

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Relativities—proclivities, rather;

Man goes up or down, ahead or astern, is never stationary, except as a corpse—who wants to be a cadaver ahead of his turn?—a dead one?—he never sidles, so help me That being settled to the bottom, man when he has learned to plaster down his hair with perfumed vaseline is a matinee idol, not counting the dirty sox and stinking feet—and when he successfully negotiates the intricate square-knot in his bandana around his neck he is a movie star, provided he can stick to the saddle (if a thoroughbred bone-pile) long enough (between spills) to get his picture taken. . . . that being so, they're gentlemen, social lions (not rats) way up in "G" . . . But we believe their previous condition and status, as a bum or foster guardian to cows (God-father to cattle) was on a firmer base than their glory of the present.

As I said, man goes up or down.

wlw

Bakers will persist in sprinkling shredded cocoanut on "buns" (rolls) despite the fact that vast majorities of people prefer other kinds of wood—pine, maple, balm of gilead (popular) or ordinary "excelsior." —

But what can we do? In most states it's a crime to kill bakers—no matter what the provocation—no matter how many they kill with petrified cocoanut.

wlw

All has not yet been said about "save your pennies." When your boss or his representathief tells you to do that, tearfully beseeches you to salvage them, your cue is to register great surprise, lift your eyebrows and breathe: "What! is figuring on paying off with pennies?"

Aside from that, we'll groom that slogan a bit: The object of that remark "save" is not to inculcate the spirit of thrift into your vitals, nossir. Nor is it a left-handed accusation against your non-existent "spedthriftcie," nossir.

It is put forth merely as an alibi for the paleness of your pocket-book.

Remarks by editor . . . *)

wlw

Considering the mediocre sincerity of American metals, castings especially and agricultural machinery in general, I can't for the life of me see how this here Charles Lindbergh ever, ever succeeded in flying "a binder" across the Atlantic Puddle without beer kegs on the bullwheel—particularly, during wet season.—

Even O. P. Williams, the noted metallurgist of N. Y. American, indicates great and noted surprise and writes a cartoon, "DURABLE, DEPENDABLE, FINELY ADJUSTED MACHINES"—even as the "American's" own presses are struggling a hop, skip and a jump and venerable Charleston "scrape" — just about the time too when Chamberlin, overcome, rushes to a telephone to talk to his mother—mamma's boy.

(I s'pose William Randolph Hearst "tells" his mamma every time Roy K. Moulton squeezes through his machine—Bill's machine).

Otherwise, let me warn Chamberlin and Lindbergh: America is terribly afraid you'll get money for your achievement—yes, indeed, we'd prefer to warm your ribs with praise, bull, taffy, honor, something you don't need to count—and the next time you fly, for God's sake build your own machine—or walk.

On account of Levine's foolhardiness, "running chances with a Jew 'stead of a pagan," I rescind all my opinions about the hardy race of religionists—Louie Handler, please note.

Now let Reverend Cayenne (Ki Yi) Horseradish and Father "Seven Hill" O'Kavaghaw start practicing against the day when wings will keep us cool and "whirlwind" motors will uplift our soul above such prosaic things as hot air and torrid temperatures.

Bet you Levine flew on the strength of milk and dry rye!

*) EDITOR'S REMARKS: NONE! This is too good for any editorial attempt at elaboration. When a work of art is finished, it's finished; that's all, and the editor knows enough not to go "bustin" through with a sledge-hammer, or like the vandal soldiers who pulled down and broke up one of De Vinci's most famous sculptures, even while he watched them.