



T-Bone Slim

The king fell ill from too much work
And the slaves from fooling around;
And business, tho it was quite berserk,
Was fund-Amen-tally sound.

The "nuts" in all the asylums had
Zoroaster beat by a mile;
And business, tho it was mostly bad,
Did twist her face in a smile.

"A breakfast saved is a breakfast earned"
Is the height of reason attained—
And "nothing is lost in the things thus
spurned",

But tell me, what have you gained?

A breakfast lost can ne'er be found
And it grieves us boobs very sore;
And business fundamentally sound
Is rotten clear to the core.

Didn't take Henry Ford long to find
out a Chinaman can build a Ford cheaper
than Detroit's dynamic workingmen can;
did it?

It's all in the rice—Detroit's master
mechanics should try a pound or two and
see if it wouldn't improve their approach.

How long will it take Detroit's workers
to find out they don't have to "pay" Henry
so many millions per year—let the
Chinaman do it?

The difference between cost and price
is the difference which permits Henry to
throw "a little work" in front of our
yellow fellow workers—which means, if
Chinese costs are high, the surplus U. S.
price makes the whole world kin.

I 'spose we'll be suckers all our lives.
(Henry's earning power is now 500 times
as big as Herbert Hoover's.)

Potatoes, too, U. S. No. 1 Burbank, 10
lbs. for 14 cents. Ye gods! Almost three
times as much as farmer gets for wheat.

Henry is putting out a new car for
March exhibition; a four, first, an eight,
later—both on same chassis—and Henry
hastens to assure the public the price will
be just a trifle more than nothing and
that he has a conscience. He also serves
notice on the sources of raw materials
that any jumps in their figures constitute
treasonable activity and grave danger for
our republic in this hour of greatest
gloom. I forget all he did say but I know
the sentiments passed muster before my
cruel eye.

The mere fact that other automobile
makers were working substantial forces
had no bearing on Henry's change of
heart—his motives are wholly pure, uh,
huh . . .

We have here Manhattan Beach, Calif
and yonder El Segundo, John D. Stand-
ard-Oil's private properties and refineries.
That gigantic concern is now employing
about 300 men; and desperate housewives,
bereft of their senses and breakfasts,
roam the beach drives denouncing Hoover,
the Oil Business and Pacific Ocean
(foreign oil)—I can't see the logic—lest
it be the brains of our ill-fated country
are straining every nerve and muscle to
make things still more miserable.

Venice knows her oil. The derricks are
stuck up just like that (hold up your right
hand). Now spread your fingers—just like
that. Every derrick has a different owner
—Ohio, Todd to Mohawk—rugged individ-
ualism rampant—each trying to pump
the other dry.

I 'spose John D. gets the oil. Saw
one man that looked like a workingman—
saw him twice—and I thought those derrick
pretty much machinery for one man
to handle. Did not count the derricks be-
cause it was raining but will say they
stretch for miles from Plaza Del Rey
Hills to the canals—so thick, a rough
estimate is impossible. (Of course, there
were more than one man—but they were
a scarce article; and me wanting match,
too.) (Boulevard hasn't an inch to spare).

Passed L. A. sewage disposal proper-
ties yesterday. Picnics and camping pro-
hibited within 500 ft. of the piers. Saw
sixty seagulls holding the fort there
which indicates L. A. is not putting out
with either hand. (Frisco ferry boats al-
ways have an escort of 483 gulls, where
the liberal Oaklanders toss them bread and
pop-corn).

Also saw some sixty smaller birds
scamper in and out with waves and dig
something from sand—sewage hath no
charms for them.

Square-rigger, four-masted, laying off
Santa Monica, for no apparent reason—
thought I saw another four-master, minus
masts, laying hard by—my eyes ain't as
good as they were when I was new . . .

Bait and tackle to the starboard and
Scotch Baker (first one) to the port—
airplanes overhead riding herd on hoboes
lest they stray or be kidnapped.—No
danger: the Los Angeles cops meet all
trains, like the Toonerville Trolley, (don't
have to walk in) and haul them to the
village, and in front of the lady-magis-
trate. Her honor murmurs "twenty days"
suspended sentence" and the orderly pro-

ceeds of law and order have been main-
tained—some day Los will grow up. Don't
try any fast ones on "her honer"; nature
bath gifted her with a wit that is surpris-
ing so far south of Sacramento. Santa
Monica is an industrial city (minus indus-
tries) so destined to remain in view of
the encroachment upon her sanctities by
Beverly Hills (minus hills). It is often
referred to as one of the Bay Cities (min-
us bay).

