



Consequently and Considering

Now you take a cross-cut saw and saw off an article of reading matter:

The belly of a saw hangs down somewhat after the manner of roosters, ordinarily. But after a team of sawyers have short-stroked logs with it for years and years—twelve years—and after it has worn and worn, in the center, for the same number of years—and finally, after six filers have gone blind filing the belly down (which means up) and after its belly is straight and "hangs" no more—in fact, after it has no belly, a condition where the long teeth are at the handle and short ones where the belly used to be—a jobber acquires this saw in a trade where he is given a piece of timber to cut in return for his gracious act—that of taking the saw "off the company's hands."

Then the jobber proceeds to make a fortune by placing this saw in the hands of a couple of reliable I. W. W. sawyers.

These sawyers take this saw and go in and saw 4,000 feet of logs per day at \$70 per month, or \$2.9 per piece per day. The total cost for 4,000 feet of logs being \$5.38. The jobber getting \$2.75 per thousand, clears \$5.62 on two men's work, per day. Out of this \$5.62 he feeds the two men at an expense of about 90 cents per day including all expenses. That leaves him a profit equal to that of each of these sawyers—sawyers doing all the work. . . . but I'm off my subject.

With a new saw (with a belly on it) these men could go in and saw 5,000 feet of logs with the same amount of effort. One thousand feet of logs would be added to the jobbers "deck" per day; \$2.75 would be added to the jobber's "roll" every day. The cost of this new saw, this mighty weapon I speak about, is one dollar per foot of saw—its length should be 6½ feet. Six dollars and fifty cents will buy it. It will pay for itself in less than five days. But the jobber doesn't know this. O, no, he belongs to the class that "directs." How could he know?

Persistently and blindly he clings to the straight bottom saw when he could add \$2.75 per day to his pile every day after the first five days. It's like throwing money away—it's like wasting labor power.

What was I going to say—Oh, yes. By some strange stroke of fate heretofore unexplained and, as far as I'm concerned, hereafter will remain a brunette mystery, the jobber is able to pay ten dollars more than the company per month. When the company pays \$50, a jobber generally pays \$70 and \$75. This indicates quite clearly that **WRONG PARTIES** are making a miserable attempt to carry on logging operations.

This would seem to indicate that the jobber is the more efficient woodsman of the two—the 70 versus 60 seems to prove it—for it is hard to believe that the major companies would **SETTLE** down to deliberately steal \$10 from a hard working sawyer's earnings, and more, considering the company's sawyer wields a saw with a belly; consequently producing half of 1,000 feet more **SCALE** per day, per one man.

I, myself, think the companies would rather be called inefficient than petit larceny grafting pikers.

Dam me if I don't believe the jobber with his straight bottom saw is the more efficient. I've reasoned and reasoned, I've tried to reason away that ten dollar difference in wages, but it will not reason. I am satisfied that my reader will agree that I have **STUMBLLED** on the evidence that proves the companies are unfit to continue further in blundering around in the woods and that they should turn the works over to the jobbers. I am satisfied that my reader will say that Slim's exposition of the **JOBBERS** "bellyless" saw (despite the extra ten) entitles him to a place in the hall of has-beens—that leaves—what does it leave? Ah, neighbors, fellow workers, citizens, and patriots, that leaves **US**. **US**, the people, and within us only is there a ray of intelligence; us workers. Within us is there a smattering of efficiency—our "directors" as proven here with but a single insignificant instance are a bunch of blithering idiots and run heavy to short-tooth saws—I dare not—I dare not cite real occasions nor dare I draw up an indictment of their proceedings as a whole—I believe in giving them a chance to make other provisions for the obtaining of a living—they have **FATTENED** on the lumberjack so long.

Now, that it would be a shame to jerk the feet from under them too suddenly. They are estimable men; only misguided—and so honest—as honesty goes today—that it hasn't been thought worth while to investigate their maneuvers in high offices during the late lamented war period—not a whisper has lodged against their fair name in regard to robbing the government or sticking up people for their funds—no indeed. Nor was there any reason for them to do these things. No reason for them to "log across the line" for, lo, were they not getting **TEN DOLLARS PLUS** from the earnings of each of their sawyers, etc.

Haywire they are, and haywire they have been, cheap, petty and despicable. They wouldn't know how to graft on a grand scale! It's a good thing they're as honest as they are—they'd only make a fizzle of it—maybe disgrace us all.—(T-Bone Slim).