

A MATTER OF VIEWPOINT

In this cold, when the thermometer is 27 below Draper, almost down to Tuscobia or Hydrophobia, the philosophy of starvation does queer pranks. Sometimes it alters the complexion of things completely—proving that weather (a phase of environment), is still powerful, in the affairs of men:

It is necessary to eat more, in order to keep warm. Hence it is that an extra dish of rice pudding loses its identity—it is no longer a food—it is a substitute for a shirt—one shirt.

Also in regards viewpoint, one man looks at a thing from one angle while another may look at it from the reverse side. To illustrate. In the so-called realm of "peeling a herring," some men will pull the skin off gingerly, with much pains and some success—this is a wrongful way of going at it. Never pull the skin off the herring; rather separate the "fish" (meat) from the skin. (It's not the same operation). One concentrates his attention on skin; the other is all agog as to the meat (fish). Furthermore, better success is had in removing the meat insofar as you can open the herring open and start peeling the fish (from the hide) from the center of the difficulty and not from the edges—as you would were you merely skinning a herring.—Is it a wonder some things sound, smell, taste and feel busy.

What? Again?

"Only 30 per cent of the country's adult population has a mental age of more than 13 years," claims Prof. Goddard of Ohio State University—according to the Eau Claire Leader. H'm. A regular drive to convince us we know nothing. H'm. Of course the prof has no means of determining the mental calibre of so large a population (as we are) hence, it must be, he has formed his conclusions from studying his near-associates, the students of Ohio State.

Just another way of saying: "that carefully selected body is little better than imbeciles," else, the prof. is woefully wanting in ability to swing the hokum; else, the hokum is stale—lack of brain power, in student, is not a disgrace; the want of it is an excuse for the existence of men such as Prof. Goddard. — If they were powerful of brain, Goddard would be out of a job.

I would suggest the erudite professor cease bragging about the number of his scholars and proceed to tone-up the weak spots in their mental make-ups.

A university, you know, should at least compare with a lumber camp. And, I am happy to say, at least 70 per cent of our crew have a mental age of 47 or better.

We attack ignorance wherever we find it.

That's where we're different!

Long association with horses and such, makes a decided improvement in a man's mental equipment—that is: They are in no way deleterious to man; they do not advance premiseless conclusions or other debatable "fact." They do not interfere with mental development—nor straight-jacket the machinery of impression. . . . Give me horses, every time.

Again it is a matter of viewpoint. We draw our conclusions from our surroundings. The professor's error is a natural one. A student body is not picked for their brilliancy—that is reserved for the logging industry—the ability to pay tuition determines "mental" age of the professor's "progedies." No handicap like that exists in the lumber woods.

We're great people, eh, Jacks?

The blindpiggers in the timber country, not far from Park Falls, are quite unable to keep their places of business warm, in these days of high-cost of cord-birch—onp of Hines' most successful cooks froze his feet even while imbibing the fluid that mellowed . . . and right bitterly he bemoaned the loss of a pair of rubbers—worth \$1.75.

Cold! Gosh, but it's cold . . . say are we.

Yesterday, two lumberjacks became candidates for a wooden overcoat: froze stiff; one of them with eyes open.

It is believed the additional work connected with the disposal of these two cadavers will help to tide the

Park Falls undertakers through what appears to be a start of a hard winter—supplying cordwood ectetera for their various Waterbury furnaces.

That's the "lay of the land."

Now:

First, I'm not exaggerating a darn bit when I say—and my readers know I speak the exact truth, ghastly and crude as it is—the cook jumps out of bed at 5 a. m., grabs the horn and blows it—after that public service he jumps back in bed and giggles like a silly hyena. He gets quite a "kick out of it."—It takes him little over fifteen minutes to get breakfast for the boys.

Yes, the saws are in bad shape—needs "gumming"—unfortunately the filer is "all out of gum,"—due, no doubt to the "miserable" fifty dollars he gets, 'stead of the handsome "eighty"—due, in turn, to the filers encompassing non-unionism. "How are you Mr. Worth (Work) I'm going down for a few days Krismus, but I got a man in my place."—Some low-livered son-of-a-gun said the cook made that crack—nothing of the kind.

It's a rough country.

And cold—don't forget that.

Everything seems to operate in favor of the operators. When "Jack" isn't actually hiking 24 miles a day and 17 1-2 miles a night to the next camp, he is happy enjoying the comforts: as rotten as they are . . . or can be. When he isn't freezing to death on the line he is almost ready to shout for joy, and sing "Barney Google, it ain't going to rain no more," alongside a blushing camp stove—what of it if the place is dirty, stinking drab, what of it? Isn't it better than freezing to death, on the line?

When he hikes and hikes and hikes; and his stomach gurgles L-a-a-a-r-r-r-y Gooooog-lerrrrr, and when, at last, he reaches a camp, the sour dough pudding (culogy for bread) tastes like a slice of heaven and a bucket of water thrown on hell-fire, indeed. Bull beef is then like a long lost brother found.

We learn to live in a false atmosphere and we gather the impression camps are bad not at all; because we know of something worse—yet that "worse" is a part of the logging game. Let me tell you, if we were to put in demands for "betterments" our first demand should be:

EVERYTHING!

Gosh rakes alive, we've got NOTHING. Damn the luck!

More's the pity.