

Capitalism Going Down Third Time

By T-BONE SLIM



According to the press, Hillman is to rig up peace between the CIO and AFL—a big job.

However: war can be discovered (if any) by putting it to a referendum vote of the membership . . .

Perhaps the big shots prefer to have peace dribble down from the top, like gentle rain through a leaking roof?

Another way is to put the present leadership in the doghouse and offer the membership a new slate of candidates to vote on—all questions on the ballot not carrying by more than a two-thirds majority shall be declared jokes and non-material.

National GOP has been invited to march in the forthcoming Democratic parade. Which raises the question: Can a corpse walk except as a ghost?

The New Deal should try to keep its nose clean a few short moons longer, for the land of the golden floss looms on the horizon.

Don't tell me that the Democratic party is so superannuated that it needs a leg-lifter or an armor-bearer in its pie-rade (O'Shea's pronunciation). But won't it look like hell when the Republicans start flunkying for Democrats? Why, that would make Alex. Hamilton squirm in his grave.

Cripes, they don't belong to the same lodge, do they, and serve the same king?

Remember, pals, crowned heads have been hightailing for parts unknown the past few years . . .

"Some one swiped our king!"

Only recently a nation prayed God for success for their arms, but they hurriedly pointed out, "munitions factories are running full blast."

I guess that's getting a double-purchase on them! The other day I saw a rip track jack with which a man can lift 50 tons as easy as picking his teeth. Some leverage, hey?

In the meantime, the banshee of man's mania crashes and whines on Flanders Field to the eternal disgrace of those that pretend to civilization. For verily, the modern bombs drown out the majestic approach of the memorial day bands and parades, as inspirational as they are.

A little common sense would go a long way to relieve the harrassed soul . . .

"Destroy not lest you yourself be destroyed"—I disremember who said it but I can sympathize with our hypocritical mourners weeping over the cost of squaring off war's requisitions, like a rascally lawyer in the by-gone days weeping in court over a poor man's grocery-book, long overdue for adjustment.

Egypt, too, is tossing its pancake money into preparedness programs in defense of British and Dutch rubber monopoly, among other things. Heigh-ho!

Germany relieved France of her coal mines last week—and to think American journalists spent the whole of April weeping because Germany didn't have any black diamonds to throw into the fireplatz. And Sig. Mussolini was wearing elbow-length mittens against possible frostbite. Now who would have thought that

tanks and Stukas could be used as stokers?

Capitalism is going down for the third and last time. The corpse will be recovered and air-compressors will be requisitioned to pulmot new life into it. Prosperity will have been destroyed down to the last farthing and we can begin from the beginning by bumming savages, barbarians and wild men of the wilderness.

Bewildered civilization shall mope around, ears dragging the ground.

It is not the end of capitalism, however, for the sense that flagellates itself into submission has no heart to bury its dead and nourish its living. But the old boy will not look like the dynamic complement we knew when Mark Hanna was alive.

James S. J. Noyelli, sculptor who executed world war memorials for a number of American cities, was found hanging today in his suburban home, New York. He may have been discouraged because he couldn't sculpt the blizzardkrieg.

Clam-shell working under unfavorable conditions, unloading coal car, displaces only six to eight men. Steam-shovel, working under favorable conditions, displaces 360 to 400 men.

Those 360 men may as well hang up their teeth or go on the WPA and help eat up the federal warehouse. How come? Can they not go building steam-shovels? Nosiree! I should say not, for what would be the sense of having steam-shovels if the same number of men would be required to carry on production? Besides—I'm sorry to drive you away from fool's paradise—the men that formerly built hand-power shovels will build the steam-shovels; and even some of them will be given permanent vacations without pay to the tune of 360 to 1. (I've got my mathematical department working on the figures.)

I wonder what Washington means by permitting the workers thus to be tossed into the lion's den of economic royalists, boots, saddles and baggage?

My point is: the workers have an equity in that steam-shovel. Why should the workers cease eating. Are they trying to pose as philanthropists?

Liver and onions has been banned, corned beef and cabbage has the hex sign on it, spareribs and saurkraut is verboten, even ham and eggs has fallen on evil days and the worker is subsisting on orange juice, tomato juice and a few flakes of fodder and birdseed.

I tremble just to think of what would happen if we were attacked by an enemy-from-without that had been fed on goat milk and redhorse. Attack may be the better part of valor but when you are on light diet, retreat is the best policy. Put your best foot forward and change them often.