

### No Fumble Here

Leon Joseph Hart (left) college football's "game" player of 1949, lost no time to get into act with his new coach, Bo McMillin, after signing a three-year pact to play with McMillin's Detroit Lions of the National-American Football League.

The big Notre Dame end and co-captain last fall won every man for football honor and All-American team selection in leading the fighting Irish to their fourth consecutive unbeaten season. Hart is 21 years old, stands 6-feet, 5-inches and weighs 255 pounds.

He was McMillin's "bonus" choice for pro football. Terms of Hart's contract with the Lions were undisclosed.

**Lumberjack Recalls Days of the Big Hardwood Log Drives on Muskegon River**

By Alice E. Morgan

In reality the life of the lumberjack is not a round of gaily colored shirts, a few dramatic fights, some dangerous situations and a lot of romance, as the Hollywood picture paints it.

It means doing hard, dangerous work from daylight to dark, under conditions that are often extremely unpleasant and uncomfortable. It means risking life and limb, just as a matter of course, with no thoughts of being heroic.

Lee Weatherby, a small, wiry, grey-haired man who lives at 1355 Buffalo, can tell of about the life of the riverman. Back in the days when Grover Cleveland was our new president, he began his seven-year stretch on the roaring Muskegon river.

A young man of 21, he accepted the job which gave him a chance at sudden and violent death, \$30 a month and his "keep." He began herding the huge log drives down to the mills.

**Dawn to Dark**

The men rolled out of their bunks and were ready to begin the day's work as soon as it was light enough to see. They sat down to huge breakfasts of good hot food, picked up ax and peavy poles and pikes and began their battle against nature and wood.

It was mainly hardwood logs these drives, headed for the lumber mills of Big Rapids and Grand Rapids, to be used in structural building and furniture. Logs for many mills were in each drive and had to be sorted according to their markings at the end of the two and a half months drive.

Heavy wool clothing and spiked boots were standard equipment against the bitter cold. They were just another occupational hazard to the river man, since they hampered his movements and weighted him down, especially if he "went in."

Weatherby was a "natural" for a lot of the more dangerous work. As rivermen and lumberjacks go, he was an exceptionally small man. His youth and wiry strength also placed him in the front ranks when agility, daring and strength were needed.

**Edg Jam Nightmare**

The biggest nightmare to the man on the river, stock owner, crew boss or lumberjack, is the log jam. One log would become jammed on some small barrier, piling its fellows behind it for miles. The depth of the river would increase the weight and force of the water pile-up.

To the owner it meant dollars lost. To the crew boss it meant his work slowed down and his record of efficiency, being the first man to get his drive in, spoiled. To the "jack" it meant the back-breaking work, plus the danger of being crippled for life or killed.

In the days when Weatherby was working the river, jams were never dynamited. The "key" log was sought out and either pulled or lifted free of the jam. The moment it came clear millions of logs began to shift. A torrent of damped up water was loosed.

The "jack" grabbed his tools, drove his spikes deep into the log surfaces and headed for shore, leaping, turning, twisting. Logs sank under his weight, others crashed into them, nearly spilling him into the river, and the path toward the oncoming weight. Somehow he managed to keep his eyes on the shore, the logs around him and his feet. Always there was fear in his heart as he listened to the grinding and crashing around him.

Weatherby worked on one jam that extended seven miles up the river. Millions of feet of lumber and millions of pounds of water were trapped and held solid by one log.

"When I first struck camp," he recalled, "some of the older fellows told me I was crazy. They said no sane man would work on the river. We had the best grub didn't get crippled or killed, he got rheumatism. There wasn't much choice."

**Seven Seasons**

"I stayed, though. I stuck it out for seven seasons. It was tough work, but I enjoyed it. I sure was healthy! We went to bed about 9 at night and were up before dawn. We had the best grub they could get us and, all we wanted of it. The cooks were good, too."

Weatherby faced his share of danger—on the job and off.

One instance he recalled was when the Big Rapids dam threatened to go out. Logs were piled up for a distance of about 12 miles with their terrific weight battering steadily at the wooden surface of the dam.

A sleet storm was turning everything up a glare of ice when the men were ordered out to break the jam—but save the timbers which formed the dam. As the men worked with ropes and poles, one piece of slashing let go. Weatherby was tossed into the river, battered and bruised, he was dam and in front of the now-loosened logs.

He fought the river for four hours before he was close enough to land to crawl out on the bank.

