

he asked Mother to shout down stairs that he was dead when she brought up his breakfast the next morning. "Oliver will come running into the room, and I'll scare the life out of him by rising up in bed and yelling "April FOOL" said "Silver Jack."

The next morning Mother found him dead. He had passed away in the night. The air of impending comedy quickly changed to one of tragedy. Oliver refused to enter the room. Instead, with tears streaming down his face, he went down the street shouting "Come queeck, Silver Jack, she dead."

"Silver Jack was an erring member of a good family in Peterboro, Ontario, Canada," Mr. Belanger added. "He was very kind to children, and proud of his reputation as a fighter. "I am still king of the woods!" he would shout, throwing out his massive chest, and clinching his fists. Few dared to dispute him even at his age 65."

Michigan lumber woods produced many hard men but none harder than "Silver Jack" Driscoll. Unlike many others whose names have gone down in the traditions of the pine woods, "Silver Jack" never sought a fight. "Roaring Jimmy" Gleason was a trouble maker. "Bull Dog" Hamilton would travel miles to get mixed up in a good scrap. So would Terry McLaughlin and a French-Canadian by the name of Pickette. Maybe "Silver Jack" will rest easier in his grave when some one comes forward to clear his name of the odium that the years have heaped upon it.

The following chantey or ballad of old logging days in Schoolcraft County comes from the files of Charles B. Reilly, proprietor of the Whip-Poor-Will Farm Resort just off highway M-149, on the west shores of Indian Lake. Mr. Reilly, who was formerly with the Manistique and Lake Superior Railway made hundreds of trips through what is now Hiawatha National Forest. He has a large collection of material relating to the old lumberjack period of the Upper Peninsula. As far as known the following verses have not heretofore appeared in print:

SILVER JACK

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I was on the drive in '80,
On the drive with Silver Jack,
He's in the penitentiary now,
But he's soon expected back.

There was a chap among us
By the name of Bobby Waite;
He was smooth, slick and cunning
As a college graduate.

He could talk on any subject
From the Bible to Hoyle.
His words flew out as easy
As ever a man poured oil.

He was what you call a skeptic,
And he loved to set and weave
His tales of fancy wonders
And things we couldn't believe.

One day, while waiting for a flood,
We all were sitting 'round,
Smoking Niggerhead tobacco,
And hearing Bob expound.

He said Hell was all a humbug,
And he showed as plain as day
That the Bible was a fable,
And how much it looked that way.

"You're a liar!" someone shouted,
"And you've got to take it back!"
And everybody started,
'Twas the voice of Silver Jack.

"Maybe I've not used the Lord
Always exactly white;
But when a chump abuses Him
He must eat his words or fight.

"It was in that old religion
That my mother lived and died;
Her memory's ever dear to me,
And I say that Bob has lied."

Now Bob he was no coward,
And he spoke up brave and free;
"Put up your dukes and fight, my lad,
You'll find no flies on me."

They fought for forty minutes
While the boys would whoop and cheer;
And Jack spit up a tooth or two
And Bobby lost an ear.