



Up and over the snowclad hills back to the old love, now almost forgotten—a lumber camp. Down into a tamarack swamp we swing. Lumberjacks do not slouch, and, I imagine, (can it be in retrospect) that we sink into the bright shadows there seeking suitable retreat from a February sun's searching rays. How fresh the air feels. "Take no left turns," the cruiser had snapped at us in a voice as crisp as the morning, but here was a cross road. Left, right and straight ahead. Shall we pass by a right turn? Ah! Here comes a load! "Take either straight or right," said the Knight of the Ribbons, and the "load" lumbered on, testing the swamp-road carefully, first on one runner then on another somewhat after the manner of a drunken man coming down the stairs at a temperance gathering.

Further on our eyes are cheered with the sight of the Grand Viser of the Road—the roadmonkey. He grunted his appreciation of our presence and, once again, we felt we were on the right road and that everything would turn out all right.

Sure enough, there it was, to our left and we could have easily passed by it only the road turned in. . . . there it was. The same old camp—just recently built—and the same old bull-cook. . . . Does the cook "give lunch?" "Sure thing, sure!" The same old cook, crippled in the feet not in the head, and the flunkey. He was "aged" about 70 years old.

Time had preserved the silver in the cook's straggly locks, and had blessed erstwhile high-stepping flunkey with a top-knot of frost. . . . Strange what pranks time plays.

But we were destined to learn that this pair, versed in lumberlore, set a good table. Not one flaw can I find in the menu! Is this Wisconsin? Can this be true? I'm growing fat . . . so I got to thinking: What a pity it is that our cook is so old, he deserves to live.

The same old camp! The same old crew, and let us whisper it, crumbs—the chief topic under discussion. A few complimentary words about the ladies—(bless their sturdy, not dirty, hearts)—and then out comes the Concertina. Yes, this is Wisconsin—and the musician saws away the shank of the evening, his efforts blending in perfect harmony with the vocal numbers rendered by the pure bread bewhiskered

Airedale, the hero of numerous futile battles with the unvanquished warriors of the woods—porcupines.

The power of music! My pencil stopped, poised in the act of recording these powerful truths. My thinking apparatus, whatever it is, refused to function—I was on the dead-center held, say, spellbound. Oh, what's the use.

We are again bursting out of the timber line, to town; to civilization, indeed. My pardner, an estimable creature, soured by the iniquity prevailing, has christened me "a hoosier," on the tender side of my pride. And I had agreed with him for had I not been pulling that saw all week with him occillating on the other end—(I'll say I was a hoosier) and I told him he wasn't the only one in our gang that knew it.

Nevertheless . . . A man still can make a living, in Wisconsin, with an axe—if so inclined. Much wood remains uncut and many workers remain unorganized. The wood can be cut and the men organized—in the happier days to come.

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"WHAT GOES UP"

Airplanes will drop their bombs
On inoffensive voters,
As well as on the social crumbs
And sundry human bloaters.

But still and all—please do not frown—
All things have compensation;
For what goes up must come down—
It's hard to scare a nation.

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It has been said that the "minority is always right." I would argue the point: It may be that the minority is capable of "being right," and that occasionally may actually be "in the right," but that would still leave them a long ways from "always right." Most of the time, in this cruel, demoralizing world, the minority finds itself floundering nearer never right than always right.

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But it happens that outside of its capabilities the minority pretty much always is crooked—a sad example of this is the capitalist class, the minority class in this country. The late scandals in regards the two Domes—T-Pot and Capitol—go far to prove that the domes of the minority do not "always" function properly. They may be ever so right in theory and motive but in practice their programs may develop "colic," or other economic flaws that might sink the ship or cause the ol' bus to backfire; to mix metaphors. . . . We are discussing now two component parts of anything—like for instance Employer and Employee; rulers and ruled—we don't confuse the issues by jumping from one phase of activity to another, thus: The I. W. W. is a minority in the working class. No. We maintain that the I. W. W. is an integral part of the majority and that employers are the minority. And as we said before, their honesty at times bears a startling re-

semblance to crookedness. No! We can not drift along dividing minorities into two parts—that would be dissembling, and we're all for assembling. Now! Taking the people as a whole, we find additional proof—proof by inference—of the deplorable state of the minority's morals or ethics; insofar as it is admitted that the "minority of the people are honest." This would seem to leave a clear insinuation that the minority has been unsuccessful in guarding itself against the ravages of selfishness.

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Thus it is that we can not admit that the minority is right. Labor is always right. And labor is always the MAJORITY; will always be, because it is in tune with Action. Action is life!