

Can't Ride to Land of Plenty On a Free Pass

By T-BONE SLIM



Turkeys were not over plentiful on the market—dealers were kinda skittish about having warbabies left on their hands. Some of the birds were born over soon—or are our teeth getting tender?

Indeed, one of the birds I know, were he alive today, I would match him against the toughest eagle or diamond-back. I think we made a mistake in picking the eagle, and the "turk" never should have been picked.

I am going back to my old love—liverwurst and country sausage, made in slums.

wIw

Heard a colored man in Harlem, like a true statesman, "warn" another one:

"Yes, and if you do, there won't be any turkey."

"Or ham either," chipped in another one consolingly.

I think they compromised on a modicum of gin.

wIw

Men and women that are "on relief" today earned that "relief" another day. But it was denied them then and is at present an integral part of the wealth of America, shops, industries, etc.

No millionaires are on "relief." They get first crack at the wealth before "relief" begins.

wIw

If Washington tossed a silver dollar across the Rappahannock he was a dam poor business man. Present statesmen wouldn't toss so much as an old fashioned, plugged two-cent piece if they could find an iron washer.

wIw

Sayeth Johannes Simon: "Costs war in history." Twenty-three million dollars a day—6,000,000 pounds.

Wouldn't be a bit surprised! But why don't they use our money? We've got great gobs of it burried down in O! Kaintuck.

War always is expensive when you have to use your own money and there are no good Samaritans around.

wIw

The airbomb struck the water hard by the Royal Ark and set her on her beam-ends, decks awash, but the British "sides" are so tough that the explosion didn't even dent the ship. Three herring turned belly up.

Now you tell one.

What England needs is a good American publicity director. (All of 'em lie well with plenty of heart throbs and such.)

wIw

Here's the way the American publicity bureau would have had it:

"The bomb hit directly under the fantail of the Royal Ark, lifted her bodily out of the water and sent her spinning in a perfect tripple summersault (counted by several Scotsmen on the nearby beach.) Luckily the ship landed back in water on an even-keel and the side-wash was so great it drowned those Scots standing there with their mouths open, washed away a schoolhouse and thousands of mothers were made childless and two hospitals were destroyed. No jails were damaged.

"When the side-wash finally receded people gathered to bury their loved ones only to find them washed out to sea . . . There stood

mothers and daughters and preachers gazing tear-eyed into the fog." At this point the constant reader would say, "Give him time, he always warmed up yet."

"The ship spun around so fast sailors were able to fall off; a man was lost, no cracks in the paint (one good thing!) and the commander was dizzy only a day and a half."

The present war is the product of European civilization. So, if they have built themselves a Frankenstein monster and civilization given down, the loss isn't worthy of prolonged tears.

wIw

A tree is known by its bark.

Mr. Martin has it: "World war (European) total money cost to nations involved was \$331,600,000,000 (three hundred and thirty-one billion, six hundred million dollars)."

Enough "to have supplied every family in the United States, Canada, England, Germany, Russia, Belgium, and Australia with a \$2,500 house on a \$500 lot, with \$1,000 worth of furniture."

That's one reason why many of us sleep under bridges, in barrel-stave dwellings and others took it out in light diets and municipal swill.

Now they want us to toss in our prospective house, lot, and furniture in this latest European war and continue sleeping under the lumber-pile. Beautiful exploitation of labor, hey?

Tell me, oh labor, how long are you going to permit industrial behemoths to throw your furniture into the maelstroms of European insanities and man-made catastrophes?

This war, already analyzed, is seven times more expensive than the last one. That means our shirt tails and sox.

wIw

And bitterly the press mourns that Hitler was once identified with manual toil—"paperhanger."

That's more than the other warmongers can say. They can point with pride to the fact that they never did a tap of work in their lives—Parasites of the nobility! There's going to be a change, but too late.

Now, how was it? Which set of parasites do you favor, soft collar or starch? Or do you really love your home, house, lot and \$1,000 worth of furniture?

