



T-Bone Slim

Eight Bells—

Did I not tell you seamen strong
That something soon would break off
wrong;

That just as sure as you're alive
Your pay would drop to thirty-five.

You did not believe my tearful sobs:
Requesting you to join the Wobs.
You placed your faith, quite unto death,
In good old Andy Furuseth.

I don't consider myself wise
To guess you would not organize;
That you would choose to starve and
freeze

And not stand by your dungarees.

It seems unethical, unwise
To grab yourself a better prize?
That action is VERBOTEN, bad
Except to fight for what you had?

You do not rightly count the cost,
And strive to reach that which is lost—
When how much easier the stress
To hold to that which you possess.

We see the sailor thrice removed
From points where things can be "im-
proved":

He fights not for to find or hold
Nor tries to add new to the old.

Methinks it is a mortal sin
To take it thrice thus "on the chin"
And I for one shall not believe
His sand has sifted through the sieve.

I seem to see the merry cuss
Disturbing calm and raising fuss;
I see his colors, now unfurled:
"Industrial Workers of the World".

Los Angeles has two centers, civic center
and industrial center—Vernon is the
industrial center (I give this "info" for
the benefit of the communists; they're
barking up the wrong eucalyptus—Main
St. is only Main St. and Fifth Avenue
hashery is no Kremlin.)

Vernon is governed "For and By In-
dustry"—a new form of concession even
so as chamber of commerce lung-power
over Red Hynes. Firestone is out of the
district and is working on low shift. Did
not hear whether or no Chrysler sprained
his foot breaking ground for the mil-
trillion dollar plant. South Gate has lots
of pavements, much sidewalk, wonderful
sewers but no oatmeal. Property owners
are in a huddle, (conference). "Will they
ever see daylight?" No. They will not.
They cannot pay \$340 monthly outgo on
\$18 weekly income—and support a family.

Yonder shines the famed Mt. Lowe
Glistening like the driven snow.

(As a poet, editor, I'm the best saw-
filer in the country—I dare you to dis-
pute—ye can lay to that). Last night a
clerk, 45, and hollow-eyed told me:

"I'm working here. Last week they sold
me out. Twenty-five thousand I dropped.
I had that big place just around the cor-
ner." (Electrical appliance and equip-
ment, how do you spell it?)

"Twenty-five thousand, can you im-
agine? Then I got this job. I'm only clerk-
ing here..."

Will they ever see daylight?

This man had all the earmarks of
honesty AND WHAT GOES WITH IT—
but he plainly showed the sears of the
wars he went thru before he capitulated
—pale, hollow-eyed but still a nature's
nobleman.

I had bummed him.

My armor, which has developed with
age until it is quite hole-proof, a shell
that makes a missiles *ricky shay* like a
beheaded rooster whose steering gear has
befouled its propeller, was perforated
by this man's simple story until it looked
like porous-knit underwear—I could al-
most see daylight through it.

My point? "Then I got this job." —

Who would have got that job had he
not been sold out?

No. There is no daylight.

Salvation Army in L. A. suburbs in-
sisted upon working a 72-year old man
on the woodpile—or no flop. The man
protested that he is ruptured in two
places. That did not impress the "top-
sergeant". The army must have its tithes
of wood.

The man, of course, was unable to per-
form and had to walk thru the night to
Anaheim—I met him there.

England was unable to enslave the
American people as a whole either by force
of arms, money or bribery—what England
failed to do is now being done to a part
of the people by the Salvation Army, in
the name of Jesus Christ.

"We help the worthy," is their stall...
How can they determine who is worthy
lest they repudiate the fundamental basis
of Christianity. "Judge not, lest you too
be judged"—do they guess at it?

I have an idea "the worthy" are them-
selves and it's just a sweet way of say-
ing, "we help ourselves"—and to the full

extent of Les Miserables' sawing power.

When will the other half of the people
get wise to this British-Viking racket—
and when will . . . oh, shucks!

* * *

Since Al Smith got defeated I've run
into more poor people than a little.—Here-
tofore I thought I had a monopoly on
poverty.

* * *

If you don't complain a little every day
you get out of practice—how will you
then look if you want to squawk and you're
all rusty . . . Creak?

* * *

Bottom is not yet reached—all the boys
have not yet received their wage cuts.
(Law of Compensation).—Bottom cannot
be reached till no more cuts can be made
—that IS the bottom—and that is when
workers are organized industrially—after
that, the next stop is top. Until then . . .
Hm.

* * *

Al Smith's Derby (Hat) Is Sold for
\$115 at N. Y. Benefit Show—luckily Al
had removed his head before the accident
occured.

* * *

Goddam hard to get the businessman
to prow around in a bedsheet, making
night hideous, these days. He is too busy.

* * *

I see Leon Trotzki is thrown off the
"Red Special" for the second time, "for
all time", and told to stay off—30 others
were unloaded, but in Trotzki's case "it
was a matter of mere formality". He was
ditched 3 years ago.

Pretty formal about such things, ain't
they?

* * *

The editor will bear with me for not
immortalizing in verse (or worse) the
"bottle of the century" which occurred
at Glendale, Calif. ("Such - - - report-
ing!") Press conveniently passed it off as
"a canned heat feud." —

I'm not saying yes, no, giddap or whoa
—let the interested put up what defense
they can for their actions.