



FROM THE DISTANCE

The company, the "owner," the impersonal quantity known as "boss" can no more stay away from "his" industries than can a murderer from the scene of his crime.

POWER OF THE PRESS

Right now, the well advertised Peggy Joyce could be elected for president of America—and T-bone Slim, a too much celebrated human, would draw a full house as a blonde soprano—or as Madam "Gonna Howlska" in Venetian Garlic Song.

I throw my eye over to Washington, P. C., (Pacific Coast) and see, truly or no, that Washington logged six thousand and five hundred million feet of lumber—and broke all records—last year. Am I right?

If so, why is it that ye Washington loggers consider 1925 a slack year? How does it come that their earnings didn't break any records?

It's a great life if you don't weaken!—
It's a great life if you don't weaken!—

CHICAGO—

I see where the Tribune agrees with Col. Ellicott that Mr. (Sup't) McAndrews is a true patriot (as distinguished apart from untrue patriots) and adds: "We agree with him most thoroughly, that those who are not satisfied with the American form of government should remain silent or go to some other country more to their liking. This includes pacifists." I would like to go a step farther and say: If the Tribune doesn't like peace it should shut up and go to a country where war is the order of the day and fighting a virtue.

Let's all shut up! Let us not air our likes or dislikes. Let's be an oyster—until the people become thoroughly exasperated and act.

IMPROVE NOTHING!

Not Even the Tribune—

What is life?

Life is very elastic and plastic—just like rubber—and as important. (Why even the lumberjack puts rubber tires on his feet).

Life's stages can be summed up shortly, like this:

- Nipples
- Hot-water bags
- Ice bags
- Atomizers
- Cushions (air bags)

—and Akron, Ohio, is the Seat of Life, the American Holy of Holies—puncture-proof!

In school we were taught that the sun "rises" in the east—like a rubber ball—and "sets" in the west (like a busted balloon). I wonder what's the big idea of lying to the children? The sun doesn't rise or set, crawl or bounce; rest or retire. It's The WORLD that turns its back to the sun.

And it's the world that turns it's back to true knowledge as expounded by the I. W. W. press. Why, damn it, the world is too tight to subscribe for our papers. Even the migratory worker says he has "no address." Is he, too, TOO TIGHT to rent a mail box, and have his mail forwarded?

OFF SIDE —

It might not be out of place to be real impressive—though off the center—hence: "In union there is strength"—everybody thinks so; no matter what they say. No argument has ever shaken the truth of that statement, true in more ways than one. That will develop in the course of this profound document.

Yet, men will not unite! When they're licked, and know they're licked, when in deep desperation and hot water—when, with brow steaming and shirt-tail dripping, they toss their glances hither and thence googooing for an avenue of escape . . .

I have in mind the piecework sawyers, not far from Park Falls, Wisc., who are receiving \$2.75 per thousand feet, company scale. The timber runs 25 to 30 logs per thousand. Fifty logs gives each contractor \$2.75 less \$1 for board, or, in other words, \$1.75 less 16 cents for Sunday's board. In other words, \$1.59 per day; \$9.54 per week; \$41.34 per month. . . . I wonder what's the big idea of sawing logs for \$41.34 per month? Do they not know that monthly sawyers, even those from correspondence schools, are getting \$50 low. . . . What's the big idea of donating \$8.66 every month to the company? They have lots of money. Why, that would buy a Hudson Bay Jumper!

I'LL TELL YOU WHY—

It's because you're licked and you know you're licked—and haven't the guts to unite with your fellow man—and too dumb to buy rat poison.

"In union there is strength" presented itself very forcibly, this day, the Lord's Sabbath, when I wanted to wash my sox—Hallujah! No union; no boil-up cans; no washtub; no washboard; no nothing . . .

"Ah haa,," says I, "they may prevent me wasting my dirty, rickety socks but I'll be verily damned if they can prevent me sewing two shakey socks together—joining two holeproof garments inseparably. . .

*Two holes, with not a single draught;
Two sox that fit as one.*

"Slim is too visionary," you say, "the holes in the sox match!"

Not at all, not at all—I took a left-hand sock and sewed it on a right-foot sock, and a right-foot sock on a left-hand sock—so there!

I had "In union there is strength"—not limited to one kind of strength, either.

So, verily it can be seen, no matter what we discuss, that Strength is Inherent in a Union. LINE UP!