



T-Bone Slim

The Sun was Hot — so was I

State control over industry is not an unalloyed joy because then through its political affiliates heterogeneous society pretends to pass upon the equities of specific matters—an act similar to that of neighborhood electing an official to raise your children. An invasion of your rights and the disqualification of you without trial or previous test of your abilities. The imposition upon you of a mind that is at variance with industrial activities; by its very nature a non-producer wrapped up in precedent, mode and laxity.

Private control of the industry is no better because of the inordinate greed of our industrialists, so-called, who are really politicians—except when their existence is threatened, i. e.: erstwhile Roy D. Chapin, Secretary of Commerce in the Hoover Hangover is now President and General-Manager of Hudson Motor Co.; Newton D. Baker stamps out the presidential bee in his bonnet and becomes Sir Director of the Radio Corporation in place of Owen D. Young whose laundry didn't show. (Lots of D's there and I forgot John D—mebbe that is a brand).

Baker is director of several corporations including Band O, RR., Cleveland Trust Co., Carnegie Corp., Lake Carriers Ass'n., Mutual Life Insurance Co., N. Y. He's got many ways of getting it; he believes in representative form of government—Wot a president, Wotta president he would make! Yesterday Amherst tagged him Doctor of Laws. Some doctor, some doctor! He comes from the state of Foraker, Harding and Mark Hanna.

So long as he's in there getting it, in those several places, nobody else has a look-in.

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Morning is Youth—Age is Sleep

Houses are built for the especial and particular purpose of the maintenance of peace as among the neighborhood children, during the still hours of the night.

The children, accustomed to cease hostilities at a certain hour and resign themselves to the mercies of the lord in bed, feel a certain reserve when they emerge in the morning, which prevents them the recognizing in neighboring child a public enemy, number one:

It would be far into day before the various pirates, babe ruths, generals and firemen began to see inherent flaws in the make-up and deportmant of the future presidents and absconders, with the result that the fight was hardly under way when it was time to retire, and candles were substituted for shillalahs.

The building of those houses is not entirely a matter of sacrifice in the interest of instilling and preserving equanimity in the growing generation, insofar as through that medium the parents are enabled to snatch a few winks of slumber—their self-interest is paramount.

Union halls are of same importance and are maintained for the purpose of maintaining peace among the unregenerate workers, to prevent them the scabbing of their fellow worker of life, limb and liberty . . .

As I am not a finisher but a starter, the distance's long and I am a poor swimmer, I will wind up by saying:

The conference that resolves in evening, rescinds next morning.

Adios.

I have much to say . . .

Give me a medal.