



T-Bone Slim

Prosperity is Just Around the
"Coroner"
A Bas-Relief

Under the sorghumstanzas:

No more than Oscar Ameringer (the bad man from Oklahoma) hit town, Buron Fitts, Dist.-Atty., Los Angeles came out with a headline: "Los Angeles Helpless as Gangsters Headed Here."

(I wonder what Oscar has been up to now?) The fact that Babe Ruth, myself and "Hurley de Chief" was in town does not point the finger of suspicion away from Ameringer—he's quite guilty as he stands. Hurley made a hurried escape via airplane and, what's-his-name, president of the Erie R. R. forded the Los Angeles River (on low tide) before Buron could lay hands on him and made faces at Fitts across the border. Babe Ruth according to last reports is hiding in the swamps between Beverly Hills and Hollywood—I'm the only one brazen enough, to walk the streets and outglare Buron's gendarmes.

Let's see, coffee and toast, mince-pie and coffee, coffee and chili con carne, apple-dumpling, coffee and cheese butter-roll—not bad at all, not bad at all, for a stomach that has not been playing to full capacity, these late lamented months.

(Sammy Domb and Harry Rham, please note.)

The flexibility of the I. W. W. is open to question. It's rigidity is present, active and brittle. (The adjustability of its members is beyond criticism.)

I do not mean the I. W. W. should be elastic like currency, sticky like a leaky barrel of molasses or stretchy like a batch of sour dough tossed over a clothes line—those extremes are far from the requirements of an up and going organization. But it must reciprocate to demands of conditions. Rigidity (rigor-mortis) is possibly the least desired vehicle for long life, and is to be guarded against even to the point of becoming limber as a politician spine. *Never pull the monocle on stubborn fact!* Organism's must bend to conditions or the coroner shall drop a warm tear on the bosom of used to be—and conditions shall flourish rotten as ever.

The painful paragraphs above are the result of a habit I have of arresting my mind every time it refuses to think—no one should pay attention to them—once again the mind is tractable, unbutton the shackles and let it roam around in the garden of Eden: The goodly district attorney's hint that strange gangsters have found Los Angeles an attraction that could not be denied is an admirable attitude to take even for so bound-up in pride of residence, as Buron. The very insinuation proclaims to the world Los Angeles has no gangsters of its own, if not it at least serves notice on all and sundry that Buron will brook for no interference or competition with the modest activities of her sons and daughters, by strange actors from the equally strange Chicago. Nowhere in Buron's proclamation is there the slightest hint that Los Angeles and Chicago exchange gangsters without notice, as the occasion arises, some what after the manner two warring nations exchange prisoners of war—when ever an impasse is reached, when even the most polite officers refuse to speak with or say good morning to the unfortunates of gangster faith.

Now, that attitude has my heartfelt commendation despite the fact no man really and truly proud of Los could do less.

Los Angeles, too, is terribly frightened she is caring for more than her share of unemployed. Every town that is proud of its accomplishments along that line tremble in suspense for the same reason—a proper attitude, and it doesn't mean a thing.

The extra men are strung out between here and Mount Shasta: Santa Barbara is on the verge of hysterics.

Under the sorghumstanzas:

My watch has gone nutty, completely. It runs allright in the night time but just as soon as noon approaches it gets nervous and jumps ahead two minutes and then in one hour it slips back five minutes. Today, when the factory whistle blew twelve my watch was two minutes past and when it blew one it was three minutes to.

I wonder what there is about a noon hour that sets a watch on its edge that way?

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Some time ago we picked up a nice piece of doubleply belting. Just the thing to half-sole our off-side, armory shoe. We thank the good lord we have had no occasion to eat it! (the belt, I mean, not the shoe.)

"EDITORIAL SALVA" probably means smoothing things over after the irate reader has purchased great quantities of powder and ball out of season.

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We are using a cross between Chinese and Hebrew grammar—naturally some of our sentences seem kind of thick in the middle, like a cobra after swallowing a full-blown missionary. (We can't help that; they must be digested.)

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In the nick of time:

Just as the gloom seemed thickest and it seemed no more newspapers could be sold in Los Angeles, two women managed to get murdered in Phoenix, Ariz., and saved the day. The newspapers grabbed hold of that juicy incident, like a cat would a piece of raw liver, and dragged it back and forth in wood and stone.

before the people. Had not the women sacrificed themselves just then, as they did, civilization would have gone on the rocks and society set back to carving its initials.