Am completely out of material.

## 1932\_31\_IW\_30081932

**THAT’S THAT!**

Being in full possession of all my faculties I wish to announce to the amazed public I am not a candidate for the nomination for Vice-President; it’s President or nothing with me and, if it’s nothing, I won’t accept it.––**T-bone Slim**.

(That ought to fetch me at least a job as Minister––plenti Potential to Araby or Messo-Ptomainea.)

\* \* \*

The best argument for a six-hour day is a banker––he uses 18 hour nights.

The next best is a merchant––he keeps “open” a short while in the middle of a day and grabs every holiday for a complete shutdown and declares an occasional holiday himself when holidays are too far apart to suit him.

\* \* \*

Russia imports 1,500,000 bushels wheat from Canada last month (July ‘32) at prevailing figures –– from B. C.––(Tell John about it.)

\* \* \*

Ignorance appears to have majority only because it sticks out two feet further than intelligence––some people consider me intelligent. (I found out different on my last country-wide excursion––it’s the other guy that has the dope.)

\* \* \*

If I read my republicanism correctly we are not to drink this rot gut according to law––how shall we drink it? The American people are not asking for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. What they want is repeal of rot-gut in the form of intolerant law and intolerant liquor.

The republican convention has taken the position rot-gut in its many forms is helpful to the country––it even refuses to take the blessing (amendmendment) from it and shower another blessing (repeal) upon it.

The issue is, rot-gut or liquor.

The issue breaks in two; liquor comes as a matter of course, rot-gut needs nursing––and the republicans are right there to do it.

What the democrats want is repeal of rot-gut––liquor will take care of itself. So will the people.

Listen to this:

“We do not favor putting the question in a form of limiting it to ‘keeping’ or ‘ditching’ the amendment.” –– Republican party talking; translation mine. –– “For” (verbatim) “the American nation never in its history has gone backward . . .” (How about the 18th Amendment?) Is intolerance straight forward? In this the nation is something like California: it never makes a mistake and if it does it never goes back to fix it. A perfect nation. Nothing needs fixing. Everything is “jake”, according to republican philosophy.

\* \* \*

Intolerance is in the saddle. Protected from every angle including new independent party––possibly the best you can get is Smith.

\* \* \*

The “vets” are something like I am in regards the issuance of new money––they are not interested in the amounts the mills turn out; sox, to me, it not a picture of the bales produced––I get more excited when I consider a single pair now long overdue my painful extremities––in other words, how many sox do I get––and House, if it desires to receive my vanity, shall be explicit in its instructions, to wit: Give Slim Six Pairs NEW Sox, Size 10½ And Make It Snappy.

––––––––––

**NOTES**

You’ll hafta harded to that old rogue, Buggs Baer––its nothing that gets past him. Him and Paavo Nurmi.

––Except this, which hasn’t come up yet: Beer went to the bad before prohibition made it rotten.

\* \* \*

George Jean Nathan back from Europe threatens that he’ll put out a modern “Spectator” and fill it with assigned art.––Men have been sent to the nuthouse for less––you can’t do that George, spirit refuses to take orders.

\* \* \*

This “depression”, understand me, is not a part of the world depression and is not caused by the same factors––in fact it is not a depression as a complete ailment. It is a combination of super-expansion at the cost of over-deflation, in a top-heavy society.

World-war effects not the productivity of a Kansas farm, for instance. Alibing it won’t remedy it.

\* \* \*

The way out?

Go back the way you came, back out. There is no short-cut––you’re in a blind alley, not a one-way street.

If you dropt your card entering this alley, go and pick it up.

When I was lost in the woods I headed not toward the camp but away from it––I hit the camp right on the nose. I had got myself into a jam by heading for the camp so, to get out, I reversed my tactics.

## 1932\_32\_IW\_06091932

**DIVIDE AND CONQUER**

“Three-fourths rule is raw and shoddy”.

But, before we throw a fit—

Let us see if such a body

Can by conquerors be split?

No two men have equal chances,

Distance, Time and Strength decide;

No two nags alikewise-prances—

Some are waited and some denied

Ain’t that so, O tell me Frances,

When conditions, are decried.

Verdicts rest on circumstances,

Want that shall not be defied.

Therefore if the ballot tangles

And the vote seems “half and half”

Take the question, all its angles.

Toss it in the stove—and laugh.

Who are they, the cheerful losers?

(I’m afraid they don’t exist)

Who are they that flee the choosers,

When their way “the thing” don’t twist”

Surely, then, ‘tis but a barter —

Bitter—though the cup we quaff;

Better far to lose a quarter

Than to lose almost a half.

Nay, you will not lose a quarter.

You shall still remain as one;

For within the splitters charter

Is a law—”take half or none”.

\* \* \*

**Sail are no good without wind, Engines**

**are dead without power.**

Good and Bad perpetuate themselves.

Do away with Good, bad remains;

Do away with Bad, good remains.

To make the world all good—destroy the bad;

Good takes care of itself.

To make the world all bad—destroy the good;

Bad takes care of itself.

You have only to choose between them.

You don’t have to build either one.

If you decide to build Bad—the world

Will be worse off.

If you decide to build Good—the world

Will be better off.

I think it the more important to do away

with the Bad than to create the

Good subject to contaminating influences.

World, as is, minus bad, is a fairly decent place to live in.

Try this on your piano:

I said, “what do you THINK of that?”

(I said no such thing.)

I said, “what do YOU think of that?”

(No, no, no!)

I said, “what do you think of THAT?”

(Na, nix, no!)

I said, “what DO you think of that?”

(What did I really say?)

I said, WHAT do you THINK of THAT?

That’s what I said and those four witnesses are liars.

\* \* \*

Limiting the age of child labor may be unconstitutional and limiting the alcohol content of liquor may be constitutional—that I do not know. But I do know taxation is still constitutional and that congress in its infinite wisdom, and “bustedness”, did not see fit to tax employers of child-labor, say, one dollar per day for every child so employed—this would have brought in over a billion dollars a year—**or solved the child-labor problem**.

Can it be they didn’t want to solve it? Truly, “womans work is never done”; as the factories bear witness—and great, big rawboned and rawjawed men stand outside watching the ladies sweat.

\* \* \*

**On Her Way to Work.**

Yesterday, 7 A. M.. slip of a girl, redheaded, stops long enough to hand a some-what bleary-eyed ex-worker two-bits. I pre’ended not to see it—but somehow I could not help but wish it was me—me.

\* \* \*

**All is not as pie and gristle.**

**Something sure has gone berserk:**

**When the surly factory whistle**

**Calls the girls to go to work.**

(Note: in the manufacture of poetry the eraser is mightier than the pencil).

\* \* \*

**Not So Good to Look at**

Nature gave us two eyes because one eye never could stand the strain; Two ears, so as to hear both sides; One nose to limit the stench—and it came damn near giving us no mouth at all.

\* \* \*

I am impressed that too many “working man’s friends” get into congress—both houses are full of ‘em. I haven’t voted for years, but the first “working man’s enemy” that runs gets my vote.

Why, always, the “working man’s next friend”, why not the working man himself —does he do all his business through his friends? Tie-maker Borah, Idaho, boosts neither wing of the House of Mark Hanna. T—b—S.

## 1932\_33\_IW\_13091932

Let’s Go” is a better word than “Go To It”.

“Better Luck Next Time” is superior to “I Told You So”.

**Life moves on and days unfold**

**The while few rebels hold the fort;**

**Loafers yawn and morbids scold,**

**Few— few deliver “their support”.**

Workers’ press is quick to feel

Depression’s foul and wanton blow;

No reserve does it reveal

And must fore’er be **“made to go”.**

Some there are that don’t subscribe

Unto the mouthpiece of their cause;

Others stand and rant and gibe

Until there comes—a one big pause!

Easier—to heal the sick;

To ease the pain. I do maintain.

Than to take the well-known pick

And dig up that, what you have slain

Easier—for to retain.

To hang onto what you have got,

Than it is for to regain.

To get yourself that what is not.

Masters win all their battles by basing them on a class-struggle—masters fight their battles relentlessly and ceaselessly.

\* \* \*

The workers?

Laying down are they? Well, now you’d be surprised! You have mistranslated their posture. Just because they lack a little enthusiasm you think they’re fast asleep. (You’re a big help to a guy, ain’t you?)

Did you ever come to consider the wobbly is the most persistent creature in the world—determination personified— and that persistency breeds enthusiasm faster than an incubator hatches henfruit. No resilience is yet invented that persistence will not penetrate — diamond the hardest substance says “papa” to Father Persistence.

It’s a stubborn fact.

(By the way, what’s the outstanding invention in the past ten years?

The Bronx cheer, of course—boo-o-oh! ask me.)

And resourcefulness? That’s the wobbly—a squirrel, resourceful, as it is, it not in it with an average wobbly. He has both foresight and farsight—right now he is settled into a long, long seige—far longer than many natives realize and much opportunity shall be given those who care to organize; with the alternative of being out of the picture in the various family groups—in the meantime evolution shall play a few pranks on the boys. The old frontier law “put up or shut up” still holds good.

But let us not be carried away with the idea I. W. W.’s are the only persistent, resourceful members of the working tribe—this is peculiar to the peaceable working class as a whole. Witness the strike of Amalgamated Clothing. N. Y. C. ETC.,—the thread-heavers made up their minds **the thing has gone far enough** and acted altogether **as if they meant business**. Nothing else could he expected from these advanced proletarians.

Lay down? You’d be surprised — not while strength remains and tyrants rule the roost.

**T-bS.**

## 1932\_34\_IW\_2009132

Today I saw a smile—’safact!

Other sign of prosperity — “T-b S, author, was seen sewing a 3½ inch piece on his belt, after leaving Larson’s Lunch in Duluth”. Larson’s has grown as much a New York City slipped, in the past year. \* \* \*

What are words of fire?

They are words that cannot be forgotten!

Abraham Lincoln, Robert Emmet, used them exclusively every time they spoke.

A thinker cannot be enslaved—only thoughtless bow in submission—be informed.

\* \* \*

Not all communists are crazy. Some of them display an acumen or intuition that is startling. They look at the I. W. W. and say, “we’re the same as I. W. W.”—Only an intelligent man can see the good in I. W. W. and imagine he likewise is good. Usually, a man compares himself to another and the other suffers in the comparison; he can only tee flaws in another guy. But the comrade, praise God, sees the good in I. W. W. and says, “I’m the same thing under another handle.”

What more evidence do you want?

They want to take credit for the good I. W. W. has done and at the same time pass on to the I. W. W. the onus of their irrational deeds—a compliment to the I. W. W., indeed.

You cannot call such men carzy.

But there be some comrades who have soured in the process of sizzling on the frying pan said their sulky activities seem like the pickled queerness of a schooldays’ half-wit, or idiot—and it is they that discredit the communist movent in U. S. A. for all time and before it is fully born.

The I. W. W. on the other hand sticks its thumbs into the armholes of its vest anil proclaims: “In all this world there’s nothing like me!” And I think he’s right.

So as to say: (Samples)

“Now is the time for all good and true craft union to accept wage-cuts for 1933 and 1934— and 1940—get in on the ground floor.”—

“Prohibition may be a noble experiment,” says Mrs. Sabin, “but an experiment has no place in our constitution.”—(That leaves Herbert high and dry, don’t it?) Religious paper calls a halt to praying for “the daily bread” of which we have too much and advises the congregation to pray for daily pay with which to buy it—that’s precisely what the I. W. W. advises; with this distinction: don’t beg. **Ask or demand**! Al Smith says, “Wets have the liquor and the drys have the law under present conditions.”—

Why do I quote these few?

Because their statements are full of electricity—a sample of clear, belligerent thought.

Rugged individualism has not broken out as was expected, and it is still safe to walk the streets. What tomorrow can bring is in the realm of the speculative.

My advice is. ditch individualism and organize, with or without, for whatever purpose.

None so smart he cannot learn . . .

Special: **It is not a question where shall you spend eternity. It is not a question where shall you spend old age. It is not a question where shall you finish this “depression”— all those are too far distant like a rich relative.**

The question is **are you koing to attend the Work Peoples College this winter?**

Place, Duluth; Cost, 32 dollars per month, board, bed and learning.

Thirty-two dollars?

What is that —thirty-two dollars ain’t money; it’ll cost you that much to beg, borrow and rustle your living and sleep in the gutter. Here you have a bed that is; board the best that can be, and tuition which can’t be beat. Morgan Park Station, Smithville . . . The board is guaranteed to remove wrinkles from the belly and brow; the information given keeps the wrinkles away, maybe forever; the bed—ah, the bed! I slept in one of ‘em and when I got up in the morning I was nothing but a kid, all the gray had disappeared from my hair and my friends downtown remarked. “Slim, you’re LOOKING good” (I must have been a holy fright when I went to bed, hollow-eyed, joints creaking) — why, the bed alone is worth thirty-two dollars of any man’s money— Work Peoples College; they want your support.

First class chefs come here to find out how it’s done how to prepare food so that it changes to health. Able thinkers come here to “brush up on their learning”—but they, of course, learn little. The less one knows the more he learns—those are the ones the Work Peoples College especially welcomes and those are the ones that appreciate the college most.

All in all, a winter in Work Peoples College is a systematized warming of the head, excercising of the brain, fitting you **to do your own thinking** along correct channels; enabling you to master equations, know the why and cause and result, give you ability to render your verdict, opinion, in words of fire . . .

## 1932\_35\_IW\_27091932

And Nothing Good Shall Come Of It––

The next war shall be a chemical one––my guess––it is already going on and has been going on in various degrees of violence since the good old days of Nero (the guy that didn’t have the guts to suicide)––and mebbe before.

Chemical science has advanced to the stage, in the decomposition of “the crudes”, to such an extent that it will be no trouble at all to decompose man and all his works.

But the powers that be need not start their celebration just yet.

While the battalions are out there gassing one another, the non-combatants back home will be running around with their modest stinkpots, giving all and sundry inside information as to the wonderful progress of science in the field of medical extermination. None shall survive, or be immune to this last epidemic of dementia––it has happened before, Sodom and Gomorrah. But will not civilization perish?

No It has been gone ALREADY! Civilization in the hands of barbarians cannot prevail.

It will be remembered “Lot’s wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt”––wellsir, our bone-headed pikers of the chemical racket can go over there with a leadjug of, say, 1200 proof sulphuric acid and turn that pillar of salt into muriatic acid (hydro chloric)–– if you want to really know what Lot’s wife was made of––and lots and lots of wives today expose an acidity that would cause muriatic to grow selfconscious and try to hide in the fumes of its blushes . . .

Not yet has chemistry reached the stage where it could take a sack of salt and transform it into a baby girl, or a barrel of salt into a flapper, or a carboy of muriatic acid into a bathing beauty, but the way they are slinging acids around it would seem logical to think the nuts will eventually and accidentally stumble against something––if in the meantime they do not spill some of it on their precious person––what nuts these mortals be; will they ever learn?

One thing is sure, in the next war there will be no bullet or acid proof jobs––all hands shall participate in it; either as active soldiers of the front or home combatants of the rear. The fall of sinecures shall presage the folding up of civilization and its darling capitalism. Therefore I beseech you, O ye lunatics, have a care that this unnecessary thing shall not come to pass––it is NOT inevitable; it entails no sacrifice––discontinuance of an insane racket is not a sacrifice––self-preservation dictates it.

Discard the capitalist system, proved fruitless––a la I. W. W.

Join the Industrial Workers of the World.

Now go on your own!

\* \* \*

Irritations the likes of which hell knows no worse.

This condition is no discredit to the B. E. F.––if anything it discredits the law: the chickens have come home to roost. The twelve million unemployed are much in a similar position. Washington doesn’t want ‘em. Nobody wants ‘em. They can’t even scab themselves a job because over one half of the job-holders have already scabbed themselves to less than half-pay (half-pay is close to average because a percentage is working for nothing and begging their clothing: That cancels those that get more than half-pay––$100.00 week bosses are getting $30.00 a week etc.)

The solution is not from driving them from town to town––even discounting the cost in lives and materials . . .

It lies in economic organization––you can’t even vote intelligently lest you have a one big union, and then you won’t need to: the goose will lay a golden egg.

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**THE WORKERS**

The workers should blush with shame when leading politicans and capitalist exploiters pay them compliments on their wonderful patience. It is no credit to them that they are patient with injustice, patient with poverty, patient with unemployment, patient with insults and lies and betrayals. We do not advocate violence, because it is merely a blind and instinctive way of expressing resentment against conditions. What we do urge upon the workers is a policy of intelligent impatience. They should use the most determined and fundamental measures of direct economic revolt with a view to abolishing the system which oppresses them. Under conditions of tyranny, the spirit of freedom is the great virtue, and patience is the worst weakness.

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We used to hold that the workers couldn’t run the industries of the country, that the brains and initiative of the capitalists were needed. Well, just look at the results! Could the workers do worse?

## 1932\_36\_EWHO\_03101932

**Side Door Pullman Philosopher,**

Grand Island, Neb., Sept. 28.— To the Editor of The World-Herald: “I see by the papers, remarks my pardner, Bacon Butts MacDuffy, as in the opposite corner of our box car boudoir he tosses aside the paper that he used for a blanket, and proceeds to gather up the bunch of comic sections which constitutes his bed roll, “that the economic weather sharks are predicting an immedlate lifting of the depression.”

“Now wouldn’t it be great,” he continues, “if one of these mornings we were to slide back our side door and behold the splendorous rays of prosperity’s golden sun chasing the fog of depression in 17 different directions?”

My friend is something of a philosopher. He contends that the depression Is a good thing for the people and the nation. Because he avers, aside from its weeding of the misfits, and when the fog lifts compelling them to seek a niche, that shapes with there talents, it has clearly demonstrated the need of an economic readjustment by which capital must accept a curtailment of its dollar’s earning power through a more equitably distribution of the rewards of scientific management and labor-saving machinery.

For, continues my friend, when an industrially invested dollar is permitted to multiply itself by five hundred in one year, as industrial dollars have often done in the past, it should be clear to the most case-hardened that the human element in the deal, the factor that gives the dollar all its earning power, wasn’t dealt fairly with.

T. BONE SLIM.

## 1932\_37\_IW\_04101932

**Final State**

Whenever a society becomes as “top-heavy” and consumers exceed the producers overwhelmingly, in numbers and majority of the people, they are ordained businessmen, by God, it is then an army of gyp-artists are loosed upon the people with their trick-scales, short-measures and false-quality. This comes under the head. Last Days of Capitalism—and is a perfectly natural phenomenon . . .

Human nature has absolutely nothing to do with it—but this condition has much to do with human nature. These perfidies are not practiced as a matter of survival under a system congenitally rotten. Capitalism is an unnatural child—an importation in America—an imposition.

Assuredly such a condition of racketeering cannot long survive and shortly the thus abbreviated buying power disappears altogether, for long periods. It is then the businessmen of the false bottoms begin to doubt the divinity of their inspiration and look around for better paying forms, of stealing. No other control is excercised over them, other than herein intimated, “get all he has” — a sort of automatic control, which is no control at all.

Even the more honest—especially the ---- most honest— fall from their perch and are found at the wailing wall lamenting their inability to be as crooked as some of their competitors.

Periods of over-expansions, playing to possible and impossible future needs and imaginary as well as real show of prosperity led them into a business world.

When this artificial prosperity collapsed it left a top-heavy business world which immediately began by force of conditions to thin out its ranks and unload them on the working class now in no position to welcome them.

We therefore find that Capitalism is a basket with a false bottom and contains not the goods it is supposed to; that it is a swindle; short weight and short measure, if not outright confiscation and foreclosure; insidious, devious and sinister, (as any one of the latter cracks can be proved in one thousand word article.)

The October Crash was the busting of the inner bottom; the next crash will bust the outer shell. In the meantime, it is well the workers look around for a new way to carry on production when capitalism shall fail to function in a manner satisfactory to the natives—which is right now.

It is well for labor to consider “the caring for” of this nation in this hour of calamity.

It is well they resolved and became determined to produce and distribute the necessities of life to the nation and operate the industries to that end.

And it is imperative that they join the one big union of the Industrial Workers of the World— the most resourceful union—to accomplish those ends.

No other possibility shows.

\* \* \*

Break the news gently; Always rap on the meat market window with a coin, so as to let the butcher know you have money. Otherwise he’s apt to throw a cleaver at you.—”Venus and Mars are the only two planets that would permit life as we know it.”

That is encouraging. Now we know where to go if things get worse.

Sacred moments: I don’t want a boss looking down my neck—when I work!

I don’t want a cop looking down my neck—when I eat!

I don t want a preacher looking down my neck—when I pray!—all these are assumed authority without my consent; infringement of my rights and an insult to my intelligence—I’ll tell you frankly, I will not have a guardian dumber than I am myself.

## 1932\_38\_IW\_11101932

A little Hearasay:

The rake-off of felow worker Grace of Lackawana Steel last year was only 3,000,000 dollars. It’s a wonder he hasn’t put in a kick about “bad health” and jumped out of a sky-sciaper window. That’s ‘ the usual performance of great men when their income drops down to less than 10,000 dollars a day— raise the window and lean out too far for to get a breath of fresh air or mistake the atmosphere for a “promenade” and step right into a hollow spot. Yeah, and plaster themselves against the pavement fur street-cleamng department to rake off . . .

Grace has inaugurated some charity and meries in his”‘works” in Buffalo and it is expected his rake-off this sorry year will be something short of 10,000 dollars—a lousy 30,000 dollars a day —which all goes to show true worth and application to industry finds not in this world compensation anymore, no more, a man might just as well parade out of the ozone and forget to hitch himself to a radiator. Among his charities is the noble act of providing employment in this era of far reaching depresion. But, of course, it being charitable work, he felt he couldn’t pay the same wages as he paid for work that wasn’t so confounded charitable, only half-pay. Charity sticks out all over it. Yeah. So when the boys showed up for to accept of his mercies, Grace gracefully put them to work on “production” — keeping his word in every last detail—2 bucks and a half for work that before charity got the best of him paid five bucks — could a charitable deed go farther?

Nothing half-way about Grace, his sympathies stretch and extend and extend and stretch out and in every direction and back—to himself.

Supposing our hard-boiled congress sudlenly ran into a charitable streak and overflowing with kindness placed a million dolar tax on Giace; that’s one-third of his last years income (there is precedent for this in the gracious act of a “land-owner” taking one-third of a “renter’s” crap). I put this question to a hunch of ex-bankers, ex-brokers, exdoctors, ex-lawyers, ex-wobbles and,possibly, ex-convicts riding a box car. Up jumps an ex-musician who was sleeping on shavings; shaking the sawdust from his ears, he snaps: ‘Twouldn’t be fair; if a man is smart enough to get 3 millions he should be allowed to keep it.—”Yes,” butts-in a mere lad, “and if another man is smart enough to tax him out of it he should he allowed to do it.”—

(What are you going to do with a bunch like that? That put a premium on smartness and none at all on ivory?) or gravy) “S’posing,” groans the ex-Mozait, “s’posing the man has only one million, would you tax him out of it and make him hit the back doors— I tell you it wouldn’t be fair.”

“Of course, it isn’t fair,” snaps the sassy kid, “but it’s done; the City of Chicago grabbed my uncle’s house for taxes and made him sleep in an alley; so I figure the taking of a man’s last million is just as fair as taking a man’s home, if not fairer.” (What this younger generation is coming to, editor; when I was young I couldn’t hold my footing that well in an argument.)

“Yes.” chips in an ex-steel worker, “right here in Buffalo if a man owns a house and goes after ‘relief’ he can’t get it ( because he has a roof over his head; a home he put together by scraping and scratching and thirty years of hard labor) but after he loses his house because he can’t pay taxes he is perfectly eligible to get ‘relief’, such as it is.”

Death and taxes are slow but sure.

\* \* \*

According to that logic, if an industrialist gets “naughty” and refuses to pay his tax, one million as the case may be, depending on the “emptiness” of the treasury at that particular time, the government has the right and power to take his “plant” without apology —and if the industrialist squawks, he is not a patriot, is un-American and is trying to overthrow the government by denying it upending money. Yeah.

“Well, is there no way the industrialist can protect him/elf and keep his plant?”

“Yes. there is,” says the ex-lawyer, “all he has to do is have a bunch of dummy stockholders and shed a few tears for the small investor— many plants are already protected that way—Henry Ford is about the only one that is taking a terrible chance—if the government ever took a notion to slap Henry with a 200,000,000 dollar tax and Hank renigged he’d lose the whole work- —and people would have to learn to walk all over again.

## 1932\_39\_IW\_18101932

I do not see any difference between the two major platforms—vote for one you vote for all. Both have registered their “say so” and congress, composed of both, proceeds to twindle its thumbs. Before the snow flics Democrats will deny they built a Frankenstein. Republicans will repudiate the steamroller—the octopus will loosen its grip on the people’s counterweight and deny all knowledge as to “who belongs to that boodle”.— A lot of wealth is going to be without visible ownership and it is expected , the working class will be requested to take charge. To obtain benefit from congress, workers must have a majority in both houses and in supreme court. To obtain benefit from union, workers must have majority “on the job”—a majority of two, the boss being expected to vote no. (Ibelieve in giving the boss a vote—only one vote though—that’s how strong I feei this morning. Let him try some of this ballotting business—see how he comes out. Did I hear somebody say “industrial democracy us against industrial slavery?” Might be something to that? Not a bad idea at all! Let me understand this, your idea is to do away with industrial autocracy, is that it? (I won’t call it industrial tyranny.) Well, well, well! Send it following Kaiser Bill, Nick the Tsar and Alfonso the Great? Won’t that be a red letter day in Labor’s history!

The Iast and worst autocracy, the boss, gets his walking papers but . . .

I’m afraid it would ruin the aristocracy.

Yeah! The mob might vote them a job cracking rock. Now, I don’t know how you stand on this: you are either intelligent or ignorant?

All the great statesmen swear up and down you are intelligent and respectfully request you to drop your vote in their box—even haul you to the polls if your hind feet are big and clumsy.

On the other hand the boss says you’re just a common dubb and refuses to let you vote in the establishment he runs and that labor built. Not only that, but if you open your trap he will have you condemned to the Siberia of unemployment or to hunt another autocrat to bow to; and your ears better not be sticking up too much.

Which is it, intelligent or ignorant?

If the politicians are wrong, and after all you’re just a nut, ‘then the industrial autocrats are perfectly within their rights in denying your voice, vote and volition in the affairs of production and politicians have committed the crime against society by letting you vote on any ticket. But if the bosses are wrong, and you’re a smart guy, then the politicians have performed a great service for their country by allowing you to exercise your suffrage and bosses have committed a crime against you themselves and society by denying you the freedom of expression, proposal and determination through the ballot in industrial matters, establishing thereby industrial slavery.

Statesmen say you’re bright, bosses say you’re dull—now which is it?

I feel we ought to have more testimony on this—those birds have spoken their piece and it’s a tie vote.

I think I’ll let Labor vote on this question, to break the deadlock and, I have every confidence in their ability to decide the question fairly, that is. I don’t think any of them will head for a bughouse.

My personal opinion is the best people have least brains—a smattering of knowledge on the complex and none at all on the obvious.

Ratio: it takes a bushel of complex understanding to make an ounce of wisdom—it’s light stuff, light gold. Let us see, where were we at? We were discussing democracy in the industries, were we not? Same as democracy in the politics, were we not? We were.

Well, sir, democracy in politics is only half the bicycle. Where is the other half?

Ah, brethren and case-hardened sinners, industrial democracy in the end eclipses the miles—and to think all these years we have tried to win this race with a pair of handle-bars.

All right, let us bring these two together— it stands to reason, a country cannot be both autocratic and democratic and survive the resultant depressions. It’s got to be free or slave—the best people believe it should be slave, and rip up every instrument of enslavment from disfranchisement to vagrancy laws.

Labor is yet to be heard from, and when they get their own big union warmed up, the slaveholders may learn something to their benefit.

The plenty for all shall be distributed to all—and over-expansion shall not be the means of throwing away substance, to be followed by an age of up-keep cost for a useless establishment, a paranoiac’s dream. Sense shall prevail.—**T-b S.**

## 1932\_40\_IW\_25101932

**IN THE LIGHT OF VEIN**

False Modesty:

So many of our fellow workers concentrated all their energies on chicken fricasse they never learnt the location and meaning of drum stick. What it is? What is it? Must I tell ‘em, editor? aw. you tell ‘em . . . Allright, allright, just as you say, its the chicken’s . . . Say! When it’s on a cow it’s—roundsteak.

(Caught myself just in time).

Now that my fellow workers know the meaning of drumstick, I hope no false modesty will prevent the making of it a part of their constitution and I shall have performed a great public—ceremony.

New that Republicans and Democrats are gone “wet”, won’t it be a helva note if the brewers quit making it?

In this our greatest hour of thirst. Hail Columbia, and the moonshiners take the pledge and jim their stills?

It’s too terrible to anticipate!

Try and keep your mind off it, Severin.

\* \* \*

I do not see the name of Steinmetz in the Western Union’s Hall of Fame.

How come Carlton? Didn’t you have anybody that could sculp his bustle? I see only two names that look as if they never saw England and they may have been born in Canada.

I’ll tell you Carlton, I don’t see a single big man in the whole damned list—what are you tyring to give us?

Send a man immediately to take my measurements, before I get too thin—and have Borglum throw the clay together—he’ll do it for nothing when he hears it’s me. I don’t trust those other sculptors. I don’t want to get up there on the pedestal for a million years Iooking like William Jennings Bryan or Rogers Hornsby or Arthur Brisbane.

Another thing Mr. Carlton, I’m in the habit of getting murdered every so often and it is imperative, therefor, that you send a surveyor over promptly,—you know how those surveyors are, (look at your own list) if I was laying on the ground, my throat slit from ear to ear, they wouldn’t take the trouble to lay a tape-line on my illustrious frame. No. They’d guess at it—we don’t want any guess work about this; Borglum would not stand for it. He’d say, “show me the corpse”.

My long life, Carlton, is due the fact I that heretofor I kept my murderers laughing so hard they couldn’t wield their razors. You know, yourself, a man can’t do a good job of cutting when he is giggling like a giddy schoolgerl, his eyes full of tears. Only once, Carlton, did I come within an ace of playing pinockle with a bevy of saints—that was when a bunch of drunken harvesthands undertook to hang me for hiding their whiskey.

Now, everybody knows I don’t drink, myself, and that I took those seven quarts of Hayner’s merely for the purpose of giving the boyd a chance to sober-up, sohelpmegod. What? Me drink that cursed stuff? Sir! I should say not! I was, you may say, judt running a small prohibition program of my own, on a small scale, seven quartd of Hayner’s planted in the oats-bin.

I looked up at the rafters and told all my best jokes but the boys were too drunk to catch my points—Iost all hope.

It’s a case of “click” or goodnight!

I began to mull-over in my mind suitable last word —all great men do that or have it done for them by their kin or next-best. Finally, judt as the rope was getting tight. I blurst out: “The stuff is off with the big Swede.”

Do you know, Carlton, that last crack tickled them pink — (I can’t ser any humor in it) —and first thing I knew the noose dropped on my chest and the boys were taking up a collection to buy twelve more quarts.

But had I faltered, Carlton, or so much as looked at that oats-bin, I would now be sitting in Abraham’s lap instead of being a candidate for your select hall of fame—for the boys fully intended to hoist me all the way to heaven.

**O the irony, Carlton, the irony of not having had tense to suggest the collection in the first place**, bring their mind from the dim past to the grim present—they had to think of it themselves, **O the irony!**

I suggest therefor, Carlton, you make some of the mediocres shove over and put the drunks up there with me—their presence of mind saved my life.

**True-greatness cannot be copied!**

Mebbe not Carlton, mebbe not; but you’d be surprised to see the linotyper go through this, ten times as fast as I wrote it, and still have time left over to put in a few original cracks of his own—deep stuff, that even the reader can’t fathom.

## 1932\_41\_IW\_01111932

**Four More Years–**

Angel William II. Gabriel, the famous solo-bassoonist of the heavenly choir, had been nominated for president of United Cigar Store States . . . “I’ll fix the nation’s sore toe.” he screams into the mike and has his smile photographed from ear to ear. “I’ll take the depreciated taeler and make it buy as much as a vigorous taeler would buy. I’ll—I’ll . . “Where you going to get the taeler?” heckles one of the imps of saturnalia.

“That’s so,” says Gabe, “we ain’t got no taeler, we can’t buy the baby cigarettes. All right then, we’ll buck the powder-trust and make them quit charging four bits for three cents worth of corn starch.” “We’ll make them toe the scratch, I’m tellin’ yuh, and they’ll have to come down to forty-five cents—it’s an outrage! and the populi is getting so it can’t pay its taxis and taxes.”—

“Supposing the powder-trust tells you to go and jump into the sulphuric swimmin’ hole?” suggests the saturnine fiend, “where’ll you then be?”

“I won’t do it. I’ll have them investigated, reprimanded and severely censured, I’m jumping in no sulphur lake, not even with an asbestos diving suit. I’ll show ‘em where I stand —and if congress offers them the corn producing states, as a compromise, to quiet ‘em. I’ll veto the bill and make them be satisfied with couple soapstone states—I’m going to conserve the nation’s resources.”

“Well, how about the Seaburro investigation?”

“I had nothing to do with it, I was drafted”, my friend Mr. Horst of the Horst publications writes Mr. Bloke of the Bloke publications a letter and Mr. Bloke of the Bloke publications writes Mr. Horst of the Horst publications a let-ter and then they goes and has them printed side by each to kind a convince the people they never forgot their spelling; then Mr. Bloke of the Bloke publications goes out walking in the rain with his baby boy and the baby boy starts crying. “Now wot’s eating you?” growls Mr. Bloke, who is kind-hearted as hell, “wot are you beefing about?”

“It’s about Shamus Hoofer, the mayor of Knickerhockersburgh, he ain’t getting enough money.” whines the baby boy.

Mr. Bloke busts out crying and the pair of ‘em outdid the rain. Then Mr. Bloke goes home and starts the mill grinding grist for mayor Hoofer—there’s the gist of it and there’s nothing dirty about it and Mr. Bloke ain’t Mr. Horts’s man Friday or any other day.

“How about the Scaburro investigation?” jortles the imp of darkness.

The Seaburro investigation was for the purpose of discovering crookedness in the high places. It was carried on for over a year and about million words of testimony (that sounded like Poes wildest dreams) was taken . . .

“In other words,” butts in the infernal missionary, “Seaburro drew a year’s pay for finding out what his friend Mr. Bloke could have told him in two minutes and a correspondence-school gum-shoe could have found out in a five-day week, and don’t tell me he “bummed his lumps”.— “As to that I can’t say.”

“And what economic hold did you have on Mr. Aylesmith?”

“I refuse to answer.”

“And this is open and above board?” wails the imp of hades, “a mayor political party in the hands of fixers?,” he groans, “I may as well go and join the Y. M. C. A.” — Angel Gabriel turned pale but with a mighty effort he pushed out a new pair of white-wings and had his smile photo-graphed front ear to ear.

And end the grasping power of those men of work affairs’”

## 1932\_42\_IW\_08111932

**Debts**

If I owe you money or breaking your nose or far any other reason, and I cannot pay a[it] and you big hearted sap that you are cancel that debt, just how will that improve the condition of my purse?—Empty it was, and the cancellation thown into it ain’t going to make it clink—my buying power is still non-existent, heigh ho.

If I owe you money and can pay only the interest rate, 6 per cent, and you, you great humanitarian cancel the debt, that leaves me six per cent alive, doughnut?—I can buy six cents worth for every dollar cancelled, eh? Sounds like petty larcency, don’t it? Well it isn’t, it’s petty thinking—that’s how the big boys are going to bring back the prosperity stolen from you—if successful, it means, 6 per cent prosperity for somebody—I wonder what’s the rake-off? (That last question is generally left to the investigation years later—I’m very thoughtless in springing it just at this time when the beans are all over the permanto).

Our troubles in this country are primarily over-expansion in needless utilities—needed buying power sunk into them; over-expenditures in wars and war-making materials. (our own and others) at a low ratio of return—needed buying power sunk into them, needlessly.

Primarily though, over-expansion is the cause for the disappearance of prosperity—further production under present conditions, long hours and short pay, can only aggravate the situation—one week’s pay without production does more to remedy the depression than does six months or six years steady employment. How come? Because six years employment under present conditions will make it worse—over-expansion is a swelling that cannot be reduced by adding thereto. The buying power is in that over-expansion—how are you going to squeeze it out`

By letting the squeezing of it in.

By organizing to keep the wealth in your own mitts, as you produce it, you are making it impossible for anyone to over-expand; you obviate the need for to make out fight-bills and cancel them. Productionless servitude on pay cannot be carried on only to the limits of over-expansion—when that is all used up the boys again would have “lean on the shovel”. It’s the age old quarrel, “20 per cent to labor; 80 per cent, minus expenses, to expansion”—and expansion has its limit; productivity has no limit as yet.

What is over-expansion?

Let us put it this way; twenty years ago one engine and separator threshed twenty farms; today 20 engines and 20 separators thresh 20 farms—19 of those engines and separators are over-expansion—needless—vanity. At 3,000 a set the farmers of U. S. A. have sunk something like $30,000,000,000—quite a row of eggs—thirty billion dollars into over-expansion—my figures are mild.

Had that gird thirty million, that was needlessly thrown away, been handed to labor it would buy, say, 5,000,000,000 bu. of wheat at a dollar a bushel—2 [½] billion bushels at $2 a bushel—1¼ billion bushels at $4 per bushel. That, mind you, is only one and the tamest over-expansion we have.

I’m not saying had the farmer given this money to labor instead of to over-expansion, the depression would have not come—it would, but it would have come so slowly he never would have seen it, and the recuperative powers of society might have prevented it for all time. I could sit me down and prove beyond all reasonable doubt that over-expansion in industries is so great in value, now worthless, that if wealth could be squeezed out the present generation of workers need never again turn a wheel.

As it is, instead, they must, spend energy in endless begging expeditions—this, too, because they were not organized strongly enough in the right union. For me to name the figure that has been lost in over-expansion I’d have to go to Work People’s College in Duluth for a winter, and be very careful not to overload my stomach—it runs way out of the billions. I could though exceed my learning and put down any figure, say 9 and add 0’s behind it till my arm played out and my fellow worker, far smarter than I, would say: “Gimini Cripes, but that Slim has had lots of schoolin!—they certainly wasted not birchwod branches on him!

It would look big: $9000000000000 . . . —you say it.

Still I would hit below the mark.

I see your eyes are beginning to shine. Ohhoh, your going to organize and go after some of that jack? And brush your teeth with a T-bone steak? Keep your shirt on, don’t get excited—I’ve just now told you the wealth tossed into over-expansion is worthless—those 19 threshing outfits are nothing but a row of nineteen-hundred kinds of expense.

Organize, is right—but organize to stop throwing any more wealth into that sink-hole.

## 1932\_43\_IW\_15111932

**When Both Are Wrong—**

Yesterday an ageing man remarked with sober face,

“The trouble in this country isn’t very hard to place:

“Too many fawning foreigners our noble laid disgrace,

“They should be driven from our shore to some far distant base.”

“Oh yeah.” chimes in the humorist, “so that would end your care’s

And help the feeding of the sixty-thousand millionaires?

That that would serve to dissipate the low of soul-despairs

And Undoubtedly they’d take the loss—I hope I make it plain:

Your sturdy home-grown ankles would still oscillate a chain.

Your remedy is not so good—except in this respect

The fewer left behind could not support that grasping sect

The god- of greed would straight way “load of hate” in them inject

And cause the worthy millionairs each other to disset.

There’s not so much percentage in your deportation plan.

The trick is how to get the bacon, for to grease the pan.

Perhaps we better organize with yonder foreign man

And put on pay-roll thieves a “closed for alterations” ban.

It sounds like Knights of Araby, “the sixty-thousand thieves”,

Enough to give a trusting soul a case virgin heaves

And if you should deport them all but one—that action leaves

Sufficient able plutocrats to gather in the sheaves.

If you get yours, you worry not about the gifted crooks;

So long as you get caviar, you chase not after cooks;

So long as you have mountain trout, you wade not in the brooks—

And these you’ll get when organized, and not by wistful looks.

Nay brother, with the foreigner agone, I think you’d find

The coining of those millions would still constitute a grind;

The coining of new platitudes would still your vision blind

And the shackles of your servitude would still your ankles bind.

Regardless of how many starve, how many faint or fall!

Regardless of how many work, how many hit the ball!

Those birds are in it not for health or contributions small;

Their objective is ease and wealth, their aim to grab it all.

So, if your foreigner was gone beyond the bounding main.

The much or little you produced would be the bosses’ gain.

Moral: Join the I. W. W.

## 1932\_44\_IW\_12121932

Note:—

T-bone Slim has gone out of circulation—he is retired into a convent to write a play for the working class—one of those pathetic plays, drama, where you laugh and promptly wish you hadn’t—its name is “Uplifters” and among these following are the left-overs therefrom.

The play should be on the boards at an early date—start saving ticket money.

**Angry Law Gets Angry**

Press reports “a Russian lady was to be shot for stealing grain . . .”

This would indicate conditions are not so good; in addition to showing punishment of a striking nature.—

Nothing like that could happen in our fair and unhappy land—our millionaires have been getting theirs that way all their lives without anybody thinking of shooting ‘em.

\* \* \*

Democracy a failure?

Now, mind you, I’m not saying it isn’t but I cannot seem to remember where it was tried—and when. To my poor old erudition, democarcy always was a distant vista—a desert mirage—Ole Garchy always sat at the saddle and, if any failure, he should so be credited—why blame the pure, innocent and absentee democracy for Ole’s omniscience.

\* \* \*

I thought I was about to die––o, but I was sick! I thought so till I happened to grab hold of an oaken railroad tie, water-soaked.

Imagine my surprise when that tie came along with me to the jungle fire.

Now it is my contention, a man cannot be very close to death who can pack as much as an ordinary section gang . . . mebbe, editor, you better put the death notice in the lead.––make it strong.

“Dammit! I went and bought coffe-an and forgot I was to get a box of snuff today.” (Ordinarily, editor, this crack is an opening line). He says further, “Oh well, deny me tobacco if you will, I’ll light a butt: shoot snipes and conserve the nation’s resources, but I’ll tell you frankly, druggist, a nation whose resources are cigarette butts ain’t worth the powder to blow it to hell.”

“Heluva lot of people think the same way,” returned the druggist, suavely.

“The dame way? What do you mean, the same way, they don’t think at all! They wish.”

\* \* \*

Employers of labor are not taking any lip from working men. All advice “how to run the industries” is frowned upon. It seems labor has no say-so in production. He must keep shut-up or get out––or confine his remarks to weather, women or waffles.

Yet they are supposed to be brothers? Employers of labor run “the works” to sit themselves, and nobody else.

But it happens they extract, subtract, deduct from labor’s pay envelop “the cost” of running the plant, plus the cost of maintenance of themselves (and others) and the wherewithal which constitutes their fortunes and squanderings––in this they are sole judge and labor is supposed to keep a tight lip.

Allright, the subtraction from labor’s envelop of a part of the values produced amounts perilously near confiscation and sets a very bad example. Be that as it may, the danger lies in the fact that voiceless and undiplomatic labor may misconstrue it taxation without representation.

## 1932\_45\_IW\_20121932

There is no doubt in the human mind but that things will improve now that the election is over. It always was that way—and hope springs eternal. It is not asking too much of the suffering people to cast their ballot every four years in favor of that improvement —but, I should think, if each election brings such wonderful reliefs, I demand that elections be held oftener even if the good citizens have to eat a bowl or two of soup in order to equal the occasion and that the bounties of ballotting be stored for any possible future need: slim, indeed and inconscievable save in the event all the good people grow suddenly and simultaneously lame and unable to register their national preference and will. Before election, you will remember, McKinley was a good boy, so was Coolidge, Hoover and “Rosevelt”; their mothers say so.

None of our presidents ever stole boyhood grapes or had to be cried out of jail. They were perfect—but look at ‘em now. George Washington had four set of false teeth which, his doctor said, had been discolored by being soaked in port wine—seems to me, the doctor did throw in a slug and infer that George had swallowed some of that sour preparation . . .

If the latter be true, his fame shall flourish in my estimation, but if he deliberately tossed a set of false teeth into cup of pure true wine, two hundred years have been wasted.

\* \* \*

St. Lawrence seaway is salt water and unfit for soup—it’s merely an addition to our transportation already four times as extensive as needed. Argument “to create competition” won’t hold.

Doubling of transportation did not reduce rates:

Tripling did not reduce.

Quadrupling increased the rates.

St. Lawrence seaway will double the cost of transportation, in view, “rails” will feed on Washington, willi-nilli, without delivering service—in lieu of the freght denied them. Russian, Spanish, and other ores will land as far west as South Chicago; Argentine meats shall land at Duluth. Elliot Packing Company and stump farmers shall hang themselves to jack-pines. Moss shall grow on Duluth’s Superior St . . . .

You’re not increasing competition in transportation, you’re increasing competition in commodities—already New York Times, Chicago Oak Parker gets its print paper in Canadian National R. R. cars—”Times” has paper mills in Canada, I understand.

Minnesota pulp-wood cutters are starving.

Are you ready for this change the St. Lawrence seaway will bring about?

One main purpose of compulsory assessment in union (when not voted by rank and file) is to bait and weed out radical (independent) members.

As in the A. C. W. A., the. membership can take the edge off the joke by passing the assessment to the boss with their compliments; and a few minor items attached for to cover expense and mental anguish.

If they do this, the boss soon gets a notion the leaders are no longer “friends” of his—may even undertake to lecture the leaders for their lack of diplomacy.

\* \* \*

You wouldn’t hardly invite a businessman to advise you how to do a thing in the factory, would you? ‘course not.

Well then, what do you want of him [i]n your political party?

Man’s relationship to unionism is not different (dissimilar) to his relationship to learning.—F. W. H. V. Rice said it in another way. When we remember man is “a forgetting animal” we must conclude he must learn each day as much, at least, as he forgets—otherwise his well of information will soon go dry. To guarantee a supply of enlightment for himself he must systematize his learning—in other words, organize it.

There is yet time to pack up and go to the Work People’s College, Duluth, Minn.—one “hunnert” dollars will carry you through three month) and you’ll have four dollars left over for foolishness.

Even as a man forgets and must replenish his store of knowledge so, too, a union loses members and must therefore everlastingly be on the alert for new members and it is here the similarity of man’s relationship to unionism and learning sticks out. F. W. Rice said as much in one paragraph.

## 1932\_46\_IW\_27121932

**Down for the Count**

–––––

Christmas morning. will she say.

“I love you.”

Or will she pant and hiss and bay

Above you.

**“Get outta this house, you**

**Low-life rat;**

**I’m no longer your spouse. Go!**

**Get your hat.”—**

\* \* \*

I don’t blame her a gosh shang bit—if [I] was a woman I’d hate to be living in the same house with a scissorbill, one of those poor, helpless creatures that never quite had tense enough to join the I. W. W. So frail and brittle and fragile that he falls to pieces, when he sits down—if the [q]uite doesn’t happen to be one of those iof “a thousand springs”. He’s so delicate he’s got to have elastics to hold his pants up, or his chest will cave in —no backbone end a straight gut, you know what [I] mean, the food falls right through him, nothing there to stop it —that’s why he’s aIways hungry.

You pretty near got to put him abed with rope and tackle, counterweights and penty of paddling else his hide will tear or he will go all out of joint, and shape . . .

Was there anything more corruptly built than he? Of the poorest materials, [s]hoddy manhood and immitation ambition? AIways waiting for some one else to act [o]n his behalf—I’ll tell you frankly, editor, he’s not an I. W. W. because he’s so meek and humble and tame that fifty cents to him is a fortune, big money—he ain’t [s]een much money for the same reasons, “M” and “H” and “T”. An initiation fee so him resembles a life-time income. He [k]nows well as anybody that I. W. W. is the place for him—but he just hasn’t got good sense . . .

If the woman over kicks him out, he’s lost. What could he do in this big cruel world if the woman wasn’t there to build a fire undertint every time his blood congeals and he feels like giving the boss a gold platter full of worlds?

I mean, a platter full of gold worlds.

\* \* \*

Headline:

“Husbands and Wives to Have Equal Rights”.

Fair enough! if men have no rights the woman, too should be deprived of theirs—any mathematician will tell you (twice) that much—the score then would be 0 and 0—fair enough; neither has the edge . . . Ain’t they ingenious! Why don’t they come right out in the open and say, Women Too are to Lose teir Rights. Heh, he. Hee—and not try make them think they’re getting something: take away their dress and say they were given a suit De Nude—

Given? What do you mean? That ain’t giving, that’ taking away and my teacher told me taking away is subtraction —I’ll leave it to Einstein.

I heard one about Adolph, or is his name Elmer Einstein: (I’m sure it isn’t Isaac—only he will forstay) : “His teeth were chattering, Pasadena. U. S. A., and his good frau, who loves to keep track of the professor, says: ‘These laboratories are cold.’ —

“Cold is right; laboratories is wrong—this is a Labradoiy.”— (I could look up his name, the paper is right there in front of me but why go to all that trouble—you know the guy I mean).

Cold nothing, professor—that’s the flu-hypodermic the medical sharks have been talking about, and don’t let that woman mislead you.

# 1933

## 1933\_1\_IW\_10011933

**Jobless Buying-Power—**

–––––

Get this right. Don’t let anybody tell you there’s 1,000,000unemployed in this country. Chop off this freedom of speech, if **nossirsary**:

There are 35,000,000 that imagine they have jobs. They are working for half pay—their buying power is cut in half— that makes them half-employed, for verily dueats prove the job.

Therefore, if 35,000,000 are half-employed they equal 17,500,000 wholly unemployed according to this measure. Yea, bo, and don’t let anybody tell you different.

Then there are 12,000,000 “souphounds” who are totally without jobs—12 million and 17½ million equal 29½ million.

Then we have the part time worker working at “cut rates”—not many millions—say 5,000,000 (the rate cut is already counted; the part time isn’t).

This part time employment adds to the unemployed army another million jobless.

What have we now?

30 500.000 unemployed in U. S. A.

Think your country can stand it—without a showdown? There is no mistake in these figures—better get your head under cover in the I. W. W.

I know you do not doubt my figures but, to be on the safe side, I will prove them.

Bear this in your mind—I am study an average workox; no better or worse. And I am totally and definitely unemployed as far as production is concerned. Now when I am unemployed, that means half the workers are idle.

There is a matter of 50,000,000 workers in this country—half of them is 25,000,000.

But I said 30,500,000 are unemployed—does that prove me a liar?

Not by the boulder damsite!

It merely proven that I am a little better than average.

The figures still hold good.

(Now you see what modesty will do to a guy when he ain’t looking—it almost wrecked this article. I should have said, **I’m the big half of Ho-be**; instead of 50-50.) —

Modesty will surely do the same to you—pay you off in low wages. Get rid of it. Join the I. W. W., they’ve got the crust of an unshorn steer.

Get the notion out of your head that the boss will hand you money instead of dropping it in his own pocket—IT isn’t human nature; but it will be when you and your kind join the Industrial Workers of the World.

His present difficulty is the result of dropping it in his own pocket and keeping the bankers well supplied.

What makes the capitalist insanity all the more violent is the fact is resembles good sense—many people are fooled by it—so.

**MEBBE?**

Some of those stars in Hollywood think they are the whole solar system when, as a matter of fact, they are small and very ordinary astral bodies.

Then, again, many radicals think the world hinges on their importance—a loose board? It is well that they should think so; it pleases them—it is their privilege.

\* \* \*

International amenities can be engendered by giving foreign countries, as before, the choice tid-bits of our production; at cut rates.

Nothing makes a man so amiable as “the white meat” for a turkey, the while his host is gnawing wishbones for subsistance.

I think I’ve got a faver.

In the name of sacred foreign trade.

Our compatriots over the seas never could learn to chew up our tougher shamburgers”.

\* \* \*

**US, We And COMPANY ——**

How about little poetry before I start washing clothes—I said clothes—I’ve got lots of ‘em—good clothes—two shirts, alone—of course, one of them is rawther unhorsodox: I took me one of those seamless grain sacks—certainly I took it—and out slits in it for my head and arms—it ain’t like the head of the Stockton proletariat—the hole thing took me one minute to produce including raw material—I wear it under the other one—republicans and democrats don’t know the difference—even Roosevelt can’t suspect—and what they don’t know ain’t going to benefit them. Give me the key:

**Some are with us right from the start,**

**And some when the fight is won;**

**Some are doing—the hardest part,**

**Some come—when the work is done.**

Well, what about it? It’s their privilege, ain’t it? And how are you going to stop ‘em?—The big thing is to come:

**They come, they come, nor rolls the drum,**

**No herald warns the witless;**

**They simply come** (God knows where from),

**The meek, despised—the “gitless”**

## 1933\_2\_IW\_17011933

**Line of Least Resistance–**

–––––

This mayonaise-age works a great hardship on those who have been brought up on pigs-feet or roundsteak.

\* \* \*

No organization should undertake, or countenance, the extermination of those who walk in the shadow of the slums—the system can repopulate the slums faster than any agency can destroy.

Slums, themselves, are the most destructive agency known to mankind. Any terror added thereto is like accelerating a cyclone with human breath—the speed remains same. My argument is **no organization should embrace futilities.**

\* \* \*

This is not the first time civilization has been in need, of a helping hand.

From time to time civilization has ben championed by men and women of all nationalities. No nationality ever had monopoly in this.— ringnosed savages have rushed out in the interest of rescueing civilization from the hands of well-meaning but blithering idiots.

\* \* \*

Now the danger is there, the distress is altogether too evident, the question arises how and by what means can civilizhtion best be salvaged?

**By joining the Industrial Workers of the World.**

You don’t get me—it operates this way: Industrial Workers of the World is the last spark of sanity, civilization, left in the world; by joining it you are giving practical support to the keeping of civilization alive (I’m not talking about progress; I’m harping on the prevention of a cataclysm) Possibly you are not interested in the saving of civilization — if so, that is your privilege. But should civilization go down, you will not be left behind laughing—nor crying, for that matter.

You are an integral part of civilization and you perish with it. I’m not saying it or you will perish. I’m saying you both shall perish unless you co-ordinate with civilized creatures in the Industrial Workers of the World.

You don’t have to take my word for it; just keep on ‘looking” and you’ll see it coming.

Naturally, you feel that whatever, happens you should be left behind laughing—therefore, it follows, self-preservation ordains that you join this outfit pronto. Progress will then begin.

On the other side of the fence we have men and women who distain benefits because benefits are interlocking. For them to accept of benefits would shower others with benefits also. Rather than be instrumental in the showering of others, they forego the blessings available to themselves.

Intolerant souls?

How bitter indeed is the cup; to be forced to march to a poorhouse because to not do so would aid, strengthen benefit another?

In other and more assimilable words: **“No matter at what personal discomfort. I’d like to meet you in hell.”—**

That is the attitude!—and that is your attitude in case you decide to let civilization go b’blooey. It will be hell!—I’ll be seeing you, toodleoo.

**T-bone Slim.**

P. S.—The head to this applies to and means the ease with which eyes can follow the paragraph- style—I did not intend to leave an impression that the joining of the I. W. W. is “Line of Least Resistance”—that is for you to determine. I have no authority in heaven or earth or seven seas, to promulgate such a condition by law, dictum or otherwise in such sacred matter—some one would be sure to rise on his hinges and call me a liar—a fight would be started and the spectators would carry away the corpses—I’m a man of peace—yessiyam.

I believe in peaceable assembly, in an alley or behind the barn and discuss these things still starvation overtakes us:—could a man be more peaceful and preserve his honor?

United States is the most peaceful country in the world—outside of a few yang-wars, few milk-wars, few mine-wars, few beer-wars, few farm-wars, and so on, there is hardly a ripple on Samuel’s placid equanimity.

P. S. No. 2:—Few, few indeed, are the eaters that fish out bullets from their stew or screen their grape-nuts; this is as it should be—-the fewer the better and. if you look back in the italics you will find I have practically admitted the slum element is practically a negligible percentage of the popluation.

Allright professor:

The shot and shell were flying

Into my brisket stew;

Around me folks were dying

Because they ate their shoes

The parrots were a-lioing

Salvation Iies in booze

And politicians crying

For—for still more hellish brews.

## 1933\_3\_IW\_24011933

Hoosier:—

“If those souplines are so good—why do the big boys jump from high windows?”—

Echo answers, “Why?”—

Citizens Committees of Law and Order are generally composed of business men and their relatives, professional men and their relatives—their duties are to keep an eye on the weather cock and watch for storms. They are extra legal and assume these responsibilities, risks and authorities voluntarily. In their organization they are lawful, in their reasonings awful and in their activities mostly unlawful (my assumption is any action tainted ever so slightly by unlawfulness is wholly unlawful—law recognizes only yes or no).

Any rotten ingredient rottens the whole soup, and you cannot eat the good and pure from it. (I would suggest changing cooks).

I mention this not in the spirit of lament but for to show the inconsistency of these gentlemen who still, in this late date, believe 16 is dozen and half, if put in a bag.

It would be well for the working class, always intelligent, to organize in the I. W. W. for to act as guardians to that tribe and endeavor to persuade them to jump from lower windows. (Where they’d only break a leg or two).

Patience! fellow workers— those birds haven’t the slightest idea what it’s all about.

Depreciation fund is as far as they have studied. “Work for nothing so that busted paupers can buy from them,” that is their doctrine in a nutshell. They cannot see that the busted pauper and the worker are one and the same guy. **And if he works for nothing he shall use nothing for buying power**—citizens committee or no.

I Venture to say that before the flowers bloom two-thirds of the business and professional element shall have surrendered to the exiegencies of time and the “end of an epoch”. (Broun) has been purchased at a terrific price. Civilization, in the course of the zig zags (sags) of damnable evolution, has been set back (let us hope) only fifty years. Another generation has bit the dust! Because Eve bit the apple?

No.

Because capitalism bit you!

Supplement.—

There is rather well-grounded suspicion that business men are sabotaging the paupers—I have been questioned as to this but did not commit myself then and will not now. “In the interest of taming the working class”, that was the way it was put to me.

I would not be a bit surprised. They are an element that must needs be directed, are irresponsible and such an act is within their capabilities—unto the grim extreme.

But I will say this and I won’t put it into rhyme: Never a sabotage went bang but it proved to be a boomerang.

My advise is: Leave sab-tabby’s fur alone—it’s a porcupine—after every cat’s-tail has been twisted; every misery applied; every destruction accomplished and the human race looks like a Tom Cat in the Tail-End of April you’ll have to use sense (IWW), constructiveness to come out of it.

Why not use it first—and save the hide?

You have the sense, organization —why look elsewhere? Elsewhere they’ve got plenty to look at—and plenty to look at it.

## 1933\_4\_IW\_31011933

“Should the new social order come into being?”

What there to prevent? It is inevitable, whether or no. In fact it is twin-inevitable, if you know what I mean. It is like this:

Socal orders cannot please everybody but they try real hard. We’ve got to give them credit for trying . . . Hold on there, fellow worker, you’re getting ahead of my story, it is like this:

The stork which brings these social orders, do you follow me? is prepared to accommodate you, no matter what kind of order you want. If you want a real nice, sensible social order, you go over there with the Wobblies so the stork can see where you stand. If you want a looney order like the one you’ve got, just stand with your thumb in your mouth, a rugged individual and the stork will deposit a rotten order at your feet. Are you coming along? I’m glad to see you keep step with me.

If you want a hyporkeritical order you gush like Hollywood when G. . Shaw comes to town and act . . . oh hell, you know how to act—insincere (1 hope George Bernard don’t brain any of them) and the stork deposites a leering order on your front porch. Would it not be a good idea to tie up G.B.S. a bit before we let him come ashore?)

So you see fellow worker, you can’t miss—you get just what you want—this is the first time it happened—and if you don’t want any order you get one anyhow and mebbe you won’t like it. These things can’t be put off—they come like a child to a hired girl.

But remember, fellow workers, the girl has no choice. She has to take what comes—you have a choice. Now, if you don’t choose and you get a social order that wraps you shanks with an anchor-chain, don’t ask to borrow my file—yon ain’t going to get it. Nossirree, my file and hacksaw stays right here—better pick out a social order that is mere soothing—and if you holler too much about those chains I’m going to politely ask you to “wear ‘em out”.

Elsewhere in this paper you will find directions what to do in such an emergency—if you don’t see it look in the preamble, first verse, first line. Are you there? I want to know, are you there? Well, then it’s allright and did you get my meaning in the twin-inevitableness of a new social order? My God, editor, could the British tongue be purer? Here I went and said if the people are crazy they get a crazy order and if they are reasonable they get a reasonable order and the fellow worker here wants to know “when was that?”

Oi, Oi. Oi! and likewise gosh!

I’ve made it perfectly clear, and guile is not within me, that for to say “a new social order shall not come” is to say we shall try to get along orderless. For verily the old order is played out! It can no longer starve Ithe people—neither can it feed them.

–––––

Certainment! William Randolph Hearst in his “Buy American” is basically and eminently right but—chronologically wrong. He’s picked the wrong time. Just when we are at our weakest, flat as a pancake, up jumps Willie, gives his nose a hitch and yells buy only American goods.—I suppose that means Canadian paper, Idaho potatoes and Mexican real estate.

Isn’t this like locking the garage so the thief can’t bring the car back, damifino?

I think Hearst’s clock stopped thirty-six years ago—and the term American is too broad.

But basically William is correct as they make ‘em—he could add only one thing to make the picture complete, “trade only with those Americans that sell American goods exclusively”.

I have said Hearst is right—the idea is, let each nation manufacture its own food, clothing and shelter. How ridiculous it is for instance for U. S. A. to seek surcease from capitalism in Russia or Jehol or Jug of Shellakia—the logic is: manufacture your own emancipation, destiny or what have you; build your own industrial union, not some one elses—to make a long story short, tend your own business—we can’t have every man tending to some one else’s business; we can’t have every nation tending another nation’s business—we can but it means a fight.—It’s too impersonal!

Everything has not been going just right to suit William Randolph of late. The Swamp Carp from Louisiana has unsettled William’s stomach and he has been pounding on the tables and desks with such force that new furniture had to be carried in and Grand Rapids, Mich. put on a double shift.

Brace up, Bill—you’ll be one of the last to starve.

## 1933\_5\_IW\_07021933

To hear the walls tell it—

Employers of labor power have been accused of farsightedness— without apparent reason too, mode’s the pity—and to date they have not protested; which goes to show they can take it on the chin without batting an eyelid —when the facts are they can see neither far or near and all that lies between.

Accuse a blind man of vision ever so slight and he will lay his cane across the bridge of your nose and not miss a sixty-fourth of an inch or endanger the innocent bystanders.

Not so our boss. The most damnable allegation have been uttered against his blindness and non-perspicasity imaginable and he has smiled the same old well known begnign smile of his, passing it all off as huge joke.

His many and uncanny moves are the source of the impression that he can see—his miraculous escapes from economic dilemmas is a contributing factor. People stand spell-bound with their finger in their mouths and attribute to him great powers of observation and penetration. They quite ignore the fact that frame-ups require little if any foresight—just crookedness—and that no experienced fisherman gets caught in his own not—only suckers and bullheads.

To date, foresight is all on the side of the workers. Join the I. W. W.

Extra: For to “suppose” the destruction ‘of the I. W. W. by way of unemployment is to presuppose the destruction of the working class—these are one, same and inseparable and, may I add, Indestructible.

Conditions are not constant and any condition, at any time, makes or breaks, determines the outcome.

We must conclude that in the event of a threatend disintegration of the I. W. W. (purely imaginary) conditions have developed Io such an extent that the existence of the working class is endangered, their entity threatened and their extermination begun.

They’ll never finish the job and when they do I. W. W. shall be no more— until then, the boss will have his troubles.

**News**

For to say ‘“International Bunkers” is pretty much to say Johnny Bullion.

The expected pickup in the steel industry as of January 15 did not materialise—all bets are off.

Prepare to do your crying early and late louder, if such a thing be possible.

Montreal, Que., Jan. 23. — “Newsprint (paper), the manufacture of which is the second industry of Canada, was exported in the calendar year 1932 to the amount of $82, 966,199, compared to $107,233,112 in 1931, a drop of $25,000,000, official figures. Trib. News Service, issued today, revealed. Practically all exports went to the United States.”—To understand this drop, consider the inability of our brave merchants to use as much advertisement space as before. No other change has happened. In the meantime the wail of our pulpstick makers is heard from Maine to California by way of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, Sand Point, Washington and Oregon.—Holyoke Irish are starting to talk fast and furious, around the paper mills. Hammermill (Pa. I believe) is only one making any showing—the showing is precarious.

By a strange coincidence (Eugene Oneal note) the $82,966,199 that went to Canada is precisely what our brave papermakers need to keep out of the poorhouse—our publishers busted the vicious circle—not satisfied with buying their raw materials abroad they expect us to buy their products and hum the Star Spangled Banner. Moulders of the public opinion?—a fine bunch of sabotagers they are: they have wrecked the orderly processes of American industry—that’s just what I mean. American industry: In Canada they have created an artificial condition of temporary employ-ment, denude the country of its timber without adequate recompense; in the event of revolt they’ll cross the line onto this side and play one country against the other—a fine bunch of patriots.

It is quite evident we need the Industrial Worker of the World to run herd on those birds—they’ll wreck the world if they are not stopped.

**T-bone Slim, Technocrat**  
 (Not connected with trust).

## 1933\_6\_IW\_14021933

**Turning The Cat Loose?**

The great Arthur Brisbane has it, a dog chased a cat fa twelve year old kitten)up a tree; the kitten, its eyes hardly open,refuses to come down till the dog is ground into sausage.—The coward! sie . . . “Men laughed; their wives did not”. Three of them refused to eat until they (the husbands) brought the kitten down. Three days the kitten meowed in the tree andthree days wives meowed in the house—both missing their meals.—I don’t suppose the husband got anything either—Art didn’t say. This finally got under the skin of the men-folks and they called up the fire department, the kitten was rescued and the three wives ate everything they could lay their hands to—I’m not quoting Art word for word. I want to say something myself.—

“Proving.” Art concludes, “that woman’s kindness, the strange ‘moral superiority’ that nature has planted in them, has gradually changed men from big-tooth, low-browed savages to semi-civilized men.” Nothing of the kind, Arthur, it proves men require three days to get started, not counting the great saving in meals—which in itself is an inducement to let that cat whistle another day. A man don’t have to be Scotch to see that.

We have the same trouble in the I.W.W. Perfectly good rebels stand and paw the dirt, spit great streams into the cuspidors and all around them, scratch themself, play pinoccle—but when the three days is up? Umh! They climb the tree and down comes the parasite—once again everybody eats; not only the women . . .

Arthur is very brief, could be briefer but that would leave Hearst papers fiat,—so I attribute a great hidden meaning to Arthur’s observations. But, this I will say: the turning of that cat loose was accomplished at the instignation of the powers that be and, therefore, the women and gallant firemen are out of luck, as far as the glory is concerned—man once more comes into his own and women and firemen are just a couple menials looking for a place in the sun.

The rescue of kittens (we used to drown ‘em) ain’t going to re-establish equitable intercourse among men, women or as between the sexes—it has no more effect than the butchering of an intolerant law by congress or pulling a sliver from under a finger nail. Nero, burning down Rome because he soured on a fiddler, did not destroy the Roman empire; neither will the turning of the cat loose reclaim Samuel’s valuables from the hockshop

Get down to earth! Abolish the Hogs from the Pios!

\* \* \*

**Slim Reads a Paper**

Nutspapers naively narrate to us that Greece has offered citizenship to Samuel Insull the escaped traction magnate. Such a statement means nothing unless it be a dead give away, criterion of the moral standard to which the nuspapers subscribe—they would do that and that is the father of the item. We can’t always lay it to gullibility.

They have since repudiated the story —nut how can they repudiate the photograph of their startling nakedness?

Pooh! Pooh!—the tailor was fixing their suspenders.—

(Did you think they were going for a swim? and discarded their high emprise?)

O Horace! O Horace!—GREELEY!

Buy the Industrial Worker, get the facts—why subsist on pipe dreams.

“No news is sometimes good news”—they say.

No snus is sometimes good snus,eh?

I’m telling you brother, no snus is a God damned outrage and no news is a lie.

(O Horace! O Horace!)—

What is “no news?”—

News that’s too good to print.

“Well, do they leave the space blank?”

No, hell no—they fill it with gushing tales about our globe trotting, millionaire, crooks being offered the crown of Meso Ptomaines and next week when they get some more news that’s too good to give away at three cents a throw they repudiate the Ptomaine a yam and start you off on another pipe dream. Buy the Industrial Worker—you can’t miss.—We do not allow a pipe in the editorial sanctorum; he might spill it and burn up one of T-bone Slim’s flamboyant inflammables.

New words:

Lobbyrinthe.

Possessorship.

“Those are able bodied words. Slim.”

I know they are—and how about Nuts-papers?

## 1933\_7\_IW\_21021933

*THE OBVIOUS–*

*The Public insofar as it suffers the employment of suffrageless workers has no rights in the determination of strikes, wages, hours and conditions . . .*

Once we concede a man has a right to think we must concede he has a right to wish. Once we concede he has a right to wish––even if it be such an outlandish thing as higher wages––we must concede he has a right to ask.

Once we concede he has a right to ask for higher wages we must concede he has a right to strike for higher wages. Once we concede he has a right to strike we must concede he has a right to join a general strike.

\* \* \*

Once we concede a (lone) man is weak we must concede he has a right to build his strength. Once we concede he has a right to build his strength we must concede he has a right to organize the source of his strength.

\* \* \*

Once we admit an individual is unequal to any task we must concede he has a right enlist the services of others.

Once we concede he has a right to enlist the services of others we must concede he has a right to enlist as many as he can, as many as he needs––any or all.

Once we concede he has the right to enlist the services of any, many or all––if he can––we must concede *he is some baby!* and entitled to a hearing.

Once we concede him all those rights we must concede he has a right to life, liberty, leisure and comfort.

Once we concede he has a right to life, liberty, leisure and comfort we must concede that in the absence of any these he has a right to establish them.

Once we concede he has a right to establish life, liberty, leisure and comfort we must concede he has a right to proceed to do so without interference.

Once we concede he has the right to freedom of action in this we must concede that in the event of interference he has right to so organize as to overcome that interference.

Once we concede he has a right to overcome the interference in the establishment of life, liberty, leisure and comfort we must concede that if the interference is powerful he has a right to organize a power that is its superior.

Once we concede he has a right to organize a power superior to that of the interference we must concede he has a right to organize unlimited power––if, or if not necessary.

Once we concede he has the right to organize unlimited power for the establishment of life, liberty, leasure and comfort we must concede he has the right to organize a general strike for that purpose or any other purpose consonant with the wellbeing of the human family of which he is a part the world over––or in any of its subdivisions.

Once we concede he has the right to organize a general strike we must concede he and all those so organized has the right to so strike and so establish life, liberty, leisure, labor, food, clothing, shelter, happiness and what not.

Once we concede he and others has a right to go on general strike we must concede, if they do strike, that want misery, torture *has seen its day* (“wasn’t The Depression TERRIBLE?”––their jokesmiths inquire.)

Once we concede the general strike has the power to end want, misery, torture “forever” we must concede it has the power to scorn palaverfests and gold braided compromises.

Once we concede it has the power to scorn palaverfests and compromises we must concede it has the power in itself to establish life, liberty, leisure, comfort, labor, food, clothing, shelter, happiness and disestablish want, misery, tortue and degeneration––and that is “the new society within the shell of the old.”––

\* \* \*

P. S.––Argument:

This logic cannot very well be contested insofar as to do so is to repudiate the whole wages system which is based upon the enlistment of the services of others for pay. I win either way: If the wages system is discredited, underpay is eliminated; if the ligic holds, wages system is discredited and full pay rules the roost.

I’ve got a dead cinch here for it must be conceded man has rights––if he has only one right, right to think, it follows inlogical succersion he has the whole sum and substance of righterousness.

The denial of any (one) right is the repudiation of freedom in favor of slavery––what remains is neither graduated freedom or enhanced slavery; it is stagnation an untenable position. T––bs.––

## 1933\_8\_IW\_28021933

**T-BONE ECONOMICS**

Read This The Second Time: (I’m getting swelled)––To see a barber making all those skillful moves over a man’s face one could not guess he is raising a family. That’s precisely what he is doing, stropping gruel for Annie and Anthony––and that ain’t saying a word about “Relief buying him fuel” for his workshop, Naturally one passing by would gather the impression he is administering a well deserved shave to the guy squirming in the chair. Nothing could be farther from the truth. If you step in, in a little while, he will tell you “I just made a pair of mitts for Antonio”––and here, all along, we thought he was shaving a guy. Aren’t looks deceptive!––we’d have bet money on it. A fisherman goes out on the lake and sets a mile of nets, right away we jump to the conclusion he’s going to catch fish. Nothing of the kind. He set those nets to catch his wife a new coat and an oilskin for himself––our mouths watering for pickerel and perch . . .

A beggar goes out on the stem. People conclude he’s out there trying to get a few nickles for himself. Ha, ha, haw, that’s rich!––The bum protests: “you get me all wrong, I’m gathering these pennies and dimes for the landlord so he doesn’t have to go to a poorhouse.” Noble man! but who shall believe him? or me for that matter?

So it is in this capitalist country of ours––you have to do the strangest things.

If you want to eat a piece of pie you take a coal scoop and swing it eighty-eight times over your shoulder full of coal and the pie is yours. By looking at you, not a living creature could gues you were ordering a piece of pie. They’l swear up and down you were shovelling coal and stick to it. You could show them the piecrusts and they’d still insist you were shovelling coal––I’d hate to have them on a jury.

In the factories, watching the swift moves of the workers, we never would suspect they are putting together a fortune for the boss. No, we’d think they are laying away something for a rainy day. (This isn’t so however, 85 out of every hundred die without a nickel).

The poet said: (this is aside).

**Look! Look! oh any where,**

**Where moves are fast, Labor’s there.**

I see you still think labor isn’t a slave and working for the boss (I was going to say the butcher, baker, banker and bishop but will not because of such taxation little or much must come from the boss) and if the boss has not delivered said requisites to Labor, then Labor must of needs pay them from the little he gets––this dissipates the wet weather fund and old age fund.) The giving of these is in the hands of labor and they have no quarrel with the boss––just so that they get theirs and, if they do, labor is just that much out).––Now it happens these dependants of Labor are in the habit of delivering advice to Labor; “do so and so; accept the cut” and Labor selects the smaller pay for himself . . .

To illustrate: they told the farmers “Diversify your crops” and then went busted themselves because they had never learned to sharpen skates. Unreliable in toto! is their advice––for one thing they are impersonal and impertinant.

You just listen to me––I’m going to ask you to do a strange thing in a strange world. You saw how the barber knit a pair of mitts with a razor. You saw the fisherman pull an overcoat and an oil-skin from the net.

You was right there when the bum’s eloquence saved the landlord from the poorhouse.

You, yourself, ordered a piece of pie with a coal scoop.

You saw the workers build a billionaire all the while making it look as if it were for the wife and kiddies.

I’m going to ask you to join the I. W. W.––everything else is so crazy you might hit.

## 1933\_9\_IW\_07031933

“Freedom For The Black Belt”—there is too much freedom between the belt and belly now.

But if that quote means freedom for our negro fellow workers, the mention of which is a distinction in itself, sorry to say, they can establish freedom for themsolver by organizing in the industry they prefer, in the Industrial Workers of the World (I. W. W.) an up and coming organization.

They are not wageslaves because of their color—they are wageslaves because they are unorganized—and unemployed, consequently.

The paleface is not a slave because he is pale—he is pale because he is slave unorganized and unemployed consequently and disorganized ultimately—want, misery, suffering and death tearing-up his vitals.

(I omit disease, illness as insignificant, for a very good reason, in full posession of all my damned faculties—Fletcher, please note: Consider hard-times java snowwater bath (not necessarily cold) alkili soap, no towels; epson-salts, no oils—bedding 14 thicknesses of (pure) newspapers obtained in **regular manner**—especially for pillow (no bull) . . . pure lard rub, if not too weak.)—One thing I like about a negro fellow worker, “when he worries he falls asleep.”

In the olden day he too had to build a shack for himself as does the proud nordic of today.

Sometimes his shack, too, was low and the negro had to crawl in on all fours—if his then worries would get the best of him and he would burst into plaintive song:

..”I’m going to build me. a. chimney higher; to keep those there longlegged gals front putting out my fire.”—His worry?

Nothing per day worries a working man.

Twenty-percent of three dollars a day worries a garageman.

Five dollars a day worries a doctor.

Fifty dollars a day worries a businessman.

Five-hudred dollars a day worries a merchant prince—rich man’s son, ditto.

Five-thousand dollars a day worries a politician—gangster, ditto. (five-grand).

Fifty-thousand dollars a day worries a millionaire (Livermore gets gray hairs when he don’t make twenty-million between meals).—

Thus it is we all can enjoy worry in this best of all worlds, (a specked-apple they call globe) under a provident system called capitalism (see Seegar’s cartoon. King trowing a fit of worries— olive-oil or **somedumbody** holding his head.)

Now, to settle an argument— just to settle a dispute—**the I. W. W., after it’s dead, will live on the strength of its name, Industrial Workers of the World.**

**New Word:**

Stool-espionage. (Jack Dempsey, on the up and up, please note: It is now believed Ernie Shaaf relieved his death blow in training or in dressing room—Carnero threw away one million bucks, not knowing.) —

**TECHNOCRACY AND HAZE**

Technocracy itself will go far, for the world is coming out of a haze—(in other words, it has clicked.) Considering the ten-thousand years of fog of which the poet said, “**Ten thousand years is a long long time to wail for your dreams to come true”**,it is almost unbelievable that an adding machine puts the essence of victory into Labors hands. Alway, always a battle for justice and always, always the new yoke only less irritating than the old—along comes a set of mathematicians, impervious to all sentiment, and dissect the Industrial World in cold blood; render their verdict like Kennedy, the cook “there she is boys, that’s all of it—if you want more ask the boss.”— The world, especially the industrial world, is coming out of the haze so fast that had not technocracy moved it would have been **just too bad** and we’d be over there trying a new yoke on—as it is technocracy is the hope of mankind if Labor will but organize—Joe Hill said it!

## 1933\_10\_IW\_14031933

*Kentucky’s Treasure* — —

*The very honor of Kentucky is at stake!*

*Kentucky lays great store by her honor!*

*Kentucky is honorable!*

But it happens dishonorable mine owners in Harlan, Ky., are dishonoring the whole state in their- mad efforts to railroad miners into the electric chair; to subjugate them for all time— said subjugation is contrary to Kentucky’s code of honor.

To make clear the mine-owners dishonorableness I have but to mention the charge made against Theodore Dreiser, the great author.

Knowing Kentucky’s strict honorableness these dishonorable mine-owners, one of them now took out for Greece—those dirty owners, transplanted renegades, both of them, took advantage of Kentucky’s demand for honorableness and “faked” a charge of “loose morals” against that great writer and dignified nobleman — so as to make the great state rise in wrath in defense of her honor. Could anything be dirtier?

Yes. If ‘the state railroads those miners that is twice as dirty— consider the fact that those n ners are victims of the same tribe that tried to frame Dreiser.

––––––––––

The “Young Plan” Young, Owen, D.. and Charlie Dawes of the “Dawes Plan” were badly bitten by Insull when he went mad — net as mad as you think, he had a method, hundred and forty seventeen methods (maximum disorder) — it worked: Go on fellow worker, in pure yiddish: “Ve did it all for Sharmeny, Sharlie” but we cannot do anything for ourselves; ve gotto have the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to mother us, Sharlie; make good our mistakes, Sharlie.

Presidential timber? I’ll say they are—no common hemlock or high land cedar.

Insull crimes consist of outgeneraling the banking laws—an arrangement the bankers had for feathering their own nest. Up jumps Insull and grabs the feathers. Now *isn’t it a laughing* matter? And here all along you lament that Insull went south with your marbles—you’re crazy. Had not Sam had a yen to go Greeceward you’re marbles would now be in the bankers poke, so what’s the difference.

No change has been made. The fortythousand thieves are still on the job. Thi minute “the most gigantic” steal is goin on. Not one word is being said. But wait after the steal is completed, you’ll hea the most heartrending wail you ever heard in your life and tears as big as English walnuts.

Admittedly something should be don about these Public V-”steal-it”-ies “Corrupt”porations but more important than that is to trow our national lamented (la-menters) into stocks and let them cry their heads off (the petty thieves).

Cast your eye over the real-estate stea and ask me if I’m a calamity howler— remember I told you.

Upon a larger scale business (industry has within its pocket the equivalent of the busted beggar’s $2.2. for room rent— the can at any time now bet what they have against the depression (a manuever o coming up from the rear) and that will assuage the grief for two (2) years. No adjustments shall transpire in the mean time and after that even the great T-bone Slim will ease out a few polite walls. (pu stuff between the lines).

Isn’t it about time the honest people join “the I. W. W.” (Industrial Workers of the World) and referee these stealing-matches call off some of the bets and otherwise dispart themselves deeply interested? No?

Is it better then, when you are two years older and two minutes wiser, to heave a sigh and yodle, *Oh what a donkey I was*

“Throw him in the stocks”, sargeant “and’ let him wring out a few tears”

(Freedom of speech and freedom o bellyache are two distinct freedoms— only subject to stocks.)

Parables:

Those of us old jiggers who have fought all our lives *to give everything to the boss* have just one thing to look back upon for extenuation for our existence—the establishment of the I. W. W.

Those of us old jiggers that have bent an ear to advice from the bosses flunkies have just one thing to look back upon for extenuation for our existence— the establishment of the I. W. W.

Those of us old jiggers who have joined the union of the bosses choice, have just one thing to look back upon for extenuation for our existence— the establishment of the I. W. W.

Even so as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation corrects the “*bankers mistakes*”, even so shall the I. W. W. rectify *labors errors*.

All else shall fade and wither!

## 1933\_11\_IW\_21031933

**Both Better Reform :**—”Big Shot” in bad.—

“Get Right With God.”—That’s the first intimation I have had that “the old boy” is in Dutch again with the Christians.

\* \* \*

If all the world is carzy, co-operatjon between nations will produce startling results. If are afflicted with the same disease, co-operation will produce a healthy condion? **Better cure yourselv first and co-operate afterwards.**

Note: Different stage of development in the various nations absolutely prevents the whole-hearted co-operation, at the top—so when they holler, “co-operate” they are crying for the moon.

\* \* \*

In a world that produces too much everything, equal pay would be **more than any worker gets now**—hence it is, the brainy proletarian, who thinks he should get more than other workers, is simply wishing away a part of his own pay. He won’t get any support this side of hell!

\* \* \*

In 1894-5 piece-work pay averaged $7 of to $8— no autimatic machinery; so called later. Today same class of work, piece or day, ranges from $2 to $4— more under two than over four. Modern machinery thus not only displaced millions of workers but cut the wages of these remaining to one third —adding insult to injury, and got by with it. (Now that third is cut in two).

\* \* \*

Artificial pie-filler did not come out until 1910— the same year it was discovered a pie has seven pieces and the pie-tins were found oversize. That is now corrected. Custard pie was off the market the year 1915 to ‘20— it’s now back— full o’ corn-starch.

**Eat brussel—sprouls to rebuild your resistance**— if they weren’t so expensive, 19 cents a quart-basket, I’d be in favor of having the I. W. W. buy a few carloads for the A. F. of L.— (Green, please, note.) A goodwill gesture.

\* \* \*

George Bernard Shaw is hereby invited to visit the Centralia boys, Walla Walla, Wash.—so that the boys may pay him their respects. **I take this opportunity to glad hand you.**

\* \* \*

I see where the goodly Claude G. Bowers, Hearst’s best, is busy telling us how good the new cabinet folks have been and will be.

Oh for an unfettered Mencken to tell us how rotten they’ll turn out to be—so’s we could have our cry over with.

\* \* \*

After twenty-six years of married life Mrs. Edgar A. Guest still thinks her husband writes poetry.

\* \* \*

Did I dream it last night or did I read it in one of Hearst’s old faithful gushers that this here now Perkins who bumps Mitchell of the National City Bank is just about the last word in the finesse of virtue? (I blush for my own infirmities.) (Pass the salt, please.)

Now, is this the same Perkins that tried to negotiate Ford’s plant away from him, just before the screws were put on and almost had Henry babbling like Tennyson’s brook? (I like to keep the record straight.)—

Damn me if those songs of virtue didn’t finally get on my nerves— me a musieker too!

And they sing a song of virtue

And they laud him to the skies:

“Here’s a man that cannot hurt you,

He’s so pure, he draws no flies.

For a fact, he is a wonder,

Friend of all, to none a foe;

His is not a pile of plunder—

Do-re-mi-fa-so-**la-si-dough**!

(Note: slur doremifaso.) — ie, **s’law si dough)—**

## 1933\_12\_IW\_28031933

*This Is Supposed to be Extraspecial—*

Times are different for the individual who isn’t carrying a subsidy—and even for those, since the subsidy will cease to be. Prepare for the wors.

Times are difficult for those in office even with all the resources of the producing class at hand and behind them—this is a penalty they must pay for erratic use of thinking-power; failure to utilize the powers of the workingclass to fullest or any extent! the power unlimited.

No lasting “peace” can be built except i[unclear] be premised and specifically based actually upon factual freedom in its maximum possibility or horse power, and this must include such minor phenomens as political, religious and industrial freedom—other freedoms come under these heads and these, themselves, come under head of social freedom full and flourishing.

Now it happens industrial freedom is of importance *in this highly developed country* and all other freedoms are contingent upon it; no freedom can rise but to fall without industrial freedom and the lenghth of time they stand I determined by the degree of industrial freedom extant, the amount of industrial *democracy* present. (Industrial freedoms *poetic* name is economic security).

Highly developed industrialization is coparatlvely new in this world and hence it is society is caught “unawares and old time-worn unionism’s and political nostrums cannot remove the rheumatism from depression—or activate the new found stagnation, number thirteen.

A new condition, regardless of its number in order, requires a remedy not yet tried.

Even as the progress of society in the arts of horti and agriculture, pottery and seine-fishing, requisitioned modified freedom in politics even so development in the mechanical field demands industrial freedom—or “no count.” In fact industrial development in the factor that “spilled the beans” and made it plain political freedom freedom of speech, press and pulpit are *freedom in name only* without INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM.

*Seek ye then industrial freedom and all things shall be given thee.*

The fostering of these other freedoms is like pulling the blanket around your ears and letting your bare rump gleam in the frosts of disappointment. All failures of the past, empires political, religious, financial and industrial owe their downfall to their refusal to give consideration to the demands of the times and to this stubborn child “development.”

They failed to *progress with progress* and, in additions, fought shy of the Arcadia—where all their blessing lay—industrial freedom. (Not even industrial democracy, a modified freedom.)

They were, and are today, crazy.

Industrial Workers of the World is the ONLY agency that can establish industrial freedom or industrial democracy.

Put that in your pipe.

Come out of the skies!—get down here where the dirt is!—Unorganized men shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven; the devil don’t want ‘em—they are out of luck like a man without a village under Hoover’s adminisarrangement:

Where do you live?—

“In United States of America.”—

Where in United States?

“In all of it.”—

In what state?

“All of ‘em—since Herbert went in I need all of ‘em; in order to make a living.—If I can’t eat in Chicago I can always go to Milwaukee.”—

You’re hopeless! We can’t do anything for you.—

“I on don’t have to so long as I’ve got United States.”—

Say, editor, what are they trying to do, subdivide United States of America—man would be out of luck if he happened to draw the Everglades, or Mojave Desert—to say nothing of Carolina’s Dismal Swamp.

*T—bone Slim.*

## 1933\_13\_IW\_04041933

Definations:

Statecraft and State**graft** are often mistaken one for the other—and sometimes as a result of such mistakes politicians are sent to crack rock. Not often though, let me hasten to add, that is, the capacities of our jails are not overtaxed.

\* \* \*

Tempers in Coffee Pot:

Follows a example of Grand Stand:

(Restaurant advices its patrons).

“Liberal credit bestowed to men over 80—if accompanied by their parents.”

All grand stand has an inevitable hitch—otherwise it is beqond reproach.

\* \* \*

Another hitch and hitch follows:

**In Training For What?**

Non-organized intercourse as between peoples too often degenerates into riots in the installment plan, distantly related uprisings, sound and fury—all a waste of energy.

Expenditure of energy in such undertakings, repeatedly, is weakening and results in loss of stamina, morale and epidermis. Such a revolt or series of revolts is the acceptance of battle in a divided condition, against a unit, and can result in only one thing:

Defeat.

Such a defeat or series of defeats can result only in four things:

Discouragement to all hands.

If such be the objective, the prominence is attained.

Riots in installments result as a matter of impatience culminated in the failure to organize the people into a victorious unit.

In other words:

Irresponsible wild men are throwing away the folk’s chances for freedom—and doing it with a gusto that ill-befits the martyrs they are. Consider the general strike—but before you do that: JOIN THE I. W. W.

\* \* \*

Dawes got $90,000,000 from R. F. C. (some of the millions were spoiled and Charley sent ‘em back).

City of Chicago recently got $6,000,000 from the R. F. C.; is permitted to get, all told, say, $37,000,000.

This makes Charley Dawes two and half times as big as Chicago—pretty big man. Charley is almost as populous as New York.

\* \* \*

City of Chicago takes great pride in her charities. “Our Own Charities,” she exclaims casting tender glances at her soupliners. (Chi. has no soapline and the worshipers are almost as smokey as the sparrows who lean against the chimneys these cold nights). — Not that Chicago isn’t trying.

\* \* \*

An economist is one who thinks washing dishes or shining shoes is the sum total of “work” and that industry is a sort of an asylum that keeps the boys off the streets so they won’t get run over.

The joke of it is dishwashing and shoe-shining is art and industry is self-service impriment.

(As: prison is compulsory industry subject only to your ability to stand torture.) —

A Technocrat is one who rubs elbows with work, is on speaking terms with it. Like the economist he knows what he is talking about—the only difference is the technologists words hold water; the economist’s won’t hold concrete.

(Few there are that won’t get this)—average Wobbly thinks I’m wasting Lundberg’s lead-pencil (it’s no good nohow) allright, allright—imagine, if you can, somebody goes over to Gutzum Borglum and tells him, “make me a model of T-bone Slim from Mt. Hood and don’t waste any of the rock.”

Gutzum tears the spectacle from his forehead—he keeps ‘em shoved up so he can see better—”come on,” he roars, “you crazy son of a gun, come on let’s have it out—how in the name of virtue can I make a T-bone Slim if I don’t know what it looks like!”

There you have it—the nearest any economist came to work was a pay check. I m afraid our present crop of economists will have a lot of explaning to do how come so much water leaked through the old mill wheel.

To make it short and snappy**, the skyline will have to he explained away**.

## 1933\_14\_IW\_11041933

*Anent The New “Low Down”—*

Sit still fellow worker, while I brush off an old one—don’t throw anything. . .

*Selective organization must not be.* The workingclass must be organize “as is”: not as we “wish” it to be, R. C. (not the Reconstruction Corporation) in our “General Strike” makes it painfully clear, page 47, in “*shall we seize the industries?*”—What for; we’ve got ‘em, ain’t we? is our attitude.

That is a healthy attitude.

Enlarging upon this, the workingclass is a unit and the “sub-dividers” are on hand with their stakes, tape-lines and measuring sticks. The law is: Labor is a one big union and doesn’t know ‘t— the IWW is here to tell ‘em about it.

For to assume Labor is anything but “one” is to throw away “the difference” that makes for victory, final and complete.

It is Labor; not Labors’. The “General Strike” matches Addison, Blatchford, for clarity— lngersol, without the flowers.

Citizens in an Ohio town had to light the streets with coal-oil lamps and lanterns— no money to start the light-plant. Politicians there must be fast workers? Report does not, say whether they had matches or did they use flint.

Anyhow, the Ohioans’ genius cannot be questioned—I salute, Buckeye!

Recently our great writer (am I red) had to resort to a candle for light—it was this way: The gas company that sup-plies my domicile with gas at a flat rate of penny’s worth for sixteen cents had turned the key on me. As it was, I didn’t happen to have the 15 cents to donate to the goodly company, at the moment. But, indeed, I did have a candle I had picked up as an emergency measure, awake to the possibility that a day might bounce in minus sufficient lubrication in the vittles—and as long as I had that candle the wolf al my door could bark his head off for all I cared. (Do you get me?) —

You’ll have to hand it to those Ohioans who, no doubt, had to hang out their only light and read fine print by the light of aurora-borealis.

“POOR ME — GOING OUT of BUSINESS; HALF PRICE.” — If there ever was a nobleman, that’s him. He will give up the business he loves for half price. A cut could not go deeper—mind you, the business has very little work attached.

Height of something—”that disgrace.”

“We Accept Charily Orders” (onl all those signs are put up VOLUNTARILY nor in the spirit of cupidity.) —

Kinda brazen; what is the result?

My lord, with the charity order walks four miles and buys from a store that displays no sign, and no ignorance, in a **strange neighborhood**. He cups the businessman’s ear in his hand and whispers, “do you take charity orders;” the grocer nods politely and smiles beautifully. Kinda hard on shoe leather but a shoe can always stand the drill better than man can stand the insult “charity orders.”

That’s not all.

The man with genuine United States money in his pocket daresn’t go into a store that displays that sign because he might be mistaken for a charily patient. He, too, tightens his belt and takes a long walk.

What fools those grocers be! In the interest of discrediting emergency slips they cut their own beloved throat.

So, that’s the tribe that’s going to revolt?

They’d suck a prickly pear with tender lips, if the powers that be so requested.

Victor Hugo before my time spoke feelingly about Russia something like this:

“The Neva is frozen (not a frozen asset). They build a palace on the water turned into granite—they have ice and it will last forever.” Oh yeah! says Vie, it will like so much hell—one look of thy eye, o sun; one stroke of thy arm O labor and we’ll have lemonade (watered stock).—We did!

I quote Hugo for the purpose of proving that the masters know not now, and never did know and listened to advisers that had an ace to grind—those advisers will be run ragged if I don’t miss my guess—I don’t. Crudest caution would dictate:

Build for use only—supply the needed—pay as you go—live your own life; not your children’s children’s—spend not your youth in old age, or vice versa—act now—rep now.

This rule applies to capitalism—under a more equitable system greater liberties can be taken.

## 1933\_15\_IW\_18041933

Knowest thou a political party that has a plank in its platform that bestows industrial freedom or industrial democracy upon the workers?

No, you do not.

Why is that?

Political freedom is good. Religious freedom is good. Freedom of speech, press and pulpit is good.

Why draw the line between freedom and the man that must work?

Why must he forever serve under a self-appointed autocrat, a boss?

One would think all freedom good?

One would think if he is capable of choosing a president for a country from amongst men he *does not know*, he must be capable of choosing a boss for a shop from amongst men he *does know.*

Why must he forever do politically free and industrially a slave?

Is there a reason?

No, it is a mistake––a social blunder.

(In the shop he has less self-government than the prisoners in Sing Sing––”honer system.”)

It seems then, there being no reason, the worker is a slave because the boss wills it. Surely he himself does not prefer slavery?

*Now, these matters are of more importance than the mere industrial enslavement of a great share of the population and the institution of a series of minor autocracies within a political republic.*

Such an arrangement will not work, never did work and never will work––except the duration of time it takes the prevailing economic system to make a major cycle. Sometimes not that long. Our economic system has now made a complete major cycle and, because of the willful actions taken by the industrial overlords, the so called capitalist system is pretty thoroughly discredited. The system must now suffer the consequences of the highhanded and unlimited exploitation of labor-power by the autocrats of industry on the pay-throne. The fertile field of wealth production, source of society’s substance, its very economic security had been left at the mercies of the employer, and he promptly betrayed the trust.

No you canont run industrial slavery and political freedom side by side. You cannot run all one, political and industrial slavery side by side.

You can run only political freedom and industrial freedom side by side.

(Dictatorship is overthrowal of government insofar as no constitution provides for the transfor of legislative power to an executive––and cannot within reason do so.)

You may as well recognize the fact that political freedom, freedom of speech, press and pulpit are pretty small fish alongside of industrial freedom––those freedoms did not buoy your system, and it’s going to crash.

Political reconstruction of prosperity presupposes, retracing the convolutions of the system in its major cycle––not an entirely impossible task were it not for substance sunk into gigantic and brainless overexpansion.

As it is, it is not a political impossibility.

But it is not an industrial impossibility.

The condition was caused by industrial slavery and industrial freedom will remedy it.

No you cannot leave out the all important freedom and expect your nation to prosper.

Dozen fallen civilizations bear witness to the truthfulness of my remarks––all had a major flaw, human enslavement.

Mark ye then, when your system falls, and comes time to set up a new one, forget all, if you will, but *don’t forget industrial freedom.*

That is the road to economic security––the establishment of a paradise in United States of America.

Join the I. W. W.

Note: to bring this about automatically, as self-generating influence, *make labor best paid occupation*––(a five word cure.)

*T––bone Slim.*

## 1933\_16\_IW\_25041933

Every fellow workers know that I’m just a big-hearted sap and that my heart is soft as mush. But they do not know that I have violent crying spells when my big heart fairly folds up in grief.

I had such a crying spell in Freeport, Ill., just the other day and I’m telling my old time fellow workers all about it in Dixon, Ill.

“What did you cry for this time, Slim?” sez he politely. I looked at him hard, “Can it be”, sez I, “you haven’t read the bible where it says man cannot live by bread alone?”

“Ah”, sez he, “I see; you were crying for boloney.”––”You don’t see nothing of the kind, I was crying for coffee. (Note reader, this is a custom in U. S.––you need shoes, you go to a shoeler and cry (not a horse-shoeler)––you need snus, you squirt tears; you need sox, you weep etc.––this all comes under the head of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, if you know what I mean. The democrats and republicans are all doing it and I met a socialist in Freeport, a damn fine lad, who looked as if he had sold his marshmallows and didn’t get any money––it’s terrible! I feel I’m going to cry––editor, fetch me a bucket.)

I was crying for coffee and finally I ran into a place that looked made to order––I unwound my sad tale (a good one) I won’t tell it here because I may want to use it again).

Instantly the young man said in self-defense, “we have no coffee.”––

“Young man”, sez I, “thing hard, think as you never thought before––can’t you see I’m dying for the want of a drink of coffee––would you see me perish right here in front of your eyes––I’m three-quarter dead right now.” (the young man trembled all over and his curly hair stood on end like hair on a porcupine.)

I felt sorry for him.

Up speaks a girl from the confection side,” I believe there’s old coffee in the urn––give him that”.––”Just the thing”, sez I, “and you needn’t put milk or sugar into it”––I added, hopefully.

The young man shakes out a quart milk bottle and tilts the urn.

I was just rubbing my belly and trying to look gratified––when the bottle’s bottom fell out. There was my coffee on the floor. An omen, what?

You can’t put hot hope into cold industry!

Souso’s March:

**Now the goodly lion tamers are as tame as lions they tamed;** tarattataa, tarata taa, taa, taa (repreat).

**Oh, you Scissorbill!**

“I’d like to see every worker get the same wages as in 1921.”

This cannot be bacause the employers of labor have not got it. They have put the money into over-expansion. Besides, you only “wish”––why didn’t you wish before the boss had sunk the “difference”. Why didn’t you “keep” the same wages as you had in 1921? Isn’t it kind a late in the day to wish for it now when it is past wishing for? Join a real union!

Now the employers of labor (as railroads) wish the people would take the properties off their hands: The railroads are one-part value and three-parts over expansion (not counting trucks). That three-parts over-expansion represents the blunders of the rail-executives. So now the railroads “wish” the people would buy their properties. That’s all right but they (railroads) “also wish” that the people buy (also) their “blunders”, the overexpansion and leave them unhurt).

Isn’t it kind a late in the day to wish for it now when the peoples buying––power is sunk in the “blunders”. Now, no kidding, isn’t it? (The same holds true in all things).

What does this all mean? It means that the employer of labor no longer qualifies to act as autocrat. Never did! Never will! And needs not only to be relieved of his responsibilities but also a gu[unclear].

\* \* \*

Primary function of political state is to throw hay and sand in front of the sleigh to keep industry from going too fast, and snow and green-wood to keep it from stalling. **These it must do before the sleigh has passed.** It is not the function of state to institute logging operations.

In addition it is the office of state to remove all foreign matter from the ice-road and tell funny stories to the working-boss and four-horse skinners. Political state shall welcome all camp-inspectors and give them immediate and temporary relief, such as chew of snus or pipeful of Union Leader and Peerless.

The time is not yet come when the road-monkeys shall take charge of the camp.

The time is now come though when the crew must take charge of the camp––too many of our big-sleighs have gone into the ditch.

## 1933\_17\_IW\_02051933

(I have here numbered the printable— ditch rest).

Hereafter you can turn to this column with perfect safety because I’m not going to put anything into It that you would not yourself.

Editor has promised me, if I do he’ll take it out.

\* \* \*

(No. 1): The only reason we haven’t a social structure based on industrial freedom is because it was thought a lily cannot grow except on a manure pile. (Dung-hill will not do).

\* \* \*

(No. 2): I’ve caught a terrible cold— in a thoughtless moment I had cut my finger nails and it left me almost naked.

\* \* \*

April 30 is to be “President’s Day” and the people are expected to pray for Roosevelt.

I’m heartily in favor of it, but I would suggest that the people put in a good word for themselves, also. No sense in brushing the knees twice and jeopardizing suspender buttons the second time. I’d give fifty cents to see William Randolph Hearst hit the grit).

\* \* \*

(No. 3): Well, I see the governors are at it again; they’re going to help John Farmer—John better nail his shirt to a tree.

Helping John is like starting to climb a ladder from its middle—they are fast workers.

According to their pictures the governors are intelligent looking. Horner, the pride of Illinois, has striking resemblance to Adolph Hitler.

\* \* \*

By the way, one of Hitler’s spokesmen has it Jewish youth shall attend college only in proportion to population—somehow that reminds me of Solomon’s evenhandedness:

Minorities are not going to monopolize learning.

(All or none is a better rule.)

(No. 4): The Greeks had a word for it: “Eyedoubleyouize”. (two times you is two.)

\* \* \*

William Randolph Hearst is turning handsprings because “we have a man in Washington to think for us”.— (I hope he doesn’t EAT for us.)

I do no sec anything the matter with Roosevelt as far as thinking goes. But thinking isn’t going to cure this depression: the trouble is self-evident, the cause is plain, the cure is present.

It takes action.

Over-expansion cannot be adjusted to 80-20 per cent wage slavery, two-fifths labor employed. Two-fifths buying power cannot offset the buying power sunk into over-expansion.

Two-fifths buying power cannot even maintain the Frankenstein we have built.

Praying and thinking won’t do it. Wisdom is not needed. Horse sense, brother, horse sense.

These are not mysterious afflictions.

They are very common place—children have wondered at our ignorance. Horses have lifted their ears in amazement. G. B. Shaw was so frightened he didn’t dare let himself out.

Baron Von Reuben

Holdrege Nebr.

Two-fifths labor employed means two-fifths buying power. Buying power is labor.

All labor working part-time or part-pay can mean two-fifths labor employed, more or less. It is now two-fifths. Labor power is basic. Labor’s buying power is its reflex. All other power follows in various degrees of disorder, depending on the orderliness of Labor, its buying power. Organize then your Labor power into selling power. Give orders to economic power instead of taking orders from it.

(Study that last crack—later on I may dissect Mr. Economic Power.)

## 1933\_18\_IW\_11051933

**Corralled and Coralled—**

Political state is a body entirely surrounded by a constitution. What else is it?

It is a ship od state anchored in a land-locked lake. The lake is sometimes called political muddle and that is why sarcastic gentlemen refer to it as political-state. Many bright men are members of it and could as easily make their living jerking soda or jumping counters. And then again great many of them instead of bowing to father time head for the senate. This works a great hardship upon poor public because it drags in matters of fort-years ago prior to the time incrustations first appeared upon their consciousness, crystalizing after manner of ivory into solid mass.

There is not supposed to be very much speed to such a ship, and there are those who say her anchors hold, true and steady—but the boat is rocking. Who’s rocking the boat?

It seems mischievous industrial lords (heh! heh! heh!) destroyed the equilibrium of the ship of state by tossing ballast around carelessly.

You know Industry is not circumscribed after the manner of state nor is the fossilization so deep; so it follows industry can run away from state and leave it holding the empty poke. (heh! hehe! heh!)—

Political state then, all bound round with precedent, is not keeping pace with machine progress and cannot because of its nature do so.

It is the race of rabbit and turtle all over again—and Aesop was a false alarm.

I have no means of determining what Heebie-G.B. Shaw thinks about this or would he give such a dissordered condition a liberal dose of christianity—probably, but, unless I mistake my George he would say christianity is not enough, you’ve got to put a guarduian over industry somethink like the I. W. W.—that keeps pace with machine progress.

I agree with you George—you show a sense that is rare for one so advanced in years.

Indiscriminate activity on the part of the employing class should not be permitted on the grounds that if you do not give a damn for the working class you should at least give consideration to the dear public and the beloved politicians and, since politicians appear to be unable to protect themselves or anybody else, be it resolved the employing class be put into the hands of the working class—the I. W. W.

**Fifty million men can’t be wrong!**

Anyhow a stop should be put to employing class sabotage—I don’t care who does it. I’m not going to do it! I’m critic—and I know my own limitations.

Technocracy and I. W. W. are the only ones that have been able to keep step with machine progress. Must be related?

Miscellanious: (Miscelanimous) —

What the Pathwinder has long advocated. “That the purchasing power of the farmer be increased.”

Forget it, the farmer does not make his living by buying— he makes il by selling.

“That the purchasing power of the labor be restored” would be pie in John’s ears.

Forget it, labor does not make his living by buying— he makes it by selling. He sells labor power. He can sell it at a better price if he organizes. (So can John). Hence it follows, the missing buying power can be restored in sufficient quantities only by labor organizing (industrially, of course) and thereby selling its service ala proper figure.

Labor’s buying power is farmer’s selling power.

But farmer’s selling power is not labor’s buying power. Farmer’s selling power is business men’s buying power—and so on around the horn to perdition.

Interlocking till hell won’t have it!

A one big circle and they don’t know it:

You rob me, I rob him, he robs you.

You get mine, I got his, he gets yours.

Labor’s buying power in any indusrtialized country is source of all blessings.

Shut up! I said source—full, fancy and free.

## 1933\_19\_IW\_16051933

**It Began To Say–**

Original Sin: (FREEDOM’S FAMILY),

Every establishment of nation or government has been viewed an improvement over the older form, or forms; Glowing indeed was the prospectus and glowing indeed was the institution in fact; At last a perfect nation! At last a perfect government!

It was so viewed, fownd and ordered in every case. But in each case the “institution” began to deteriorate, in time, from the glory and beauty of its pristine conception and shortly, despite “every effort”, in repair, it blossomed a gregarious monster of patchwork tottering to fall from the very weight of its correctional features.

There is no necessity within reason, condition or any other influence, element or phenomena for such debility on the part of the: establishment; for it, or anything, can be made to last forever.

There is no necessity for changing the features of such establishment to conform with passing conditions of environment but can be made to resist all pressure, including Time, a self-producing institution. This it does not do.

If it does not do so, being built of live materials, in endless progression, it is because there is a flaw in its original conception, and construction. What could have been the flaw?’

That is very easy of determination.

Any man amenable to reason is not ignorant. Each of these empires, political, religious or financial, (or any influence) was based upon the propositions of human enslavement, persecution and aggrandizement. Unholy fear was felt that the child of their fancy might be too good, too pure, to free. There’s your original sin the sarcastic gentlemen of the bible world spoke about.

Today we have folks striving their mightiest to retain political power, a second-hand power . . . Today people are reaching for financial power, a second-hand power . . .

In the face of this condition the boss is strong because he controls economic power, a real power—so strong that coincidently he controls political, financial and religious power.

Not that the people were not ready for common justice for they were and are and that, too, overwhelmingly—about seven out of eight, a percentage that approximates the intelligence existing . . .

A remedy for all this lies in revolution; either as a palliative or cure. But, if the revolution is to be anything less than a complete cure, I want none of it—my time is too valuable. If it shall be vindictiveness, I don’t want it—in that case vindictiveness is the germ that makes for future revolution. It is not my conception that the parasite shall not eat as well as before, but he shall not eat better than a worker and the worker shall not eat better than the parasite.

We have too much for all.

Getting soft am I? Not necessarily—you mistake the temper—I’m getting real hard.

No man shall be attacked through the breadbasket—and these parasites are not responsible for the system—they did not invent it.

Hospitality and generosity shall be inviolate—we’re not going to “cork” our system from that angle, needlessly too, and from the start—so if you have a grudge “to work off”, the old system is best for that purpose—it is composed of grudges, hates, violence and murder, just to mention few.

The new system shall be unsullied in its fundamentals, (and those complete)—including the all important industrial freedom which same strangely has been missing in all prior systems—which fell, and fall.

A boss vis not going to pick the man; the man shall pick the boss— neither shall a president pick the people; the people shall pick the president— and I don’t mean maybe.

When will the world learn to base its establishments upon freedom of labor, industrial freedom? Never! Labor, you must force the candy upon the baby. And to do that you must organize a one big union, a one big power—economic power. Remember, you are not thereby fighting anybody, you are simply confering a favor upon the world —you are presenting to it the only thing it ever lacked, the lack of which makes it lack all things.

You are establishing eternal peace.

A well earned rest!

Listen to me, pay no attention to those bedeviled pagans who believe man must have resistance turmoil—the will to accomplish is imperative; a law unto itself: resistance does not make it break it—Art is it outlet.

## 1933\_20\_IW\_23051933

**FROM HERE**

(Read slowly) —

**Your next step is industrial unionism regardless of how many steps you take in any direction. Until labor have made that step it is there for you to make. You have been hotfooting all over the country without taking a single step; walking all the time like walking Daily or Dan O’ Leary. At times you have walked in circles, but you have not taken that step. It is there for you to lake, long after you take no more steps.**

**What is the matter, is your foot afraid?**

**I do not care what you do . . .**

**You can tramp down the snow in one place until it is smooth as glass and you break your neck upon it — it is still there for you to take.**

\* \* \*

Governments failure to purge the country of industrial slavery doesn’t mean a thing for as I said before the capitalist system is based upon **unquestioning servitude** and that applies with equal force to the government.

Which all goes to prove the superiority of economic power over political.

Pen may be stronger than sword but bread knife is stronger than both.

No power on earth other than workers’ one big union can put the industrial autocrat under the table. (All the guns in Christendom will not do it.)

Because why? Because One Big Union is economic power, plus organization. Therefore: if it be true that political state has a ball and chain on its ankles, how come I find you on your knees calling the state to come to your assistance? You must be a farmer or a railroad? Now, there’s no use talking back to me, political state in its “constitutional corral” cannot come to your assistance but you can go to its assistance. You can knock the shackles from your shanks and then free the state.

I do not mean that you shall transfer the shackles from your legs onto the legs of the boss, which would be fair exchange.

No. No stable society can be constructed from any part of slavery. We’re not going to have any slaves—not even a sample.—

Ten thousand years you have raised families, clans, nations, empires, civilizations—every darned one of them predicated upon human slavery, top and bottom—**and they have crashed**. Ain’t you tired of sticking them up?

I know you are.

Here is an opportunity to reverse the procedure. Base it on freedom— no special privilege: **Make labor best paid occupation.**

You can do this by joining the I.W.W.

But you don’t like the I.W.W.?

Of course, you don’t—but you ain’t the only fool in the country.

Example:

St. Peter: (at pearly gate) —

“Where’s you packsack?”

Slave:

“Why, sir, it’s here in heaven. The boss was supposed to bow it in here:”

St. Peter:

“We ain’t seen anything of it. You bet er go and get it. You’ll find him down in hell.”—

There you are! Didn’t I tell you? You better not put off such things-get a red card today.

## 1933\_21\_IW\_30051933

Industrial freedom cannot be established by arty outfit other than LABOR—producing.

A political party in its maximum purity or virtue cannot establish it—governing.

Dictatorship least, of all because it is the last stage of political—con.

(I do not believe civilization will break down, but that is opinion of only one.)

In the case herein recited those enormous profits flowed to the boss (since 1899). All those years.

And the boss invested them in expansion schemes and over-expansion silliness.

Overexpansion has no value; it is money thrown away; it is money spent to generate expense—a double tragedy.

Despite this injury, the crippled capitalist system completed its cycle and now that all those insanities have come home to roost what are you going to do about it?

Plant some trees, mebbe?

You’ll need them! The monkeys did before you. Only the I. W. W. can make the capitalist system work; no political party can’ do it; no dictator can do it—the injury is overwhelming.

This it (the I. W. W.) can do by instantly enforcing the 4-hour, 4-day week—and no wage cuts.

But! the I. W. W. cannot do it without members. You are either going to be a member of the I. W. W. or a member of the next world . . .

All of my prophesies except one (the only one I ever made) have come true, so now I’ll make another one: The misery will continue.

Now let us discuss the political trends of the world: Folks were somewhat discouraged dozen years ago when the Italian government went in hands of receivership (Mussolini) dictatorship, fascism or what have you and they did not understand that capitalism was thus preserved to dish up miseries for future generations. Now a dictatorship, even if not benevolent, but political, cannot be as perfidious as dictatorship at the point of production (where the injuries are given form) because political dictatorship can view production in an impersonal light.

Russian dictatorship is different from others in-so-far as the original receivership of Kerensky went into hands of receiver (Lenin and Trotski) —space forbids further discussion on that score.

In Germany the bankrupt political republic, planted in industrial autocracy, went into the hands of a receiver, the august and audacious Herr Adolph Hitler. The principle that applies is as follows:

Insofar as benign politicians (Social Democrats) were not able to keep up with industrial thieves, working autocratically, without restraint, it was concluded autocracy is the best for speed—it is too for many forms of thievery when the goldbrick market is off.

I have only to cite the magnificant returns from those immortal words “hands up” to prove my point.

But as I before said, a blanket dictatorship covering politics and industry cannot in its indirectedness be as pernicious as was the employers direct assault upon labor’s pocketbook.

All in all these dictatorships are the pulmonary squads that preserves capitalism s life until such a time as the Industrial Workers of the World organize as a class and puts an end to all forms of thievery at the point of production—robbing of labor is the original sin. This has gone to such an extent now at it is doubtful if dictatorship can adjust industry to the needs of the people and it shall have to resort to swift new moves daily to maintain its own life in the aura of uncertainty.

## 1933\_22\_IW\_06061933

**Phoney Idol**

Tho he possesses “all the wealth ofCroesus!”

Mansions grand and loads of mouldy lucre,

Tho he pretend all the faith of Jesus—

Still and all he’s a pauper.

All things his, not a thing is denied hinm

His is proverbial Luck of Lucky Luckner,

In all creation no creature defried him—

Still and all he’s a pauper.

“Wealth of Croesus” is wealth bestowed him,

That is why it gets the exclamation;

Something the Toil-Gods never, never owned him,

Substance, Goods of the Nation.

I do not tell you be respectable—I tell you be respectful.

\* \* \*

“Americans, once in danger of going nomad, are discovering the charms of that ancient and honorable institution the home.”— Unfortunately, in culverts and vacant lots.

\* \* \*

The readers of this paper must know almost everybody’s writings but T-bone Slim’s went up in smoke in the New Germany.

This means the others couldn’t quite ring the bell.

\* \* \*

Mosquitos are now two weeks overdue in New York. Weeds too are backward. Yesterday a man tried to change twenty dollar bill in Yorkville. There’s an optimist! (Leading robbery in Yorkville netted $37.13.)

\* \* \*

Employer of labor installs a new machine, lays off 37 men, keeps three and then just to show how dirty he can be he cuts the three men’s wages in half.

He “can’t afford to pay more”, the 37 men’s wages is jingling in his pocket.

\* \* \*

Samuel got picked pretty clean the last time he took a trip to Europe—he’s over there again. The poor people must have missed some of the feathers last time? Even the lowly Finland took Sam for $9,000,000 and few white chips. Sam is hollering mightily for his plumage. I believe Sam has a case of non-support against them.

\* \* \*

Rousing Need! Workers Industrial Union meeting in Union Square. Most meetings here doesn’t mean a thing; just airing out of erring politicians. But this one seemed to be different. Racketeering was the piece de insistence. (Undercurrent of this is handled by all metropolitan papers.) Rank and file rule got “a ned”. President Hyman (I believe) out Becked the great Beck, United States Congress.

Even cops could feel something dropping—I covered my eyes.

Oh well, such is injustice when it comes to a head.

“Hand off —Needle Workers Industrial Union.”

\* \* \*

S. S. Leviathan is “out”. Too big. Too expensive to operate. 250 passengers can be carried on smaller boat—or raft—or let ‘em swim.

Thus goes the pride that was—this week the new, smaller, S. S. Washington sailed and she in turn will be displaced for there is no limit to mercantile insanity in the destruction of nations substance and the creation of over-expansion.

Mussolini’s Conte Di Savoia and Rex, that I have seen, are “up to minute”. Rex, I believe, the more seaworthy. Both a workhouse.

I suggest Leviathan be put in Central Park for flower pot.

## 1933\_23\_IW\_13061933

**Such Language!**

Judge: (severely)

“What was you doing in that man’s pocket?”

Prisoner: (meekly)

“Balancing my budget, your honor.”

Judge: (sternly)

“You know you wasn’t. You were unbalancing his budget.”

Prisoner: (tartly)

“That’s his lookout. I am not his budget keeper.”

Judge: (in unholy glee)

“I will fine you fifty dollars and costs.”

Prisoner: (staggered)

“That’s pretty stiff —that’s more’n I got from him.”

Judge: (smiling like a May morning)

“That’s your lookout. We’ve got to balance our budget.”

Prisoner:

“I protest your honor. You are unbalancing my budget.”

Judge: (tartly)

“That’s your lookout—I am not your budget keeper.”

–––––

The mere fact that a grocer doesn’t know there are twelve eggs in a dozen doesn’t prove the grocer is ignorant. On the other hand if he puts eleven eggs in a bag, that is proof conclusive his intelligence is of high standard, measured by present day ethics—ethics, you know are morality, immorality or a combination of both, (Doctors, I believe, have the most elastic ethics . . .)

A stranger comes driving along the mountain road, stops his horse by a youth loafing at the mouth of a path that leads into a ravine:

“Hello son, what are they doing in there?”

Youth :

“Making apple brandy or something.”

Stranger:

“Well, hold my horse awhile—I’m going in there to see.”

(He jumps down, starts up the path.)

Youth:

“Jes’ a minute stranger, what shall I do with the horse in case you all don’t come back?”

Now that boy can’t read or write but his mind is active in the higher planes of intelligence, and I lifted this story to bolster my point. (I hope it isn’t copyrighted but if it is I’ll sue ‘em for copy-righting my material.)

A split of munificent proportions startled the Socialist Party from its sonorous slumbers—Heywood Broun went one way arid trie other half went back to bed. Heywood went democratic (bravo) and spoke twice to the emotional comrades of the Communist faith (Heywood is that way; he’ll talk wherever a talk is needed, appreciated or no.)

Democratic? Yes, but democracy all around—including the justly famous and fundamental industrial democracy; without which political democracy is just another vestal virgin in a house of ill-fame.

Heywood’s pet grief is, according to Times, the Socialist Party in Germany took fascism on the scnoozle laying down. Gerber s remarks on the matter were smug.

S. P. loses a thoughtful writer— plus.

Organizations will do that.—O how they hate themselves!

Now in re Jew-baiting let me say the error is based wholly on race prejudice, nothing more substantial. It may be the Jews do not permit themselves to be skinned 8 to 2 as does the white-livered and proud nordic and cowcasian but, just the same, they do give full vane for their presence upon earth—they are an asset.

Now, if Hitlerism is the sum total of Jewish culture in Germany, then that culture needs revision (an inspired front page (U.S.) editorial makes the point “culture”—Jews do not claim it.

Dictatorship is just another one of those noble experiments, noble adventures, better than hypocritical political freedom under industrial autocracy. Germany, thoroughgoing, is the proper place to make this test, the answer of which already is written on the wall.

Bye’m’bye, barter, conference, compromise shall step in and by gones shall be bygones. Heh! Heh! Heh!—another 40 years shot to hell.

Why do I say 40 years?

Because I mean 40 years.

Organize!

Internationalism is no stronger than its weakest nationalism

Organize!

Dictatorship is of nature autocracy. When you desert democracy in favor of it you are going to the hell you came from.

We are not going to hell; that is where we came from!

## 1933\_24\_IW\_20061933

N. Y. CITY.—Harry Murch, 15, murderer, sentenced to 20 years.—He will bu 35 when he gets out. Fifteen best years of his life shall be spent in prison. What cornea before und what comes after doesn’t count.

Make it mandatory upon our opinion worshipping courts to sentence murderous children to four years or all years and days they lack of being 21—except the last day.

If reformatories are as unable to accomplish the cure in four years, or the growing years, fire the overseers and let the prisoners choose their instructors.

\* \* \*

Schwarz advertises his Primadora cigar with a strike of the cigar makers. Schwarz got busy having signs made exemplifying the taste of his wonderful cigar. This put bread and butter on the painters’ table, tongue between their teeth—holding the place where their belly used to be.

Schwarz ought to make his peace with the cigar makers, pay the boys what they want, and a little extra, for having gutts to strike, for I’ve smoked worse cigars than Primndora and surely Schwarz can admire a brave cigar maker.

\* \* \*

Strikes dot the city in all parts of it. To all purposes the breakouts constitute a general strike the engineering of which is in the instalment plan. Guins hero and there are accomplished with everpresent aid of public sentiment, a parcel of all strikes in congested areas. Adjustments are made that seem heroic and the pelt is stretched to cover the resiles portion. Time will come tho when the pelt won’t stretch and new robes are needed.

Bronx bakery workers are on circumspect war path using the dilletante method—subdued protest.

On the westside seamen broke up the tranquility of the “Y” and the complacency of the contended refugees, blockaded themselves in the holy of holies and surrendered to superior forces of law. Formality of paying harbor boatmen is dispensed with in many cases and thus it is business is being carried on on otherpeoples’ money that was, or suspicion thereof.

Say, 100,000 marched to Battery in protest of Hitler policies — I doubt if they know what it’s all about. German position is retreat. She was forced. Now they don’t like that position. Neither do I.

In Germany the people shout, “Hitler, our Savior!” In the Bronx the folks holler, “God damn, Hitler!”

Let’s keep our shirts on.

Germany had enjoyed a certain amount of political freedom under a stiff-necked form of republicanism—people prancing around as social democrats. No social-democracy was present and could not have been because Germany was wallowing in Industrial Autocracy.

Industrial autocracy being the more potent can kill all political freedom or social-democracy.

Crowded from all angles Germany could only retreat—go backward. She took her political state from freedom’s side and set it down alongside of industrial autocracy, both now based on absolutism—unquestioning obedience.

Let us keep our shirts on.

Had not Germany been driven so hard, she no doubt would have taken industrial state from slavery’s side and set it down alongside of political freedom, both now social-democracy — for verily, industrial autocracy cannot lick political democracy on the home grounds, in freedom’s territory.

First they drive Germany back and then they holler their heads off because the move threatens nil civilization.

Let us forget Hitler for a moment and do some choosing in our own hardpressed land. Industrial autocracy is source of all human misery, cause of all strikes, wars, murders, robberies (no murder is done that has not economic base).

Therefore choose.

Join the I. W. W., acquire economic power und put an end to all robberies, murders, wars, strikes and miseries.

You can do it; but you won’t do it by not doing it.

## 1933\_25\_IW\_27061933

M. T. W. of the I. W. W. is making progress (and it could not be otherwise) . It is the steam that will not condense so long as the heat of slavery warms the boilers. But the progress does not run smoothly and there is some certain dissarray which is but natural in the catching up with the more important matters.

Seamen are of nature men of action and time bangs heavily on their hands—let’s gel things moving. Parasite’s remedy for this over-expansion of sea-going rolling stock is to invite nations to a war ans shoot them full of boles—sink their blunders—and ns long as seamen donate their labor power so long will the big boys be in position to build mid scrap the things not needed.

The ultra social registerites do not use these ships,—they have yachts — only statesmen and Hollywood stars. From the top down marine industry is over-expanded beyond all reason and this is apparent only because seamen failed to organize industrially sufficient to hold what they had and take what they could reach.

The boss isn’t going to buy a new ship if the money is in your pocket. Join the Marine Transport Workers Union No. 510.

Lots of landlubbers, worshippers of buttercups and pansies will criticize me for saying it—see if I care: The cost of S. S. Washington, Conte Di Savoia, Ile De France and Bremen should have went into the Clam Broth till, Hoboken, N. J., U. S. A., God help us all.

Discription: (Gel this right) —

It looks like over-expansion not because there is depression, it looks like depression because there is over-expansion, i. e. people’s buying power is in over-expansion, i. e.: inflation is supposed to replace it ns new money into people’s hands. Over-expansion is because Labor point blank refused to take the money; the refusal takes form in labor’s failure to organize. As long as you remain unorganized so long will your refusal hold good.

Unemployed unions in the city are doing fair to middling—as well as can be expected these days when everything goes by the board.

The educational work they are forced to carry on cannot be measured with any accuracy—besides it’s nobody’s business—but, to hear them tell it, folks are dumb, just plain dumb.

I would like Io stress the point, compulsory as was the German move it was carried but in full control—a strategical maneuver.

Compare it to a farmer leading a bull-calf to water. The calf shoved its head into an oats bin. John of course had visualized how the calf will bury its schnoozle in the trough and swish its tail in appreciation, and when the calf took matters in its own hands and attacked the oats—oats costing what they do—John let out a war whoop, called on all the civilized saints of the league of nations to hear witness the calf’s head is in the oats bin.

Let us not wail unlit we too are compelled to move.

Reason resides not in retreat—when you retreat you leave reason on “the spot.”

Germany’s was not a backward step in all its essentials, mark this: German republic was based on industrial autocracy. (Now the political state is made to match it.) No backward step ha s been made, because political steps don’t count. They are neither forward or backward but are a mirage in the deserts of human servitude.

## 1933\_26\_IW\_04071933

**HEAVY FOG—**

Automobiles, at 2,000 ft., according my eyesight, (and mine is long-distance) do not approximate the speed of an ant. My!, what an ant could do were it on wheels!  
Now you brag one.

\* \* \*

For to say a dictator can shower the folks with blessings is to say you can throw your fishline in the air and catch sunbass––for one thing you’d have to cut the sinker off and tie a zeppelin on.

I’m afraid you’d fish a long, long time––million years mebbe. Besides, dictators are not that wide between the eyes.

\* \* \*

One of the best arguments to the end that blessings flow from bottom is that nobody exploits the upper class––why, fellow sinners, have you noticed, it is the lower jaw that does all the work.

(Note also, the lower jaw is well cared for by the body because did it not do so it soon would be nobody.)

\* \* \*

The premise in those two paragraphs is assumed––there is nothing to prove labor is lower class except the unmerciful exploitation to which he is subjected. I could on them grounds argue labor is the upper class and his exploiters have no class at all.

Labor’s record can stand inspection.

His patience is marvelous.

\* \* \*

Beware of practical men. They dream only of that what can be, not of what should be.

They compromise.

\* \* \*

Special to Industrial Worker.

The amount of chuck on the table indicates it is the Lord’s last supper.––Those days if a gent got his claw on a chunk of punk he immediately threw a party––bread was such a scarce article.

Now-days we have even dog biscuits.

Happy das are here but the people are crying.

One cannot help but wonder at Mahatma Gandhi’s intestinal fortitude: people all over the world are crying for bread and mahatma says, “nawthing doing! not a tooth will I sink into goats milk until the untouchables are rubbing elbows with the untouched.” –– –– –– –– International Bright Boys are to hold an economic conference to discuss trade terms.

I think they are figuring on trading soupbones.

## 1933\_27\_IW\_11071933

I’ve got a pair of specs that makes a pearl button look like a dime. Something should be done about it . . . either change the specs or change the buttons to nickels . . . I positively refuse to be haunted by dimes in u pearl button district.

Money is dodo.

\* \* \*

As a list of world greatest men Viva L’Italia gives: Julius Caesar, Mike Angelo, Mare Anthony, Dante, Christopher Columbus, Benito Mussolini, Senator Marconi, Gabe D’Annunzio, Halo Balbo and Pope Pius.

Here’s my list: Seneca, Edison, Marconi, Mike Angelo, Hugo and Babe Ruth (Heywood Broun, Seldom Seldes and Buggs Baer gets honorable mention as does Mascagni).

\* \* \*

Oh what a dunce I am! (I passed by that shirt factory and forget Ct bum it for a shirt.) You wouldn’t call me great, fellow workers, would you? Tell me you wouldn’t. All the e pearl buttons fairly coaxing me to step inside! I’m getting dumber all the time—after a while the fellow workers will have to knock me down and put a shirt on my back by forcible feeding.

\* \* \*

The Question.

Did you get an honest deal at the Home Relief Bureau?

Daily News, May 24, 1933.—

The Answer.

John J. Nolan, W. 44th St., unemployed:

“Yes. When I applied for aid I received $5 a week for food. I might have gotten $8 a week, but I was satisfied. I had no trouble at all getting this aid, and the American Legion is getting me a job. You can get help if you are entitled to it.”—Great stuff, that. A drowning man can get help if he is entitled to it. (I don’t think Horatio ever saw a bridge.)

The others who answered were Horn, Edmonds, Davis and Staub. (Sharlie wasn’t there).—

Blackstone:

Greatness cannot stand alone.

Weakness has its urge.

Strength is not of flesh or bone.

Puny forces merge.

To prevent the seating of a corpse in U. S. congress Prof. T-bone Slim proposes an entrance test:

Require each so elected corpse to jump the full distance of his perpendicular stature horizontally upon a level surface without springs, rubber cushions, elevation, castaway-weights or any other instrument of propulsion or transportation such as wheels, skids, slings, ropes, tackles or wire-pullers.

\* \* \*

If it be right to fence in any part of a park it is right to fence out all the people, for in reality that is what a fence is—it doesn’t fence grass IN, it fences people OUT. (The park commissioners wonder why the concrete “ears” of fountains cannot withstand the people’s exasperation.) Guff it is, and guff caused the American Revolutionary War.

Revolution presupposes progress in the attainment of betterments. An organization can be revolutionary only insofar as it scorns “is” and “was” and strives for “isn’t”. Progress dictates it. Dictatorship of the proletariat is based on absolutism of workers in fact or fancy, is no part of freedom, is not fundamental change, is not revolutionary. Industrial Democracy is revolutionary because it is a departure from industrial autocracy, it based on freedom, is fundamental change.

Political change at any time is not revolutionary. It is the changing into evening attire to rescue the drowning man according to Roberts Rules of Order. Sensible people would omit the attire and use direct action. The trouble is not political freedom, it is industrial autocracy.

In the workers industrial commonwealth, as opposed to industrial autocrats commonwealth, the supervisor shall fire no man for any reason whatsoever for that would be the conferring upon him the powers of life and death over any worker. Instead, the supervisor shall be empowered to prefer charges against any worker and workers shall determine if the charges are well founded.

If the charges are not substantiated a new supervisor will grace the establishment in the morning and the old one will go chipping hot castings till he recovers his normal sense.

A move is on foot in New York City to throw the Irish out and British in. I wouldn’t fool you.

## 1933\_28\_IW\_18071933

**CONDENSED CRACKS**

The “trend” toward isolation cannot be stopt except with a porkchop.

It went listen to reason, agreements—nor will it take orders.

Porkchop or “no deal”.

Joshuas stunt of commanding the sun to “drop anchors” wont do it.

(That was a case of sweet wine in too many quantities and the boys slept the clock round.— It was next day.)

In Re Arms Cut, referred to in previous article: Insofar as choking can be done without rifles and one man can choke several opponnents of a war—afternoon better results can be had by removing the blood and muscle arms from their shoulder sockets—even then peace would not be profound became armymen can kick only less than their counterpart, the army mule. Verily dissarmament has no bearing on peace, you’ve got to take their legs off too so they can only bite and chew up the enemy’s cars.

\* \* \*

I have laid down a law in a previous article in regards how to restore “buying power” and its concomitant prosperities and good cheer. I repeat, and stress:

**Compel machine to displace Time, not men**.

It is as fair to boss as was previous measurement prior to advent of machine—which same was Unfair to Labor.

Present arrangement is unfair to Boss, Labor and Everybody.

This is one time I’ve got the majority. Organize.

My advice to the radicals is:

**You better come to an understanding—**you ain’t going to exterminate—the otherguy tends to that.

You’d make a fine showing, now wouldn’t you—2 ½ per cent, and them fleeing .

You can see I been reading the bible.

## 1933\_29\_IW\_25071933

Industrial unionism it worth only one price the world over. Assorted prices for assorted sizes is the tie that binds it to the past— there is no justification within reason (outside of greed) why one should pay more than another.

One union, ore enemy, one tax and one big victory—all else Is makeshift and alibi for lack of organization, more and less than traffic will bear, ignorance of the cost of emancipation. Emancipation is worth only one price the worId over, the minimum; it never flutuates. Establish a uniform dues for uniform slavery; not as one would regarding the cost—adjust the cost to the income.

Emancipation is made only in one style and quality—a two cent emancipation is every bit (wholly) as good as six dollar one.

Low dues are imperative to start the ball rolling in the building of union—after you get it going you can wreck it with higher dues—experimentation in the realm of higher finance is confession of ignorance. If you cant agree on dues, you can’t agree on anything— no man even quit a union because the dues were low.

Even so as free trade with low paid labor countries, brings the higher pay countries to the low pay level, even so shall unemployed competition for jobs bring employment down to unemployed level—shorten therefor your workday so as to take up- the slack in employment. To do that you must move in unison—individual moves are too numerous and to discouraging. Join the one big union.

Friendly politicians cannot help you because, they nip trying to fix it without the elimination of the cause, of the breakdown and concentration upon exterior mutters foreign to the issue: As: inflation of leaky tube. As: nonexisting markets for overproduction—exchange of cotton for manganese still leaves the country minus buying power to “work it up”. They are side issues that will adjust themselves to the return of buying power—they are not even a part of the circus.

\* \* \*

The Sanitary Cleaners And Dyers are out with their fishlines trying to snare a few bullheads for supper. The people are resolved to perish in their filth.—In England the students say. “I will fight niether for King or country.”—In this country the students are a worry to overlords because they seem to realize “they’ve now got the learning but no future”.

Go to Workpeoples College. Duluth, Minn, and you’ll have plenty future.

\* \* \*

I heard a colored lady accusing her husband of laziness, and his gallant comeback:

“You gray big yella loafer; you am the laziest man I ever did see”.—

“Now, now Dina, you all knows I ain’t lazy but I jes can’t bear to see so much overproduction.”

\* \* \*

Under the law it is permitted (by nonregulation) to take any number of dollars, any number of billions of dollars, form the American people provided it is done through channels not specifically prohibited by law.

Specific permit under the law is not a requirement.

Under the law people are prohibited the taking of any number of dollars, (down to nickels and pennies) away from the self-ordained profiteers except through the channels not prohibited by law, or new channels not yet considered by law. The old channels however are in the hands of the capitalists, big and small, including the capital already stripped from labor.

It is therefore illconceived to expect to compete witty capitalists in the business channels after you are stripped clean of capital, raiment, food and after your mode of livlihood is wrecked. All you can do is organize—and use a new untried channel.

Capitalism is a racket to begin with; as crooked a game ever concieved by man. Its sole justification is non-existant righteousness on the part of the takers. Authority begets autocracy.

Everyone from the top down live well except labor who supports them all—he doesn’t eat; just appetizers, soup, that’s all.

**How happy indeed they must be to have such good and willing slaves!**

Don’t kid yourself with any political action. Don’t kid yourself that capitalism will overthrow itself. Don’t kid yourself that any part of capitalism will overthrow any part of it. Don’t kid yourself that political action, even though it be under the saturnarlian emblem of three tyned, arrow tooth fork is anything but capitalism’s twin sister in a house of ill-fame.

Politics is a racket, and profiteers have the swing.

## 1933\_30\_IW\_02081933

**Shall We Sit Out This Dance, Too?**

Now while everyone’s hut Is in the air in jubilating, I suppose it is up to me to tell why I think something worse than chaos will overtake the people: This society of democrates and republicans is based upon the buying power of 45 million odd workers is so organized.

Improved machinery has displaced 15 million workers and their buying power—those 15 million are now an additional burden upon those who are in the industries, a matter of 30 million men, women and children.

One-third of the buying power is eliminated and and society is made still more top-heavy by the addition 15 million non-producers and their dependants.

When 15 million workers lost their buying power (that is, one-third of them) it meant that one-third of the so-called upper class lost their customary income, or the whole of the upper class lost one-third of their income.

Given that one-third lost their income, they still remain a burden upon the 30 million odd working. (This is the treason perpetrated by the industrial potentates.)

In the meantime the 30 million odd workers that now have jobs have had their pay cut approximately in half, to all intents and purposes leaving the equivalent of 15 million with buying power. (It’s not difficult to see who is to be blamed.) Two-thirds of the buying power is not present.

Society still remains practically same size as when 45 million workers had buying power—but two-thirds of their income is not present.

No doubt millions of the upper class shall be weaned of that one-third income and they shall find themselves among the dispossessed, still a burden upon the 30 million workers; if they do not displace them, which is probable. We have now reached the subject, may the Lord give me strength to keep off the grass: The buying power of 30 million half-paid workers does not keep this republican-democracy. There must be and is other source of revenue.

Now it happens the 30 million working in connection with improved and very automatic machinery produce values over and above the wages they get and in those values reside the additional buying power upon which the non-producing class is now leaning. And very naturally, those values are much greater than the wages paid those 30 million workers—else they would be as wholly incapable of supporting 120,000,000 million people (they and their wages included).

In other words, the share of production’s value that goes into maintenance of industry, its expansion (which should be no more than the equal of the wages paid) is loosed as buying power upon a trusting country—which places the total reasonable buying power at slightly more than double the buying power of the 30 million half-paid workers. All other buying power, in the values created by those 30 million unorganized scissorbills, and toadying collar stiffs, is pure velvet for the boss and the spending of it is optional with him.

Generally, he, having no brains and not knowing what is good for his racket, throws it away or what is equally imbecilic, pays it out as tribute to bankers (another cut-throat gang) and they promptly ship it to foreign countries.

We now have a condition where 30 million half-paid workers are barely able to support themselves with the buying power they have and an equal amount of buying power to support the 90 million odd arid keep starch in their collars.

Me thinks they’ll lose out on starch—(except in soap and custard pies with good luck.) Those 90 million are going to get one-third of a living as measured by the half-pay standard of the 30 million workers lest inflation deflates the jobites in the interest of the burly but pale business man, and even then a matter of 100 million shall go on one-third diet. “Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?!”

## 1933\_31\_IW\_08081933

**The Sun was Hot — so was I**

State control over industry is not an unalloyed joy because then through its political affiliates heterogeneous society pretends to puss upon the equities of specific matters—an net similar to that of neighborhood electing an official to raise it your children. An invasion of your rights and the disqualification of you without trial or previous lest of your abilities. The imposition upon you of a mind that is at variance with industrial activities; by its very nature a non-producer wrapped up in precedent, mode and laxity.

Private control of the industry is no better because of the inordinate greed of our industrialists, so-called, who are really politicians—except when their existence is threatened, i. e.: erstwhile Roy D. Chapin, Secretary of Commerce in the Hoover Hangover is now President and General-Manager of Hudson Motor Co.; Newton D. Baker stamps out the presidential bee in his bonnet and becomes Sir Director of the Radio Corporation in place of Owen D. Young whose laundry didn’t show. (Lots of D’s there and I forgot John D— mebbe that is a brand).

Baker is director of several corporations including Band O, RR., Cleveland Trust Co., Carnegie Corp., Lake Carriers Ass’n., Mutual Life Insurance Co., N. Y. He’s got many ways of getting it; he believes in representative form of government—Wot a president, Wotta president he would make! Yesterday Amherst tagged him Doctor of Laws. Some doctor, some doctor! He comes from the state of Foraker, Harding and Mark Hanna.

So long as he’s in there getting it, in those, several places, nobody else has a look-in.

\* \* \*

**Morning is Youth—Age is Sleep**

Houses are built for the especial and particular purpose of the maintenance of peace as among the neighborhood children, during the still hours of the night.

The children, accustomed to cease hostilities at a certain hour and resign themselves to the mercies of the lord in bed feel a certain reserve when they emerge in the morning, which prevents them the recognizing in neighboring child a public enemy, number one:

It would be far into day before the various pirates, babe ruths, generals and firemen began to see inherent flaws in the make-up and deportmant of the future presidents, and absconders, with the result that the fight was hardly under way when it was time to retire, and candles were substituted for shillalahs.

The building of those houses is not entirely a matter of sacrifice in the interest of instilling and preserving equinimity in the growing generation, insofar as through that medium the parents are enabled to snatch a few winks of slumber—their self-interest is paramount.

