

The Gallant Wage Earner

By T-BONE SLIM

Owing to contributing factors in the sectors of exploitation, it is difficult to determine whether toil is heroism or martyrdom—or just plain charitableness—or a touch of mild, amiable insanity. Personally, without apparent reason, I am of the **manured opinion** that toil is heroism, its participants are heroes and its accomplishments far superior to deeds of war, destruction and devastation; that its victories **ARE** victories and its glories, though dimmed by the fast moves of **remorseless tribute takers**, surpass in effulgence the phoney sheen of the highly ballyhooed deeds of extermination.

There is this difference — toilers **DO** something; spoilers **KILL** someone—dozens—thousand—millions—in and out of war (and cripple the rest mentally, morally or physically.)

Further, as a heroic effort, toil radiates a glow that out-shines the resplendent but puny sparks of **isolated rescues**, or spontaneous deeds of valor—in so far as such rescues affect friends or strangers; whereas toil's benevolence contributes to the well-being of friend and foe alike—impartially—to sub-heroes, morons, as well as confirmed parasites. Phases of charity, dispensed from the gatherings of **earned increment**, have an element of heroism that wins our admiration

periences and observations regards the noble efforts of hero in keeping winter clothes, and we have the skill and dexterity and practiced—in the his wracked self from filthy comforts of his and establishing itself of “marts of trade”, in **one piece**—to begin li

And we have **prac**cluded, were he of less he would ooze out from holes (too small to fall be like screened chagrines of iniquity.

Other “heroes” may (not likely) but this has no such edifice, and concomitant accommodation a shelter for bedbug roaches—and, in view that marketing for swills and out and out society has to offer) on his exchequer than like a piece of foolish the pleasures of “slop” and start buying the playful roaches.

A roof over his most of the rains and himself under or not pole he can, if experience comes with years, keeps reasonably dry. Dur

earned increment, have an element of heroism that wins our admiration and voluminous approbation—nevertheless, it is but the afterglow of a greater charity and can in no way compare with the heroism of daily toil.

If ever a hero was born, toiler is he.

If ever a Christ was crucified, it is he.

How come?

From the time he was big enough to steal a sack (too full) of coal for his freezing mother, he has been overloaded. In the frailty of his youth his growing bones were twisted and warped in a way that defies reproduction by any other method and still leave the child alive to suffer the balance of his shortened career—its shortness presenting itself as the lone cheerful view of seemingly endless struggle against overwhelming odds.

(I'm not pessimistic, I'm dealing with facts—a careful record of things as IS and not not a “phantastic phantasy” of things that AIN'T—)

From the early days of his boyhood, to this otherwise pleasant spring morning, he has managed to live on the swills of **a complacent civilization**—this, too, without jeopardizing his already broken health or shortening his already abbreviated life. Crippled young—too young—yea, at birth the pompous doctors grab him with a pair of tongs and make him look like a small copy of Lon Chaney in his prime. Swills that would disgust the finer sensibilities of a **self-disrespecting hog**, can not injure a health that is destroyed—that doesn't exist. It is immune.

(As immune as an Oil-head, or a Cabinet-member... excuse, please.)

Talk about heroes in the line of duty—here's one that does **more** than his duty—suffers the torments of the damned—goes through hell while yet alive and practically bare of protective coating—naked save for a few burlaps and a pair of paper shoes—insanitary things at best and properly a fit offering to the elements, wrath of flame and curse of frost.

(If they can not hold against heat and cold, what good are they?) We're not quite clear in our ex-

periences and observations in regards the noble efforts of our superhero in keeping winter out of his clothes, and we have marvelled at the skill and dexterity required—and practiced—in the prevention of his wracked self from departing the filthy comforts of his worn-out suit and establishing itself in the midst of “marts of trade”, in the original one piece—to begin life anew.

And we have practically concluded, were he of less stern stuff, he would ooze out from the myriad holes (too small to fall out of) and be like screened chaff before the gales of iniquity.

Other “heroes” may have homes (not likely) but this hero positively has no such edifice, palace, with its concomitant accommodations—only a shelter for bedbugs and cockroaches—and, in view of the fact that marketing for the cheaper swills and out and out garbage (that society has to offer) is such a drain on his exchequer that it do seem like a piece of foolishment to forego the pleasures of the toothsome “slop” and start buying poisons for the playful roaches...

the player reaches. . .
A roof over his head keeps out most of the rains and by parking himself under or near the ridge-pole he can, if experienced, which comes with years, keep his bald pate reasonably dry. During heavy rains when heroes need sleep most "abjectly", it is necessary for him to hold his snoring apparatus pointing down and take the floods in the back of the neck—otherwise he will drown.

And thus peaceful slumber is transformed into restless coma. Under such conditions, anyone but a hero would perish!—not a word of exaggeration. Last, but not least, our hero of the tenacious courage and inexhaustible stamina is afflicted with a boss—an imbecile that so far has escaped the mad-house and sundry, free-lancing fool-killers—the prevalence of whom is a most bitter and poignant sorrow disturbing the otherwise placid equanimity of our blushing hero.

The rasping tones of this industrial tyrant ring in his ears day and night—even while stretched out under his dripping rooftree the raucous mouthings of the boss come to him and, after the first jump, he finds it difficult to convince himself **it can't be true**—but the night is spoiled.

The size of his wages is determined by unheroic and unprincipled minds and like a true hero he accepts the findings of those princes of selfishness and greed—even so as he accepts the constitutional amaze-ments of the present era of circumscribed liberty. Pay-day to him is only a formality and were he sure of a respectable casket death would be acceptable, indeed. Therefore, it follows: toilers (in particular and general) being subjected to such sufferings and maneuvers for self-preservation, must find that heroism here and there is a great aid to their digestion, comfort and short-longevity.

If so, they have the sense to use it—and are heroes to all intents and purposes.

I said a while ago:

“If ever a hero was born, toiler is IT.”—Now don’t grab a headful of wrong conceptions—I didn’t say he was born a hero.

I want it distinctly understood he was **MADE** a hero.

But I don’t think it advisable for him to **REMAIN** a hero—hero-business is getting to be quite **passe**.

Dog eat dog seems to be the rule.