



# Nobody Is Shooting at The Rulers

By T-BONE SLIM

"Lords demand truce."—

It doesn't mean a thing—if they want, they can undeclare their previous declarations.

Some of those humorless longshoremen, upon highest authority, inform me the reason there is so little shooting on the Western Belt is because Uncle Shylock refuses to supply autographed powder and ball or endorse their rubber checks.

Nothing to it. The boys on the Western Front really love one another and do not wish to do anything to awaken homicidal instincts in the beloved enemy.

What business have the lords to demand truce? Nobody is shooting at them.

wlw

What this country needs is more sturdy wheelchairs. The other A. M. I saw an "uncle" up in Harlem town picking his bedding (such as it was) from in front of a building and trying to fasten it to the rear of a wheelchair, his home. Aunty stood leaning against the fence for support. 'Twasn't cold, but last night was.

When Aunty gets into that wheelchair and the **safari** begins, there is very real danger that the wheelchair will break down and Uncle will have to carry not only Aunty, but the rest of the cargo too, including the wheelchair.

No can do!

Some people say we are bright.

wlw

In this doublecrossing age when everybody and his brother are trying to get someone else to do their fighting for them, it is interesting to note the inscription graven in granite over the portal of Suomenlinna (Fort Suomi), Finland:

"Posterity, take your stand here on your own ground and do not rely on help from strangers."

**Wobblies sometimes have the habit of winning conditions for scissorbills and they do not seem to know the cure-all for scissorbillitis.**

**The answer is—ridicule. The Bronx cheer.**

wlw

It is of but little moment which of the fanatics over there gets doublecrossed—they're "all in the same devastation." They are not using sense and do not intend to.

Barnum had it right: "A sucker is born every minute."

Voltaire had to build his house half in Switzerland and half in France so as to dodge the King's armed forces—a rap on either door and Francois wasn't home.

Some say Hitler was taken for a ride. Others aver Molotov is a bull in a Communist china shop.

All of it wishful thinking. They are the original "gimme boys."

wlw

Why do they pick on Winnie Ruth Judd? She's already told you she fought in self-defense—and Horatio at the bridge never put up a better battle . . . Publicity for *Gone With The Wind* is overdone. 'Twould have been better to send it back to the kitchen and burr it more. For a sudden windfall they are opening at least three showplaces in N'York.

They lose my dollar just for this. They seem to lack confidence in the staying power of the wind that is gone.

wlw

Only ten years now the crackling sandwich economists have been selling unemployment. First hundred years are worst.

In a gale of wind shorten sails or slow the ship; in a doldrum of hot air, shorten hours and let nature take its course.

Organize industrially and acknowledge your corn.

wlw

Verily, I say unto you that a cube of butter spreads kind of thin on the orphan slice, and secures nothing but our appetite.

Machine-cut ham reaches a greater number of the sandwich buying magnificators. However, the bread is not cut thicker, it only seems so. Law of compensation determines that any deficiency in ham emphasizes the potentialities of bread. (See Einstein's Theory of Relativity.)

wlw

Heywood Broun is dead!

There are some people that could not fully appreciate him. It is one of the seriousness of my life that I have not found him wanting. Whenever there was a question, we found there an answer.

Words fail me . . . He was a union man.

So do we mourn Heywood Broun. That he disagreed with his all-powerful bosses repeatedly is not the least of his accomplishments.

wlw

I have often wondered, is there an affinity between two crackers, a slice of tomato and security programs. (Now having my third cup of Martinson's; couple more hours yet to go until daybreak.)

wlw

Many places, like Cleveland, Ohio, haven't even mush in the supboard and no mitts with which to pull the weeds of yesteryear out of the snowdrifts. Ah, if the lake would only freeze! I am sure the speckled lizards would pass up the bait and permit the kind-livered eel-spouts to rush to the rescue of the starving populace. Sarcasm? The whole goddamned thing is a farce and I am almost persuaded that my beloved countrymen are idiots, even as you and I.