

LOS

By T-Bone Slim

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Did George Washington send for Alexander Hamilton when "America's Prosperity" wasn't worth ten cents on the dollar?" No. He chopped down the cherry tree.

Chivalry is practically dead in these sorrowful states; they went and named America's first Zeppelin 'Z R-somethin', which don't mean anything. How much nicer it would been to name it Mrs. Hoover or Mabel Willebrandt?

To get a job on the Hoover Dam you must be able to answer the following questions:

How young are you?

Were your parents an incubator or a frigidaire?

(That's to find out how cold-blooded you are.)

Where did you do time last?

Did you finish your term, get kicked out or did you scale the wall?

If your answers test high-grade oil of imagination you shall be permitted to carry giant timbers on your shoulders and otherwise comport yourself just as if there was nothing the matter with you. After doing this for a while you come to the conclusion your father was a draught-horse, your mother a burro and you a jackass—and you so notify the boss, much to his chagrin.

After the boss finds out who you really are he won't let you stay on the job an instant—you are persona non grata.

Flint, Mich., is a good place to be hatched. All the old records were burnt-up and Flint started with a clean slate—no ignominy can attach itself to a man born there.

During the Great World Unpleasantness we had our coffee ready sugared by American Beauties, in restaurants. Quite often the coffee was too sweet and was tossed to pigs. Millions of gallons of coffee and thousands of pounds of sugar were thus wasted, and we almost got licked. . . . Man would flee his ambrosia and test his luck in another joint—a slim chance. Billions of nickles went to swell the coffers of Spartan coffee mongers (no slur) and Germany was tossing shells into Paris. Pigs, over-stimulated, tore up American bulldogs and threatened to chew up the docile and peace-loving population. . . . And still they call us Americans obstreperous, insubordinate and sons of wild jackasses; accuse us of lying in ambush with petrified cactus in our hands ready to scratch up maudling officialdom. Let me assure the government, that cactus is a feather duster. Officials must have their foibles, frozen aspects and a sensible people can not afford to take umbrage every time their brain slips a cog.

In the Mooney-Billings case, which is the pet hobby of California politicians in their sterile moments, much discredit is shunted over to the people of that state. It is my purpose to defend that people! The people of this state measure very highly in my estimation. They know precisely what they are about and are in no way positioned like the man that was undecided whether to cut his neighbor's throat or pass it all off by stealing his wife or motor car. . . . They have their life to live and live it. Handicapped by the incarceration of those two outstanding innocent men in their penitentiaries the people are placed in a very, very difficult position. In the event they are called upon to perform jury duty

over the remains of a major crime they can not find it in their hearts to convict.

Because why?

Because the consciousness of two innocent men already convicted would prevent. The people of California are so conscientious that they will not run the chances of convicting another innocent man. . . .

Because why?

Because, once convicted there is no remedy.

Here we have a damnable situation where dozens of cold-blooded murderers shall escape because two innocent men can't get out.

Truly this is something to study about. In the state of Washington, where they can't even blame the weather, the right of self-defense was repudiated in the Centralia case, and, although it doesn't as yet stink to high heaven like the Mooney-Billings case in California, the same development is in the process of consummation. California knows it to be true, no guilty man can be convicted so long as Mooney-Billings get their mail in the can. Washington will know, no murderer that puts up a plea of self-defense can be convicted.

Why in the name of hell all this solicitude for criminals?

Governor Rolph, Governor Hartley, I beg of you, please act.

It is idle for me to point out my argument hinges on the fact it takes only one juror of set views on self-defense, of the twelve men good and true, and the prisoner, no matter how weak his case may be, shall walk out a free man.

The right of self-preservation is the finest pearl in the "collection" and when that right is effaced, or disfigured, civilization shall have

laid down its hand to a bobtailed flush.

P. S.—I take off my hat to the EDITOR OF THE RECORD, Los Angeles, Calif.,—let him live.