



Nothing But the Truth

The discrediting of our "hero" goes on apace. While no committee has waited 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.

Damn the luck.

Let us sing: "There Is Power, There Is Power."