

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

EARN'T PRAISE

I must compliment lumber camp foremen from time to time. I hate to do this, but truth will be heard. They have a habit of putting 1 saw-gang, 1 swamper and 1 team on $\frac{1}{2}$ of a skidway . . . The idea for this, and it's an idea—or I never saw one—is to have the team drive the swamper; have the swamper drive the saw-gang (an ideal arrangement) you've got to hand it to the astute foreman for guts.

Remarkable intuition, to say the least!

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Of course, every woodsman knows that one team can skid twice as many logs as a gang can saw (considering) hence a gang of sawyers that tries to keep out of the skinner's way is plumb crazy—violently demented—the team will be browsing half the time at the skidway. Now I wish to point out that:

The team is browsing half the time (yet the foreman doesn't fire the horses). He seems to take a friendly interest in the four-legged slaves of the Lumber Co.

Thus it was that the God fearing foreman came to a saw-gang to inquire how they were getting along and also to encourage them in their peculiar form of insanity:

"How's the saw cutting," he opens up.

"Not bad for a blind filer," reply.

"How does it come you ain't got no logs ahead," he next inquires.

"Well I'll tell you, I and my pardner we're tender hearted, we don't want to crowd the horses" . . .

"The hell with the horses, go ahead and fall the timber."

"Hey, skinner," he yells, "take that team across the road onto the other skidway."

T-B. S.