

Subject To Corrections

By T-BONE SLIM

I wonder if they've got it all figured out where they're gonna get lumber after all the Coast lumber is shipped to Southern China? And what's the idea of weeping over shortage of lumber while "shoving" it aboard ships to be carried away? Why wail about a few forest fires—yes, you—it's the Chinaman that should be crying his eyes out; he's the ultimate loser

Let me tell you a story: The moment a snowflake hits one of our airplanes, "it's a blizzard"; our sturdy airplanes, built from the ground up, from F. W. Woolworth's hardware counter to the clouds; and a "blizzard" hits 'em with capital letters—that's journalism.

The day was as clear as a politician's perfidy when the "storm broke," the wind was blowing 740 miles a minute . . . an hour . . . no, a month—that's better—when the orphan snowflake landed on the wing constituting a journalistic blizzard.

Never in all aviation's history has snow come gently drifting down—it's a whistling blizzard, nothing less—and how those pilots suffer!—Just like a lumberjack! And I can't see for the life of me why a lumberjack, as much as he loves the Chinese, will go out and suffer like an aviator for little or no money and stand for conditions that would make a self-respecting "chink" commit hari-kari or beri-beri.

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I.U. 110, of the I.W.W., is of royal blood.—Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to use a fork; and gosh, how that baby could pitch—food. Food, of course, food—that's what 110 pitches, ain't it, or isn't it? Feed and fodder, feed and fodder, for man and beast.

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A sinister insinuation slides forth, not so insidiously either, that the working class is afflicted with boobonic plague, in the head. Even so, if so, let me point out while my finger is in the air: Boobonic plague

plays no favorites and you may rest assured, if they've got it, they caught it from some proud parasite parading around as angel of mercy

"Better Times Coming," say R. R. heads—What, again—or yet? What for, I'd like to know this time?—let 'em come! Good times have been coming ever since I quit using diapers . . .

Always coming. Always on the way—and, to extol the truth, I'd rather see good times going than coming—if I see it going, I know it's been here. Would suggest the R. R. heads put up, or shut up.

AM I TO UNDERSTAND THE "HEADS" are BELITTLEing our PRESENT PROSPERITY?

Ye Gods!—Running down our country that—a-way? Hadn't we better deport 'em—'twouldn't be so bad if they came right out and said TIMES ARE ROTTEN, but no, they hint and insinuate it—"BETTER TIMES ARE COMING."

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH for times to be BETTER—and still be far from good. A cent added, per year, would bring "times" under the head of BETTER—but still bitter.

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Nature provided workers with teeth so they can carry more than two things at a time to humor the boss—thoughtful of nature, I'm sure. (I don't know what the great companies would do if they didn't have the worker's fangs to hook things on to.)

An ordinary porter carries eight grips; two in each hand, two under arms and two in his mouth.—I'm working on an invention right now, a sort of a non-slip hook affair, the porter can clamp his teeth on and carry as many as twelve suitcases or three trunks with his tusk . . . My justification: It is said, and widely known to me, the carrying of excess baggage with teeth prevents pyorrhea, if you ain't got it.

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Pyorrhea, by the way, is to teeth the same as sickly faith to character . . .