



TO MY FRIEND



Tho the skin be sorely wrinkled
 And the form be badly bent;
 Tho by showers often sprinkled
 And by crowding moments rent—
 Tho the shape be bruised and mangled
 Crushed by ages driven hard
 It is still with "tokens" spangled—
 It is still my Wobblie card.

Tho the cheeks be sadly faded,
 All the color from them flown—
 (And the "atmosphere" gets jaded,
 Like a busted understone!)
 Tho bereft of youth and vigor,
 Quite devoid of pleasing looks;
 Still—it cuts a *quite a figure!*
 It is still my book of books!

Tho the troubles, (by some jinx sent)
 Puts a burden on my soul,
 And we both grow quite delinquent
 In our most engrossing role—
 (This is not of "bull" I'm handing)
 I will linger by my pard
 Even in its "twisted" standing
 It is still my union card.

Tho the hand of "thoughtful" passion
 Mutilates "what I adore,"
 In a most ignoble fashion—
 In a mood most awful sore;
 Rends my old "side-kick" to pieces,
 Throws the chunks out in the yard—
 I will still maintain the thesis:
 It is **STILL A PERFECT CARD!**

P. S.—Upon hearing that a violent tempered fellow worker had torn up his card, Slim gets poetical as hell. . .

Some cards are merely tossed away, but an I. W. W. card. . . well, you know how it is, they're worth more attention, worth more attention!

Cool down and get a duplicate.