



FREE SPEECH

I say: "It appears to me that over in England there is more freedom of speech than in America."

You say: Whining Hell don't you go over there if you wantin' shoot off yer mouth.

I say: "At Pocantico Hills, Rockefeller's estate, there are better living conditions, better grub, than at this lumber camp."

You say: Why don't you go over there, if you don't like it here.

I say: "I would, but I can't—I've got to stay here and answer childish questions."

Above is conversation (in part) we had with an overseas veteran—I have no heart to "print" it in full. My sole comment shall be: The life of "lumberjacking" is the gift of a grateful nation for your valiant service to the country. Unfortunately, for some reason, the I. W. W. has been unable to maintain decent conditions in these camps and they may not measure up to the standards expected—You have been persuaded! It's up to you.

"You've got to get up, you've got to get up. You're in the army now—and not behind the plow."

You shall not nail labor to a cross of gold nor press upon his brow a crown of thorns," means much indeed.

Martyred labor feeds and clothes the world; saven the world three times a day. Some savior!—but gentlemen, alas, he is pinned to the precious and sports a John B. of bars.

"You shall not" . . . No?—It is (al-ready) done! It is finished. Never a more realistic Christ dangled from a tree.

Labor is up a tree.

My horse, the bad one, of the two I drive, has earned to almost love me—it doesn't kick me—or bite me, any more.

I used . . . kindness.

How pleased and grateful it is, in the evening—when I pull the bridle off.

For this act of mercy it honors me—the last act of a long day—a one good deed. It

quite forgets that I am the cuss that put the bridle on his head this morning.

Tomorrow morning there will be a struggle between us, again. In his estimation I will then be a dirty low-livered son of a malefactor. Tomorrow night, (after enslaving him all day) the horse looks at me with fond regard, when I unharness him. This proves that one good deed is more powerful than thirty-eight low-down tricks.

Art Brisbane would say: "That's because a horse doesn't reason."—Mebbe so, mebbe so.—How grateful am I, that the day's work is done—the whistle has blown! "It's never too late to learn."

That's a lie. It should read: It's never too late to realize how little we know, but learn from that never if not when young—you can't teach an old hound new tricks. Waste no time with 'em.

To hear some Wobs talk, one gets the idea they have associated with none but de-horns—young men don't drink dehorn.

By our mouths we are convicted.

It follows: A dehorn rushed into a saloon, (supposed to not be in existence) in a dry country. "Hurry up and give me a shot," he said, throwing down a twenty-dollar bill. Although already so drunk he had to hang onto the bar and weaving pretty heavy he was in a hurry. The Prop. poured him a drink from a pitcher; took the twenty; rung the register. . . . "I ain't got change, I'll give that drink free," said he tossing a one-dollar bill on the bar.

The dehorn grabbed the bill, stuffed it in his pocket and went his way rejoicing.

A nineteen-dollar drink. Some drink! But the \$19 wasn't lost entirely—"It is just as well," some would say—but will not discuss the morals of the transaction—would not have mentioned it had it not smacked heavy of business ethics—dehorns know this, too, yet they patronize and worship these animals.

Lice follows business ethics—naturally: imaginary lice are almost as bad as the real one's . . . Just now there is an epidemic of imaginary lice in the lumber camps. Men, who never used to scratch, scratch and scratch, and so forth—back and forth—first, last and before, and sides, and afterwards. And, when they remove their shirts, they look like "striped skunks," only they are red and white instead of white and blue.

Being a man of considerable acumen, I

was requested to explain the cause for this phenomena—"that didn't used to exist in the woods?"—That's easy—the world war is the cause of it. The lumberjack has been shell shocked—he don't know enough to boil-up.—"Boil up?"—"How can imaginary crumbs be boiled?"—"Do you give them an imaginary bath?" all three questions popped simultaneously, so I had to explain: You go about it just as if you had 'em. Use double the usual amount of soap and have the water (snow water) twice as hot. Leave nothing to imagination. Keep building your fire until pot boils over . . . steam proves nothing, on a cold day. Steam so thick that crumbs fail to recognize their bosom pals, isn't a boil-up. It's got to boil over (and put-out the fire) before imaginary lice will go out of business.