

(E)

American women are not going into Junk business, however; neither is Hitler going to do the thinking for 'em. Here they are, the European Champions of Mars, arguing "Our bill for their last bombfest is too large. They argue and argue and argue..."

Why are they criticizing the size of the bill when they know they never intend to pay a cent of it? Isn't that a pile of sound and fury, — just as if to convince us good United States money suffered deflation, and our bread and butter a devaluation, in the process. Verily, I believe we are softies and their cry to our generousities has been transformed into an imposition. Yes, our stewards, representatives of corporations, now wish to finance the welchers on another junket of death and destruction; loan or sell a part of our navy to one or more of the belligerents, so that the devastation may be more complete — if we have too many warships why are we building more?

I went to a band concert last night and do you know one of the composers had written a march-trio that sounded like a man coming down stairs with a sore foot — "clunk."

(That isn't the way I want it.)

I want it to sound like a man falling down stairs into a tubful of dishes...

I don't know what has happened to our musicians; they seem to have no inspiration.