



Recommends Examination for Bosses

By T-BONE SLIM

We once were the asylum for the oppressed of the world. The only qualification we demanded was that they weigh 185 pounds and had big thumbs. Then we put them to learning Americanism between the handles of a wheelbarrow.

Restaurants do not open early enough of a morning and many of our married men are obliged to eat their breakfast at home—and you know what those women are. It's almost as much as a man's life is worth to eat at home. It gives me jitters just thinking about it; which goes to show I don't know how to play a harp. Peace! It is wonderful.

I cannot see how FDR could throw up the job he's got, how he could have the hardihood in these hard times when unemployment is so extensive. Of course, I could suggest he go on the bum with me for a rip-snorting shakedown run. He's about the right age and would be a better man for all that.

Physical examination is what sold the tried, true and tested slave down the river—a cut for the working class—and he has no comeback for physical injuries accrued through the years. Program: Youth displaced the aged, and women shall displace the men, old and young.

But the transition from man-power production to woman-power production is not without its humor. I see where the hefty biddies are running (every other block) to work. I broke three bicycle forks going to work. Not much percentage in that. And the women haven't even a bicycle.

No sir, I cannot see where the unions have done anything about this, except accept the wage cuts.

It is compulsory physical examination for the slave, whether his boss be self-appointed employer or elected city, state or federal government. Further, he must be young to qualify as a good and willing slave.

There is no rule or power that says employers must be examined by the union's doctor—and further, he can be old and fossilized as a tin-lizard and still not lose any of his respect or self-esteem.

I propose we organize a One Big Union and jump the bosses through the hoops so as to find out be there any spring left in the Achilles heel.

They employ women because women are cheaper and drive better.

As I was a few paragraphs back, a young girl came tearing around the corner from an alley—a short cut—and fell all over these sacred writings. Time now is 9:05 a. m. She probably was an office worker. I'm sorry to cause her delay. The police should clear the streets for these foot soldiers—weight 97 pounds.

England:—"The powerful Amalgamated Engineers Union swiftly agreed to temporary relaxation of its rules to permit extended employment of women in the engineering industry."

Hm, and England has something over one million unemployed. Hm, again. Looks pretty fishy. Or is it an old age issue?

Over here the hypocrites throw

their arms in the air in stark terror and say:

"Senator Soandso is the youngest man in the Senate." Yep, Jazzbo, it's just too bad if a Senator brings in ideas that ain't on crutches.

"Allies forced to retreat." Ain't it hell? If there's anything a man hates to do it is to go back and work where he worked before.

But what the dickens is a man to do? A guy shooting at him and he has no bullet-proof vest or shatter-proof glasses. Maybe that's why some men stay on the job so long; they hate to play a return engagement. Many of the crownheads in the late sorry months have been tossed onto the labor market in Europe. This, too, in face of the fact they had resolved to hold down the job "from now on."

They were paid off with a shotgun.

Even Queen Wilhelmina hopped on her bicycle and fled to England. The day before, Staak orated, "The government hasn't dreamed about flight."—I know how it is, one can do some tall thinking and still not dream about it. How cautious those great men are!

What the U. S. should do is start a colony for these kings and queens in the badlands or Everglades.

Whenever these crownheads hightail to foreign lands, they manage to grab the poke in their hurry, or they have it shipped ahead of them. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if our own economic royalists took a notice to hightail for Madagascar or Virgin Islands—good places are so scarce nowadays.

Why good Lord! even the generals behind the lines do not find safety in distance anymore and their solitude is fractured by parachutists dropping down on their villas and carting them off into enemy camps. Toughtitty, warriors, what in the world can an army do without its VOICE? And here all along we thought the generals safe from all harm. They better stay with the regiment after this.

My learned contemporaries speculate: If Hit. wins the war and gets the Allies' navy, "they can be sent across against our good friend Uncle Sam." Listens like a good argument against having a good navy—if we are to turn it over to the enemy intact. I wouldn't put it past John Bull, however. But it would be treachery just the same.

Arguments sometimes smell to high heaven. As (to recapitulate): Inasmuch as our industrial overlords are so choosy about picking their slaves, it is proper to reason the ones they choose are more valuable than those they reject. If so, and it is so, the youthful wage earners should cash in on that superiority and not let all the good things of life go to the boss over a one-way street. "Make this world a better place to live in and a better place to die in."—Tom L. Johnson.

I guess those automobiles are come to stay. Even the railroad officials use automobiles instead of trains in inspecting the "road" or running tab on their hoppers and tallowpots.