Union halls are of same importance and are maintained for the purpose of maintaining peace among the unregenerate workers, to prevent them the scabbing of their fellow worker of life, limb and liberty . . .

As I am not a finisher but a starter, the distance’s long and I am a poor swimmer, I will wind up by saying:

The conference that resolves in evening, rescinds next morning.

Adios.

I have much to say . . .

Give me a medal.

## 1933\_32\_IW\_15081933

After Herbert Spencer (He ain’t too big)––(Follows the 400 words Arthur Brisbane has been hollering for) :––

**Evolution is union of parts and unification of their motion, during which process parts change from indefinite function to that of definite service, and during which process the parts and motion function as one.**

**A One Big Union, by heck!**

Shortage of pork chops is what killed the Communist movement in America––that’s what they get for trying to liquidate the I. W. W., the only true porkchop breeder in the world.

They was going to revolute with an empty belly and clear head. But the boss kept piling soup into the heads, and the belly never got empty enough (I don’t know about the head)––they’re now in the hands of providence for the next three sorry years.

Cornflakes killed socialism.

I. W. W. is struggling along on the strength of a few vagrant bullheads and terrapin and refuses to die either naturally or by accident. But it must be admitted the good old foot has slowed down.

Therefore, fellow countrymen and workers, ladies fair and we of the meeker sex: Porkchops is the issue and that takes money.

Political recovery deals in elements of uncertainty, and leaves the final operation to chance.

I. W. W. program is definate and certain––no part of it hinges on man’s “antics”.

Where man gets less than the full value of his production his progress is retarded in proportion to the values he doesn’t get. Where he gets only a fraction of the values he produces his progress is arrested in toto––in such latter case he becomes a full-fledged slave and if he has a wife he must sub-let some of his slavery to his wife. He is directly a slave and she indirectly––she has “married” slavery as well as the idol of her happiness. Where they have children the children are sacrificed on the altar of slavery at a tender age; which all causes youth to doubt the advisability of having parents. Where man and wife both are employed (in the industries) is self-evident proof that both get only a fraction of what they produce and woman in that case is directly a slave and equal to her lord and master. But it isn’t anything to brag about. (––I believe men started shaving so as to soften the blow when the schoolgirl compexion hikes to the boiler works.). Remedy: Use the razer for can-opener; let the whiskers fall where they may. Make the women grow whiskers if they are to take part in supplying free board to a top-heavy society. After you have a full beard make a rule “a slave shall be known only by his whiskers”. (That does away with work-ladies and babies in the industries). That is, if you want to keep slavery for yourself. Of course, if you want to shed yourself of whiskers as well as of slavery, open the can with a cleaver and join the I. W. W. There is no other time like NOW. Today is too late. Tomorrow is never. Yesterday never was. NOW is forever It is precisely the right time to join a One Big Union and find out if those 37 storekeepers are going to sit around waiting for customers. (It is proved beyond contravention the girls are unable to support us in the style to which we are accustomed––they might do better by joining the I. W. W.)

\* \* \*

Bankers are very bashful this year with their advice to farmers: It seems the clod-hoppers got wise to the banker’s dearth of brains and somehow it got aired around the bankers are in need of advice . . .

It seems, further, the bankers didn’t know how to run their own business to say nothing about passing wisdom to the barons of agriculture . . .

A person must be dumb indeed that listens to a banker––a milkmaid that listens to a drummer is smart by comparison . . .

Farmer is now getting more for his wheat and barley than he got for some time past, but strangely enough the farmer is offering less wages to his help than he (I believe) ever before paid: “Dollar a day, and it’s better than begging.”

Dollar a day is begging! Dollar a day, guarantees you and the farmer shall remain beggars; i. e.: buying power is missing; farmers buying power conserved approximates one-twentieth of U. S. A. buying power––it’s a small item in U. S. A. economy. For to save the face of other economists let’s say one-tenth. It’s a small item in U. S. A. economy.

## 1933\_33\_IW\_22081933

Diagram:

Lady wants to know how she can break her dog of the habit of barking.

Now although I do not like to intrude into family matters I did suggest she try feeding the mutt.

“I’d have to know,” she spits, “that dog is well fed.”

“You don’t get me, lady; you should feed it more— feed it so much that it can’t bark—so much that a bark would start a sweat—a dog hates sweat more than it loves barking.” —

“But I’m feeding the dog all it will eat,” protests the lady.

“Ah. madam, I’m afraid you don’t understand dogs— you should take a can of dog-hash and mix it with a wash-basin full of bread-crumbs and scrapings; now sic the dog onto it—the dog, of course, cannot pick the delectable hash from the mess and finally, after giving you sad look as much as to say, ‘I didn’t think you’d do it’, the dog gulps down the lay-out.”

“Why, that’s precisely how I’ve been feeding it.” says the lady glowing with pride.

Ah madam, you forget, you still have a trump card to play—you now unwrap a couple of pounds of raw liver or fresh meat and lay it in front of him. Tears will gather in the dog’s eyes and it will feel that its faith in human nature has been tinkered with, but not having had a decent mouthful for so long a time it will not run chances of the cat getting it, so it gulps that down, too. Now madam, you’ve got him foul—he can’t bark! So it goes and dues the next best thing—lies down.

Barking, in addition to being dogs, manner of expressing disapproval, is a habit. Therefore you must continue the remedy as many times as the dog gets on its feet, until the habit is broken—then omit the hash and crumbs.

\* \* \*

**“The Sun Rose Clear— Washed”**

You have noticed how the parasites’ papers are giving preference to foreign news. Page after page about the European political circus. Why is this?

Why is not American news good enough to print?—except in China, France, England, etc.?

It is because they wish to keep our mind free from our damnable economic disorder? “Ah you musn’t think of it. Think of Hitler, think of Jews, think of Stalin, Mussolini and Chiankai Chek.”—Keep your mind off peanuts, popcorn and lemon soda.

Allright, I’ll discuss foreign matters with them: Did you know that an industrial China, 400,000,000 people, would put England, America, France, Russia, Germany, Italy and a few others in a poorhouse, lo stay put? China’s population could duplicate present-day industrial output.

Did you think the present war in China is a real one? That League of Nations’ slumbers are genuine? And that the war is not for the purpose of preventing the industrialization of China? And that Russia is showing marvelous self-control?

And that Japan is not using every dillatory tactic to prolong it until the international scavengers get their house in order? That Japan isn’t thrilled daily by international quartet singing “Linger a Little Longer in the Twilight?”

If you think so, you’re dumb.

If you can’t change human nature, how did it get that way?

The world trend is toward isolation, not away from it. The contrary is hooey.

But, going back, we cannot construe these observations and suppositions as hard and fast, and that no other irons splutter in the fire, for then we would be constrained to think the International buzzards went to Japan and said:

“Here, Rising Sun, gird your loins and go trample John Chinaman’s toes; what do you think Eastman gave you million dollars to fix your teeth for—in bum English if you don’t it’s gonna be jus too bad for you— we’ll wreck you!”

“What do I get?” says the Jap bowing low.

You get what you find and we won’t see you get it—but, Rising Sun, be cautious, don’t get it too fast, take it easy, no hury, nobody’s going to interfere, unless the Chink licks you—then we’ll all jump in.”

See how unreasonable all this is?

## 1933\_34\_IW\_29081933

Note: Jingo’s are at their best in retreat. They are of no account in front lines, except as shields to stop bullets. Behind I he lines they are a nuisance. Heretofore all their battles have been fought by peace-loving citizens of the younger generation; hereafter they shall form the breastworks to save our youth—it is their patriotic duty— just like there, soak up ballets and hum “My Country Club of The I Sing.”

A Bad Habit:

I’ve been thinking of the Jewish gentleman that twive saved the gentile life of Herr Hitler in the army. In my estimation the second time was wholly uncalled for: a man may be absent-minded and save a guy’s life once—anybody’s liable to do that—but when a guy commits the same blunder twice it is lime B’nai B’rith or Brian B’ru sit up and take notice. Herr Hitler sent the guy 1,000 marx and invited him to Berlin—I suppose Hitler figures on getting saved the third time. The man should be warned—once was bad enough, twice was unthinkable and third time means head in a basket—we don’t want him to get the habit. How many times would the Wobblies stand for it if I saved Morgan’s life? I’d probably get by just once, by fast footwork.

\* \* \*

Ah ha! Dictatorships are the aristocracy of nations. Relative world poverty or prosperity is not altered—just shuffled. Inflation presupposes the tapping of another’s boiler—artificial. Gold is common denominator (name). Acceptance of it, as measure of value, is a gamble; its substitutes, notification of sustained loss. Gambler has no holler coming—the dollar simply didn’t turn up yellow. Privilege of existence is f ill authority for government to devaluate any part of the riches individually held contrary to public welfare— it is taxation. If taxation be too “brutal”, come to your senses—your system is exposed. Prevention of industrial development (as in China) is but the maintenance of underprogressed example for to sanctify the mediocrity elsewhere. Killing the prospective competition here does not invigorate production that is; it merely puts off the inevitable glut—deference of the dutch act.

All in all, its benefits are same as higher pay that only seems so because “the cut” hit elsewhere—it is unreal, and that is what governments devaluate.

Belter get a system.

Lots of bull is being spread about international exchange of commodities—cotton for manganese etc.

Let me point out neither of those are fit for soup—stay by the issue: It’s soup or not to soup—trade creates no values; both get gypt— both devaluate the instrument of exchange and bay wears out. (Manganese like cotton requires buying power—get buying power first.)

Arthur (Bugs) Baer’s position is impregnable. No man dares to mention “insect control” within his hearing. Even the flighty Walter Windshield acts the perfect gentleman when Art is around. H. I. Philips says his prayers and lets it go at that. George Fair?— (Say Art don’t rile him—his is a twin-bitted ax.)

In addition to bouncing midgets on his knees, ‘spose fellow worker Morgan puts jig saw puzzles together—now I wonder if “The House of Morgan” is the same house that told Woodrow what to think, or can it, per adventure, be sly reference to his gang. James Boys, you know, were not children of Mr. James.

\* \* \*

In a unique experiment conducted by Prof. W. N. Kellogg it was discovered, a 16 months old chimpanzee (cub) was “more intelligent” than the professor’s 18½ month old child.

Yes, but look it what the child had for father, L. L. D., B. S. and so on etcetera ad nauseum.

\* \* \*

Brisbane has it production is 61 per cent—forget it Arthur. We do not care how much is produced. Somehow we feel enough is produced to keep the likes of your chin in the air. One-third of the working class is idle. The 61 per cent production more than suffices the requirement—if there is more it shall react. During period of market glut, “Informative” Art, increase of production is not news—it is obituary. Why fight over the three per cent—10 per cent, which is its limit, and the depression goes along merrily as if the people had no sense at all. I’m not pessimistic, I’m tickled pink, we shall have chaos, dictatorships and other crazy stunts to numerous to mention.

## 1933\_35\_IW\_05091933

Need I again say the worker is always right and employer is crazy; no matter how wrong he is? (This must be evident to the most unsophisti**cat**, even the sometimes gruesome socialists.)

It is now demonstrated beyond all cavil that the employer is erratic and without the realm of reason. Hence, it follows, any action taken by the worker is correct; in the light of the fact the necessity for the action, whatever it is, is determined and given life by the mental condition of the employer. Now if the mental fortitude of the employer is such as I have here discribed, it follows the matching of wits with such a condition causes the workers noble efforts to appear as if depraved, much to his disadvantage, in a world of halfwits and political imbeciles. (I’ve lost the nub; it hinges on catarrh and halfwits.)

The remedy for this is a set of skids for the boss.—The apology magnanimous entails the pointing out to him that; in full possession of all his mental machinery he would be a unacceptable to runherd on free-born American workers and the ones so chosen to do so do not qualify insofar as their prestige hinges on the mental aberations of a demented employer and that in vie.w of his past and present mental infirmaties it grieves us sorely to hand him his walking papers.

\* \* \*

One thing wrong with the Largest Sheep Barn in U. S. A., Capacity 75,000 (Burlington Route, Aurora, Ill.), there are no sheep in it. The nearest thing to a sheep I saw in that neighborhood is a goat, and that was on the other side of the tracks where a woman was weeding a flower bed, a dirty beanpot in her hand. t

(The doing of her dishes had temporarily escaped her mind as she gave first-aid and comfort to the rhododendrons and morning, glories).

Women are like that; they have an artistic soul, and I do not know what they would do if the everpresent man wasn’t there do politely inquire “Ophelia, where did you go after you washed this spoon—to a bridge party?” and cause her to rub some of the tomato juice off on the Chicago Tribune.

That sheep barn, which cost a pretty penny and a few ugly dollars, was made possible by C. B. & I. gandy dancers working for 3½ cents less per hour, and eating less expensive swill to make up for it—and the barns, themselves, were a great aid to the packers in their manipulations of the mutton market on the buying side; sheep could be held in this concentration camp indefinitely or until the slaughter houses were ready to accept them.

All that is now past and the “Largest in U. S. A.” stands a monument to the gullibility of a most conservative road and the humbleness of its dehorns.

## 1933\_36\_IW\_12091933

I have it from Commonweal as of Sept. 1, 1933 quoting New York Times (Duranty despatch) that “the Vatican wants to relieve millions of victims of the Russian famine” and that said despatch is “greeted with the same scorn and indignation that earlier met the news that German Nazis were collecting funds for starving German Volga colonists.”

The appeal originally came from “Cardinal Innietzer, Vienna.

(A little salt on that goes a long way.)

Ralph W. Barnes, Herald Tribune, writes: “While there is no means of determining the death toll it is not unreasonable to believe that in tho Sovitt Union over the winter and spring as many as 1,000,000 persons, mostly peasants, died from causes due to malnutrition, including outright hunger. The actual figures may be in exetss of that.”

Mr. Duranty implicitly supports this view and comments: (in part)

“Kremlin had ruthlessly carried through the agrarian revolution of collective farming . . . but it now looks as if the revolution is complete because the harvest is really good.”

Comments Commonweal:

“In other words, the operation has been successful, although about one million of the patients died.” —

“In North Caucasus price of bread droped on open market from a very high to much lower level.” (They seem to have price system). —

Next day “the price of bread in Moscow itself was doubled.”—Ho Hom!

(I will not quote much more because I imagine I see bias in two places).

Prof. Leonid I. Strakhovsky, Georgetown University, broadcasts:

. . . But if we compare records, we find that during an entire century the emperors of Russia sent into exile only about half of the number exiled to Siberia by the Soviet government during one year.” —That sounds reasonable. Must have been an off year?

“If the harvest is good?” is one of the reasons I called for salt on these presents; for if they do not KNOW “if the harvest is good”, they cannot know anything.

Romance has all the earmarks of truth as I will now show:

“Ivan Windchapski, unemployed Grand Mogul of the Greek Catholic Church, Georgean Republic, is garnering funds for the relief of starving peasants and ex-service men of U. S. A., and wild stories are afloat the heroes of the world war are now eating eats and dogs in their stocking feet in a frost of 56 below zero above Duluth.”

How much truth is in that is open to question but even though it be all true I cannot see wherein it does not harmonize with extant insanities.

Perfectly proper too as media for to attain the very necessary hominy for our brave farmers and service men . . .

Further, the ethics are above reproach for then these tramp nations beg food for one mother quite forgetting their bighearted selves.

But I do not see the necessity for this form of mania.

Our industrial system is upsidedown: The worker that works hardest gets the least; the one who does least gets most.

Like a top spinning on its peg, our industrial system must maintain its balance through the velosity of its gyration; (dormant centrifugal force) — that’s what makes so many of the voters dizzy.

Therefore, to short cut, an organization to lay claims to any revolutionary tendency must aim at complete reversal of this adjustment to the end that he who works hardest gets most—a parasite gets nothing .(Subject to will of those who work). Any outfit that bases its actions upon the maintenance of present top and bottom arrangement with alterations here and ameliorations there is not revolutionary.

Considering industrial slavery is source of all our troubles, the “big boys” troubles and the whole world’s troubles let us organize so, and see to it, that the next industrial arrangement that is now forcing itself upon us shall not contain slavery as its fundamental factor—or in any form except such as is agreed to by the workers themselves: self government.

## 1933\_37\_IW\_19091933

There can be no peace in the industrial world so long as the boss has such high blood-pressure. (When the devil was sick the devil a saint would be, but just as soon as his tonsils quit hurting him he was the old boy himself: Pale and determined he would step out and block all attempts to board the pie-wagon; acting altogether as a person bereft of his senses.)

Once for all, let me tell you, he is irresponsible— he wants to row the boat before the bottom is in place. (Please don’t anybody hit him with an oar.) We cannot much longer go on as he have been going. Sporadic strikes already dot the land, omen of the greater protest to come. And, in this connection, wish to say man’s political faith is no hindrance whatsoever in the prosecution of his yen to strike. I have seen republicans strike with the same soulfelt vigor practiced by democrats and I have even seen circumspect socialists strike with the full force of the offended energies, akin to the dyed-in-wool reds.

Political faith is not a factor in this question because it is a bread and butter matter. The “General Strike” of certain elements in the clothing industry which at this time is going on in several of the mayor cities is an example of the necessity for action and that action requisitions other and several actions else the contour of our economic fabric shall go squee-gee. The big necessity is to be decried, true enough, but that does not alter the driving force of the condition—Wisdom must be forced upon the country; there seems no other way out. I have heretofore hinted at remedies for our economic evils but it seems powerful interests are disinclined to listen to my humble music. Take for instance the Thew Automatic Steam Shovel, hardly bigger than a coffee pot: Placed alongside of a stockpile of iron ore it does the work of 120 men and is operated including help by three men. 117 men are displaced, (their buying power destroyed) and sent into souplines as public charges.

Suppose the same percentage of help was displaced in every industry by very automatic macrinery—to each one man kept, thirty-nine are laid off? Our employed workers would number one-million men; our unemployed workers would number thirty-nine million, or a percentage similar in other figures.

I have stated 19 tractors and 19 seperators on twenty farms are not needed and their cost (minus, twenty per cent for construction) is money thrown away. This amounts to big figures when we consider 3,000,000 farms (one half of total). At $3,000 an outfit (low) three million farmers threw away $3,000,000,000 (three billion dollars; I don’t miss much).

This does not mean the farms are not entitled to have so much machinery or that farming doesn’t warrant it, it means, as I said, *so much machinery is not necessary*.

Did the farmers limit their machinery to the need does not mean the farmers would be $3,000,000,000 ahead—the “specs” would have it. (and the 20 per cent for construction would be lost.) Poverty, with or without machinery, is the farmer’s and laborer’s lot until they learn to organize and sell their commodities for its full face value.

This latter discription throws me off my subject and may seem unfortunate but I had Yakima conditions in mind when I wrote it.

In the valley where vegetation is so thick that soil is hard to find the farmers are solving the problem of collapse of price system, (a condition where to pick a peach is equivalent to a trip to poorhouse) by throwing LABOR and its organizers into jail.

At present they have incarcerated among other friends of mankind the ageing W. I. Fischer one of the fairest men this benighted country has seen since the days of Thomas Jefferson.

Nothing is accomplished; for the remedy lies wholly in increased buying power in labors hands and jailings is only an additional expense put on the farmer—if such is possible. Strikes you will have your own and LABORS’, until you learn to pay labor a living wage and peg your tolerance on that economic low. Afterwards, as nature beginns to smile, you can adjust the returns to full face value. His self-evident that picking fruit or digging vegetables is not an act that should carry a penalty of impoverishment or prison to the ones so doing and when conditions get so in any country it is time to change the system.

*T-bs—*

## 1933\_38\_IW\_26091933

Whenever the employing class becomes incompetent to care for its own interests and those interests it has allocated to itself, it is the duty of society to disqualify it.

Whenever the employing class allocates to itself interest that reasonably belong to the working class, society is duly bound to snub it.

Whenever the employing class is at variance with the aspirations of nation and detrimental to its welfare, it is the duty of society to call it on the carpet to show cause why it should not be placed on probation.

Whenever the employing class is out of touch, wholly unconcious of world development and economic conditions, and wrongly performs in it abysmal ignorance, it is the duty of society to re-educate it.

Whenever the employing class has repainted labor from sufident values through the medium of insufficient wages and exorbitant profits, so as to jeopardize the satisfaction of labors needs, in the whole or part, it is society’s duty to call it to an accounting.

Whenever the employing class has substituted machine power for man power in such large quantities as to make millions of workers public charges it is society’s duly to discover where the money went.

Whenever the employing class allots to itself the wages of the now displaced workers, in addition to the previous profits under the older method, it is society’s duty to determine its right to do so and if it be law, (which it isn’t) law will also remove that right.

Whenever the employing class has assumed those rights, picketed those money’s and thus obliterated the buy power of great share of the people, endangering the economic integrity of the nation, it is society’s duty to find it guilty of contempt and lodge it in jail.

Whenever the employing class has taken those money’s situated them in things of expansion, wholly unconscious of world conditions, needs and commercial possibilities, it is society’s duty to lock it in a nuthouse.

Whenever the employing class situates those money’s in over-expansion or unsound securities, in blissful ignorance of economic determinism, making for the impossibility of returning those money’s to reasonable use, it is society’s duty to find those self-advertised geniuses demented.

Whenever the employing class, after destroying the buying power of one-third the people places the cost of the maintenance of the over-expansion and the upbuilding of the worthless securities upon the remaining two-thirds employed, through the medium of short pay, it is society’s duty to find it guilty of misfeasance, misrepresentation and misappropriation and also deem it guilty of non-composmentis.

Whenever the employing class so functions as herein cited, disturbs, disrupts and destrops the economic life of the nations, endangers the republic and jeopardises civilization itself, it is high time society sit up and take notice of these treasonable artifices.

Whenever society lets such demented greed slide, it too is fit subject for a nuthouse.

Whenever government ignores this condition it should be sent to an observation ward.

Whenever labor fails to marshall its forces against those practices of the treacherous employing class, in the interest of preserving himself, his institutions and country, it too should be introduced to the booby-hatch.

All hands seem to be smeared with thr same stock. No one is guilty; no one is blameless.

The cause is slavery.

Hie medium, industrial autocracy.

he condition, capitalism.

Organize.

Political autocracy or dictatorship does not countersct the benefits of industrial democracy except when applied in the exertme and that is insanity.

P. S. It will be noted the employing class guilt does not depend on the general depravity but on the acquiescence in the peculiar perfidy: One employer installs labor displacing machine thus compelling others to follow suit—or out competes them, and wrecks their business; **It’s do as I do or stand betrayed.**

In other words one pickle sours the mhole mulligan.

This would not have happened had labor been organized and forced machine to displace time instead of men.

That’s what it was intended for.

P. S. Autocracy in industry is stagnancy.

## 1933\_39\_IW\_03101933

All due credit to Franklin. (I admire his enterprise)—he saved million men from suicide. And he did it with less the five fishes.

Gladly would I call this anything but slavery but I cannot do so and stick to truth. Industrial autocracy precompels precise obedience. Obedience is subordination of ones volition and if that isn’t slavery, then I’m—that’s what I am.

The governmental white washing of industrial autocracy by regulation leaves things spotty and when we consider that industrial autocrats propose the code, and government accepts the code, we are left uncertain as to what extent government was intimidated.

I am not in favor of cutting wages but I do believe the people should get as much pay as their servants (the cops for instance, and judges, and governors, and game wardens).

Now don’t bring up the matter of brains. Brains has not functioned, are not demonstrated now or in the past, legally or illegally, in the prevention or cure of this depression and if brains don’t show soon the people will demonstrate their qualifications for equal pay with their servants. People is the only Boss that has to Beg.

I suggest they send their servants out for reliefs—and they better not come back empty handed. (Friendly advice).

I’d like to ask congress—did you not watch the industrial autocrats destroy the nation’s buying power and wreck the nation beginning 1901-1902? If so, tell me what was you paid for?

It is here presumed people do rule and, if so, many of them rule for a dollar a day—and less. Many stick their face out to rule belly full of diluted broth. Such rule makes for cheap government. Cheap government makes for shoddy government. And shdduy government is soon on its uppers. Let us accept Lincoln’s word for it, “government of the people, by the people, for the people” and that these rulers rate better than a bowl of soup.

Wrongful practice is exemplified in “restraint of trade” acts. These acts are the ghost of the practices in commercial world now going on for last 37 years; nothing new: an ambitious wight sets himself up in business: he is not interfered with in any way except that he is ganged-up upon and sabotaged, out—this is the source of these acts and going strong muchly to the embarrassment of the nation. It is deliberate destruction of nation’s substance and creation of failures in the persons of the new competitive talent.

And those are the people that are going to save the working class?

I’m in a heluva fix, if I should die now, the city ain’t got no money to bury me. Something’s gotta be done about this, betcher—now a chunk of boloney right now might stave this experience off the city and tide her over the economic low as the financial bullslingers have it. If we all lend a hand, put our tongue under out belt and shoulder to the wheel the good ship will slide over the bar and never scratch a plate.

It is believed Boulder Dam would look better if the One Big Union finished it—so would the New Orleans bridge.

All is vanity—except ,the one big union. (It’s all coming out now). Brotherhood of Baldheaded Batchelors is all in vain—lost in a tornado of flying fur.

Amalgamated Alliance of Able-Bodied Alchemists are shaking the gold from their teeth and trading it for hot dogs. Hot Dog!! Eh! Golgonda? Honorable Hegira of Henpecked Husbands had their fumiture thrown out—Head-Honus of the House-Hounds is Parked on the Piano.

Gentle Generals, of the Gee Gosh Gabslingers are gagged.

Pulchritudinous Pennyante – Pollyannas of Political Polecats are up in a tree.—Wirehaired Warthogs Watch the Wair.

Tranquil Transient of the Transition Tabernacle forgot to pull the cord and the parachute—well it simply didn’t, that’s that.

Sonorous Soup Suckers Succor Society went on diet of solids without the solids.

Associated Apiary of Ailing Angels hit the street with a bang like muffled drum.

Gastronomic Galahads of Galvanic Guts grew peeked and began to palaver pale.

Odoriferous Officers Onorary opulence Org pined and pulled a pin.

Scintillating Society of Suitable Substitutes didn’t throw a spark.

It’s kind of nice to have an IWW to go to when all these fail—the One Big Union.

## 1933\_40\_IW\_10101933

In the event of crop-failure the farmer can eat the horse or the hired man; I’d like to see him try to digest a tractor.

The horse, of course, wouldn’t care to eat the farmer—the hired hand might.

\* \* \*

Karelia, Russia, is in commissary difficulties—board, too, in its prisons is not so good and very sparce; something after the manner of our reforestatoon camps: A refugee asks me to pray for cooks (Rabbi Wise, please note) —I have his address if you want to iron him.

\* \* \*

Comrades have been hollering “look at Russia” the while wo could get the same view by looking at Commisar Green’s A. F. of L.; any time in the past fifty years.

The comrade’a of the silk belt went into cahoots with the federation.

Excesses in Russia have reached such a state that U. S. comrades are coaxing us “give your eye a rest by looking at Congo for change.”

Excesses is my only criticism —excesses displace necessities—bottom rung to top rung is too big a lift—it can’t be done. Theoretically mechnization is desirable, quickly as possible.

Industrialization must come gradually as wealth permits— paupers better not try it. They can only hock their independence. As I said before, tractors are poor provenders for steady diet. “Buy Now” should be done next March.

I have it that Russian prisons in Kareli are full up—individual cell facilities are augmented by the addition of wooden bunks. This crowding obviates the necessity of building new prisons. Many of the prisoners are from Finland and America; a bolshevik blunder. Our Tennessean in Finland should look into this, bearing in mind that we, U. S. A., can starve our people without arresting them. Any progressive nation ought to be able to do the same.

Everybody is talking about it: it will do this and it will do that, but damn me for a lunkhead —I can’t make head or tail of this “nude eel” business.

Einstein ‘ should know taking sides, either with pacifism or jingoism is not Germain to the issue. People do not choose either war or peace. So long as the profit system remains, so long you will have periodic wars, and profiteers shall cause them to be declared.

Einstein knows all this—yet he advises Belgium to prepare. It’s like telling a child to exercize so be can put the cleaner or Canera. Sore? Albert must have been? How about it, Albert, why not prepare to lick Germany yourself—or send the frau?

\* \* \*

Railroad freight traffic is picking up to the extent that it is really a wonder the railroads are putting in a bid for higher rates—gel it while the getting’s good?

Anent preparation: a man can so co-ordinate his forces he can prevail against millions, and that probably is what Herr Einstein has in mind —his “magnitude” is in three dimensions which same escape me this morning—a three-way adge.

\* \* \*

“America’s Way to Recovery”—Sokolsky; and “Recovery”—Moley, in August Hearstmopolitan, is too labored.

America’s Way to Recovery is not Revolution but Evolution.”—Headline.

It is neither; America’s Way to Recovery is: Run Herd on Industrial Buzzards who are Picking the Nation Clean. Whether Washington does it or Union Square is all the same. Farmers’ Way to Recovery is Trap the Guy Who is Stealing the Pigs.

Nothing revolutionary or evolutionary in that. Just common horse sense as old as the hills.

Nbtl you don’t need **evo** or **revo** to cease slipping—just calked shoes.

Revolution presupposes the right of an overturned boat—nothing more marvelous.

You cannot do it by kicking the cat or throwing an alarm clock—you organize.

The sun is shining as before,

When do we eat?

The rains come down, wet as of yore,

When do we eat?

Everything that man can wish

Is here—from snails to lute fisk

And yet there’s nothing in the dish,

When do we eat?

The pasture still rounds out the steers,

When do we eat?

The cornfield rustles to its ears,

When do we eat?

Congressmen have lots of pork

And hint that we should kill the stork

Ye Gods! there’s nothing on our fork,

When do we eat?

# 1934

## 1934\_1\_JR\_01081934

THE BY-PRODUCT

Watch your turn – – Who’s Next?

BY T-BONE SLIM

As you are, lad, so once was I–

I, too, did wipe the glasses dry;

As I am now, so you shall corme–

Some day you, too, shall he a bum.

Not many juveniles escape

The sad estate of this poor skate;

Not many fossils at my age

Survive the system’s brutal rage.

I, too, was wise when of your size– –

Disdained to think or organize,

And made of one good, kindly me

A vassal to the powers that be.

As I am now, so you shall be – –

Subservient to necessiyy;

But while my lot is easy had,

I never can be like you, lad.

For one can ne’er regain his youth

And nurse an aching wisdom tooth;

As once did I, as you do now– –

A dunce foredoomed to scrape and bow.

# 1935

## 1935\_1\_LWB

**THE LUMBER JACK’S PRAYER**

I pray dear Lord for Jesus’ sake,

Give us this day a T-Bone Steak,

Hallowed be thy Holy Name,

But don’t forget to send the same.

Oh, Hear my humble cry, Oh Lord,

And send us down some decent board

Brown gravy and some German fried,

With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,

I’m asking you for Ham and Eggs,

And if thou haves’t custard pies,

I like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, All Mighty Host,

I quite forgot The Quail on Toast

– –Let your kindly heart be stirred,

And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know your Holy wish,

On Friday we must have a fish,

Our flesh is weak and spirit stale,

You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me Lord, remove these “Dogs,”

These sausages of powder’d logs,

Your bull beef hash and, bearded Snouts,

Take them to hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and Pressed-Beef butts,

Dear Lord you damn near ruin’d my guts

Your white-wash milk and Oleorine

I wish to Christ I’d never seen.

Oh, hear me Lord, I am praying still,

But if you won’t our union will;

Put pork-chops on the bill of fare:

And starve no workers anywhere.

T-BONE SLIM

# 1936

## 1936\_1\_IW\_11041936

**T-Bone Slim Asks Can Leaders Save Us Workingmen**

Practicing swearing long enough, we will become better perfect in that quaint art of oratory.

Lay our soul to the practice of tyranny and we will excell as dictators— until some one looks at us through a range-finder.

Practice obedience long enough and we will become splendid, slaves. If we follow a leader long enough we will become chronic followers, and we shall follow even when the leader’s compass has gone haywire and he is riding in the ditch with the middle of the road grass-grown like a disused railroad yard.

Labor cannot afford to be divided. Labor cannot afford to remain separated behind leadership all the colors of the rainbow. We’re getting nowhere under leadership. If an attack of prayerfulness shall captivate us we will become so helpless of a morning that we must call on the dear Lord to help pull on our pants. Practice of manhood on the other hand makes for more manhood.

How ludicrous It is then for us to lay by our practices and expect a saviour to spring from nowhere and rescue us from the clutches of industrial autocracy and wage slavery —we, ourselves, there all the time? He’d have to be an awful big-hearted saviour— nothing like the present dozen of libbers and kidders. But these leaders are practical men? To be sure they are— they go where the pie flows thickest.

Another thing— when a saviour or leader undertakes to save the working class, he’s got a big contract and a lot of territory—45,000,000 in this country alone. No leader is equal to that task under any theory; and in the long run the workers will have to save him from the results of his he-saviourism. He’s a mark for all javelins.

All leadership is based upon the presumption of dictatorship, the very thing that the boss exercises. Dictatorship, no matter how well intended, makes for tyranny on the one hand and slavery—or rebellion—on the other. The rebellion is inevitable though deferred.

These millions must be freed not by a leader but by an organization formed in such a way that all hands can get leverage on the problem and lend the weight of their considerations to balance the scales of justice.

Even as I write the radio blares: “The world needs a helping hand.” The radio is a liar; the world already has the hand—it is not an armless creature object of abstract compassion.

Labor needs no helping hand. Labor has all the hands it needs. Any more hands would be in the way. But labor needs to organize those hands and systematize the unloading of plutocratic bums and industrial potentates from the saddle.

Leadership by the way is not “the showing of the way”. It is defined: exercise of control over others. We can of course have the leaders save us— but I warn you the sweat shall continue to pour from our necks just as though no emancipation had occurred—and, if we holler, they’ll rig up a war for us so that we can shoot and be shot.

## 1936\_2\_IW\_18041936

**T-Bone Slim Slim Says: The Goose That Laid The Golden Egg Died**

Undoubtedly the industrial overlords are penitent because they killed the goose that laid the golden egg— but that doesn’t bring the goose back. All their protestations that they will never, never do it again is just so much blithering poppy-cock. Their intentions may be the very best in the world, but they must go by the board because their profit system is basically wrong.

A thief in jail will promise by all the hair in Allah’s beard that never again, so long as he lives, will he lay his fingers on another’s valuables— but just so soon as he gets out of jail he is confronted with the artificial realities of life, and his neighbor’s ice-box takes on a “come hither” appeal—and first thing we know he is back before the magistrate swearing his morals skidded, and he did it all for the wife and kiddies.

No, there is no reformation of industrial autocrats. Their habits are too strong.

We have prided ourselves in the past on our powers to recuperate from each successive plundering, and it is true, we have recovered from many and grievous assaults. But it seems so ridiculous to sweat and steam and starve to repair the damages of industrial greed, day after day, year after year, repeatedly, without end, generation after generation.

Why not take stock and quit dealing with results? Why not get at the cause of our discomfort? And, by the way, one we do away with the cause, there will be no results to take up our time.

Decentralization of autocracy in ‘76 into an industrial oligarchy of better than two million overlords of today, accomplished no departure from the time-honored custom of raiding labor’s treasury.

Autocracy will not prosper. Strikes to the right of us, strikes to the left of us, cannot be laughed off. They are not wasted effort. They are exercises in the better things to come.

One thing is certain: The stronger the workers are organized, the lower the exploiter drags his ears. The exploiters are organized in a corporate body of some two million industrial beneficiaries of the looting—but we can bring up 50 million workers!—**T-B-S.**

## 1936\_3\_IW\_25041936

**T-Bone Explores Into Way Out Of What We Are In**

There’s about 30 million real wage workers in this country; 4 million belong to some sort of union, the other 26 million don’t. Some 14 million of them have some sort of a job, and some 16 million of them haven’t.

Twenty-six million workers in this country are unorganized because they do not fit in the scheme of craft unionism.

Four million organized workers gave gound to such an extent that one million of their brothers are unemployed.

The twenty-six million workers gave ground to such an extent that fifteen million of them are unemployed.

Still workers titty can’t join a union for fear they will lose their jobs. These millions are out of work not because they organized, but because they didn’t.

Even as the horse gave way to the speed-wagon, and became a choice tid-bit on the butcher’s block, so hand-labor gave way to automatic machines—but then—horses are not supposed to have much sense, and outs cost money.

It is said that horse-meat makes fine dog-bait—but no one yet has discovered a way to can the unemployed or pickle paupers.

All in time—don’t rush the scientists!

John L.Lewis’ wild-eyed departure from the halls of craft unionism indicates that John (like a true mine-mule) fears the roof will cave in.

“Jobs In Overalls Urged On Scholars”—marvelous! Socrates, Aristophones, Mephistopheles? Only there are sixteen million more overalls than jobs now.

We are so busy balancing the budget that we have no time to balance civilization. Balanced diet is a legend of the gay nineties. Balance is in boss’ favor.

Industrial Unionism is “aces” because it makes a single issue of a litter of problems; craft unionism is “nertz” because it makes a litter of problems of a single issue—it scrambles the beef-steak.

Sensible people accomodate themselves to conditions. They swim not in suits of armor, nor do they go naked into hail-storms. A century is a fair trial for “authorized unionism.” But then again, the boss is not a condition. He’s a pain in the neck. If we organize properly we can make our own conditions and eliminate the pain in the neck.

Unquestionably the industrial set-up has taken such form that it absolutely nullifies the powers of antique unionism. Such unionism failed to progress along with industry and is consequently out of position.

Unless the aristocracy of labor can protect the unorganized, the very wants of the multitudes will swamp the aristocrats!

Naturally, they cannot do so (I was only kidding) —but they can make common umbrage with the unorganized and make the boss sing “Love’s Old Sweet Song.” (It is a disgrace to the I.W.W. that 45,000,000 unbranded mavericks prance the pampas of United States.)

The presumption here is: If we are capable of choosing a president for these United States, we should be capable of choosing a manager for industry. The fact that some of our chosen presidents were hailed “busts,” is not to our discredis—the timber was punky. Then again, the presumption to the second last presumption is: We are freeborn American citizens, not slaveborn industrial subjects. So, my dear plutes, parasites and chiselers, write and let me know how you are making out trotting industrial autocracy and political democracy side by side!

## 1936\_4\_IW\_01051936

**T-Bone Slim Slim poses Intelligence Test For Tired Radicals**

Even if the worker is ignorant, that is no license for the bosses to rob him. It isn’t even sportsmanship. It is kicking a man when he is down.

Bosses do hire a few other than numb-skulls when profits are rolling in heavy—but it is strictly against their policy. We are employed, not just because we are profitable, but because we are more profitable than someone else. So, when a machine is more profitable than a man, the machine gets the job and the man gets “the relief.”

Whenever a child is more profitable than a man, or a woman, the child is hired; for the boss has autocratic powers, and he is endorsed by nine benign old gentlemen, so inviolate are the rights of industrial slavery. Then we are on the scrap pile wondering how it all happened.

It’s too late then. We should, start wondering before it happens, and we should assert ourselves to the end that it can’t happen here, or any place.

Intelligence is not paramount, because the problem is simplification personified: Get the parasites off our necks. A raving maniac can decifer that much. We are not bucking intelligence when we buck the boss; we are bucking power.

Let me re-state the case: The industrial autocrat robs us workers and thereby curtails our will to consume the things we produce. What’s the answer? Co-ordinate our power in One Big Industrial Union—One Big Union of All the Workers.

The material is all here. Let’s put it together.

Workers cannot be ignorant when the bosses know only what the workers tell them.

Workers have the intelligence, power, and numbers—all it takes is organization. And now, **before** the master relegates all us to perish on the scrap-pile, something should be done, action should be begun. Picked clean of health, raiment, and substance, better than two million are on the scrap-pile now, waiting the chinook. We are the next.

True enough the industrial slave has much for which to be sentimental, self-pity if nothing more. But those are side issues, and have nothing to do with the matter in hand. We are slaves, that is our only headache—and the only problem we have is how we can free ourselves from industrial autocracy. There is only one way—organize an industrial union at the point of production. Practice democracy therein, and establish industrial democracy as a matter of sequence. Industrial freedom follows, and with it political and social freedom. That’s the order of their sequence. (Germany tried to establish social democracy first—tried to climb the tree from a distance. That story is just too sad.)

The material is all here, Let’s put it together.

## 1936\_5\_IW\_09051936

**T-Bone Slim Finds That Business Is A One-Way Racket**

“43 corporations reported a new all-time record for earnings in 1935.” (Can it really be that there’s nobody home in unionism—that they’re all down at City Hall foaming at the gills?)

Is this a one way racket?

If a man is entitled to one million dollars of OUR money because of, and in recognition of, his superior intelligence, then it must be that we entitled to one million dollars of HIS money if he goes broke because of, and in recognition of, his inferior intellect. But how can we collect?

We have relinquished that one million dollars in good faith with specific intent to compensate him for packing a set of high-grade brains—and he turns out to be a lunk-head. He has swindled us and permitted his ill-gotten gains to fall into hands for which they were not intended. We were paying **him—and** “here it is—who wants it?” was farthest from out thoughts. He has secured one million dollars of our money under false pretences, laying claim to a set of brains he didn’t have—the fact that he went broke proves it. This money is still our money, regardless of who’s got it. To all intents and purposes it is stolen wealth because it was secured under misrepresentation, and because we paid for something that never was in existence.

My argument is that we (Labor) are the pay-off boys, and that anybody else that relinquishes wealth is stepping on our prerogative, and is doing so without authority. And furthermore I think we are paying those crooks too much even when they have bruins enough to hang on to it.

Be not startled at the word crook. It is a blunt term and means precisely what it says. These birds have evaded and bearded every Corrupt Grabtices Act man have ever invented, and are in bad odor. Be it wartime, period of stress or distress, they are right there to grab 100 per cent, 1000 per cent, or 90,000 per cent profit. Reformation is not in them, and Roosevelt is wasting his time.

\* \* \*

We have in this country a vertical society— not upright. Nothing is on the level. A milk bottle is also vertical, and if it stands too long the cream rises to the top. Greater spread of cream can be had by laying the bottle on its side but what it really needs is a good shaking up.

And now, copying after the manner of imbecile society, we are to have vertical labor unions. This is to forestall the supplanting of craft with industrial unions. It is being put over under the guise of ending jurisdictional disputes. It has the masters’ O. K.—Why not?

## 1936\_6\_IW\_16051936

**T-Bone Slim Offers A Pension Program Get It in Paycheck**

“Ford Says Relief Makes Us Lazy,” says the headline. I quite agree with Henry. And therefore I suggest that Henry and his kind quit weeding us of our loose change so that we can become industrious once more.

In looking over my books I find that if all the other business men wrung as much from us as Ford, it would amount to a grand total of $2,000,000,000,000,000 and we would all be on relief.

My dear fellow worker editor: Lots of people have not been able to give their kids enough schooling to enable them to pronounce that figure, so let me do it: two million billions. Lucky it is for us that some of Ford’s competitors are kind of shy or thin skinned compared to the encrustations of the flivver functionary.

To sum up, I think a jolt on the relief rolls would tame Henry as it has us—he and his kind are altogether too industrious, and we’ll have to run herd on them sooner than later.

An old age pension for 8,000,000 “has beens” would cost us only 19 billion at 200 bucks per month per head!

But that word old-age pension has a fatal taste. At best it is a substitute, subterfuge—why not instead release to them the balance of their past earnings, the unpaid wages, or capital, with-held from them by the employers.

Ford did not impoverish these—it took million like him to do it. But Henry was a big help!—one billion dollars’ worth. So why degrade the poor devils by putting them on a pen-ion when they have it coming?

We have done well by Henry, and now if we will only cool down and do something for ourselves, it will be okey dokey with me. There is no balm in politics, because the politicians say: “Aw, let em die first and then we’ll soak ‘em with an inheritance tax.” Trouble is, we die first without a nickle, and then the litter of inheritors take what’s left and do it all over again.

Truly those industrial **omadhauns** have taken their and our pension too soon; they did not wait for old age and feebleness to creep up on them.

I see it all clear as the noonday sun, now that I am almost blind from weeping for bread, that we must all join the I. W. W. in order to protect ourselves from those chiselers and get our old age pension right in our pay envelopes. (That’s direct action and it saves time, labor, and lost motion.)

Forget the leaders. Forget me. Forget politicians. Forget “Share the Wealth. Forget Social Justice. Forget Townsend Plan. Forget Epic. Forget dictators. Forget New Deal. But — remember yourself! and the Industrial Workers of the World!

We must live on the production of this country and the machinery thereof, so why not share the work equally. Twelve to fifteen million workers are unemployed and live without work, from the production of our industry, and will continue to do so regardless of all preventatives, so why not let them help out in production? Shorten the day. You won’t starve. I won’t starve. They won’t starve—regardless of how the industry is mismanaged by politicians or industrial behemoths. But I’m telling you the straight goods; We shall not get a fair break from our industrial overlords or their agents without industrial unionism.

Maybe you want to take another “flyer” into the intricate mazes of politics? More power to you! You have my best wishes and—if you get stuck, just holler, and I will rush over and pull you from the muck (once more).—**T-bs.**

## 1936\_7\_IW\_23051936

**Extra! T. B. Slim’s Golden Discovery Cures Everything!**

Did you see where the girls of Rockwood, Tenn., returned the tear-bombs to the chivalrous cops and had the cops weeping like a lawyer over a grocery bill? Girls have changed. Years ago they returned nothing but kisses . . .

Thinking of this, and having to do my own patching––both sleeves––I took to wondering, mind you I’m not in favor of sterilization (a fellow can wonder, can’t he?) I took to wondering if sterilization of politicians would help the country in the long run. Understand me, I’m not trying to undermine the rights of crazy people. Under no circumstances would I endorse such a ticket––I consider a man off his base is entitled to every protection the same as us sensible people––and not have other maniacs using a pair of scissors on him, snipping a chunk off here and there. (Or do they use a stump-puller or a barbed-wire stretcher? They’re crazy enough for that.)

But every little while some politican feels the asinine urge to save the working class. No other class ever gets a look in. It’s always the working class. The working class has now been saved so many times in the last 4000 years that I lost count. Almost every minute up jumps a lunatic and says: “Keep your eye on me, I’m going to save the working class. Stand still, toilers,” he squeels, “I’m going to emancipate you. Watch me closely. I’ve got nothing in my sleeves, hand or head––not even callouses. I’m going to take this nothing I’m holding in my right hand, and I’m going to put it in my left hand––thank you––and now if you will go home and examine your dinner bucket you will find an ostrich in it.”

So I took to wondering––you see we once had a dog that wouldn’t stay home, and, conversely visited the neighbors far and near. Now, it happened that the dog’s visits were not altogether friendly visits, or good will gestures, and the neighbors began to miss chunks of meat from the most out of the way places. So one day several of the youngsters took to petting the dog, and when the dog wasn’t looking one of the made a swift pass behind the dog’s back, and, do you know that dog came right home, downcastlike, and crawled under the porch and stayed there. Never again did it go around wagging its tail in the next ward . . . It turned out to be a good watch-dog.

\* \* \*

So I set to figuring on a remedy for our maladies myself.

The trouble with the workers is: They get too much nothing, and not enough something. (Whatever that something is I leave to proletarian imagination).

“Sarcastic again?” Who? Me? I’m not sarcastic . . . just a little blunt.

All right, since too much nothing and not enough something won’t do it, it occurred to me to reverse them. I placed them in front of my plate glass mirror, in my laboratories, put on my two-bit spectacles, and sure enough, there she was, a remedy for the workers’ ills––TBone Slim’s Golden Discovery! I could hardly believe my spectacles.

In the mirror the worker is getting too much something and not enough nothing––could anything be more miraculous? He swells up in the middle and a pair of chins start sprouting on his chest. I shook hands with myself. My mirror is one of those motion mirrors––you throw a dead cat in front of it and it shows the cat tearing up a live buzzard. Says I to myself: “Slim, your discovery transcends all human imagination . . .you have today not only rescued the human race, but you have prevented the destruction of the world!”

“Well and good––there’s the remedy––but how do you apply it to the malady?”

“By joining the I. W. W.”

Me sarcastic? . . . pooh, pooh . . . just a little blunt!

## 1936\_8\_IW\_30051936

**T-Bone Says Dip Cured Cook: Try It On Capitalist**

Stewardship is the only alibi the industrial overlords have for the possession of billions worth of our wealth, and they admit it……. But their stewardship result in a depression……. it made our belts too long.

“What do they do to a bad cook, Slim?”

Well, actions vary. Over at Crooked Lake, the lumberjacks took the cook out on the ice and dunked him in the waterhole.

(Note 1: After he dried himself, the pie was better and the jacks had fewer potatoes to peel. Note 2: Only new potatoes cook well in tights; old potatoes are criminal offenses.)

But it is not necessary to dunk a cook. Just show him this clipping, and his conscience will guide him aright. In fact I do not believe in dunking the cook unless he actually needs a bath.

There is such a thing as a cook getting torpid––like stewards in the second generation. But there are lumberjacks that like to paddle around among the ice cakes, and they can be excused for hitting upon the scheme of dunking a cook, for their motive was wholly pure and sacred……. and who am I to pass upon this problem, for majority rules?

We can well see that “our employers” are becoming torpid and are not hiring to capacity, or to the requirements of the nation, and so they are leaving many spuds unpeeled, and many pies unbaked. I hardly know what to do about it, for I am so naif that I believe they can be cured, so liberal am I––but as I said before there are those that love to paddle around ice-bergs, and they may feel it to be their duty to dunk the faithless stewards and try to save them from their own sloth and aberration.

Workers should not under any circumstances accept the designation “lower class”, because it is not so, and acceptance doesn’t make it so. No debate here is necessary. Suffice it to say: *Nothing can be lower than the parasite class.*

\* \* \*

*ELECTION NOTE:*

“The election of a manly, intelligent Congress in November, will be a saving action by the American voters, no matter who becomes president.” So says the Erie Dispatch Herald.

Impossible! No manly or intelligent person will be running.

But I have a remedy (Jim Farley, give a look.) How about a nice *womanly*, hand-painted Congress, and running the Goddess of Liberty for president?

Methinks all these election sweats are premature and uncalled-for––no new way has been discovered to extract blood from turnips.

The thing to do is to forget election day and remember pay-day. Let ‘em pull sticks for office––they all belong to the same lodge.

## 1936\_9\_IW\_06061936

**T-Bone Looks Over Current Solutions And Gives His Own**

Woman’s “solution for unemploymend armies” is quints and quads. New Deal leans heavy to quacks, quirks, and quills. Old Deal offers quoits. I forget just now who offered quid pro quo. Senate wants to quizz. Still others otter quips, quarts, and queens. Quaint indeed how these quixotic queus quickly quit, and the trouble remains as before—subject only to the deposition of industrial despotism and that for cause—inefficiency.

We cannot afford to permit autocratic clowns in high places. Their only solution is to send the employed to Ethiopia. A country that has unemployment should not attempt to civilize another country.

When pretty much all hands were working it wasn’t much of a trick to read off spending money to parasites, professionals, politicians, and plutocrats— but now, since improved machinery has reduced the size of the working class without reducing the aize of enjoying class, it is getting more difficult everyday to find spondulics for simple government consumption. It is believed government will have to turn more and more to the owners of the improved machinery for its chicken-feed. The government fell heir to ten to tewnty million dislocated workers from the industry, and it can’t slap them with a tax. Hence ten to twenty million more free boarders. That’s what we get for letting industrial buzzards perform as self-confessed industrial wizzards. We’re crazy!

Knowledge is power—horse-power (h.p.) The eye tells us that the trailer pushes the auto, so deceptive are looks. Knowledge tells us the auto is pulling the trailer. Facts are facts and there is little other evidence.

Looks are deceptive—so when we see an industrial over-lord with his hand in Labor’s pockets, we must not think he is slipping Labor a piece of change.

Now here I have an idea. Everybody knows the power of a wedge—it divides a thing in two parts. Again and again it does it and finally all resistance is broken.

The corporate body of industrial employers can be broken the same way. Two can play the game. The wedge accomplishes its purpose by obtaining a center position between the two parts. How can we gain the center? We gain the center by building the structure of a new society within the shell of the old. All else is repair jobs—eternal repair.

## 1936\_10\_IW\_13061936

**T-Bone Slim Says In One Big Union Is A Bigger Life**

Even as one worker is one life, so a married couple is one life—a family life. And even so is a labor union one life-—an organization life. And One Big Union is One Big Life, and its members are Live Guys.

There’s not much hooey in that.

But people are satisfied with a small life, a dinky little life that hardly reaches to the next payday; a puny little union that has to holler to be heard, whereas One Big Union has only to lift its eyebrows to make the boss jump.

Life is funny. A blade of grass is a life, even as the giant redwood that frowns over it; and even as the life of an orgianization is the aggregate of its members’ lives, so is the life of each member that of the myriad lives of his component parts. But why fritter away our time as a “minny” when we can be a whale? There is life so small that it takes a microscope to see it, and when I look at some of these unions I wonder are our good people trying to masquerade as microbes in honor of Karl Marx who said: “The capitalist system contains within itself the germs of its own destruction.” (Karl and I ain’t schoolmates.)

Personally I am in favor of a bigger and better life; life so clear and bright that you can’t look at it without smoked glasses; a union so big and strong its wish is complete achievement. If this can be visualized, it can be realized, and than—O what a world ! Wotta world !

“Life results from organization, not organization from life,” is good Hoyle. So, if you want to die, don’t organize; but if you want to live, you had better.

Life gets tough in direct proportion to the lack of organization; the better the organization, the thicker the steaks. A man’s cupboard is a good criterion of the condition of his unionism. A scissorbill’s cupboard is empty at least two days a week. By organizing he can keep it full at least fourteen days a week and twenty-four months a year.

We can build life by organizing. You are organized of millions and billions of lives. As an organization those lives are your, and you are you only because of those lives. Why not go a step further by organizing One Big Union Instead of a bunch of small ones? Don’t be two by four—let is be the biggest union on earth! A trade union, even with a fish hatchery or banking for a sideline can never be the biggest union on earth. (The side-line is a confession of its weakness—it will be selling razorblades and load pencils next.) Only the Industrial Workers of the World can be the One Big Union.

“Boys,” says the boss as he raises his foot democratically upon the chair and puts his hands together in a restful manner, “I can’t give you the raise because as you can see for yourselves that robber baron across the tracks would compete me out of business and I’d have to close up my shop—mebbe have to let the junkman have it.”

There, now, didn’t I tell you? He belongs to the alibying class. He’s good!

Now why not help the poor devil out of his misery by organizing a One Big Union and get ‘em both— put both on the carpet at once? Get two feet on the chair instead of one. No alibis would issue from their throats. Lasting peace would be built up between them. They might even hug and murmur “my pal”, as they tapped each other on the back, and the workers could double their wages in less time than nothing flat—if they had a One Big Union.

Fantastic? Well, yes to a guy that has no more unionism than a jack-rabbit that is chased by every yellow cur that comes along—but there is nothing impossible to the I. W. W.

We do not have to believe yon behemoth’s alibi. We can well classify it as deception—and if there’s anything that gets my goat it is to see a six footer trying to crawl out by way of an alibi. One would naturally think that an outfit that is in the business of chiselling would be cute enough to do it without blaming another stripper. The alibi they both use is hooey. It’s a confession that they are up a tree. We don’t believe it, but it’s a confession just the same. It’s a confession that we’ve got idiots trying to run our industries.

But we’re doing that ourselves—he’s down in Miami. In other words we are robbing ourselves for the boss. We rob ourselves blind, stiff and penniless for the boss so that he can divide our wealth among his progeny and give them top starts in life. Workers do all the work and the boss collects the change. For what? Because he owns the works? Owning doesn’t hurt $50,000,000 worth every year.

Let’s organize, to run industry properly.

## 1936\_11\_IW\_20061936

**T-Bone Slim Hits On Splendid Plan To Balance Budget**

Much how-de-do has been raised lately about balancing the budget. A questionnaire is put to all runners and runners-up, and even to their jockeys. And the substance of their song is “reduce governmental expenses and eliminate waste in relief administration.”

Not it happens, labor too is running on an unbalanced budget, and it blames its government, the employer, which happens to e an autocratic one, for its sorry and dizzy condition.

Workers have been giving relief to the employer for years, and, as is well known, it is like trying to keep a half.wit in spending money. Now the question arises: Shall we continue to keep them on the dole, or make them earn their bread by sweat of their brow?

This is a difficult question to decide offhand and put in execution without a workers’ One Big Union. It will not bring action or final disposition of the matter if each individual scissorbill decided upon it in the privacy of his own chambers—it must be put to a vote so that each and all may know how labor stands.

My opinion, Green’s opinion, Thomas’ opinion, isn’t worth the powder, to blow them to hell. It’s the workers’ union that is final. But, as I said before, it is a matter difficult of “adjudication” as the book-learners say.

The masters can prove they have been crazy since 1929 and before it. The only sign of balanced thought they have shown lies in their knack of getting away with our products—and thievery, itself, is not a sign of mental collapse. So the question arises: Shall we send them to a bughouse or to Congress?

Do not think me flippant in so stating the issue! I protest with good reason. Our masters have not stuck their heads in the factory door, at either end of the plant, or upstairs, since the last generation—they’ve been down in Washington helping making laws (like Green) and, I feel they should be paid for it.

In the shops they have nothing coming, for they have not been there. (But can you imagine halfnuts going down to Washington to make laws and criticize Zion-check?)

Workers have carried on production in the period of the masters’ absence, and it is my firm opinion that they should take the lion’s share of the lemon-meringue and part of the Lion too.

I’m reminded here of a guy who was being escorted to a lynching party outside of town.

“Take it easy,” sez he, “no hurry. There won’t be anything doing till I get there.”

That sentence “Take it easy” is a favorite statement of the grifters big and small; they sure do take, and the taking is easy. I sommend this statement to the workers because I know they will only take what belongs to them—the full product of their labor, past and present—and accured interest.

When labor comes into its own, I hope it will have the manners to remember me with a T-bone steak, barbecued. (There will be those who will argue that I have nothing coming for my 30 years of hard labor at short, cut rates.)

**AMERICAN TRAGEDY**

You say, had I progressed with Time,

I would be sitting pretty now;

Instead or groveling in the slime

With furrows on my noble brow.

An error creeps into your creed—

No such reward is here entailed,

For how could I, poor me, succeed,

When fifteen million like me failed?

## 1936\_12\_IW\_27061936

**T-Bone Slim Says It’s Time to Put The Parts Together**

Workers in the industries are organized into a crew by the boss or his accessories, and the purpose of that organization is not so much to produce commodities as it is to produce profits for the owner. Greed is the driving force. Commodities are merely incidental, and if the profits could be had without the commodities, commodities would be dispensed with.

But since commodities cannot be dispensed with, they are permitted, even encouraged, to the point of saturation where all profits stop.

Profits cannot come without commodities, but commodities can come without profits—this statement is sufficient unto the day. Commodities are a sure fire hit on any shooting- gallery but profits are uncertain even when hooked onto commodities. Commodities can be maintained without profits, so I cannot well see why profits should not be dispensed with. Excuse me: Profits subtract from the value of a commodity and put an addition to its price—it sounds like Oscar Wilde but it’s so however.

Now since the barnacle, profit, can well be dispensed with, it would seem that greed can also be eliminated. And, if greed and profit can be given the air, there is no reason why we should doff our hats to the parasite. These three put no values in commodities—only labor does.

As I said before, the “crew is organized,” not merely assembled. Organized. We often hear men say: “Wait till I get organized, and I’ll show that sucker what’s what.” That isn’t merely a flippant crack—it has deep truth. He must first clear the decks before he can holystone the promenade.

Parts of a tin lizzie must be uncrated, reassembled, and then organized before you can take your friend’s best girl out riding. “Parts” of a car has no mileage. Organizing the parts of a car gives it the very necessary knee action. Isn’t it funny, you can put those dead parts together and they come to life.

“Parts” of the working class, likewise, are pretty small potatoes. Organized into a crew they are a power. Organized into a One Big Union they are a Super-Power. There are no supermen any more than there are super-peas. (I’m as small as any— but organized in a One Big Union I am a power to be considered.)

The unemployed are “parts” of the working class—”extra parts” just at present, because the industrial autocrat condemns them to idleness and begrudges them a nose-bag. (Lumber camps, too, fatten the pigs for market and “thin the jacks” for the spring drive.)

Organization of the workers by the management brought profits to the master —this is no dream. Organization did it—organization alone. Well, just so will organization of the workers by the Industrial Workers of the World bring the full value of the workers’ production to the workers.

Get this, this power, the I.W.W., ignores its own pocket and gives consideration only to its members pocket and it conriders the whole working class its members.

The I.W.W. makes the member strong.

The member makes the I.W.W. strong.

What’s going to stop us? They’d have to have pretty big ushers to bounce 45,000,000. It used to take ten to bounce me alone. (Eight could do it now that I’ve got the rheumatism.)

## 1936\_13\_IW\_04071936

**Slim On Soulless Corporation and Their Deportees**

“Do you remember way back, Slim, when the boss had a soul?” Can’t say that I do. I ain’t quite as old as that. It must have been before my time. But still and all I remember the time when the Ladies Sewing Circle curtised before the great man, and got a donation from him—whose money, nobody knows. People in those days believed in working for cut rates and bumming the boss for buttons and string. The Silverplate Cornet Band would go unto him and get the price of a gold braided uniform, and the Star Baseball Club got their bloomers in the same manner—boss must have had a soul—but that was in the long, long ago.

Possession of a soul though shocked the boss overmuch, so sensitive he was, and cramped his style of weeding his garden of servile wage earners, so he called unto his fiddlers three, efficiency experts, and roared:

“Boys, get this right, this soul of mine is a confounded nuisance, and I want to get rid of it in a hurry.”

“Ho, hum,” yawned the three experts in unison, “that’s easy, Mr. Decillianaire, just organize a corporation, a soulless corporation.”

And that’s how come Rev. Terwilliger failed to get the chickenfeed to finance a missionary to save the Bessarabians and that’s how come the Bessarabians are going to hell faster than medical science can keep them out.

This is what I hear, and, according to the gaunt Terwilliger, hell is such a bad, bad place that our fifteen million unemployed should be turning handsprings and shouting with joy.

Anyway, we all remember, and how our heart was wrung, when Nero made a tramp of Seneca, wisest of all the Romans . . . How our eyes filled when Tsar Nicholas chased thousands into the frozen wastes of Siberia . . . When Hitler chased the Jews from Germany we felt like rushing to the wailing wall . . . I honor ourselves for these considerations shown—but when our own industrial over lords and autocrats exiled fifteen million of our own fellow workers, without benefit of a change in scenery, we thought some way, somehow, it must be all right—and we are emigrees of the foulest system ever hung upon any nation.

All this can be changed by organizing industrially and abolishing autocracy from the face of the earth—but it must be of, by, and for the workers with privilege to none.

Pastures are rich with the verdure of life;

Why then this struggle and tortuous strife?

## 1936\_14\_IW\_11071936

**T-Bone Slim Says Tears And Night-Riding Get No Saurkraut**

A few years ago when I saw workers were disinclined to accept the message of industrial unionism I said they would be joining the Black Knights or other outfits of equally sombre hue. And I thought then I would hear them saying: “Oh, what a donkey I was!” All that has come to pass, but I am not gloating. I am sorry for them. The supercillious billious saviour from Russia did not come to save, us. A flyer into the realm of Ku Ku Klandom did not spike the farmer’s mortgage, and his twelve bucks is shot to hell. A farmer can be busted without a mortgage, but the mortgage does it quicker, and night riding barbers, bakers and pool sharks aren’t going to make a “going concern” of the farmer—neither will politics.

No wages has been in the harvest fields since the workers took to being rugged individualists—kind of pale around the gizzards, but rugged individuals just the same. And, as much as the I.W.W. would like to raise the wages for the unorganized, it can not do it because the scissorbills have a terrific inferiority complex—you know what I mean, no backbone. They just sit down alongside the farmers at the wailing wall and weep bitter tears by the bucketful— but tears never did anything but kill the grass and leave that much less for the real donkey to eat.

If the I.W.W. ever starts crying, I’m going to hang myself, so I will, and I won’t even waste good rope—I’ll use haywire.

Time is passing, and although it’s not too late yet to shed the burden placed on our shoulders, I’m afraid the saurkraut will go stale if we fight for it politically and leave the matter entirely to professional tax-gatherers and their cohorts.

There is no sense in bearing this triple burden. Let’s be done with it and slap a mortgage on the industrial chiselers in the form of direct action. Don’t worry about the president. You’ll get one. You always did before. Just keep your eye on the saurkraut barrel—and don’t blink.

Join the Union of your kraal—let no one for you think,

Keep your eye on the saurkraut barrel, and don’t you dare to blink.

Oh Susana Jane, don’t you cry for me,

For the One Big Union movement is One Big Jamboree.

## 1936\_15\_IW\_18061936

**By Paper Buttons T-Bone Driven to Devise New Planks**

Years ago we were weeping because Germans wore paper shirts. A little prrofessional jealousy on our part––people persisted in wearing cambric and calico shirts because they had no other and law was hollering its head off because of prospective indecent exposures––things you know that might happen. But now, praises be, all that is changed––we’re catching up with the Germans––We already have paper buttons.

Yesterday when I boiled my pants in strong Gold Dust I discovered all of the buttons had turned to mash, or pulp, rather, and I have been swinging the needle ever since––and would you believe it, upon examining one of the buttons more closely, I’ll take an oath, I recognized in that button part of my old note-book.

So I am reconciled to the adage: Camouflage in peace no less than in war. Are they crooks, or are they crooks?

A person should inquire casual-like: “Are the buttons pure Irish linen, or just common paper?”

Paper buttons make pants practically unboilable, except to a heroic soul like myself; and pants unboilable is slow death. I claim it as an insidious frame-up, a murderous conspiracy––and greed is not a factor.

Remedy––organize industrially and make from paper––shoes for the boss.

Far-fetched? Nay, fellow worker, bravely recall that those buttons came into being under four of the best presidents that Wall Street ever had––and F. D. R. hasn’t had time to cut ‘em off for us (some people think he is just the baby to do it––I don’t) and sew on new ones for us. He has done too much for us already, and we should be able to do the rest of it ourselves.

It is physically impossible for a president to do everything, and the IWW expects every worker to do his duty. What that duty is, is for him to determine. The trouble is we have been trying to determine duty for presidents. Much criticism pours forth from busted lungs about busted planks of this administration. I think it’s treasonable. Busted planks is a national custom, and he who yodels about it brings discredit to the nation. In all my illustrious carreer I’ve seen nothing but busted planks. As the poet truthfully moaned: “Busted planks to the right of us, busted planks to the left of us, busted planks in front of us, behind us, all around us!”

Now we don’t want that to happen to us, so I suggest that the IWW turn out a few planks, and if these industrial autocrats don’t like them, tell them to walk them instead.––T-bs.

## 1936\_16\_IW\_25071936

**T-Bone Slim Says It’s Time to Pull Over on New York**

We want industrial freedom. The bosses also desire to give us industrial freedom, but there is a joker attached to the proposal.

They want us to enjoy our freedom on the scrap pile without benefit of nose-bag—after all that we did for them! We don’t want it. We want our industrial freedom at the point of production— right at the point where industrial autocracy struts its stuff now. And we want it to the accompaniment of pie a la mode. We do not want political persimmons, honey-dewed promises, and mildewed realization. No sentiment here. Economics is the driving force— any grave-digger will tell you not half enough people are dying. Every grave is his meal ticket. That’s how the capitalist system works. It encourages grave diggers to step out and make work for themselves at our expense.

Far a long time the world household (its economy) has been run on the principle of sloth and territorial aggrandizement. The natural law of transplantation has been ignored— they built their barn too far from the house. In the program of aggrandizement the exponents thereof could well see the possibilities in exploitation of labor and slaves. Such states must of need fall by the wayside, along with the super astuteness so generated, because it offers no inducements to labor, but, on the contrary, puts a premium on chore-dodging.

Nothing the matter with their silly little gray cells, except that they are on the wrong premise. A worker’s commonwealth on the other hand offers every inducement to a man to become a useful member of the world (and points beyond, if any). And freed of all such fantasies herein , before mentioned the old ball would roll as before and its inhabitants could sweeten their coffee to the full taste of their capabilities.

Note: I do not chide the thinkers of the past. Their hokum was good, but times have changed, and it will not work today. Distant pastures are all gobbled up, and to take them means a war. War means worse—a wasted life. Wars of conquest no longer pay. So let us build a commonwealth of toil and scrap the arts of our mistaken past.

Verily the capitalist system does not deliver the goods. This is because of no flaw in the system. The system is still all there as before. Only the demands made of it have changed. The system has not changed. It has not changed to meet the demands. Upon the advent of new machinery, displacing man-power by the millions, the system did not adjust its distribution so as to take up the slack in the disemployed’s belt. I

Ever see an engine running wild? That gives you an idea of how capitalism works. It has slipped its halter and the lines are under his tail—the governor shaft is bent or crooked. To remedy this the steam must be shut off, the engine be brought to a dead stop, and the governor adjusted.

If a dictator shuts off the steam, the governor will be adjusted to steal only as much as it did before mechanical progress began on a large scale. If a general strike shuts off the steam, the governor shall be adjusted so as to put a stop to all stealing. In the former, precedent is the rule. In the latter, scientific principles shall prevail.

## 1936\_17\_IW\_01081936

**“Let’s Organize Hire Ourselves” Says T-Bone Slim**

Bugs hide under rocks, germs under fingernails and still other parasites under elm tree on country estates—garbage scow passing down the Thames stunk-out the House of Commons.

I am not overthrowing any of the boss’ servants whether they be presidents, kings or ordinary fishermen (that reminds hie froglegs come into the country duty free to help the poor people; O how poor!) I’d be an awful monkey, wouldn’t I, to go about knocking down the ears of the boss’ “good and willing”? I might just as well appease my outraged feelings by knocking down scare crows. And why should I when I can eliminate the evil (the boss), cut his line of communications and let nature take its course? Just because a few Russian thistles sprout in a field is no reason for me to “pick on corn” and knock its ears down; especially at 1.08 a bushel . . .

It is selfevident the boss is an autocrat and it is also selfevident he is an autocrat all the way up and down the line. So who would think that autocracy is permitted to thrive in a republic! (It proves itself, why argue?) When we stand before the boss applying for a job, tears glistening in our whey-colored eyes and he says, “no,” that is proof that he has job control over our lives, jurisdiction over our bread and butter—and when they all say “NO”, that makes it final.

What to do in such a case? Rope? No.

No, **we organize industrially and hire ourselves.**

After we are organized we shall do all the hiring and firing—and I’m afraid the boss will be the first to go. (We’ll put a man in his place that knows something.) “No Help Wanted?” Where in hell did he get that idea! Why it is contrary to all laws of human frailty. But when we are organized, “help will be welcome,” indeed to such an extent that we will wire the boss down in Palm Beach: “Come home instantly (stop) your work clothes await (stop) My Lord.”—We shall deny no boss the right to work—we shall even encourage him. And we shall emblazon on every cornerstone the motto eternal, “HELP I WANTED”, big and small.

Who then is the better, we who say, “jobs all around” or boss who says, “jobs all taken”? Jobs are not, however, “all taken”; and he is a liar. He wishes to compound his deviltry by creating an unemployed army for wage cutting purposes and, in addition, an army of strike-breakers for the same purpose. He does it wilfully, consciously. So long as he relied on simple deviltry he was bearable; but now, nertz. But even in our misery we have a consoling feature: We know the boss pays only as little as possible and corporations shave it closer still. We know fairness is not in him. That is half the battle. Once we know fairness is not present we know we must organize a union to get more of the good things of life, and less of the rotten deals. We know they despise us (they haul us to work in cattle racks—trucks.) But before we’re done we’ll make them love us.

Note: In mass production workers gets say $6 for 50,000 pieces of value; at lesser plant workers gets $4 for 10,000 pieces of value—in other words the $4 is higher pay than the $6—in still other words: the lesser plant pay $20 per 50,000 pieces of value. (Both are day work but the “speed-up” helps the Big Shot to exploit labor power the more thoroughly). No wonder the billions are piling up and no takers. Twenty dollars worth of work for six bucks—and even the Little Shot is rolling in wealth. Sound money? Phew! is like sound cheese with plenty rats around. Pegging the dollar is the adjusting of it to its deteriorated condition—but rats cannot control themselves and pegging means nothing to them (why send politicians to catch rats—it costs more to bait a cat than to bait a spring trap)—let’s do it by machinery, that is by organization.

Drones they are, our employers, but how did they get that way? Some would say, “seeing as how it runs In the family, it is hereditary.” Others say, “they are drones by choice”. Still others maintain, “they are drones from pure lazyness.” But I, always a little more penetrating, would give them the benefit of the doubt and say, “they were spoiled when they were young—they simply will not work. Even when convicted of overstepping the bounds of circumspect thievery and sent to a penitentiary, their antipathy for work is recognized and they are given jobs as librarians or pushing a pencil.” (Light exercises).— From this it can be seen they never will take kindly to work until we organize as a class and quit feeding them.

Brains? Dodging work is not a mental process, it is an habit. Not one of them can pass an intelligence test. They hire all their brains. Morgan’s reply to the question, what is the leisure-class, was, “those that have a maid.” School wouldn’t hurt him, for what is the sense of lunk-heads having a maid and, so having, does it not make for mediocrity? (Civilizing influence of maid-help can be better spent.) They can even argue their idleness—even on the grounds of frail civilization—and something really should be done to “get them to “git up” before breakfast. (They tell me the maid carries to them steak and mushrooms right into bed . . . That’s bad for the stummick!) — And hard on the maid —average maid can outthink and outtalk any industrial buzzard and I do most solemnly argue carrying food into their bedroom is most decidedly injurious to the maids’ civilization—especially so in view of the fact that it is the consensus of opinion to put those bedeaters on absentee-diet. When there is a “privileged princess in the industrial dynasties,” there must of needs be for that reason alone an underprivileged class. That should not be, in either case, and workers are getting heartily sick and tired of Iit—non-producers getting all the good things of life and shutting down industry rather than let labor gain a few things to match.

## 1936\_18\_IW\_08081936

**Advise to Farmers “On How One Hires A Good Farm Hand”**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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**(Expert on Agricultural and Most Other Matters)**

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The attainableness of results is simplicity itself––”going out later and coming in earlier” brought the shorter day. The only hitch there was that it required organization. Lack of organization makes all things seem difficult. So the eradication of the parasite is dead simple: “Quit feeding him.” Just three words, and every seven year old kid can spell them––not hard at all.

Every member of the I. W. W. should consider himself or herself an organizer (with or without portfolio). There is no proof that our gray matter isn’t as good as any, or better. Each shall have a field to function in––and no other organizer can reach or function in that field, and that’s where the “betterness” comes in.

We’re not out to prevent the boss from getting his. We ignore the boss and concentrate on getting ours. The mere fact that we propose to get ours does not prevent the boss getting his. “Give the scissor what is the scissor’s” but it must not be anything of ours.

In Olivia, Minn., the farmers are all “het up”, not from the heat alone but because the grain suddenly turned yellow (golden grain) and the bankers, always Johnny on the spot, are ready to stretch out their “hands across the seize”. Farmers have an idea they are going to get something from that crop (how naïve!) and even go as far as to get “help” for a dollar less a day so that the bankers’ greediness doesn’t suffer from untoward shocks. (Business of double farming––one farms with a crocked stick, the other with leadpencil. Leadpencil is more profitable.

In [t]own the busted harvesters are steared to eat under the surveillance of the Recorder, so as to tie them down to work for skin and bone wages. The Recorder serves the same purpose as the two crows that were giving me the once-over and raucous “haw, haw” down in the Doon country. The Recorder racket is inexpensive for no man with good sense will approach him. As to the meal itself I suppose it is like the petrified do-nuts of further west, and I suppose there is not enough power in them to raise the wages. So it is that none but those in the last stages of starvation approach the recorder, and there the farmers pounce on him and nail him to a cross of gold (engrain) and add a crown of Russian thistles.

The reader must of course know that I have not suffered much. This is because I have supernatural farsightedness––I suppose that is what one calls it when he can make his dreams come true. Yes, indeedy, the farmer must change his approach in order to hire me. Instead of opening up with “Looking for work?” he says: “Slim, did you eat yet?” To which I will politely reply: “Come to think of it, I believe I did last week––you look kind of starved out yourself.” “I know it, Slim, and I ought to be shot,” he sez––”I know I’m homely, but you ought to see my wife––I don’t know how I ever come to get her––she’s as pretty as a picture and can cook like nobody’s business.”

“Your troubles are over, John. Pull no more hair from your temples. I’ll go over with you and grab a couple of sandwiches, and then I’ll go out with you and stick up those shocks . . . and, John, bend your ear to this: You’d better haul out some cash from the bank, for you’ll pay me part of my wages in cash––here’s the idea: you pay me at the rate of $4 per day by check out in the field (that goes on record and even the banker can’t kick when you tell him what a good man I was) and then you march me up to the house, pull out the old cigar box, and pay me two dollars in front of the missus . . .”

“Slim, you’re a life saver! She may despise my looks but she’ll have to admit that I have a good head for business.”

“Yes, yes, John you’ve got the idea, but we must not forget those sandwiches. Only a banker can draw interest from a dollar he ain’t got. We can’t draw nourishment that way; we’ve got to have a sandwich right on our togue.”

## 1936\_19\_IW\_15081936

**T-Bone Slim Sees Our Harvest lands And Harvest Hands**

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The marshall in Bird Island confides to me “the Major had an inspiration last night to cut off the feeding of hungry harvest hands.”

“Pay no attention to him, my dear marshall. The same thing happened many times before. Down in Pipestone the Mayor there had a similar nightmare, and the result of it was several breakings and enterings which the press was good enough to report. So, I would advise you, Mr. Law, don’t stop those begging youngsters, because they are very impulsive and if they get hungry enough will raid the bureau drawers, and it will be a black mark against your protection . . . I think the Mayor is trying to make work for you.”

“Is that right,” growns the marshall. “Do you really think so, Slim . . . and me on the verge of a nervous breakdown?”

“I sure do, John, and I’ve noticed how your hand shakes.That comes from eating these coal tar products right here in a wheat country—alum, ammonia, and phosphates in your white bread —and if you listen to the mayor you will be a physical wreck; you’re on the verge of scurvy right now, and what you really ought to do is go out on a farm for a week or so, where you can get lots of milk and eggs.”

“But, Slim, pitching bundles is kind of tough graft, and it’s only two bucks and a half a day.”

“There you go again, money, money, money. What’s money compared to health—forget all about these patent silverene beer coils the saloons are putting in (five saloons to one grocer) and go out with these farmers and drink lots of milk, even if you have to go milk the cow after supper to get it.”

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Over in Renville, Minn., they have a brand new concrete pavement to shade the watermains. The necessity of the pavement is obvious on a windy day. Without it the farmers could not keep their eyes open for dust, and who is there that can say the farmer does not need to keep his eyes open when dealing with businessmen? Farmers and harvest hands of course will have to pay for that pavement.

\* \* \*

A harvest idyll:

It had rained the day before and the harvest hands were sent to shock corn. Owing to the formation of the land the cornfield lay beyond the hill and was quite invisible from even the upstairs window—and the good farmer’s wife had no periscope. Television was still a thing undreamed of, and consequently unheard of—you know what I mean, no one had popped off about it.

A great peace permeated the souls of the harvest hands, conscious of the fact that the farmer’s eye was blocked by a hill—a hill is a big piece of dirt to have in an eye.

Restfulness possessed these toil-worn hands, and they sat down in a shock to devise ways and means to improve the lot of the farmer. Considerable disagreement developed between them as to the best methods, and the obdurate hands of the clock forged onward and upward. The sun too rose higher and higher, but the only sign of life was the concerted move of the pair to get on the shock’s shady-side. Be it said for these sincere harvest hands, the farmer had ridden them nigh unto death eight days, night and day, 110 in the shade—for three dollars a day, and was at the moment figuring on charging them for board, such as it was.

But unfortunately for these boys they were not invisible from the neighbor’s house, and, sitting in the shock, they loomed quite large in the jealous eyes of that righteous soul. Now it happened that each of these neighbors hated each other with an undying hate, and both had included in their nightly prayers the wish that lightning would strike the other before morning—not wholly on the grounds of getting rid of the other but, as every farmer knows, where there is lightning there may be rain—a thing not unwelcome in this drought age—a sort of double blessing. (Hoggishness I call it.)

But harvest hands in a shock! That was just too much for the farmer to bear—even though they were “neighbor’s harvest hands.” Quivering in every nerve he bounced to the party line and rung up his neighbor: “What kind of harvest hands you got,” he hissed through his sparse teeth, “sitting in the shock all morning?”

Ah Romans, and fellow patricians, co-operation at last! As much as he hated his neighbor, he haled harvest hands more.

Hate isn’t going Lo get us anything. It divides our attention and makes us see double. Love blinds us to the business before the house. Let us organize. In other words, let’s come back to earth.

## 1936\_20\_IW\_22081936

**T-Bone Slim Gives The Inside Story of Railroads**

Railroads are in tears because highway trucks are taking the railroad man’s job. The long trains did the same years ago and the railroads forgot to cry. When a railroad serves you by taking you from place to place, it demands and gets spot cash in advance at the ticket window. When a gandy dancer serves a railroad he has to wait for his pay three days, sometimes ten anil often never gets it. Depending to some extent upon the practice in vogue of carrying dead men on the payroll; graft, in other words. Prepayal of ticket is no doubt because of possible wreak. Deferred wage payment is not doubt parcel of a hope that gandy might die before he collects—gruesome business.

Road equipment of Milwaukee road is valued at $721,097. 511; its total assets are $782,712,718. It pays its gandy’s two bits an hour, less old age tax, less 90 cents per day for board, less 15 cents per day for all board less than 21 meals—anything over 8 and lless than 10 hours is considered a full 8-hour day (now you figure how much the gandy has coming—society boards gandys in winter lime).

When the “long trains” released railroad employes from active duty they had no place to go, so they went into truck transportation, directly or indirectly (they too must live) and an extra transportation was created (railroad greed and inefficiency and public be damned made this possible), canal transportation also took new lease on life. That milk is spilt. It is not a malady, it is result. It’s remedy is not condemnation of any these. The trouble is displacement of men by machinery and attendant dislocation of society and disruption of its economic life it’s remedy:

Steal less—or none at all.

St. Lawrence waterway is feasible and profitable only if foreign ships pay the duty (passage) of United Slates and Canadian ships—such ships to be owned and controlled by purely United States and Canadian capital and genius; for the duration of the life of capitalism. Railroad section men make a go of it by raising their own living on small farms. Railroads would trade dribble of railroad taxes for a flood of savings in truck and canal transportation. Big hearted, hey?

I’m not arguing merits of many phased transportation. I’m arguing they are necessary to provide the jobs railroads abolished—a form of boon-doggling. Labor might be brighter—three men working full time where only one-third time (minus) is necessary. Note: If two-thirds unnecessary time qualifies for pay then one-third necessary time rates full pay.

Pay toilets and pay drinking fountains seem to be a dead giveway of the condition of railroad company’s soul. “Key in the office,” is another sign that shows the deadly dread in which they hold the possibility of someone being so trustful as to desire to use it without contributing, towards the upkeep of the road. You can well imagine the horror in which they, stand at the mere thought that business would go to trucks. High hatting drove, the customers away but now, praises be, the roads are beginning to talk to the Lowells and it won’t be long till the Clancy’s, and DiBello’s can get a civil answer.

Railroads see sawdust in the public eye but cannot see bridge timber in their own. Sign at railroad stock yards: “This water not fit for drinking purposes” —Now, is that the truth? and (if so, isn’t it about time to water the cattle? Why do I say this? Oh, it goes to show what railroads think of cattle and once we know what they think of cattle we can pull out our arithmetic and figure out what they think of humans. Regardless of what they think of humans, I think they should water their stock every so often.

## 1936\_21\_IW\_29081936

**“For Safety First Join the I.W.W.” Says T-Bone Slim**

Railroads are showing more consideration day by day. Now over here in Highland Park, Illinois, where the natives have lots of nickles, and swear workers have done well by ‘em, the railroad was considerate enough to leave an opening sixteen inches under the enclosure to their “pay as you enter” toilets—just in case a man gets caught short and hasn’t the exact change. One of these cases where a five dollar bill would be worse than worthless. “Rather lose the nickle”, say the railroads, “than compromise the public.” But even so a man is running an awful risk in his bowels are anway at all active. There’s two toilets. Wouldn’t think much income in just two and 1 got to thinking if the railroad would but spot a few more in the waiting room, in strategical positions, railroad transportation might be brought up to the high level lord almighty intended.

Aren’t they petty penny snatchers? No wonder railroad men can’t get a cent out of ‘em and have to work to the last gasp— right out of the engine into a hearse. Now if the railroad men were organized industrially, in a one big union, they might get somewhere—nowhere as a craft. Right now they are benefited only to the extent of curbed cost of living (an economical law) and are chiselled out of some of that even.

I hear the wobblies calling,

For a crew to make a run

For to moderate highballing

And to cut down on the ton.

Safety First—and two springbolts in all frogs, (you get one now and when it breaks there is none.) And when that “one” breaks and sidelurch splits the frog the hoggers widow counts the insurance and is ready for another siege of holy matrimony—these wrecks never get the missus, yet there she stands at the open grave, weeping he was such a good pal”.—

Surely I’ve got a kick coming! I’ve got to ride those trains. The only difference is: when the hogger piles up I pile up on top of him—except on rare cases where engine plays skip frog a top of gasoline tanks in a hole..... and the office sends four bits worth of flowers. Yes there he stands, the brass hat of the Slackwater Gasolene Company, gazing into a big hole. He knocks a tear or dust from his eye and moans: “What in blue blazes became of my storage tanks? 250,000 gallons of high test shot to hell!” for he is a very profane man. He neglects to point out me tanks were almost empty but swears by his illustrious forbears and their pallbearers that he will make the “railroad pay in blood and tears, in blood and tears”—he’s getting roiled-up. All that moaning and weeping can be eliminated by putting one more bolt in the frog, and the hogger and his lovely missus can finish their natural days scrapping and scrapping like a pair of turtle doves very much in love. But best of all, the railroads wont have to pay and, besides, instead of decorating biers spend the four bits for a half dozens cans of beer.

I am not much of a mechanic and modesty almost prevented the mention of these sad short-commings and I can’t see for the life of me how railroad mechanics reputed to read the scale down as low as one-thirty-second of an inch, ever let those frogs out of the hatchery with only one spring bolt. Investigate the wreck before—not after.

We out to have a law against leaving razor blades at a mud-puddle after shaving. Some kid might come along and drop a toe.

C. and N. W. has named its crack north shore train in honor of the old “400”; 110 please note; and live accordingly.

Did it ever occur to you how the parasites press can afford to give you 15 cents worth of newsprint paper for 2 cents? No? Sure enough? Heck! it’s like this: they get a rake off on the axe-grinding. (Our axe don’t need grinding.) —T-bs.

## 1936\_22\_IW\_05091936

**How One Big Union Can Put an End to This Skinning Game**

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**BY T-BONE SLIM**

There’s living wages in work but we have to be organized to get it. Restaurant owners try to jerk a house and lot from our coffee with the result that coffee comes to us badly crippled if not fatally injured—on crutches so as to say.

Of course they don’t get the house and lot and have to die licked—(poor, weak innocent coffee to haunt their graves.)

Workers are averse to the acceptance of office (even in unions) so I cannot see why they participate in political action. Ragged business men on the other hand grab for political jobs and of course will represent their own kind, their cousins, their aunts, their nephews, nices, son’s-in-laws, sons, daughters, grandpap and grandmother—you’ll find their names on the public payrolls—and when rolltop jobs do not reach around they start a revolution. Stay out of it. Let ‘em revolute. Surely you wasn’t going to do their revoluting for them? Seeing as you’ll need your energies in matters nearer home?

If you let them organize you to pull their political chestnuts you better use lots of baking soda on the burns,—white of an egg is good, too. One Big Union is not a chestnut pulling bee.

They have tried to introduce politics into every union the workers organized, tried to make of it a political side-show they, themselves, to take the bows under the big top. They’ve got the unmitgated guts of a yearling calf!

“This is a free country, the flies do not need to come around me when I’ve got a piece of rubberband,—” This is the attitude the bosses take toward their workers, “they need not come around me when I’m in the skinning game.” (They are very frank that way) Where they get the authority to monopolize any places for skinning purposes is more than I can “forstay”—they picked themselves. But now that we know our freedom and know that he runs a skinning plant we should organize and question his right to remove our hide . . .

Ownership of the tools of exploitation is an unsettled proposition, also workers built those tools primarily for the purpose of production but they are being used almost exclusively for exploitation of workers.

Now it happens we cannot come to an agreement as to the ownership of the means of production is pure Greek to them . . . Sentiment of the working class can be had only through a One Big Union of the workers and it is well within reason to think the One Big Union will overwhelmingly decide the tools of production, plants, powers and materials belong to the working class by order of priority right of creation.

Paid for by capitalists?

Dammit, forgot all about that. They paid for it with the capital labor created. (That’s like using the godfearing butchers cash register to pay for two pound of bologny, mostly........ ?. Ingenius aren’t they?) Labor creates capital and then they pay labor with the money labor produced. And even they make a big rake off on the new values they buy from labor—mind you, production hasn’t cost them two cents so far; labor stood all the expense and then they, the employers, have the guts to offer twenty cents on a dollar of value—mind you, that dollar is worker’s dollar in the first place and when employer uses part of it to pay for a dollar’s worth of production he merely increases his debt to labor and he now owes us two (toilers—that’s how capital grows and that’s how crooked they are.

This condition cannot of course be corrected by any Paupers Benevolent Association of Perkins corners of International Accord of Political Palaver. No, it requires Workers One Big Union. No other determination is possible. He shall decide and no other decision can be final or legal. Workers being the interested party it must decide as whole, and no whole is possible without One Big Union—no vote is rational without One Big Union.

Well Slim, do you think it will ever come to a vote? (No. It would be waste of time.) Once the workers have their One Big Union owners of industry cannot be found. Every one of them will say: “Yes, boys, I used to own it, but no more—it must belong to two other guys,”—Why vote on a thing that is there for any body to take for anybody to have, for anybody to hold. Are we voting suckers? Or are we bull heads?

## 1936\_23\_IW\_12091936

**Mass Production, Mass Begging and Unbalanced Diets**

Relief administration is rapidly becoming chief industry in blase America. Big half of the people are boarding with their children’s children and babies still unborn. I don’t mind it so much being a ward of the tots that are already kicking, but I’m kind of fetched in the mind and pride to draw sustenance from unborn generations.

It is small consolation to say “the system will get so rotten our children will not be able to pay our board.” That’s just what will happen.

Vote and pray! wear a bib!

You’ll get pie from the guy in the crib.

The one, lone, rational thing we can do is organize.

wIw

Keeping abreast of mass production, mass begging has taken the place of rugged individual effort—see how they jump into swing position to choke off our harmless pastime. Mass production, mass beggery, balanced budget and balanced diet! Big words? I mention mass production and mass begging because they are a sign of times hysterics, and they tend to show the utter futility of expecting something from politicians so hopelessly tangled in the meshes of the system. Listen to political panaceas and you will become confused, confused as the steer that was wollopped between the horns with a sledge and you will go round and round. Even I, as well balanced as I am, became rather involved and on a limb, like Jim Reed when the water got over his head, when I try to discuss them. But even so, you just keep on reading my stuff and you won’t go picking flowers in a gravel pit. Don’t get discouraged whatever you do; a lad in Wilmar, Minn., feels sure the Supreme Court will die soon and give F.D.R. a chance to appoint saints with pin feathers to render decisions a la charlotte roseyvelt. Might be some thing to it, s’pose we include it in our prayers. Some would say government should not go into business. By the same token business should not go into government. But since business has gone into government, via lobbies, bribery, it is fitting that government go into business. And now that business has all but overthrown democratic government that democratic government overthrows autocratic business.

Let’s quit throwing the bull.

Let us organize industrially and see what’s what.

wlw

When the communist party of America endorsed trade unionism it did so because of necessity. Trade unionism was the only unionism that was open to political blandishments. Nevertheles, I think they put their money on a dead horse. They cannot be accused of reaction on such flimsy grounds alone for a man in a sinking condition does not choose his life raft any too carefully—and the comrades may have known all along which way the cat would skedaddle. They simply weren’t traveling in that direction.

wlw

Hearst Milk Fund prize fights have now been going on for years and I understand, the babies are filling out in nice shape; some of them near as I can judge, weighing as high as two hundred and fifty-seven pounds in their stocking feet.

wlw

National per capita debt may be a political problem but industrial poverty is not. Industrial maladjustments do not lend themselves to political wizardry for correction.

wlw

Landon’s out of the red. Kansas has spoils system (politician’s relatives on payrolls) civil service law is on books but dead these several years. “Notwithstanding I had two opponents,” chortles Senator Clapper, “I carried every county and had a majority of thirty-five thousand.” —

So the two opponents split the opposition, did they? heh, heh, heh—Bet you William A. and Henry J. rocked their guts laughing. That’s how they do it in Kansas. Politics is a grfeat game if you don’t weaken.

wlw

Gathering in the dead,

Gathering in the yield,

That is what the Christians do

On the battle field.

They bury their dead, also their enemies dead. To leave them uncovered might start a disease epidemic. Epidemics make them nervous. I wonder why? The business they’re in? Ah, they want live to kill and not die by death. Live to kill and kill to live, so as to say. Are they crazy? That s another subject and has nothing to do with national bravery. Surely bravery and lunacy has nothing in common?

wlw

Arthur Brisbane has a wan hope for peace in intermarriages. Art must be getting soft? Peace lies in abolition of rent, interest and profit and the road Brisbane points out is a blind alley.

wlw

Passed a Spanish section gang in Mississippi valley I watched them closely and saw not the slightest sign of revolution or civil war among them. They were sweating like an overfed business man, or industrial magnate under investigation. This (peace) was probably because no diplomats or politicians were present. The best way to stop sweat is organize a One Big Union—and war will take care of itself.

Then parasites will fight all wars—and labor will be left to enjoy the full product of his creation. (Creation is that part of the world made livable by labor—all else is desert).

Institution of bossism (autocracy) put the first families in dutch—let us organize a cooperative will (not cooperative skinning plants). Our country produces too much for everybody— if you are not getting too much— join the I.W.W.

## 1936\_24\_IW\_19091936

**T-Bone Slim Warns Against Substitute For One Big Union**

J. L. Lewis may know what Industrial unionism is but “his miners” do not practice it— they have district form of unionism. Splitting miners into districts and hogtieing them with severally expiring contracts is a very crude form of unionism and most certainly is not industrial unionism. Most other unions, that call themselves industrial are trade unions in new pants. The I.W.W. is the only union in the world that preaches practices, propagates industrial unionism pure and undefiled.

A great demand for this form of unionism has arisen and leaders are trying to copy it— but workers will find out they are “bride in name only”.

Introduction of copies or Substitutions is a calamity for the working class for there will be nobody to pick up the pieces—a piece of unionism can never hope to enforce its rights regardless of any or all its affiliations.

One Big Union is not built in many pieces; it is built in one piece only. Industrial Workers of the World is such a body. It’s dead? Oh yeah. Well let me tell you something, death never visits this form of unionism—it lives forever. It will live after slavery kicks the bucket.

The issue from which it sprang still lives, so what makes you thing the heir apparent is dead? Nay my dear mourners, the I. W. W. will live to bury its parents—the profit system. In fact it cannot die before the issue (from which it was born) is chalked off the Blackboard—before that it can’t and after that it won’t.

\* \* \*

I’ve been reading the courts decided a long ago as 1880 that human rights are common clay and corporate rights are brass, steel and manganese, of the finer metals—now as we don’t want to collect on a clay basis we must organize and convince the courts our name isn’t mud—prove an alibi, so as to say.

Organized labor, if it doesn’t step out and organize the other ninety per went, will be displaced. We better look to our fences or pick out a flop. Ten per centum is not a power that can long hold the worshipfulness of the bosses. The population of bosses is over two million—but they are organized one hundred per cent. Remember what I told you—look ahead.

Wall Street’s belly ache can be understood when we consider the disappearance of apple peddlers from street corners since Hoover retired to Palo Alto. How’s your dear wife, Herbie?

\* \* \*

The very word “Trade Union” isolates tradesmen from the working class (compare it with the words Industrial Workers of the World). They, the tradesmen, systematize in organizing only tradesmen and are unable to hold their own with the economic masters of the world. And even so as the capitalist system inexorably detrades them (dehorns them) even so it debilitizes them as dues paying members and they are shunted over to take pot luck with the working class. The working class acceptes these culls from the aristocratic circles of labor with open arms; for they realize that the more the merrier the One Big Union will be.

The correct way to spell defeat is TRADE UNIONISM. You’re getting nowhere—You know damn well you can’t buy your children a wedding present. They’ll live home or in a furnished flat; not so much as a toothpick of their own—just love. It’s a losing fight my lords and I’m afraid that home will be left unpaid for when you are gone; for such are the intricacies of the capitalist system—you’ve got it and you ain’t got it.

Get hep to yourself and boast of the One Big Industrial Union.

*Endorsing a Rubber Check*

True enough the Communist Party of America did put their blessing on Trade Unionism, then “in the money”, but nevertheless I think the comrades are losing a bet. We cannot very well repudiate Henry Ford’s theory that small profits and large turnover is the more profitable in the long run. Furthermore, the endorsement of trade Unionism isolates Communism, along with Trade Unionism and to all intents and purposes puls up signs: “Working Class, Keep Out.”

No, we cannot obtain the fruits of our labor as a faction or fraction, no matterhow aristocratic. We must organize the working class as whole, as one, as one big union, as Industrial Workers of thw world. And in the meantime: The time taken out to sell trade unionism caused their own products to spoil. Was there ever such boneheadedness? Now the I. W. W. doesn’t carry any side line at all—It sells world’s best unionism for lowest possible price. Il has confidence in its products..... And if the communist wish to do the I. W. W. a real disservice let them endorse us—it would tend to discredit the quality of our goods: if such be possible. Trade unions are a dying tribe and their last words shall not be entirely devoid of hope for future—but hope is not action.

As Victor Hugo would say, if he were still living: “The I. W. W. is an unmixed pleasure; a joy unadulterated!” Smart guy that Hugo; it’s a pleasure to praise him. —T-bs.

## 1936\_25\_IW\_26091936

**T-Bone Tells How Any Beast Can Get Rid of Parasites**

NEW YORK CITY. — It was Saturday afternoon and the offices of the Wage Slave Emancipators were closed for the day—yes, two days. Here were millions, of wage slaves demanding to be emancipated on the spot and not an emancipator in sight. Only locked doors frowned upon the wage slaves on this memorable occasion, when they had all suddenly decided to get emancipated, and the emancipators had probably gone to Coney Island for their weekly swim and to revel in the ecstacies of hot dogs with plenty of mustard. This will never do. All those wage slaves willing to have their shackels removed, and they’ve got to wear the uniform of slavery until next week. This will never do, as I said before. Two whole days is a terrible long time to be clanking chains around and waiting for the office to open. Fie, dammit, fie—I believe the emancipators should be put on double shift for you can never tell what minute of the night the wage slave may choose for the unloading of his impedimenta—collar, hames, yoke and Oregon boot.

Wage slavery is no joking matter. It’s worse than fleas on a dog—ah, many is the dog I’ve seen carrying a load of fleas that made him bow-legged. You too have probably seen a dog pawing his feathers with murder in his eye. And he looks so plaintively at us we would never guess that he carries murder in his heart, his hind-leg flailing like a broken connecting rod on a runaway engine. This is serious, and the office of the Emancipators is closed.

I feel very sorry for that dog. Parasites have got in his hair. He is lousy with ‘em: and other parasites with gorgeous wings and patent-leather bodies are chewing up his ears. He’s a terrible sight. Along comes a paranoiac and says: “Shoot the dog.”

That’s supposed to do something! Just let the parasites alone, and shoot the dog? How ingenious! Unsanitary conditions are a contributing factor to the dog’s conditions, and inasmuch as we make the conditions, we are responsible.

Wage slaves, when lousy with free riders, are hardly less entitled to our compassion. But inasmuch as we are wage slaves, it is fitting that we direct our compassion to ourselves and proceed to unload parasites.

It wasn’t so bad when only a few parasites snuck off with a mouthful of unearned increment. It wasn’t so bad when large numbers of workers were unaffected by them. But now, since the number of parasites is increasing—and every worker has his share—it is become a National Problem. It will stay that way if we leave it national—when we make it Industrial . . .?

These parasites travel in swarms like bees or grasshoppers, and wage slaves are their meat, and terrible is the destruction they leave behind them. It would be better to be visited by a snag toothed scourge.

On a horse the parasites gather up where the collar and hames have chafed the flesh bare. (This is their idea of a labor-saving device.) Coincidently that spot is in a place where old dobbin cannot reach it with his hind leg and cannot slap it with his tail. (Self-protection is keynote for parasites. They organize to that end.)

“Old Dobbin” cannot reach them so he gives a wink to his old side-kick, “Crafty”. He walks over and nibbles at Crafty’s mane to show him precisely where the parasites roost. Crafty roots out his parasites. That’s horse sense. “Make ‘em dig new holes” is their motto, and that’s hard work boring through horse hide.

The principle is: “You scratch me, and I’ll scratch you.” It works. It is co-operation. We organize on that basis of solidarity a One Big Union of wage workers, and we will proceed to free the working class of all parasites; not only in the sense of exchanging service one for one, but all for one if necessary.

*I tell you, boys, the One Big Union is grand. Imagine if you can 50,000,000 rushing to your assistance, demanding to know “what’s the matter?”*

And the offices of the Wage Slave Emancipators was closed for the day, and the slaves got tired of waiting, and ditched the shackles themselves. For did they not have the tools? They did, brother, they did.

Dogs have been known to revolve these great truths in their minds and they have backed into a river, oh, so slowly, and they have forced the parasites to the point of their nose (with the rising tides of the waters) and then at the psychological moment, when the fleas were all excitement, they ducked their heads and forced the loafers to jump for life, limb, and liberty, for, as I said before, self-preservation is their ruling passion.

Extraordinary efforts then are required to confuse parasites and it is therefore that Industrial Unionism is offered the working people.

From this let it not be understood horses spend their whole time de-fleaing one another. Between times they kick the living slats out of each other, reason or no. For they are not as intelligent as we are; but on the contrary are as ignorant as we ain’t.

But can you imagine—Sons of men who fought for freedom fighting for fried cakes!

\* \* \*

Steel workers have now the choice between good and evil. The evil that threatens them is District Unionism, as: Steel Workers of District of Chicago (Gary); Steel Workers of District of Alabama; Steel Workers of District of Pittsburgh; Cleveland District; Buffalo District; Youngstown District; and District of Miscellaneous Steel Workers. Why restrict them in districts. Are they not all steel workers?

The good that offers the steel workers is Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440 of the I.W.W. All one and one all—or no count. Urgency of One Big Union of steel workers lies in the fact that steel corporations are capable of moving in and out of a district (being over-expanded) or into a new district at will.

Witness the goo-goo eyes Youngstown Chamber of Commerce is making at Coraopolis steel, where workers are on strike. Being over-expanded, and over-surplussed, they are able to so do. Workers are not so well fixed. But a One Big Union can take care of all that.—**T-bs.**

## 1936\_26\_IW\_03101936

**8 ¼ Cents an Hour For A.B.’s Makes Agreement Insult**

**A Sermon for Seamen by T-BONE SLIM**

It is doubtful whether the maritime jobtrusts can win the recognition of the bosses, or so safeguard their age-old custom of exploiting the American seamen at this time. Their weakness lies in the fact that they have not protected their membership and have not been able to serve them. My point is that $62.50 is not a figure to justify the signing of an agreement. What is the fifty cents for?

Ah, that is so the boatowners can say with a clear conscience: “We are paying our A.B.’s more than two dollars a day.” (and fifteen cents worth of rotten garbage.)

How interesting, two bucks a day!

So that’s what you signed for—and Roger Babson says, “Business Is Now Normal.”

A month divides itself into 31 days and 31 nights—counting the days and nights, we get, by a strange coincidence, 62. But what is the fifty cents for?

Now since the seamen work both night and day, they get a dollar for each night, and a dollar for each day—plus almost a penny for each night and day.

The job trust must have been working real hard when they got that extra penny in the agreement.

The agreement tied the workers down for a year, and in the course of that year several strikes broke out for reason, and created a condition wherein the job trust was in a position that very much resembled scabbing on itself. So they call that unionism? Mmh! They surprise me!

Dollar a day, dollar a night, and “Business Is Now Normal.”

I suppose though, the dry shoe leaders will profoundly discourse on “per cent” in the coming conference, a per cent tacked on to the dollar seamen already get. Won’t that be scrumptious to get say, a dollar ten for a watch and a half. Absolutely the lowest paid job in the country. (Lumberjacks get $4.80 low on the west coast.) Signing of an agreement is out of the question, even if you get one.

I see no solution for the seamen except that they join the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 of the I. W. W., set the wages up where they belong, and make it stick without benefit of contractual glue.

Under present layout seamen cannot get more than that dollar, on Dollar lines or any other lines. And if the I.W.W. pulls a strike . . .?

Don’t we get anything for the hazards of wind and wave? And the hazards of the blackpan? (Seamen eat out of dishpan— that’s as near as getting slopped as seamen get, and they sign an agreement to that effect. . . On Ohio River years ago, they ate off the deck, sucotash.)

Don’t we get anything for the dangers of the sea? Rickety old bottoms? Leaking at every rivet? Every blow of the inspectors’ hammer made it so. Every visit of the board of health made the stench worse. So what? It’s two miles to the bottom, and the ship is overloaded, plus contraband, illy and hurriedly stowed. The pump telescopes a piston—and there you are.

You are tied down with a contract, further shackled with ships articles which says you will make a round trip even if you have to walk ashore. “God help the sailor at sea on a night like this.” The darkness is so complete he cannot see his own interest. Join the M.T.W.

The harbor boatmen are not doing much better. They get $90 a month. Board substracted from that leaves 70 to 72 dollars clear. They too work at all hours, night and day, and get about $1.20 per shift, plus board. Ten cents an hour. Whoops! They are also organized in job trusts and want recognition. Dime recognition—and contract to sign. Doesn’t sound so good, does it? I didn’t think it would. Join the I.W.W., a go-getter organization.

The boss won’t like it? Of course not. He wants you to work for nothing—on call time.

Every hour the barge captain spends aboard his tub is ten cents an hour in his favor. Every hour the deap sea A.B. spends on shipboard is eight and one quarter cents. Quick, Watson, bring the agreement!

Multiplicity of unionism brought this low wage for harbor boatmen. The I.S.U. is doing it for seamen.

Why not join the union that cannot be bought — the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union—and be all one? True enough, me hearties, the eight and one quarter cents mounts up quite high considering there are 24 hours in a standard day—$2.01 if you don’t get logged. Now since the boatowners absolutely will not pay us any money, we have a right to expect them to pay us the respect of doing a song and dance in our honor . . . “No Agreement” is my motto.

And here, fellow seamen, pay no attention to bellwethers. They’re getting theirs. Our interest and their interest are two separate things.

**“Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?”**

**Regarding Work Peoples College**

Some thinkers take the precaution to be dead before they open up. That explains why intelligent parents slash down no much birch in teaching boys and girls to read and write: so that they can read what the dead write, and write what the living read. (That’s getting ‘em coming and going.)

The Work Peoples College in suburban Duluth is an institution that does much to keep thought up to date, and thinkers healthy—a rare combination. I know of no better way to spend the Indian Summer and the clear, crisp winter, safely above the slush of thaws, revelling in the breath of crystal snow.

Get away from the carbon-monoxide atmosphere. Give yourself a chance to think. Grow brains.

Thoughts are man’s best and truest companions. When sweethearts fail, when dogs turn on you, when mothers renounce you, when heavens crash, when earth quakes, when ships sink, waters engulf you, and you are ALONE, you are not deserted —you have Thought.

Cultivate thinking power then, so that you can never be thoughtless. Work Peoples College, Morgan Park, Duluth, Minn.—all the genius past and present is there . . . and . . . pst . . . they’ve got a good cook.—**T-bs.**

## 1936\_27\_IW\_10101936

**Great Crime Wave Expected by T-Bone May Save Country**

The employer does not pay some men more; he pays other men less. In other words, steals less from some men and more from others. All workers are victims of this chiseling and should therefore get together and compare notes. Let us be understood, once and for all, that **employers never pay more**, always less, no matter what the wages are. Always less than value of the labor power they employ. Generally the worker who gets robbed most thoroughly is the most necessary worker in the plant—the sweeper, the man that has charge of the sanitation in detail. His envelop is smallest. Graded employment is a dead give away; considering the high pay worker is short changed, we can easily figure out how much the lesser lights are gypped. If the grade A worker gets twelve bucks a day and his Honor, the sweeper gets three bucks, the boss clips the sweeper for nine extra dollars per day, over and above the inherent percentage he weeds from all. No wonder he gets rich. Nine bucks plus from Tom, seven bucks plus from Dick and five bucks plus from Harry. Gee, I’d like to have people giving me money that way! No wonder he needs an armored truck to haul it to a bank and to make it look good he calls it capital. Ah, if the workers would only hand it to me, I would call it a godsend and never holler for the militia to shoot them down.

That reminds me. The militia—now isn’t it funny how one thing brings up another? The militia is our powerline. His upkeep comes from our toil—certainly not from employer’s toil because he hasn’t toiled since Garfield was shot. Whether it comes from his chiselings is not pertinent for we are the source of his chiselings. The militia is our powerline. You didn’t know you had property rights in militia, did you? And the employer has tapped your powerline and is using your power, that what I call jiu-jitsu!

America’s current crime bill is fifteen billion dollars. Stated simply, that amounts to one hundred and twenty dollars a year or ten dollars a month for every man, woman and child in the United States.

George E. D. Johnson in “this week”—That’s just what it would amount to George, if man, woman and child were to get it. But they ain’t. If the criminals go on strike and refuse to steal even for their mother or the little woman, who is all out of cigaretts, a smile will overspread the features of our bouncing millionairies, for they will have just fifteen billion more dollars to vitamin “P” against the barr. Millionaires never have been known to leave any money laying around “for man, woman and child,” so there isn’t any reason to think they would overlook a cent in the crime wave and workers even less—in fact they are money ahead in form of an occasional drink from a big hearted criminal after a good haul. (Note: a millionaire would rather cut his throat than buy you or me a drink.)

Let us look at Georgies figures: “The federal government records five million persons in its criminal files and estimates that five hundred thousand professional criminals are at large.” Now, if that fifteen billion dollar crime bill was pruned of all its fantasies, turned into cash and divided equally among the five million charter members of the criminal files, it would amount to a neat sum of three thousand a piece. On the other hand, if it was whacked up between the five hundred thousand at large, it would be thirty thousand. Why, dammit, that’s better than working. And when I look at what the millionaires are “getting away with,” I begin to suspect work is a big mistake.

Am I to be understood as advocating free and unlimited purloining of silver and gold and great gifted thievery? Stand and deliver? Hell, no! I’m advocating the organization of one big union of workers so that work might be placed on a basis of equal footing with thievery, legal and illegal or better. Competition is only as between thieves and when the “so privileged” holler through their mouth pieces, it is proof conclusive our calibrations of their mental equalibration approximates exactitude. So we’re supposed to step out and save those fifteen billion for the parasites? Heh, heh, heh,— that’s a good joke— but I tell you frankly, we haven’t got the time, we’ve got to promote a few groceries. Let us sing: “Big thieves have lesser thieves upon their backs to bite ‘em, etc., ad nauseum, e pluribus foolum.”

Then again if crime suddenly went virtuous, eighty-five thousand police would have to peddle pencils, take up tin cup begging, or go on relief, for our sacred parasites have inveigled into the country “nobility of labor” from every corner of the earth—to cut each other’s economic throats and some of them’ turned out to be better thieves than our own native sons —under compulsion. So, Georgie, instead of community centres for the uplift of youth before initiated into crime, have community centres for millionaires and take away their pants. The saving will be so great that it will flood the channels of crime and professional criminals will become too lazy to steal once the professional criminals are honest and the unprofessional thieves in community centres (without pockets). This country won’t be such a bad place to live in after all.

It is good logic that two and a half beers per hour is pretty slim wages to dangle in front of a criminal—or a saint. For that matter—it leaves nothing for shoe polish and sardines. And then the exploiters of labor expect these criminals to desert a three thousand to thirty thousand racket in favor of becomng an virtuous vassal of relief provides no tooth paste. But these men are potential workers, although they have high ideals and if John L. Lewis’ dream, that of giving every worker two thousand five hundred a year, comes true, then these lawbreakers might be prevailed upon to throw off few hundred in the interest of virtuous life. Now the millionaires we have concentrated in the community centres? There isn’t a life in ‘em. Too many generations of hookworm swirl around in their blood—just leave ‘em there—they’ll perish of their own faith with nobody to wash their face and neck. **It is cheaper to employ bosses than by them be employed**. If the boss does the employing, he gets thirty-four million a year; if the workers do the employing the boss gets twenty-five hundred as John L. Lewis truthfully remarked. Million dollars! Hm. (Many of them got that much a year.) It would take a worker four hundred years to make that much at two thousand five hundred a year!

There’s a small quarrel here:

The boss says: “I’ll do the hiring.”

We say: “You’re a liar.”

The boss does not and does not intend to hire more than half of the working class. So it is my guess, he is through. (I am not whooping up a wrong tree when I say criminals get three thousand per each per year, directly or indirectly, plus services, foul mouthed guards, etc. Labor on the other hand gets five hundred average minus services per year and even has to buy his own pick and shovel.

A new sunray motor is invented that will do away with much of the use of gas and oil as sources of motor energy. Miners,oil workers and gas house gangs may as well hang up their teeth. If the engine is still in its experimental stage, half horse power strong, but its performance is so satisfactory that we can well say it will displace most of all engines now in use in very few years. Note: When these new inventions come, they have a nasty habit of chasing millions away from the bread basket—and fish ain’t biting worth a damn.

Therefore: Organize so that you may have a say so in the matter: “eat or not to eat.”

The best investment I have ever made was when I joined the I.W.W. I have drawn dividend in perfect fellowship, solidarity and intelligence. But above all, and which I value higher than “time and a half,” is the consideration that has been showered upon me. I feel like a favored child.—**T.B.S.**

## 1936\_28\_IW\_17101936

**AN OPEN LETTER to the AMERICAN PEOPLE**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Suppose you, as a nation, were working for Pierre LaRue Dupont of the General Industries Conglomerated, and he fired you without consulting anybody?

Would that be, I wonder, industrial autocracy, mebbe?

He fires the whole nation? Where would you go—Canada mebbe? Ah, my dear people, you cannot do that. One or two might slip across the border it they decided to run for it. but when 125,000,000 try to emigrate, the homed toads on horseback will be there to meet them with Flit guns.

You’re stuck. You’re fired . . . as a nation. So the question arises, was that industrial autocracy on the part of Pierre La Rue DuPont, or was it servile slavery on the part of you?

Ah, you say, that is pretty far fetched. Pierre wouldn’t be so cruel.

Conceded, then. He is less cruel. He fires only one.

Is that industrial autocracy?

There is no statute in the city ordinances that prevents him from firing part or the whole of te nation. He has the sweet liberty and will to do as he damn well pleases. He is the nation’s favored child. Instead of that he should be put in a reform school.

I can’t see the difference in whether he fires part of the people, or all of the people—it is autocracy, it is fascism struggling for a foothold—and th people’s rights hang in the balance, for fascism is the name given company unionism when it encompasses a whole nation. Government of the industrialists is another description that applies.

Communism on the other hand, as practised, is: Government of the communists by the communists for the people—a condition of people doing something for themselves by proxy, by coxey.

None of these succeed without the will of the people. I will not go into the respective merits of these except to point out that a nation evenly divided on these two viewpoints is in for a bloody revolution.

But there is a consoling feature— the One Big Union of labor can absolutely prevent this blood shed, and bring order out of chaos— but in the doing so, we shall have to sacrifice industrial autocracy (industrial dictatorship) and institute industrial democracy.

Political democracy was good enough for our fathers, and industrial democracy shall be good enough for our children. The world do move.

Now my dear people, what I’m trying to get at is: Are you willing to support the I. W. W. in all its moves to prevent this holocaust and establish peace and plenty? Is it industrial autocracy if this force, industrial supremacy, throws 13,000,000 of our contrymen out of employment forever? Now IS it? Aand leave 50,000,000 destitute? Looks to me like carte blanche.

**T.Bone-Slim.**

## 1936\_29\_IW\_24101936

**Red Conspiracy Against Senator Sorghum Exposed by Reporter of Evening “Blast”**

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**A Model of “Good Reporting” by T-BONE SLIM**

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The crew of the Universal Textile Corporation were out in force playing baseball during noon hour— (all three of ‘em). A delivery truck came raring round the corner, driven by Senator Sorghum’s nine-year-old son, and struck one of the crew while he was trying to make a shoe string catch. Doctors pronounced one third of the crew dead and shortly thereafter eighteen directors were trying to pull a man from the relief line. from the relief line. The evening Blast came out with a terrible tirade against “the bums” that would stay on relief, 47,000 of them—when the country is so sorely in need of help and eighteen directors are crying their eyes out. Owing to his terrible calanuatiy the U.T.E. had to shut down for the day. Considerable excitement was occasioned by a fist fight between the morticians over the corpse—eight of the morticians were taken to the hospital and one to the morgue. All others had minor bruises and will recover. Each and all of the 117 doctors that made a rush for the dead man’s pulse (happening to be in the neighborhood) swore up and down, lengthwise and crosswise, the man’s ticker had stopped three and a third seconds before the light delivery truck flattened him. “A clear case of heart failure,” the doctors argue, and point out the man’s Ingersol was still running. — Coroner Wishy Washy deemed it unnecessary to hold an inquest and remarked as he took down his fishingrod: “When I return from Lake Whoopitalong I shall interview the relatives, and let them, choose suicide or heart failure. Personally I think it is a red conspiracy to wreck and injure the Senator’s son. The reds down in public square, are purple in the face denouncing it a parasite’s frame-up, a deeply laid plot to discredit Karl Marx, Norman Thomas, and Earl Browder—”a woman in gray was seen to hand the Senator a bill just before the accident,” they claim.

It was here that Mr. T-Bone Slim who rose from virtual obscurity to obesity and to head of the Nephews of the American Revolution was run out of town by the Citizens’ Committee. Four of the committee, that escorted him to the city limits staggered back into town at high-noon, after regaining consciousness—carrying the other three. When interviewed by the Blast reporter the committee announced: Mr. T-Bone acted the perfect gentleman and grabbed a Reading Road freight train. All towns have been warned and cyclone signals are up as far as Annville. Daphne County refused to honor the requisitions of the 117 doctors, (for feeling the dead man’s pulse) on the grounds that the dead man escaped from the morgue late last night or early this morning. There’s liable to be hell popping because many of the doctors had made arrangements to throw a party on the strength of the dead man’s pulse.

Federal Gumshoes sent dozens of their slickest sleuts. (Blast’s copyrighted spelling for sleuths). Senator Sorghum rose in his wrath in tears and on top his desk demanded brokenly that the Senate investigate the foul, dastardly attempt against his son’s life. “It’s getting so,” he said, “a senator’s family is safer in a powder magazine.”

U.T.C. held a private investigation on the twelvth floor of their main office—that’s where the carpet is. They called up all their foremen, front men and thirty inspectors and questioned them as to who gave the boys permission to play ball in front of the company’s windows. The super and general manager made a rush to the window to get a mouthful of fresh air and somehow tripped (not being used to a rug) and catapulted head first out of the window.

The company’s statement is (hinting at financial worries) “we have warned our men not to gamble in stock or play the races.”

The window of the super, when interviewed by the Blast sports editor, says succinely as she cracked two boards in the dining room table: “It’s a gooddam lie, my husband was pushed out of the window, he was almost due for an old age pension.” The widow of the general manager fainted and hasn’t come to as we go to press: The society editor found the corpse, a young man hardly more than a boy, alive and well at the parent’s residence. “He stoutly denied he had been hit by a truck, denied he had been playing ball that day and denied he had been working that day” and after the society editor drank her third glass of hard cider, the young man specifically denied he had ever seen the inside of a morgue.

Just as we go to press word conies that the super and general manager found alive and well in the lower floor awning. Somebody’s been doing some tall lying around here and it now begins to look as if the only one that got killed and stayed killed was the mortician. We are sending our famed Walter Windshield to determine whether or not that mortician pulled a fast one and is at this very moment buttonholing the sorrowing relatives at the morgue. More tomorrow. It all comes out in the Blast.

\* \* \*

What does it amount to?

Universal textile corporation’s crew consists of three kids in knee britches; seventeen bosses and thirty-six directors. The rest is all hooey and ballyhooey.—**T.B.S.**

## 1936\_30\_IW\_07111936

**We Worship At False Shrines   
Says T-BONE SLIM**

The argument upon which political democracy was finally conceded was that superior thievery always rises to the top and that pick-pockets need no longer bind their victims.

Institute industrial democracy, and organized thievery will not rise, it will lay.

Industrial autocracy is the loop hole trough which organized thievery reaches our purse. It is an iniquitous element that intervenes between political democracy and the commonwealth. The convention of political democracy is fascism — the culmination of industrial thievery into its last jack pot. Then comes war, and the thieves rob one another.

wlw

War is a very active possibility . . . I don’t say it’s inevitable. The Big Thieves of the World are organizing for the purpose of holding all their gains against oher thieves and to gain the holdings of opposing thieves—the biggest thief is then expected to rule the world in the interest of the people. How naive!

Economic laws may be a factor; but I cannot see what economic laws apply to barefaced robbery, and the destruction of the world in the honored name of crookedness.

We are worshipping at the shrine of false gods.

wlw

Gentlemen prefer blondes, but the emloyers prefer married men. They reason that the full throated children will keep their fathers from thinking about the low pay they are getting. That is also the reason why the employer keeps a boss hollering in his ear, on the job, so as to curdle his ideas and prevent him from noticing that he is working for nothing.

These are intrusions upon the worker’s privacy, invasions of his personal tranqulity, and an assault against his freedom of thought. *They are an act of war*. The employer has purchased the worker’s labor power, but he has not purchased the worker’s thinking power, and he has no right to disrupt the worker’s chain of thought.

Such interruption is of such violence and specific gravity that workers could get relief and damages in an ordinary, prosaic police court on the grounds of cruelty, or mental assault and battery, to say nothing of the destruction of all those beautiful thoughts. Sounds humorous, doesn’t it? Well, truth to tell, it does look kinda funny when you see it every day, for forty years or so. Slave, body and soul— a very laughable incident? . . . I will yet win fame as a humorist!

wlw

Some of the Binghamton, N. Y., hospital nurses are gone off the twelve-hour-shift to the eight-hour-shift. The world sure does move! Not all of them are on the shorter shift. I suppose it was thought they couldn’t stand the shock—and only the toughest were selected.—T-bs.

## 1936\_31\_IW\_14111936

**SAYS T-BONE SLIM**

Theoretically dictatorship of beef is possible at any time any place— but it cannot happen here because of super abundance of intelligence. Dictatorship is institution of government by faction; and such form easily exceeds the limits of safety. It is not government by organization; it is organization by government. It is the delegation of people’s powers to an individual by a faction —it is power by sleight and is not at any time real.

The people of this country have too well learned the lesson. If you want anything well done, do it yourself. There are many of that faith. The beefy faction also is numerous and their will to dictate sometimes gets out of bounds. I honor them for their will but I cannot help but chide them for permitting individuals to capitalize on the resurgance of their nature. If the dictator too is beefy I have no complaint, but such is not the case however and the beefy populace has gone outside its kind and class to get their iron man. The iron man is generally a drug store cowboy, a reformed preacher, a mail order desperado or a renegade from the ranks of circumspect socialism— their gods are clay, not iron, and the power of the beefy boys is all the power a dictator has. I honor the beefy boys for the ebullience of their nature but I warn them: Don’t let the city slickers hang one on you.

wlw

Pennsylvania RR firemen put on three lbs. of fat on the way from Altoona to Harrisburg —the company takes it all back on return voyage. “So,” (a fireman told me) “I’ve got to quit in Harrisburg if I expect to hold the three lbs. (HWY police) .

The big shots, the finance wizzards, are riding the trains once more. Not enough protection on the hi-ways for their limousines. Here they can fall back on the fireman in case of emergency. They know their onions! Comrade Stalin got sick just from too much seclusion.

wlw

Economic fixers are debating who shall get more, the farmer or worker. Let me point out-—twelve million unemployed will do no buying until you put them to work. So don’t whack up the residue until you know what you’re doing— so the world belongs to farmers and jobites?— just hold

your horses a minute. You wouldn’t like it if the unemployed stole a march on you and organized a one big union of confirmed industrial culls, (jobless). Now would you?

wlw

## 1936\_32\_IW\_05121936

**SAYS T-BONE SLIM**

It wasn’t until the unemployed tried to ferret vitamins, calories and concentrates in relief bouillion that it was incumbent upon them to step twice before the shadow of the embonpoint began to register. Pitcairn, Pa. has resolved never to feed a hungry man so long as it lives.

(In southern Michigan they salve the problem by taking up the cafe licence of any one that feeds a hungry man. Dictators?)

All to me is now revealed. That controversy between Herr Hitler and Jewish brethern found its start in a very small matter (Great Oaks grow small acorns) — It seems Herr Hitler bought a pair of second hand shoes in his youth and those shoes embittered him to the bottom of his soul. Business men have a careless habit of exposing their mitt prematurely—are absent and all that stuff. No business men have a claim on the regard, consideration or respect of the working class. And in this keen struggle for existence they take unfair advantage of the workers. They seek self and self only. Have you a little businessman in your organization?

If so, you have my sympathy.—On the larger scale: Whenever the position of a ruling faction or individual is threatened they or he throw the country into revolution. (Study that.) Fascism, Naziism or Bolshevism is had and the big thieves are severely lectured. Otherwise the system is as before, “business going on as usual UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT”, — and the ruling caste is happy indeed. So if you have a businessman in your organiza- tion slop him a withdrawal card.

wlw

Profits in gasoline must be very good when the big shots are cracking jokes on the billboards—”cross the country on a can full?” Politics too are very profitable and chairmen are grabbing up every inch of space warning the folks to vote right or else . . . Coffee too, ye gods, finest and freshest in the world. Look at what you say seventeen, twenty-five, nineteen, ye gods, and the miles you gain—from Seattle to Brooklyn on a handfull; yum, yum. Did all these advertizers come from Squirrel Hill-Pittsburgh or Nutley, N. J.?

wlw

There is no so-called outlaw strikes,

All strikes are pure and just;

They do not cater to our likes—

They come because they must.

And not a single strike I know

They come without excuse

And not a single cause was low

They all come from abuse.

## 1936\_33\_IW\_12121936

**The Big Sea Hazard Is The Ship Owners**

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**BY T-BONE SLIM**

The west coast M.T.W. is a good deal stronger than the axe-grinders are ready to admit, and it is therefore surprising to see the longshore and maritime workers despairing of their own potentialities in the face of this marvelous support.

Too often the marine workers have found themselves at loggerheads with one another, and too often the boat-owners have taken a rake-off on this.

Unquestionably the seafaring workers should belong to one union, but if the differences are insurmountable, it is imperative that they work together regardless of any and all separation or marooning. Any gains that are had, no matter where they may fall, are of benefit to the working class; any loss is a loss to all hands.

Thus it is that a full measure of support is imperative and should be volunteered.

Losses, of course, are impossible, because the conditions in the marine industry are a perfect disgrace; only gains are possible.

I have only to point out that shipowners were the very last of employers to install safety devices; and those installed were very rudimentary—and are so today. “Pull and haul”—and still the seamen are wondering will they ever work. Tankers burned. Steering frozen. Life boats jammed —a list too long to recite here.

All these improvements were made under protest by the owners, and would not be present today were it not for the direct attack by west coast seamen. The Atlantic seaboard is very backward in these things, and seamen have, in addition to fighting the dangers of the sea, to fight the dangers of the boat owners.

Be it noted: The boat owners are the big danger for the seamen and the traveling public. They must be forced to observe safety laws. Captain Fried cannot do it. Sirovich cannot do it. So what? We are dickering with ship owners— that is, the officials of the various unions are dickering, and how they can dicker, after a full year of spasmodic strikes!

The strike was ripe last week in September, and here it is December.

At all times it is the steam of the workers that wins the things desired, but putting off the showdown to a less advantageous time makes the job more difficult. But even so, even if we are maneuvered into this position, let us have it out with them —lively is the watchword.

We cannot lose! What can we lose? We have nothing.

Marine work is such that it was deemed necessary to give the seamen shore leave after each trip, so that they could recuperate. And so it was provided for in ships’ articles, service was to end at the expiration of the trip. Now we are working a big part of each twenty-four hours, and if we were to put into effect the shore leave reasoned in the ships articles, we should get twice the pay that we are getting— $125.00 a month and board.

wlw

But not the kind of board that we are getting. Present day board is not board—in fact if the ship owners find themselves involved in a strike, they can lay it to the galley. Better garbage is dumped on Ricker’s Island. Rotten chuck causes more strikes than rotten pay. The $125,000 per month is well reasoned (as from nothing to something)—it is not unreasonable. In fact the Plimsol line has already brought the boat owners enough manna to warrant the payment of that sum, and, when they talk of five and ten pay increase, they are masking their grins. Pay no attention to tied up vessels, they are a sign of shipowner mismanagement, and, not being needed, they are proof conclusive that the shipowner can afford to pay.

Whenever shipowners can afford to throw away good ships and build new ones, it is a sign that they can afford to put something other than slumgullion into the crews’ pan, with rust-proof knives and forks, and whiter spoons.

Ocean going ships now have the championship for bad feeding, but I’m afraid that the last passed hash will rise to haunt the skyscraper commodores.

wlw

And the Sitting Bulls and the Stuck-in-the-Muds of the Guild of Worthy Labor Brokers cannot hear or see that the hand are rank and file, but the voice is I.W.W.

Once again in the seamen’s strike the I.W.W. has demonstrated its power.

Once again the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 has demonstrated its loyalty to the workers, and exposed the mushiness of leadership. I commend these also to the I.L.A. . . . “Don’t look now, but I think that guy is going to scribble on the wall.”

The whole scandal is in my mitt . . . Lest we forget.

## 1936\_34\_IW\_19121936

**Flood of Dividends Where Is Labor?**

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**BY T-BONE SLIM**

European nations are doing a heluva lot of defying, considering the amount of beefsteak they eat. There they are, the whole kaboodle, showing their muscles—”feel of mine” they scream hysterically—”17,000 airplains”.

It isn’t likely they will fight before breakfast, but we never can tell. If they are crazy enough to get up there and lie about their strength, they are just crazy enough to start something. They are in the business of robbing one another like the derelicts of life on a smaller scale. There isn’t sense in it. It’s skullduggery.

So what? In this country (we’re back home now) “Banks Are Prepared To Handle Flood of Dividends.”

Hmm. Flood?

*Where was labor when that flood started?*

Hibernating? The hell you say! Hibernating from the vast depression.

Now here is a subject right smack in the realm of reason: “flood of dividends”.

I put a question up there and I pause for an answer: Where was labor?

It is to be hoped that labor will show up organized the next time, a member of the I.W.W. in good standing.

Airplanes are all right; but beefsteak too has its fine points.

In view of the fact that buying power is just what it takes to keep a nation hale and hearty, a worker is a traitor to himself and the nation if he fails to strike for sufficient wages to keep the country agoing and keep himself from growing peaked. If he has already let the wages slip down to almost nothing, he is two traitors—or is it four?

Money in the bosses’ barrels doesn’t grease the nation’s griddle. Money reinvested in new and unneeded industry is money thrown away. Money buried in foreign lands in bare-faced robbery. So it is practically a worker’s duty to strike and keep striking until money gets going around in the channels where it will do the most good. (If there was another way I’d tell you.) But we cannot go to the boss as individuals and ask him to come across. He’s too apt to say: “Sorry to hear you are leaving our service.” Times have changed. The boss is no longer an individual. He represents industry, and we are not hobnobbing with him as individuals.

In addition to that the boss represents the power of all organized employers. So that’s what we are tackling single-handed! (Cuts?) Some workers are so dumb they’d tackle the armies of the Mikado singlehanded. But it won’t work.

No, we’re not inviting the lightning to strike us. We organize a workers’ One Big Union and harness that lightning. If there’s any striking to be done—we’ll do it.

True enough the organized employers (the employing class) can lick any union in existence today and the bosses have men out in the field organizing orphan unions here and there, everyplace and over again; disconnected, isolated, and all bound round with a contract. Such unions generally have a finger man (that’s his sole job). But the employing class can’t lick the working class. They’re too light in the poop and the forecastle. That’s where the One Big Union comes in.

Heretofore- the-workingclass has been conciliatory. The employing class always was belligerent.

“Go and get your time” is a war measure. It’s a direct attack against your four children—it denies them food, clothing, shelter and life itself. A man must be a pretty low form of life to see organized employers jump his children and not lift a hand to prevent it!

It’s high time the workers organize a One Big Union of workers and lay down some rules and regulations for the guidance of the employers—and children shall not go to bed hungry.

Ignorance of the employers is no excuse—they are a menace. They have been in swing positions all these years, and they must take the responsibilities.

# 1937

## 1937\_1\_IW\_02011937

**T-Bone Slim Takes a Look at the Show**

–––––

**BY T-BONE SLIM**

I was snoring so loud that they kicked me out of the movie house. It never occurs to them to put on a show to keep the patrons awake. But no, after the damage is done, after the man is dead to the world, snoring his mightiest, they kick him out.

\* \* \*

I wonder what Peggy Joyce was doing when Walley ran away with Canterbury’s goat?

And––this new king they stuck in looks to me like a Social Relief guard.

All the old cats are invited to do their meowing, and the Court of St. James looks like the Metropolitan Opera (N. Y. C.) under new management.

\* \* \*

Dear me, I forget, whenever there is nothing doing, labor falls asleep and begins to snore.

Therefore it is up to the unions to put on a show that the bosses will tell their grandchildren about.

\* \* \*

That highest paid journalist, Arthur Brisbane, is dead.

My head is kind of sluggish this morning, and I can remember only one thing he ever said: “Real Estate is a good buy.”

He was a real estate operator.

I can remember only one thing he ever did: He built the Ritz Towers, New York’s first skyscraper “compartment house.”

Outstanding incident of his life was the time he almost fell overboard when he went down to the bay to meet an ocean greyhound and returning relatives. He was a bad sailor a regular Santa Fe addict. (Grover Whalen could do better: he’d stand for hours shaking the hand of European rakes who came over to have their picture taken to send back home to show the folks how nuts we went over them and never flicker the well known Grover eyelid.) All his life he felt bound, hand and foot by environment. Poor Arthur!

Now Buggs Baer . . . O hell, he can speak for himself.

Oh yes, Arthur’s last message to the world was: “Peace on earth and good will among men will surely come.”

It will not.

It must be brought.

It must be carried.

Let’s go after it.

\* \* \*

As Fellow Worker Gladstone would say if he were still alive: The A. F. of L. is going through the process of “disestablishmentarianism.”

That’s a terrible disease, worse than disintegration and disolution. It’s a malady that attacks every labor movement that refuses to move.

I regret very much to see this, for it must be admitted that the federtation was a labor movement, although it traveled in circles––sponging pie for the aristocratic one-tenth of the working class at the expense of the nine-tenths––and are doing so today. (Want the details?)

\* \* \*

Radio should be brought up to date. Today the radio funhour blares: “Oh, I was just thinking of my salary that comes Saturday night.”

Saturday night? Why don’t you take your salary when you quit Saturday noon? Nobody that amounts to anything works after noon on Saturday––so, if you do, keep it a secret, and don’t put in on the air.

The trouble though is I fear, the gentleman has been away from the point of production so long that he thinks the boys are still working 365 days in the year as we did forty years ago.

I’m in favor of going fifty-fifty with the boss, work three days and rest three days every week––Sunday to remain anybody’s.

\* \* \*

It is said that “printing is the mother of progress.” How people make mistakes! Can’t tell mother from daughter!

Progress is the mother of printing––now we’ve got it right––and the Industrial Worker is her brightest child. Subscribe today––no kidding––if not for yourself . . . somebody.

\* \* \*

Internes (embryonic doctors) get $15 a month in New York City Hospitals. Surely the city doesn’t expect much service for four bits a day! White collar scissorbills, yes–– (I spose the girl friend starches them free of cost.) But all is not lost––rattle? I wonder if ten times fifteen dollars a week would be too much . . . and let the last rasp be a vote of confidence in your abilities.

Nay, brothers, you do not reach affluence after you are practiced. You lay the foundations for your future here and now, and, if it’s $15––a park bench awaits you.

I don’t believe I could die gracefully if I knew a fifteen dollar doctor was looking after my interests––and I would be right. That $15 spells intestinal fraily**.––T-bs.**

## 1937\_2\_IW\_16011937

**T-BONE SLIM SAYS:**

The ethical fervor in the big shots of Europe is not caused by any new found conscientous scruples, but by the discovery that they had been phenagled into a crap game with loaded dice.

“My job,” they moan, and the program of impoverishment of Spain is OUT.

As I before said: “Brains are working behind the line, in Spain.” They are building a new society within the shell of the old.

wlw

Merry Christmas! (This is for next year—I always like to be “in plenty of time”.) We are celebrating today the birth of a child who had to flee the wolves to a far eastern country in his diapers.

Who, after his return and at the age of eight, had to step into the temple and teach the high-mucky nuts and imbecile scribes, and who reached the age of 32 before the book-learned wolves found time to crucify him.

We still have the wolves.

Children still fear humans.

Distant lands still beckon.

And we still have to open the mouth of a child to find truth, hear wisdom, and know freedom.

wlw

The abuses in the marine industry are very real, unquestionably real. Ordinarily the bosses put out more bait to the select minorities. Shipowners do not do so.

The captains and males are out.

The cooks and stewards are out.

The radio operators are out.

The engineers, firemen and watertenders are out.

And—of course, the seamen.

That makes it unanimous.

Where there is smoke there is fire.

Where there is much smoke there is much file.

The American public for safety sake, should support these strikers— the strike is only al the half way mark now.

And these strikers, including myself, should see to it that nobody gets the short end.

I ask you: Can it be possible, when masters, mates, engineers and radio protest, that seamen have no case?

It goes without saying, their wages, food and conditions are terrible.

If they want safety al sea, let them appease these strikers; for they have a dream that must come true. And it’s two miles to the bottom.

wlw

I am reminded here that the shipowners have made deliberate efforts to degenerate and demoralize the American marine industry with the most damnable foods human mind can conceive. To the present they have failed because of the fighting qualities of our seamen. There was ups and downs of course— but there is always another up and at ‘em. Latest effort of the shipowners is to supplant these noble sailors they failed to ruin with inexperienced mollycoddles from the billiard parlors and reformed freaks from Forty-Second Street Cod help the traveling public! They will drown themselves and thousands of “innocents abroad.” I would prevent all this by putting in front of Jack the choice of ice-cream, pie and watermelon for desert — and — a box of lemons in the fo’c’sle.

I was a long time in New York before I dared to mention thoiteenth street and foiteenth street.

Visiting firemen should drop in on the Finlanders’ Tarmo Club (Harlem) restaurant—a tip to the wise is nutricious.

Two “Dollar Lines” mudhooks down, blockade the traffic in North (Hudson) River; synthetic smoke coming from (one) funnel. Roll of tarpaper probably?

Black eyes are back in style in Manhattan, and finks are having their ears propped back in place— about 50 per cent of the black eyes are misplaced or caused by nerve troubles. Everybody seems happy.

l.W.W. is riding the crest of approval.

## 1937\_3\_IW\_23011937

**T-BONE SLIM SAYS:**

Heretofore the shipowners trusted the passengers to pay the stewards’ wages. But it now appears that the passengers have laid down upon the shipowners, and neglected to perform their part of the program. That, my dear sirs and sisters, amounts to a betrayal of confidence; for who is there to say the ship owners did not have confidence in the passengers? Almost childish confidence? Yes, by God, perfect faith?

And now the passengers have proven false to that confidence, and have refused to relinquish the farthings to those noble stewards of the bounding main.

Alas, this is a situation that requires great moral stamina to consider, and I am writing through tears. The steward works a full month expecting to rake down a hundred and a quarter, and what does he get? A lousy $45. The horror of it! All because the passengers failed to hold up their end. The company has done its part. It went into its lockers and read forty-five bucks to the expectant steward. Surely there isn’t a man so dumb that he would expect the company to pay more than one-third of the man’s wages? Surely? (Expectation doesn’t fetch it.) We must organize more.

