



An Old Custom Improved Might Help Producers

By T-BONE SLIM

Consistency, then act a Jewell
We show our own stuff under
and then we buy the surplusage of
Latin America?

Muchacho, spare the glow!

I am not criticizing. I merely
shake my head and murmur, "No-
body home, but somebody may move
in."

Reasonably, if the buy is for that
purpose, England will pay a good
price for those surpluses, and we
will clear a king's ransom (strict-
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according to blueprints). But,
on the other hand, if the purpose
is to prevent them from getting in-
to Adolf's hands, the scheme is all
wet, and we are loaded down with
excess ballast.

It's all based on conjecture. I
think we are sticking out our necks
too far.

USA can supply England's needs
without importing a single pound
—just pay the price.

Good neighbor policy is not at
issue and the purchase should not
be considered a bribe. Also it would
be unjust to insinuate that the
forced purchase is to aid our own
nationals whose industrial foot-
strayed to those distant shores. All
told, I think our natives should
come back home and give a look
is to the needs of THIS country
—our land.

On the cuff:

War industry, booms; consumer
goods, pine; durable goods, on and
off; market, dull; grain, skidding
(Canadian wheat pegged at 70
cents). Nothing uniform or consist-
ent or constant. Looks like curtains.

Hitler assures England that he
doesn't want to destroy the British
Empire. (And Hitler doesn't lie
with every breath). British eyes
fairly twinkle in appreciation of
this magnanimous information. So
if England gets destroyed, it's some
consolation to know it's strictly
against Adolf's will. Yeah.

What surprises me—where did the
tight little isle get her gigantic
navy. Surely it didn't come from
chickling in the overseas possessions?
Perish the thought.

Seagoing fireman has it that the
social setup years ago was better. He
said the rule was that if you wasn't
working, you didn't eat at the first
table. Children always ate at the
second table when the lord and
master got through; and slim pick-
ings it was, too. But when Johnny
got a job he immediately moved to
the first table and the best chair
in the house was shoved under him.
If he lost his job, his plate disap-
peared from the first table and
Johnny stood in astonishment with
his finger in his mouth.

Sometimes it happened that the
old man himself lost his job and
then there was hell to pay. A rule
is a rule, and he had to take pot luck
with the unemployed of his family
at the second table, for Flora and
Jeremiah and Vermilyea were work-
ing and rated first crack.

He says that years ago granddad
had to eat in the corner with a
wooden spoon and one day, when
little Willie had his tongue between
his teeth whittling at a piece of
wood, his father asked him jokingly:
"What are you making, William?"

The little urchin replied, "I'm
making you a wooden spoon."

There was thunder and lightning!
Stars flickered and died! But, the
fireman assured us, the employers
do better than that. They have a
rule that "if you don't work, you
don't eat at all—first or last."

"So," he muses with a far-away
look in his eyes, "if you suddenly
hear the parasites have quit eating
you will know it is because they
have no job."

Considerable circumvention, how-
ever, is accomplished in certain
quarters "to beat the system," and
it is even said that "hoboes farm
by night and fish by day—a crude
form of social endeavor.

Tradition's defenders are looking
into this and are hoping to yoke
them up to a more modern economic
setup, mass production.

Over there:

If the warring nations starve they
will be doing it amidst plenty, as is
evidenced by the fact that the best
eaters are eliminated in the course
of military moves, and many others
can't hold anything on their stomachs
—hence much of the speculation is
baseless, even so as the presumption
that our war expenditures are more
than "made work" may offset the

gradual recession in trade that is
both imminent and actual.

I can't see the pick-up; it's a
situation wherein man climbs out
of a deep crevasse 30 feet a day
and slips back 20 feet a night.

Old age catches up with him and
he dies—in the crevasse.

—Herr Hitler says that he only
wanted to shake hands across the
border—"and I'll be damned," sez
he, "if those numbskulls over there
didn't start shooting at me." (Then
he went into his dance.)

Our Commander-in-Chief, Presi-
dent Roosevelt, would be doing a
graceful deed and an act of mercy
if he would give us the low-down
on the Chicago battle.

The expatriates who are hotfoot-
ing it to "New Yoick" are not do-
ing so because of cold feet, Oh, no—
nor because of Heinie's bombs or
Heinkles. (Note: Brooklynites would
rather cut their throats than say
"York.")

Britain's baked "griddle cakes"
have 3000 miles of sea air to hurdle
before they are introduced to syrup.

Bahamas are all "up in the air"
as to how to greet Royal Eddie and
Royal Wally.

New battleship, North Carolina,
cost us a dollar a pound. I once
bought native veal steak at 65 cents
a pound. It's the upkeep, pals.

Our two major political parties are
so much similar that some of the
political pillars can't seem to find
their proper stalls. Knox and Stim-
son are in the hands of the enemy
and, according to press reports,
Willkie is unsure whether he's run-
ning GOP or Democratic—or just
running. Wallace recalls that his
father was a Republican. All else
is blank.

Why didn't you ask the labor lead-
er if you could go on strike?"

"Because we wanted to strike."

Consistency, thou art a jewel!

We plow our own stuff under and then we buy the surpluses of Latin America?

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