"I was soaked to the skin and nearly frozen stiff," he recalled, "but I crawled up on that bank, beyond the water and logs and went to sleep."

**Search For Body**

In the meantime, members of his crew with the sheriff's department were searching every nook and cranny down-river for "Buck-shot's" body. When they found him, battered and bruised, he was lying on the ice-coated bank asleep.

"They offered us ten dollars for every plank we saved," he said, "but on that, job nobody could do it."

One dangerous episode on Weatherby's life nearly cost him his job. One stretch of rapids, about 10 feet wide and 300 feet long, all men were forbidden to ride a log through. Known as "Hell's Kitchen," river bosses shunned this dangerous spot.

Weatherby decided he wanted to ride a log through the rapids and watching his chance, "jumped out" from the water, went through. He did not lose his hat, but he did have a lecture from the river boss.

Another brush with danger found Weatherby in the role of the hero. It was a Sunday morning, he said, when he was walking along the river near the Big Rapids dam. A young girl was crossing the dam and about mid-stream, either fell or jumped into the river.

Weatherby was not wearing spikes nor did he have the tools to help her. He saw her, his mind pictured the double eddy below the spot where the girl had gone. He saw the water whirlpools, rotating in opposite directions, with a narrow channel between them were only a short distance away.

As her full, heavy skirts kept her afloat, Weatherby ran along the logs at the edge of the river

until he could reach her and pull her to safety.

**Woods' Snare**

"It did make me mad," he said with a wry smile. "You know, that girl never would speak to me after what I did."

Another off-duty experience had to do with a dark night, a lone walk through the woods and two widows.

"I'd gone into town and missed the train back to camp," Weatherby said. "There was one thing to do—hike. I started out through the woods and before I'd gone very far, I thought I heard something behind me. I looked over my shoulder and could see four great big yellow eyes."

"I didn't have a thing but an old knife for a weapon, and that was in a pack on my back. I kept on walking and eased the pack off to get at the knife. I knew it wouldn't do much good if they decided to jump me, but I planned to make it as hard for them as I could."

**Cats Swam the River**

"There was a fence along the right-of-way and when I got out on that I set down to rest. The two cats were afraid to cross it on account of the space between the ties. After I rested a little I started on, and just got across when I heard them hit the water. They two cats were swimming the river after me, but I planned to make it as hard for them as I could."

**"Fresh Fish"**

"Fresh fish," newcomers to the camp were victims of quite a lot of horseplay, with being tossed in the blanket in store if they did not meet the approval of the established residents.

At times the "fresh fish" resented the teasing, and camp grudges were built. It was not infrequent for a grudge to blossom into a first-class fight, with one of the combatants ending the fray about half dead.

"The camps were used by a lot of crooks to hide out," "Buck-shot" remembered.

"I remember one fellow who came in here who was so cussed men nobody wanted to work with him. One day another man walked into camp and asked to have this first man for a crew-

mate. We were all pretty surprised and watched for the fight.

**Trailed for Two Years**

"The fight didn't come, but one night the first man was changing his clothes, something else came. The other fellow waited until he was taking his underwear off, and then pulled a gun. It seemed the first man was wanted in Chicago by the police. He killed the mayor there."

"The detective donated the wages he had coming to the camp recreation fund. He'd been after this man for two years, and said just getting him was pay enough."

Weatherby had had previous experience in the woods, for when only 13 years old, he worked as assistant cook. He worked his way up to first cook before he left the job.

The camp housed about 150 men. It was the boy's job to get up at 3 o'clock to get breakfast.

For a typical meal, with lamb as the meat, three whole animals were used. A quarter of beef and three bushels of potatoes would vanish at one sitting.

"They fed us good," Weatherby said, "and at that job we fedged it. We had beef, pork, ham and eggs, pancakes, fresh bread, beans, potatoes, cake, cookies, and all that sort of thing, and pie. Mince pie. I got awful sick of mince pie!"

**Too Many Mince Pies**

"They could buy mince meat by the barrel and it didn't matter if it did freeze. It was handy to use, too, and so we got mince pie."

### Artist's Drawing of Proposed Straits of Mackinac Bridge



This is an artist's conception of the proposed bridge across the Straits of Mackinac. This would be the largest bridge in the world and according to the Mackinac Bridge Citizens Committee, it can be built at no cost of obligation to the State of Michigan. The Committee is currently spearheading a movement to bring about a re-creation by the State Legislature of a Bridge Authority.

