

to



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 neutralize 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 patch 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 "auxilleries-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, sew 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—in 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.