Now it happens the ship owners were paying one-third of the steward’s and messmen’s wages and the passengers were paying two-thirds. So it would seem to me the stewards should sign an agreement with the passengers and take chances with the company—the passengers are so uncertain.

This all sounds crazy, doesn’t it? She do.

Either I am crazy, companies are crazy, stewards are crazy, or passengers are crazy.

Let’s look at it again.

The company pays the steward forty-five dollars of the man’s wages, and the steward is supposed to scrape in front of the passengers for the rest of his stipend. It can’t be possible. The company does the hiring and firing and the passengers are expected to pay the big part of the steward’s wages. Generous public! But the milk of human kindness has soured in the hearts of the traveling public—which proves it wasn’t grade A milk—and the steward is left stranded with all pockets empty. The remedy: Join Marine Transport Workers’ Industrial Union No. 510 of the I.W.W. and organize your fellow worker stewards, forget the passengers, and put the whole cost of “government” on the boss. Forty-five bucks is too low a figure for the privelege of bossing us.

“Shore leave” will hereafter be known as “shore rights.”

P.S.—Chinese money has Chinese on one side of it, and English, French or Russian on the other side as the case may be. Therefore, stewards, see to it that your monogram is stamped on both sides of the bill.

## 1937\_4\_IW\_30011937

**T-BONE SLIM SAYS:**

A South Street seaman flashed a 1923 picket card on the strike committee.

“Why, this is for the 1923 strike; how come?”

Seanman: “I never heard it was called off.”

Committee: “But this is a new strike.”

Seaman: “You better settle that other one first before you start any new ones.”

So I guess it is a chronic trouble.

A strike in 1912. A strike in 1919. A strike in 1921. A strike in ‘25-’26. A strike in 1934. A strike in 1936-37.

Does that look like a passing indisposition?

Anyone who can read history at all must be able to see there will be another strike, for the shipowners will begin discrimination just as soon as this strike is ended. So it is up to us to consolidate our position even while this strike is flourishing, and just as soon as it is ended, we must begin to prepare for the next one.

Seamen are able and willing to strike at all times. But this time we got away to a bad start––it takes us so long to get warmed up to the subject.

This strike is not over, by a long shot and we may as well begin right now to warm up for the next one.

Read it over again: A strike in 1912, ‘19, ‘21, ‘23, 25-’26, ‘34, ‘36-’37––not a bad record but the mutton stew is not there yet.

\* \* \*

“Somewhere in New York Harbor” snarls the bill of lading on a coal barge. New York Harbor is only 875 miles of waterfront, so it’s quite easy for the captain to predetermine the exact spot where he will land and arrange his social pursuits to match the adverse tides! (Although it is true some have taken up the study of astrology.)

“Stay on the boat, you bum,” snarls the office when he calls up. “Go back to the boat and stay there,” is another favorite expression f the office tribe.

Bargemen are on the war path and their swearing is the most wonderful spelling I’ve ever heard. They’ve already damned the nincompoops of the office front. Patronage and paltdonage is a dangerous business to engage in in this here and now enlightened age, and if I was a snarler-in-waiting to the Chief, I would demand a platoonage of police ascorts when I go home and eat my vegetable oysters.

(This isn’t a threat––it’s a red flag.)

\* \* \*

Tuesday morning I felt exceptionally kind-hearted and sympathetic, so I went and bought me a cup of coffee.

Sitting there, sipping my coffee, I got to mulling over my many good deeds while I waiting for the world to straighten out, for it was terribly warped.

Of a sudden it occurred to me, all those glowing and glorious accomplishments rated another cup of coffee. (Here there was an interruption for gentleman pulls out his pay-envelope and the waitress almost broke a leg getting over to him to pick up the dishes.)

This over, sez I: “Slim, have another cup of coffee! You deserve it.”

“I will,” sez I,––and just as the waitress lifted up the ticket to give the second punch, sez I: “Young lady, punch it in the same hole.” And do you know, when I came out to look at my ticket, such was the sad case, it had only one hole.

There’s power in my words, and the waitress was little more than a child.

\* \* \*

Despite the heavy bombing by Franco’s Freaks, the El Camino Real is still open to hitch hikers, and Baltimore Turnpike still raises the best balloon blisters.

\* \* \*

All it takes to be a good boss is to toss the boys a tasteless good morning, and look as if you just ate one.

I suppose all them bad plays on Broadway is just farce of habit.

## 1937\_5\_IW\_13021937

**Why Bother With Employers When They Do Not Employ**

–––––

**Observations by T-BONE SLIM**

We have a condition wherein more than ten million cannot find employment. That is not merely an industrial aberration or a passing apparition. It is something very real and concrete.

It is readily admitted that seven million will forever be unemployed. That makes it solid ivory. My figures “two thirds unemployed and one third employed’ are not a hard and fast rule, and cannot be because the matter is in flux. But in order to understand it, let us have a concrete example.

A father has six growing up sons. It will not take long for these sons to displace the father at the point of production. Not only that—one of these sons will “bid in” his father’s job over the heads of his brothers. What have we now? We had a father with six sons. We now have a son with five brothers and one father. The precentage of unemployment is 6 to 1.

The time factor here ordains that 40 million fathers will be on the scrap pile unless these matters be corrected.

Now if it is true that two-thirds of the working class is unemployed, and that is the best our employers can do, what in the name of common sense it the use of having employers? Hire all or none is my motto, and if they can’t make the ripple let ‘em go out.

\* \* \*

Regardless of your conditions, good, bad, or indifferent—even though you be hedged, sheltered and nursed like a chrysanthemum, you are borrowing from your old age.

“Here Slim,” you say, “lend me three months to ease me over the present rough spots.” It’s a go. (This bill you pay of course, and you die three months short.) Fair enough. But you are not a chrysanthemum. You are in fact Chysostomus of the Island of Patmos, and you must borrow a year or two at a crack. Damn this credit business anyway—it’s going to be our ruination.

“Senate Bill to Put War on Cash Basis.”

Good for you, Bill!

\* \* \*

“Borah Urges Vote on New Deal Power.”

“Only the People Can Sanction Change to a Strong Central Authority,” he says.

“Yes, they’ll cure a helluva lot of corns by rubbing freezone on that bald pate of theirs—they might as well sit on it.”

Oh, my gorsh! that reminds me: When the General Motors Corporation went on its famous sit-down strike a couple of years ago, it sat down on a pile of jobs, and nobody thought of getting an injunction ‘gainst DuPont, Morgan and the bunch. When they finally called off the sit-down, the jobs were as flat as a pancake and -now the men are trying to sit, down on them until the regain their former grandeur, glory and embonpoint.

\* \* \*

The people are not hurrying, they are hysterical. Less hysteria and they will hurry faster; make more time. All are delayed and yet they are ahead of time.

It is easy to say slow down, but, inasmuch as the hysterical have no volition, no remedy occurs. So 740,000 are killed or injured by automobiles in 1935—hysteria at the wheel; 350,000 killed or injured in our end of the World War—hysteria in the White House.

Iron, Calcium or Bicarbonate will not correct this condition—and who is there to say which is the better doctor, Copeland or Gladys Glad? Safety First drives are useless seats in the elevated trains are still detachable, and if the car ever does an Immelman nose dive to the street one of those lose-leaf cushions might break a man’s wrist-watch crystal. The hysteria here is low pressure.

The remedy for hysteria, high or low pressure, is as follows:

Start from the bottom and build a One Big Union of workers. Subject the industry to majority rule—reversing the rule that subjects the workers to industrial command. Instead of being used by economic power, use economic power. Instead of letting power run you, you run the power— and you will be surprised to learn that you are the power, the economic power, and that your name is LABOR.

## 1937\_6\_IW\_20021937

**Settlements Not Par with Strike**

–––––

**by T-BONE SLIM**

General Moton Strike Settled.—

As to that all I can say is: Half a loaf is better than no loafing at all.

I think they were trying to stripe a zebra.

In the meantime (bear up brother) we are ruled by corporations. And there Isn’t even a fight against it. (Corporations are a stopping stone to fascist distatorships.)

Dictatorships of whatever nature do not fare so well. It’s a form of time killing.

\* \* \*

Just go ahead and organize your One Big Union. A league nations we do not need. We’ve already got one right here in this country.

\* \* \*

One joker in the CIO-GMC agreement this morning: “6. The union agrees not to interrupt production pending the negotiations.” That’s betting on a dark horse.

I do not see where workers have won anything except the privelege to negotiate, and if they think they can negotiate better with the mills running, they don’t know Nellie like I do. Job action is all they have left. Fortunately for them job-action is ace.

It seems damn funny to me that corporations will not negotiate unless the workers be tied hand and foot. If the negotiations last forever, production must go through.

Hm. Will that hold in law? It isn’t law, but it will hold.

Thai’s what I call an indeterminate sentence.

Said “Sitting Bull” Simons when he woke up according to Paul Gallico: “That won’t do for the men to hear. That ain’t what we’re striking for. They’ll never get them guys out of here with those terms.”

And then he put on his shoes . . .

The strike was not settled by political moves, but on the contrary the gain-offering by Gen. Motors was inspired by the steadfast determination of the sit-downers.

A similar situation obtained in the marine strike: After the politicians had pulled and hauled this way and that and collected thousands of dollars for the Daily Worker; after the horse and buggy craft unions had called off the strike, on top of pullling a series of phoney moves, the seamen had the highsea moral stamina to some through and win the strike. The General Motors strikers came out of the shops singing “Solidarity Forever”— that is a very healthy sign.

\* \* \*

“Pacific Seamen Hint New Strike” (Feb. 12) Commerce “will again be paralyzed from the Pacific Coast” they say “unless the enforcement of the Copeland Act gets paralyzed first.”

Coming as this does from experts in paralysis, it would be well to lend an ear to their plea.

I’m telling you, you can’t compel seamen—theirs is a fight of desperation against the lousiest, dirtiest masters in the world.

\* \* \*

The “finkbook” got off to a bad start. I tell you, lenient ladies and jaunty gentlemen, it’s hell to be born with a black eye (just as if the sagacious seaman had been taking observations with a trick binocular.) The name will cling. Such nicknames are very tenacious.

Another thing, when those fink-books were forced upon the seamen (I said forced) their original tickets, certificates, were confiscated, and I do most solemnly claim that act alone constitutes force. Those original tickets and certificates are personal property of the able seamen, and when they are in the hands of the shipping commissioner they are there without due process of law, by assumed power. Well then, if force or misrepresentation be used, doesn’t that disqualify the fink book before the law?

No?

Well them the black eye will disqualify it outside the law.

The trouble here is that the “framers” of seamen ignore the fact that the world has made several revolutions on its axis since the same thing was put over on the seamen of the Great Lakes.

\* \* \*

Just now the seamen are passing through the swells that follow storm, and here again I note that the seamen ignore the value of aggressive action. The two leaderships of the I.S.U. are passing out ballots of choice as between the two, and when the ballots are counted, they will have I.S.U. — not Curran or Ivan Hunter, but I.S.U. — and I.S.U. will be based upon political action.

In the course of the swells the shipowners will be functioning and that action will not be political — it will be industrial. After the shipowners fasten a system of surveillance (after the manner of the Lake Carriers) upon you, it will be too late to start launching life rafts — recognition of the union shall have been upon tolerance, and another strike shall have been lost. It is then that seamen shall cry for the M.T.W.

It’s just like this: The I.S.U. canoe can go up the Hudson so long as the tide is running in, but when the estuary of the tides is reached, and the tide starts going out, the canoe begins to act crazily. When the going gets hard, well, they need a motorboat planly marked on both bow and stern— M.T.W.

The finkbook, gentlemen of the seven seas, now held in abeyance, is merely an act of shortening sail till the gale blows over. (Say, seamen, got any more gale?) Establish your shipstewards before the boss does it for you —and make it stick.

Everything seems to be settled, so now all we have to do is “save the passengers.” All right, I’ll save a few thousand here and how. We have every circumstantial proof that ships are sabotaged. Keenest of competition prevails between shipowners and they have done everything to make their ships attractive—even unto hanging rosettes in the mudhook ports. Swayback life boats, hanging bow and stern are scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed, washing off the sabotage. Passengers feel chilly and go below; after they return they are chillier than ever.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the crew has sabotaged those ships, for they have to ride ‘em.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the owners have sabotaged their own boats.

There’s the reason: It is reasonable to suppose that the shipowners have sabotaged their competitors’ ships.

Aw, hell! Let’s go to town! The passengers are safe and the Carribean Cruises are off. Why should we go to town? Because of the unnecessary scrubbing—we ain’t getting paid for it. It’s extra work—and useless. There is no use in the shipowners’ pretense of ignorance—in fact their action heralds their ignorance do the wide, wide world, and also the deep, deep, deep.

The shipowners are incapable of choosing efficient officers for their ships — Vestris, Mohawk, Morro Castle in point, and before that the Titanic, still further back the Elbe. Such incapable officers are not fit to choose a crew—if they do, such crew is inefficient, and better fitted for shoveling manure. There is very little consolation for passengers in conversational young gentlemen, piano players and violin virtuosos.

It takes serious minded young men and still more serious minded old cranks to launch those life bouts and rafts in nothing flat. M.T.W. has such men, and when the shipowners learn to get their men there they can choose blindfolded for the unions’ choice is automatic. In Other words, capable seamen choose the M.T.W.—and are proud of it. Passengers can protect their own health by inquiring of the shipowners if the crew is M.T.W.

Note: Shipowners’ choice of officers too often is motivated by a condition of relationship of applicant to some big shot of the shipowners corporation, and at other times it may be the shipowners have not been able to resist the temptation of low pay for struggling young officers—a racket.

Thus: Having no officers, it is Well the passengers make sure they have a crew. Copeland’s program is wild and wooly.

\* \* \*

A bit of humor creeps into the Supreme Court question. I know six old senators that dassen’t vote against F. D. R.’s “pension plan” for old justices” because it would look too much like self-defense. (That Franklin thinks up the darndest jokers I ever seed!)

## 1937\_7\_IW\_06031937

**Why Ask the Boss For Recognition**

–––––

**T-BONE SLIM Has Better Plan**

The one great trouble with Labor is that it is all spirit and no flesh. I mean by this that Labor favors all for the boss and nothing for himself. The boss on the other hand is all flesh and no spirit, and believes in nothing for labor and all for himself.

That’s a slight difference to overcome before the get-together will be a howling success. Where’s my logic? We haven’t time to fool around with logic. (Let men like Glenn Frank geyser logic.) Labor still believes that the boss will do right by Nellie despite the many late slip-ups; that the men who pulls his share from the jack-pot first without the guidance of law or any power beneath the sun or above it except the old abstract, worm-eaten, Arabian platitude: “Supply and Demand.” He has the supply and he proceeds to satisfy his demand; (his demand is almost as big as his supply, and Labor, of all that he produced gets what is left over.)

Did I say spirit? Well, then, sentiment.

Suppose we change all this and have Labor come to the pile first, and date the boss’ arrival for February 30 or September 31, on leap years only.

Labor still bellows extenuation for the boss, alibiing for him, apologizing for him, demanding recognition from the boss. One good organized strike would make of the boss a regular visitor at Labor’s residence. Talk about social pursuits!

Everybody is trying to climb on the C. I. O. bandwagon. Woudn’t it be just terrible if they discover the bandwagon has no wheels and is not going anywhere? Heluva contretemps! No even sleigh-runners. I see it all, they’ll have to scoot on the belly of the fuselage.

I was down in Scranton territory and seeking local color, so I asked the miners what they thought of Jawn.

“Why, Slim, didn’t you know, him and Brophy were through with the miners year ago. We’re bootlegging coal in selfdefense,” he added.

“Then, do you mean to say,” sez I “that this latest whirlwind labor campaign is just another one of these dust storms?”

“Get yourself some shattehproof goggles,” was the mysterious reply.

Wouldn’t it be nicer, much nicer, to have a One Big Union and not have to beg for recognition from the boss: “Please, O Mister Boss, look at me.” (If I was him I’d have a monkey wrench into the dust storm).

\* \* \*

Seamen sent a petition, a long list of names, to Washington, and left it there.

Hm. If ever the M. T. W. is dumb enough to do that I will forget them in my will.

Victory flies only on the wings of audacity. The heights of audacity have never been explored. Therefore victory, so-called, is fragmentary and incomplete. Those that courted glory and fame were riding only an apology. The wing broke and there was a crash. Hush! The pall-bearers approach.

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that Hitler will step aside and let Goering do the honors.

Later rumor has it that it is not Goering who will hop into Hitler’s shoes, but a guy by the name of Barney Cohen.

Both rumors are unconfirmed, and I’m thinking of running for the shoes myself.

\* \* \*

Parasite’s brave economists are trying to figure out how the boss can give labor more money without reducing his own pile. No more than one of them jumps up and yells: “Eureka.’ I’ve got it!” than another pops up and says: “Your locorythms are all wet.” Then they argue nothing for something is 15 per cent increase in wages.

\* \* \*

C-Men’s Institute is slow in the expression of the fervent love it must bear the shipowners.

In the automotive industry “the pick of the crop” of workers struck and the bosses were duly horrified. If the “pick of the crop” must strike in order to keep proper icing on their layer cake, we can well imagine into what terrible straits the common mine-run of labor is fallen.

\* \* \*

Security: I see it all––

John Henry gives up a certain per cent of his production so that Old Uncle Abner may receive his daily rations without having to bum John Henry personally––it also saves shoeleather.

When John Henry gets old or fired there are lots of young John Henry’s who will contribute to the support of old Uncle John, or Sam, as the case may be.

It’s all as simple as that. In fact it is so simple I am persuaded that gooberment (the word comes from peanut politicians) is simple minded.

The I. W. W. has a more complicated plan: It provides that Industrial Overlords shovel security into Abner’s pay envelope before he gets to be an uncle, and too old to cut loose.

––––––––––

Machine: A mechanical device used by engineers to create wealth and by financiers to create poverty.

\* \* \*

Profit: The price ignorance pays greed for the privilege of starving in a world of plenty.

\* \* \*

Law of Supply and Demand: The capitalist dictum that makes a commodity in the hands of a robber more deadly than a gun.

\* \* \*

Tear Gas: The most effective agent used by employers to persuade their employees that the interests of capital and labor are identical.

## 1937\_8\_IW\_13031937

**Lawyers, Supreme Court and Old Age**

–––––

**Opinion Handed Down by T-BONE SLIM**

The Court will NOT be increased.

A quietness permeates the pergolas of Justice ... It seems Justice has a past and is not speaking except when spoken too.

It is said a somewhat divided capitalism resides in the house of Justice. It is also said human servitude has unplumbed depths . . . It takes a strong man to withstand relief.

A short two-thirds of the senate are lawyers, frustrated pleaders — everything must go according to precedent . . . “If baby shoes were good enough for the child, they should be good enough for the man.”

Each day the senate knows increasingiy less about industrial pursuits. Not that they forget — but they live in the past and industry is progressive. (Four wheel brakes on a baseball aptly describes senate office.)

Fossilization of age is bad enough, but fossilization of training is worse. To quote: “Some men are born fossilized, some gain fossilization, and others just stick around until fossilization catches up with them.”

A long one-third of the senate are not lawyers; but that doesn’t mean that they are of one profession. They are divided in many callings, as one dentist opposed to 69 lawyers, etc.

Callouses of conscience are destined to take on added incrustation; for THAT is the law.

The Past cannot cure the Present; the Present can cure the Past.

Organize the workers. Yes — him too.

Championing labor’s cause is like getting out behind and pushing a blizzard.

Homer T. Bone, Washington, West Coast, (no relation of mine) jumps the lawyers by trotting out the stupid anti-social behavior of the American Bar Association” and it seems the home life of lawyer antecedents is not so hot.

\* \* \*

Am I to understand that sailormen and servant girls are left out of the Social Security program? And farm labor, the poorest of the poor? Parasites are hoping against hope that the fastnesses of the Supreme Court will not be taken.

In the meantime labor should organize and then organize some more.

The salvation as ever is in the pay envelope, and if the salvation is small the spiritual uplift is punk. I do not see empty bellies, undernourished bodies. I only see starving souls on both sides of the fence, and my own caught on a picket.

In the final analysis labor is counted OUT!

The Old Age Pension Plan makes no provisions for the harvest worker. He is supposed forever to be fair and forty-eight. Industrial Union No. 110 of the I.W.W. is looking after the interests of agricultural workers. So make it a point to join; it’s the only way to keep young; first youth, then second youth, and nothing but youth and plenty of steam. (We’ll find out who’s been kicking St. Peter’s hound dog, by heck!)

\* \* \*

Four years in the parasites’ college puts a student forty years behind the times.

Four months in Work Peoples College puts a student forty years ahead of the clock . . .

A saving of eighty years right there in four months, and if you decide to go a second term you will be one hunched and sixty before you can wax a mustache or “cast an aspersion” against the GOP in the national election.

Now is the time to start saving for next winter’s schooling. Ten dollars a month under a rock will do it (or you can send it on to the Manager the Chicago at Box 39, Morgan Park Station, the I.W.W. Duluth, Minn., and he’ll hold it for you, safe from all harm, and even give it back to you if you change your mind.)

\* \* \*

“Fighting bigotry” is bigotry of sorts. The practice of tolerance is superior to jousting with windmills. You do not war against autocracy; you organize democracy and practice it.

Wars never settle anything; they merely change the form of slavery. Practice organized freedom, and both slavery and its papa, autocracy, will perish.

Fifty million workers can’t be wrong. If they sit down on their property, their job, who is to say them nay? Methinks the parasites and their flunkeys are in for a row of hard sledding, for Labor, Almighty Labor, is out to get HIS.

\* \* \*

Reactionaries fear that if FDR’s proposal in regards the Supreme Court goes through, “some dictator of the future” will eat the court alive. Let me tell you something: Even if FDR never turns a wheel, some dictator can make the court eat the constitution, and stay within its limits doing it.

## 1937\_9\_IW\_03041937

**The Current Trend**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Finkbook means disruption for seamen. Never under it, auspices can the seamen organize, and this is why.

After the next strike the continuous discharge book will show the masters who was scabbing, and who wasn’t Valuable information to ship owners. Wars win be started among the seamen and chances for organization goes up in the smoke of battle. The seamen now need a One Big of Marine Workers, more any other industry. Such a thing seems impossible in the I. S. U. as well as in the A. F. of L. But it is not impossible in the Industrial Workers of the World. Therefore: help round out the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 and we shall go places.

Now do you see the hole I. S. U. politicians have brought you to? It will take a Supreme Court to save us, unless we get brains and join the MTW 510. Most sailors knew beforehand where the I. S. U. was heading but did not care to mention it during the strike because it would have had a bad effect. So there she stands, the I. S. U., a house divided against itself.

By kicking radicals out, the I. S. U. kicks rotten conditions in—and wars start all over again. The situation in the marine industry has a few gruesome details. In the midst of unseamanlike foaming and gnashing we lose sight of one important thing: Industrial Unions. Not only is the day of craft unionism past, but it is ridiculous, ludicrous. And, if anybody, the seamen should know it, and deride it..... It takes a marine Industrial Union to make shipowners eat that book.

## 1937\_10\_IW\_10041937

**SAYS T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Legislation is a poor substitute for organization. Supreme Justices cannot alibi out of our miserable conditions by blaming it on the constitution. Any how it is infant industry to lay the blame on the dead letters of the law. Either we are men, or something the eat dragged in.

\* \* \*

As to the CIO, we cannot yet know. We know only that it is a Committee FOR Industrial Organization. Press dispatches say it (the committee) has gone in for Federation, and between lines it says Departmental Form of Unionism.

Men have chased that delusion before. It is NOT Industrial Unionism.

Lewis seems to have an idea that he can split wood and then gather them into a cord. Mebbe so, mebbe so, but, darn the luck, people are using oil-burners and gas, and John’s woop-pile is destined to mellow with the years. Come, come, John —regular orthodox industrial unionism with the I. W. W. seal and preamble stamped fore and aft.

Agitation is life—let us live.

Life knows no defeat.

Compromise, John, is an infant stillborn.

Shorter workday is a healthy baby.

That’s our child.

\* \* \*

A gentleman pulled a “strip tease” in front of the relief “Clarkgables” and “Thedabaras” in Cleveland, Ohio. Having heard a man must be “damn near naked” to get anything from the relief, he stepped out on the sidewalk and took off all his clothes. After presenting his clothes to innocent bystanders, he presented himself in the line-up of applicants. For a long time he remained unnoticed (to say nothing about being recognized) but when he finally gained their attention his act went over big with the ladies—one almost fainted, and the “old guard” had to take restoratives. He got a suit of clothes in record time. This is a democratic country. A sailor brings me this yarn, and a sailor wouldn’t lie except “for the good of the service.”.

Of course, fellow worker editor, we cannot be frank like the sailorman, right here in print. Sufficient to say however, the tale was rushed to me like perishable freight—sailors will be sailors—and I am putting an airmail stamp on it (the only one and kind I have—times is tough in downstate New York, but we are tougher.) Now if someone else will come out of his shell, we’ll get someplace.

Further, the truth loving sailorman avers, “the relief seeker wasn’t really nude for fumes arising to the skies enveloped his noble form.”

Keen observation, that’s what I calls it—so I asked him: “What do you think of those Wobblies squirming around with all that bottled up intelligence?”

“I quit thinking, Slim” sez he. “If they don’t let loose pretty soon they’ll blow up.”

“You mean that they should go among the natives, and blow off that extra intelligence?”

“You said it, Slim, lay down the law and gospel; that’s what the M. T. W. is doing.”—T-bs.

## 1937\_11\_IW\_24041937

**SIT-DOWN STRIKES TOO GOOD TO STOP**

–––––

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Sit-down strikes have given the courts plenty of rope to hang themselves––a couple of judges obliged, but the confounded sheriff’s wouldn’t pull the string.

(This sit-down has no reference to the steel companies’ sit-down against navy order.)

Note: Steal Companies’ sit-down was based upon presumption they could not produce steel economically in a 40-hour week. Labor’s sit-down was based upon the fact that they could not oscillate muscle economically for pennies from heaven.

Walter Lippman recently sought truth and held his job. Here it is: Employers create an army of from three to thirteen million unemployed with malice aforethought, and deviltry afoot, for the purpose of using them as strike breakers in the event the current slaves revolt. To combat that damnable conspiracy the slaves invented a sit-down strike, recognizing how difficult it is to introduce scabs into a plant where the boys are playing marbles. No self-respecting scab would think of entering such a place, no matter how hungry.

So it is plain as mud that if we can outsit our parasite lords and masters, it is our duty to do so. This nation has ever respected squatter rights––only the farmers of Hershey, Pa., hadn’t heard about it.

Note: The sit-down (in general) is new, so the farmers pulled a new form of strikebreaking. Such a strike-breaking is ineffective and already carries reactions; all told a gain for the workers, and next time the farmers try it I hope the horses don’t run away with the widow.

What this country needs is a constitutional amendment to the effect that after a man has been robbed of everything he possesses he shall have the right to squat whenever he damn well pleases instead of turning robber himself, or committing suicide, and be it further resolved the words “wherever he damn pleases” be incorporated in that amendment.

\* \* \*

It is with heavy heart I offer this reminder:

A Race Does Not Prosper Who Sell Only Within Its Charmed Circle: It is then inadvisable to stir up animosities in neighboring races. Trade when ingrown is worse than an inbred toe-nail. Be the race Bulgarian, Hungarian, or a goulash of Malarians, if they deal only with themselves they soon become impoverished––business is not production.

By the same token, it is idle for an I.W.W. to talk industrial unionism to an I.W.W.––he’s already heard it. A pox on these stirrer-uppers that would destroy their own race to satisfy the spleen of their frustrations more imagined than true! Organize the workers. Forget race, creed and color. You’re not going to hell––nor is there a promised land. You make your conditions right in this world by organizing industrially and it may be that the fragrance of your performance will precede you into the next. The only promised lands are those that we can take or make or forsake with our organized might. Start your heaven right in this world, not by tearing down but by building up. (Natural selection will do the tearing down: if it’s good, it stands.) Hell? can’t you see we’re living in it? (As a jokesmith I would suggest it needs air-conditioning more so than asbestos . . .)

Verily, must I say, unorganized peace is war, and unorganized aspirations hell. Whatever you want, organize, and it shall be. Nothing is impossible to organization. The wildest of schemes is entirely possible to an organized people—so wild that ninety-nine out of a hundred would scream “impossible” and even as they scream the thing is done.

We haven’t seen anything yet.

\* \* \*

Supreme Court Judges are not ruined “after” they go on the bench, but before.

Immediately before they go, they lead a cloistered life (no name in telephone book) and consequently they suffer an increasingly ingrown viewpoint. The age of Supreme Court Justice should be between 16 and 46. We might lose an occasional good one, but the country could stand it. And the frustrated prospect can always go selling bonds or halibut.

The parasite press in New York City hints strongly on sending Supreme Court to reform school—on account of second childhood, I s’pose? See how those darn things hook up? And I s’pose it’s because of the failties of the British language? Darn the luck, “reform”, “reform”, “reform” screams the press half bereft of balanced brain pan.

(Note: This should not be contrued as indicating press prioly had balanced brain-pan—each morning that I relinquish two cents for their wares, I feel gipped a penny’s worth.)

\* \* \*

Ho hum (Canada) —

Premier Hepburn’s hokum always did work before—that was before labor started thinking and acting up to its thought. Premier? (Pre-meyer, probably.)

His cabinetmate resigns and groans (in effect): “My sympathies are marching with the workers, not riding with General Motors.”

I’ll take ten yeas to laugh that one off, and Premier Hepburn will have to kiss a pile of babies before it fades into forgetfulness.

\* \* \*

S’meller Drama:

It’s an outrage the way these shops on the Bowery hang up only one shoe, outside. Sometimes it takes a couple of weeks before you can get the other one. In the meantime every one-legged man is arrested and his residence searched. The one shoe (left) is no good to the dealer, so he puts it up for display. It disappears. Again the police swoop down on the portside cripples and haul them off to dungeons vile.

“Grig. Gen. J. P. Hill Sued for Divorce” War’s hell!

“Mrs. Delafield, Social Leader, Shoots Herself”. What a noble example If this fashion “takes”, the social problem is all but settled—hours and wages can be set or abolished afterwards.

Some one needed to handle workers? Well, why not at the same time handle a few parasites? “Handle ‘em gently”, exhorts Sullivan, “but handle ‘em.”

New York City is making a drive against subway spitters. The city fathers have seen the havoc caused by the overturning of a spitoon so they passed a law endeavoring to save the subway from floods. (Note: I never spit between Battery and Spyten Duviel—yes, I have no saliva to spare the subway.) Next case.

Albany Assembly passed a no hitch hiking law. Walk or ride the milktrain, hey? That’s the same bunch that killed the Child Labor Law. And to think they get paid for it!

## 1937\_12\_IW\_01051937

**Why Arbitrate With Thieves For Carfare?**

On the whole the country is not ready for arbitration. There is too much difference between the havealls and the have-nothings. Compulsory arbitration is wholly out of the question because the employers are 100 per cent organized and labor is less than 10 per cent organized.

In addition the employers have their first, second, and third line of trenches organized for offense and defense. There was no holler for arbitration as long as labor took it lying down, but when labor sat down and said it wouldn’t take it, then it was that the mouthpieces hollered “Arbitration.”

God! How they hate to see labor get anything!

Let ‘em holler.

Compulsory arbitration is the boss’ game. Somehow it conflicts with democracy and fits in with autocracy (out-talkracy) . . . there’s no occasion for arbitration in fascism and “communism” as practiced today.

We could not expect labor to arbitrate the question of letting a large part of their production go to swell the medicine chests of the Pinkertons, could we? Of course, not.

The corruptporation might argue that the millions didn’t come from production, but from the customers. Ah, as I see it, the customers are paying a premium to maintain detectives over the workers, is that it? . . . The public . . . H’m . . . That is’nt so hot either, and still I don’t see any cause for arbitration.

**But I’m game, although I’m not the whole cheese. If arbitration we must have, let us have it with the understanding that the first question to be taken up shall be: Shall the majority vote of all hands in the industry decide all questions pertaining thereto, and that no other questions shall intrude interim.**

If the answer ‘be “yes,” all other questions automatically suffer compulsory non-suit, and their substance suddenly grows nil, null and void . . . extinct.

Should the answer be “yes,” the arti**trators** come under the head of anti-trust law violation, and arbitration will be forever discredited as a shapeless form of no premise and less promise.

\* \* \*

After the employers have everything but our Sunday pants they say, “boys, let’s arbitrate.” They are past masters in the art of pouring oil on troubled 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 — $40,000,000,000 a year. It seems to me that that is pretty heavy cream and leaves but little bluish 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 walk; if they have my jack I ain’t going no place nohow. (Moral: Always use carfare before, not after.)

The verdicts are always according to the usaged of paratisitism. (Noting there to arbitrate except the verdict.ó

\* \* \*

**Trade Secret: ( Millionaires Must Go)**

There i\* hysteria among the legal sharks because their profession is overcrowded. One lawyer to each 783 of U. S. imputation, including babies. Ten per cent of New York county bar professes pauperism and demand a place in the sun. New lawyers are passed over their head in swarms—a regular flood. “Oi, oi,” the Blackstonians wail, “is there no way to stop this flood?”

Colleges are the source of lawyers and they have curtailed production (mild sabotage) and that leaves too many professors. Oi, oi, oi—to the wailing wall.

Why not amputate the hysteria and re-organize the “economic dingus—so that 763 can support more lawyers and less millionaires? What say, barristers?

Increasingly it becomes plain, we cannot live in the same house with this present raft of **emolunaires**—they have their fingers in every pie, and that’s twice too many. (I know of a leading barrister who draws fortunes from half a dozen leading corporations yearly—wrist deep in the pie, some say elbow deep.) Thus it is, industrial gazabos are considering the swapping of industries across the ocean (hands across the sea) and create a condition wherein lords and masters would go over there, and show their stuff, and those of over there (who had played out their hand) would come over here—a sort of **exchange of talent**, and it is figured, the novelty of the thing would go over big with the proletarians. I hope I have not given away any secrets, and rather than air a secret, I’d cut my throat with a dull razor blade.

\* \* \*

“Incorporate the unions,” howls Mr. Hearst. William must still be sore about that small affair on the Seattle P-I?

Wouldn’t it be just as good, Bill, to copperplate them and put on a glaze finish?

Heh, heh, heh — **first arbitrate, then incorporate**. Hot Dog, that’s a good one!

Let me give you a piece of advise, Bill. If you don’t lay off of unions, the balance of your ricketty power will fritter away. Recall, brother, when you holler “incorporate” it is only Maine and Vermont talking.

Most respectfully I suggest therefore, it is damn good politics for you and your Chamber of Commerce to paddle your own respective canoes, and keep your respective noses out of labor union business. Compulsory arbitration would throw the country into a general strike. I’m opposed to it because the boys ain’t organized and because I’m not interested in furthering Hearst’s constituents.

**What the State laws would do to incorporated unionism in front of blue ribbon juries, is scandalous.—T-bs.**

## 1937\_13\_IW\_08051937

**IT SEEMS IT’S ALL UP TO US**

–––––

**By T-BONE-SLIM**

Championing labor’s cause is like getting out behind and pushing a blizzard.

Double yoke never yet lightened the burden of oxen. Coyly now the liberals admit the trouble is in the worst paid workers.

Mostly kicked dogs does the heavy yelping . . . Remove the iron heel from labor’s neck and labor will rise of its own accord.

Labor cannot be helped, but parasites can be fought.

He who helps labor is outside of his jurisdiction: If he is not of labor, he forgets himself; if he is of labor, he helps himself.

Representatives cannot quite forget their class.

Bossers and bossees are now in equal numbers on the jobs . . . after a while only bossers will work. (Mebby I should say bossirs in recognition of their economic royalty?)

wIw

Everybody knows labor doesn’t eat. Why then should labor be envious of the relief eaters that likewise do not eat? Isn’t it a better part of wisdom for labor to so organize that victuals grace his board?

Why then should relief eaters envy the eatless jobs of undernourished workers? Isn’t it a better part of wisdom for relief eaters to so organize that other than swills grace their board? He who can stand relief has no fear for the hereafter.

In New York City 100,000 workers get “ten dollars a month and room.” — What do they live on? They are alive an hour and a half every morning — the rest of the day they are dead.

wlw

Disintegration has attacked Bill Corum. He says: “It must be that we enjoying paying taxes to keep the relief rolls well buttered.”

What a well-rounded sentence! But gee whizz Bill, the darn stuff is axle-grease.

Now that I’ve told you where the fraying begins, I hope you are not too far gone to have it stitched. I know—I know all about it Bill––they’ve put salt on your tail. How hath the mighty fallen!––before he used to write like seven Whizzbrains. (I’ve used that word before)––Corum from his exalted height should swing more lightly at the head of starving millions.

wlw

Income taxation is not a cure for the evil of wealth conscription (confiscation) by industrial buzzards (who garner up all the million dollar bills) because the tax, to be just, would have to take (confiscate) about 990,000 dollars from each first million dollar bill, and the whole from each succeeding million-dollar bill.

The matter is so involved no cure is possible through the channels of politics or taxation.

If taxation is attempted the moneys so accrued go into the hands other than the offended party. Where in the first case labor’s “bread and butter” went to stick up memorial libraries and extravagant mansions for parasites, in the second case (power) they go to appease the vanities of more or less inbecile politicians. In the latter case (power) the chorus girls will have to whistle for pearls and diamonds, for the politicians are virtuous men (along those lines.)

No, the remedy lies with labor––you “head off” those million dollar bills before they get to the exploiter––one big union––and politicians will have nothing to divide. (All they have to do is to sit there and tell us what great men they are, and we, labor of course, will give them medals to that effect.)

The benefits of the latter program are so great it is labor’s duty to forget himself for the moment and rescue those exploiters from the torments of eternal damnation; give them a dying chance to make the grade on the golden stair . . . I am pleading with you to join the Industrial Workers of the World and organize the working class.

wlw

The newspapers that were trying to save the country from democrats last November are now trying to save the Supreme Court. If the same percentage of salvage holds true, the court will need all the “filler” it can get. I’m afraid Model T templates will not fit the new streamliners.

No greater discredit can be given our courts, constitution and republicanism than to have reactionaries defend them.

A reactionary considers a new pair of shoes a calamity, and new sox a disaster . . . You can’t pour new wine into old bladders.

## 1937\_14\_IW\_15051937

**T-Bone Slim Says:**

*Worker’s lot sure is hell—anybody that comes along can call off his strike. Recently, a judge in New Yoick called off the sewer-workers strike. That was in February.*

March 1st when Big Boss Rosoff goes over to the job expecting to find sweat bubbling from millions of pores, he found the boys playing cards. Can you imagine, frittering away their time in drawing to flushes instead of reading Blackstone or studying catechism.

Note: Sandhog tells me, “You’re all twisted, ‘flushing’ is a very important part of sewer construction and maintenance.”

I tried to tell him Flushing is a town over in Long Island and is purely a geographical sub-division.

“Boys,” sez Subway Sam (Rasoff), “go on downtown and have your heart examined—I’ll pay the fare.” He interrupted himself. Sam evidently thinks the judge has ended the strike.

It’s an awful mess.

wlw

*A noticeable improvement secured in the relief distribution since that negro in Denver invested his few last nickles in powder and ball (killing relief agent, two caseworkers and shot into a crowd of lady clerks.)* They say he (is) crazy? Mebbe so?—driven so? But knowing the conditions, I think it all makes sense.Adds up just fine! Two and twomakes four. (Mebbe the requirements are a bit stringent?) Special privilege and independent thinking is tangling horns. But this relaxing of the bandages comes close to being an error: It’s a bid for other sufferers to arm. I think it would be well for relief subordinates to ignore all such rules that bring death. That would be the sensible thing to do, and organize against their superiors. This may all seem crazy, editor, but I swear by the beard of Charley Marx that I’m no crazier than the relief administration, and its works; so I am proposing that Harry Hopkins dress his agents in all metal, with all modern-air-conditioned appliances and have them look down upon the hoi polloi through a periscope. (Note: you can’t shoot a guy through a periscope no matter how he deserved it).—

And then—and then Harry, your men can put a lie-detector upon the starving millions without fear of mortal injury or physical violence. That’s my story, Harry, and if I’m to be accused of silliness or playing offsuit un trump you shall be my first witness.

[Part of the text is missing]

which they cannot do as individuals should decide the tactics pursued that the I. W. W. supports and practices local autonomy. Thus if a grievance concerns one camp all those workers on that job should have the right to take whatever action thet collectively decide on. But when a grievance is common to all the camps then the action and tactics adopted should be decided apon by the members in all the camps affected and the decision of the majority should be binding on all to stick together until they all gain their commondemand.

**Autonomy fa Efficient**

The practice of local autonomy m this way is desirable and efficient as can readily be seen. It is efficient because only so much of the power of the union is called upon to assist as is necessary. If the members in all the camps had to take a vote and act on all the conditions peculiar to a single camp, union business meetings would be swamped under and they would cease to function. A small hammer should be used to break small stones and big hammer should be used on big stones. Job branch action should break small job stones and industrial union action should break large industrial stones. The I.W.W. supports this kind of local autonomy.

But where local autonomy is denied in order to stop necessary job action and then made a fetish of to destroy essential industrial solidarity, as in the S.M. and T.W., the I.W.W. stands definitely opposed. That is why we cannot accept Pritchett’s statement as progress. On matters pertaining to one camp, local autonomy has been consistently overruled by the W.F. affiliates. But where success of demands of the workers demands industrial solidarity local autonomy is made cry and separate settlements are made by each and every camp.

**Strike Action Vetoed**

Invariably the local autonomy of members on a job to take action has been declared unconstitutional by the officials of the S.M. and T.W. and Plywood Workers. On Grays Harbor, on the Tacoma Eastern, and other places, strike actions has been vetoed by officials not even on the job. The members on the Olympic Penninsula don’t hold meetings excepting when an official is free to attend and oversee the proceedings and the meetings are arranged so that this is made possible. Local autonomy is a myth in these cases.

But when it comes to a case of a general raise in pay or better conditions throughout the industry then local autonomy is rammed down their throats with a vengeance. After going on record as in favor of the six-hour day and a ten cent increase in pay for the whole lumbering in-[rest of the text is missing]

## 1937\_15\_IW\_22051937

**T-BONE SLIM ON WAYS AND MEANS**

–––––

*The Dupe Line: (as investigator extraordinary)—*

When I was in the relief line back in 1937, it grieved me sorely to find all the front places taken and after it had grieved me sorely for the loss of privilege and position it started in and sorely grieved me from the angle of the backwardness of my place, way behind—the line. What to do? (I was blushing at my own inferiority complex).

So I went among the inmates and picking out a man here and there, I whispered as follows:

Here, buddy, I’ve got a hot tip from the kitchen. They’ve going to give those communards in the front end of the line, a bellyache, today. I’ve been expecting this for several days and always hung well back in the line so I could see if they remained on their feet after eating.”

That’s all I said and do you know, editor, the next day there was plenty room up in front and nobody was in a hurry about eating—except our humble scribe.

“What’s the matter with those guys?” inquired the kitchen force.

“Hell,” says I politely, “the god damned cranks are talking of pulling a sitdown strike for better chuck.”—So he tossed me another chunk of beef. But mark you, fellow worker, this is not the kind of “line-up” the roaming IWW delegate has been talking about. You’ve heard him but hardly had the delegate’s words cooled in your ears, when the boss was right there telling you, “if you join up with them in the front you’ll get a bellyache.” “Yes,” screams the press, “you’ll get falling arches and falling hair.” *(They want the front place for themselves. That s all and they’ll lie like hell to get it. Now I wouldn’t lie . . . That’s another matter and we won’t discuss it.)*

*Politics work just thataway—deceit.*

wIw

*In Re Taxation:*

Arthur Brisbane “kicked the bucket” last Christmas and today the State of New Jersey figures on getting $9,000,000 in inheritance tax from the sorrowing estate. Arthur did all his heavy voting in Joisey, so it looks as if the empty treasury of the Mosquito State will get some heavy padding.

Arthur Brisbane made most of his jackpot in New York State and New York City, and the size of the pot indicates Arthur’s overcharging the natives, for he was relatively young when he died—some say “in Knee-britches”. (That last crack is probably sour grapes or sarcasm)—

Be that as it may, and inasmuch as the offended parties are not to enjoy any part of Art’s acquisitiveness, I think the several states should enter in reciprocal agreements and divide the swag betwixt them. Covercharge is phooey.

Joyce Kilmer, Poet magnifique, is having breakfast. Breakfast consists of oatmeal or some other well known wood. Joyce visualized in his minds eye, the powdered timber, sawdust, wooddust and barkdust accumulating up and down and crosswise in his innards—for Joyce was a sarcastic man. “Board feet?” he ruminated. “Plankfeet?” he questioned himself, “or wooden seeds in crushed form?” “Dammit,” sez he, “only God can make a tree.”

New York City now wants to “pack the police force.” How about packing the wheelbarrow gang? True it is though, kicking the jobless upstairs would tend to retard crime. Clime is caused by want in a topheavy world. Yes, murder, also.

100,000 gas masks per day are manufactured in England. It won’t be long now till all the people of the world will be going through life in masks—a regular masque ball. (Give us another scottisch, Professor, the folks wanna dance. Crazy? Not at all professor, that before we fight)—Or[missing] One Big Union, labor that’s [missing] said.

wIw

They couldn’t put a price [missing] so they Jim it . . . Frustr[missing]

Up till now the five-and-t[missing] have escaped all pay boost [missing] beauty of organization is it [missing] carry along the weak sister [missing] value. The boss put those [missing] there expecting “to use the [missing] the powder is all wet. *Be* [missing] *ladies!*

Bosses never did have [missing] —why those weaker siste[missing] wreck his joint in almost [missing] This way it’s better. He [missing] his joint just by turning loo[missing] cash.

## 1937\_16\_IW\_29051937

**The Movie Stars–and a Picket Line**

**By Our Dramatic Editor**

**T-BONE SLIM**

Hollybush stars “sashayed” through the picket lines just as if their limbs were chafed hardly none at all. True it is though, they did look as if they had one foot in the poor house and one in the grave, vacant look, guilty look––so we cannot expect them to know anything about unionism, class consciousness or solidarity.

Skip that––but the stars should consider the day of reckoning when Time shall ask: Did you walk through the picket line?

People are still talking about the baseball player who failed to touch second base twenty-five years ago, so I would advise you stars: When you cross the picket line, take your shoes off, for you are walking on holy ground.

We learn the last moment of our lives; but toward the last “the flashes” grow increasingly farther apart (get that?), the mirror grows increasingly dim (from conditions) and it is then the **artistry is gone with the wind**. The farewell tour is on, and the public, fickle public, gargles no note of approval. Where is glamour then, the tinsel of “make believe”, when Time shall inquire: “Did you cross the picket line?”

When workers have gone to the trouble of establishing a picket line, it ill befits any man or woman to set his judgment and will as superior to that of the offended parties. One lone star can challenge the plea of 30,000, but the thirty thousand are still right.

wIw

**Emotionalism, whether it takes the form of sob action or running amuck is of the same substance––only difference is sob action, like broth, is greatly diluted.**

**Job action? Hm? That can be done nearer home and save Washington much heartfelt sympathy.**

Sympathy? Did you ever try to smear sympathy on your bread? No, of course not.

Did you ever trade in a measure of justice for a pair of Rockford sox?

I’m betting the other way––it can’t be done. A man would stand a better chance of swapping the sox for justice . . . try it some time! Try to pass off an armload of justice to a bartender for a glass of McSorley’s ale.

No, we want markers––markers that will pass at face value in the marts of men.

Sympathy and justice make a poor windbreak.

A shorter workday is our right and heritage, but right and heritage won’t make the shorter workday hit the bull’s eye.

No need to work long hours. We don’t work the year ‘round . . . and one quarter of the working class have no work at all. All shall live . . . even if we have to fish 365 days a year.

Shorten the hours, and wages will take care of themselves.

How? How do they shorten the wool on sheep? Shear ‘em off.

Build your industrial union, and the One Big Union is built.

That last crack is important––the bridle always goes to the forward end of dobbin.

The workers don’t build a One Big Union––the working class builds it.

wIw

We must not think that the I.W.W. was the only bunch that went to town for the marine workers in the last marine transport workers strike.

Others did go to bat for the seamen, and right nobly they did, but inasmuch as action is peculiar to the Wobblies, “the others” may as well take out red cards and give their activity a name.

Gains can be made without the One Big Union, but it means continual struggle, strikes here and there, everywhere, and, in the end, the question arises: Can the gains be held?

The question never arises in a One Big Union.

## 1937\_17\_IW\_12061937

**Go and Get It — Ways and Means By T-Bone Slim**

‘Twas to be expected that Germany would bombard samo city in Spain, consonant with saving of fuel and expenditure of time; for after all even the Reichsführer must explain how come the pineappless dropped on the battle-cruiser Deutschland.

That’s the end of it—realistic enough, but the same result could have been attained by using blanks on Almeria and hardshell on the front page. It would have been more in line with the spirit of the times; for after all, we must admit, the power’s protective patrol is either childish, or n huge joke—or both,

Germany’s honor has been saved, but how come the honor strayed so far away from home into those strange and compromising situations.

–––––

In Chicago the police power superceded the Federal Wagner Act and protected the non-union workers in their right to work before the fact, before the throat, while not yet any danger threatened, a non-existent danger and did with malice aforethough slaughter and main organization members who wore about to peacably assemble and conduct a picket line in the vicinity of the Republic Steel Company’s sweat shop. Unquestionably the police were without premise and acted upon the urgings of a mind decadent or hysterical—other urgings to the contrary

–––––

The workingclass surely loves punishment. If it isn’t one kind it’s another—and sometime I have thought they enhoy all kinds of punishment, and thrive upon it.

How well I remember the time I sought to bettor my economic condition by voting the Republican ticket. The punishment was terrific, My disintegration was groat. My discomfiture was all but complete—and there were those of my neighbors who failed to recognize in me the “model child” they knew before my disfiguration. “Yes,” they said, lifting their eyebrows, a haunting fear gripping their vitals, “isn’t that the relic of T-Bone Slim, who just now went walking down the street, talking to himself?” ‘Twas I, Indeed, but how could those people know I had been exercising my franchise?

Others prefer the Democratic form of torture, and then there are those who cannot rest well unless they split their ticket and have two kinds of punishment at once. (These two are the leading brands of pennance in the country to-day, and there is great rivalry between them to see which can put the working class farthest behind the eight ball and leave him no shots whatsoever.)

We will1 not go into the details about other ailments that confront us in the form of political action, inasmuch as wo fool that the suffering we have gone through cannot be enlarged upon. Endorsement of the fink book by alleged Communists in the marine industry indicates but that the alleged capitalist haters have gone over bag and baggage to the reactionaries and are but helping Dr. Copeland fit a harness upon the working class. No new kind of sorrow there. When I went into politics on the strength of the cigar stuck in my mouth, and rolled from cabbage leaves, when I reclined upon the springless cushions of the cab—horse cab—for that was yars and yars ago—I was a normal young man. Look at me now.

They got my pants. They put second hand shoes on my feet. My Elgin watch is learning Latin in a hockshop and the crystal on my Ingersol is cracked. My best girl jilted me. Ah, follow workers, she was an angel— And maybe is so yet (for all I know) for up to today I have not been reinstated—I’ve got a mind to swing the Wagner Act at her and invoke the powers of collective bargaining.

However, there is no quarrel between the workers— for they are reasonable creatures and must realize that they are all working at cut rates. Every effort has been made to, create differences between them, to bestir jealousies, cupidity, and what not, bill those wiles have fallen by the wayside . . . Because—all wages are far too low! and many there are who get no wages at all.

Political prestidigatators have been unable to solve the problem of enforced idleness of one third of the working class. They know nothing about work and less about shortening the working day, or do not want to—and, it may be, they wish to use the unemployed ns a background for our prancing and chronic parasites—a sanctification upon un obvious evil—swelling of the ranks of non-producers.

Not bad politics, oh?

In 1920 “dear Pierre” cleared $32,000,000 on the strength of his foresight. Not bad eyesight for an old man.

Homo more punishment for the working class . . . and they love it . . . If a blessing ever hits them I tremble for the result. For years and years the workers have gone in for every now form of punishment in political channels, for every phoney unionism that was able to lift its head, but it never occurred to them to join the I.W.W,— the union based upon the uncompromising solidarity of labor. What is the result?

Tho punishment persists. Fake parties. Phoney unions come and go. The I.W.W, lives forever and will be eventually the One Big Union. They (the others) have the membership, but no union; wo have the union, but no membership. (Ed. note: At 1 least not so much membership that we have to make apologies for the condition the country is in.) Come and get it!

wIw

**Cow Has High Ideals—**

**Grants Pass, Ore.—”Cow climbed into hayloft and chewed up farmer’s hay— he had to use block and tackle to gat her away from the haypile.”**

**Tho cow here get a precedent that Labor might well take to heart.**

**I expect to see some judge jump up and slap the cow with an injunction.**

wIw

We hear a hue and cry raised to have n businessman for president, for mayor, coroner or dog-catcher, as the case may be, and strange as it seems, politically speaking, I am heartily in favor of this discrimination, with reservations:

I insist that the official shall be a bona fide businessman—and that the following indisputable facts be considered in the selection:

When a stiffneck steps into a corner stone, and buys a pack of Bull durham, the only businessman present is the stiffneck. The only business-money present is his nickel. Tho only business performed was accomplished by the stiffneck, and the storekeeper was only his servant. Sure, run the stiffneck for president, and promote the storekeeper to stiffneck—so that he too may one day be a businessman and president.

## 1937\_18\_IW\_19061937

**It’s not Labor That’s Holding Mankind Back**

Dr, Robert A. Millikan, physicist, C. I. O T. gets this off his chest in Denmark:

“The world has not known for 300 years reaction similar to that prevailing today, attempting to lead mankind back to an authoritative irrationality and unscientific superstitions.”

When news of Dr. Millikan’s wisdom was carried to Berlin, the Voelkischer Beobachter burst into a column and a half of tears. Goebels threw a fit, and Hitler wouldn’t touch food or drink three days hand running. Robert sure said and earful.

—Here, you young rascals, jump up and give Mr. millikan a seat. He must have been raised near San Jose.

You all remember when the Great Poverty hit California, and Upton Sinclair, the hermit of that town atop of Glendale, not Pasadena, tried to cure it with EPIC?

Epicac would have been epually effectual for the great man hadn’t got to the root of the evil. the answer is dogs.

The dogs were eating California into a state of disrepair, to put it mildly . . .

I went into a farmyard for a drink of water (not thinking of wine at all) and there I saw 12 or 15 dogs stretched out cold in death. The darn dogs had the farmer on the way to the poorhouse; so he took revenge... Seeing he was a refuge from Iowa, I had the courage to inquire: “Are those dogs gonna be hamburger, or canned chicken?”

“That’s right, rub it in,” he snapped, “those darn dogs had the very ground eaten from under my feet like the darn insurance companies did ‘before them in Iowa. The well’s gone dry, and I gotta pack the water from the Los Angeles irrigation ditch,... but I’ve got some wine,” added mysteriously.

I forgave him all his sins.

\* \* \*

**“500,000 Insects in U. S. To Every Human!”—**

**Pessimistic estimate that. I think seven out of eight of us are human.**

**Get another cat—**

There’s one important point the war makers of Europe are overlooking: The cat, whose fur they rub the wrong way, is dead. (Helluva note!)

**Gruesome details—**

Germany is now cutting off the heads of some of the brighter lads with up to date machinery—I haven’t the description but I imagine it is something in the manner of improved shears. As it is I can think only of two ways it could be made more gruesome—saw them off, or crush them with a steam hammer (beg your pardon-Diesel hammer; my mistake) I mention this just to show progress—same thing in a new way.

**Sad is that saddist does.**

Now we, (us) we are using several ways to quench the blood thirst of our hypocrits. (Are they hypocrite or just plain damn dumb?) We stretch their necks with a bit of rope, smother them with poison gas, and fry them with electricity.

Note: We do not boil them with oil or anything, neither do we bake them, roast them, or baste them in hot ovens; and anybody who said [unclear] is a liar and running foreign, strictly Un-American propagandaer.

We hang them, poison them, or fry them-that’s all **we** do (unless we give credit to the yarn that some of the lads are given opportunities and assistance to commit suicide while a couple of huskies are holding them, so as to save expense. We’re big hearted that way, especially in money matters.)

All this makes for violence. Like begets like. You can’t eradicate thistles by planting them.

But I am not advocating violence. I am merely discussing it.

“Well, Slim, ferchrisake, what would you do in a case like that?”

I’m far sighted, I am. I’d put the boys on a pork chop diet for ten years immediately before their revolt, and I’d have them so fat and cheerful and lazy that they’d say “Let George do it.” Note: under this system of society there is only one way to start that 3-ply chin—the one big union of the workers—and that is the Industrial Worker of the World. We have the majority.

\* \* \*

Frem these presents it can be seen that Germany is not the only country that is machinery mad. And how futile indeed it is for a country to improve its machinery while its system of distribution is awry, its social consciousness haywire, and its soul traveling in the provinces of extermination.

**“Well Slim, why is it that machinery is so far ahead of all [other] human endeavor?”**

**Workers invented the machines. Parasites set up the rest of these thingamajigs.**

**“Well, Slim, what’s the remedy?”**

**Stop the machinery until society catches up—or catches on.**

**“How?”**

**Through One Big Union.**

## 1937\_19\_IW\_26061937

**The Big Steel Tribe Tries To Slip One Over**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

It looks just as if United States Steel corporation is fighting unionism through “Independents” and its subsidiaries. This is supposed to be strategy or tactics. It is neither. It is a solemn declaration that the U. S. Steel corporation cannot stand on its own leet and that a darky resides in the wood pile.

Were it different and these wars were on the up and up, it is the first time in history of steel that they weren’t glove and hand.

I don’t know where Tom Girdler comes from. But independents live because they are tolerated and the swag is big enough to reach all around that charmed circle . . . Has the Hindoo been here again? Subsidiaries live by special permit. These the United States Steel can lick any time—any time. But it cannot lick labor this time—this time.

Republic Steel is the bully of the tribe and Tom Girdler is its prophet. For two years the Republic has been working to create differences between its workers and to divide them into three (or more) factions, as: “Stay Ins,” “Stay Outs,” and “Strikers.” Shifts have been shuffled, reshuffled and then hashed. Seniority and precedence was changed to favoritism (just as if Republic could favor anybody but itself).

Wages were reduced, re-raised, reduced and re-raised without reason, rhyme or ‘rithmetic, to create a condition of **uncertainty** and the struggle for “favor” was on.

The cost of living in Monroe is **high** and the pay at Newton Steel company is **low**. Rents in Monroe are 35 to 65 dollars a month for anything with more than three boards nailed to studding. A landlord’s paradise.

Newton and Steed company is three miles away. (Note: the picket line is not at the plant and “the dog bit the little girl who was afraid,” to begin with.)

Most of the employes have cars—I did not say, “own cars”—they have been paying for them ever since I was running around in knee britches and that’s half a century ago, and they’ll keep on paying for them unless they learn to strike, and strike as one—like the I. W. W.

The Monroe driver is an ever present danger on the highways and sometimes the driving is so rudimentary that a fatal accident looks like a clear case of deliberate murder. Engineers recognized this when they laid out the main highway arteries north and south, they ran them outside the town.

Anxiety over an unpaid for car it the source of this wild and woolly driving. So it can be seen why the good and willing slaves of the Newton Steel company over-turned and wrecked the pickets’ cars—they could not imagine anything more horrible than to destroy a man’s life savings, set him back a half century and force him to walk three miles to work.

A leading New York paper says there is a conspiracy between the independents. Poppycock! Orders come from above.

Lewis says—

It makes no difference what Lewis says. But what I would say is this: We need a constitutional amendment to curb the Republic Steel for its irresponsible, irrational conduct.

## 1937\_20\_IW\_03071937

**Charity covers a multitude of transgressions!**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Philanthropy pays good dividends––remember this, my son, when you step out to garner your millions: Be sure to gather enough of them, five hundred million, thousand million––yea bo, two thousand million.

If you decide to select two thousand million for yourself, you can well afford to pass out five hundred million as a matter of philanthropy––for sweeet charity’s sake––and you’ll still have one thousand and five hundred million left over for a rainy day.

Don’t get it all in one place; it will be noticed. Get, say, a thousand million from the workers and get the other thousand million from the consumers––the consumers can be depended on to refinance themselves from the proceeds of the workers’ production, or pay.

Now you’re all set. Your philanthropies have brought you a clear profit of a billion and a half––which same you’d never been able to get away with did you not open your heart to the gentle urging of blessed philanthropy. And when you come to die the people will say: “He had a heart like an ox”; they’re that dumb.

It will make no difference how many workers you shoot down at the factory gate, getting it––”industrial misunderstanding,” you know, and the law is with you.

No matter how many workers you evict from your houses on the bleak hill sides and how many of them you burn to death afterwards when you set fire to their tent colony in the dead of winter; for are you not an “economic royalist,” as they say, superior to the common people that you hold in contempt and use as pawns in the gathering of your millions according to law?

And when you come to die you can say:

“I devise and bequethe to my son, who is just as good as I am, all my wordly possessions including tricks of the trade and sanctimonous expressions for every occasion, and for the rest of the world I can only offer good advice––save your pennies and work hard.”

You will have had a soft living. Starch never “ran” in you collars and wax never melted in your mustachees and, finally, death comes and delivers unto you a get-away.

How long, O tell me, are the people going to stand for this kind of racket within the law? When will they join the union of their class, the I.W.W. and put an end to industrial graft and commercial chiseling? Soon, I hope.

I have offered advices consonant with the latter and spirit of law. I have tried, O noble editor, to stay within the limits of that charmed institution and if I have strayed it may be that the law has deserted the realm of reason and is given over to the protection of the enemy within our gates, while yet the prisoners of starvation make the land of the free hideous with their lament.

Brush away your tears, editor, and worry not. You can always dye your graying temples with shoe polish or printer’s ink. This article should stanp up well for we should remember––I have no son.

I am giving advice to a non-existant beneficiary. The principle is the same as employer insuring his workers. Time, red tape, and outright skullduggery defeat the purposes of law and nobody profits but the employer and the insurance company. Salaam.

**How Long Has This Been Going On?**

John D. kicks the bucket and Cleveland gets the corpse. But Uncle Sam gets no inheritance tax. Something slipped up somewhere. Heluva note!

Rumor has it that it slipped through the loopholes lawmakers left in the walls of legal protection.

Procedure: When John D. reaches the jumping off place he gives his wealth to John D. Jr. and government puts the empty bag in moth balls; when John D. Jr. reaches the jumping off place he gives his wealth to John D. Jr. and government puts the bag back in storage. (How they love their country?)

Five hundred and thirty million to cure the hookwork of the pelegra victims in the starving South? Looks fine in blueprint but in practice it isn’t so hot. That 530 million removed from its regular orbit of circulation creates more pelegra and hookworm than all the goodly professors of the Rockefeller Foundation can shake a stick at.

That’s what I don’t like about these emolunaries, they never put things back in their place and 530 million dollars is missing from the rightful circulatory channels of trade and production.

Lots of life blood that, to donate for to subsidize professors––a better way would be for the workers to organize a one big industrial union and prevent the shekels piling up that way. **They aint going to hand millions to charity if the workers have carried it away in their pay envelopes.**

Lotso logic in that and the I.W.W. is the most logical union in the world.

Edison almost made a tramp of John D. with his “electric” light and along comes Hank Ford and says, “cease weeping, John, we’ll burn the damned stuff in a gas buggy.”

## 1937\_21\_IW\_10071937

**Comments on an Irritated Age By T-Bone Slim**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

If we follow leaders we will land in several widely seperated places. Some of us will land in Omaha (could a worse place be to land in when you are going to Skowhegan or to Kalamazoo?) —some will land in Hebron, some in Gilead, some in Sleep Eye, Pipestone, etc.; and the marine workers will be dam glad if they land in Joppa, instead of Mojave or Death Valley, for there are many leaders and many places to go to.

The Bowery is full of potential leaders but, as a rule, they lead only to Hester street. In this the Bowery leaders are superior to other leaders; they know where they are going. The average leader, in thousand league boots and six barrel voice, hasn’t the slightest conception of where he is going; he only knows where he isn’t going (any port in a storm).

Moses did NOT know where he was going; he only knew he wasn’t going to Egypt. But how did it pan out?

The I.W.W. knows where it is going. They held a meeting and found out.

The secret to this lies in the fact that the I.W.W. found out that the man who knows will not lead. The only way to get his sentiments is to hold a meeting and the only way to get anywhere is to get together and plan the means, route, destination, and the finished realization — emancipation.

Activity of the individual should not be confused with leadership; it is merely the putting into effect the thoughts or ideas that irk his consciousness.

It all seems so obfuscating, “confuserating” and enervating—these proposals of leadership. “Take it on the chin while alive and you’ll get a cushion under you after you are dead.” Business of saving.

Other appointed leaders assure us that salvation lies in going backward to autocratic control; that a dictator may save us with his tyranies; just give up our liberties, freedom, and jack-knives and we’ll be all right. But they forget that Fellow Worker Nero tried that— do they consider themselves better than Nero?

Note: Nero had the world’s wisest Senaca to advise him—yet he failed.

Leadership has no ability of thoroughgoing constructive thought and eventually its cranium crystalizes into solid ivory, and it is then that the scheme seems wild and woolly and the road is strewn with brambles and broken beer bottles— a man might cut his shoes or tear his pants.

wlw

In that Hollywood cocktail party where much great eclat was going on and visiting firemen and film drummers got the idea they were in a paradise or free-for-all harem, “the language of the men was such as you would hear around the docks at San Pedro, or wherever filth is used in conversation,” sayeth Oscar Buddin, waiter at the “filth party.”

Oscar evidently isn’t quite recovered from the Scotch, for his testimony doesn’t make sense. Filth and San Pedro language are two widely separated quantities and the sounds he heard could not have happened anywhere outside of Hollywood; for there the type is carefully selected, assembled, and organized to give forth sounds that startle the nation.

Left to themselves they pull off performances that would seem to indicate sex, and things pertaining, are alpha and omega of Hollywood’s civilization—and that champaign and Scotch, instead of being means to an end are but a retarding influence upon the successful culmination of their program.

The remedy: Cease supporting them and go down to San Petdro docks and hear decent, circumspect language.

wlw

These observations take the form of verdicts, so as to save space.

We do not emancipate by destroying opposition, we destroy opposition by emancipating.

We emancipate by building, not by tearing down. (It’s fun to crack j them over the knuckles—but nevertheless it’s taking time out from important work—Organize.)

We build a new society within the shell of the old—old society not old egg. We want a new egg.

That’s that, as far as the economic angle is concerned—and maybe farther. Now the political angle. **Warning:**

We are living in an irritated age and if it’s war you want, you’ll get it so fast that your heads will swim and submarines sink. And it will not be according to blueprints. German and Italian papers please copy.

Wheat is being exported. Shortage? Hooey!

## 1937\_22\_IW\_17071937

**Remote Control Doesn’t Bring Home the Bacon**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

When starvation comes through the door, principles fly out the window; and man winks back at the enticing sandwich. Starvation does not come through the door voluntarily; it is chased in by parasites—and when (principles “shoot the chutes” the parasites grab them. Your principles is what they are after.

They wish to degrade you and me. It’s a regular business of degradation and they are professionals. That’s why the world is so badly off —a soap factory stinks.

My principles? They can’t get ‘em. I’ve got ‘em anchored in the I.W.W. and, as General Grant remarked, “the war’s going to go on just like this until the cows come home and the soap factory has lost its odor. And I don’t mean mebbe,” he added cautiously — and so it was.

Problems, struggles, and cares is pretty much all that a worker gets out of the capitalist system. Frustrations on every hand engineered by capitalists, and progress is almost a superhuman task while they rule the roost. Thieves they are, and recent income skullduggeries go far to prove they would as soon rob the government as their greatest competitor or smallest countryman.

If they will rob their country they will rob me and you, and there’s no two ways about it.

You would not expect a thief to change his ways just because he is dealing with the government. Once a thief, always a thief. Our employers are thieves and the mere fact that they send their corporation lawyers to Washington to make the loopholes, doesn’t alter the degree of knavery; they are thieves either in the first place or the second.

My father used to say: “Never steal a thing outright, move it once or twice; it’ll be easier on your conscience.” Wise hombre! May he rest in peace. He has saved my conscience almost intact.

The Civil War thieves are still alive and doing business at the old stand. **Quick, government, double the guard over the gold vault in Kentucky.**

They say that good government sleeps beneath the weaping willows in Arlington. This is not so however. The fog has lifted on the Potomac. Minimum pay bill gone through; 40 hour week and 40 cents per, which equals $16 a week, should not be construed as an ultimate gem of our generous law constructors. To the contrary, that insignificant figure gives us the low-down to which our legitimate employers have fallen—congress had to step in and draw a line in the sands of time beyond which the falling tides **must not recede**— how humorous and yet how ironical!

wlw

Frenzy to histeria:

When the corporation lawyers went down to Washington and devised the loopholes, the loopholes applied also to the smaller employers, up and down and all around. A hole for one was a hole for all. A lot of social pillars krept through—like bums crawling under a pay-toilet gate. And we’re supposed to honor and respect them.

They have been in the business so long that they believe themselves honest. It’s got into their blood. It’s second nature with them, and you can’t arbitrate it out of their systems. The only argument they recognize is power, and power spells One Big Union.

They’ll agree with you. But just the same I’d advise you—back away from them and keep both your eyes right on them. They might shoot you through the back—and that is a disgrace first and an outrage afterwards.

wlw

When the dishwasher an automobile worker? When he works in an automobile factory cafeteria. It is then hat the noble pearldiver (as an industrial unionist) is able to take over and run the industry, alongwith his fellow workers, when capitalism has ceased, or the hog has fondered itself. It is then that they can carry on production without interruption, and do it better, without the hindrance of economic royalists or starvation wages. But they can do it only as a one big union—in any industry.

That is what you call “intimate control.”

John L. Lewis and Willie Green are trying to do it by “remote control.” Ever try remote picketing? It’s like picking grapes in a coal mine. No. You’ve got to get near the cherries or there is no strawberry short cake . . . And you can do all this without the aid of union leaders or politicians.

“Oh, my God,” screams the politician, “you’ve got to have political action along with industrial action.” Aren’t they generous! They’ll now let us have industrial action if you’ll let them have political action. (They want to get into swing positions so they can show the boss, their old enemy, some favors.)

Don’t be gullible.

The trouble is just this:

Political actionists have done so little work in their days that they have no industrial union to go to and must have political pie to subsist on when capitalism shall have passed away. In other words, they never intend to work.

In an industrial union they never could run things and might be thrown out on their ear, so you can hardly blame them for wishing to try remote control.

## 1937\_23\_IW\_24071937

**This Great Game Was Played By The Roman Too**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

“The Romans, however, had refused to listen to the rival claims of ambitious heirs. They had divided the domains of Herod into three unequal parts and had given these to such candidates as best suited the momentary political needs of the Empire.

“The largest share, almost one-half, including Judaea, had gone to Archelaus (Archy Louse) the oldest son. Galilee and most of the northern territory had been given to Herod Artipas, who was a brother of Archelaus by the same Samaritan mother. What remained, a very neglible strip of land, had gone to Philip who does not seem to have been a relative of Herod at all.”—**Henrik Von Loon.**

It would not do for these three to remain a WHOLE in as much as united they might be a threat to the Roman Empire.

Now I see that England has again proposed the division of Palestine into “three unequal parts” and settle down to tune in on the squawk. It’s nothing new.

The “economic royalists” of our fair land are in full cry to whack up the industry into throe unequal parts. The largest share to go to John L. Lewis. All the “hasbeen,” skilled trades were to be given to Willie Green. What remains, a very neglible strip around Dearborn and River Rouge was to go to Father Coughlin who does not seem to be a Crown Prince at all.

How they love to chop up labor! Ono Big Union of I.W.W. would spread the cake farther.

\*

Select tribe of our multimillionaires (those in the know) have been on “relief”— income tax relief, to be precise—and then they begrudge the unemployed barley soup a la Father Knickerpucker. Eleven of our leading lights, including W. R. Hearst, raked in $8,355,000.

In 1936 the treasury settled 214,220 cases (out of court?) and got a total of $152,760,000.20 in deficiencies. Oo la la! and to think Al Capone was longing for company all these years in Alcatraz.

These are not thieves any more than Al Capone; they was only trying to get away with a couple hundred million through the loopholes their man Friday or Joe built for ‘em in Washington.

I suggest that Al Capone be given a half-dozen high speed hack saw blades for Xmas present.

“Mr. Hearst avoided paying the Government $5,111,708.72 in 1935 and 1936.”—**Daily News.**

Quite an avoider! Quite a jackpot! I wonder if California ever got anything from William?

\*

David Clark, editor of the Textile Bulletin, official spokesman for the Southern Textile Mill Owners, has this to say in N. Y. Daily News’ “Economic Battle Page”: (Anet A. F. of L. strike in 1934):

“They called the strike September 4 and although the A. F. of L. poured thousands of dollars into this region to sustain it, it died of its own volition within less than four weeks. But it cost 14 lives and $18,000,000 in wages.”

Died of its own volition?—Then the A. F. of L. didn’t kill it? This seems strange. But go on, Dave, I’m listening.

“The workers who were so deluded (What? did the A. F. of L. delude them?) as to join the walkouts at the various plants received not a single cash payment, not a single strike benefit from the lush coffers of the American Federation of Labor.”

Go on, David, you’re doing good:

“They subsisted on government relief at $4 a month. Their wives went hungry and their babies went without milk.”

Truer word was never spoken, Dave; but the wives and babies were accustomed to it (since they never had any milk anyhow and but damned few vittles—chittlings and sweet potatoes). But you surpirse me, Dave, I cannot bring myself to believe the government gave only $4 a month from its lush coffers.

Can it be that the government, too, was trying to break the strike?

Let us see:

The strike lasted “less than four weeks”;

Government chipped in four bucks (dollar a week);

Wives went hungry;

Babies went without milk.

What does it add up to? The textile mill owners kept the workers only four weeks ahead of starvation and even then government relief had to step in and save them.

Wages run as low as $7.90 for **two** weeks work in overall mill and as high as $6.53 for **one** week’s work in same mill. There’s your dollar a day again. Dollar a day DOWN from the lush coffers of the textile mill owners, eh Dave? **Everybody seems to be lush but the workers.**

Join the I.W.W. (The Industrial Workers of the World) —the One Big Union.

You ain’t getting nowhere divided, half C.I.O. and half A. F. of L.—these divide. Join the union that unites—the I. W. W.—and the babies will have milk and the mothers—milk to give them.

P. S.—Working class that signs time agreements cannot ever be united until they forget about their “John Hancock” and remember all about economic-romanoffs. Time contract is the “grand divisor”—the exact distance between a plank steak and the poor-house.

## 1937\_24\_IW\_31071937

**A One-Eyed Guy Sees the Point A Bit Too late**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

The blacksmith was one-eyed—but that should not be held against him. His helper was two-eyed but, unfortunately his eyes were not mates and he didn’t always hit where was looking. That’s bad; very, very bad!

Mindful of the loss of one eye, the blacksmith got kinda nervous and put in a kick to the man with the bronze hat. But the helper was a favorite nephew of bronze hat so nothing was done.

So the blacksmith worked himself into a huff and took the matter up with his union—the A. F. of L. The union immediately declared a strike of its members in that factory the blacksmith walked off the job; for he was the only A. F. of Lite present.

This kinda left the screw-machine hands and the shaper boys standing in open mouthed wonderment—”a one man strike,” they said.

“Heluva damn industry,” sard the Dutchman on the boring machine. “I’d go out with him but I belong to the Socialist Labor party and, Daniel De Leon might think I’m crazy.”

“He was a good man,” said the lathe hands, a damn good man, even if he didn’t have but one eye.”

The planer boys took time out from burning 3-ply leather belting to hold a period of mourning for the blacksmith and also let the belts cool off But that’s as far as they could go despite the fact that the cutter-tool steel was rotten and they had grievances of their own. Sympathetic Strike was out of the question because they had no permit from the executive board; and for that permit they’d have to send to the middle west some place.

The kids on the drill presses were the more rebellious of the lot and when the company sent out and got a lead-burner to glue iron with a blow-torch, the kids had the lead-burner on pins and needles in no time flat. He gave up in disgust and pigeon-toed his way out of the factory. And the kids went back to their job of breaking twist drills and haunting the millwright.

The company had to send all its blacksmithing out to the village horse-shoer. By the way, that horseshoer used to put horse-radish on horse mackerel, when he could get the mackerel.

The boys could not strike because—oh yes, I forgot to tell you. Finally, finally we heard the blacksmith had starved to death and the A. F. of L. called the strike off. But be it said to the everlasting credit of the blacksmith, he saved his remining eye and it was through that eye that he gave his last lingering look at the foolhardiness of craft unionism; “They ought to be in one union only,” he said and those were his last words.

The boys could not strike because they all belonged to separate unions and were tied down with separately-ending agreements. A few workers in this and that industry spread out broadcast over the country and in as much as each union hews only to type of toil only a one-man strike is possible, in many cases—as of blacksmiths or shaft-compressors—in a thousand industries simultaneously; the rest remain working. So what does it amount to? A one man strike in each of a thousand industries!

We want an industrial union that takes in every worker in every industry.

We want a One Big Union composed of workers in all industries.

That is the only way we can have a One Big Strike. That is the only way we can win our rights as freemen and workers, and that is the only way we can eat pie a la mode regularly. Let’s be regular guys; the I.W.W. becons.

**wlw**

When the cupboard is empty, when there are no more grounds in the coffee pot and the alderman’s icebox is locked, your greatest concern is: Who shall be our next president. But when the full value of your production is in your pocket, you little care who is in Washington and who is in Skowhegan—you also are somebody! And your wife won’t even **think** of looking at another man . . . Join the I. W. W.

Don’t let me have to tell you again—I don’t want to have all those women sizing me up.

## 1937\_25\_IW\_07081937

**Too Little Pay Is Organization**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Political job is merely a lift-raft that keeps the jobholder’s business interests afloat. . . . Isn’t truth rasping?

Few, few are the peoples’ representatives that are content to draw income from only one boss. Many there are that get paid by two or more bosses Many there are whose interests are so ramified that they themselves do not know how many paymasters they serve. This does not mean they peddle the peoples’ perquisites.

Many politicians actually resent this prosperity that dogs their footsteps. But what can they do? Being in business while serving the people they can only take it and hope they come by it honestly.

But—and this is my belief —if you send a plasterer to congress I’m afraid the contractor will wipe his name from the payroll. No bona fide worker is in congress, and those that are down there are using it for a side-line.

Spare time statesmen!

It is also my firm opinion that congressmen should come from the ranks of the unemployed. That’s one way of curing the depression. Me thinks the present bunch of statemen carry too many hooks on their fish line. Send a man in there with a bent pin and then watch the miracles—and dodge the big ones.

African elephant ears are three times as long as the Indian elephant’s. Politicians’ ears are three times as long as mine, but I get through the brush faster.

Sometimes we have to use our belly for a third hand, as when using a screwdriver. That’s another point in favor of our belly and we should worship it more than we do—at least as much as we do the parasites

Beefsteaks from below the knee of a cow is a direct insult to our belly. No wonder it revolts. **Give the dogs a break!**

But sending plasterers to Washington is not the remedy for scrawny pay envelopes. Organize industrially, where you are, as you are. Two is company, three is a powerful union. Don’t let anybody do it for you. Do it yourself. Get your fellow workers together and organize a union all your OWN—of the workers, for the workers, by the workers. But in order that we may have a one big union it is advisable to get your cards from an I.W.W. delegate.

Refusing to organize is like refusing to take more money, refusing to eat veal steak smothered in tomatoes, and spending the rest of our lives in burlaps and ashes.

**Pleasure Future vs Pleasure Present**

Preachers have a habit of defending their institutions against the entertainments of the pleasure world. This should not be. A church should not be held out as a substitute for worldly pleasure.

By the same token were I to say the I.W.W. is a better union than the A. F. of L. or C.I.O., my yardstick (measuring-pole) is short on both ends, for there is no comparison. I am offering no “substitute” for these The “orders” referred to are but the organized medium through which the boss can capitalize on the yen these men have to scab; and to permit them to do so under the guise of a sacred contract —a scab in disguise. What is this unionism coming to? A masquerade?

Much as I dislike to say so, facts is facts—and these members of “authorized” unions have a penchant for seeking a way out without assuming the responsibilities of a strike. They believe in outhollering the boss, and then sign on the dotted line so that they can scab with a clear conscience—in fact that is the purpose of signing on the dotted line.

Minor privileges for being servile.

If the I.W.W. ever gets a yen to climb up under the boss’ wing, I’ll leave it out of my last will and testament.

**Only a Raven Eats Its Feeder**

C.N.T. and F.A.I were the salvation of “Loyalist Spain” and now that Valencia government is reached so high an emprise it is all but ready to kick down the ladder it climbed.

Better not: It’s a big jump . . . The merits of the U.G.T. may be well and good, but the instrumentalities of the F.A.I. and the C.N.T. are self-evident. Remember the objective is the workers’ commonwealth, wherever human industry shall find compensation in the seats of the mighty—privileges to none.

**It is labor that shall make a better Spain.** If Franco wins, and it is unthinkable, the reconstruction of Spain will find strings attached leading to Rome, Berlin, London and Paris. These are in there for what they can get, not give.

\* \* \*

I feel a little bit scratched up. A fellow opened his fishing basket on the ferry and, midst the tangle of fish lines, was trying to find something at the bottom.

“Ah,” says I brightly, “getting out your knitting?”

Yes, I think they took him to a hospital. I have been eating lately and , mebbe he didn’t catch nothing. . . . He was a big man, too.

## 1937\_26\_IW\_14081937

**Put the Boss In Overalls, Says T-Bone Slim**

–––––

On one of the planets there lived a race of giants who never ruled over by a select tribe of dwarfs. These dwarfs were so fat that they seemed low and flat, like a bedbug, and that is why, I suppose, those of that tribe were hailed parasites; the giants they ruled were known as proletarians.

But the land we speak of was not named Proletaria––I disrecall the name but it was a poetical name that made for much flag-waving and swelling of the chest, even among those of the giants. . . . Don’t get that last word twisted with a famous ball club in our own unhappy land.

Now it happened that those giants had a terrific appetite, as they say in Hollywood, for they did much heavy lifting and lots of hard work laboring early and late––long hours.

That appetite was a source of great worriment to the rulers of the land––they were afraid the giants might founder themselves or rupture their bellybutton. So they had a meeting and decided to slow down their eating by giving them only the toughest pieces of meat and shortening the noon-hour by half. Historians of the day refer to it as the “Age of Belly Robbing” and, you know, historians hardly ever lie.

Soon the country was overstocked with rotting T-bone steaks and pork tenderloins for the plutes did not dare to give the giants enough money to buy them. Dogs would sniff at them and turn to hide their tears. Doctors screeched, “Drink lots of water!”

Soon it got so the farmers could not raise enough hoofs and horns and neckbones and shanks and sowbosoms and pig knuckles and the giants had to go on vegetarian diet, eat grass like horses, and root like boars.

Some of the beef was embalmed in tins but there was no market for ‘em, for the giants had no money and China had gone on a rice diet long before them. **The dwarfs never did find a way to rule giants without feeding them.**

Just before the show-down everything was lovely. Strapping young giants, blue in the face from starvation, were milling around in the streets, singing Sweet Adeline, Isle of Capri, and Hinky Dinky Parley Voo. The dwarfs thought they had the world by the tail and despite the fact that Professor Phoenix Hamburger, the great axe-grinder, had told them, “their racket was built on thin ice,” they kept on conniving on how to get the shirts off the backs of the giants.

Standard of living fell so low that the parasites had to start soup lines for the giants to save them from starvation and also to save wear and tear on their back doors. That was the main reason, you see: Their women folk were afraid of these overgrown yeomen.

These parasites were all kings, each ruling in his maudlin manner, more ludicrous than ridiculous. The giants were one, bound by the ties of slavery; each longing to one day be a king. Such a thing as making king the “servant of the populace” never occurred to them; a minor reform.

**“They wouldn’t organize even!”** exclaimed the great Scandinavian poet-historian, Mr. Axel Neilsenson in disgust––the giants he meant, of course, for the pluto-parasites were already organized in a loose-fitting One Big Union of their own and were running an air-tight closed-shop for themselves.

There was some unionism among the giants, as O’Haloran, the great Irish emancipator admitted when cornered. “The percentage was,” he wrote, “about one union man for every parasite and inasmuch as there were about five million employing parasites, that also was the number of organized union men. Weight for weight, like the buying of meat for the relief kitchens, **a pound of meat to each pound of eaters,** and then,” he added sarcastically, “tons of eaters get all the meat below the animal’s knees.” He did not explain what became of the heavy part of the animals.

This was prior to the time that things got so bad that the “president” had to jump in there with a pair of bum legs (as they say in Hollywood) and demand: “What the hell’s going on here, the boys are losing flesh?” And suiting action to words he turned to the cash register and hit the NO SALE key a resounding crack. “Come on, boys,” sez he, “let’s eat.”

Well, for a while the giants were kinda gooey around the gills from eating high-pressure soups and wrestling with cows’ wings. (This last crack I cannot decipher but I imagine it is the historian’s sourcastic reference to the half of a boiled egg which the unemployed giants got in January and another half in February, 1937. I wish to gosh the historians would keep better track of things and skip the sourchasm.)

But before all this, education of the workers had kind of got out of the bosses’ control a little through the inefficiency of their school system and there were those of the slaves that grabbed off more education “than their just share,” as the parasites avered and purred.

Now education is a peculiar thing, when it sinks in, it stays sunk and there is no way to pump it out. Naturally the result was that the country blossomed with agitators––men who wanted to free the giants and toss a harness upon the parasites for a change.

Almost a similar incident prevailed in our own days and in our own land, which resulted in the organizing of the Industrial Workers of the World. The boys came out hollering for a One Big Union of the workers and threatened to put overalls on the boss.

But it seems the giants of the olden days were kind of slow in catching the joint and the sole result was, so far as recorded history affirms, “the stripteasers jumped into barrels to hide their nakedness but the parasites remained barren of overalls as ever. It is our duty now to dress them up; our duty is clear: High, low, jack and the game.

One of the chief arguments put up by the I.W.W. was this:

A wage increase lets us stay out later nights; we don’t have to go sneaking back home quarter past nine, hoping the boarding house missis has had another stroke or that the landlady has fallen down stairs and broke her back.

“Low pay, low mentality,” they used to say. In other words, they wanted some stepping-out money along with their watery prunes and horse feeds.

\* \* \*

In the recent sorry days the autocratic employers have taken life after life, scores of enslaved and enchained lives, directly and indirectly––and this they have done because they thought the CIO is a threat to their hegemony. It seems that one doesn’t have to be a threat to lose his life––all that is required is that the master thinks he or they are a threat. The CIO, of course, is innocous and far from being a threat and these lives are taken all in vain or just to keep in practice––murderous business.

## 1937\_27\_IW\_21081937

**Many Union Cards Don’t Make the One Big Union**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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In the marine industry as well as in many other industries, the leaders have pretty well succeeded in dividing the workers into many factions. The only thing left unchanged is the condition of their servitude; they are still workers and proud of it.

In order for the seamen to be an industrial unit they would have to carry a SUP card in one pocket, an ISU card in another pocket, a raft of ILA cards in several other pockets; coalburners, oilburners, and steakburners, radioburners (ARTA), and a half-dozen other cards in other pockets—separate pockets; and I do solemnly proclaim that there aren’t enough pockets in the seabag, to say nothing about the dungarees.

Then the politicians feel that we ought to carry one of their cards too.

You will notice that I didn’t mention the I. W. W. card, the Red Card, the One Big Union Card. That’s the Joker, the fifth Ace— so what do we cure if the deuces be wild?

It would seem that if seaman carries a card in his pocket that divides it would he all right if he carried an I. W. W. card that unites in another pocket; then they could all carry cards of various colors in various pockets, always making sure that the card that unites, the Red Card was in the other pocket; that they then would be a One Big Union of the marine workers.

That is not so, however, for they would be powerless as Samson with a hair cut: the muchly hearlde leadership would have by this time taken the precaution to bind them hand and foot to agreements, treates with the boss) and the seamen would be powerless to move as a unit or as a faction.

Seamen never will get anywhere following such leaders, or single leader for that matter: for a single leader’s trail may lead in many directions and the destination at the end of each trail is obscure.

There is no such thing as conciliating a condition that is inconciliatory— it’s like reconciling a dog to the fleas, (understand fleas favor conciliation).

No use hollering at the dog: just M sure as you turn your back, up goes the dog’s hind leg and the class war is on.

I’d hate to be a conciliator aid pass between a dog and his fleas. All I could do is to tell the dog to keep cool and ask the fleas to bite less. I think I would rather be a matador and fight wild bulb.

It is said the SUP is probably the best of these factions but its very name confines it to the Pacific— nothing like the A. and P. that does business on the two leading oceans.

The NMU is purely a national movement and reads out of the party international seamen. The ISU is supposed to be international but it has not been living up to the fications.

The I. W. W. doesn’t go about geo graphically, racially, nationally, internationally, or universally. True enough, its name mentions “Workers of the World” but the emphasis is all on INDUSTRIAL. (World is just a place—like S. Chicago or Halifax.) Race, creed, or color has no place in the I. W. W.

## 1937\_28\_IW\_28081937

**Work Divided In Smaller Chunks Goes Further**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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Industrialized China spells **finis** for Japan. Rather than swallow **finis**, Japan swallows China. Merely industrial rivalry, an economic question.

\*

Man is the only animal that commits such crimes as raping children.Man also skips more meals than any other animal. Is there a connection?

New York has had an epidemic of such crimes recently and in the last case the family of two had been getting $13.30 every two weeks from the relief. Three dollars thirty-two and one-half cents each per week. Less than 50 cents a day to live on.

Scientists have cudgelled their brains trying to find a cure for this. Sterilization, etc. . . .

Now Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia steps out and tries to solve it but it took the great professor T-Bone Slim, to hit the nail on the head.

Give the boys three pork chops for breakfast. So, Fellow Workers, watch the wages like a hawk for your very virtues may depend upon them.

In any case its best to be on the safe side and jack-up the wages; for degeneration is at the right and left of us and 50 new millionaires are starting out among us shortly on the strength of William Rockefeller’s last will and testament.

\* \* \*

O gee, gosh, boys and girls, Finland has 3,200 unemployed listed in a population of 3,800,000—and one looks as if he aint looking for work.

Can it be that Finland too has lost her sense of direction?

Thirty-two hundred idle and only thirty-eight hundred thousand working.

If this keeps on old Koysti Kallio will have a fit.

Remedy: Divide the work into smaller chunks.

## 1937\_29\_IW\_04091937

**His Excellency The Politician Keeps ‘em Dizzy**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

A great dizziness had attacked the working class and they went CIO almost on masse. This had happened at the time Chulius Scissor was Emperor of Rome or my Ingersol is slow.

Before this the working class had been living by special permit on captured bass, dandelions, and discarded tid-bits of the “quality folks”; as described by the world’s greatest Wheelsman and Navigator of the Great Lakes.

Squlorty was the keynote of political speeches and rotund politicians had to live pretty much, and well, on boodle and graft because the salaries for the “looks sake” were modestly balanced. Wars were carried on between the politicians because of the superior conniving of some of the sect and also as a result of the quarrels over equitable distribution of the proceeds of the toils of the heroic dog-catcher.

They sure had Chulius Scissor in hot water!

A. F. of L. had gone ultra-respectable and circumspect and had taken oath to **neverstrike**— even for 3.5 percent beer and a living wage. Drinking whisky those days was like drinking sea water; the drank the drier you got and many moved over to the Great Lake so as to save expenses.

Water companies had been charging ten (Roman) bucks a throw for installing water meters in the houses, which amounted to millions and billions of bucks. So the great Roman Scissor, Chulius, got up on his hind legs and shouted:

“What’t the big idea of charging these mutts ten bucks to store your property in their houses?”

Bedlam broke lose and the populi shouted, “Hear! Hear! (It went over big.) “Ungorge! Ungorge!” the people shouted and Chulius Scissor issued an ultimatum to the various sublime and supreme Heat, Light, Power, and Water companies to return the ten bucks to the people “pronto,” as he said, “or be cited for inciting to riot.”

The water companies promptly pulled in their horns and long queues of anxious citizens extended around the block waiting their turn- for ten bucks is big chicken feed in any land’s money—and, despite the fact that the water companies should have been forced to bring it (the ten bucks) up to the house, Chulius Scissor was re-elected by an over-whelming majority and the Roman Empire took a new lease on life.

But the people still kept hollering: “*We just started to suffer. We can take it.*” And every minute of the day there was danger that hey would take it too—and not on the chin

Politeness had gone out of war, and nations no longer made formal declarations of war against each other, no doubt figuring the hated natural-born, mortal enemy would find it out soon enough. (They must have got the idea from the wobblies.)

“Reprisals” was the great cry of the puerile press (when they weren’t talking about safe driving or scientific way of buying yeast cakes) for the benefit of the multitudes. Oh, it was awful! And then the prize monkeys would gather around the tubs of ginger ale and cracked ice even while the roaring mob was milling around the door hollering, “When do we eat?”

Change, eternal change, kept worming her way into the intricacies and intimacies of the tradesmen and they would lose their holds on the slippery cliffs of high emprise and go bounding down the precipice of lost hope, cherplunk, right into the middle of WPA. There wasn’t a parcel of sense in the whole land. Nothing had been organized but the exploitation of labor, and that only in a half hearted manner— for it’s a matter of record that numbers of the working class survived a long time and beyond the periods of their usefulness to the parasites—in a land of bountiful blessings of Ceres, there was hunger. Forests only brought open air treatment, in sleep for millions; mineral wealth supreme, and fuel, brought only shivers and grief.

So Chulius Scissor got up and said, “Whot the hell’s going on here?” Lifting one eyebrow politily, for he was a man of violent passions, and then he did thereupon put up to the folks and loving neighbors a parable:

(Hear! Hear! Breastworks of Colesium Broadcasting Company speaking)—

You’ve got $10,000 and you wish to deposit it in a bank. You go to the bank but you do not approach the subject directly; you wish to beat around the bush a little. So you put it this way:

“I wish to borrow $10,000 cash money.”

“Sure Mike,” says the banker, “have you good collateral for security?”

“Why yes,” sez you, “I’ve got two houses worth $25,000.”

“Good,” sez the banker, “and have you other security?”

“Yes, I’ve got $10,000 in life insurance.”

“Good,” sez the banker*, and marks that down too.*

“Do you mean to say, Mr. Banker that you demand $35,000 security on a $10,000 loan?”

“Sure we’ve got to, we’re a bank.”

“Well, how much security are you offering me if I deposit $10,000 here?”

“Why, none at all, we can’t; we’re a bank.”

“Well then, I guess I’ll just rent a box.”

And then Chulius Scissor, the

great Roman Emperor, opened his mouth bigger than ever and said; “I carry no truck for selfish interests and shall, soon as I get back to my desk, issue an edict: Lovers shall rule the world.

## 1937\_30\_IW\_11091937

**You Can’t Think Sense When You Eat Poor Food**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Relief is composed of equal parts of cross (damn cross) examination, third degree, and simple persecution, garnished with insult.

Millionaires have thus far been kept out, although it is true that a retired diamond merchant did get in and grab a few spoonfulls.

wlw

Ho hum, it seems the Hollywood girls are determined to try out all the manpower in our fair land. It is useless, girls. Manhood has surrendered to tomato juice and orange drip. When you’ve seen one, you’ve seen ‘em all— they are pretty much all alike; like bananas in a bunch, green or yellow. This is not intended as a protest. These people, most probably, are wholly familiar with their needs and, consequently, and most distinctly, it’s no funeral of mine.

My grief lies in the loss of manhood that has driven these girls desperate and delivered the stronger sex into the hands of its enemies.

wlw

It is said that a man sleeps better after a light supper. (And it costs the boss less; that’s something).

However, that may be, I’d like to testify that I’ve done some pretty good sleeping on a full belly. Anyhow, I don’t see why a man should want to sleep while there’s grub in the cupboard.

Don’t let them kid you and don’t let them turn the hose on your soup. Nobody yet has fooled his stomach. When your stomach begins to scrape your backbone you are startled into full wakefulness, eye as round as a dollar; just as if you had experienced 2700 volts. Communists mistake that shock for the birth of reason and preach the philosophy of misery. Don’t let them kid you. One porkchop overthrows more bosses than a tubful of booyong.

Philosophy of misery doesn’t fit in with the theory or practice of the Industrial Workers of the World, now or ever, before or after.

We’ve got lots of it let’s put it on the table!

**Man thinks only that which he eats**. (Now argue!) If he eats oats he thinks oats; that’s how important it is to organize and think veal steak smothered in tomatoes. We should put a high valuation on our thoughts and this we can do only by eating the best food. Some time ago I got poetical as hell and wrote:

Perhaps no grazing cow no fact ignored,

Condemned, in sooth, no truth with scathing breath,

But gathered up each blade of knowledge stored

And passed them on to victory in death.

They were going to put me in the booby-hatch for that brilliant piece of work. But leaving that aside; if we eat misery we’re going to think misery. Was it applesauce that put the Garden of Eden on the Front Page?

wlw

Some employers cannot compete with their fellow employers and pay wages, too. They expect us to donate our labor and raise a garden. This being denied, they go south and put the children on the wheel.

Those are the men that want to run the country. If their efficiencies be ear-marks of fascism, then I suggest they be allowed to run the country from a rockpile or a federal infirmary. (Asylums are full and penitentiaries over-crowded with librarians and bookkeepers.)

They can be convinced of petty larcency in a dynamic country like ours. They are working for less than $2,000 a day.

Who would have thought that Sloan would work for a cent less than $750,000 a year? Why, it’s scandalous! Him right there, he could have had the gumption to raise his own wages. He oould have taken his hat off and said to himself:

“Mr. Sloan, I want a raise in pay. Mac West is tight on my heels.” And Mr. Sloan could have replied:

“Mr. Sloan, you are a very valuable man and I’m going to have the coopers build you a bigger barrel.” Just like that, and Mr. Sloan’s pay envelope would have come to him bulging at the middle and “starting” at every seam.

Note: This country hates to see a man starve to death. Rather than see the man pass out they will hand him a sandwich— but he’d better be near death or a damn good actor.

## 1937\_31\_IW\_18091937

**There’s Peace At Home Pa Gets a Raise**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

The American working class may as well stop fooling around with unions and build a union. Unions, many or few, cannot move as a unit. Two brass bands cannot offer side by side a successful symphony in Merry Widow simultaneously under two separate leaderships; neither does a band give a concert without the baritone; they’ve all got to be there.

The difficulty is real. Preachers cannot do a thing as long as conditions are bad. (Just now they are rotten.) So it is up to us, more serious minded workers, to remedy those conditions.

The situation is precisely this: Rotten conditions have demoralized the people and they are sulking in their tents, (multiply that last crack, I’m holding myself in cheek). Improved conditions and people will become almost angelic in their deportment. Husband and wife do not fight on the day the husband gets a raise in pay; it makes for peace—hand me the Noble Prize for “I’ve got something here”—we ought to try that on our belligerent women folk. Note; I do not want credit for making this great discovery.

The wages are so low that I marvel we have escaped with our lives so far; that the women haven’t gone completely berserk and devastated us.

Let the rotten conditions remain and the people will continue to scowl; worsen the conditions and the people will become more depraved and the preachers will start cutting their own throats out of pure discouragement.

Not only is the difficulty real, it is urgent—that is, it, requires immediate action if we would preserve our sanity.

Unionism then is a gift of **Thought** to mankind and we are monkeys indeed if we do not avail ourselves of these powers of our own generation (anti-simianism is another matter and not an alibi).

But it is not the intention of nature that the working class should give birth to a litter of unions, multitudinous, multicolored, and hybrid; nor did nature intend that the working class should give birth to a gigantic Frankenstein that would devour of its substance and dissipate of its wealth. But nature most certainly did Intend that labor shall build a one, big union —big as itself, and that it shall be of scientific construction, each part in its place and functioning.

The I. W. W. is such a union, but the workers have not yet all embraced it.

Thoughtless workers pretend to find this and that fault in it. As to that I can offer a rule to go by: Good cake needs no frosting.

Ordinary unionism cannot cut the mustard, it requires industrial unionism; not only that, it requires something else and the I. W. W. has just what it takes—SOLIDARITY. No other union in the world has it.

All right, nature intended for us to build a one, big union of the working class, that’s plain—so let’s get at it. The best way, of course, is for the workers to hunt up the I. W. W. and join it. The next best way is for the I. W. W. to hunt up the worker and organize him. These two are the only ways.

\*

“O my gorsh, you can’t do that, the workers are ignorant, bubbles a compatriot.

Hm. We can well dismiss that with a warning, for the person who so speak is himself crazy and should be put into a booby-hatch before he does violence to himself. All the sense that is, comes from the working class. A crazy person always thinks himself in fine fettle and all the rest of the world mushy—they should be humored.

Scientists are toiling day and night to lentghen our lives. We don’t want it, we want it thickened; it’s too damned thin now and if they stretch and stretch it, ‘twill break in the middle. We want it thickened with a few porkchops, veal steaks smothered in tomatoes and so on; higher pay, better burlaps, and revival of Eddie Cantor—in other words: we want the whole damn smear, all that’s coming to us and . no chiseling.

We want a rosier life; life that will smile at us and at which we can smile in return. Too long already have we been prancing around with rose-colored glasses on our nose, hoping to fool ourselves that all is hunky-dory, that all is good and will get better still. Things don’t “get better”, they are made better. Rose-colored glasses are not a part of the operation—eyes is all we need and a taste that can tell the difference between a porterhouse steak and an imaginary sandwich.

Worn out shoes do not improve themselves and the further we go the weaker they get. Wishing won’t patch them; it takes action and sole-leather. But we do not need to start wrestling with worn out shoes, we can join the I. W. W. and get a new pair of florsheims.

No use dreaming of these things; they have already been dreams times without number, since ages immemorial and the answer always was the same—action.

Action it is then, and the only question that arises is: What is the first move?

The first move is join the Industrial Workers of the World, generate the Power. (We go nowhere without steam). That’s the answer—and if you’re to far gone, too weak do the sensible thing, too dumb to walk up and be organized, and you’ve got to nave an army of delegates to escort you to Real Unionism and Pure-D Solidarity, then you are cutting your own throat, for the cost of getting you comes out of your own pockets and the pockets of millions just like you who can ill afford it.

Save then by walking up like a man.

## 1937\_32\_IW\_25091937

**It’s the Same Old Fuss Until Slavery Ends**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

A. F. of L. and C. I. O. have gone to the wars. Jurisdictional disputes throw the fight into the working class, brother against brothe—the fight against the boss is only incidental and his comforts are undisturbed. Strikes are merely “sniping” and this guerilla (gorilla) warfare shall continue until such time as disillusionment in the form of empty cupboards shall overhaul the working class.

Amalgamation does not grow solidarity; it is but a truce and the “hates” linger.

\*

China invented gunpowder and should be permitted to use it.

I. W. W. discovered industrial unionism and labor fakers are “trying” to use it. (They’re monkeying with a buzz saw.)

Tough to be a thinking animal; brain grinding like a railroad train over a gravel crossing.

That reminds me: Willie Green Jawn L. Lewis have discovered “jurisdictional unionism.”

New York.—Saw a man oft South street hand another man a match just as if ‘twas nothing. People are reckless!

\*

Maritime Commission is alla samee one man jury. (Difference of opinion in merit of size of jury). Personally I think: Omit the jury and organize the power. Juries will sing sweetly enough if you have what it takes. . .

Industrial Commission is a one man jury. Compensation board is a one man jury—obligatory, mandatory. Therefore: report your injury to your lawyer first, doctor next, company third, and commission last—your case is prejudiced to start with.

Should your injury be an industrial offense report it to your union FIRST—and, if you are a deepwater seaman, and you have the power to tie up shipping over the loss of a finger nail, I am quite sure the courts will rush to your assistance and say: “*Why, that man has lost the best part of his best hand and render a verdict* accordingly. But if your union is weak, the courts will say: “*Pooh, pooh, ‘tis nothing but a scratch*.”

\*

It might be argued that if labor waits for leaders they will be late at the barbecue and the parasites will have the wine all drunk up. But I’m arguing that if we don’t wait for them they’ll get lost and stray, maybe into the enemies’ camp.

It’s a question whether it is good policy for labor to carry its leaders, or put them on horseback, be,cause leaders cannot sleep except on downiest cushions and labor many times on the road to economic security has to sleep under viaducts and lumber piles.

The I. W. W, is not hobbled with leadership, and personally I think leadership comes from a strange family and parasites hire them same as they do managers and cousel for the maintenance of their racket.

So, labor, if you are going places come along—for the I. W. W. is on the move.

Hardships are to be expected for the time being, and it is for that reason I make the point: Leadership is too thin-skinned and its back far too limbery to withstand the grief. I think we better leave them home and tell them all about it when we come back; when the workers have freed themselves from the guidance of parasites and their retainers.

Emancipation! What a glorious thing; when workers shall live in peace in the friendship of their class. Just a little solidarity is all it takes, and MUCH ORGANIZATION.

\*

*“Now we are getting nowhere!”* exclaims (explains) the great T-Bone Slim when he heard about the jurisdictional disputes of men who are supposed to be fighting the boss for *do re mi fa sol la si dough,* but who are, instead, fighting among themselves for jobs. There’s only one way to end that fight—*shorten the day and lengthen the pay*. It is an illusion to think that if one-half of the workers butchered-off the other half, jobs would be plentiful. The economic autocrats would shorten the crew again and again. Even if they all committed suicide there would still be a shortage of jobs because the aforsaid plutes would send into the industrie shysters, sawbones, and social psychopaths (spell it editor).

So come out of it, Mr. Labor, the I. W. W. has the right idea: “*Shorten the day to begin with and every time the boss shortens the crew shorten the day again and again*.”

That’s the only way to fight the boss—do not fight among yourselves; your trenchant prowess can be used to better purpose.

\*

Irritated men say, “T-Bone Slim always writes the same thing over and over again.” That’s O. K. by me. The slavery is the same. The bed is the same. The raiment is the same- The sorrows are the same, (there is no joy) so what the hell do they want me to write?

\* \* \*

Got some liniment from the hospital with which to rub my back. I accomplish this by putting liniment on a telegraph pole and rubbing my back on it. Individualism, hey? (God bless Duke of Argyle!).

## 1937\_33\_IW\_02101937

**Strange Are the Ways of Man in A Strange World**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

It has happened in many lands but Sinclair Lewis, a likely lad, assures me “Il cannot happen here.”

In those Strange Lands the economic oilers maintained an army of gunmen in the factories and plants to the extent of 10 percent of the working population— counting the stool pigeons and part-time renegades. Say, all told, about on thousand gunmen to every ten thousand workers and all these, including the gunmen, were slaves to A Voice and nothing else but . . .

Maintenance of those armies by the employers was not altogether an unalloyed joy, and clashes frequently occured between these slaves of The Voice; and, whenever the allotment of gunmen was unable to hold its own with the most outraged workers, the employers would send out and get reinforcements from the underworld and pay them well.

But it sometimes happened that even then The Voice could not get the workers to accept 70 years of toil with nothing to show for it except a righteous grave, and then it was incumbent upon The Voice to call in the State Militia. Whenever the workers saw the “ungodly” prospered beyond the fruits of their production and the miltia was as insufficient to get the boys to accept inferior food, inferior, raiment, inferior housing, the employers would call in the “devil dogs” and regiments of infantry on the grounds that a national crisis existed.

**Guns and Depravity**

All this panoply of war, clash of arms, and summary execution of workers was the result of permitting industrial autocrats to maintain an army of gunmen in the factories and sweat shops of the nation for the intimidation of the workers.

Arsenels in the factories bespeak the depth of depravity of the aforsaid “ungodly” and no further word of mine can add or detract therefrom and, were the workers to collaborate with these, they would have to go to work with a high-powered rifle strung across their shoulders—and that would not be so much fun either.

Strange are those strange people in those strange lands and I am ever the more pleased to live in a free democracy where the bosses trot around bearing olive branches and soothing syrup— especially when Sinclair Lewis, my pal, assures me “it cannot happen here.” (F. W. Ed: Notice the increasingly heavier chirography up to here as evening shadows fall—it is now 2 a. m.)

In those strange lands whereof we speak the soldier was an unsocial being and would just as soon as not shoot down his father and mother and be glad of it for he attributed much of his plight to his scissorbills with very sketchy ideas about unionism. Whereas in our own land the boys in blue or gray wouldn’t think of shooting into the ranks of their partents without great provocation or mortal insult; much the as they love the army and navy and secretary of the treasury.

Never, no never! does it enter in to the minds of our brave boys that they have “kaunas” against their parents for raising them up to be soldiers. In fact they siew the business of war as a path to glory and beans, and tire duly greatful to the great republic for saving them from starvation.

**Maybe He Don’t Want to Mix the Breed?**

Monter Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, is in favor of physical examination for the workers. Sounds fine in print but when you put it into an adding machine it comes out a row of 000,000s. By strange coincidence there are 4,000,000 bosses in this country’ who are in favor of examining workers physically—only 80 percent of the workers are opposed.

The boss can cull the workers in a company doctor’s office no matter how fit—only new mollycoddles will take the examination. Maybe Homer Martin’s men are mollycoddles?

The unwritten rule of the I. W. W. is: Find out what the boss wants you to do— then don’t do it.

Homer is learning fast.

Also by a strange coincidence the boss believes in bargaining. But there is a joker. He believes that the worker should bargain as an individual. Haw . . . Ever hear the boss say: “Now, Jimmie, don’t tell the rest of the boy’s about this”?

Then again the boss believes that he should bargain with the union’s professional bargainers only. All that aside, the fact remains there is nothing on the bargain counter for the workers—either as individual, union or represented. His welfare lies in his organized yower, not in eloquence.

\*

The self interest of the powers in Europe seems to be to keep the war going in Spain so that they can sell them clean bandages. Spain’s workers have everything in common but I cannot see a solution as between loyalist and rebel because the parasites have divided themselves among the two factions; each hoping to be on the winning side. The war is prejudiced to that extent, internally, but not irrepairably.

I think it would be well to bring European diplomats into the United States of America—and civilize them.

## 1937\_34\_IW\_09101937

**It’s a National Shame to Work for Low Wages**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

How hath the mighty fallen! Elsie Robinson seems to be the best man among the Hearst writers. I must keep my powder dry (Lest it be, Lest it be) and maintain the supremacy of the alibiing sex.

Ernest L. Myers of the Post peels the bark from Westbrook Pegler and the World-Telegram is in burlaps and ashes. Hearst puts in a demand for Hugo L. Black’s pelt; so that gives Hugo a spotless bill of health. Labor isn’t interested as to whether Hugo wore a night gown or a black hood and Hearst forgets he himself is walking around in other people’s linen.

Mussolini was in town. He carries along with him two advisers. He O. K.’s one of our institutions: “Mickey Mouse”. (Say, Hull, is that a dig?)

Longshoremen pulled a bone on the front page: “Where Are We Headed For?”—As Napoleon remarked over his borsht, “Salt Creek or Oblivion? Longshoremen should have looked at the chart seven years ago. The alligators are coming home to roost. Longshoremen are hungry. Labor has had the supreme satisfaction to win all its strikes lately—only trouble was there was nothing in the pay envelope. Discarded envelopes on West street read, 12.36. $14.98, $15.25.— (I got tired looking for ‘em.)

The honor of winning strikes is of but little consolation. Working for less than a hundred dollars a month is a national disgrace. It puts us in a bad light with the European peons . . . It’s treason. Strike till you get it—and then—

Status quo? (Pronounced, tatters quo). Since the matter has been left to me I must say the working class is not getting enough **quid pro quo**—even the marble cutters argue they could turn out more cornerstones if they got a little more fat on their ribs. Sounds logical.

Outside of that, the class struggle is proceeding along—I was going to say merrily— and picketing seems to generate the proper atmosphere for future events; for few, indeed, can picket in an impersonal manner.

“Help my dad win this strike,” reads a sign of a barefot boy, ‘way down south in Georgia, suh.

Bumping-off in Russia is greatly magnified— merely psychologizing the natives, we believe. Mussolini’s scowl is put on—he’s two other guys. Hitler too must look mighty tough these days, like a bill collector or Lon Chaney at his best.

**“Lived there a hombre, an ancient fool,**

**Who spent all his time a-toiling,**

**Who bowed to a somber and two-headed rule**

**And still for a ruler was spoiling.**

**He never knew just which of them was rightful god—**

**His sense of comprehension was a-gone;**

**He never knew just which one on his neck had trod—**

**He only knew he had been trod upon.”**

Note: The above touching lines were attributed to Mike Maki, the great historical poet of the midnight sun; others say, Tommy Manville, the equally great asbestos prince, wrote them in his few spare moments, in quite recent years. So what?

In Spain it’s loyalists and royalists, workers and parasites.

News report: When all the Aryan pulchritude in Munich pranced in front of Ben Mussolini and Puffy Hitler, the great heftful fisticuffer, Heir Schmeling, stole the show. International complication was averted by quick action on the part of British Eden in clamping his teech shut and pretending not to notice it. What a contretemps!

Whatever became of the Mediterranean pie-rats?

(Note: Leaky old tubs sent into the war zone and when they sink every statesman in Europe has a baby. “Pie-rats,” they cry at the top of their lungs to hide the facts of their miscarriage.) Pay them off, boys, they have done their full duty.

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All this ballyhoo about the intelligence of the ape—chimpanzee and gorilla—can lead but to one thing: organizing of a new political party. That’s how we were roped in years ago. “Smart,” “bright,” “intelligent,” etc., **ad nauseum** —and the” parasites made millions.

Taffy has gone out of style and the workers are beginning to look over the bill of fare.

**There is power, there is power**

**In a band of workingmen;**

**When they stand, hand in hand.**

**It’s the power, it’s the power**

**That shall rule in every land—**

## 1937\_35\_IW\_16101937

**There Never Was Strength In The Old Craft Unions**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

“U. S. puts war blame on Japs.”

pProbably typogliffical error?

“U S. puts war blame on Saps,” how’s that?

When the American Legion came to the city they were welcome—O, how welcome!

We were on the verge of going to the poorhouse. Butchers and bakers hung out signs WELCOME, AMERICAN LEGION. Then the saloons saw the light, WELCOME, AMERICAN LEGION, and damn me for a flatfoot if I didn’t see a sign, WELCOME, AMERICAN LEGION in the Perhapsbyterian cemetary.

**All out for the shekels the American Legion was supposed to prosess.** The warmth of the welcomewore off and you ought to haveheard the natives knifing the Legionin the back, “Chiselers! They’redown here to chisel Wall street outof the price of the next convention.They got the jack for their trainfare down here from the Buffaloconvention,” etc.

So it is quite evident New York City’s welcome didn’t reach any further than the Legion’s pocketbook and, if Wall street didn’t stake them the convention was a total loss.

I W W

“Meat prices kill business.”

So? And here all the while I thought it was part of a plan to put the boys on a grass diet. How naïve I’m getting to be in my second youth!

The setting of Black on the Supreme Court bench also sets a precedent and it is a pippin. Some of the ultra-circumspect savants of the privileged bit, swallowed hook, line, and sinker and helped to nail the precedent to the masthead of the ship of state.

Now laugh that off. Franklin throws a mean curve, and those bushers should never stray into higher civilization . . . maybe they are in on it? I hope so.

I W W

The class struggle did not get so grievous until the masters of men started in to civilize the craftsmen, the trade unionists—it has been a losing fight all along for the past fifty years and, by a strange coincidence, the same leadership has strutted its stuff during that period. At first blush it would seem a class struggle is hard to win—the reverse is true, however, it is easy of accomplishment; but it cannot be done under leadership. Leadership dreads to go too far, as the girls say and is a trifle skittish about wounding the feelings of our overlords and masters. Fifty years of economic war is a long time and many of us are under sod—leaving behind us, of course, suitable replacements, boys and girls to take up where we left off.

Prolonged wars are peculiar in the sense that armies grow bigger despite the most modern and brainless instruments of extermination, malnutrition, filth, and disease.

A matter of 6,000 Finlanders went to the 30 years’ war in Germany and when they returned to Finland it was discovered that their number was greatly increased. Some of the wise heads figured out that in the excitement of bursting shell and shot they had neglected to practice birth control. Had they practiced it, there is no doubt in my mind, that all would have been exterminated and no one would have been the wiser.

**They Keep Coming**

So it is also in economic struggles; many, many fall but a greater and hungrier army is left to carry on the wage war.

A little sense here would be of great benefit, for strikes are nonproductive of commodities even so as the World War and lesser misunderstandings. But in as much as sense does not reside in leadership, and labor Napoleons too often feel the call to track to Moscow in dead winter, I believe it is to the interest of labor to organize a one big union and determine themselves what they shall do; so that their well-known sense may have fair play and remove the wars from the working class.

I have given up all hope of ever seeing a birth of reason in the employing class, inasmuch as they hire all their brains, and rented brains are averse to inaugurating innovations though they contain improvement.

It must come from the working class, whose brains are not for sale and whose responsibility begins with and ends at John Workox. The wotchword of hired brains is, “Let well enough alone,” but well enough is not good enough for the working class. It must be better, best.

**No Power In Craft Unions**

Craft unionism never did have the horse-power to raise wages as sole motivator. But in the interests of peace the master has raised the wages of these considering that they were but a small 10 percent of the working force. The motive was ulterior; the boss didn’t wish to contaminate the other 90 percent of the force with a strike notion. On the other hand the craft unionist always made it a point not to strike with the common herd except upon great moral persuasion against his will.

Those are the records and be was known in those days as the aristocracy of labor even when he had no sox. In other words, he traded his honor for a mess of pottage and nestled under the bosses’ wing out of harm’s reach. He has been untrue to the working class and but slightly untrue to the boss.

Everything went well with them while the country (industry) was expanding, but when the country was “full up” and the bosses started in to civilize them, as they had civilized the 90 percent before them, it was then the aristocratic wail rose to high heaven, rent the air and it was discovered their union didn’t have the strength of a sick Portuguese; quite easy of discoverment because the strength was imaginary in the first place— they had been leaning on a broken straw.

These good old days are gone forever and it would seem logical that these craftsmen of another world would have the manners to join the world-wide union of their class, the I. W. W.— there dies power. Build from the bottom up; take from the top down. Selah!

## 1937\_36\_IW\_23101937

**Finds Jobs for Morgans After the Revolution**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Many of the working class would be satisfied if they could get Morgan to push a wheelbarrow. I heard the debate over this delightful subject in a gang of longshoremen and I must say a great enlightenment unfolded before my ogling orbits.

There I sat on a timberhead in open-mouth wonder at the profound wisdom exposed, and I am of the opinion that only the presence of a liberal squad of Mayor La Guardia’s gendarme prevented a free-for-all.

Where the longshoremen got the wheelbarrow (monowheeled instrument of torture) is beside the point and beyond my comprehension but it was there in all its pristine glory). But some of the boys were not satisfied to just let Mr. Morgan barge in between the handles of the wheelbarrow; they wanted to load it down with sacks of cement—as high as six sacks.

*T-Bone Thinks it Wrong*

Can you imagine! Why it’s scandalous! Six sacks of cement weigh 600 pounds and Mr. Morgan weighs but a short 300. Why it’s an outrage!—and him with soft paws, and thin skin, and spongey muscles, never having turned a wheel in his life.

(That shows how much longshoremen know about gyro-scopos).

Nossir, I won’t have it, I want Mr. Morgan to trot around with an empty wheelbarrow the first day and toughen his muscles, flex his conscience and soften his heart and arteries—that’s honor enough for one day.

That’s just the trouble with the working class they don’t know the first think about hiring help; after all these years of intermittent, interdamnable toil, feathering the employers’ nests. . . and here, any minute now, the dawn of industrial democracy may shoot across the skies of NIGHT and it is up to them to find suitable employment for their masters. . .

Six sacks of sement? Why, any supreme court would declare it UNREASONABLE without further investigation or hefting of the handles to find out if the sacks actually contained cement instead ot aristole powder. (They’d take the bosses word for it, and risk no rupture in the dignity of the court), There you are didn’t, I tell you; you wouldn’t loud down that wheelbarrow beyond the point of human endurance and you’ve got the courts against you.

You can’t do that you’ve got to break ‘em in easy, same as you would a young colt or n confirmed outlaw bronco; you must not permit the full force of industrial madness strike him before he is calloused to it. That’s the way we were broke in ourselves. The employer raided the nursery and found us discarding our diapers and he hired us on the spot. Then he looked over his establishment and discovered the lightest yoke he could find, all aglitter and velvet-lined, and tossed it around our neck. . .

That doesn’t sound like six sacks of cement or a barrel of red-lead, does it? We’ve got to be reasonable.

*A Better Job*

But some of the boys and girls would be satisfied to see the industrial captains doing the two-step behind a wheelbarrow. Not me. I want every man that shows the slightest sign of Neroism chipping hot castings. They are chiselers, that’s what they are and the mere fact that they knock off great chunks with a single lick doesn’t change the nature of their graftmanship. “Every man to his trade.” That’s my motto add if the working class will take my modest proposal to heart they will find no rough-hewn easting coming out of the hothouse, for our great republic housese the best chiselers the world has ever known.

In fact our fair land is overpopulated with chiselers and it begins to look like none of us rough carpenters need go to the next war.

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The only machine that I know of that has lightened the labors of mankind is the electric coffee grinder. . . The clerk cannot rush off and wait on another customer; he must stand theer perfectly still till the machine gets through groaning—for if he did not the machine might grind away at nothing and waste juice. So the light and power company stands guard selflessly to see to it that the clerk doesn’t desecrate that big moment by grabbing and arm-load of yellow soaps, 6 for 19 cents, but that he upholds the dignity of labor, empty coffee sack in hand.

“Ben Mussolini breaks up plot Against his Pie-card.”

“Russia sends saboteurs on One Way Ride.”

“C. I. O. Cans Seventeen Organizers.”

Just one thing after another—in the latter purge the “commies,” bonafide and spurious, will be next. *Then to wailung wall!* Leadership? Heh, heh, heh!

Let me tell you something:

If those seventeen organizers had done that much organization work in the I. W. W. they would not now be east adrift. Oh well, mistakes will happen and a man may be trotting around with a married woman. That was A. F. of L.’s wife, didn’t you know it?

One day CIO denounces AF of L and AF of L bawls out CIO; next day CIO offers olive branch to AF of L and AF of L offers CIO a pipe of peace.

One day Italy denounces England and England bawls out Italy; next day England offers Italy an olive branch and Italy praises England.

They must be on a schedule. Or do they think they are fooling somebody?

## 1937\_37\_IW\_30101937

**It’s a Question of Groceries in Love or Unions**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Love today is pretty much a matter of groceries. Love doesn’t go any further than that in unionism. In others words, if your union can produce the goods, has produced the goods, or does produce the goods, then your union is beloved by mankind.

But unfortunately it happens nine-tenths of man’s time is spent in individual struggle for existence and only one short tenth is spent in organizing of unionism—the thing that eventually will, does, and must bring the groceries. Unionism is being gypped. The class struggle is like that.

**Keep the Office on the Ground Floor**

Union to be at its best, though, must of necessity be built from the ground up and the offices must be on the ground floor. Baseball pitchers are notoriously poor hitters and it’s the total of the activities of the whole team that shows so engagingly in the box scores.

Skyscrapers, seemingly, are built from the top down—that is, when they hang the false-work onto the steel that already stands. The I. W. W. is the steel upon a good foundation, the Preamble.

It seems the builders of a successful skycraper spent many weary hours in the hole preparing the foundation before they ever attempted to stick up a piece of timber or a network of steel. Seems then that these builders were sensible and that those totalitarians who are advocating the building of a union from the top down are either deceptive or half-baked.

A union built from the top down loses all sense of activity in its ranks and its members become ingrown and look on high, or on Washington, for relief. A situation in which a giant suckholes around dwarfs—and there never was a time when Samuel Gompers wallowed around as head of the A. F. of L., that the charmed circle of craftsmen were not whining for pie a la mode. Sammy’s hokum was short on both ends and the membership was trained to do nothing without permission . . . I won’t argue the gains’ you have made—just show me the pie a la mode. If the pie doesn’t show you have no power.

**Get Better Groceries**

Love is purely a matter of groceries and a union that brings the caviar is beloved of mankind. Why then waste your affections on unions that are determined to put you on swill diet?

It’s a shenanagan, my lord. Can it be the rank and file is dead? As dead as its leaders—going nowhere? A funeral procession and they aint even headed for the graveyard!

Come on boys, let’s snap out of it. Let’s us citizens of the labor world start a little entertainment for the employers. They are drowsy from the promises of brother Lewis and brother Green—brother Woll hides in the fence and comes out only once a year like a groundhog . . . Naw, I don’t know if he sees his shadow, but I do.

The I. W. W. is the place for every man, woman, and child that

answers the time-clock. It’s there that activity finds its best outlet. There you do not consult a beetle-browed leader or politician; you consult yourself and start the ball rolling. And you’ll be surprised at the many able and willing hands that help you to roll it. In fact your ideas are the very thing this organization needs to round out the picture of the homecoming of our old friend FREEDOM and the thoroughly disgraced SLAVERY slinking its way along the hedges into the twilight of days well spent.

**We Can Control the World**

If we can feed the world we can organize the world; when the boss organizes us he does it for personal gain. When we organize ourselves we do it to salvage the fruits of our production.

The bosses’ house is top-heavy— let’s move out of it before the big wind hits it. *Into the cellar, men, I just now saw a cow come sailing over the roof!*

See the delegate right away.

**Hot Off the Griddle**

New commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard will be given a dinner at the Biltmore, October 27. Paper doesn’t say how long he’s been without eating. Hope he can bear up that long.

New York’s motto is, “No deserving man need go hungry.” That holds good also for Brooklyn.

When I consider the tremendous amount of capital it takes to blow New York’s whistles, (every little tugboat has a whistle like the REX), it causes me to wonder how they have steam enogh left to announce their alibis in the dark and drab tomorrow.

Without doubt the politicians are wasting an awful lot of steam for the amount of boiler they carry, the insignificance of which is emphasized by the size of the whistle. Why it’s getting so that tugboats are all smokestack and whistle; hardly any boiler or propeller—no wonder the tide has to do all the towing while the captain blows the calliope.

Leaders they call these tugboats (they lead the monsters of the deep out to see the sea, hanging on for dear life on a six-inch hawser and blowing the whistle. The tide brings ‘em back—but, I understand the scientists in Princeton University are working on a system of tide-control . . .

**Keep Smiling and Organize**

It’s really touching to see those dinky politicians beaming in front of the chief beamer in Washington and one would have to be an outright iconoclast to suspect anything but good intentions in that wide expanse of heartfelt smile.

Smile, durn you, smile! Smile with ‘em; not against ‘em. Laugh, laugh, with ‘em or at ‘em, if and as you will. But don’t forget one thing: Get yourself a red card, for there may not be a return tide. We don’t want to go on a one-way ride and then have the ocean greyhound desert us; join the One Big Union (the one that has a name) so that we all may have a One Big Laugh and sorrow nevermore.

## 1937\_38\_IW\_06111937

**If You Know a Way Out Don’t Keep it Secret**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

What. would you think of a business man that threatened one of his best customers? You’d naturally think.”**It won’t be long now**.”. I agree with you.

Uncle Sam is that business man and Japan is that customer. Japan buys twice as much goods from the U. S. ns we buy from her; she buys more goods from us than South America and China combined. Some workers waul to boycott her.

Every Monday the Daily News (New York) puts up a holler, “Two ships for one,” just as if Japan were a danger to us; as if all that trade ($ 165,000,000 worth), is merely a blind to make us careless and then when we ain’t looking while counting our gold, the Rising Sun will burst in on us and grab the whole works.

Though titty, to have a leading newspaper get the horror that way; it generally comes just before rigor mortis sets in. To all intents and purposes the News makes it a point to say every Monday morning, “Hey. Sam, whet your knife; he’s in again,.”

I do not know how much it will take to exasperate Japan but it would seem reasonable that the U. S. will lose that trade and save the A. F. of L. the trouble of boycotting her. A way should be found to abate the News, for it is self-evident that the statesmanship of the News belongs to another age and another race.

**Somebody’s Chestnuts are in the Fire**

I cannot see what license a newspaper has to throw monkey wrenches into our foreign trade. (Note: If we fight Japan it will be a big lift for communism of the Moscow type.) Chestnuts.

I do not favor foreign trade; it smacks too much of a couple of stick-up-men dickering over a dying victim. Neither do I favor fighting anybody’s war for them. I do not believe Japan takes the News seriously—me too. The News is not serious. It’s Johannes Bull that is drawing the long face.

John wants to sell Japan and considers us an interloper, intermoper—a bloody, bleeding intruder and trespasser.

**Our Unsocial Employers**

What would you think of government that arms itself against its citizens in a continual warfare of petty tyrannies against its populace; red tape, mugging, finger-printing, espionage, etc.?

You’d naturally think that such a government is shy of wit and all the word implies—inefficiency. So do I. Such governments are many. Incapable of pruning its top-heavy tree of social procedure, having driven its workers to the point where they can be driven no further it resorts to instruments of warfare, compulsion. A dirty mess.

What would you think of an employer that arms himself against his workers whose substance he eats and uses “those arms,” at not infrequent intervals, with dire results against the peace and life of his employes? Naturally you’d think that such an employer is an unsocial animal and requires special and organized attention so that sense may be driven into his head and so that he may be freed of his greed. So do I. We ought to get together for our self protection and for the protection of our liberties now all but extinct.

These are but the earmarks of what life has in store for us along the trail of laizes faire—gradual degradation and, ultimately, inglorious death—if we remain unorganized.

The political world has two choices—war or depression; workers have two blessings to bestow on the world—peace and plenty. Let’s put this house in order.

**Do You Know the Way**

The first perquisite of good organization is—build your press. Not that it is a scale to go by, a blue print or a template, but because it is the reduction into black and white of the progress you have made. It is a voice crying in the wilderness of ideas, a “halloo” in the woods that encourages the lost (who have strayed), a concrete the world that tells the world that you were here and that civilization cannot be far.

Support your press by all means at your command, I do not mean by money alone. Stick it into the other fellow’s face and say, **“Here’s where I come from, my name is Fellow Worker.”**

How many times have you clutched at your heart at the fork of the road and said, “Why in the hell don’t they put up signs so that afellow can see where he is going? Then again:

“Why’n hell don’t they stick up the name of this street I’m walking on — those cross streets aint no good to me whatsoever. Why, damn it,” you add hopefully, “what I want to know is am I on Gunderson Ave. or Sunset Boulevard.”

So, fellow workers, don’t ever let it be said that you failed to stick up your press to let the world know what’s what.

**We have gone so far now that I fear we cannot keep industrial unionism secret much longer.** I’m not arguing that you need the press—I wouldn’t be that dumb. You’ve been over the road so many times you could find your way even if the night was pitch black and you yourself was half-seas over. It’s those other guys that need your press; the guys that are feeling their way; the young, the unborn.

You wouldn’t hardly deny a man the name of a street or the, way to the Lexington Ave. subway, would you?

**Why then deny the man the road to freedom?** What in hell do you wan’t ‘em to do; fall onto your neck and say, “Please Mr. Wobblie, won’t you let me have , a copy or your Paper so I can find out what it’s all about?

There is only one thing more pitiful than lack of information and that is misinformation. And who is there to deny the present bumper crop of misinformation.

Unquestionally the wobblies have the dope— but why be bashful about it?

## 1937\_39\_IW\_20111937

**Two Leaders Try to Fix-up a Difference**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

When King Solomon offered to split the baby in two—to please the ladies—he started something. Since then, that form fo wisdom has been going on without rest or let up (or hindrance) around the clock. Only severe cases of calendaritis have been able to stop some of, those wise guys. But I must tell you a story.

Once upon a time there were two wise labor leaders, but they had only one dog between them. Both wearied of kicking the dog around, so they finally decided to cut the dog in two, right square in the middle—so as to have a dog apiece. The operation was a perfect success and sure enough Fido was now in two parts. One part looked soulfully into the eyes of William the Great and the other part tried to wag its tail to John the Tower of Strength—and were they happy, these two?

**Poor Dog!**

But the dog, ah the dog looked kind of downcast and it was feared that the front part would get the hydrorabies and start chewing up tin cans and fire-plugs; whereas the hindpart couldn’t chew at all. What a contretemps! Here, was the hind part trying to wag its tail but, as it happened, the shearing apparatus was all in the front and it looked like the tail was waggling the dog—you’ve heard that before and I offer it merely to prove I ain’t drawing on imagination.

I believe Ive already mentioned it, these two leaders were of great wisdom so they got their heads together down in Washington—that is also the place where the nation’s wailing wall is located.

“Look see,” says William the Conqueror, “the muts are laughing at us, we better hold a series of collapsible conferences.”

“You said it, Bill,” sez John, “and devise a way to put the dog together again.”

So one day the great men sat scowling at each other, the parasites’ press took pictures of them end duly repeated, “BOTTOM FELL OUT OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE . . . and the long sought for unborn peace fell through the apperture.”

Next day the sup got up kind of early, clear and bright and the great men weren’t far behind, hardly less clear or less bright; and boatmen who know it all) promptly concluded, “Ha, another armistice!”

**Like the Maiden’s Prayer**

“This is the DAY,” they roared, “when the DOG shall be ONE piece like the politicians’ alibi!” And they threw their hats up in the air and sent out for a few cans of Schroeder’s cream brew. Hoch!

But the day, as usual was spent in paeans of praise and waltzing around in friendship’s eternal clasp untilthe clock struck four; too late to put the dog together in the failing sunlight and, as neither man wanted to put the dog together in artificial light, they had to put it off to tomorrow. Manana!

Next day it rained and the war was on again. The poor dog! The poor, dour pup! Sawed in two—right square in the middle. Let us drop u few furtive tears here and proceed with the story but we got to make it short. Our readers ain’t going to live forever.

Time were on and our loyal leaders were as far as ever from fructification, apparently. But finally came the day when hunting season opened and here they were, the trojans and the titans of the labor world deadlocked over a severed dog—mouth watering for Belgian hare. Heluva note that, they both wanted hare of the same dog but the dog was split in twain, crosswise.

**They Want Rabbit**

So Bill looked at John and John looked at Bill—it was a crucial moment, a kind of a crux and the two worthies heaved a sigh that sounded like a boiler when the soft plug lets go.

“Do you think, Bill,” says John, “that mutt could catch a rabbit for us if we slap the two parts together?”

“Surest thing, John, the rabbits are fat this year and they can’t gallop worth a damn,” replied Bill encouragingly.

So, paraphernalia having arrived, they took turns stitching the dog; one swinging the neddle, the other holding the dog.

And, after it was done, there she was, and as pretty a piece of work as human eye ever rested upon. But unfortunately the hind end was sewed on bottom side up. Neither of the two great men noticed it and when the dog tries to get onto its feet that’s when the fun started. Catch a rabbit?

Alas, the dorg couldn’t even bark, to say nothing of catching a cotton tail. Everybody knows that a dog cannot bark unless his hind feet are braced against solid ground. There you are. I told you and I don’t suppose anything can be done about it now.

Both men are tired from their heroic efforts and should be given a vacation —and get the dog a wheelchair.

“But, Slim, for goodness sake, are you forgetting that the two gentlemen were craving fresh, foot-caught rabbit?”

Hell no, I was just thinking, why not let Harry Hopkins fix up hasenpfeffer? . . . .

Seems to be only one thing left for Mooney defense—strike. Strike until Mooney and Billings are out of jail and until politicians are between plow-handles (or cracking rock for their many crimes).

Mooney and Billings both were framed by employers. Take it or leave It, labor.

It is not changing the subject one iota if you strike for Mooney —for it is of the substance from which freedom is made.

California people are good but its office holders are todying psychophants before the altars of Ventura millions.

It is time labor called that bobtailed flush.

## 1937\_40\_IW\_27111937

**Dictators Live On the Warfare That Makes Them**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

The question arises, are wars between workers a natural outgrowth of the conditions under which we live or are they a plague wished upon us by industrial dictators? I’m of the opinion that wars between workers give birth to dictators and remain as golden opportunities for many golden harvests for the self-same, self-made gentry.

Their duties then are to foster that which gave them life— war—and we cannot expect much else from them.

Wars, of course, never yet settled any question and there is no reason to think that it ever will, for the samples are missing—and to think so is the quirk of a disordered mind. **We do not emancipate ourselves by pounding the boss on the nose.**

We emancipate ourselves by ceasing to fight among ourselves then we organize ourselves and ostracize the boss. Get this, an inorganic thing is without life—such as metals, ores, minerals, etc.— it just lays and lays there till some one comes along and puts it to use. So too is an unorganized working class inorganic; dead, dead, dead.

Workers living under an industrial autocrat here suppresses the expression of individual opinion (something like prohibiting a woman from having an individual child— covering a lot of territory, eh?) and on the other hand, “nullifying” constitutional guarantees is a direct assault against organized government and rates deportation— or worse.

Wilson spoke about invisible government but I’m showing you one right under the nose of Washington so clear that it hurts the eyes to look at it.

Indirectly, then, the working class shares the blame for this condition. **They have fought betwixt themselves.** They have fed the industrial dictators with power after power until our overlords became so big and strong they threatened organized government and attempted to use it for a flunky. But we are coming up from behind; industrial unionism is the answer.

Cease fighting then, fellow workers. Let us all get ring-side seats at the Battle of Bosses, for that is what it will amount to— dog eat dog. They are a vicious element beneath their exteriors and insidious innards, (like the Swedish punch that smiles as it lays you under the table). If I thought they are laughing at us— I’d, well, I’d— organize.

**What? No Facism?**

Enlightened newspapers do not say we have no fascism in this country. They make it a point to say, “We have no ‘Fascist State’ in this country.”

However, in the midst of their eloquence, they are running a minitur fascist state in their establishments and workers of the Fourth Estate had to guild themselves in order to survive the blatting of those potential generalisimos of Journalism.

Journalism is in a bad way. No more does it talk about good roads and new Canal St. bridge— it’s Hitler’s mustache, Mussolini’s pate, Stalin’s ulcers, and Lebrun’s ambish. Looks as if we’ll have to go abroad to check up some of their lying. Lying about foreign matters gives them a wider range and is easier on their imagination; conscience they have none.

\*

Protest against the goodly Black on the Supreme Court was not because of what he is but because of something he isn’t. Oh well, the Sup. Court is as good as any place to while away the declining years of life, better than an infirmary in the sense that it squares one with the younger and more spirited relations at home; if they can’t win the necessary respect they can at least put the fear of Christ in the hearts of those of the family not honored by the nation conspicuously.

\*

If we fight fascism abroad that will be just the respite our domestic fascism needs to catch its second wind—and when we come back they will have it all fixed for us. Fascists are making the biggest holler against fascism in this country.

Let us tend to our knitting . . .

Let Europe go barefoot if she wants to—or start crochetting.

**Census**

Rockefeller, Owen D. Young, and Dr. Coffin joined hands over the radio to get our “John Hancock” on the “unemployed card.” I suppose it’s all right? Seems funny though, they don’t know how many they ditched. “Job census” they call it.

**Count your jobless, count them one by one—**

**You’ll discover it is lots of fun;**

**Count your jobless; find out how we stand —**

**They’ll get good positions in the promised land.**

Civic pride digs no sewers and statesmanship does no dishes; organize then that which makes the world go round.

\*

I went in quest of Inca gold below the Rio Grande.

## 1937\_41\_IW\_04121937

**Bright Boys Kid Themselves But The World Acts**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Election day is here again and Oh, those candidates are Oh so good, regular saints; but must tell you I’ve got all I can do voting a job for myself instead of voting someone else a job— you see I believe that charity commences at home. And I’m afraid if the candidates wait for me, there’ll be many politicians jobless. No I don’t expect to land a job before 1948.

wlw

Just as soon as a man ceases to act foolish he is hailed a wise man, garlanded with the flowers of virtue, honored throughout the land, like as not, elevated to the supreme bench with an eighteen-inch cushion under him —that’s how badly we hate half-wits.

Half blinded by a ray of intelligence, right away they think the world cannot stand without them. Graves are full of former great, grinning hideously, yet the world has stood in sorrow at their funerals.

There is no reason to think the world will not continue to stand, with or without them. If they are trying to lift the world onto its feet, they’ve got ahold of something there—it’s a big lift. If they’re trying to trip the world they may be crushed. Insignificance of their wisdom should teach them a healthy humbleness of spirit so they may learn the world is not ruled from above, from the bench, or from the sidelines. The world is the most unruly, obstreperous establishment in the universe, “Peck’s Bad Boy” of the planets, and in the end it is always discovered—**The world it was that laid down the rules and religions and the bright boys it was that were kidding themselves.**

The world doesn’t say much —it acts. The bright boys talk plenty.

wlw

Freedom is what makes life worth fighting for—otherwise life is ten cents a gross; fill your own sack. (Cheap stuff! if they won’t wrap it up for you.)

