

rush of a splash as the banks fill with muddy water far beyond their capacity, hear the loosened stones grind and groan as they roll along the stream bed by the undertow, the tearing away of the banks, the bumping and crashing of the timber when a log twenty inches through is thrown by the force of the water and pressure of the logs across the stream and strikes a boulder causing this forest giant to break into with a mighty snap as a man might break a match.

We see along the banks foreign men and women with pike poles salvaging drift wood, vast quantities of which come down the stream with every splash. It was possible by this method to collect enough wood in ten days or two weeks of log driving to last a year. This practice had its tragedies for old timers recall when a child of six years was carried into the swirling water by a land slide and crushed to death beneath a wing jam of logs.

The rear or last logs of the drive which have been washed by cross currents out upon the banks, or piled in wing jam against the shore must be dragged into the stream's bed by teams and men who wade all day in the icy water but hasten to safety and a well earned rest when the alert ear of their boss notes the approach of the splash and shouts the information that "SHE HALLS".

When the last logs from the small streams are in the 'Sock and the big drive is in progress; the ark and the horse tents are objects that inject mirth, jest and human interest into the scenario, especially if the drive is held up owing to lack of rain and the drivers are forced to be idle and the guests of the contractor for days. The first forty hours would be spent in soden sleep in bunks filled with straw and covered with blankets, the sleepers are fully clothed and in most instances have not removed their caked high top driving shoes. They arouse only to eat and smoke.

These hang ups were rare, the ark moved swiftly down the stream, supplying cheer for the inner man and a bunking for his toil worn body. He hit the hay when opportu-

nity afforded and needed not the dashing waves against the bunk room which was shared with a hundred hicks to woo for him the little "God" with the poppy leaves.

The next scene is on a hot day in June and two hicks are peeling bark down on Dry Run, the older man stepped upon the fallen giant and is fitting the trunk by cutting off the limbs, slitting and ringing the bark in four foot lengths, the younger one steps forward with attention fixed upon the strenuous task of removing the bark with a spud when the older man comes back along the log telling his fellow worker that he is through for this day, then invites him to take a look. They stand upon the log and count twelve rattlesnakes sunning themselves within fifteen feet where they have been working; neither man had indulged in Sadler House whisky for several days. Encountering these pets were every day experiences, yet history records possibly four four men bitten by rattlesnakes in this locality, all of them recovered.

Now, we shift the scene to Christmas, the woodsmen have attended Christmas eve church services and many have remembered to spread Christmas cheer where gifts would have failed to appear had it not been for their generosity and these hemen are at liberty to have fun in their own way and whiskey is ten cents per drink and fifty cents per pint. The various stages of twenty-four hour sprees are experienced and about nine o'clock the fighting stage is reached. No need to mention the forty or more participants in this bloody battle in which there are no fatalities, the principals exhibiting black eyes and swollen noses the following day without remembering by whom they were bestowed.

This picture is introduced to provide local color only and they who read between the lines are permitted to form their own conclusions, creating their own moral for the story.

Ball games between rival teams when Hillsgrove and Proctor met the players to settle their supremacy on the diamond, the fans to fight it out bare fist on the side lines. Some