Each camp had its own hunter who kept a supply of fresh game available all the time.

"There was plenty of game and the hunting was good," the "jack" recalled.

**Would Do It Again**

"For that time, we were paid pretty good wages, but it was still too much to ask a man to do."

"Young fellows, like me, were more or less on the daredevil side, and the bosses played us for all we were worth. They knew we liked to show off and they put us into jobs that no man should ever be asked to do."

"They sent us out on the jams, instead of blowing them. When the logs would wash onto the banks, we had to wade to get 'em. A couple of men would pick up a log and wade through water that had chunks of ice floating around, to toss that log back into the main current. You do that work for a day and you're tired!"

Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby, who have lived in Birmingham for the past 25 years, raise Siamese cats as their hobby.

**New Power Shovel Purchase Approved**

Purchase of a new 4-wheel drive power shovel from the Contractors Machinery Co. has been approved by the city commission. The net price of \$11,956 will be paid by the city's equipment fund.

# The Time The Anti-Trust Lawyers Killed Their Own Case!

For ten years the anti-trust lawyers have been attacking the business methods that make it possible to give the public the best quality food at the lowest prices.

In our last ad we told you how Federal Judge W. H. Atwell, at Dallas, threw the anti-trust lawyers and all their inflammatory charges against A&P right out of his court. But the anti-trust lawyers were not satisfied with decisions against them by three federal judges.

They still wanted to destroy A&P.

## They Appealed to New Orleans

So they appealed Judge Atwell's decision to the three-judge Circuit Court at New Orleans.

One of the three, Judge Curtis L. Waller, agreed with Judge Atwell that the case should be dismissed.

The other two members of the Circuit Court, Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson Jr. and Judge Allen Cox, although saying the case should be tried, agreed that the indictment was vague and contained many allegations which were inflammatory.

They decided that Judge Atwell at Dallas should protect A&P from these inflammatory allegations and could order the anti-trust lawyers to supply the defendants with a bill of particulars.

So the case was back in Dallas again.

Judge Atwell, carrying out the decision of the Circuit Court, struck out the inflammatory matter.

He said that without this inflammatory and prejudicial matter the Grand Jury might never have returned the indictment.

Judge Atwell said to the anti-trust lawyers:

*"There are many statements in the indictment which are not at all in violation, and are highly prejudicial and inflammatory."*

The anti-trust lawyers objected. They advanced an amazing argument. They said that the removal of their inflammatory allegations (which all four judges had agreed did not belong in the indictment) destroyed their case.

Judge Atwell instructed the anti-trust lawyers to furnish the court with a bill of particulars. In short, he wanted specific charges instead of vague generalities. He set the deadline for furnishing this material at January 15th, 1944.

When the anti-trust lawyers twice asked for more time, pleading sickness among their staff, Judge Atwell extended the time to February 25th because he believed that they were honestly trying, in good faith, to prepare the material he had requested.

Actually, it developed, they were using the time to get ready to drop the case in Dallas and start it in another court.

## They Quit in Dallas

On February 26th, while the judge was still waiting for his answer and without any previous notice to him, the anti-trust lawyers gave a story to the newspapers in Washington, announcing that they were dropping the case in Dallas.

They said that it was their intention "to file a substantially similar suit in an appropriate jurisdiction at an early date."

The "early date" turned out to be the same day.

As soon as one anti-trust lawyer killed the case in Dallas, another anti-trust lawyer filed a new case in Danville, Illinois. This new case made most of the same allegations that had been made and dropped in Dallas; and that are being made against us today.

So now, to the anti-trust lawyers, all four judges who had ruled on the Dallas case were wrong.

Despite defeats in three federal courts in widely separated parts of the country, they continued their campaign to destroy A&P.

When Judge Atwell heard of their action he ordered the anti-trust lawyers to prepare an order for his signature dismissing the Dallas case.

In signing this order he said to the anti-trust lawyers:

*"This will proceed does not have the sanction or approval of this court. That is not necessary nor that the government ask for the court's approval."*

"If it is, however, a matter that may be presented to the other court and may be of interest to the people at large."

So after their efforts to destroy A&P had failed in Washington, D. C., Wilson, North Carolina, and Dallas, Texas, the anti-trust lawyers moved on to Danville, Ill.

They were still determined to destroy this company which had brought more and better food at lower cost to millions of American families.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