The working class, if and when it joins the IWiW, is going to be mighty valuable potatoes; rich in vitamins and fairly oozing calories—society will never again have to fall back on cod liver oil and aspirins.

T-Bone Slim expects every worker to do his duty. And r’r’rembah! **The rank and file is never invited to break pie with the boss.** Not that they do not like pie but the bosses do not like rank and file—the feeling is mutual. It’s getting so the rank and file wouldn’t marry the boss’s daughter even to win a bet. And I don’t blame them. You’ve seen their pictures in the palladiums of public opinion. You wouldn’t want one of those around the shack?

wlw

These recognitions obtained from the boss are glorious achievement of the workers—only trouble was the achievement was empty; a sort of empty victory Bosses’ recognitions are that way; a hollow look.” Those one, two, and three year agreements, now that the boys could get more, **are agreements to support one-third off the working class in perfect idleness**—now don’t renig. Think you can afford it on the strength of the agreement you have made? And after the three years is up there won’t be enough “prosperity” left to enable the workers to get any kind of agreement and they will be told kindly but firmly precisely what they will get, where to get off at; and double-crossing of the unemployed isn’t going to make the unions any stronger in that DAY when the boss undertakes to give them the runaround, less than three years from today. Mark that down or I won’t eat my words.

Guess that’s helping the boss over the bad spots and to keep his barrels full—tie yourself for the duration of “prosperity” and recession setting in already. It’s not too late again to join the I.W.W.—we’ve got to get some biscuits for the unemployed and hang the cost on the boss who made them that way.

wlw

If we slam the door on Mme. Magda de Fontages on the strength of moral turpitude we may as well have the WPA or the IWW build Devils Islands fur our social register (not counting Hollywood). What did madam do? I ask you, fellow workers, what did Miss de Fontages do?

Ah, she shot an old meddlesome fossil over in Europe—good marksmanship too; winged him with just one bullet and that is why immigration started looking up precedents—and to think La Belle France was on the verge of handing bar a Croix De Guerre, what ever that means, and send her into the Foreign Legion. (I believe she did go over to Spain and win a few battles). But she says, “No, sires and fellow franz, I will go to ze French Casino in New York City,” It’s a good thing D. C. Murray, lawyer de luxe, is alive and in good voice—he could see without squinting that shooting a Frenchman and moral turpitude doesn’t come under the sae head.

Welcome, Miss Fontages, but don’t shoot any of our leading citizens (they ain’t bright) and stay away from Washington (they tell me temptation there is great). Come up and see me some time (I’m on a coal barge), but leave the gun in the Casino on account of the Sullivan law which forbids beautiful women the wearing of firearms on their garters—not that I’m afraid.

wIw

I’d be ashamed to be anything other than radical. A person that claims that he is not a radical affirms thereby that **he has not all his marbles.** No other evidence is required.

## 1937\_42\_IW\_18121937

**Capitalism Is a Crime Under Any Direction**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

It is now admitted “an I.W.W. is human”; next they will say, “He is the only human!”

Courage, time, and tissue, that’s what he has. What more does he want—faith? Determination? Say, a more determined cus never was, and faith is good only for business.

You’ve gotta have faith to skin and be skinned—you’ve gotta have confidence that the bark ain’t all off even after the hemlock is in the catafalque and the bark in the tannery.

They skin you and then peel your back so that they can tan your hide—no, no—that’s not the way to say it.

They disrobe you and then they still your cries, gag you, so that you can’t holler, “I’m naked lord. (Talk about strip-tease, hey!) You hand to your master your raiment and he hands it or its equivalent to deserving foreigners. No wonder we ain’t got sox.

I woulds suggest that American labor discontinue this strip-tease in front of the boss, and for his edi-fication, and step into the I.W.W. out of the wind while naked. And that he stay there at least until we can get some cloth on his back.

It breaks me up, fellow workers, to see our industrial overlords fawning before the slave traders of a foreign world, trying to bribe them with presents, our sox. Oh, where is wandering sox agone? The sox of a prosperous day—even so as it grieves me to see the American working class fawning before the yellow curs & a business world.

wlw

Oh well, the ranchers of the Lone Star State (La Estrella Solitaire) Texas, threw a banquet and the main hors d’hoover was—alfalfa salad. Looks like a concession (to me) and I suppose Weyerhaeuser will throw a sawdust party next.

wlw

“People unfilled with food will lead to a people filled with revolution,” shouts Senator Borah. I’m not quoting him word for word my memory is bad. Good work, Elmer, old boy; 72 last bathday.

wlw

Castagna is Italian for chestnut. In New York harbor the game of castagna is played on a broad scale. Boating life is in highly scrambled condition and boat owners have the special privilege of choosing which union they will deal with; which union will act as cat’s paw to rake Valentine’s chestnute from the; burning. It will be remembered that it was a monkey that first used a cat’s paw to get chestnuts from the roaster and history doesn’t say whether the monk got scratched.

But the guardians of bosses’ favors haven’t a one-way tide, for the bosses won’t stay put and they distribute their favors more promiscuously than the angels of mercy in the redlight district.

It is to be expected when you permit the boss to choose a union he will also assume the right to give or withhold favors. Thus it is that squads of favorites are on the beach eating their hearts out; the only thing they have left to chew on. Suck-holing always did wind up that way.

wlw

In view of the fact that workers in this country have produced too much of everything (not including hey hey) and in further view of the fact that they, the workers, have too little of everything (which includes hey hey) the employer has but a triple-plated alibi—a sort of triple **entaunt**:

First: MISMANAGEMENT (plenty of M’s in that). Second: CROOKEDNESS—of second water. Third: THEIR SYSTEM WON’T WORK.

Not much percentage in that—hardly worth tipping the hat to them. Royalists, hey? It seems their hired brains can’t make a crooked scheme honest; but they can make it pay.

Those three virtues come under the head of EMPLOYER IGNORANCE; we’ve got lunkheads in there—and I say most deliberately, they are ILLITERATE (when caught alone without a coach they refuse to be interviewed except by “standard” interviewers that can make it sound SENSIBLE. You didn’t know we had registered interviewers who jump in there every time THE MASTER MIND GOES BLANK, did you?

Oh, what a farce! Don’t you think, fellow worker, it is time to shag those racketeers out? Put an end to this LION AND LAZARUS SYSTEM OF SOCIETY.

Starving Amidst Too Much! Can’t you see the employer system is through? Done? Positively. And next comes FASCISM.

Organize.

Capitalism under the astute influence of worker control will not work any better—it’s a crime on the face of it—a crime is a crime whether worker or dictator does it and to see some of our steaming revolutionists flexing their muscles ready to jump in there and grab the “sad remains,” (the glittering watermelon rinds in the moonlight) is more pitiful than comic—they quite forget the economic souls have beat them to it. The motives are identical.

The Wobblies believe in putting some meat in the hollow shells and rap the parasites over the knuckles if they try to chisel—that’s better than being chief mourner at your own funeral; **example horrible** of modern purge.

“A new society in the shell of the old”—nobody should object to that. The trouble with my countrymen is they don’t want to produce, only consume. They want to sit down in the warehouse eating storage eggs, whereas I want to step out and lay some strictly fresh ones.

I’ll tell you, boys and girls, the whole thing is so artificial I wouldn’t know just where to begin if I was to junk it—but this much I know: **None of it will do in any self-respecting workers’ commonwealth.** Not one thing is there in the parasite junkpile that we want. Any new society built on salvage requires too much paint. Second hand stuff is second hand and if artificial to begin with it is pure undiluted punishment.

## 1937\_43\_IW\_25121937

**We Traded Our Garden For a Meal of Swill**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Business recession now begins to show signs of reality. S’awful! Business cannot find consumers. Heluva note! Ten million unemployed are not buying. Quarter of the working class are on light diet; reducing to stay reduced. Not much protoplasm in potatoes and salt. Horsefeeds in the “schiwel.” But that is not worrying me.

We traded in our Garden of Eden when we sold ourselves to the employer. Adam has nothing on us, we’re naked too—and they are boarding up the clothes foundries.

Business is folding up—they can’t make the grade. The “Law of Supply and Demand” (that therial motivator) looks rediculous with out the “demand”—like ham and eggs without the ham (and the eggs spoilt). Here, waiter, take ‘em away! I’ll eat some other time.

This is getting to be serious as prohibition on the Moorhead reservation. Employers are considering the reduction of office force because they are not sure they can wring their upkeep from the scant 30 per cent in the production end—other 70 per cent hung up their teeth weeks ago.

It looks bad, boys, no telling when the big shots will order a purge—they claim to have 15,000,000 more workers than they can use.

Don’t stand still like a balky donkey—organize.

We have overproduction over and above our buying power—that makes under consumption.

We have the power in our union to remedy these, both—if we have a union.

Overproduction can be remedied by slowing down and shortening day—have time-clock saving time; under consumption can be cured in many ways but I think the best way is increase the buying power first with fat wages. Surplus commodities will disappear ‘sif by magic. Nothing like fat wages to put a double chin on a skinny lad.

**Our Hogocracy**

Don’t worry about the boss. He can take care of himself. If he can t, suppose we shall have to take over industry and see what we can do when no chiselers are gouging dividends.

How the thing will go cannot be predicted at this time. State supervision of industry is responsible to a political party at least—a pyramided power; individual employer is responsible neither to God, man or law—the all in one; worker control is responsible to society, mankind, and humanity—and unselfish movement.

But the workers are unorganized and misorganized, they are following the bosses’ bell-wethers—so the purge looks ominous.

Employers intend to climax their mismanagement with a grand display of insanity.

It seems as if our employers show a marked trait for piggishness which goes to prove they are not decended from a monkey and consequently not Kosher in Labor’s Book of Pedigrees. This explains why so many of their undertakings tarn sour and leads us to believe, if we follow them long enough, we will arrive at the wallow.

Legendary annals recite the tale of one beautiful sorceress, Circe, that changed men into swine; a good alibi but we can take it with a grain of salt and rightly conclude they were born hogs.

They have a thumb in the middle of their palms and are incapable of any worth-while production —although they are not lazy. Their sole industrial acumen is represented in ceaseless grunts and squeels—lots os noise and little if any accomplishment—the same old tale over and over again, twenty years out of date.

It is for other men, renegades from the working class, to bring a modicum of order out of chaos but even that is and must be incomplete for the imbicilities of the employers are so profound they hang like a pall over the works, and jim the detail.

Their plates are so dirty you have to wash them before you put ‘em in dishwater.

I have heard of Swedes electing an Irishman for mayor and I have often wondered. . . And here we have a bunch of pure-blooded monkeys being ruled by a slavering, ungulate boar.

**Better Start a Purge of Our Own**

Bob Ingersol once threw a pretty broad hint that we are descentants of a jackass—only time Bob lost his temper and got sarcastic after watching the working class dive for pearls for Mr. Porkchops, the Industrial King.

i Swine are not in our class and a real monkey, instead of bowing to the slovenly hog, would more likely make faces at him and chatter maledictions in seventeen tongues with the governor belt off.

But we, freeborn American homo simians and industrial subjects, find great joy in holding our nose to the grindstone so that the hogs might grow big and strong, broad of jowl, eat well, sleep long hours and die—AH!—die a just death of a venerated Satrap of the Swill Barrel (the hight of his ambition) and High Mogul of an Industrial Age.

The working class should take stock of itself and discover is it not true that their penchant for worshipping at the shrine of swine has brought them swill, as I knew it would, for swill is the swine’s ut most in ideals.

We can dream better than that. We can see a world free, wellfed, well-dressed, happy, beautiful—pansies growing in the midst of our jubilation and nightingales enhancing the wealth of our smiles.

The One Big Union—let’s have it. Slop no more hogs—let ‘em root. Monkeyshines can be carried too far.

# 1938

## 1938\_1\_OBUM\_00011938

**For a Virtuous Working Class**

***By* T-BONE SLIM**

**Always too late!**

Yesterday they made a raid on subway spitters. A good way to win a home for the winter. Just splash out a mouthful of Copenhagen in the subbway and another mouthful of Billing-gate in court and you’re all set—90 days on the Island.

Cost of living coming down all the time—but you must live in jail.

**Industrial Giants**

An industry that can’t support its workers sould be junked. No use fooling around with it. Hang up our teeth properly on a nail and dedicate them to posterity. Let the politicians master the ceremonies, workingmen’s friend preferably—you know it wouldn’t do to have workingmen’s enemies there all the time.

Ten thousand dollars per annum they get for being labor’s busom pal. Gawd” Heart and soul, and I don’t believe they’d do it for a cent less.

An employer that can’t so manipulate his slaves that they have plenty of salt herring and burlaps should be sent to an elementary school, and a child be put in charge of his works, to begin with. If then he doesn’t learn, we can always use him peeling spuds or walking the dog. Industrial Giant! Put the glass on him pr polish your specs.

All the blundering can’t be ignorance.

**Helpless**

A country that can’t nurture its workers or suckle its young may as well declare itself bankrupt and cease being a country, and sub-divide itself into cemetary lots (we’ve got to find use for it somehow).

A working class that can’t pry a living from too much of everything is pretty helpless—pretty helpless . . . well, not pretty, but helpless. They even have to be told to join the I. W. W.

Politicians can’t give you anything, they can only take away from you—a one way street. You pay their wages. They tax you and then give you some of it back when you get pale around the gills. Don’t get pale, that’s bad . . . Here, have a plate of veal fricassee, I hate to throw it to the hounds.

**Virtue**

“Capital and Labor are just a big happy family,” says the press. I suppose that means Capital is master and Labor is mistress, am I right? And the squaw does all the work`? Right again? And never goes on squat-down strike?

Lena and Axel had busted a chair trying to sit on it both together. There was much racket and the missus upstairs hollers, “What are you doing, Lena, are you fighting?”

“No, missus, just loving.”

“That’s nice, Lena, don’t fight.”

Collaborate? So, Mr. Labor, if you’re going to collaborate you may as well join the bosses’ union where he can get at you better. If you already collaborate you are already in a bosses’ union—a girl that listens is already seduced; a citizen that stops is already bummed.

Join Labor’s One Big Union, put the bosses on the bum; learn to worship, honor, and obey your class and we’ll hold a big communion, for to us all things are come.

## 1938\_2\_IW\_01011938

**Four-Hour Day Is Remedy for Depression**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

New York Post holds the liberals up to light and finds them do-nothings: As to their attitude on the Wages, Hours Bill, I am not quite sure the liberals are wrong. A gesture after a fleeting train would stamp them imbeciles of first magnitude.

The Wages, Hours Bill is innocuous.

The Post finds that by holding an egg to flame you can read the innermost secrets of the egg . . . The Wages, Hours Bill is not much of a flame and is not apt to set fire to the surroundings— mostly smoke; and libera) isn’t much of an egg, even in candle light.

Wages, Hours Bill was Massachusetts-born. Liberal was born out of wedlock. So what? Heine here advises that a cheaper way of testing eggs and liberals is “put them in cold water— if they float, they’re bad; if they sink, they’re good.”

Might be something to that (discounting Heine’s aversion for bandy-eggs and sling-on-behind liberals) and I got to wondering how would the East River do, does the water have to be deep and—how about the tide? I didn’t dare ask Heine because I feared he might burst a blood vessel or my nose.

Wages, Hours Bill is touch subject inasmuch as it comes from tin-horn manufacturers down by Boston way. It has, as is, absolutely no bearing whatsoever in Uncle Sam’s economics—the train left two hours ago. Run boys, run!

wIw

Instantaneous remedy for depression is SIX-HOUR DAY, first week; FOUR-HOUR DAY, second week—then let it lay there as a matter of system, forget about it, for it is based on fact and the best of arithmetic.

All men were created equal (before our time) and they die equal (even in our time) like flies around a poisoned honey-pot. I’m admitting nothing—we’re not splitting straws here today or going into the niceties of gold-embroidered definitions.

A bicycle is still as good as a coalscoop and, vice versa; a ferry boat is no better than ESS (E flat) cornet— you can’t play “Prayer from Moses” with a ferry boat and you can’t cross the Hudson with a cornet.

All right. All men are created equal! Whether or not it was a bum job I’m not here to say but I have strong convictions and some, more frank than others, say, “I ain’t no angel.”

Granted.

Others though are living in the seventh heaven and you can’t tell ‘em different . . .

Labor strives for equality. But the economic parasites and chiselers right away got out their axes and saws and yardsticks and started to create a distinction—and many a poor devil (created no more infernal than me or you) had a chunk lopped off his pet and personal ego and left a maudling cripple in this of all fools’ paradises.

Green and yellow paint makes brown. Green verdure and sun-yellow turns the leaves brown and the glint of gold is only the sun’s way of laughing at the world.

We all pass and only the most offended die young. Well, how about the coming generation?

They are here. Tey are high concentrate. They cannot last. They will (of must needs) pack a big punch and pack more action in a shorter span—even so as brevity is the spice of wit so too a brief life is packed with thunder, for remember, I told you green and yellow makes brown and you can’t add thereto or detract therefrom.

wIw

Report has it (Dec. 20) that 45,500 acres of Hearst lands in Chihuahua has been taken over by the Mexican government for distribution among agrarians. (That last crack looks like a strong insinuation that Willie as a farmer is a failure—and here all the. while I thought Hearst was one of the champion milkers in. USA).

I don’t know how much land Hearst owns and in how many countries but I understand he is running close second to England. That’s the hell of farming, if the insurance companies don’t take it away from you the governments count you out.

wlw

Mooney will be free when LABOR says so and not before. Let us have that say so in terms that cannot be mistaken.

THE INNOCENT TOO LONG HAVE BEEN—offended.

Has Westbrook Pegler gone flat?

Is Heywood Broun dead?

Must I live alone?

## 1938\_3\_IW\_08011938

**Society Is Practically Unorganized Society Is Practically Unorganized**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Hoarse and bogey days! I tell you, boys, the business men are scairt––of the bogey man! An unknown fear possesses their vitals. They dassent do anything. Never did. Never will. Pay ‘em off, boys.

I tell you it’s terrorbull and J. Q. Public is in a cold sweat. (An imaginary character––parasites, racketeers, and grafters raise the issue every time they wish to hide the swift moves of their fine French hand).

When they are not helping themselves they are helping Public or God or Constitution––none of these need help––and three days before their dirty work is aired they wrap themselves in an American flag (the custom comes from the dead heroes of the high seas). They wish to pose as heroes to the last. They live up on the hill and the “polacks” live down in the hole.

But it is thought in some quarters that the public cannot live unless labor works for nothing.

That is an erroneous idea and I need put up no argument except just to observe that such a consideration classes the “poor dear public” with pimps and procurers; the argument won’t hold.

John Q. Public is self-sustaining––or should be––and John Workox doesn’t have to let go of his butterless bread yet for a while.

Pile of John Q. Publics and pile of John Q. Workoxen could be supported with that $10,000,000 Sloan just salted away in a foundation. Pile of Public and Workox could be supported with that $40,000,000 that just took a heavo-ho to Denmark in the loving care of Mr. and Mrs, Haugwitch. . . von “RevonTulet.”

Couple hundred million was sunk in China, billion went up Salt Creek in South America, billion in Canada… you know the rest . . . a long list . . . war debts.).). and the string that tethers John Q. Public’s goat is chafed near breaking point.

John Q. Public has a hungry look, stomach ulcers, and beyond the Alps lies Italy. I see that string break and I see that sure-footed Angora traipsie among the Cliff Dwellers denouncing WPA and kindred institutions of slow starvation.

He wants to starve fast. How’s that? Correct? Sure, I’m correct––he won’t organize. Beyond the Alps––as I was going to say––this side of the Rubicon the pasture is deep. Join the I. W. W. right away before the bogeyman gets you too.

Hold that damn lip stiff––you’re not starving. YOU’RE FASTING––and by March 6 you’ll be in fine shape to run the gamut of Lent.

*Unorganized Society*

This system of society is woefully unorganized. I mean just that. Parasites have made a few moves to arrange it so that the wealth of our production flows into their hands. All else, is equally wanting in organization. I do not dignify “that” with the word “organized society.” Labor has made a few half-hearted efforts to join the bosses’ unions, herded by bosses’ agents and officialed by detectives (in such organization rank and file rule is taboo, in fact the taboo classifies the union).

Even that is not organization––merely an arrangement to perpetuate the flow of profits into the bosses’s pants.

Society is practically unorganized.

Employers cannot organize it––society gets more top-heavy every day.

Business cannot organize it––they can only go to the “public” till.

Church cannot organize it––out of jurisdiction, for one thing.

Politicians cannot organize it––tradition is too strong (over the falls!)

Only labor can organize it. Come on, let’s go. You ain’t tired are you? Start from the beginning. First organize ourselves . . .’n then all things shall come to us including a bunch of panhandlers and we’re the right party to see if we expect to continue the noble custom of eating.

*How the Fairies Did It*

They had it something like this in Egypt years ago. Joe goes over to King Fairy and said, “You’re gonna have seven fat years and seven lean ones.”

“Not a bad idea at all,” says King Fairy, wiggling his ears, “and how do you work it?”

“You take from the people during the seven fat years and what you take will make the seven lean ones. Then you tell the people that prosperity is just around the bend in the Nile. Then you open up the graneries and put the people on rations and they will praise you to the skies.”

“Hot dog!” exclaimed King Fairy, slapping his thigh, “you’ve got something there, Joe, old boy! I’ll be their savior and you’ll have charge of my wine cellars, eh, Joe, old boy? Is it a go?

It went––over––big.

Now in our time it was the industrial King Fairy, that raided our production, stored it in Wall street and the Financial Fairies scattered it to the four winds . . .

Sounds idiotic, doesn’t it.

It is idiotic and couldn’t sound different. So just organize your One Big Union in the I. W. W. faith, to the end that these smirking parasites can’t make you seven fat years and seven lean ones at will, in turns or otherwise.

Society is unorganized except to chisel labor out of its production. Organize it––but organize first yourself.

It isn’t a new idea, this seven-year plan. Eye looked at the Ingersol-Yankee just now and find it’s 7,200 year old day after tomorrow; historians to the contrary. I am not influenced by the payroll, being unemployed and I wouldn’t lie anyhow (like historians) not even for a friend, to win a bet, or to save my own hide.

It took them a heluva long time to break us, owing to modern machinery. But now they have us broke so what are you going to do about it? Try another seven year plan?

The efficiency in modern industry, wanting as it is, was achieved in spite of the despotism wielded by industrial overlords and it is now pretty well admitted, as a matter of basic justice, that labor has a right to speak for itself through representatives of their own choosing, as well as individually, when, wherever, and how it desires. To deny that right is to deny representative government, so it looks like a race between political fascism and industrial democracy. Which shall be first?

–––––

I looked around my stateroom for Krizmus presents. Finding none I lifted my eyes and made up my mind Dec. 25 was the day on which Christ was hung . . .

Born without a nickel, hung without a sou markee is all the same to us fervent worshippers. Organize.

Wars cannot be prevented without industrial democracy, so spare your wind and save your tears. The side if the barn is out and MARS is on the loose.

## 1938\_4\_IW\_15011938

**Don’t Ask the Cook to Fight For Your Beans**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

The main reason “power to call off strikes” has been taken away from union officials, in late years, is because they cannot view a strike in an impersonal matter. Their pay does not stop when the strike starts and hence it is they appear as a strange body more or less disinterested in the outcome of the strike. Being not affected personally they hafto guage the merits of the strike through other persons or workers and this they cannot do as well as the workers directly affected and whose pay is at a standstill.

Then again, their sympathies might run away with their reason over the dormant wages of the membership and they might make of an “honest to goodness strike” a gargoyle of sentimentalism.

Further, they might be stampeded by something or other the wily employer murmured contrary to facts or they might be overcome by the histrionics of the state assemblyman or other sweetvoiced singers not a party to the strike and they might call off the strike before the boys got fairly well warm.

We must remember that we pay the wages of our union officials and even the state assemblymen, as well as other sopranos, and they are servants of ours so long as they are on our payroll. (All bosses and would-be bosses are on our payroll.)

At first blush it might seem as if I have a confliction in the use of the original words “impersonal manner” but when we consider that workers view a strike as “our strike” we can see the person is in the subjective and the whole action in the final analysis is impersonal––all else is seemingly so––unstable.

I cannot conceive how any man whose pay runs right along like Tennyson’s brook should have the unmitigated guts to pass upon the life of a strike, to call one “on” or call happy, content, and thankful that the workers do not chop them off the payroll.

I’m not saying the officials are dishonest. The idea I wish to convey is they are soft. Too long a disassociatin with the vicissitudes of the more prosaic points of production has played havoc with their hormones, as they say in Harvard, and their metabolism is out of whack. You can see yourself, fellow worker, it will not do to send those physical wrecks into a lion’s den.

Now the I.W.W. has been very fortunate in the selection of its officials in the past and none of them have ever chosen unto themselves superhuman powers but have always placed their faith and trust in the rank and file of the membership. And never have they been deceived or disappointed.

Never has the rank and file expected the officials to step out single handed and draw the fire of the employers’ ire––we go ourselves. In other words, we do not expect the cook to fight for our chuck and that is why the I.W.W. is such an outstanding success.

We’ll bring home the bacon, all he has to do is cook it.

## 1938\_5\_IW\_22011938

**There’s Never A Bad Time to Pull a Strike**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Well, ladies and gentlemen, if you wait for a union “leader” to call a strike you’re gonna be old and rickety before he finds his voice. Why is it then that when the membership call a strike the leader rushes in there foaming at the gills and wants to call it off?

“Unauthorized!” they scream, “Outlaw!” they roar—proving they are “call-it-offers.” (Couldn’t the boss do it just as well?)

The initiative for a strike always comes from the rank and file. They can start it and they can stop it. They know all the controls.

This is one of the seasons when leaders think it “inadviseable” to strike. hey are at the end of their rope (and the rope isn’t even over a limb yet).

I look for a series of “unnotified” strikes, “uninformed” strikes and expect to see leaders and bosses do a lot of heavy guessing, for the boys are not going to be gobbled up by the high cost of low living (the big bad wolf) or the low cost of high living, (by indirection). The parasites better put their business in order before this takes place.

Don’t let me stampede you. Don’t do anything rash. Just shove the surplus into the kitty. That’s all that ails the country. The kitty hasn’t been fed. General Motors surplus of $450,000,000 would “keep” the whole nation a solid year, full to the chin like a “healthy quin”—with Quaker Oats (if you borrow the salt and carry the water).

Less than ½ billion dollars. But they say the surplus is the “Kitty.” Granted, but it is an alley cat; ours was red, white and blue on both sides. Can’t you hear it me-ow? (I’d know that me’ow even in Maricaibo or Antifogasta) —

**Time to Strike**

So this is the wrong time to strike?—the right time never comes. We’re either going to strike at the wrong time or not at all—in Heaven they do not strike. Lucifer pulled a strike there, but came in second best because he wasn’t well enough organized.

Organization is the whole thing: time, color, weather, creed, etc. are only incidental.

No strike is ever lost.

Lost strike is unfinished business.

The way things have been going in the country we should never have permitted strikeless days. All bosses were guilty (or should have been, for all the elements of perfidy were present, as far back as I remember —1890 and they all rated a strike, morning, noon, and night, before and after meals).

A strike is all we have— the only articulation a boss understands.

We have struck when our belly was full of Mallard duck and there is no reason to think we can’t pull a rolled-oats strike. (I have an idea here but we’ll skip it.)

In 1893, spring of the year, the workers went to township trustees for relief orders. 1900, ditto; 1910 ditto; 1920, ditto; 190, ditto; 1938,??—What can we expect?

It never occured to us to strike and place our wages on year-around subsistence level —the famous living wage. No, we were right there weepng in front of the trustees and they, without much success, were trying to insult us (I used to get a great kick out of it). We had hides on us those days that would blunt a harpoon.

It never occured to us to strike and place our wages at a level that would cause some of it to overflow into our grouch sack and save us the trouble of chasing after mushrooms in the spring rains. Oh no, we were all for letting the boss fill his cracker barrels first.

(Those days oyster crackers came in barrels—now they come in envelopes).

**Are We Nuts Too?**

The boss lives by the year—and we’d been all right too if the eelpouts hadn’t quit biting and the chemical plants didn’t kill the toad stools and the chain stores hadn’t refused us credit . . . oh hell!

We could have lived off of grasses until we caught up with our bills and then gorge up on round steak for a couple of months.

My Gawd ! Are we nuts too, like our leaders? Our leaders, you see, would also favor a strike at this time had they not been brought up on intellectual malnutrition . . . tut, tut, Slim, hunger is not a mental process but it starts a lot of wheels whirring . . .

So if everything is not all right with, you, count the leaders out and glance over the years and days you did not strike.

Your alibi: (as good as any)

Those darn kids, they didn’t bring us up properly! We never had the advantages of the fathers of millionaire sons.

**Selfsought Slavery**

One thing though, the scrap bet ween CIO and AFL has caused bosses to hug one another closer. Mortal enemies and chiselers are almost kissing . . .

AFL steps before the boss and hollers: “Smile at me boss, please.”

CIO steps up and says: “No, no no—it’s me you want to smile at.”

So the boss laughs at all of ‘em.

Now, boys and girls, isn’t the drama of the bosses hugging each other a sign of weakness? If so, let’s go.

## 1938\_6\_IW\_29011938

**Sailors Have Got What It Takes to Win**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

When labor unionism comes to a **cui-de-sac**under separate leaderships, as sometimes happens, there is onlu one thing to do—fight through; if you don’t want to turn back.

Cul-de-sac is a passage open only at one end, generally al the back and unlimited doldrums isn’t going to clear it—it takes action. Punch through.

You are surrounded on all sides by thieves, renegades, false friends and confirmed enemies, paid mercenaries. etc., but you are labor and have power.

Maritime workers find themselves in such a fix today under assorted unionisms but there is no need to worry; the seaman is an inventive genius never at loss. When the ship sinks he is thinking about his Turkish tobacco getting all wet. So it’s entirely reasoable to think he will clear the cul-de-sac and head for open sea.

It’s like trying to put a wild cat into a paper bag. The maritime man is of good voice and hefty hand. When he speaks the window panes rattle. His syllables have a “hop.” His voice and hand fit well in the M. T. W. I. U. No. 510.

This is a new age and patriarchs of the labor movement cannot be expected to keep up with the caravan—I’m getting kinds mildewed on one side and motly on the other, and then there are others that need a good currying couple times a day. The twice-told tales of the yesterdeeds.

But this much I will say: Time was when the I. W. W. had of the workers the cream of the crop and now again the butterfat is beginning to pile up in the “persoona” of the young worker.

**Want a New System**

Complete overthrow of capitalism is only cure. Penny-ante is as bad as five penny ante— both are gambling. Individual failure and corporate failure are of a piece—due to several things, including robbery, mischief, and deliberate sabotage. Capitalism is a cancer and its elimination calls for a severe operation. Forms of operation have improved in late years.

The I. W. W. has a solution for it.

If your neck grows boils your system is at fault. Ignore the boils and fix the system. If the system can’t be fixed, get a new one. Cut out the sugar from the sugar daddies and get our own “scoops” into the free lunch.

“Who is this man Hague?”—I wouldn’t know, but some of the boys say, “he is a bad Hague.” Prejudice, probably, for is not Hague wrapped up in the American flag even while the Daughters of the Revolution sing his praises and sing “America” all out of breath? Can you imagine, fellow workers editor, the old girls sang America instead of the Star Spangled Banner—I got so mad I was tempted to cut my throat.

–––––

No part of the I. W. W. can read itself out of the books now. We know well that we will have to carry on when the bottom drops out of these other unions . . . We may as well understand now as later that those authorized unions are a set of four-wheel evolutionary brakes: **They fear the toothache will stop too sudden.**

If the Congress passes a federal child labor ban they will have nothing to do next term.

–––––

“After 25 years some are pensioned off.” From 20 to 45 makes 25 years. They seem to expect 25 years of toil from each man.

Some employers have put an age limit of 45 for employment. In other words, **they choose prime labor only** and I do most solemnly declare they are chiseling on their fellow employers. Their attitude is an unfair trade practice; in addition to being selfish they are crooked. Therefor I demand federal government pension all those who have achieved the age of 45 and tax all age-limit employers, pro rata to maintain the pension. How about it Senator LaFollette?

**They Have What it Takes**

It takes a town of 20,000 population to beat up a five-foot seaman—and the seamen have such strange solidarity it’s just too bad for the 20,000. Goons are on an extended vacation because the “Generals” shirts are in the same wash.

is a spread-out affair. Seamen should not ignore the M. T. W.—because it has better staying power and will be there when nothing else remains. Its international implications, its substantial and bonafide industrial form, phis frank, democratic, determined procedure, open anil above board, makes sureness that cannot be laughed or shrugged off. In addition the M. T. W. has behind it the well-known solidarity of an air-

A B’s of good conscience are joining the M. T. W. Maritime I. W. W. tight series of real industrial unions, the Industrial Workers of the World.

In another article I said, “We had the cream of the crop.” Now I say: Now again, we have the cream of the crop in a new generation born.

It is our stuff that is being used by strangers and careermen to confuse actual workers in many industries including maritime.

There is no confusion in the I. W. W. The prospectus is clear. The matter at issue with the seamen is survival. Do or die is the dictum implied, not only in prospects for organization but also in so much as it pertains to individual members. The I. W. W. knows this and a great share of seamen know this, but cannot quite grasp how critical the situation is.

**They Won’t Die**

The high “moral” stamina of the seamen is such I cannot but believe that they will choose DO and complete the improvements already done. Sea-wagons are their inalienable right. Passenger comfort and transport service demand that they enforce that right.

Safety at sea demands they enforce that right. Thousands and one reasons say—enforce that right. The nature of the industry is such that it requires men, men who are not skittish anti there is no reason why they should sacrifice their comforts in toto. **Put three kinds of dessert on the table.**

You are traveling in style; so live in style.

Seamen can sail ships with or without master—their very type proclaims to the world they are masters and no reasonable creature would have it otherwise. Don’t forget the I. W. W. lest it be you will have occasion to remember it.

SUP should bear in mind the connivers will have a follow-up to that vote for independence; the time is not yet. Artemus Ward woke up an innkeeper at a quarters of three in the morning and said; “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.”

There she is, boys, that’s what I started in to say.

## 1938\_7\_IW\_12021938

**We Know What It’s All About**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Uni-cameral unionism is a one-chambered union. One Big Union; it has but one chamber, and that is industrial—politics is out. Bi-cameral unionism has two chambers, one chamber is industrial and the other is political—it is steered by two rudders. Sometimes it is in the industrial stream and sometimes in the political channel; somemostly it’s on the rocks.

American workers have made the same mistake as did foreign workers in the old countries, and that is the adoption of Bi-Cameral Labor Unionism as a method of expression.

“But,” it is defended, “bi-cameral system is the same as the one used by many governments, including our own.” How true! It’s the “bi-focal” that gave us depressions, recessions, and souplines. That is precisely what bi-cameral unionism will do—put us on a soup diet from now on.

In the older countries the workers were exploited for centuries under a tri-cameral unionism (they were “united” in church, state, and household) then bi-cameral labor unionism and finally, when the game played out, the slimy employers sought new worlds to conquer, new slaves to skin, and it is not strange at all that their “ideals” krept into the lawbooks of the several nations of North and South America.

Their argument must of needs have been: One house cannot have sufficient mental moxie to make sense.

My argument is: Six houses will have six times as much nonsense. The original argument is a slur against the fair name of our intelligence.

Bi-cameral unionism makes it possible for political adventurers to subvert the unions’ activities to their own purposes. Workers’ interests are forgotten. Workers’ minds are distracted from the pressing questions of bread and butter, and shortly the workers are immersed elbow-deep in glowing legislative promises and glorious victories of political palaver: “pensions at 60 instead of at 65.”

What will they do between the age of 45, when they are discarded by the boss, and the age of 60? Take time out, huh? **There’s 15 years that prove that politicians can’t count.** They should ask the bo’sun.

**Don’t Wait Till You’re Licked**

In the late lamented World War the Allies did have the sense to institute unified command AFTER the Central Powers had them licked to a stand-still.

Shall it be said that American workers instituted uni-cameral unionism after the employers had their bi-cameral unions licked to a stand-still?

I’m not arguing that unified command is a remedy. It isn’t. In the World War the unified command but prevented an utter destruction—and left all parties nursing defeat. I am arguing that uni-cameral unionism will change that SOUP into beef-steak and mushrooms. Do we have to go through utter destruction before we recognize the fact? The fact that wo have no more privacy in our labor unions? Every Tom, Dick, and Harry, every shyster, every frustrated congressman and every starved-out sky pilot is in there hollering: Vote for Honorable Alfred A. (Flat-Whool) Softsoaper, candidate for assembly. He is a genuine apple knocker’ and understands the aches and pains of the merchant marine, having crossed the lower bay twice on the good ship Dungan Hills. Hearing the anguished cries (cuss words) of the seamen he left the farm flat, let the cows roam as they might, quit apple picking cold, and found better picking—that is, brothers, he—hum—have— he laid his services at the feet of scowboys and bargees and docwallopers and blackgang and proletariat of the poopdeck and, well, under the folds of our glorious emblem of freedom, ankle-deep in the noble tradition of our illustrious fathers who fought and bled at Dorchester Heights and South Chicago—etc.—vote for him and he will return the plum duff to its grand estate on all American-owned ships, as it was before Andy Furuseth and Victor Olander climbed down the shrouds.

“Throw out the sea anchor,” roar the unregenerate mariners, “the wind is off the stern quarter and we smell the steward’s mess.” They cannot venerate those artful political spellbinders who would perfume the fore castle deck with a ballot.

**Pick the Right Road**

Such things can be and are the aberration in bi-cameral labor unionism. They have two fronts and still they holler “united front.” Which front, for god’s sake, political or industrial?

The fault is not in democracy but in the adulterations introduced—a divided house, a divided interest, and a divided program.

Boys, you can’t walk two or more roads at once and arrive “on time”—even if all roads were right ones you’ll tear your pants. Their object is to make you miss your train. The short cut to anything is industrial unionism as invented and practiced by the Industrial Workers of the World. Its solidarity is intact. Its [ac]cord is straight. Its aim is undivided.

If you want to ruin a man quick put him in the seats of the mighty: make of him a DICTATOR. If you wish to destroy the world, follow in his footsteps. **Let me remain always humble and considerate.**

Time is coming when hit or miss leaders will acknowledge and accept the philosophy of the Industrial Workers of the World. But the workers need not wait that long and be led. They can do the sensible thing now.

If progress is the aim of labor unionism, if liberty is its goal and freedom its destiny, then the multichambered unionism as an institution must go. Let us see what Prof. P. Serviss has to say:

“Tho only road to settled peace is that of science; politics will never hit it . . . Science is,” he says” in its very nature, universal. It interests all civilized nations alike . . . Its aim is absolutely single, viz, the uncovering of the truth. Knowledge is power—not partial but complete power, which cannot make war upon itself.” Well sir, boys and girls, this article proves the I. W. W. is SCIENTIFIC.

## 1938\_8\_IW\_26021938

**T-Bone Slim Calls For A Housecleaning**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

**Heaven has not two suns, nor the people two kings.**––Chinese epigram.

When the great T-Bone Slim lifted his eyes over the rims of his spectacles, he beheld a world of workers enslaved. “What ho,” sez he, “they’re in again!”

“Bouncer!” he roars, “c’mere this instant, for I would have speech with thee.”

“What’s the big idea of all those parasites prancing around on the center of the floor?”

“Master,” sobbed the bouncer, “I was out last night and got ahold of some sweet wine––they must have slipped past when I wasn’t looking.”

“Wasn’t looking? Are you still not looking? What the hell kind of a joint do you think we’re running here? Don’t you know this is an exclusive joint for those who work; and those that will not work, neither shall they strut?”

“Well, shall I turn them out?”

An impressive silence permeated the place. The dance had ceased. The musicians were reaching for their beers (seven deep-sea sailors fainted on the spot)––when all of a sudden, as coming from a long distance, from the dim past, came a powerful chorus:

**“Arise ye prisoners of starvation!**

**Fight for your own emancipation:**

**Arise ye slaves of every nation,**

**In one union grand.”**

What a beautiful tribute to Joe Hill whose ashes were blown to the four quarters of the world by the state of Utah.

**“Our little ones for bread are crying,**

**And millions are from hunger dying;**

**The end the means is justifying,**

**‘Tis the final stand.”**

“The Wobblies! The Wobblies are coming!” was the great cry that rose and all was excitement.

When T-Bone Slim again lifted his eyes, the parasites had disappeared. A great peace possessed his noble soul. His limped eyes shone with great Christian charity. His face was radiant with joy. The world was free. He forgave the bouncer. He forgave the parasites and went out to bum the public.

“He painted a tiger but it turned out a cur.”

“Right makes one bold.”

“Cowards make the best generals,” roars T-Bone Slim as he skidded around the corner, “and courage is the virtue of privates,” he added.

He took another slant at the handiwork of minds as different as faces and he saw a rollicking proletariat approaching, a resilient double chin doubling from shoulder to shoulder as they walked.

A great pride filled his heart. “The boys musta been eating,” he ruminated shrewdly.

And the potatoes were not all of the same size or same shape, but they were all potatoes; neither were the big ones on top. Storekeepers had dutifully removed the onions from the potato bin.

The world was all Wobblies, big and small, male and female.

“A speech,” they roared. So T-Bone took a shot at the spittoon and said:

“Keep your honey and vinegar in separate bottles.”

Came the end of a perfect day.

**What Goes Up Must Come Down**

If a worker wants to play hall with a labor racketeer he must hand the delegate a couple dollars, five bucks to quartermaster, ten bucks to half-master, fifteen bucks to grand, past-master, etc. About a hundred bucks makes him “regular,” as they say.

If he does not play ball and is not “regular,” the big shot tells the lesser shot immediately below him: “Here, take this ten spot and get someone to put salt on John Workox’ tail”; he turns around and says to the still lesser evil below him: “Here, take this five spot and get some one to put salt on John Workox’ tail”; he, in turn, turns around and says to the all-lowest and says, “Here, take this two spot and get some one to put salt on John Workox’ tail”; he turns to the official stooge and says, “Here’s twenty cents for hamburger, put some salt on John Workox’ tail.” (Lotso people think they get canvasback duck.)

That completes the circle. That is the initial operation in the drama known as American Racket, and it is supposed to rescue workers from something or other.

**Tomatoes**

Farmer gets two dollars a ton––profit. Dealer, in second resale, gets two dollars and forty cents a case––profit. That’s because of the vitamins.

I don’t know what the cannery gets; they just shovel them in with a scoopshovel and people cross themselves, and eat ‘em, nickel a throw.

Three hundred sixty dollars a ton––that’s what Augustus B. Workox pays a ton for his delectable fruit. (I only hope he has sense enough to shove the cost on the boss).

Wages are still up in spots––I understand G-men are getting $120 a week and expenses. That’ll buy quite a few tomatoes.

Railroad firemen extraboarding a thirteen year seniority get two days a week––they pay $3.50 plus $1 a month for this privilege to the union. They get an occasional crack at the tomatoes.

Firemen are kicking because engineers “share the work” betwixt themselves and then come over and share the work with the firemen too––two engineers on many trains and not a single fireman

Firemen miss those tray-size beef-steaks––it’s light diet now. It’s also hell. Railroad men should organize.

“But they are already organized?”

No, brothers, the figures don’t show it. These figures are government statistics, I got ‘em from a cop. He was denouncing the system in fine breath and giving the boys able advice. So don’t blame me.

wIw

No more flops in Woodbridge, N. J., because some over night lodgers hot humorous and ruined all the locks. Playful darlings of the depression.

## 1938\_9\_OBUM\_00031938

***Get a Better Boat, Boys***

**ByT-BONE SLIM**

I cannot understand why politicians persist in hatching their eggs in labor’s nest; nor can’t I understand why labor permits it. Why do thev not hatch their eggs in their own nest? Is their nest so foul they have to use labor’s?

Rank and file tells me the Communist party is trying to hatch out some doorknobs in the N. M. U. No harm in that except that it keeps the nest occupied so that the seamen cannot hatch any real eggs. Since when has a politician turned into a highsea mariner?

Seamen maintain halls, pay the rent so that politicians can strut their stuff and take up seamen’s time from important matters. Politics has absolutely no remedy for seamen’s ills. Once politics gets into a labor union it cannot be bailed out, deeper and deeper sinks the yawl.

Seamen, you have a Jonah in your boat. Better change boats.

All , th gains seamen have made have been without political action, and will be lost with it. Politicians follow labor action like a tern follows ships—but they do not go far to sea.

They have no action of their own so they appear suddenly in the midst of labor action. WHY? I wonder—why do the “leaders” appear after the action is started? Think it over.

*Don’t Know Their Own Stuff*

My contention is: politicians understand neither political action or labor action. The best the they can do is set one body of workers against the other. Workers themselves have no quarrel.

Political action is by its nature—slow. We were to get our eggs through political action they would be over-ripe before they arrive—we’d be glad to get rid of ‘em. So it is with everything political—relief comes to you thirty days after you are in jail for stealing bread.

You aren’t supposed to be in jail, you are supposed to be dead —starved to death. Why couldn’t you wait and let nature take its course? But why wait for jail or death just to please political muddlers? Why not join the I. W. W.?

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Compromise is a loss to the workers.

When there is no mush in the cupboard, and none likely to be, it’s a poor time to talk compromise; it, the mush, is or isn’t present; and compromise spells isn’t.

We do not need generals to get us “isn’t,” the boss hands us that without help from the labor generals of this work-a-day world.

We do not need labor generals to get us relief rations; the economic power of begging gets us the scrawny relief tickets automatically—begging adventures are followed by souplines, for uneasy lies the head that weas a crown.

Economic power will feed, clothe, shelter, and free the workers—generals never did, never will.

Join the I. W. W.

Economic power is the only power the workers have—only the workers have it. Parasites are using borrowed power—our power, our lawnmower, and our hired man tu push it. Let’s make them return it. The world needs a haircut.

## 1938\_10\_IW\_05031938

**You Can’t Use Capitalism – Let it Lay**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

Conditions are bad in every civilized country the world over—that is because capitalism is world-over. Capitalism seems to pick on civilized people. Marois in Australia are still unconquered by capitalism—by the same token they retain their hospitality and will share what they have with anyone.

**Same Ol’ Stew?**

The civilized world, however, is debating with itself the relative merits of fascist-capitalism, communist-capitalism, national-capitalism, and common, run-of-the-mine-week-day-capitalism. State capitalism? This after their olfactory nerves had warned them—the herring is rotten!

They know the herring is bad so they are going to make it a salad, with all manner of trimmings and garnished with tyranny. Like it or else. . . “heads will roll!” “What fools these mortals be!”

Nations better look to their empires for the game is played out. The world is now conquered. Nations are robbing one another. These are facts.

Workers can and must save the world from the impending and additional catastrophy; save the world from the claws of the “bright boys.

No nation can out-weather the others; **it will be attacked**. Capitalism is through in such matters. Down, down, down—until the head is under the sod.

Therefore, knowing what s coming let us workers organize industrially, and carry on production wholly ignoirng capitalism in all its many phases and faces. One big Union of the Workers the World Over.

Start anew—and keep every trace of capitalism out. (That’s better than closing the books with a bang.)

Capitalism is Autocracy. Where Autocracy is, Communism is not. Totalitarian capitalism is, of course, enforced capitalism, not compulsory—it is based upon servile acquiesence of the many and misguided enthusiasm of the few; both right or wrong. The presumption is: Inducted disease is superior to ordisability.

Irish stew, German stew, Hungarian goulash, Finlander mojakka, Chinese suey is all the same mulligan. Commical capitalism, Facetious capitalism, Nutsey capitalism, Tetoletarian capitalism, State Capitalism, Boro capitalism is all one and the same—capitalism.

The world is sick of capitalism. There is no cure for sick capitalism. The power of command must be taken away from the sick capitalists and given over to a healthy working class (ere we go nuts too).

“And they shall in perfect co-operation build a new society in the shell of the old.”

A good start might be had by joining the I. W. W.

**Bury the isms**

All these new-fangled isms were born dead. They are of unfinished thought. Deception cannot carry them far. High cost of living means nothing to most working men. (They’re intrusive theories.) Low cost of living would be far too high for them— they get nothing. (Contribution pennies.)

So they reason: “**Something from nothing makes no man poor**.” They are not interested.

Their issue is: HAVE OR HAVE NOT.

High living costs are germane only AFTER wages cover all necessary expenditures; up to that time we can safely class HCL with weather, winter, rheumatism or—small talk.

Wages plus living, is my motto, boys; living plus wages for the OLD AGE FUND.

No part of the present day wages should be spent for present day living—living should be extra, ‘n extra good.

Government should stop coddling chiselers and start a national boarding house.

This will take time so we can help the thing along by organizing industrially and unclasp the parasite from our loving embrace.

Hold her, editor, don’t drop him in the mudpuddle.

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Overthrow capitalism.? Pooh, pooh— you wouldn’t hit a cripple, you wouldn’t whip a sick horse, you wouldn’t kick a dying dog, you wouldn’t strike a wounded man—tell me you wouldn’t?

Why then pick on a system that is in the last stages of social cancer? Why not walk away from it and let it die in peace, alone, unsung and unhung?

Why should we worry about its coup de grace when we must know its nurses and well-wishers are during it the hemlock? Why should we want the corpus delecti upon our heads? We aint that gruesome.

## 1938\_11\_IW\_26031938

**We Don’t Need A Gift Horse To Pull Us Out**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

I had been telling a railroad man that what I went through the past week on the road makes the hereafter look like a Methodist picnic in comparison.

“Well, I dunno,” sez he, “it must be pretty good down there, seeing as we hear no complaints, none of them ever returned and,” he added, “I feel sure if everything wasn’t just exactly right some of the dear departed switchmen would be back here hollering their heads off.”

We were all agreed on that, for the sake of peace and cheerfulness of the gathering—but nevertheless, I must point out, maybe they can’t come back and are held down there against their will and volition same as the foreigners that came to this country expecting to return home loaded down with gold and precious stones and silver and silks, etc.

The best they could do was raise the price of boat fare from Battery Park to the Statue of Liberty.

Well, maybe the switchmen are in a like fix and can’t raise the ferry fare across the river Styx.

I know the reader wants to hear all about my worse-than-hereafter (they just love to see me suffer and I get a kick out of it myself, so dumb am I—but dumb as I am, I’m not going to ask the overworked linotyper to mold those ashes and pains into imperishable print) —victories, success, pleasures and comforts, that’s what we want, and I think the IWW should have a special writer that could change every blow on the chin into a pat on the shoulder, garland every returning pilgrim with the myrtle wreaths of a conquering hero.

In the last analysis, that is precisely what we are—conquering heroes. “ We’ve got somthing—we’ve got something most mortals lack. We can well gaze upon our ‘speeding grave” with an eye unperturbed, for—we have done something.

**Is This Progress?**

The whole world is in terrific ferment, and if the working class comes out of this latest massage unmangled it will be a miracle of miracles.

Even so as million dollar refiners, Oil City-Franklin must be torn because someone elsewhere has put up a more efficient refinery, just so in world politics national costoms and doctrines are given up because someone elsewhere has adopted a more centralized command. All modernize, all centralize, and they are right where they started from—with a pile of ruins left behind. Progress? Hm, at what price! The dog had finally caught its tail? But didn’t it look comical for a while there the way it was going around? Hysteria, hey?

The American racket had taken on proportions of a holy cause or sacred institution as early as 1910-11, when industry had reached its maximum growth or momentum, and devious ways were brought to bear on the separate “feeder” industries, interlocked in the “giants” embrace, to compel them to pay homage, for certain ‘consideration,” with the alternative of extinction.

Harvey O’Conner in his “STEEL—Dictator” has this to say which seems apropos:

“The financiers who had struck their stride in the flotation of the Steel Corporation, continued nevertheless to pile mountains of debt on the nation’s productive machinery. The machinery collapsed under the weight and plunged America into the economic crisis of the 1930’s. In 1932 steel lay at the bottom of the pile, the sorriest victim of the monopolistic system which its financiers had devised.”

Hoist on their own petard, hey? Brains, what?

Stuttertistics, however, are too dry reading so we will restrain our inherent enthusiasm and point out; Financiers have not the slightest conception of the meaning of the word production —and now it begins to look as if their knowledge on finances also stands at absolute zero.

They know not both ends of their al-zebra. Did you ever see such dummox? Overloading a skiff with a cargo that would make an ocean greyhound groan on one hand and—”they throw cats and dogs together and call them elephants,” as Carnegie mourned . . . “Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink.” Coleridge.

Contradictions of capitalism were so numerous even then that the wonder of it was she hadn’t cut her own throat and Harvey O’Conner goes on to explain the faux pas in the Steel Corporation when “Morgan tried to give the cow an extra milking.’

Evidently nothing squirted into the bucket for as early as that labor’s pockets had been thoroughly frisked and buying power was failinig off. There is no doubt in my mind the great men overlooked that sad detail and screamed, “our cow is gone dry and we must balance the budget.”

Great people, these economic brigands of another day!

What I started out to say cannot, of course, be condensed after this loose start, so we will glance at the “hind end” of the book;

Wisdom is rife in the working class. Progress is being made cautiously; all parts working to a certain end, panaceas are eschewed as not ermane to the errorless class. Writers and speakers are industriously carryin on. No mistakes are evident. Leislation, resolutions, words, tailormade rules of priority will not save the day, it takes action at the point of offense or indisposition.

No one is going to tell us what to do.

**Be Yourself!**

Industrial oranization is a reasonable adventure and bas a place in it for every workers regardless of his skill, strength or mental moxie. To illustrate; Technician that finds not his place in such organization is but an individual, sovereign over himself and would-be sovereign over his fellow workers—his Utopia is technological autocracy under guise of benevolence—charity. (Chipping hot castings might, and probably will, improve his outlook on democratic principles and industrial solidarity). “Alms” should be beneath the dignity of supor-egoist-dlspensation, and “almoner” ill befits the grandeur of his high estate—technology. Altruism doesn’t bear; they sacrifice nothing. **Nor is that our wish.**

We are reasonable creatures and rational beings and we do not need a gift horse to get out of this puddle—we will drain off the cesspool and toss a few roses in front of the pedestrians.

Industrial organization is a reasonable adventure and we should not fear to probe the revolution wherein the worker shall hear a boss of his own choosing. Boss, then, will be known as guide or instructor; maybe technician, production technician; maybe just, “Hey, Tex,” or “tech,” for short.— But he shall be of our own choosing.

## 1938\_12\_IW\_02041938

**The Best of a Bar Bargain Is Plenty Tough**

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**By T-BONE SLIM**

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Why are those cinnamon buns so small? ––

They have to pay for four new trucks.

Today when I had succeeded in getting patches spotted properly in my overalls, I gazed upon them with great pride––a feeling that comes to a great many who must perforce swing the needle––and, when I stepped out upon the boulevard, my many neighbors and admiring friends stood spell-bound.

“Doesn’t he look natural?” they exclaimed, “just like a working man!”

I’ll say I do––grocery string stitches sticking out like the golden fleece in stories of old. I’d pass for an emblem of wage slavery; no changes whatsoever.

\* \* \*

There has been a stampede into the unions that believe in the preservation of the capitalist system as is. Many of these workers do not believe in the system but joined those unions in the faith that to do so was taking advantage of the “best of a bad bargain.” Later events have demonstrated, hoever, that “they girl they left behind them” (the jobless) arose like Banquo’s ghost, to haunt the theoretical ecstasies of their job. Rotten conditions arose surprisingly to surround them and employment was a nightmare of unease, suspicion and unknown fear. That’s the bargain they made.

No. the job will never be wirth having until the last unemployed is workisg and that will not be before the capitalist system is at an end, and the last capitalist is no more; shuffle the cards how you may. **You can lay to that!**

It will get worse, not better––relief is but a ttmporary surcease in the unnecessary sorrows of an economy that is a row of contradictions, and wars against itself.

You have had your adventure and it panned out nothing but misery and more misery. You took all the short cuts and landed in the swamps of authorized unionism––capitalism a la union label.

So now, since the pieces have ceased flying, it is logical to think you are open to reasonable argument in favor of the Industrial Workers of the World, the union that has no use for the parasite’s system, including its wage skullduggery.

The alphabet is now exhausted––catechism and prayer book comes next; cuss words are inadequate––the English language is sterile that way. Even now I have to skip “satan” and “devil” which sound like a kiss in the dark, and rasp “Portola” or “California,” words that have body and spirit.

\* \* \*

Roosevelt did save the small business man from insanity, suicide or untimely grave by banging away at the public till and also by putting him in office work (his vacant store is for rent), but that is all hi did do.

As far as my own case in concerned, I did not get him for better or worse––I have experienced no change whatsoever. I still have the eighteen cents I had seven years ago when he came in, my clothes are just as raggety, and I’m looking for black thread, free of cost, so I can sew the knee chaps back into the pant leg.

\* \* \*

Once we admit politicians can correct this economic maladjustment, we must admit they can create it. If we admit that much we must question the politicians as to the parentage of the recession––they were there! But I’m of the opinion economic royalists fathered this child and organized labor will have to raise is to manhood. Why should politicians wish to adopt that child of destiny?

## 1938\_13\_IW\_09041938

**Supplying Arms And a Matter of Business Ethics**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

I think I have natural talent for business. Even in early youth I was not much good at fighting but I was real good at carrying sticks and stones and other ammunition for the other boys. Isn’t that just like a business man?

Business men never get into the trenches but when it comes to carrying ammunition they can’t be beat. Not satisfied with carrying ammunition to their own soldiers, they help the enemy also. For a price, of course.

That’s where we differ. When I carried ammunition for the other boys I did it as a work of love, patriotism. Solidarity without price. That’s point No. 1. Now point No. 2: I would not carry ammunition for the other side at all, for love or money.

Either my business talents were undeveloped or business ethics are degenerated. For, can we concede that business men are internationalists and that they love the whole world so much that they are willing to carry arms to all nations so that they, in turn, can exterminate their neighbors and by them be exterminated?

I W W

Courts have put a new law on the books––”forcible detainer.” A Berks County jury (Pa.) found sitdowners guilty. The presumption there is: courts are guardians of property and the inference is: the capitalist system of free and unlimited exploitation of labor is endorsed by the Constitution of the United States.

Needless to say no such rights are given but are assumed, and consequently no such property can exist, nor can any such ownership be proved.

The whole proceding was illegal because no rightful owner was present in court. Courts assuming, exploiters assuming, is a damned flimsy flight of fancy upon which to convict righteous protestors and defendants; so rescognized, but in reality they are complainants––the offended party.

Our law-enforcement bodies seem to be unfamiliar with their own book of rules and their pay exceeds all reasonable justification for the amount of intelligence they possess.

Here again the murderer got away but the law captured the corpse.

I W W

An offended man puts more heart into the battle; a chiseler confesses early. The offended man also has better staying powers––”till hell freezes over”; the chiseler is on the spot from word “go.”

The working class is the offended party; insult added to injury. The other class isn’t worth counting.

Wise men of the past have held that “abstention from work is the secret of intelligence.” They were not wholly crazy but their wisdom was mediocre and incomplete. When they formed their opinion they were appraising unintelligent work and not the natural, sensible performance.

A grave error to condemn all work because some work is off-color. I myself, admit highballing is highly destructive of the finer brain fibers or tissues and when the boss hollers “hurry up” he is trying to drive us crazy, arrest the development of our intelligence or kill the rosy thought of the moment. Workmanship is ruined, better way of doing it prevented. How they hate to advance!

The remedy is not (as the wise men of the past declaimed), “stop working.”

The remedy is, **Stop the boss.**

You can’t have boss and brains at the same time. **Get rid of one of them!**  
You’re the boss! Or are you!

How can there be progress, which depends on harassed thought, when the boss is hollering like a lunatic! Progress does break through, however, but it limps, is badly mangled and is a cripple the rest of its life.

Let us organize so that progress can be born unsick, unscratched, and unadulterated. Let us take the same care over fecond nature that we’d over booded stock––**and keep the knaves out of the wardrobe.**

Worker can half-murder himself on the job without any help whatsoever from the boss “hollering in his ear.”

## 1938\_14\_IW\_16041938

**Three In The Bull Pen and One on the Job**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

–––––

“Tom Mooney is about to be freed by the Supreme Court.” I am told. The pity of it is, Tom Mooney had to fight for his freedom almost alone. Erratic, skipstop support. Now (as the foreign movie man says). **“Those who have something to say, shut up.”** This lack of support rates Tom Mooney a clean break from **The Bench.**

Strictly speaking: If injustice be a measure, Mooney and Billings should have been freed ten years ago—for the cup of infamy was then full; Justice cannot apply at this late date or at any date after the first acceptance of perjured evidence to convict them. Greenhorns did not try them. Injustice is here.

I W W

There’s the Mexican Oil waitingan offer from the highest bidder—a sitdown where private owners refused to abide by the laws of a people’s government and the government had to pull a strike against industrial autocrats. A form of sitdown. Only the form is open to question and mebbe the Mexican government should have thrown the offenders in jail instead of merely shagging them off the property.

We have the same trouble in this country to a greater extent and after many efforts of grand larceny, bearding of laws, treason, etc., it is a wonder our oil companies have they not stolen our Capitol. Or have they? Sounds like it down Washington way. Ail our oil operators are out of jail at present and are probably on the loose; here, there and everywhere.

Metropolitan Area, April 1, 1938 (Special to **Industrial Worker**) —It looks (only looks) as if Doctor Herbert Hoover is setting his cap for Miss Presidency, the reigning belle of the U. S. A.

That settles it. I’m in favor of one-year terms for presidents. I have my reasons. Four years is too long a time to remember all the faults of a former president and he might slip in while we’re trying to figure out “where have I seen that guy before?” (When in doubt choose Dorothy Thompson.)

Yes; didn’t FDR have to run twice before our memory blinded, went out. laid down on us, and never returned?

Doctor Hoover would no doubt accept of employment as our president but he has no sawing partner since Curtis went to the happy hunting ground.

I want a one-year term. What’s that? He can’t get warm in one year? You don’t get the point. I’m going to elect four presidents and rotate them, one year each, and three in the bull pen warming up.

I say— if Hoover can pick up a sawing partner in Kansas (Walt Mason, for instance), put him in as a member of our national quartette—give a lad a trial.

That’s as far a I’ll go and if Calvin Coolidge comes up for a bow I’ll draw the line.

I W W

Neither the theory of abundance or that of scarcity can have a bearing upon the welfare of mankind under capitalism.

The presumption in the case of the “theory of abundance” is that selfish interests cannot walk away with much as easily as with little. All that it requires is a bigger shovel; iron ore was more plentiful so they used a clam shell (steam shovel). In this case the abundance threw the workers for a compound loss, i. e., reduced pay and half crew.

Theory of scarcity’ is an alibi for the employer, inasmuch as abundance and hunger doesn’t make good sense. Little or much, they take it all, the ultimate discomfiture lies at i the end of the trail, forbidding, overwhelming, and ruthless.

It is immaterial to a stickup whether you have nickels and dimes in your pocket or dollars and bills—he takes them all, and it is illogical to think he would leave you the change if you had an abundant roll of bills. ‘Twould be bad luck! Besides, he believes like all selfish interest believes: “If I don’t take it, someone else will.”

Thus it is that the two theories are without premise for the presumption in both cases is that all men are honest and that capitalism is an equitable system.

Capitalism then, not scarcity or abundance is the issue and industrial autocracy is its vulnerable point.

## 1938\_15\_IW\_23041938

**Settling the Matter of Old Age Pensions**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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**Such Is Married Life**

Boilermaker: “Why all the court plaster on your nose?”

Blacksmith: “I called my wife ‘cutie,’ but she thought I said ‘cootie’.”

**Pensions**

“A pension for every person 70 or better.”

“But some of those old jiggers have a million bucks.”

“That’s all right,” we’ll treat all alike.”

“But some of them won’t take a pension.”

“Oh yes they will; we’ll ask them to throw the million bucks into the pot. They’re old and won’t need it. Then we’ll pay the pension from the pot.”

“But it isn’t fair to give $22.50 a month for a million bucks.”

“Hush! Someone might hear you and you’ll have your axe in the sling for first degree treason. Can’t you see you’re discrediting our pension system, the dearest thing we have, work of love and just enough surly remarks to make the venerated ‘old’ feel they escaped with their lives? Hush—maybe after a few old skinflints have hit the pot with a million dollars we’ll increase the pension to $23 even.

“Being old and having no teeth they don’t have to buy no tooth paste.”

“Good gosh, don’t the government supply them with teeth?”

“There you go again. What in the name of good usage would they need teeth for on $22.50 a month—liquids, my friends, onion soup, gas, electric light, rent, hm—and they can save on the Brillo having no teeth to polish and they’re too weak to polish them anyhow.

“But when we get this system working and a few billionaires have hit the pot with their quoits we’ll buy the old people a pund or two of mutton each week—it helps to pass the time. They can lay their toothless gums on a chunk of mutton and suck for hours at a stretch. Of course, if there be any who think that this isn’t the finest form of civilization we stand to be corrected.”

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Oh well—well-informed journalism assures me Sally Rand is the difference between sexxess and failure of the New York World Fair.

**Quiet Please!**

The furore of the fuehrer had subsided in a day

And rumbling tones of douchey sounded flat and far away;

The silences of commissars fell on our ear absurd

And “ataturk” was searching for a real nutritious word.

And East and West the silence rang; re-echoed North and South—

And there stood thousand millionaires with finger in their mouth,

And diplomats in whispers purred behind their snowy hand,

And statesmen like an ostrich, put their bald heads in the sand.

Aheluva note, what’s going on—how long has this been so?

Why are the vested plutocrats apart from all their dough?

Why are the book-learned parasites so tongue-tied all at once?

And the business men performing like a 14-karat dunce?

Why, don’t you know? The working class fell heir to all the Earth

And started to remodel it to bring out all its worth;

Replete with tools, machinery, they won it in a will,

A million shops, a million ships, and every mine and mill.

The whole wide world was theirs to have—yes every stick and stone

And liberals admitted that slaves came to their own

And that is why those social lions feel like worried sheep

For now they seem to realize that workless-talk is cheap.

Some Sons of Rest got nervous, reaching for their mop of hair,

While other Giants of the Past seemed floating in the air—

But everything was quiet, not a tocsin dared to sound

And everyone felt certain that the jobs would reach around.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said, “to talk of many things,

Of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings.”

“Quite right,” the noble penguin purred, “you’re stating but a fact,

Not only should we wax our spiel but we should also act.”

Note: Last stanza is half borrowed. Shall we skip it?—**T. B. S.**

No, let her ride, Garroll won’t care. —**Ed.**

## 1938\_16\_IW\_30041938

**A Jobless Son Of Toil Makes Himself Useful**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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He was intelligent and had been kicked around from hell to breakfast and vice versa. Blackballed, sabotaged and driven from post to pillar and back again. He imagined that there was a conspiracy against his health, happiness, and hibernation (life). ‘Twas a bum stear!

No employer had any use for him and fish were not biting. No outlet for expression there. He was misunderstood by the bosses and he misunderstood them.

**“Vice is a monster of frightful mien**

**That to be hated need but to be seen;**

**But seen too oft, familiar of its face**

**We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”**

“No show here,” ruminated our hero of a thousand battles—he had been a union man all his life—”but I know what I will do,” says he. “I will step out and organize the workers of the last supercillious employer. I have lots of time. I have nothing else to do. **I will make him like it!”**

Suiting action to word he stepped out. Being free of the need for earning a living and unhandicapped by the necessity of punching a timeclock, it wasn’t long before the boss was in hot water up to his neck, figuratively, for our hero was, putting in full time, hardest licks. And the conditions were bad—**so bad the boss didn’t care to have an intelligent man look at them.**

‘Twasn’t long before the workers recognized his worth and elected him grand, worthy president—for it was one of those old fashioned unions and he had revived it.

But the boss was not happy. He was very, very unhappy because the new president was loyal to his union. So one day he broached the subject (the roach) and offered our worthy president the best job on the harbor so as to queer him with the union.

“I tell you, brother, you had your chance to hire me before but you didn’t do it. I was up here day after day but you were always full. How come that you have a ‘best job’ for me now?”

“Oh it just happens that way— besides we didn’t have a decent job before that we could offer you.”

“Bull—.” (Our hero didn’t finish that word so rich in vitamins, because there was a woman present). “Now see here,” he began, “if I take this job my usefulness to the union is ended.”

“Not necessarily,” interrupted the boss.

“The union will put someone else in office,” says our hero unmindful of the interruption, “but if I don’t take this job I’ll be a thorn in your side for days to come. If I take this job you offer me it takes just one man (you) to fire me; but if I don’t take it, it takes a majority vote of the union to fire me. I’ll take my chance with the union and, to offset the verification you may start, I am happy to inform you the wages are going to jump ten dollars a month. We must do something to show we are worth our salt.”

wIw

The unemployment problem is not irreparable—we have the men, machines and materials. The food question almost solves itself—we have food rotting in stores, warehouses, packing plants and on farms despite the fact that we birth control cattle and plough crops under . . . Clothing piled to the ceiling. Empty stores alone would house the millions unemployed.

All it requires is sensible distribution—distribution of work, food, clothing, shelter, pleasure and income. Organized distribution!

Have you an organization that can handle it?

Civilization doesn’t rest, consolidate its position and sit down to enjoy the fruits already gained. But like a street or a city that is always torn up and undergoing processes of reconstruction, it never is fit for human habitation. Sounds like a way out of savagery. Short hundred years ago New York state quit feudalism and never went back. Hundred years from now people will believe capitalism was a part of the Dark Ages.

## 1938\_17\_IW\_07051938

**Free Citizens? For Few Hours In a Lifetime**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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A worker plays a dual role in the social swirl of Amerika. Six days a week he lives under industrial autocracy. On all legal holidays and election day he is a political Democrat. But it so happens that the industrial autocrat fears that political democracy is grabbing off too much of the worker’s time on election day and insists that a couple of hours is enough for voting purposes. Also he considers legal holidays too numerous and that the purpose of paying homage to the political democracy can be served equally well the by having less holidays—Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and Xmas—and that all other holidays be dedicated to industrial autocracy.

Thus it is that during most of the worker’s waking moments he is an industrial subject; on his nights off he is a neutral in the sense that he doesn’t know what he was until he awakens from his dreams next morning.

For a couple of hours on registration, primary, and election days he is a souvereign citizen and stubborn democrat and, naturally, on the four holidays he is drunk, as befits a FREE MAN.

I W W

When Brer Roosevelt wanted to hold a christening over the bureaus that were all at sea as to their duties and double cracking on business with other bureaus equally at sea, a teriffic roar eminated from the hill-top; which leads this writer to believe 350 representatives in the House is too may words. It leaves nothing to the imagination.

Barnacles gather on a Ship of State when it stands still too long and it is necessary to put the ship in dry-dock and baptise it, according to accepted methods—every so often

President also hollers for six assistants?

Hm! I didn’t know the fishing was so good as all that. Cut bait, I suppose?

I W W

I’d be ashamed to be anything other than—**radical.**

A person that claims he is not radical affirms thereby he has not—**all his marbles.** No other evidence is required.

If you are not a radical, buy yourself some marbles (red card) and learn to be one.

I would suggest government buy United States from insurance companies and hand them bavk to sovereign peasants and tramps; so that they once more might have a home—sweet home. It is perfectly legal—and profitable; if not, make a law retroactive to the date of the offense. Very simple!

“If the Lord won’t, people will,” is an adage in Northern Europe. Why wait for people, slow and sure as they are?

Ownership of agriculture by insurance companies represents the exorbitant profits of the insurance racket—the ownership itself, without further evidence, proves the racket. So what?

Join the I.W.W.—it isn’t a racket. It’s a living and breathing protest against going to the poorhouse.

I W W

The depth of degradation of the U. S. professorial economics can be plumbed in the fact we cannot raise our own food any more, as Edgar Allan Poe would remark wistfully.

Our corned beef comes from South America uninspected (so far as we know) or does Uncle Sam maintain food inspectors in Argentine to see to it that diseased cattle spavined horse, or unwanted dog doesn’t fall into the saltpeter vat?

## 1938\_18\_IW\_25061938

**Our Screwloose Railroads Want Higher Rate**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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The hell of it is, boys and girls, our diplomatic relations have got acid condition and they are talking of putting congressmen under minimum wage and 40-hour week. Why not? Aren’t we all suckers; I think that’s better than having them fondle a shovel in WPA, or going on relief.

Railroads are hollering for increased freight rates and think “Congress just crazy enough to let ‘em mave it.” It will be remembered the railroads were so bankrupt they had to build streamlined trains of stainless steel and have Lily Pons baptize them —it being figured that a locomotive in a wrapper makes better time than one that is bare.

When they equal the speed of the naked “two-wheelers” of 50 years ago I will let you know by air mail. Yes, by God! I’ll outrun them with a cowcatcherless switch engine, and I ain’t much of an engineer. Just give me a couple of round wheels and keep the kids off the track; and give me a good fireman, one of the two-steaks variety. Corn flakes? Pooh, pooh, I won’t pull out. We’re talking about chu-chu trains, not streamline firemen. They’ll put an overcoat on Charley Paddock yet, and on Weismuller.

The evidence is right here and now is the time to put the railroads in a padded cell and, if congress gives them a raise, stick them in too. We can’t afford to let crazy people roam around at large, screwloose, in these hard times, hollering for largesse. I’ll spill the beans . . . Tut, tut, Slim.

\* \* \*

Courts jump small-fry loan sharks. (Good.)

They don’t jump big time financiers. (Not so hot.)

Small fry doesn’t seem to stand in with courts. (That’s bad.)

Big-time financiers have fastened themselves to railroads and are sucking the very life blood out of them, keeping them always poos, always inefficient, always hollering for help. Mind you, railroads have always cashed in on each successive imporvement before the tax collector got to ‘em.

Why write a book about it? It can be put in one sentence: IF THE RAILROADS DON’T GET HELP SOON THE BANKERS WILL STARVE.

\* \* \*

**Cross Examination**

BOSS: Who did you work for last?

WORKER: I hate to brag of my past.

BOSS: We must know, or you can’t grt a job.

WORKER: (He’s all bent from years of toil; callouses on his hands up to his elbows.) Well, Ill tell you the truth. I’ve never done a tap of work for anybody in my whole life. The thought just struck me a little while ago that I ought to help keep the ball rolling. So I rushed right up here in hopes of starting a record of honorable toil, so I could tell the next employer all about the great deeds I performed in your service. And now you tell me I’ve got to have a record or I can’t start one? How would an imaginary record do to ctart with, and then I can keep cutting it out as I grow’ a new one?

BOSS: Won’t do at all! You’re lying like hell! We know all about you.

WORKER: Well, if you know all about me, why did you ask me? Just to hear my melodious voice or your own beautiful baritone?

BOSS: Get out! I’ll never give you a job.

WORKER: I hope you live forever.

BOSS: Get out

WORKER: I’ll be seeing you tomorrow morning.

BOSS: Get out.

WORKER: Just in case you have a change of heart.

BOSS: Come back here! What was it you wanted?

WORKER: A job.

BOSS: You’re hired.

WORKER: Thanks.

**Is pay so high and work so sweet**

**It pays to kiss the boss’ feet?**

**To cry, to plead, to squirm and sob,**

**To get a toe-hold on a job?**

## 1938\_19\_IW\_09071938

**Whe Gets His Tail Stepped On This Time?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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By T-BONE SLIM

Hot posts in New York City are about as cool as frozen custard—hardly no sin at all. What little sin there is, is more mental than physical. And then there’s the imaginary sins conjured up by holier than thou misfits.

Chief assault against convention is the gentle art of rolling drunks. In this it is a race between bartenders and their constituents—the constituents are more dynamic. But even so, it is but a minor infraction, not much percentage and it is only after years of rolling that a fond parent can buy his child a new bicycle. I believe this avocation is called political action. And politics is beyond redemption.

**Reviving Domestic War**

And it came to pass a great poverty attacked the populace and the boys were all out of snuff. Food there was plenty but it was in the bins; so, that is out. Bumper corps strutted their stuff on the plateaus and the mush fakers in the valleys tightened their belts and threatened to desert the river bottoms. There was hell to pay and hardly a Packard graced the boulevard.

Congress got up on its ear and ordained no employer better pay less than ten bucks a week to a full grown worker. (Note: Congress is catching up; less than ten bucks hasn’t been paid since 1907.)

The lay of the land was like this: (And it was terrible) There was nothing for which husband and wife could quarrel. No pay checks were coining in. Pay envelopes were a thing of the past. What wife could remember to jibe her hubby about i the two-bucks he dropped on the nose of Salvator seven years ago! It was awful.

So Harry Hopkins took his hair down and said: “I know what I will do, I will send them! a WPA check.”

So now the loving couple are on the verge of mayhem over seven bucks instead of throwing bouquets about thirty-two. We’re going places! American family life is taking on vitalities that I never expected. Only this morning a loving husband threw his wife out of the room, across the hall, right into my lap in the . . . in the washroom. I’ll say she came.

It is then logical to think the state as a spender will fail even so as the industrial kings failed and that Uncle Sam has been listening to advice that was old and discredted 6,000 years ago (quite a mummy to drag in). Note: totalitarianism is only a stop gap until economic law catches up with it and by that time the world will be in ruins and scientists shot or in jail.

Spending program is a time-killing instrument, fed by hope that, catastrophe will overtake other nations and make it possible to cash in on their misery. Totalitarianism also has such high ideals: preserve slavery and chisel in on neighboring wealth (if any).

The argument for these delusions is given: “Democracy has failed.”

Not so brother, INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY has never been tried—**That is the only thing that can save us or anybody!** The beauty of industrial democracy is it can bring the employer to time without destroying his or anybody’s freedom. It is the practice in things of high emprise. Join the I.W.W

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**My Two Bits**

U. S. revamps banking rules to loosen up billions. Everybody is happy. Morgan got what he wanted “liberalized rules” (but insisted that protection of depositors be guaranteed) — (Insist, did he? How’d he make out?) Eccles got what he wanted “that bankers be given more freedom to make investment and loans.” Bankers got what they wanted and so we are back to the ‘29 crash. **Back goes the money** under a rock! For cripes sake, do they want to crash every ten years.

–––––

I presume nobody has ever thought that a spending program would rescue us from depression, recession (and the relapse yet to come) under present shakedown percentages of economic tycoons and cutthroat royalists. But it supplies an argument, not well taken for totalitarianism. **The employer is to get his tail stepped upon?** Ostensibly that is the ballyhoo but [unclear] the chips are counted the slave will find he won a new boss, the state “under new management”—remote control— and he will never know, what and why hit him. He will only know—when and how.

## 1938\_20\_IW\_16071938

**I Guess We’ll Have to Join The Wobblies**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

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From over in New Jersey we hear Norman Thomas (a man of many good points) made ‘em buy a couple dozen eggs. They’re fresh on that side but I cannot see how half-starved freeholders could have the heart to throw one of them even one—at an able-bodied speaker.

\* \* \*

I see where corporations lawyer Thomas L. Chadbourne (NYC) died of thrombosis. (I feel a twinge of it myself.) And Senator Copeland kicked the bucket with heart and kidney troubled. “Overwork,” the papers say.

As a first-class mule skinner (MD & LLD) I contend overwork doesn’t cause kidney trouble. Underwork on the job and overwork at the table is probably the cause of Royal’s departure, coupled to a lengthy row of years.

\* \* \*

This year the harvest hands should be extremely cautious about coronary thrombosis—the kidneys will take care of themselves. Drink lots of alkali water and blackberry wine.

\* \* \*

That Milwaukee wreck of the Olympian would have had a bigger audience in New York City. Ferryboat Miss New York (new) vibrates so badly it jeopardized my false teeth. Good thing I didn’t buy them yet.

\* \* \*

I’m reminded here, fellow workers, the immortal words that made the agricultural drive of 1916 the success that.it was were these:

**I guess that we’ll have to join the I.W.W.**

But can you imagine a dyed-in-the-wool democrat telling a scissorbill, “I guess we’ll have to join”? There is something about those words that makes of the democrat kith and kin with the scissor and the upshot of the mystic power is they both become good wobblies.

\* \* \*

We should be less exclusive, more articulate if not outspoken. Drawing-in-the-shell make for blues, rheumatism and trombosis. Say something—you’ll feel better. These are friends of yours.

\* \* \*

We, the workers, have been accused all these years of refusing to take all we got coming. That, of course, can be corrected very easily. We can hold out one hand and tell the boss, “read out some more of those larger bills so that my grocer and butcher don’t have to go to the WPA.”—That’s that, but I can’t see for the life of me how a senator n afford to die, getting r as he is, $10,000 a year. I knowi if I were getting ten thousand I’d refuse point blank and take a burlesque show to give full expression to my recurring youth, eh John?

Labor and capital can co-operate for the simple reason that capital is stored labor for another day. Can capitalist and worker co-operate? I don’t think so. Worker cannot be so good natured and capitalist is not likely to change enough. Were they able to co-operate, it would be a miracle of revolutionary proportions. Besides: Capitalist management is proved inefficient and wholly without merit; pseudo scientific—highly denatured.

## 1938\_21\_IW\_12111938

**Stomachs Growl While Half Hour Food Rots Away**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

If it isn’t one thing it’s another. About hald of our food products are rotting away and about half of American stomachs are whining like a bass viol in distress. It’s too goddam tragic even for a joke. (I put too much salt in the spaghetti.) Our theme song seems to be numbskullery and skullduggery.

We ought to know industrial society cannot prosper without industrial democracy. It’s like taking a trip across the ocean without a boat. You get all wet and then the sharks (we mustn’t forget the sharks) get you.

Our illustrious forefathers would have had industrial democracy in the constitution had they known this nation would one day be industrial. They could not see that far ahead.

But we’re right here! Our eyesight is good, We need no specs. Let’s take a look at it.

Ho hum—every so often a great writer spills a story that I heard way before it happened. Thus truth eventually finds its own level. “Make it come true,” is the age-old cry.

**Signs of the Times**

Van Sweringen brothers left behind them a $60,000,000 debt.

Not so bad at all, and I was just wondering what became of all those nickels and dimes that used to strut their stuff filling growlers and uncasing country sausages.

Lots of men have gone to jail for less but the Van Sweringens went to a grave. Recently $1,000,000 worth of Van Sweringen art objects were auctioned off in the brothers’ 54-room house for a pittance—one Dickens chair bringing only $230.

Hearst $20,000,000 art sale takes place Nov. 16. So it goes.

Reports of rain bring one and one-fourth cent drop in wheat—merely the report. Had it actually rained, I don’t know what would have happened but I surmise they would have taken the wheat and handed the farmer a cent and quarter.

Nine per cent drop in department store sales reported.

Furniture sales behind.

Advertising reported invalid —that’s better than being a corpse.

Training in streets urged if war comes.

Curtis-Wright earnings drop to $444,036. Yellow truck nine months profit off to $364,350.

All signs of the times and—only 12,000,000 unemployed.

**I.W.W. is Always Right**

We have been casting our eyes to foreign lands, passing the buck, and there has been a helpful gleam in our eyes as we viewed the hypocrites weeping over the lost sinecures of the minorities. And it never occurred to us that the minorities are goose-stepping the majorities round the May pole right here in this country.

We have sorrowed for Lichtenstein, for Czechoslovakia, for Sarawak, etc., and we have condemned their economics and their political prestiges—and we got darn hungry doing it. In other words, we followed the bellwethers.

It never occurred to us that what we saw over there was not economy but parsimony, same as we have right here.

We have chosen scarcity and parsimony as a national vehicle to social welfare. So what? (I do not hesitate.) What we see over there can’t hold a candle to the wild-and-wooliness of our own current, past and present, economics. The I.W.W. is always right.

## 1938\_22\_IW\_19111938

**If You Can’t Get A Job, Get A Business**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

“Credit makes enemies.” If so credit makes wars.

Our bankers are busy making wars and we are just foolish enough to fight them (the wars) for them. They never fight our wars.

But be it. said in our favor that we will not. fight their wars unless they first paint them in glowing colors. Who wouldn’t fight for a pretty picture!

“Humanity,” and “Save my mother’s picture from the shells”—we are tender hearted that way.

IWW

“Mother helps her jobless son establish jelly-jam factory.”

Just one jam after another!

Women who complain “my boy can’t get a job” should bend an ear to these manufacturing considerations, but they should also consider that this can happen only in the Bronx.

Heretofore busted citizens always started chicken farms or oyster beds instead of joining the I.W.W., but I would like to point out the opportunities are numerous, i.e., anything that will make the saliva run—although I must confess Borden’s Jumbo Ice Cream Cone in Flushing’s Main street is closed and I had to drink beer, damnit.

IWW

U think FDR is two terms ahead of his time. He seems to be able to make himself clear. In a late address, with several “mikes” paying strict attention, he stressed economic democracy. He’s got something there!

IWW

Horse-feeds are not desireable food for humans; lookit what happened to the horse—it got fired.

IWW

There’s nothing the matter with the American people except that they ain’t eating. It will take at least two square meals in succession before they can chirrup—not liquids, I mean.

IWW

Militarism the world over is merely a means to a livelihood; its uses are varied—not often praiseworthy. In this age of intelligence its presence seems out of place; it’s a throwback to the despotisms of old.

IWW

Both candidates for the office of governor of New York favor “good housing.” This shows an exceptional insight into the advantages of shelter against the elements, whatever hey be; but at the same time I would point out, the outlook from under bridges is more comprehensive.

IWW

Just at present our hero (T-Bone Slim) is campaigning for a job in New York City. The job isn’t much, a scow or a barge, but I must say the pleas of T-Bone Slim are every bit as loud, misleading, and hysterical as those of the political candidates.

We do not know as to whether Slim will be elected and, forsooth, it does seem as if he is tempting fate, employment conditions being what they are.

IWW

A movement has been set afoot to run Tom Mooney of San Quenton for governor of California, regardless. California might do worse. Up to the present California’s chief executives have been torn between conflicting interests and not much progress has been made. California most certainly cannot afford to continue longer such dog fights in the breasts of its governors. Los Angeles and San Francisco newspapers have been stone blind to this condition that is sweeping upon them like an avalanche; all because of indecision in Sacramento.

The state of the Golden Gate has had opportunities to elect progressive governors but always she negIected to avail herself of those opportunities and always, always she had to kick her governors out after trying them out one term.

Truly this latest move has a promise for the state that will bring her out of the doldrums; for Tom Mooney is a man of great decision and perseverance.

P.S. Would suggest that Warren Billings be run for lieutenant governor.

## 1938\_23\_IW\_26111938

**“They Toil Not” - Pity the Idle Politician**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Gee, whillikers, ain’t it fierce the number of politicians that are unemployed because of no fault of their own; every last mother’s son of them willing to work. There they are out on the street corners hollering their heads off for a job—and I’ll say this much for some of them, they could talk Christ off the cross. We are getting some keen competition chasing the elusive job.

**Newspapers call it a “Whispering campaign.” I didn’t hear the whispers. They had their rolltop loudspeakers out and the sounds rolled off like coming from a barrel. (I must get me one of those loudspeakers—I believe the last eleven bosses didn’t hear me at all—maybe they thought I was saying “Looks like rain,” darn the luck.) So I got to thinking “whispering campaign” is a missprint, you know what those really meant was “whimpering campaign”—but that wouldn’t do either. Honest to God, cross my heart, they were hysterical and far past the sage of whimpering. So now, I don’t know what to think. All because there ain’t enough political jobs to go around.**

Some of them already have a job but were out there hollering for another one so as to have something to fall back on just in case the ground slips out from under their feet. I believe that comes under the head of “unfair labor practice.” Something the boys themselves rigged up lately. You can talk all you want about Admiral Horthy brushing away the tears as he rode the white charger into Kamaron, Hungary, but they were nothing compared to the pearls of grief that glistened on my cheeks, oscillated a moment and then splattered on my button shoes, the night before election—shoe polish costing what it does to say nothing about the affect of salt water on leather. The more I thought of those shoes, the sorrier I got for the politicians and I heard the landlady say, “No. 6 is on a crying drunk again.”

Can you blame her? How many went to bed dry-eyed on this memorable occasion? Not many. Only a brute could be impervious to such heart rending situation. We may think it tough to spend six months looking for thousands of jobs and here these poor devils spend that much time looking for just one job to say nothing about all the posing they’ve got to do in front of the mirror and have their picture taken by 74 photographers before they get a good one that rings the bell. (All we need is our finger prints and social security number.

**I am thinking about starting a “back to the soil” movement for these politicians or if I see Harry Hopkins I’m going ask him to have his men fix up a cantonment of offices these frustrated statesmen that they may retain their blarney to proper pitch—and yen for office at the proper itch.**

The joblessness of office seekers is about seven out of eight in the lesser offices, which goes to show how modest they are. They ain’t looking for “the cream,’ just a little “split-milk” and if they lose out in the election they’ve got to wait from two to four years before they can “run” again.

You don’t seem to grasp the hopelessness, the despair of being a jobless politician—after years of pulling strings to finally get into a position to run for office, to serve the people with honor and energy, only to be defeated at the hands of a crook by all standards of the seven losing candidates. Is that justice? I ask you is that justice? I’ll say its ice. Winter wraths rolling in from the north and they can’t even hibernate like a bear or shed their skin like a rattlesnake.

**Dammit Harry, there’s something to that hibernation. I only wish the whole nation could do it. The bear, you know, lies on one side half the winter and then rolls over on the other side and the only nourishment it takes is what little it gets by sucking its claws. Ideal, eh, for politicians? (I ain’t throwing any “bocays” at you, Harry. You’re one in 130,000,000.)**

I had a hunch this morning that if I go out and look for a job on regular election day I’d land something. My hunch was no good. Of course, I didn’t go to only three places for I discourage very easily.

Every time I popped the question the boss would weep a while and then I would weep and we would bid each other good luck and part on the best of terms. (I mention this to show the bosses are rapidly becoming Christianized). But the last boss warned me, “Don’t have any more hunches for at least thirty days.”

There! I’ve opened my heart to you. If you can see your way clear to snare me a quarter of beef down in Washington, I promise to step out and bum me the room rent. I know, Harry, I know— your thinking I should curl up annd suck my claws but I dare you to get up and say so.

— **T-Bone Slim**

## 1938\_24\_IW\_03121938

**Rank and File One Big Union-- Solidarity**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

On the lakes it is Lake Carriers hall; on the east-coast it is Maritime Commission hall—can it be the Lake Carriers herding was not of sufficient horse power?

IWW

Outside of inherent solidarity and able-bodied personal stamine the seamen split up into factions—but not hopelessly. Impossible as it was for them to settle their differences under present set-up, they still can circumvent the shipowners by joining the MTWIU 510.

IWW

**Once we admit the split, no further argument for the MTWIU is neede. Splits never heal; they must be outgrown. Splits do not occur under democratic two-thirds rule. Sometime they occur under majority rule. Mostly they occur under autocratic rule—that’s why employers, press and pulpit insist that labor unions by under (good) leadership. Then at an opportune time the leadership can cause a split. (Mebbe you remember something like that of late?)**

IWW

Leadership, like an “open police charge,” can be changed almost into anything. Rank and file rule never changes. Much valuable time is lost in correcting the mistakes leaders have made. (They insist on the correction or debate their position indefinitely.) Rank and file ignores its mistakes and pushes ahead, ceaselessly.

IWW

Fighting for jobs is a leadership measure; it leaves the grief in the lap of the working class. Rank and file rule is: OWN the job and fix it up to suit the workers. If unemployment be wide spread, shorten the day. Don’t fight to see who shall work, see that all shall work or fight. Don’t fight first, fight last.

IWW

When reaction raises its head in the form of a well-groomed leader we must be in position to curb the “upjumper” with few well chosen words : “Sit down!” “Sit down!” (Lift our eyebrows and add) : “You haven’t got piles, have you?”

Action has a nature of self-co-ordination—it adjusts its human factors automatically into most advantageous positions and the sum total of the whole is growth.

That’s what we want, growth. Whether it be a double chin, tough muscles or one big union.

No matter where they come from they never forget to glance at the IWW hall . . . .

Let’s get some close cooperation.

IWW

**Recent discovery in the DuPont laboratories seriously threatens the silk trade and textiles, cotton and wool, from grower to looms, and other industries too numerous to mention. The substance has the strength of steel, the resilience of rubber and sheen of silk—I estimate this will add a couple million men to Harry Hopkins’ vast army of horticulturists and pick n’ shovel artisans. If Harry Hopkins hangs on to his reason one year more, I’ll be satisfied.**

IWW

It looks bad for boys and girls and I s’pose you forgot to join the IWW—but I don’t want to discourage you. So long as we have the Great Lakes, why should we worry—lookit all the soup we can make out of Lake Superior alone, onions (Harry will supply them). Note: Charles Dickens invented this soup and then the Christian Missions and equally Christian Salvation Army took it up and popularized it.

IWW

So ye gallant workers, if you support the unemployed, you may as well let the unemployed help you do the chores he lives on.

Shorter workday will accomplish that miracle.

IWW

**Picketting is one of the most important functions of a unionist, second only to striking. Therefore a union is known by the consideration it gives its pickets and picket lines. In view of the laxity some members have for picketing, it is fitting that picketeers be shown every preference.**

IWW

The Industrial Worker is read by many of the best minds in this and other countries. Many more of the active thinkers would read it, did they know of its existence but, even as is, the Industrial Worker is a force for greater good than its actual circulation would indicate.

This is no valid reason whatsoever that the workers should not read it. All self-respecting workers that know of it read it and the others need it worse. Pass it around—it speaks for itself and for the working class.

IWW

## 1938\_25\_IW\_10121938

**Collaboration With Bosses Is Surrender**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Shortly after the gold rush Tom Mooney was tried in the courts of California for a heineous crime and still are using it after it is almost worn out.

Tom Mooney was not tried by a jury of his peers; they had to go out in the los caminos of the primrose trails and gather glib witnesses who have since and before proved themselves liars. And there are those in California that say in all sincerity, Fickert’s activities in the assembling of those witnesses was a part of the gold rush.

I believe them––may the devil rest his soul!

**Repeatedly I have said people of California are all right but I have hinted strongly in words of startling expression that authorities are non-suit; too many time not native sons, not pioneers nor trailblazers, but refugees of the several states to the eastward and could not under the circumstances be expected to act rationally or honorably.**

Mooney is still in the can, so is Billings, convicted on the strength of character of the most unconsionable bunch of liars ever assembled in any court of justice. But Mooney is held today for a far different reason than was advanced in the beginning; for the crime is worn out. I will not mention “the reason” at this time, except to say it does not “concern” the guilt or innocence of California in question, and is a part of the artful dodging of issues. We will proceed.

I W W

Bosses take the position that if they don’t let the children work, they’ll learn to play pool and if they let the fathers work they’ll play poker. So they fire the father and hire the son, saving two souls and two dollars with one move. Score: No pool; no poker; no sin.

Pool room goes to poor house; gambling den changes into hamburger stand; boss jumps out the window––and peace pervades the land.––

I W W

Collaboration and militancy don’t mix. Collaboration on the many waters of the marine industry have chosen a poor time to collaborate when everything is wanting. They have sold their Joseph to Egyptians.

I W W

**Betterments are never permanent; they continually slip or threaten to slip. Militancy upon such occasions keep them from slipping. But since collaboration takes the edge from militancy are carrying water laborators are carrying water to the elephants. Why not get into the reserved seats with the militant MTWIU 510––militant not only in the hall but on the job. “Wobblie’s book is O.K. by me,” they all say, including the collaborators.**

I W W

Enterprise in the collaborators union is “strangely” missing. They haven’t even the get-up to zone jobs or rotate them. Note: I don’t believe in zoning––it’s complete surrender. But even so, complete surrender is better than collaboration in heat of battle. I’m not surrendering an inch; they can’t sing sweetly enough: “Peace’ Peace! When there is no peace!”––It’s a continual struggle with no intermission. One industry, one union, one job, for all workers concerned––own those three and see to it that no one owns you. Why should the boss own **your** job? He can’t own his own job if you organize as herein described.

**A system that is based upon special privilege cannot and will not stand, whether as a matter of labor union practice, social standard or state idiosyncrasies. That is self-evident to the point of being platitudinous. It means gradual degradation both in high and low.**

I W W

Whatever we think about Adolph Hitler’s moves we must admit he is a good prophet: First (in his book “Mein Kampf”) he tells what is going to happen. Then (dreading that his prophecy may go haywire) he jumps up and makes it happen. No other prophet, dead or alive, ever “knocked them off so closely.”

I’m somewhat of a prophet myself.

There is going to be a resurgence in IWW and, if I see it ain’t going to happen, down comes my hair and off goes my coat . . .

## 1938\_26\_IW\_17121938

**Judge Yourself And Be Found Not Guilty**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The United States Government may as well spare itself the trouble of having champion-economists get up and tell us a row of nothings. We already know there is a depression and that the United States is in the low pressure area. We know there are better than ten million unemployed and that some of them have gone months without bread—b-r-e-a-d—owing to superior intelligence of WPA horsebackers and grandiose wisdom of the relief. We know that the relief is parcel of the §62,000,000,000 national income produced this year.

What became of it?

**Economists Sayeth Not**

It makes no difference where the trouble lies, over-expansion, less foreign markets, dislocation of capital produced here, wierd finances or just plain, common, everyday idiocy, singly or all together. A little pressure by labor at this time will remedy the condition. (Money will be found in the strangest places.) Workers may as well cease following economic-physicians and make it impossible for the overlords to pull their daily boners and life-long knaveries. No matter what the trouble is, take out of their hands the power to starve you at will.

Place no reliance upon their investigation—the answer will be “lily white.” They are investigating themselves, and their alibi is ever-ready, oily and full of parfum civet cat.

IWW

“Bankers to weigh Eccle’s warning about short circuiting Government Expenditures.”—Should think they would weigh it, seeing as how they will get every cent of it—every straying buffalo nickel from as far away as Maiden, Montana and Giltedge. And the old pump will start whining for priming:

“How dry I am, how dry I am?

The bankers know how dry I am.

My suction pump is full of holes,

My foot valve needs some new half soles.

How dry I am, how dry I am?

O, tilt the can, please, Uncle Sam.”

Only to once more go dry; for the bankers’ influence reaches to the outposts of civilization even unto the humblest of homes; snatches the milk bottle from the cradle and rolls the mightiest of manufacturers or industrialists. . . Even so as the Monongahela River empties into the Gulf of Mexico, via the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, just so the poor, the well-to-do, the rich, empty their pokes into the bankers’ coffers.

Sure they ought to “weigh” it—lest some one hold out on ‘em.

IWW

Notice how those dictators’ mouths are pictured wide open —like a “never-close” lunch room. They tell this here Henderson can outholler the doughty Gen. Johnson.

He sent his voice around the world

And ne’er a voice war further hurled,

As around the globe his accent curled.

FDR (note F. W. there’s possibilities in that poem—but I have my life to protect). Only one man I know that could and did bark louder—he was my sawing partner in the balsam belt and you should have heard him spiel, editor, when he chopped off one balsam branch and one thumb with one lick. He’d make a good dictator, for folks could hear him miles around—in fact, he was of a dictatorial nature and kept the teamsters under his thumb until he chopped it off by mistake in righteous indignation.

Oh well, dictators “cork” themselves sooner or later.

An’ ne’er a phrase was finer twirled

Or sentiment more neatly knurled,

With every sound effect unfurled—

FDR.

IWW

“While she lived here without even the conveniences of electricity, the $6,000,000 her husband left her grew to $17,000,000.”

Nice going! Someone had to sweat his brains out for that “jack.” That’s a heluva big leak in industry’s treasure vault, and an old crone gets an $11,000,000 present. Just for being a relic of a marriage vow. Wow! Let’s turn the other cheek. We’re groggy now.

## 1938\_27\_IW\_24121938

**Worker’s Moses Lost in the Wilderness**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

“C’moonist Party” (strong Bronx accent) is in a bad way. It stated out nicely with red flag flying but something went wrong. Wherein it was going to revolutionize the conservatives, the conservatives got in their work first and unravelled the revolution. The dictatorship of the proletariat was forgotten in the interest (forst) of staying out of jail (second) grabling off a few mouthfulls of political pie.

I think the whole deal fell through. Don’t be surprised, if you meet a c’moonist togged out in gala rags of ultra conservativism.

All bonafide workers are inclined to bend a receptive ear to the IWW. All, non-workers are opposed to the IWW; quite properly too, inasmuch as they never expect to go to the point of production there is no point at which they can raise their voice in the councils of labor— and why should they?

**Unlike the Communist movement the IWW is not trying to remake the world through an organization of professionals, businessmen, farmers and workers, for it recognizes that the world already is built along those lines.**

The IWW is purely a workers’ organization and refuses to dally around with the idiosycracies of busted bourgeoisie, political panaceas, privileged professionals or frustrated employers. It is purely a wage earners organization, employed and unemployed. It does not intend to save the whole world, only the working class, but if the world gets saved in the process it is nothing out and the IWW surely will not begrudge it that “small” consolation. Workers, join the IWW!

IWW

Under present setup of unemployment big pay is not the solution for our economic malady unless the big shots (industrial barons) agree to support the unemployed in a manner they were accustomed to prior to the time the big shots culled them or discarded them. the discardation sets a precedent that justifies workers in any discardation now or in the future. And I warn you, gentlemen, stow the taffy—for even so as you have judged so you, too, will be judged—while yet you live.

**If it is right for the big shots to discard one quarted of the workers it is equally right for workers to discard one quarter of the big shots beginning at the top.**

But would not that be confiscation?

No, that would be reduction of the overhead—but why borrow trouble digging up skeletons?

Confiscation is how a cherished custom in the world—big shots themselves confiscated the jobs of 16 million workers and have returned less than 4 million of them. So you see, it’s the rule; not the exception.

Of course, the workers cannot lay off many bosses until they organize a One Big Union and do it in an organized manner, without fear or favor.

Hitler has set a precedent for confiscation that is a model of peculiar construction and here again the pauper was unaffected. (He had already gone through the null.)

Mussolini’s conquest of Ethiopia might be called confiscation. Allocation of reservations to Indians indicates a prior imposition upon their good nature. Confiscation, then comes under three general hands; Conquest, Wage Slavery, and bare faced robbery.

“Well then, do we want any of that?”

Of course not. All we want is reclamation.

We wish to reclaim the products of our toil—in an organned manner.

IWW

**The word “workman” was coined by the big shot robber barons’ days as a left handed distinction. This distinction will do things to the sinecures of their successors, and the Barons “Never Work” will turn over int heir graves and say, “Wish to Christ, I hadn’t called ‘em any names.”**

The name “workman” presupposes its antithesis, “shirkman.” Worker and Shirker are no relatives, distant or otherwise, not friends, not acquaintances. In fact, they are mortal enemies. One lives off the other.

## 1938\_28\_IW\_31121938

**Direct Action To Fill Barrel With Sowbelly**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Harborboatmen keep well by whittling a little every day. The whittling must be done inside the cabin to se-cure health. It won’t cure anything if you whittle outside.

By whittling inside you soon have enough shavings to make it worth while to sweep. Sweeping is good exercise and very healthy. It sends the blood coursing through the veins and arteries and brings a beautiful red to the cheeks. You get all that with a few strokes of a twenty cent knife—not counting all the filth and dirt that is removed with the broom.

**The principal here is the same as the time-honored American habit of indirect approach: wishing something, go to places once or twice removed, i. e.: Cupboard is empty? go to the polls; salt pork barrel is empty,—vote.**

Pay envelopes are not filled in Washington and the the butcher sells fine salt sowbelly.

IWW

It isn’t at all likely the people will have to vote on the proposition of having a war. The vote of the directly interested parties might defeat the program.

The 12,000,000 unemployed, having no guarantees they will not be selected, have no protection other than that which resides in themselves. The mere fact that they areunemployed indicates congress is unable or too careless of their protection—either supposition is grievous and does not digest well with civilized procedure.

There are no international problems whatsoever that rate a war; for the very comprehensive reason that war never settled anything. Always it left a situation similar to that of two tom cats crouching low and glaring at each other; both of them most thoroughly licked; both unable to lift a paw.

If both those tommies would but forget their antipithies for a moment and rout the rats, they

might sport a glossier coat and war seers and war scares would fade like a bad dream. The thing to do is to organize the peace-loving and supplant the rotten war-mongers with sound timber.

IWW

“Sloan favors high pay, not split profits.”

He ain’t so slow! Those profits must be very valuable to make Alfred, Jr., so voluble.

Then he wants “decreased taxation” so as to make profits still more valuable. He admits the big industries raked in “less than 8 per cent” profit; small fry, 5 per cent; in the last fifteen years. This includes the wierd financing since 1928 and the fortunes they dished to bankers for raking up the toad-skins off the lawn. They work hard—and keep all they rake.

IWW

It has been said by the ill-mannered that “T-bone Slim’s mind works only when he walks. So I got to thinking maybe IWW ought to buy me a pair of shoes— or— take away the little shoes I have and put a stop to both walking and thinking; depending on the viewpoint.

IWW

Remarriage of the CIO and AFL seems, and probably is, impossible as it is illogical and contrary to learned opinion and experience.

AFL has thoroughly discredited itself with the newly organized sons of the CIO and if the remarriage was to take place they would hardly feel content as sons-in-law of the older organization. CIO cash box would suffer and Brother Dubinsky might start shedding hair— if he isn’t already doing so.

**I’m afraid the corpse will be torn up with all those buzzards circling above; and labor questions expiring in the claws of political acumen. Food, clothing, and shelter is no longer an issue. Promises, promises, and more promises. (The IWW looks good.)**

So political action is a flank movement, is it? Well, let me tell you something: Political action is no stronger than the stew it cooks for the unemployed —same man handles both.

Labor action spells beefsteak and mushroons. Fishballs, caviar fried in butter. Ah!

Just ‘at present CIO and AFL are busily engaged in unscrambling eggs—but they quite forgot where they put the yolk.

“Labor eventually will be on top.”— a concensus. Why not? It holds the royal flush. Only laying down that hand beat labor—nothing against us but bobtails.

# 1939

## 1939\_1\_IW\_07011939

**Direct Action To Fill Barrel With Sowbelly**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

A pension for every person 70 or better.

But some of those old jiggers have a million bucks.

That’s all right; we’ll treat all alike.”

But some of them won’t take a pension.

Oh, yes, they will; we’ll ask them to throw the million bucks in the pot. They’re old and won’t need it. Then we’ll pay the pension from the pot.

But it isn’t fair to give $22.50 a month for a million bucks.

**Hush! Someone might hear you and you’d have your axe in the sling for first degree treason. Can’t you see you’re discrediting our pension system, the dearest thing we have—a work of love and just enough surly remarks to make the venerated “old” feel they escaped with their lives. Hush! Maybe after a few old skinflints have hit the pot with a million dollars we’ll increase the pension to $23.00 even.**

Being old and having no teeth they don’t have to buy no tooth paste.

Good gosh! don’t the government supply them with teeth?

There you go again. What in the name of goof usage would they need teeth for on $22.50 a month—liquids, my friend, onion soup, gas, electric light, rent, hm—and they can save on the Brillo having no teeth to polish and they’re too weak to polish ‘em anyhow.

But when we get this system working and a few billionaires hit the pot with the quoits we’ll buy the old people a pound or two of mutton each week—it helps to pass the time. They can lay their toothless gums on a chunk of mutton and suck for hours at a stretch. Of course, if there be any who thinks this isn’t the finest form of civilization we stand to be corrected.

Regardless of all the protestations the contrary the munition plant in Czechoslovakia is what the powers were after. They figure they’ll have to pull a gun one of these days in order to get their breakfast.

In fact, the munition plant was the inspiration for the creation of Czechoslovakia. Selah!

**Aren’t truth, stinging? And thinking? Mize babies— fighting for breakfast like pigs in a trough. I tremble to think what would happen if Crackerdown Johnson, the hard-riding chevassier, should jump in there also.**

Uncle Sam could turn a pretty penny by buying the darn thing and blowing it to smithereens. Fools shouldn’t be trusted with guns. They grab for their neighbor’s land and yet they can’t handle the land they already have.

What’s the remedy? Bigger and better nuthouses

IWW

Nowadays if a nation wants to fight it has to use cannons 73 feet long, 42 inches bore and range of 150 miles—so as to be on the safe side. Entertainment like crimes of Sebastopol, Plevar and Sedan-Metz would today seem like a field of girl scouts.

And so it goes in this work-a-day world. Bigger, if not better instruments of persuasion and devastation are being used.

But I find the workers still use the old fashioned antique methods of prayer and political pleading. Which only goes to show they are paragons of peace and virtue that passeth modern understanding. We find labor leaders down on one knee, ears scaping the gravel, pleading, “Look, see, place your blessing upon my silver locks.”

**What good Is that blessing going to do in a showdown? No good whatsoever. You’ll need a One Big Union—the age of the beanblower is flown.**

IWW

Now that human welfare has been introduced into war making we may expect an epidemic of politeness to follow, as to wit:

“We regret that we cannot be responsible for loss of coats, hats or personal property in this battle.” General Harikari.

And the gunner will say as he lets fly with a half of ton of scrap iron:

“This hurts me more than it does you.”

## 1939\_2\_IW\_14011939

**Sons Rush Where Parents Fail to Head-To the IWW**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**“Choosing A Doctor”— From “Atlantica”**

Jimmy Roosevelt is a bright boy who has gone far despite, as he says, the handicap of being a President’s son. But, like the rest of us, he has his weaknesses. His are peptic ulcers. Recently, he had to choose a doctor. It would be interesting to know his thoughts in his hour of sickness.

Did he feel, like his father, that his ulcers were a “public problem,” rather than a medical one? Was he swayed by his mother’s enthusiastic endorsement of Washington’s Federal health clinic? Did he rush to a nearby Government hospital?

No.

In spite of the inconsistency, the inconvenience and the expense, he hotfooted halfway across the continent to the Mayo Clinic, where he could secure the best of private care. We wonder if there isn’t a moral in this for Father, Mother, and the rest who would deny millions a privilege they reserve for themselves.—From Medical Economies.

Sure there’s a moral, lots of morals :

Sons are bright; parents not quite so polished? And seeing as how far he went to get decent care he must have left a raft of phony doctors and clinics behind him?

The moral here is, if the argument holds, take down those shingles “halfway across the continent.” Are you game? (Note: I myself think nothing surpasses Mayo Clinic care.

In choosing a labor union you go about it in much like manner. You leave all those phoney labor fakeries behind you and you go and go until you find a real union.

**It all sums up sharp and snappy:**

**If you have ulcers, go to Mayo Clinic.**

**If you are just plain gaunt, go to IWW.**

**If you are dumb, go to Work Peoples College— even if you have to cross the whole continent.**

IWW

Bright boys do not have to be told to do these things for they already know, have already done so or are preparing to do so. That’s how I came to know so.

Shamus Roosevelt’s visit to Mayo dispels all my doubts as to his brightness.

**Mayo’s is a progressive institution.**

**So is the IWW.**

**So is Work Peoples College.**

IWW

Note: If Mayo’s is full up, see a Finn doctor—they never learned to rob a guy; just cure him. Since big business took control of medicine we hardly know what to do.

The same holds true to education and labor unionism.

**Conservative puts little coffee in a big pot.**

**Liberal puts lots of (cheap) coffee in a big pot.**

**Radical puts lots of (best) coffee in the pot, be the pot big or small.**

Conservative eats milk and toast.

Liberal eats string beans and rice pudding.

Radical eats red horse and red salmon.

You’ve seen them—the conservative cuts the potato pealings so thin no pig’s ever going to get fat on ‘em.

IWW

“Jobless Man, 4 Times Wed, Held with 2.”—

Hear! Hear! It now takes four wives to support one man, in a fashion; where it took only one wife years ago to satisfy his wants.

No wonder the doting government passed the Wage-Hours Bill—to give the wives more time to spend with their husband (?) This situation is going to curdle the milk of social intercourse and blood may be spilt, for there is bound to be shortage of women and occasions may rise when mere man will be married into too many families—a hashed detail. Irrational and erratic antics, irritations, of the parasite’s system is cause of this condition and I do not believe the Wages-Hours Law will pare many wives from the man’s list. Law takes the position by inference that “live off the income of one wife or starve”—law is kind o’ stiff necked about it, too.

**So, girls, I must turn to you in this hour of our great need. Can’t you get the kind and gentle foreman who represents the absentee parasites in your industry and say to him: “Look here, clown, my husband can’t live on the wages you are paying me.” —**

**That’ll fetch him— if not, join the IWW and we’ll give the boss a run for his money.**

IWW

Not so long ago the democracies of Europe were defending the autocracies of Ethiopia. Consistent, hey? In more explicit words: they horned-in on the quarrel between two absolute monarchs, Mussolini and Hiluey-lassie—and— drop a tear—they were taken for a ride by Mister Hitler.

Want to hear the other blunders? ‘Twould fill a column.

This compares well with the noble support given the capitalist system by labor leaders in USA—or I wouldn’t mention it.

When will blunders cease?

## 1939\_3\_IW\_21011939

**Workers Taken In For Brenda’s “Coming Out”**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Brenda Diana Duff Frazier’s coming out party cost in the neighborhood of $50,000. Now that’s what I call coming out proper. It couldn’t be improved upon except by raising the nte. They had everything, everything. She’s seventeen and, God wot how she must have been surprised to see what a hole can be sunk into our surpluses with one little, teeny, weeny, lousy, fifty thousand thaelers. Only one drawback to this social explosion, the surpluses should not have been present at this particular engagement. They should have been, (to inject a little pathos this historical record.) gobbled-up six years ago by boys and girls who are now WPA.

**True enough, the 50,000 is buying power put in circulation, and true it is “better late than never” but still I can’t help mourning the fact that we had to go through a depression twice before it was turned loose—we had to wait until Brenda was seventeen before we could quit sucking our thumbs.**

In other words, as they say in Spokane—”that money should have been spent when it was earned and these surpluses should have been non-existent these many years-”

IWW

**Gone With the Finn?**

**Gather ‘round me neighbors and cheer in my grief; I’m pierced by million sabers—some one has been a thief . . .?** Ah! Germany won’t let the General Motors haul its profits out of the Vaterland. $35,000,000 G M.’s got invested across the Rhine and now she can’t get her money back. Her money?— or even samples thereof.

**Heluva trick to play on our unsuspecting magnates. News wipes away its tears and hints G.M. has to wait until Hitler dies (I hope they ain’t thinking of assassinating him?)**

G.M. naively explains they get around this dilemna by “sinking the money back in industry.” May as well, seeing as how Adolf won’t let ‘em throw it in the Rhine.

Germany gets the benefit of our (American) capital . . . Heluva note! So General Motors had to cross the pond to take one on the schnozzle? She couldn’t sink the money back into industry in this country (where it was produced) could she?

Cue for G.M.: 1 was just thinking, with an eye to the future, would not it be a good idea to raise the wages of your workers here— so as to guard against having so many millions to toss overboard. (Henry Ford too was stuck for the drinks— him a breath-smeller, too; darn the luck).

**Both we and our bosses are—crazy. That $35,000,000 was purely a free-will offering, on the part of General Motors and we can’t afford to send a single battleship to collect it. They might grab the battleship too? Hellsbells.**

Outside of the material benefits of higher wages we find that it is our bounden duty to Jack up the wages. (Oho ho, you didn’t think of that, did you?) — a duty? Every cut-rate pay leaves a surplus of commodities in the bosses’ hands; the lower the pay the greater the surplus. To get rid of these surpluses the boss has to fight Germany, Japan, France and England. Big contract that. A better way would be to raise the wages so high that there will be no surplus; hence no war! I’m just wondering if we haven’t been just a little bit derelict in our duty (there’s a big holler for war) besides sacrificing planksteaks and pork tenderloin (every visit to a swill barrel is as good as asking for war.)

Even if you don’t give a damn about yourself you should have consideration for those that have to go out and fight the bouses’ wars.

A juggy horse doesn’t kick.

Working class is calm-posed of those that have and those that have it to get.

The Nu Year starts on a hoptimistic note— IOU. Ring the bell, brother Delano.

But they haven’t the remedy—they’re out there bicycle riding. There are not short cuts in the whirlpool; except straight down. **Working Class to the rescue!—** have a bottom that stands the gaff. We, in America, stand to win no matter which way the race goes— but not by copy or rote. We must progress, we must improve. We can hold the course or turn tail and run like hell. We can outweather the gale, without pulling canvas; we can outsteer the storm, run around it like “a Red Devil” around “Ohio River Boat” or — we can beat her to the harbor.

**There is nothing being at tempted in this whole wide world that spells SUCCESS.**

**The field is open. The day is clear. Not a cloud in the sky.**

**The trouble is people want to do things the hard way; so as to pose as supermen and women.**

The joke of it is the thing is so easy of accomplishment that nobody would notice the actual operation, historians wouldn’t mention it, no cheer leaders would applaud it, no black magics would bless it, it is so simple, it is so automatic, it is so matter of course— **just join the One Big Union of the working class and it is done.** I’d be an awful donkey, wouldn’t I, to start turning handsprings just because a worker uses his noodle? See a delegate right away and let’s get out of this dizzy swirl.

## 1939\_4\_IW\_28011939

**Corpo-Facism Prepares for Its Tea-Party**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

“Ah Chun had shrewd little eyes, black and beady and so very little that they were like gimlet-holes. But they were wide apart, and they sheltered under a forehead that was patently the forehead of a thinker. For Ah Chun had his problems, and had them all his life. Not that he ever worried over them . . .”

“One judgement he achieved early, namely, that men did not become rich from the labor of their own hands. He knew, for he had labored for a score of years himself. The men who grew rich did so from the labor of the hands of others. That man was richest who had the greatest number of fellow creatures toiling for him.” Jack London.

It is little things like that that prevent our masters actually putting a ball and chain on our laigs.

Generation after generation it keeps bobbing up, and every time it does it spills a pile of beans.

**It is not an argument in favor of philosophy.**

**It is not an argument in favor of problems, so as to get that bulging forehead and wide spread eyes.**

**The language it speaks in pure King’s English is just this: The Wages Forever Are Too Low.**

IWW

Japs force young Chinese into the “army”.—That’s what you call jujitsu “make the Chines lick the Chinese”—or Russians . . . or Hollanders . . .or French . . . or Britons . . . or what have you?

Nothing like having someone else pull the chestnuts from the burning.

IWW

Looks like another tea-party.

Boston Retail Trade Board of the chamber of Commerce, in the person of its governing council, unanimously condemns Patman’s anti-chain store tax bill.

What’s in the wind?

Corporation jitters. Corporations would be the next best state (unannounced) and the Patman Bill would set a precedent that jeopardizes the good, health of fascism in its inception. See how wild and woolly these things work? We’re not supposed to see these things and let them move in their furniture on a moonless night.

I don’t know how much furniture is already in but I fear when they come with the kitchen stove they will trip and break it.

**“State” is employers’ last stand—then comes deterioration, Disintegration and Death. The DDD of a people’s procrastination and workers’ slumber.**

**The mile posts’ (in order): Employer; Company; Trust; Corporation and State. Ambitious, hey?**

And it all comes under the Exploitation of Labor; the same dope from the same jug, Special Privilege. Now will you organize?

IWW

They got off stuff in the poipers that smacks heavily of jitters— rcently they all but called the Mich-igan workers sitterbugs.

Mebbe they’ve got something there, at that—at least they aren’t scissorbills.

IWW

“What are you going to use for money?”—

I understand Germany is paying off Hollywood film producers with vegetables, Italy pays with marbles and macaroni and (I s’pose) good ol’ England pays with marmalade or floor wax. Japan hauls off and says “You take silk or take nothing.”

Oi. Oi. Such is glamour!

Years ago salt was the medium of exchange—salt thou art to salt returneth, etc.

When will people get tired and use labor-power as measure of time and medium of exchange?

**When the several nations are organized in the Industrial Workers of World.**

Until then, frozen capital, frozen credit, frozen profits and frozen money—it’s the great freeze-out I prophesied 5 years ago; a regular glacier period with ice-boigs floating in the warm springs of privilege that was.

Maybe I should say again foreign trade is a delusion — the airdale always comes home with its chops full of porcupine needles. There’s nothing in it but war.

IWW

We need not talk about the German farmers turned into serifs so long as we have the sharecroppers on Missouri’s icy highways.

IWW

“Off WPA, Hand Self”—

Too tired to beg; too proud to steal.

## 1939\_5\_IW\_04021939

**Workers Need What the Boss Already Has**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The “inexorable economic laws” that we hear so much about are now set aside by “special economic privileges” and men, materials and manifestations are controlled contrary to all law or absence thereof, carte blanche. The end is in sight—and no where to run.

Probably thousands of schemes have been proposed to correct the condition of 30,000,000 unemployed and their dependents and every scheme so advanced is based upon the proposition of serving special privilege and rescuing the system to destructive of itself. Dearth of gray matter in special privilege guarantees we always will be kept busy serving it and rescuing its system from economic suicide.

It would be idle folly to place the employing class under a guardian for their preservation and to ration their income to conform with common sense requirements of well-to-do living. inasmuch they are excess baggage to begin with.

When an institution cannot keep up with modern development it is a drag upon progress and must be displaced or discarded, even so as a worn-out pair of shoes. I pity the country that hasn’t an extra half dozen “systems” on hand for replacements, just in case the present system does the dutch-act.

Workers are in an enviable position to offer a “substitute for the whole” but are as yet unfamiliar with the details of the One Big Union and Commonwealth of Toil. Industrial Democracy under the present setup of Industrial Autocracy is, of course, possible but autocracy will perish in the move. Autocracy (overriding the wisdom or its advisors) is the cause for all human misery outside of natural catastrophes accomplished by accident, wind, water, fire and earthquake.

I think those five are enough pains in the neck without suffering the additional agonies of the system—government of the parasites, for the parasites, by the parasites in the factories, mines and other treadmills of human endeavor and industry.

Inasmuch as the exploiters of human servitude have self-government in the workshops, a precedent is set and the working class would be awful donkeys indeed if they don’t demand “one like the bosses got.”

Government in industry most certainly is not OF, FOR, AND BY THE PEOPLE THERE EMPLOYED.

The nation has a problem child on its hands—and unless it can bring up that boy properly, democracy better learn backseat driving and let it go at that. And to think—putting the tiller in the hands of previous lunatics! O, America! O, America!

–––––

Jimmy Powers of the News gets some sand in his gills about a west coast wisecrack and retorts: “If it wasn’t for a gent named Pulaski we might still be taking our hats off to a king.”

I remember the occasion. That was one of the times we didn’t let George do it.

–––––

I see where some of the boys (past service age) are hollering for gun training for the CCC. How naive! Don’t they know that when an heir apparent is born us we toss a pistol into the cradle with him for a plaything.

CCC is way late with its training; in fact, the early gun training of our youth was the inspiration for the CCC—that is: they Wanted to wean out youth of its belligerence. But I’m ahead of my story.

When our youngsters grow up big enough to ditch their diapers they march out and chase the cops up the alley; firing with both hands, etc.

Which all adds up: Roosevelt is right; no sense to teach our children the same thing twice. It’s too much like teaching Paderewski to play the piano or Al Jolson the sobbing strains of a Mammy song.

## 1939\_6\_IW\_11021939

**Nothing Comes To Those Who Just Wait**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Dictatorships are merely a substitute for changing of the system; in case anybody doesn’t know. People dearly love the competitive system even though it destroys them.

What of it if the self-aggrandizement is only penny-ante or an extra slice of questionable bread. But I am telling you, the competitive system will not destroy you less under a dictatorship; I’m telling you the competitive system will not work under a dictator––I’ll go further than that: the competitive system will not work under Angel Gabriel himself, even if he had a couple of good helpers.

The land is there! Its minerals! Its products (honey, ham, and hominy) !––but the system will not work. (Helluva a thing to be hugging.) There is no panacea in politics because politics is a child of the system (like father, like son).

Then they say. “mal-distribution of wealth.” Humph! TELL ME, WHY SHOULD LABOR DISTRIBUTE ANY PART OF ITS WEALTH, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY? Tell me that and you have the answer.

IWW

**I don’t think it’s any use fighting infantile paralysis until we get this light diet licked and get back to salads. Children 55 years old are getting it. It comes from eating 12-year-old calf.**

Diseases, like slums, are a result; when the boat leaks you don’t bail, you fix the bottom––man would look like hell were he to try to bail the Atlantic through the bottom.

IWW

It has ever been thus that the industrial autocrats are stronger than their servants, the politicians––because of their “peaceful penetration,” entrenched position and because they outnumber them.

**But they are not stronger than the workers.** Political panaceas then are out and the whole problem resolves itself into this: Dump the bosses off your back.

IWW

If we wait for our elected officials to do it for us we will wait a long, long time and sorrowing relatives will be hauling flowers to our graves with their last remaining strength before hunger gets ‘em, and the thing is not yet done; here, there, Halifax or anywhere.

Plenty of politicians will be reclining in their gilded coffins (sepulchres), a nce double chin resting on their pulseless bosom and the thing is not yet done.

**The free-riders are still there like a politician’s joker in the Bill of Rights and Schedule of Emancipation. But if the workers dump them, they stay dumped.**

How about voting?

It makes no difference how we vote, we’ll have to step out and get the turnips by our own manpower anyhow. So you thought the politicians were going to pare a few bosses off our back? Tush, tush, they are only looking for a little honey for their own crackers.

All the more reason why we should do the job ourselves (if we expect to get it done this semester or summer).

A dog, you know, sheds its own fleas.

Politics as an insecticide is a fake.

We ought to be ashamed to approach our graves looking like a pre-decomposed skeleton or porous-knit cadaver.

IWW

*I complained because I had no shoes until I saw the man who had no legs.*–– Chinese proverb.

And he complained because he had no legs until he saw the man who had no head.

N’ O’COURSE THE MAN WHO HAD NO HEAD COULDN’T COMPLAIN.

Moral: Do your complaining before you lose your head.

IWW

**Bread gets moldy when it stands a couple of weeks unused.**

**So does unionism. It gets whiskers.**

IWW

“Millions of these families who are presumed to be unable to pay for the medical and dental services they need are nevertheless, able to pay for radios, pianos, electrical refrigerators and even automobiles.”––Sharman C. Amsden.

Isn’t it the truth; and since most all doctors have radios, pianos, electrical refrigators and even automobiles it stands to reason they don’t need to pay as badly as all this holler indicates.

The issue is: more money for our sicknesses and more equitable distribution of the gold mine they already have. For the profession, compared to our aches and pains, is over-populated. “Share the wealth” seems to be the cry of a vast medical majority.

Ten million of their loyal supporters are unemployed. Still and all, not a single “shingle” came down––they live even though we starve and perish. Organize!

## 1939\_7\_IW\_18021939

**They Who Pay The Fiddler Call The Tune**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The great American billboard, the newspaper!—2 inches reading matter: 5 columns advertisements. Frija ys the paper is big, full of advertisements; Saturdays the paper is small—this would seem to spell all news except Saturday’s is manufactured news. Seems to me the adulteration is pretty heavy. Pigs get a better break with split-milk. The press is bought and paid for by advertisers, so what?

Our paper is supported by the working class and therefore the only orders it hears is those of the workers.

No advertiser is going to stick his oar in here and try to run it. Membership always has the last word.

\* \* \*

No business man ever should be put at the head of a State (Brutal, am I not?) and Business itself should be based upon something more substantial than “window-jumpers”.

**Several of the leading States have again and again decided to be a Business Man instead of a Worker—they decided to live by buying and selling instead of earning their living. That is their privilege but their history might stand for improvements.**

\* \* \*

Recently the USA instituted a Division of Cultural Relations as a part of the US Department of State—”an official sanction and extension of the policy already adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) and the British Association for the Advancement of Science (BAAS).”

\* \* \*

Forget it. Since when has souplines become a cultural attainment? And furthermore, if the several white nations cannot make a living by robbing the black nations of Africa and Asia then they have no claim to culture or science.

\* \* \*

The best those nations can do is exchange souplines and busted barriers; ie, “You scratch me and I’ll scratch you” and tell the world, “we’re lousy—lousy as a cuckoo.”

\* \* \*

Fascism cannot be the Cancer of Civilization because there is no civilization (Dog eat dog is not civilization). Fascism is merely an outgrowth of a very virulent dissintelligence.

\* \* \*

Since when is Kingdom a Democracy?—and how long will it remain?

Long enough for the ink to dry?

Ho hum. I see no remedy (it’s a bad dose).

Mitsui swings the gavel in the Orient—each Nation and each Distator has its Supervisor. That Supervision is Business, the Art of living without Work.

And if worse comes to worse the American and British Association for the Advancement of Science will find a way for us to live without eats.

**Yessir, too, come to think on’t, I have a remedy: Let the Scientists spend one semester in Work Peoples College, Duluth, Minn., or four semesters in Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary.**

\* \* \*

“Half-Yearly Reductions.”—

Yearly Reductions, Anniversary Reductions, Birthday Reductions— Reductions, Reductions, Reductions! Even the women are reducing. Years ago we had to take 341 lbs, or go without; now we can get ‘em at 108. And if this panic keeps on, well—I hate to think about it. We’ll have to weigh ‘em by ounces (so as to make ‘em look big) and substitute stilts for high heels.

\* \* \*

Diplomatic notes, ultimatums, resolutions, sanctions, treaties, etc., come under the head: cackling hens lay few eggs—damn few.

## 1939\_8\_IW\_25021939

**Callouses are the Mark of Amateur Thief**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Most of the thieving m offices of government is done by appointed officers. Elected personel is not so well addicted to high finance.

Moral Suasion?

Ordinary remedies fail of correction so it seems there is a good word for the electors’ old fashioned way of brushing their servants’ ear back, after the fact. But I am not advocating it because I realize stealing is extensively accepted as a means to resuscitate an emaciated larder or to dispel the dread that it may become so, prematurely. It is not within my province and my fellowman may do as he damn well please—that is his freedom—and come to such agreement as he may with law.

No word of mine shall tilt the scales one way or another until law itself starves or goes berserk.

\* \* \*

Labor Journalism says “Write for the waste basket.”

‘Taint so neither; get a barrel. And when you get that barrel full you’re a second Mauri Jokai, Zola or Ibsen or all three put together.

\* \* \*

If politics could have remained pure it would have done better. But what’s the use of iffing; an egg can’t remain forever fresh.

Grade A politicians are few and far apart—do better buying eggs. But so the best of dozens has one or two off-color eggs and if you crack them into an omelette immediately the country goes to the dogs.

\* \*\* \*

It is getting harder each day to show a callous but nevertheless, politically speaking, in view of the tendency toward larceny, it would pay the electors to choose inexperienced representatives for government positions. Producton of a callous should be sufficient proof of a man’s inexperience in the art of stealing for himself or his friends, no matter how he acquired the callous.

Note: The income from thievery is so great that little and infrequent action is inspired—some of our dynamic representatives steal onlu once in their whole lives. Naturally they can’t show a callous—even though they deal with heavy industry.

Lawyers are representing workers in the halls of legislation—why don’t they send the milkman once in a while—and other lawyers across the pond challenge them to a game of “slaughter the suckers.”

Let the milkman declare all wars.

\* \* \*

It never can be said democracy failed in the U.S.A. What we have here is machine politics. And that is predestined to fail. It never has failed to fail anywhere any time before. Politics is a profession. Professionals are representing amateurs in Congress—I might call the professional politicians “the silent dynasty” only they make so much racket, everything considered.

In the lesser field of ward politics they learn all the fine tricks of artful dodging to keep out of jail and when they are letter perfect or saturated with depravity they are “kicked upstairs” as they wisecrack.

You’d have to cote pretty fast to beat that setup, wouldn’t you? Say every Tuesday? Even then you cannot beat it because—machine production is fast.

\* \* \*

Sex education is having its innings and educators threaten to tell all . . . That can mean but one thing: Parents will not be taught what every child knows. It is unreasonable to think half illiterate educators would essay to paint a lily or improeve on letters perfect.

Set up, maw and paw—don’t be bashful.

Upon second thought, mebbe if the economic czars placed more provender on the table there might be less “runnig around” and milder hysteria about the question of marriaage. Education cannot cure that which they voted for; special privilege, unabridged and carte blanche. Besides, they haven’t what it takes. Their knowledge is confined to errorless ambling to the pay window.

## 1939\_9\_IW\_04031939

**Said A Thief To Catch A Thief: Hire A Lawyer**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**Short Cuts**

Legalism possibly is the worst training for a public servant.

A lawyer goes by precedent.

A lawyer always looks backward.

Lot’s wife looked backward and lookit happened to her.

She turned into a pillar of salt.

Lawyers are Lot’s wife.

Lawyers are the modern pillar of salt.

Salt in public office serves about as well as a lamppost of ivory statue.

**IWW**

Legalism is an un-American establishment, a relic of the workless wonders of the past, a form of humor, a public tumor and self-hypnotism to the point of dignity.

Some labor unions are so intent looking forward, they hire a lawyer to ride the tailboard and do all the looking backward––alright in its conception were it not for the fact the lawyers are a worthless quantity.

They keep us out of jail? Yes, after they and their kind put us in jeopardy.

Unions reason that it takes a lawyer to point out the traps lawyers have built.

**IWW**

When we hear the press beating the tom-toms of modern barbarism and crying at the top of its lungs that a merit system must prevail in the choosing of a supreme judge, that lesser jurists be promoted. Under such a presumption a few false notes appear in the symphony of tom- toms of the press in favor of merit system––for the merit not present.

**IWW**

Well, Slim, fer cripes sake how would you choose a Supreme judge?

Blindfold the President and turn him loose in a strange town. First man or woman he grabe is IT. If he grabs a horse, give him another chance. (A horse wouldn’t be so bad at that as long as they put the whole of him there.) Then if he grabs a telephone pole or a mailbox, give him a third term. Keep him grabbing until he brings in one that has two legs in under him, wood, cork or flesh.

**IWW**

Another man shortened by a head in Germany, Theophil Dzierzawa, for peddling military secrets (excuse given).

Naive, aren’t they, thinking there are military secrets?

Any munition manufacturer can recite military secrets by the hours and you can name the country. (So long as industry is in private hands there are no military secrets.)

**IWW**

Amile of Wisconsin is supposed to have said, “Capitalistic system cannot be saved and is not worth saving nohow.”

All he can be accused of is “telling the truth too frankly––and bluntly, too.”

Still and all it amounts to “practical” disloyalty to the economic royalists, when all they want is **“breathe a spell, a place in the sun and hand in our pocket.”**

Never catch me so brutally truthful as Rep. Amilie––even if a locomotive commits suicide from a high trestle and is smashed to smithereens, its boiler busted and its bassoon bent, its very lifeblood sinking into the sands of time. I put on my “four bit” specs, hitch my trousers, patches and all, and say:

“Good as new, Chief. Just jack up the smokestack and run a new engine under it––and be sure to rescue the oil can.”

**IWW**

But to come right out and say, “the parasite system isn’t working, never has worked and by all the laws of common sense should not be permitted to work, now or ever, is altogether a frankness that may well mean. “Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,” to quote Homerists of the past.

Never is a herring so rotten it cannot be saved––’twill make good fertilizer.

**IWW**

It is a grave error to say “parasite system never did work.” It worked so long as there was anything in our pocket. Its theme song is “Empty the worker’s pocket.” To the tune of “Give and take.”––It will work again as soon as we get something in our pocket.

The question is then, have we got the get up to git the financial fodder for our announced economic rulers? If not, pull the pockets inside out or abolish the trousers.

**IWW**

“Italy violates pact of peace,55 British claim.

Hm! Send some more unemployed, dressed as soldiers, to Lybia––I wonder?

Resourceful Benito! Here in this country we send them in rags to WPA, pray for the best and mourn the Pope.

## 1939\_10\_IW\_11031939

**Don’t Take The Blame – Hire A Dictator**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

One of the uses of a baseball czar is that it gives the owners a chance to side-step the punches (or pass the buck) and sometimes I have wondered if dictators do not serve their backers in the same capacity: those employers who have saved enough of their workers’ wages so they can finance a putch and those bankers who have garnered the nation’s wealth?

IWW

The big hearted boss found out early that the “office help” was getting too much nourishment from licking postage stamps, so he got a machine to do it.

IWW

The IWW made its point years ago; the point lingers, will stay its name is industrial unionism.

The IWW has been copied—must be good. Copied in a limited scale.

IWW is industrial unionism upon broad scale, unlimited.

IWW

Soon the revolt occurred in the automobile industry and President Martin found himself in hot water, William Green and John Lewis fell upon each other’s necks and threatened to be brothers once more.

Income of recognized [unionism] was in jeopardy. The Show Must Go On!

IWW

“Being Slim isn’t enough” says Antoinette Donnelly in Daily News—

Just as if I don’t have all I can do to handle Slim?

IWW

When dictators of men start grabbing other people’s land they should bear in mind “what an awful time we had taking it away from the Indians” and the time Wall Street had taking it away from us. There was Custer, bareheaded, in his “Last Stand” readied for scalping—long, flowing locks at that.

Little did Custer know that he was fighting for insurance companies and grain gamblers.

So my advice to dictators is: get a hair cut.

IWW

**The template is laid!**

No matter what political division or party, Socialist, Communist, Nazi or Fascist, attempts to pour babbit into that mold, it is preordained that the product be identical with that of present output.

Any party that accepts of any part of capitalism is predestined to have its troubles.

There is but one remedy for capitalism—scrap it, junk it, desert it, stay away from it, don’t go near it and—**You can ‘t do it politically.**

Once you accept the political “prowess” you are entered in Capitalism; for the template is laid—the design is cut—the mold awaits—[unclear] each and every phase of capitalism overlap even so as the scales of fish or shingles of a roof, etc.

Let a man die anywhere and his position is already filed and the game of exploitation of labor goes merrily on, muchly to the sorrow of the world.

IWW

“Danger in Union of Penniless man and rich woman.”—Doris Blah

Yes, the poor man might get something to eat.

(Note: I’m not hungry just now; conversely, I believe Doris’ other name is Bill and that he’s generous.)

IWW

There is no difference between “sit-downers” and “shutdowners.” If the boss shuts down, so as to sit in peace, he’s a “misunderstood man”; if a worker sits down, so as to shut down in peace, he’s a “malefactor”— one is fish and the other barracuda.

In England they have “lay downers.” (That doesn’t make so great a demand upon digestion and I understand boiled horse is getting kind of scarce in Chamberlain commonwealth.

Newark Firm Discharges 200 Sit-Downers Following Latest Advices From Washington.—I wonder.

## 1939\_11\_IW\_18031939

**Use Direct Action and Stop Fasting**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Gandhi cures economic maladjustments by fasting (plus swift, determined economic moves).

Personally, I think fasting is unnecessary part of his program; and then, Gandhi may know his men better.

We, too, have tried fasting but, and it’s strange, we quite forgot to make the economic moves.

IWW

Present job-lot political faiths, one and all were feathered by economic masters. Those faiths are no stronger than their creators—and they are on the way out (in a cloud of corruption, filth and disease).

Present governments are no stronger than were their predecessors; present economic masters are no stronger than were the ruling class before them.

The former ruling class is now clerking for economic royalists —chan store style. It’s the same child, the same play-blocks and the result is always the same— poverty

IWW

SELL ALL THOU HAVEST? (Devoid of bias).

“Communism” (as Hearst has it) is a legitimate son of Christianity, Peace between father and son was not found at all times. Wars have occurred between these two. Communism has threatened to toss Christianity out on its ear. Christianity on the other hand has disowned its son. And there the matter lies—a struggle for survival. Purely an economic matter. Christianity refuses to be displaced by Communism.

Great changes have occurred in both. Neither has but a slight resemblance to the creation of Jesus Christ. The transformation in Communism is probably greater of the two, but that does not mean Communism will be the fair-haired boy of the future.

Because why?

Because both have been sold down the river.

Very good reason that?

But the world has not retrogressed **so much**. It is still the same uncompromising world and demands that its organizations “stay put,” as is. Any patch work presented automatically labels it for the scrap yard.

The world is in one heluva fix and I cannot see how it can find surcease to its sorrows outside of the One Big Union of the Workers.

No, fellow workers, the “cure-all” still resides in the working class, in the IWW.

Something substantial, constant, in harmony with the changelessness of the hills . . . (Eloquence here curbed) .

IWW

“Fall of Dictators Near”—Benes.

To quote Int. News Service: (in part) —”The breakup,” he said “will come in the form of a social and economic revolution that will bring freedom for all their peoples.”

Can’t see it, Benes, old boy.

Conceded the social and economic revolution, but that “rider,” “will bring freedom to all their peoples” is 18-karat hooey.

Benes! Benes! Nobody but the masters are organized and since when did masters tote freedom?

IWW

“State Should Bar Communists from Office,” moans William Randolph Hearst.

Seems to me, Hearst is kinda choosey about officeholders— just as if it made a difference. That’s how the author of Communism and Christianity got in bad in Jerusalem country. The Jews figured he Was seeking office.

Wotta World! Wotta World!

