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T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

TULARE, S. D.—

(There are 1000 Tulares in South Dakota).

I.

'Bout a granger—pro tem,
We shall warble—ahem!
(May the fates will no worker need squirm).

He is one of our crew—
And a taxpayer too—
'Tis a pleasure to hear him affirm:

CHORUS:

"I will always be staunch
To my cobblestone ranch,
In the wilds of the wind-blistered
lea;
Where I rested my back
On an old gunny sack,
As I dreamt of a fortune to be.
—'Tis a Kingdom for me
Just to gaze on, to see;
'For there's nothing but hardships
to share—
Down the road that leads back
To a tar paper shack—
To the cobblestone ranch at Tulare."

II.

He's as far now from home
As a Baptist in Rome,
And he feels he's been led far astray;
First, to be daily bossed;
Then, to be doublecrossed—
So, he feels he has this much to say:

CHORUS:

"Not a stand will he take,
Nor a leg will he shake,
For improving his lot on the job—
When the boys go on strike,
(For the good things of life)
He is there with his 'heftiest' sob:

CHORUS:

IV.

"Not a livelihood here,
And it's privation there,
Yet he thinks he can 'make it' alone;
—He's a sort of a cross
'Tween a Slave and a Boss;
Just a sort of a 'two-legged moan.'

CHORUS:

V.

On the farm how he longs
For the workshops and throngs;
In the city he "aches" for the soil—
But, he won't organize
For to cop the grand prize
With his neighbors, his comrades in
toil.

LAST CHO:

He will always be staunch
To his cobblestone ranch—
Every rock in his mem'ry is carved;
Quite forgotten his class,
As he worships the grass
And the place where he manfully
starved!
'Tis a Kingdom for him
(Don't believe me, ask Tim)
Yes, there's nothing but cobbles and
care
Down the road that leads back . . .
To the tar paper shack,
To the cobblestone ranch, at Tulare.

P. S.

Oh he thought he was wise
And he sought to surprise
The industrial centres of toil.
—Now the light in his eyes,
Like the hope in him, dies;
And it's "carry me back to the soil."

— END —

An average worker (pro tem or stiddy) imagines that if he loses a "battle for bread" at one place, he will win it at another place. Battles are not won that way. They must be fought "where the battles are."—While you are picking a suitable "battleground" capitalism is picking your pockets—going through your clothes and forgetting to return them.

No time like the present; (we have no other). The past isn't time. The future MAY be—empty!
There is no place like "THIS" . . .
No occasion like NOW.