



T-Bone Slim

When I saw Herbert Hoover was too light in the poop to round-up prosperity, I made a rush for California to consult Hoot Gibson about gold-digging prospects around Saugus—I mean digging it right out of dirt. And I figured "Ma Kennedy might possibly adopt me"—but I came too late. She had already adopted a man and domesticated him.

"Well", I thought, "there's Aimee McPherson. What's the matter with us working in unison? She to preach the sermons and me to take up the collection. That's an idea! Hard to beat."

But before I could get turned around she was Missus Hutton and there was I stranded in the Placerita Canyon and had no place to go for aid and comfort. Darn the luck, anyway! There is nothing else for me to do but throw my balloon on my shoulder and tick back to civilization. (Editors: Come and get it!)

Understand me: Hoot Gibson is generally home to strangers and God knows I was strange enough after six years of Calvinism and three years of Hesperitis. He mistook me for a ghost, until I mentioned my appetite. Then he recognized me for human being.

"The boys got hungry," said he.

Upon second thought my program with regard to the now Mrs. Hutton, doesn't look so good: If I take up the contributions, the collection will be but a minor disturbance; whereas if I lay down the law and gosbull and she gathers in the shekels, the shower of simoleons will resemble that of Gulden's "Mustard Wedding"—A Gulden Opportunity!

Dreams! Wonderful dreams!

Dreams are imperative:

A bank burglar dreams. In his dreams he steers or seizes 50,000 dollars. He never ceases dreaming till he seizes what he sees. Witout his dreams he would seize nothing and the cops would not dream of seizing him or if they did dream of seizing him they would soon cease dreaming and cease seizing—if they had already seized or started to seize. But, if the cops did seize and refuse to cease after the bank burglar had ceased dreaming and had refused to seize anything but had ceased seizing before he really seized, and if his ceasing of seizing fails to make the cops cease seizing I am all at sea to see why cops should not be seized for seizing those who had not seized or had ceased to seize before they really seized.

I can't figure it out—and I cite this only to show how hazy dreams can be—especially so when they deal with such ethereal matters as seizing fifty G's.

(Note: Directions for taking).

The diseases and aches herein mentioned are pains in the neck—both of 'em, Calvinism and Hesperitis. So, if you have either one or both, or suspect you have, see a good doctor right now.

I was a staunch supporter of Garner till I found out Hollywood favors him.

Hearst can keep his Albion-America Alliance—and we'll throw in Garner—and run a dutchman for president. This political etiquette has gone too, and God damned, far!

What we want in the white wigwam is a full-breed—Shultz or Breithaupt.

What's the matter with uplifting a Jew once?

Another thing, we want a young man—not an old huzzard—or crowbait—on probate.

Palmdale: Some of the palms are desperately branching out this-which-hither-way like a busted arm—few of them actually on their knees looking for water. Noah Berry has a Paradise hereabouts.

Desert Garage—must be Maharvey (pronounce, Mojave).

Bindlestiff, (one shoulder dragging 5½ inches behind him) starts his trek.

"Pretty long hike without water," is the comment—I wonder . . .

California is a slightly warmed-over-Montana . . . Studio City Garage . . .

Garage City Studio . . . Owing to narrow sidewalks ladies have started reducing . . .

Why don't they fight for their rights . . . demand right-of-way on the boulevards . . .

let the "Austinis" use the walk . . . getting to be a pretty pass when a lady must

arrest her growth because Los Angeles permits narrow walks—if two fullgrown

women ever meet on a sidewalk there's

going to be a traffic jam that will take

more than dozen left-handed cops to

straighten out . . . they'll need a derrick . . . under the guiding star of

Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Company

the American bankers robbed depositors

to the tune of 3,000,000,000 dollars . . .

in the same area of time bank burglars

collected a lousy 3,000,000 dollars . . . I

think we better send those b.b.'s back to

college . . . "Some dirty, scoundrel"

busted into Mr. Art Crafty's residence

last night and stole a valuable, gilded

floor-lamp while Mr. Crafty was lifting

a calf from Farmer Brown's pasture".—

Can you imagine, grabbing a man's read-

ing-lamp!"

Bakersfield:

This town was settled by a first-class baker—not one of those sourdough artists of flour and water mechanics. The "Baker" also had a gift of judging good liquor and as a result quite often Baker strayed off into a field to take his bearings. This happened so often the field won a sobriquet—Baker's field. If you don't believe it, I'll show you the field.

The townsmen used to greet Baker with a cheerful "Stewed, eh Baker?" and offered to name the town "Studebaker." But Baker got sore and moved to South Bend, Indiana, and went on a bender there. But the rep. "stewed, eh baker" followed close on his heels and made him blush a rosy red. Quite readily Baker saw that if he was to imbibe the liberal libations, he needed a wagon to haul him home—that was the origin of four-wheeled wagons in South Bend (North Bend used to crawl home on all-fours, yep) and unless I'm mistaken, which is improbable, even to day "South Benders" put out four-wheeled vehicles, floating power and everything affectionately labelled Studebaker. Now this biography is every bit as truthful as any biography ever written and not a whit more, thank you.

After due consideration I've come to the conclusion that water should not be placed in front of eaters without close questioning—the man may have already eaten too much water.

No exceptions to this, except wherein absence of water conflicts with fire rules.

—T-b-s.