



## BUNKS AND PIES

It is not often that I let out a "yip", but when I do, I've been hit or stung. Just now, after recovering from the latest controversy that gave my emotions free rein over a wide range—to the end of broadening me out—I'm overwhelmed with forebodings for the safety of my country. As I was saying, in the controversy, my feelings were torn between the two extremes: the top and the bottom of the stairs and bruised on each protruding step—I, a lone defenseless Wob that believed only in using stairs in an impersonal way instead of making an issue of the relative merits of the two landings—top and bottom on each protruding step; anywhere between the sublime and the ridiculous. That ought to stretch a man's finer feelings.

But that episode has caused folks to say "there are two kinds of Wobblies."

—Compose yourself, that's all right so long as they're both alike.

Well, I was recovering in fine shape, editor, after almost being torn asunder, when this latest grievous affair was brought to my notice—I wish I wasn't so nosy; I find that the barn boss and the straw boss are sleeping alone in the two best bunks—That's what I call rushing away from the glorious traditions and democratic ideals our illustrious forefathers fought and bled for, leaving bloody foot prints in the snows of Valley Forge (it snows in Valley Forge occasionally, most every winter; sometimes as deep as one-half inch.)

It shows clearly a mad headlong plunge to worship authority—if these two men have any business in the men's bunkhouses why don't they double up like the citizens of the woods; let go of one good bunk to make a more comfortable for two "jacks."

But I contend they have no business in men's bunkhouse—except to "ketch" the

burning words of wisdom that drop from Jack's lips when he becomes unstrung and begins to unravel the quarter-century old exasperations.

Good men, no doubt—damn good men—but if they continue holding two jobs apiece they will lose much of their manhood so sadly needed in these days of soul-auction. I'm not in favor, mind you, of lowering the sleeping standards of the two bosses; mistake me not. I'm trying to raise the standard of the many who are purely men—I would suggest that these two move over and stay with the rest of the officials and make room for four jacks that may be bucking the line hard.

As I was saying the dearly (with bloody feet) won traditions are in jeopardy. The two bunks are decorated with gunny sack curtains and other ornamental draperies creating a small but virulent aristocracy right in the midst of a flourishing democracy—under mining the rock ribbed morals of our staunchest exponents of pure and undefiled democracy in the virgin forests of our fair republic.

But the threatened calamity to our celebrated ideals does not centralize in the woods and camps. A vicious attack has been launched against them in the various towns and cities that have emasculated themselves from the odium of being "jump skidway" sites in the pre-Volstead days.

Park Falls, the capitol for Roddis Lumber Co., aligns herself with the enemies of pure, unadulterated, undeluted, undefiled, and undeluded democracy by fostering within in her borers those that would make to naught all these bloody tracks in the snows of Valley Forge.

I went into a restaurant there on the strength of the United States currency I had wrested from the bull-headed New Della Lumber Co., and in my best manner desired that a portion of calf-flesh be dished up in front of my devouring inclination.

Which, all, was well and good.

But when I lifted my eyes again I beheld the thieving waitress placing a one-sixth portion of pie without heel or sole in the offing near my plate. Hastily glancing at my neighbors, my darkest suspicions were verified—they each had one-quarter of a pie. Visions of the bloody trail at Val-

ley Forge rose in my mind and I made mental note to engage the terrible creature in conversation: "Muddam," says I, "Would you mind enlightening me as to name of that delicious looking dish you laid out last—is it minced-meat or merely bruised pastry?"

"That, sir," says she, drawing herself up to her full insidious height, "is raisin pie."

Ah, raisin pie, California product!

"Kind lady," says I, "Will you be so good as to take it away until I depart—then you may bring it out again and try it on the next party you may deem inferior."

By this time I had tumbled to the fact that my sheepskin whiskers had betrayed me as one of the hoi polloi and not entitled to consideration at the hands of the beautiful conspirator against the very fundamental principles of our government; at the hands of the fair arbiter and judge of our social status and ancestral stamina—so I decided to restrain and confine myself to inaudible observation.

Sitting at the tables were the more solid citizens—bootleggers, pimps, and a few blushing lease-brides and other leading citizens. And I noticed they had a "choice" of pie; quarters.

Clearly here was the aristocracy of Park Falls at luncheon.

At the counter sat the respectable with the common herd distinguishable only by the large pie cut.

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A wave of excruciating anguish shook my frame, and for once I was unable to proceed with my repast—cost me fifty cents, too.

I rushed out to hold communion with myself and resolved that the very first time an attempt is made to trample under foot the traditional principles of the democrats I would knock their knees together with a flying tackle regardless of sex, rig or size. I'm a patriot, I am and I ain't going to stand for anybody getting more pie than I.

Further more, I'm going to see to it that no strawboss shall vitiate the pure and holy democratic atmosphere of a men's bunkhouse with his dirty official sex.

This, above, is a careful record of facts—names omitted—and those who live in or near Park Falls know that I've not been "crystal" gazing.