

# Prison Comfort

Give Unto Caesar — Give 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, friend 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 "demoncracies," of civilization, of learning, of brains—Oh, Hell—Isn't it incongruous the way 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 of 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.