But I am more liberal that way. I say put ‘em all in office if they don’t want to work. They’ve got to live and inasmuch as I know of only one way to make a living, work, it stand to reason we are obliged to jump in the market for Grand Rapids’ rolltops and Morris chairs. That’ll help the unemployed woodworkers and mollify Senator Vandenberg for a spell.

IWW

So many little businesses went under that here and there surviving businesses took the orphaned business men in out of the cold. Sometimes a dinky business boasted of five or six such frustrated and near frustrated business men. The theory was good, “Live and let live but it didn’t pan out. Of course, none of those businessmen would work so they had to hire a bookkeeper to run the place.

Born to be bosses, there was nothing for them to do so they started bossing the bookkeeper, all six of ‘em— and the only way the book keeper could save the concern was by buying the bosses a deck of cards and a few cross word puzzles. Finally, however, the concern went under and the six bosses had to rush out to see if they could horn in on Cousin Lonny’s business. Big Business Won’t take them in and that’s why they are big, I s’pose. (Taken from Life.)

## 1939\_12\_IW\_25031939

**Why Drink Skim Milk if Cream Won’t Sell?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Wiseacres in this country say “back to the soil” and think they havesolved the economic maladjustment; easy as all that . . .

France is such a farm but it seems she cannot make it pay.

Wine, alone, she imports three times as much as she produces. Can it be grapes are on strike? But, “France exports wine!” (Now you’ve got me puzzled.)

What would you think of a farmer that hauls four quarters of beef to market and then buys seven pounds of neckbones for his own use? That’s how we do it in U.S.A. How do you do?

Can it be that France sends its good wines to world markets and drinks “dago red” herself—(no slur intended)? The problem makes no sense. If these be true, they are an involuntary move on the part of La Belle France and our beloved farmer—someone is stepping on their tail!

Very good! I have a very good idea who it is that is so careless with his feet: It is the parasite system; that “best of all systems” that is driving the world to suicide and insanity—for in the end there will be no swill barrels.

Solution then for the rescue of civilization on these premises hinges on the question shall the right man eat his last and final neighbor and be spared the more fatal agonies of indigestion. Not that it makes any difference to us, for by that time we will be hanging from trees . . .

Note, if we can be robbed as WHOLE people, we can be emancipated as ONE BIG UNION.

Rather a gloomy picture I have drawn: folks forget to leave the gas shut off . . . here and there a dull thud punctuates the arrival of a window jumper in the alley—squash. Others will not lift a hand against themselves and mournfully await death . . . “nervous breakdown” is it: even so, me hearties, it would be better to organize industrially in the IWW and put the parasites in their proper stalls—rather than suffer a nervous breakdown?

“We found him there at the old fir stum

His hand all knots and his back all bumps . . .”

Author unknown

\* \* \*

Present bunch of political highsteppers in Washington are not trying to save democracy. They are trying to save capitalism.

\* \* \*

WPA is NOT a scheme to increase buying power. I found this out by placing a yardstick alongside the wages—they were low.

\* \* \*

WPA itself is a yardstick and shows the dizzy heights to which politicians go when it comes to adjusting workers’ wages.

\* \* \*

No funds? (Taffy!) Taxing power is unlimited and country must needs accommodate itself to the tax; when it becomes cheaper to employ the discarded workers in private industry than to sustain them under the wings of taxation they shall cease to unemployed.

\* \* \*

PWA is NOT an instrument for recovery because it is doing both unnecessary work and work of the future at cut-rates— both a loss of substance.

\* \* \*

What is it then?

I believe it is pattern for adopting the WHOLE working class into the governments’ fold and do ALL the work at LESS than HALF WAGES.

\* \* \*

What is the holler against high taxes?

A smoke screen. The masters of America do not trust the politicians and they fear that the argument for half-pay will not hold. So they stir up lots of smoke and stink about high taxes and economy in expenditures.

\* \* \*

“Force-contract” work is extinct and the older workers have no place to turn to— 45 and junked! They had their chance to organize. Failing this, they can tell the younger workers what will happen to them in turn if THEY DO NOT ORGANIZE.

True enough, industry was based upon roses in their day; heaven was right next door—$8.25 a week for five and a half days and burlesque was only 10 cents.

Now all is Hell! It’s pitiful.

Had they organized rightly they could still be living in the district rubbing elbows with heaven in a miniature fool’s paradise.

They wouldn’t join the “I Won’t Works”—oh, my garsh, no—and now they themselves are “I Won’t Works” whether they like it or not; even so as the college-bred alderman’s son is on the WPA and the councillor’s daughter a home relief investigator. Barnum still lives! Darn the luck.

## 1939\_13\_IW\_01041939

**Hitler Does “A Greeley” A La Corrigan**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

I see where Hitler took on 2,400,000 new customers for German goods in Slovakia—mebbe that’s what the shouting’s all about?

Trade agreement with Czechoslovakia goes up Salt Creek and Hull’s face red?

The Slovak shoes nearly Put Endicott Johnson on the bum.

**Oh ho! So we’ve been lending Czechoslovakia money, $165,620,270—a mere bagatelle. Kiss the bucks goodbye; they’re in the Reich now.**

WPA is asking for $150,000,000, but, as everyone knows, WPA hasn’t a handlebar moustache.

Can’t pull a monocle against and economic condition. (Praha and Bratislava please copy). Nations stand a better show standing “too but” than “too small.” The bigger the nation the better it can withstand spotted over-expansion: by taxing whole for the boners (grandeur) of the few. “Drang Nach Osten,” reminds me: “Go West, Young Man, and Grow Up With the Country”

\* \* \*

**A tight spot:**

**To allow the people referendum is to deny representative government.**

**To deny referendum is to deny the people a vote.**

**Democracy without a vote is a queer bird.**

\* \* \*

Latest food script plan is a bit labored but it has all the elements of American “grandstand” (indirection) —if nothing comes of it, at least the god-fearing grocers won’t have to cut from their own shelves.

Streaks of compulsion and prohibition appear in the program.

**I cannot believe that it is the worthy object of a great government to place our destinies in the hands of a half-starved grocer in a laudable effort to defang the paradox that compels millions to go hungry while huge agricultural stores go to waste.**

**There is not surplus except hunger and want.**

Problems, Problems. Problems.

Einstein finds key to riddle “the bigger they come the harder they fall.” He calls it gravity. By the same token “clam chowder” is Wednesday’s gravy, Thursday’s soup and Friday’s clam, and an investigation is in order—a mystery resides here.

\* \* \*

Jitters: (March 13) “New York’s Legislature, which two years ago acted to make marriage more difficult, tonight agreed to make it easier.”—Daily News.

Legallights in Albany probably figured loving couples haven’t the money to go elsewhere and get hitched? How little we understand finance and “Love finds a way!”

**Marrying parsons threatened to go on relief and $47,000 worth of wedding cakes went sour so the lawgivers cut off two days from the six day speed limit of eternal bliss.**

**That’s what the lawgivers are working at in Albany with a budget “greatest in history of good ol’ Empire State.”**

\* \* \*

Some people have decided to get their reward in heaven. I honor them for the consciousness of having something coming.

Others take their reward here and now without waiting for the crack of doom. They are our employers. We do not give it to them, they take it from our pay envelope before we get a crack at it. We get the balance. And, I suppose, they’ll collect second time “up in heaven.”

\* \* \*

Patriots of New York city are taking the uniform from the backs of the German Bund; incidentally laying their ropes to dress America’s youth into uniforms. It all adds up two and two—the warmakers.

The scheme is: Keep Fritz Kuhn running from court to court; confiscate his time.

“How many swastikas did you sell, Fritz?”

“How many newspapers?”

All material, 2 by 4 trivia—ye gods, won’t U. S. ever grow up.

Seems to me the conspirators (patriots all— not necessarily USA patriots) have been rushing across the pond in a steady stream the past two years, risking their precious necks to the wiles of the Atlantic.

I’ll tell you, boys and girls, cut out the conniving and let someon that “knows how” organize system for you.

## 1939\_14\_IW\_08041939

**“They Toil Not Neither Do They Spin”**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Today I went to the zoo so as to compare the social intercourse of the so-called wild animals to their contemoraries, men. I did not find them wild, but cool, collected and contented, from pensive to clear-eyed, only one fight, two monkeys. The sea lions gave us the Bronx cheer:

Squirrels and pigeons at liberty were clean and fat; something to begrudge. Sparrows were clean, tame and in good feather. Quite a difference between these and the hollow-yed sovereign citizen of the industrial harrasment. The birds and beasts have no such economic averration as have the human beings.

\* \* \*

“National labor referendum be reported to, was demanded by labor leaders of southwest, if CIO-AFL peace conference fails.

An idea—how about holding unofficial referendums on all wars?

\* \* \*

Djibouti?

Things must be pretty tough in Tunisia I see where the folks there are “willing to die for France”—I suppose a feller does get unstrung that way and is willing to commit harikari for South Chicago, Union Stock yards or dear old Yale. Stranger things have happened.

If I were to commit harikari it wouldn’t be for dear old Ashtabula Harbor. It would be purely a personal matter of improving my lot. And I am such a stinker that I’d make it a point to put the funeral expenses (and costs of cleaning up the blood) upon my sorrowing countrymen. Yes—I would say with the last dying death rattle in my throat ::Gentlemen, I’m sore because I have not more blood to spill on the carpet.”

\* \* \*

“Mercy Angel Ordered to Die.”— Bumping okey by State.

Hm, Clearly a case of trespass—an infringement upon her prerogative; that of taking her own life; even prevented her from doing so. Law sure has come into evil days.

She isn’t allowed to kill herself, and along comes a perfect stranger (oh, so perfect!) and bumps her off.

One killing is as correct as the other—both are unethical. State has the power to be unethical, if it so desires, but I think it would go farther if it looked after its ethics more and power less. The jury went by the template, the court by precedent, the governor had a free hand—he’s the only one that exposed his true nature.

Capital punishment is the apeing of prehistoric glory-killers; sanctifies all killings by setting an example—but its real offense is the confession of the T-type of brain and philosophy so antiquated the oldest inhabitant can’t remember.

State, however, doesn’t accomplish as many killings as its faithful and loyal subjects but they do say “State does a cleanre job.” Ohm Hell the people will learn after a while.

\* \* \*

Hitler’s falling for American tap-dancers is merely for the purpose of picking pointers on how to make Chamberlain two step. Such is our sorry belief-

\* \* \*

In smaller things as well as things upon national scale it seems human welfare depends on calamity. What a commentary upon human ingenuity and civilization!

In order for a man to get a job, a job holder must first die or get sick—very sick. In order for a nation to prosper there must be war elsewhere. Thus it follows social economics are based on death, disease and destruction—for these are the determining factors.

Therefor, if nations bestir themselves to stir up wars among other nations it is logical to conclude the unemployed have a hand, however slight, in a workers indisposition that accelerates his early demise. Brutal am I, hey? H’m. We have practically decided human welfare depends on human calamity.

That will not do. Us sensible workers must organize and change all that—human welfare must depend on human production, not human destruction. Nations must not fight wars to well the larders of their neighbor nations who, in all probability, instigated the war. Workers must not be sabotaged, sickened or murdered just to get jobs for unemployed workers. Opinion may differ as to the extent of these functions but enough is self-evident to prove we have here something more than a straw math.

\* \* \*

France never learned the great American game of poker ans when Italy called in her citizens in France, a mere handful, the Chambers of Deputes went into hysterics and a huddle, “It means war.”

Can it be France takes the position: “Governments love their nationals so much that they remove them from war’s path.”

We also have Casino and Old Maid players in Washington and every time Japan tries to sell us a package of blue-steel blades they throw a [fir] and legislate $300,000,000 for new battleships. And the hell of it is there’s no way to cool them down except by growing a beard.

## 1939\_15\_IW\_15041939

**Bargaining Gives Workers The Loser’s End**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Collective bargaining still seems to be the issue of the less informed unions. Many workers still believe they can skip unionism and trust the eloquence of their tongue to bring the employer to their way of thinking. Employers who have stood adamant in the face of torrents of tears and the unending whines of children.

Collectivc bargaining is a right and should not be debated. But the right is a counterfeit. Just how would we go about It bargaining w uh our stewards to get more of our own money? That would be like convincing a chicken thief that he should let the owner have a little more of the gizzard. It looks foolish to me.

**The word “bargaining” is a dead give-away and you will find the bargaining has a hollow sound—like a belly button rasping along the spine. Bargaining with best bargainers in the world, the worker is gonna talk so sweetly that the employer will give him enough to live on (better spade the garden if you don’t expect to miss any meals.)**

My experience has been that the horse power of my union determines how much the employer will loosen up. My gift of gab never brought me anything—and I am good at it. Worker are wasting their time trying to out-argue the employers when such a gifted logicker as myself is howling at the moon.

Then again, employers do not in reality wish to deny you collective bargaining. Their coyness is all pretense. And they know collective bargaining is a spoon hook without a shred of bait on it. And they know that since you grab that hook their position as master (not steward) is consolidated. A precedent is set and workers have sold their mess of pottage for a bare hook. Of course it looks good—but I think I would rather have a spoonful of that good old German horsen pepper.

It’s a long way around, my lords, and a better way is not to consult the employer at all. Just inform him as to your wishes, wipe your tools with a greasy rag so they won’t rust, and take a vacation on pay the same as he does. No, you won’t need pickets, you’ve One Big Union now. And you have nothing to bargain for, you go by known facts. Known fact permit of no debate, so why harangue?

**Even school kids know enough to choose their own captain for a baseball team but we workers don’t know enough to choose our own manager for an industry. I wonder where we dropped our intelligence?**

A big raw mouthed man jumps up and hollers “I’m boss!” And we don’t even ask him “How do you get that way?” Truly we are a bunch of blithering idiots!

It is time now to call things by their right names whether our employer is our steward or our boss. If he is our steward he is our servant—but how does he explain the bigger “bag” he is getting away with? Are we in the habit of paying our servants millions of bucks a year and our own sweet selves a lousy $800?

If he is our master we must determine how come. Did he appoint himself or was the office handed him, father to son—the way of all kings? We need a One Big Union to unravel that mystery.

**It might be said our employers get the big money because of superior brains? Poppycock! The last few years demonstrated they did not cut the mustard; and it is reasonable to believe a man immersed in the whirlpool of thievery cannot do a good job of management. We have been paying them the big money and we are entitled to a refund.**

\* \* \*

Industrial Democracy is the voice of labor in industry accepting or rejecting any and all questions, proposals or practices within each industry as a body or duly elected shop committee without benefit of referee.

This is possible only in an industrial union.

Now it happens Industrial Workers of the World is the discoverer and founder of industrial unionism and practices it today. It also happens imitations or copy is never as good as the original. Painted lily is not even as good as a lily that is sick.

Industrial Unionism has been copied and imitated but they cannot reach the perfection of the IWW.

\* \* \*

**This country hates like hell to see a man actually starve to death; rather than see the man pass out they will hand him a sandwich— but he belter be near death or a dam good actor.**

\* \* \*

It is said: “Man is the only animal that can reason and won’t.”—

Tush, tush, it only seems that way. The other do think.

\* \* \*

War between Fascism and Democracy is too high priced for a poor man. Neither has anything to offer labor—except promises. Workers cannot afford to fight workers no matter whose collar they wear.

## 1939\_16\_IW\_22041939

**Direct Action Better Than Political Words**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

In vain our valiant fathers fought

To free us from King George

For shoeless toes still trod the snows

Of frozen Valley Forge—

And still we have an autocrat,

That rules the factory gate

And sponges on production

Of machine, man, beast and State.

II.

A little here, a little there,

They take a heavy toll

And every slave shall bow a knave

And live upon a dole.

For are they not Industrial Kings

And self-appointed rulers;

That skim the cream from life’s sweet dream.

A row of charming foolers!

III.

A million slaves they did import

With tales of sudden riches;

That “lies around and might be found

In hills and highway ditches.”—

And million native sons were then

Declared as null and void;

Their ancient dads, now transient lads,

Were labeled unemployed.

IV.

A hundred thousand fortunes from

Our work those pirates wrung;

It wrecks belief how each such thief

Escaped of being hung.

And still today they smirk and prey

And prime the wheezing pump—

“It’s such a lurk to peel the bark

From good old Uncle Chump!”

V.

A raft of wealth those plutes purloin

Just like they did for ages

And poor must pine, endure and whine

And mourn for unpaid wages—

But “lookit here,” industrial seer,

No bogey-man or “ogress”

Can confiscate “our daily bait”

To “float” a future’s progress.

VI.

A fair day’s pay for a fair day’s work

But sanctifies the thief;

A contract made o.k.’s the raid

And marks the union weak.

And children stare in wan despair

At leaders and their chinning,

For all the cliques in politics

Subscribe to labor-skinning.

VII.

Mark well, O parasites, this rule:

‘Tis life you have begrudged

And even so, as slave you “scrapped,”

So you too will be judged—

With all your might and all your stealth

You can’t subdue the world

And destitute shall not salute

The black flag you unfurled.

**— Varsity of Scarcity.**

–––––

It is not true that the boss is between a sit and sweat—he sits but never sweats. A sitdown strike on the part of the workers is the result of a subconscious craving for a seat in industry—in the seats of the mighty. The bosses’ presence there is but the realization of that yen. He snores in the middle of the bed. The trick is not to make him move over—the trick is to make him finish his nap on the floor.

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The theory that a leader shall organize only so much of unionism as is required for his personal support and that if others want more unionism they shall organize a union of their own is now an exploded theory and once again the more dynamic workers are demanding cooperation and action.

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Labor cannot afford to be electioneering 365 days a year. Politician’s job isn’t worth it.

Political action distracts the workers from the more important details of obtaining a livelihood for themselves. We got two houses full of political purveyors in Washington and, if other politicians have missed making it it is because they cannot spread the bull fast enough.

When logic fails—act.

Let the political campaigns be curried out outside the union halls—even if you have to carry the politicians out to show them the way.

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If the CIO and AFL continue to court the boss, the boss will be up for polygamy, breach of promise or non-support and there will be a couple of gals sadder budweiser.

## 1939\_17\_IW\_06051939

**Democracy Starts in Industry**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Har ye, then workers; Difference in the package doesn’t change the nature of the content. Moots it but little if your slavery comes to you neatly done up as a package of piece work; it is slavery. A package of day work is slavery. A package of unemployment is slavery and how! Ye have much in common against the industrial autocrat that thinks himself omnipotent.

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We are for workers as workers in any difficult and we consider loyalty to workers’ worthy object of any and all unions. But we feel there should be only one union—the very presence of more indicates labor is disloyal to itself. Any division betrays labor as a whole and just so long as labor follows any well-wether that starts to bleat just so long will there be division and just so long will we be slaves to the machine; for the bell-wether numbers are many, many as their trails lead to widely separated slaughtering pens.

Labor should stand pat for once and throw out an anchor. Present day industrial autocrat cannot make the proposition of wage slavery stick. No dictator or government can make industrial autocrcy stick. No wars or rumors of war, furore to instill uncertitude in Labor’s mind can make the proposition of exploitation stick.

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It boils down to this:

Political democracy gets its nourishment from industry and when industry is autocratic the nourishment is contaminated in kind and political democracy cannot prosper on that kind of food.

Political democracy canot prosper alongside industrial autocracy for long and dies young. “The good die young . . .” There they are nonchalantly cutting their competitor’s’ windpipe commercially without due process of law and at the same time skinning labor. And then they expect political democracy to flourish in that atmosphere.

**But industrial democracy can flourish without politics, autocratic or moderated. Industry being nurse it will run the depravity out of politics whatever its name may be— provided industry is democratic. They will get religion with their milk.**

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So long as industrial autocracy remains, form of political state is immaterial—in the end it will assume all the features of its more powerful industrial rival.

The foolosophy that in some miraculous manner freedom shall be brn of dictatorship in the throes of its numerous and varied maneuvers is, to say the least, fantastic. It is as fantastic as to expect Barnum’s lioness to give birth to a lamb. It simply don’t happen. Freedom is born of democracy in industry and consideration within and withou. And it improves with practice.

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Big time financiers have fastened themselves to the railroads and are sucking the very life blood out of them. Keeping them always poor, always inefficient, always hollering for help. Why write a book about it. It can be put in one sentence:

If the railroads don’t get help soon the bankers will starve.

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There might be something to this idea that charlatans were sent in to make gestures of industrial unionism in order that dynamic unionism may be discredited in the eyes of the more susceptible workers.

The idea was precipitated upon an unsuspecting country with a great show of pomp and panoply, supported by parasites press equally divided between the old and the new, the craft and industrial; industrial union in name only inasmuch as industrial unionism is possible only under democratic rank and file rule.

Mute the lyre, therefore, fellow workers, and permit no shadow to fall upon the noble prestige of industrial unionism. I am skeptical of those “gestures” because I am an American, even so as these “gestures” are American “grandstand.” The resultant unionism, therefore, is of mushroom growth overnight, (chamber of commerce stuff) and plenty of toadstools present posing as golden pheasants.

Drop back into your shoes boys and build your industrial union. No new worlds are being built tailor made. It’s a slow and painful process and each novice is tried in the fires of struggle—no guile or hypocricy is present; membership built industrial unionism grows up pure as the lily in the dell, no weak sisters in the fold, no rye in the wheat field. This is because they, the membership, do the choosing ... It is because they build on a certainty; there is no division. They are sure. Straight ahead, as she looks!

## 1939\_18\_IW\_13051939

**Don’t Weep for Missing Chops; Get Organized!**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

In the event of war in Europe porkchops will be scarcer still; not only in England.

Happenings in Europe today make the connivers and war of 1917 look ridiculous—even so as the prospective war and its blowhards will look ridiculous less than twenty years front tomorrow. Labor pays the bills!

Germany’s reconquest of the acres formerly a part of Austria-Hungary-Germany (Mittel Europa) was accomplished at the request of the recognized governments of those lands and the inspiration for the request came from economic necessity.

Economic necessity inspires people to do both queer and correct things in all lands; and since labor pays the bills with elongated hours, inhibitions, custardless pies, and abstemiousness to the point of malnutrition and enforced fast, it is well that labor organise a **One Big Union** under the auspices of the **Industrial Workers of the World**, to carry on when t h o s e political paranoiacs get through.

To weep over the present and prospective absentee porkchops, in peace and war, is strictly in bad taste for is it not true that the missing porkchop fits in well with the theory of scarcity and policy of politicial paladiums?

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The IWW is now known from Bering to Bengal and its record is all to the good whichever way you go. Mahatma Ghandi, handiman of India, has a fame that stretches to Zanzibar, Madagascar, and points beyond Downing Street; and here’s me, poor me—Hoboken, across the river, won’t even give me a tumble. I must gird by loins some day and go over there and lay down the law and the prophets.

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**These few European misunderstandings are merely a phase of the age old struggle of lesser dictators against the greater dictators and the high note of the commercial lute is slightly slit. “I’m taking no orders from you,” is the great cry of the ages.**

–––––

I see where Charles A. Lindbergh was only an amendment to an amendment in the Hearst press. Countess Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, who renigged on U. S. citizenship, had the first half of the centerpiece on page 3; which same, God help us all, indicates: Hearst has high hideals!

–––––

“Soviet planes will aid Britain, France in 3-power air pact”—says a headline, straight from the janitor. (See Kropotkin on mutual aid.)

Only the other day Britain was helping everybody else. It’s a lot of fertilizer, if you ask me, a bid for U. S. assistance and if you or I listen to them we’ll find our cupboard bare of self-raising pancake flour.

–––––

Encirclement and applesaucement is just a bunch of hooey; they’re all lodge members in good standing and only waiting for some one to lose his head and jump in there—jump in there and lose his head—for it is a family affair; domesticity brought to its high European level. In the end the people will have neither the butter or its equivalent.

Now England threatens to help Turkey. If I remember right, Turkey never needed help in a scrap and generally, when the scrap was over, the visiting firemen were ready to confess, “Sharlie vas there.” England found it so in Saloniki. Russia with all its legions, and legions of FInlanders couldn’t lick the “sick man of Europe.”

Peon labor raises poor figs.

–––––

Commie sheets are a “substitute for the whole”—in a pinch.

–––––

Hunger as well as greed recognize no treaties; sufficiency and generosity need no treaties

–––––

Sayeth the irrepressible Dorothy Thompson: “Hitler will be taken care of in God’s own time by the German people themselves,” God’s own time” probably has no references to daylight saving time, and as to “by the people themselves,” we have no precedent. So it’s clearly an uninfluenced prophecy.

**Granted, if Hitler has a batting slump or muffs a few Goebbel’s signals, he may be benched. But even so, what is the difference? The driving force of economic necessity remains and no voice is sweet enough or strong enough to still the cravings or ravings of a people enslaved.**

–––––

No such things as “born actor” or playwright. (See Robert Morley, actor). They are taught.

Plenty imaginary birch branches were not wasted in teaching Gene O’Neil to write plays.

One can learn these things.

One can learn to be an IWW.

–––––

Whether or not Duce’s colonial tantrums were on the up and up anent Africa is not quite clear at this distance. Fact is, he took a slice of Europe.

French nonchalance anent Albania indicates she didn’t think Duce spoke from the side of the mouth. “All right, Duce, go ahead when ready.” probably was not a part of the gentleman’s agreement.

Well, anyhow, just so the twin villians don’t snatch Alabama or Idaho! (Let FDR rest easy—the short log cutters of Idaho would rise as one man in defense of the “big baked potato.”)

## 1939\_19\_IW\_20051939

**Solidarity in Union Will Win; Nothing Else Can**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Almost any nation can grab land but it requires real perfidy to hold it. All in the name of civilization (freelunch), more or less refined slave trade.

Africa at one time undertook to civilize Europe along these lines and had the Romans more than swinging their arms and talking fast.

\* \* \*

Totalitarian states are because dictators are unpredictable—a compulsory evil.

They tell me that heaven and hell are both totalitarian states. Do not know where they got the information.

\* \* \*

In passing let it be said: Any union can raise wages but it requires the solidarity of a paid-up wobbly card to hold them.

\* \* \*

We’ve got half the world’s monetary gold buried down in Kentucky and now, when other nations resort to barter (direct exchange of commodities without cash or currency), we feel sorely grieved and must of needs resort to similar tactics. Age of retrogression, hey! And the apple barrel is no more at the cook camp door.

\* \* \*

People, perhaps, have garnered a wrong impression about the diplomatic opera in Europe. It’s an economic war—cannon, forts, ships, and armies are merely props. Pity of it is the parasites are waging the eebnomic war—like goodwill ambassadors to a beer-saloon free lunch crying for bread.

There is no remedy outside of the working class. Swapping a horse for a cream separator will not emancipate the work-ox.

Every government feels sure that its slaves are loyal and that they will fight early and late. Each government casts longing eyes at professional chestnut pullers and it may be that the seven-foot colonial troops will once more sweep Europe . . . clean.

It’s not my funeral. I am interested in Industrial Unionism.

\* \* \*

No unemployment in Europe. They’re in the army. Over there armies are useful in defending nations against diplomatic hi-jackers. The quarrel is over real estate, crops, mines, and oil-tribute.

The sovereign states pass the plate before the low-brows. Collections growing scantier each year. And thus it is that totalitarian states are an error, error of errors in italics; blunder in emphasis; last hope of capitalism. I said hope. Hope buys no halibut.

Three hundred thousand British join “Compulsory National Service” in Territorials. That cancels 300,000 recently acquired jobless.

Pennsylvania Ry. lays off 20,000 on account of the coal strike. PWA lays off 13,000 on account of ice conditions in Labrador.

Hitler has had his say and FDR says he left the door open an inch. What really happened: Hitler took the door off its hinges.

No power in Europe is strong enough to attack, nor united enough.

All paraphernalia of war is for defense purposes and, since none will attack it seems foolish. War may come later, much later, but just now it’s a matter of organizing the POWER. Best organizers win.

\* \* \*

Oomph! These Hollywood lips hang like a tail-board of a democrat wagon.

\* \* \*

Communism is not the cause of the rotten conditions in this country, it’s capitalism.

The way the parasites are harping about communism in their papers is enough to make one believe that communism is another one of their political subdivisions which they desire strengthened. Subdivisions, both economic and political, lost Germany the World War. The answer is One Big Union —either economic or political, as you will.

A country divided against itself cannot do aught but ail—and fail.

A working class divided in myriads of unions is not a class and is already failed. The answer is One Big Union.

A small body of parasites can go around licking the working class, part at a time. No power on earth can lick the whole working class that is united.

\* \* \*

“Workers of the world unite.”

What I want to know, were those royal visitors fingerprinted?

\* \* \*

“French Boo Italians.” (Now, is that nice?) And did they also make faces and stick out their tongues, like little children at play?

\* \* \*

Don’t they know that these Italians are slaves like themselves?

Say, Editor, did you ever stop to consider the stupendous amount of glamour in pickled pigsfeet?

## 1939\_20\_IW\_27051939

**T-Bone Slim Hits a Few High Spots**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

World’s Fair may as well dispense with Billy Rose and his aquacade (the water is too cold) and get FannyBrice to disport her ample self.

Russia is shortening sail and Maxim Litvinoff to scanning the Help Wanted columns.

American Communist democracy, as ballyhooed, serves to white-wash Russian communist dictatorship as versus fascist-nazism.

Why not sail under their own colors?

Madam Sec’y Perkins is reducing in coal controversy . . .

England boycotts Duke of Windsor (Prince of Wales) broadcast from Verdun.”—

This indicates England’s education is complete, fit also indicates, if I may say so, and why not, that Eddie’s broadcast looks better if England repudiates, it—unsight, unseen.)

–––––

It isn’t necessary tor Congress to stay in session all summer “to keep us out of war” (we can handle that ourselves).

All they have to do to pass a resolution (resolve); “There shall be no war until we meet again and, if, such war there be (when we meet) it shall by these presents already be disowned and Congreiss shall instantly adjourn for the duration of the war—and let the devil take the hindmost.”

Brooklyn gets Lyn Lary, shortstop par excellence.

Max Baer hauls off and gargles, “it’s better to be a used-to-be than a never-was” and did Galento blush. Baer is now sour enough to go places, (aided and abetted by Jimmy Powers).

So many crooks (mine-run took up judgeships that “poor, dear Coster” had to start making medicines. Some judges make as much from a single case as their yearly salary.

Those crooks come from regular political schools of machine-politics—industrial unionism is not a substitute for it.

Even presidents have been known to play only the soft-spots in their heart of hearts.

It’s a dirty mess—vote and be damned.

–––––

Business courts? H’m. Businessmen got themselves into it, now let them get themselves out. Grand juries are already waving the soothing syrup; “year and a day” for years of thievery.

Who wouldn’t spend a year in jail (cost free) for $100,000?

–––––

British king and queen went in training for American chuck. Ambassador Kennedy tossed the dinner. We’ve got to build a bigger White House to accommodate the able and willing guests-to-the-King-by-Royal-degree.

Economic conditions in our fair land got so bad, widows in Philadelphia and New Jersey joined the Murder-for-Insurance-Ring and became Merchants of Death (with a Kiss of Death)—their sole, sellable commodity.

Proceeds (so far) $500,000.

–––––

They tell me taxes are high, going higher and why not. It stands to reason that when **employers and machines run a closed shop against workers** the workers must od needs digest tax-emoluments. Set 15,000,000 heavy-eating workingmen with good grinders at a tough of tax-emoluments and it’s going to keep the cooks down in Washington busy. We may have to eat that gold down in ol’ Kentucky.

It might be that capital and labor have mush in common, in view of the fact that capital belongs to labor. The mere fact that capital is in employers’ possession (temporarily) doesn’t change the relationship. I will admit, however, employer and labor (worker) have nothing in common.

–––––

May 12 — Southern Appalachian coal-mine employers voted to decline closed shop contract with the United Mino Workers today.

And, William Green voiced a beautiful sentiment to John L. Lewis something like this: Come back to me, sweetheart, and love me as before; Come back, back to me, sweet-heart, and leave me never more.

Almost beautiful love!

And, Edda Ciano, Mussolini’s daughter, sailed for Rio de Janeiro.

And, lendable excess reserves of the banks soared to a new high record of $4,190,000. When do we eat?

Some industrial heads do not seem to realize the $100,000 per year they get constitutes 100 years pay for harder workers under ‘em—those are the employers that are hollering for equal rights with workers under the National Relations Act.

Would they, I wonder, crave to have employes’ foot on their necks for a change?

–––––

Now that F.D.R. has flattened the foam on revolution, for the time being, the capitalists are sticking their head:, out of their holes and offering the cry of the wild.

I am not saying that F.D.R, gave the unemployed a **paradise-lost**, I would rather mourn the **new-found** hell that will be ours if our securityis placed in the hands of our exploiters—and that to the program.

## 1939\_21\_IW\_03061939

**It’s Time to Show Bosses The Way Out**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It is not true in the full sense of the word that bankers have stacked up the chips in the expectancy that government will declare a war and borrow them. The very nature of capitalism is such that simoleons gather in the hands of the money lenders . . . And, it wil be noted, it was only AFTER the bankers and insurance cmpanies TOOK OVER INDUSTRY that the blue-bellied Yankee began to feel his belly growing pale. As I should have said before: War is Capitalism in Full Flower.

Starvation is the other wing of the Axle.

Conscript weath: Hm, ‘tis but a threat in the interest of high moral persuasion.

\* \* \*

The twelve apostles, in the Senate, however, are doing excellent service with their “War Referendum” and if this keeps on mebbe the bankers will have to get our permit for their next war—or no dice.

But I wouldn’t bet too heavy on it because the only thing that can prevent war is an organized working class; even at that, it must be organized right.

After all, that Hope Diamond strung on the neck of Evalyn Walsh McLean isn’t plate-glass.

\* \* \*

“If War Clouds Lift. . . .” opines B. C. Forbes.—

Why not? These particular war clouds have two (2) legs, two (2) arms, dauber moustache and umbrella—plus jittery press.

\* \* \*

War clouds completely blanket the empty cupboard and sovereign citizens are not allergic to—to—beans.

\* \* \*

Mindful of the royal croppers of the past, present British princesses are learning to straddle elephants, the News (N. Y.) opines, as an aside: Kangaroo and elephant should trade tails.

To create balance of power, no doubt?

\* \* \*

“Senate passes record farm bill—$1,218,666,572.”

Although I wish Senate never had studied arithmetic I cannot help but wonder what in the name of Mackinaw is that two dollars for?

\* \* \*

Taxes are not killing industry. Carte blanche brainlessness (mismanagement) of the employers made industry a corpse years ago and the same employers again are changing their faces, out to kill it once more.

Biggest of the industries are operating at two-thirds capacity—one-third employed.

The one-third unemployed explains the taxes—unemployed cam first; taxes followed.

Employers have forever tried to duck their responsibilities (including taxes) and lived like drunken sailors of good ol’ days.

Pretty damned brittle stamina (acumen) when they cannot even pay their taxes!

But I am saying if industry cannot suport this nation it is high time to give industrial overlords their walking papers.

Banks are full of money. Big share of the state of Kentucky is salted with gold, etc. Every industry has too much elbow room and other deficiencies—like a waitress that has to walk 165 feet to bring me two, (2) flapjacks. Aw hell what’s the use?

\* \* \*

Dirty work at the cross roads: [unclear] Chico pocketed at Jamaica Track [unclear] shot: Johnstown had a walk-a-wa[unclear]

Olay and Martha of Norway [are] taking a gander at Boulder Dam.

Johnstown just now came in eleven lengths tardy at Preakness.

Yankees wil try to sign up Royal George for outfield. (He looks like Joe Di Maggio.)

## 1939\_22\_IW\_10061939

**Who’s Going To Feed the Unemployed?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

People fought for lands when there were very few people on earth, so save your historionics—it’s still the same old struggle—a place in the sun.

\* \* \*

Recurring depressions, say every 20 years, is a good indication of the health of capitalism. Like a sworn-off drunk in a recurring spree . . .

\* \* \*

One source of depressions lies in the fact that employment is kept below available hands offering, at all times; complete employment or employment inexcess od available workers spells “NO DEPRESSION”—nature takes its course.

\* \* \*

**Federal government says, “Let me feed ‘em.”**

**States say, “No, let me feed ‘em.”**

**WPA lays off some men and says, “Let private employers feed them.” (When do we eat?)**

Now if I know anything about jackasses, horses, I should judge that team is pulling squeegee and the “evener” is going zigzag—passing the buck.

These three soup dispensers should get together and coordinate their aspirations and stop the tongue slapping between them — THAT LOAD MUST MOVE.

\* \* \*

It is not a question under what political ticket capitalism is the less despicable—the point is it is despicable.

\* \* \*

Lots of people cannot grasp the true purpose of an orphanage and imagine it is a sort of life-raft to protect the little ones against want and other degradations. In truth, there’s where they run a streak of lean in ‘em. Essentially they are mal-adroit because the streak of lean was already in the children before the orphanage received them. How I rave?

\* \* \*

Radio entertainment finds its best popularity in the simple fact that any one of its audience can say shut up ‘—and make it stick,

\* \* \*

Tighter are the class lines drawing” . . . our frontiers are in our own back yard and a “bloodthirsty foreigner” lives back of the fence—’s terrible, isn’t it?

\* \* \*

Churches are not a going-concern in the full sense of the word inasmuch as they enjoy a governmenr subsidy in the form of tax-free privilege; the very existence of that special pricilege spells the ultimate decline of both curch and state.

\* \* \*

“Something less than enough” ishighly two-by-four and very expensive—a bad, bad habit. Scarcity.

Poverty? H’m. Poverty was not new in the days of Charles Dickens. A little sense right now would go a long ways to remedy this premiseless paupersim, e cod.

\* \* \*

**First they omit the paint from buildings, then they omit the eggs from breakfast, then they omit the milk from coffee—why not call the game on account of darkness. You cannot cheat yourself.**

\* \* \*

De Seversky airship factory got an order for say $900,00 worth of planes from Uncle Sam. Immediately the company began to feel its oats and sent to De Seversky in Paris a message, “You’re fired” as president—this company is composed of manufacturers all the same as razorblade makers to salmon canners (I forget) which same makes a genuine allied industry.

De Seversky is only a very good airman, a flyer.

\* \* \*

Small-town stuff this idea that “I spent too much for this and that.”

You could not have spent too much unless you had too much and employers, whether they be governments or fellow slaves, are very careful not to give you “too much” or even enough—so if you spent “too much” I’d like to know where you got it.

So many banks and businesses are being robbed nowadays that it is dangerous to say “I spent too much” it might be used as circumstantial evidence and you will find yourself in the clink innocent as a new-born babe.

**What we want to do is quit griping, organize industrially in the IWW and get that “too much” in the regular manner and try to keep out of the clink and cemetery as long as possible.**

We pay “too much” because we get little and do not know what “too much” is. This is too much! ‘n I for one am not going to stand for it: we are not being paid “too little”—we’re on percentage basis—and that percentage is next to nothing. Too little is almost enough—but what we’re geeting simply is a sample of that what we produced and cannot be surveyed by such abstract logorithms, whatever that word means.

Other Workers get a better break because they are organized. Because they are organized and for that reason only. It is utter folly to say they are living on the fat of the land, fat of WPA or fat of the CCC—fat in the latter two being strangely AWOL, absentee and missing.

They (the other workers) would be getting a still better break if they were better organized and when the CCC and WPA organize, fat shall return to them from the predatory coffers of the parasite class and their stooges, the employers.

## 1939\_23\_IW\_17061939

**Stale Snuff Brings Thoughts Of Love and War**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It’s terrible! No more fresh snuff in the United States of America. Why, it’s almost as bad as when we had no flag. What do they mean in Washington for not putting fresh snuff on the market? Is there no escape? Are we to perish. Must another Betsy Ross be born to cook up a mess of fresh snuff? I pause for an answer.

\* \* \*

**The IWW never had to put forth all its intelligence but whenever it began to unlimber its vast acumen miracles occured— and still carry oh.**

I will say for the editor: no part of the country is in bad grace and although activities are not uniform, he knows the ferments are there and will register at any proper moment in no unmistakable manner.

I am happy to see J. P. Thompson putting the sand blast on the house of lords.

\* \* \*

Love takes many forms, even in as fresh a country as our own. Years ago humans put out their hands to show they carried no knife. Later on affections consisted of stealing a man’s horse or collegiate bearskins, etc.

Love of God, still later, made up for cutting a neighbor’s throat. And still it was LOVE and is today. Abuse of dog, cat, horse or child was love. Love carried on and eventually it burst forth in full flower—striptease and true confessions.

Do the best you can, Butch.

Today. Japan is blasting the living Jesus out of China. All in the name of love.

\* \* \*

King of England hath arrived in this continent to gaze al his broad acres and loyal subjects. The mere fact that we took this country away from the Indians (for a song and dance) doesn’t make the royal pair blush.

But we should not criticize too severely —paper is not conscious of the woolly yarns the printing press imparts, and the news itself is drawn and quartered. So I would opine that when a ruling house goes on an excursion or visiting in the midst of a crisis, the **crisis is a fake.**

**Our own generals have been pounding their cheats pretty heavy and we have been stampeded into dishing up a few truck-loads of “what it takes.” A top-heavy society and Caesars are all dead.**

Dorothy Thompson (God bless her) has . . . “a time of grave international danger,” darn the luck, gravestones costing what they do, and the European paupers are simply determined to fight—they’ve got fightamins ABCD and X, and love apples are costing 19 cents a pound.

\* \* \*

. . . ‘N’ USA is building (according to press reports) warships to protect all lands in Western Hemisphere from Patagonia to Hudson Bay—against what? Against delusion —a miracle—for in the extent that one poorhouse gains ascendency, the others combine and the merry war continues indefinitely. Beware.

Foreign trade amounts to small peanuts (not counting old business and hysteria over it is not worthy object—the whole thing doesn’t affect over 500,000 men out of 15,000,000 unemployed. What difference does it make whether 14½ million suffer or 15 million suffer?

**War in Europe on a gran scale is a long way off and may not materialize at all (the drive may go stale or a thousand things may intervene to denecessitate.)**

Britain’s far-flung investments that put Britons on a dole are at long last coming home to roost and rolled-oats, the well-known substitute for boiled-beef, is just around the corner. Same holds true to our industrial kings and their investments abroad— they are untenable even so as home investments were untenable under the then popular percentage of distribution of profits. Reference to this can be found in the Bible: “There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.” (Not many have teeth but all have wails).

‘Tis an economic war—and getting more familiar every day. Chain store empires are outlawed by law of limitations.

\* \* \*

Ho, hum. It is my opinion that even as the “communist threat” (which General Moseley was to demolish was a straw man: so, too Moseley’s “threat” was straw of purest ray serene. Biscuits hang high and Dies committee itself runs heavily to great Americas grandstand—brass band —but all is well along the Potomac and only 15,000,000 are allee samee unemployed.

## 1939\_24\_IW\_24061939

**Why Kings Don’t Wear Overalls**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Naturally kings cannot wear overalls and preserve their prestige, and there are those in Harrisburg that sarcastically opine: “The only reeson royalty wears admirals’ uniforms is to spare themselves the shock of being mistaken for bums.”

Sour grapes, I calls it, for it is well-known we ourselves love to wear velvet pants. All right, boy, my slippers.

\* \* \*

Advertisements are to newspapers what politics are to labor union, what . . . a siren is to moral turpitude. I’m getting thin-skinned, the word spells prostitution.

\* \* \*

Control yourself! I do not swallow goldfish. It’s alligators.

In USA a “jobless study” has been started to determine the cause of the economic aberation of the past dozen years (13) and bakers have already solved the dingus (excuse the Latin) by covering overburned cakes with the most delicious silvery frosting; a raisin on each end of the cake qualifies it for the rank of fruit cake. It is known as “landmark cake” (owing to the two (2) raisins), but the more synical call it mile-post cake—two bits.

It seems American business had made a most cruel, ruthless, bitter attack against itself (unmitigated jackass that it always was) and people had to rush in and save business from itself.

Business is still under observation and alibis it was attacked by Government.

I find both bees and wasps build combs but wasps, suspicious of the predatory class, omit the honey.

\* \* \*

Gentlemanly Sirovich, New York, I has proposed a law in Washington to include the marine worker (the most forgotten man) in social security and unemployment insurance or relief.

Inasmuch as the marine workers have a h bit of dumping the apple cart with each change of the moon, it is figured Sirovich’s noble plan is a form of “appeasement.” Another thing that might help: Register all vessels not now registered so that sailors upon them may avail themselves of U. S. merchant marine hospital service, now denied, or blanket-qualify ALL seafaring men and harbor boatmen.

Think of the apple cart and get sense.

\* \* \*

Dammit anyhow! The Parasites Guild now wants labor to rattle before they strike—they want advance notice. Hm. Why even rattlesnakes don t always ring the bell—that is before they strike.”

\* \* \*

Five hundred leaders in business and finance gathered together in Hotel Astor (of all places) became filled with Banquo’s ghost and predicted it’s going to be tough titty for wage earners unless governmetn ceases deficit spending.

See how they worry about us (not themselves), many of them getting less than $1,000 a day.

\* \* \*

Lendable surpluses in banks not moving may as well be interned in Kentucky. Had these surpluses been dished out to workers or left in the pockets of consumers, they would be out in the world doing yeoman service as buying power.

Cost of maintaining two million employers in the style they expect would support all of Europe’s pauper nations in grand style and Zog could raise his family in the grateful shade of the throne. Some of our big-shot wage earners get $300,000 a year.

\* \* \*

Baron Rothschild, a likely lad, is in Paris resting from the shock of handing Herr Hitler $21,000,000 to square himself for the failure of his bank in Vienna. It is said the baron is almost penniless; left with only $50,000,000.

It is also said England was looking after Baron Rothschild’s interest and good Old Chamberlain almost forgot hit umbrella, jumping across the Rhine.

Hom haw, money makes the mare go!

\* \* \*

Ever since railroads began using and to keep the grass from growing in their hayfields, their (?) valued properties lost much of their attraction as sleeping quarters; even unto those who are allergic to bedbugs and other household vermin.

Origin of railroads was a combination of blackmail, bribery, subsidy, and simple thievry. Many times the states gave them land and other treasures—practically built the railroads free for the “empire builders”— a Christmas present—and now, in this period of adversity, railroads resent the slumbers of sovereign citizens upon their (?) properties.

\* \* \*

Simultaneously, when the WPA took a sleeping powder, the railroad bulls came out of their slumbers and marveled at the number of men on the road.

Chicken cars are being watched with painstaking care on the New York Central and the colored fraternity say, “that ain’t all the bulls do.” But I understand the boys are living on mushrooms, dandelions and spring water.

## 1939\_25\_IW\_01071939

**Thinking Men Want IWW Labor Union**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**“The working class and the employing class have NOTHING in common.” Either that stands or I am a donkey.**

\* \* \*

Gold in Kentucky guarantees hotcakes for our congressmen indefinetly and there is no good reason for them to risk rupture by rushing to the aid of the forgotten men and women.

No good reason why war debts should not be collected by institution of bankruptcy proceedings and returing the monies to the original Liberty Bond holders as a bonus, and give them funds with which to go on vacation leaving their jobs for the unemployed workers.

\* \* \*

According to counterpoint in press their British Majesties’ visit was a peace mission, and that universal peace may result therefrom. H’m, England took a run-out powder on Abyssinia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Albania, and Palestine; so the peace mission may well be mistaken for the death-rattle. Employers rule Britain!

\* \* \*

Verily, the employers are incapable of running any country, either politically or industrially.

**We have the evidence before our eyes the world over. In USA, just one example: 15,000,000 more or less unemployed, unconsoled, unfed, and undrasped.**

**Barbarism was neve like this!**

\* \* \*

Social security retrieves us after we are dead; unionism puts a double chin on us while we are still alive.

Have your face lifted in the IWW.

\* \* \*

**National wealth depends on useful production and is the result thereof. Fifteen million unemployed or doing unnecessary work does not make sense.**

\* \* \*

Organize industrially and protect yourself morning, noon and night.

The IWW is a good deal bigger than its immediate surroundings. The preamble is all meat and no bone; result of long years of experience and study. We are the verdict of good, hard common sense; no more; no less.

\* \* \*

Japan and China thin down unemployed like matching pennies. Report: 864,500 Japs, 2,300,000 Chinese bit the dust. (Military economists). Expensive way to slaurghter workers.

\* \* \*

**Time, have changed much since wise alecks said, “IWH stands for ‘I Want Women’.” Today serious-minded men want industrial unionism—and want it bad.**

## 1939\_26\_IW\_29071939

**Senators May Fatten: How About People?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Washington could be arrested for sending in false alarms. U. S. Senate lost weight—two tons. People ain’t getting any heavier either (Harlem grammar).

We work for government, government works for business, and business speaks only with God — God ain’t saying anything.

\* \* \*

Marline Dietrich was badly crippled while embarking for France on the Normandie. She had to sail without her jewels. U. S. tax collectors had suddenly shaken the sleep from their eyes and took the jewels in tow as a guarantee that the soothful Marlene shall once more return to the land o free and the home of the brave.

There was poor Marlene like a sourdough prospector in the heart of the Mojave without a horse. But Mrlene retained her glamour and at one time (quoting a dockwalloper) “she war more glare-morous tha the bill-of-rights provides.” I hope the ship doesn’t sink.

El Capitan was mad enough to ram Weehawken over the loss of the tide.

\* \* \*

New York has no money of its owen and visiting hordes are keeping the matinees going. World Fair is in conference and may declare for cut rates.

\* \* \*

Ever since college graduates took over the sailing of barges and deckscows in New York harbor, the former captains are improving their minds in public libraries and equally public gin-mills. This is no more than fair although it is said boating life is “a complete education” in itself. It may be in truth, that the college graduate (too good to organize) is improving his mind (if any) on the “wrecks of another day.”

They must have it in for the National Guard. They’re gonna give ‘em airplanes.

Attention, pleaav, why not put wings on those submarines? If they won’t float, they might fly. Sure we’ve got the mechanics. Look at ‘em on the park benches—and the wonderful cigarettes they roll.

\* \* \*

Sabotage in hinted strongly in the poisoning of 250 Staten Island school children by school lunch,

Yesterday it was rice and Spanish tomato sauce, but today it was egg salad. Hm. And mayonnaise!

But can you imagine them feeding future presidents and secretaries of labor on rice! That lost the war for China.

Investigations (one-half dozen of them) is on tap.

Hell with that garbage, feed the tots herring and hot dogs, and sourkraut.

\* \* \*

Whenever governments substitute themselves for private employers and employ those that industry has culled for whatever reason, they, the governments, change their nature and function in dual capacity—that of employer and government. Whenever WPAs strike under such circumstances, they strike not against government, but against employers. It cannot be said that they are outlaws.

**Put the shirt back on again and let the legislators catch up.**

\* \* \*

Put plenty of salt on farina (middlings), close your eyes and you can imagine you are eating caviar—if you have farina, if you have salt.

\* \* \*

Goodly Jimmy Jemail (News) asks: “What characteristics of your parents did you inherit?”

Poverty and uniform of slavery ‘s ‘bout all.

## 1939\_27\_IW\_12081939

**Better Join IWW and Can All Thieves**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It stands to reason that an employer can’t get a million dollars from the labors of one worker, he must have many of them,—thousands.

However, he gats his million, like the mounties get their man.

It stands to reason that no worker would stand for being chiseled out of u million dollars of his production — he must have company. It seems to hurt less when the million comes from many, and “misery loves company,” you know.

But the million comes from the working class just the same and the working class is so much poorer.

Here’s whore the Ono Big Union, the IWW, comes in.

Inasmuch us the greater offense is against a large section of the working class, an individual protest would sound frail as a picolo obligato in a band concert. Even so as he is robbed as a gang so he must protest as a gang.

One Big Union it is.

Some many argue that T-Bone Slim here is advocating that mass-robbery be decentralized to the extent that each worker carry along his own thief.

How naïve! I never suggested it. It, stands to reason, economics of no nation can withstand a condition where 45 million workers bring 45 million thieves to the point of production.

Well, how about less thieves?

If only one boss was driving our strapping 45 million workers and he got one dollar from each worker per week, he would be naming 145,000,000 a week —not bad at all.

But how about no thieves and leaving the deposits in the workers’ pants?

\* \* \*

There are some irrevocable truths and one of them is u follower never is altogether present. (How would you say it?)

Man Is supposed to be an entirely, a complete, finished product; but when he lakes orders from others, and equally less “men,” there is something important missing from the greatness of his construction as well as from his conception. He isn’t all there.

True it is, however, that in the Ono Big Union individual Ideas are subordinated to those of the whole—but there is a distinction:

In the Big One Union the membership decides on all ideas in fine fettle and fine from of consultation. Thus it is two evils are eliminated: One where the follower is wrong and the other where the leader is equally wrong is another direction. The sum total of the proceding is Grade A sense.

That’s something.

One Big Union Is passible only under these or similar principle. Rugged individualism died with the feudal system.

Yes, I was at the funeral.

\* \* \*

I understand Hitler and Mussolini are gone into a huddle to see what they can do for our 15,000,000 refugees from the mills of our industrialists.

Newpapers hint strongly that we have 650,000 WPAers we’d like to barter for a secondhand bicyle or a used icebox—we to pay the [cartage] and just thumb the WPAers out.

Bright boys we are. We parley, and parley, and parley. Then we parley some more.

Prosperity has hit the World’s Fair and it is shortening sail. A raft of “information punks” were laid off, prices cut, and today 125 Fair cops are OUT. Whalen, the king bee, was out $0,000.

End is not yet in sight and my transportation nickel (five cents) stays in the pantaloons of the working class.

It seems only [prostituted] communists attend the Fair. “Oh, how fine it is,” to hear them tell it.

\* \* \*

Papers are suffering—Oh, how—from economic “depression” as it is called.

I don’t see any ads to amount to anything expect Carters Little Liver pills and JO, Roach Food. Hm. There’s my point. We are suffering from economic poisoning and the Metropolitan Opera House is on the block. The great untrammeted nation stands aghast and spirit-broke. For the politicans are handing us unsweetened, evaporated, and unredeemed bargains.

\* \* \*

How any sensible man or woman can stay out of the IWW is more than I can “forestay.”—And we haven’t been crazy since prohibition went out.

\* \* \*

Drought has been blamed on Mars, its close proximity. (Where was Mars when we had prohibition?)

And prosperity is as far away as ever and going further all the time.

## 1939\_28\_IW\_19081939

**One Union in An Industry Is Just Right**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The people are not armed heavily enough to protect themselves against the vagaries of the special deputies and other armies of the lords of industry, and industrial peonage is more than a possibility; it is an accepted fact and an unfinished program. To all intents and purposes it is here—industrial peonage.

Inasmuch as the people are not armed and cannot be armed according to law, and inasmuch as the people are easy picking for the armed industrial potentates, buzzards, and nabobs there is little left for the people to do other than join the One Big Union of the Industrial Workers of the World and coordinate their protest into some semblance of solidity and sanity.

Some will say, “No ball and chain on my leg yet” You are lucky—or over-looked. Give them time.

**Amusement?**

American Federation of Radio Artists suspended Sophie Tucker from membership, under charges anent the recent affiliation of the American Federation of Actors with the stagehands’ union. Sophie was (is) president of AFA.

It seems an entertainer must belong to several unions all at once to be recognized as strictly kosher or orthodox, as: AAAA, AFA, IATSE—Actor’s Equety Assn.—ad nauseum.

One Big Union of the IWW is the answer.

\* \* \*

By the way, BROUN, literary glamour boy and fashion plate, was elected chief bottlewasher for the American Newspaper Guild six times in a row.

And to think a clear-faced [“cull”] on South Street groaned within my hearing:

“Look, he’s got a newspaper and he don’t know how to read.”

I had two of ‘em.

\* \* \*

Far be it from me to criticize cats and dogs who are trying to do the best they can. A number of [cat] on South Street have assumed all the peculiarities of the human family in this thriving neighborhood.

It’s the environment.

Water, of course, is at a premium, but that alone cannot account for the condition of the cats—for I understand cats do not scrub their faces with water.

Even drinking water is scarce.

Get it from the tugs? O, my gosh, sometimes it puzzles even the tugs, as resourceful as they are, to get it.

On the other side of Yonkers there is water and one can comfort his face with a wash, but it’s a long walk and by the time you get back your face is dirty and you have to march out again. Who wants to spend the rest of his his life walking to and from Yonkers?

\* \* \*

A tax on bicycles in Newark—clearly a scheme to slow down the people.

## 1939\_29\_IW\_26081939

**Power Counts, And Workers Have Plenty**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Nations are hollering for more babies; if they get ‘em, then they will holler for “place in the sun” provided, of course, they can’t get ‘em killed off in war.

They know not what they want!

\* \* \*

Years gone bye-bye, whenever a business man found himself in debt up to his neck, he burned his store. Today, whenever nations find them- selves in debt they organize a war.

Years gone bye-bye, whenever a worker found his cupboard empty, he assaulted his wife. Today, whenever a worked gets a yen for food, he joins the IWW.

\* \* \*

Note: Present war and rumor of war is only a parcel of the scheme to provide sustenance and justification for the existence of the military caste; a parcel of the original debt hereinbefore referred to.

**There is no Secretary of Peace because “powers that be” are allergic to organized peace. Disorganized pieces, that’s what they want!**

Over in Europe they are beating around the bush, pounding their breasts and bleating their throats, seven days a week, turn about . . .

No nation is in shape to start out on a conquering expedition. They’ve got to keep the home fires burning.

**Join the union of your class and class the union of your choice.**

\* \* \*

J. P. Morgan tossed a tea for George VI in Edzell, Scotland. No hard feelings here.

I’m reminded, however, that Boston once tossed a tea party in honor of another George and the British got so sore they finally burned our Capitol—we needed a new Capitol anyhow. No hard feelings here.

\* \* \*

Power. What a word! But did you ever stop to consider the bigger forces that reside in the slums? What they have is theirs. They have made everything from nothing . . . and little Willie better not slip up in his behavorism. No shooting goes off there at 3 a. m. What would they have done and what would they do had they been skinned less, had they received the full product of their toil?

**They would have remade the world long ago, and may remake it yet.**

No more than the districts were chuck-a-block with disengaged WPAs, thieves and robbers moved in on the flesh pots of the Pharaohs and full many a policeman’s neck was aglow with honest sweat. Seventy thousand dollars they got in Long Beach, L. I.

Power?

Gangsterism, whether it be a small gang or a nation, is power. Gangster nations are known as Powers of the First Magnitude; individual gangsters are known as Public Enemy Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4—as the case may be and, here again, rugged individualism is frowned upon. To be a successful gangster you must be a nation—nothing less; By the same token, to be a successful worker you must be a One Big Union.

Power is the word.

\* \* \*

Power politics. Money power.

Hm . . .

Pilgrims on their way to church on the first Thanksgiving were heavily armed—which is quite proper both counts for they had moved in on other peoples’ land without so much as an invitation or introduction; and they expected the Indians to cut codfish bait for ‘em.

Note: They could not move in on other peoples’ land in Holland because they say Hollanders are tough; although it’s true Great Britain tossed them out of India. Luckily there were islands around there where the Dutch took toe-hold and flourished like a bay tree.

\* \* \*

Well, anyhow, peace is assured for another fortnight. Tyrone Power is in London and the girls went ga-ga (straight stuff from “public relations”), the barmaids went nuts and papers admit, hardly a button was left on Tyrone’s pants.

We have now had Power and Powers—so much power that I’m sick and tired of it. Most of it was borrowed power, stolen power, and hired power; but the bigger forces still reside in the slums. Bigger ideas are in the tenements and a bigger world is yet to come.

One Big Union of the Workers.

## 1939\_30\_IW\_09091939

**One Man Show Would Please Our Parasites**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Quite conceivably the presidency of the United States is too big for a one-man job. Simple pastime like baseball has three umpires.

Quite conceivably also, Congress cannot get along without leadership (to lean upon) unless they bring along their efficiency experts and general managers, renegades from the working class.

As before said, the presidency is too big a job for a lone rancher and when that rancher undertakes to high-pressure his policies upon a semi-conscious Congress he is only adding stones to his own sleigh.

Only the other day an umpire who tried to play the game as well as keep score was almost annihilated by a pitched ball––and there’s no use of you saying that he had the blind staggers, for I thought of it first and the pitch proved the point.

**Aviation Note**

If you take a boss up in the air with you, don’t crash for his sake––forget him. He is small marbles indeed, and his father before him never did any useful work either.

How in the name of common sense can they understand work if they never did any of it? How true it is: it is difficult to work from the top down. It simply isn’t done and their conception of work is sketchy. That’s why they have to hire a MAN.

**Ten-Day Notice**

Human Rights Invaded––Human rights are those of labor.

In Minnesota they have a law. (Hear! Hear! they’re getting civilized!) The law says labor must give ten days notice of a strike––labor must see that far into the future.

Bad news, labor? They must be prophets in addition to their other brilliant accomplishments.

The “invasion” is not quite apparent unless the law be put to a test.

In order for labor to abide by this law and retain its right of strike whenever the spirit moves, it must put in a notice of strike each day––365 days a year––that way he can run no “unnoticed” strike. A standing notice will not do because it leaves too many legal technicalities.

I wonder who will do the work while the boys are in conference taking their daily strike vote.

The law doesn’t say labor must go through with a strike once ordered, if you have guessed wrong or changed your mind. But there might be legal repercussions and you might be tossed in the can for trying to intimidate the boss. (Good for 180 days free board.)

All told, it is best to go through with a strike and put in notice of the next one––you can’t miss and the law has been observed, obeyed, and its merit proved.

Since Lindbergh flew the Atlantic we have been unable to do anything with those Minnesotans and the violence of a recent WPA strike there most probably is a parcel of violence within this law.

**Paper Hanger Wanted**

Fashionables on Vacation at Saratoga Springs Resort. I’m kind o’ late imparting this world-shaking information but, then, it’s all right; you see they’re on year-around vacation and have only changed the scene of their pleasures.

They want a paper hanger for president so as to make their time out perpetual––a sergeant from the national guard preferred. Only time they echew these social functions (rest) is when they have a champaign head and stay home to dish up vituperation to their distraught help.

**Another Road to Peace**

I see where in order to establish a “Christian Front” many of the big shots are going in for moral Amourment. The theory is good––you can’t fondle and fight at the same time.

wIw

Seems to me the Salvation Army is slower winning its freedom from Britain than the shoeless-Joes of Valley Forge.

**Price of Milk**

When Borden and Sheffield **voluntarily** jacked up the price of milk one-half cent a quart, all was honky-dory and nothing was said, but when up-state farmers went on “pay-me” strike instantaneously conferences were held at the Summer City Hall.

Milk Strike Won––but the cows must still give nine kinds of milk. Yes, five cents and a fraction the farmers get for a quart (same as 42 years ago), $2.50 a hundred-weight and that’s 47 quarts––you figure it out yourself.

Before the strike, they got three cents and a fraction––we pay 20 cents, minus.

wIw

Connecticut is doing well tossing many of her political thieves in the can. Remaining politicians are getting religion.

## 1939\_31\_IW\_16091939

**Heroes, Pick Your Boneyard Before You Go**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The great trouble with college education is it takes four or five years to matriculate (to graduate)—the goatskin should be gotten in four or five days. Work Peoples College, Duluth, Minn., agrees to make a man of you in three months.

IWW

**Industrial Worker** lost its temper last week and used very violent language: “alMUaZemfweytao etas tao taoi aoi.”

Was it Halifax or Goebbels?

IWW

There can be no peace so long as the neighbor has our lawnmower, even if we swiped the lawnmower in the first place.

IWW

The working class and the employing class have nothing **coming**.

They must step out and fetch it.

IWW

All war news is cleaned and pressed. When the censer is on, it is everything but the unvarnished truth. Believe, but knock on wood and keep the tongue in the cheek.

Believe no admiral under any circumstances. Seafaring usage demands that sailors be able-bodied liars.

When censorship is on, news has no value whatsoever.

War will not settle any economic question to the satisfaction of anybody, including diplomats and politicians. The trouble is internal, not external.

**Hero’s Horoscope**

The employing class “over there” is no less adept at skinning the working class than are our own scalpers. During the period when business here was being “oppressed” by Roosevelt administration, billion dollar corporations doubled their number. This while people were joyously marching to the poorhouse, social security board, home relief, unemployment relief, and municipal stew pots.

Mistake ye not, then, exploiters of labor have plenty of shekels to start and carry on war and to liquidate our chances for old-age pensions. A more polite way’ to put it is:

We get nothing from them except by our own power, regardless of the state of the almanac or age. But without One Big Union we are merely a social security number, a ward of a benign government. (Mostly millionaires, they get theirs by being a “workers’ friend” and helper.)

I understand social security statistics will be used as a pattern for draft purposes but that doesn’t mean that the old-age pension on its own account was a bait. It means that if you are drafted and dressed up, you stand a good chance of not being Present to answer the roll-call when the aged stretch out their hands to accept of the munificence of a grateful country—weighted down with metals enough to inaugurate a first class junk yard.

But when you come back home packed in a wooden box like Gorton’s codfish, your beloved sister will gaze down at you, tears streaming down her brasserie, she will forgive you all your past sins, blow her nose, and march off to get a bucket of suds.

Where do you want to be buried? In Arlington or a less orthodox boneyard? Tell me now before you start.

I myself expect to be drafted as an oracle for the broken-down WPA’s.

**Delayed by the Censor**

The **SS Bremen** was given an extra double inspection in New York harbor, no doubt to allay our national jitters or to give vent to our yen for the histrionic; but dock wallopers, who are well versed in such matters, aver that “it was believed by responsible authority that Herr Hitler was hiding in the bilge or scuppers.”

Anyhow it’s a laugh and should help the World Fair attendance and the United Slates Government will not have to pony up the difference between a sizzle and a fizzle.

**Economic Foresight**

New York Telephone Co. (Bell) has not seen fit to install a telephone pay-booth on 96th St., East River “Light Stakes.’ It is a busy terminal and these shekels are lost to the Bell Telephone forever.

There are those who say that the “profits of the Bell Telephone are so great that they dare not add additional income.”

I am glad! I thought all along that it was lack of enterprise.

Bless their hearts! I know just how it feels when the money rolls in too fast. People have gone mad over it.

Also for the lack of it.

**Hitlerism Wins**

Dictatorship for England was ordered by Parliament for one year—it may be a long year—and thus democracy is effectively muzzled and hog-tied.

Recently it was given out that “Britain conscripts wealth,” that the employing class lost their minds and are going to conscript their “own” money.

They expect us to believe it. It also relieves the mind of those whose life has been conscripted.

**Imperialism**

Forty million Englishmen rule 400 million subjects with the aid of gun, sword, and soft soap. By the same token 60 million Frenchmen rule 200 million subjects, the agent here again is gun, sword, and soft soap—force.

Some empires, hey?

Twenty years ago we went over there to help them maintain their clutch on those empires—and they haven’t paid us yet. We’d be ashamed to take the money. We did it in the name of God, Country, and Democracy—for theree was no civilization then, or now.

**Non-existing civilisation cannot be hurt.**

**“Go and play just as much as you please, but stay in your own back yard.”**

**If they will not protect democracy at home, there isn’t much chance that they will go and fight for it in other lands.**

Poland is a competitor nation and the fundamental rule of business is to put the other business out of business. Still they swear by competition.

What is happening in Europe is not a class struggle. It is one business man against another—purely a commercial undertaking.

Even so as an employer is a competitor for the profit in workers’ production, and even as he tries to put labor out of commission by installing improved machinery, just so´competitor nations try to eliminate other competitors by installing bigger and better guns, better gas and better airplanes. It is not more vicious than the simple employer habit of shooting down workers at a factory gate. It is competition, capitalism in full flower.

If they will not organize industrially in their own lands, how can you expect them to be class conscious internationally?

## 1939\_32\_IW\_23091939

**When Privates Fight War by Telephone**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Work Peoples College as of Duluth, Minn. is a necessity because of too much knowledge rather the dearth of it, and because extent of knowledge in such stintless quantities is of little use in every day walks of life or service.

Chock-a-block full of theoretical knowledge, the old as well as the young are ruined each time they try to begin the practical experiences to which all mankind is heir. Philosophy descends upon them like a multicolored fog, facts of life are obliterated and they walk in a circle, always arriving back at the point from whence they started.

In their modest role of acting they have no use for such collosal information, and must of needs forget most of it in the interest of making room for the practical phases of the every-day life.

It is here that Work Peoples College is a great help to all those in need of exact knowledge based on practical experience.

Other and numerous reasons present themselves to the same end––one of those is: dispetic leadership that has lost its smile and can see only the monstrous. In this latter case a working class education resolves itself into a means of self-preservation from uniform and universal destruction.

Spend your vacation at Work Peoples College next winter.

**No ‘Isms’ Allowed**

No German Flag at Recent championship tennis tournament. USA. This proves that the small section of America known as “sport-minded” are allee samee imperialistic minded.

Note: Imperial-ISM is taboo here.

In the Beginning

In the beginning there was war.

Oracles got up on their hind legs and shouted: “Lookit ‘em! Lookit ‘em! Those Phoenicians are eating all our ostrich eggs in the deserts and pulling up our mushrooms in the caves!”

So out they went, all God’s children, hell-bent for election, and when they got through with the Phoenicians there were less mouths to forage for on both sides, and plenty of crowbait lying around.

Then, as now, it was maldistribution––want. A condition of HAVES and HAVES-NOTS. After the war the HAVES still had and the HAVE-NOTS were dead––on both sides.

“Half nuts,” did you say? Shame on you!

**Safety for War Makers**

In recent days war-mongers have perfected the instruments of destruction: TNT, GAS, GERMS, etc. Civilization died young and war-mongers are crying bitterly against indiscriminate air-bombing of civilians––”the children,” they scream. They want to go out and play with the children while the working classes are popping-off one another. Isn’t humanity grand?

Great big pot-bellied child of 50 or better prancing around the maypole to the delight of the coming generation when along comes a prower-plane and drops a pineapple in his coat pocket.

**Time to Shift Bases**

I see where Ikes has a book “The Integrity of the Press.” No punches pulled. (Soon as I get my clothes patched, I’m off for Patagonia in a rowboat).

**To the Last Man**

Recent despatch says “several persons were killed when an airplane bombed a boyscout camp.”

What were the persons doing in a boyscout camp? It is believed that hereafter bomber pilots will see to it that no persons are present when they bomb the boyscouts. It’s getting so that a cold-footed diplomat or propaganda minister isn’t safe any place any more. Nowhere can they throw out their chests and roar:

**“Remember, children, we are behind you to the last man!”**

Even Hitler felt safer among the bayonets. That reminds me, the SS Bremen did not seem to have confidence in our protestations of hospitality and sailed, light, for an unnamed. neutral port.

**Privates Take Note**

Exploiters of labor never come into personal contact with war; neither class war or wars between nations. They flee the war zones. Their commercial carcasses are too valuable, indeed, (to them) to risk in such unseemly proceedings. I have in mind several generations of financial glamour boys that never wore a uniform.

In this later and more enlightened day even generals are not obligated to enter dangerous zones––they can get their information over wires or by wireless and despatch their orders in the same way; devoid of information, they can “fly it blind” according to prearranged plans and blueprints.

When the privates learn to do all their fighting over phones and wireless, the millenium will have been reached.

**They Don’t Count**

Contrary to common conception, the forgotten nine-tenths of the unemployed that did not receive an even break in the consideration of the security nabobs, are not now believers in the ballyhooed fairness of relief. The remembered one-tenth of the working class––checkers, Ferdinand-the-bull, and case workers––that DID get the best “break” of their sterile lives, are now staunch defenders of the parasites’ system as it is.

But they are only a scant tenth of the unemployed working class, and do not rate higher than driver, bull-cook, or straw-boss.

**Qualifications**

Even messenger boys wear uniforms but I have yet to hear of a Wall Street glamour boy togged-up for war. I have yet to hear of a war-declaring congress being shipped to the front lines. Oh, no, the soldiers come from Hood’s Canal and Polson’s. Other peoples’ stamina, life and blood is sacrificed.

## 1939\_33\_IW\_30091939

**Way of Peace Hard Enough Why Seek War?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

I still contend the war is a fake—a frameup between husband and wife to get the star boarder between two fires, Foreign trade is a delusion as a matter of major policy: look at what happened to Poland’s infant industry. Germany felt the rake-off should come to her.

\* \* \*

Already in the United States the procurers,’ packers, processors, refiners, brokers, wholesalers, and distributors have stepped out to rake in the chips and the cost of living is up 30 per cent, plus. Still we are not at war and boast a surplus of commodities.

Canada (at war) has upped the income surtax and sundry other taxes hoping to raise $100,000,000—a 20 per cent boost.

In the excise field the tax on the poor man’s drink went up front the present $4 to $5, to $7 and $8 it galIon. Champagne, the pabasites’ drink, got a tax raise form the present 75 cents a gallon to $1.50.

These figures preach a sermon.

Now we’re back in God’s country:

“Evening schools slushed a third.” Teachers and students weeded out. Savings approximate $429,000. We can’t aford to learn any more.

Cuts in city and state school funds made the trim necessary.

\* \* \*

It is said that America is saturated (all wet) with British and German propaganda; that the active part of the show business, cinema and legitimate, is surrendered unto the influence of foreign agitation. Well, what of it, if the boys want to sound off a little?

If we enter this war on either side we are betting on the wrong horse (like Morgan) and may have to hitchhike back to the old fireside.

\* \* \*

“Feller pitching for Cleveland; James P. Thompson for the IWW.

\* \* \*

Journalism hero (NYC) is caught between a sit and a sweat trying, oh so hard, to make pure reading matter from the censors’ conflicting brainstorms.

Go easy, press, in a moment we will be sending Jimmie Walker over to coordinate the British action.

\* \* \*

Economic conditions seem to be at loggerheads with the requirements of the day. So we’re going to jump into war, hey? Get taxed, robbed, plundered, and shot at?

**The ways of peace are tough enough.**

Organize, then, on the economic field. Forget commercialism. Concentrate on getting back the 30 per cent extra-legal tax the traders have put on you. To accomplish these economic wonders you have to go to those that understand economies—the IWW—the One Big Union of the working class.

If the United States wants to end the war quickly in Europe, all it has to do is boycott the several belligerent states now and double boycott them after the war has ceased. If this is not done, our protestations for peace are lip-worship. Boycott operates like a general strike that brings reason to a boss—a revolt against butchery and greed.

One of the lowest forms of emprise is the handing of weapons to a crazed state so that it can prosecute the extermination of human beings—men, women and children—indescrimmately, and live to brag about it afterwards.

Were the Prince of Peace alive today he might reverse himself and say:

“Pete, get your sword out and lop off their ears.”

There can be no lasting peace so long as exploitation of labor is a fact and so long as the profit system shall remain, the ruling is a fact and so long as the profit system shall remain. The ruling class declares the wars; the “fat boys.” not the subject class.

Let us not, then, bother our heads about the House of Adolph. House of Clivden, House of Molotov, Mussolini, or King Oscar; let us, rather clean our own shack.

Truly, when the preachers say. “If war comes it is a Christian duty to fight,” they are going to hell fast—if there be hell, present, past, or future.

(NOTE: Maybe the censor improvised that crack and the bishop is as innocent as a new-born babe.)

Civilization and hell cannot be recoiled, so I guess it’s hell all right.

\* \* \*

The score:

Ethiopia, double-crossed;

Spain, double-crossed;

Ruthenia, double-crossed;

Albania, double-crossed;

Poland, double-crossed;

Jugo-Slavia, Turkey, and Romania, side-stepped.

Who’s next? Or are the double-crossers going to double-cross themselves? Not so long as suckers bite!

These are the reasons why the United States should stay out. Stay out and shout the battlecry of freedom.

Pouf! Ten million dollars gone to hell just like that. Yes, an aircraft carrier in an argument with a submarine. War is costly, ain’t it? And Germany lost the price of one good torpedo.

You can’t win, but bear up, children, interhal wars are still more costly. The Wall Street war of ‘29—ten billion dollars went up in smoke of get-rich-quick.

But let us not forget the noble seamen that drowned. It cost $900 to raise each of them to fighting age.

**Weeding Out Mankind**

After each war, after all able-bodied men have been killed, society tries to survive on the pep of the culls weeded out by the military machine, and the answer is: national fraility, idiots, and molly-coddles.

What good is national frailty?

Ah, fellow workers, national frailty plays right into the velvety mitts of our leading parasites, for they have not subjected their able-bodied presence to the ravages of war.

It is said, “the army makes men of its members.” That is hardly consonant with facts. The army carefully selects its members from the flower of the country and too many times they never come back, or they return in a pine box.

A returned soldier affected with cooties once tried to boil water in my wooden tub. The army had made a man of him. And who am I to say water cannot be heated in a wooden tub, for miracles never cease.

## 1939\_34\_IW\_14101939

**Better Keep Our Ham and Eggs at Home**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Cost of living is up to 30 per cent since the European war started. Profiteers got off on the right foot so’s to be on he safe side early. Contrary to all “hyping” butter is 49 cents, same as eggs—to stay up and go higher. Haven’t hear of anybody trying to get that “increase” back excent the MTW of the IWW.

The increase in cost of living was introduced because business believed the warring nations would love to grease their whiskers with butter. In the meantime we peace lovers can eat our vitamins in horse fodder. Oats and alfalfa are still reasonable.

\* \* \*

England’s shipping is shot to a watery grave, but thank God, who also is British, we are building merchantmen hand over fist and Britain can buy them from us for the price of scrap iron (as Leviathan) for, as the Daily News says, we are pro-British 90 per cent “in sentiment.”

If n be true that we are 90 per cent British in our aches and pains, then it must be Journalism’s heart lies over there also?

\* \* \*

Ocean travel is slowing down to the days of 1739. Thirty days ago our nationals in Europe were told to get out and we haven’t repatriated them yet. Is it because we have no bottoms, or are we waiting incidents? Since then Hitler went as far as Poland twice and I myseld made Port Reading twice. I understand O’Brien Bros. Inc., is considering the sending of their “man-of-war,” the Welding Light, over there to fetch back our natives.

\* \* \*

The only engagement Britain has won so far is the American press. I suppose she will do better after her armies return from Hollywood. If she ever gets in a real tight pinch we will immediately send over the Salvation Army to pass out doughnuts and take up a collection. Owing to the similarity of the racket to that of machineguns, cymbals and tambourines shall be forbidden. We don’t want to make our cousins nervous.

\* \* \*

“Japan Invites Allies’ Troops of Quit China.” Can you imagine? Such politeness! Almost as polite as a “town down” when he tells a worker “the next town is a good deal better than this.”

Poland believed Britain and France and now it looks as if Britain and France are going to start believing themselves. I most sincerely hope they don’t.

France is fighting over the bleached bones of the Versailles treaty; England is in it because of the decrease in South American trade, her score is 12 per cent. Both Germany and America rate higher. USA share is 30-35 per cent. We can well afford to sell South America and buy Great Britain—act as front for John Bull.

\* \* \*

ash and Carry is not an airtight neutrality. Our present neutrality is not airtight. The only airtight neutrality that will work is embargo in all trade with Europe, regardless of race creed or color.

Then, if our businessmen cannot make a living in this land of ours let us for cripes sakes give them passports to the land of their choice. In other words, no two ends against the middle and let our economy have surcease from their periodic disturbances, disruptions and disarrayments.

You cannot put your house in order so long as disorganizers are present.

## 1939\_35\_IW\_21101939

**Let no Man Choose War for Others**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

If we do not have a war referendum just how do we know whom we will send to the front? Quite a few don’t wat to go, this is evidenced by the mad rush people make for caves and “bomb proof” cylinders. Others who favor war might be overlooked.

By all means, hold the referendum, count the noses, keep a I complete record of them so that none shall be denied. Give the people what they want and **let no man want for others.**

Want neither peace nor war. Live a normal life and organiz industrially for ham and hominy. This idea of moving underground before the undertaker has given the signal isn’t quite the thing to do—it might be taken for “nerves” or cold feet. Heluva place to warm the feet, to come out smiling sheepishly and saying: “I wasn’t scared, I was down there looking for a place in the sun—Lebensraum.”

Anyhow Europe is putting on a fair to middling show—about 100,000 killed. Kinda tough weather just now to be holding a kill-fest—raining like aichee-doubleell and the roof leaks.

The cost of this latest charivari is so great already the bosses will be almost demented jerking it out of the hides of the workers; and if the war lasts there will be no hides left to jerk from, and fashionable Mayfair will have to go gingham and dungarees.

Political parties are being put into the doghouse.

Los Angeles is so big in acerage because it required that much real estate to carry the orignal name—El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de los Angeles.

They had to shorten it lest San Pedro take the bows.

\*

“Beautician” probably is the right name for them. They take a barn door and make a debutante of it.

\*

At long last private schools are getting a break. New Jersey public schools demand a compulsory “Salute the Flag.” Use of public schools to disrupt orderly social intercourse should not be countenanced. Flag, school, and nation suffer.

\*

England peddled some more bills over Berlin.

On Westwall and Maginot, French and Germans are still making faces at each other. Germany sticks out its tongue and gets repulsed with heavy loss; France wiggles its nose and gets repulsed by terrifc counter attack. Score: nobody hurt, but the wrinkles remain.

\*

What kind of democracy is industrial autocracy? Sweatshops ourish under industrial autocracy, and democracy can’t seem to do anything about it.

\*

Facism is industrial autocracy in its essence and democracy is its death form. It does not alter economic despair. It emphasises the ultimate disintegration of reason. Long time now the IWW has spoken for INDUSTRIAL democracy. Join them.

## 1939\_36\_IW\_28101939

**Every Method Of Exploiting Labor Is Bad**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The position of the American economic royalist is: get something for nothing, have power without responsibility, wealth without effort, and life uninterrupted.

Not without fight, brother, and plenty of spinach.

Bend not the ear to defeatist singers, brave in their dreams and cravens when awake. List not to the yodlers of depression, they are laboring under a miasma of self-hypnotism. The day is here! The world is here! We are here!

\*

There isn’t much choice in exploitation of labor as among political democracies, benevolent totalitarianism, or idological communism. It all amounts to the same for the workers: “ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-fed.”

Why labor should choose one of these as a superior form of skinning, is somewhat of a mystery. Why labor should put his okay on any form of skinning is more than I can comprehend. He is choosing the lesser of several evils, as he thinks, but nevertheless he a selecting for himself an evil. If evil in all they have, why go to the trouble of putting our blessing on any one of them?

There is no virtue in the exploitation of labor no matter under what form of evil it is done, or what the of the dinners are. It’s just the degree of punishment.

But why spend a whole lifetime choosing the “best” possible punishment for ourselves? Am I getting humorous?—Forgive it.

\*

I wonder what the industrial autocrats would think if the workers put over a program of exploitation of the bosses? Yes, and did it under the banner of the Young Men’s Christian Association or Daughters of the American revolution?

They would say, exploitation is the worst possible kind of “no good.”

It is.

It all depends on whose bark is being peeled.

This may sound a bit fantastic, bosses working their fingers to the bone to support us, and folks might say: “Slim has fallen out of the tree again and hit his head.”

What calumny! It Is entirely possible—with the modern machinery we have built and the speedup they have dreamt. They can support the workers far easier than we support them. (They’d have more sensible bosses over them.)

But we’re too big hearted to ask them to peel off a shirt and get busy. All we want them to do is to earn their salt—like the rest of us deserving democrats. Some might say, “long as we have supported the bosses on the fat of the landscape all these years, it is no more than fair and right that they support us for a while.”

I do not subscribe to that. That is vindictiveness, if not outright revenge.

“You mean to say, Slim, the bosses are making us support them as a matter of pure vindictiveness?”

Not at all, Shorty, they take us or a bunch of monkeys, great big, hornyi-handed, ignorant baboons—that’s how dumb they are, the buffoons.

But we will show them. We will organize a One Big Union of workers. We will line them up one at a time. And our delegates shall be many and in many places.

## 1939\_37\_IW\_04111939

**Sees Sign Of Coming Pay Days**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Elliot, chef high-executioner of New York and other states, is dead. He killed 400 of his kind (killers)—a record, I believe. He went to meet those he had dispatched. Yes, same place—grave. Women will be there; three, to my knowledge.

Most of those he dispatched killed only one, some had only a half interest in a lone murder. Some were dispatched because they were Italian born. He killed Sacco and Vanzetti. There may be others that were innocent. His day is done.

**Marine Note**

Professor John W. Harriman of the Tuck School of Business Administration at Dartmouth sailed today on a West Indies cruise.

“He believes that German economy can stand a long war. . . . Orthodox economy should learn that orthodox theories do not work,” he said. “According to orthodox theory, he added, “German economy should have blown sky-high five years ago.”

Ha! A bit of sense, and it says something between the lines, too.

**What! No Salt Herring?**

Washington—Nation’s postmasters dined in the Mayflower Hotel amidst clatter of 50,000 pieces of China. (There were 3,548 Pm’s.) They used among other things: 21,000 pieces of silver, 6,000 Maryland biscuits, 25 gallons of olives, 1,800 breasts of capons, 75 bushels of potatoes, 150 dozen of grapefruit.

Gosh! I hope the WPA doesn’t hear about this. Why, that’s almost enough to cause a revolution in Germany and England where pemmican is kinda scarce.

\* \* \*

Bigger the navy the less chasing an enemy sub needs do. I see where our beloved England is still fishing ‘em out of the sea.

\* \* \*

Tell you the truth, I don’t care whether I march to the poorhouse under benevolent eye of a democracy or malevolent eye of autocracy. It’s all the same to me—one egg on Easter. One egg yearly is their economy. And the worst is yet to come.

**Religious Front**

I haven’t much on the religious front except that a certain Rev. Linehan of Cleveland, O., was sent to one of Britain’s naval bases and Cleveland will have to struggle along the best it can on less complete spiritual consolation.

Gypsy Smith, however, is a sure sign of returning prosperity. The goodly Gypsy and pay days are almost synonymous. This is about the 32nd visit we are enjoying from Rev. Smith—same number as European wars and I cannot decide which I enjoy most.

\* \* \*

Wichita, Kansas—”American Legion adopted a resolution calling for a national training school for statesmen. Looks like a slug to me

Tanganika, Africa, has a prison with no bars, no cells, and no walls.

Must be damn tough outside when felons duck freedom?

Years ago walls were built to keen Prisoners inside. Today they serve to keep applicants out.

Fix your economics.

**Double Time**

Moore Drydock, Oakland, Calif., gets contract for two 17,600-ton cargo vessels.

England’s pal, Germany, sunk six more ships this blessed week-end, (U-boats get double time for Sunday work.) The peace-loving French and the war-hating Germans are pulling an Alphonse-Gaston on the Western-Eastern Front and the debate in Congress threatens their endurance.

\* \* \*

Magistrate Jeanette C. Brill lectures an alien who has been here 31 years and hasn’t citizenship papers.

Jeanette takes things too seriously. Mebbe the poor man was waiting for election judges to learn simple addition and subtraction, as in the Jonah Goldstein district, for instance.

Why, it’s getting so it isn’t safe to risk your ballot in the hands of those mathematicians. So why carry on?

\* \* \*

Phony democracy will not stand anywhere.

“It is written, ‘Trust in Allah, but watch your camel.’”

**Notes on the Acadia**

“The stewards were too busy arguing the merits of CIO vs. AFL to reply.”

“The trouble started in Cobh. Some of the crew stole a lifeboat and rowed ashore.” (Had there been fee cakes they would have pulled an Eliza, or perhaps a complete Uncle Tom’s Cabin—slaves are that way.)

“Others refused permission to leave ship, went AWOL in a rowboat that came from the piers. (American ingenuity, hey? Aye, aye, sir.)

“Several of the crew were arrested and tossed into jail at Cobh while refugee Americans were boarding ship.”

And then the little 403-foot vessel ran into a storm and found herself short-handed—no consoling presence of caloused mariners to ease the pains of **mal de mare**.

Shore leave would have prevented all that.

If there is the slightest ripple right away it is a storm.

## 1939\_38\_IW\_11111939

**Democracy? It’s Not a Bad Idea**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Minimum wages are 30 cents an hour, 42-hour week—$12.60 a week, $655.20 a year. Jeeze, we’re rich—if we get full time.

Why, that’s better’n two bucks a day.

Depend on Congress to keep you out of the poorhouse? Hope they don’t pull a tendon!

Congressmen get in the neighborhood of $2/000 a month fob the time they put in—right around $66 a day—and they’re worth it, every cent of it, as the above figures do show. Six hundred fifty-five dollars and twenty cents a year? Hm. Feed the wife and kiddies on that.

Other $10,000 a year men say it’s all right. Millionaires should go on record and tell about the two-fifty a week they got before they went stealing by wholesale.

God knows, labor needs encouragement.

**Bootball Injuries**

“Lew Burton’s account of the disposal of Sunday’s football receipts . . . Owner Mara’s cut was $39,000. Owner Halas’ cut was $26,000. The players’ cuts were touched with mercurocrome!”—Jimmy Powers.

What? No iodine or St. Jacob’s oil? How true it is. The boss gets a million dollars and the workers get pink slips.

**Our Democracy**

“Guard Democracy, First Lady Warns.” Not a bad idea at all, Lady, once we locate It.

Democracy, like cow’s milk, divides itself into these merits: Unsterilized, sterilized, canned, evaporated, condensed, malted, and watered. There can be no democracy without industrial democracy. Without it no democracy can stand up long.

Apparent long life of some democracies is due wholly to expansion and growth of country, which permits of flight from its immediate caresses. Once the expansion ceases, for whatever reason, then comes the showdown and industrial democracy is the ONLY way out. It could have served the same purpose in the first place and much good skin might have been preserved on the great American nose. Choose right this time.

**Sweet Marie**

This is the peacefullest war Europe has had in a long time. Very little blasting on the Western Front. (The boys down there are broadcasting eternal love over calliopes—sound trucks.)

Even the blasting down in our beloved Washington is a model of virtue—you’d almost think the “gentlemen from” . . . are prepared to crack a double case of Jackson Koehler’s Export.

Indeed, the heaviest blasting is being done by the propagandist trying to sell us the war.

Why dammit, they haven’t enough war for their own use, to say nothing of wishing Uncle Samuel any part of it.

What do they want us to do, for cripes sake? Peddle leaflets over Germany or send Marshall over to warble “Loves Sweet Young Dream” to the French?

Call off the fracas, boys, it’s a flop.

Hitler, Daladier, and Chamberlain have laid an egg. In other words:

This war was precipitated as a faux pas in the first place and now they want Uncle Shylock (of beloved memory) to hop, skip, and jump lover there to cut down the effigy.

Let her hang as she looks, boys, land when you get hungry enough, we’ll hand out some beef stew and petrified frankfurts.

\* \* \*

N.Y.C.— Ex-convict with a long long record and 32 sticks of dynamite was seized in subway. That makes the wierd movies of yesterday look strictly candled —Kosher.

Albany—”A salary of $25,000 a year was not enough to pay all the bills, the wife of George W. Martin testified today at the Senate hearing on removal charges against the Brooklyn jurist.”—News.

Hm. John Workox, Joe Doe, and JuliusMcGillicuddy get $655 a year, minimum low—less lost time.

\* \* \*

If John Workox waits long enough for our two million dollar congress to help him, he will find himself “short-winded” when the time comes for him to help hisself.

\* \* \*

Over There—The dole is for the purpose of acclimating the boys to the acceptance of soldierly rewards.

Thar’s gold in them thar hills. Thar’s 10,000,000 jobless, long hours and speedup. Surely, these are more than coincidence?

**Couple Other Guys?**

“The boss never skinned me of anything.”

That may be all true, but how did he get the $500,000? He hasn’t lived 500 years, has he? You know, you get only 1,000 a year, and plenty abuse. It’s the system.

It’s easy enough to contribute to the bosses’ welfare while the country booms, but how hard it is to get it back after you see the light!

Nothing short of an Industrial One Big Union will do it. The IWW, to be exact.

**Top Wage**

In view of the mass production nature of most all migratory work there is no reason why it should not pay the highest (top) wages. Whether it be farms, dams, highways, or railroads—temporary’ work at best—it is all high-speed.

Take the big farms, they are the chief offenders. They skin the living Jesus out of the worker for a couple of weeks’ work and set a precedent religiously followed by all farmers the rest of the year, making then own and the workers’ lives hopeless.

Such craziness—organize. Madness is not a solution for an economic problem—organize. Don’t be two-by-four. Organize.

\* \* \*

Feeling for money is a damn poor way to wear out pockets.

Get the shekles. If anybody calls your bet, tell ‘em I told you. T-Bone Slim, may he always be right; but right or wrong—T-Bone Slim.

\* \* \*

Then the British censor, Grover Whalen, informs us that we Americans are all practically Anglophiles—a bright lad he used to be, too.

## 1939\_39\_IW\_18111939

**Take Football Seriously, End Unemployment**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Well anyhow, we got 377 Army Reserve officers to protect us in our struggle for biscuits.

Propaganda (London): Fifty Germans were removed from sunken submarine (no name) off Goodwin Sands. (Note: Sunken, nameless submarines do not drift ashore in Kent.) If this be so then the “Thetis” and our own “Squalus” would have come ashore for the delightful Old Overholt.

\* \* \*

I may be called a poltroon, but can see right now that those Washington whipper-snappers, crack-the-whippers, and whipper-uppers ain’t going to do anything about unemployment unless it is hooked up with something patriotic.

Therefore, I, the noble T-Bone Slim, suggest as a starter that every Notre Dame football game be declared a national holiday. Bime-by employment will catch up with the people, or else we’ll make national heroes of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Recovery prospect is pretty much all wind, like the present propaganda blasts of the defenseless radio.

\* \* \*

England was peddling so many leaflets over Ger-many that it finally got Hitler’s goat and he chopped out wood pulp from the Scandinavian countries. Price of snuff is going to soar.

\* \* \*

“Butch” La Guardia wants to bring Hollywood to New York. If it’s lips you want, why not start a rhinosceros farm?

Five hundred sixty-three names out of 1,000,000 public servants were found on “league” lists by “Tex” Dies.

Pooh, pooh, I’ve had a bigger percentage of bugs in egg-noodle soup and still I eat soup, in a pinch.

\* \* \*

Years and years after a disaster, when the sorrow is somewhat worn off, it is fun to read the history of that great cataclysm.

Sayeth Herbert Hoover, anent whether or not we take part in the present European war:

“We face a further quarter century of difficulty,” and if we do participate “we can expect another quarter of a century of impoverishment.”

What is a mere quarter of a century? Spend 21 years first healing the war wounds—yards and yards of court plaster—then spend a quarter of a century in trying to get our heads above water. That’s only 46 years. Much of our life is still left.

Mebbe, however, we should join the IWW for, it seems to me, little as 46 years is, the warmakers are getting altogether too liberal with our years.

USA seems to have plenty time for planned militarism (industria mobilization) but has little time indeed for planned economy (peace).

\* \* \*

Cooperative movements have been somewhat successful in Finland and other countries of the Northern Star and may have caused a modicum of jealousy in other lands less steadfast of purpose. This, however, should not be considered a blank O. K. for the cooperative movement as such, inasmuch as cooperation is successful only where the people have a healthy regard for honesty and solidarity.

By the same token, such cooperation should not be wrecked just because it is successful but, rather, it should be retained as a model to shoot at.

Leningrad needs no defense; she should be the defense of that part of Russia. Sour grapes should play no part in world diplomacy—neither should fear or greed. either

They’ve been trying to wish Lindbergh on Germany.—Look at the map. Same men, were Washington alive, would wish him on Lucifer or take a day off to crucify Christ. The world’s heart belongs to Russia and England.—Look at the map.

\* \* \*

Poverty stricken Toledo, Ohio has gone into the business of catching spies and saboteurs; $500 for a spy and $25 for a saboteur. It is expected that the tories will shortly have all opponents in jail.

Well anyhow, now we’ve got to rush 300 miles to sea to. rescue British freighters. It might have been better if the rule was: All freighters must be sunk no more than 15 miles out. (A man might be able to swim that far.)

Let us not send any fishbait to these wars—the water is icy cold.

The embargo repeal, of course, sets a precedent something like an icicle down the back of the neck or a redhot rivet in the best bottle pocket. So we might as well start teaching our over-sea force to swim World War itself was propaganda. It was strictly war of Europeans’ buttinskis and kibitzers—so is this one. All it needs is fighters.

We’re having a hell of a time keeping our boys off the battlefields—maybe the sub commanders will fulfill our prayer?

\* \* \*

God’s honest fact—1500 population and no horse thieves. Parties running for office in this burg, Crown, Point, N. Y., are as follows, left to right: Republican, Democrat, American Labor, People’s Citizens’ Taxpayers’ Square Deal and Independent Voters. Many of the boys and girls have no party of their own so it is expected, they will have to either use one of these or throw their vote away on the Bund, Communism, or D. C. (Dies Committee).

Aluminum trust outlasted Sen. Tom Walsh; it outlasted 40 or 50 of the star witnesses and it is “by the skin of its teeth” the USA hopes to outlast the Aluminum trust, an economic autocracy.

## 1939\_40\_IW\_25111939

**First Bag the Turkey, Then Return Thanks**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Thanksgiving was moved away from Christmas so as to give the boys more time to save up the price of another turkey for Christmas—the assumption is, “the turkey is in the bag.”

Then again, some are so well-heeled they need two thanksgiving days to hold down gobbler life expectancy. Finally, those that have not even one turkey and do not know where to get one (without great risk), to them it is all the same if Thanksgiving Day never comes.

\*

The Radziwill clan of Polish nobles (eight of ‘em) were despatched to the happy hunting grounds. They owned 70,000 perfectly good acres of Polish soil. “Firing squad,” they tell me.

Princes Leon and Prince Charles were first cousins of Count Jerzy Potocki, Polish Ambassador to Washington. Years ago every thing looked rosy to the Radziwills.

\*

City of Flint is free to sail—like a prisoner whose cell door is purposely left open. The prisoner went only as far as the nearest saloon, got a quart and promptly returned. Such honesty! Such honor!

I wonder if John Cheesebrew got out of the can already. I heard he got pinched.

\*

Censorship is for the purpose sparing our ears the truth and to classify all favorable mention under one head. Thus it is that nations at war do not report their own miseries, only the enemy’s.

Their own joints may creak here s and there but, even so, they go into t long recitals about Aunt Tilda’s rheumatism.

To hear the German censors tell it, “Great Britain and France are in a pretty tough spot.” To hear the British censor tell it, “It’s just too bad for Germany.” (It brings tears to the eyes.)

And the French censors themselves invent the most encouraging yarns for the poilus—they’re better than Winston Churchill the best day he ever lived. When it comes to lying the United States isn’t in it.

Adolph Hitler hints the best liers will win.

\*

We’ll get turkey twice a year now—if we get turkey.

A man that doesn’t feel himself a sort of superior person compared to his government or parents, is slipping.

Prosperity is still around the bend but debtstiny is right under our proboscis (spell it, nose) .

Atroctiy (such as war) begets a litter of lesser atrocities. A good, healthy atrocity breeds faster than rabbits or bedbugs. Cease, then, maintaining an atrocity incubator,if you are not fond of atrocities.

Close the witch-hunting season.

Certain Americans have been getting pie a la mode all through the depression and they are the ones that will be the shouters for our entrance into war, as the propaganda grows more pointed—and they will be perfectly safe in doing so because they will have the same protection last that they had first. The unprotected will be on their own, last as they were first. So keep the shirt on.

I’ve been trying to pick myself a job from the Death Notices. It seems no use. All of ‘em were so far advances and far ahead of my attainments—geologists, gumshoe men, and stuff like that—so I guess I’ll have to trust those politicians but remember, I’ve got my fingers crossed.

Don’t the freight handlers never die?

Great Britain has renigged on a good share of the publicized prerepeal war-orders. All she wants now is a few machine tools. My private opinion is war orders are a dud and once again we are dubs.

**United States industry was overexpanded at the behest of foreign trade now withdrawn**. Oh when shall we learn to play the game or quit playing it? Oh when shall be learn to smile when we find ourselves in the cesspools of foreign machinations?

Did you ever try to get your money back in a poker game?

I would suggest: no more bottoms to be transferred to foreign registry. If they want good bottoms there’s the Normandie, Queen Mary, Western Prince, Monarch of Bermuda, and a raft of others now costing Uncle Sam and Uncle Butch thousands of dollars a day for care, plus the “jitters.”

\*

“Greek democracy (B. C.) was corrupt and incompetent and had to die.” That is the way it is described today. Not that monarchy or oligarchy has any greater life expectations.

Phony democracy cannot last any more so than rule by inheritance or totalitarianism conceived in deceit. What then can be said of the hybrid ideology composed of political democracy and industrial oligarchy? Less said the better.

Industrial democracy will remove much pain from the neck; thighten the belt also.

I have it from Julian Huxley: (A theologian and a philosopher we[unclear] going to it hammer and tongs.) The theologian marveled that a philosopher “resembled a blind man in a dark room looking for a black cat—which wasn’t there.”

“That may be,” groaned the philosopher, “but a theologian would have found it.”

That helps some.

He continues: “It seemed obvious question to ask how animals inherit the result of their parents’ experience.” A sly dig, I suppose, at the fact that the same clique rules France interminably and the same ttitles rule England by tolerance of newblown titles (soapmolders and armorplate tycoons) and same misleaders of labor crack the whip over good and willing workers of America?

But no, Huxley solves the problem: “No such inheratance of acquired character exists.”

What! Then they engineer it?

Time the workers did little engineering.

## 1939\_41\_IW\_02121939

**We Don’t Want Dictatorship Of Any Color**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

We hear much about Holland opening up her dykes and flooding the lovely Netherlands––if they do they will eat salt herring for some time to come. The North Sea makes a poor garden. Mebbe they fugure on planting it to Saragossa oysters? Then again, mebbe the censor ran into a streak of imagination?

**Corn will grow in Abrose Channel**

**Peanuts bloom in Hudson Bay**

**Gulf Stream gives us oats and flannel**

**Chesapeake is sown to hay.**

The plowing be will done with submarines––they’re on the bottom mostly anyhow. And since Britain rules the waves (no kidding) she will be the great agricultural state of the future––succotash, hominy, brusselsprouts, and veal fricassee.

God save the King! We can’t.

\* \* \*

The IWW has taken no position as to the various colors of European dictatorships. They may be baby-blue, mauve, or maroon for all we care. Practical experience teaches us that the roof of a red barn leaks as readily as water-color or gray.

We have here in the good USA a dictatorship garbed in red, white, and blue. It is an industrial dictatorship of 40-60 strength––explosive enough for all purposes of deviltry.

No one is investigating them just at present––such things do not lend themselves readily to investigation until too late, and by that time like as not, the poor innocent hoss-thief is dancing on thin air.

It is believed, however, the United States will be saved as a free land for the many disabled European sponsors of dictatorships . . . Just in case ants get in the honey.

Our noble efforts in the previous European set-to were low-rated by French literature shortly after the war, and that is why our dear allies of the past feel that we may not care to contribute our bit (ormite) in this latest carnival of Europe amok.

The economic masters may as well start hauling canvas right now; it looks like a nor’easter.

\* \* \*

I was trying to tell our Jewish brethren about the inavailability of the promised land a couple of years ago, but it seems they took the work of Jehovah of a few thousand years ago.

Recently reports from Palestine are to the effect that Jews and Arabs are entirely compatible. Jeeze, I hope Jehovah was right!

Many Americans who were born Jews for reasons beyond their control now take the position that since there is no apparent difference between bolshevism and naziism they may as well cease flirting with mirages and get right down to industrial unionism and industrial democracy––cease betting on a dead horse and recognize the fact that no matter where they go they are a minority, intelligent or otherwise.

Under democracy they have “voice and vote!” Under distatorship they have to “put up or shut up!” Politics is not the way out.

I am happy that some of the smartest Jews have been and are today members of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Minorities from all over the world look to the IWW for a fair break––they’ll get it. And the oppressed minorities in time will see the futility of seeking redress in extraneous channels.

Won’t that be a happy day when every “bum” has a bathtub and rolls out a nature’s nobleman”; when both justice and injustice are in a dog house with their many implications? Fairness is inherent.

\* \* \*

Seizure of the City of Flint was in GREAT BIG BLACK HEADLINES. Just like that, but the other seizures before that were not mentioned till later.

Well, what of it?

Nothing much, only I was thinking USA has corked herself most terrifically, as they say in Studio City. A boner is a boner, much to our sorrow.

I think it well to give Capt. Gainard a vacation––he’s always there where the headlines roar the mightiest.

Let’s send him and some of the Maritime Commission on a free hunting trip to Pago Pago, all expenses paid.

\* \* \*

Hey there, don’t cut those cables––we want to hear the rest of it even if it is a bit old.

(Okay Slim, here’s some more; but we have to pull out with the tide and without a deckload.––Ed.)

\* \* \*

We’ve got ten to twelve million 220-volt adult workers unemployed. We’ve got also one million kids working . . .

Twenty-eight states, out of 36 needed, have ratified the Child Labor Amendment. Mebbe 28 is all the boss desires?

Bog Shot: “I got to be a millionaire by skipping play and working after school hours.”

Little Shot: “Yes, and if you’d taken on some play you’d be a billionaire.”

\* \* \*

Yes, I s’pose it’s true, “Voice is everything.” I’ve noticed it when I listened to a tugboat whistle.

\* \* \*

War between Herr Goebels and Lord Churchill continues apace. It’s a war of words––but who’s going to burry the dead?

\* \* \*

“Grass Crows in Strassburg Streets.”––News.

This is the first intimation I have had that the New Deal has jumped the pond.

## 1939\_42\_IW\_09121939

**Can’t Ride to Land of Plenty On a Free Pass**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Turkeys were not over plentiful on the market—dealers were kinda skittish about having warbabies left on their hands. Some of the birds were born over soon—or are our teeth getting tender?

Indeed, one of the birds I know, were he alive today, I would match him against the toughest eagle or diamond-back. I think we made a mistake in picking the eagle, and the “turk” never should have been picked.

I am going back to my old love—liverwurst and country sausage, made in slums.

wIw

Hear colored man in Harlem, like a true statesman, “warn” another one:

“Yes, and if you do, there won’t be any turkey.”

“Or ham either,” chipped in another one consolingly.

I think they compromised on a modicum of gin.

wIw

Men and women that are “on relief” today earned that “relief another day. But it was denied them then and is at present an integral part of the wealth of America, shops, industries, etc.

No millionaires are on “relief.” They get first crack at the wealth before “relief” begins.

wlw

If Washington tossed a silver dollar across the Rappahannock he was a dam poor business man. Present statesmen wouldn’t toss so an old fashioned, plugged two-cent piece if they could find an iron washer.

wlw

Sayeth Johannes Simon: “Costlies war in history.” Twenty-three million dollars a day—6,000,000 pounds.

Wouldn’t be a bit surprised! But why don’t they use our money? We’ve got great gobs of it burried down in Ol’ Kaintuck.

War always is expensive when you have to use your own money and there are no good Samaritans around.

wlw

The airbomb struck the water hard by the Royal Ark and set her on her beam-ends, decks awash, but the British “sides” are so tough that the explosion didn’t even dent the ship. Three herring turned belly up.

Now you tell one.

What England needs is a good American publicity director. (All of ‘em lie well with plenty of heart throbs and such.)

wIw

Here’s the way the American publicity bureau would have had it:

“The bomb hit directly under the fantail of the Royal Ark, lifted her bodily out of the water and sent her spinning in a perfect tripple summersault (counted by several Scotsmen on the nearby beach.) Luckily the ship landed back in water on an even-keel and the side-wash was so great it drowned those Scots standing there with their mouths open, washed way a schoolhouse and thousands of mothers were made childless and two hospitals were destroyed. No jails were damaged.

“When the side-wash finally receded people gathered to bury their loved ones only to find them washed out to sea . . . There stood mothers and daughters and preachers gazing tear-eyed into the fog.”

At this point the constant reader would say, “Give him time, he ain’t warmed u yet.”

“The ship spun around so fast no sailors were able to fall off; not a man was lost, no cracks in the paint (one good thing!) and the commander was dizzy only a day and a half.

The present war is the product of European civilization. So, if they have built themselves a Frankenstein monster and civilization goes down, the loss isn’t worthy of prolonged tears.

wIw

A tree is known by its bark

Mr. Martin has it: “World war’s (European) total money cost to all nations involved was $331,600,000,000 (three hundred and thirty one billion, six hundred million dollars.”

Enough “to have supplied every family in the United States, Canada, England. Germany, Russia, Belgium. and Australia with a $2,500 house on a $500 lot, with 1,000 worth of furniture.”

That’s one reason why many of us sleep under bridges, in barrel.stave dwellings and others took it out in light diets and municipal swill

Now they want us to toss in our prospective house, lot, and furniture in this latest European war and continue sleeping under the lumberpile. Beautiful exploitation of labor, hey?

Tell me, oh labor, how long are you going to permit industrial behemoths to throw your furniture into the maelstroms of European insanities and man-made catastrophies?

This war, already analyzed, is seven times more expensive than the last one. That means our shirt too, and sox.

wIw

And bitterly the, press mourns that Hitler was once identified with manual toil— “paperhanger.”

That’s more than the other warmongers can say. They can point with pride to the fact that they never did a tap of work in, their lives.—Parasites of the nobility! There’s going to be a change, but too late.

Now, how was it? Which set of parasites do you favor, soft collar or starch? Or do you really love your home, house, lot and $1,000 worth of furniture?

Depend upon it, those maniacs will do something to cause our maniacs to declare war.

Won’t we have fun? No one is working for peace. All hands are steamed up-

wIw

There are men—and women too, God bless ‘em— that expect to get into industrial heaven on a pass. They don’t have to pay any dues, don’t have to carry water to the mules, don’t have to stand picket, don’t have to— **anything**—just walk in grinning from ear to ear.

**If they follow out that philosophy we’ll all land in economic hell, which is a free entertainment.**

## 1939\_43\_IW\_16121939

**Mere Wishing Won’t Free Us From Slavery**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Ah me!

Vitimin G may be all right but auto manufacturers seem to prefer vitimins COB and FOB.

Damsel in distress . . .

“Polish woman tennis star, Jadwiga Jedrzejowska has been compelled to turn waitress because of poverty.”

Itsn’t it hell!

“She is now working in a Wasaw restaurant where her fellow workers include Ignacy Tloczinski, a Davis cup player, and Janusz Kuscocinski, distance runner.” **News.**

Dammit, if this isn’t precisely what happened to the American Beauty Rose in our marble-topped goulash joints.

However if the Wall Street boys were not so heavy of foot the tennis stars and distance runners would soon get real competition slinging hash. It’s no disgrace—why it’s a catastrophe to lay down one racket only to pick up another one. I pretend to see Hitler’s ruthless hand in this, and part of the elbow.

And I know, if I were Chamberlain, I would definitely shake an umbrella at him and bring him back to his senses and fear of God.

\* \* \*

Short weight and overcharging keeps a couple hundred New York City butchers out of immediate poorhouse—mebbe.

They were fined 2—5—10 dollars despite the faet they had very ingenious excuses.

“Glasses were all steamed up so naturally the scales showed up two ounces short.”

One godfearing butcher tried to leave the impression his scale works like a seismograph and he has to keep an 8-ounce piece of lead wrapped in paper so as to steady the scale’s nerves.”

Honest men all, and honest mistakes.

**Thanksgiving to Christmas**

The assumption was that the American freeholder can’t get a turkey in 25 days. Low-rating our illustrious American, ingenuity and enterprise that-a-way should not be countenanced —why, dammit, if I didn’t have water on the knee , . . It’ll still cost him the election, sure. As I was going to say, in that time I’d guarantee to barbecue an ostrich and dig the pit myself.

\* \* \*

Patriotism was returned to the United States, but what the hell is it going to live no?

\* \* \*

No lost time in the late Chrysler strike. It isn’t a year-around job. Dealers had not sold out all the pre-strike cars. The strike served as a lay-off to good purpose.

Cease your tears, my dears.

\* \* \*

Hitler was kind enough to withdraw all claim to the front page on the fatal day of Russian jitters, November 30; the day when the disintegration of communist distatorship over Russian workers began.

Japan, of course, was too big o f a contract for Russia’s 180,000,000 people to handle so she had to select “some one her size”—Finland, with a population of 3,600,000.

The bluff is still strong and Russia believes on the strength of a few American cream separators she will be able to over-run Europe.

I smoked just one pipeful of Prince Albert and, you know, my B. O. disappeared as if by magic. (I hope I didn’t get the advertisements in the comic sheet mixed—heluva note if I had smoked a pipe of Life Bouy soap.)

Anyhow, I stink less,

\* \* \*

Keep the boys on the payroll and keep ‘em out of mischief. Torrent of words sometimes corners even ye astute senator. Sayeth Vandenberg; “Sound public credit is the greatest defense necessity of all.”

There are at least two greater:

Gash in the public pocket and porkchops on the unemployed table.

Porkless unemployed make poor patriots and cashless public surrenders without a struggle. Then we are in the hole $40,000,000,000 plus; engineered by business and industrial management.

Not that an empty stomach isn’t worth defending.

\* \* \*

By way of meaning no harm, St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and much of the surrounding territory onec belonged to Finland. Even today Finns call it “Pietari”; as they do Finland “Suomi.” Petersburg was built on “made” ground before the days of the “fresno.”

The history of that neck of the woods isn’t so hot.

Finland is probably the most scenic outing resort in the world—”land o’ thousand lakes.” Sibelius is its prophet.

\* \* \*

My lords want other people’s land because they are “afraid” (it’s their say-so) “if we don’t take it, some one else will.”

How familiar that sounds. Our exploiters have the same attitude: “Labor is in the hands of a low of thieves and I may as well rob him as the next; and, if I don’t, some one has the jump on me and puts me in a poorhouse.”

They’re afraid —lost their nerve completely — that’s why they skin us.

How well they know one another!

But isn’t it a bit uncomfortable to belong to a party of thieves without honor—pals you cannot trust, even as they eannot trust you? Mebbe your system has a serious defect? Who can say?

Labor, of course, expects a square deal from those birds—carfare home. Let us not build hopes on the early demise of this system. It will last a long, long time. No victories whatsoever on the battle fields can alter it but for the worse.

It will last until you, Mr. Labor, signify in no uncertain terms that you are sick and tired of it.

## 1939\_44\_IW\_23121939

**There’ll Be a Bump When We Reach Bottom**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Owing to the high cost of living, hat-bands will he an eighth of an inch narrower in 1940. American people are considering going bare headed until the ribbons get wider.

Wages in Wall St. are way down—$14 up, huh?

Financial writers are trying to reel off 1,000 words daily without saying anything. Looks as if the Congressional Record gets the peace prize for literature this coining season.

Sillanpaa, a Finn, grabbed it last year.

wlw

Norma Talmadge and Jessel have organized a truce down in Florida country.

Father Divine says, “Peace, it is wonderful.”

wlw

“Extra stomach taken from child.—St. Louis.

In these hard times even one stomach is a source of groat worry; although they do be saying that striped bass is biting good in the upper Hudson.

wlw

It seems Brenda Frazier is undecided as to whether she will accept the $12,000,000 Watriss trust or $8,000,000 Frazier inheritance. (I’d just close my eyes, or do it with mirrors.) Brenda is a sweet gal and has only one stomach.

“Russian statesmen of all parties have a contempt for the liberal democratic type of state, illustrated by America, Englund, Scandinavia, and Holland.” A lefthanded bouquet at the dirt in their own drawers. What they really need is a Secretary of Hate and a good publicity agent—circumstances outstrip the prop.

Soviet quits Fair (New York City),

Newbold Morris, City Council president, on bearing of Russia’s withdrawal, declared:

Russia ought to run in shame. They came over here to the World’s Fair. They gave us a lot of hokum about minority rights and the right of people to express themselves . . .

“Anybody who thinks the Soviet government is interested in the rights of the working man is crazy.”— Daily News.

Seems to me Newbold is a bit blunt. But, what the hell, Addison says bluntness is very good English.

**Heavenly Days**

It is more heavenly to give than to receive . . . $241,000,000 of bread and blubber of the erstwhile WPA workers went to maintain the glory of Poland that was. It is now up Salt Creek; and we took it standing up.

Sundry other millions went to the sweet voiced moochers and panhandlers all over the world—and still we stand, and still Old Glory waves.

We would not think of handling a parasite nation anything less than a couple hundred million and once we hand it to ‘em we wouldn’t think of doing and saying anything to offend the noble bums. In fact, we couldn’t we’d grin and probably do a little “suckholing” on the side, as the free and untrammeled Harvard boys have it.

That what was “contempt for the workers,” beneath the surface, in the communist ideology, is now come out in open attack, attack against the working class, attack against Finland, the most industrious of all nations confronted with the most damnably unfavorable natural resources —and now the “commies” desire to sell the workers to the commissars by force of arms.

wlw

There are 240,000,000 Moslems in this world and they are tied to the beard of the prophet.

wIw

The return to the simple ways is no less bitter than the return of Napoleon from the wars and the reconstruction of that which the brave “boys” destroyed. It is not believed that people will buy powder and ball when they ate without bread. In Cleveland, Ohio, the breadless “citizens” were dirty bacause they had no soap.

wlw

Our chesty neighbors face a condition, a condition of a **marketless** world that in bound to test theeconomic angles of their brainchilren —and the road back is strewn with thorns of disappointment and mortification.

First “the individual trundles his worries to the poorhouse; then his lodge! then his nation and state. It is not a disgrace for the man, nation, or state to be on the bum.

**Anybody who consorts with thieves will murmur “gimme” in his sleep**

**Crocodile Tears?**

“The answer is that history disdoses habitual disorganization among nations; they let things slide, knowing the slide is a long one and the end grievous—then the tears, the alibi.

The tears are spread over the workers. And yet we must remember workers got only 20 per cent of the production dollar. Workers produce 98 per cent of the commodities including the intelligence—so why not rate them, higher?

**After the war is over**

**after the end of fray**

**We’ll have to dine on Rover**

**Wash down our vittles with whey.**

**No more do the airplanes tumble**

**Nary a cry for gore**

**All hands are modest and humble**

**After the war.**

wlw

Yes—you don’t think so?

I pretend to see, and my eye isn’t glass, that after the war, instead of rising, the ocean freight rates will tumble. Doesn’t that mean anything to you, my noble seafaring fellow worker?

Now is the time for you to armorplate your vitals—or throw caution to the four winds of the seven seas and join the “ham and eggers.” I have my ideas about the timelessness of ham and egg programs; shifting sands and stuff like that. You got my sympathy before you start— it’s a riot.

Your union is the Marine Workers Industrial Union and the time is now.

Already Britain and France and Germany have ensconced their better ships in the tender care of good and willing watchful neutrals and when they come out their salvation shall be cutrates, for the nationals are not eating.

Don’t tell me I didn’t tell you. I can almost feel a hollow spot in my midriff already.

## 1939\_45\_IW\_30121939

**Get Wise – Organize Industrially**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Body is only a barnacle gathered ‘round a soul; a callous ‘round spirit (gas); a scale inside a boiler, etc. So the question arises: What perticular form of barnacle did we descend from? Some say “apes,” others aver “yaps,” and I say—shucks.

Where did our masters come from?

They didn’t come. They ain’t here yet.

wIw

Human beings are as alike as a shovel and a water bucket; as alike as the Chicago fire and Niagara Falls ... But what the hell, they already are members of the universe in good standing, full of penp an vinegar.

Take him out, boys, but don’t break any bones.

wIw

In view of the Russian grain crop of 114,600,000 tons it is believed some will be left over for Germany. Should naturally think so. That’s almost a ton apiece for all godfearing Russians and I do most solemnly declare no Russian can eat 2,000 pounds of grain in one year.

wlw

Since the Workers Alliance went political, it is gone like all flesh—except the IWW.

It (the Alliance) heard the dulcet tones of the Lorelei and went for a swim. Haven’t heard she has returned.

wIw

We are practically guaranteed 25 more years of short rations, short flannels, and short shrift; and I got to thinking that it might be a good idea for the boys and girls to grab the bull by the horns, join the IWW and get full meals, oversized shirts, and a longer shrift.

Unless you are in no hurry?

When history ceases to repeat the past, my lords change the system—but retain the game.

Therefore, if the past be unequal to satisfy the demands of today, people might be more prosperous if they used the present for a divining rod.

Theories then might grow less assertive and we might seldom hear: “Justice enters into the discussion of human affairs only where the pressure of necessity is equal,” and that “the powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must.”

It requires a complete “new society in the shell of the old” and this is best arrived at by joining the Industrial Workers of the World. We cannot expect it from any power other than the latent (unheralded) power of the working class. Sadly we need education on this problem; my lords need it more, for they have been establishing hell upon earth for centuries, and more hell to go.

wlw

Peace may stop the war but not the conniving, for generosity isn’t there and cannot be.

The “doing away with war” must • be predicated upon the presumption that it must be done outside the magic circle of overlords and their stooges, that only the working class can accomplish it.

War is futile. Even if the whole world were under one heel, we’d be slaves still. It seems impossible, that is because our slavish nature fails to look at it from the angle of One Big Union of the workers.

Final ending of war shall be when workers so ordain it.

The big boys? Never! The very nature of their undertakings makes for war.

You’ve been waiting sunrise long enough. How about joining the “wobblies” and producing sunrise? Make it jump into the skies like nobody’s business.

wlw

Don’t play percentages for your pie will turn to flour and water, even as your neighbor’s beef stew turns to onion soup. Mashed potatoes shall fill the ice cream cone, and pork tenderloins a lovely memory.

This is not a forecast; this exists today. What goes into the ice cream cone tomorrow is difficult to decipher and harder to digest, but I would bet the cone will be abolished. In Europe already sugar is measured out in thimblefuls, butter by spoonfuls, and bacon by the square inch.

But we ain’t in war?

Of course not. We’re being taken for a ride—a nice horse and buggy-ride. Yes, the same old mare.

wlw

Even here in New York City the more hard bit relics of the capitalist system are disinclined to accept of the tender mercies and charities of professional generosity, and eat and sleep where they can, (censored) in the most ingenious and unsanitary places, filthy burlaps over them.

Only recently a man five days without eating collapsed and was taken to a hospital where he devoured “a plate piled high” with turkey and trimmings—a lie on the face of it, for a man five days on a fast cannot eat a “plate piled high” and live. And if it was offered him it was premeditated murder.

Someone is doing some heavy lying and the chances are the plate was piled high with one soda cracker and a slice of tomato, so as to maintain the traditional high level of American generosity. Had he come to me I would have given him the price of my next stimulant, so help me!

wIw

“Indeed, from 1931 to 1934, some 103,000 more persons left this country than came to our shores.”—Barnes, Ph. D.

wlw

Crepes of Wrath or Darpes of Wrath, is it? Imperialism must not get blanket condemnation as such—mebbe they don’t know any better. Even so, their hokum is worthless because their action always winds up in a disarray of unfinished business. A century and a half nullified.

# 1940

## 1940\_1\_IW\_06011940

**Nobody Is Shooting at The Rulers**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

“Lords demand truce.”––

It doesn’t mean a thing––if they want, they can undeclare their previous declarations.

Some of those humorless longshoremen, upon highest authority, inform me the reason there is so little shooting on the Western Belt is because Uncle Shylock refuses to supply autographed powder and ball or endorse their rubber checks.

Nothing to it. The boys on the Western Front really love one another and do not wish to do anything to awaken homicidal instincts in the beloved enemy.

What business have the lords to demand truce? Nobody is shooting at them.

**wIw**

What this country needs is more sturdy wheelchairs. The other A. M. I saw an “uncle” up in Harlem town picking his bedding (such as it was) from in front of a building and trying to fasten it to the rear of a wheelchair, his home. Aunty stood leaning against the fence for support. ‘Twasn’t cold, but last night was.

When Aunty gets into that wheelchair and the **safari** begins, there is very real danger that the wheelchair will break down and Uncle will have to carry not only Aunty, but the rest of the cargo too, including the wheelchair.

No can do!  
Some people say we are bright.

**wIw**

In this doublecrossing age when everybody and his brother are trying to get someone else to do their fighting for them, it is interesting to note the inscription graven in granite over the portal of Suomenlinna (Fort Suomi), Finland:

“Posterity, take your stand here on your own ground and do not rely on help from strangers.”

**Wobblies sometimes have the habit of winning conditions for scissorbills and they do not seem to know the cure-all for scissorbillitis.**

**The answer is––ridicule. The Bronx cheer.**

**wIw**

It is of but little moment which of the fanatics over there gets double-crossed––they’re “all in the same devastation.” They are not using sense and do not intend to.

Barnum had it right: “A sucker is born every minute.”

Voltaire had to build his house half in Switzerland and half in France so as to dodge the King’s armed forces–––a rap on either door and Francois wasn’t home.

Some say Hitler was taken for a ride. Others aver Molotov is a bull in a Communist china shop.

All of it wishful thinking. They are the original “gimme boys.”

**wIw**

Why do they pick on Winnie Ruth Judd? She’s already told you she fought in self-defense––and Horatio at the bridge never put up a better battle . . . Publicity for Gone With The Wind is overdone. ‘Twould have been better to send it back to the kitchen and burn it more. For a sudden windfall they are opening at least three showplaces in N’York.

They lose my dollar just for that. They seem to lack confidence in the staying power of the wind that is gone.

**wIw**

Only ten years now the cracker sandwich economists have been solving unemployment. First hundred years are worst.

In a gale of wind shorten sail, or slow the ship; in a doldrum of hot air, shorten hours and let nature take its course.

Organize industrially and acknowledge your corn.

**wIw**

Verilly, I say unto you that a cube of butter spreads kind of thin on the orphan slice, and secures nothing but our appetite.

Machine-cut ham reaches a greater number of the sandwich buying masticators. However, the bread is not cut thicker, it only seems so. Law of compensation determines that any deficiency in ham emphasizes the potentialities of bread. (See Einstein’s Theory of Relativity.)

**wIw**

Heywood Broun is dead!

There are some people that could not fully appreciate him. It is one of the seriousities of my life that I have not found him wanting. Whenever there was a question, we found there an answer.

Words fail me . . . He was a union man.

So do we mourn Heywood Broun. That he disagreed with his all-powerful bosses repeatedly is not the least of his accomplishments

**wIw**

I have often wondered, is there an affinity between two crackers, a slice of tomato and security programs. (Now having my third cup of Martinson’s; couple more hours yet to go until daybreak.)

**wIw**

Many places, like Cleveland, Ohio, haven’t even mush in the supboard and no mitts with which to pull the weeds of yesteryear out of the snowdrifts. Ah, if the lake would only freeze! I am sure the speckled lizzards would pass up the bait and permit the kind-livered eel-spouts to rush to the rescue of the starving populace. Sarcasm? The whole god-damned thing is a farce and I am almost persuaded that my beloved countrymen are idiots, even as you and I.

## 1940\_2\_IW\_13011940

**Should Share Equally in All There Is**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

There is something of uneasiness in my fellow compatriots that Finlanders call **kärsimättömyys** and they do not know that they should join the IWW and regain some of their composure ;and they have reason. In these days of scarcity, which is peculiar to the working class in particular and general, it might be well for government to step out and secure a few hamburgers for the hungry minorities—it is not out of their jurisdiction or pocket.

In view of the fact that snow is getting deeper daily and grass and roots are most difficult to discover, it seems appropriate for government to lend a hand and smear the butter on thick.

I may be a donkey, but I must confess that it has come to my notice that governments have sat complacently at their birdseye maple veneered desks and watched the industrial overlords run us down to skin and bone, junk and rags.

Mind you, I do not expect governments to reform; I merely want them to step out and snare a few hamburgers for us, to kinda make up for their sins of omission and rafts of derelictions—us derelicts should stick together.

**Should Share What There Is**

A great agitation is afoot to investigate the tensile strength and horsepower of our hunger . . . Not so dumb an idea at that. But I would suggest that before you splash into the pool you give a look first to first principles. Put the people first on a subsistence base and then investigate to your heart’s content; the people won’t mind, just so long as they are eating. You don’t have to do that; nothing compulsory about it, you have perfect freedom —so long as you are responsible and willing to accept the consequences which may be, God forbid, wierd.

First principles ordain, among other things, that all hands shall share of the work equally, little or much. All hands shall live on the fat of the land or pine on the man-made sterilities together. No man is better—it’s a question of shoddy ideology rather than high enterprise.

Reason would seem to indicate that a shorter workday will remedy the unemployment situation almost instantly, even though it may have to be subsidized — which I doubt.

Institution of the shorter workday will bring things out into the and the problem solves itself automatically.

As I said before, there is a in these confusions that goes by the name of American ingenuity, dormant at times, inspirational mostly, and in view of the fact that we are far from being superior beings, it may well be that our action has a striking resemblance to the wierd. Conceding that the few hundred lawyers in Washington cannot very well remedy this condition short of years (long time to go without eating), or in their whole life, it may be the good people will get discouraged and send a bunch of lumberjacks down there to help straigthen things out.

I told you it might be wierd.

They might draft Townesend, Olson, or Maverick and put us all on ham and eggs for the duration.

(That’d help the chicken ranchers, too, in Mississippi.)

**But better way would be to join the Industrial Workers of the World, divide the work, set the wages, and pray for the parasites.**

For America isn’t going to stand still and starve. The trick us how to give the American people something without giving them anything. If that doesn’t drive those Washington lawyers crazy they are calloused to the core, positively petrified.

I tell you right now, those politicians are risking their salvation on a frail proposition—some sold out long ago and no money changed hands. I would not be a bit surprised to see a screwball in the White House next.

Look at all the screwballs they’ve got in Europe.

Don’t wait until you are forced to cut the hours; if you do, you have lost the boat—she’s at sea, funnels down. Don’t be “Johnny-come-lately.”

**Frenzy of Fun**

The wives and daughters of the skinners are facing the frolic at Palm Beach with a fortitude that beggars description—beggars us too, for that matter, but in our case it is not compulsory. We could organize, for instance, go down there ourselves and leave the matrons and debs here to keep the home fires burning and punch-water hot against our return

Oh well, it is so hard to take the good things of life, I am almost tempted to assail **wassail** in all its implications and I would gladly indeed go on record as opposed and swear off, only I have so many last year’s resolution unbroken I hate to pile ‘em up. I’m a firm believer in breaking resolutions as I go and not stock up on ‘em.

**wIw**

They kick the bucket because of accumulated corruption . . . New York’s New Year binge was a parcel of the binge ‘39—all is as before, a contamination that was—worshippers at the throne of mirage—elevation of habit to the pedestal of exuberance for the new, even while it is yet a continuation of the old.

**wlw**

It wouldn’t do for Russia to thin out its working class by fighting Japan because, in the event of a victory, Japan might say, “Gimme Vladivostok.” Germany might have thinned them out in no time, but here again, Adolf might have demanded pay and changed Leningrad into a beer garden or Turnverein.

Helluva fix—a first class dictator can’t thin down the population without risking his pants. A smaller nation had to be found. Finland, of course, cannot hope to do a satisfactory job thinning them out, but then —whattahell—Finland doesn’t expect any pay for helping a pal.

Mebbe this accounts in part for Russian armies firing on themselves.

## 1940\_3\_IW\_20011940

**Learn About Militancy From Women**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Undeclared wars and declared peace, huh?

How do you reconcile these two with honor to both? You don’t. Organized peace is sole tranquility worthy of praise.

Stink with another name isn’t perfume.

Wars do not depend on nationality—’both are the result of capitalism.

wlw

Don’t waste time curing corns if your shoes are tight, people might think you silly; ‘n that’s quite a come-down—from the pedestal to the sepulchre.

Organize, rather, a wake for capitalism and witness both war and nationalism pine.

What show has “declared peace” with organized war? None whatsoever, no more so than has undeclared war with organized peace. It seems the word organization is the determininb factor in the quarrels of mankind. Are you organized?

wlw

Capitalism itself is a mild form of witlessness and makes for countless minor aberations; it’s distinctly jittery and insecure . . .

How about stretching the shoes a little bit so that we can walk once more? Count your bunions.

**Promoted?**

Gen. Meretskoff, pitching for the Bears of Kremlin, was sent to the showers . . .

A. A. Zhdanoff likewise was relieved for advising Blitzkrieg that didn’t blitz— neither did it Krieg.

Rumor has it that Otto Kuusinen has been promoted from earth to heaven. (Heaven not heard from.)

The goodly Commie Kuusinen had advised the Kremlin that Finland “is a pushover.”

Gen. Meretskoff was ousted because he undertook to blitzkrieg without sufficient preparation. Quite right, me hearties, he should have waited at least 20 years more, and then not tried it.

wlw

Star of Battle-le-hem offers soup to all. Religious front is all set to cure the economic angles of war—they are calling for spirit, Shipwreck Kelly and One-Eyed Connolly. Hope they aren’t being coaxed to the shambles!

Hereafter painters will do our pipefitting and patients cure the doctors, in the name of a freelance profit system.

For cripes sake, organize industrially, else the Arabs will get you and you’ll have to subsist on locusts, centipedes and caterpillers.

**Trust no-man nuttier than yourself.**

When the Pope, Churches of Christ and Israel have settled the European and Asiatic wars, I hope they will lend their energies to the settlement of our unemployment problem—ere they lose their shirts.

wlw

Whatever women are between times, at a garden party they are supberb. But when they are organized, the greater portion of them are more heroic than men. I would not deign to describe them “shrinking flowers” in the first case, as many another man with head bowed and bloody will confess. Sailors are possibly the nearest approach to the militancy that is woman.

Nonchalance, energy, and fury is there, for women take a serious slant not so much at the state of the republic but at the state of the pantry; at the state of the immediate needs, not the state of the future grandeur. And the appeasement better be prompt and satisfactory.

And white and red and yellow and brown and black will stand together with no urge to escape—a tremendous force of economic health, a challenge against the exploiters of mankind.

Men may be able to guard against sell-outs and far-flung machinations of employer skullduggery, however disguised with soothing saps, frankensense, myrrh, or bone-ease, but in the final analysis woman is underlying principle and driving force of a successful resistance.

## 1940\_4\_IW\_27011940

**Should Indians Have Registered The Foreigners?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

We are dependent on each other; not on the few, but many—not on the many, but on ALL.

All are dependent on the working class; not on the chiselers, exploiters, promoters, or confirmed parasites.

Fire cannot burn without the aid of air—it smokes and smudges and complains like one in great sorrow. Even if given air, the fire cannot burn brightly if its own gases are not permitted to escape. It scowls and acts for all the world like a poor companion.

“Each man kills the thing he loves.” Such is the chemistry of man.

Boy, my slippers.

If the good lord intended us to live in this climate he would have grown fur on our ears.

Lo, the poor Finn—52 below.

wIw

Nothing uncertain about Europe’s fate except uncertainty. Minorities are still being pushed off the deep end. Right here in Pennsylvania, of all states, the courts had to step in to prevent half-baked legislators from registering aliens––they wanted to create a raft of untouchables here and subdivide the USA and call it Disunited States of America.

Luckily the judges were sober.

But you do not have to be a part of the (intelligent) minority and get hexed up that way; you can join the working class and be a part of the Big Majority, the One Big Union.

Yes, they were going to get the “John Hancock” of the stranger in a strange land and further disrupt the nation by creating a raft of voluntary spies––same as the purple gods do in Yurrop.

Seems to me I didn’t see any Indians meeting our illustrious Puritans, and the Mayflower, with a registration sheet in their hands, All they said was, “How, How” –– and offered to chop codfish bait for our forefathers.

it is argued now, however, with the vast registration schemes and regimentation, that the Indians made a mistake when they did not clap our illustrious forefathers in irons.

All that will be a bad dream, a vanished nightmare, when the good people get hep to themselves and join the Big Majority––the working class––and recognize the fact.

There’s a vast difference between commonsense and common nonsense: one puts butter on the bread.

wIw

Barometric “millibars,” that’s what we’re going to have now. How everything changes! Instead of “bull,” we will have ebullience; instead of “sassy,” we will brace ourselves and say insouciance; instead of “stinko,” we say binge––damme if we ain’t getting polite in our old age!

wIw

“Rumania Acts to Meet Red Peril.” Perfectly de trop. It’s blond perils that are the more vixenish. (They really get a man down.) May the goodly Lupescu live long and prosper.

Red perils, brown perils, blue perils, yellow perils, white perils, and brindle perils––damme if we aint periled on all hands and no escape––and bedeviled.

But why vote for perils?

Why not join the One Big Union and vote for buttered porkchops?

Investigating the red peril isn’t going to get you anywhere––the answer is, Aryan peril. The perils are at war in every hand. Each peril fears the other may get a mouthful.

wIw

Graveyards around American coal mines seem to dwarf the main industry. A mine at Bartley, W. Va., chipped in with 91 in one explosion.

Under present conditions, of management and inspection, is the job worth the price?

Workers should not countenance strange control and, indeed, they should organize their own safety commissions and mine stewards now––and I don’t mean maybe. Count the widows and orphans––sacrificial offerings to the profit system.

wIw

In Philadelphia, the boys had to go on strike after courts had failed them and decreed a 1½ per cent tax on their wages legal.

The boys have an idea “the boss will pay that tax and like it.”

Possibly, but I would have made light of that tax and presented the boss with a demand for 10½ per cent increase in wages.

In Rome, do as the Romans do.

All right, Ben Hur, the Romans are catching up with you.

## 1940\_5\_IW\_03021940

**Horsestealing Was Beginning Of Capitalism**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**Getting the horse to feed us was a noble achievement.**

Let us say the thing first began in the manner of horse trading—even today the saying persists “Do not trade horses in the middle of the stream.”

Sometimes too, darn the luck, one or both horses suffered the ignominy of having been stolen recently for the sake of the trade. (Trade unionists branch from this ideology also.)

Originally the horse trade was only for the purpose of gypping the neighbor, but now the purpose is to get a hot horse off your hands.

If only one horse is hot then, very naturally, an innocent man whose only crime was an overwhelming yen to gip another in a horse trade, gets hung—for possession is nine points of the law.

What irony! Clearly it is an inducement for honest men to have stolen horses on hand so as to get the horse thief’s neck stretched also; otherwise horse thieves will dominate the country—maybe get into the President’s cabinet.

But thank god, scientists have started earmarking the atoms and vitimins etc., and soon we’ll get to the bottom of the smell. We’ll find out what makes the onion stink.

\*

Such was the early beginning of capitalism—a yen to beat the other fellow. Based on crookedness, it got so raw that finally a system of ethics had to be adopted so as to keep the thieveries within reasonable limits. It was always argued that low-pressure thievery is strictly proper, if not gentlemanly; **even today the profit motive is eulogized as the spirit that keeps horse thieves active.**

Not only them. Only the other day the press explained with many apologies that a commissioner of weights and measures went among the tradesmen and was horrified to discover their scales gave short weight, their measures were scant, and the tradesmen handed him short change. Clearly the profit motive in full flower.

\*

‘Tis hard indeed to tell just where business ends and thievery begins, lest it be both are one.

There is no guide for the businessman in the matter of profit taking and we might well forgive him if he falls into the error of grabbing all the traffic will bear.

True enough, there is an abstract theory, the law of supply and demand. that is supposed to keep him honest but I am persuaded that the law applies only to the state of thievery practiced by the whole. An open question—nothing fundamental.

\*

As capitalism developed exploitation of labor became a great joy to the erstwhile horse thieves and horse traders—now industrialists, tycoons, magnates, and governmental advisors. Profit taking, based on crookedness, began to take on the appearance of civilization. That’s where we are today (nothing to brag about, in the hands of inveterate thieves.

Are you sorry?

Well, sorrow no more. Lend a hand to jerk this world out of the degradation into which it has failen m the course of our slumbers. Lend a hand to organize the One Big Union of workers so as to rescue the workers from the hands of organized thieves.

Little it matters if the thievery be involuntary.

Little it matters if the thievery be unintentional. An unloaded gun kills.

So does the capitalists system.

Before we were threatened only from one side—the traders. Today we are between two fires, exploitation of labor and merchandizing—between the devil and the deep sea.

We are in the middle and everybody’s hands except our own are in our pockets. It’s a wonder they didn’t get our shirts.

\*

Times have changed since Press. Taft pranced on the springboard and there is no reason why Taft Jr. should not be permitted to shove in his oar. Let ‘em all run. But I insist the regular cinder track; no favors to be shown, and the devil take the hindmost.

Further be it resolved: Wall Street must finger their man six months before the conventions or give themselves up and get a job peeling potatoes. No jumping into the race at the last minute when the heavier than air candidates are getting winded.

## 1940\_6\_IW\_10021940

**Slim Reveals Origin of Quip About Women**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Water is getting so scarce in New York City that some of the boys are drinking whiskey without chasers.

wlw

Those new Swedish guns can kill a guy 60 times a minute. In an hour a guy can die almost a half-thousand deaths.

wlw

No choice for Movie Queen this year. So. Bette Davis, guess you’ll have to take it. Luckily they shoved Lionel Barrymore in the line-up or we’d be without a king too. What is the reason W. C. Fields was left out in the cold? Looks like sabotage.

wlw

**Generally, when a Russian commander is transferred we do not hear of his great deeds of**

**heroism thereafter . . .**

What’s the matter? Have they no good liars over there?

Japanese Nobuyuki Abe resigned and is breathing just as sweetly as he ever did.

