

the public still wants enlightenment.
"Without questioning the righteousness

AN EXPERIENCE

(By T-BONE SLIM.)

When I was a kid "our teacher" used to take great pleasure in "correcting" errors of judgment, 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 going there were less squabbles and fights among scholars; "class hatred" was a dead issue—but 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!