

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

When I was a kid I used to weep because employment was scrapping the older slaves. (Dr. Osler, desperate, devoid of all hope, suggested: chloroform the poor buggers).

Brainiest investigators found no good reason why a man 45 years old should be relieved of his tasks and be permitted to spend the rest of his days like blue blooded parasites—resting. Consensus of opinion argued a man could be “drove” a dozen years longer. Investigators knew not that the young had to be employed, or they would “break and enter.”

They knew not that slavery is so productive that 20 years of it means dividends, profits; 25 years, a neat surplus. (Only the nerviest employer would have the crust to ask a man to work more than that).

Investigators knew not that armies of unemployed are necessary to

cow those that are working—hence the early relief at the conservative age of 40 or 45—fifty-five or sixty-five will not do, as a horrible example of unemployment. Because why?

First, too old to serve as “threat.” Second, will not function; get discouraged too easily—and commit suicide. They’ve got to be 40 or 45.

How I did weep, when I was a kid. But now, dear mourners, they tell me big business is scrapping the older women workers. Ha, a bolt from a clear sky! Struck by lightning last week in January at Watersmeet, Mich.! Editor, you don’t mind if I drop a few tears on the paper—I’m gonna bust out again—I hope it will be my last, good cry.

So! So they’re going to scrap the ladies, in the prime of life. Hm!—Let me marvel:

I wonder what they mean by such high handed procedure?

First they hire 12,000,000 of ’em and then they fire 1,500,000—

What’s the idea?

Looks bad!

Does this latest move mean they

are gonna pay off the men below the 40-year limit?

If so, production must be picking up? Somebody must be toiling too fast? Gosh! Who’d have thought it? Gosh!

—wlv—

Let us compose ourself.

The “dear bosses” ain’t gonna turn loose any livelier or lovelier job hunters.

The employed young already are driven as fast as they can be driven—anything faster than that would cause them to rebel, and work great hardships and havocs to the souls of the industrial overlords; cause them to lose their appetite, and fat in proportion.

We’re safe, there!

But what’s the big holler about being weaned from a job, anyhow?

A man of 45, looking back over 25 years of useful toil, should be reconciled to the laying down of his tools; in fact, he should turn a few handsprings, kick his heels in the air and yodel a hymn of praise. . . .

Why don’t they do it?