L. Hore-Belisha fell overboard and lives.

A few remarks Charley Lindbergh had to make upon the relative merits of armed forces in Europe seem eo ‘stick like dung to a blanket.”

**Swede to the Rescue**

No, it wasn’t the fire department, it wasn’t the police—they all came too late.

It was a Swede!

A woman had fallen overboard and a man after her— both age 60. No romance was there! No sunbaked debutante beckoned the hero! The weather was cold. Ice cakes floated abaft Brooklyn. He went overboard, age 30 to 35, and he brought them both ashore—unconscious.

The Swedish ship at anchor lay, moored to the docks at Brooklyn.

wlw

The Bronx: Sandscow improperly loaded—without sufficient rake to stern, i. e., even keel) overturned. Three drowned.

“Wind, Water and Tide,” is press story.

Better a Lions’ Den

Earl Browder would rather be elected to congress in New York’s 14th than go to jail. We all have our likes and dislikes.

I’d rather step into a lions’ cage than go to congress. And I wouldn’t be torn up less. One who thinks he can reform congress better try the lions. (Not Lion of Idaho.)

Borah’s chief claim to fame was the coming-out party—second best to Clarence Darrow. They say “Borah could have been elected President did he live in a more populated state.”

Hm. Clarence Darrow lived in the middle of the Inland Empire and I do not remember him being President—lots of people all around him.

Be it said: Clarence died waiting—so did Borah and so will I. Give the freaks first chance.

wlw

Dewey blasts the New Deal for keeping nine million unemployed from the point of production. He wants private enterprise freed to take up the slack. Hm. Private enterprise gave us 16 million unemployed, and Prof. Dewey no doubt thinks P. E. (private enterprise), if it can make ‘em, can also break ‘em.

**Nothing stands in the way of private enterprise today and they are raking in the shekels by the barrelfullt ----even whacking up with the glammor girls and Mr. Roosevelt’s government. But it’s not a conspiracy; it’s just one of those things that happen.**

In the meantime us poor, unorganized workers ain’t eating or drinking and wassil is at a very low ebb indeed.

wlw

Armies are ruling several nations. Don’t point—you might bend the finger.

wlw

Two dollars eighty-five lunch in Berlin —soup, bread and butter. Seems unreasonable at first blush, but when we consider the Germans are among the world’s best souper-uppers, we must concede the lunch a favorable light alongside the famous Jackson Day $100 plates.

Why, the soup alone may have had in it half of a Polish horse, and you can’t buy pacers for $5.70 in wartime.

The price we have to pay! is the great cry. The change we have to take! is never heard.

The most beautiful term in the English language: “Keep the change.”

I once used that term thinking “the change from a dollar bill is a nice tip.” It was later (too late) I discovered I had handed the waiter a ten spot.

I couldn’t sleep for a week. Lost flesh —what with the landlady pounding at the door.

wlw

It was a woman (trying to escape from a wheelbarrow) that invented the saying: “Woman’s place is in the home.”

Some men fell for it like a ton of bricks and the echo goes ringing down the ages of history. It worked!

wlw

Sayeth Sally Rand: “It’s no disgrace to be broke; it’s only a disgrace to stay broke.”

**Up go the wages!**

It’s no disgrace to get licked; it’s only a disgrace to stay licked.

**Join the Wobblies.**

We’ll be broke so long as we entertain slave drivers and dish unto them $1,000 a day spending money.

A nation that countenances slave driving is not democratic in any essential.

## 1940\_7\_IW\_17021940

**It’s Baseball Writers Who Play Fast Game**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

A nation that countenances slave driving is not democratic in any essential.

If a country’ cannot be self-sufficient, a continent cannot be self-sufficient; if a continent cannot be self-sufficient, the whole world cannot support itself.

**I am self-sufficient**—given a summer and an early start—millions are likewise.

All it takes is organization.

wIw

To me it is but of little moment whether cross or crescent runs the swastika is the mystic sign of our degradation—or whether one of the politer hypocricies rules the roost.

wIw

A baseball president must find a dumber man than himself for baseball manager; manager, in turn, scouts up a still dumber captain. They have to do that in order to hold their jobs. The whole spells, not baseball, but mediocrity.

How about the stars?

A few’ screwy goofs that shine in the darkness. The baseball audience has already selected itself through the same screwy procedure and goofily considers it baseball.

There is more baseball in baseball writers, however, and even without being present they can spin a yarn that makes our basebail hair curl. All they need to know is: **was the game played.**

The whole adds up to a beautiful row of deception and all concerned are happy.

The same holds true across the railroad tracks in the political field.

The leader surrounds himself with a bunch of graduated lunkheads, no man to outshine the man immediately above. By the time it gets down to the bottom layers, where action begins and ends, the light is so damn dim he can’t see a thing and has to go back home and consult his constituents. . . .

Some would say, ‘Ah, mediocrity.”

Nothing of the kind; it’s a direct swindle. Civilized procedure in a world of special privilege.

wlw

Acquisitiveness (profit motive or greed, as it is known in the higher seats of learning) has taken a terrible grip upon the vitals of our pillars of society.

Recently, Otto Wolff, German industrialist, died, age 55. He controlled more than 30 metal, coal, and electrical companies, employing million men.

Clearly a case of over-work, hey?

Same as if I tried to keep 30 wheelbarrows warm all at once.

Now that he is gone—a mere lad of 55— I can’t see how those industries get along without him.

wlw

Lots of people try to lay their own carpet instead of hiring a technician. A technician is a genius who had the sense to back out from between the handles of a wheelbarrow.

## 1940\_8\_IW\_24021940

**Capitalist System Is Top-heavy**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Was it Austrians or Germans that saved Great Britain at Waterloo:

Origin of swastika is letter “Z” imposed upon zero. The other way around ‘tis “S.”

Some magic is supposed to reside in the diminutive “X” in the centerpiece also.

**Get your ringside seats and don’t climb through the ropes——you may get licked and lose your poke besides.**

wlw

It is more honorable to lend to honorable men than to “welchers”; likewise it is more honorable to help those that act than it is to help your own kith and kin that spend their years and days in wishing.

Organized procedure, even if it be for war, is better than unorganized lament.

Calamity Jane was never like this—and sleeps in an honored grave among honored men.

wlw

**The source of human intelligence, the press, mourns that FDR has been abusive toward business—that he practically keeps business a prisoner. Keep your shirt on—by a strange coincidence business loves those caveman tactics.**

wlw

U. S. business has lost its confidrnce and the AFL demands government restore it. Like losing one’s teeth and getting a pair of store choppers. Bridge work?

wlw

Herr Hitler in giving the lowdown of the post-World War conditions which led to the rise of the Nazi movement, said;

“There rose a Nazi movement from reognition of the fact that one must nott beg, but must help oneself.”

Sounds familiar, doesn’t it?

Well, fellow’ workers, employers and bankers have used that tactic for y’ars and y’ars. It’s not new.

wlw

AFL should be canned for insinuating government “lifted” busoessmen’s confidence.

The art of trade has but little effect upon economics and most of it bad. Each businessman has dreamt that he is ideally fitted to open a place and exploit trade, hire workers at cutrates and stand as an almighty judge over cost, price, profit, overhead, and exchange; that customers may run themselves ragged to him, pay his rent, expense (down to the last farthing of his wassil or other mismanagement) and care for his old age and other disabilities. They go as far as they can and in the event they can go no , further a benign government (which they have created) is invited to step in and subsidize them magnificently at the expense of other people.

This happens frequently and is inevitable under capitalism where tradesmen and professionals exceed the number of producers and bona fide demand of service.

Still they hug the grand delusion of capitalism and hope to arrange things so that all will fee happy and prosperous in a disorganized world—so created by capitalism itself.

Non-producers, such as they who are subbing for merchant princes in the reasonable office of their service, are doing unnecessary work and their persons are denied to useful production and they serve only as slaves upon whose tail the princes are prancing—this also holds true in the field of journalism.

Thus it is the system has grown topheavy with businessmen, both in the sense of genuine service, simple profit taking and outright racketeering, court calendars and law enforcement.

**Still the sandwich will not feed the six men that came to dinner.**

These men-magnates, merchants, manufacturers—were and are self-appointed. They helped themselves. No one asked them.

They cannot argue that they heard a call, that a small voice whispered in their ear. If they do, we can always say the whisper they heard came out of the corner of their own mouth on the side of the good ear.

No, they saw their chance how to garner a fortune without doing manual labor and with least effort.

They don’t have to tramp on the tails of all their workers—just jump on the tail of the super or foreman who stands near by for that purpose. He, in turn, jumps on the next—and so on down the line until all tails have felt the impress of the bosses’ feet. They call this game “tail jumping”; wage slavery, in other words.

What a waste of prancing!

Just like two farmers who spent all their waking moments in trading horses, plows, or what have you. Both were satisfied the other was gypped. Unfortunately these traders’ acres suffered and there was no crop—they had to eat the nags.

wlw

“Employers have a right to let their employes or the public know what they think about labor unions, Arthur Garfield Hayes, general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union wrote to NLRB officials yesterday (Feb. 4). He criticized the government agency’s order restraining Ford Motor Company officials from distributing pamphlets at the company’s plant in Sommerville, Mass.”—New York Post.

This in kind of involved, I do not know if the cost of those pamphlets mine from the workers’ pockcet. Neither doer Mr. Hayes. But I feel the workers’ civil rights should be protected, especially in such sacred things as money matters. Further, they should be permitted to buy literature of their own choosing in open market and not through the agencies of the Ford Motor Co.

However, if the Ford Motor Company has deducted the tout of literature from labor compensation, the workers may well argue that the worth of the literature does not make up for the money loss.

In view of the muddled (roiled) condition of the circumstances I must disagree with Mr. Hayes and compliment NLRB for playing safety first.

It may be, too, the workers prefer to read the Industrial Worker rather than the Ford Co. pamphlets and if the company has retained the price of the Worker and is running a substitute in the form of pamphlets, the rights of the Industrial Worker have been invaded and we are deeply concerned.

wlw

I pretend to see lucid spells in the mental perigrinations of our deep thinkers in Washington — maybe elsewhere too.

But that doesn’t mean that Vwe must hook up disarmament to the desired repair job on our economic system and its unsound base.

Armaments are just so much spilled milk over the millwheel. Repair your economic system (here) and the armaments will rust sure as Christ made green apples—and nations all over the world will follow suit just from pure jealousy. But if you expect to keep plenty money in the parasites’ pockets you can expect them to lop off governmental heads through moral suasion or hired help.

No, I don’t think you will repair the system; you’ll first wait for The Man Who Came to Dinner.

## 1940\_9\_IW\_02031940

**Slim Unburdens Himself**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Methinks the employer is worrying overmuch about the unemployment he has created. Possibly the unemployment was intended only as a temporary scare for the working class. Now it scares the employer. The employer, by the way, is the banker, Wall Street his prime chancellor . . .

Roosevelt probably reasons employers created unemployment so now let them sit down and enjoy the fruits of their humor, and let them be not disturbed lest the lesson fails of sinking in. A revolution had occurred (1920) in industry and financiers took over––they today are guiding the destinies of production and barking all the orders.

How can they bark! And industry is going f-fft. But there is another revolution on tap:

Industry has ceased borrowing capital and it may be financiers will have to pick a grave for their pile down in 01’ Kentuck or engineer a war to absorb their surplus savings.

Bankers put the railroads in the doghouse by wierd financing and even today Fido wonders. “what’s the big idea?”

They even had Henry Ford on the griddle (good old Hank) and Henry, like a good boy that he is, hollered “Help!” “Murder!” “Mayhem!” with great presence of mind and it took practically all of us to drive the wolf away from Henry’s door. Henry hasn’t bought me so much as a cigar (or a box of snuff) for the noble part I played, to say nothing of sending me a late model Zephyr prepaid.

Thus it is financiers and erstwhile employers are drawing cards to find out which shall be permitted to mismanage industry in a manner of their own wild and wooly choosing. Labor has thrown the matter into their hands and the only thing that stands between them and total oblivion is Madam Secretary Perkins.

Wars are going on between labor leaders and they are scrambling to get in on the ground floor––different places however, and it is at this distance difficult to determine where the dance shall be held.

However, this is not labor’s funeral, and seldom indeed it occurs that the chief mourner has heart failure at the obseques, for the tears are not real.

No, I don’t think the chiselers can unite on a platform of totalitarianism. Counter music is already in and the big shots are counting their pennies and conserving their crumbs. The reason: you can’t eat crumbs and have them too.

All right, rebels, back to bed!

\* \* \*

Yes, I suppose soup is all right––if it’s duck soup and the duck has reached a ripe old age.

Social Service always rediscovers soup when they try to think of food––”soup to nuts” makes them that way. And once they hit upon soup they see great bodies of water, enough to float a battleship.

Foggy stew, the boys call it.

Now, you take a yellow turnip (rutabaga) it too is a fine food if properly excavated and stuffed with blue-point oysters . . .

Ho, hum, there’s a big difference between tensile strength with tonsil strength––those afflicted with tonsil strength make the best hog-callers.

\* \* \*

City fireman died of heart failure shoveling snow. Man, 79, died of heart failure, as second thought, after having shoveled snow.

Damme for a donkey if just thinking about snow doesn’t almost cause my heart to fail me.

A man cannot be too cautous about laying his hand on a shovel in these trenchant times. Years ago we used to dig great tunnels and think nothing of it.

No wonder they wrap things in cellophane so we won’t hurt our hands.

“An emaciated band of 326 seafaring men came down the gang-plank of the British destroyer Cossack tonight to tell . . .”––P. A. Stalker.

Hm, I have the picture before me (Daily News) and it shows the same “band” hale, hearty, and hilarious. Word-picture and photo-finish disagree.

I’d hate to have P. A. describe Kate Smith and Elsa Maxwell when puffed up with saurkraut and kartoffels.

Neutral nations are the worst sufferers in any man’s war, in no man’s sea––in the name of holy trade. Roll the snowballs and then have the brutes bust your spectacles. “What lunkheads we neutrals are,” as Shakespook spoke in 1603.

War probably will not spread this spring or any other spring; neither will it end in autumn, for it is an economic war of attrition with a fashion all its own. News dispatches have the puny Russia hard on the heels of the powerful Finland. Nothing to it, it’s a wedge formation and much grief is in store.

As St. Paul observed, what does it profit Stalin to win Leningrad and lose his martial Moscow?

## 1940\_10\_IW\_09031940

**Competition In Flower Is War**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Every time one of Roosevelt’s children goes for divorce ‘ FDR goes fishing. Bravo! He’s got something there!

wlw

Genius has been so scarce in the United States that you can count them on one hand, even if you have lost some of the fingers—Burbank, Edison, Foster, and Poe. Hollywood speaks touchingly about genius,

wlw

Things are picking up! Only 10,000 s stormed Neark airport for 1,500 jobs.

The storm also helped the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation. It’s up to Brewster to say whether or not the 10,000 were “extras.” As for myself, will say that trifling with love is a serious offense.

wlw

Hoover, busily engaged in taking up collections to buy the long-suffering Finns ice cream sodas, etc., was horrified to see a great American Irisher get up and say, “the Finns need shilalahs.” That’s the Irish of it.

They believe modern times will not let even a Finn eat his ice cream in peace.

wlw

Investigation of Mdviani plus Pacific oil-fields is in order.

Disorganized economy, disorganized mind — brains do not thrive in a crazy world.

You don’t believe this?

Look across the pond, pal, and then tell me who’s crazy now.

wlw

Abrogan couple, Andrew, 69, and his wife Annie, crippled, 74, lived five days and nights on the sidewalk with their furniture—in New York.

Home Relief passed the buck to their married daughter—also practically “busted.”

Business world, this New York City !

Recently a man died in a cab while the taxi driver was looking for a cop to O. K. his entrance into the hospital. Hell of it was, the man was one of the hospital’s own working force.

To date, the hospital rules committee has not been hung and Dr. Coldwater is in fine health.

wIw

Britain claims her blockade is busted if she is not permitted to rifle United States mails. Mebbe so, Brother Jonathan, but why not read the Industrial Worker and let US run THIS country? There I go again—Isolationist.

wlw

All right, all right—”competition is the life of trade” and “competition between states makes for a fuller life” —as we see in Europe and elsewhere.

Finland’s and Russia’s competition abaft the Mannerheim graveyards are “hokey doke” even so as to the match between England, France, and Germany in Western Europe—competition brought to its ultimate and final flower.

According to that, the class struggle comes within the sanctified purlieus of competition and shares in the blessings thereof, hey?

To illustrate:

When a labor union squawks for a “closed shop” it is promptly denounced as subversive of the high ideals that is the United States; but when the industrial oligarchy runs a “closed industry” and raps over the knuckles those that attempt to break into business, it is hailed far and wide as “Americanism”—competition. But let me tell you, no matter how many times Rubel trades horses his economic condition shall not improve—and finally he’ll eat the nag.

Much has been said about government entering business. In view of the “closed industry” who else wonuld have the power to do so?

Industrial oligarchy brought it on itself and now they cry-baby, “private enterprise.”

If “enterprise,” why the nurse?

## 1940\_11\_IW\_16031940

**Wars Will End When We Root Out the Cause**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

There are two main schools of thought on the question of curing war fever.

One school thinks the proper caper is “increase the temperature with hot blood-baths and burn it out.” Another school thinks it’s best to lower the temperature by freezing it out in snowdrifts.

They are psycho-pathetic mental cases!

Then there are those that think spring flowers and floods and autumn frosts will have a beneficial effect upon the war fever ridden nation.

Nuts!

Again, there is a school that firmly believes “vhe way to cure war fever is to starve the civilians and bomb the women and children.”

Crazy as a loon! Are they afraid to meet the soldiers?

All these schools and fragments thereof are positively insane—because they assume war fever is inevitable and try to cure a result, not the cause.

The cause of war fever is a disordered world economy in general and a disordered national economy in particular. Cure your own economy first (last and always) and let the fellow across the puddle cure his—he isn’t any dumber than you are.

Why foster the wellbeing of millionaires and super-financeers, the source of all social contamination plus?

wIw

Why not share and share alike?

“Ah, but the bright boys would soon have the lunkhead’s pile.” (With loaded dice?)

Glad you made that point, I wouldn’t have the bright boys suffer. Then comes the next divvy. Everybody has enough for all purposes, for we are dealing with over-wealth, over-production, surplusity of commodifies—all we lack is brains and over-consumption, I guess we’ve plowed them both under.

So the great man is crying for the abolition of under-consumption, under-wear, and under bridges.

wlw

In politics you have one vote (and as many as you can buy); in industry you have as many votes as shares you own (or control).

That’s why rugged individuals want industrial preferment; it gives their voice greater scope. Politics to them is only rear-guard action.

Fifty-one per cent control does not mean they control 51 per cent of matter or time. It means they control all matter and all time in the corporation. They are the original political monarchists of another day, garbed as fellow servants and co-employes.

## 1940\_12\_IW\_23031940

**Join OBU or They’ll Put You on File**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Bertrand Russell has it:

“To believe in communism in the U. S. is almost a crime. Not to believe in it in Russia is almost fatal.”

Better not doubt communism on New York ferries; unless you are a good swimmer or a shoulder-loose heavyweight.

It seems if you don’t believe, you’ll have to come out shooting and if you do believe, you’ll need a good lawyer––depending on whether you are in Petropavlosk or Hoboken.

Freedom of thought guaranteed by “six-guns” and “mouthpieces.”

**The Ivory Stool?**

Otto Perhapsburg may not win a throne among our land forces in this country but from the seafaring side we can let him have chief command of a deckscow.

wIw

Clark Gabie is about the best thing Ohio has loosed upon a trusting country in a dog’s age––not counting myself. I’m modest, I am––so is Clark, for that matter.

wIw

I notice many restaurants are closing their doors in N. Y. C., which seems to prove the people have definitely quit eating. Met a couple on the street and one said, “Let’s eat here.”

“I have no teeth,” the other replied.

Maybe that’s the reason café owners went in for padlocks and refused even to swing the key to get themselves a ham sandwich.

Washington has been putting teeth in laws so I got to thinking wouldn’t this be a psychological time for the lawmakers to toss a few molars into the maws of these willing eaters and save the restaurant business from total oblivion?

wIw

Not all of us, but most of us should bear in mind that it is a dad herring that floats with the tide and finally lands on the bathing beach, too far gone to take note of nature’s wonders. On the other hand, a live smelt bucks the current in most energetic manner and generally arrives at its destination in good shape––and is conscious of its accomplishment.

wIw

Whether or not the shipping board maintains a “deferred list” and tries to perpetualize it is but of little moment to the seafaring worker for he can organize in the One Big Union and give expression to his yen. However, it does seem possible that such can be the nature of the case.

So very naturally the seaman, if he doesn’t want to be placed on file indefinitely, should join a union that is not a parcel of such a rudimentary program and shorten his hours within such liberalism that the ensuing demand for labor power would absorb the “deferred list,” regardless of how many there are on it. This is a very simple and reasonable way to correct this problem.

Unfortunately (but luckily) only the One Big Union can accomplish this that seems such an intricate miracle.

A “deferred list” is not to the benefit of the workers, but it sometimes happens some labor unions endorse or countenance such lists, quite ignoring they are a surplus labor turnover with its concomitant disorganization of union life. Still other unions maintain a private “deferred list” within themselves and argue that it gives the employer reliable help–– the pick of the crop. The end of such unions is not long deferred.

## 1940\_13\_IW\_30031940

**How Slim Brought Peace To Frazee**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Counting noses over in Jersey City, I found no scalps had been lifted and the town still is present as usual . . . Heard a colored gentleman in the West Side elevated sing “My Wild Irish Rose.” All agreed “he is happy.” Mebbe only driving away gloom.

wIw

**Tinplate heir is off for Pitcairn Island in the South Seas and in the meantime tinplate industry will survive best it can.**

Despite the fact that USA is strictly snootral on the matter of the Finn-Russian war, the great preponderance believe the war ended too soon––the newspapers were just getting so they could talk Finn better than I can myself. Radio, too, was getting so that it could spiel **äidin kieltä** like thoroughbreds.

wIw

The French Revolution, 1793-94, had it gone in four directions instead of three, might have been a howling success. The great engineers appeared and proceeded to tailor-make a complication of many artifices and the course never was in ONE direction.

Even today we find nations attempting to run a set of three governments side-by-side: military, agricultural and industrial. Transition period? Hm.

The most wierd nomenclature emerges––among them “transmission belt.”

Transmission of the workers’ production into the playboys’ pockets.

The “transmission” takes many forms, of course, but the most outstanding one is that individuals and cities grow rich at the expense of those less favorably located in trade and commerce and whole nations grow rich at the expense of other nations less developed, industrialized or organized. In other words here again we have monopoly in favor of nobility (rakes) and businessmen (chiselers).

wIw

Senator Norris, Nebraska, land of feather mattresses and feather quilts, gets up and says in effect:

“Shorten the hours, 30 per week, 20 per week . . .” In other words, make the hours fit the needs and the workers present––but that is only a step in the right direction, automatic as it is.

**Workers should organize, and in their case it is just as ludicrous for them to try to maintain several disconnected unions side by side as it is for the nation to maintain several governments––it means fights, disputes and corruption.**

Workers on the lakes should belong to one union only. Plethora of unions is like a 54-room dwelling for a sourdough bachelor–unnecessary, unseemly and unsound. It is a pile of furniture going to waste. One union, one objective––and let that objective be “porkchops” in the full sense of the word: food, clothing, shelter, comfort and recreation for the workers of the world.

wIw

**Seamen are complaining that owing to a plethora of certificates, maritime passports and union books their sea-bag resembles a Zeppelin.**

wIw

There are two kinds of politicians: those that make it while trying to prevent it, and those that prevent it while trying to make it––and no matter which way you cut, it’s baloney.

Swivel (Civil) Service is a matter in point.

So long as the garbage scows were privately owned and swills could be dumped right into the Master’s (Captain’s) state-room, civil service was an unheard of thing but when the new steel scows came out right away you’ve got to pass a swivel service examination and, I suppose, be looked over by a couple of horse doctors.

Boating is taking on proportions and the noose is getting tighter with time. You can’t even swing a mop or wield a broom in a public toilet unless you have passed **cum laude** before the civil service body.

wIw

Now on coal barges, they load you one day, the tug tows that night; next day they unload you and the tug tows you that night. Next day they load you and the considerate tug again tows you under cover of darkness. Tugs tow only in the night time and mony of them would be ashamed to show themselves in broad daylight.

This goes on indefinitely and the captain is supposed to get his sleep––in the grave; and remain cheerful in the meantime.

After the captain is thoroughly exhausted and staggers a little on his off-hoof, the offices at both ends of the “run” conclude “the captain has bent a knee to the powerful John Barleycorn in hope of gaining enforced wakefulness.” What an outrageous calumny! Who ever heard of a barge captain “bending a knee” to say nothing about bending an elbow. And they pull down the telephones and notify the poor captain’s boss: “Your captain on the coal barge Paradise is––drunk.” Not satisfied with that they spell it right out D-R-U-N-K. And the poor man was only T-I-R-E-D.

A married captain once hadn’t seen his home and family for 37 days. When he showed up at the house his dear wife failed to recognize him and his children crawled under the bed.

And still the boatowners have the guts to deny these workers even simple, fair, single-time for double-time work and they stalk them night and day trying to place a wolf upon their doorstep.

**A little organization just about now would be of great benefit to the boatmen of the gilded harbor.**

wIw

The nerve of those Finns, trying to lick half of Asia and the big half of Europe reminds me of the time I tried to bring law and order to Frazee, Minn. Elmer Buddinger, strapping lad of 5 ft. 1, wrote me afterwards: “You ought to know better than to try to lick a town the size of Frazee without my assistance.” And him 48 miles away!

It was thought that peace could best be preserved by having a deputy walk guard in front of my cell.

## 1940\_14\_IW\_06041940

**Here, too, People Are Not Eating**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The reason Russia took so much Finnish land is because they had forgotten where they left their tanks . . . The reason an employer wants so much of the workers’ production is because his girl friend fails to remember where she left her pearls.

**The only way statesmen can estimate the size of the relief dish required is by counting the robberies and stick-ups prevailing. Just now it looks as if the relief dish is not too large.**

Any suspected improvement in business is preceeded by a sizeable cut (228,000) from WPA rolls. Not so “Johnny-Come-Lately,” hey?

wIw

All wealth is the product of workers of the past and workers of the present so how can anyone sat, “this is mine?” And how can any government deny any worker any part of it?

Those in the graves wouldn’t kick—and those alive—who cares?

wlw

All invention is synthetic (nothing is new—even the pants you wear may be in part made from a pair of second-hand sox).

**That toothpick you whittled is not your product. Blacksmith made the knife-blade, miners dug the ore, furnace men supplied the iron, mechanics assembled the parts etc.—in fact the invisible hands of practically the whole working class helped you make that toothpick. You ought to have a One Big Union.**

wlw

“Rumania has an Allied pledge of assistance against aggression, made prior to the war.”

So did Czechoslovakia, so did Poland, so did Finland—down where the weeping willows grow.

wlw

New Year resolutions are as frail “on paper” as a drunkards reformation. Your own organization is your best succor and if you must fight hit first, and hard. The pity of it—dishonest agreements deviously arrived at.

Finland isn’t weeping yet, and Risto Ryti does all the smiling for a sorrowing nation.

wlw

**It’s costly to live in Russia. During the World War, Russia sacrificed 7,000,000 dead, crippled, wounded in 1,000 days (3 years)—7,000 a day.**

**In the Finnish war, Russia sacrificed only 2,000 a day. But they were most thoroughly dead (crippled, wounded not counted).**

For fun, whiskey or marbles, war doesn’t pay . . .

Submarine warfare is no more horrible than misleading a bear into trap or disguising a fishhook with an angleworm—making it look like a blue-plate dinner.

Full many a sucker hath sighed: Oh what a donkey I was’” “Me “ they scream, “a shark, and they hook me for a smelt!”

X marks the spot where the whale blowed.

wlw

I haven’t the precise figures of the number the world has butchered in all he wars, but after careful study of the brains extant I am led to the conclusion some of them must have been pretty smart men.

Dictated peace is dishonest before and after the fact. Betrayal of confidence—no flowers grow in such soil.

“Take or be taken,” in the rule in warfare.

Economic brainlessness results in brainless war.

Dearth of mental moxie permits a man to starve (to death) in an overstocked pantry. Brains?

Others die of lack of organization. They disdain to live on borrowed thought.

Nations ride to hell unorganized on the strength of their own neighbor nations’ wierd economics. Poor, dear nations—exploited by a select tribe of millionaires!

wlw

Elliot says, “Employers should have equal rights with the workers.”

**I agree without a stutter—a stint on the same shift with the workers, and equal voice in the management of industry (with the workers), equal pay and equal hours.**

But I suggest sweating be prohibited all around—or put the boys in a cooler with an electric fan to cool their fevered temples. Overproduction doesn’t rate fever charts.

I suggest 1941 be declared a legal holiday to permit demand to catch up with production.

Today I met a man of Scandinavian persuasion who seemed to be offended because, as he said, “can’t get nothing to eat.” So I can readily understand how America can sympathize with the Finns, for we, too, are not eating.

I joined him in his sorrows but I was less dagger-eyed.

Later I met another man who was more composed, one of those old fashioned, considerate sort, and he said just one word—”Jevla.” So I gathered that his mind, too, was on such momentous things as hamburgers and ham and eggs.

**City says “No man need go hungry,” and I take much stock in their words because the very men that say so look as if they never missed a meal in their whole life . . .**

There might be something in that without going into details.

Still later I met some ladies, all smiles—Saturday afternoon. I could see they wanted to take me out and show me the town. But I thought to myself if I should so far forget my early training as to lean upon a feminine pocketbook, Spokane would never forget to remind of it—a greater punishment than which there is none.

Some might say, “That’s so, Slim, ladies are kind of irresponsible that way on payday.”

I do not agree. Why even as old as I am, bowed over from hard work, a tear dangling from the end of my nose, people mistake me for a Yale student—if not something worse. Why, the very intelligence shines from the bristles of my two-weeks old whiskers.

There might be something to that—without going into details.

## 1940\_15\_IW\_13041940

**Pay too Low To Justify Expenditure**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

These radio jokes are getting real good— nobody laughs hut the radio. ‘Twon’t bo long now till the audience lets out a hoc haw —which reminds me: when the people see me weeping in a subway, how could they guess that I had just thought of a good joke?

No, I don’t think we can be of the same opinion . . . Here’s a man who says, “a debutante smells like a fish market.” Another says, “a debutante smells like a candy factory.” My old friend Elmer Buddinger once said, “a debutante smells like a fertilizer factory on fire.” I accept Elmer’s position for Elmer is a man of great truth and is known to have gone hours at a stretch without lying, when he slept. He never talked in his sleep. He could say all he wanted to say in his waking moments.

Again: When the baker makes the pie, it looks like a refugee from the seven lean years; but when the baker’s staff artist paints the pie it looks fat and rosy, like a . . . (censored) . . . etc.

wlw

Militancy doesn’t always consist of tile ability to advance ones ideas in face of attack—it sometimes consists of ability to “stand your ground,” or in the transfer of one’s attention to another form of defense. To be steadfast, in other words.

wlw

Taxation: (it takes many forms). We are taxed 10 cents for a box of Copenhagen snuff (some call it a calamity), 37 cents for butter, 40 cents for eggs and so on, taxes upon taxes; 10 cents for sox and two-bits for toothpaste, etc., ad nauseum.

Now, in view of the fact that workers get very little of the coin of the realm (scarcely enough for an old-age stake) it is my fervent opinion all these accessories and sundries should be tax-free, with an occasional planked steak and a Sunday-go-meeting front thrown in for good measure. (I’m tired of walking around in rags and rubber boots.)

Wages are so low that they do not justify any expenditures whatsoever—at this time. Proof of the thing lies in the vast undertakings for old-age insurance, state and federal social security, unemployment relief, home relief, etc. In other words, a system that is priceless is desired: abolition of the chaos that is the profit system. (Not so nuts at that.)

Just leave me unemployed a while and you’ll hear something— maybe be seeing things, too.

For further proof witness the guy who begs- if he never spends u cent, in the end he will be rich if he isn’t robbed or struck by a horseless carriage.

Cut the price down to the bone—zero.

That reminds me, our horseless carriages executed more men than all the German armies and all the French armies on the West Wall front.

The fight over there got so gosh shang monotonous some of the boys darted hollering for more worlds to conquer.

First force them in; then, bore them; finally, hold them. Like leading the water away from the calf.

wlw

Recently un electrical disturbance cramped the cables, telephones and radio.

Some said it was due to the that Roosevelt and T-bone Slim have a cold. (Roosevelt was holed-in in his room for several days; Slim, however, wasn’t holed-in because he had no room.) Flu, probably?

Others averred it was due to sun-spots.

Nothing of the kind.

A current of “hot-air” came in head-on collision with “gas” and the resultant splintering of the atmosphere caused a vibration so violent that even the $9.75 radio set started turning handsprings on the varnished bureau. We can expect this every presidential year when the spellbind-era start out into the tall grass country to gas the boys.

This same atmospheric pressure probably is the cause of the two colds that are afflicting the two national characters hereinbefore referred to.

wlw

Dream on! Last night I was looking for my coat—couple pair of specs in it. But what is one night

or one mare in a young man’s life? When realization finally caught up with me in part, I discovered I was wearing the coat. With the fulness of my returning consciousness I found the coat under my head serving as a pillow with my well known and honored Florsheims; spectacles carefully distributed in strategic positions upon the floor. Only a lunkhead would sleep with his eyes in his pocket.

Many men have been looking for their coat the past 10 years when they weren’t looking for a pot of gold al rainbow’s end. If they will look real sharp they will find they are wearing it — the coat, not the pot—in working class solidarity.

wlw

Workers in the USA are distributed into so many different organizations that it would take a champion statistician to name them all. War is going on between these, though the tomahawk is burried and spirals of smoke are curling from the pipe of peace.

In the seafaring industry MTW 510 retains the loyalties of the most substantial seamen— not a small accomplishment in itself and which reacts to the benefit of both. Seamen should take note of this condition and associate themselves with the workers that get things done and are not forever slipping mid trying to regain the lost log.

Thousand and one different kinds of unions, all outfitted with Grand Rapids furniture—landlords, too, are deeply grateful for these small tokens of working class interest in their wellbeing. Many unions us there are fitted to the variable needs of the workers, there is hardly a place he can duck in out of the ruin—it is all pomp and splendor and labor pays the bill.

Labor is not getting anywhere subdividing itself that way. Improved as the wages are on the waterfront, they are still out of all comparison with the war profits the shipowner rakes in, in the form of “direct take” and governmental subsidies— not even camouflaged with “profit sharing” or war-risk bonus.

Was there ever a greedier employer?

## 1940\_16\_IW\_20041940

**When Men Get Hungry Enough - - They Starve**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Capital in distress:

Herr Thyssen has been howling for help from the revolutionary working class of the world . . .

Wall Street hasn’t said n word yet—about thumbing a ride on John Workoxen’s cart.

wIw

Whenever a single merchant controls a chain of 30 stores, 30 would-be proprietors have their wives take in washing or join the old people’s home. In a period of unemployment such displacement is the nation’s loss.

wlw

New York City—”Transit Strike Barrod by Court.”

‘Twas always thus—superior erudition and all that stuff? Courts do not ride subways—they ride Studebakers and Willys-Royce or Chrysler-Royal.

It seems, interests of the workers are in the hands of the footloose (unjailed) courts?

Not entirely.

Civil Service makes it almost a capital offense, indirectly, to strike. Strike and you’re one of the 12,000000—for you can be canned for cause, and causes are numerous.

Were Civil Service general throughout American industry, the unemployed would be forever deprived of opportunity to successfully compete for a job. Status quo would be an accomplished fact. Only the prime of manhood and womanhood would have jobs—others (less beefy) would revolt . . . or pine—for charity has a cold hand—or starve, or freeze, or surrender to illness, gas or rope . . . for are not now the employed workers a parcel of aristocracy?

Chaos?

Methinks Civil Service is riding for a fall.

wlw

Along about Wednesdays, all the superannuated fish that couldn’t bring the price, utter failures, are loaded on dump-trucks and hauled away to unknown graves. Tons of ‘em: fillet sole, well known herring, and horsemackerel, etc. All the while, awe-eyed millions stand undecided whether to try to swallow their tongues or stick their finger in their mouth.

Fantasy? Fantasy nothing: it’s **fun**tasy, and I get a great kick out of it—which goes to show my brain is working, even if I am not myself.

Ha! a defense right there: “I wasn’t myself”—if the rest of the sentence is said in silent grammar, or prayer.

wlw

Richard Wagner’s “Meistersinger” can be appreciated only by an aged ear. To the young, it is discord.

They are shootinig down strikers in South Africa—10 dead, 50 hospitalized. White man’s civilization!

Employer brutality is world-wide.

wlw

Greater New York is having a charity drive, and the battlecry is, SUPPOSE NOBODY CARED!

Did the workers organize, charity would be but a name and hospitality would care for the halt and the lame. OId age would be just “one of those, things,” of little consequence to society and less to those who would be enjoying, it.

Youth would be in the saddle riding hard to the rodeo and thence go places.

But youth doesn’t know too much?

That’s all right—so much the worse— logic would seem to dictate that **those of you that do know too much** better got busy and slap half-soles on this economic system—or say “uncle.” This business of trotting everything to tile King is damn poor business, win, lose or draw.

Bombarding words back and forth is nt best merely hokum, bull, palavar—I can do it in my sleep.

wIw

It. is said people will revolt “when they get hungry enough.” I would rather believe they will starve to death. In fact, it has come to my notice a person that reduces is pretty tame and that an ill-fed man is easy to lick. No salvation there.

Quaint indeed are the batty plans offered to correct economic maladjustments.

One offers “less calories in the soup.” Another suggests “take up the cross, grin and bear it.” Still another is convinced “economic recovery can be attained only by first having death destruction and despair—war.

What do they think we are? If they think.

**Transport Sunk: 12 Drown.** (That’s supposed to put genuine bacon in the pan.)

**Sub (Believed) Sunk.** (Ha, ae get a new suit and maybe a pair of socks.)

**Billion Dollar Luxury Liner and Overcoat Pocket Battleship Hit Bottom.** (Cheese and crackers and Ovaltine.)

**Airplane Bombs Shrimp Cannery.** (Good, we can buy a new lounge and a gas car.)

And so forth—all these things will come to pass if we remain a donkey long enough.

But wouldn’t it be a good plan to organize put those “brainy boys” in a nuthouse for observation and produce for sensible use only?

Billions of dollars worth of workers’ production is destroyed! As if by gentlemen’s agreement, only workers are bombed, wounded, crippled or killed. War is now a year old and not a general or politician bit the dust. Generals wear all the medals; workers wear the scars.

War is not only hell, but dirty business. Business? Double hornswoggle!

wIw

Neutral nations are being denuded of their materials for the purpose of maintaining the belligerent nations in a state of proud-flesh, curing a false economy with falser panacea—destruction, war.

## 1940\_17\_IW\_27041940

**Seamen Stake Lives Free In War Game**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Plain simple overtime used to rate time-and-a-half—150 per cent. War risk rates time-and-a-quarter—125 per cent. Sunday overtime used to rate double-time—200 per cent. War must be a picnic.

Britain pays its seamen 9 pounds 10. One Big Union would remedy these discrepancies—9 pounds 10 is less than 50 bucks.

Ordinarily, one would think, war risk should rate a bonus equal to peacetime’s overtime—150 per cent. Shipowners do not donate the services of their rust buckets—which same they now sell for original cost, plus.

wlw

“Hango,” Finland, was the Statue of Liberty of that distressed land.

wlw

The IWW never did, does not pretent to and will not break up any workers’ union; all it wants is that control of the union remain in or be placed in the hands of the rank and file.

The reason for this is clear: No One Big Union can be organized unless the rank and file runs unions. Without One Big Union the workers may as well hang up their teeth and become as and of the SOUPermen.

Under domineering control, workers are condemned to forever live (or die) divided.

wlw

Owing to shortage of KRIEG-space (fighting space), power politics have solved the problem by moving their wars into neighbor nations’ front yard; both swearing by all that’s holy they are doing so merely to protect the neighbor. I wonder who’ll pick up the DEBRIS?

No room in the Atlantic for sea battle, so they moved the fleets into the Skagerrak and Kattegat. lngenius, aren’t they?

(Willie Hoppe still has something on the ball.)

wlw

Old fashioned guns couldn’t toss away the nations’ money fast enough, so they invented machine guns—rat-tat-tat-tat-boom-de-aye. That’s how money goes!

wlw

Cactus Jack Garner threatens to go back to the farm.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., greatest farmer in the two Americas, may run for the presidency of the United States. Fair enough! Rumor has it that Uncle Sam will take over a great share of the farms not owned by the Metropolitan.

Metropolitan now owns 1,430,000 acres. Only 39 per cent of the farms are in the hands (owned by) of dirt farmers—all other farming is done by swivel-chair.

wlw

The tactic seems to be: take the small nations one at a time, lick them and put them in a strait-jacket. Old as the hills—and the small nations cannot, do not, and do not know enough to UNITE. Nationality? Superior sons of APES?

Small labor unions come under the same category. One by one they go town to defeat and they cannot, do not, and do not know enough to organize a ONE BIG UNION. Unions multi-colored as a rainbow, all “too good” to be a parcel of the glorious WORKING CLASS.

But where are your victories, my lords, after 50 years? Rubbish! Great and only 30 cent sports! Enough, enough—**the tactics seem to be to take the small nations one at a time, lick them to a frazzle and put them in a strait-jacket.**

Identical work in one industry and the workers are organized in several separate unions—divided so the boss doesn’t even have to pick his victim; hit any of them, ONE AT A TIME. Such unions have less than one-thid striking power (generally) and sometimes NONE.

Even today, when industry is producing over and above the nation’s requirements, and employers are rolling in the fat of war profits, my sub-divided fellow unionists cannot raise the price of a turkey dinner—that is because they have no One Big Union.

D[ivide]e a union into three parts and it always has less than one-third striking power; unite the parts in one union and it always has more than three-thirds striking power—unionism compounds its power and confounds the employer.

Fertility of the white race is collosal. It can make six sick scissorbills grow where two grew before. Having no place in the sun, they put a premium on babes so as to share the shade.

wlw

When it conies to treaties, that Hitler sure knows how to hang paper.

Churchill is beginning to wish he had tackled a milk-man or a fish-peddler.

wlw

Dodgers took Yanks; Hitler took Denmark . . . Instantly food prices in Australia dropt. Swedish mining stocks tumbled. Copenhagen gone, T-Bone Slim ran out of snus.

Allies seem to think procrastination will win the war—procrastination is one of the major transgressions, father of defeat. He who hesitates is lost (in these dynamic days). Call off the show; it’s a flop!

## 1940\_18\_IW\_04051940

**Owners Won’t Desert Their Gold Mines**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It is said that when a Russian general gets too big for his stripes they take him out and shoot him.

Just to show how far plagiarism can go, mean spirited old fogies say, “Tom Dewey (NYC) is too big for his pants.”

wlw

Maritime cargo rates are up four times the former rate (in honor of the war). Seamen’s wages have not increased—only in dribbles; extra five bucks per pay. Talk about bribery, hey? A brand new pedro!

**How about doubling these skinny wages?**

wlw

Here’s how: (Sea-boots and multilateral splices) —

Years ago the shipowners never used to ship a full crew of wheelsmen. AB’s then had to take a trick at the wheel. While AB’s were thereupon wheelsmen, the ordinaries had to perform AB’s duties, etc.

This was the only way shipowners could get wheelsmen for ordinaries’ wages. Such is the system of classifications and ratings; for who is there to say ordinaries do not perform, both directly and indirectly, the duties of higher classifications for lower rating in pay?

Get together.

Anet the quadruple cargo rates:

The argument is, the high rate is temporary and the shipowners, from the bigness of their heart, will give the shippers a break any time now. Listens fine, but the heart isn’t present. This is witnessed by the fact that seamen’s pay did not rise with the gold rush to shipowners. **The tactic: tie the seamen down to an agreement in face of rising rates and cut the seamen’s pay in face of falling rates— and keep what you get.**

The shipowners did not plead bankruptcy in the single cargo-rate day—but now they say they can’t raise $72.50 on the smaller ships. Eighty-five dollars is small potatoes, and witness the grub—anybody that tells me it is worth more than $15 is batty and slipping fast. Hundred dollars! Truly the seamen’s is the modesty of Maud Muller.

wlw

Gold mine?

The old floating coffins that brought them a fine livlihood and barrels of skads, they were able to sell at a profit to foreign owners; and now, rumor has it, they are prepared to retire well cared for.

Don’t believe a word of it. They will not abdicate in favor of foreign pretenders! (Did you ever hear of a man deserting a gold mine?) In a very short time they will blossom forth and bloom, and shine with a string of goldbraided ocean greyhounds—to the glory and profit of themselves.

wlw

Malodorous?

Instead of suffering the mal-odious music of the radio, my beloved countrymen should buy themselves a canary—a singing canary. The canary would take just one look at ‘em and quit singing for the rest of its life and we would have peace.

However, you don’t need glasses to read the radio news.

Sometimes we think the radio performers are trying to depict a beer saloon brawl and that it’s all in fun.

wlw

Economic magicians propose to cure the economic maladjustment by growing two turnips where one grew before, quite ignoring the fact that two turnips already rot where none rotted before. I suppose that will stop the flow of millions into the pockets of special privilege; just grow two turnips.

I wonder if one wouldn’t do just as well by smoking a corn cob pipe with a cigar butt in it or by picking the choice morsels from the plutocrats’ swill barrel. Roll out the barrel!

Another mathematical prestidigator suggests, work 14 hours a day so the big shots can shoot fireworks into the night.

What a pile of building material was wasted when they put up colleges to teach those numbskulls to figure—only 12,000,000 unemployed and 30,000,000 on scant diet.

wlw

**There is no sense in us throwing our dirty dishes into the sink and rushing off to Europe to tell them how to swab out cups and saucers—more sense in Chinamen coming over here to show us how to use chopsticks in the alley-way.**

wIw

The dictatorships in Europe have the same problem—exploitation of John Workox & Co.; and his son, John Bum.

wlw

The reputation of the IWW is not putting porkchops on our platter today; rather it was the spirit of the IWW then that did it as the spirit of the IWW now does it.

Reputation catches no herring. Past is hurried, Future isn’t born, Present is here. There are two words that cover it: **Now and Action.**

wlw

Question of war is not material for there is no organization to stay or oppose it; as is, it’s a cut and dried proposition. The only material question before the world, for whatever purpose, is organization. Once you have a workers’ one big union, you will have no war; once you have industrial democracy, war cannot be found except in a legendary dictionary. Until then discussion of war is merely sound and fury.

Children have donated their metals to Herr Hitler for his birthday, for war uses. Tomorrow our school children will donate their pennies to save the war-torn children of warring nations in foreign lands.

Who will take up a collection to save our war-torn children in case we grow battier than we are today?

## 1940\_19\_IW\_11051940

**Sellouts Are Getting to be Common Practice**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

You cannot understand liver complaint (sand in the gills) unless you have liver complaint . . . You cannot understand the aches and pains of a worker unless you are u worker. So why, for cripes sake, elect a non-worker that don’t know the first thing about liver complaint to represent you in the marble halls?

**All right, all right, elect a worker to represent you. But can’t you see the moment he is elected representative, he becomes a non-worker and all his aches and pains disappear as if by magic. What good is he to you if he has no aches and pains?**

I can see right now, fellow worker, we’ll have to do all our high moral action in union halls, where we can run an eye over the officials and see to it that not loo many chins hang from their ears.

wIw

The hone Hitler is betting on is the Trojan horse. He figures that if his horse comes in, ti will give hint the edge in future economic games.

wlw

Plenty of Swedes will be dropping around to the IWW shortly when they realize domestic “nationalism” can do nothing for them here or for their loved ones in the harrassed Scandinavia.

wlw

Finland is completely shut off from the rest of the world —it’s a tough game, **this capitalism**.

**Finnish refugees that went to Norway, find themselves refugees once again.**

**Jews have been fleeing from several new-found Utopias. And still they flee— trying to outrun intollerance.**

Human foot is not fast enough. Take it easy; you’ll lust longer.

**Empires Weep, Sob, Squirm Trying to Cut Down Price**

A great hue and cry is raised to have cosmopolitan United States act as protector of British and French empires upon their solemn promise to pay.

Experience teaches us, solemn words don’t buy any pink lemonade at the circus. Therefore, were United States to undertake such batty program, it is well that it be done after the cash is on the barrelhead.

In view of the high cost of belligerence, I estimate the stipend should be something like 25 billion dollars—a nice piece of jack for to bet on the horses!

“But would not that be mercenary?”

Well, yes. But not any more so than getting paid for it afterward, or being gypped out of your dowery till doomsday. It’s dirty business all around, and we can’t keep our hands clean. I’ve already called it a batty proposition.

Now get me right, we’ll be taken for a ride later whether we jump in now or not (the carriage waits, my lord) just so long as we place our trust in trade agreements at the expence of domestic health. But there is a consoling feature: Rumor has it that in our next war “all over 45 will be conscripted first so as to bring the ‘mature wisdom’ of age to out battlefields’”—the young, you know, are “scenery bums” and can’t keep their heads down behind the sand bags and concrete redoubts.

That reminds me, England, France and Germany, dissatisfied with the scenery in their own lands, moved their war into Norway.

Cash on the barrelhead in advance.

**No Skullduggery**

Some will argue that it in more ethical to have the foreigners sell us a war, with high-flown, abstract generalizations, than it is for us to sell our services for a price, cash before delivery to the highest bidder. (What Price Glory stems from that problem, which after all, is not a problem.)

Others argue that the proper way to get into a war is to have the foreigners bribe some of our national to sell us the war. Phoeey! that is a cut rate proposition.

The honorable way to preserve the value of war service is to have the cash on the barrelhead before action starts.

It is idle fallacy to trust the collection of war compensation to the “fortunes of war,” for there are too many excuses, alibis and repudiations. We can sell Europe any amount of war service (cash before delivery) be it 10 billion, 20 billion or 50 billion dollar’s worth; we to be the sole judge of the amount and quality of service. Then there will be no craw-fishing; the money will be in our jeans and we can stick up monuments for those that fail to return, gold stars for their mothers, and maybe a new harness for Dobbin.

**But I’m telling you right here, war isn’t going to cure any economic maladjustment anywhere, anytime. War till hell freezes over and you will still have an excuse for war.**

The very nature of this idolatrous capitalist system is such that it builds war—**”much to few, little to many.”**

Kill off every nation down to jusy two men and you will still have war (that is, if they retain the capitalist system). One of those two will kill the other and then commit suicide— making a clean sweep of it. **Isn’t that a heluva way to end capitalism?**

Kill off the cookoo that feeds it.

**THOUSAND (800 PLUS) ACRES IN CENTRAL PARK ALONE!**

We must not forget that Peter Minuit bought the whole of Manhattan for 25 bucks and a couple of bottles of frle water in the good old days of long ago. And many are the “Bowery bums” that are today still bumming on the strength of the pro fits of that trade. Ah, had Pete the sense to hang on to it!

So if we’re going to sacrifice our life and blood in defense of European empires, we ought to see to it that we get as good a deal as Peter Minuit pulled off on the Indians.

Indeed, I think we should get a nice lump sum and sizeable royalties on all future chiselings. No money to change hands under the table, later to be described as cigar coupons.

We want the money on the barrelhead where we can see it. We ain’t manufacturing blisskrieg just for the fun of it or Barbados Molasses.

**“Open jackpots, openly arrived at,” that’s my sentiments; and four (4) aces in the deck till the end of the game.**

## 1940\_20\_IW\_18051940

**Wage Slave Knows His Economics**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Greece was the beginning of the Western World and it now looks as if grease (oil) will bo the end of it.

\*

Politics that was to cure economics now needs a “wash in the lake” itself.

Provocatuers are no less familiar in political parties than in labor movements. (Sincere sourpusses not counted; their cry stems from loss of economic security that three pork chops can cure.)

There they stand, agents provocateur, not grim and forbidding, but sweet as honey.

Yes. the egg was good until it became rotten—then, no omlette.

Politician has no deeds before election only sweet words, embonpoint and super-elegant grace and dignity—after election: one day among the polecats and he has the full flavor of the gray stripe.

**Market Report**

Demand for ham and eggs is weak, a mere squawk. Very few bay-windows are hurling the belt-buckles. Millionaires are talking about sirloin steaks in hushed whispers. Roosevelt can run but won’t; I would run but can’t Best I can do is walk half-speed in second shift.

Let’s see now:

Allies didn’t win in the Ethiopian campaign; that went to the Rome-Berlin Axle.

Russia, Italy. Morocco and Germany were in Spain; that war went to the Rome-Berlin Axle.

Saar, Sudeten, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Memel, Lithuania, Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, Finland and now Norway went to the Rome-Berlin Axle, (I ain’t so naive) Copenhagen and Denmark.

If anybody knows of a campaign that went to the Allies, I haven’t heard of it. “But England always wins the last war.”

England and who? (I have a hunch great bodies will be dropping from the heavens just prior to Decoration Day.)

Inflamatory books, plays and commentary, pleading for our intervention in the madhouse of European chiselings and resultant squabbles are hot off the griddle; sneering at our reluctance to jump in and get our feet burned.

The facts (Daily Mirror, NYC, May 1, 1940) :

“Finland died because democracy cannot live in Europe.

“Finland was sold out.

“If America goes into this war, America will be sold out . . . and then democracy will die in America, the only place left in the world where it has a chance to LIVE!”

**Yes, and pletny of deserving statesmen will find themselves carrying mortar for bricklayers; we mustn’t forget THAT— we better relax our military muscles NOW and we may be able to duck the hod-carrying.**

Finland, Spain, Albania, Poland, Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia and Norway fought for the allies (other nations surrendered) and now the allies want **us** to fight **their** war—and they don’t even offer to act as cheerleaders.

Cripes, are we going to be donkeys ALL our life?

**On the Other Hand**

Romo-Berlin Axle and Co. are whacking up the performances between themselves. First Mussolini prances upon the pedestal in Ethiopia, in avenging something or other. When he is through, Hitler turns a few cartwheels in Poland and then Joe Stalin throws a few handsprings in Finland.

They perform only in one country at a time and catch their wind between rounds—a continuous performance, not a serial story.

That’s better than asking the good neighbor to shell out a few acts as a guest conductor.

Yes, they want Uncle Sam to come and get it—with fine yarns about “Adolph’s cartridge box is empty,” and the cheerleaders report more German subs sunk than Germany over had.

Oh what an awakening! Thank goodness the water is getting warm-er.

\*

Imaginery mines and imaginary armies do not twin victories and too often prove to be a mare’s nest or a white elephant.

Not only should we forever stay out of Europe’s squabbles, but we should say our regrets and depart from the game.

Artificial democracy, whether it be in a union or geographical principality, is a fake that cannot prosper. True democracy is enforced from the bottom up and makes for mass education. Dictatorship, on the other hand, makes for diseducation and many other drawbacks in progress such as hero worship and passiveness—specializing only in the present hobby of the leader to the exclusion of all else. Under artificial democracy we can have kings dukes, counts, marquis—the blooded aristocracy and parasites—and millions of paupers and unemployed.

**We are not living under democracy, but under hypocrisy and industrial autocracy to the detriment of many and benefit of few. Enforcement of true democracy comes from the bottom up!**

We have a raft of economic experts that haven’t the slightest ideaabout economy and cannot have because they are too many jumps aheadof starvation — their knowledge iswholly superficial and sketchy. Theyhave no true picture of it and if youlisten to their rantings you will be a donkey the rest of your life.

The only man that can and does understand economic matters is the worker. He knows that he cannot get rich by helping a millionaire barrel up his shekles. He knows he cannot hang a double chin on his ears by letting the businessmen and professional playboys eat up all the white meat from the roast turkey. He knows that the northwind will rattle his bones in the burlaps if the parasites wear all the broadcloth and tweeds.

He knows that if Neverworks live in 40-room mansions, he must weather the gale in a 2-room shack along the railroad tracks.

All this he knows, and much more—and he is getting sick and tired of these exploiters and their henchmen, the pseudo-economists.

**But as much as he knows about economic laws, he has not yet discovered the healthy wholesomeness of joining the IWW and aplying economic action to economic ills in a direct way, without benefit of agents, advisors, or academic acrobats.**

A word might be said for the unions of the “aristocracy of labor,” aidermen’s sons and daughters, but the whole resolves itself into a deathly fear of the unemployed millions and discomfiture in the end—a war between the working classes—without altering the relative position of the employing class in the slightest. Under that prospectus there can be only a worsening of workers’ circumstances to the point of unqualified slavery.

Let there be action in this nation that is predominently international in its very nature.

## 1940\_21\_IW\_23051940

**For Security Join One Big I.W.W. Union**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

MTW is at present, as usual, organizing the marine workers with some degree of success.

In this connection I would like to point out: Law (Jones Act, specifically) does not recognize the right of a seaman to perform any part or labor pertaining to the handling of a ship in port, except such as he can do directly aboard; if he is injured ashore performing ship’s errand, replacing ship’s moorings or handling ship’s stores he is not qualified to demand “damages” for such injuries as may result.

This is a terrible example of the blissful ignorance of law—if it is not a direct, premeditated joker against the welfare of the long-suffering mariner.

This also indicates the seamen must seek protection elsewhere and that is why they are joining the MTW Industrial Union No. 510 of the IWW.

Until such a time as the seamen are properly organized they must use their own judgement as to the acceptance of any orders to perform any ship’s chores ashore—and run their own risk of injury or rejection thereof.

Hell of a note.

If you fall off the ship, you qualify; if you fall off a borrowed raft, your name is mud—even if you were smearing the ship with paint at the time.

Keep at least one foot on the ship.

wlw

A terrific argument is going on, on the waterfront in New York’s restful South street:

A mariner, who readily admits that he honors Kentucky as his home state, says with a great show of sincerity, “The fo’csle on that seawagon isn’t fit for a pig.”

Another seaman, a Georgian, interrupts, “I can’t agree with you, buddy, it is fit for a pig.”

“I say it aint,” argues Kentucky.

“I’m telling you, buddy, it is fit for a pig and only for a pig,” roars the Georgian . . . And so far into the night.

I’d like to have the pig’s version.

wlw

When Europe discovers they are all arguing on the same side, peace shall be declared, proper apologies will be made and once more the wage slaves will get their orders from dignified overlords.

wlw

Are we bankrupting our children? No, they already are in hock for 45 billions . . . Bernard Macfadden advocates waterless fast for illness. How about cutting off snus and smokes also, so as to make it a free show?

Bell Telephone assures us, U. S. is “a nation united by telephone.” And here all along I thought barrelhoops were parted and molasses was running down Main street nonchalanetly indifferent to pleasures and pain.

wlw

Hitler is having one helava time convincing England and France he wants his colonies. I wonder if he’ll have to take “the tight little isle” and Brittany before he can make “believers” of them? Isn’t it a bit too late then?

The trend internationally in Europe is REACTION. Not only is it a trend —absolutism is in the saddle. Small nations are “closing their doors” and joining the WPA of power politics. Even Nero now is a model of human kindness and generosity. And here all along I thought Herr Nero was a dirty violin virtuoso of darkest hue.

Colonial survival or utter destruction is the choice for all small nations—freedom is out. Liberty is crucified. (That pertains to the political world, now moving into the industrial.)

Strange weapons the “brainy boys use.

Looks like the chiselers will have hard sledding—but what the hell, we’re in the same toboggan.

I don’t believe autocracy can arrange a satisfactory world, for it paralizes both the critical and constructive mind—outside of militarism. wlw

Daylight saving time (it came about this way) : The farmer’s daughter handspiked the clock ahead one hour after supper so as to give the boys on the threshing rig an early start next morning. That was fair enough, for she always handspiked the clock back one hour after breakfast.

However, when she went out laf ter supper to have a kind word with the visiting fireman, I got to thinking if it’s good to handspike the clock ahead one hour, two hours, would make it all the better. So it slipped in the cook car and shoved the clock ahead another hour . . . Brainy boys got wind of this and called it daylight saving time—one of my most popular inventions.

Next morning the boys pulled a strike two hours before daylight and later, when I came prancing into the jungles with about half a cord of firewood, one of these pusillanimous header-barge bosuns observed “Slim is working on slum clearance.” And that’s the origin of “slum clearance.” You don’t get credit for anything anymore!

wlw

There are so many things, as the walrus said, that distract the worker from organization efforts. There’s the Creole belles, Bimelech, galloping cubes, ace-in-the-hole, numbers radio and many other attractive pursuits. My personal obsession is the Brooklyn Dodgers. I worry in a cold sweat that the Dodgers win not be able to win al! their ball games this year and I have a mind to ask D[o]rocher to lose a game or two and break the spell.

wlw

Two ships for one.”—News.

Yep, and one delegate on each ship. One delegate in each shop. No imported sardines allowed.

## 1940\_22\_IW\_01061940

**Let’s Have Long-Term Solidarity**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Strip-tease doesn’t clik in New York because the good citizens have been living for years without clothes. It’s old stuff to them.

Employed workers can join a union anytime—all the “exclusions” can’t stop them. The castouts, unemployed workers, cannot join any union at will but must suffer for their “status,” or organize a union of their own. For allowing itself to get into this divided estate, labor deserves most withering censure. Half pulling at a frankfurter; half sucking their thumbs!

•

What the world needs in labor objective is long-term solidarity, plus incidentals. No part of labor can elect to fight alone—except to get licked and to be further disqualified. If you can’t go as one, you can’t go.

Not only must workers unravel the tangle of competitive organized unionism, they must straighten out their net in regards to the so-called “culls and castoffs” that compose the unemployed workers.

The action of the employers created the unemployed army: inaction of the employed maintains them as such, and further action of the employers will use them as such to the disadvantage, discomfort and sorrow of the presently employed workers—plus the youth of the CCC. Talk about your **carte blanche!** “Yes. yes, dear boss, you can do as you bloody well like.”

And labor holds the bag. (The hell of it is, the bag is empty.) “Hm,” says Labor politely, “someone’s been here.”

•

Changes are bound io happen in this inconstant world . . . Witness the complete new deal in Germany. All the old faces we loved so well are no more. A younger generation came and placed the aged rascals on file. No more creaky generals dodder around the battlefields. It’s a herald of a newer day, regardless of the merits or demerits of the present conflict.

You wouldn’t use an old razor blade (Eskilistuna or Sheffield) or an old egg that is too ripe? Youth shall have its day!

This doesn’t mean that the wheezy old agents of the employing (exploiting) class must of needs retire to their sofas and easy chairs. They can throw their glazing eyes around peeling spuds for the armies of the future. Prime Chanticleers, indeed! Must yon go now? Here’s your hat.

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If humanity and civilization mean exploitation of labor, we can well dispense with them.

Hornswoggling of nations is another example of civilization that discredits it.

Mismanagement of industry and miscontrol of economy farther put blueblooded nobility, parasites, chiselers, and their civilizations in the dog-house. The unretractable miss-moves they have made makes them forever, incapable of remedying the depression they have created. They must be relieved ci the power to further cavort in the game of blind man’s buff.

•

Since labor started dabbling in Social Security, Old Age Pensions, Flat-feet bonus, Arthritis and High Blood Pressure Relief, and since it moved its point of production to Washington in the blue sky area, it has become a sort of auxiliary old men’s club after the manner of the U. S. Senate and wages are going down for the third and last time. There’s no blue sky in a roly-poly pay envelop.

The old fashioned way of strike is still the best surcease for immediate troubles. And beware of domestic entanglements.

Only direct action car, strike. We wouldn’t expect the $10,000 men in Washington to strike for us. What do they know about strike? Many of them never saw the point of production (and a few more points that I could mention).

•

“You don’t belong!” (A strange devil in hell.) War propagandists that reach our radio seem to have their bowels near their vocal chords—hysterical as Biddy that lost her rent-money. This indicates which way the wind blows.

Sony we can only weep with them.

We have been offered a war with Japan, Mexico, Russia, Germany and other first class scrappers but as Eugene O’Neal remarks in effect in his “Hairy Ape,” we do not fit.

Under no circumstances read fresh war news! In three days it will be I denied and your excitement is all in vain; your sorrow or joy wasted. Conserve your emotions and read the **Industrial Worker**, ..workers’ loyal servant.

**The Choice They Made**

Great Britain and France created Hitler in the Versailles Treaty. They took an understrapper in the army and made him Commander-in-Chief of the German forces and now they regret the wonders and blunders they performed. There is no fundamental merit in any of these. The difficulty was remote and in each case the trouble still remains—exploitation of man by man, in peace or in war.

•

We hear so much about vitamines over the radio, and just what to : give the kids three times a day. I’ll stick my neck out: Give the little rascal a porkchop, well buttered on both sides, and a glass of cow’s milk for a chaser. The little angels are hungry—skip the jam. Don’t expose your hand—grow up yourself first.

•

No German troops have been landed in Buffalo as yet. So I guess we’re all safe.

## 1940\_23\_IW\_08061940

**Recommends Examination for Bosses**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

We once were the asylum for the oppressed of the world. The only qualification we demanded wns that they weigh 185 pounds and had big thumbs. Then we put them to learning Americanism between the handles of a wheel barrow.

•

Restaurants do not open early enough of a morning and many of our married men are obliged to eat in their breakfast st home—and you know what those women are. It’s almost ns much as a man’s life is worth to eat in home. It gives me jitters just thinking about it; which goes to show I don’t know how to play a harp. Peace! It is wonderful.

•

I cannot see how FDR could throw up the job he’s got, how he could have the hardihood in these hard times when unemployment is so extensive. Of course, I could suggest he go on the bum with me for n ripsnorting shakedown run. He’s about the right age and would be a better man for all that.

•

Physical examination is what sold the tried, true and tested slave down the river—a cut for the working class—and he has no comeback for physical injuries accrued through the years. Program: Youth displaced the aged, and women shall displace the men, old and young.

But the transition from man-power production to woman-power production in not without its humar. I see where the hefty biddies are running (every other block) to work. I broke three bicycle forks going to work. Not much percentage In that. And the women haven’t even a bicycle.

No sir, I cannot see where the unions have done anything about this, except accept the wage cuts.

•

It is compulsory physical examination for the slvae, whether his boss be self-appointed employer or elected city, staye or federal government. Further, ho must be young to qualify as a good and willing salve.

There is no rule or power that says employers must be examined by the union’s doctor—and further, he can be old and fossilised us a tin-lizard and still not lose any of his respect or self-esteem.

I propose we organize a One Big J Union and jump the bosses through the hoops so as to find out be there any spring left in the Achilles heel.

They employ women because women are cheaper and drive better.

As I was a few paragraphs buck, a young girl came tearing around the corner from an alley—a short cut—and fell all over these sacred writings. Time now is 9:05 a. m. She probably, was an office worker. I’m sorry to cause her delay. The police should clear the streets for these foot soldiers—weight 97 pounds.

England:—”The powerful Amalgamated Engineers Union swiftly agreed to temporary relaxation of its rules to permit extended employment of women in the engineering indusry.”

Hm, and England has something over one million unemployed. Hm, again. Looks pretty fishy, Or is it an old age issue?

Over here the hypocrites throw their arms in the air in stark terror and say:

“Senator Soandso is the youngest man in the Senate.” Yep, Jazzbo, it’s just too bad if a Senator brings in ideas that ain’t on crutches.

•

“Alliea forced to retreat.” Ain’t it hell? If there’s anything a man hates to do it is to go back and work where he worked before.

But what the dickens is a man to do? A guy shooltng at him and he has no bullet-proof vest or shatter-proof glasses. Maybe that’s why some men stay on the job so long; they hate to play a return engagement. Many of the crownheads in the late sorry months have been tossed onto the labor market in Europe. This, too, in face of the fact they had resolved to hold down the job “from now on.”

They were paid off with a shotgun.

Even Queen Wilhelmina hopped on her bicycle and fled to England. The day before, Staak orated, “The government hasn’t **dreamed** about flight.”— I know how it is, one cand do some tall **thinking** and still not dream about it. How cautious those great men are!

What the U. S. should do is start a colony for these kings and queens in the badlands or Everglades.

Whenever these crownheads hightall to foreign lands, they manage to grab the poke in their hurry, or they have it shipped ahead of them. O wouldn’t be a bit surprised if our own economic royalists took a notion to hightail for Madagscar or Virgin Islands—good places are so scarce nowadays.

Why good Lord! even the generals behind the lines do not find safety in distance anymore and their solitude is fractured by parachutists dropping down on their villas und carting them off into enemy camps. Toughtitty, warriors, what in the world can an army do without its VOICE? And here all along we thought the generals safe front all harm. They better stay with the regiment after this.

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My learnod contemporaries specalate: If Hit. wins the war and gets the Allies’ navy, “they can be sent across against our good friend Uncle Sam. Listens like a good argument against having a good navy—if we are to turn it over to the enemy intact. I wouldn’t put it post John Bull however. But it would be treachery just the same.

Arguments sometimes smell to high heaven. As (to recapitulate): Inasmuch as our industrial overlords are so choosey about picking their slaves, it is proper to reason the ones they choose are more valuable than those they reject. If so. and it is so, the youthful wage earners should cash in on that superiority and not let all the good things of life go to the boss over a one-way street. “Make this world a better place to live in and a better place to die in.”—Tom [unclear] Johnson,

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I guess those automobiles are come to stay. Even the railroad officials use automobiles instead of trains in inspecting the “road” or running tab on their hoggers and tallowpots.

## 1940\_24\_IW\_15061940

**Buck Up, Lad, Don’t Let Your Ears Droop**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

One thing Americans should realize is that they are just as good as the next men and that no man is better—this goes for plutocrats, professors, proprietors, producers, peons, paupers and—”punks”, as they call them—and none of them should scrape and grovel. If any of them grovel and let their ears droop, the enchantment of the lay out is ruined.

It is useless to argue with me that a robin or dove gets nice treatment from the human race “because their ears don t stick out.” How about the shad, the mackerel and oyster—no ears at all, to speak of? (They eat them and spit out the bones.) There is no reason whatsoever why the American working man should today to any man, because they do not come that great.

There is no reason why the worker should lowrate his requirements and take second best, third best or worst; for he has furnished plenty for all and over-abundance of the best.

Other layers of the social strata— even the parasites, whom I forgot to mention before—are the best in the world.

**America has as fine a bunch of parasites as ever lit the light of admiration in human eye. They neither toil nor spin and yet they wear the finest of cloth (no burlaps for them!), eat the finest juciest of plank-steaks, escort the oomphiest of glamor girls, worship at the shrine of mental incest night clubs and sleep all day.**

Perfect! I says perfect—and if I am wrong, then a crap game is a religious performance.

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After the war, when chaos shall have been created over much of the Western World, there will be a few nations, crippled but not mortally wounded. It will then be evident that the nations that had sense enough not to throw their all into the cauldron of hate are in position to recuperate; thus limiting the almost universal wail, “Oh what a donkey I was!”

**In the meantime governments maintain their positions within striking distance of labor organizations; herding, nursing, chiding, chastening, purifying— only stopping for breath long enough to debate which arm of law shall perform as master of ceremonies, police, courts, army, legislation or administration.**

However, the various commissions are seining only the “killies” (small fry) and must of needs toss them back into the sea of worriment . . .

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**Slim Reviews the War News**

General George Swashbucklinson, the great military expert, reports from South Amboy, N. J. that a great sea battle is raging in Scattercat; Heinies made 57 air raids and Limies lost one canalbarge and two dories. (The joke of it is the Heinies thought they were battleships—can you imagine lowrating the Royal Navy that way?)

General Swashbucklinson Was promptly chased out of town, citizens went on a bender and Perth Amboy declared her righteous neutrality. Last seen of the doughty General he was drifting up the Raritan (with the incoming tide) on a raft. He shook his fist at South Amboy and yelled “It is not only power in Norway.” Spiteful, hey?

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Upon highest authority, word reached Oomphalala Battuala in darkest Africa that the Irish Navy grabbed Greenland on the grounds, as Gen. O’Toole of the Bowery insists, “it is practically a suburb of Eire, the only civilized country within striking distance.” (This is the first time Greenland has been grabbed within 603 years and those that already were there couldn’t get away.)

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Last minute radio news reports “Luxumburg has set up a submarine base at the North Pole and is figuring on putting up some hamburger stands. Experts point out “this is a shrewd move to flank Russia.”

North Pole has its advantages in the event of a strategic retreat— they can go in any direction; don’t even have to look. But “this is going to hash the detail,” says a paid-up barge captain, “because the Swiss have been casting longing glances at the beloved Pole with a view to setting up a cheese factory and saving on refrigeration, to say nothing of chiseling in on British concessions.

•

Perkins Corner, Minn, reports, “Germany has surrendered to Swedish punch and is completely knocked out.”

“It’s a lie,” roars Trockbottom, “it was the Royal Air Force and the British Navy that put the fear of hell and love of Christ into the hearts of the nutsies.”

Milwaukee, Wis. reports, “Britain has pensioned off all her colonies and moved her parliament to Johannesburgh, wildly waving an olive branch and shouting the paean of new-found freedom.”

Otherwise there is nothing to report on the various fronts and a swell time is being had by all. Read this column and get the final score. In the midst of a mass of lies, this column tells nothing but the simple truth.

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Backbiting over a real or fancied wrong is not a paying proposition, it makes for war. That is why Mr. Carter invented those little liver pills.

After backbiting for a while both sides find their reputations in a terrible shape and declare open warfare, just as if that was startling news.

Bless you, my dear children, they have been at war ever since they wore knee-britches and don’t know enough to change the system that is putting their livers on the bum and their body in a poorhouse. Gentlemen, I laugh at you.

## 1940\_25\_IW\_22061940

**Capitalism Going Down Third Time**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

According to the predd Hillman is to rig up peace between the CIO and AFL—a big job.

However: war can be discovered (if any) by potting ft to a referendum vote of the membership . . .

Perhaps the big shots prefer to have peace dribble down from the top, like gentle rain through a leaking roof?

Another way is to put the present leadership in the doghouse and offer the membership a new slate of candidates to vote on—all questions on the ballot not carrying by more than a two-thirds majority shall be a declared jokers and non-material.

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National GOP has been invited to march in the forthcoming Democratic parade. Which raises the question: Can a corpse walk except as a ghost .

The New Deal should try to keep its nose clean a few short moons longer, for the Land of the golden floss looms on the horizon.

Don’t tell me that the Democratic party is so superannuated that it needs a leg-lifter or an armor-bearer in its pie-rade (O’Shea’s pronunciation). But won’t it look like hell when the Republicans start flunkying for Democrats? Why, that would make Alex. Hamilton squirm in his grave.

Cripes, they don’t belong to the same lodge, do they, and serve the same king?

Remember, pals, crowned heads have been hightailing for parts unknown the past few years . . .

“Some one swiped our king!”

•

Only recently a nation prayed God for success for their arms, but they hurriedly pointed out, “munitions factories are running full blast.”

I guess that’s getting a double-purchase on them! The other day I saw a rip track jack with which a man can lift 50 tons as easy as picking his teeth. Some leverage, hey?

In the meantime, the banshee of man’s mania crushes and whines on Flanders Field to the eternal disgrace of those that pretend to civilization. For verily, the modern bombs drown out the majestic approach of the memorial day bands and parades, as inspirational as they are.

A little common sense would go a long way to relieve the harrassed soul . . .

“Destroy not lest you yourself be destroyed”—I disremember who said it but I can sympathize with our hypocritical mourners weeping over the cost of squaring off war’s requisitions, like a rascally lawyer in the by-gone days weeping in court over a poor man’s grocery-book, long overdue for adjustment.

•

Egypt, too, is towing its pancake money into preparedness programs in defense of British and Dutch rubber monopoly, among other things. Heigh-ho!

Get many relieved France of her coal mines last week—and to think American journalists spent the whole of April weeping because Germany didn’t have any black diamonds to throw into the fireplatz. And Sig. Mussolini was -wearing elbow-length mittens against possible frostbite. Now who would have thought that tanks and Stukas could be used as stokers?

Capitalism is going down for third and last time. The corpse will be recovered and air compressors will be requisitioned to pulmote new life into it. Prosperity will have been destroyed down to the last farthing and we can begin from the beginning by bumming savages, barbarins and wild men of the wilderness.

Bewildered civilization shall mope around, ears dragging the ground.

It is not the end of capitalism, however, for the sense that flagellates itself into submission has no heart to bury its dead and nourish its living. But the old boy will not look like the dynamic complement we knew when Mark Hanna was alive.

James S. J. Noyelli, sculptor who executed world war memorials for a number of American cities, was found hanging today in his suburban home, New York. He may have been discouraged because he couldn’t sculpt the blizzardkrieg.

•

Clam-shell working under unfavorable conditions, unloading coal car, displaces only six to eight men. Steam-shovel, working under favorable conditions, displaces 360 to 400 men.

Those 360men may as well hang up their teeth or go on the WPA and help eat up the federal wherewithal. How come? Can they not go building steam-shovels? Nosiree! I should say not, for what would be the sense of having steam-shovels if the same number of men would be required to carry on production? Besides— I’m sorry to drive you away from fool’s paradise— the men that formerly built hand-power shovels will build the steam-shovels; and even some of them will be given permanent vacations without pay to the tune of 380 to I. (I’ve got my mathematical department working on the figures.)

I wonder what Washington means by permitting the workers thus to be tossed into the lion’s den of economic loyalists, boots, saddles and baggage?

My point is: the workers have an equity in that steam-shovel. Why should the workers cease eating. Are they trying to pose as philanthropists?

•

Inver and onions has been banned, corned beef and cabbage has the hex sign on it, spareribs and saurkraut is verboten, even ham and eggs has fallen on evil days and the worker is subsisting on orange juice, tomato juice and a few flakes of folder and birdseed.

I tremble just to think of what would happen if we were attacked by an enemy-from-without that had been fed on goat milk and redhorse. Attack may be the better port of valor but when you are on light diet, retreat is the best policy. Put your best foot forward and change them often.

## 1940\_26\_IW\_29061940

**Masters Start War but Won’t Stay to Fight**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

*For some we loved, the loveliest and best*

*That from this vintage rolling Time has prest,*

*Have drunk their cup a round or two before.*

*And one by one crept silently to rest.*

––OMAR

We who have attended the funeral of the IWW so often feel that a good word might be said for its birth, the birth of a working class––the working class is now 35 years young––same age as the IWW.

Be it noted the two shared the same cradle when they were bouncing babies, and even today no threat of death to their hope or ideal hath risen to disturb the serene equanimity of these two “Siamese Twins.” No accoutrement of undertakers, flowers, mourners, graves or headstones hath harrassed this great body––in fact, it is just beginning to feel its oats, and kicking the bucket physically or spiritually is farthest from its thoughts. (Learning to live is the present peccadillo.) Just like that, mysterious and mischievous as a lad trying out each new-found muscle or power.

Three hundred twenty-five years ago Cervantes hauls off in his Don Quixote and says (in effect) “Industry is the mother of success.” Just 300 years later the IWW says, “Cerv, you’ve got something there” and, determining to have the name as well as the game, they organized the Industrial Workers of the World. That was 35 years ago and it seems like only the other day.

So why should we that took 300 years to discover the truth in Cervantes’ crack, “industry is the thing” despair of the handful of wobblie years?

Must we wait another 300 years to be showered with the accolade, “IWW was right?”

•

They tell me our household science is based on holding sacred the gathering of shekels, and I believe it all right; because even our courts hesitate to haul up short some of our best shekel-harvesters on the grounds of having exceeded the speed limit; and substitute, instead, a puerile charge of income tax evasion. What’s the world coming to?

It seems our courts expect our chiselers to confess their crimes by coming right out and paying an income tax without encouragement from the courts. Now if there’s anything that’s hard to confess, it is the misadventure of having had your hand stray into another man’s pocket. Courts shouldn’t expect it.

•

“My hands were so numb I couldn’t pick up a cigarette butt.” “There’s a fog and I’m chilled to the bone. Soon the sun broke out and brought comfort to my soul.” “Churches have gold, silver and diamonds and having these––much real estate.” “Price of wheat drops; price of bread is steady as the Rock of Gibraltar.” And so on . . .

All these wisecracks are the product of a citizen of Hooverville, village of tin shacks, roofs held down by bricks in serried rows. A crude organization and management is present, some complacency, meditation and subdued freedom.

“We don’t want money, we want work.”

Well, a small piece of change wouldn’t go bad––no matter how sorely we need exercise––change from the millions we have stored up for the economic masters––back pay, if you know what I mean.

I could put a couple of thousand in circulation right now and make plenty businessmen’s hearts glad. And I, I myself, would get a tremendous satisfaction from peeling off those toadskins.

Do not think, however, that is is a cinch to attack employing class hegemony. Just so you don’t hop upon organized government, for the time may not be far distant when the employing class will acknowledge the corn and say, “we are the government.” Better organize, Buckley!

•

Only a scant quarter of the people want war––a damn small quarter, both sexes.

Among the migratory workers each job has an equal number of idle men waiting in sight. How many are hid away in the “sylvan dells” is anybody’s guess. One-third working? How about shortening the day two-thirds?

It is claimed one-third of the working class can support the millionaires in the style to which they are accustomed.

I believe it, but why not forget the millionaires for a spell and throw a little bait to your brother and fellow worker now idle and in want? They can’t eat battleships or phony democracy. Charity soup isn’t much better.

Rainbow-hued coffee and missile-biscuits!  
Redtape and red herring.

The marshal says the Bremen is sunk and if we are around the jungles tomorrow, he’ll take us into protective custody. (There’s a carnival in town.)

•

Notice how the industrial giants of Europe are hightailing for parts unknown––closely followed by the various governments, to seats of safety. Not that the politicians have cold feet; they simply disdain to take potluck with the defenders of the capital, because they wish to shout orders long after the army has surrended, just to show their uncompromising bravery by remote control.

They declared the war, at the instance of the plutocrats, but they never stay to fight the war. Ah those good old days when the Swedish Kings died in the battle’s front line!

## 1940\_27\_IW\_06071940

**The Threat To America Is Economic**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The “Old Home Town Stanley has it:

“Muh arithmetic says dat one of yoh birds is goin’ to put you haid through there twice and only take it out once!” . . .

I hate to see binds sticking out their necks that way—the cook’s tomahawk may drop on it.

•

Only difference between man and a horse is. man gets milk with his oats.

All these women you see with their big toe sticking out of their shoes are waitresses; they get that way from kicking open the swinging doors when they carry dishes back and forth.

Duluth still has ice water in her water mains. And here it is the middle of June. Duluth is a winter resort in summer and a summer resort in the winter. The third crop of mosquitoes froze to death last night.

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Time comes in every man’s life when he feels he has been skinned enough. So what this country really needs is an unemployment office where he can put in an application for unemployment, or skinproof idleness.

I see where Stimson and Knox have been read out of the Republican party; but, praise be, the capitalist parry still retains them as honored members. The Democrat party better look out for fifth columnists. This idea of taking those Republicans to your bosom isn’t going to end in good.

Another thing, I don’t believe that Pan-American anschluss will jell—not enough cornstarch.

You cannot solidify the nation on the proposition of unemployment . . . Stimson and Knox in the cab will not solidify (or curdle) it. They hatch doorknobs.

I don’t know which way they will throw the election, but throw it they will!

•

As the Duke of Wellington said before the battle of Waterloo (Iowa), “Mosquitoes by night! Flies by day’!” All the heartrend of the ages are in that crack. The night air stiffens up the flies so they don’t show up until the sun comes up. It is for that reason the mosquitoes must work an hour overtime in the morning so there won’t be any time our for comfort.

Another thing to worry about: Robins are depleting our fair land of all its angleworms, fishbait, and it begins to look as if the bullheads and sunfish will have to go hungry—to say nothing about us, come Friday.

There’s your subversive talent, if you ask me, the real (royal) fifth columnists; I tell you they are undermining the very foundation of our republic. For who is to say fishbait isn’t our ultimate salvation, in view of the hippoconorious antics of the guardians of our economic fate. We should deny those robins entry into this country . . .

Here are our able senators and representatives worried about air-raids and not one mealy-mouthed word do they say about the worm-raid now’ going on in the United States of America.

Yes, four billion dollars they put out for battleships etc., and the joke of it is, we are not confronted with a military attack—the attack will be economic.

That four billion would come in handy to feed the workers of an industrial nation suddenly gone nonproductive, marketless.

Years ago, the IWW discovered that “produce for use only” was the proper ointment to rub on the spavined shanks of the parasites system. Now everybody seems to have the very some idea. It takes time for these great truths to penetrate solid ivory—we want no credit.

Uncle Sam will produce for home consumption only, whether he Iikes it or not. There is no second choice and time will find Sim wholly unprepared, still buying and still selling with no customer present. Ah, ‘tis sad—termites chewing up the store shelves and rust removing the corrugated windbreaks of factories. And grass growing out of solid concrete pavements.

You don’t think it will be that bad? Have patience, the worst is yet to come. Then —O, what a donkey I was! War boom is not monopolized across the pond and we’re betting on a dead horse.

In July and August, even a mudturtle finds it difficult to keep his neck under the shell.

•

Finance and commerce pages in newspapers are in tears: “Economic upsets resulting from the present conflict in Europe are likely to be even more serious and far-reaching to the United States than those resulting from the World War.”

Tighten the belt, boys.

‘“Chicago exporters and trade authorities will met Wednesday to study problems created by Germany’s growing power in Europe . . .”

“One by one, the many traditional markets for our exports have withered away . . .”

“More thin 1200 advertising executives from all parts of the country will discuss their problems today . . .”

•

Our exercises in the labyrinths of the intelligence tests the past seven lean years may help those great men to compute that the disappearing markets went into the maws of modern machinery and remote industrial establishments in far distant lands.

There must be a hole in that emtpy sack our parasites are holding—and our money scattered from hell to Halifax. Bright boys, those buzzards, eh?

Truly, it looks as if investment finance (industrial screwballs) will have to collect from Herr Hitler, and just as truly they expect us to jump into armor and do the debating.

## 1940\_28\_IW\_13071940

**Fortunately Most People Have Sense**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

War is not so much a yen to destroy small nations as it is to destroy competitive industry that is not a part of the major setup.

With wars, these major bozos hope to manufacture (create) a demand for their products by shelling unauthorized competition into kingdom come. Sweet babies, eh?

That seems to be the main industry in a capitalist world—sabotage to gain monopoly over the self-appointed liberty to skin the workers.

The name of the raiding nation is immaterial. The ultimate result is the same: industry disrupted or raided nation enslaved to disrupt others’ industries.

And it’s all done in the name of world trade monopoly—not as a nation, but as the exploiters’ one big union. Nations, however, perish, as they have throughout the ages. And finally comes the day when things are so rotten a new system will be the order of the day.

What will that system be, a codified system of laws to strengthen the exploiters of man and materials? Will it be more martyrdom, massacre, ministries etc. in a macabre death dance to the grave?

Or shall it be a join-all common-wealth—each seconding to his capabilities without fear, favor or phenagling, or failure?

History proves that idolatry of the great winds up in ruins of the glory that was, shattered humanity, skeletons marchinig to the grave.

Evidence of this appears in our own fair lands and people are talking of various forms of dictatorship as a result of frail diet and frailer prospects. But I do not believe that the powers-that-be can defend a defenseless program with programs of intolerance or bigotry. An empty cupboard is not susceptible to off-key melodies . . .

I propose: Begin from the beginning, all over again, in a Workers’ One Big Union. Build your rules carefully upon demand only and make no mistakes—let your head travel only as fast as your feet. Build not for tomorrow but for today. You ain’t the whole sum and substance of intelligence. Other builders follow you and they might not like your handiwork. Just tend to your own affairs now and they will tend to theirs then.

\*

How long are the workers going to stand for their production being stuck pip as a target for confirmed war makers? Not long, I hope. It takes 90 days to stick up an industry; it takes nine seconds to destroy it—one bomb will do it. And workers pay for both. Not much percentage in that.

No, you’re not going to amalgamate all the differecent GREEDS into a WHOLE and make of them an altruistic generosity. It was tried.

The thing to do is to organize your own country and set a good example. If you cannot set a good example, forget the whole thing and let her slide as she looks—hellward.

\*

Never try to reach the top too soon—your hat may blow off.

That which you see about you is the product of capitalism. If you do not like it you are probably a worker. If you like it you are probably a parasite. Derelects of capitalism strew the sands of time. Shall we censure them—”the man with the hoe”? Chide them? Chasten those ahead chastened? Or shall we organize and put skids under the cause of all these wrecks?

Believe me, John Workox is just as good a soapboxer as the best politician that ever escaped Harvard, including Ham. Fish.

\*

England wants to govern Gemany and Germany wants to govern England. Why not swap governments—it’s bound to improve, and it cannot get worse.

\*

Even I in my humble way deign to glance back at the days when the elder Morgan tried to gain control of the Transatlantic lines. It was in the long-ago when fare across the pond was 88 and many of the lines went “bust.” Morgan himself almost lost his pants in the game the only time his ample trouser were endangered.

As forgiving as I am, and as forgivable as Morgan was, I must say his moves at that early date were not the altruistic moves of brotherly love. “Am I my brother’s keeper” didn’t enter into his calculatons .It was “Me,” “Me,” “Me.”

Have a look. If 130,000,000 people in this country say “Me,” that minute organized society ceases to be and civilization ends. Consider well then, ye savants, do you want to put your destinies into the hands of the disorganizers and apostles of disorganization? Individualists?

That is the main consideration but there is another one and the facts here are selfevident. Organized society has stood up to the present date in spite of disorganizers because the disorganizers and their retainers have been—out with it, Slim—an ignorant minority and because of the well-known good sense of the great majority.

“Great estates mined Italy,” said Pliny in the good old long ago and never a man to this day has called him a liar on any statement.

Then gets up Tiberius Gracchus who didn’t give a damn whether he was hung now or later and said, “Men of Rome, you are called the lords of the world, yet have no right to a square foot of its soil.”

Whatever became of those lords? Someone must have foreclosed on them. There are other lords who imagine they will succeed by omitting the mistakes of the past. The bigger they are the harder they fall.

Life is just one long row of upsets to those whose spoon strays into another man’s dish, fee the dish empty or full. Retribution is the greater when the dish happens to e empty and the owner doesn’t know what became of the mush.

## 1940\_29\_IW\_20071940

**Shall We Save Our “Mein Herr” General Motors?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Nancy shoulda stood home.

While the missus was in the hospital recovering from an auto accident, the good husband drank up the oil stove from pure unadulterated sorrow, and even the elbow and stove pipe didn’t catch in his throat. Some people might ask, “Will miracles never cease?” But that was mere child’s play compared to the astounding wonders our employers, commercialism, bankers and exporters performed during and after the last, past, previous world war.

Europe couldn’t buy our goods because they were broke. So we loaned them the money and then sent them vast quantities of goods. That money never was paid back, and our goods proved to be nice, princely gifts to the sorrowing Europe.

Then our exporters thought unto themselves: that move wasn’t so hot: “we’ve been gypped,” they said and decided to be foxier next time.

So, since the end of that war, our investors set up American plants in those troubled zones. And now these counfounded Nazis have plowed under country after country and the investors’ 500 million dollars is gone up Salt Creek—a nice piece of folding money!

The question arises, shall we carry on in this form of mentalblitz and send some battleships to the rescue of Herr General Motors in Germany and Meinheeer Standard Oil’s refinery in Holland? Or shall we despatch them to the poor, unprotected Indies to pick up a little rubber and tin?

Why, drinking up an oil stove is mild pastime compared to the miracles our commercial prestidigators perform. Nice, peaceful penetration, eh? It’s a wonder they didn’t toss them the keys to the city.

•

Graceful of Ol’ Uncle Sam to say that we culls between the ages of 45 and 65 can be of service in case some foreign potentate gets some big ideas . . .

After being sold again and again and told again and again that we are too old to win our bread in industry, it is quite a relief to hear Sam warble that we are just the right age for compulsory military training. But won’t I look like hell packing a rifle, all humped over from carrying water to the elephants?

Even in my earlier days the profile of my torso resembled the crescent of a half moon and my girl friend on the dance floor used to whisper in my ear: “Better drag in that stern of yours before you sideswipe some of the dancers.”

You didn’t know I could dance, did you? Ah, those were the days—nights, I mean. I had a knee-action that would disgrace a universal joint. That is, till I busted a cartilege carrying water to the elephants.

I suppose they’ll want me for a General, in view of the derth of good strategists, and especially now that Foghorn Butler has cashed in his chips.

•

As good and great a man as I am, I too have not yet been told whether I’m running for president or not. So the good people may as well stuff their finger in their mouth and sit down and wait. As soon as I get word I’ll let the people know whom to vote for. Of course I could let them know right now that I’m not running (that much I’m allowed) but that would be practically a revolt against our beloved masters, the economic kings—no good soldier in the political field would have guts (heart) to pull such a dirty stunt.

And just to show the folks how four-square honest I am, do not blame those other candy-dates if their trade treaty program cracks under the strain of foreign entanglements and machinations, which it will. The theme song was wished upon them: “Whistle, Ole, here’s another graveyard.”

•

Just how much the U. S. is involved in the totalitarian movement, I am not at liberty to divulge—it seems so unbelievable and un-American . . . It relates, however, to the zoning system of which I wrote a half score years ago; also to “The pundits prattle and the sabres rattle that we’re going to, going to, going to have a war.”

Begin life anew after destroying that which is—only to be destroyed again, and again. A fine set of constructives, hey? Coniving at the throne of international bankers to the detriment of all that is America.

Goosesteppers

•

Rumania returns Bessarabia to Russia. It won’t be long now until the loan sharks return every blessed acre to the original owners. And the New Deal may go so far as to give Vermont and New Hampshire back to the Indians. (They were the only ones off key in the last presidential symphony.)

•

Watching the gum-chewers one would hardly think that “jaw-action built the Wrigley Towers.”

•

American Journalism Blitzkrieged Cholly Lindbergh out of the country seven or eight years ago and is Blitzkrieging him again today. They reason, “what can Lindbergh, the mechanic, the navigator, the observer and critic know about air power compared to our hardware merchants in Washington?”

Lindbergh learned the hard way. Even as a school boy imbecilic Littk Falls ostracised him. Enough is enough. Hand the poor devil a pair of slippers and throw a cushion into that easy chair.

•

When Tom, Dick and Harry dsigned our recent destroyers they turned out to be top-heavy, like the lumberjacks’ table 30 years ago—too many flunkies carrying gingerbread onto the boards.

What kind of mechanics are these? They must be from the International Correspondence Schools or Mohler Barber College? Jimmie here (a future president) suggests, “they are football players or poolroom cowboys.” Jimmie is so undiplomatic. I’ll have to knock his ears down.

## 1940\_30\_IW\_27071940

**Cat Must Have Got Into Their Skein of Yarn**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Ho, hum—the coffee was weak, but whattahell, the nickel was almost worn out, too . . .

I was in Battle Creek and observed they make breakfast food there. Traveling eastward, I noticed a town that makes dyspepsia tablets. I kept my eyeball pealed looking for a town that makes coffins. Seeing none, I said to myself, ‘“Slim,” says I, “we can’t prove a thing unless we find a casket factory.”

•

So much ballyhoo is being spread about the fifth column that I’m beginning to toss in my sleep, when I’m not on shipboard or in a boxcar.

All our generals will agree with me that the establishment of a fifth column in our land is an act of war and very effective, and not an alibi for a defeat at arms.

If so, I wish to ask this time, how many fifth columnists have we in foreign lands? If none, why?

Either they are no good or a figment of the imagination. However, I wouldn’t be a bit surprised if it pans out the fifth columnists are the under-privileged. In that case, we have fifth columnists in every land throughout the exploiting world.

The remedy for columnists is three porkchops, fried a rich brown, for breakfast—and do not skip too many meals in a row.

•

I attended the Democratic convention in Union Square today (July 16) and discovered they were all primed for war.

As to that, Fritz, would disdain to shoot at ‘em. It will be other people that get shot. Yes, by gosh, an Indian wouldn’t scalp them; they are so baldheaded.

•

The foolishness of war . . . Let us look at the record: 500,000 insane in our nuthouses; plus 850,000 under-witted children. If the rate of insanity continues in the future, inside of 105 years all peaple will be half-wits.

In the past 300 years, Europe has had 286 wars. Since 1919 Europe has signed 200 peace agreements. (They’re good with pen and ink, Pal.) Where are those agreements now?

The last world war cost 400,000,000,000 dollars and today the folks are in training for a bigger and better war. The demons of war are as active as ever. True it is, mental deficients are hard to teach. Same holds true to the war-crazed.

The last war cost more than all previous wars put together since the beginning of Christianity. Not a single nation has ever paid its past war debts in full. All the loans are just so many handouts. (And to hink we fell for the bait once—and will again—for there is no understanding in a mind diseased.)

Eighty cents for war and 20 cents for living.

Man power of the last war was 53,000,000, every seventh man was in uniform. Plenty harness there to uphold insanity! Thirteen million never looked the same thereafter. Was the war based on brain-power?

Now let me ask one: What did we gain?

•

Some people have an idea that much good will come from Herr Hitler’s recent pyrotechnics. But isn’t that an extravagant way to popularize a best seller, “Mein Kampf”?

Sword as a means to bring the gospel to confirmed chiselers? I don’t see it this way. Better arguments abound. There is no short cut to economic security; but that doesn’t mean that we must travail through an indefinite labyrinth of error. We can cease making mistakes instantly.

•

A darkling rumor is going the rounds that seamen on the lakes are kinda skittish, that overstuffed police in some of the ports (ports by courtesy) are tamping up on the freshwater salts. Now Dunkirk is no port even by courtesy, but a seaman tells me he had to “lay in the weeds a whole day training to be a wild man,” because he didn’t dare to prance on the beautiful pavements of that time-honored town.

Cold shivers ran up and down my spine when I heard that bloodcurdling tale, for fate has decreed that I, too, am a seafarer and may have to take to the tall timbers.

•

Industrial unionism proposes to build a new society within the shell of the old and prove its merits; totalitarianism proposes to destroy the shell first and take chances with the merit of the new. One of these is practically bloodless.

Defending the old order in a new age is like defending a high-wheel bycicle (or horse and buggy) against a motorcycle—or footwork against a bouncing Buick.

A union that is a combination of unionism, politics, banking, life insurance and mortuary service is neither a union nor a business establishment; its many sideshows bespeak the frailty of the circus. A union that specializes exclusively in unionism is the more likely to succeed.

Not only does industrial unionism propose to build a new society within the shell of the old, but it proposes to augment its ranks with replacements and reinforce its membership with vast numbers of wage slaves, to the point where it will include all the Industrial Workers of the World.

Organize, then, your industrial union—trust in God if you will, but don’t trust the parasites or their commercial leg-men.

Capitalism might well be ignored for it is suffering from an incurable disease. What a tangled web! The cat must have got into their skin of yarn.

## 1940\_31\_IW\_03081940

**An Old Custom Improved Might Help Producers**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Consistency, thou art a jewel!

We plow our own stuff under and then we buy the surpluses of Latin America?

Muchacho, spare the plow!0

I am not criticizing, I merely shake my head and murmur, “Nobody home, but somebody may move in.”

Reasonably, if the buy is for that purpose, England will pay a good price for those surpluses, and we will clear a king’s ransom (strictly according to blueprints). But, on the other hand, if the purpose is to prevent them from getting into Adolf’s hands, the scheme is all wet, and we are loaded down with excess ballast.

It’s all based on conjecture. I think we are sticking our necks too far.

USA can supply England’s needs without importing a single pound—just pay the price.

Good neighbor policy is not at issue and the purchase should not be considered a bribe. Also it would be unjust to insinuate that the forced purchase is to aid our own nationals whose industrial foot strayed to those distant shores. All told, I think our natives should back home and give a look the needs of THIS country—our land.

•

On the cuff:

War industry, booms; consumer goods, pine; durable goods, on and off; market, dull; grain, skidding (Canadian wheat pegged at 70 cents). Nothing uniform or consistent or constant. Looks like curtains.

•

Hitler assures England that he doesn’t want to destroy the British Empire. (And Hitler doesn’t lie with every breath). British eyes fairly twinkle in appreciation of this magnaminous information. So if England gets destroyed, it’s some consolation to know it’s strictly against Adolf’s will. Yeah.

What surprises me—where did the tight little isle get her gigantic navy. Surely it didn’t come from chiseling in the overseas possessions? Perish the thought.

•

Seagoing fireman has it that, the social setup years ago was better. He said the rule was that if you wasn’t working, you didn’t eat at the first table. Children always ate at the second table when the lord and master got through; and slim pickings it was, too. But when Johnny got a job he immediately moved to the first table and the best chair in the house was shoved under him. If he lost his job, his plate disappeared from the first table and Johnny stood in astonishment with his finger in his mouth.

Sometimes it happened that the old man himself lost his job and then there was hell to pay. A rule is a rule, and he had to take pot luck with the unemployed of his family at the second table, for Flora and Jeremiah and Vermilyea were working and rated first crack.

He says that years ago granddad had to oat in the corner with a wooden spoon and one day, when little Willie had his longue between his teeth whittling at a piece of wood, his father asked him jokingly: “What are you making, William?”

The little urchin replied, “I’m making you a wooden spoon.”

There was thunder and lightning! Stars flickered and died! But, the fireman assured us, the employers do better than that. They have a rule that “if you don’t work, you don’t eat at all—first or last.”

“So,” he muses with a far-away look in his eyes, “if you suddenly hear the parasites have quit eating you will know it is because they have no job.”

Considerable circumvention, however, is accomplished in certain quarters “to beat the system, and it is even said that “hoboes farm by night and fish by day—s crude form of social endeavor.

Tradition’s defenders are looking into this and are hoping to yoke them up to a more modern economic setup, mass production.

Over there:

If the warring nations starve they will be doing it amidst plenty, as is evinced by the fact that the best eaters are eliminated in the course of military moves, and many others can’t hold anything on their stomachs—hence much of the speculation is baseless, oven so as the presumption that our war expenditures are more that “made work may offset the gradual recession in trade that is both imminent and actual.

I can’t see the pick-up; it’s a situation wherein man climbs out of a deep crevasse 30 feet a day and slips back 20 feet a night.

Old age catches up with him and he dies—in the crevasse.

Herr Hitler says that he only wanted to shake hands across the border—”and I’ll be damned,” sez he, “if those numbskulls over there didn’t start shooting at me.” (Then he went into his dance.)

•

Our Commander-in-Chief. Presi- dent Roosevelt, would be doing a graceful deed and an act of mercy if he would give us the low-down on the Chicago battle.

•

The expatriates who are hotfooting it to “New Yoick” are not doing so because of cold feet, Oh, no—nor because of Heinie’s bombs or Heinkles. (Note: Brooklynites would rather cut their throats than say “York.”)

•

Britain’s baled “griddle cakes” have 3000 miles of sea air to hurdle before they are introduced to syrup.

•

Bahamas are all “up in the air”‘ as to how to greet Royal Eddie and Royal Wally.

•

New battleship, North Carolina, cost us a dollar a pound. I once bought native veal steak at 65 cents a pound. It’s the upkeep, pals.

•

Our two major political parties are soo much similar that some of the political pillars can’t seem to find their proper stalls. Knox and Stimson are in the hands of the enemy and according to press reports, Willkie is unsure whether he’s running GOP or Democratic—or just running. Wallace recalss that his father was a Republican. All else is blank.

Why didn’t you ask the labor leader if you could go on strike?”

“Because we wanted to strike.”

## 1940\_32\_IW\_10081940

**Economic Royalists Admit Stink**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Our country was founded on the principle: “Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends (certain inalienable rights among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government.”

It doesn not say that economic royalists shall have the right to institute a new government; they are not “the people.”

On the other hand, economic royalists warn us: Institution of a new government and abolition of the old “shall not be done by force,” but gently, through the medium of the ballot, payment, of poll-tax and hurdling of all other obstacles placed in our path to the ballot box.

What in the world could have brought the word “force” into the minds of those economic giants and their pot-boiling subalterns? Not that I am trying to insinuate the herring might smell sweeter; though I must, confess the very words “not by force” are an insinuation that the herring has seen better days.

Perhaps those economic, mastodons wish to retain the “use of force” for themselves, they being numerically few and their vote being without echo. Methinks they are overly wrought up about changing the government, for it is suspected in many quarters that governments are preparation for the parasites’ privileges.

•

Truth can be told even in church. There are just two opinions in the grand USA: the wrong one—and mine.

People do not hate each other. Il’s just a matter of business. Some times it’s necessary, of course, to cut the neighbor’s throat or raid his icebox; but it’s purely a matter of self-defense, self-preservation—competition.

No man would care to slit a throat just to try out his knife. Thus it is that war is practically a love match. And all these love songs on the radio . . . They are bound to increase the birth rate. Performers try to act downright imbecilic, but the subject matter is so fundamentally sound they appear almost classical—that’s bettor than working on ait ice wagon or scrubbing dishes.

We’ll need that extra birth rate when we start swapping lands with foreign powers.

•

Mexico had its Porfirio Diaz. USA had its Albert Fall. Mexico had its oil boom; USA had its T-Pot Dome At one time—but let “Friday’ tell it

“In a few years of Diaz rule, some 29 individuals, mostly foreigners, acquired 100,000,000 acres of Mexican land; an area equal to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts and Connecticut—about one-fifth of all Mexico.”

That’s how fast the oil boys work. Sinclair signed off for $8,500,000. He’s got sense.

“At the time of the strike,” Friday continues, “there were about 1,800 workers in the oil industry aand their wages were $1.30 a day. Wages in the USA for the same work were $4.48 a day. Furthermore, the productivity of oil per worker was 2,325 barrels per annum in Mexico, and only 725 barrels in U.S.”

So Mexico “rolled out the barrel” and Standard Oil wept.

You can plow land with battleships but you can’t raise corn on the seven seas, except in a flower pot.

History is still in the making. There seems to be no way to stop it and it looks like mass production.

•

Oh, well, dodge the big pieces.

Over in France they have drawn up a new constitution. Over here we are drawing up a new consternation.

•

The flame of democracy cannot remain alive side by side with industrial autocracy—it will smother it, is smothering it.

Industrial autocracy spells starvation for many, malnutrition for workers, and plague for the parasites. There is no escape other than to get rid of it.

Unemployment is not peculiar to the USA, but it is peculiar to the capitalist system the world over. In India a man sits on the street in inartculate beggary, flies buzzing around his head, thousands them, eating him up alive and he hasn’t the ambition to drive them off—most thoroughly licked, pacific and tolerant.

I wonder what makes human beings so tame as to permit themselves to be devoured alive by parasites? Similar conditions prevail in all lands where white man’s civilization has taken boot-hold.

There is in process of consumation in this and other lands a mass of living and breathing derelicts, victims of the predatory activities of their lords and masters.

History tells of a period in England when the “singing fools” came up from the lowlands and freed England of her lords. (I didn’t write that history.) Since then, whenever England wasn’t clamping crowns on foreign rakes, she was busy in the creation of a peerage and with enobling the gentry of commercial connivance, too far gone for any semblance of virtue or yen for reconstruction.

But it cannot happen here. The millionaires in our legislative halls are as safe as babes in mothers’ arms, for we are a pacific and tolerant people and no singing fools” are coming. We love to suffer!

“Name me not among the defeated.”

It is reported that on one occasion when George Bernard Shaw stepped to the front to make his bow before applauding thousands, he heard a strong-voiced singer from the gallery yell “Boo.”

“I agree with you, sir,” said GBS “but, after all, what are we two against so many?”

## 1940\_33\_IW\_17081940

**Don’t Stop To Rest on Dead Center**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The IWW doesn’t need pushing. It’s the idea that occasionally needs a hearty shore. Sometimes it gets on dead center.

There is no consolation like activity. Action cures a world of sorrows––even broken hearts and busted suspenders. And action begets action.

•

Some activities are off-color. As (in war time) whenever the past, present or future profits of the industrialist-bankers are threatened, war ceases almost instantly. Whenever the lions’ share begins to shrink their representatives in government suddenly discover a basis for peace “profound and perpetual.”

Hence, it follows: Any concession the workers make in the way of speedup, longer hours, and abbreviated pay (with increased cost of living) can only prolong the war, for the duration of the war is predicated on the inviolability of the employers’ profits.

•

Economists assure me that British industrialists have not so far lost a farthing in this latest “slight misunderstanding,” and I suppose the same holds true of German employers.

Only the workers can lose, be they Russian, Italian, or Spanish––and they do lose. They lose life, limb, and **lebenraum**, to say nothing about liverwurst.

•

Sometimes when we say “parasites” it seems just as if we had liver trouble. But when we consider there are only a scant 40 million industrial workers in this fair land of 130 million people, we must realize that there are more parasites than you can shake a stick at, and the number is increasing like a quartermaster’s crabs when he runs out of larkspur.

Does that look like liver complaint? It does not, I assure you.

Parasites to the right of us, parasites to the left of us and now, according to latest reports, millions of unemployed have entered politics and tossed their hats into the ring.

In other words, where war now reigns, one-sixth of the people support the rest––true, wealth is going into fewer hands but the number of parasites is on the increase and, mind you, even busted parasites have a soft spot in their heart for fellow parasites . . .

•

We are capable of feeding the world, but we can’t feed ourselves. Maybe we are a little “tetched”––goofy, or something like that; there’s a middleman between each producer and his consumer.

•

Alas and wurra wurra, the alarm clock manufacturers got caught with their pants slightly down!

So many of the workers were dispossessed of their jobs and put on relief that the sale of alarm clocks fell off tragically. Manufacturers discovered alarm clock production terrifically over-expanded –– and there they stood, fingers, hearts and legs crossed. But they hope to recoup the price of brass by high-pressure advertising.

They now offer a first class dollar alarm clock for 54 cents. That would seem to indicate that about half of the early risers are idle or on the government payroll. And, they swear by all that’s pure and holy that these alarm clocks will actually coax you out of bed and find your shoes for you, even if you left them on the porch last night.

That’s what I call service, and if I had the 54 cents I would buy me one of them; if for no other reason than as a memento of the days when I too had a job, so long ago. As it is, I get up too early, for I cannot sleep, thinking about where’s the breakfast coming from.

•

When Finnish regiments returned from the Russo-Turk war of a distant yesteryear, they brought with them an urchin that had joined the regiment “without permission.” Being nameless, the Finns washed him and called him Apostolo. Apostolo turned out to be a musical genius and a great conductor.

Today, Finland sends her boy prodigy, Heimo Haitto, 15-year-old fiddler, to the United States for safety. They say “he and his Guarnerious can do wonders to music.”

•

**Trench-Fried Potatoes**

Exportation of planes from this country, if any, should be according to plan: **“One for you, two for me.”** We haven’t the slightest idea who those bozos are over there––Communists, Nazis, Fascists, or what have you. **And what have we?**

There is no famine in Europe and probably will not be. However, we already have over 20 millions suffering from scant rations.

I think it would be a good idea to evacuate our children to a land that has a better system of distribution––meaning no harm. Unless we improve our system those children will never be men and women.

•

Unquestionably, children should be moved out of the area of man-made danger in war zones. I doubt, however, that warring nations can come to an agreement on the methods to be used. Therefore, to help the thing along, I suggest each mercy ship be examined at sea, coming and going, by interested belligerents to verify that no politicians or plutocrats are aboard disguised as nursemaids.

## 1940\_34\_IW\_24081940

**War Drums Call Business Men To the Harvest**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

In the radio someone is bellering about “rainbow” and it seems to hurt him; another yodles about his corns. No wonder the Japs gave a newscaster 10 minutes to get off the air—I suppose he was bringing in his tonsils and seven-year itch.

•

“Military Training Good for Youth.”

My gosh! After while they will be saying that dishwashing is good for girl scouts.

•

Prizefighters do not train for selfdefense. In a fight, self-defense is merely an alibi. Attack is the objective of all genuine training.

Any expansion now is over-expansion (puffed rice). It’s like dropping a bigger pump into a dry well. The bigger the pump, the bigger the “prime.” ,

•

Associated Press has it that a small county in Texas has bought $380 worth of cuspidors. No doubt the spittoons are to cover the spots where the boys have been spitting.

•

It isn’t logical to be born rich; I was born without even a pair of pants.

•

A good state is one that can so perform that it will give each man 21 years of age a house and lot, one cradle and a good toaster.

Any state can accomplish this by “sitting out” one first class war. Look at the saving in coffins alone! Coffins or cradles?

•

Considerable gangsterism is rife in our country, in the rackets of whatever description. (If capitalism is no racket, rackets result from it.)

Brutality is the distinguishing mark of racketeering. It’s a cutthroat business in all the word implies—an attack against society, in segment or in whole; it’s a nation at war with itself: a citizen beating-up himself . . . How dare you smile? It’s serious business, this acting as your own executioner.

Whether the racket be exploitation of labor or simple shakedown of an individual or corporation is all the same goods. Out of the last World War we got 1800 new millionaires. Profitable? Well sir, the same tribe would like another shambles.

Gangsterism in its simple form attacks and murders citizens with no more compuction than snapping off an electric switch: “Shall I let him have it now or wait till next Tuesday? Gangsterism employes gunmen to bump-off workers at the, the factory gate. there is no difference in degree, the difference is only in the number of clubs the respective gangsters belong to.

Labor unions, too, have deviated from the path of righteousness and have taken up these so-called cudgles of darkness; scorning less violent methods on the principle of “fight violence with violence.” But I am not prepared to say they were driven to it. They could have co-ordinated the desires of the whole working class in One Big Union without prejudice or privilege, and force and violence would have a dead issue. **This they could have done and can do today.**

But they, the unions, cannot do it under the principle of “profit taking” or greed. Only class consciousness and solidarity can cut the mustard.

So if you’re going to make dis tinctions and frisk the workers, you’ll find many empty pockets and a mask would be an unnecessary ornament . . .

But take heart, my friends and neighbors, we are traveling at lightning’s pace, intellectually. Our intelligence already is so complete we do not bow to handmade gods of wood and stone or to images we can see and feel. (Lots of bozos over in China and India sprawl in front of the damnedest looking gargoyles and idols made of peetwood and plaster of Paris.) None of that for us!

However, I can readily understand that the oppressed individuals of the world, and Ashtabula Harbor feel they need supernatural aid in their distress, and that bringing their troubles to their fellow man would be but a fuitle gesture and they holler r’god” and “cop”—and make much of their sorrowful estate. Ah! If sorrow only, and nothing but sorrow were organized—what a power that would be

•

Our troubles, overwhelming as they are, nevertheless are so insignificant that they remind me of a sorrowing soul that ankled down to the corner saloon to drown his grief. When he got ready to drown them, horror struck him he had forgotten which troubles to drown.

•

Say, fellow worker editor, this here preparedness and military training has me worried. What’s the big idea of skipping the important part of the rtual, the “blackout,” if war is a sure-fire threat? Here, bejabbers, the New York skyscrapers are ablaze with light like an Elk’s carnival and you can’t tell what minute one of our many enemies may start pushing down pineapples into the canyons of wealth. Only today, when I went out for a walk to exercise my spavined shanks, I was horrified to discover no one wearing a gasmask and no one digging bombproof shelters. These three are the most important part of war hysteria and no hysteria can long survive unless these three be recognized and honored.

Paying through the nose or rooking the rabble: “Flour went up as much as $2 a barrel.

“Some foods went up as much as 35 per cent.

“Coal went up, leather went up, tires went up, codliver oil trippled,” quoth Friday.

Businessmen have rushed to the harvest. In all those things we have a surplus.

## 1940\_35\_IW\_31081940

**Some Crooks Are Bigger Than Others**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Employing class is in good health because it doesn’t eat the kind of garbage we eat. They look better, too—and last longer.

•

It is not a question of will fascism save capitalism. Capitalism is hiding behind capitalism. Democracy is one of its many disguises.

How do you like your capitalism, with or without dressing? Rigged up like Hollywood queen, or horns, hoofs and claws?

If you do not think capitalism is done for, consider the scarcity of poorhouses (to care for our 30 million odd dispossessed and their dependents) and the disinclinations of politicians to stick up new ones on repair the old.

•

Not that I am endorsing the system of poorhouses—for one egg a year on Easter is nothing to brag about. I have a right to assume that the rest of the eggs go to poverty stricken politicians in the form of cash or henfruit. In view of the large flocks of chickens the paupers care for, what becomes of the roosters is equally a mystery to the inmates of man’s generosities.

•

It is no longer city plundering. They call it city planning, and politicians sleep better. Great stress is placed on long-term planning, That means the goodly city fathers are not to lay “a rake” on each individual improvement as it comes along but that they are to confine their genius to extracting toll or tribute on the whole related undertaking.

•

Conversion of a plant from peace time pursuits to war time use is no more difficult than ditching a shovel and picking up a rifle, and munitions makers have no tenable claim to other compensation than the standard war-trade rate, a dollar a day.

I still maintain the opinion this war is phony. Capitalism fights on the side of totalitarianism for world dominion and is not yet repudiated; and, on the other hand, capitalism fights on the side of imperialism in the garb of democracy, and I do most solemnly affirm the war is phony or I’m screwier than usual.

In either case the workers stand to lose—and die to win, “Winnah takes the dough,” (He’s dead.)

•

Low-rating the foreigners must cease instantly or the Indians will get a notion they trusted the USA to frail hands. One foreigner accusing another doesn’t make robust sense.

The ones that control the machines make the laws . . . “There is none righteous, no not one” Some are bigger crooks than othesr, however.

•

Some employers, when they discharge workers, leave them with the impression it is because of alien policy. They do not, however, employ full-blooded Americans to take the place of the “aliens.” Here again the impression is left that the patriots already in the plant can handle the extra work.

•

Third Assistant to Assistant: Would it not be a good idea to send some dumb-bells and Indian-clubs out to the right-of-way so that the extra-gang boys can exercise while waiting for a train to pass?

Super Super Supervisor: No, we’ve already got too many dumbells out there.

“I would go to war wilingly,’ said an Irishman, “if I were compelled to go.”—Readers’ Digest.

•

It is said voluntary enlistment puts a burden on the good and willing but that conscription spreads the glory or grief on saint and sinner alike.

Under present circumstances enlistment is not wholly voluntary; money has ceased to circulate and the stomach is holering “bloody murder”— join the army or starve, say the economic appeasers.

What is the difference between conscription with all the power of industrial autocracy behind it, or conscription with all the power of government behind it?

Seems to me the relative merits of volntary enlistment and conscription do not lend themselves as an argument in favor of compulsion. Those may be diesel words but I will not go into details as to the acceptableness of the independent souls in the bosses’ doghouse or of such wistful wraithes that were found too frail for heavy logging. Sufficient to say, under conscription they can get a better and beefier pick.

•

‘Tis a small world and the people in it are not much bigger. And N. M. Butler has it, man is “dead at 30, buried at 60.” (looks like a slug to me.)

The only kind of piece work I’ll do is pick watermelons. It takes a very few to make a bushel.

•

Man may not be the captain of his soul in this alien economy, and he may not be even the architect of his destiny, hut that does not mean that he should be a contributing factor in his own destruction. The boss does not need your help to destroy you and the aid you offer does not make the destruction more complete.

It is idle to blame heredity for any sourness of spirit you may possess (it is self-manufactured, just like stubbing your toe). Sourness of spirit is an element of defeatism, a condition where selfishness takes one on the chin. Loss of faith in your fellow man may very easily result not from what he does, but from what you think, and exercising of such thoughts can readily transform you into a charter member of the ancient order of sourpusses. Had not Eve been so fond of apples, you’d be sitting pretty now—in paradise.

Isn’t there an alibi further back that you can trot out as cause of present day ills?

Join the IWW and we’ll stick up a few paradises right here in the good old USA—to start with.

Perhaps you have not yet joined the IWW? There, didn’t I tell you? It’s not what you did but what you didn’t do that makes the puss look like a siege of major catastrophies.

## 1940\_36\_IW\_07091940

**No Job too Big for One Big Union**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Parents, when they catch their young hopefuls mulling over the eploits of “Superman” in the picture magazines, exclaim in terror: “There is no such animal.” Parents fear the youngster may undertake to waft himself from the top of the barn into the neighbor’s cornfield on a pair of imaginary wings, like a worker going to heaven.

That shows how lunkheaded parents are! Just as surely as I am here, there is a superman. His other name is One Big Union, and anything that any part of him conceive, he can do.

Lumberjacks used to call him Paul Bunyan. The Greeks had a name for it—”Herkules.”

wlw

Being an introvert is no disgrace. Bartenders generally toss the extroverts out before the night is over, and they miss the last round. On the strength to that last round the introverts can stand on the corner exchanging views for hours—or until an angry wife comes along.

wlw

Preludes: Ten million unemployed are a poor prelude to national defense.

Some men want to go over right now and get licked; others prefer to get licked later.

I favor neither side. I take the position that if there’s any licking to be done, we’ll do it here, anytime.

wlw

Newscaster over radio calls Franklin Delano “Runswell”; either he has a cold in the nose or I have soot in my ear.

wlw

Recounting exploits of the past is bad policy. If a man has lived long, his performances take on such gigantic proportions as to almost scare him and he becomes an introvert and lives in last week or the year before yesterday.

Better way is to start life with a bang, anew each day, and let Angel Gabe keep track of the accomplishments.

I ain’t licked yet. Why, I haven’t even clicked!

It’s not history that repeats; it’s capitalism.

wlw

Deferred meals, as bad as they are -supper in Buffalo, no breakfast, no dinner, and then no supper in Cleveland—-are no worse than “eating piecemeal.” They say that frequent abbriviated handouts make of a hobo an inveterate begger. The nibbling is bad for his digestion and begging is bad for his soul; so you see, it practically wrecks the poor man.

All right, Chef, shove on the tribal pot!

wlw

England-Germany are a collection of vacant lots. Paper says, England bombed vacant lots in Berlin (German report); and Germans bombed London’s vacant lots (British report) .

So what is the sense of us going over there to defend vacant lots? Let the weeds (not Swedes, editor) perish.

I am reliably informed the British call these air-hail parcels “shower-kraut.”

wlw

**THE WORKERS’ VOICE**

Where there is slam, bang, clang, there is life! Almost anyone can tell the difference between a boiler works and a cemetery—one of them has lots of noise. Less flowers, too, in a boiler works.

What this country needs is more articulate unionism. Fly season is almost over and we don’t have to be afraid of opening our mouth — no birds are going to fly in it. Of course, unions (like humans) sometimes have a bad spot to get over. Rhetoric is the remedy.

Exercise your vocal cords just as if they were an Aeolian harp.

Annunciation is the thing. I feel that the working class should take an audition to find out if their voice fits the motion picture “Industry”—and keep the voice fit.

Witness the great American hobo; if his voice dies on him, he goes very, very hungry and, inasmuch as his voice fails him in the afternoon, he must retire with an empty stomach. But in the morning, Ha! he is full of life, full of vigor, vibrant with enthusiasm as he batters the back doors, his voice still ringing from the door he left behind him. A thousand “nos” is only encouragement until his wants are filled. And then his voice dies. He’s got his breakfast!

Some unions are that way. Their voice dies, and the employers haul out their snickersnee and slash the wages—and the unions get very, very hungry. I suppose that is why some workers oil their voices—so as to keep in barking trim.

I have heard workers bark so loudly that even the bosses blinked.

And I have heard of workers barking so loudly that governmentws blinked.

wIw

Unemployment still seems to be the chief industry in the western hemisphere. Haven’t heard of anybody getting a job except the Duke of Windsor. “Blood will tell”; but who the hell wants to go to the Bahamas to prove the point?

wIw

**TWO OF A KIND**

**Whore you are now, there I was once;**

**Where I am now, you’ll be, you dunce.**

wlw

The hobo, of course, is unemployed and as such he must know everything, see everything, anticipate everything, smell danger and hear everything, even when there is no sound; nothing escapes him — in short, elite of the working class on the bum.

It is for those reasons that government is subconsciously considering the drafting of him into the bomber squad, I am assured.

But I have my misgivings. That Nye guy from North Dakota has been hollering to cut out the profit from war, and what’s the sense of having wars if nobody profits from them? None whatsoever.

Anyhow, the best way to beat your plowshares (ami other shares) into swords is to turn cornflake factories into amunition plants.

wlw

Chrysler has departed from our midst.

## 1940\_37\_IW\_14091940

**Glance at the Cupboard Shows Up Capitalism**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

After working for one concern for 30 years, he was promoted to the scrap heap. Of course, he had a number of years left in him, but the boss didn’t feel like squeezing them out; especially with so much young stock prancing around.

“Pass Dictatorship Bill”— (headline).

Pooh, pooh—just stirring the stew-pot so that the delectable concoction won’t scorch. I’ like to get a whiff of at goulash just to see whether it is consomme a la Charlemagne or common hog slop.

•

American household science has been so manhandled that the people find themselves 40 billion dollars in the hole. That 40 billion is jinging in the manhandlers’ jeans; 80 billion next. In debt up to their necks and eyeteeth missing—the peepul, **rara avis!** (Excuse the Latin.)

Pretty soft, eh? Grab everything in sight and 40 billions from the hole. Guess that’s getting down to fundamentals.

I ain’t worrying about that 40 billions. Our children will pay for that by eating grass, and bark from trees. Better start wetting your fishline—I’ve got a container of salt.

Lots of people don’t understand the idea of syphoning 40 billion out of the hole. They think the overlords are simply determined that the people shall not have a cent, just in case . . .

That idea is slightly damp.

The overlords are determined that the unborn generations shall not jump their diaper-debts, doctor bills, schooling cost and board bills before they get a crack at ‘em in industry. **They ain’t missing a thing!** Even whooping cough and diptheria is reduced to dollars and cents.

No more free children are born. If they get sassy, flash the national debt on them. Thus it is the young folks do not owe their parents a cent. The overlords have already deducted the cost of bringing them forth, upkeep and even funeral expense, from the future earnings they may have; and were they to pay their parents, they would be paying twice. So if the parents feel that they should be paid, they can go to the overlords and put in a bill.

Inasmuch as 40 billion is a big piece of change, they better organize a One Big Union and do it all in one move.

Through that simple legerdemain of dropping a syphon into the nation’s credit, the big shots are protected against any possible epidemic that may sweep the land of its young (future wage slaves) or against the day when their schemes don’t jell and the occasion may arise when they must perforce feed them to cannon.

Verily they do imagine our children are their children and that we ourselves are childdish; that their claims are our claims; that our wealth is their wealth; that poverty alone is ours.

No wonder the banks are full. No wonder the grain bins are bursting. No wonder I wonder.

•

One would almost think that nothing new had transpired in England since Dickens, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, etc., that England is living in the glory of the past. That is bad poker.

It isn’t enough that Washington, Jefferson, Thomas Paine and Patrick Henry were great; that Edison, Burbank and Bob Ingersol were great. No, we must have a newer model a later issue; all these heroes are dead.

•

We don’t have to go to the Crimean War to get a Florence Nightingale. Why, the next-door neighbor’s daughter will do, and her mother may be a veritable Betsy Ross.

We don’t have to hike back centuries for a Joan of Arc, a Pocahontas or a Cleopatra, we have them right here—even if they do paint their fingernails and wear rubber gloves when they wash dishes.

We don’t have to turn to an almanac every time we want to see something accomplished. Abraham Lincoln was and is considered great for helping to liberate negroes as well as whites from chattel slavery. But I wish to say, Little Egypt is full of Lincolns today.

Where is Napoleon Bonaparte? His spirit is hopping the hedges at Waterloo and bemoaning the memory that could not carry the sunken road of Ohain, and the unemployed reserves.

Enough, enough! We are surrounded by greatness!

There is no greatness that can survive unless it be, an organized greatness, even then it must be in process of seeking greater greatness, and perfection its final object.

The IWW is started in that general direction and, inasmuch as it tries to organize the workers in One Big Union regardless of race, creed or color or condition of content or discontent, it is great. It is something more than a great name, it is a living movement. Quite a difference between a great name whose career lies moldering in a grave and a living movement that throws sparks right and left.

But the IWW is not greater than you; it is only after One Big Union is a fact that greatness begins to sprout.

•

It is not necessary for me to depict the despicable meanness of the capitalist system. You can glance into the cupboard and verify every word that I could say.

Let us then stick up some new (1940) model traditions, for other immortals that follow us to sponge upon.

## 1940\_38\_IW\_2109140

**Civilization Will Outlast Capitalism**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Mothers are positively determined that at their sons shall be “something better” than just pick-and-shovel mechanics. I wish them the best of luck but I can’t help but notice they are bucking the capitalist system alone.

wIw

It is not enough to be militant; one must also be vigilant. Eternal vigilance is the price of victory. Sleep with two eyes open.

wlw

German report: “Twenty-seven British planes bit the dirt and ONLY 157 of our own went into a tailspin.”

British report: “RAF downed six German planes and 39 of our own failed to return.”

Both censors were fired for being unimaginative, or drunk.

We must not feel hurt because censors are such good liars. War requisitions are such as to require strange artifices and prevarication is the peculiar bright spot in the shady business.

wlw

We have not been consulted about any declaration of war. We have not been told that we have been consulted. We ought to be consulted. If any declaration of war has been made, we positively had no hand in it. If any war exists we know nothing about it—it is a secret. We ought to be told, lest we carry on in peaceful pursuits while the whole world is in turmoil and Jerusalem is redistroyed.

But take heart—civilization is in no danger of being destroyed, a child in the cradle is playing with it.

Plutocracy may perish and take its proud place among the savageries and barbarisms gone before.

wlw

The sole purpose if industrial representation in government at this time is to rescue the profit system from the external assaults of foreign competition. This they know not how to do, and they stnad crouched like a warthog, ready to dive through at the slightest opening.

They are not greatly concerned about the welfare of the workers and workers that live in hopes of securing amelioration of their miserable conditions are hoping too much—expecting too much. The only amelioration and security workers get is that which they themselves can bring about by their own organization and solidarity.

It is time the workers cease puffing and panting and sighing and cursing at wars’ onerous burdens and concern themselves with perfecting the **workers’ way of life.**

The world and what’s in it and on it, is yours for the taking. Don’t expect the exploiter to hand it to you on a platter or tea-tray. Even if you do not need a One Big Union now (you do), you will need it later.

Economic chaos will not protect you always, even if you are a mechanical genius. Down you will go to lesser appointments—and the unemployed will not be the cause of your disillusion and dissolution. Hard to make you believe it, but the inherent disarrangement in the capitalist system is the father of your troubles. The unemployed are merely a threat held over your head. There is no power on earth that can change the lowley estate of the unemployed except the One Big Union—the IWW way of life. After the war, you will be on the bum together. Now who would have thought that you and the unemployed would ever get together?

wlw

Presidents should be elected by weight and measure rule, rather than by photogenic or musical attainments.

Identification number and photograph of an employe in navy yard should be worn on the back (same as a hunting license, between shoulder blades) so that you can see what they look like from behind—you’ve got to prove you’re there.

wlw

Every little while Elizabeth Gurley Flynn gets kicked out. I know how it is Gurley, I’ve been fired many times—even now they fire me before they hire me. It’s all in your favor—they can’t bear to see an egg (good, bad or indifferent) among the doorknobs.

wlw

IWW, in order to help orthodox unionism, is figuring on pulling a strike for drinking water on ships. They figure a slug of water would go good now and then—with real ice in it. Food, too, “goof” as it is, will stand improvement. We want white radishes to hold down the pellegra.

Something is going to happen; the IWW paper is getting real good. Maybe the working class is getting riled up about something? Maybe it’s the taffy the journals of commerce have been handing out. When the workers get mad, they get real mad and anything’s likely to happen.

wlw

Excess profit tax would seem to indicate the pillars of society overreached themselves when they raided the people’s pockets. The tax goes to the government and when it rolls out again it does not return to the pockets that were raided. It comes out in a nice line of battleships (a gift to the nation) and some tasty, but watery, barley soup for the proverbially hungry.

Considerable talk has been going around in governmental circles about drafting wealth and it would seem right and proper and timely to do it now—timely because in peacetime the big shots could train themselves to get used to it without sabotaging the program and getting shot for it.

The government has so far decided to forego the pleasure of drafting wealth and thus accusing the big shots of having received undetermined amounts of stolen property. I myself hate to see the big shots get away with it, but I do not advocate the drafting of it. The workers should stop giving it to them.

**Dressed Like the IWW**

Political cooks are farsighted. Both SEP and CP early saw they would be denied a place on the ballot, so they organized a labor union each to run hoof and rump parallel with their political temple.

What’s the matter with that idea? Have two rowboats, side by each, and keep one foot in each rowboat; then, if one sinks, they can stand in the other, like Washington crossing the Deleware.

Follow that course long enough and both boats will sink and you’ll get your cigarets all wet. “Labor defense has rushed to the rescue. Now I wonder who will save the defense.

It’s getting so you gotto carry your lifesaving apparatus in your hip pocket—the wobblies’ red card.

## 1940\_39\_IW\_28091940

**Investigation Shows Eating Very Popular**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Pass the bi-carb, please.

Whenever a dinner is thrown in honor of some leading citizen, we must not take it too seriously. The poor man or woman may be entirely innocent of the charge that he or she is great. Dinners have such powerful chow-appeal that they are quite popular and sometimes it is quite a puzzel to find enough great men or women in whose honor they can be held. Some men even eat dinners in honor of themselves and if you ask them, are they great? they reply: “Naw, hell no; but the dinner was.”

wIw

The side show: The very presence of poorhouses defeats the argument that capitalism is virtuous. Poorhouses are based upon a presumption that they can beat the capitalist system and feed the poor cheaper poorhouses; that extraordinary efforts must be made to overcome the ravages of racketeering economy—parasitism.

wlw

It took the Jones three generations to pay for their house and when the last Jones got it, the roof had worn out and blackbirds had built nests between the decks. Years ago 85 out of 100 died without a nickel. Today, I suppose, only about 5 per cent have money in that last great day.

Jones No. 4 will have to start “from scratch.”

wlw

Bosses sure had a hard time picking out all the strapping young men and putting them in industry (every one of them a potential soldier.) And the extra effort they had to go to in weeding out the old and worn-out fathers and uncles—sometimes, when a father had six sons he had to make room for them by firing the father and five uncles.

This stirred up bad blood in the family.

Now the bosses want these young men out of the industries and in the army—a heluva how-de-do—but the youngsters refuse to resign and enlist. (They’ve seep Paree and nothing else matters.)

Of course the boss could fire them, but then again, the youngsters might head for Zenomezombia instead of to the recruiting station. And in the meantime those who have gone without eating for the past ten years are so weak they can hardly lift a spoon to their mouths, if it contains more than seven beans, to say nothing about picking up a monkeywrench or posthole digger.

But the bosses have It all figured out—”conscript the boys.”

wlw

Years ago, the profits of our industry and much of the principal, flowed into many hands of Godfearing businessmen, all the way from Two Tarbors to Corpus Christi, and from Tacoma to Kennebunkport—and the country was better for it.

Today, the profits flow into the jeans of a few corporations and the government must raid them with an income tax ever so ‘often to preserve their claim to virtue—something after the manner of cops raiding a redlight district. But virtue remains blemished. The argument here is “the more thieves, the better” and that is the best that can be said of the capitalist system.

wlw

My beloved sister was bawling out one of her children for getting the orders mixed and bringing home the wrong kind of gingersnaps . . .

“Fer cripes sake, Serafina,” says I encouragingly, “now don’t murder the child for a simple mistake. Mistakes will happen,” I groaned. “Consider,” sez I, “the United States government built twenty destroyers and then discovered that their armament had been condemned dozens of years ago.

“Even at that, the government can congratulate itself that the destroyers didn’t turn out to be greyhound buses or ice-cream freezers.”

I felt a gnawing in my stomach and rightly guessed: “There goes that tapeworm again.” Half gallop I trotted over to the diner and, after carefully looking around to see that no dead customers were lying around, I thought it safe to go inside and feed the tapeworm. But I protest most solemnly: restaurants should not be permitted to cut the hamburgher sandwich in two, after it is made, because I like to chew all around the edge and leave the part that contains the meat to the last.

wlw

Whenever industry falls into fewer and fewer hands, more and more would-be and has-been industrialists become public charges and live from the fat of national tax monies or find other means of gaining a livelihood with or without working for it.

Likewise, whenever more and more horsepower is added to machine tools, more and more workers join the armies of unemployed and live on the strength of whatever monies government is able to wangle from the people.

wlw

When the Lord made Cuyahoga river and the employers, he made ‘em both crooked.

wlw

Capitalism has nothing more to offer labor except hunger and crime; coffins and crutches.

wlw

Employers didn’t have too many brains to begin with, that’s why they have to hire brains to hornswogg us . The big shots seldom come out into the open politically.

## 1940\_40\_IW\_05101940

**Republicans Say It’s Their Turn To Mismanage**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

More work has been done this year than in any of the past eleven years but it has not benefitted the stiff, nor a certain stratum of those living in houses. And for those that did work, the pay was sparse. Children in the industrial metropolises are still losing flesh.

Failure to carry on organization in the period of adversity gives the employers a new opportunity for rake-off—and what the employers rake-off is lost forever to the working class.

Steel production forecast for U. S. plants—it may exceed 64,000,000 tons. Are you getting your share of steel?

•

Farmer is sitting on the top of the heap!

Top of the heap of grain, to be sure; and he is shading his eyes as if he were looking for rain. But no, he is looking for foreign markets . . . He cannot sell foreign because of war. After the war he cannot sell foreign because of peace.

He can’t, he can’t, he can’t—because of flood, because of drought, because of earthquake—well, because.

All around the heap, his countrymen are on their knees. No, they are not weeding union-sets; they are praying. “Gimme,” they plead. And that reminds me: the farmer can give his crop away and get busy raising another one. Isn’t life grand under the parasites’ system?

The less the farmer gets for his crop, the higher the percentage-cost of his machinery. As a selling corporation, or union, the farmer is Johnny-come-lately and the avenues of escape seem blocked. Failure of the farmer to organize in time contributed to economic difficulties of which he is not the only victim.

“Oh well, the government will help him!”

What wondrous faith. Since when is government a producer?

•

Last words of Juniper P. Giltrocks: “Son, don’t forget the discount.”

•

Republicans are sore because of the past “eight years of mismanagement in Washington.” They sincerely feel they ought to be allowed to mismanage for a while.

•

What a bunch of scissorbills! Farmers and harvest workers are paying price-plus for one-third quality overalls. Wearing those, St. Pete would lock the gate on them

•

Whenever owners of industry feel they cannot hold their power, they let the control fall into the hands of government. Nothing more remarkable happens than sidestepping a demand, and government then serves as front for industrial overlords.

That s how weak the employers are: they bring their burdens to the bankers’, landlords’ and employers’ government. The set-up is self-evident. Common run of politicians are ham-and-egg yokels, impervious to all improvement.

•

Henry A. Walrus speaks at the Armory tonight. Henry is a good talker, but let me point out that every time a hobo bums a cup of coffee he’s got to make a “Gettysburg Address”— nothing less. Orators are not all dead yet. They walk the earth.

•

The IWW is age-proof for three reasons:

First, it offers a complete program.

Second, (the thought escapes me.)

Third, it is in the struggle until emancipation has been achieved— and then the celebration.

Once emancipation has been achieved, labor saving devices will sprout like mushrooms over night. It’s worth organizing for, if but to brag about.

•

Applesauce can be as varied as the name implies. There are 7,500 varieties of American apples.

Considerable “class leveling” is accomplished by “pineapples.” Across the pond, Billingsgate and Oxford march arm in arm to the air raid shelters. Same holds true of Germany. But isn’t it rather a noisy way to bring about a classless society? Kill and be killed?

•

Workers don’t know how to promote themselves, they depend upon employers to promote them. That is bad poker! Let’s look at the record.

Employers promote themselves from part-time employers to full-fledged bosses, and so on, from company to trust, to cartel. They promote themselves with their own little brains (self-grown and hired) ; while before they skinned only one (a neighbor), they now skin thousands.

Thus it appears that promotion by “self-service” is the best policy. Don’t call me a liar. Look at where the worker is: between the handles of a delemna. You guessed it: the workers should join the Industrial Workers and help themselves to a ration of promotion.

•

Roosevelt running for a third term jims the chances of two-thirds of the school children being president. Willkie, too, could help the cause along by refusing to run.

•

“Business man for president.” Yah, bo, a tired business man must have an outlet for his enthusiasm.

## 1940\_41\_IW\_12101940

**It’s Hard to Believe What We See Today**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Continuation of the present day policies spells p. m. (goodnight) and big shots will stick up signs, USA FOR RENT. Rents Progress Aberration should in the meantime be hexed along with Unearned Profits Autocracy. These two (RPA and UPA) can be overcome only with the OBU.

wlw

Ho hum. “With God’s help I will wash these dishes.” “With God’s help I will push this wheelbarrow.” “God Bless America”— including Hawaii and Alaska. Pretty big order, that— anyhow, it’s better than “God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more.” May as well ask for plenty.

wlw

‘Twas rough titmbered country. Coming around a railroad bend at daybreak I glanced into the woods. There sleeping with a tree-root pillow I saw several sovereign citizens that had ostracized society and its conventions.

