



WHAT WE WANT



Labor gets what it votes for—but not what it hopes for.

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A moot question: What does the I. W. W. want?

First, a little something—some of anything.

After that . . . we'll "talk" it over ("L" is silent; "A" has intermediate sound, as in change)—Take ("E" silent) what over? Our Industries, of course. What did you think we were going to ttak', the golf-grounds? Huh, you can't eat or wear "hazards" or "bunkers" or "tee's." We had lunch, regalia and windbreak—steam-heat—nix on the coal-oil chandeliers—if there's anything better than Ostermoor mattresses, we want it—we'd like a little comfort in this damned old world, whilst we're here—our body is weary and our bones ache—don't tell us about civilization, show us some. Let us see some of it. We've never seen any. Where do you keep it, in a safe?

Note: New Kells Camp (lumber) 25, the haunt of the Super, Horsford; the hangout of the "walker," (oo-oo) and the special stamping ground of a harrassed foreman, has two roller towels for forty men—one man used the "port side" towel for a tooth brush. That leaves an inch apiece on other towel for 39 men. Is that civilization? And is Horsford its prophet?

The blankets, except those brought in by the farmers—loggers, are the dirtiest, and cheapest and shoddiest this side of a junk yard; made from ropes, gunny sacks, old carpets, flax-straw, shredded-wood—everything.

Is that civilization?

I thought woolen blankets to be the beginning of civilization? "Ah, but the boys would steal them if they were wool." Not

so, my short pecker, wood pecker, a Nava-Jo blankets lays across my feet, in the Wisconsin House, at Park Falls, as I pen these immortal lines with Drott's Special (save the mark) lead pencil.

It will still be there when I'm gone.

Furthermore, they don't steal—proof for this lies in the fact the commissary stands unraided. If they wanted anything, what is there to stop 'em?

Note: It may be true a discouraged lumber-jack has stolen one of those dirty, lousy, stinking, worthless blankets—may be true—but only to throw it away; to "lose it," or to save the drowsy health board a "collecting trip."

In fact: On the way down (hiking) I came across one such disreputable blanket strung along the right-o-way. It was with difficulty that I determined the insidious nature or texture of the damned thing, too shabby for burlap.

I respectfully submit, to the blanket fabricators, that our foreign trade in blankets is dwindling—you can't put that stuff over on the foreigners, it's too much like peddling human dung to business men for spectacle polish—it's been done—I tell you it won't work. But I am in deadly opposition to the stripping of these camps of blankets—there is no solution there. . . . Hold on there, citizen and reader—don't feel so sorry for us—we know what you sleep on: a half-civilized bed, in a quarter-breed house.

Why don't you organize to get something from life? You, I mean! Is it necessary for your living conditions to get as stale as the "jacks" before you make a move? Don't cry for us, cry rather for yourself—then dry your tears (on that empty floor sack) and look at things as they are . . . I see you are wondering if the "jacks" are organizing: I wish you would tend to your own business. Wonder no longer. The initials "A. C. T." are carved on the deacon's seat—talk about handwriting on the wall!

That brings us right smash against perpetual motion.

You will say perpetual motion is an impossibility, and, if a vote be taken before anything further be said, you will win. It will be decided there is no such thing.

Now I will say: There is nothing but

continual perpetual motion, anywhere. Nothing is still. Change is everpresent—and changing fast. There is no reason to think them blankets are stationary. Perpetual motion is not an impossibility; it is a long established law—a fact—an establishment—an ironclad, anchored institution (I don't care)—Why attempt to stop it? It will push you aside.—A. C. T.

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Now, as to farming:

Some say it doesn't pay—of course it doesn't, if you don't farm right. Have your farm near a lumber camp so that you'll have a market right handy. Grub out about twenty acres of stumps, that's enough. That's enough, I told you—don't go ahead and grub any more than that. Than that . . . Twenty acres is enough! Twenty acres of clay bottom (subsil) loam that will yield 24 gallons per acre is enough for any man to handle.

Farming does pay, I contend!

Railroad transportation and logging wages: In the course of an experiment, I find that I must work five days to square the fare held against me by the lumber company. I shipped.

The distance was 140 miles (I'm getting gypped—I know I am)—I can walk that 140 miles in three days. The railroad is charging me five days' pay—through the lumber company—for carrying me a short three days' travel . . . either that or the lumber company is under-paying me . . .

Now, one or both of these companies is crooked. At least one is crooked. Point one, is made.

Point II. How does it happen the rail-roads cannot compete with the oldest and crudest means of transportation, feet? It's demanding five days work from me for carrying me a three days' walk—and walking is easier than work! Say, Ain't I the damndest fool? Now be honest, ain't I domph-fool? (This sorrowfully referred to condition happens right in the midst of their system)—Isn't it about time somebody "dust-off" OUR system? . . . Beg your pardon! I now see the original proposition carries with it points TWO, 3, 4, 5 and so on—indefinitely.

All points are made.