



T-Bone Slim

THAT'S THAT!

Being in full possession of all my faculties I wish to announce to the amazed public I am not a candidate for the nomination for Vice-President; it's President or nothing with me and, if it's nothing, I won't accept it.—T-bone Slim.

(That ought to fetch me at least a job as Minister—plenti Potential to Araby or Messo-Ptomainea.)

The best argument for a six-hour day is a banker—he uses 18 hour nights.

The next best is a merchant—he keeps “open” a short while in the middle of a day and grabs every holiday for a complete shutdown and declares an occasional holiday himself when holidays are too far apart to suit him.

Russia imports 1,500,000 bushels wheat from Canada last month (July '32) at prevailing figures — from B. C.—(Tell John about it.)

Ignorance appears to have majority only because it sticks out two feet further than intelligence—some people consider me intelligent. (I found out different on my last country-wide excursion—it's the other guy that has the dope.)

If I read my republicanism correctly we are not to drink this rot gut according to law—how shall we drink it? The American people are not asking for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. What they want is repeal of rot-gut in the form of intolerant law and intolerant liquor.

The republican convention has taken the position rot-gut in its many forms is helpful to the country—it even refuses to take the blessing (amendmendment) from it and shower another blessing (repeal) upon it.

The issue is, rot-gut or liquor.

The issue breaks in two; liquor comes as a matter of course, rot-gut needs nursing—and the republicans are right there to do it.

What the democrats want is repeal of rot-gut—liquor will take care of itself. So will the people.

Listen to this:

“We do not favor putting the question in a form of limiting it to ‘keeping’ or ‘ditching’ the amendment.” — Republican party talking; translation mine. — “For” (verbatim) “the American nation never in its history has gone backward . . .” (How about the 18th Amendment?) Is intolerance straight forward? In this the nation is something like California: it never makes a mistake and if it does it never goes back to fix it. A perfect nation. Nothing needs fixing. Everything is “jake”, according to republican philosophy.

Intolerance is in the saddle. Protected from every angle including new independent party—possibly the best you can get is Smith.

The “vets” are something like I am in regards the issuance of new money—they are not interested in the amounts the mills turn out; sox, to me, it not a picture of the bales produced—I get more excited when I consider a single pair now long overdue my painful extremities—in other words, how many sox do I get—and House, if it desires to receive my vanity, shall be explicit in its instructions, to wit: Give Slim Six Pairs NEW Sox, Size 10½ And Make It Snappy.

NOTES

You'll hafta harded to that old rogue, Buggs Baer—its nothing that gets past him. Him and Paavo Nurmi.

—Except this, which hasn't come up yet: Beer went to the bad before prohibition made it rotten.

George Jean Nathan back from Europe threatens that he'll put out a modern “Spectator” and fill it with assigned art. —Men have been sent to the nuthouse for less—you can't do that George, spirit refuses to take orders.

This “depression”, understand me, is not a part of the world depression and is not caused by the same factors—in fact it is not a depression as a complete ailment. It is a combination of super-expansion at the cost of over-deflation, in a top-heavy society.

World-war effects not the productivity of a Kansas farm, for instance. Alibing it won't remedy it.

The way out?

Go back the way you came, back out. There is no short-cut—you're in a blind alley, not a one-way street.

If you dropt your card entering this alley, go and pick it up.

When I was lost in the woods I headed out toward the camp but away from it—I hit the camp right on the nose. I had got myself into a jam by heading for the camp so, to get out, I reversed my tactics.