



Shall We Save Our "Mein Herr" General Motors?

By T-BONE SLIM

Nancy shoulda stood home.

While the missus was in the hospital recovering from an auto accident, the good husband drank up the oil stove from pure unadulterated sorrow, and even the elbow and stove pipe didn't catch in his throat. Some people might ask, "Will miracles never cease?" But that was mere child's play compared to the astounding wonders our employers, commercialists, bankers and exporters performed during and after the last, past, previous world war.

Europe couldn't buy our goods because they were broke. So we loaned them the money and then sent them vast quantities of goods. That money never was paid back, and our goods proved to be nice, princely gifts to the sorrowing Europe.

Then our exporters thought unto themselves: that move wasn't so hot: "we've been gypped," they said and decided to be foxier next time.

So, since the end of that war, our investors set up American plants in those troubled zones. And now these counfounded Nazis have plowed under country after country and the investors' 500 million dollars is gone up Salt Creek—a nice piece of folding money!

The question arises, shall we carry on in this form of mentalblitz and send some battleships to the rescue of Herr General Motors in Germany and Meinheer Standard Oil's refinery in Holland? Or shall we despatch them to the poor, unprotected Indies to pick up a little rubber and tin?

Why, drinking up an oil stove is mild pastime compared to the miracles our commercial prestidigitators perform. Nice, peaceful penetration, eh? It's a wonder they didn't toss them the keys to the city.

Graceful of Ol' Uncle Sam to say that we culls between the ages of 45 and 65 can be of service in case some foreign potentate gets some big ideas . . .

After being sold again and again and told again and again that we are too old to win our bread in industry, it is quite a relief to hear Sam warble that we are just the right age for compulsory military training. But won't I look like hell packing a rifle, all humped over from carrying water to the elephants?

Even in my earlier days the profile of my torso resembled the crescent of a half moon and my girl friend on the dance floor used to whisper in my ear: "Better drag in that stern of yours before you sideswipe some of the dancers."

You didn't know I could dance, did you? Ah, those were the days—nights, I mean. I had a knee-action that would disgrace a universal joint. That is, till I busted a cartilage carrying water to the elephants.

I suppose they'll want me for a General, in view of the derth of good strategists, and especially now that Foghorn Butler has cashed in his chips.

As good and great a man as I am, I too have not yet been told whether I'm running for president or not. So the good people may as

well stuff their finger in their mouth and sit down and wait. As soon as I get word I'll let the people know whom to vote for. Of course I could let them know right now that I'm not running (that much I'm allowed) but that would be practically a revolt against our beloved masters, the economic kings—no good soldier in the political field would have the guts (heart) to pull such a dirty stunt.

And just to show the folks how four-square honest I am, do not blame those other candy-dates if their trade treaty program cracks under the strain of foreign entanglements and machinations, which it will. The theme song was wished upon them: "Whistle, Ole, here's another graveyard."

Just how much the U. S. is involved in the totalitarian movement, I am not at liberty to divulge—it seems so unbelievable and un-American . . . It relates, however, to the zoning system of which I wrote a half score years ago; also to "The pundits prattle and the sabres rattle that we're going to, going to, going to have a war."

Begin life anew after destroying that which is—only to be destroyed again, and again. A fine set of constructives, hey? Coniving at the throne of international bankers to the detriment of all that is America. Goosesteppers!

Rumania returns Bessarabia to Russia. It won't be long now until the loan sharks return every blessed acre to the original owners. And the New Deal may go so far as to give Vermont and New Hampshire back to the Indians. (They were the only ones off key in the last presidential symphony.)

Watching the gum-chewers one would hardly think that "jaw-action built the Wrigley Towers."

American journalism Blitzkrieged Cholly Lindbergh out of the country seven or eight years ago and is Blitzkrieging him again today. They reason, "what can Lindbergh, the mechanic, the navigator, the observer and critic know about air power compared to our hardware merchants in Washington?"

Lindbergh learned the hard way. Even as a school boy imbecilic Little Falls ostracised him. Enough is enough. Hand the poor devil a pair of slippers and throw a cushion into that easy chair.

When Tom, Dick and Harry designed our recent destroyers they turned out to be top-heavy, like the lumberjacks' table 30 years ago—too many flunkies carrying gingerbread onto the boards.

What kind of mechanics are these? They must be from the International Correspondence Schools or Mohler Barber College? Jimmie here (a future president) suggests, "they are football players or poolroom cowboys." Jimmie is so undiplomatic. I'll have to knock his ears down.