



Mere Wishing Won't Free Us From Slavery

By T-BONE SLIM

Ah me!
Vitamin G may be all right but
auto manufacturers seem to prefer
vitamins COD and FOB.

Damsel in distress . . .
"Polish woman tennis star, Jad-
wiga Jedrzejowska has been com-
pelled to turn waitress because of
poverty."

Isn't it hell!
"She is now working in a Wasaw
restaurant where her fellow work-
ers include Ignacy Tloczinski, a Da-
vis cup player, and Janusz Kusocin-
ski, distance runner."—News.

Dammit, if this isn't precisely what
happened to the American Beauty
Rose in our marble-topped goulash
joints.

However if the Wall Street boys
were not so heavy of foot the ten-
nis stars and distance runners would
soon get real competition slinging
hash. It's no disgrace—why it's a
catastrophe to lay down one racket
only to pick up another one. I pre-
tend to see Hitler's ruthless hand in
this, and part of the elbow.

And I know, if I were Chamber-
lain, I would definitely shake an um-
brella at him and bring him back
to his senses and fear of God.

Short weight and overcharging
keeps a couple hundred New York
City butchers out of immediate poor-
house—mebbe.

They were fined 2—5—10 dollars
despite the fact they had very in-
genious excuses.

"Glasses were all steamed up so
naturally the scales showed up two
ounces short."

One godfearing butcher tried to
leave the impression his scale works
like a seismograph and he has to
keep an 8-ounce piece of lead wrap-
ped in paper so as to steady the
scale's nerves."

Honest men all, and honest mis-
takes!

Thanksgiving to Christmas

The assumption was that the Am-
erican freeholder can't get a turkey
in 25 days. Low-rating our illustrious
American, ingenuity and enterprise
that-a-way should not be countenanc-
ed—why, dammit, if I didn't have
water on the knee . . . It'll still cost
him the election, sure. As I was going
to say, in that time I'd guarantee to
barbecue an ostrich and dig the pit
myself.

Patriotism was returned to the
United States, but what the hell is
it going to live no?

No lost time in the late Chrysler
strike. It isn't a year-around job.
Dealers had not sold out all the
pre-strike cars. The strike served as
a lay-off to good purpose.

Cease your tears, my dears.

Hitler was kind enough to with-
draw all claim to the front page on
the fatal day of Russian jitters, No-
vember 30; the day when the dis-
integration of communist distator-
ship over Russian workers began.

Japan, of course, was too big of
a contract for Russia's 180,000,000
people to handle so she had to select
"some one her size"—Finland, with
a population of 3,600,000.

The bluff is still strong and Russia
believes on the strength of a few

American cream separators she will
be able to over-run Europe.

I smoked just one pipeful of
Prince Albert and, you know, my
B. O. disappeared as if by magic. (I
hope I didn't get the advertisements
in the comic sheet mixed—heluva
note if I had smoked a pipeful of
Life Bouy soap.)

Anyhow, I stink less.

Keep the boys on the payroll and
keep 'em out of mischief. Torrent of
words sometimes corners even ye
astute senator. Sayeth Vandenberg:
"Sound public credit is the greatest
defense necessity of all."

There are at least two greater:

Cash in the public pocket and
porkchops on the unemployed table.

Porkless unemployed make poor
patriots and cashless public surrend-
ers without a struggle. Then we are
in the hole \$40,000,000,000 plus;
engineered by business and indus-
trial management.

Not that an empty stomach isn't
worth defending.

By way of meaning no harm, St.
Petersburg (Leningrad) and much of
the surrounding territory once be-
longed to Finland. Even today Finns
call it "Pietari"; as they do Finland
"Suomi." Petersburg was built on
"made" ground before the days of
the "fresno."

The history of that neck of the
woods isn't so hot.

Finland is probably the most scen-
ic outing resort in the world—"land
o' thousand lakes." Sibelius is its
prophet.

My lords want other people's land
because they are "afraid" (it's their
say-so) "if we don't take it, some
one else will."

How familiar that sounds. Our
exploiters have the same attitude:
"Labor is in the hands of a row
of thieves and I may as well rob
him as the next; and, if I don't,
some one has the jump on me and
puts me in a poorhouse."

They're afraid—lost their nerve
completely—that's why they skin us.

How well they know one another!
But isn't it a bit uncomfortable
to belong to a party of thieves with-
out honor—pals you cannot trust,
even as they cannot trust you? Meb-
be your system has a serious defect?
Who can say?

Labor, of course, expects a square
deal from those birds—carfare home.
Let us not build hopes on the early
demise of this system. It will last a
long, long time. No victories what-
soever on the battle fields can alter
it but for the worse.

It will last until you, Mr. Labor,
signify in no uncertain terms that
you are sick and tired of it.