

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES



ROLLING STOCK

Mules (asses) and horses are the revolting offenders—fenders in the air.

Railroad cars, sometimes hailed as rolling stock, are bound to have their little joke, and present themselves as laughing stock:

Timetables (folders) were lengthened out to conform with the staying power of an Eight Day Clock.

Ingersoll-carriers thereupon tossed their seamless grain sacks upon their sh-backs and gravitated over the hill on foot.

Speed of trains was adjusted to three positions: faster than a sleeping policeman, faster than a walking voter and—faster, faster than a running . . . sore. That puts the railroads into third position, as my revered friend F. F. would say, "wir slow and I lose—in order: 'tomobile, dobbin and railway carriage. Not counting "bike," the "hoss" is coming back . . . first—

This 2 minutes to a mile will get us nowhere—what's the big idee of detaining the populace?

Men would think that the outstanding failure of the railroads is caused by low speed; other men would opine that it is caused by the cost of maintaining luxurious compartments for the manicured industrial idiots, mercantile maniacs and professional parasites (imperious imbeciles—pronounce imp-pestles).

Not so, me hearties, there are no luxurious compartments—day coaches should be done away with by constitutional amendment, and all passengers should have the "freedom of the less primitive cars.—The proposition of packing certain people into coaches (to bear the expense of hauling two or three half-way decent cars with few smirking parasites in them) has gone far enough. The worthwhile people are getting off at the next stop. Huh! Destroy our democracy will they.

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Experienced lumberjacks and discerning tell me "Henry Ford is putting up a dandy camp 14 miles from Sidnaw," the gateway to the Ontonagon country, Michigan.

Dandy? Isn't that putting it rather strong? Just because it isn't as crude, gloomy, cramped, cold or uncomfortable (as the camps they are accustomed to) doesn't make it "dandy." Dandy is a pet name for desirable.

Henry may have ideas about what a lumber camp should be—if so, let him come out with them. An improvement on present-day camps is but an improvement.

Not one camp do I know that would make a good barn. Improvements!

I know hundreds of barns that would make better camps.

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Any "camper" could go, and would, out into the woods with a jackknife (with a broken blade) and a match, and find more comfort than the barons are able to find their loyal victims—would take better care of themselves.

For Christ's sake don't tell me about a dandy camp if you haven't an idea of what a camp should be—I'll admit Mr. Ford is not capable of putting up a thoroughly rotten camp. His "worst" would be an improvement on our rotten best.

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Origin of Name Sidnaw: A hungry lumberjack told the town's first "kind lady to let Sid gnaw a crust of bread, please.

So the kind lady brought out one of her home-made biscuits to Sidney and said, "Gnaw, Sid, gnaw, I haven't anything else."

Sid thanked her and went down to the track to gnaw on the biscuit.

After a few days it got so that the trains used to stop there so that passengers could watch Sid gnaw—hence Sidnaw, Michigan.

The biscuit is somewhat worn.

—T-b. S.