



## T-Bone Slim

### Thumbs Down

The denial of pardon to Mooney and Billings does not end the case. Any such statement as "He'll never get out!" is sour-grapes. The unpaved answer of Gov. Rolph to question, "aintcha glad the case is settled," (in effect) "sure, it's not been off my mind for five months," rings of insincerity—Is it off his mind now?

It is not—it is there to stay until the case is settled, which is not yet.

The answer gives an insight into Rolph habits of spontaneous thinking when not influenced by Matt Sullivan, in turn influenced by Byington, who knows how to read and write but who in the early days had to accept (grab) the district attorneys job to make sure of his elusive pancakes—and Matt, who in the name of same shy waffles, grew big and stout at public expence, lolling on the supreme court bench until it (he) got uncomfortable . . .

Advisors, huh!

What are dist'-attorneys?

District attorneys, nine times out of ten, are legal failures, same materials as justices are made of. Their advice or opinion when not acquired by consultation with legal talent is worthless—in any case, they are next to dummies insofar as their thinking is not thorough or fundamentally premise-proof. Any grounds they may offer for the further detention of Mooney and Billings, in the light of sanctification of perjured evidence and contingent upon the acceptability of parole (surveillance) or commutation of sentence of the deferring of release on economic grounds (stars and moon ain't just right) such grounds are dodging the now national issue (precedent for nullification of law) and are wide open to question. Ordinarily a parole has much that can be said in favor of it, but we must remember a California parole is something else again and may be crammed as full of injustice as was this famous case in the start-off.

### Capitalist System Has Halitosis

The first rule for saving money is—get it.

Do not try to save that what you haven't got; you'll only fail—get it first.

Half of the world is said to be engaged in agriculture. That's how the other half lives.—Little Rock Ark. Gazette.

(The figures are inaccurate,) one-third).

Plenty of mint in Oregon but nothing to put it in.

### Genius?

G. B. Shaw: "Into the void left by the annihilation of Wilde he stepped, armed with a keener wit, a tenser dialogue, a more challenging theme, a stranger construction, a deeper and more natural comprehension."—Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

Says you!—If Oscar were still alive, Winston, you'd hear wit, dialogue, theme, construction and comprehension that would make you think the grammar exploded.—George, get up and call him a prevaricator: desecrating the ashes that survived calumny? That's my point—and WILDE it stays. G. B. S. is a great man measured to prevalent specimens; Churchill one of them. Shaw is the finished product for which the obstructive Briton now wants credit.—Wilde went down under the same "encouragement", in another day.

America claims George Bernard Shaw—but that in you pipe, Johnny.

When a king loses his head, it's because it's empty—generally speaking—and those that parade around with it ain't much better off: I figure, while the parade is wildest another vacancy is covered with a crown—all the marchers get is a pair of sore legs and sensitive bunions.

Moral: Cut out the march instead of the head—and tend to business.

Moral II, a king never should be killed while other meat is plentiful—I understand they ain't the best of eating; altho, admittedly, a pound of genuine King s'ion would fetch a pretty price in Park Avenue or Riverside Drive—just for the honor of having eaten it. (Chances are Fido gets it). Not all Kings heads are empty at the time of the tragedy and have as many spoonfuls of gray matter as yours and mine—unfortunately they are so hedged in they cannot, will not, dare not, act and rather than act they say "take the knob and make it snappy." It's the system.

Alfonso said "give me a start of three hundred yards and you won't even know which way I went"—they didn't either—for an old man Alfonso sure scratched gravel in a wonderful manner—he showed good sense and sense indicates gray matter.

He refused to shoot down his countrymen.  
(That last crack is just to allay your doubts).

A King loses his head when it is empty; generally speaking—the Kaiser's got his yet.

Lifetime convict carves-up on Warden Lewis in Oregon "big house", Salem, Ore.

Well, what did he expect—a Kiss?

I'm in favor of repealing all Foolstedt Acts, beginning from bottom, and don't get tired. . . . they're thinking of taking away the names from all towns—they're all the same: i. e.: "What town is this?"

—"What difference does it make?" . . . in strict proportion the callouses on hands grow thinner, those on the conscience thicken (parasites press please print)—pianoplayers make better safe crackers than do gandy-dancers. . . . racketeers didn't get Lindbergh's Kid, so far; racketeer's thumbs are in the middle of their paws and cannot throw together a make-shift ladder and would not—if they had to bribe all the cops from the Amboys to Metuchen to watch them cart a store ladder in their "Rolls"—no, a hammer and pocketfull of nails took the child. Where?

Where is the place where everybody's business isn't anybody's business—a tradition?

The other place is the muchly-thumbed-racketeer lore. (If there be any hints here the "flying fool" will get 'em—he is resourceful).

It may be the Kid floats only on high water.

Increment and excrement are two different things, despite the hooking-up of filthy-incere (Increment) and tainted-money. Money is the root of all blisters and in the baby-case men who never saw a baby in all their lives are entirely willing to take Charles Jack. Red-Scars:

Mine eyes have seen many scares and mine ears have heard the pitiful screams for help. "Help!" they screeched hysterically as they dug down in their pockets for REDdy Cash to finance the defense—and the cash-takers smiled in a knowing manner, and nebbly they DID know—"Help!" resounded the cry the length and breadth of the land. In the olden day it was "The Redskins Are Coming!"—and the shillings flowed freely.

Then it was "The Redcoats!"—and the mints had to work overtime to print new loadskins to combat the crimson threat.

Lately it has been "Red, red, Reds" till hell wouldn't have it—and I estimate 16 billion has been raised that way to buy porkchops for the vallant scarers.

I haven't seen these all in the sense you take it, but I've seen them nevertheless and now—right now I am the middle of a scare . . . Who would have thought the gullible public would fall for a T-bone Slim scare? 'S'fact. Crawl into your holes, reprobates—but "leave your purse where the defenders can find it."

(Above paragraph necessarily isn't weak, it's short—I could remove the whole hide as easily as I lifted the scalp; nothing is impossible in literature.)

Say editor, you've got a grammar, aintcha? Is it proper English to say, "the country is now fully scared?"—(if not fully saved?) Then we have the war-scare—46 billion more. All right. Scares can be manipulated, commercialized even so as the Lindbergh child-hunt—the hunt being in reverse and, unfortunately, was allowed to spread out instead of being narrowed down—no crop that way. Take my word for it—the word of an unimpeachable harbor boatman and patron saint of bankrupt speakeasies and "one night stands."

The American people are getting all the worst of it." There has been some doubt on that score and I hear, "If they are, they're having hell of a time getting it." This shows a gigantic lack of confidence; not only that, it shows total absence of faith—, not only that, it is a slur of the most dispicable nature and it is therefore I must hasten to testify: they are most certainly getting the worst of it; all of it—nothing is wasted; nary chunk of worst remains ungetted. Our people are go-getters (push up a statute for that last crack.)

Now that our honor is once more safe I feel we ought to sing a song:

We have got the worst of it  
And now we'll get the best;  
That of course is first of it—  
And then we'll get the rest.  
The worst and best and all between  
Is ours, by right of ruling—  
The good or bad, that can be seen,  
Belongs to might—no fooling.  
(And that's the last of it.)