

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

Once we admit the bosses are sincere in their prostatements of inability to pay us more they are open to a graver indictment, ignorance.

If they cannot pay us more why don't they get out—ignorance is no excuse.

If they are ignorant they should be sent to school instead of being permitted to conduct industry on a "can't" basis.

It is a self-evident fact that our production amounts to more than the right to patch clothes and eat garbage, and if they honestly can't pay more they are woefully lacking in the rudiments of the most elementary intelligence . . . they don't know enough to get out while the getting is good.

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At times, when work begins to pall upon yours truly, I toss a coin in the air to determine whether to "go or stay". Generally "heads" is go and "tails" is stick.

Just the other day I had occasion to flip a coin, it came up "heads"—that meant go. So I stayed.

That contrary I am—imagine an old worn-out penny dictating to me what to do in such an important matter! It didn't work. I threw it into the brush (for its presumption) chirped to the horses and resumed logging operations.

Next day I made one of my famous "rolling litches," on three logs simultaneously chauling 45° degree angle to send one log into the brush, into steep high life team and skinner—next thing I knew, I was attacked in the rear by a blood thirsty birch and my dignified person commingled with the snows of Upper Michigan, said three logs and a fine flow of verbosity. Leg doubled up under said criminal birch, ankle sprained, pride offended, etc.

We requested the swamper to deck them legs elsewhere "offen" our log, and informed him we were entirely too young and innocent to serve as an uphill skidway; too old and knotty to act as a rolling chance.

After that, after he had abandoned the team, I sat down on a log you bet, I sat down, nor care a continental if the company envisioned me or no.

No the leg isn't broke yet, seem to be impervious to financial fluctuations.

But if I had taken the advice of that penny when it came up "go"—ah if I only had; ah, again how nape I would now be! My ankle would not be paining me now.

No I would have been "jog" in time to catch the "logger" that went in the ditch. And, instead of one log on my ankle, I would have had "5000 feet" on my **kneek**.

Such is life.

If you would save your precious hide its best yourself things to decide.

T-b S.

ADDRESS

The following are their present addresses: California Defense Committee, San Francisco.

William Herbert, R. W. Frank Bohrer.