



## ELASTIC TRANSPORTATION

The nearest approach to a covered wagon is a 1930 model freight train—a wheat train. Only yesterday I had occasion to observe a freight train in full blossom, whizzing (not wheezing) along at the terrific speed of 45 miles in 6½ hours. It was loaded from here far into next county with car-boxes and it intrigued me greatly to discover the wherefore of loading those engines down so heavily. After considerable brain work I did propose the shrewd R. R. Co. had resolved to string them out behind the engine in such numbers so as to prevent the high-life engineer from picking up the speed required to pound those rotten box-cars to pieces.

“Wrong again, Slim, as usual,” groans a fellow passenger, “the accommodative railroad has strung those box-cars out that way in a desperate effort to give each individualistic harvesthand a private car to ride so they won’t have to associate with their fellow mortals and split punk with ‘em.”

Dumb as I am, I could see the logic of his oration and did forthwith absolve the railroad of all selfish motives—but nonetheless I protest the action of the honorable railroad on the grounds of the delay occasioned in the transporting of the grain from the field to the hungry mouths and hungrier stomachs of free born, full-blooded American taxpayers. I protest on the grounds of the women and children and babes who have been standing open-mouthed waiting for a month and mouthful of durum and mustard speeds. Those mouths should be the first consideration of every right thinking railroad and it should be against the law to provide private box-cars for harvest hands for verily, if they are too individualistic to organize and ride the compartments and cushions, and if they still persist in the demand for privacy, condemn them to ride the rods . . .

Aside from that, the service is unsatisfactory and even the most amiable of scissors are beginning to lament and complain most bitterly. Undoubtedly the service will get worse next year and the laments accordingly more profound so I may be entirely within reason to suppose the harvesthand next year will circumvent much grief by riding one of those guaranteed, 1920 model, used vars, price \$17.50 including crank-twister and fan-belt. No doubt, too, “those ferocious” I. W. W.’s will go in the market for sedans as an improvement on sandals—I’m informed by malicious minded scandal-mongers “the terrible tempered wobs caught up on all their walking this year.” I believe it—if they walked at all, it was too much and according to that they are entitled to ride next year—I’m telling you.

I hope I may not be considered sacrilegious for suggesting that next year’s drive be put entirely upon rubber and depend no more on the erratic service of evil-minded railroads. Exhibit: Any railroad that locks its toilets and installs spring-faucets over washstands (requiring two men to operate in the event one man’s face is sooty) is evil-minded enough to put square wheels on all its rolling stock. I’m not telling that “harvest on rubber” is for the best, I’m merely telling—I’d like to see it tested.