

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

Our contemporary swamper noted that the moon is too "strong" to snow or rain. . . .

Next morning it didn't rain—until after we were on the job; then it started nice and easy.

Somehow the rain hung back and we didn't get very wet.

After dinner we went out again (the rain having improved somewhat).

1 o'clock: It is raining with regularity and big drops (someone suggested grinding the axes).

2 o'clock: It's quite damp (and cool).

3 o'clock: Half a pint of water in the waterproof weatherboard (starboard) rubber.

4 o'clock: Unmarried lumberjack suggests going home; and the cross-haul skinner's green horse hummed "Home Sweet Home" with great power. . . .

"Let's go in," was the heartfelt sigh.

"It's too dam late now," says an old grizzly; we can't get any wetter than we are"—so we stayed, and it did rain (some) more wet (water).

NOTE: The companies permit us to stay in the rain because "they wants" us to get soaking wet in order that, if we "go in" or the company chases us in, we don't have to go out again should the rain cease—we're soaked for the day. The other reason for keeping us out is the great value of our labors—our pay is no object to us. (We were willing and anxious to "go in", with the first drop). A certain individual, I'm sorry to say, stood under a bowering balsam during the whole performance and, necessarily, wrung no water from his drawers that night.

It is contended, with considerable reason, that Swifts, Armours and Cudahys sausages are superior to the finest grades of brans—as a stomach tonic.

The farmers' emancipation is near at foot. Soon he will be able to sell his whole crop to a single concern. Should the sausage manufacturers be that concern, they can advertise their "camp sausages" as containing meat salt and pepper with cereals, potatoes, and alfalfa added — won't that be nice!

"Which of these three states is the best to 'log' in?"

MICHIGAN: It pay a little more; works you harder and works you longer.

"Well, if it works you harder and longer days, how do you figure that it is best to log in?"

The board is better.

"Are you a Michigan 'Jumper,' a Minneapolis 'Kicker' or a Wisconsin 'Sticker'?"

I am neither one of those three, Mr. Foreman. I'm a North Dakota "blizzard." I blew in here and I'll blow out the same way.

"All right, Jack, but pay for your supper bed and breakfast."

Certainly I will.—Just send me a dunning letter, the first of the month, and my secretary will send you a "time check" by return mail.

Now in conclusion, let me say, the present foreman would make a wonderful weather prophet. Only this morning he turned us out at 5:55 A. M. and we wasn't on the job over 20 minutes when, sure enough, the day began to break.

That's what I call guesing!—

—T-b. Slim.