Depend upon it, those maniacs will do something to cause our maniacs to declare war.

Won't we have fun? No one is working for peace. All hands are steamed up.

wIw

There are men—and women too—God bless 'em—that expect to go into industrial heaven on a pass. They don't have to pay any dues. They don't have to carry water to the mules, don't have to stand picket lines, don't have to—anything—just wait in grinning from ear to ear.

If they follow out that philosophy we'll all land in economic hell, which is a free entertainment.

WASHINGTON.—Our good Deal administration is weighing plans to cut expenditures for housing, and similar activities in order to increase military appropriations.

over plentiful
ers were kinda
warbabies left
e of the birds
n—or are our
birds I know,
I would match
hest eagle or
we made a
he eagle, and
uld have been
my old love
try sausage,

in Harlem,
"warn" an-
there won't

oped in an-
nised on a

re "on re-
relief" an-
nied them
n integral
America,

"relief."
e wealth

ilver dol-
k he was
Present
much as
two-cent
an iron

"Cost-
y-three
00,000

! But
money?

urried
when
money
ritans

water
her
but
that
the
up.

ood
of
art

b-

ne

er

at

e

l

0

mothers and daughters and preachers
gazing tear-eyed into the fog."

At this point the constant reader
would say, "Give him time, he ain't
warmed up yet."

"The ship spun around so fast no
sailors were able to fall off; not
a man was lost, no cracks in the paint
(one good thing!) and the paint-
mender was dizzy only a day and a
half."

The present war is the product
of European civilization. So, if they
have built themselves a Franken-
stein monster and civilization goes
down, the loss isn't worthy of pro-
longed tears.

wlw

A tree is known by its bark.
Mr. Martin has it: "World war's

(European) total money cost to all
nations involved was \$331,600,000,
000 (three hundred and thirty-one
billion, six hundred million dollars)."

Enough "to have supplied every
family in the United States, Can-
ada, England, Germany, Russia, Bel-
gium, and Australia with a \$2,500
house on a \$500 lot, with \$1,000
worth of furniture."

That's one reason why many of
us sleep under bridges, in barrel-
stave dwellings and others took it
out in light diets and municipal
swill.

Now they want us to toss in our
prospective house, lot, and furni-
ture in this latest European war and
continue sleeping under the lumber-
pile. Beautiful exploitation of labor,
hey?

Tell me, oh labor, how long are
you going to permit industrial behe-
moths to throw your furniture into
the maelstroms of European insani-
ties and man-made catastrophies?

This war, already analyzed, is
seven times more expensive than the
last one. That means our shirt too,
and sox.

wlw

And bitterly the press mourns
that Hitler was once identified with
manual toil—"paperhanger."

That's more than the other war-
mongers can say. They can point with
pride to the fact that they never
did a tap of work in their lives.—
Parasites of the nobility! There's go-
ing to be a change, but too late.

Now, how was it? Which set of
parasites do you favor, soft collar
or starch? Or do you really love
your home, house, lot and \$1,000
worth of furniture?

Depend upon it, those maniacs will
do something to cause our maniacs
to declare war.

Won't we have fun? No one is
working for peace. All hands are
steamed up.

wlw

There are men—and women too.
God bless 'em—that expect to get
into industrial heaven on a pass.
They don't have to pay any dues.
They don't have to carry water to the
mules, don't have to stand picket.
They don't have to—**anything**—just walk
in grinning from ear to ear.

If they follow out that philosophy
we'll all land in economic hell, which
is a free entertainment.

The

Act (F

primar

by virt

among

unfair

as well

the forb

ination

tions or

criminati

members

tion. F

in a sit-d

is also

employees f

ing them

venting t

machinery

unfair lab

no provis

bargaining

for establ

for bargai

The mo

the Minnes

(ch. 440)

However, t

ployees the

ful concert

therefrom.

employees a

are defined

is required

labor and

Employees a

in sit-down

forbidden wh

or where the

not employee

ed. Coercion

compel any p

join a un

ativ