

# T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

## WAR—

Tame, Normal, Violent and Abstract

### FELLOW SWAMPERS:

If I was to say that I never swamp "another log" till the teamster has taken away the one I finished the supreme court would be so astounded that it would fall off the bench.

The federal undertaker would probably prefer charges against me for blocking the traffic, guiltless as I am.

Now, I would like to know, how am I to swamp "logs ahead" when the teamster is always waiting, ready to haul away the one I'm working on?

I'll bet they'd convict me!

We have intended to say, quite often, a few kind words about the sacredness of work (the Polanders call it rubbish or robbish—or rob-bitch). We have been told, times without number, that "work is very healthful and invigorating." Grate men have assured us they would "go crazy without it." "The human race would perish if it wasn't for work—work is so good." Yes, and then they strain every ounce of their brains trying to invent a machine to do the work—I say, if work is so damn good, let's do away with the machines and pass the work around to all hands.

But, Fellow Swampers, work isn't as healthy as it's made out to be; it isn't fun—may be funny—and it isn't lucrative (no money in it). In fact, the statement that work is good for a fellow is a misstatement something like the statement that "water hurts no man."—Many men believed that statement and drank deep of the bubbling brook of typhoid fever—

Work isn't a health conserver; it isn't curative; it isn't pleasure; it doesn't pay, and . . . it is unnecessary.

Lots of people never work.

Not to change the subject two suddenly three times—Mr. Anderson Jr., of the alleged lumber company at Drummond, Wis., is getting slightly humpbacked—a Scandinavian fellow worker informs me "that is because Mr. Anderson's interfere-less legs, fast as they are, are too slow to keep up with Mr. Anderson's prow." I don't believe it. If overseer Anderson will step over to one of the "jobbers" and get a little something to eat, the food will have a tendency of bolstering his drooping chest.

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Disturbing reports are coming in to the effect that "lumberjacks" are being attacked by squirrels in upper Michigan. Upon investigation I find the truth greatly enlarged.

Peace has been declared.

The facts in the case are as follows: A prestigious "tailer-down" had voluntarily raised the wages of a squirrel to the extent of one doughnut per day—that he slipped over the end of a broken-off twig or branch—

The squirrel, of course, wanted to save the doughnut for "old age" and would "gnaw the branch in two" below the doughnut. One day the "tailer" went "skidding;" the doughnut was missing. . . Say, you ought to have heard the language that squirrel used; how he swore. He called me the most damnable impropate and rascalion; so to appease his wrath I compromised myself and bribed him with a piece of cake—this I did by splitting the twig and inserting the cake in the "split." Oh if I had only known! Oh if I had known the depth of depravity of that unconscionable rascalion, he never would have received a bribe from me—I felt like a lumber baron that ships men out for \$35 to \$45—bribes them to be good; bribes them to "stay" a month—Oh, oh, oh . . . You know, that squirrel in the absence of the doughnut had raided the teamster's coat pockets where they had stored cookies, tidbits and delicacies for the pure-blooded horses. Actually distained to climb into the pocket, but chewed gaping holes into the "Patrick's and Bennies."

Such was the "attack"—a clear case of ignoring the property rights of human beings—teamsters are more than human—a clear case of vandalism against the peace and dignity of the state of Michigan—a clear . . . clear—

The squirrel will get his doughnut after this in the usual way—impaled upon a spear. War is over.

I'm led to make these remarks, in a hopeful vein, upon discovering that the war feeling 'mongst working men (in all countries) is non-existent. Right in this camp we have Irish, Pole, French, Finn, German, Swede, Russian, Italian, Austrian, English, Scotch, Norsk, Dane, and transplanted "Americans"—one American Indian—and others, mebbe. But we have no war!

Peace is rampant.

The only evidence of any overt acts, so far—I saw this morning when I arose: a torn deck of cards! Get my point? Scraps of paper!