

Blackberries And the Measuring
Worm.

But the marvelous huckleberries that ripened in June and July on the hillside. What wonderful creations they were! What gave them their deep blue color; where did their sweetness come from? The farkleberries that ripened in October and Noyember and the blackhaws that turned sweet about the same time were beautiful and dellicious creations to simply rise up out of the same soil which I could throw up with my small wooden spade. And often on the blackberry briars there was sticking a short, queer looking stem. It looked like a stick, but when it was touched the thing moved and as it traveled along it shaped its body like a miniature horseshoe. A child will ever associate ripe berries with the measuring worm, and it invariably leaves its indelible stamp upon the memory. Close behind the measuring worm follow the June bugs. In the south we are fortunate to have the pretty greenish back June bugs which children in the north do not have. Memories of bugs that buzz and hum while a thread was tied to their legs will ever swing in the air overhead, and will be as vivid as the spring freshets, and the late summer floods that sometimes came and covered the bottom lands, carried away the boats and the pumpkins and drove

the rabbits to islands where they had to remain until the waters receded. But the sight of floating corn stalks, trash, leaves, logs and old boards that kissed the necks of the trees in the bottom land will ever occupy a prominent place in the memory of a child, although his years may outrun a century. The floods that I witnessed thirty odd years ago on the Chickamauga will float and float and drift and drift, slowly moving down the stream, but they never quite drift out

of sight. . . But the driftwood:

From your haunts far up the creek,
Where the raccoons, crawfish seek,
In a bright spot sunny,
You set sail for trip below,
For a port you did not know,
Where the currents chose to go,
Without friends or money.

When the creek began to swell,
As the raindrop downward fell,
And to you had spoken,
You got ready for the trip,
Peeled your face off strip by strip.

Pruned your limbs and packed your grip—
Pledges shan't be broken!

Muddy currents downward sped,
Standing you upon your head,
You a plunging giving;
Then a dash against a tree,
Stripping skin from shin to knee,
'Midst the mud-waves' gurgling glee—
Lucky you weren't living.

You were hurled into a jam,
Logs and leaves with bang and slam,
Loaded down with litter;

Chattanooga, Tenn.

News

April 28/1923.

Harold Butler who has been here from Brunswick, Me., for a few weeks, plans to return soon to Maine where he has been engaged in farming for a couple of years. With his partner he raised a large crop of potatoes last season, but met misfortune when a storage place was burned with heavy loss. It is expected that energies will be directed toward harvesting blueberries on their farm this season. This has become one of the principle crops in the vicinity. Canneries take care of all the supply at liberal prices. Special contrivances for picking the berries are used.

Manchester, N. H., Union
April 18, 1923

Peaches and Cream and Berries.

When a theatrical man selects a beauty chorus, he is probably particular about the complexion worn by the candidates. An artist, too, would consider well the skin of the model whom he would limn. But that a farmer desiring berry pickers should specify for that work girls with the well-known peaches and cream complexion is somewhat surprising. Yet the farmer absolves himself, by his explanation, of any suspicion that he is moved by desire to have a beauty chorus of his own in the hills of Ulster county, whence came this queer ad in the New York papers. He says that the men are not as good as the women at removing huckleberries and strawberries from their hats, because the men eat as much as they pick. And his reason for selecting girls with the fine complexion is that such maids will be so desirous of retaining their complexions that they will refrain from eating the fruit they pick, lest it harm their skin and its delightful tinge. Truly, this is a canny yokel. He has apparently studied human nature to good purpose. It would be a great joke on him, however, if the girls should read the fashion hints from Paris before going up to Ulster, for these hints say that the day of the plump figure has come, and at least some of the girls know if they have to eat enough to attain a fashionable figure, their complexions will not stand the strain. If any such girls go berry picking, the farmer's calculations will go to smash.

Rochester, N. Y.
Post-Express
June 2, 1923