

T-BONE SLIM

CONGRESSMEN AND KIDS

Says The American "Questioned concerning allegations of Mrs. Frank D. Scott, that drunken orgies were the chief pastime of some congressmen in Washington, former Congressman Volstead . . . declared that the days of drunken congressmen are gone forever."

He said: "I have seen the day in Congress when men on the floor were so drunk they couldn't stand." (Can you imagine! "couldn't stand"? were sitting down? on hands and knees or lying PRONE on the floor?)—"I have witnessed scenes that would disgust an ordinary barroom enacted on the floors of the House and speeches made under the influence of liquor that were ridiculous."

"Since prohibition there has been none of that—"

Ah, then "the prohibition act" was the result of a drunken orgy! And, if prohibition is good, a law should be passed to compel congressmen to remain drunk during sessions—you argue like a fish! No wonder the L. W. W. is "running away with the bacon."

We, "Jack," my partner, and I were swamping away, all unconcerned like, when all of a sudden we heard a childish voice—right in the woods—baby voices—right at the point of production; the little fellow was singing a song—(that contented was he)—the song was: "Just break the snus to m'm'mother." The Kid was cold. That evening the jacks, always considerate, took an inventory of the child's clothing. He was wearing:

"One mackinaw, a mackinaw jumper, a sweater, a leather vest, another sweater, a shirt, another one, suit of woolen underwear, another one, B. V. D.'s under that—and diapers."

The latter may be propaganda, slipped in by a soured lumberjack—kids twelve years old don't wear bandages. Clothes make the man but how to disguise that maple sugar voice? There's a problem.

The lumber barons are only a little slower than the farmer in exploiting child labor—it has started—and, as on the farms, it is not a question of helping daddy with the dishes or helping maw with the chores—it's a question of substituting frail childhood for hardened adult. . . . It's a question of putting two children in a "bundle-rack" instead of one man. It's not a question. It's a crime.

We, the L. W. L. U. in middle states, should have at least one delegate for each ten camps—there are over 4,000 camps—we should have at least 800 (hundred) delegates; 400 hundred in full eruption, at all times. Show me 800 delegates—to get along with less and do business (no matter how good they are) is like feeding 10,000 bums with ten sandwiches—we ain't Christ—the sandwiches would have to be darn big. Nor are we Ford.

—Ford has one strawboss for each six men.

Nor are we government.

—Government embraces one out of twelve men. If we have one delegate to each ten camps (fifty men being average) that would be only one for every five hundred men. Not a high percentage.

Too many skimmers in the loading crew—Strange.—I'm driving tow-team, skidding team, holding two offices; leading double life, so's to mummur—top-man, a noted horseman, yells "hurry up."—I did—I didn't stop till I got to the far-away Grandon.

Two many bullecooks driving seigh-teams—how do I know this? From the conversation?—Until far into the night they talk "sleighs, wrappers, cross-chains, pitches, knolls and swamps—an old teamster would disdain to talk about them (all night)—He'd have something more remarkable to wrestle with (in his dreams). A beginner talks shop; an old skinner talks "engines" and "separators" and tractors—and unionism.

If I had to be one or the other, I would rather be a "bull" in a small town than a mayor of a city—But I would so try to live each day that I wouldn't have to stay in front of the drugstore all the time—I would dare to "look around a little."

I find I have wasted one big part of the winter needlessly—I've been on the jump unnecessarily.

Just the other day I left Shawano's camp under the impression that it was going to close; you see, the breakfast table ran short of hotcakes—so, naturally, I thought it was the wind-up. Now, I find it didn't close at all and I've a mind to go back there.

I find the reason for the hotcake shortage was this: The gasoline engine had broken down; the bull cook wouldn't pump water—there was plenty of flour, but no water to mix it with. Hence the Hotcake Panic.

A fellow should never jump till he hears all the evidence. Make 'em fire you!—T-b. S.