



## T-Bone Slim

ELMER SMITH

Death was finally succeeded in removing Elmer Smith from amongst the living. Strangely his defense against death was in hands that have not at all times been gentle . . . Much might be said of this strange man in a strange world and much of it would not be strange at all—the usual glorification of men that commit no outstanding blunders.

But there is this to be said about Elmer Smith that is decidedly peculiar in this merchandizing world:

He stood by his principles! He had not retrogressed from the high standard set before him by his early training and persevering cultivation in later life. Elmer is gone but the high emprise remains—it took just an Elmer Smith to re-establish principle at the head of crumbling ideals—a work almost too well done.

He shall rest peacefully.

Smith's body was still warm when I called up from the G. N. "freezer-ice-box", "what town is this?"—

"Centralia."

Why had I been thinking of Elmer Smith, the injustices done him, the injustices done the other Centralia victims and the belated restitution of liberties to two of the offended; to all intents and purposes condemning the remaining four to suffer the torments of a twelve year hysteria resolved to ferocity? A tiger will attack a man ferociously but, gentlemen, the tiger's ferocity is wholly free from hysteria.

Now, gentlemen, when a judge in court flies off the handle and sentences men to serve, contrary to law, 40 years for the crime of self-defense, or conspiracy to defend themselves and the successful culmination of the action; impulsive or considered, no other construction being pertinent, that judge, gentlemen, is free neither of hysteria nor ferocity; is ignorant of the requirements of law; does not understand law when overcome by hysteria; cannot apply law to social phenomena when possessed of hysterical ferocity, of which we have a glaring example that he is a social hazard.

My point is, the four remaining Centralia boys are and have been held contrary to all reasonable requirement of law; that the whole proceeding from beginning to now and from now on is illegal; that only an un-reasonable judge, fighting hysteria and ferocity, can see justification for the continued denial of their liberties.

Point II.—Even though the charge be sustained (which it isn't) the time already served (12 long years) is commensurate to the gravity of the offense—as charged.

I have ere this pleaded with Governor Hartley to intercede for these boys with the prison-board and I have held great hopes that great good would come of it. But no, time rolls on and the boys haven't a ghost of a chance—the whole thing must be gone into all over again—the parade will be trotted out—men will be called by their proper names and their accomplishments be given a thorough airing—the underlying motives shall be analyzed—political phases shall be exposed—(I, myself, am itching to write without reserve, editor says no.) The death of Elmer Smith practically re-opens the Centralia Case, as will each succeeding death—after the last death, nothing can close the case, it becomes a permanent debt—payment shall be demanded with no possibility of fulfillment.

This is as good time as any to close the case for good.

### TIME-OFF—

This is LABOR'S day!

Is there more to say?

"We gather here from far and near,"

But NOT to sing and pray.

Not to grieve and play.

Not to fight—or slay

THIS IS LABOR'S DAY!

*We know no fear or glistening tear  
Or entertain dismay.*

*We neither cheer nor sneer nor jeer  
Nor itch for worthless fray—*

*All those bespeak the DULL DECAY  
And WE shall seek a BETTER way.*

*That days more bright or drab or gray  
Shall find us here "to stay"—*

*This DAY we highly prize  
Ay, worship with our eyes!  
While witless play, and towards pray  
And sadist-morons RISE—*

*We'll try to be and act more wise  
Correctly analyze our size,  
Our task before us loudly cries:  
"This Day we'll Organize!"*

Note: My squawk in this poem is just this, we're not going to rush off to a dance before the dishes are washed; we're not going to hurrah our head off until the chores are done; we'll skip the perunaparty until such a time as our duties are

performed—our crying duty is "to organize."

Until such a time as the workers are organized in one union there is no debate. There is nothing that takes precedence over organization—camouflage it how you may. All bonafide organization moves show on the books—

So you were going to start off to a picnic and let organization wait the pleasure of your poor starved-out soul; there to disport yourself with other nuts of your calibre. Hm!

Subsist on a steady diet of theories until hunger bumps you off?

What Communism Fears: The Small Farm.

Twenty-five million small farms constitute the fundamental source of the capitalist tendencies in Russia. The kulak (rich peasant) caste, gradually emerging from this mass, is repeating the process of primitive accumulation of capital, digging a broad mine under the socialist position. The further destiny of this process depends ultimately upon the relation between the growth of State enterprises and the private. The slow pace of our industries vastly increases the tempo of class differentiation among the peasants and the political dangers arising from it.

"In the history of other countries," wrote Lenin, "the kulaks have more than once restored power to landlords, czars, priests and capitalists. It has been so in all previous European revolutions, where, in consequence of the weakness of the workers, the kulaks have succeeded in reverting from a republic to monarchy, from the rulership of the toiling masses to the omnipotence of the exploiters, the rich parasites . . . you can reconcile the kulak with the landlord, czar, and the priest easily enough, even though they've had a quarrel, but with the working class, never."

("Leny" wasn't so damned dumb, was he?)

Whoever fails to understand this, whoever believes in "the kulaks' growing into socialism," is good for just one thing—to wreck the revolution on a reef.

The Real Situation in Russia.

Leon Trotsky (Eastman).

The Golden Book Mag.

Those are mine sentiments also—me too. But I'll bracket the words "on a reef".