



T-Bone Slim

Soho:

If a man is scrap at 45 why the "seniority" and why the old engineers of locomotives?

Hobo: Don't you know? It takes them that long to learn to run an engine—the roads hate to fire a man till he gets a hang of the job.

We're railroading too much—the great problem in this country's provide T-bone Slim a job. The latent power in his frame is terrific. Why, he was run out of California because in throwing his balloon on his shoulder he knocked down three cops and busted one plate glass window.

Not satisfied with running him out they provided a militant escort, to the border; across Nevada and a reception committee at Ogden—the reception committee, dammit, got on the wrong side of the train and Slim, (who is near sighted after meals), lost track of them.

He presumes the escorts duties were to see to it he doesn't tumble off one of them mountains.

We are reminded, in the olden day Jehovah used to guide a pilgrim so as not to have him stubb his toe on a boulder. But after the flashlights came out HE cut it out and said let'em press the button.

We are not writing this in the sense of exaggerated ego, or overstuffed sense of the importance of Slim's personage, for Slim is very modest in his demeanor, a sort of a shrinking violet, altogether too frail for this heavy logging and appreciates the honor keenly.

Delegates in the field, if any, should work in uneven number pairs . . . this is a matter of deportment and import. You

(me) shall have one or more partners; depending all on how many you are yourself—no bull.

Halls, if any, shall be under the benign guidance "deep baying" committees; for as Karl Marx pointed out with that stubby forefinger of his: if the workers are going to practice the class struggle against one another, it is well they do it in an organized manner." page 171. Bright lad that Karl—I suppose he reasoned, a greater numbers of ears might be downlified that way—anyhow, its a solution.

Threats to deport are never in good faith and free of other and ulterior motives; but are "mixed" to fit the "demands" of the moment—upon "suspicion" of radicalism, an American citizen, with four generations of Americanism in dilute behind him, can be grabbed under that program, pounded to pieces and hustled off to the hoose-gow and "the innocent" (gullible) "bystanders" shall moralize, "another foreigner bit the dust."

Note: From the date of the landing of the pilgrims to now, this is a country of foreigners—the original owner's claims were pre-empted, jumped, to the tune of winchesters versus archery. Therefor: it is unfeasonable to think so-called Americans would issue orders to have themselves deported—any such threat necessarily look like Arapaho propaganda—another red-skin scare.

Ditto:

"Hot Cakes and Coffee, tea"
Coffee and Pie—amen.

Ditto: Seattle—

"Fire-bugs burning town down—down-town".

Coolidge Refrigerators and Morgan Organs. Just one thing after another.

The Spink of Wall St., Dressed in Hole-Proof Armor, Addressed the "Mike" and said . . . did he say anything? If he did, he exceeded his allowance or his caretakers fell asleep. The blue-nose bankers are in hot water and don't know how to shut off steam—not being g'r'eat engineers like Herbut and, besides, some ignorant plumber put hot water in the valve marked "Cold".

Use your lefthand, Mr. Morgan, your left hand—keep away from that "cold" water it'll cook your characteristics, yea ho.

T-b-S.