

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.

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Some of the bankers have "taken" to wearing white pants. This contrasts delightfully with their nature.

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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!

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

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

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

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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.

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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.

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Well, I expected it. I'm "fired."

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

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

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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.

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

Solidarity isn't a drink—it's a food.

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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 than 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.

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"Working by the month" doesn't mean one must work a full month every day.

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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—.

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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?)

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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.