



We Pick Our Propaganda Carefully

By T-BONE SLIM

They mix TNT, intolerance, speed up, inefficiency, an explosion and call it sabotage. Then they start trampling on the tails of Russian, German and Italian Americans. Fine bunch of unity they'll have; what with the pro-British straining at the cream—as before.

The Ramparts We Watch!

Congress took a foray into the problem of recess and turred thumbs down on all such wild life . . . Why not? Haven't we been unemployed the past dozen dozing years without even hinting at breaking the mystic circle?

Willkie is down in Florida catching his wind.

wlw

Frequent wars occur in a capitalist controlled world. If you don't like wars, challenge that control; if you love wars, the control is hokey doke. War, if you're getting the best of it, is work; if you're getting the worst of it, it's hell. But why discuss it? Unorganized objection to organized war is a squeek in the rain barrel. Fine echo, that's all.

Let us have organized peace and eschew the elements that make for war. Let us quit godfathering foreign possessions.

wlw

Rather than paying old age pensions to congressmen, voters are sending in younger men. That is no solution. The old codgers will still be holding out a paw.

wlw

Emotion on the radio sounds like Cleopatra climbing a hill . . .

Jamaica negroes working on a Canal Zone project for new locks, pulled the pin; demanded rain or work cease, more simoleons and return of civil liberties.

Only thing suspicious about the Dominican Republic's dictator is that he advertises:

"God and Trujillo"; it's better than waving a flag—swing the Deity by the tail.

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When a businessman pays the radio for advertising, that money comes from his customers—no rich uncle of his has passed away recently. Sometimes I think dealers in scrape-juice, flexicola and shimplasters are too liberal in the use of their customers' money.

No use to stay away from them—the radio will be still more heart-rending; maybe wallop us with a woodpecker song.

I got caught in the bathtub by a radio running hysterics. Had nothing to throw at it—that's why I'm bald-headed from now on.

wlw

British propaganda in the USA is soothing syrup. German propaganda in the USA is sour apples. Italian propaganda in the USA is cayenne pepper. Japanese propaganda in the USA is spoilt tuna. We pick our propaganda carefully.

The come-on boys are busy.

After the war we'll need plenty of hospitals, asylums and graveyards. Good thing we have ten times as many doctors as we need.

England assures us Germany was fully armed and England only half armed . . .

Cease whistling by the graveyard (please don't wreck the world), the economic war is yet to come.

As I see it: economics are consolidated after each engagement, and there have been many of them; if we don't watch out, we'll have to sleep under the porch.

wlw

What's behind all this smashing of atoms by scientists is an effort to find out just how small a human being can be.

Trade monopoly is in a nose-dive here, there, and everywhere.

Whenever a district gets over-ripe, industry flees the territory. Then comes slum clearance.

wlw

War is hell—what with guts flying all over the landscape. It's worse than being plastered with a barrage of tomatoes or over-ripe henfruit, as Willkie will affirm. War is hell. Witness the discomfort of a stepped-on worm!

"Bundles for Britain" sounds kind of off-suit when you consider the bundles Germany is unloading over there. I am in favor of it, however; the British people will need them. Most of their wardrobe went into war preparation and they can't carry on war naked. But can you imagine taking the clothes off a man's back for military purposes?

Britain got an early start collect-

ing second-hand garments, a year and a day after the war started. Couldn't have had much of a "front," when it wears out in one year. (Note: German bombs didn't destroy it. I have it on the best of authority that the German's couldn't hit anything but churches, hospitals and baby carriages.)

All nations should help to get clothes on Johnny Bull. As to the metal Germany is totting over there, England can pick it up after the war and have enough scrap iron to start a new war.

England's economic commercial and political supremacy was almost complete when this war started and now, if the master becomes a servant, what a come-down!

In labor unions the procedure is known as "being bumped." When a man is bumped we're supposed to rush in to his assistance and we do, too, if we're good union men—which we aint.

When one state bumps the trade of another, we're supposed to help the bumped state through mail order medium. A city will bump the trade of other cities and howl loud and long, "buy Cambridge cabbages."

Now we are supposed to rush over to the distant bumpee with our twobits and save him from the poorhouse, nuthouse, or bighouse.

What are we? A bunch of sheep? Is it a funeral of ours if an imperialism gets bumped and has to start shining shoes?

When a man is displaced by another man or machine, it is the ruthless economy of autocracy. When an empire turns belly up, it is still ruthless economy of autocracy—an inalienable part of capitalism.

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