

# T-BONE SLIM

## DISCUSSES

### KNOWLEDGE

Your fan belt slips—your physical fan belt.—In comes a physician, face glum, you'd almost think he was about to go into **executive** session with a mortician; internment guide: "Tuberculosis," says he in a most ghostly voice, and tells you, "sunshine is good for you," and tells you what to eat . . . there you are. There you are in the middle of the road, hungry, on a cloudy day, blocking the highway of life with a busted fan . . . Why doesn't he go to work and fix your busted tuber-co-loosis?

How little they know—they have been so damned busy learning Latin they had no time to learn their trade—how little they know.

Tuberc loose is? We know, but how do you tighten it? That's what we wanta know.

How about it, doctors; how about a few spare parts—kneecaps, knuckles, joints, livers, etc.? An electric motor gets sick—refuses to work the semaphore. An electrician arrives on the scene, throws his "velocipede" into the "ditch" and without going into the sick-chamber of the dead motor he proceeds to clean out and refill the battery, cell and container—(he knows)—with acid, zinc and such, he brings the dead motor back to life. That's no miracle. That's knowledge. Knowledge of one's avowed business. Doctors, take down your signs!

What more evidence do you want? The man is practically charged with **murder-after-the-fact**.

Engineer, will you please take the witness stand? The pinion wheel in the prime intermediate transmission starts spilling its teeth all over the engine room.—The engineer spins the "globe" valve shut and kills the engine.—Kills the engine.

Then he walks over to the master mechanic's office. . . . "Good morning, Rudolph," he opens up, "have you got an extra pinion in your pocket?"

"Pinion?" grunts the MM. "What do tell do you want of a pinion?"

"I want it for an anchor . . . thinking of going fishing this afternoon," confides the engineer.

"Holy God of Israel!" cries the master mechanic clapping his hand to his heart, "did that brand new pinion break again?"

So you see, he knows, he knows—even master mechanics know and understand. . . .

The engine is repaired—no coroner is called; no mortician officiates. . . . Are you ready to confess?

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There are good doctors and bad doctors—the bad doctors are worse than no doctors. You are the doctor—I'm a doctor. (You didn't know that, did you?)

Originally I studied for the ministry in Edward Hines Memorable Theological Institute, Pike River, Wisconsin—but got to swearing so violently (while driving a balky team) that the regents, virgins et cetera (note the Latin) concluded to make a doctor of me. Therefore: It is as a man of medicine I appear before you—first, last and after a while. . . I'm a specialist. I specialize in organization ills. If there be such organizations, in these plagued Americas, let them come to me. . . . No! I will come to them. I would not ask a sick organization to leave the house—my remedy, my wonderful platinum discovery, my glorious cure-all . . . my . . . my nostrum is: Sunshine, (not moonshine); air, (not hot); pork chops, (not wood-chops); exercise, (not exorcise); activity with moderation; alive but not galvanized or ELECTRIFIED—just a little, steady, sober, dignified work. It's up to the delegates.—T-b S.