

mean possibly an hour of strenuous work for the driver and his team to remove the wreckage and clear the slide. Yes, gentle reader, a like experience would send you and me to the hospital suffering from shock; but the "bull of the woods" considers these and similar events as minor thrills and all in the day's work.

It is early March, the snow and ice are beginning to thaw on the precipitous banks overhanging the site of the splash-dam on old Mill Creek, where logs had been sledged and rolled into a rough and tumble landing that must be broken, the logs sluiced through the dam on the head of the splash and carried by the rush of water to the mills forty miles away.

We see a gang of men with pevies attack this gigantic jig-saw puzzle and bring order out of chaos as the impounded waters raise the logs, causing them to separate and float out upon the rising tide.

The beginning of the task is comparatively easy and fraught with only ordinary dangers that surround the woodsmen in his daily battle with the hazards of his occupation. We refer to the numerous chances of his being crushed by a breaking jamb or hurled into icy waters to come up under logs and drown for lack of air which may result when the logs that hang none to securely to the bank are loosened by these daring and fearless woodsmen. It is then that a battlefield with contending armies would be a snug harbor compared with the perils these men must face in the game in which there are no rules except take a chance and safety last. The stake is life or death.

Behold them as they cautiously start the logs moving and hasten back as these ton projectiles hurl down the embankment and dive into the water, log after log is started and safely lands in the dam, but some are slivered to kindling by the impact, others rise majestically from their icy bath and start the journey which will end in lumber for a happy home.

But see, they are about to loosen

a log that is the key locking a huge pile of logs to their resting place, workers and a few spectators hold their breath knowing not what the next moment will bring, the key log starts and the men with apparently no possible chance of escape huddle together and face what seems certain death, but a stick or a stone diverts this rocketing mass of death dealing missiles and they pass over and around the men who escape injury with the exception of one man, who in his effort to reach safety is crushed into an unrecognizable mass; the mangled corpse is wrapped in horse blankets, tenderly placed in the bed of a sleigh and taken to an undertaker.

The work goes on; but that night in camp a fund is raised to defray funeral expenses and provide for the immediate needs of the dead man's family for the annual log drive has demanded and received its sacrifice of human blood; the gates of the dam are opened and the splash rushes through to lift the logs that were left by the receding waters from the previous splashes and then closed to hold back the rush of water until sufficient pressure is generated to move the mass and keep it moving.

A lone driver, Sidney Hathway, known to his buddies as Hack-Me-Tack, runs the splashes; dashing from one bank out over the milling masses of logs and loosening key logs with a mighty heave of the thirty pound pevy or cant hook that he handles as deftly as a soldier a rifle. Deeds of skill and daring are performed by this lone courser which would thrill spectators if present to witness, these exciting scenarios amidst nature's wintry background. The actor's perilous and clever performances are not played for the galleries but for the insistent call of stern demand to keep the channel open and the logs moving.

Few of us could describe the motion pictures we saw last year but here is depicted an act in the process of lumber making if witnessed can never be forgotten.

Let us stand on the banks of a small stream and watch the pushing