



Two Leaders Try to Fix-up a Difference

By T-BONE SLIM

When King Solomon offered to split the baby in two—to please the ladies—he started something. Since then, that form of wisdom has been going on without rest or let up (or hindrance) around the clock. Only severe cases of calendaritis have been able to stop some of these wise guys. But I must tell you a story.

Once upon a time there were two wise labor leaders, but they had only one dog between them. Both wearied of kicking the dog around, so they finally decided to cut the dog in two, right square in the middle—so as to have a dog apiece. The operation was a perfect success and sure enough Fido was now in two parts. One part looked soulfully into the eyes of William the Great and the other part tried to wag its tail to John the Tower of Strength—and were they happy, these two?

Poor Dog!

But the dog, ah the dog looked kind of downcast and it was feared that the front part would get the hydrorabies and start chewing up tin cans and fire-plugs; whereas the hindpart couldn't chew at all. What a contretemps! Here was the hind part trying to wag its tail but, as it happened, the steering apparatus was all in the front and it looked like the tail was wagging the dog—you've heard that before and I offer it merely to prove I ain't drawing on imagination.

I believe I've already mentioned it, these two leaders were of great wisdom so they got their heads together down in Washington—that is also the place where the nation's wailing wall is located.

"Look see," says William the Conqueror, "the mutts are laughing at us, we better hold a series of collapsible conferences."

"You said it, Bill," sez John, "and devise a way to put the dog together again."

So one day the great men sat scowling at each other, the parasites' press took pictures of them and duly repeated, "BOTTOM FELL OUT OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE . . . and the long sought for unborn peace fell through the apperture."

Next day the sun got up, kind of early, clear and bright and the great men weren't far behind, hardly less clear or less bright; and boatmen who know it all promptly concluded, "Ha, another armistice!"

Like the Maiden's Prayer

"This is the DAY," they roared, "when the DOG shall be ONE piece like the politicians' alibi!" And they threw their hats up in the air and sent out for a few cans of Schroeder's cream brew. Hoch!

But the day, as usual was spent in paeans of praise and waltzing around in friendship's eternal clasp until the clock struck four; too late to put the dog together in the failing sunlight and, as neither man wanted to put the dog together in artificial light, they had to put it off to tomorrow. Manana!

Next day it rained and the war was on again. The poor dog!

Sawed in two—right square in the middle. Let us drop a few furtive tears here and proceed with the story but we got to make it short. Our readers ain't going to live forever.

Time wore on and our loyal leaders were as far as ever from fructification, apparently. But finally came the day when hunting season opened and here they were, the trojans and the titans of the labor world deadlocked over a severed dog—mouth watering for Belgian hare. Heluva note that, they both wanted hare of the same dog but the dog was split in twain, crosswise.

They Want Rabbit

So Bill looked at John and John looked at Bill—it was a crucial moment, a kind of a crux and the two worthies heaved a sigh that sounded like a boiler when the soft plug lets go.

"Do you think, Bill," says John, "that mutt could catch a rabbit for us if we slap the two parts together?"

"Surest thing, John, the rabbits are fat this year and they can't gallop worth a damn," replied Bill encouragingly.

So, paraphernalia having arrived, they took turns stitching the dog; one swinging the needle, the other holding the dog.

And, after it was done, there she was, and as pretty a piece of work as human eye ever rested upon. But unfortunately the hind end was sewed on bottom side up. Neither of the two great men noticed it and when the dog tries to get onto its feet that's when the fun started. Catch a rabbit?

Alas, the dog couldn't even bark, to say nothing of catching a cotton tail. Everybody knows that a dog cannot bark unless his hind feet are braced against solid ground. There you are. I told you and I don't suppose anything can be done about it now.

Both men are tired from their heroic efforts and should be given a vacation—and get the dog a wheelchair.

"But, Slim, for goodness sake, are you forgetting that the two gentlemen were craving fresh, foot-caught rabbit?"

Hell no, I was just thinking, why not let Harry Hopkins fix up the hasenpfeffer? . . .

Seems to be only one thing left for Mooney defense—strike. Strike until Mooney and Billings are out of jail and until politicians are between plow-handles (or cracking rock for their many crimes).

Mooney and Billings both were framed by employers. Take it or leave it, labor.

It is not changing the subject one iota if you strike for Mooney—for it is of the substance from which freedom is made.

California people are good but its office holders are toying psychopants before the altars of Ventura millions.

It is time labor called that nob-tailed flush.