



THOSE HILLS YOU SAID IT

You no doubt have been reading about the storms and tornado's that near devastated the middle west on or about the period of March 28 and 31, 1924. And, no doubt, you have wondered where T. B. S. was; and "breathed" a prayer for him that he might not be caught in such inclement weather—and so much of it. He wasn't.

He was down in Upper-Michigan where the weather is less presuming—enjoying a 48-hour blizzard. The health-giving qualities of a Michigan blizzard cannot be overestimated, hence, it is practically useless for me to dwell upon it.

I am moved to make these remarks because an impression has gone forth that upper Michigan is no paradise, an impression that every other "denomination of geography, South-Chicago, West-Allis and Kalispel are ONE. What do they know about paradise? Ontonagon, Michigan is the logical place—timber all around there; as far as the eye can reach and good timber—an ideal place to have a paradise. And that drinking water—oh boys—just a trace of iron in it, in its purest form—oh boys—what's the use of buying tincture of iron in the drug store and run chances of losing all your teeth when you can embrace a lovely freight train and hie yourself to the gentle waving hills on the upper peninsula—but you say "them is mountains"—mountains, nothing! The G. C. W. I. U. could fine grade them all in two weeks and haul the fill and dump it into Lake Superior. Where do they get that stuff, mountains! . . . as level as Waukegan, Illinois.

Funny how people get exaggerated ideas about elevations—a pimple appears on the face of the globe and it's a mountain; a railroad locomotive puffs a few times up a gentle grade and people roll their eyes in wonder and breathe rarified invigorating atmosphere in deep draughts and try to look sophisticated; just like a drunk rising out of a futter—the minute his heels hit the sidewalk he's half way to heaven—as I said before the 310 can put the whole smear on a wheeler and dump it into the lake . . . that ought to give you an idea of power, of economic power.

We have all thought that logging in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota was a thing of the past—three years ago. There is now 2,000 camps remaining in the three states. In about 16 year, I figure, the "virgin" timber will have been cut (if we have good luck and cold weather) then we can start on the "second cut." But it will pay to organize the workers there, if but for the last three years—after that it will be too late: houses and woodenware will have been abolished—and, man will walk the earth in the aura of his importance garbed in intelligence.

Organizing any?

I'm glad you asked that question.

"You said it," said Christ to Pilate.

I'll say so! You don't suppose we're going to lay down in the face of the drive to be made against L. W. I. U. this year! Organizing? You said it!