

"Some hero!"

VII

So it is with wars on larger scale, each side winning nothing but victories... The alibi: Can you blame a guy then for falling down stairs or coming in head-on collision with a diving-room door? as he is willing to swear, three fingers on the bible or city directory.

There are men however that save their money so as to be financially able to attend a funeral. They must be sadists or something? Hour after hour they tell us about our defeats and not a whisper about our great victories—or try to smooth it over by praising our retreat to pre-arranged positions; so as to make it look as if we did it on purpose, forethought.

I was challenged on my recent statement that "streets are full of unemployed."

I had to crawl out of it by saying: In this locality the unemployed are on night shift. They sleep all day (wherever they sleep—out of sight) and then they come out and bum the employed of an evening; for they recognize it would be of but little profit to stay up all day and bum each other.

"Chawd, Slim," he gasped, "you're always right." Course I'm right (both ways) but, mark you, I didn't invent this condition; I'm only explaining it.

Physical evidence of the willingness of economic royalists to defend the capitalist system to the last man and last farthing is the nonchalance with which they toss peoples money into "defense" and neither whinner or neigh; the assiduousness with which their representative press fosters hebber-geebies, jitters and hysteria as a national heritage or accomplishment and the emphasis placed on "fifth column" in a land of nationalities—Slightly tetchy in the head they propose a sixth column of snoopers and stools in the persons of meter-readers, milkmen, insurance collectors and Young America now loyering on Main St.