All in all Santa Monica believes in
"Live and Let Live"—not a bad idea and
in this connection let me say: many an
autoist would pick up a footsore pilgrim
were it not for the honest to goodness
fear; still others refuse to pick up any-
body because of a guilty conscience—they
take the position that: "if there is any

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Longer been tried by a mile;
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A spoon will be suckers all our lives.
Henry's earning power is now...

T-BONE SLIM

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be done, they want to do it
(instead of having it done to
n)—not a bad idea, all told.
ill.

T-BONE SLIM

(Continued from page 2)

murdering to be done, they want to do it themselves" (instead of having it done to and for them)—not a bad idea, all told.

Beverly Hills:

If Beverly Hills are hills, a pancake is a ravine. Further than that the defiant sayeth not, out of due respect for the wing-sore, fellow traveler, Will Rogers.

* * *

Anticipation:

"What was the most remarkable thing you saw in California, Slim?"

The number of dogs I saw everywhere and their resonant barking.

But you mustn't get mad if dogs bark at you. They're only working up an appetite—for California loves its dogs dearly and feeds them accordingly. Many of the dogs no doubt imagine themselves Rudy Vallees' of dogdom, and are not averse to crooning a lay or so to strangers.

In S. San Francisco I went to a house for water. Fording the backwater of the tide, I arrived at the house from an unexpected angle and there they were—slaughtered hounds of all discriptions (six or seven) in a pile and four live ones coming at me like the hounds of hell—I laughed them off. This dog fancier's

averse to crooning a lay or so to strangers.

In S. San Francisco I went to a house for water. Fording the backwater of the tide, I arrived at the house from an unexpected angle and there they were—slaughtered hounds of all discriptions (six or seven) in a pile and four live ones coming at me like the hounds of hell—I laughed them off. This dog fancier's love had been great but it finally broke down under Hoover's administration and the merciful thing to do was to cut their melodious windpipe. I am not trying to make it appear those seven dogs had to give up their lives to provide meats for the family and bones for the surviving dogs, indeed I am not—because I do not know, and knowledge is a great thing—but I do know that when a aged tramp cooks up a puppy the newspapers spill a bucket of tears and offer most dire vengeance to that, or those scoundrels, that shanghaied Reginald's playmate. Quite out of proportion to the racket raised when a cat was stewed up in Glendale, Cal.—a fine fat cat it was, too; fattened at public expense—the facts are before you but let them not influence you to think California is stingy or poor—she is very liberal. These occurrences are the result of L. A. cops permitting you not to stop long enough (in Glendale) to lean on the overrepresent generosity and strengthen

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stop long enough (in Glendale) to lean on
the everpresent generosity and strengthen
the inner man.

The cat is mourned only by hoboes.

* * *

Yon dog is better off than I,
cannot tell a lie —

Yon dog is better off than I,
cannot tell you why.

* * *

Objectives vary:

Parasites crave endless chains.

Workers want chainless ends.

I'm reminded, California's beautiful
boulevards were built by disappointed
prospectors dressed in eighteen pound
Oregon boots—Rolph's fire-trail, convict
camps are a feint echo of the good old
days when Los Angeles laid out her drives.

(The choice of a "tampping-up" or trip
to the Sierra "snow line" makes not the
campless convict or criminal). Rolph is
criticised merely for giving rascals an op-
portunity to ply their trade, that of rail-
roading innocent because of their pover-
ty.—Los Angeles is instrumental in bring-
ing this condition about and Los Angeles,
in its bigoted intolerance, is instrumental
in the continued incarceration of the in-
nocent Mooney and Billings—today Rolph
lays a corner stone for a new prison in
San Quentin—his time could be better
occupied by laying a wreath on the brow
of dead justice.

I do claim Rolph, as well as Mooney
and Billings, is a victim of sour circum-
stances