

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

SAND-BOTTOM LOGGING

We have seen fearful ends, sad ends, the two ends, depraved ends, praiseworthy ends, odd and ends—but the saddest and most touching and gladdest end is "The End of the Double Track."

Farms deserted in upper peninsula: After living for 30 years on it the farmer has moved therefrom . . . to Iron Mountain.

JOB NOTE: We went up to Nahma, the Bay De Nocet Lbr. Co. . . . We went up there early so as to not get caught up there in the dead of the winter.—We came back.

Is it necessary to say more?

Harness, harness everywhere, but not an inch for soles:

A man can't get a piece of "tug" to "corduroy" his "genuine" Chipewa ox-fords—and yet—and yet, everyday, "tugs" are breaking—not once but a dozen times. . . . The foreman grew grey and wild over (two) nights. . . . "What shall I do, what shall I do, I'm running short of rivets and haywire," he moaned. Someone told him to see "Slim" . . .

Out he rushes to where I am earning \$50 and supposed to be swamping logs:

"My God, Slim," he pants as soon as he could speak; "my harnesses are falling apart—tugs breaking every hour.—What shall I do?"

"Well sir," says I, "first of all do the same as you always do, nothing; secondly, the next time you patch a tug, I'm sure you will have no further trouble if you use a piece of that beefsteak we had for Sunday dinner; thirdly, tell the clerk to rate me at \$55. . . ."

Alas, when I raised my eyes (from deep thought) the foreman was frown— I could but hear his profane breathing.

NOTE: Do not attempt to cut logging-beef. Split it! And then let it slide down your throat lengthwise; either end first. Do not bite it—you'll only break your bridges, false-work or jaw. . . .

"When I open the door and say 'Guess we will try 'er, boys', I want you fellers, working by the month to MOVE," says Foreman.

—Such confidence in the power of mere words! The same thing could be brought about by putting something on the table that would make the boys move days, instead of nights. Why, even five of the piece-workers were still still. Unmoved—53 minutes past 5 A. M.

Why—the unreasonableness—only a few men (except lumberjacks) start work before 7 A. M.

I feel terribly insulted!

WARNING: Lumberjacks when riding in a Pullman "sleeper"—\$3.50 flop—should lie down with feet towards the "engine." Then, if the engine runs into something heavy, it will only break your legs (the porter may try to get you to break your neck). The same thing holds true to corner bunks in a lumber camp—in case of a heavy frost, on the end wall, it is better to freeze your feet than your head.

Liberty makes liberty; intelligence makes intelligence, and so on. . . .

Ride the Pullman.

Failure to inter-associate promiscuously with people, creates a condition of inbred intelligence (ignorance)—the better people are subject to that deplorable malady.

PROOFS: First, the better people do not associate with their betters, the workers. Second, they do not associate with their betters, the workers, because they fear to expose their gigantic ignorance and sub-ordinary intelligence—they like to be "thought well of"—and that amounts to a confession that the malady is active.

. . . and each week-end he motor-ed up from the busy city for a few days' outdoor recreation."

That leaves him how many days in the busy city? What is a week-end? Is "few days," by any possibility less than half a month?

Busy city. Hm. He ought to be out here and watch the author untangling the death-grip antenna of the silver birch and gnarled tentacles of the birdseye maple. Busy city. Huh!

It has misted a few (2) days; heavy dew one (1) night—which all augured, and of which we pothered, that it wouldn't rain for three (3) days.