

XV

There's a thing they call conjecture
That has neither form or texture
And its siren song is ever strong
To lead the boys along
And we follow with reflection...

Let's get this right:

The Eskimos have landed in Long Island.

Oh my gosh!

We must blow up the Brooklyn Bridge, the Manhattan Bridge, the Williamsburg Bridge, the Queensboro Bridge the Tri-Boro-Bridge and run the East River into the Subway Tunnels — Oh, my gosh! — to keep the Eskimos from taking Wall St or grabbing off the Bowery

Oh, my gosh!

And the Eskimos send their "dipsydo divers" (stokers) and blast the living Jesus out of the Washington Bridge and North River Ferries so we can't retreat.

The hell we can't, we can cross the Harlem River and go into The Bronx... oh yes that White Stone Bridge came down too.

But before we go let's check up a bit:

That was our property we helped the Eskimos destroy. Dammit I'm getting mad, Yes, by g'od, I'm getting real hostile, we went and destroyed our own property in cahoots with the invading Eskimos and they gave us a boost toward the poor house by junking our best bridge into Jersey and sinking all those Jersey Central, Pennsylvania, Lackawanna, Erie, Electric and Public Service Ferries, darn the luck!

I make a motion this war be moved to Labrador I wonder why Herr Hitler left England to get its "needs" last?

That's easy (the principle is) "the further a hawk runs the faster it goes." — then comes Canada.

Still think capitalism is worth defending?