



## HALL OF FAME

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Please record that:

*There has been, and is now, but few great men outside of lumberjacks.*

If I were to recite a full list of great men, all of them lumberjacks, the editor would purchase a clothesbasket for waste paper—and, if he DID print the list, many heretofor respected FAKES would blush their disgrace, redden from shame, turn their face, hide themselves under a tarpaulin and *feel naked* indeed. I won't take chances on wearing out my pencil—I will merely mention a few, extemporaneously, contemporaneously: Pegleg Ryan, Abraham Lincoln, Sandy and Grizzly McDonald, Abrahamson, McClelland, Fred Aho, Von Platen "Gallagher," and Swiss Pea-Soup of the Wells-Pori outfit. There! Where in all this shop-blithering world could you find a more imposing list of labor Technicians?

Nowhere—Every one of them "roll-out" boys!

Great men! And all of them drink Japanese tea-screenings, with the possible exception of Honest Abe and Pegleg Ryan—and Ox Pete, whom I didn't mention.

Socrates, a famous lumberjack, used to drink hemlock sap every time he ran out of oleomargarine.

And so it goes—taste is taste. The gang of gods that used to live high on Mount Olympus drank *ambrosia and nectar*—for sore throat—it being important that the gods' orders could be heard. . . .

Therefore, being a great man, myself, I would like to suggest (to aforesaid great men, at least) that they cannot expect long to be heard if they persist in stimulating their throat with *Tendust dew of the Rising Sun*.

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Many of these aforesaid great men have monuments erected in their memory—and, the rest are dead ripe even as the others were ripe dead . . . Jim Pole Smith. Hail!

Bug House Lynch—alas! Peace to his ashes!

Now we're down to the great men—and with your permission I will mention kind of *intimate like* the world's *greatest* living creatures; men who not only can find their way home along the well lighted, paved, named thoroughfares and numbered houses but can remember and find a four-foot skid seven weeks after throwing it into a world of brush: To be brief: The Sawyer, the Swamper, the Skinner, and the Skidway "Ameer"—those are the greater men I am spouting about. If they ever decide to organize, It Will Be Done, and, a greater organization It Will Be.

Note.—I'm hearing that the "Shippo's" are thinking of joining the Chamber of Commerce on account of the short days and timber, 70 per cent scale and shortage of Sundays—some of them, owing to that latter misfortune, have grown lousy. That all seems plausible and seems to disprove the statement that gyppos cannot organize.

To make this story short, let me say, either, this *hopeless* condition of the middle eastern gyppo is traveling west—and, let me say, the western logger, with his higher taste and *demandful* mind cannot and will not be able to withstand the onslaught of approaching *disestablishment* movement unless they organize without losing a minute.

I'm not joking—I never joke.

But this I will say—and it's a *hypothetical* statement: When a Western logger, as honest as he is, tells you that in Eastern country that a camp is "no good," don't believe him—You see, he is accustomed to live in half-way decent camps.

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The best way to strike is to organize your fellow worker on (or off) the job. By the way: Another "annex" has been added to the burdens of the extra-gang. The old bosses have been "let go" for various reasons. Drink, lack of beauty, lack of driving power are recited as causes. The work, during period of "surplus of men," has been speeded up double; period of employment cut in two and the grub has been left unimproved—wages cut.

On the other hand: The I. W. W. Hall in Minneapolis has grown quite attractive—clean, sanitary and popular. I wonder—I wonder why

I don't wonder at all!

Speeding up and machinery create much unemployment—not only in these United States, but in that beloved "mudderland," England.

England has, since 1918, put out in the neighborhood of \$999,000,000 unemployment—"dole"—a matter of \$133,000,000 per year. Handed out equally to England's producers, it would amount to about \$7.13 apiece. Not much money, is it?

Figure it out yourself—my 'rithmetic is rythmetic.

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Doctor Mayo says "happiness is a state of mind." Glad that's settled. Now an "agreeable" person may develop corns on his feet without jeopardizing his intoxication of spirit. True. But why not say, happy is a stately mind—instead of the much repeated phrase, "*much know; much woe.*"