



T-Bone Slim Hits a Few High Spots

By T-BONE SLIM

World's Fair may as well dispense with Billy Rose and his aquacade (the water is too cold) and get Fanny Brice to disport her ample self.

Russia is shortening sail and Maxim Litvinoff is scanning the Help Wanted columns.

American Communist democracy, as ballyhooed, serves to white-wash Russian communist dictatorship as versus fascist-nazism.

Why not sail under their own colors?

Madam Sec'y Perkins is reducing in coal controversy . . .

"England boycotts Duke of Windsor (Prince of Wales) broadcast from Verdun."—

This indicates England's education is complete. (It also indicates, if I may say so, and why not, that Eddie's broadcast looks better if England repudiates it—unsight, unseen.)

It isn't necessary for Congress to stay in session all summer "to keep us out of war" (we can handle that ourselves).

All they have to do is pass a resolution (resolve): "There shall be no war until we meet again and, if such war there be (when we meet) it shall by these presents already be disowned and Congress shall instantly adjourn for the duration of the war—and let the devil take the hindmost."

Brooklyn gets Lyn Lary, shortstop par excellence.

Max Baer hauls off and gargles, "It's better to be a used-to-be than a never-was" and did Galento blush. Baer is now sour enough to go places, (aided and abetted by Jimmy Powers).

So many crooks (mine-run took up judgeships that "poor, dear Coster" had to start making medicines. Some judges make as much from a single case as their yearly salary.

Those crooks come from regular political schools of machine-politics—industrial unionism is not a substitute for it.

Even presidents have been known to play only the soft-spots in their heart of hearts.

It's a dirty mess—vote and be damned.

Business courts? H'm. Businessmen got themselves into it, now let them get themselves out. Grand juries are already waving the soothing syrup; "year and a day" for years of thievery.

Who wouldn't spend a year in jail (cost free) for \$100,000?

British king and queen went in training for American chuck. Ambassador Kennedy tossed the dinner. We've got to build a bigger White House to accommodate the able and willing guests-to-the-King-by-Royal-degree.

Economic conditions in our fair land got so bad, widows in Philadelphia and New Jersey joined the Murder-for-Insurance-Ring and became Merchants of Death (with a Kiss of Death)—their sole, sellable commodity.

Proceeds (so far) \$500,000.

They tell me taxes are high, going higher and why not. It stands to reason that when employers and machines run a closed shop against

workers the workers must of needs digest tax-emoluments. Set 15,000,000 heavy-eating workmen with good grinders at a trough of tax-emoluments and it's going to keep the cooks down in Washington busy. We may have to eat that gold down in ol' Kaintucky.

It might be that capital and labor have mush in common, in view of the fact that capital belongs to labor. The mere fact that capital is in employers' possession (temporarily) doesn't change the relationship. I will admit, however, employer and labor (worker) have nothing in common.

May 12 — Southern Appalachian coal-mine employers voted to decline closed shop contract with the United Mine Workers today.

And, William Green voiced a beautiful sentiment to John L. Lewis, something like this: Come back to me, sweetheart, and love me as before; Come back, back to me, sweetheart, and leave me never more.

Almost beautiful love!

And, Edda Ciano, Mussolini's daughter, sailed for Rio de Janeiro.

And, lendable excess reserves of the banks soared to a new high record of \$4,190,000. When do we eat?

Some industrial heads do not seem to realize the \$100,000 per year they get constitutes 100 years pay for harder workers under 'em—those are the employers that are hollering for equal rights with workers under the National Relations Act.

Would they, I wonder, crave to have employes' foot on their necks for a change?

Now that F.D.R. has flattened the foam on revolution, for the time being, the capitalists are sticking their heads out of their holes and offering the cry of the wild.

I am not saying that F.D.R. gave the unemployed a **paradise-lost**, I would rather mourn the **new-found hell** that will be ours if our security is placed in the hands of our exploiters—and that is the program.