



## Peterson's Side Glances

If it be true that the lumber companies are not running the state legislature of Wisconsin, and are serving oleomargarine, contrary to the interests of *cream valley citizens* and *dairy stump farmers*, in favor of Armour, Swift and "Packington," then, I would suggest that the *brains of the state* proceed to tax such *unpatriotic lumber companies* a proper amount of money in preparation against the day when it comes *time for the bankers to foreclose on the un-stumped farmers*. In that way the state will be in position to reward said farmers for their work and favor lumberjacks for *eating the damned stuff* . . .

I have it directly from unimpeachable lumberjacks (in discussion general) that Peterson, the great motivator of the Hines Lumber Co., *hath sayeth* that he, himself, for 40 years in the woods, *had not seen butter until he came over to boss Hines' layout*.

Be that as it may, the fact is the butter was cut out as soon as Peterson got a word in *edgewise* and oleo was substituted in the latest effort to starve-out those optimistic stump-ranchers that bought land from persuasive lumber companies. *Those farmers cannot raise oleo—nor taxes!*

Now, it seems to me, if it's true that Peterson said—if "Sugar-O" said (a sweet name!) — if "Stewbine" said — in fact, if anybody said that he hadn't seen butter for 40 years in the woods that it is now high time to install butter as a special performance for all to see, and behold . . .

I take the position that every man in the woods is entitled to not only to see but taste and smell butter at least once in every 35 years—so, if Peterson went 40 years without it, I do claim he suffered too much. Needless, too, since in his many visits over to Weir's camp, of the Kneeland-McClurg Lumber Co., he could have gazed at butter for hours at a time—at least he could have shot a shy glance at it as he ate of Weir's hospitality.

At first I didn't believe that Peterson had made that crack, exposing a condition too long neglected—indicating that he might have better (butter) control over his brains and a curb on his slippery tongue—but since viewing the operations of that noted "Skandinave" on the job, I'm inclined to the belief that, truly, Peterson cannot see. Note: he did not say he hadn't tasted or smelt butter; no, he simply "hadn't seen butter." What does that mean? Does it mean that he turned his back when he ate butter, doubled the bread so as to hide the butter—or is he blind?

A week ago the Hines Lumber Co. got drunk—that is, the part of the company that ran Camp 31. The intoxication tapered down in this order: The foreman, straw-boss, assistant straw, bullcook, and two camp inspectors—all Swedes. Peterson took a whole week to see that. He isn't stone blind.

In the meantime the camp ran just as if prohibition had not perished.

What's the use? What's the use of reciting this man's infirmities? Why recount the antics of the various bosses, disciples of that peculiar lumber company? Just one, just one more: Over in Camp No. 35 the benighted boss stood at the door one morning (three weeks ago) when men were plentiful, pointing his finger he said: "You, and you, and you, you too, and you, you, you, you, you you (men were trying to slip by unfired) and you, you both and you go and get your time."

A couple of the other boys noticed that he fired thirteen, and, being a little superstitious, they quit voluntarily so's to make it fifteen—trying thus to stave off bad luck.

Since then, that camp has witnessed several bad accidents, sawyer killed, a child-laborer killed and others injured—blood all around, just as if someone had washed a "Red Buffalo" shirt (fast color!) in the snow.

In regards the children working for the Hines Lumber Co., let me say the foremen are not to blame for hiring them. In the morning when they come into the bunkhouse to hire *new help* the bunkhouse is dark, "lighted" by three or four smokey oil-burners. Of course the boss can't tell the difference between a 14-year-old kid and an 81-year-old chum of "Mr. Sugar-O"—in fact, after a man has been on oleo diet for 40 years a boss is very apt to skip him and hire a youngster, well padded—especially in the semi-darkness of the Hines Co.'s bunkhouse.

She's dark 24 hours per day—seven days a week! Therefore: the "Hines" is responsible for the injuries and deaths of those youngsters because of its failure to furnish its bosses—Peterson included—a flashlight.

So they could look for a whisker—

Or a hair in the butter.

In closing let me add:

There is a general belief among the lumberjacks here that Hines is giving his moral support to "Weyerheuser" in his efforts to make things miserable *for the white man*—and it *sure does look like it*.

Camp 31 wash-up place is half way to "Weir's Camp"—mile and a half from camp.

It sure do look like it.

Concluding:

It is understood that Hines will go back to butter just as soon as Peterson's stomach gets a little accustomed . . . you see, when a man "has went" 40 years without resting his eyes on butter he's got to be broken gently—a sudden glimpse of "creamery" might prove fatal to Peterson's "tender" glances.

Oh well, after a while!