

# UNDER THE SORGHNMSTANZAS

By T-BONE SLIM

Muscat, Zinfandel, Mission, Tokay (as a beverage) are superior to larkspur or other noble experiments—the working class seems to thrive on injustice . . .

What a fat, rosy class it would be if it got justice but for the once—just a little justice—a nickle's worth?

I estimate one-half of California grape-crop rotted on the vines, in crates or on display. Nature did not intend them to be "lookt at" but to be sucked, drank or eaten. Capitalism should quit choking the people and give them a chance to swallow a little grape-juice.

Nay, brother, such wasteful system will not do—that's going fifty-fifty at the wrong time.

wIw

"A rolling stone gathers no moss".

Uhhuh, there's a powerful lesson in that remark: Were a busy bee to take that powerful lesson to heart, it would gather more moss than honey—the honey comb would be plugged with moss and the "roving bee" would soon be minus a bay window—migratory workers, please note.

Had Christopher Columbus observed that rule, there would have been no Teapot Dome—nothing but moss. Capone, not bad man, probably a minor disturbance in nature's appendix . . .

wIw

Heck of a story—world's worst boner: (Charlie Chaplin, please give me your ear). Once upon a time a bunch of I. W. W.'s (six) settled in an old shack (farm) to read up on Voltaire, Prudence Penny, Bugs Baer and other great writers. The farm was supposed to be haunted by an "anarchistic memory" so the peace-loving "Wobs" figured they were as safe from interference and interruptions as if they were sleeping in a cemetery in the heart of a negro settlement.

Word of those heinous doings reached the ears of the sheriff and instantly the great man saw his duty

to go out there and run a session of counter-revolution and rescue the country once more from chaos. But you know how sheriffs will blab, brassband and pound the desk till the glasses start staggering—the result of this was the Wobs, who always hold one ear to the ground, heard the sheriff's broadcast and grabbed their fishlines.

The sheriff's posse crawled through weeds and surrounded the shack, no life, so they affixed bayonets to their carbines, made a grand charge and took possession of the citadel.

The place having been left open, the posse reasoned "the male factors can not be far" and so they proceeded to Hold to Fort, and waited.

Pretty soon over the hill appeared men and they were heavily armed—some of the sheriff's posse had a rear-end hemorrhage—others were not so taken aback and opened up a volley against the "intruders". The intruders returned the compliment. It seems the deputy sheriff, always jealous of the sheriff's undeviating attachment to duty, had resolved the sheriff shall not reap all the glory. He drummed up a posse of his own—that was the body of men that appeared over the hill and that was what all the shooting was about. . . . When the smoke cleared away and explanations were had, the count stood:

On one hand, four killed and fourteen injured;

On the other, two small trout and one—bath.

(Taken from T-bone Slim's "Educational Series".

wIw

To paraphrase Mr. Rastus Van Devoe: "H'its de-e-cidedly onhealthy" to be deputized by a bright sheriff "dat's got a bright de-e-puty".—The sheriff was re-elected by an overwhelming majority—it being not his turn to pull the boner—and Rastus moralizes "I'se gwine ter string along wid de Wobblers"—those two trout looked big to Rastus.