



"They Toil Not" - Pity the Idle Politician

By T-BONE SLIM

Gee, whillikers, ain't it fierce the number of politicians that are unemployed because of no fault of their own; every last mother's son of them willing to work. There they are out on the street corners hollering their heads off for a job—and I'll say this much for some of them, they could talk Christ off the cross. We are getting some keen competition chasing the elusive job.

Newspapers call it a "whispering campaign." I didn't hear the whispers. They had their rolltop loudspeakers out and the sounds rolled off like coming from a barrel. (I must get me one of those loudspeakers—I believe the last eleven bosses didn't hear me at all—maybe they thought I was saying "looks like rain," darn the luck.) So I got to thinking "whispering campaign" is a missprint, you know what those printers are, and what was really meant was "whimpering campaign"—but that wouldn't do either. Honest to God, cross my heart, they were

hysterical and far past the stage of whimpering. So now, I don't know what to think. All because there ain't enough political jobs to go around.

Some of them already have a job but were out there hollering for another one so as to have something to fall back on just in case the ground slips out from under their feet. I believe that comes under the head of "unfair labor practice." Something the boys themselves rigged up lately. You can talk all you want about Admiral Horthy brushing away the tears as he rode the white charger into Kamaron, Hungary, but they were nothing compared to the pearls of grief that glistened on my cheeks, oscillated a moment and then splattered on my button shoes, the night before election—shoe polish costing what it does to say nothing about the bad affect of salt water on leather. The more I thought of those shoes, the sorrier I got for the politicians and I heard the landlady say, "No. 6 is on a crying drunk again."

Can you blame her? How many went to bed dry-eyed on this memorable occasion? Not many. Only a brute could be impervious to such heart rending situation. We may think it tough to spend six months looking for thousands of jobs and here these poor devils spend that much time looking for just one job to say nothing about all the posing they've got to do in front of the mirror and have their picture taken by 74 photographers before they get a good one that rings the bell. (All we need is our finger prints and social security number.

I am thinking about starting a "back to the soil" movement for these politicians or if I see Harry Hopkins I'm going to ask him to have his men fix up a cantonment of offices for these frustrated statesmen so that they may retain their blarney to proper pitch—and yen for office at the proper itch.

The joblessness of office seekers is about seven out of eight in the lesser offices, which goes to show how modest they are. They ain't looking for "the cream," just a little "split-milk" and if they lose out in the election they've got to wait from two to four years before they can "run" again.

You don't seem to grasp the hopelessness, the despair of being a jobless politician—after years of pulling strings to finally get into a position to run for office, to serve the people with honor and energy, only to be defeated at the hands of a crook by all standards of the seven losing candidates. Is that justice? I ask you is that justice? I'll say its ice. Winter wraths rolling in from the north and they can't even hibernate like a bear or shed their skin like a rattlesnake.

Dammit Harry, there's something to that hibernation. I only wish the whole nation could do it. The bear, you know, lies on one side half the winter and then rolls over on the other side and the only nourishment it takes is what little it gets by sucking its claws. Ideal, eh, for politicians? (I ain't throwing any "bocays" at you, Harry. You're one in 130,000,000.)

I had a hunch this morning that if I go out and look for a job on regular election day I'd land something. My hunch was no good. Of course, I didn't go to only three places for I discourage very easily.

Every time I popped the question the boss would weep a while and then I would weep and we would bid each other good luck and part on the best of terms. (I mention this to show the bosses are rapidly becoming Christianized). But the last boss warned me, "Don't have any more hunches for at least thirty days."

There! I've opened my heart to you. If you can see your way clear to snare me a quarter of beef down in Washington, I promise to step out and bum me the room rent. I know, Harry, I know—your thinking I should curl up annd suck my claws but I dare you to get up and say so.

—T-Bone Slim