

T-Bone Slim Sez: I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

An entirely wrongful impression has gone forth about army training. People gird themselves to the belief it consists of scrubbing the deck, smoothing the bed, peeling the spud and rushing a swamp or tangle of barbwire. All those come later.

The paramount maneuver is to train the stomach to accept food after all these years of depressive fasting. Indeed, the army had to take the stress off of beans in favor of foods that lie lighter on the stomach. Now, forever, our valliant sojers are fairly well stuffed up and we are practically prepared to take on any second rate power that gives us a dirty look with more than one eye.

My ace correspondent takes the spotlight away from me by saying "seems to me as if all god's chillun would be better off if they started some wholesale thinking instead of wholesale slaughter among themselves; just because they hear the howl of werewolves is no reason they should run with them."

How we used to laugh when we read historial documents to the the purport that ancient lowbrows used to sacrifice to their deities made of wood and plaster of paris; and now, when we sacrifice millions of soldiers to the war gods and to brainlessness, we cannot even crack a smile . . .

About the only man that's getting a laugh out of it is our own good T-Bone Slim—

You drink some rock and rye,
Then take the crock and cry . . .
There's possibilities in poesy,
but out of consideration for Co-
vami I am persuaded to hold my
peace.

Doctor ordered me to eat no meat, so in all the lunchowonetts I visit, I always order meat balls, knowing there is no meat in them. Just sprinkle them with a little salt and pepper, and you can imagine you are eating venison and bear steak.

I feel stronger already.

Christian faith in the fatherhood of god hinges on the dollars and cents in the pay envelope; and wsen the dollars and cents fail to measure up to the cost of soccotash and honey, the fatherhood of god suffers a relapse and all is not well in heaven.

Pay the boys so they may know their god. (Note: "Bonus," "over-time," "wages," all put together, make a fair to middling decent pay. But why give your pay three or more names?)

Faith cannot bear the spectacle of gluttons on one side of the table and starvers on the other, and oversized swillbarrels—be the fare Art, Education, Rolled-oats, or blue serge.

There is not enough real estate in this world to permit 1,400 acres to each inhabitant, and inasmuch as none shall be forced to leave this earth, we had better start running fences—Africa included, and Austalia.

The walrus 'rose quite tuskerous
And said, "Let's grab it all —
The country can't be prosperous
Until the wages fall."

Until the pigs are buried deep
And crops returned to Earth,
The country can but barely creep,
And cannot feel rebirth.

Until the whole world is a wreck,
And epidemics rage,
The folks will still stick out
their neck
And still not know their age.

But they are still with us, pals.
I mean the working class.

Since the sailing ships went out of fashion, sailors are complaining about having no seabags, and they drag a 10-shilling papier mache suitcase by the weather-ear.

The time to defend capitalism is now — or it's a goner. So if you love capitalism, and 12-year fasts, gird your loins, and shine your snickersnee. Not that it will do much good, for the departed shall rise up no more. However, we must see to it that they do not ring in a dummy for the departed capitalism.

Capitalism's graft has been seri-

ously and fatally sabotaged. A new racket is in order.

Humanitarian capitalism? Sweet and gentle robbers! as Vic. Hugo would say.

O. Henry (I used to call him H-2O) once told a story of a bunch of Bushmen up in Ramapo that would break into the bush and bring all kinds of treasures and lay them at their master's feet. The big-hearted boss would there-upon give each of the lowbrows a fifth of what he brought in. Sometimes they struck for a sixth. Needless to say, the boss was always agreeable. (Some unions are working on that principle, but that is not why I mentioned it.)

Yen for freedom is inherent in the minds of all peoples but it is

not organized. The individual yen, no matter how numerous, does not function; it is a shimmering lake on the desert sands, a mirage in the eye of a half-crazed prospector perishing of thirst.

Fellow Worker "Nick" startled me out of my death rattles this very day and I am half tempted to leave the metropolis flat, and hie myself to the beautiful Los Angeles and do some viewing with pride, and stroll the dry river bottoms for the sake of my morals . . .

Order to shoot hath gone forth and shortly we'll hear, "I didn't know it was loaded; I thought it was a salute." "When I rocked the boat, I thought it was in drydock."

They didn't think!