

# T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

## BLOOD—CIRCULATING AND CURLING

At last!

At last I ran across "a lumber camp on wheels."

I am overwhelmed!

By the shades of Saint Croix and Appetite Mike, how I know why they put "Jacks" in cars—car-camps:

The floor is cold—(no carpets, but car pet)—feet are cold. . . .

That's why they have cars for us!

The companies reason that "we can't strike with cold feet."

The companies are right, cold feet are a terrible handicap. . . .

I'm glad I don't write with my feet. . . .

My wrist is limbery; my ankle is numb. . . .

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Cold feet are an absolute preventative of strikes—the only way to pull a strike in a car-camp is with hot water bottles. . . . Let the delegate load his portmanteau with empty sea bags—the sea can be heated right in the camp. . . .

Warm hearts ain't worth a damb . . . you don't walk out with your heart. . . .

The feet, brother, the feet!

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Cold feet is the cause of peace—my proofs: The Eskimos haven't pulled a strike since the switchmen's strike. . . .

The Mexicans strike regularly. . . .

Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan woodsmen can't strike because of cold-medal rubbers.

Portland, Spokane and Seattle, on the other hand, strike on the strength of cow-hide cork shoes.

Good Lord, what more proofs do you want? You don't see anybody working for nothing in the summertime, do you—when the wind is in the south?

That's 'cause the feet are warm—with heavy flavor. . . .

Clearly, cold feet are a great force for Peace!

Occasionally lumber companies recognize "this, I get lonesome, and long for a strike—then they do everything to warm the "Jacks' " feet. . . .

Only recently, the Von Platen Co. was hauling its workers in and out on flat-cars, cold affairs, and the Jacks' feet grew chilly—so, to start the blood circulating, and warm the Jacks, Von Platen set stakes on the cars! That wasn't warm enough—so the company drove wedges behind the stakes!

Still the Jacks pounded their feet. So the persistent Von Platen circled the "stakes" with one-inch rope—to break the wind!

But the Von Platen couldn't get a rise out of the boys—cold feet, you see. Up-to-date the company has "furnished" the boys with a box-car—all to no avail. It's money wasted! Of course the boys can see a great improvement, the difference between a flat-car and car-box—grrrand! Now if the company had, in the first place, bought each lumberjack a fifty-cent hot water bottle, the strike would be over by this time, yes 'twould.

What was the flat-car for?

To break the boys into accepting the box-car "freeze-out."

Slick? What!