



HISTORY

By T-BONE SLIM

Conditions were pretty rotten in 1772—in America. Thomas Jefferson takes his seat in the House of Burgesses and writes a pamphlet on the quarrel between England and America, which was so defiant that he was declared "unconstitutional" by the English-American government. In fact, to use the words of John Esten Cooke, "he was declared a traitor." This took all the wind out of Jefferson's sails—for the time being.

But, being as it was, the conditions under which people were obliged to live continued getting more "haywire," the title "traitor" began to rest more "comfortably" on Jeff's shoulders. He got used to it. It had no effect upon him.

"He said what he thought." He must have been singularly lucky in his thoughts. I imagine, were he alive today, the Klux would have him in tow, or the Legion would work on him with a razor (like they did on Wesley Everest), or the great Fascisti would be called upon to select suitable sentiments (thoughts) for him—old Tom wouldn't need to do his own thinking.

"But men like himself are always ready to support their opinions." He was heart and soul for resistance, to the powers that be, and became the author of one of the greatest of all plans for uniting the colonies. This was a "Committee of Correspondence," whose duty it was to write to similar committees to be formed in other parts of the country, by which means each colony would know what the rest were ready to do. In them days there was no interference with mails. The committee was appointed—singularly they picked their own committee—and the effect of it was soon seen. From the North to the South the scattered colonies formed one union in their resistance to oppression.

In this movement, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were very active. Each had his peculiar gift. Jefferson could not speak, but was a sturdy writer. Pat. Henry could not write, but was a "sweet" speaker. Thus each did his part, and urged resistance as the only course now left.

The English government dissolved their organization—Burgesses, as it was called; but they determined to meet at the Raleigh Tavern, in the Apollo room, and did so. Here they consulted as to the next step. Jefferson was among them. He must have looked around him and remembered the old days of his youth, when he was so well acquainted with the old apartment. He had danced many a set with "Belinda" and other young ladies in this very room when he was a thoughtless young man; and now he was a grave statesman, organizing revolution on the same floor which he had danced upon.

In the year 1776 he became immortal, as the author of the Declaration of Independence. Many declarations of independence have been written, but none with the pep of that old instrument. Sorry I can't give it in full in this column, as I do not know what laws have been passed in California against it. The Industrial Worker might even be suppressed in Washington, as it might be construed as a reflection on the integrity of Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company.

Independence of spirit now is frowned upon by the various logging concerns, on the coast, and by big business in general, in the interior; whenever said spirit takes possession of a worker. He's not supposed to be independent, but take what he is given and say nothing.

But Glory Be, to the sixteen standard Gods, the spirit of independence is *not* dead. We will say what we think; (all we think) of the commercial pirates trying to fasten a yoke of economic slavery upon an in-offensive people. It is too comical to think about.

I warn you, my master, take away that big shovel.