Recognizing one by the complete over-all suit, glossy as if he had been toiling in a glue works or starch factory, I exclaimed: “Well, catching up on a little sleep?”

Eyelids opened, for it was fresh morning, and down at the foot of the hill there was a rustle of weeds and leaves. Out of the weeds scurried one, then another, and a third, almost as a unit to the “jungle” fireplace; at which they pawed feaverishly, as if the life or death of a nation hung on their moves . . .

Of course, I must have been dreaming all this, for it is unreasonable to think anything like that could happen in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## 1940\_42\_IW\_26101940

**We’ll Have To Organize To Collect**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Years ago it was quite a problem to get some clothes on Gerty Hoffman. And, as time rolled on, Gypsy Rose Lee and Sally Rand became, in turn, the “problem child”; but now America is confronted with the problem of getting some pants on the “hobo.” We dare not fail! We must not fail! We cannot fail—and a new pair of suspenders.

wlw

A farmer out of Moorehead (Minnesota) loaded 30 harvest hands on a truck and took them out to pick potatoes. When he brought them back, in the evening, he paid them off with $30.

That makes mathematics easy . . .

“That’s all right, too, the farmer says, “pay ‘em a dollar a day and let them eat themselves sleep themselves.”

wlw

All right, gyppo, shake ‘em up. You’re behind in your board. Pork 5 and 6 cents a pound, store-ham 75 cents a pound. If the hog weighs 1000 pounds, as many of them do, the butch can crank the cash register to $750 a sow—enough to keep him in spending money for a month or two. Note: Butcher’s expenditures higher than ordinary because of high cost of good liquor.

wlw

I did have a job to go haying (wild hay in North Dakota matures late) but the farmer seemed to have the impression that I should pay him a neat sum of four-bits a day for the pleasure of working for him, sitting on a choice, body-fitting, grandstand seat on a 1917 mower; horses easy on the bit, claimed.

I hastened to explain to the farmer that my life has been so filled with pleasure that were I to enjoy more I would feel as if I were cheating some one that has suffered for the lack of it, and rather than do that I would carry my sorrows to the grave.

wlw

I have a sense of impending tragedy—that the bottom will fall out of the capitalist system. Have you a gold watch that isn’t in hock?

wlw

John Bum’s honesty is a model of complete perfection. You can leave your gold watch on the jungle mantlepiece, go up town and talk politics with the butcher and baker and harnessmaker, and it will still be there when you return, whether Willkie gets elected or not. If you are gone too long, John Bum will wind it up for you so that it doesn’t get stiff in the joints.

wlw

There is no law that says how little or much you must work for That’s up to you, a soverign worker.

But there is a law that sets a minimum wage the employer is allowed to pay. It is as I suspected; it is the employer that needs a guardian or a straitjackets. Labor stands pure and undefiled.

wlw

When the horseless carriage came, full many a dobbin could see himself headed for the glue factory—even race horses were no longer sure of pasturage.

So the noble steed came to an untimely end after earning for its master beefsteak and mushrooms for a lifetime and they hired a technological unemployed to dig the grave for; six-bits—a non-union grave to top off an illustrious career.

Many a draft horse looked askance at the horseless carriage and did not shy without reason. Even the more rambunctious ones ceased kicking down the side of the barn and regular “maneaters” were almost ready to kiss the teamster at feeding time and beg for a bridle.

They had seen their epitaph on the wall! That is all history, and now we will take up the matter of man-minus industry.

The discarded worker cannot turn to his previous condition of life any more so than age can return to the days of its youth; for the world has moved.

The horse cannot return to the great open spaces when his oats are cut out. Grasping civilization has stepped in and barbwired all the water holes. He has nothing to do but stand and take it.

Fido—let me interrupt myself—good old, loyal, trustful Fido, is in the hands of the packing companies as far as his rations are concerned; and considering what the meat packers feed humans, it looks like slow music for Fido. Sometimes the can comes and sometimes it doesn’t.

Horses are suffering from technological unemployment same as man. But horses do not know enough to organize and protect their interests. Individual kicking is the limit of their protest.

It is idle to argue that horses have an equity in the wealth that is. A ship comes into harbor and drops anchor without a human being aboard — robot steers her and other robots do other services. Iron Mike, Brass Pete and Copper Joe. One-man industry is a fact—the rest of the force is picking mushrooms or trying to snare n pickrel.

After a while we won’t need airplane pilots. What’s the answer, Mr. Workox?

The IWW.

wlw

Three dollars for the job, but there is no guarantee the boss won’t fire you the first day. So that $3 investment makes you work twice as hard so as to stave off the discharge.

Ten dollars for a work permit. Is that unionism or a racket?

Ostensibly our defense program is to head off attack by dictators, but is there a guarantee that the power so generated will not be use to defend fascist dictatorship?

## 1940\_43\_IW\_30111940

**Do You Want Peace? Then Organize It**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

If we, the U. S., cannot protect this land without overseas bases, how in the world can we hope to protect those bases? Kiss the destroyers goodbye!

As a maneuver to prevent others from grabbing them, it is hardly more defensible, bdenuse they cannot be defended in wartime or rationed by us or others. They fit in well with imperialism and imperialism doesn’t fit with anything.

I’m thinking of writing a song, “Goodbye, Destroyers, Goodbye.”

•

Strictly for the cognicenti: “That town of Lanard is all right—three-quarters ring of gut and a loaf of dummy.”

•

As to that national debt, we don’t really have to pay it. We can always dig up that gold, ship it to Beluchistan and take a pauper’s oath.

People have so little business acumen!

•

They tell me California is arrestuing hoboes for carrying concealed sandwitches. It isn’t the quantity we want in America, it’s the butterfat.

Ontario high schools remained closed to October 1 and primary schools to September 15. to provide farm “help.” Farther back lies the war. They’ll grab the nipple next.

•

Constable: “You get right out of town.”

Hobo: “But the train is gone.”

Constable: “Well, take after it.”

•

**Reflections on the Election**

The pity of it was that on that glorious election day so many of the sovereign citizens had to step out and yodel for their breakfast before exercising their sacred rights at the ballot box.

Arid there were those who said “it would pay as well to go out and shoot a few cigarette butts.” As to that I wouldn’t know. At the booths, the sentinels (guards) informed md “the election Iays between Townsend and Sally Rand.”

Those of the “do nothing faith” severely criticize FDR for his “do somethings”—pigs plowed under, etc. What difference does it make, when the workers are not organized to bring over-production and underconsumption together?

The cook (FDR) is too small a man to fight for the crew’s chuck! One Big Union is the answer.

Willkie promised new industries but he did not say what he would do with the products.

The picture is changing, has already changed, but it will not affect the industrial discards. They have been robbed of a dozen important years and are now “overage.”

The irony of the thing is conditions in industry are so rotten that young America takes the position they might just as well be in the army.

Hope travels forward when it deals not with imaginary things.

It is said. “Man cannot successfully wish.” I disagree. Man can wish, demand, secure and enjoy.

•

Looks like we’ll have to call out the marines to keep the boys from going over there.

It is falacious to think we won’t be in it, for the signs are popping up -with a regularity that is disturbing. All signs are not that way, but signs are not the determining factor. An unorganized peace listens to Mars.

If you want peace, organize it.

•

Cabbages are $6 a ton—that practically obviates starvation. Many of the worthy citizens have $6 and can sit themselves down ‘longside a ton of cabbage and live the year out like bloated balloon, happy. And ‘tis a poor bum indeed that can’t step out and bum himself six bucks during the Christmas holidays.

Sourkraut factories are gettinh their cabbages for $4 a ton, for they are of better blood and have a jump of $2 on the commoners. Canneries are getting pumpkins practically as a gift from the farmers and all they have to do is wrap some tin cans around them, look virtuous and wait until the humble citizens come along jingling crude wherewithal.

•

Slum clearance: Slum is the result; poverty the cause. Seems to me this is shoveling manure away from the wrong end of the horse. Abolish poverty, and slums will bloom like the Rose of Sharon, automatically.

Slum clearance is being done by “George.” When workers clear poverty, slums will disappear—not before.

•

Every nation is peddling culture and they already know how to wipe their noses.

IWW culture has spread far and wide, and has accomplished its purpose. It has been borrowed by neighbors, stolen by inert lenders and plagerized by sterile organizations. Success of our culture is not sufficient, however, Unionism must be brought into intimate contact with the 1001 operations in the mine, mill and marine industries—at the point of production. When unionism is strong and energetic at “the point,” it is strong and energetic all over.

## 1940\_44\_IW\_07121940

**We Pick Our Propaganda Carefully**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

They mix TNT, intolerance, speed up, inefficiency, an explosion and call it sabotage. Then they start trampling on the [k]ails of Russian, German and Italian Americans. Fine bunch of unity they’ll have; what with the pro-British straining at the cream—as before.

The Ramparts We Watch!

Congress took a foray into the problem of recess and turned thumbs down on all such wild life . . . Why not? Haven’t we been unemployed the past dozen dozing years without even hinting at breaking the mystic circle?

Willkie is down in Florida catching his wind.

wlw

Frequent wars occur in a capitalist controlled world. If you don’t like wars, challenge that control; if you love wars, the control is hokey doke. War, if you’re getting the best of it, is work; if you’re getting the worst of it, it’s hell. But why discuss it? Unorganized objection to organized war is a squeek in the rain barrel. Fine echo, that’s all.

Let us have organized peace and eschew the elements that make for war. Let us quit godfathering foreign possessions.

wlw

Rather than paying old age pensions to congressmen, voters are sending in younger men. That is no solution. The old codgers will still be holding out a paw.

wlw

Emotion on the radio sounds like Cleopatra climbing a hill . . .

Jamaica negroes working on a Canal Zone project for new locks, pulled the pin; demanded rain or work cease, more simoleons and return of civil liberties.

Only thing suspicious about the Dominican Republic’s dictator is that he advertises:

“God and Trujillo”; it’s better than waving a flag—swing the Deity by the tail.

wlw

When a businessman pays the radio for advertising, that money comes from his customers—no rich uncle of his has passed away recently. Sometimes I think dealers in scrape-juice, flexicola and shin plasters are too liberal in the use of their customers’ money.

No use to stay away from them—the radio will be still more heartrending; maybe wallop us with a woodpecker song.

I got caught in the bathtub by a radio running hysterics. Had nothing to throw at it—that’s why I’m baldheaded from now on.

wlw

British propaganda in the USA is soothing syrup. German propaganda in the USA is sour apples. Italian propaganda in the USA is cayenne pepper. Japanese propaganda in the USA is spoilt tuna. We pick our propaganda carefully.

The come-on boys are busy.

After the war we’ll need plenty of hospitals, asylums and graveyards. Good thing we have ten times as many doctors as we need.

England assures us Germany was fully armed and England only half armed . . .

Cease whistling by the graveyard (please don’t wreck the world), the economic war is yet to come.

As I see it: economics are consolidated after each engagement, and there have been many of them; if we don’t watch out, we’ll have to sleep under the porch.

wlw

What’s behind all this smashing of atoms by scientists is an effort to find out just how small a human being can be.

Trade mono-poly is in a nose-dive here, there, and everywhere.

Whenever a district gets over-ripe, industry flees the territory. Then comes slum clearance.

wlw

War is hell—what with guts flying all over the landscape. It’s worse than being plastered with a barrage of tomatoes or over-ripe henfruit, as Willkie will affirm. War is hell. Witness the discomfort of a stepped-on worm !

“Bundles for Britain” sounds kind of off-suit when you consider the bundles Germany is unloading over there. I am in favor of it, however; the British people will need them. Most of their wardrobe went into war preparation and they can’t carry on war naked. But can you imagine taking the clothes off a man’s back for military purposes?

Britain got an early start collecting second-hand garments, a year and a day after the war started. Couldn’t have had much of a “front,” when it wears out in one year. (Note; German bombs didn’t destroy it. I have it on the best of authority that the German’s couldn’t hit anything but churches, hospitals and baby carriages.)

All nations should help to get clothes on Johnny Bull. As to the metal Germany is toting over there, England can pick it up after the war and have enough scrap iron to start a new war.

England’s economic commercial and political supremacy was almost complete when this war started and now, if the master becomes a servant, what a come-down!

In labor unions the procedure is known as “being bumped.” When a man is bumped we’re supposed to rush in to his assistance and we do, too, if we’re good union men—which we aint.

When one state bumps the trade of another, we’re supposed to help the bumped state through mail order medium. A city will bump the trade of other cities and howl loud and long, “buy Cambridge cabbages.”

Now we are supposed to rush over to the distant bumpee with our two-bits and save him from the poorhouse, nuthouse, or bigthouse.

What are we? A bunch of sheep? Is it a funeral of ours if an imperialism gets bumped and has to staid shining shoes?

When a man is displaced by another man or machine, it is the ruthless economy of autocracy. When an empire turns belly up, it is still ruthless economy of autocracy—an inalienable part of capitalism.

## 1940\_45\_IW\_14121940

**No More Soft Soap; Payoff Is at Hand**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Tra-la-la-la, and let the chamber of chiselers skin the people in their old accustomed, tried and true way.

It looks kind of bad for our beloved chiselers. Communism, fascism and nazism were quite a monkey-wrench in their lobster salad.

Note: Many of the rulers that peddle culture have less oomph and rhythm and more syphilis and erysipelas.

Industrial unionism was discovered by workers in Chicago that were then and thenceforth IWW’s. The IWW culture (philosophy) has been accepted by almost everybody exceot the working class, to whom it would do most good.

Note: It will be good for everybody, but not so long as the workers prefer to be underdog, under-privileged, under-nourished and racing time.

•

Russian economy, owned and controlled by the state, is now on a par with the economy of the Helot Age in ancient Greece. Good may oome of it but it has yet to show its first sample.

Workers of the world should organize their own consolations and permit no tuneful tintinabulation put collar and hames around their necks.

•

Marion Anderson, contralto, has no maid or secretary. She prefers to do her own chores. She doesn’t get winded like Washington statesmen. Washington being the place where sound travels faster than light in defense of jobs.

Sibelius remarked to Marion, “The roof of my house is too low for you.”

“They’ dont’ stick up statues for critics,” is another of Sibelius’ cracks

•

Now that European commercialism has become a cutthroat rivalry, we should not indicate groat surprise or undue astonishment and start picking out those whose throat should be cut.

The question before the house is:

Which form of skinning is easier on the epidermis? Would you prefer to have your hide removed by the Hitler method or Churchill method? Or, possibly, you would prefer to have Benito remove your pinfeathers?

Ultimately, however, your pelt will be removed by an imperialism that is more efficient, regardless of ethics.

A bastard socialism abounds submerged in the politics of Europe. Whether it is for lip service or window dressing is yet to come out. It cannot be for rationalism because it is itself artificial—an unorganized bellyhoo.

Only spirit of mischief can justify the imperialisms that are, on the monopolies they engender. No college of nations is going to sit still and let one enjoy the world graft peculiar to world trade.

Down come their houses periodically. And -we are supposed to mourn the crash. Same holds true in private life and success built upon the ruins of humanity spells sorrow—failure disappointment, frustration—failure all around and loss for all.

Soft soap has run its course and the time is now come to pass out the chips.

War’s miseries are mounting fast ducks are winging east and then south and even the barn yard fowl essay to rise from the earth with much noise and flapping of wings. But I am not ready to say Antoine de Saint Exupery:

**“Such war is won by him who rots last— but in the end both rots together.”**

Some crude economy shall be devised as a result of it but it is doubtful if it will be worthy of our consideration, for Time and Things are not inert.

Twelve dead and 40 dying in Pittsburgh’s citadel of mercy for eating sanctified vitamins.

He who rots last wins the war.

•

A quarrel that has resolved itself into brainlessness: The watchword on one of the ramparts is, “Plutocracy must go.” So they are sending into the battle those that have no trace of plutocracy about them, save the rags they wore before they got the uniform. Does that make sense?

It does not. You’re right, Fellow Worker Linotyper, it verges right on dementia, if it is not actual insanity. Kill off all honest men to save the world from a handful of thieves in the swing positions.

The man that says I am exaggerating has lost all sense of values or wasn’t there when the sense of values was passed out.

That is surely a left-handed solution and workers should be able to find a better one in their One Big Union.

•

The embarrasments of the present in the “tight little isle” are nothing compared to the time when Molly Pitcher licked the British in New Jersey.

No more had Molotov announced his departure for Berlin than the earth shook as far away as Rumania three powder mills exploded in the USA tornadoes and blizzards tore up the midwestern states and piled the debris in drifts, Chamberlain and Pitman died and T-Bone Slim side-swiped a gas ear with his wheelbarrow.

Did I say “get rid of the guilty by killing the innocent”? Well, sir, they aren’t so innocent. They have tolerated plutocracy in its many forms so it is not at all strange they prance out to die so that plutocracy shall not perish from the face of the earth.

## 1940\_46\_IW\_21121940

**Nothing Goes East or Far On Charity**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

“When the wheels go ‘round everybody profits.”

Alas, how true; especially the manufacturer, for there is no limit to his “take” that he cannot enforce by agreement and force of arms. The worker, too, gets a small fraction —small, because the employer has appointed himself guardian angel over the worker’s “take.”

Workers should appoint their own guardian angels.

The bum, too, gets a share when the wheels go ‘round. It is called charity, and some of it is. But most of it (all told) is business. It is cheeper to give the bums a few pennies worth and preserve them from mischief and law breaking.

Note: Prisoner’s bill of fare calls for 27 to 31 cents a day. That’s the established and tested minimum. Anything less creates revolts in the institutions of the drivers.

I should judge that figure is half-fare, for the boatman’s budget, which calls for native veal steak occasionally, is 57 cents a day per person.

But the worker is not given to the use of the common sense with which he was blessed so lavishly, and year in and year out he treks over the hill to the poorhouse and the pauper’s grave.

And why not? Has he not tolerated the self-appointed, self- anointed economic masters, the gentlemen that now have the world record for skinning the people— including their government —and have the treasures to prove it?

The 40 Arabian thieves were petty crooks.

Thirty-day waiting period before the strike starts cuts the effectiveness by half or better. Strikebreakers are marshalled ready to step in. Strikes to be effective should start before they begin, without halbaloo, display or advance notice.

•

After all a job is merely work.

About 10,000 lumber workers on strike on the west coast, as of December 6.

•

Speaking further about “waitingperiods”: USA is weeding out promising young men from the ranks of the worker’s and removing them from the point of production as incumbent or prospective . . .

The percentage is not great but at the same time, it is of much moment to the worker from its several angles. This constitutes a “waiting period” in which organized workers can and should consolidate their positions and gain new ones.

The job no longer is defense so much as aggressiveness, for the turning point is here—today, now. Out-arguing the merchants and manufacturers is waste of time, it’s defense and its age is past.

Attack is the strategy of all leading puppets, be they of any discription whatsoever.

Workers should get into one union and organize it solid.

The prestige of the IWW is good in sea-going dungarees as well as in full-bib overalls.

Workers have much to learn from the Wobblies—not so much to be one of them but to be like them—undaunted, unterrified, uncompromising, unbowed.

•

**Feed Europe?**

Hm. Do my contemporaries think that armies will travel far on the stuff charity is made of? (A pig would turn up its nose.)

Present day charity is a crime against civilization. One onion, Belinda, and five gallons of water.

I tell you it’s **offal**!

•

Winston Churchill and I have much in common. We both love oyster. I’m not saying we’re getting ‘em—just love ‘em.

“Members of the New York State Guard, who are to replace the National Guard, will have to get along without uniforms until January 8, when the legislature convenes.”

Until then—diapers?

•

Whenever a union “head” runs for political preferment in a party that is in the doghouse and beards the fury of self-confessed righteousness, there is more to it than appears on the surface. Pandora has found another evil in her magic box.

Workers were so slow emancipating themselves and their leaders had their hands full wrestling with satan, so the employers decided to emancipate the slaves themselves through the medium of fascism—bring Utopia to ‘em right here on earth and into the treadmills.

Oldest inhabitant can’t remember anything like it ever having happened before—so the bosses must have got religion four-square or Jehovah’s Revelation. Heretofore, whenever the bosses wanted to help the slaves, they took away their liver and onions and fed them oats and barley, figuring on running a streak of lean into ‘em and maybe clear their heads.

So I let go of a toe-hold and says to my chief secretary: How many words does that make I’ve written since Roosevelt (Teddy) panic?

“Sir,” says my custodian. “you passed the million-and-a-half mark week before last and if words could emancipate workers they’d now be as free as the stink in a fertilizer factory or as clambroth in Hoboken—many of the words are spelled different, too.”

I had a notion to fire him for that ebullience, or whatever ailed him. but just then I happened to think that slaves, if they would be free, must perform the emancipation themselves. And that means one big union: organized action, not words.

## 1940\_47\_IW\_28121940

**Bosses Won’t Guess What’s Wrong on Job**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Wages in the USA are 25 cents a day, 50 cents a day, $1 a day, $2 a day, $8 a day, $16 a day and—what have you.

Hours are 6, 8, 12, 16; long for the short and short for the long.

A bunch of unity there, and when we consider that the tensile strength of beefsteak determines the horsepower of patriotism, we must consider our system of distribution is slightly awry, like the clothes of an inebriated debutante.

Same holds trye to states and empires:

Here’s 50 million that control land from Hell to Halifax and a hundred million that haven’t enough dirt to fill a flower pot.

China raises 422 million inhabitants on less than three million square miles. USA has trouble raising 130 million on 3,738,395 square miles (Note The 130 million is slightly increased by outlying posessions, but in any case 130 million have more than three million square miles to prance around on.)

wlw

**If the workers don’t beef the boss will never guess that they have a yearning in their hearts.**

**Backward indeed are the employers compared to governmental heads. I understand the Wall Street gamblers never issue orders io governmental heads, but trust them to guess the wants of the famous street.**

**Our bosses are utter failures in a guessing contest, so we have to beef and beef and beef—and even then they sometimes holler for a court of justice Io back their ignorance and greed.**

wlw

Newspapers are trying to popularize the word “blast” as a medium of expressing criticism or “bawl-out.” Skip that word.

“Those in command of us . . .”—Hiram Johnson.

wlw

Hard to tell whether this Egyptian campaign is salami or baloney. England captured 6,000 pedestrians and three generals. (The fourth pinochle player got away.) This would i not have happened had I been there. The noble General T-Bone Slim would have thrown a wing-ding hard-a starboard on their encirclement I would have encircled their encirclement , I would have joined the parade, implanted my dogs in their foot-steeps and approached them from behind as one of them. They’d never guess the difference. The hell with this noise of letting them capture the deck of cards and three generals, it makes it look as it the generals were in a restricted area.

wlw

**Three or four Southern Railway officials got injured in a train wreck. By a strange coincidence it was one of their own trains. That’s like getting kicked by your favorite mule. I am one in their agonies and sorrows, consoled only by faith that there will be no more wrecks on that line for a while. High and low joints will be remedied, snarling switches reconciled, and over-age trestles rejuvinated.**

wlw

Well, anyhow, Cunningham’s comet has a tail 140,000,000 feet long. Some appendage, hey?

Reports have it that the army will have variety on its diet; that the standard diet of beans will be augmented with dainty, tasty food the nature of which is kept a military secret.

I would warn the army not to monkey with the diet without due consideration. Consider will the many heroic battles won by our boys on nothing more succulent than beans and more beans.

Also I would point out the masterful performances of our boys without shoes at Valley Forge. Care should be taken not to soften the boys too much.

wlw

Get rid of the idea that India is a gigantic slum, home of pellegra and cholera . . . India is the priceless pearl of all exploited lands. England isn’t over there chasing a gut-wagon.

American employers missed the bus when this war started; got caught with their pants down and a dozen million unemployed.

Also: American actors with few exceptions should hold a flopularity contest beginning in Caliphornia. Let the footloose drama get rid of its inferiority complex . . . Get busy and act, or get off the lot. I want to see a show before I die.

wlw

It is most emphatically wrong for recognized unionism to sit still until they are smothered by rotten conditions on the job and then call in the radicals and militants to save them from their own complacency. Not that radicals and militants wouldn’t be glad to do it periodically. Why not cease riding the militants? Make a sort of sacred cow of them and keep them “shooting the sun” at all times. Even the radicals can’t make job conditions too good for you while your wits are woolgathering.

wlw

It is most emphatically wrong to maintain a job struggle between unions. In the process the job deteriorates and begins to stink so that neither one wants it. Jobs will thus be ruined to the point where one or the other union will risk a strike to regain some semblance of industrial sanitation and welfare.

Note: That is a strike after a loss and not a strike to make new gains. It is not defense or offense, but desperation. Why use desperation as a springboard to fame and fortune?

Verily, I believe recognized unionism is stone blind and should retain the militants and radicals in its ranks to take observation as to the state of the job’s health.

# 1941

## 1941\_1\_IW\_04011941

**Bosses Don’t Start From Bottom Rung**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The thought persists that workers should be “barked” in a Christian way instead of Pagan. There may be merit to the proposal but did it ever occur to those devout believers to leave the workers unbarked?

I’m just after listening to that beautiful Christmas carol, Violent Night, Holy Fright and start to wonder: Who’s nutsy now, I or the gang? What with my compatriots trying to drop bombs down the other fellow’s neck . . .

It isn’t sense and it isn’t a good joke.

wlw

The great mistake a worker makes is starting at the bottom of the ladder and touching every rung on the way upward. There is no need of that.

The boss’ son or nephew starts his climb from the middle of the ladder. Henry Ford, the wise man from Iron Mountain, didn’t start his lumberjacking as a swamper or roadmonkey, oh no. He was a full-furred bull of the woods from the beginning. First thing anybody knew about it there was Hank sitting pretty as you please on the top limb and no one seems to know how he got there.

Did he climb, jump or was he pushed? That’s why I say if you’re going to walk from New York City to Chicago, you don’t have to start your ankling in New York City. You can just as well start from Dunkirk or Ashtabula and then the first half of the walk is brain work and the last half leg work—kinda divide the strain between the noodle and fetlock. It’s easier on the instep.

wlw

It isn’t true that American Oppel works in Germany is producing war materials for Adolf. I have it from the best South street authority that our plant over there is turning out saurkraut choppers against the day when liberty cabbage becomes a universal dish. I wouldn’t want it every day.

wlw

Star Spangled Banner still waves over the free, semi-free, prisoners, and privileged.

Democracy obtains in much of social intercourse, but in industry democracy is unknown.

It seems that Uncle Sam cannot produce democratic production and must depend on industrial autocracy, a substitute. Which reminds me of the man in New York City that had six dependents—”one cat, one parrot, two canaries, and two gold fish.”

So we can’t produce industrial democracy? What would you think of a family that brought forth only girls? You’d call that family incomplete—too shrill.

wlw

One thing I like about the Wobbly is his modesty; he never brags about his victories. But should he suffer a defeat, that is when his information rises to high heaven and I can almost feel sorry for those “about to die.”

That what has happened is finished business, be it a victory or a defeat.

Seven thousand CIO agree never to strike any more, in honor of the war that is not yet. The type of strikes they ban is: sit-down, slow- down, stay-in, and sympathy. Oh, how good they will be. **Send for the stretcher bearers.**

wlw

I smoke only after meals and as the meals are few and far between, I have practically quit smoking.

wlw

The masters’ economy is such that it carries on a side-line of destruction alongside of production. (Not referring to war—that is obvious.)

wlw

No honor among thieves. Chiselers must go!

wlw

Leading chiselers are at war with each other and the grief is great and destruction complete. Which goes to show crime doesn’t pay. Of course, they have a sketchy idea of inaugurating some new form of economy after the war—after that is destroyed which would make the new economy possible.

wlw

A critic informed me that the racketeering got so bad that only a few could make a decent living at it. Then the law took a hand and jugged some of the leading lights and now racketeering stretches around more completely.

I’m afraid if prosperity strikes us, there will be a shortage of skilled racketeers and those in the business will get overrich overnight.

wlw

It’s okay to have two Xmas holidays provided the people give thanks in the proper manner of eating good, substantial foods, such as turkey, horsemackerel, or even German carp. (Finn Xmas used to be two weeks long.) But if you persist in eating soup, which is a drink, you are beyond redemption.

wlw

One thing I like about the IWW, they know what to do next. They don’t have to wait for orders from the man on horseback.

Washington is full of lawyers. For their benefit let me point out there is a difference between legality and realism. Seeking precedent is the confession of a soul imprisoned. Legality and realism are at war.

wlw

Everybody knows my bravery but, still and all, I had to go into hiding this summer because I was afraid they’d grab me for an ambassador to St. James—and maybe to St. Peter, too. In all these wide open spaces there wasn’t a single one that had the guts to go to London; they all got cold feet in a hurry—a regular diplomatic frostbite.

But, thank heaven, just as things looked darkest, Wild Bill Donavan was struck by patriotic lightning in an unguarded moment and was hustled down to the boat-landing and ditpatched to Britain. And so, after looking both ways, I came out of hiding and told the populace: It’s too late now to get the boys in the trenches before Christmas.

## 1941\_2\_IW\_11011941

**Your Defense Calls for One Labor Union**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Our newspaper is a very important part of our organization; it is our voice. In it we can broadcast any and all iniquities of the employing class and record our accomplishments—plus.

If for any reason the paper begins to pine and the honorable fellow workers editor begins to mumble “two and two makes four” it ‘s a sign that the almighty membership hasn’t been sending in any new subscriptions lately or new checks and, for all the editor may know, the membership is on a vacation down in Miami Beach or Bourbon St.

Plenty parasite papers have bit the dust in the late sorrowful months, falling into that oblivion we spoke about—all because the advertisers refused to support the disgraceful sheets.

Shall it be said of our membership that they take our paper for granted and neglect to defend that which they have? The point is: once the paper falls into the pit it’s going to take a powerful magnet to drag it out—like fishing for a pair of horn-rimmed glasses in the ferments of Gowanus Canal. (It can be done if the gasses have steel pins in the hinges.)

Labor schools, too, have been pulling the pin because of lack of interest in the element they would aid.

What is this anyhow, a destruction of Jerusalem, a storm —and all hands shortening sail?

I say no—we’ll get nowhere under bare spars. It should not be a question of bare survival. It should be a question of survival in style.

Send the editor a check.

•

Across the pond, airplanes are flown with charcoal. Tut, tut, by the way they are nosediving over here, I think we are using bottle corks.

•

It is said the masses run this country and Congress does only the ghosting for them. This cannot be, for generally the man being ghosted for is a dumb lug and hasn’t the slightest idea as to the size of the score. Now, my people are a bright tribe and wise to all the skullduggery going on, including the grooming they get 18 months before the fact.

•

Lord Lothian, Christian Scientist and Ambassador, died. Clearly a case of overwork.

Our own General Hartman, topman construction in the Quartermaster Corps was hauled off to Reed Hospital

Darn this defense agitation laying our best men low! For years and years thet never turned a wheel and then all of a sudden they have to grab the oilcan.

The wars in Europe are but the greater maneuvers of employees (bosses). God knows, the lesser maneuvers are crazy enough, crooked enough and a repudiation of all that is ethical in the nations.

Labor’s interference has been but a small disturbance so far; and there have been and are capitalist wars in the interest of commercialism, continued subjugation of workers and worship of greed, golden heifer.

This, here, now United States is the sole remaining country that is free to propagandists, a regular propagandists’ paradise. Their lies are sure-fire hits. Other lands gag their liars, which same is sure worse than death. Mind you, I do not favor killing them . . . The rich sire trying to lead us into war or are too dumb to do it. They can choose their handle: dumb, decoy, dabbler, or deficient. It’s going to be kind of tough on unionism in the near future and the concessionary leaders are already holding conversations with themselves. But what the hell, workers always did want a unionism that unfolds like a desert mirage and that pans out like a swig of hemlock. Industrial management is in full control down Washington way; patronage travels through divers ways to the faithful, and punishes recalcitrants with loss of hand-outs. No widespread recovery is possible or intended and the few faithful are already hollering for a longer work-week at the expense of the unemployed, the great undernourished, illclad, illhoused of the American way of life.

Here ye, Oh Ye Scissorbills, is not this the day, the hour of National Defense? Defense, defense — then protect yourself. For National Defense presupposes all parts of the nation shall be defended, not only the good and willing industries. Your unionism is your best defense as it is the best defene of a nation.

Elementary unionim says gains and improvements are possible only through unionism; individual efforts are no longer efective in any part of the requisition. Shorter day presupposes greater speed, in the masters’ lexicon. Increase of pay presupposes still greater speed (if not displacement)”. No gain is evident.

Guaranteed protection comes only from One Big Union. All else is endless skirmish.

•

Pretty nearly impossible to maintain a home under present conditions of social adjustment. Life has been disorganized too many times. A loss at every disruption, and the losses mount into important money, plus much mental and physical anguish. Repeated frustrations have laid ther mark on homo sapiens and further struggle in the prearranged disarray seems futile senseless and devoid of any use whatsoever.

And it may be true and then, again, it mayn’t. Scientists that can do no wrong are not setting up the new economic system. It is done by business, the original skinner of mankind; and the chief victim, the worker, doesn’t have the gumption or marbles to join the One Big Union and protect himself . . .

## 1941\_3\_IW\_18011941

**Collect Your Overtime for Wading Ashore**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Inasmuch as even a modicum of support could not be organized for exploitation of man by man, a new name had to be invented for the operation and they called it fascism.

Full many a man, no more capitalistic than you or I is now supporting that mysterious outfit.

wlw

They tell me that in the northern part of this state (New York) they are registering the Indians. I most heartily approve of this effort to guard against any foreign influence masquerading as the noble red man.

I think myself, the capitalists have picked poor leadership for the working class. And the workers are saps for standing for it.

wlw

If the seamen do not everlastingly beef, the ships will degenerate into seafaring slums.

A seaman opines this morning, “The workingman is licked.”

That, may be true but isn’t it also true that he licked himself? He has tried everything, including **jai alai** and ping pong. He has even tried the right thing— but he has not tried it as a body. So he has been separated into dozens of organizations, “all good and true,” and he has taken one on the chin from time to time and job conditions have grown bad.

wlw

Take the seaman: It’s as much as his life is worth to ship on those “masters’ connivances” and then, if he isn’t blown up, he will die peacefully of carbondioxide or be poisoned with fermented vitimins. The miner is in the same fix.

Workers should specialize in union matters. Their union should be One Big Union and One Big Defense, free of politics, banking and life insurance; in other words, it should specialize completely in the improvement of the workers’ lot, and that only.

We’ll never get anywhere divided into fractions. One Big Union of seamen alone will not improve the conditions of the sailor sufficiently; because the wild and wolly economics of the master, class cause him to lose his footing (livlihood). It must be a One Big Union of every industry in the true sense of the word and that means the Industrial Workers of the World—as it means in the marine industry, Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 150.

Once such a union is organized I doubt if One Big Strike will be necessary . . .

However, as is, the workers in dozens of unions of every complexion leaves them in an unenviable light, right or wrong—as: “Did you have the right of way?”—”Yes, but he had a heavier truck.”

wlw

Income of Gloria (Laura) Vanderbilt, 17, was $137,356 in 1940. However, Surrogate Foley allows her only $26,000 a year folding money. Have not heard if the lissome Gloria ever earned any of that money.

Nice piece of jack, that $137,356. No wonder some of us sailors feel the pinch of adversity.

Her father earned that money by chiseling, did you say?

Shame on you. Her income is free of chiseling as far as she is concerned. It just keeps on piling up like the sins of our fathers, be they Finns, Jews or Hottentots. It’s the capitalist system—source of all parasitism.

wlw

But let us worry about Uncle Sam handing our shirt to the British. The shirt has seen all its best days and we ain’t going no place, no how.

After 16 months:

It seems that England is short of serum for diphtheria etc. after a few months of war, unless it be that someone is having a premature baby in this country. If so, she can load those goodwill bombers in Canada with the finest of serums and fly them to England. Possibly, too, if the matter were brought to the attention of Adolf, he would fly serum from Germany and parachute it down to the anguished earth in Great Britain.

wlw

Risks?

It is not good reasoning to say Standard Oil is taking chances in transportation of fuel oils and other oils to Africa or Europe—it wouldn’t be good business. None of the Rockefeller clan are aboard those ships. Rockefeller doesn’t lose a cent if those ships sink and there have been nine of them so far.

The ones that stand to lose are the seamen and those that have to make good the loss. Lloyds or the nation interested. Rockefeller’s profits are guaranteed, plus a handsome bonus—for riskless risk.

Therefore, if the seamen are a bit bashful in demanding risk-money, they are related to a donkey, for their risk is real.

The most promising prospect of the war is mine-fields broadcast all over the world—a world blockade. As you know, a mine cannot distinguish between a Jugo Slavian and Panamanian. The only ones that are jeopardized are the seamen.

I see you think I have horrors?

All right. Let’s see some more:

Adolf Hitler is down in the Balkans sizing up the acres with a view to raising corn for his **prancer** troops and to see to it that none is bootlegged to strangers . . . All other grief to remain as is. How’s that for a prophet?

Don’t forget the risk-money, and overtime for wading ashore.

wlw

The best way to have peace is by having war— yeah-uh-hu—and the best way to keep dry is by jumping into the lake. (Nobody is kidding.) Just stay sober by getting drunk. Keep warm by ditching your clothes and quit eating to grow fat.

Darn those nutsies anyhow!

## 1941\_4\_IW\_25011941

**It’s Always More Speed Bosses Want**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

It is not generally known that a soldier is a savior. Such is the addenda however:

A businessman informs me doors, thumb a ride to tin poorhouse or jump in the lake when who should sashay in but a company of soldiers, all primed up to purchase the store out.

“Yes sir, Slim.” says the merchant, “the purchasing power of those soldiers was my salvation and now I haven’t a worry in the world.”

Like the big wind in Florida that blew the stink from solid citizens and persuaded them to join the chuich; and, even to this late date, I am informed, they smell pure and sweet.

Who is there, then, to say a saloon-keeper can’t get religion banging away at the cash register?

It has come to my notice in the last few sorry hours that food prices are going up. This indicates the people are short of sugar and businessmen are making a last desperate grab at the stuff that sweetens the pot. In lieu of prayer let us sing Maxicali Rose. Or do you think my diagnosis over-fetched?

\*

“Stone walls do not a prison make.”— Nor overalla a slave. Hush!

War reports are coming in blanketed, lumped and conflicting: “Rock captured” . . . “Several beartraps gained, ready baited.”

One great trouble with the “friendly nations” across the puddle was that they tried to settle Germany’s economic problems and hash for her.

\*

Economic problems and hash cannot be farmed out for settlement; you repair them yourself and trust them not to buttery fingers.

Same holds true of labor problems and deleted vitimins— you do or you don’t.

\*

Advent of totalitarian state in USA is a laborious process. Several if not all democracies have been sold down the river and the auctioneer is winding up to swing the gavel down again.

Beware of giftbearers, unless you prefer an Oregon bracelet on your shanks. Do all your fighting “in person,” not by proxy or by “stand-in”— if you prefer to fight or must fight.

This war is still a phony. It’s swan song well might be: O wotta donkey I was!

\*

Whatever war may be, it is primarily a massacre of youth.

Quite clearly it is impossible to make of the USA a totalitarian state unless the USA is a parcel in war; and quite clearly USA cannot be a parcel in war unless it gets nearer war. An approach to war, then, is an approach to totalitarianism—dissipation of substance to the end of making totalitarianism compulsory, and defense of democracy impossible—a condition of reaction and probable chaos—repudiation of the machine process.

Or maybe again my diagnosis skidded?

And to think that mechanized warfare should put an end to machine process and return us to the wooden spoon!

Methinks our beloved masters and kind, gentle foremen have gone “way back,” but not to it down. When the battle is on, you will find them lying down back of the out-house, play mg po-stim.

\*

Word reaches me from the world’s best and most articulate critics, the seamen, that conditions, sanitation and quarters are positively substandard on shipboard—as well on the giant liners us on the tramps now resurrected into service.

Seamen might improve their time by joining One Big Union.

\*

Our Civil War generals had considerable trouble losing two thousand men every day. Grant lost 18,000 in two days; 60,000 in 30 days. In the World War (at the Marne 300,000 were killed in five days; at Verdun, Germany lost 500,000 men. In the Somme fight, July to December, British lost 450,000 the French 250,000, and the Germans 600,000. That equals 1,300,000 casulties in five and one-half months. The whole war claimed 7,694,336 lives.

Machinery has improved since and generals should be able to knock off a better average in this and the next war.

And, O the agony that comes over the air waves!

\*

Your great friend (T-Bone Slim) was almost run down by a garbage truck in . . . Name of the city is a military’ secret.

\*

Kingdom, Emperordom, Churchdom, Blueblooddom and Johannes Workoxdom mays be democracy; if so, the democrats are taking it lying down. One thing in favor of Forddom is that he has no concentration camp.

\*

Every little while our employers have an emergency and it calls for more speed. They never have an emergency that calls for slowdown — it’s speed and more speed they demand.

Whenever the workers have an emergency that calls for slowdown, the bosses kick them out and hire men that have no emergency and hand them one that calls for “hi-ball.”

Speed maniacs, that’s what they are; especially now that they are changing from peacetime production to wartime production.

But tell me. what is the reason the 16 million unemployed have not been working on that production during the past ten years?

## 1941\_5\_IW\_01021941

**Uncle Sam Is Short of Skilled Labor?**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

“There’ll come a day . . .”

It is not a question, “will we defend Britain?” It is a question will we defend the United States, the shape she is in—10 million beggars, more or les, including myself.

Shall we defend beggary? Or shall we defend our elan against the encroachments and dissipations of the employing class?

It is a question: Shall our efforts be allowed to degenerate into a long row, not of Punic wars, but puny wars— every man for himself? Or shall we organize the shebang and attain peace, plenty and pabulum?

Or shall we forever be a pack-animal with an empty gut? It is a question.

•

Best that statesmen can offer is “if we do not help Britain we will have 25 million beggars instead of 10.” That seems to prove the falsity of the masters’ economics.

Other statesmen aver, “if we do, we will have weeping widows, bewildered orphans and poppies, row on row.” Prophets all?

It follows then that it is up to us rational human beings to determine, are the words of statesmen words of liars.

INGERSOLLIA: “I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so if the whole world should declare war against us, so if we were surrounded by walls of cannons and bayonets and swords, we could supply all human wants in and of ourselves. I want to live to see the American woman dressed in American silk; the American man in everything from hats to bools produced In America by the cunning hand of the American toilers.— **Col. B G. I.**

Note: Col. Robert G. Ingersol has told you about the depression of 1873-79—six long, miserable years, streets full of mendicants, row on row, through no fault of their own, and highways full of tramps. I’m telling you about this one. You have experienced the Cleveland panic (1907) —and lesser panics in 1911 and 1921.

Methinks the economy of aristocracy is faulty. If it’s faulty, it’s wrong; if it’s wrong, it’s no good—N. G.

Verily. I’d rather see 25,000,000 able bodied beggars on the streets than see a single widow or single confused child questioning our sanity. Happily, neither one or the other is necessary in this land of reason.

Join the IWW.

•

That which is destroyed in war was produced by workers and if workers take part in its destruction they are sabotaging their own production—paid or unpaid.

Employers of labor and their sons are conscientious objectors. They object to the whine of a steel-nose bullet. They are never so happy as when they wear a bulletproof vest and have their feet upon a desk. Airial bombs are taking the joy out of oven that. They want us to go out (all out) to intercept those “layers of steel eggs.”

Panics have not played any favorites in the White House—good man, bad man, democrat or GOP was all the same. Before and after the “Great Crash.” 1929, we had lesser panics, buffer depressions. Now they want us to step out (all out) to save the capitalism that spawns panics, fears, depressions and surrender.

I don’t think it can be saved, nor is it worth saving—its garment is checkered with panics. Its leadership is mediocre and, consequently, not a credit but a debit. A discredit to the nation it pretends to serve.

Why was the condition of unemployment preserved until came the question of war or no war? Is there a connection?

Was unemployment established and maintained for that purpose? Why was the gold (unpaid labor) put back in the hills?

These occurrences and many others accumulated over n long period of time and here is a nation that expected to become prepared by practicing unemployment. Sounds fishy. Ten long years standing guard over the dead, dry corpse of non-production!

•

In the last World War we gave the allies hamburgers and firecrackers on credit. They never paid for them. Now they want hamburgers and firecrackers agani and insist that we throw in the dishes and table-cloth. And or, how we did pour sweat, selling liberty bonds to raise the dough for the allies’ free board and pyro- technics.

Note: They have Fourth of July 305 days a year over there.

•

Now with Knudsen production chief we hope to catch up on that 10 years of idleness. Which indicates autocrats of industry are reformed, if not repentant.

They let the skilled workers sit on the park benches until they drop off—then they holler, “we’re short of skilled labor.”

They raise the young workers in poolhalls, reformatories and pens—then they holler, “We’re short of skilled labor.”

That isn’t all you’re short of. You’re short of brains!

What would you think of a freeholder that would allow his house to go into disrepair year after year until the roof is a sieve, floors drop, walls cave and fences are flat or burnt up as firewood?

Well, thait is precisely what our industrial overlords have done by maintaining a condition of unemployment. Now they holler, “Unprepared.”

This country is short of preparedness by the same number of years that we were unemployed, wasting our time looking for work or boondoggling.

•

Radio is dishing up opinions free gratis—and the accent is Oxfordian.

## 1941\_6\_IW\_08021941

**Lay the Keel For a Better System Now**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Great friend of peace, Joe Stalin, is worrying himself sick because England, Germany and Italy are killing each others world trade. USA trembles in fear that the war will end before the destruction is complete. By the same token, when the destruction is complete––win, lose or draw––USA will be included.

•

A fellow worker tells me: “We live but once,” and added consolingly, “once too often.”

Of course we’ll survive the bliss of heaven and the only flea in the salve is that our rheumatism will survive too. Better way would be to lay the keel for a heaven right here before we get rheumatism, and call it Heaven of the United States.

•

Wages are like contributions in a ihurch collection. Church collections are less grudgingly given, however. Some wits have advocated the abolition of the wage system and substitution of the wage system and substitution of full value of production.

•

Russia seems to feel that if it is right for the U. S. to swap warships for a few riparian rights with England, it is equally right for Russia to send a few pancakes to Germany.

•

The war orders so far have created work only for windbags. (“Shortage of skilled workers?”)

Hysteria will improve as we grow older. Let them “shoot their bolt” now without reason.

The word “newspaper” is a misnomer. It is an instrument of propaganda, a medium of opinion, a residue of advertisement (influence with price tag), and adjunct to the owners’ many means of furthering their private ends. News is merely the camouflage –– kalsomine –– the front.

•

“If government, business and labor will all put their shoulders to the wheel . . .” (The wheel will bust.)

Would suggest that government and business do the pushing by themselves in the interest of preserving the old wagon. Note: Heretofore labor alone exerted pressure on the wheel, so what in the name of blue blazes has government and business got in going through the pretenses? Can they be looking for credit, long and loud applause? Labor needs no example set, real or phony.

The very men that were tossing IWWs in the can 25 years ago are letting out the most heartrending yodels over the radio. Their racket is turning to pain and sorrow in their hands. We have nothing to defend except parasites and their concessions.

Still and all, the idea that was IWW then is the same today; the only thought that has withstood the fat and lean years––and will survive the rackets.

Man is somewhat of a rhinoseros, reasonable though he be . . . And how he loves the original sin, chiseling.

The IWW is a creation, not a copy.

•

The less said about the Panamanian registry the better. Under its sanctimonious provisions there is no protection for seamen aboard ship and the ship is an armed camp of extra legal deputized authority. It is not one of those things that “just happened”; it was developed over a period of time and has many earmarks that distinguish a conspiracy from open and above board procedure. The only protection seamen have is their union and its solidarity––if such there be––to the bitter end.

Tanker scale! So emacated, decrepit, that I dare not mention the size, lest it discourage the natives; and when we consider that **$10 a month covers the value of the chow per man** we must conclude the emoluments do not make up for the loss of shore leave weeks and days upon a stretch. Yes indeed, a stretch. Thirty-six dollars? **The seamen never see it.**

Skyscraper admirals must think seamen are screwballs?

•

Kick him again, he moved! “Knock ‘em down and drag ‘em out.” “Come on down and tend your corpses.”

I wonder who started the fracas anyhow? Some faction seeking group affluence, opulence or dodging the cold, grim hand of destitution; rich against rich, rich against poor, poor against poor and poor against rich in a society of poverty and wealth; in a society warped out of all form and proportion, a formless sea of human greeds, the capitalist system.

This is not looking backward, it is here. But let us not look at it more.

Each succeeding social setup has been an improvement over the older one––and then the folks just sat themselves down and watched it deteriorate into desuetude, refusing to either repair, improve or trade it in for a blind mare.

Looking backward at the wrecks of discarded social establishments (as lawyers and preachers do) our present wagon looks pretty good; even if the wheels are slightly bowlegged and a spoke or two is missing. But did it ever occur to you to take a look at a new wagon? In other words, look ahead and keep your eyes glued on the improvements yet to come.

Sometimes I’ve thought of burying the grim past so that the good people might go on at their business of progressing toward a workers’ commonwealth as the most promiing of peace, contentment and fellowship.

## 1941\_7\_IW\_15021941

**Shortage of Skill Is in Top Positions**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Seventy-eight hundred unemployed at Erie, Pa. A cynic opines the rest of the population is working on the WPA, CCC, and NYA.

I presume some are laboring on the “straight beg?”

\*

Draft has had no appreciable effect upon the army of unemployed—some of them the finest exploitable timber the world has ever seen.

\*

However, an alarmingly high percentage of young men are being rejected by selective service boards because of physical disabilities. (Girls please note.) I suppose depression diet has injured their pep and self-respect. Just plain, common jugginess, almost as virrulent as hook-worm, sleeping-sickness or pellagra.

Fasting may be good for the soul, but damme for a sucker if it gets by the army exams.

\*

The defense program will have an inevitable decline (fade-out) and the youth problem will grab the center of the stage with emphasis.

\*

Now we aged and decrepit:

The relinquishment of 50 over-aged destroyers to England sets a bad precedent. According to that theory, we old work-horses may be drummed out of the country or traded-in for cargo of magnesium, or shipload of baloon tires? I think I we old codgers are getting soft, not only in the head.

“Shortage of skilled workers in the plants,” is the cry. Conceded, but not only that—too much mediocrity in the saddle, also; ‘n’ that’s what hurts. You cannot run industry under the principle of lunkheadedness or pretense of intelligence.

Sharing orders:

Manufacturers are pooling their resources, farming out portions of orders for production in the idle hours of machinery in part time plants. The answer is yours.

It also makes a greater spread of the pie to the favored class and enhances the numbers of the commercial “knucklers down.” Great is moral suasion, hey!

\*

Only one page of sheriff’s sales by virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias, Venditione Exponas, etc.

Lord help us all! Is it as bad as all that? We’ll be sold out of our pants yet!

\*

In 1939, USA sold USSR $50,000,000 worth of goods. In 1940, USA sold USSR $100,000,000 worth of goods.

\*

Pennsylvania NYA is busily engaged in building chairs for schools and other public establishments and the pay is somewhat larger than in the involutary workhouses in Massachusetts that almost wrecked the chair industry of that state. We have a right to believe that the Pennsylvania NYA chair industry is on a self-sustaining basis, and if its products are not to replace existing furniture, we can all sit down in the near future and place our feet upon a table.

\*

What ever success Herr Hitler has had is due to the fact that he combines action with organization; he consolidates his gains by further organization. In other words, he is a two-handed Hitler. During the last world war it was mostly sound and fury, power and bluster—no organization before or after action.

The purpose of these remarks is to show that organization and action go hand in hand; that action must not precede organization; that organization must precede and follow action. So the first business before the house is organization. Otherwise you do not act—except to your sorrow.

\*

“Gale preceded Willkie to Azores.” Great bodies cast their shadows before them.

It will be remembered Willkie is a promoter of no mean proportions. He was on his way to Merrie England to witness first-hand the havoc (if any) of war’s pyrotechnics. I speak but the truth—well, half of it.

\*

“A cordwood cutter had cut a hundred cords of wood and when he ‘squared up’ he was given a check that bounced. He returned to the contractor and was assured ‘the check is good,’ and so he back-pedaled the 15 odd miles.

“It bounced again.

“He returned to the scene of his toils and burnt up his share of the cordwood.”

Many of us more intelligent cordwood cutters take the position that he should not have continued playing tag with a bouncing check, 30 miles to a bounce.

Aren’t bosses grand!

“Contractor claims he burned up a couple extra cords”—for the mileage, I presume.

There was no labor union there.

\*

A peace organization must be genuine and verile in order to withstand the blandishments of the executioners.

We have no such organization.

So tighten your belt. See you in heaven. You are using the masters’ brain. not your own.

\*

Music of the past wasn’t so hot. It cannot speak for itself—we have to be assured by the announcer: “the composer was great.”

The music of our day speaks for itself and we don’t have to be told, “the composer was rotten.”

## 1941\_8\_IW\_22021941

**U.S. Already Invaded, Says T-Bone Slim**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Failure of the over-worked doctors to farm out some of their practice (peoples’ gullibility and stomach aches) to their under-worked brothers, has created group plans among the semi-unemployed men of medicine—a condition of organized poverty.

Note: I do not suggest that the semi-excluded doctors go into the army and let the grasping doctors work their heads off until they drop from exhaustion.

This condition causes patients practically to move into a doctor’s waiting-room for days at a stretch, and the long wait—garnished with tales of neighbor’s misery—often accomplishes the cure and all the doctor has to do is lower the boom and lift his fee.

When you’ve seen one doctor, you’ve seen them all. All good men, damn good men.

Yellow Phenolpthalein, Aloin and Epsom Salts!

By the same token, the unemployed workers should not mourn the hoggishness of the overtime workers. They should step out and organize that unemployment more fully and right—there’s a living in it, a damn good living. Let the workers work their heads off, **and you bury the dead**.

\*

High living costs. Huge profits. Docile labor . . . Remember way back in 1918 when wages were nine and nineteen dollars a day? How long did the money last after the war?

You’re right, you’re absolutely right, it didn’t last. How long do you think your three, four, and six dollars will last after this war?

Correct again. You’ll bankrupt the pooRhouses.

Willkie probably was in England and not, as some pusillanimous skeptics would have it, “two other guys.” He has returned home with two reports—one for the press and one for the committee and one for the head of the house. That’s two, aint it, in full nieasure?

\*

Verily, the cry “invasion” and speculation thereon is a smokescreen to cover the fact that economic invasion of the USA is an accomplished fact; a completed operation.

Pro-foreign elements (less than 20 per cent) have advocated the turming over to a foreign power of our navy—a good stunt, if they could pull it. Let the other guy hold our shooting irons? And we have listened.

A girl that listens is already seduced.

Being a United States, it is impossible to subdivide our navy so as to let a foreign power have the pro-foreigners’ share without infringing on the patriotism (dollars and cents) of pro-Americans.

“If Germany gets Britain’s navy,” how the benighted disloyalists, “it I will be just too bad for us.”

We have experience along those lines. We filled the French orders and Hitler got ‘em. If Britain intends to give her navy to Hitler, what is to prevent her from throwing in our navy for good measure—if she has our navy—as a bribe?

We shall then have nothing to fall back on except our working class and a ring of steel mines around the states—but sufficient.

With our navy in our possession, United States is now, and will be for some time, impregnable.

But our economic system suffer a change, it is of the candle light era. It dates back further than I the horse and buggy, to the age of camel and dromedary, when Damascus was the Pittsburgh of the Old

\*

“Eleven years ago last week,” says Time “the Indian National Congress adopted a Declaration of Independence. Written by Mohnadas Gandhi himself and proclaimed by Congress President Jawaharlal Nehru, it said in part: ‘We believe that it is the inalienable right of the Indian people, as of any other people, to have freedom . . . India has been ruined economically . . . Politically, India’s status has been so reduced under the British regime . . . Culturally, the system has torn us from our moorings . . . Spiritually, compulsory disarmament has made us unmanly in the presence of an alien army of occupation . . . We hold it to be a crime against man and God to subit any longer to a rule that has caused this fourfold disaster to our country.”

India has been invaded economically, politically, culturally and spiritually by men, money, ballyhoo and an army of occupation.

We have been invaded only by capital and ballyhoo (propaganda), but I expect the red-coats any minute now.

\*

In the matter of foreign trade an empire can allocate its trade to any one of its dominions at will, or to any country it chooses and therefore has within its hands both positive and negative power to disrupt and disorganize the economy of its dominions and neighbor nations at will and, by boycott or denial of trade, periodically. Further, it can allocate its trade to pro-foreign industries in any given country and thus subsidize them to withstand the racket, and break down the resistance of, loyal production. Peaceful penetration! It is like handing the other guy your razor so he can cut your throat. Better use the shive yourself.

It has long been said that money “works so smoothly and leaves no scar”—only a dazed expression, that “economic invasion is superior to military.”

USA is suffering such an invasion at this time (unemployment, national debt, and gold in the hills are the physical evidence of foreign influence in our pie— but, be it said, we walked voluntarily to the slaughter; insisted upon it.)

Lend and lease without cash or price is the logical conclusion to praying to foreign deities and the bait, foreign trade. The irony of it! Asking help from one of its chief victims.

You will note I offer no remedy; for who am I to try to dissuade my countrymen from committing national suicide. Several remedies occur to my mind, and I will place them right here under a bushel—if you care look for them.

## 1941\_9\_IW\_01031941

**Businessmen Might Learn From Crooks**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

The underworld (such a Murder Syndicate, Inc.) had a habit of thinning out its member\* to conform with the “lesser take” that occurred—as when prohibition ended andruined 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 tin 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 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 Industrial Workers of the Worls. 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, hypocrasy and greed?

•

It is not a question of which form of labor exploitation w 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 nothink 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.

\*

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?

•

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.

•

“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 over-time 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.

## 1941\_10\_IW\_08031941

**No, My Lords, We Won’t Save Your Racket**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

One million, two hundred seventy thousand, two hundred twenty Pennsylvanians sked jobs of U. S. government services in 1939; 124,310 connected. That left only 1,145,910 chewing their thumbs.

In other words, ten men applied for each job—plenty of man power there. Does that make sense? Or does it?

That was in 1939. If they’ve been subsisting on thumbs ever since, there isn’t enough thumb left for hitch-hiking purposes. How you gonna wig-wag an automobile after the thumb is gone?

Something should be done to abate the American press goose-step—it might get pigeon-toed or stoolpigeon-toed. Twenty thousand papers are taking the words right out of the authorized spokesman’s potato trap. I do most solemnly believe we don’t need so much printing machinery to make public the **insignifisense** of the spokesman’s inspirations. They aren’t good lies.

\*

It is now self-evident Americans will have to step aside and give up their teaching rights to pro-British. “Will have to” because the matter of weeding out is left in extra-legal hands, and because the subversive bugaboo is just that—a bugaboo.

So if you want your children to learn the downright frailty of out-heroes of the past—Washington, Decatur, Farragut, Patrick Henry, and Tommy Paine—send them to public schools. If you want your children to learn the greatness of the British Empire, its imperialism, its present day totalitarianism, contra-diplomacy, and economic conniving and chiseling, send your chnldron to American pro-British schools; and if they don’t grow up as lunkheaded as the Luds and Luddesses, our All-Out for deah ol’ Hengland is a miserable failure.

School teacher name-lists are demanded just to enable our fast-thinkers to determine the possible pedigrees by looks of the names. Dawson rates four stars; Allen, three; Davis two; Obie Dranath, four zeros; Pat O’Ryan, three zeros; Ko Kayuki, two zeros; T-Bone Slim—we’ll burn him at the stake.

Hell of it is, however, so many of the fur-bearing furriners have grabbed off our best pro-British names and accents. Only a bloodtest would expose the swindle—blue for British, red for IWW and pink for social demijohns.

And there are so many British renegades, the name test can only aggravate the distemper.

Not only are pro-British names kidnapped but old American and Irish names like Peplinski, Hirsinraki and Ickes have been raided. God only knows how many Roosevelts there are among the Polacks, Pepsoslovalians and Senegambians.

\*

Job-lords, instead of taking a position on the unions’ demands, take a position on the nation’s demands. By the way—a small discrepancy—**the nation has made no demands**. These birds could sail the bounding main on the Mohave desert—any place but the sea.

\*

Don’t you believe it that the rich are putting themselves out for national defense, international defense or any other defense, anywhere, any time, anything. That just isn’t being done, was never done, will never be done.

They put out to discomfit defense— national, international or intermediate. They expect to float when the ship of state sinks. (Like a cake of Ivory soup.)

And when you see their sons flirting with Marine Corps Reserve, you may know they are absolved of all military training for the current year.

George Washington was rich. His men were barefoot in snows of Valley Forgo. He prayed to Continental Congress. (No soap.) He prayed to God Almighty. (No shoes.)

\*

There is no brilliance in the thought of turning over to socialists the government of England after the war, its economy shattered, its debt beyond all power of liquidation other than by repudiation. From nowhere come the skads to beatify the Englund that was. Were I socialist, I would My: “No. no, no, my lords, you better do the steering yourselves.”

There is no brilliance in drafting a labor government to stand-in and bear witness to the dissolution of the substance that was, in the last days, and to take the onus for all the bone-headed plays of aristocrat intellectuals. And if the drafted labor government be intellectual, the onus is shunted upon labor through deceit.

There is still less brilliance in setting up an aristocratic fascism after the war, from the aristocrats now conveniently and gracefully perched upon the fence.

There is, however, brilliance in getting our navy away from us before Britain goes Moseley. That shows real cunning.

Britain has attacked us three times, and that should be sufficient proof that Britain is unregenerate—the fourth attack is yet to come.

You boys and girls of labor persuasion, politically you get the sad remains of your beloved country after the wreck, to have and to hold, and to nurse back to health and vigor for the big-shots, the super-intellectuals of the graveyard economy.

I shall refuse the gift. I won’t look into its mouth and ask it to say “Ah.” I shall organize industrially and give the boys a complete new deal from start to finish. What do they think I am? A salvaging company? Nay, brother, nothing like that in our family—we do not patch overalls and broken-down capitalism.

\*

Without the horrible example of ten million unemployed workers, the question of totalitarian government would have died aborning . . . Without the national debt, fascism wouldn’t have a Chinaman’s chance. (I don’t say it has a chance.) All exercises for prospective social change, so-called, have been completed and are on file. Labor should try to keep its nose clean and organize so as to be prepared against the day when industrial autocrats run short of trumps. In other words, have no part in their machinations, fight shy of their skullduggery.

Can’t put the harness of socialism on the horse if the horse won’t stand still—capitalism under socialism is no better than capitalism under the Salvation Army or the YMCA; the two are contra-temperamental. The nag is capitalistic.

Cut out carrying garments to capitalism and organize a commonwealth of toil in your industrial union. Why should we yearn to dress ourselves in a foolscap of political splendor and live in marble halls in fancy. It would be easier to imagine we found fifty thousand dollars some blumber lost and be rich for a day, or until the dream fades.

## 1941\_11\_IW\_15031941

**Workers Can Learn Art of Better Living**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Some sarcastic sovereign citizens insinuate “we are Great Britain’s waterboy”––a regular “fetch and carry Harry.”

We? Us bluebellied Yankees? By the horns of Admiral Evans and General Thomas––we who single-handed took possession of the canal in Southampton, we who saved the beachcombers with our delectable American soup and petrified boloney?

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It’s true the ruling class are gamblers but they will not risk all their weath, only the winnings. They will still be buying after the war, or after the escape. They are willing, however, to shoot the works for the hoe polloi.

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If Japan has not already secured its essential war materials from the United States in sufficient quantities to outlast a ten-year war, then I am stone blind. Why feed us that taffy of embargo and handle both ends of the conversation?

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I don’t believe there is necessity for a news censor. Editors have been very careful not to let any news get into the papers.

Censor would be like gold-painting a gilded gladiolus––and we would look foolish to the neighbors, slapping whitewash on ivory towers.

Would that censorship include our British owned mental-diet, or would it be just to curb the independent American press? Who knows?

(Say, linotyper, you can let that hyphenated word go as “mental-dirt”; you had Sparrows Point “Sparrows Joint” in a late issue.)

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They tell us that if we don’t want to get into war, now is the time to vibrate our whiskers in protest.

By the beard of Allah and Manitou’s soupstrainers! One thing I don’t like about war––the engaged powers lose all sense of dignity and reveal that the “last one we took on the chin was only a glancing blow and no teeth are missing.” That’s bad policy. Sorrowing people will enlarge upon the admission and say: “I see where Johnny Bull swallowed another mouthful of molars”; and so it goes for Adolf, too; and we read “Arson raid on Berlin made Heine camp in a snowdrift.”

Admit nothing. People, of course, like to read about a good scrap and the attendant transfiguration––they should not be accommodated; they love to hear good lies––they should not be satisfied. Let them invent their own lies.

= ?

“The trained chichanery of Europe and Eat.”––So that’s what it is, is it, a sort of chicanery in every pot?

No nation has ever been destroyed until it had permitted special privliege to destroy it. Chicanery and bloodshed to rescue civilization?

“We must have an aim for whose sake we are dear to one another.”––Nietzche.

“Our children will be less ready to blow up the world if they have a bit of under their feet.”––Will Durant.

Get some dirt under those kids’ feet; that is the question.

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Do you favor “love for Margie short of marriage,” Bill?

Bill: Yes, I favor unloading all our sourpusses on Britain for fun, money, or marbles.

=

Sending our capital into foreign lands, and admission of foreign capital into our land, landed our nation onto the horns of a dilemma. Purges are in operation in several lands, but we seem to enjoy our foreign task-masters. Our elected officials jump every time they crook a finger.

I see before me a war for economic independence. Strange cooks spoil the stew.

Concentration of foreign investments we are in progress in several lands and we may yet see the day when confiscation and repudiation is our only salvation. Our industrial life is sabotaged from top to bottom and extinction. The polite way would have been to import only labor, skin them, and bury the unpaid labor under a soul appletree. Unpaid labor, capital and savings are synonomous.

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“American women put $400,000,000 worth of cosmetics on their face in 1938.” (I was staggered. I didn’t know they were so homely.). “Fifty-two thousand tons of cleansing cream (five shiploads), 27,000 tons of skin lotion, 20,000 tons of complexion soap.” James, hand me the strychnine!

March-song, “American the Beautiful,” has one good strain, the last––like pie after hash. The other strains probably refer to torn pavements, dilapidated dwellings and unemployed army––and pro-foreign loyalties. Our songs better be better!

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A dog can be trained to play with a rubber rat in the house and when he gets outside he plays with tin cans until he is bleeding at the mouth like a soldier returning from the defense of democracy, or whatever he happened to be defending.

That is the power of education!

Work Peoples College can even teach you to eat planked steaks and pork tenderloins. Of course, it is late to start for Duluth this semester, and I guess we will just have to keep on masticating hamburger and hot dogs this coming summer; but next winter, ah! we will take a post-graduate course in the art of devouring the better things of life.

## 1941\_12\_IW\_22031941

**Nothing Is More Convincing Than A Healthy Strike**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

I see where they are piling college graduates into bullet-proof jobs. I approve of this thing, although I must realize that there is no such a thing as a bullet-proof job. (Convenient enemies are dropping high explosives light into the blueprints and surface plates.)

However, otherwise the job is good for a couple of years and that is better than being idle all your life.

Save your money for the slump in ‘43— it will come in handy to buy country sausage wrapped in cabbage leaves brought to a soft boil.

Invest in nothing.

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Women are not yet letter perfect as politicians. They seem to prefer gossiping about whit a dirty stinker the neighbor lady is—relationship doesn’t save the target. It is hoped, however, that in the course of evolution they will become us good ward-heelers as men.

Some states already permit them to practice at the bar—both as lawyers and cocktail fanciers, they have my blessing and hearty approval.

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Some workers prefer to work for low wages unorganized rather than for the higher stipend as organized workers. Unorganized men will work for 25 to 30 cents an hour or 20 cents and cakes rather than organize and get 5 to 14 dollars a day.

Unorganized women prefer to work for 15-20 cents an hour and one meal (housework) rather than organize and get a standard union low of 45-50 cents an hour and a plate of comebacks.

And then, in addition to being proud of their martyrdom, they praise the exploiters of mankind far into the night and the first thing in the morning. They feel that if they were not permtted to do 15 cents worth of work for 15 cents they would starve and the employer here presents himself as a superman hero that took the worst edge from their hunger and preserved their appetite in excellent working order. (A dog feels the same way, when tossed a bone; even if it be a pigeon’s pelvis bone.)

Those workers will find themselves behind the eight ball, and only slightly removed from the tramp.

But what the hell. I, too, am on the bum. (The reason doesn’t click in this spot.)

Only difference is: I am battling the boss tooth and nail and they are praising him heart and soul.

**Salami and Caviar Costing What It Does!**

Senator Truman (R., Mo.) wants to be shown—and asks defense spending probe. (“Digum deep, paleface, puppy on the bottom.”)

Republican Truman is inspired as follows: Contracts “should not be let on the basis of friendship or political affiliation.” It was his opinion that “violations of ethics and common sense procedure had occurred.”

As to that, I wouldn’t know, but I feel convinced that no pro-British concern has suffered.

Collections are taken up to buy beloved Britain a plane, but not one cent to buy Uncle Sam one.

I do not heat of any of these firms donating a plane either to Britain or the United States, despite the gorgeous contracts they have wangled.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Ryan (anent Vultee strike): “. . . until the general level of wages is raised, until the income of labor is sufficiently increased to enable the masses to buy more goods, neither machines nor labor can obtain full employment.”

(Before the strike, Vultee workers received 50 cents an hour, 20 dollars a week, $1,000 dollars a year. After the strike they received 62½ cents an hour, 25 dollars a week, $1,250 dollars a year.)

“. . . worker has a natural right to a wage that will support him in reasonable and frugal comfort.”—Pope Leo.

“. . . worker is entitled to a wage that will provide him with ample sufficiency for himself and his family.”—Pope Pius XI.

(Not only that, but the full value of his production and $1,200, isn’t it?—Pope T-Bone Slim.)

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**Clarification of Emancipation**

“Man doesn’t die; he kills himself.”—Seneca.

Unions do not perish; they murder themselves. Nations do not fall; they trip themselves.

This isn’t all piffle. Be true to yourself. Be true to your industrial union —other true men will guide the destiny of **their** industrial union. The sum and substance of that loyalty is the solidarity of the Industrial Workers of the World, and that, in turn, spells emancipation of the working class.

And—it happens here; not there. Specialize on that one thing alone, on “me and mine,” not on “them and theirs.” Sec to it that you and yours are numbered among the blessed. If possible, get there first.

If you help yourself you will help others; as you are strong, they are strong; as you are weak, they are in wheel-chairs or on crutches.

We should not worry about the 75 per cent of conscripts rejected by the army.

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Find Toothless Female Hermit in Galapagos Isle “Paradise”—Headline. Definitely not one of the army culls.

Anti-trust division is worrying the AFL with “consent decrees.” Consent decrees violated lay unions open to contempt of court charges, and **that** is absolute.

Harrassmcnt through court trials is sufficient grief even with benefit of a sympathetic jury. Unions should establish a general defense fund “greater than ever” and use it for a strike benefit.

There is nothing that clarifies a legal tangle as quickly and thoroughly as a good, healthy strike. The will of the people is self-evident and the people are the law.

## 1941\_13\_IW\_29031941

**Expeditionary Force Needed – Two of Them**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

Phony idealism shall play no part in these proposals.

Now that the draft of manpower to defend the United States is all but an accomplished fact, I think it would be timely to inaugurate a secondary draft of manpower to defend Britain—in case she calls for men and women.

\*

Reasonably, it will not do to send Polish over there, whose hearts are split between Warsaw and Washington. Swedes whose hearts are vibrating: between Stockholm and Minneapolis, are disqualified without further music. Any other nationality whose heart won’t stay put and bounce from here to there are disqualified by these presents, except the pro-British. We want men and women a part of whose heart resides in Liverpool and London.

Inasmuch as England appears to be getting the worst of it, these matters are urgent.

Let the United States Senate demand a list of names of the pro-British, and the groundwork for the secondany draft is practically set. (Precedent: Coudert, New York City, demanded a list of names of the Teachers Union members.) If it be unconstitutional, Congress is in session.

It might be necessary to redraft some pro-British from the regular defense army of the United States and induct them into the pro-British army.

If it so be that some have labored for Bundles for Britain under a mis-apprehension or for publicity’s sake, no exception should be made—for if you except one, you’ll have the whole mob hollering their “heart beats only for Uncle Sam.” Only “defense” of Britain is considered. Conquering heroes can wait.

\*

After laboring heart and soul for Bundles for Britain, it would be dis-ingenious to deny them the privilege of battling for Britain—in case Britain calls.

We have in Congress 250 all-out for Britain Congressmen that would make ideal commanders for the pro-British Expeditionary Force. None of them would bat an eye at the honor, and we could probably muddle along without their valued aid.

\*

We could send the expeditionary force out in style in some of our best cruisers. What if we do lose a few cruisers? Our duty shall have been done.

But if it be that an unpredictable malady suddenly attacks our Congressmen (feet get cold, you know, up to the knees, or something like that) we are not yet stuck—we can turn to the literary field. Bobby Sherwood would make a nice General. Major General Walter Lippman, looks all right. General Johnson goes without question. Dorothy Thompson will get a haircut and I’ll lend her a pair of my pants; and she can go as Chief Liason Officer, until I pick out a better rating.

\*

Even if this fails and they all dodge their responsibilties and permit poor England to suffer a defeat, we can turn to Hollywood. Ah, Hollywood! with a heart split down the center, like a rabbit’s mouth. Let’s talk no more. I hereby release Hollywood from all picture requirements, and they can all become Corporals, Sergeants, Brigadiers, Lieuts, Majors, Captains, Generals, Colonels and what have you.

(Maybe these ratings ain’t quite in order but, what the hell, Hollywood itself will be a little mixed.)

And if worse comes to worst, like it always does, we can always get Walter Winchll (How are you, General?); no honor like that ever stared him starkly in the face before.

**NOTE: After the American Pro-British Expeditionary Force has stopped Hitler in his tracks, and he begins to lose battles, I shall ask the United States Congress to round up a Pro-German Expeditionary Force to even the thing up. I don’t want to see a perfectly good war die of lassitude; not so long as a single pro-foreigner stands in American shoeleather.**

Of course, fellow workers, I am a pure-blooded pro-Ameridan, or I wouldn’t bother about trying to organize the IWW.

\*

The mere fact that nine million unemployed workers can now bum the war material workers, is not proof that we have experienced recovery, or even relief; and the mere fact that another million can bum their girlfriend workers as they pile out from the industries on payday, does not convince us that prosperity has arrived.

\*

Business indices are way up in “G.” Porkchops are 29 cents a pound. Stockmarket continues to drop lower and lower.

Can it be that Wall Street realizes that post-war slump cannot be revived with pre-war expenditures? We can take the slump for granted, but it may be a gradual fadeout rather than a sudden knock-out.

## 1941\_14\_IW\_05041941

**Politicians Will Squirm After the War**

**By T-BONE SLIM**

There is no way of peacefully feeding a hungry Europe without aiding one or the other of the several proverbial enemies. A well-fed stomach does not revolt against its persecutors. (This is almost too deep for me––a siesta follows the repast––let the bombs fall where they may).

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Sheriff sales caused a decline in property values and real estate moguls tipped off the sheriff to “lay off.” Hell of it is, they can’t foreclose any more without wrecking the town.

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War production employers will weather the boom and the slump that follows it. The nation will be poorer to the extent of plant over-expansion, plus regular depreciation of commodity demand. Labor will be busted proper and pronto.

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I sorrow for the political party that must find in itself the acumen to disentangle the threads after the war––win, lose or draw. I would most certainly refuse the honor. I wouldn’t touch it with a fishpole.

I can prevent an accident but will not remove the corpses or clean up the debris. I want the debris left for a moment––a gentle reminder.

Once the employer is entrenched in any business, even if it is only a bootleg coal mine, it is difficult to jar him loose from his prospectus.

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Owing to the collection of bundles for foreign sufferers, the great American hobo is denied his customary finery and is far from being the fashionplate of the happier years. I would therefore suggest the government proclaim a national year-around summer so that my compatriots may pull a strip-tease and join a nudist colony. They haven’t much to take off.

We have a shortage of paper and a surplus of cotton but we do not know how to make paper from surplus cotton. Yeah, our tears are genuine. Maybe some schoolboy can tell us.

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Let us not try to outdo Hitler by being caught without both cannon and butter. Give our butter to Britain, if we must, but keep the cannons ourselves.

Got into Wrong Fight

Mistakes will happen. Here’s Johnny Bull in the thick of the melee and he wonders how he got into it; he swears up and down:

“This isn’t my fight; I’m only in here subbing for Uncle Sam, freedom, civilization and eternal peace.”

Uncle Sam looks over and says:

“Holy mackeral! Johnny Bull over there is poaching on my preserves.”

I think both gentleman should pause for station identification. The war is simply a family quarrel between two blood-relatives.

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Necessity may be the mother of invention (sentimental thought, eh, Shorty?) but Test, Error and Disbelief are the fathers of it. For instance, we don’t believe pure water is a conductor of electricity; the answer is a new electrical process.

We dont’ believe the employer is either useful, intelligent or honest; the answer is emancipation of the working class.

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“Coordination of collective action,” is the big word Harvard boys hung onto the neck of the One Big Union. You’ve got to be almost a contortionist to say it. However, it means the same as “Scat, capitalism,” or “Scram, privilege,” as Victor Hugo would say it.

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I started out to be an editor when I was young and foolish and I might still be in the toils were it not for a slight error.

I was supposed to headline that “Rev. Bonso Celebrates His Fiftieth Year as St. Alban’s Pastor.” I ran it, “Rev. Bonso Celebrates His Filthiest Year,” etc.

I didn’t notice it myself, or I would have said my prayers. But finally, after a couple of weeks, somebody accidentally glanced at a back number of the sheet I’m editing and the headline that I’d labored over so lovingly almost knocked his eye out. The words had too many vitamins.

After that it was the talk of the town (Pueblo or Dobeyville) but I got 723 new subscribers before the can was tied to my tail.

All my friends still insist, “Slim, you were positively correct in that headline and since you left that paper––that (cuss word) disgraceful sheet has lost all sense of civic hygiene and plenty subscribers.”

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“Canadian priests that first prayed for peace (that they didn’t get) now are praying for victory.––Quebec.

I suppose if that fails they’ll pray for mercy.

German people were promised “peace”; they got war. They were promised a short war; they got a long war. They were promised “victory”; they got . . .?

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The lower class, Labor, cannot be displaced; it can only displace. It cannot go down; it can only go up. It has nothing to give; it can oly receive. It has been directly and indirectly frisked of its change and it has long since reached the bottom of its pouch. But it is here and the rest of the world cannot get along without it.

## 1941\_15\_IW\_12041941

**Better Stay Home and Fix Our Own Fences  
By T-BONE SLIM**

If this is to be the last war why not side-step it and mark ourself one war ahead?

If this is to be the first of a series, why not skip it and take on the next one?

Why defend freedom by destroying it? That’s left-handed pitching.

Our defense lies on deep water, in the military sense. England is no criterion. Ruth Elder, I gues it was that swam that channel.

Our navy could domesticate any navy that Europe feels like sending over. And our boy-scouts could mop up on the few that finished the trip.

We do this by keeping our navy intact and adding to it; not by handing any part of it to any foreign power— no matter how sweetly they sing.

The point is; England, not the United States, is under attack. Attack on the United States is purely speculative.

•

Despite the fact that a short 20 per cent of the population are pro-British, and in swing position, I have retained my pro-Americanism and will not step out to do battle for any foreigner, be he clean as a hound’s tooth or sweet as a lily. They’ll have to sing better than that.

Point 2: English and German are both chesty people and I believe in letting them trim each other down to a common level, without interference—if but to prove chiseling doesn’t pay.

No sense in preserving either wing of the iniquity. They won’t put their house in order. Neither will we, for that matter.

We will gaze soulfully at imaginary world markets and get a great mental kick out of it—$10 worth of battleship to protect a penny’s worth of trade.

Honor? There’s no honor in question; it’s lunacy.

Some of my countrymen, **my own countrymen**, mind you, toss out their chests and say “we ought to have 10,000 planes.” Ten thousand? I guess that’s as far as they went in school and think they are talking big.

Another wants 100,000 planes.

Gosh almighty! What can you do with a mere 100,000 planes, mountains being what they are and so tough to track?

I say, a million planes or nothing.

We have 130,000,000 people in this country and we can well spare 1,000,000 to defend it or to carry “law and order” to any country that gets the best of our businessmen.

•

Churchill probably can hold his own with Hitler, but it would be a great joy to him if we went over there and did the scrapping for him . . . They must think we can’t read.

•

The hoggishness of some people indicates their forebears were no better.

•

When Britain started in to civilize the Boers (Note: Johnny Bull civilizing Hollanders), could it have been possible that British entrance into the Transvaal was predicated upon those diamond mines?

As I remember it, sordidness proceeded Britain’s entrance and did not lessen with her presence. The other day riots occured in that neck of the woods and I gather the stripping has not set well with the populace.

In those days we were all for Oom Paul.

How hath the mighty fallen.

•

It is conceded that we now can support our millionaires in grand style with fewer workers.

Well, how about the workers?

Why worry about them? They are unorganized, except to collaborate with those that they support .That makes it unanimous.

Well, how about more equal distribution of wealth?

Why bring that up? 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-man,” but as “can’t-boys.” The best they can do is get all the money for themselves. Distribution? Pooh, pooh—you must be crazy, a red. Or just plain subversive to always thus try to disrupt our bigshots just when they are busily engaged in barreling up the shekels.

## 1941\_16\_IW\_19041941

**Capitalism Was a Great System Once   
By T-BONE SLIM**

*(Selected from unpublished manuscript).*

It wasn’t such a bad boil when it started. It was such a pretty little thing! Not much more than a pimple. But look at it now! I am referring, of course, to the capitalistic system.

wIw

“Equality of opportunity” is what they are gonna hand us now.

Never mind the equality, just give us a sample of the opportunity. Lots of people never saw one.

“Pressure of progress” is supposed to be the activator for all those blessings we’re gonna get. The steam must be low, or we’d already got ‘em. The chances are we ain’t gonna get ‘em unless we take ‘em.

wIw

Recurrence and reversion to or back are outside the merits of the case, as:

Recur to what? Revert to what?

What we want is improvement on that which was and on that which is. And to get that we are willing to recur, revert, or stand on our head.

Rehabilitation will not fetch home the bacon. It may give us what was––but what was it? It is the choosing of a lesser evil than you have. Why dwell in the realm of evils? Why demand only less onerous evils? It’s like hollering for smaller cracks in your walls.

As William Spearshake said, “Organization is the thing.” See a man way up in “G” and you may be sure organization put here there.

“But the man is really good in his own right,” you claim.

“So what?”

“Are you trying to run the man down?”

“No, I’m just trying to run organization up.”

wIw

The one big trouble with labor and me is that we are forever talking. We know unionism is good. So what?

Well, we should organize once and talk about it afterwards. Let us have no more about this “what we will do,” but do it, and then tell what we have done.

The getting of results is simple, indeed. For instance, the shorter workday requires no extended remarks. Just go out later and come in earlier.

But we can’t very well do that while we are making speeches.

wIw

Do you think all those stories about the little bootblack that got to be a millionaire are for the purpose of encouraging your little bootblacks?

Your nickel is in the wrong slot. Those stories are to convince you it is proper for man or woman to have a million dollars.

wIw

We all have petty grievances and we spend too much time consoling ourselves. So much indeed, that when a nice big grievance comes along we hardly know how to disport ourselves; we are wailed out.

## 1941\_17\_IW\_26041941

**Out of War Will Come More Evil  
By T-BONE SLIM**

Well, I see the employers are beginning to kick about the barrel of money we gave them; they’re saying we didn’t fill her up. What do you know about those greedy buggers, wanting us to “put a head” on it?

•

Some people seem to think that if the Nazis win the war American workers cannot compete with the slave labor of a Nazi-controlled Europe. That does not mean that I won’t catch as many fish before, or that I won’t be able to shovel as many hot cakes into my maw. It does not mean that farmer, won’t be able to raise as much “spelts” as before, or that textiles cannot turn out as many shirts as before.

It does not mean our Bethlehems will not be able to turn out as much armorplate and guns to protect our spelts, shirts and shores.

But it does mean we will have to consume our own “surplus” commodities— we have a market here of 130,000,000 people, ll hungry and poorly draped, und a country that is only about half completed. So why in the name of common sense risk war in order to compete with those low-brows (slave labor) over there?

Aigument: Wai makes the poor poorer und the rich richer. So why should the poor participate in anything that make, them poorer? Surely they ain’t screwballs.

•

II Duce threatens to quit talking . . . This is getting to be serious and we’ll have to turn on the radio. It’s getting so we can’t hear an encouraging word anymore.

The other day I was listening to a speaker and I gathered from his talk that capitulum in all its masquerading is up salt creek, beginning from Europe, reading from left to right and up und down.

It seems that totalitarian capitalism is sawing away at the throat of democratic capitalism; and democratic capitalism, not to be outdone, is trying to sink the drib into the vitals of totalitarian capitalism; both claiming to have the better way of skinning the workers. As to that I wouldn’t know, since I am not a skinner. Nearest I’ve been to a bark-removing contest was when I was appointed to help the blacksmith rub the fur off a butchered hog.

So I wouldn’t know, when you are fighting, whether you are fighting to preserve democracy or to preserve capitalism clothed in the garb of democracy. These things are so goshdarned complicated, like a Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyl, you know, cures your bunions und Mr. Hyde cuts your windpipe.

It’s a matter of dressing— like putting Golden Wedding or Green River labels on a jug of brass polish.

Opinions differ among workers as to the relative merits of capitalism in dress parade. Some workers prefer to be robbed, exploited and scraped by democratic capitalism. Others prefer to be exploited, robbed and scraped by totalitarian capitalism. And they will fight for this privilege. They’re particular about who skins them, and I don’t blame them. No sense at all in having a green hand pulling the pelt off the universal goat.

In the end, after many tribulations, almighty labor will experience the supreme pleasure of being exploitd, robbed and scraped by a brand new, superior capitalism without a stitch of camouflage or pretense. No good comes from the enemy camp.

Bury your dead and count the cost. You have fought foolishly but well!

Ah, had your energy and gallantry been used in the emancipation of the working class instead of in discovering a new slavery!

That’s one side of the picture.

## 1941\_18\_IW\_03051941

**Warn of Cannon Fodder Shortage For War of 1960  
By T-BONE SLIM**

Official spokesmen close to hind quarters intimate that if the folks don’t get busy right now and produce boy-children, the polticians won’t be able to rig up a war in 1960-65— unless they adopt foreign children.

Adopting foreign children is out, because foreigners expect to sacrifice their children in the present fracas. (Thanks, professors, for the info.)

Scientists have already prepared a formula whereby parents can determine the sex of prospective offspring as much as a year and a half in advance. Now isn’t that nice?

Doting parents can bend the column-gossip’s ear and whisper at the top of their lungs, “I’ve got a soldier on the way.” Or a Red Cross nurse, as the case may be.

The beauty of this arrangement is that if the birthrate of nurse-maids oustrips that of armor-bearers, the doctors can switch signs on the bottles.

Is that goose-stepping or mere duck-waddle?

•

A University of Iowa professor asked the heavenly coeds how much they would require a prospective husband to be earning before marrying.

Eighty-five per cent of the coeds cooed $2,500.

“Well,” said the professor, “less than 15 per cent of Americans receive $2,500 a year. So about 85 out of 100 coeds expect to be old maids.”

Many of the maids are reducing their figures and trotting $1,200 to the altar, more than halving their expectations.

There’s no need to do that. Just tell the prospects to join the IWW and correct the disgrace that is their earning power.

(Note: The author does not rate $2,500 a minimum affluence; it’s the girls’ figure. The author feels that in view of the girls’ run-down condition, high cost of able-bodied vitamins and cosmetics, cigarettes, etc., $3,500—$10 a day—should be counted as the extreme low.

“Quick British Victory Predicted.”

Good, if it happens before American aid arrives. Thereafter it is an American victory. Britain has had almost two years in which to claim that victory.

War in Europe and Asia can be likened to a jurisdictional dispute. World trade must and will suffer, maybe beyond repair, as a consequence.

Not that I am greatly concerned. Hitler’s success in the Balkans did not get us down or leave a dark brown taste of defeatism in our gullet, because we feel—O how we feel!—that we have our hands full defending our own millionaires and their concessions. We are willing, however, to weep for Britain’s moneybags.

This war can be improved with less shooting and more shouting; raising of rafters more and raising of hell less.

Reading between the lines, I see Britain is preparing to use gas. Morrison (March 27) denies Britain will use it first.

What difference does it make? Are they going to have dated gas?

•

USA jumped the gun and froze $50,000,000 of Jugoslav funds in this country upon the signing of the Jugoslav-Axis pact. That was kind of jittery-like. Then Sumner Welles got hot and bothered about thawing-out those funds in the interest of selling Jugoslavia a bill of goods when she switched positions. And now what?

That’s the hell of these war moves; you’re either too fast or too slow.

•

It would be well to save that St. Lawrence Seaway job for the slump that is to be in 1943.

•

Before sticking our necks too far out we should consider the sorrow that overtook a pugnacious black bass when it got its nose tangled up in a cluster of fish hooks that didn’t even have bait on ‘em—only feather, glitter and steel.

## 1941\_19\_IW\_17051941

**Yours for Democracy In Industry  
By T-BONE SLIM**

There appears to be not enough democracy worthy of the name. That is bad. It leaves a yen for trading it in . . .

Democracy should be proofed-up a bit in the industries.

U. S. A. has been fighting Britain’s battle 10 to 12 years. It accepted Britain’s depression and Britain’s advice as to how to cure it. Both were and are off color.

But, thank God, Marshall says our army is coming along in fine shape. Which leads me to believe we can stick out our necks a bit further. The statement that our boys are training with “stumpullers” is pure hooey.

•

The Battle of South America is in full swing; it is economic and will last. Most nations will be placed on a self-sustaining base.

Isolation? Let me tell you, Gabriel, tax on imports **is of the essence of isolation**; call it “protection,” if you will.

•

King Leonidas’ last stand at Thermopylae was as nothing compared to Custer’s last stand in the Little Big Horn sector. Both gentlemen would have been money ahead if they had run like hell and started early in the morning, or on the night before. No artist could have painted the night gallop and we would have been spared much chest-swelling.

•

Anthony Eden is now being accused of being a “hedge-hopping, traveling emotionalism.”

Big words those, but what the hell, who of us isn’t a bit emotional at times? In Washington we have a house full of emotionals.

Handing any part of our firecrackers to Great Britain is not an all-out American defense.

•

“Willkie asks national unity.” It seems there is no unity, or he would not ask for it.

Some of the citizens are convinced that Jesus Christ of 1941 years ago will save us today. The Greeks and Britons at Thermopylae thought Leonidas of 2,400 years ago would save ‘em. (Old Leo didn’t show up.)

If your ship sinks, J. Christ isn’t going to do your swimming for you. You do the bellycrawl yourself in person, and hope that the strength of your last supper will help you to reach the beach.

•

Both Nazism and British Imperialism have invaded the United States and we have to search ourselves to find out if our soul is our own. But take heart. It won’t be until Britain loses “our war” for us that we will indeed be “all-out” for Britain—stripped clean.

•

Textile workers have gone on record against Lindbergh. They come from a part that is thickly populated and have rubbed elbows with all sorts of knowledge. Man from the sticks (Wheeler) isn’t supposed to know much.

Knowledge comes from thickly populated places, like India and China and New York City.

•

I don’t want to change the subject too suddenly, but it came to me just this moment . . . Of all the parasites, the louse is the most enterprising: it drafts human beings to hatch its eggs.

Sometimes homo sapiens double-crosses the louse by declaring a boiling-up day.

•

Says Seversky: “By aiding Britain we strengthen our defense by expanding our own facilities, increasing our supply of skilled labor and giving us invaluable experience in building large masses of planes.”

Seversky is off-suit because all those things can be done without aiding Britain.

Britain akes the planes etc., and we get the practice.

•

There is no vindictiveness in me, and I even deplore the advocacy if sabotage in one of America’s leading popular periodicals in which it was suggested that workers in conquered nations use it to discomfit the conquerors. The liberty with which it was printed indicates the source from whence sabotage comes—from industrial and commercial dictators. Should the workers be misled into using it and get caught, or nor caught, it means the wailing wall. You may be innocent as a newborn babe and yet, next minute, be a horrible example. Do not monkey with dictators unless you have organized power and plenty of it.

•

“The inroads made in the ranks of the able seamen by Selective Service calls and (get this) better paying jobs in the defense industries, have cut the available men to rock bottom und a further decrease will mean that ships will have to sail short-handed,” the operators said.

Whatever men the Lake Carriers lost to the “draft” have been replaced by youth below draft age. Whatever men the Luke Carriers lost to better paying industry have been over-made-up by men from lower pay industries.

Then there are over-age (over 17 years) seamen.

Buffalo can furnish full crows for ten additional ships. Cleveland, same.

Ashtabula, Erie, Conneaut, Fairport, Sandusky and Lorain have several idle crews available.

The Lake Carriers’ beef about crew shortage is but an alibi for sailing short handed.

A shortage may develop later when milkfed sailors play out und hard-bitten seamen have wandered off to other employment or retired to enjoy past accomplishment.

## 1941\_20\_IW\_24051941

**Eat Your ‘Surpluses’; Avoid War!  
By T-BONE SLIM**

Of count- 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.

Get many knows somewhat better than our own folks of the strangle hold 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, a 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 writing 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, 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 got 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 interacted in One Big Union of the workers. You have tried the bosses’ game and it brough 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.

## 1941\_21\_IW\_31051941

**Prosperity Turns Out To Be Fake  
By T-BONE SLIM**

**Boarding With the Public**

The “surplus” seamen on the lakes that are expecting jobs from lake carriers should be given a medal. They are doing stand-by duty in the assembly halls without pay, without vacation on pay and without hope for a hereafter.

Of course they could go to the farms, for farmers are short handed, too, to the extent of having short twice as many men as they care to hire.

In defense industries unemployed are hanging on the fence.

•

What a farce prosperity turned out to be—although it must be said Hitler sure started America’s wheels rolling and pro-British feet war-dancing.

Note: A couple of the waring cartels are on the verge of uniting presently. Hess busted an ankle. (Later report—”fracture,” still later “crack-rid toenail” and the final report was that he had artificial legs and one of the hinges zippered).

If the cartels succeed in uniting and proceed to skin the world in cahoots, the bloodshed will not have been in vain, eh?

•

Propagandists tell us dogs are forbidden to have puppies in France, because puppies, too, eat. That’s a good one. Never heard a better lie in my life. So, they’re going to expand their jurisdiction over the animal kingdom? How about the big fishes that eat the little ones and scorn our hook?

Struggle for existence is growing keener and I have a report that latest model kittens are born with six toes on the business end.

•

“Defense Industry Lagging”—and why not? What with all the high-pressure stepper-uppers in Washington running herd on professional politicians. And what’s that labor leader doing down that way? Shouldn’t he ooze back into industry and use his talent as cheerleader?

•

Western Union messenger boys made their escape into better paying jobs in defense industry but the company was not neld back for long. It gave the boys’ jobs to women—any- thing rather than raise the pay.

The company is exceedingly patriotic, and rather than tell the extent of is generosity (pay it would dummy-up for life.

•

Today I saw seven ablebodied dill pickles on the pavement. From other evidence I deduced that a school-child had dropped its lunch. I don’t know how many dill pickles compose a balanced ration for flowing pains.

Some towns are experiencing growing pains after being dead for a dozen years. Hitler sure rolled the stone from their graves.

Gosh! How generous are our bigshots! They even promise us **chili con killarney!**

It la said, “The people demand war.”

No such vote was ever taken—anywhere.

A scant 20 per cent are war-whooping, and whooping out of the turn. The emoluments make them whoop.

We are loved for what they can get out of us. Our pot is their pot; their pot is none of our business.

•

After economy has degenerated into two-by-four business it cannot be successfully defended, no matter how we try. Two-by-four economy can, however, be remedied, and then... Capitalism has been “done in” by its overly greedy beneficiaries. It is easier to raise it from the dead than to save it from dying.

Labor never got a cent from capitalism and never will. (Had I started whitting with my horn-handled Barlow fifty years ago, I’d be further ahead—the pity of it. I could have whittled myself n house, including nails—everything. As it is labor dies penniless.

•

No argument of the interventionists is water or air tight. Some have only one hole, others are full of holes, some are intermediate. Let us not base our action on any perforated pipe-dreams.

I’d hate to ride a ship of that description on wet water, fully conscious that if the ship has no bottom the ocean has one, and I have one—and the twain may meet.

•

“Sentenced to Church”—Spartansburg, S. C., May 17.

So that’s punishment now, is it?

That reminds me, people do not contribute “tenth” of their income to church any more.

You see, since employers started paying workers a tenth of their production, a tenth of a tenth for the church would be small potateos—a lousy one per cent, hey?

So the church had to go into business and organize entertainments, taffy pulls, sewing circles, rummage sales, numbers rackets, turkey dinners, motion pictures, concerts, pay-as-you-enters and what nots, and transformed the Lord’s temple into a high class market place.

## 1941\_22\_IW\_07061941

**Business Will Serve, If You Have Money  
By T-BONE SLIM**

The best example of mass production is Walter Winchell.

•

Railroads are calling back their old hands that have been on the shelf these past eight years.

They must report or lose seniority and pension rights. But before they can return to work they must pass a physical examination. The doctor can call them. He can cull them but not cure them.

The workers cannot cull the doctor (inside the law) because the doctor is paid by the boss. Ha! a strike against physical examination does it. There’s another strike I had in mind, but it escapes me. Maybe you can think of something.

Culling workers and testifying against them in court is a pretty low form of pastime for a “healer.”

•

If you’re going to bury capitalism you may as well toss old style unionism into the same grave.

Democracy that is not of, by and for the rank and file is phony.

“To the rich shall be given”—overalls.

“From the poor shall be taken”—rags.

Most of the information we get from plutocratic sources is off-suit, off-color, off the subject and non-material.

Three-quarters of the workers are still minus buying power (as per requirements) and the splurge of war industry workers will soon be an idle dream.

Well, anyhow, American journalism sold the bluebellied Yankee six months worth of information that wasn’t so. Get your money back and subscribe for the Industrial Worker.

•

A guy and his two sons were deported from New York to Wooster,O., in compliance with a deportation order secured by relief authorities. It was decided that Ohio should support them, and not New York.

Well and good; but couldn’t they just as well have sent their board bill to Ohio through the mails and spared them the risk of all that travel?

•

A year ago (May 15) Buffalo News had it: ‘You can’t side with a foreign leader and renounce all interest in his crimes. When you adopt a pet skunk, you must take the smell, too.”

•

“In seven years, by careful management, Sir John Ellerman succeeded in doubling the $73,000,000 he inherited from his shipping magnate father.” (UP—Daily Mirror).

That’s a matter of $10,000,000 a year. His seamen worked for very humble wages—and they are still humble.

Now poor, dear Sir John makes $4,000,000 a year but when the Sir Chancellor of the Exchequer gets through with it, Sir John (of the Ellermans) has left but a mere pittance, $120,000 a year. That’s $325 a day, including holidays.

The panic is on, Britishers!

Figures are facts; promises are wind. And they say “seamen don’t pay taxes.”

•

New York City has plenty of wharfage for the elite travel—a sign of the marvelous foresight of the city’s planners.

If the war lasts a few years, such wharfage will be dedicated to the viscissitudes of wind, weather and want.

This does not mean the depression-prosperity is a total flop—plenty of restaurants have opened up near the shipyards, and Washington Market has had its face lifted.

All this indicates business will gather wherever the folks have money, and it may be the part of wisdom to segregate these blessings in a few selected locales. I wouldn’t know, but I have a hunch we all should have money and be surrounded by businessmen, rubbing their hands, all anxious to serve.

You can’t keep them from serving (if you have money). Notice the way they move their stores plumb up against the railroad depot and all around the city hall.

There is a struggle in this country between capital and labor as to which shall gather in the war profits. A segment of labor is so organized that it can “impress” capital. Capital is so organized in its various influences that it hopes to enforce its demands, willi-nilli. And a third influence is “on the take” with great promises of being successful.

But the point is, there is a struggle.

## 1941\_23\_IW\_14061941

**Produce for Use And Peace Will Come at Last  
By T-BONE SLIM**

At last a hurrahing chance!

Pro-Germans can hurrah the sinking of HMS Hood; pro-British can hurrah for the sinking of the Bismarck.

Everybody is accomodated. Everybody is happy. The cost of that fun came from the workers’ pocket.

The USA is fortunate in being so composed that it can fit the military command to suit all conditions. If the war be to defend Britain, the command will bloom with pro-British. If the war be to defend Germany, the command will be roseate with pro-Germans. If the war be to defend China, the command will take on a distinct squint, etc.

We can arrange it, no matter whom we defend.

And all that the pro-foreigners and native sons need do is sling the lead and dodge the enemy’s capsules.

•

They have blown their basoons to the end that the “lot of the common herd shall be grievous indeed if Hitler wins,” but they do not mention what the lot of big business shall be. It was feared that such announcement would sour the baby’s milk. Great emphasis was laid on the surplus production we have in store and on the inability to get a fair price for it abroad––if Hitler wins. (The price was missing before Hitler became an outstanding factor and a goat for our rollicking chiselers.)

But why should we over-produce to feed foreigners at cut rates? Why not produce for ourselves alone?

But that would not be business.

Of course not, and inasmuch as business is war––it would be peace; hand to mouth peace.

There is a choice between two evils:

Fascism, as a capitalist institution, gets your roll through roughhouse tactics; imperialism, as a capital institution, relieves you of your roll in true Chesterfieldian manner. You are accepting of capitalism’s offers ether way. Heluva place to go looking for bait!  
 If we enter this war we shall have done so in instalments––a very bad strategy, for the old rule is: Get there first with the strongest b. s.

•

Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, favors a nationwide drive for better nutrition as a defense measure. The principle is the same as tossng the turkey a few handsful of corn just before Thanksgiving Day. Needless to say, however, Parran is positively correct––we eat only “Just before the battle, Mother.”

•

The dispatch with which we can make a soldier is astonishing––just throw a uniform at a yokel and next minute he is qualified to act as expert military observes abroad where the shot and shell are screaming on the battlefield.

•

Newspapers say the King of Greece was actually in Crete. I didn’t think he’d stop this side of Johanesbourg. Papers now say he’s in Alexandria.

Can the reader guess under which shell reposes the monarch?

This country is an ideal place for all nations’ “rump” governments––we are a cosmopolitan nation. The Greek king, for instance, could come over here and lord it over a part of the goulash industry, etc.

•

Jingo-interventionists are hugging themselves . . . “Hitler Can’t invade England.”

Now tell me why dosn’t Churchill invade Germany?

•

“Let’s stop thinking that all business leaders are Satans.”

Second the motion; we aint a bit superstitious. Business leaders are very gullible chaps that have allowed themselves to be snared into foreign entanglements––the whole world was to be dished them on a platter. Yea bo, and they’ll be lucky if they get a few comebacks from the larder that is the world’s swillbarrel. Satan would blush! Let us for cripes sake quit kidding ourselves that our belligerency is merely an act to kid Britain out of a few war orders. (The accusations will come later, much later, and we shall be hailed as low-down, double-crossing hypocrites.)

•

Unionism is as disunited as the nation, but the “wob” is not to blame. Some characters mourn the fact that the IWW is allergic to political action; that it doesn’t make of the House of Labor a variety show; that it stands uncompromisingly on industrial action at the point of production, uninfluenced, unafraid, refusing to hash the detail.

Political action has put many a promising nation on the rocks; job action never yet wrecked a nation.

•

It has been said that the great T-Bone Slim is slipping––and don’t I know it, that his present day catarrhal outbursts are as nothing compared to the time he had rheumatism? I subscribe to that viewpoint and can only mourn the fact that the IWW trusted the care of my head to a wrong guy. Plenty of fellow workers in the movement could take better care of it than I can.––Mourn no more, what’s one head among so many?

## 1941\_24\_IW\_21061941

**Boss Class Is To Blame for Lack of Unity  
By T-BONE SLIM**

Best headache: Centralized control.

If all the people living in skyscrapers rushed for cover in shelters and subways, by common consent in case of an alarm —umh! there would be some panic and plenty of bruised patriots.

Centralization has its drawbacks.

•

New York—Spanish SS Magallenes dropped four typhoid cases here. Some sanitation, hey?

One deckscow burned in the great Greenville fire. Unemployment was not disturbed; the captain burned up, too.

Twenty grain barges burned in the Jersey City fire. Twenty captains are looking for berths.

With all our tools and acumen, unemployment dogs our steps again. Looks like a fade-out.

•

Drug stores sell razor blades and shoe trees, so why shouldn’t the army, marines and coastguard have a sideline of airplanes?

Banks, too, could make money by half-soling shoes in their spare moments.

There’s some talk of lengthening the hours of bankers as a defense measure and of putting the Lord High Chief Supreme Executioner on double shift and no overtime. We’re going to do it “all ter onct,” so help me lud.

“Looft-Voffa” and Whoof-waffle are synonomous and they spell “creeps” in free-hand copy book language.

A fellow suggested we “lend-lease” Knox and Stimson to Great Britain for the duration.

Then what would we do for entertainment? I say, nix; let them pop off right here.

It’s one-half pound of baloney no mater how thin you slice it. There was a time, fellow workers and friends, when pigsfeet was pigsfeet. Now they are little more than toenails.

Editor’s note: Evidently Slim mourns the fact that pigsfeet were abbreviated from the good end.

•

A cosmopolitan nation is an ideal spot for masters to put into practice schemes engendering race hatred, such as having one race walk through a picketline of another or several.

It is not a common practice, but common enough, considering the size of labor’s stake involved.

Employers have for years been propagating and fostering race hatreds and now that an “unlimited emergency” approaches, they weep bitterly, “there is no unity.”

Political prestidigators are unable to unite these nationalities under the dominance of any one of the several breeds, so effective has been the employers’ preachments of disunion—verbally and by action.

Conflict of race interest has been generated and is now crystalized into all but petrified substance of the mind.

Understandably, unity between these will be artificial and of short duration, no matter what force or skullduggery be used, for the condition is now second nature.

There is, then, no chance to get all these nationalities together on any program (as nationalities), us many there are that refuse to repudiate the faith of their mothers in favor of a geographical subdivision. So it would appear our statesmen are barking into the wrong rainbarrel.

They can be united as workers and only as workers in a One Big Union— not real estate; and the rest, who are not workers, shall be foredoomed to wander the face of the earth, ostracized until they find a job.

As workers they have interests in common and it doesn’t take liquid glue to stick them together.

•

FDR in a letter to Chester W. Cuthell (News) quotes the saying that “Obedience to law is liberty.”

That may all be, at least that’s the way it works in Germany and Jersey City. And look at all the liberty that sprouted here during Volstead’s Liquor Gag Act.

By the same token, “A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.” So? Even if the weakest link is at the end of the chain on the drum and behind friction of the running gear? It seems we have no premise.

The presumption that law is omniscient is not well taken and it can be no stronger than its frailest error.

Let us reason together: Lawmakers are as variable as baseball pitchers and the winds of the heavens. However, there is no guarantee that they formulate laws only in their lucid moments, or even when sober—not that dissoberliness disqualifies the law. We can pass it off as dissoberly conduct, a minor infraction.

Baseball pitchers do well if they win half their games, hence it follows that their efforts are half baseball. No one argues that losing games is baseball.

Lawmakers, because of their infirmatives, can only produce half-laws; and that is giving them a wonderful break, inasmuch as baseball pitchers are the more carefully selected by superior selectors.

Under such circumstances democracy must of necessity be variegated, speckled and of low-pressure. Democracy, then, is confined to only a few phases of our life, and not at all to production.

•

“Cooling-off” period has insincerity on the face of it, in addition to an insinuation that labor doesn’t know what it is doing at all times and has to be coled-off. (I’ve been cooling off for the past nine years.) Further, it is enforced labor as opposed to enforced unemployment.

“Cooling-off period” should be said with a smile, for they are “fighting words” that discredit labor-wisdom and sanctify master insanities, real or pretended

•

The other day my friend chided me for not working and said, “There is jobs to be had.” Encouraged, I immediately confronted half-dozen bosses. “You don’t work,” they said, “it’s all a mistake, there are no jobs to be had.”

## 1941\_25\_IW\_28061941

**Masters Made An Awful Mess, Let’s Can ‘em  
By T-BONE SLIM**

The ruling rakes of Europe were going to unite the world with inter-marrige and sex appeal.

There! I’ve got it all in the first short paragraph and that’s the beauty of flash writing. You trot out your “big barney” in the first few lines and the reader won’t have to read further; he can throw the paper away and consider the nickel well spent.

Kaiser Bill’s relatives are fighting all over the landscape of Europe, Africa and Asia—on the sea, in the sea and air.

Kaiser Bill was begat, indirectly, from Pete the Great and was part Bolshevik; Germany nurtured him and he begat sons, and so forth. His other relatives were not idle nights, and there was ruling class timber aplenty, from Brass Tooth Bill to Slew Foot Biff.

Just as the ruling class had almost accomplished a closed corporation of royal blood, Germany double-crossed them and handed Hohenzollern a crosscut saw and introduced him to a pile of elm that splits hard as hell—and him with only with one good arm.

Then rose Hitler from his paperhanging and put the run on all royal blood he could find. What I mean, he made ‘em gallop and, like as not, full many a buxom queen will be looking for a job peeling potatoes while her royal consort pushes a truck in the freight house of the Orient, Occidental By. They’ve got crown blisters as it is and a few foot blisters won’t hurt ‘em.

•

Emancipation, now as ever, lies in the workers’ One Big Union.

**Workers raise their “horns” on hands,**

**Bosses on their seats;**

**Bosses rave for loot and lands**

**Workers cry for eats!**

Shelly must have written that lyric?

•

The masters have made an awful mess of things!

## 1941\_26\_IW\_20091941

**Cheer Up. Worst Yet To Come!  
By T-BONE SLIM**

*F. W. Ed:—*

*Have been overworked repeatedly past few weeks which culminated finally in 62 ¼ hour shift without sleep and that is why I have not been writing lately—not fully recovered yet. I had my own reasons for putting up with it. Indeed I have worked so much that I am beginning to think I am the sole cause of all this unemployment we hear about.*

*T-bone Slim.*

Upon this institution of new production, it is not labor that is at loss for next move; it is “brains” that chews its thumb and it is there and there only that deliveries are delayed. When once production is started and rate of compensation set for the boss, according to requirements of experimental production, then the profits of mass production react to the benefit of the boss in a long row of clear velvet. It follows then, there is deception and the original subsidy to the boss should not be continued a moment after the wheels go round––either that or the boss is free game for a strike in order to maintain equilibration of economy, a balance of power, so as to say, and lots of other things; and without benefit of army or navy.

In other words, me lords and fellow workers, within 30 days after the machines start working the “tooling-up” (that was such a bug-a-boo) is paid for in full and, after that, special rating is unencumbered milk and honey to the employer until contract is filled, if not until hell freezes over.

Lots of workers think the boss is doing that in spirit of fun as a practical joker but I pretend to see much sobriety in his method of madness. Why the employer has this special privilege is more than us dumb ones can understand. It cannot be for the sake of patriotism, either stolid or hysterical, because government is not in jeopardy, but the employer racket is under fire . . .

This applies in the main not so much to infant industry employers, cockroaches and gardening gackwars as it does to darlings of mass production.

•

Organized men will strike for pay increases; unorganized men suck their thumbs . . .

Monarchy waited two years after Cromwell’s death before it returned to England, and there are those that say “they wanted to be sure Oliver stays dead.”

I don’t suppose they’ll stick up a monument for me until I am few years gone? “Safety First” originated that way.

First they wangled from us all our aluminum pots and pans, and then Stettinius prances out and declares priority on steel––guess we’ll have to fry our eggs (six bit a doz.) on wooden pans?

I tremble to think what would happen if the government put in a yodel for our can openers.

Greatest surprise of these wars is yet to come, the double-cross, (I’ve groaned before on this).

Empress of Asia staggered into port listing to port-side––she looked as gloomy as the tale she bore . . .

They tell me IWW is dead; that we––all us paid-up members in good standing––are but relicts of that grand organization.”

Fine in theory or wishfull thinking, but that is not our experience and it was not the IWW’s funeral. Note: experience surpasses all the booklearing since time began––freighted down with experience you need no flashlight; you can go by the feel . . .

They all are such wonderful liars we hardly know whom to believe . . .

Russia economy, as a world-trade competitor, is now fully disorganized––scortched earth just about puts a finishing touch to prospect.

It is Time that shall lick pal Joey.

State capitalism has no better chance of survival than private capitalism.

Feed the nation; not the Kitty!

Saw a sign on the side of a gondola car––”Elliot: Make me a captain. I know lots of nothing, like Willkie.”––

•

Steel Trust must be loosing its cunning, it can’t seem to get its Isthmian Line ships past the nazi-fascist bombers.

Russia could not properly defend her way of life in Spain, (geography was against her). Germany and Italy and their way of life had the mileage in their favor. Other nations democratically washed their hands of the fight for freedom, somewhat after the manner of Pontius Pilate when Christ was hung. And in the meantime Russia shouted with all her lungs, “Long live the soviets”––they quite forgot the Worker’s Republic.

It is said, Time was against Russia (our servant). But I rather think it was sincerity that was missing. Today half-baked democracy is fighting for her very existence as a finished product of a way of life, but finds it difficult to stir up proper enthusiasm.

Possibly the Spanish bid for Industrial Democracy was the better way of life after all and the Battle for Bosses was **ze one grande delusion on all fronts.**

It might also be harangued, our own WPA has taught workers that there is more to life than darkness and toll.

A grizzly seaman tells me that owing to heavy freshets in the hills the Atlantic has risen so much that the mean load (plimsol) line had to be raised couple feet to take care of it.

Seamen have many enemies other than belligerent governments.

Greer says sub shot first; sub says Greer started it.

Which came first, egg or rooster?

Eastern seaboard says “no gas”; oil companies say “we are going to build an 1800 mile pipe line from Panhandle to Bayonne N. J.”

Which one of these is the father of the other?

Railroad say they have 20,000 idle tank cars. (Melt them up and lay a pipe line across the Atlantic…)

Ickes modestly claims the victory.

•

We should not tear the form sheet and our hair just because the horse didn’t run. We should remember the lost dollar goes to pay the winners. Win, place and show––no place.

**We can bankrupt ourselves by free-will offerings but entrance into the war makes it more orthodox and certifies it. The hill has been removed from in front of the poorhouse and the bunks therein are triple-deckers.**

Our way of life will survive this war but it will not survive the armed peace that follows.

## 1941\_27\_I\_26091941

**T-Bone Slim Sez; I Didn’t Know It Was Loaded**

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

An entirely wrongful impression has gone forth about army training. People gird themselves to the belief it consists of scrubbing deck,, smoothing the bed, peeling the spud and rushing a swamp or tangle of barbwire. All those come later.

The paramount maneuver is to train the stomach to accept food after all these years of depressive fasting. Indeed, the army had to take the stress off of beans in favor of foods that lie lighter on the stomach. Now, forever, our valiant sojers are fairly well stuffed up and we are practically prepared to take on any second rate power that gives us a dirty look with more than one eye.

\* \* \*

My ace correspondent takes the spotlight away from me by saying “seems to me as if all god’s chillun would be better off they started some wholesale thinking instead of wholesale slaughte among themselves; just because they hear the howl of werewolves is no reason they should run with them.

\* \* \*

How we used to laugh when we read historial documents to the the purport that ancient lowbrow used to sacrifice to their deities made of wood and plaster of parrs; and now. when we sacrifice millions of soldiers to the war gods and to brainlessness, we cannot even crack a smile . . .

About the only man that’s getting a laugh out of it is our own good T-Bone Slim—

**You drink some rock and rye,**

**Then take the crock and cry . . .**

There’s possiblitles in poesy, but out of consideration for Covami I am persuaded to hold my peace.

\* \* \*

Doctor ordered me to eat no meat, so in all the lunchowonetts I visit, I always order meat balls, knowing there 14 no meat in them. Just sprinkle them with a little salt and pepper, and you can imagine you are eating venison and bear steak.

I feel stronger already.

\* \* \*

Christian faith in the fatherhood of god hinges on the dollar and cents in the pay envelope; and wsen the dollars and cents fail to measure up to the cost of soccotash and honey, the fatherhood of god suffers a relapse and all is not well in heaven.

Pay the boys so they may know their god. (Note: “Bonus,” “over-time,” “wages,” all put together,

make a fair to middling decent pay. But why give your pay three or more names?)

Faith cannot bear the spectacle of gluttons on one side of the table and starvers on the other, and oversized swill barrels—be the fare Art, Education, Rolled-oats, or blue serge.

There is not enough real estate in this world to permit 1,400 acres to each inhabitant, and inasmuch as none shall be forced to leave this earth, we had better start running fences-Africa included, and Austalia.

The walrus ’rose quite tuskerous

And said, "Lei’s grab it all —

The country can’t be prosperous

Until the wages fall.”

Until the pigs are burled deep

And crops returned to Earth,

The country can but barely creep,

And cannot feel rebirth.

Until the whole world is a wreck.

And epidemics rage,

The folks will still stick out their neck

And still not know their age.

But they are still with us, pals. I mean the working-class.

\* \* \*

Since the sailing ships went out of fashion, sailors are complaining about having no seabags and they drag a 10-shilIing papier machine suitcase by the weather-ear.

\* \* \*

The time to defend capitalism is now — or it’s a goner. So if you love capitalism, and 12-year fasts, gird your loins, and shine your snickersnee. Not that it will do much good, for the departed shall rise up no more. However, we must see to it that they do not ring in a dummy for the departed capitalism.

Capitalism’s graft has been seriously and fatally sabotaged. A new racket is in order.

Humanitarian c a p i t a l i s m ? Sweet and gentle robbers! as Vic. Hugo would say.

O. Henry (I used to call him H-2O) once told a story of a bunch of Bushmen up in Ramapo that would break into the bush and bring all kinds of treasures and lay them at their master’s feet. The big-hearted boss would thereupon give! each of the lowbrows a fifth of what he brought in. Sometimes they struck for a sixth. Needless to say, the boss was always agreeable. (Some unions are working on that principle, but that is not why I mentioned it.)

\* \* \*

Yen for freedom is inherent in the minds of all peoples but it is not organized. The individual yen, no matter how numerous, does not function; it is a shimmering lake on the desert sands, a mirage in the eye of a half-crazed prospector perishing of thirst.

\* \* \*

Fellow Worker “Nick” startled me out of my death rattles this very day and I am half tempted to leave the metropolis flat, and hie myself to the beautious Los Angeles and do some viewing with pride, and stroll the dry river bottoms for the sake of my morals . .

\* \* \*

Order to shoot hath gone forth and shortly we’ll hear, “I didn’t know it was loaded; I thought it was a ‘salute.” “When I rocked the boat, I thought it was in drydock.”

They didn’t think!

## 1941\_28\_IW\_27091941

**I Didn’t Know It Was Loaded  
By T-BONE SLIM**

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•

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•

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## 1941\_29\_IW\_04101941

**Axes Are Being Ground: but Who Turns the Stone?  
By T-BONE SLIM**

The high jinks our efficacious G-men have been pulling off up-state in New York are a perfectly natural phenomenon. I myself have at times discovered myself sleeping in a gutter after indulging in sundry potions of Carstairs’ excellent stimulant—fifteen cents a throw, chaser included with lemon peel.

Something should be done, however, to shield and protect the sequestered existence of our noble G- men from the machinations of designing women.

Be it said to the credit of Edgar, that he has changed the stamping ground of the more offended G-men, no doubt in hopes the dear ladies can’t find them.

Edgar doesn’t know his women. They would go to the end of the earth—yes, to both ends.

I have seen some of the pictures of the girls involved, and I do not mind saying I myself would condescend to slip my morals for the moment, sleazy as they are; but I protest I would not care to make a practice of it or a life-long pursuit.

•

If you are unemployed, it is perfectly proper to seek work only on one day a week—beginning 10:30 a. m. Saturday—and half a day holiday in the afternoon. My illustrious schoolma’m always taught me it is better to get turned down one day a week than seven. It is easier on the morale, too, and the “hour and a half” circumscribes the distance. You get your turn-downs in your own beloved neighborhood. That’s something.

•

Eleven hundred and twenty escapists packed aboard the Spanish SS Navemar, sharing accomodations intended for 15, are now complaining they were not fed caviar and ketchup on ice cream, and so they beef and beef and beef they were mistaken for pigs.

Let me tell you, my dear refugees, you chose the ship; ship did not choose you. No one has done wrong by Nellie. You could have walked or swum. You are lucky! Did you elect to transmogrificate aboard a luxury liner you would now, most probably, be playing checkers’ on the ocean floor.

Lucky for you that no submarine commander saw fit to waste a torpedo on the SS Navemar.

Peace! Editor—all these birds wanted to eat at the first table. In- stead, they ate, collar and elbow, round-bean Spanish **boulyong** from blackgang pans, off the ceiling of the cargo hold (deck).

This criticism of faithful cargo tramps must cease. It’s a wonder the discouraged crew didn’t open the sea-cocks on you but brought you safely to the feet of Miss Liberty instead.

•

It is interesting to note that what is happening between America, Russia and England is collaboration. Heretofore m event of collaboration the axes to be ground were not in evidence and the dearest wish of each polite gentleman was to get a man to turn the stone.

In the present collaboration, however, no tomahawks have appeared and the three powers mentioned are simply bubbling over with pure Christian love and service.

•

Only a short time ago Britain snapped its suspenders and said, “Sinkings have decreased”—and I got to wondering if there were any Convoys on the high seas at the time.

Can’t sink ‘em when they ain’t thar. Only Willie Keeler could do that.

•

Claims are made that Adolf is behind Napoleon’s schedule in getting into Moscow. Maybe that was Boney’s mistake. He got away from his pea soup too far and too fast. Only the other day, Germans had to fall back to their sauerkraut and wiener barrels.

An army cannot travel on its belly alone; it must have plenty of viands with maximum nourishment.

The moral to this story is: Now is the time to hand the people of USA a nice, juicy porkchop. I have always doubted, and still doubt, if the United States can lick Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Russia and Britain single handed.

•

War pictures: Tanker was hit forward by a torpedo; she sinks by the stem. It is no longer the same ship; her well-deck is missing and is even with her forecastle head; forward spar rises where the well-dock should be and it’s a different spar, a mere stub.—Seen in Movietone News Photos.

\* \* \*

EDITOR’S NOTE: T-Bone’s account of the Navemar’s voyage shown to qualified experts before publication, evoked the following response:

“The refugees got what tens of thousands of immigrants to this country got no further back than 40 years ago. Though the latter didn’t pay $500 to $1,500 for passage, as the refugees are said to have done, this fact alone does not make martyrs of the refugees.” . . . “Sure, the ship is fascist; anything sailing under the Spanish flag must be, but the accusation (published in some papers) that the crew beat up passengers and even attempted to rape some of them is a lot of bull and a reflection on working men in general. Spanish workers are not sadists, no matter what brutal system their masters, shipowners and others, have adopted.”

A news report states the passengers of the “hell ship” Navemar are suing the company for a million dollars. We hope they get it.

## 1941\_30\_IW\_01111941

**Order Your Wase Raise In Advance  
By T-BONE SLIM**

“Journal Oratory Winner Leaves for College.”

Was there no other way to gag him (her)? Usually the loser goes in for learning.

\* \* \*

“China’s famous Soong sisters were educated at Macon, Ga.”—I was educated at the same place. The other cells were for colored people.

\* \* \*

Ahaserus was Xerxes. Haman was his “man of all work.” There were at least a quarter of a million Jews in the Persian Empire at that time. Even- one of these Haman planned to kill . . . And Ahasuerus thought so little of human life that he considered this proposal of Haman’s of insufficient importance even to investigate it. **A king who thought himself superior to the natural world would certainly not worry much about a few hundred thousand lives.** (The great conceit!)

There’s my point. Be the man Napoleon, Kaiser Bill, Pete the Great or Kubla Kohen . . . And let me say: There are other empires, other Hamans and other Xerxes where friend cuts friend’s throat and considers the time well spent—for does not “superiority of race” sanctify the dirty work?

No Esther! No Vashti! No nothing.

Choose me for slinktator, I don’t think I’m so hot, but I’d be just the man to conserve, defend, be friend human values.

All right, roughnecks, hit the deck!

Warring nations are counting their dead as nonchalantly as I used to count my herring.

We count our dead before the battles; already before the shooting we’ve got one million dead and buried, and another million on crutches. The blow seems easier to take that way.

I’ve often wondered whether the taking of so many prisoners of war and the utter destruction of armies is not for the purpose of clearing land for new settlers, the pioneer spirit.

It will be remembered that Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and Poland suffered a substantial population turnover and displacement when peace arrived—many, many were dispossessed.

\* \* \*

Crackpot politicians piling us into war, did you say?

England is grabbing territories that she expects to trade in for peace. How civilized!

And it may be in view of the vast holdings of Britain in this country, that lend-lease is a genteel hedging to protect the empire, just in case . . . debts can be repudiated, can’t they? But a pound sterling on a four-card flush is a goner. Big hearted, ain’t we?

This ring-around-Rosie could be called swivelization.

\* \* \*

Whenever the cost of living catches up with you, order an increase in wages. Don’t be caught in the middle.

# 1942

## 1942\_1\_IW\_28031942

**Closed Shop Is Issue in Two Fights   
By T-BONE SLIM**

No more than the farmer had his full chores done, and his feet safely in the oven, he let out a warwhoop: “There’s gonna be a shortage of farm help next summer!”

Another earsplitting scream is that of the employers’ loudspeakers of the Manufacturers Association protesting the conceding of the “closed shop” as a war measure—in other words, they want the 30 odd million unorganized to enter “the works” non-union.

Quite a quarrel here between dues-paying union men and the coupon-clipping employers—and it may not be a dud.

On the other hand, and on a larger scale, neither side of the warring nation’s even promised to give up the “closed shop” of international economics and world trade.

In the lesser quarrel, the ideals of democracy must be maintained however static that democracy may be, and only the finest of words flow back and forth.

But the greater quarrel is not so easy of solution. Cannon are trotted out, tanks scratch up the boulevards, airplanes rumble overhead, submarines slink through the briny deep and other warships put on their warpaint.

Cathedrals, hospitals, airfields and ships are blown up; and when the “ordinary” returns from his Red Sea voyage he is going on his honeymoon. All this for the sake of the closed shop—Globe-Trade closed shop.

Labor should know our employers cannot protect us—they have their business to look after.

Which reminds me, by the way I’ve never had much trouble holding my own with Japanese bosses in California, but wouldn’t it be one hell of a note if the Japs came over and started bossing our bosses?

wlw

War is sure some Hail Columbia and many, many of the best of seamen are “failed to return” from their argosies, unsung heroes and devil-may-care, and it’s idle persiflage to say that a seaman of a sinking tanker can swim and splash enough to keep the burning oil from singeing his hair if he be on the lea side of the fire.

wlw

In the course of this war, mistakes of Moses come to the forefront :

Moses never knew that Japan was pulling her punches in China so as to create a “Japan can’t” psychology in the breast of the free enterprize concessioneers and it was heralded far and wide, “they are pushovers.” The mere fact that the best of generals couldn’t hold them at Port Arthur, in the Russo-Jap War, quite forgotten, or “they had degenerated since.”

Moses doesn’t know that Japan and Germany are operating their war on the stagger plan, i. e., “you hit ‘em while I rest and when you rest I’ll soak ‘em.” Even a simpleton can see this—and Turkey is the hole card.

wlw

Coming up from behind, we are handicapped teriffically and for that reason it sometimes looks as if our allies or generals are laying down on us. Such is not the case however—we might be more progressive anticipatory—our backwardness is wholly due to the shortsightedness of our far-seeing employers.

## 1942\_2\_IW\_04041942

**Yes, Labor Is Partly To Blame  
By T-BONE SLIM**

We know how much rubber we have but we do not know how many unemployed rubbernecks grace our thoroughfares.

We know a matter of nine million men face the draft this semester but we do not know how many of them will be culled.

Therefore: It is good policy for the draftees not to brag about their possible induction because, if they fail, they may frighten their boss and be thereafter professional culls so long as they live. How much nicer it is to remark nonchalantly, “They’re not sending their best men to the front lines first.”

That builds morale!

•

Ordinarily in peacetime I would say it is well for Uncle Sam to cancel all of his foreign shipping, but now in wartime I must observe: Uncle Sam should not cancel any of his shipping, because to do so will draw bombers to his cities and hamlets.

A pretty good tip right there. We may as well be aggressive and keep score.

When New York City is bombed, say May 10-20, you may be sure I will not run. Not that I’m brave or bullheaded, but I’ve been reading in the press reports that the only ones that get hit by bombs are a few children, women, a nurse or two and a blind newsboy. I’d be an awful donkey, were I to skedaddle, good as my insteps are. No, I would give them the bronx cheer and stand my ground. (Note: I’d get pinched for this, because the goodly Mayor LaGuardia has said “DON’T SHOUT.”)

•

I see grandmothers (235 pounds) boosting tubs of dishes in restaurants, doing penance for the years they gathered “fat” and I begin to wonder why they don’t put me to work––me whose shoulders are acclimated by long years of experience.

And those thousands of longshoremen waiting starry-eyed; waiting, waiting––well, waiting. And Washington says we aint patriotic. How about the 235-pound lady doing her best abaft the war production industry?

Ah fellow workers, citizens and democrats! Daughters have begun to think of their mothers as scavengers. •

Such a condition is wholly artificial, created by employers, probably with some wild half-baked scheme of establishing a fascist cover-all for their wierd manipulations, further evidenced by the fact that they are too busy fighting labor to tackle the totalitarian powers’ axis. •

If we lose this war we shall have done as at the instance of the employers and their refusal to coordinate production––work and weapons! Neither one can be successful with the other incomplete.

It is their funeral, however, and my sole interest is only from the angle of a critic.

Labor also is entitled to some censure for its failure to properly run herd of those paranoiacs of industrialism and for permitting themselves to be stampeded into disputes among themselves.

•

At present the employers’ attack against labor takes the form of attack against the closed shop––despite the fact that they hold life and death jurisdiction over the workers. (This jurisdiction has not been seriously questioned––and people are still committing suicide, prefering to suffer, shiver and starve in a grave.)

•

Last night we had a test blackout and, as is customary with me in an emergency, I went to bed and covered up my head with a Navajo blanket so as to keep the darkness out.

To say the least, blackout is a promise, a prophecy, foreboding eternal darkness.

•

Seamen, however, cannot cover up with blankets when the ship is at sea, dark and lumbering through the dark––for they know they are in a terrible jeopardy. They may be blown-up, shot or sunk.

It might happen off Sandy Hook, 900 miles out, off the east coast of Norway, New Zealand, etc.; or in the Caribeean, half-way point, where the axis submarines get them coming and going in the lukewarm southern seas.

•

To a certain extent, we are experiencing a compulsory isolation, much to our sorrow.

Unemployment still graces our land as a result of half-way measures and equally half-baked gestures to mollify the gullible.

Half-way measures, however, are dear to a trusting soul and even today we ration sugar mostly at the expense of John Workox.

Why not eliminate sugar entirely from our diet, instead of nursing us with a teaspoon?

How many labor hours are lost in the hasher questioning a sweet-tooth squirms and tries to analyze his cravings––both superpatriots, plus.

•

America takes the position Australia is deserving of our assistance for, like us, the Aussies are John Bull’s and Wilhelmina’s goat––goat of their shortsighted policies.

•

Standard Oil contributed to our war effort by paying a fine of $50,000.

Razor blades are gone on restricted list. Washington seems to believe whiskers can be shot off without benefit of Barbasol.

Washington air-raid siren was a “screaming success”; New York’s was a “whispering campaign.”

“Ford offers Lindbergh job in bomber plant.”

Last three sinkings were north of Norfolk––it’s a game of blind man’s buff.

Sat. Eve. Post took a fall out of Jews. (Stand aside, yokels, and watch the fun.)

When war news is discouraging, the boys grab up Webster’s Unabridged Short Stories and prepare themselves for the era of post-war behaviorism. Hell of it is, owing to our eudite press, the aliens are the ones that are cribbing up on the classics. That puts reverse English on our asperations.

We can never expect to win this war with just one lone hero, one lone ranger. (I think our war correspondents are getting thin skinned or their editors got religion.)

And the PM mourns:

“Oh the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga.”

## 1942\_3\_I\_10041942

**T-Bone Slim Sez:**

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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# Manuscripts and Letters

## 1922\_59\_L\_13021922

Minneapolis, Minn. Feb 1922

L.S. Chumley I.W.W. N.Y.C.N.Y.

Felloworker –

Accidental receipt of you comm. -- I happened to be here -- may the Lord forgive me! - - in regards my “pastimes,” in the realm of literary-blossoms, being booklet material, my pardonable modesty permits me to agree with your deductions -- The grammar in some of my profoundest “searings” is very original and ingenious .. This much I will say I do believe is such a booklet was arrived at, during summer months, it would provide some sinews for greater and more substancial [sic] efforts along the particular lines you are following -- and which must be followed, in the future, if we expect to put other than borrowed garbage in to belly of parasite.

Just at present am “indisposed” (not in high spirits) but I hope to be able to send you material from time to time. You are at liberty to print all, some or none, at your disgression [sic] -- I am not infallible.

T-bone Slim

P.S. Am pulling out

## FR\_53575

(1

Dates 1934-35 etc

Me And My Pencil—

(Unpublished as of several years back)

“Equality of opportunity is what they are gonna hand us now.

Never mind the equality, just a sample of the opportunity. (Lots of people never saw one.)

• • •

“Pressure of progress” is supposed to be the activator for all those blessings were “gonna get.” The steam must be low or we’d already gottem.—mebbe it’s a vacuum or, what’s worse, a suction. In either case we ain’t got em and ain’t gonna get em, we’ve got to take them.

• • •

You and I can grasp “equality of opportunity” better by considering the “skill” cuts and “dumb” raises—all will be equally broke.

• • •

Alibis for the the three letter outfits are flying thick and fast. One would almost think the relief agents a row of crooks:

“Paupers pankakes chewed up by the office force.” One administrator claims he was “shocked.” Paupers were only chagrined.

• • •

## FR\_53576

(2

Oh well, we’ve got the automobiles streamlined, like a hoopskirt! And it doesn’t make a bit of difference if the racketeers sit in them—they wont work nohow.

It’s gonna take a pile of wind-tunnel argument to convince me.

• • •

The German Crown Prince who like his dad pulled and “alfonso” (bloodless I am), has this to say in his memoirs:

“My friends at home had practically persuaded the new rulers that it was safe for me to return home, when all my plans were thwarted by the Kapp Putch. (Kapp, it will be remembered, marched on berlin and seized reins for more than thirty-six hours. A general strike paralyzed his arm before he could assert the authority he had grasped.”—

Note: General strikes are like that. Things simply do not “putch” when they are on the job.

Which all goes to show the workers still rule.

• • •

Marco Polo and Mandeville were the two leading bums of their day—I do not know if Karl Marx ever turned a wheel. Nor do I give a damn.

• • •

## FR\_53577

(3

Instead of economic liberation the “big boys” are fighting for economic rehabilitation. Sounds good, don’t it? She do, but there is sand in the oyster. How can they rehabilitate something we never had, and economic break?

And thereby hangs a tale.

Devaluation of the gold content of dollar functions, in the reverse, actions of increased taxation. Merits of relative positions are beyond me and I fear the nation will pull an “effic fay” or “gerty hoffman.”

• • •

Recurrence and reversion to or back are outside the merits of the case, as:

Recurr to what?

Revert to what?

What we want is improvement on that what was and on that what is—and to get that we are willing to recover, revert or stand on our head.

Rehabilitation will not fetch the bacon.

It may give us what was, but what was it? It is the choosing of a lesser evil than you have.

Why dwell in the realm of evils?

Why demand evil only less oncrows?

It’s like hollering for smaller cracks in your walls.

I suppose you want ventilation?

Nail a board over ‘em!

• • •

## FR\_53578

(4

I ain’t saying it ain’t or ‘tisn’t but if that Los Angeles fruitcake for president’s birthday weighs 250 pounds then that actress sitting alongside it weighs 1.850 pounds. One of those is loaded with pewter—or the newspaper was over-enthusiastic if not an outright first-rate liar.

• • •

Two Frenchmen Fight a Duel—nobody hurt. Deputy Andre Hesse and John Beineix, a lawyer, engaged in mortal combat with pistols—four shots echoed through the empty football stadium and equally empty skulls without result.

Both fired twice. (Big help they should be in case of war—wasting the nations powder and ball.) I respectfully suggest they fight all over again and use broomsticks.

• • •

Americana and Vagadespondia:

Roosevelt, G-M is 52 today. (above or below?) Here (N. Y. C.) it’s zero—and Zero Marx lives in Harlem. (G-M stands for gen-Manager).—Arthur Brisbane tells us EXACTLY how fast sound travels. Now I don’t doubt Art’s word a goshshang bit but I would like to ask

## FR\_53579

(6

Only 24 new miles of railroad was laid in 1933—1.876 miles of old railroad was scrapped.—

We’ll never get to first base that way!

• • •

It is said the first lady is trekking perillowsly close to the footsteps of Grape-Juice Bryan.—They are her feet, and if I kind of look after my own stinkers I will be doing her, Bill Rogers and the country a favor. Nevertheless, as the lugubrious Daily News truthfully groans, “Beer is not a formal drink.” (Neither is it a formidable one.)—

As to wine, I think it best when on the vine—assorted.

Therefor: I make a motion the man with the shot gun be abollished from the grape-patch north of Stockton, Cal.—he’s always on the wrong end of the field.

• • •

Summons:

Years ago a cop used to drag us mile and half to the lockup.

Now a judge sends us a perfumed note, “come up and see me sometime.”—

• • •

## FR\_53580

(7

It seems the NRA gives strikers a chance to bark up wrong tree—too much barking is too much. The one great trouble with labor and me is we are forever talking about organizing. We know unionism is good.

So what? Well, we should organize one and tell about it afterwards. Let us have no more of this what we will do, but do it and tell what we have done.

The getting of results is simple indeed. So simple that it is a shame. For instance the shorter workday requires no extended remarks, just go out later and and come in earlier—no labor board or other lumber is required—but we can’t very well do that while we are making speeches about organizing.

• • •

## FR\_53581

(8

…”Each witness was asked: “Are you a member of the Communist Party?”—

This isn’t fair.

They should have been interrogated are you a membrane of the Farmer-Labor Party, Picnic Birthday or Beer Party—or Party of the Second Part?

The witness closes his eyes and shivers “Oh, my God, NO!” But he is not permitted to signify just what form of insanity he is subject to.

• • •

It wasn’t such a bad boil when it started. It was such a pretty little thing!—not much more thana pimple. But look at it now. Ouch!

I am referring of course to the capitalists system.

What shall we do, squeese it and let the pus out or shall we cut out the “syugar?”—or both?

• • •

Howsomever and when the majesty of state hops upon a murdered, it is doing so in the misguided light of protecting its property rights in the murdered, (after the fact) as well as to conserve its rights in the living not yet devaluated by murder or death (Corpse has value) and if successful, in the prosecution of the murderer or one so charged the state loses its property rights in the prisoner at the bar ditto.

## FR\_53582

(9

There is a compounded inconsistancy here on the part of the state, in its actions, which indicates it is wholly a stranger to values and is living a life of emotion in a practical world. It’s subjects, on the other hand, are quite obvious to the fact that they are public charges thru their affiliation with the state, in the reverse cycle never complete.

What is the big idea of keeping Capone ion Nirvana and Insull in Greece?

(Note: Capone: transcended the system; Insull didn’t.)

• • •

Child-labor may not rate an amend in the constitution, many things considered, so I will give you a remedy for cradle snatching:

Federal government shall pay each child under 9 years of age a sum of money equal to the wages he or she gets from the kind and gentle forman, upon demand; and—LET THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

Such a program would send the problem around the Horn and when it got back—Oh my!—when it got back? The country would be full of constitutional menders and Nicholas Murray Butler, a good old skate, would be hopping up and down on his true and trusty bunions, yelling: “Slap it to her, slap it to her!”

• • •

## FR\_53583

(10

Svartsen, 2000 ton collier, 20 days overdue, rode the storms from Grangemouth, Scotland to St. John, N. B.—repairs made at sea.

(Bet you the crew was Scandinavian.)

Ice? Hm. She was mistaken for an ice berg.—an igloo. It wouldn’t be a bad idea to pay these men enough wages so they could buy a bag of peanuts and a bottle of red pop after they get their hands thawed. They brought the ship in—when asleep in the deep was preferable to awash on the deck. Note: the wind don’t blow so hard “in the deep.”

