



## T-Bone Slim

Us prospectors:

How heartily us 30 cent capitalists laughed at the man with a balloon, years ago. Now we've got one ourselves . . . Please, do not burst into tears just yet; there's a brighter side to these ground parachutes—that's what they are, life-saving devices.

Here's the brighter side:

It's your only exercise.

Thereby you change age 40 to 65; you put a 250 lb. man on 150 lb. legs, for the winter; in the spring you lose your goat and ballon at the same time; that changes your age to 29 and puts 150 lb. man on 250 lb legs . . . Ah, the glorious feeling; you'll have to be swinging your jaw from left to right and right to left to keep it.

Temblors:

Seattle seismograph registered what was thought to be an earthquake within the radius of 500 miles. That would bring it in the neighborhood of Sacramento and Frisco—probably the beans the Salvation Army is feeding the untouchables. Strange how they can invent machines that will record beans popping five hundred miles away—after awhile they'll get it down so fine it will throw a fit every time I take a chew of snus.

out of the way of your knees—so high you are stepping. IF—spring fever don't get you. All honor to the overland seabag!

California has its share of wonders if Los Angeles hasn't—lest we consider Red Hynes a marvel:

The up and down of its as follows:

You can stand on the lowest spot in the United States (Death Valley) and see

and contact is the thing to strive for

the highest (Mt. Whitney).

Mt. Shasta shines almost the length of California and so on, tired of looking at it, see Mt. Lassen.

Let us add Mooney-Billings Case.

Los is a city of distantly related parts—a collection of towns paying tribute to L. A. W. W.—“a part of Los or no water”—It is therefore Los extends to wherever her water mains can be run—her ordinances is many—“No Dumping” is Ord. 58786—she started making 'em young—1,000 per year—her Hall of Justice has its pillars in the top story and is square in shape but looks up side down to strangers.

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Redondo Beach is another stoolpigeon resort—a stronghold. Butcher and bakery wagon are in cahoots. (Do not sleep in ready-made bed, nohow—not even after moving it away from under the squirting-hole overhead.)

The stools are getting fat—not too fat.