



T-Bone Slim

THE HYBRID

Genius running wild
Like an average child;
Stormy fair or—mild!

Reason, error-joined
Unity — — — purloined;
Another mischief coined!

Genius purblind:
Childhood, age entwined;
Neither bane or mind!

Moral:

Why not discard the genius
And make a grab for toys;
Let no "freak" subpoena us
Let's all once more be boys!

That's gonna work quite a hardship on the women folk — the change in them would have to be so great that even I, as brave as I am, hesitate to put out exact figures on the problem—so impossible it would seem.

No matter whichever way I squint
That poem has a nasty glint
And doesn't seem to need a splint.
'Tis chiseled out of solid flint
By force of labor and the dint
Of great research—the wellknown "stint".
And therefore, hereby I must hint,
It is by far the best e'er "spint"
The best that ever WILL see print
It's got the body (schoolgirl tint)
And has the world a full neck skint
My God! how that poor song can sprint!

Ragged Individualism:

Ragged Individualism has now taken its proud place alongside Harding's "Back To Normalcy". We are now almost normal—but it took ten years to do it.

Five years from tomorrow afternoon a rugged individual will hop up and say, "O, what a yap I was!" and explain nothing.

I'll do the explaining right here:

Over there by those two cans a rugged individual is jungling up; three hundred feet away another proud mortal is cooking; sixty feet to the right still another rugged "I am" is glaring at his frying pan—I see smoke to the right, left and front of me and I smell the smoke back of me and I want the world to know I, too, am a rugged individual and a jackass for I, too, am jungling by my lonesome—how ketchy it is! How was this condition brought about?

An efficiency expert sold the idea to the powers that be. The master sent a few and crude rugged stool-pigeons among the populace. The stiffa swallowed the hook, yarn, sinker and all.

Presto, change!—the sticks are full of rugged individuals. Ha, ha, haa! Ho, ho, hoo! He, haw!! First they normalize, then the individualize and next they'll moralize "O, what a yap I was!"

The "normalcy" is now long overdue and it is expected rugged individualism will put the finishing touches to it—There! I could have said that in the first place.

Why didn't I go to Boulder Dam, if I didn't? —

If I didn't it was because I am a finger-grader and a cement-finisher . . .

(I have the low-down on Mr President Hoover's Dam, from its inception to its miscarriage; from the salt beds to the six prices—it seems the six companies are rugged individuals, after all, and are charging Samuel a price apiece; but I won't say anything if they will "divvy up" the sway with labor.)

Dismemberment of the Chinese Republic continues apace—to say more is to bespeak the immaterial and irrelevant—methods vary . . .

There is this about rugged individualism that is not apparent in the start-off: it cannot be carried to a successful and its logical conclusion — self-effacement. More's the pity. It can only dissociate one from rest of the world and this it does in a very incomplete manner.

Were it possible for one to completely efface one's self and carry individualism to its 19th hole, I believe the world would survive the shock.

"There is room for only one Laglen in United States," mourns Leopold L., in court. The judge thought otherwise; that by a little crowding, room might be made for brother Victor—"anyhow," as he said, "we ain't gonna enlarge the United States just for the sake of the Laglens."

Oakland, Calif., thinks Contra and is about to start filling in a part of Frisco Bay to give Vic. standing-room.—

"In South America!" roars the speaker, "they had assjacks (Aztecs) that were more intelligent than we are."

"How could they be otherwise?"

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S A M —

The farmer gave him food for naught,
The fisherman the catch he caught,

The miner, too, in substance thought,
"It isn't right to charge him naught."

The cobbler said he really ought
And did donate the shoes he wrought,
The weaver nary profit sought,
The tailor compensation fought;

The logger thought that "Pay was fraught
With moral shame"—What! him be bought?
For few loose boards to build a yacht?
(To such poor Jack was never taught).

And so it went—what a bitter thought!
To take such things, unpaid, unbought—
So fatal was the "goods" onslaught—
He froze and starved and died distraught.

Note: Ran out of rhymes or I'd give him a blood transfusion — it being law that such barbarous words as FOUGHT and GOUGHT mean no more than the "UGHT" therein contained.