

oar handle, twenty inches long, gave the oar plenty of play and in case of a pile-up on floating logs or boulders in the current, permitted the oar to be unshipped without breaking. Woe betide the pilot who lost his oar.

Now Dear Reader, since we have learned just how rafts were built and launched, let us turn back the clock of years until the hands indicate early April 1887 and take permission, that never would have been granted, rafts did not carry human ballast, to accompany Jud and Harry Rogers, Ed McBride and John Yaw on a through trip from School House Point to Welliver's on the Jonathan Roger's raft. The day is clear for April, but the start planned for 7 A. M. is delayed because a "splash" is running and the 'Sock is full of logs. With the 'Sock up to rafting freshet, the "splash" is a nuisance for the bulk of the raft carries it faster than the current runs, and we chance stranding on a gravel bar, from which the "splash" when it catches up, may or may not lift us. With sunshine turning the roiled waters of the 'Sock to molten gold and touching the white caps of the ripples with silver foam, we loosen the ropes and cast off on the tail of the "splash" and, now begins for every one concerned, thrills once experienced that will never be forgotten. Three hours of mankilling effort in which the pilot must be mentally alert every instant, and able to peer around the bend and be there and the second hands must anticipate that which may or may not be obedient, even unto death, to orders often unspoken, telegraphed by the wink of an eye or the raising of a finger. We sweep majestically down the falls past the tannery and, in a matter of moments, are negotiating the turn into the "ketch-all" and at a speed of ten miles per hour we pass the "cove" and arriving at Sandy Bottom, find Sammay Johnson's crew have cast off just ahead of us and this adds to our perils, for should they pile-up, what chance have we? A collision in mid-stream of two rafts means the raftman must use fins or he is likely to need wings. On down past Beak Creek and Slabtown, past farms, 'round twists and

turns, amid hairbreadth escapes and hair raising incidents, we tie up at Welliver's at noon, to find that Jonathan has sold the raft in the water and, after a meal, the quality and quantity of which only a raftman could digest, we start the last hike back home with visions of liquid refreshments at Slabtown and Bear Creek, arriving in Hillsgrove as the shades of night invite us to "hit the hay," an invitation we accept promptly, for the day was wearing, even to men of iron, and the bosom of the 'Sock has been far from placid.

#### RECONSTRUCTION AND CONSERVATION

The passing of Hillsgrove's industries did not visit upon its people the miseries that calamities of this nature frequently do inflict upon communities. The residents were sons and daughters of pioneers who settled in this valley when labor called and the second and third generations soon were fixtures in sections far remote. In answer to a like call, a family would find profitable employment the literary society, with J. Robert and having learned to work in their youth, their value was soon appreciated and their rise rapid.

The influence and recommendation of former neighbors and the demand for men and women who could use hands and brains at the same time provided places for many.

Came the well known and oft quoted Depression of 1929 and?

The soil in the valley still yields her increase and falling stocks had no effect upon seed time and harvest. Governor Pinchot discovered that roads needed improving, and the National Brain Trust decided very wisely to Conserve both the youth and the forest at the same time. The C. C. C. is too new for facts and figures concerning its accomplishments or incidents in its activities to be of value to this souvenir, yet to the most casual observer the benefits are apparent and it is refreshing to find oldtimers like Billy Gumble, Jim Fogarty, Sam Snell and others helping with the supervision of doings in these camps.