

T-Bone Slim Sez:

We know how much rubber we have but we do not know how many unemployed rubbernecks grace our thoroughfares.

We know a matter of nine million men face the draft this semester but we do not know how many of them will be culled.

Therefore: It is good policy for the draftees not to brag about their possible induction because, if they fail, they may frighten their boss and be thereafter professional culls so long as they live. How much nicer it is to remark nonchalantly, "They're not sending their best men to the front lines first."

That builds morale!

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Ordinarily in peacetime I would say it is well for Uncle Sam to cancel all of his foreign shipping, but now in wartime I must observe: Uncle Sam should not cancel any of his shipping, because to do so will draw bombers to his cities and hamlets.

A pretty good tip right there. We may as well be aggressive and keep score.

When New York City is bombed, say May 10-20, you may be sure I will not run. Not that I'm brave or bullheaded, but I've been reading in the press reports that the only ones that get hit by bombs are a few children, women, a nurse or two and a blind newsboy. I'd be an awful donkey, were I to skedaddle, good as my insteps are. No, I would give them the Bronx cheer and stand my ground. (Note: I'd get pinched for this, because the goodly Mayor LaGuardia has said "DON'T SHOUT.")

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Last night we had a test blackout and, as is customary with me in an emergency, I went to bed and covered up my head with a Navajo blanket so as to keep the darkness out.

To say the least, blackout is a promise, a prophecy, foreboding eternal darkness.

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Seamen, however, cannot cover up with blankets when the ship is at sea, dark and lumbering through the dark—for they know they are in a terrible jeopardy. They may be blown-up, shot or sunk.

It might happen off Sandy Hook, 900 miles out, off the east coast of Norway, New Zealand, etc., or in the Cribbean, half-way point, where the axis submarines get them coming and going in the lukewarm southern seas.

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To a certain extent, we are experiencing a compulsory isolation, much to our sorrow.

Unemployment still graces our land as a result of half-way measures and equally half-baked gestures to mollify the gullible.

Half-way measures, however, are dear to a trusting soul and even today we ration sugar mostly at the expense of John Workox.

Why not eliminate sugar entirely from our diet, instead of nursing us with a teaspoon?

How many labor hours are lost in the hasher questioning a sweet-tooth "how many dabs of sugar do you want?"

Hasher stands poised, the sweet-tooth squirms and tries to analyze his cravings—both super-patriots, plus.

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America takes the position Australia is deserving of our assistance for, like us, the Aussies are John Bull's and Wilhelmina's goat — goat of their shortsighted policies.

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Standard Oil contributed to our war effort by paying a fine of \$50,000.

Razor blades are gone on restricted list. Washington seems to believe whiskers can be shot off without benefit of Barbasol.

Washington air-raid siren was a "screaming success"; New York's was a whispering campaign.

"Ford offers Lindbergh job in bomber plant."

Last three sinkings were north of Norfolk—it's a game of blind man's buff.

Sat. Eve. Post took a fall out of Jews. (Stand aside, yokels, and watch the fun.)

When war news is discouraging, the boys grab up Webster's Unabridged Short Stories and prepare themselves for the era of post-war behaviorism. Hell of it is, owing to our erudite press, the aliens are the ones that are cribbing up on the classics. That puts reverse English on our aspirations.

We can never expect to win this war with just one lone hero, one lone ranger. (I think our war correspondents are getting thin

skinned or their editors got religion.)

And the PM mourns:

"Oh the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga."