



T-Bone Slim

SERENE 1932

A torch of gray is fringing of the old
time rebel's crown,
Unfathomed woe is twinging hieroglyphics
in his frown;
And yet the face is wistful—eyes of
penetrating blue:
Envisioning a fistfull of still greater things
to do.

"Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, Los Angeles evangelist, is shown here (picture) in cowboy outfit at Palm Springs, where she and her new husband, David Hutton, are resting."—Sacto. Bee.

Are you sure they are resting? And isn't the rest kind of sudden?

Allthesame, Aimee has my vote—she doesn't high-hat.

Wage reductions are widespread—unionism not.

"BRING ME MEN AND WOMEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS," sighs California, mindful of MOONEY and BILLINGS in "the can" on evidence that should have first been presented "to sweeney" for inspection.—How big is Rolph? Mooney (as no doubt Billings) has been suffering cumulative injustice, day by day, an irritation that would make angel Gabriel swear like Charlie Dawes and bend his horn around the hitching post.

The marvel is they act sane—normal.

Marysville: Both of Marysville's whistles blew out the old and in the new year . . .

I do not know whose new year it is—an average man's new year begins on his birthday and an average yokel has better sense than to be born on January 1st—nicer way is to date your NEW year from the time you take out a union card.

I hear Yuba City calling me—if you hear of a gold strike in California make up your mind my pick has struck pay-butter.

(Editor's note: It will be remembered, T-bone Slim it was that led the gallant forty-niners a few years back in a heroic effort to populate California's barren wastes. Slim is no mean sniper and it is expected the crevisses will get a thorough and final overhauling—as to digging we cannot say. Slim has been complaining about being shoulder-bound; that too should prevent all his pan handling the river bottoms during rainy season. Sure 'nuf, we may as well start humming "When the Gold comes Rollin' In").

"Three Delicious Aunt Jemima's Pancakes for—ONE CENT."

Those figures are not original with me; but I suspected as much. Frisco community chest collected \$2,600,000—what a stack of hot cakes that would buy!

No. We won't stack 'em up—we'll lay 'em flat; one high; side by side. All right, get your feet out of the way . . . We'll see if we can't lay a carpet of hot cakes from here to Los Angeles—Los Angeles has \$3,500,000 in her chest. In \$2,600,000 there are 260,000,000 pennies and, hot cakes, selling three for a cent, it will buy 780,000,000 Aunt Jamima's pancakes. My! What a carpet we'll have—Los Angeles will have something over a 1,000,000,000 hot cakes (I haven't time to figure 'em exact). A mile having 5,280 feet would require 10,560 hot cakes, single file—or do you want 'em three abreast? All right, all right, three abreast, that's 31,680 hot cakes per mile.

Five hundred times 31,680 hot cakes equals 15,840,000 hot cakes, and that is how many cakes it takes to lay a carpet three cakes wide from Frisco to L. A.—S. F. is the proper abbr. for San Francisco. Let's see—we've got the price for 780,000,000 hot cakes, that leaves us, say, 764,000,000 hot cakes—what shall we do with them? Let's run a carpet mile wide to Los.

No. We can't do it—a square mile requires 111,513,600 hot cakes—we can go only about seven miles—we'll give that up and run a line, three abreast, to New York City.

N. Y. C. is ten times as far as L. A.—ten times 15,840,000 cakes equals 158,400,000.

There! The line is run and we have 621,600,000 cakes left over. What shall we do with them? Shall we keep on around the world? No. We shall start feeding the populace with what's left over: Six-hundred twenty one million six hundred thousand hot cakes will feed every man, woman and child in San Francisco (delicious) Aunt Jemima's pancakes, three times a day, 34 days.

It will feed the unemployed (hot cakes) three times a day for two years.—If it doesn't too much was spent for syrup. We have a line now from Frisco to Los, Frisco to New York and two years supply of hot cakes left over . . .

So you can see for yourself the spread

is great enough to permit the charity racketeers to tuck some of it under their precious person—I doubt whether the two years supply will last 2 months.

The very fact that they raise the question of worthiness goes far to prove their honesty might be reined in a little without bad effects.

Christ knew no unworthiness; they do. Sunny Cal has now rained nine days and nine nights in quick succession. Most of the population has been forced to move from the culverts and river bottoms. Many a hobo had to desert his "modern" steel dwelling and take to the grades, with blanket roll—dwellings built at great pains to shed water were unequal to withstand the torrents sent down by the "dry" Sierras. Rivers are out of their banks.

By the time this is printed California will have done what she will do to the "hunger march". If I may predate, it will be march hungry not in name only—nothing worse.