



Bravely Do We Fear

Mutual fears — a "fearing-bee."

Business is not a good "risk," now days. The good natured ones are bum'd out of house and home, while the dirty, mean, despicable ones flourish like the Rose of Sharon, Pa., U. S. A.

Comes again the struggle between the SUPERNATURALS — Modernists and FundaMentalists.—"Lay the bible on the table and let's debate it," they say. Wow! Thasallright. No blood will be spilt.

Congress will please note "terrible slaughter" of creeds and pass proper laws curbing radio' collectionless sermons during church hours.

I met her, I met her, today—a pair of rosy lips, nothing more. Not a thing.

Ever see a pair of lips come floating through the air; about five feet from the ground—supported by nothing; no dress; no form; no face; no eyes, even; just a pair of scarlet lips, well matched? You have not? Ah, I knew you hadn't. That is seeing red!

If it wasn't for the blizzard that is raging, "This would be a pleasant day;

If it wasn't for the war that we are waging, "We" would be contented—maybe gay;

If it wasn't for the fact that we are aging, "Our" young life would not be growing grey.

Yes indeed, and two lines are missing—

so, we shall proceed to discuss "Fear."

There's one thing about me I admire, that

is my willingness to discuss a thing pro

OR con; from any angle—especially when

"that" thing has no bearing upon matters

before the house—that is "fear." Fear is

more a part of us than our pants, but

neither of them is going to prevent us

dumping the boss from our backs. Pants

or no pants, fear or no fear, off he goes.

You might as well tell me that I, because

I have a hollow tooth, should not aspire

to give my riders the grand heave and

the merry ha, ha.

Man tells me: Fear makes of us slaves.

Alright. I'm going to prove "the fear,"

and then prove that fear doesn't make

slaves of us—then I will prove that I

haven't proved it, and so on: I'll argue

that black is black.

A tiger attacks a lion not because it is

fearless, but because it is afraid to turn

his back upon the lion. How brave do you

want me to be? You kill a louse because

you fear it will destroy your comfort—

so do I when I've got 'em. Bravely do we

fear. Everything that lives and breathes

fears—lunatics and their beastly counter-

part excepted. You are traveling and ar-

rive at a river. You stop. Why? I will

tell you. You were afraid the water would

not hold your weight. You stopped, didn't

you? Why didn't you keep on walking

straight across the Mississippi?—Ah, you

feared you would drown. Good judgment,

but fear, nevertheless!

A soldier's knees may be knocking to-

gether, still he has courage. Another one,

Brave, rushes over the top. He KNOWS

no fear.—They don't want to be at the

front? What keeps them there? Fear?

Are they courageous cowards? Are they

timidly brave? Fear makes us slaves."

"US" mean workers. Then, workers

only are made slaves by fear? Fear, ac-

cording to that, doesn't have the effect of

enslaving the master. Now, he either

fears or he doesn't. If he doesn't, he is

braver than the soldier. If he fears, the

fear operates differently on him than on

a worker. Either that or he is a slave.

As a slave, we have no quarrel with him,

but he is riding us. He fears that if he

doesn't ride us, then somebody will ride

him. Ah, he "fears"—I thought so. Fear,

then, has put him on our backs and fear,

then, has put us in under him. How re-

markable! The master's fear gave him a

saddle horse and us a rider. How remark-

able! HIS fear makes of US slaves. H'm

... But, is this so? Is this true?

When a man fears something, he goes

for help. He hurries to his neighbors and

calls on them to help him overcome his

fears—he gets his gang. That is organi-

zation. He has organized power and he no

longer fears. The master feared and or-

ganized power, and uses organized power

to enslave you. Your fear has nothing to

do with your slavery. Your failure to or-

ganize, to go after help, is the sole cause

of your slavery. Thus, you see, fear

doesn't make slaves of us. That is proven.

Now we will prove that it does enslave

you. You fear—that's proven—you're

afraid to organize!! With organization

you could drive your fears away. Yet,

you dassent organize. You're in a heluva

fix.

Every living man, except the fool, fears.

Your master throws you in the can only

for two reasons. First, because he fears

you; second, because he is afraid of you.

Yet you fear him so that you dassent

organize, to dispel your fears.

He organized, when HE got scairt!

He fears you still ... and still organized.

Organization quiets fears. (antidote).

Organization will free us—not from

fears, but from riders. We will still be

"fearers" long after our masters have de-

cided to stand on their own legs.—(T-

Bone Slim).

P. S. The real reason why we are

"rode" is not fear; is not ignorance, save

on one point and that point is: we have

not been informed sufficiently on the value

of an organization as a medium whereby

timid men can unhorse a timid rider from

their backs.

Now we will prove that we are not

timid: The trenches over in France—dur-

ing business hours—were occupied by labor

and sons of labor. Where machine gun

bullets s'spit, z'zip; yes indeed, River

Rogue, Michigan, was a good deal safer

place. Our masters never saw those trench-

es until next spring. Yes, we have the

bravery! Yes, we have the intelligence!

Yes, we have the numbers!

What more do you want? Do you want

to take "advantage" of him completely?

Organize those three things aforesaid—

and the world will smile!