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This criticism of faithful cargo
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Axes Are Being Ground; but Who Turns the Stone?

By T-BONE SLIM

The high jinks our efficacious G-men have been pulling off up-state in New York are a perfectly natural phenomenon. I myself have at times discovered myself sleeping in a gutter after indulging in sundry potions of Carstairs' excellent stimulant—fifteen cents a throw, chaser included with lemon peel.

Something should be done, however, to shield and protect the sequestered existence of our noble G-men from the machinations of designing women.

Be it said to the credit of Edgar, that he has changed the stamping ground of the more offended G-men, no doubt in hopes the dear ladies can't find them.

Edgar doesn't know his women. They would go to the end of the earth—yes, to both ends.

I have seen some of the pictures of the girls involved, and I do not mind saying I myself would condescend to ship my morals for the moment, sleazy as they are; but I protest I would not care to make a practice of it or a life-long pursuit.

If you are unemployed, it is perfectly proper to seek work only on one day a week—beginning 10:30 a. m. Saturday—and half a day holiday in the afternoon. My illustrious schoolma'm always taught me it is better to get turned down one day a week than seven. It is easier on the morale, too, and the "hour and a half" circumscribes the distance. You get your turn-downs in your own beloved neighborhood. That's something.

Eleven hundred and twenty escapists packed aboard the Spanish SS Navemar, sharing accommodations intended for 15, are now complaining they were not fed caviar and ketchup on ice cream, and so they beef and beef and beef they were mistaken for pigs.

Let me tell you, my dear refugees, you chose the ship; ship did not choose you. No one has done wrong by Nellie. You could have walked or swum. You are lucky! Did you elect to transmogrificate aboard a luxury liner you would now, most probably, be playing checkers on the ocean floor.

Lucky for you that no submarine commander saw fit to waste a torpedo on the SS Navemar.

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Christian love and service.

Only a short time ago Britain snapped its suspenders and said, "Sinkings have decreased"—and I got to wondering if there were any convoys on the high seas at the time.

Can't sink 'em when they ain't thar. Only Willie Keeler could do that.

Claims are made that Adolf is behind Napoleon's schedule in getting into Moscow. Maybe that was Boney's mistake. He got away from his pea soup too far and too fast. Only the other day, Germans had to fall back to their sauerkraut and wiener barrels.

An army cannot travel on its belly alone; it must have plenty of viands with maximum nourishment.

The moral to this story is: Now is the time to hand the people of USA a nice, juicy porkchop.

I have always doubted, and still doubt, if the United States can lick Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Russia and Britain single handed.

War pictures: Tanker was hit forward by a torpedo; she sinks by the stern. It is no longer the same ship; her well-deck is missing and is even with her fore-castle head; forward spar rises where the well-deck should be and it's a different spar, a mere stub.—Seen in Movie-tone News Photos.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: T-Bone's account of the Navemar's voyage, shown to qualified experts before publication, evoked the following response:

"The refugees got what tens of thousands of immigrants to this country got no further back than 40 years ago. Though the latter didn't pay \$500 to \$1,500 for passage, as the refugees are said to have done, this fact alone does not make martyrs of the refugees." . . . "Sure, the ship is fascist; anything sailing under the Spanish flag must be, but the accusation (published in some papers) that the crew beat up passengers and even attempted to rape some of them is a lot of bull and a reflection on working men in general. Spanish workers are not sadists, no matter what brutal system their masters, shipowners and others, have adopted."

A news report states the passengers of the "hell ship" Navemar are suing the company for a million dollars. We hope they get it.