

VI

That ain't so bad (or the sleepless nights) but when the "army-heads" start confiscating all their worldly gatherings, that's what hurts; that means "go to work."

Could anything be more terrible — after years and years of plundering through the peoples pocket, to the third and fourth generation, they have to crawl out of the barbed-wire corral without a dime in their pocket — telling about the greatness of their ancestors.

Unless they have had the presense of mind to keep a grovel-sack in some tranquil foreign land of shepherders.

Notice how the industrial giants in Europe are high-tailing for parts unknown — closely followed by the various governments (to seats of safety).

Not that politicians have cold feet — they simply disdain to take pot-luck with the defenders of the capitol, because they wish to shout orders long after the army has surrendered; just to show their uncompromising bravery by remote control.

They declared the war (at the instance of the raggedy plutocrat we just now seen crawling through the barbed-wire ropes) but they never stay to fight the war. Ah those good old days when the Swedish Kings died in battles front-lines!

I hope the day will never come when our brave politicians want to move our capital from Washington, first to Hagerstown and then to Lincoln, Nebraska! Hold your tears — even if Thyssen did lose his pocket — it is too early to shed tears (bite your lip).

Radio announcers power to hatch peace or carry on war is taken from the hands of politicians and is given to Army Generals.

Don't cry just yet — that move leaves the politicians as a hounds tooth for future skull-duggery...

Say, are you going to cry or ain't you?

They floundered round in Flanders

In the mud up to their necks...

Oh heck, I had the war to end in this merry month of June but now —