



### SAYS T-BONE SLIM

Theoretically dictatorship of beef is possible at any time any place—but it cannot happen here because of superabundance of intelligence. Dictatorship is institution of government by faction; and such form easily exceeds the limits of safety. It is not government by organization; it is organization by government. It is the delegation of people's powers to an individual by a faction—it is power by sleight and is not at any time real.

The people of this country have too well learned the lesson. If you want anything well done, do it yourself. There are many of that faith. The beefy faction also is numerous and their will to dictate sometimes gets out of bounds. I honor them for their will but I cannot help but chide them for permitting individuals to capitalize on the resurgence of their nature. If the dictator too is beefy I have no complaint, but such is not the case however and the beefy populace has gone outside its kind and class to get their iron man. The iron man is generally a drug store cowboy, a reformed preacher, a mail order desperado or a renegade from the ranks of circumspect socialism—their gods are clay, not iron, and the power of the beefy boys is all the power a dictator has. I honor the beefy boys for the ebullience of their nature but I warn them: Don't let the city slickers hang one on you.

wlw

Pennsylvania RR firemen put on three lbs. of fat on the way from Altoona to Harrisburg—the company takes it all back on return voyage. "So," (a fireman told me) "I've got to quit in Harrisburg if I expect to hold the three lbs. (HWY police)."

The big shots, the finance wizzards, are riding the trains once more. Not enough protection on the hi-ways for their limousines. Here they can fall back on the fireman in case of emergency. They know their onions! Comrade Stalin got sick just from too much seclusion.

wlw

Economic fixers are debating who shall get more, the farmer or worker. Let me point out—twelve million unemployed will do no buying until you put them to work. So don't whack up the residue until you know what you're doing—so the world belongs to farmers and jobites?—just hold your horses a minute. You wouldn't like it if the unemployed stole a march on you and organized a one big union of confirmed industrial culls. (jobless). Now would you?

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