

# T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

## "YUMPING YAKS"

Mine advice, right or wrong, but mine advice:

When you have six or seven days "coming" in a lumber camp, a seemingly unresistable desire to "jump" takes possession of your hind laigs.

There's a reason. . . .

In that case my advice is "go into the commissary and spend your whole week's pay for a \$4 suit of underwear"—again you are free, and when the boss opens the door in the morning, you will be surprised to find yourself full o' hambition. . . . On the job you will work harder, one eye peeled on the possibility of being fired—underwear included. . . .

Again, when you are seven days ahead, and the rotten "conditions" confiscate your goat, you can repeat the performance by investing a week's pay in new pants. That will put new life into your limbs and fresh vigor into your swings—and energetic stamina into your soul—

"Stick another week," and when the call of the "Tame" sounds in your ear, walk into the commissary and "shoot the works" for a pair of rubbers—your reserve strength will surprise you, and your goat will return to nibble at the places that once were green. . . .

You'll have to stay another week for two pairs of ventilated socks, 2 packs of Camels and 12 boxes of snuff.

You've got in 4 weeks already.

By this time your new suit of underwear is stolen—that gives you 5 weeks, and next week your brand new pants "fall apart." That's six weeks—and to think that you were going to "jump" the first week!

A new shirt; that's seven weeks. Two pairs of mitts, a bottle of Pain Killer, 2 boxes of Bromo Quinine—and "you're out of snuff again"—that's eight weeks.

Jesus but you're a sticker!

You will notice I haven't said a word about a Mackinaw Jumper—you'll work two weeks for that—and that gives you 10 weeks.

But on the 11th week the grub gets too bad, the camp too dirty and cold. . . . walk into the commissary, get another pair of rubbers. (Did you think they'd last all winter?) You've now got ELEVEN weeks. You can get the next twelve weeks in just as easy.

But, of course, if you "don't think much of my advice," and if you feel that making yourself miserable just to be enabled to "stick" at a camp—if you honestly believe that "busting" yourself every Saturday night is a damn poor policy—you don't have to do it. You can organize.

All right. Now, in this article, I have absentmindedly made it appear the things cost too much. Nonsense!

Not at all—shirts are reasonable—

ah, if only we could be as reasonable!

Pants—trousers—of wool and personality—are a "buy in the true sense of the word" even at \$5.75.

Pain Killer, at any price, is dirt cheap, and so on. . . .

Therefor: If you have garnered an idea that prices are high, you have probably hooked onto a fragment of statis metaloballism or something like that. . . .

They may seem high—but isn't it true that there is something wrong with the wages if it takes a week's pay to buy a shirt. . . . That's why I think you'll organize. You'll organize with earnestness—am I right?

The editor of this paper has gone to special pains to make this issue desirable in the hands of the unorganized workers. You'll do me, you, him and everybody a great favor if you take it out to the job—next time.

Optimistic as usual, I believe the ladies will leave a civilizing effect on the barbers. I most sincerely hope so.

The bobbershops may yet become a great force for good—one bobber tells me that he had to revise all his dirty stories in order to draw the trade of the militant Amazons and Debutantes. Bravo, girls!

—T-b. S.