• • •

“Beginner must learn foot work to get to top as tennis player.—”

You said it! and a good place to practice it is ahead of a railroad bull.—or a price fight.

Which reminds me the Home Building and Loan Association of Minneapolis hangs its face out to tell The Supreme Court the “true facts” as distinguished from assumption of facts in the Minnesota Mortgage Moratorium Decision that sedentary body “is not supposed to know fact from fancy.” Throw the Home Loan in the brig, this is sure supreme contempt of court.

• • •

## FR\_53584

(11

Six-hundred thousand unemployed were rehired as between July and October last past.

This miracle was accomplished by cutting the average hours from 42 a week in July to 35 in October.

Forty-two hours a week would put ‘em back in the soupline.

According to these presents 6.000.000 workers gave seven hours of their time each week to the unemployed.

Buying-power was not increased—only spread as between more buyers-

A matter of 2.300.000 workers of this class remain unemployed so I guess its up to the employed to take off another shirt, if they’ve got one.

It is a foregone conclusion the intelligent minority will never elect themselves to do the heavy lifting.

No matter how class-conscious a man may be he can become class-noxious—under this system.

S.S. President Roosevelt brought in $5.064.000 of the wellknown yellow peril.

Silver is now 64 to 1 and good old W.J.B. is squirming in his grave.

## FR\_53585

(12

Key Pittman and Borah have no grave to squirm in.

Did you ever come to notice anything peculiar about Franklin Delano?

I kno you have. He has a thing that is scarse as feathers on a crocodile, he has action… Oh ho! Now you want to forgive him all his sins?

World loves an actor.

• • •

The tripping of political grafter extends of such a great period of time that the said stumble bum acquires a new sheen and by the time he takes the header he is ready to be reelected.

The situation in France is wholly artificial. Her resourses is not tapped, but confined. Bayonne Stavinsky bank scandal loses were of the importance of chicken feed.

The law holds. Tapping a hot boiler warms a cold one but in this case the tapping was not accomplished—only “prospective steam” was dissipated.

• • •

## FR\_53586

(13

Fellow sinners and workless wonders, the text for to-time is “It takes a crook to catch a crook.” Does that mean they hire an unemployed crook to shoot it out with an employed one? If so, its not a bad idea; the bullets then would not be so hard on their own digestion. Not a bad idea at all. This way the crooks exterminate themselves... Nothing new about it, labor has been doing so for years and as “Whiskey” Rohn said, “The percentage is against us.”—

But, tremble. Suppose the crooks organize! Suppose the workers organize!

Omigosh! the big boys would have to step out and shoot their own crooks.

The big boys would have step out and fight their own wars, omigosh!

Battlegrounds the would become as safe as field of pansies for they love one another... and the crooks would die of old age (acute senilety, to you).—

• • •

## FR\_53587

(15

Our author grades:

Hollywood is now pretty much a settlement of second hand brides and grooms. Many are two timers, some are four timers and few fiveand six timers. Pretty well tester—and culled!

What Hollywood needs is new blood, she’s getting ingrown. Sooner or later the light-headed cinema audience will begin to see cinnamon instead of grayhaired, muchly married juveniles—they can’t see that such promiscuous culling discredits the tribe—marriage ceremonies there could well be dispensed with.

Movie stars? Pooh, pooh—divorce stars, pooh! A kid can’t be born without having one to half dozen ex-dads and ex-mothers and the longest day he lives he never will know which is which.

Not, National Socialism:

Pooh, pooh—national dis-socialism, pooh. Two words, and the author grades.

Each new, succeeding administration tells us how much they ain’t gonna steal and we feel rich indeed altho we haven’t a cent.

Some of the shades, “Reds, “Pinks,” yellows are mere- as light discoloration.—

“This way.” That way.

Lack of consideration is what makes the captains feet cold.

## FR\_53588

(14

“Straight shooters are few and far between among sales executives.”—

Ain’t that the truth Mr. Hatch!

Salesmanship is 51 per cent imposition and the rest is impudence, so there.

We used to boil our water good—but now we boil our kindling wood; so many early risers pass, because of pungeant “fuel” gas.

We really ought to boil our booze, our Ingersols, our specs and shoes; so many pass in woe and care, I would that I could boil the air...

I wouldn’t doubt any man’s word for less than five dollars cash and I do not wish to be doubted in turn at cutrates.

• • •

Why is wheat graded to farmer?

Why is flour Not graded to buyer?

Mill-run, blend and sometimes low grade flour sell for high grade.

The law should require millers to lie about their product same as distillers.

• • •

Fourth Estate grades:

“Taxi Strike Declared.”

(A few days later) “TAXI CAB STRIKE SETTLED.” That editor has sore feet peace has no bearing.

• • •

## FR\_53589

(16

(Maybe I should enbarge upon this a little)

Each captain in turn runs out of coal only to find each captain has provided for himself only.

“Where do the captains get coal?”—

Ah brother, that is a personal matter.

## FR\_53590

(17

U. S. 10.000 cruiser New Oreland now commissioned is 588 feet ling and carries 590 warriors: One lineal foot per man and two in the brig.

543 men and 47 officers: One officer to each 11½ men—(and to think, one “bull” ans one “straw” ran a camp of 215 “jacks”.

Two cooks and four flunkies.)—

The cruiser has 61 ft. beam—that’s not enough—one to ten.

• • •

Advertisement:

“Do You—believe in Keeping Judaism and the Jewish people alive?”—

Well now, don’t you think that’s asking two much? I’m a big hearted reseal and would gladly do so but, you see, the way I’m fixed…

Of course , I am in favor of letting them live but I cant see how they can do it under this system, Nossir, it’s a case of slow music for all.

## FR\_53592

(5

I have here in before offered few remarks anent busted planks so in all fairness it is up to me to give a concrete example:

This is a political state of democratic persuasin in republican form and when we countenance in it unrestricted, selfappointed industrial autocracy that is a busted plank in the side of the “ship of state.” I hope that one is sufficient but I have no doubt, if we look around we will find a few kingposts, stanchions and beams in bad shape and the chime seam open...

Yessir, boys and girls of the workingclass, id the boss saw you eating a cutrate, 46 cent steak he would begin to think he is getting careless in money matters and if he couldn’t fins in his books how you got that 46 cents he would accuse you of robbing the poor-box—and a 46 cent steak is strong evidence in any po-lice court—-he expects you to live on grass and weeds from your garden and drink “lots of water.”

Say, if something isn’t done about this dam depression it will crystalize into character and become chronic. True enough F. D. R. pulled some new skin over it but the pus is still present: Steamshovels are turning handsprings. Steamboats jumpping from wave to wave. Railroad trains screetching night and day. Houses vacant. (Sloan says build) Town’s deserted wrecked. Cities anemic. States beggars... No body making money but industrial and financial buzzard Newly-weds moving in with pappy in law—he has little left from 1900; the old nickle squeeser.

## FR\_53593

(6

But he has discovered the world cannot become six times greater (in one generation) so as to absorb his six children on the favourable base he himself enjoys. (They cannot be stuck in from top—they must grow up from bottom—like potatoes.)—under this system of taking the leavings from autocrats table. Let us so organize that we get to the table first! (That’s how I got my name)—The parasite, as sweh, will never reach the table

T-bone Slim—

P.S.

The straw boss lost out on T-bone steaks every time we made a dash.

War causes epidemics—conscious pestilence and germs are given greater spread, broadcast. But that is no argument against war; same happens under peace.

But it is an indictment against our intelligence, in war or, peace, for to spray ourselves with sickness, disease, death—it doesn’t make sense. Abolition of war profit system ends this practice, both in peace and war, by the institution of intelligence into the seats of the great—and it will end war also as instrument of torture and death.

We better look to our economies for at this moment it is possible for one foodstuff trust to exterminate half the people of United States if it so desires.

We live then because the trust is willing.

We have their permission—How nice!

## FR\_53594

(9

“Hammers and tongs” is destined to be the fashion of the future more so than hammer and scythe.

Scythe is definitely a tool of the past even so as a “headhog’s” torch. Nowdays, if one wants to perpetrate agriculture, he needs a hammer, chisel, monkey wrench, crowbar and a can of grease—yes and a piece of haywire. (I don’t know what he would do with a scythe except clean his pipe or open a can of sardines)—

This is an Industrial Age—I mention this because maybe some of the comrades have not noticed it—and we are to all intents and purposes Industrial Workers, on the ground floor. Scythe then is a throwback to the good old days, that never shall come again, when we were on ou knees “pointing” a blade of grass. (Then there was the cradle and cradler of the buck wheat days) That all seems O so long ago—but never again; subject only to storms at sea, earthquakes and volcanos. Let us not consider them because they aren’t going to be; any ore so than the scythe.

Reaction cannot prosper. Return and rejuvenation of the prodical simply isn’t. If it is, rejuvenation is not needed and return kills him. Its not a success. We Must Go Ahead or Not at All. Farmer is not an industrial worker any more so than a buttonhook Is a door key. He makes his living not by selling labor power but by selling soy beans and cows milk. He is also an employer. But a farmer need not feel discouraged he can always organize his agricultural corporation and prosper until such a time as this damnable system is discarded.

## FR\_53595

(10

The presumption here is the farmer will defend his right to exploit labor to the last apple and last egg. That’s not so good. A fellow never should throw his all in the pot. He should keep a grouchsack so that he can enter the penny ante game if the big one gets too hot. Colaboration is a fallacy. Farmer should never mic with politicians, horse doctors, professional saviors or the village blacksmith. His tribe and kind is so great that he can find social intercourse to his liking within his own class—so also can the worker.

Class lined are so severely drawn that to over step them is to trespass. Colaboration outside of ones class cannot prosper—a dog and a camel cannot be so joined as bring forth a puppy—seedless orange, mebbe, but no pooch. That is an extreme view but outside of that—wheres the necessity?

There is no necessity for the workers to call in profession als to help them. Our class is so great that we can get all things without outside help. Lets organize it so we can prevent the moving of special privilege further into our works. First thing we know they’ll move their furniture into our parlor and we’ll have to play the piano under a railroad bridge.

How ridiculous it is for the workingclass (45.000.000 strong) to holler for farmers to help them get more of their own pie. And farmers (20.000.000 strong) yodeling “come help me lift my mortgage.” (Song birds are we?)

Why not organize—and push that organizing!

## FR\_53596

VII

Of course those surpluses shipped abroad are lost forever—and the moneys of the nation are also gone. the halfwits over there fought on the strength of Uncle Sam’s bigheartedness but unfortunately, alas, the old fossils that survived the holocaust were not able to hit the ball hard enough to pay back to our noble minute men the hard earned simoleons of our collective wealth. (First they go through our pockets and then they tap the tillI know of a better way to wreck the nation)—

Over There the ladies then demanded womens rights to support those emolunaires and raise a jackpot to carry on this form of civilization. All the young men had been butchered off—not a man left that could hardly raise a paw—so they picked out a bunch of dictators to save ‘em…

All this because industrial overlords went south with too heavy surpluses.

Now will you organize a One Big I.W.W. Union and put a stop to all this foolishness!

T-b S—

Dont like that coffee part but its a lead—and I will not rewrite Tis long but you ought to see—how short.

## FR\_53598

VII

Some one has mentioned dissarmament so I would suggest that the armament of the industrial overlords be considered as an overt act, move of hostillity and practice of low estate. ‘Twould be unreasonable to think tear gas bombs, automatics and machine guns in the industries are intended for anything other than to gas and shoot down workers, citizens of a great republic. ‘Twould be unreasonable to think such armor is intended for show or for to repel foreign invasion. In this connection I would gladly point out that the workingclass does not maintain instruments of extermination against the boss—they are wholly unarmed. It would be well than to consider our industrial overlords an armed force and begin the dissarment right here at home before we jump across borders.

Parents should be discouraged in the arming of their children with toy pistols in the mistaken thought that they will become successful highwaymen of gangsters and inasmuch as these both the children and industrial overlairds are equally irresponsible, it would be well for responcible parties to shake them down for the hardware before the dance begins Pistols are no part democracy.

It might be argued that employers are armed in selfdefense and that it is therefor they need all that heavy artillery, but it seems to me that such a condition is altogether one sided and calls for a distribution of gas masks and bulletproof vests so as to save as many as possible of the breadwinners. I would not go so far as to suggest that United States government should open her arsenals to the workingclass altho I cannot help but realize in such an event the self-defense would be more equally balanced and the results might prove to be of great interest to the gaping public and much good might result therefrom.

## FR\_53599

VIII

John L. Lewis and his twelve apostles placed a union on I.W.W’s doorstep—Heluva joke to play on the boss? Now all we have to do is bring the child in. The child of course is slightly dazed, as a result of the repartely ending agreements and doesn’t know who its father and mother is. So I guess we’ll have to adopt the child and give it a respectable home. Separately ending agreements might at first blush appear to be loss of generalship on the part of John L Lewis That is not so however; it is a tactic. John is teaching the boys to learn from mistakes. I.W.W. however has the complete pattern and is impervious to mistakes… Workers however should not be criticized too severely for making mistakes. Mistakes will happen to almost any of us. Errors are a peculiar thing—even law recognizes that errors will happen. There is no law that will convict an honest to goodness error. Law requires that the error be proven intentional—that od course is impossible because then it would not be an error. So I guess we’ll just have to let it pass that the boys made a mistake.

CIO has been having tough luck in the state of Maine among the lumber workers and it is believed a little help from the outside would bring it into the fold and make of Bangor a winter capitol for the I.W.W.—120 might consider this and send one of their best pulpwood makers to survey the stand.

Press would have us believe peace and war between labor and capital hinged on the artfull machinations of one Mr. McGrady; that id McGrady performed peace would be born but if he felt indisposed wars would break out between this famous pair. I think Mr McGrady, himself, will deny this and say that he merely scrammed before the wars got into heavy going.

## FR\_53601

V

I have it direct from best of authority in Bowery that the doctors-in-the-clinics-of-this-super-city can open a man up and saw-off his whiskey-stomach and assemble a pig’s stomach in its place—and to think of all the good stomachs the farmers plowed-under; not only in the sense of lost pork tender loin, smothered in “sweepings” of the galley.

• • •

Conditions aboard ship are indeseribly bad—especially in a nice family periodical—and of course the seamen are beefing. Aside from the dangers of sea, with few of the safety-at-sea rules observed, the seaman is harrassed on all hands by a series of dangers such as unsanitary quarters, woving epidemics and diseases such as malaria and the domesticated scurvy, caused by high-pressure fumigation and crude, immitation food preservatives—

The odder seamen can of course contend with these conditions and prevent them from slipping back into the standards of hog-slop but the younger seamen are too prone to accept them as “a curse of God, a penance they must do for having the temerity to Sere Africa First, a condition that must be bourne”—and once they are hooked they are Neptunes slaves in the person of shipowners organizations, for life. No protection abounds in many of the foreign lands that he touches and many are the means used by the king’s disclipinarians in logging his bill-fold directly and later his pay-roll all because the trusty seaman had “the nerve” to step ashore and attempt the Christlike miracle of changing water into wine. Dam this civilization any how, owning the peace and content of the prehistoric shores in the name of complex chiseling. What’s the raft of sea-unions doing about this?

I do most solemnly swear, as all seamen swear, that this condition, that of touching on those shores and the entering of those lions dens, rates an extra-special bonus, bonded, and secure from attachement of any form outside the seamans “requisition.”

• • •

When the last festive banquet is ended and the sad final hymnal is sung; when the scars of the conflict are mended and the teeth on the hat-peg are hung; when the phonies all yield to the shirkers and the plutocrats weep in their beer: the trenchant Industrial Worker’s will be still doing business right here.

## FR\_53602

VI

Sourplus?

Frustrations are a great source of liver complaint: and then the evaluation of the human race begins; much of it if not all of it uncomplimentary.

There are several remedies for this form of biliousness: a song, a dance, an action… forget the spilled milk

The sourness of the milk of human kindness should not be cultivated: it brings and an ultimate dissintegration and crumbling of the human crust, a decomposition of the devotee of liver complaint.

IWW is not a picker and chooser of members. We care not where a man worships be it in a Cathedral, Synagogue, Church, Beer Saloon, DanceHall, or any of the other many ideosyncracies; just so he is a worker, man or woman.

The IWW expects each of these workers to organize all those in the sphere or circle of their influence… We do not expect the Rabbi to organize the Beer Saloon nor do we expect the Drunk to organize the Priest. The principle is—you’ve got to be one of them; else you fail: you got to be pure and undefiled and not subject to the withered hand of suspicion.

Where is your wit, fellow workers.

What a saving grace is the sense of humor!

The Drunk will organized all Drunks from Here to Halifax and the purist’s breath wont smell so bad:

The Servant of the Lord shall declare himself n the Synagogue and organize the other worshippers therein:

The Catholics shall organize all those in the Catholic Cathedrals; Protestants their s and Church, of whatever Denomination, shall be organized by Churchmen—not by Gamblers and Pool Sharks or Career-Organizers.

The point is: each sphere or influence has within itself its best Organizers and Outsiders anre Outside raising a big stink but only yapping at telephone-poles and paving-stones.

You’ve got to BELONG—or no dice

Criticism can be changed to eloquence and sour-milk makes nice pancakes  
The Unemployed shall organize the Unemployed—they are familiar with their troubles (a well-fed man might ballicksup the detail and lead them to a bowl of watery onion soup.

## FR\_53603

VII

Lack of consideration is a bad habit.

You yourself would hate to have your foot caught in a beartrap and have a man walk by with his nose in the breeze

Man does the thinking with the front part of his skull—that’s where the hair gets thin firtest.

It ain’t a disgrace; the man has been revolving things over in his mind and broke-off some of the roots.

Confusius said:

My doctrine is that of all-pervading unity.—

IWW. it trying to organize that unity today; beginning in the workingclass. Doctrines need hand-to-hand organization. Kid McCoy said, before he died, with considerable sadness: That he no longer could “endure this world’s madness.”—Europe is destroying that unity.

Unemployment is getting so extensive that a Jersey cow in Conneaut, O., has to pump its own water—sometimes flooding the barn. I can see the incentive for the drink but what’s the idea for scrubbing the pumphandle?

Cows ain’t as altruistic as all that—even when thirsty—they take the position. “No drinks; no milk.”—that’s good Kings Anglaise.

NEWSWEEK (SIDESHOW) is also good enough to tell us: “Cash Deposite”—

“Milwaukee, Wisc.: “Emergency hospital X-rays revealed $2.79 inside a 35-year-old prisoner named Arthur C. Janke: a dollar bill, five quarters, two dimes, six nickels and four pennies.”—

The bulls had probably caught the poor man panhandling and he swallowed the change rather than let the bulls have it? You can’t get away with it; they’ll search your guts. They cant find your spine, tied into several hatch-hitches, but money… haa! they’ll count every cent of it—you’ll have to wangle for it.

They Pay Only Under Protest—and stand for no pot-belly except their own.

## FR\_53604

VIII

Or Any Phase Of The Class Struggle?

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 tis 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 hounds tooth) propose that we all ankle 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 hollering 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? Mebbe their Home Office instructed them to stear clear and practice up on that Big Prayer that are going to pull of in Washington —so as to forever (eternally) to remain unmoved (aloof) 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 saviors now standing by knee-deep in political acumen (and other substance of more concrete consistence). The IWW demands that those nationalistics 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

## FR\_53605

IX

delegates by the cars so that the great man can put a hex on ‘em. Allright, lets go—understand me; I’ll do all the sighing for this organization.

## FR\_53607

I

“Two Ships For One.”—News.

Yep. And One Delegate On Each Ship.

One delegate in each shop—chosen in the shop (No imported sardines allowed.)

• • •

Rumor Has It:  
“The Inland Waterways, among them Erie Canal, is tied-up with a strike.”—Boatmen assure us “Owners promise of Reformation doesn’t add-up in the pocketbook.” Note: canalbargemen have pocketbooks—this is the first hint the boatowners got wind-of in long time. Looks as if the “captains” are put for to garner some of the chips they were gipped out of in the past several years. More power to ‘em!

• • •

Strangely enough the demands of the strikers are more than reasonable and, if aceeded to, the monies will constitute an inferior grade of chicken feed with a low calory content.

• • •

Most all sabotage is performed by stoolpigeons. This indicates a frailty in governmental bodies Too often the sabotages result is but a retardation of progress and the result of that in turn is the dissintegration of capitalist world in all its phases

I cannot see any percentage in it for the parasites—and their stools of course—only grief.

They mean well enough but the future generations will forget to praise them and they, themselves, will NOT live long enough to brag about the good things of life.

Heluva mission to have in life—spite your own face.

• • •

Intolerance is getting a mighty foothold in the body politic, somewhat after the manner of ~~the~~ purists (puritans) sitting next to their seismographs

All of a sudden up jumps one of them and gasps:

“Fellow workers, my seismograph just now registered that T-bone Slim has his nose in a glass of beer, again.” (Three Wobblies keeled-over in a dead faint)—

But shortly, who’s been places, lifted his eye brows and inquired: “Good as Slim is, mebbe he couldn’t get the glass into his nose?”—

## FR\_53608

II

And there you are fellow workers, way back there, see, rubbing elbows with Nebuchnadnezzar, Hittites Hammurabi and Hshur. (see ‘Willem Van Loon.)—

“And Jerusalem is in ruins,” did you say?

Hm. Don’t I know it?

• • •

Daylight Saving Time (It came about this way):

The farmers daughter handspiked the clock ahead one hour after supper so as to give the boy son the threshing rig an early start next morning. (Fair enough for she always handspiked the clock back one hour after breakfast)

However when she went out after supper, to have a kind word with the visitting fireman, I got to thinking that if its good to handspike the clock ahead one hour, two hours would make it all the better. So I slipped in the cookear and shoved the clock ahead another hour…

Brainy boys got wind of this and called it daylight saving time—one of my most popular inventions. However the boys pulled a strike next morning two hours before daylight and later, when I came prancing into the jungles with about a half a cord of firewood, one of those pusillanimous (mean spirited) headerbarge bosuns observed:

“Slim is working on slum clearance.” (origin of slum clearance) You don’t get credit for anything anymore!

• • •

Lawyers are intrenched in legislative halls because laws are numerous, contradictory and beyond the scope of human understanding; including lawyers’ And they make more [unclear] without knowing what they already have. Some of those laws are real antique and pertain to conditions that no longer exist, if they ever existed; if they were not directed against a peculiar isolated instance or presumption. Modernization and simplification of law is an imperative need. Altogether too much law for amount of calories in the cupboard.

## FR\_53609

IV

Tho my deportment might be improved upon and past be relegated to the honor-seat alongside the forgotten man and at the sepulerc of the unknown swampper.

• • •

Americans of Italian persuasion seem trifle anxious to get ahold of their “language paper”—a sign that Italy is is on the verge of entering war. Reasonably they are more interested in that than in the market quotations of artichokes. Possibly only compensation in war is the schooling “difficult readers” get in decifering war news.

• • •

The workingclass is centrifugal, so as to say, id I may be so bold; unreceptive rather than expellant.

Liver and onions has been banned, cornbeef and cabbage has the hex sign on it, spareribs and saurkraut is verboten, even ham and eggs has fallen in evil ways and the worker is subsisting on orange-juice, tomato juice and a few flakes of fodder and birdseeds.

The calouses in his swallowing apparatus (esophagus) has peeled off and he has ulcerated stomach and arthritis.—I tremble just to think what would happen if he were to be attacked by an enemy-from-without that had been fed on goatmilk and redhorse

Attack may be the better part of valor but, when you are on light diet, retreat is the best policy; put your best foot forward and change them often.

When the restaurants gave you a short cup of coffee do not think them of having unworthy ideas; that they fear you might spill some of it on the marble-top counter—you know how your hand shakes—and they would have to mop it up.

What they fear is that you might spill down your throat. As for that short cup you can make it swell up to the plimsol line by ladleing 18 tea-spoons of sugar into it and passing off few bright remarks to the gorgeous waitress. (She’ll want to marry you on the spot for she sees you cant be outgeneraled.)

## FR\_53610

V

Price of quicksilver has more than doubled ($81,49 to $194) a flask, 16 pounds.

Haven’t heard if the quicksilver miners (divers) received an increase in pay. Probably tied down to a labor contract.

I believe labor contract is unconstitutional!

Witness the employer “pegging” the price of what he has to sell? Nix on that.

War prices is double, (triple) portion gravy for the employer. A prayer here is in order!

California has 59 q.s mines in production.

• • •

Custer must have been some hombre! for no one seems to know his first name (George A.)—just Custer. Lustre must be heavy when it puts baptisal titles in the eclipse. He was an Ohioan. Fast was his rise and quick was his fall—age 31.

Chiselers have no right to give him THE Bronx cheer. (Note the rating “The Bronx.”)

Mayor LaGuardia is well thought of in “The Bronx” and not without reason: He Keeps New York City Clean—compare. His new office for tantrum is: “butchkrieg.”

Times are more prosperous in some localities than others—also witness the improvements in New York Central expansions; to care for augmented traffic, prospective. Many of these go-getters rate doubleshift pallbearers… A railroad “bull” all steamed up on account of war. materials transshipments came rushing at me, but when he took one look at the roll of overalls I was carrying he restrained himself and said “Oh, I thought you was one of those bums.” Can you imagine, me a bum? I can forgive him for that slight lapse for I could see by his tranquil eye that he rated me a Senator or a Brigadier General if nor Supreme Marshall of all the land forces.

That wouldn’t be so bad, Brigadier-General T-bone Slim—if I got my just dues.

According to circumspect etiquette you don’t wait till the bull rushes you, you rush him, and say: “How are you officer, what’s the best way to get to the highway?”

## FR\_53611

VI

You’ve got him foul there for that’s what he had on the tip of his tongue… now (he scrathces his ear) “young man,” he says, “there’s a good car in that string half full of straw and if you want to go in there and rest your weary bones, I wont know a thing about it. Its going out in ten minutes,” he added happily.

Railroad bulls are wide awake nowdays and even those Erie RR bulls in Buffalo that never have been known to crack an eye-lid (even in broad daylight) are on their toes. and are hopping around hither, thence and yonder like those blitzbugs (vigor) skill and perspicasity (Gee, I hope that last word means something about sweat).

And the ants are as big as beer bottles with a head on ‘em size size of a door-knob. Mosquitos are coming out with a wing spread of a foot and half—to be slapped by one of them is like being slapped by a wet sail (drysails don’t slap).

Footloose and fancy free, carp (buffaloes, not shellbecks) distain to bite even cornbread and WPA (AWOL) run ‘em down in the marshes and catch them barehanded—the poor fish not getting even “a last lunch” before hitting the frying-pan.

I see where the allies want to borrow some pengar from us for the fight.

Hm? Didn’t use to be that way when I was of the scrapping gender—we never used to try to make “a touch” before the scrap; we just went to it trusting that we could get courtplaster, beefsteak (for a blue-eye) or leetches from the druggist, afterwards.

Who said anything about getting licked?

I have nothing but an unbroken string of victories behind me… (I do not count the defeats).

Who wants to recount defeats?

Whereas you never tire of telling your grandchildren of all those wonderful victories you won while they stand in open-eyed astonishment.

## FR\_53612

VII

“Some hero!”

So it is with wars on larger scale, each side winning nothing but victories… The alibi: Can you blame w guy then for falling down stairs or coming in head-on collision with a dining-room door? as he is willing to swear; three fingers on the bible or city directory.

There are men however that save their money so as to be financially able to attend a funeral

They must be sadists or something?

Hour after hour they tell us about our defeats and not a whisper about our great victories—or try arranged positions; so as to make it look as if we did it on purpose, aforethought.

I was challenged on my recent statement that “streets are full of unemployed”

I had to crawl out of it by saying: In this locality the unemployed are on night shift. They sleep all day (wherever they sleep-out of sight) and then they come out and bum the employed of an evening; for they recognize it would be of but little profit to stay up all day and bum each other. “Ghawd, Slim,” he gasped, “you’re always right.”

Course Im right (both ways) but, mark you, I didn’t invent this condition; I’m only ‘xplaining it. Physical evidence of the willingness of economic royalists to defend the capitalist system to the last man and last farthing is the nonchalence with which they toss peoples money into “defense” and niether whinner or neigh; the assiduosness with which their representative press fosters heebie-jeebies, jitters and hysteria as a national heritage or accomplishment and the emphasis placed on “fifth column” in a land of nationalities—slightly tetched in the head they propose a sixth column of snoopers and stools in the persons of meter-readers, milkman, insurance collectors and Young America now loafing on Main St.

## FR\_53613

VII

Only a chaotic condition can result wherein narrow souls can square their accounts with their private enemies with or without reason; a situation wherein noblemen suffer at the hands of a mob, at the instance of spitefulness or yen for personal gain.

There is an everpresent danger to the republic in this inasmuch as it is composed of descendants of several nationalities more or less unified. And in the event of strife between these they may once more become as unstrung and crackdown on the ears of their neighbors and countrymen…

What an ideal situation of initiating absolutism in the persons of economic royalists!—a country split into 17 nationalities and 37 religion.

Only question that protrudes is—how much of the edifice (citadel) will survive the fun?

Thomas Paine was a fifth columnist of his day and a fourth-estater, to boot.

The best we had in finks those days were tories and their survival strain is strong for the pedigree lives today

Methinks the concilliators will run short of marbles in this latest jackpot and it is well the workers organize a One Big Union and salvage at least their own welfare from the general devastation that is almost due to come.

No argument is needed for the working class knows it had no hand in bringing about these miserable conditions.

The conditions simply ran away from the drivers and there is no hope of remedy there…

World has seen fifth columnists of both left and right gender (as capitol-lobbys’)—but much of the acquired by the natives in their missdirection of patronage, political preferment and special privilege.

The “purge” occurs in the camp of economic royalists—hence the cry: “Business Man For President.”

That’s what you’re sitting on today—a hot seat—and you built the fire. And that is what France is sitting on—after all the good work 5th columnist Thomas Paine did.

## FR\_53614

Briggs Union Claims Gains

Eighteen “distinct gains” were claimed by the U.A.W.—C.I.O. in new contract…

Writes W.P. Brown, president of the company.

The employees “have accepted a contractual obligation to be members in good standing during the life of the agreement we have just completed,” Brown wrote.

“Therefor they should pay their dues promptly and take an active part in the affairs f the union so that proper and responcible representation may be assured.”—

What’s the joker?

Is the U.A.W. now signing agreements “to be members in good standing”?

A delinquent member then is not “responsible”?

Is that it?

Possibly the collection of dues was of doubtful prospect, so Mr Brownsplea comes in nick of time.—just in case those eighteen “distinct gains” don’t stick out far enough.

Are the opposition workers responsible for the sins of the paid up members—and if there be only one paid up member does the agreement apply to him only? Ohshucks!

## FR\_53616

I

Politicians in the preservation of the parasites system cure economic maladjustments with flame-throwers, flit-guns… “Seat!”—hokus—pokus, presto, pronto.

They have no other remedy—a pair od crutches for “decoration.” (Gimme a cartoon on that)—

They tell me the only reason cannibals began eating preachers (5th Column) was because they (the wild men) ran out of Mrs. Wagners Pie—nothing to it that “the ministers are better eating”; just emergency fodder, till something better falls in the net. Same hold true to the present day buck-baiting.

Greed is root of all money…

Failure of the League of Nations to cut the mustard was before hand best known to the fathers of the idea; also during and after the fact. All that was hoped of it was the boltstering of the then extant monopolistic knaveries, two-by-four as they were, and a sort of recessional time-out; which later resolved coconuts in a hurricane but spreads out like dandelions and mushrooms after the spring floods.

Workingclass seems to be sulking in its tent.

This seems strange inasmuch as each member has a sphere of influence in which no other member can function as well or fully—it is idle to say “some one will tend to it”—no one else can—others might cross that sphere but not cover it; hence, the weak spot in the armor of our defence. These spheres are interlocking and to get 100 per cent unionism in the fabric of emancipation, action must be had from all workers—no man is better, no man is worse—each has a field in which to function.

Cover that field and you have done well!

Cover the field in which your influence is best.

Greatest problem of the workingclass is selfpreservation and conservationand present condition of the greater portion of the workingclarr indicates past efforts to drive the wolf from the door have been unequal to the occasion (Some one has been sitting-out the dance and others weren’t at the dance at all.

## FR\_53617

II

I’m not bawling you out, or you, or you, or you—how does it come I know so much about it?

Simple as falling off a log—I, too, have been derelict to duty.

My point is, preservation of the workingclass does not begin after you are in a grave; it begins here and now, while you are alive, young, strong and full of pep and viniger…

The younger generation is making almost superhuman efforts, same as did we of the ~~the~~ sourdoughpersuasion, of the past, to set up houskeeping under the identical economy that promises so much and blesses so little, proving in the end a dismal and stupenduous failure with but few exceptions and fewee expectations

How little we knew and they know that they and we were licked at the post before the start; that the race was a long one and that the first and last miles were slowest. We never know what will happen next—but we can expect the worst.

From time immemorial it has happened however that when they put a uniform on us we began to swell so much that we busted out in the seams and we had to step out and procure uniforms size one or two larger, or extra strong ~~strong~~ seams—for it would never do to circumscribe the natural expansion of our irrepressible, eternal youth. The same thing might in all reasonableness occur did the workers dress themselves in the garments of the One Big Union; the fabric of freedom, and emancipation from all slavery other than self-imposed as a whole…

Some unions have already secured a form of industrial democracy in the sense that their isolated power and solidarity makes for a condition where in their desires meet with favorable consideration In all minor requirements. the employer set-up is chaotic in the extreme, a condition wherein the lesser and more backward of industries serve ad a stooge for the greater and more ruthless of industrial chiselers and were it not for the tolerance of the workers the marvel of it is it continues to function in a fashion.

## FR\_53618

III

American people have coughed up Billions of Dollars to subsidize a picayunish world trade, in protection and direct first-aid to shippers. Labor has tossed in his all including his shirt. Rather than produce for home use, domestic consumption, the American people are trying to ram the so called surplusses and products of speed mania adown the throats of foreign customers—that thin scrawny line. It’s all for defense to enforce the sale of our commodities the world over. Yessir, we’re sticking out 50 million dollars for a battleship to protect each thousand dollar export. But (as it happens sometimes) the life of a battle ship is several years, the value of foreign trade almost equals the cost of the protection offered.

Thus it is the foreign purchaser pays for our exports once (when he doesn’t welsh or be put in a doghouse) and American people pay a second time in the cost of military or naval encouragement.

I mean, all the people here shell-out hard cash to subsidize the special rackets of the few.

Must be something special in the line of clay, those transmarine shippers that pass the hat among among the populace?

• • •

We have heard much lately about the “deathly slowness” of democracy.

How true it is? They are slow to war and quick to peace—that’s why they prefer democracy.

They have no cause for war.

Democracy however is too slow for the economic royalists and, inasmuch as they do not propose to go to war themselves, they prefer dictatorship; totalitarian or by gentlemen’s agreement—so as to make the common people jump around lively.

• • •

Empire builders have come to the end of their rope and it looks as if their holdings will suffer foreclosure—not only the few garden spots wrenched from Germany, but all of them. Quite a haul, hey?

This can be understood when we consider the discomfiture of our own inland empires once capitalism had ran its its course on the golden west and further expansion and

## FR\_53619

IV

exploitation was arrested. The same holds true to colonial empires; and wailing, gnashing of teeth and a newer capitalism is in order—the older will not work under any circumstances

Out of this war will probably emerge an economic commission, outside of political or military influence, and they will try to plan out an economy that may begin to function and gather such nicety of equity that the the good people may be either mollified, satisfied or actually happy.

Wishful thinking? Fatalistic? You telling me?

The workingclass is wholly unprepared to cut the redtape of stiff-necked acquiescense—they are unorganized.

Join the IWW even if you have to step out and beg, borrow or discover the money…

It is pitiful really, heartrending! Their beloved capitalist system’s got the dysentery and, although the profits are still rolling in, the economic royalist dread that the frustrated professionals may take a notion to decomphasise the royalist’s ears—about all they can do in an emergency of this kind is murder-off the the starryeyed workers and then blame the shortage of pemmican on the late lamented war (here they splatter a few tears from the bottom of their busom). “Capitalism must be saved,” they shout from the top of their bellows, “and the best way to do it is jump across the pond and fix Heinies clock.” Same as securing economic security by producing shells, pinwheels and firecrackers; safety of the republic by making airplane pilots of the CCC and pure blooded collegians. Pure undiluted brains! that’s what they have and I do not wish to quarrel with them—were I to crave a quarrel I would hunt me up a regular insane asylum and have ito ut with the certified half-wits or quarter-brights

## FR\_53620

V

No? They’ve got to steaö that bread, peck at it, scrap—and then fly away. Goombye! They didn’t want it.

“Self” is losing all the battles in Europe—it’s a regular program that finds each successive campaign devoid of sufficient support. Not that it makes any difference, for no part of war is sensible and no part of capitalism is worthy of defense.

Personally, I am selling nothing and buying nothing.—and I don’t think Hanrahan’s Acres has any claim on my military prowess.

Isolation?

When you are on the wrong side of the fence, isolation is the one policy you have left (They even isolate the more violent maniacs)—from Europes incessant slaughters.

USA is selfsufficient—except for tin.

Use silver—or alloy.

No we do not yet have to give-up the ghost as republic; altho plenty heirs-apparent are fingering their crying-towels and silken snot-rags.

We can go on and build upon the republic a commonwealth that is more in align with modern (as well as past) requirements—if we so desire.

Hobo in hostile territory isolates himself before the town-clown isolates him—and retains his freedom.

A worker quits before the boss fires him.

It’s a question—do you want to isolate yourself voluntarily or wait until economics forcibly isolates you? Think you can outgeneral the barter system? You’re good if you can; but its going to take plenty gold-filler from your teeth—and you know how you love gold. Since several Satans took-over the supervision of the Hell, known as war, it has been tough on the elite social pillars such as parasites and exploiters; never knowing what minute a 27.000 h.p. bomb is going to drop in bed with them and have their sad remains plastered all over the State-Room walls

## FR\_53621

VI

That ain’t so bad (or the sleepless nights) but when the “army-heads” start confiscating all their worldly gatherings, that’s what hurts; that means “go to work.”

Could anything be more terrible—after years and years of plundering through the peoples pockets, to the third and fourth generation, they have to crawl out of the barbwire corrol without a dime in their pocket—telling about the greatness of their ancestors.

Unless they have had the presense of mind to keep a grouchsack in some tranquil foreign land of sheepherders. Notice how the industrial giants in Europe are hightailing for parts unknown—closely followed by the various governments. (to seats of safety).

Not that politicians have cold feet—they simply distain to take pot-luck with the defenders of the capital, because they wish to shout orders long after the army has surrendered; just to show their uncompromising bravery by remote control

They declared the war (at the instance of the raggedy plutocrat we just now seen crawling through the barbwire ropes) but they never stay to fight the war. Ah those good old days when the Swedish kings died in battle’s front-lines!

I hope the day will never come when our brave politicians want to move our capital from Washington, first to Haggerstown and then to Lincoln, Nebraska! Hold your tears—even if Thyssen did lose his poke—it is too early to shed tears (bite your lip).

Radio announces “power to the hateh peace or carry on war is taken from the hands of politicians and is given to Army Generals.”

Don’t cry just yet—that move leaves the politicians “cleans as a hounds tooth” for future skullduggery…

Say, are you going to cry or ain’t you?

They floundered ‘round in Flanders

In the mud up to their necks…

Oh heck, I had the war to end in this merry month of June but now—

## FR\_53622

VII

Plenty of pineapples ~~apples~~ must be dropt, many bottoms must be busted and it looks as if there will be fireworks on 4th of July…

Washington DC

Senate refuses to take Finland’s war-debt payment come Saturday? This I hear is because “the old rancher, Kallio (Rock), President of Finland, refused to skeddadle from Finland when the Russians paid him a visit last winter.”—

That isn’t it at all, t’was Mrs Kallio, sez she:

“Hey pop, you better stick around or else”… then the radio got the heebie-jeebies and went off in a tangent: “Reemember the valley you’re leaving.”

They floundered ‘round in Flanders Field

In mud up to their ears…

All for “dear old plutocracy” and possible pien a la mode (pronounce, pile-o-mud).

Chimerical, what?

Christian civilization (exploitation of man by man).

Western civilization (exploitation of myn by man).

European civilization) exploitation of man by man).

ETC., far into the night…

The whole spells CAPITALISM—of, by and for capitalists. Sayeth the hobo as he came mincing into the jungles, eating a jelly sandwich: “the dissolution of the parasites racket is taking on proportions that are general and 50 percent complete. The hobo has been and is disspossessed; the State will be disspossessed (as is evidenced by the fate of Belgium, Denmark, France, Holland, Norway and doxen other political units). Japan tells world’s leading commercial power’s better vamoose from China while the goings good”—Harr’m’f there goes our markets!”—

I wonder where the hoboes get all that high learning? Says he is an ex-chemist.

## FR\_53623

VIII

An average hobo soon finds out that if the town be poor (hungry) and if the competition for lunch (lumps) be keen he must not depend on the restaurants alone to supplu his “feed;” lest it be some day he discovers the “mob” had “beat him to it.”

And as things get worse under capitalism, the hobo learns that each and every businessman or professional, in any town, is fair game for his “requisitions.”

And if conditions get still worse, as they positively will under capitalism, then our noble hobo learns that he must canvass the dwellings and such outlying industries as slaughterhouses, gluefactories and cemetaries—mebbe have to step out a mile or two and bum the farmer. Not a pretty picture, and its going to take a pile of window-dressing to outargue an empty cupboard and twelve million unemployed.

It wont do to call brigadage “special privilege” and special privilege “ free enterprise”—its still the same thing (first make the law and then skin the neighbor according to law.)

Let’s get back to the subject, F.W. Linotyper:

Several of the go-getter nations improved upon the hobo’s discoveries—they discovered that they could not thrive by accepting tribute only from few colonies or mandates and that they must expand their empires to include more, and more territory and eventually the whole of lord’s footstool…

All in a legal way—first the law and then the take; where law is not, a law they make. Be there a flaw, f’r heaven’s sake! they have a thought—a law they fake.

Both these elements failed of putting their house in order and have fallen on evil ways. The nations did not correct their economies and put their industry upon substancial base; the hobo failed of joining the workers One Big Union and demanding (getting) the full value of his production. So both are on the bum—using all manner of persuation from cannon to the blast of a dying calf. The hibo however is the more stiff lipped.

## FR\_53625

III

Action of itself is not fast enough:

Much conjecture is going on among the worlds hystericals—let that pass: hysteria is a poor substitute for reasonable action.

In our own country the mimic wars going on between the workers unions brings up the old saying: “For they know not what they do.”—

As a critic I must point out:

Competition as between these unions for supremacy was OK in theory but things have moved so fast in the recent months that the time-allowance for such worthy objective forbids and will defeat it. Therefor, logic dictates that the workers grab the bull by the horns, join the Industrial Workers of the World and accomplish the thing by instateneous “choice” instead of by years of competition—only to fail or succeed too late.

Wars in Europe indicates what happens to divided nations—same will happen to warring unions,

See you in the chain-gang. S’long.

Things are happening so fast in this blitzkrieg that a French peasant, far from wars turmoils, may retire and wake up to find a Nazi cooking breakfast on his cook stove

Blitzkrieg? And you can’t get the American worker to act—to say nothing about fast movers…

Wont it be a surprise when American labor wakes up and finds a stranger juggling around with his electric percolator; his can of Martinson’s—stark empty. Boy, bring the crying towels—for I would weep.

• • •

The Belgian Sir Render has a precedent in the evacuation of Trondheim by the Brittish—only for different reason. In the former the Brittish moved out when the going got tough; in the latter the Belgish king laid down his cards out of pure love for Belgian property and substance—having chosen the wrong side of the argument, the land of his natives was transformed into a battlefield

## FR\_53626

IV

The foreigners have no kick coming.

Possibly to the youthful king harked back to the beautiful breakfasts a la king and compared them with a possible barbwire-mush a la concentration camp. Ho hom, the preparedness of the Westwall and Maginot did not prevent war, did it?

Seems to me it only improved the quality.

The Brittish fleet didn’t prevent the war, did it?

Seems to me aal those preparations were just so much workers wealth tossed into a stinkhole. Aw, go on, toss in another billion—you may as well be crazy as the way you are.

Progress:

GAR has been in training the past week for the Decoration Day Parade—I imagine there was quite a demand for Omega Oil and Sloan’s Liniment. It will be remembered the boys in blue fought the boys in gray over the question of splitting the union of states, as it appeared.

It did not appear on the chart, at the time, that the missunderstanding was over the question of chattel slavery and what is now recognized as wage slavery—the question of emancipation of negroes, from chattel slavery into wage slavery and home relief, came much later as a by-product of the war. Such questions as the relative merit of chattel and wage slavery would never come up did the nation have the guts of a frightened rabbit and embrace industrial democracy for a running mate to political democracy.

Of course it you would court perdition, clasped in the tentacles of “slavery days,” who am I to toll you nay?

## FR\_53627

V

One example here that sticks out is modicum of job-control secured by several of the separate unions in several industries in part. Job-control is OK in itself but when the control is divided as between several competing unions it is not of the value to the workingclass that is should be and enters as a weapon in the hands of the employer in the sense that he can perpetuate the division in workers ranks by kossing his patronage to whatever union at will

NLRB election doesn’t apply because of the employers habit of weeding-out recaleirants and replacing them with new-blood of whatever proper type he chooses. Another employer may foster an entirely different union (hiring at their hall) etc and so a three (4) point split is created in workers ranks and no happy landing. Did the workers first organize a ONE union before they “went in for job-control” then the weapon would be in workers hands instead of the employers The present amount of job-control, if in the hands of one union, would swing the rest in line and the victory would be complete without further adoo or stuttering.

Coordination of job-controls is not the remedy. So I guess it resolves itself into simple arithmetic—organize first you One Big Union

Job-control under present set-up does no bring you One Big Union; One Big Union under any set-up brings you complete job-control.

I hear there’s a war going on in Europe—and the allied armies are being cut-up piecemeal, divided in three parts in the trap on Belgia-French border. How familiar that all sounds when we consider the divisions in the American workingclass—

Divide and conquer seems to be the rule; clearly an employer tactic.

## FR\_53628

VI

Armies and navies and nations are but mere puppets in the hands of capitalism. Question of nationality does not pertain because it is merely one of the baits and one afflicted with nationality degenerates into a confirmed “knocker”—not an enviable accomplishment—conjuring up real and imaginery atrocities when, in truth, the whole human family is in need of extensive improvements and repairs of major proportions…

Oh when will we learn to accept human beings as they are, daguerreotypes, and not as we wish the to be.

Recitation of human faults does drive the reciters insane, it is their audience that goes batty or takes to strong drink; for the ear-drum has no stimulation like the vibrant vocal chords—of course, if both, the audience and the speaker take turns at “running down” people a fuller life is had by all.

Singing “Hold The Fort” or “Star Spangled Banner” or “Parle Yuox” brings the same result.

String out a bunch of cuss words; here again the vibration of vocal chords cools your troubled soul and you are whole. (If you cant swear good, drop a flat iron on your toe).

It is a pity that present day economy in Europe must be wrecked before a new economy can be established—not that I love present day barbarisms so well, but because of the cost and suffering involved to the workers.

Had the workers organized in one union only, ignored the cries of special privelege for more bait and ceased fostering the interest of their exploiters, all that expense and suffering could have been avoided.

The overfed family cat win not attack attack you just because you turn a dead ear to its meow.

## FR\_53630

(4

The relief-eaters could stand the saltpeter if they had something else to go with it—chopped veal and macaroni, for instance.

Saltpeter is particularly violent with tomato sauce, peaches and vinegary pickles.

“Roosevelt ‘3 Horse Team’ Died With the Buggy Days.” sayeth Federal farm experts.

Better go look again. Three horse teams are common on threshing machine water tanks—all is not yet oil. Note: I once drove a one horse team in Michigan. The other nag couldn’t stand up after walking to the job, so me and Rex did all the work—Dan browsed in brushpile. All thee of us worked “day work” and put in full time.

Yes I think the Sup. Court laid down on Franklin and they should be pastured.

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler who turns out some bum doctors in Columbia Univ, is tickled pink over the defeat of the Child Labor Law in New York. Nick is still well with in his first hundred years and is now in Bermuda inhaling the breath of the famous onion-sets. (Was)—Come to think of it there must have been something phoney about that law od they would have let us look at it. Mebbe they wanted to cripple it before they killed it? Anyhow it doesn’t look as if they had many marbles.

## FR\_53631

(5

When the United States took over Phillipine Islands and laid the cash on the barrel-head, it found much of the wealth of those sorry islands in the hands of the Church. How it got there is beside the point. The point is the goodly Church did disgorge most of it and, be it said to the everlasting glory of Uncle Sam that he used only moral suasion.

It seems the church is not averse to “laying by” a little for a rainy day, contradicting the old saying tomorrow takes care of itself.” It seems then that riches is not dross to the church but only to the sinners and that the altar gold is imperuious to fire and s not coroded by rust. (or corrupted by greed)—

But it would seem ~~fitting~~ ~~and~~ logical that if the worshipers must of needs dwell in hovels and shacks that it is fitting ~~that~~ the house of the Lord shall also be a hovel and shack. (Please do not tell me all the worshipers would not fit in a shack. You have no premise. Count rather the empty pews, empty sermons and empty heads—way down south the whole congregation fits in a shack and the number of worshipers exceeds the “attendance” of a gilded marble front cathedral.)—

The cost of the cathedral would properly house the whole of the congregation. Amen.

So that’s where the money went? An empty church on every other corner and salvation citadel in between?

So it would seem riches has an attraction that the church cannot resist and consequently garners great forboding piles of it without ~~the~~ regard for a day of reckoning. This attraction persists and it is not strange that it finds favor with the shack dwellers and hovel havenors; for resplendent temples and ricketty lean-tos do not make sense.

In Spain the loyalists found much of the city of Madrid private property of the church. Banks were bulging with the treasures of the church and people had nothing (God must have worked overtime blessing the soul-saving industry?)—

## FR\_53632

(6

Spain is a country rich in minerals, sulphurs and such—exportable raw materials—and the nation should be well-to-do. But, inasmuch as only church and few other exploiters have the mone, we are forced to the conclusion professional exploiters do not frisk the church. Why? What service does the church perform that makes it immune to the standard stick-up of the genteel thieves, racketeers and grafters. Can It be professional ethics ~~that~~ stays the hand of the robber barons and that, after all, there is honor among thieves.

## FR\_53634

(D

Only for the sake of comparison we might observe that Europe has great confidence in diplomacy to pull them out of the cesspools of bad politics and worse economics. It actually seems that each nation believes that their salvation depends upon having the most skilled conniver present their aspirations to other equally skilled connivers of other nations.

They might do better it the took aspirins od Stears head-ache tablets, for its like a bum bumming other bums thru an intermediary; whatever that means.

In this country too, labor has great reliance on open covenants openly arrived at with the boss; peace treaties etc. They seem to think “all it takes” is send their brainy boys to meet the sweet singers of the master and they fail to realize—if they get anything from the boss the boss gets less…

Its going to take much good yodeling to make the master loosen-up, ie: “How’s the vegetable soup?”—”Same as hash, only looser.”—

Then again they send their delegates to the shores of the Potomac to lobby for oysters for the workingclass They want this and that la; no gravy, ketchup or worchester sauce—and, unless I’m mistaken, the masters exucutive board will get the habit and give them plenty; just like Europe and Oregon boot.

However, over in Europe, after the sweets singers are n proper positions, the headman De lad deah, or somebody, orders the marine band ~~to~~ strike up Grenadier Gaurds and threatens to drop pineapples into Fritz’ or Giovannis root-celler.

The song is gone sour and the dear folks long for the whine of the bullets on Rhine

And thus it is good music lies down beside the warriors for bad music has better standing up qualities—like a dirty story.

## FR\_53635

(4

~~eternet~~

Woke up stiff all over (lumpy bed). I had inadvertuntly spread two sheets of newspaper in one spot. The IWW is a labor saving devise it reduces the number of cooks, makes the broth better and saves on the overhead––no sense in double-cracking the officialdom. One set off officials is enough for any given industry

Nationalistic philosophy ordains that neighboring nations be carved up into small areas with an officialdom that shames the glory that was Rome––every national “crossroads” shall then maintain an ambassador and legation in 147 different countries at terrific expense, champagne and caviar, waves of sweet words and Chesfieldian bows –– and the great nation of Higgins Corners goes bankrupt.

Europe doesn’t need 147 kings, queens duces, fuchrers and presidents –– one good battle-washer would be sufficient, to cover the field.

America doesn’t need sixty-eleven labor-leaders –– one good bookkeeper could handle it working five minutes a day –– better still if he took a half holiday every day…

Skip the introduction: I have tried to raise it from these Philistines but the people evidently believe you don’t have to be a contortionist to say no.

Whereas if they said yes, they might throw their vocal chords out of joint and become speechless for the rest of their lives; lost chords and stuff like that. Clearly it is a matter of least resistance, in fee simple. As any philosopher will tell, for they all live in attics and basement apartments.

Note: Fee simple is a cussword from the days of the boiled-beef empire.

Sometimes I think the people are worse off than I am myself and I have a mind to tell the FW editor: if you want these writings, come and get ‘em.

## FR\_53636

(B

Or shall I bring them?

Madam wants two cents “to get home with.”––

She must have a good home? Something like those kings in Europe.––

Il Duce, direct descendant of Paul Bunyan, says: “cutting the Mediterranean in two is farthest from his thoughts and least of his worries –– no blue ox.

All down the apes it has been that some made haste to grab the best piece –– that’s how I won my name T-bone Slim; I use to beat the strawboss to the T-bones –– but I did it in spirit of mischief. There are men however who reach for the best in dead earnest… That is why organized society started standardizing lumps and wrapping them up in cellophane so as to hide the fact that each piece is worse than its mate…

Now it happens that few dozen men have grabbed about everything that makes for the advancement of the human race and ran the nations economy into a doldrum––nothing more to grab… The system is on its last legs and governments are obliged to step out and supply light diet to the starry-eyed citizens. I wouldn’t be a bit surprised if governments found in the last days that it is necessary to start spoon-feeding these big shots in the industrial arena and ration off to them a proper parasites share…

It is out of reason to assume that the starry-eyed natives would have the gumption to organize a “privilegeless” distribution –– or make the dog drop those sausages…

The Greeks had a word for it, “goofy.”

Now it comes out, “a single bomb hit an apartment house in Barcelona killing seven hundred.”––

That bomb was something special, if not devilish––but was the apartment a military objective?

Vain dream, for soldiers, half-berserk in the field, are incapable of compassion for victims of remote destruction––even so as are the bombers, but

Dearest in the world may perish, exigences of extant insanities must be carried out.

US has a six pound bomb that explodes louder than half a gallon of baked beans.

## FR\_53638

(B

The workers of U.S. positively refuse to take-over the sad remains of the parasites system, at this time, because all available shekels are sunk in good roads for the pleasure-bent, super-bridges for tge shop-keepers (also good diving-off places) and other such specimens of grandeur as modern jails, dams, canals, ocean-barness, parks, modicum of bait for the poverty stricken warriors in foreign lands, plus modernization of backward countries etc—sell ‘em one super-car and one super-plane and the next thing we know the foreigners are underselling us in our own products—foreign trade in a competitive starvocracy.

Super-Ego—the other guy isn’t supposed to have any marbles of his own.

But I am reminded: “Gee whia! look it all the gold we got in them yar hills and all the debts we can repudiate simply by saying all right, Vandervoort, whistle.”—

Horse dandruff! Do you think the commonwealth of toil is as crooked as the chiselers oleogarchy—its all greasy as whade-oil lubrication Nosir, we want no part of the parasites system, at this time—for we are hep to the fact that outgoing politicians maneuver so as to put the incoming polecats into a hole—it stinks.

Nosir. The score is nothing and nothing (0-0) and we start with the crack of the bat…

When and I we start.

We cannot live on our reputation and as we grow older we must realize reputation makes for inaction. Well and good, we must concede that reputation is the voice of experience and valuable in that sense only. However, that is no reason why the experienced should intrude their reputation into experiences other that their own. They should sound-off their experiences and not try to hog further experiences after the measure of life is full.

## FR\_53639

(E

When we secure unity of purpose there will be a different arrangement here and we will see if the boss will agree “on nothing!” So long as workers are divided among two or more unions in the same industry they are handicapped to a very great extent.

They dread to even ask the boss for a raise in wages for fear the boss will turn to the other union and sing: “Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, how you can love.”—

Those are fighting words, monsignor!

It is then that the salvation of the ship depends on militants for they do say: “so long as the sailors are swearing the ship is safe.”

Bend an ear once to their well-rounded “luciferications” and do not cross their bows.

The pay is dreadfully low; a mere percentage. Conditions backside and whenever accommodations or animal-comforts “break down” they are left “unrepaired” until the militant politely inquires: “what the hell is going on here?” The grub is but a small improvement over the cuisine of the relief line

Can it be the sailor imagines that he is a reliefer an a worker at the one and same

It’s going to take a pile of direct action to make the bill of fare jump back to its former momentary and temporary glory and its going to take a pile of continuos yodling to keep the grup pure and holy You don’t have to come ashore to eat and you can’t fght your fellow worker and make a success of it. Seabiscuit and salt-horse cause scurvy and teeth rot away in the gums—all for the lack of fresh fruit. Fruit is dumped into the sea and fish have no scurvy. Lime juice is good substitute—substitute

Better put an inspection on supplies!

Artificial Choppers

Store-teeth cost something you HAVE NOT GOT

Few, few, fat men amnong the mariners.

## FR\_53641

V

There might have been room for mild criticism of the Brittish seaman years ago when the galley was in the fé’stle and the rations came down in two tin-dishpan—dessert once a week—but today all that is forgotten and the seamen have succeeded in dishing the Clyde new blueprints and the steward a new set of rules of etiquette.

Of recent sorry date some of the skippers on foreign ships have been chiseling on the promised pay agreement when they verbaly shanghai American seamen, as well as short changing them on the ham and eggs later.

This indicates that unionism isn’t wide awake, and that it should be world-wide in scope.

Not only that, West-Coast agreement doesn’t seem to hold and many of the finer points such as overtime is overlooked—shipowners living on the fat of the land.

Mule wont work after sunset.

In the early days before any medium of exchange was invented masters would not and could not carry home the workers production and workers had to pack the stuff into the bosses bins…

Heluva note!

Then the Phoneyseions invented money.

Today the master can carry home thousand workers’ production in his hip pocket and never bat an eye. It’s a good thing it wasn’t postage stamps?

In recent days however some of the practical jokers in Europe went back to the “barter ssystem” and now it looks as if the boss will have to do some heavy lugging or workers will be forced to keep their production, themselluf.

## FR\_53643

I

~~It is reported that when George Bernard Shaw stepped to the front to take his bow amidst terrific applause a strong voiced singer in th gallery yelled—”Boo”—.~~

~~“I agree with, sir” said G.B.S, “but after all what are we two against so many?”~~

Spirit of mischief and spirit altruism seem to be perenial blooms in the garden of human relations—what else is there?

They tell me it takes 4500 calories in food form per day to keep a man in prancing condition—reading from left to right: Breakfast, 3 porkchops, half a grapefruit and 1½ cups of Mocha-Java; dinner, double-sirloin, pie a la mode and coffee; supper, lambchops (4) or double veal steak smothered in tomato’s and black tea.

Rhubarb on Sunday, prunes on Friday etc.

This is the simplest of regimen and one who has not observed these requirements is depriving his country of an able bodied citizen.

Lions and tiger in France zoo have not been deprived of the meat rations (18 pounds per beast per day) although the country is on a base of 3 meatless days per week However the lions and tigers go without meat one day a week—for the sake of “streak of lean”

And I do most Psalmlemly proclaim a man is every bit as good as a lion or tiger and I want to point out—that 18 pounds of lion food will feed 6 poilus in grand still. Further more, why not cook those lions and tigers e’re the time comes when we’ll have to feed ‘em French men, Here in this country we worry about the sparrows and pigeons board, to good purpose and-I’m sorry to say—even stoolpigeons and other pillars of ultra-respectabillity aren’t as well off.

Goulahash and other hash seem to be the chief evidence of our prosperities—a matter of 850 calories

We’re getting so we can’t lift a hand—even in prayer.

## FR\_53644

II

There is considerable militancy in the rank and file of the National Maritime Union—some of it of the best. But I notice a move on foot to curb that militancy or neutralize its beneficial effect upon the organization. In a recent issue of their publication the “National office must again remedy you that the program of efficiency and economy is not being carried out.”

It seems the membership in some ports held special meeting recommending that Dispatchers be placed on payroll, janitor pay be raised and stenographers be hired. All these are nescessary part of a militant union that wants to grow and retain its selfrespect and the respect of the thousands still unorganized. There is no excuse for any criticism on that score, in periods of wartime profits, especially in view of the fact the membership was using its own money and finally, membership knows best being directly in contact with any condition that may obtain in the several ports.

I see further “the National Council at its last meeting passed a resolution that the National Maritime Union, as such, would not tolerate any longer any members carrying books of dual and hostile unions.” This was later ratified in the several ports by the membership then being present—the force of the law rests on the words “would not.”

But its seems the National Council, that instigated this drive for intolerance and against militancy, fails of seeing that the National Maritime Union is itself a dual union. I do not see in view of the above items how the NMU can afford to purge any part of its membership unless it wishes to surrender to the shipowners soul, body and baggage, create a body of milkfed youth and mollycoddles—live in a fantasy of union purge while the masters rig up a greatest labor-turnover the maritime world has ever known—a reality

I do not believe any great number of NMU endorse said program—even on the strength of those brand new books; a part of the program at double-cost.

Economy hey?

## FR\_53645

III

We hear much nowdays about unemployment and right to work…

Right to work means right to be exploited by an employer and unemployment mean opportunity to starve without one, fall heir to illness or strike your colors and accept of relief standards. Both situations are odious in the extreme and make for like situations in the future.

Social security is every bit as ambiguous as the other two

What the workers want is not “the right to work” or denial thereof: they want the right to live n every fullness of life, sip of its nectars and enjoy its perfections and let no man, purge him of the wonders he produced

Enforced social security he doesn’t want for he is security in himself and his organization Will o the wisp is what the workers chase when they pursue “right to work” or social security for they are secure in themselves and their right to work is inalienable

Organize then ye workers proclaim your rights and declare your security.

I do not have to tell you “what or “how—you are doing the organizing.

Workers control even the blowing of the whistle both to start and to knock off. If we wait for the employer to blow the whistle we would be loosing-out on daylight saving-tme (day-vision) and we would have to eat lots of carrots so we could see good in the dark (and I’m not referring to dreams and nightmares).

Better leave the whistle-cord in our own hands so that the work time shall remain in proper hours. You know best!

One hour knocked off the workday may not cure the unemployment but that doesn’t mean the

## FR\_53646

IV

philosophy (idea) is out of tune with the problem. Next day another hour might be chopped off and soon until only half the work-hours remained

I am quite sure when this ideal is reached the cure shall have been complete, for wise men tell me: “Shorten the hours and wages will take care of themselves”—after all, demand for labor-power is a contributing factor in the encouragement of the boss to boost the wages (assumption is the workers are organized or they wouldn’t have to the shorter hours and unemployment still would be in a state ill-repute.)

Over 11.000.000 unemployed are still hugging the sunnyside of buildings these cold spring days—say one-third of the workingclass, of the production for use”…

That’s where they are in this country, on the lea-side of building or wall… over in Europe the unemployed are on the battle field

The boss, the employer, has a heart that expands surprisingly when he is shorthanded for what ever reason, even so as it contracts equally as much and suddenly whenever the supply of labor power fullfills the demand. Therefor I am convinced that in the event of an emergency his heart would well and he would bid the wages high, temporarily at least. And even if does backslide and his heart shrinks to the size of a sweet-pea it doesn’t mean a thing other than that the workers should thereupon chop another hour off the workday and cause the employers heart to re-swell to the proportions it was before.

It does him good.

No. You cannot unite the workers by sticking up additional unions—that is division (I learned in school) and subtracts from the powers of the workingclass. One Big Union is the thing—not only worldwide but international and national; industrial in manned and form. For workers are in direct contact with their own industry and positively acquainted with the conditions

## FR\_53647

V

prevailing therein—complete knowledge always on tap. Few workers indeed wish to undertake prolonger study as to the griefs and “beefs” of their trade or craft in remote industries and would rather deal with the things with which they are familiar—industrially. Furthermore industrial unionism resolves the matter into direct question between one union and one employer and not as now one union against 937 employers—subject to the vagaries of several other trades or crafts working in each of the several industries; all contracts expiring on separate dates and all such card-bearers expiring without the nescessary 15 cents ferry fare across the River Styx to the Nirvanah beyond…

Looks bad boys! I guess we’ll have to swim for it unless the workingclass gets ultra-modern suddenly and joins the Industrial Workers of the World, to help put water wings on the boss.

Dearth of boating life almost persuades me to enter politics and discuss the weird and wolly performances of public servants…

I behold a can-shaker taking up collection for some worthy objection, on a windy day

What tryng times!

I observe a young lady approaching, digging into her purse, in the face of the wind—for she had observed from the distance that the young can-shaker was of marriageable age.

Girls are that way—helpful—in these trying times

Whereas, had I been the can-shaker she would probably want to take me out and drown me.

Well, if nobody wants the presidency—I’ll take it

## FR\_53648

VII

3 Ply Novel:

Theodore Dressler when he wrote the great “American Tragedy” used too many words.

“Rush, “Push and—”Hush” would have been sufficient.

• • •

After hunnert years of Brittish schooling India is 86 percent illiterate—pile of non-learning that.

• • •

Block-ade? In several of our more “blackout” states the percentage is 50-50—and several of the more enlightened states the illiteracy is 15%.

Recently however owing to “super-intelligence” in several of the states /whopper-intelligence) the political “big shots, not the kids, are skipping school.

• • •

Many liberals have a misconception that this raft of little angels, twins, triplets, quadruplets and quintuplets are going to find themselves in the army of unemployed when they grow up

Ego! sloppy thinking—to the contrary many a “prospector” and sheepherder will have to give up his traveling stove” (external blaze, with a handle on it) and his sourdough pan.

The prospectors, sheep herders and chicken ranchers should organize now and set a good example.

## FR\_53652

I

The Taxpayer—

Rockabye baby on the tree top

When you grow up you’ll be fed by a cop;

Fountains are dry and springs full of sand

So when you grow up you’ll drink from their hand.

• • •

Glorification of war and baseball should be discontinued in our Press. Minute accounts of plays by innings on baseball field and field of horror should not be permitted—it makes for hysteria. Mention of the winner and loser is sufficient.

Baseball should be seen; not heard.

War should be felt; not covetted.

Continue the detailed accounts of either and you destroy all thrill, including that in moderation and the (then) nuts will demand impossible exhibitions, moronistic sadism to assauage their cravings for simulation. Our papers are rotten, no kidding. Editorial comment is confined within the limits of a discourse on parks, plea for good roads, sewers and incinerators—in the latter case they could save time and energy by reprinting Cremation of Sam McGee once a week.

I fear their brain will crack rest of the way and fall in two pieces dry as chalk-stone or baked putty.

## FR\_53653

II

No code has set minimum wages high enough or maximum hours low enough to create the purchasing power and jobs nescessary to break the depression. The nose isn’t out of water yet—ain’t they afraid the man will drown?

• • •

The effect of acid cast upon thoroughfares:

Thos suffering from it leave a better finger print. Those breathing it cannot concentrate upon any subject matter except pictures, comics, sex and ballgames. Loss of memory and morals.

Drouth seems to smell heavily of carbon monoxide, medicated gasoline, pickled-railroads, perfumed box-cars (hydro-chloric-creosote) treated-water and liquid chlorine. (Isn’t there a way to make them “let up” before they destroy the world and themselves with it?)—

In language, fluent, waw and terse

I’ll say the world is getting worse

Centralization of industry is a munument to abysmal and persistant ignorance—upon advice.

Hysterical decentralization, upon advice, is another piece of foolishness. (The cure is centralize no more and live it down).

It is doubtful if politicians will decentralise fast enough and their consession will be decentralized for them.

Labor organization found long ago that when they fell for disguised centralization they went out of the picture. No debate; industry IS decentralizing.

## FR\_53654

III

There’s a rift in the clouds like a tear in the shrouds

And the sun comes barging through;

There’s a sweeter note in the bullfrog’s throat

And the sky seems pale—but blue.

But industrial life ever cuts like a knife

And the pain goes round with the clock:

No propellers turn where the longings burn

And the Master paces the dock.

## FR\_53655

IV

Death penalty seems rather a heavy punishment to lay on a man for sleeping in a box car, Such is the punishment however, the end slightly defered.

Here it might be argued the punishment is not a death penalty insofar as it lops off only the closing years of the slumberers life and might be classed as accelerated despatch to a haven of rest. Be that as it may, here is how it is accomplished:

The cars are doped with an illsmelling fluid; with but few exceptions. We wont go into the nature of the stuff, sufficient to say it makes the homeless one ill. We wont go into the motives, which are many and all pointing in one direction; sufficient to say the evidence is in those cars, a dark shade, stain, which exudes fumes for six months, possibly years, without recharging. Freight moved in those cars become as contaminated and the noble businessman and housholder hasten to make their wills––noble martyrs to the cause of brainlessness! But it would seem like a heavy penalty to lay against lunkheaded member of society who maintain orthodox beds and sleep on ostermoors. If a crime of poverty is committed why make the well-to-do suffer?

This sabotage is not being done by outsiders against the railroads. It’s against sleepers. There is no authorization for this or any senselessness. It is assumed power. Anyway, the sleepers in such will outlast those paupers that sleep on charity’s hot pillow; they are making the very best deal they can for self containment.

Delegated powers go squeegee.

## FR\_53656

V

A republic is a condition where people delegate their powers to representatives. The merits of such procedure are beyond my powers of comprehension. It would seem thought that delegation of power is certain instances reacts to the dissadvantage and detriment of the folks conscerned, in many ways. For instance, in the delegation of the powers of mercy and charity into hands of professional grafters it too often denatures the quality of generosity, denies the original donor of selfsatisfaction, demoralizes the agent and embitters the beneficiery. It’s ultimate position is an investigation, scandal. Delegation of power is based on neutral ground leaning heavily to modified slavery. All escence of freedom is relegated to on side, a sort of purgatory with all the chances in favor of prospective slavery and its concommitant, ultimate dissolution of the program.

Old men declared the last war, middle-aged men prevented this one, young men will put an end to the next foolishness.

## FR\_53657

VI

Sunshine is paramount; rain secondary.

Grass doesn’t grow in shade of low bridges. The verdure graduates to nothing, outside to inside, despite the moistures of running brook.

People do not thrive or prosper in slums.

• • •

Devoid of even a trace of luscious toffee

It isn’t a question of skill or of art;

He has good trade because he has good coffee

He has good coffee because of good heart.

Restaurant owner, one Mr. Meyers, tells a begger he “ain’t allowed” to help a hungry man. And i thought this is a free country? Mr. Meyers should be discouraged in the making of such remarks because they destroy the confidence we never had.

“Well,” says the bum, ‘spose ill have to go out and pull grass, and that is burnt up, by the drouth, every thing is burnt up including generosity; that’s because of delegated charity.––

The delegation of the power of charity into other hands serves the purpose of caring for the needy––plus graft. It’s the putting of additional cost on the donors, the maintenance of gentry who commercialized human misery––heartless monsters.

So Mr. Meyer is not allowed to dish out the sad remains of his delicious stew?

For some time we have noticed the merchants goose stepping to the tune of the Commercial Club but we did not think the regimentation had gone so far.

## FR\_53659

V

After the employers have every thing including our Sunday pants they say “boys, let’s arbitrate.” They are past masters in the art ow pouring oil upon trouble waters: a few greasy words from them and a double chin ossilates on labors 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 little blueish milk for labor in the bottom of the bottle.

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

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

Some of our fellow workers will misdoubt the feazibillity of oxchanging drivers with yurrup 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

## FR\_53660

VI

get what’s left over. It’s all show; no acting.

Read On:

All citizens who still have money abroad are subject to a decree that provides that “WHOEVER KNOWINGLY and UNSCRUPULOUSLY, out of sheer SELFISHNESS or other BASE MOTIVES, transfers his Wealth to FOREIGN LANDS or lets it REMAIN THERE, and THUS DAMAGES\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ECONOMY, is subject to SPECIAL TRIAL at which the maximum penalty is DEATH.—

(I’ve left out the Key-word but it might as well be in there because my fast thinking reader will say without stuttering: “The missing word is “GERMAN” and that “Goering has again put on his warpaint.”—) Don’t that look like “fair exchange is no robbery.”—but it didn’t get past Brer Hitler. Yes we can expect our industrial giants any minute now to trade their Jericho Steel works for a hamburger concession in Monte Carlo or a peanut stand in the Riviera—indeed we may have a Mussulman to captain our industry. RATS!!

For some few years now our industrial overlords have been situating surplusses from our production into foreign lands. It amounts to billions. Even the nation was hooked into sending other billions into the OLD WORLD during war time. The former would amount to treason were it not for the fact that those connivers can prove their insanity. Other overlords have been stampeded into dishing up surpluses earnings to labor in form of bonus.

## FR\_53661

VII

Look In Your Files, Boys.

Our country (good ol’ USA) is cursed with a scourge of philosophers, “ipsi, what you call it.” A philospoher is a man who knows little of everything and nothing much about anything. It is only when thorobread grief strikes them that exiegencies of the circumstance force them to think thru. They average an intelligence of about 2 per cent. (Labors average is much higher, say 60-40.) A philosfers background is moss grown and hazy and he lives in association of facts (a divided value) and a comparative world. He dares not embrace truth and fondles half truths to hide his inferiority complex (I don’t like that last word but pilosofers prefer it to the one I had on the tip of my tongue.)—

Let us have practical men who will weigh and consider things not by relation but by merit (unrelated merit, I was going to say)—(There goes the dinner bell!)—

Then there is the inherent sweetness of relationship, that cannot be denied, that gives the inter related objects and exaggerated weight in philosofical eyes and betrays their very reasoning. (Pretty near came saying it that time—men have probably been trying to say that since the world began).

Relativity then is false

(I’ve been called in that one).

## FR\_53662

IX

Silly Superman:  
They would not listen to profets. They would not listen to Roosevelt. Now, mebbe they’ll listen to LABOR. Ten million men have been jippen out of ~~a~~ jobs and several million women. Interlocking directorates: where three dozen millionaires raid hundred thousand industries. ~~of money galore~~. One million, then million, hundred million, billion, is chicken feed to them. Sillier three dozen never lived!

Shall the whole nation suffer because of three dozen money mad industrial lunatics?

That—is the question!

Labor should organize as one—voluntarily.

Organized they’ll be. But regardless of whether they organize or not THEY’LL FUNCTION… Sudden and voluntary organization of then million workers will make it easier on the knuckles and ssave much epidermis (excuse the latin)—”Gosh!”

“Will there be a fight, Slim?”—

“Hell no!” as they say in Oklahoma, “I was just discussing industrial persuits, hammer and chisel, sit downs and stuff like that. Fight? Pooh, pooh!—Peace will prevail for industrial overlords are gonna get sense like the Norwegian captain got religion.

But we’ve got to show ten million first.

Just now N.Y.C. (THE CITY) is in throes of labor-politico intrique—nuff sed.

About one murder a day—but do not be discouraged: We have 8.000.000 people. It will take eight-million days to kill off all the people and by that time there will be lots of new ones; some of them 21.918 years old; of politico-labor intrique doesn’t get ‘em before the eight million days is up.

That is sole product of labor-politico connivance. Organize One Big Union (of labor) and progress.

## FR\_53663

XI

Faith: (a conciet)—

New York Times is satisfied with the work of its recent editor, now expired and demised, Rollo Ogden. “The New York Times,” it says, “can do nothing better than pledge itself to carry on in the traditions of this great newspaper man.”—

That can mean only one thing twice: New York Times has found another superanuated editor and that we will have to go through the depression all over again. For I do most solemnly maintain, frailties of age effect both men and economic systems.

When I die, editor, if the Industrial Workers carries on in the noble traditions of mu hokum, I shall haunt it, so help me, I shall haunt it both night and day and on all legal holidays.

We don’t want any of that old crap. We want new stuff, just as it pours from the mill. Strictly fresh; fresher the better; even yea(h) unto “too fresh.” You’ve all ate five minute egg, I know, but did you ever try eating a thirty day egg in August? I have—and I know just how it tastes. Rotten, that’s how it tastes—so editor please, when I die, just close the lid and brush your hands. But before you close the lid slip in a box of Copenhagen snuff, just in case I have to do some haunting.

(Note for ye editor only: someday I will write you and article all eccentricity “Yippee!)

## FR\_53664

III

Old Song

(From Memory)

For two-thousand years with snactified tears

They’ve told us of a home up above

But here where we dwell they have made it a hell

(The while they ytet yodled of love).

Cho:

Tho they promise you a heaven

And they frighten you with hell

Tho they promise wing and golden harps

And other things as well

Tho they say that they would like to

Put a crown upon your head

But They wont do a darn thing for you…until you’re dead-dead-dead,

And now is the time to ring the new chime,

For I want my heaven right here

For the one in the sky in the sweet bye and bye;

Is a santy claus story I fear.

Cho: etc.

We have no quarrel with church.

It is a fine example of coopertative effort. The contributers may sleep under bridges, live in hovels and subsist on second hand food but on The Holy Sabbath they gather among the better surroundings, fixtures and appointments of the House of the Lord. Which, same, goes to show what united effort can accomplish.

We cannot blame the Servant of the Lord if he wants his congregation to have as good raiment, food and shelter as he himself has. But if in a life time of spiritual leadership he finds his congregation still in rags, living on charity and using the sky for a blanket it is high time that he appraise his stewardship. Rather than have a closed-shop of semi-well-to-do worshipers it might be a better part of valor for the preachers to step out in the by-ways and succor those that are in dire distress, despondency and despair—the cast-outs.

## FR\_53665

IV  
Anent Song:

We know not what to think of this song and the present writer (that makes black marks on paper) would gladly take credit for it, although properly guiltless.

It is a relic of the olden day when people were befogged and refogged by the leadership of the day to the tune of “My face is half in tears, my thoughts are are light and I see the sun tho it is not shining.”—

They sought surcease their sorrows of missplaced confidence and finally found it in industrial unionism, the Industrial Workers of the World—in the year of 1905. Since then they have learned to walk on their hindlegs! So, if anything, this song depicts the thoroughness of the search, right or wrong, and preseged the better things to come. The despair in it is self-evident, profound and—sincere. So it illbehooves any of us to stay our hand in th elightening of the burdens of labor with a solidarity that shall be the epic of the day.

Come old, some young; organize and stay organize

Ha! The Sun Is Shining.

## FR\_53666

It would be illegal to think that any good can come from selfappointed industrial autocrats; they appointed themselves not for the love of us but for the love of themselves. Even today, the Simon Legree 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 workingclass 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 Work-ox, their leg-man. (Too often leadership is twenty blocks behind.)

No Balm of Gilead resides in any so called upper-strata. Any surecase to our sorrows must come from the workers. All else is vanity.

When the workers cupboard goes in 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 spinach is fruit? They’ve been 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 vegetabules 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.

## FR\_53668

III

Workers in U.S.A. are distributed into so many different organization that it would take a champion statistician to name them all—war is going on between these, tho the tomahawk is buried and spirals of smoke are curling from the pipe of peace.

In the seafaring industry the M.T.W. 510 retains the loyalties f the most substancial seamen—not a small accomplishment in itself and which reacts to the benefit of both. Seamen should take note of this condition and associate themselves with the workers that get things done and are not for ever slipping and trying to regain the lost log.

Thousand and one different kinds of unions, all outflatted with Grand Rapids furniture—landlords too are deeply grateful for these small tokens of workingclass interest in their wellbeing. Many as the unions there are, fitted to the variable needs of the workers, there is hardly a place he can duck-in out of the rain—it is all pomp and splendor and labor pays the bill.

Labor is not getting any where subdividing itself that way. Improved as the wages are on the waterfront they are still out of all comparison with the war-profits the shipowner rakes in n the form of “ddirect-take” and governmental subsidies—not even camouflaged with “profit-sharing” or war-risk bonus

Was there ever a greedier employer?

Note: “profit-sharing” is merely sanctification for the exorbitant profits the employer wrings from an unsuspecting people—only few employers pass this out to the workers but it doesn’t cost them a cent.

Shipboard food can be described by inly one word—rotten. Ham and eggs for the captain.

General conditions are still only a step removed from from the barbarism that was 1912.

Militancy of the MTW 510 has never been questioned and many of the improvements is due to this active body. Methinks the seamen are losing out on a bet, when they squable among themselves. After all there is only one lasting remedy: organize the unorganized and

## FR\_53669

subdivide not yourself byt the “watches”—the hours.

• • •

HERESY:

It is said that one of our substancial citizen-workers bankrupted three Hoboken saloons by eating up all their free lunch. No mercy and no consideration! Another, a pillar of panhandling recites that he has spent the past ten years in jail with practically no lost time between jolts.

The last time he was laying his rope for a sentence a great hesitation afflicted him. “Finally,” he says, “I picked a guy who was snoring heaviest in a chair and sent him head first into the corner. Of course they had to send out and get a doctor to stitch him up and I got six months. “But you do not always have to go to such extremes to partake of government hospitality. You can bum the cop for a cigaret. This attracts his attention to you (You’re a major attraction now)—very naturally his roving eye follows your footsteps and he struggles to determine if it’s a habit with you or merely a flash in the pan.

Later however as the buxom dowager is digging into her purse as she enters a limousine, and hands you half a dollar, the cop is looking over your shoulder and says—what are you doing; did you beg this lady?”—you say, “officer, you just tend your business and I’ll tend mine.”—

“Come along,” sez he, and you’re good for 90 days and four-bits for tobacco (if the cops don’t frisk you).

Dammit, they don’t respect jail anymore!

All this would be unnescessary did the boys organize industrially and accept of the full product of their working years.

Other bums, economic tramps and intellectual half-wits, are trying to adjust the nations economy to the proposition of dishing up millions to the few and pennies to the many

Many choose jail.

## FR\_53670

VI

Harvester Co., Chicago, goes in for profit-sharing. Steel declares a divided in “common”—money rolling in like nobody’s business.

¼ million was added to army of unemployed as of February last and—get this—attendance at the ballgames is expected to drop

Displacement of labor continues apace—one man “Tends” 2.000 ton boat in New York harbor. Night and Day.

No, you don’t have to organize?

You can go on relief and learn to sing communist hymns—recently Pittsburg commies were brought up with a round turn for using the name of FDR Hm, I once knew a man who thought himself—Napoleon.

Nothing serious; just a bit of hysteria.

• • •

Darn this world anyhow—can’t sleep and read at once… cant’t sleep because the boys are fighting the war all over again; second-seeing the errors, terrors and tragedies of the past. If I lay down, those race-horses might step on me. Or, I might get beaned by a base-ball.

• • •

Where ever you find injustice, the proper form of politeness is attack

As Patrick Henry truthfully groaned: Shall we gain strength by lying on the flat of our shoulderblades until we are bound hand and foot.

• • •

Tis easier to sit down when you have la grippe—you go down—kerplunk!—all in a bunch. This morning when I glanced at the mirror I decided I better not go to heaven right now looking as I do. We can’t all die looking young and beautiful and I’m afraid if they don’t have a rejuvenating process over there I would look like a holy fright even with a clean shave.

## FR\_53671

VII

A new suit of clothes wouldn’t help me much and even a se t of wings would still leave me looking like John Farmers gargoyle scarecrow in his Sunday best.

Most if those who die are in a pretty dilapitated condition, racked by illness the parasites system (which is all the same) and the angelic expression is far removed. Possibly, however, when they get over there they start growing young and wind-up with a pair of wings and a pair od diapers. How’s that for fantasy?

But we are living in realities and the unemployed army of 10 million plus is growing—and the gallon and half of stew the Pearl Street restaurant dumpped in the swill-barrel didn’t last five minutes…

No wonder the pigs are plowed-under and the dogs have a faraway look in their eyes—even the police-dogs neglect to grab us by the shanks—wont even get up to sniff our pants to verify the high emprise of our social standing.

They don’t seem to give a damn who we are—or possibly they have lost confidence in us and fear they will wind-up in the stew-pot. Stranger things have happened.

You wouldn’t call that fantasy or imaginings of a cracked writer? Two meals a day seems to be the rule (breakfast is composed of several groanings in bed) and, if I do say so myself, the bed and the meals doesn’t look any better than the man himself.

There is no remedy other than organization.

Organize as you are.

You cannot gain strength by waiting.

Strength can be gained only by organizing.

Wait long enough and you’ll be too homely to go to heaven. Let us not lose sight of the fact that we are at grips with “the noble white man” that made agony bot ingenius and scientific and relegated life’s possibillities to to the sleet few… and lifes “garbage” to the many.

Production is now years supply ahead and still we are in want.

It’s rotten—the system—and recently the great State of New York could not afford to accept as a gif the mansion and lands of The Greystone from the Untermeyer Estates because the acceptance presupposed and expenditure of $75.000 a year for maintenance.

This miniature paradise of the Hudson must go begging.

Could a system be more rotten?

## FR\_53672

VIII

Four hundred years of peace in China until the noble white man came, first with his opium containers and missionaries and the with his oil-can—since then peace has been conspicuous by its absence.

In the early days, not so long ago, before the influence of white man’s refreshments took hold, the noble Red Man in our own land lived to a grand old age—Chief John Smith, the last time I saw him in Bena or Ball Club, Minn., was 134 years old. I suppose he has gone to the happy hunting ground by now for that was 25 years ago

My la grippe took one look at the sun today (Mch31) and reduced itself to “grunt” stage.

You have social security; you pay income tax to the State and one to Washington; the HOLE is about to take over your house; your job at the plant is endagered by the quarrel between several dissociated unions (unsocial condition to be sure) and you have night sweats, wet around the collar—that’s why some wisecracker said: “lower the halo six inches and it makes a nice noose.”—

What’s the matter with that crack?

Nothing at all—the man had stubbed his toe on a great truth.

Enough of that, editor—opinions differ.

One witness says “the man tried to kick the complainants teeth into his throat;” the other says “the complainant was trying to bite-off the defendants toe.”

So there you are—we hardly know what to believe,

But even so as swallowed teeth are good evidence (if they can be produced and you have a witness that “the cherrystones came out”—or an able liar to that effect—or a missing toe with the additional testimony that the mayhemite seemed very well fed for these parlous times, so too an empty cupboard is positive proof the parasites have cleaned out our rootcellars—and rathskellers

## FR\_53673

IX

Lots of people imagine oomph is a form of hairlip—great, big, beefy lips that open up like a clamshell-bucket.

If so, then a hyppopotamus has it—and as I remember it: my uncle owned a cow that had oomph and was the best “milker” in Otter Tail County. On the other hand you can claim to have glamor if you own a set of buckteeth, genuine or immitation. BC (Before Crisco): Control yourself boys, the kings in the “olden time” used to grease themselves to hold down the stink and posed as “Lord’s Annointed”—beargrease, goosegrease or snakeoil.

But we are not discussing metaphysics now! The problem before the house is (in view of the NFBP—national free board program) It seems sacrilegious to buy laxatives to expel borrowed dung and a better way might be had by paying the money into one of the 17.000 labor organizations and practicing up on unionism needless to say there is very little oomph in 5 lbs of spuds 5lbs of rice and a lb of sowbelly a week; even with buckteeth your glamor is shot to the middle of dandelion time (for the blood) and spring-freshets when the suckers and catfish run.

For ten-thousand years we’ve been waiting for George to do it for us—but George never came. What little is done was done by us and if we look real hard we’ll find George hiding out in the WPA pretending to be a communist or Alexander The Great. George is a myth even so as

## FR\_53674

X

glamor and oomph—a mushy spot in our mentality. The only real thing is YOU—so what are you going to do about it?

Wait for the Statue of Liberty to step down and hand you bacon and eggs?

How Slowly Time Travels!

• • •

Mebbe the boys didn’t ante up?

“U.S. Share Small In Sweep’s Drawing.”—

That settles it. Sweep out some more rooms in the poorhouse.

## FR\_53676

IV

Mutual Aid—

Too great a number of the worlds workers have failed to organize when they were young and today they are on the side lines, middle-aged and discarded by the boss. Younger men are in their places to be taken for a ride in similar manner—only their trip will take less time. At 36 they can expect to be “bounced”—unless they organize—when they are young. Pitiful indeed are the parades to preserve the remnant of old men’s jobs—too old to undertake anything new in competition with younger men and even id they could compete “the new” will displace an “easy one-third” of them—as it is the younger workers will displace practically two-thirds of them and the remaining one-third is simply forgotten in the shuffle.

Fifteen years from now the younger element will have the same story—unless they organize, organize now—and stay organized.

The older workers however seem to have a bone to pick with the employer; the great “discarder.”

Their spleen alone would seem to dictate that they help to organize the younger workers and spare them the degratation they suffered themselves—function at this late date to create the nescessary solidarity in the workingclass and help to undermine the author ot their wrongs—the employer.

What else can they do?

Are they going to take it like a good little boy and retire into the ranks of the WPA?

Wild dream—WPA is as good as “culler” as the boss himself—even here you will have to be a younger man.

There is no other way. You will have to give vent to your grudge-motive and help to take the boss for a nice buggy ride and put a stop to his pawing of the workingclass, picking and choosing his victims at will all his own.

However if there is no more power left in the loins of the older element it is up to the younger workers to organize and save themselves.

## FR\_53677

VI

Queen Elisabeth is here in all her warpaint.

It won’t be long now until Brittain and France bring their country over here for safe keeping

I do not know what guarantees Uncle Sam gives but I spose they are good, plentiful and sufficient

I’d hate however to bet on $50.000.000 dinghy.

Wisconsin is here loading “red-brass.”

So, as I was saying, best thinkers assure me there is no need for any man to go hungry and every time you skip a meal the employers (industrialists) can buy seven steel-nosed bullets with the money and those seven bullets fast. Clearly a profit for overseers of both sides of the international friction.

The assumption here is that “it is patriotism” and it may be—but the facts belie the assumption and the day is approaching when the Westwall and Mignot shall prove a white-elephant, militarism’s folly.

“The Age of Chiselry?”

“Incomes” for our own industrial magnates is so commonplace and prolific that were it not for the haunt of the income tax they wouldn’t have the slightest conception as to the amount and speed with which it piles in and naturally when income floods in at the rate of one or two million dollars a year many, many equally deserving pillars of society are forced on short rations, chicken feed , and must of needs join the gangsters or step out and rob the WPA workers.

Loyalties generally follow economic interests.

As, to illustrate: Western Poland’s hear is in Germany because Germany buys her industrial production—first hate, then tolerance, finally respect.

Vienna was relieved of the choking influence of circumscribed supporting acres Even so as a farmers heart is democratic because he get barbwire cheaper under a democratic administration

And where reverse is true, loyalty is flown.

Let us then get more wages so that we may become still more loyal.

## FR\_53678

IX

Resurrection –––––

(song)

Man that once drank at a bar

Hard by a church yard gray

When evening shadows fell bizarre

He staggered on his way…

Right thru the graveyards ghostly air

His soul moved on in waves

Among the dim gray headstones there

He weaved among the graves.

Grave-diggers there had sunk a hole

For those that cant behave

And when our hero onward stole

He stepped into the grave

And there he slept in peace profound

Till after break of day

And crumbling sand did there abound

Upon his mortal clay.

In stark surprise he rubbed his eyes

And said, in mournful tone,

Don’t other corpses deign to rise

But mine alone, alone?

The barkeep thought it was a joke

Straight from the churchyard-bed,

Ad failed to understand the soak

Was risen from the dead.

## FR\_53680

II  
Well anyhow, they almost got my fingerprints in the Public Bath along with my current history at Cherry and Oliver Streets. They would not take my word for it that I had a towel and demanded to see it.

(Can’t hardly blame them for their doubts, in these hard times when people are inclined to lie about their possessions.)

After showing the great men my towel, the result of 45 years of hard labor and savings I walked out of the place less worse happen and I haven’t killed a man for a long time.

From outward appearances the joint is immaculate as was no doubt its conception and even Al Smith who was raised in the neighborhood might hesitate about entering it for such a prosaic office as a bath.

This condition of third-degree makes it necessary for the ablusionist to travel great distances to places where he can gain civil treatment or forego the pleasure of a bath entirely; a saving to the city in hot water and wear and tear in the edifice.

The frustrated bather must not consider he has the “world by the toil” through these artifices for the powers that be can through their One Big Union put all public baths under strict regimentation and all bathers subject to civil service requirements and obligatory to prove themselves natives of the province and expose their navel for rigid examination –– this ought weed out about half of the bathers, and it is reasonable to suppose that the half thus excommunicated can bring to bear American ingenuity and logic upon the matter and convince the cleanly remainder that “filth is the best policy” –– an ideal condition that would preserve the public baths as a monument to posterity and unnumbered generations yet to come. Unsatisfied to doze the day long hours they snap into usefulness and run flank attacks upon the

## FR\_53681

III

isolated citizen, democrat and taxpayer.

Understand me rightly. The city does not pay them a fullgrown workers pay and does not expect from them actual work—only a few dirty derby tales, in the original New Yorkese twang—but my argument is, on the other hand, flank movements against the citizen is of great benefit to the city and rates a regular He-man’s pay.

## FR\_53682

IV

Various brilliant ideas of unionism to hold the workers together (including that of entering the society of ultra elite in disguise) proved of no avail (dice) because the workers never were in danger of falling apart. All those artifices now function in the reverse and contrary to plans, blueprints and specifications.

They can not compete with the IWW anymore so now than they could years ago with Herman Bieders see cream

Simply because Herman Bieder had the best see-cream

Join the wobblies or I’ll scream.

• • •

“Brittish landed in Iceland.”—

Good! I hope she brought her own liquor—if I know my Icelanders, they are capable of protecting the Tommies seeing as how nobody’s going to attack them there. North-Pole, next.

• • •

Job-action and job-organization is the workers best trump—make your delegate system 3-ply…

Pleasant Thought:

No actual figures of the number killed on the Brittish-French-German Fronts! Give us the data.

If the United States enters this war more actively there is no guarrantee that Brittain, France and Germany will not turn against Uncle Sam (competitor nation). Give us those figures so that we may know is the war on the “up-and-up”—is the bait gory enough—show us the casualties, itemized and the proviace of their birth, if any home.

## FR\_53683

V

Of course it is mans own business if he drinks and not an organization matter—for very, very, verily if an organization cannot advance the nescessary logic to end artificial stimulants it deserves to be pie-eyed.

Food, clothing and shelter are organization matters and deserves of keen scrutiny…

Hard liquor is not a short-cut to enjoyment: For the moment it may be when the nose is fore-shadowed upon the placid and amber busom of Swedish-Punch and it may ressurrect the soul into aspirations for greater things yet to come—but you pay for it; so much a shot,

Har liquor is an “Indian giver,” what joy it gives you “the night before” it takes away from you the morning after—min you, you paid for it with good United States money and shekels of the republic.

Oh what a head!

Hard liquor has so many ways of bringing sorrow to your soul. It can throw you in the hoose gow and in the morning the judge holds out his open palm… Haa! That’s a war-tax on those drinks of the night before; to say nothing about the noose awry and eye that looks like a chunk of anthracite (blue coal).

All we get out of life is wellbeing and hard liquor heads off that, inasmuch as one spree begets a big head and one bighead rates another spree and soon indefinately In the meantime however old-age and dissipation are severing your lines of communication and you linger to wither in misery and pain the remaining years an example of the pleasure and enjoyment you have bought and paid for and never received.

## FR\_53684

VI  
Many are the means used by marine unions to preserve their jurisdiction on deep water and it is getting so nowdays an AB must relieve a harborboatman whenever the barge or scow goes outside the harbor limits and he himself relieved upon return of barge to harbor.

This puts a burden on the respective seaman, inland waters and oceanic, double duty. Here again seamen can solve this problem by organizing a One Big Union for all clasifications in the Marine Industry and become as ONE—as Huey Long lisped:

Every man An Able Bodied.

Further, to overcome the masters penchance for the crertion of labor-turnover, black-ball and general disruption of workers “schemes” for livlihood, the seamen can make it a point to have all hiring done in the union hall.

This also calls foa One Big Union, and until such is a fact all else is a matter of semifutile tactic, only partially successful.

The boss’ bandwagon has great big spikes sticking in the seats and an over-trustful citizen of the Hatteras’ may tear his pants.

## FR\_53686

III

New York City is up against it where and how to spend her credit. Port Authority bought a white elephant in the second tube of Mid-Town Tunnel—it is sealed for posterity to save upkeep. War Dept. saved Mose’s sanity in thumbing down the Red Hook Bridge. (Bridges are so hard to take in out of the weather)—and even the Hamilton Ave Ferry is running only as a matter of courtesy.

Let Pask Bay (Gravesend) swim for it and send Department of Sanitation out there.

• • •

Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, “perfect German woman, mother of four children, is blonde, businesslike and buxom—her credo for women: “Our wapon is the soup ladle; let no one underate its efficacy.”—

I wonder if we couldn’t get Frau Gertrud to come to this country (USA); this is the soupiest country in the world—all the way from barley to beet soup; richly redolent with skeletons of dead animals (other than humans). We want Gerty to come here and put the fear Christ in the hearts of our embattled (and bottled) parlorticians

• • •

When Borden and Sheffield VOLUNTARILY jacked-up the prioce of milk ½ cent a quart all was hunkky-dory and nothing was said

## FR\_53687

IV

but when the upstate farmers went on “pay-me” strike instantaneously confereces were had at the Summer City Hall, “Ah, but the ½ cent increase to Borden and Sheffield was a part of the drout.”—

What the hell has drout to do with it—milk slides better on a dry rail, or dry hi-way. Politicians have rushed to the rescue of the farmers and if they don’t take John for a ride its because John is plenty tough—and the drout was real dry.

• • •

Human Rights Invaded—humanest rights are those of labor.

In Minnesota they have a law (HEAR! HEAR!—They’re getting civilized!) The law says Labor must give ten days notice of a strike—they must see that far into future.

Bad News Labor? They must be prophets in addition to their other brilliant accomplishments.

The invasion is not quite apparent unless the law be put to a test

In order for labor to abide by this law and retain his right of strike, whenever the spirit moves, he must put in a notice of strike each day, 365 days a year—that way he can run no “unnoticed” strike. (A standing notice will not do

## FR\_53688

V

because it leaves too many legal technicalities)—I wonder who will do the work while the boys are in conference assembled taking their daily strike vote—some of them might even slip into a beer saloon and that would simply break the boss’ (bosses) heart.

Aren’t we the children of the lawgivers! But the law does not say labor must go through with a strike once ordered—if you have guessed wrong changed your mind or your wife or spiritual advisor hath countermanded it—but there might be legal complications and repecussions and you might be tossed in the can for trying to intimidate the boss in false pretense (good for 180 days free board). All told it is best to go thru with a strike and put in notice of next one—you can’t miss—and the law has been observed, obeyed and its merit proved.

Since Lindbergh flew the Atlantic we have been unable to do anything with those Minnesotans and the violences in a recent WPA strike (there) are most probably a parcel of the violences within this law, above, before refered to.

• • •

Hitlers recent non-aggression pact, we are assured by the press, “was a master stroke.”—

## FR\_53689

VI

Hm. Purely elementary grammer!

Russia has a bone to pick with Japan; likewise so has Germany—naturally they coordinated their aspirations and what follows, I spose, will be hailed Brittish masterstroke…

Lets keep the record straight—but give us a rest. Germany was deprived of her concessions in China and now the indications are good the others will be minus house and home in the Flowery “Kingdom”—which same is proper.

• • •

Connecticut is doing well tossing many of her political thieves in the can—remaining politicians are getting religion fast. “Moses wasn’t all wet,” they say. Belgian king has come out for Peace. That makes it unanimous in Europe but the wars between Brooklyn “Dodgers” and New York “Giants” continues unabated and Ambers fights Armstrong tonight. Capital and Labor is also at loggerheads The only hope is T-bone Slim.

Dairy farmers on milk strike in New York state have offered to detour the middleman and place the milk on Daddy Knickerbocker’s porch, and save the—baybees. (Wateh how fast this offer is accepted). Never.

## FR\_53690

VII

Milk Strike Won—but the cows still must give 9 kinds of milk—yes, five cents and a fraction on the farmer gets for a quart (same as 42 years ago) $2,50 hundredweight (47qts)—you figure it out yourself.

Before strike they got 3 cts and fraction—we pay 20 cents minus.

Lepke Srenders. Ambers won, 9000 Americans rush to ships to get back to home and mother.

Jittery? What are they fraid of? A few cannon balls? Tush! Tush!

This is but the 137th crisis—and when we recall that Cleopatra had three children, one single and pair of twins, we must concede European leadership is fairly dripping honoriffics and wouldn’t steal a penny of any man’s loot.

The Verseilles Treaty jimmed the detail of power-commerce and set loose a raft of small free-lance traders out of control—so the big shot controlers got together and said: “Let’s go back to status quo Ante 1914”—and let economics take the hindmost years ago we used to send hams to Southampton; now Brittain sends her hams to Hollywood—we ought to get their autographs on first citizenship papers.

## FR\_53691

VII

Milk at 17¼ cents quart is equivalent to one square meal, plus laxitive; if used unmixed without other food.

Brainy boys call it “high”—how come harmburger is 30 cents?

Farmers are still giving it away—nickel a quart… and they do 7/8 of the work.

• • •

Fashionables On Vacation At Saratoga Springs Resort—I’m kind o’ late in imparting this world-shaking information but, then, it’s allright, you see they’re on year-round vacation and have only changed the scene of their pleasures. They want a paperhanger for president sobs to make their “time-out” perpetual—a sergeant from the national guard preferably. Only time they ever eschew these social functions (rest) is when they have a champaign-head and stay home to dish up vituperation to their distraught help—diatribes, I shoulda said. Finnish Minister, now at Newport, might well make note of this resort as a possible future scene for his many capabilities…

~~He dined with the Vanderbilts~~

Ho hom—I see where, in order to establish a “Christian Front,” many of the big shots are going in for Mural Amourment—theory is good, you can’t fondle and fight at same time.

Seems to me Salvation Army is slower winning its freedom from Brittain than were the shoeless-Joes of Valley Forge

## FR\_53692

a pound of rancid side-pork or exchange for a pound of lead. Nations are still exchanging munitions, arming their present and future adversaries (digging their own graves and making reservations in hospitals). So is LABOR, for that matter—Europe instead od organizing industrially chose to flee. War is indeed far off—for the organizing of Power Politics is slower than evolution—’n equally barren.

Oh well, here I am stuck at the “light stakes,” Hell Gate Termina; it’s Aryan Sabbath, can’t hear Big Jim or attend divine service.

My soul is in terrible shape.

World of the silver screen! Mirages of the economic world!

Evolution is that phenomenon when there is no progress or the progress that was before each succeeding recession, and alibi for dissabillity, inabillity or dissinclination—it denotes some abstract imaginary progress made when the makers (mankind) are hog-tied with patience (laziness) or artificial content. In other words let evolution (George) do the chores.

We don’t have to do anything anymore, just sit and sweat.

How about rigging up a little surprise for the the boss and help him forget world dominion?

## FR\_53693

IX

In the World-of-Make-Believe the wars are over “several” issues, as Casey would say—greater spread of porkchops is of course the main piece-de-resistance, next comes imported talent, then race prejudice and finally an abstract, wishy-washy yen for a one big union—some minor impediments graces the dissagreements of the entertainers…

Let Mae West, Fields and Barrymore decide. Pattern for New York City will not fit America.

Let us prayerfully bear in mind the script girl who found her place in the sun by going out for an auto ride on Sunset Bul. with a wellknown director—under a harvest moon.

Peace and Love as of Europe seems to have no feeling in it and the way leadership is betting on its deuces and broken down flushes you’d almost think they hate each other—and are on the warpath that knows no ending one lone ray of sunshine in the dirty mess, they are trying to organize POWER—what they will do with that power once’t organized is a matter for another day and for other writers after my time

Superanwated warships in the China Waters Top-heavy battleships in the grateful shade of protecting forts. National honor and dignity (in love with threats) is trying to sell

## FR\_53695

I

That What Is Not To Be?

Ante-Bellum Jitters

—And Calm After The Storm.

Years ago if a man came from Ohio he was good enuff to be president of United States of America; today they wont even let him push a wheelbarrow or wield a shovel. WPA snubs him and wont even say “goodmorning,” go-to-hell, or any of those other endearing terms of the mauve age. Old Buckeye is beginning to make speeches to himself and may blossom out a full-fledged orator and put Patrick Henry and Roscoe Conkling in the shade…

After the war, “sometime to come,” an acute seige of decentralization will set in. Contrary to the belief here that the warring nations will proceed to reconstruct that what is destriyed, the world will lay down on such dreams of glory; for it knows that centralization can travel only toward destruction

## FR\_53696

II

Fantastic dreams of post-war trade are due for a rude awakening. Giant wharves, built to handle the commerce that was, are surplus baggage in the commerce that isn’t… Giant liners are through—cost of warffage prohibits the use of them as showboats.

Return to simple life resembles Napoleon returning from Moscow; most thoroughly domesticated. There goes my reputation, folks, hand me my crutches. (Washington papers please copy).

As I see it the whole of Asia will be drenched in blood—saw it year ago—saw it years before—and said so.

The invasion begins on Friday night—daylight saving time.

## FR\_53697

IV

Plattsburg (Up-Stairs) New York:

Plattsburg Training Camp is not a free summer vacation for broken-down businessmen, they pay the Army $43.50 a month for training. Its worth it during these heatwaves in the city streets. (Note: I’m still packing my fishlines, Dave.)

By the way: why doesn’t the Brittish language give fish line a name? I hate to make a speech every time I want to mention fish snares.

## FR\_53698

VII

[arrow drawing] OK

Enemy cinderellas (incinerator bombs) and stuff like that—just when we need the poorhouses most. “Another Poorhouse Goes Up In Smoke”— could anything be more ennervating!

The purpose of ythe economic royalists seems to be “risk all our substance in defense of their racket and run the wealth of the nation down to zero.”—Allright. Labor can help here by accepting higher wages and thus bring the revelation that much sooner—a juggy-horse danger in war zone. I doubt however if the warring nations can come to an agreement on the method to be used. Therefor, to help the thing along, I suggest each mercy ship be examined at sea, coming and going, by interested belligerants, to verify the fact that no politicians or plutocrats are aboard disguised as nursemaids

## FR\_53699

Dirge

The workingclass had lots of sense,

When hunger came;

Our trenchant knowledge was immense,

When hunger came;

In worldly wisdom we were wise—

To this the inner-man replies:

“We knew not how to organize

And win the game”

Too prone perhaps were we to run

When showdown came

Perhaps we may have even won

A slackers name

No nary thing did we aright

Our wars were anyybody’s fight

And still we proved our latent might:

We died as ONE

## FR\_53700

XII

Too Hot To Sit On:

D’ye ever notice the park benches are in the sunshine all day long—this comes in handy during winter months—when our feet are in the oven.

Facts are most explosive element known.

Det-ailed knowledge places next.

Action, skill and despatch are (in the money”—power. “Glory that was” proves to have been exaggerated—the hills of our youth show up as mere knolls.

I’m in one terrible fix—and how the Big G can throw the soot: if I shave, my overalls wont look so good; if I take off my overalls, my face wont look so good. “Why not do both?—”

Wrong again, me lord, I’ll do neither—I’ll go as I am.

## FR\_53702

A

As Matter of Record—

It amounts to persecution. Not that the people offend. But because illconcieved betterments are that way. Destruction of the people is accomplished in the good that is in them. Instruction of people according to law is not possible. Law cannot teach in any case and in every case is vengeance for deed real or imaginary in infraction of itself. Falacy of the power for good, supposed to reside in law, is well exemplified by the fact that society has made no law enforcing compulsory happiness upon the people.

Therefor ant other reasons misguided institution of and enforcement of law reacts to the persecution of the people and is no more than can be expected from a society that only recently nailed its saviors to the cross and burnt its progressives at the stake. Brutal as is law the enforcement there of is trusted into hands that are unversed in genteelity.

Prospective observation of law’s niceties depends wholly upon the conditions surrounding the individual. Happiness comes not from law. Law comes from unhappiness. Unhappiness comes from conditions in disrepair.

## FR\_53703

B

Example: One must be one year in good standing to qualify for one year in office. In an labor organization such law is of no value except that it be accompanied by further stipulation to the effect that one must be a bonafide wage earner in one of the many forms of work of the organization continually for one year and, in that case, the employer is sole judge as to whether one shall work full year or only 364 days. In any case the law and its bolster disqualifies in blanket the ones most severely oppressed and serves only preferment and the boss. It’s logic is incomplete.

• • •

Life based on inequality can be neither prosperous or happy.

Maintenance of inequality measures worlds greatest crime—after so many ghastly lessons. Creation of further inequality brings the inevitable nearer. Organization flirting with any degree inequality shall miss its goal by as many degrees as the inequality it entertains.

Go ahead boys, but—don’t sqawk.

Inequality and solidarity do not mix.

Solidarity is pure McCoy.

Inequality is compromise.

No law can stand of its own accord—it must be “shored by several dutchmen” and them in turn by other “dutchmen” and so on—a devils nightmare.

## FR\_53704

(C

Third or Fourth Party cannot sweeten inequality. Equality must be instituted as finished product—it does not grow in inequality.

Civilization under present setup is in the process of committing suicide and if it doesn’t bungle the job we may shortly enjoy an era of first-class savagery and barbarism

No civil-elation do I cherish,

Nor vexation cruel and glum;

For civilization must needs perish

Just like any other bum.

• • •

There are just as many ups as downs but what we should wateh out for is that the last one is up.

We all have petty grievances and we spend too much time consoling ourselves. So much indeed that when a nice big grievance comes along we hardly know how to disport ourselves, we are wailed out.

Petty as they are, men in the past committed suicide for Yess. We are a hardier race and just as inactive. Suicide is not nescessary or desirable—you miss half the fun.

## FR\_53705

(D

Cartoon: “Birdseye View of Dillinger”

A car dissapearing in a cloud of dust; eight hundred and seven bullet holes; witness getting “eyeful” under a store porch.

• • •

Altogether too much hip, hip, hurrah for the amount of burlesque. Delirium calls for mutes and pianissimo. Hysteria, same.

Fortissimo should be reserved for stiff neck action.

• • •

My compatriots should not mourn over the weakness of editorial America––they are trying to uphold a defenceless premise.

• • •

[text crossed out, not readable] 20th 34., 7.45 AM.? Hinckley, Minn.

• • •

You think all those stories about the little bootblack that got to be a millionaire is for the purpose of encouraging your little bootblacks.

your nickel is in the wrong slot.

Those stories are for to convince you it is proper for to have million dollars

Brevity after all is not the soul of wit. It is but the limit of coherrant utterance.

## FR\_53706

E

Christianity is persistence exemplified. Not only does it guarantee its articulate proponents a reserved seat in heaven it also serves to inspire the world into benevolent if not generous relinquishment of ham and eggs within reason—nor give a damn who gets them. This is one of its accomplishments and of high-power benefit to error-ridden humanity. Merits and demerits in toto are beyond my powers to comprehend as assembled whole. Its ramifications are so extensive in a world of varying conditions that one minute we are perforce moved to condemn it only next minute to yodel its praises to high heaven.

I despair of ever being able to understand it profitably.

• • •

True it is that such confusion can be created that any race can step out and become “the blessing” of mankind. Neither the confusion or blessing is nescessary; the former is artificial and the latter is automatic. Eternal search of the past reveals no new trials but it reveals plenty wrong trails—a record of mans endless meanderings on wrongful trails that never leave the jungle. No outlet is there; in the whole past.

Any part of inequality is sufficient to throw man off the track. Equality must be made absolute; possible only by betterments in the lower brackets.

Otherwise… weep and wail!

General betterments is an old racket.

## FR\_53707

F

Finlayson, Minn., seems to be nearer civilization (this fine, fresh, “late” May morning) than any place I know. Birds are registering their satisfaction in full-throated paens of praise.

(I must look for hair in the butter.)

Clean-up week here (as on Wall St.) occurs 52 times per year. Nothing Is allowed to mould but Graham bread.

• • •

“We Are Ours” shall be the name of the play I will write beginning Mch 17 1935.

It shall show toil, seeking toil, unemployment, married life, seperation, persecution, pay roll robbery. Third act shall open upon the choosing of caretaker for aged mother, care of same, winds up in old mans darling setup, as: “What is your opinion of marriage?–

“I hardly know what to think.––

“Would you consider an old man for a life partner?

“I would; for age is only measure of youth.

(Clinch.)––

“You are mine.––

“We are ours.––

Finlayson Minn.

May 21 34

• • •

## FR\_53709

Don’t Shoot the Piano Player—he’s only doing his best.

Senator Copeland emerges from the wars torn and bleeding but with an added lustre of crust It seems to be the strategy to lay him beside his fathers gradually and Cape is rendering every assistance- It is said his “continuous discharge book” for seamen is waterproof (seamen will not discuss it, only swear and swear and swear—oathe that would make an “ordinary” blush for a week of seven Sundays—I fear apoplexy and when I interviewed an old salt he bristled in every hair, eyes flashed lightning and he remarked mysteriously: They didn’t fly fourteen seats to California in the days of Charley Marx and Bakunin.

Copeland’s pure food law is now on tapis and journalistic sharps down Washington way opine we are in for a seige of bi-carbonate of soda.

Now that hulabaloo about the Supreme Court:

(Put on your armor)—Supreme court has voided the United States Constitution by its failure to stick to the letter of law. Abiding meaning, not so stated, is not law.

Constitutions are what constitutions say they are and not what the judges say they are. Implied powers are no power. It is ridiculous for superannuated justices to imagine they are sole bulwork of right. Osler had a word for it.

## FR\_53710

Did you see the leg-irons and chains in the pictures of prisoners working on the levees of Ohio River? Chains that would hold the SS Leviathan against the tail-end of an ebbtide in Hudson River. Don’t tell me they are criminals for the weight of the irons disproves every shade of justice.

Then they talk about abollishing lynching!

• • •

Were lucky some half wit dictator doesn’t mistake us for barbarians and send missionaries to save us.

• • •

In New York City it is said:

“Nobody needs starve to death in this city.”—Quite right; but it might be preferable? Mal-nutrition is such a painful existence that many hope and pray for the soothing kiss of death. Prayer answered, the press kindly informs us: “He had been a nervous wreck for several months.”—

Now is that nice?

• • •

Feb 18th

Italian motor ship Feltre ‘couldn’t take it’ and went on “sit down strike,” on the bottom of Columbia River, forty “knots” below Portland Ore. Storms, hundred miles away, is supposed to be cause for the accident—a good alibi; as good as the “wheeling”—the SS. Edw. Luckenbach, the other half of the dissagreement, nosed into Cottonwood Island for a well earned rest. Again our flag prospered. Both ships probably had fashion plates for wheelsmen and were trying to navigate the reiver on a prayer. MTW has ~~few~~ good pilots galore.

## FR\_53711

Forty-five is considered age limit in Industrial persuits and I do most solemnly claim One Hundred and Forty Five is insuffiscient yearage for the obtaining of a subsistence level under present rulings. Sure, knock em off at 45 and appoint nobody over 29—that’s the kind of a guy I am. Why dammit the nation is on crutches, Let no man on The Bench unless he can turn a handspring in front of it.

## FR\_53713

I

The time has come once again when we must return to “the simple live.” The capitalist system no longer reciprocates in the overall of industry and artificial respiration must be resorted to in order to preserve miscellanious industry; at the expense of war industry. Artificial redistribution of war industry’s profits, (excess or otherwise is immaterial,) is rather a crude performance and difficult of accoplishment in this age of “devil take the hindmost…”

But the racket known as capitalism is very dear to to the gentelmen of Wall St, Bond St as well as Downing St and one can almost perform miracles for the one he loves. So we may expect the war industries to whack-up their gains with the more penurious industries, by their side—8 per cent of course (in that light) would be wholly an insufficient rake-off for these noble humanitarians building destruction—For our theme song is; it would be a mistake to cut out war profits; our almost sole support and consolidation, in the prospective.

Equally difficult it is to whack-up the wages of of the war-industry’s workers among the millions of unemployed, millions of cutrate workers and other millions of part-time workers. Yes, it would take a pile of moral persuasion, repeated references to Old Glory, Pope of Rome and Bishop Manning, (to say nothing about Jehovah’s Eye-Witnesses)—for we no longer have the saving grace of racket argument to bolster our plea.

That is Americanism as is and I should not be chided for any adolescebse that appears in this discriptive

It is not enough just to holler “NUTS.”—and wish an sigh and sigh and wish.

• • •

## FR\_53714

III

Major General Fowlois, former chief of US Army Air Corps says “Capable industrial workmen should be kept on their jobs during wartime instead of drafted into the army.”—

Does that mean they should be allowed to continue gracing our park benches while the incapables’ are giving their hearts blood for the country?

Note: I am not ready to admit that merit system prevails in industry, except in the exception, but that the job is rated “by sufferance” and a rule to perpetuate that condition but furthers the sufferance.

Civil Service and License are in point—too often a safeguard for mediocrity and indolence; if not outright insolence on the part of the gentry of all-thumbs. No you’re not winning any wars that way, either political, industrial or military. And the good Americans will wake up some morning horrified to fins their their teeth hanging on a nail; the pearly whites of their smile swaying in the morning breeze

Bartender, fill ‘er up again, for there’s nothing so ghastly as a toothless grin—an industrial army with drooping ears.

Ho hom, I see where we are getting our finger into the South American pie. Hope we don’t burn our wrist!

“Collectivism is attractive in book form but as a practical operation it doesn’t turn out well.”—

So? In under capitalism it doesn’t jell? Labor has the same trouble under capitalism and in as much as we can’t very well abollish collectivism and Labor it looks as if capitalism must vamoos.

No cartel, international, political or economic can prosper, because capitalism is spotty and wholly un-uniform—too many unrelated factors.

## FR\_53715

IV

A Record?

USA is champion stake holder of refugee gold from war-torn Europe—some esteemable gentlemen over there may lose their top-know over the roaming gold, the golden calf—a final haircut.

Last winter some of Erie RR switchmen prayed for a “let-up” on the the below zero weather: Their prayer was answered the other day and they had 104 in the shade (Hornell). Uptown, where the prayers are less sincere, they had only 94 and 96 so you see the switchmen’s prayers were 8 to 10 degrees hotter. But one of them opined as he wipe the sweat with a blue bandana shawl, “I’m afraid we over-prayed last winter.”—

It’s hard to judge the proper horse power of a prayer and U Weather Bureau should do something about this…

Delay in the “answer” is reasonable, witness the plea a for time put up by our manufacturers when we demanded shot and shell that would blow the enemy intoo billion smithereens—yes, eight to twenty-four months they wanted, so they can sink the diec and overhaul the machinery.   
We’ll pick the enemy later.

I pretend to see jokers in the party platforms

Just to mention one:

Democrats promise farmer a square deal and easier credits.

If they get a square deal, what’s the sense of credits?

## FR\_53716

V

The Element.

Two or more economic systems at loggerheads resolves the matter into ultra-competition, and I imagine that some of the boys will pull-in their horns before the competition runs into desuetude (its tough!) Our participation in the race is merely in the time honored moves of distraction and an occasional economic spoke in the wheel, in hopes that times healing office will cause the opposing system to go state—this is possible because all currant economic systems in use are basically imperfect and far from satisfactory.

And while the economic systems have at iit with brickbats and other explosives the workers can chew on their thumb and listen to their stomach warble God Bless America With Sense.

When two such popular programs start warring, the pyrotechics are fast, furious and at times funny. Funny because neither system has a fighting chance on their own, as is—in other words t’was a noble battle, yet no one was there; on its own.

Couple immitations trying to pass themselves off as “its”

It is possible that the workers could put up a better economic system, beginning from ground, up? The “shop” would choose their overseers and stewards —same as we choose the dog-catcher now—sometimes to the sorrow of the dog.

And so on clear to the top of the pole—the sepulchreish tone to always come from the bottom and no ventroquism allowed-

Such things however are furthest from the workers thoughts and he is patiently waiting for the bigshots to pull a few fast ones.

They will. And if the worker doesn’t land in the poorhouse it will be because the “pogey” burnt down.

## FR\_53718

(A

As of 1934-35

Nobody is hero to a company. (That’s a heluva joke aint it?) And all the effort we have put out to present ourselves n a favorable light! Gratitude is another feeling that is foreign to a company.

Heroism and gratitude to not easily lend themselves to economical considerations—niether do they resolve themselves into dollars and cents—not even in Australia or Hoboken.

• • •

## FR\_53719

(B

Man never is honest; he ever was honest. Honesty, Bravery, Cowardliness, Crookedness etc is not established until after the deal is a fact and in the Past.

Forget Insul; the condition that caused the Insul scandal still obtains—else, are we to become a nation of punishers? How about preventatives and live in the Present?

• • •

Twenty thousand reds, pinks and mauve got playful in Mad. Garden and started cracking nuts for one another—500 hurt and Hathaway almost killed. The hero of all these wars was Robert Minor (Bob is younger every day) and an unnamed woman. These sorties are considered superior to prosaic organization work.

Reds carried the day without my assistance. But had I been there Minor would have been two heroes, instead of one.

It never will happen again.

Because—cops let ‘em fight.

No fun in battle if cops are to referee.

Smart guy that La Guardia!

• • •

## FR\_53720

(D

If it be right for law to kill few, it is right for war to kill many; one is as right as the other; and both—are wrong. One shall “BE” as long as the other and there is no use in the endeavors to end one without disturbing its counterpart; for they draw sustenance from one another.

“Executions” in war and peace puts law into individual hands…

“But,” you say, “war kills the innocent.”— That is not so—war kills only the quilty: Each so killed by war were a party to killing by law—and, if the law holds, each new killing justifies the next. It’s a bloody trail we are following and our coup de grace is just around the corner.

So far, not a state has risen that wasn’t an expert in killing.

Revenge, retribution and retaliation all play their parts and those each, in themselves, are acts of war.

Noble heroes!

## FR\_53721

(E

Before it was: extermination in passion—capital punishment is the cold blooded sanctification for war (and individual killing) accomplished in the estuary at the beginning of this unregenerative age. You say, “your state is a killer according to law.”

Well, that doesn’t make it a life giver, it is still a killer—authorized by yourself. You countenance the teaching of war to children and you insist the teachers be sabre rattlers in public schools.

Do you think sabre rattlers qualify in ways of wisdom?

These are our accomplishments, and we consider ourselves innocent.

We are not innocent—we’re outright dumb.

Put these five with the others.

## FR\_53722

(C

• • •

In New York tin box is reduced to a tin cup.

• • •

Washington’s barrel of pork has been raided and Uncle Sam wants to know “what the hell!”—

• • •

New York City is patriotic toward its inferior products—a better soap better not be made elsewhere.

They thought the man crazy who first tried to burn anthracite—N.Y.C., encouraged by that, has been trying ever since to burn slate.

## FR\_53724

(A

Sensitive Cars: (All the way?)—

If you have a sore foot, (couple (3) toes smashed) walk on the pavement; sidewalks are too rough.

Automobile drivers will swear at you of course, but you should not let that worry you; they’re going to hell fast and can’t stop to pick you up. It is not so much a habit to kill the remnant of generosity in them as a program to create a proper sense of humility in you…

Crusted independence survives; generosity perishes—and the chicks ome home to roost.

Allright Wilbur, my crutches!

The story of the soul uncrusht—It’s the toes.

Robins have not utteres “cheer-up” since 1937; now that I remember

Fourth of July explosions have been rare. Saving our powder for the several enemies that threaten? Cop:—”Were you uptown begging the town?”—

Hobo:—”No, God bless you officer, I was just uptown trying to stear that restaurant keeper away from the poorhouse—and he, appreciated so much that he gave me an extra cup of coffee—say, officer, do I look as if I need a birth certificate?”—

Cop:—”Tell the truth, I think you need a detah-notice in all the leading papers—now get the hell off the Godgiven streets before the Fire Department runs over you!”—

Run-over or run-in and so it goes?

The maximum age of 64 acceptable for compulsory military training coincides with the minimun age (64) acceptable in poorhouses and old gentlemens homes, in some states…

Uncle Sam doesn’t want to raid the pogeys or old folks homes—to say nothing about graveyards or mausoleums—just all those that haven’t had a chance to duck into the shelters

## FR\_53725

(B

Some people would have as believe Hitler will attack us in the souplines?

Consider the mosquito, lad: It matters not how big they are or where they come from, the mosquito bites ‘em. Life and death matter sometimes, too. More often as not. You don’t see man biting an elephant do you?

When a mosquito bites you it means death for him if you can see your way clear to tend to him.

If a tiger bites you, it’s the end of the world.

A yellow-jacket lit on my hand, at rest, snorted couple times and flew away in disgust—I’ve notticed that a dog wont bite me (even when I’m pennyless). Sort of priveleged character, that’s what I am—a wight on the road of purpose on the way to truth the light of which I cannot see

American people are hot and bothered about “what to do” and “what’s the use”—they cannot see the light (and astrologers are studying an airplane in its flight, thru the night, thinking it a new constellation of red and green stars; a roll of thunder, as, “making up a train on the Heavenly Central RR)—

The plane doesn’t see the light—but its on its way. Considerable missapprehension diddintegrates American consciousness: they know not whither away. Fact of life are hidden from them; there is no light—they want not to fly blind. No unity there.

Let the “leaders” unbosum themselves and dissipate the division of opinion (or stand exposed).

There is no want of light in the IWW; its destination is positive, a certainty that transcends all threat of failure; no doubts harrass its serene course; no fears bedevil its nights.

Isn’t it about time American people find out where they are going and why—to a secret destination—to a rendezvous with what—whom?

## FR\_53726

(D

A secret objective reminds me of a medicine-man that gave his patient each day a new prescription so as to keep him coming regularly and “shell-outcash” —and even offered his bladder had ballooned it in eclipse—just a small item of energetic mediocrity. When the family doctor returned from his vacation, he laughed heartily, thought it a huge joke, and told the patient: “Go home now and rest—forget all about the undertaker and eatless potatoes, meat and sugar.”—A new program each day condemns the program of yesterday and discredits the program of tomorrow.

Destroys faith, hope and confidence.

Let there be light, complete information!

The workers have not been betrayed. They are fully conscious of what’s going on. All they lack is a method of organizing out of the jackpot.

For this they will consult the IWW

“As we used to talk together of the future we had planned,—Riley

Hardest kind of work is the dodging of work (or looking for work)—the dodging of organization work, for instance. One gets pale around the gills in the end, and indolence takes its toll—a stiff price. Sons of rest suffer and the industrious with them…and then the g’g’high-pitched voice in tearful protestation and alibi (halibut) deluxe.

Or is it ring around the rosies the boys are playing?

Snapper Line:

“When From The Discards Of The Crown The Ladies Secure Their Loves.”—

That’s wot you call “Natural Selection”—take what’s left. Anybody that says we ain’t sensible is cracked worse than the Liberty Bell.

## FR\_53727

(E

American women are not going into junk business, however; neither is Hitler going to do the thinking for ‘em

Here they are, the European Champions of Mars, arguing “our bill for their last bombfest is too large.” They argue and argue and argue…

Why are they criticizing the size of the bill when they know they never intend to pay a cent of it? Isn’t that a pile of sound and fury,—just as if to convince us good United States money suffered deflation, and our bread and butter a devaluation, in the process. Verily I believe we are softies and their cry to our generosities had been transformed into an imposition. Yea, our stewards, representatives of corporations, now wish to finance the welchers on another junket of death and destruction; loan or sell a part of our navy to one or more of the belligerents, so that the devastation may be more complete—if we have too many warships why are we building more?

I went to a band concert last night and do you know one of the composers had written a march-trio that sounded like a man coming down stairs with a sore foot—”clunk.”

(That isn’t the way I want it.)

I want it to sound like a man falling down stairs into a tubful of diches…

I don’t know what has happened to our musicians; they seem to have no inspiration.

## FR\_53729

V

Sorry—but we must have a concrete argument showing ´how capitalism, not democracy, is being saved. (True-democracy is self-contained)—a weak word: Artificial political democracy throughout the world, one of the gaurdian “angels” at the gates of the parasites “concession” of exploitation, failed of aiding their fellow-democrats the nationals of Spain.

Why did they withold such aid?

Because the existence of capitalism was threatened with extinction at the hands of Spanish nationals. They would rather have democracy die than have their beloved capitalism suffer injury.

The fact that totalitarian Germany and Italy did go in there and offer aid to the opposition and did help to kill-odd national democracy in Spain does not prove conclusively that world autocracy and world “democracy” are both shielding and preserving capitalism (what is left of it)—for the Rome-Berlin victory in Spain left the whole matter in flux; for whatever future purpose (as I could prefer to believe—your guess is as good as mine).

Anyhow capitalism did not bite the dust so far but may yet get a mouthful of turf.

Our own efforts in behalf of the nationals of Spain was strictly a workers freelance movement and what little sabotage (of the workers movement in Spain) was attempted was perform by the parasites organizations of our fair land, in the name of hypocrisy—not so acute at that; but sufficient.

Russia did help the nationals to the extent of name only—conditionally.

I think I have here proved that it is capitalism (racket)regardless of its grab that is being pulled out of the gutter (the bum!)—I hope the lifesavers don’t dirty their Sunday pants.

Young man, do you wish to step out and rescue capitalism, the old rake, from the disgrace into which it has fallen?

## FR\_53730

IV

Among the migratory workers each job has equal number of idle men waiting in sight—how many are hid away in the “sylvan dells” is anybody’s guess. One-third working? How about shortening the day two-thirds?

It is claimed “one-third of the workingclass can support the millionaires in the style to which they are accustomed.”—

I believe it, but why not forget the millionaires for a spell and throw a little bait to your brother and fellow worker no idle and in want.

They cant eat battleships or phoney democracy.

Charity soup isn’t much better.

Rainbow hued coffee and missile-biscuits!

Red-tape and red-herring.

“It was the noble fireman—

We knew that he was dead;

For both his legs was missing

And—we couldn’t find his head.

The marshal says the Bremen is sunk and if we are around the jungles tomorrow, he’ll take us into protective custody. (Carnival in town-yippee!)

No doubt the owl did use his head

And yet refused to move his jaw:  
“The more he saw, the less he said;

The less he said, the more he saw.”—

Englands workers will have a tough time feeding the raft of commercial blue bloods (exploiters) after the colonies cease dishing-up hand-outs to them

The set-up presupposes support from several nations and when that support is denied them (shortly) they will become as if topheavy for the decimated Britons to support—I wonder if they know how to bum.

Self (greed) is what causes the sparrows to scrap over a piece of bread—and yet that piece of bread is big enough to feed dozen birds.

## FR\_53731

VI

Average worker has a somewhat sketchy idea that he is selfsufficient; that he is beginning and end of all things pertaining to his personal empire; that he needs no help…and he cannot evenreproduce himself without a pardner; a woman, at that.

This sorrowful helplessness has grieved the scientists greatly and the are presently working on a “mumbo jumbo” of chemical experiments with a view of making themselves independent of womans aid, putting of romance in the scrappile and producing of better scientists from zine, limestone, sulphur and molasses. Wellsir and fellow worker, until the scientists do finally spring a synthetic homo-sapiens, you better align yourself with the IWW or some other good organization and see what present (pleasant ) help you can put into the debate for freedom drom wage-slavery; for they need your help as much as you need theirs.

## FR\_53733

II

A B C —

We hear so much about vitimins over the radio and just what to give the kids three times a day—I’ll stick my neck out.

Give the little rascal a porkchop, well-buttered on both sides—and a glass of cows milk for a chase.

The little angels are hungry—skip the jam—don’t expose your hand—grow up yourself first.

• • •

Major labor unions are at war with each other and unemployed are both locked-out and carrying the banner for the brothers. In labor circles the boss is the forgotten man and he isn’t climbing the housetops or pounding his chest.

Such a condition in the labor world makes for special privileges in varying degrees throughout the workingclass; a form of self-appraisal, condemnation of fellow workers to everlasting idleness and separation from all contact with decent livlihood—a service they perform for the boss.

Was there ever such a row of donkeys?

They can’t organize a one big union and decide those questions in a single body by a vote of thanks? Oh no, they are such superior beings they must have separate unions and keep the war in the ranks of the workers, brother against brother.

There they stand on pins and needles ready to climb on the boss’ bandwagon

Does that mean anything to you; it does to me.

Europe has it today

Spain came to grief because her workers were divided into several factions; two major.

Skandinavia had her workers split up as between social-democrats, syndicalists and national jalousies (Map of the partition is dead give-away).

## FR\_53734

III  
Finland went to war more or less united.

Germany is prosecuting war with a certain enforced unity—They’re in the boss’ bandwagon

St Peter waits to greet them.

And so it goes

Division within the workingclass makes it possible for he boss to trot out his bandwagon

It’s a one way ride.

Hm. Didn’t know that simple, common wage slavery could stir up such bitter annic-mosities

Could it be you are fighting for a right to slave?

“Communazi; collar, hames and bridle?”

What has that got to do with daily chores and dissiintegration of calories?

Blue-plate broadcast of 3 dozen fried eggs makes a nice steak of hot-cakes.

Seldom it happens that a commandante gets killed r injured in war. The percentage is about the same as the bosses injuries. in industrial persuits. In war time the only way an employer can be killed is with a spray-gun—you do not shoot bedbugs with a rifle.

So in view of the almost absolute safety a boss or commander has in war, and the terrible casualties suffered by the workers and privates, I’ve come to the conclusion that all wars are bosses wars even so as the capitalist system is the bosses self-benefit program at workers expense. Where is people’s rule when labor unions ride the bosses bandwagon?

Where do the unions get authority to carry on disputes among themselves and jeopardize the livelihood of 30.000.000 unemployed and dependents in U.S.A?

## FR\_53735

V

There’s a thing they call conjecture

That has niether form or texture

And its siren song is ever strong

To kid the boys along

And we follow it’s reflection…

Let’s get this right:

The Esquimos have landed in Long Island.

Oh mu garsh!

We must blow up the Brooklyn Bridge, the Manhattan Bridge, The Williamsburg Bridge, the Queenboro Bridge the Tri-Boro-Bridge and run the East River into the Subway Tunnels—oh, my garsh!—to keep the Esquimos from taking Wall St or grabbing-off the Bowery

Oh, my garsh!

And the Esquimos send their “dipsy do divers” (stookers) and blast the living Jesus out of the Washington Bridge and North River Ferries so we can’t retreat.

The hell we can’t, we can cross the Harlem River and go into The Bronx… oh yes that Whitestone Bridge came down too.

But before we go lets check-up a bit:

That was our property we helped the Equimos destroy. Dammit Im getting mad, Yes, by g’hod, I’m getting real hostile, we went and destroyed our own property in cahoots with the invading Esquimos and they gave us a boost toward the poorhouse by junking our best bridge into Jersey and sinking all those Jersey Central Pensylvania, Lakawana, Erie, Electric and Public Service Ferries, darn the luck!

I make a motion this war be moved to Labrador

I wonder why Herr Hitler left England to get its “needings” last?

That’s easy (the principle is ) “the further a hawg runs the faster it goes.”—then comes Canada.

Still think capitalism is worth defending?

## FR\_53736

X

It is said “Allies do not need our soldiers; that our boys would not be a help in retreats.”—

They have millions of men under arms and it is figures additional millions would not make them run faster. However if you were considering the committing of suicide you would not consult an undertaker for advice—or a gravedigger if he works piecework; or a day worker, for that matter; for one is sure shot “Yes” and the other is sure shot “No”—a tie.

One cant be too cautious.

From these indices it would appear some “nations” think colonial rake-offs are worth defending; of paramount importance or imperitive because of their present topheavy social set-up…

Other “nations,” denied these overseas incomes, consider such rake-offs of great value and are willing to grid their loins and go to the front to do and, if necessary, to die for those emoluments…

Present war most conclusively proves that the motivating factor is not altruism—its free-chekels. Free Enterprise! Peaceful Penetration! Cheerful Gauging!—Free Lunch?

Methinks in the ensuing “missundestandings” the free lunch will be cut out and the great men will have to take up the study of work as a solution for hotcakes and maple-syrup.

World trade?

Yes, boys and girls, I think we should start feeding our own face instead of trying to ram it down the throats of foreigners in the four corners of the earth—with or without battleships.

## FR\_53738

(1

People who have trouble about early rising should try sleeping out in these crisp November nights, using the starlit canopy for a blanket. It is really surprising how wide awake a man gets 4 oclock of an armistice day morning, just as the taxpayers are going out rabbit shooting—for hunting season is on.

It seems the armistice doesn’t apply to rabbits.

• • •

Youngsters are out parading in blue capes, fife and drum corps are rendering patriotic airs, piece by piece—especially the snare drummers who are giving a very good immitation of muskettry-defending-the bridge and Wall Streets millions—but down in the “bottoms” a squad of young men are blin and deaf to the exigencies of the hour and are practicing football; wholly unconscious even of the fact that Armistice Day has no call upon their time in view of the price we paid for it and what we got in return—the cost would have bought sixty Four of July’s and that is why, I suppose, word has passed around “sped no more than one minute in petrified salutation.

Older inhabitants were missing from the parade and I have a darkling suspicion they were oiling their guns. It’s just too bad for rabbits that look down the barrel of that gun the wrong end there is no peace.

“I love you truly” means no war today.

## FR\_53739

(2

Lots of people would be more patriotic but they have no flag. They resent this, are ashamed and uneasy. They are surly to their flag waving neighbors. Absentee porkchops has the same effect. A better union would soon provide a flag, 4 by 6.

• • •

Witness the river my son. Where it rises it’s a mere trinkle, a ditch, a brook, a creek. Now look at its mouth and what comes out of it. It picked ~~picked~~ up a little here, a little there, consolidated them into one big union. Such is also learning, a little here, a little there and finally he—knows it all. It follows then a little learning is just a start and individualist s a mere trickle, a ditch.

Don’t be trickle; join the river in its sweep to the sea; its better to be little of much then much of little.

• • •

An uncle that buys his little nephew a bicycle should see to it that theres lots of nickelplate on it. Then the child, now grown, will insist with his last breath: “He is no heel.”

Even tho you commit the most atrocious crime the child will glance at the nickelplate an say: “No! Impossible” He never did it.”—

## FR\_53740

(3

Are you still watching the majestic flow of the river; the one big union of waters. The river is is fat—plenty there. And do you know there are individualists that think they are the spring that makes it go and you can’t convince them they are merely an “ooze from the rocks” soon lost in the parched sands were it not for the millions of rivulets

Personalities are nothing; union is all.

Whether you come from far or near your mite accentuates the flow of the mighty river

Lots of people are of the opinion one big union of workers is a chimerical objective and dread its unwieldiness in the speculative. Nothing to it. Big machines are possible; are in existence today. Engineers have provided for every requirement, joints, connections, reciprocating elbows, eccentric gadgets, self-oilers and thingum-bobs—and there is no limit.

Little does the raindrop in the mountains dream that one day it will be carried to the sea on the shoulders of its fellows.

• • •

## FR\_53741

(4

We’re building good roads hand over first. (High-wheeled bicycles must be coming back.) It might be argued good roads are for military purposes; so the enemy has no travel difficulties. Considerate to be sure, but never before have I heard of building roads for war purposes—I’ve heard of destroying the, Good roads is in disguise. It’s a politicians remedy for economic maladjustment. Not only that, it may be the sinkhole into which funds that better might be used to undermine and displace economic chiselers are sunk. Sensible, hey; first “cork” yourself and then holler “no funds!”

Very little rubber is rubbing cement and they are going no place anyhow. Joy riding. Like the strut of the child, that was incorporated into army maneuvers, so too the nut that holds the wheel is a true likeness of hairbrained youth.

This article should not be considered and endorsement of government monopoly in chiseling—I rather argue, leave the markers in taxpayer’s pocket, and the chiselers shall be outcompetes.

## FR\_53742

(5

Just As California Comes to its Senses

Fifteen States go Republican

Gov. Lehman wins in New York—as goes The Bronx so goes the state. Ace-in-the-hole was plurality of say 70.000. The job carries with it 65 cent steaks and frechfried; nothing like the repasts in The Relieflines and Muncipal piers… which all goes to prove people feed better than governments. “Do unto others…” Hm, am I getting sentimental? Republicans gain 15 governors and 8 senators which seems to prove that even in politics economic considerations, rather than reliefs or reform, determine national elections. Cure is what people are groping for. (It doesn’t pay to move if all houses are alike.) The cure is in economic organization, in union halls and not in polling places or parliaments—the prize before politicians is an enslaved, malnutritioned working class regardless of statesmen’s personal feelings. So if you would be free to join the union for business and politics for pastime…

If you want excitement join the Evander Childs football parade.

Huge majorities means nothing; huhe union means all.