Adirondacks Had Its Own Folk Songs;
"Cold River Line" Recalls Loggers Who
Kept Timber Moving a Half-Century Ago

(Continued from Page 3)
the road, spraying water to freeze
the moment it hit the slick track.
Come daylight and here was a
sheer highway, as smooth as glass,
and glistening, over which a team
could move a mountain of pine
or spruce... On the hills the road
was kept bare, and on it was
thrown hay or dirt, to act as
a brake on the runners. On slope
hills a snobber, one version of
which was called a "harring
break", was used... Occasionally
a load got away and spilled logs
all over the landscape, tying up
operations for awhile. —An acci-
dent referred to in some of
Troy's verses. The song follows:

THE COLD RIVER LINE
Comes sit yourself down, come lis-
ten for a time...
We'll review our "vacation" on
the Cold River Line.
We'll talk of our skidways, of
spruce and of pine...
We'll talk over old times, on the
Cold River Line.

There is Charlie Strickland, who
keeps all the time...
A mighty fine fellow when in
his right mind.
He's worked hard all winter, and
now he'll decline
To work any longer on the
Cold River Line.

And there is our blacksmith, his
name is Pidgeon...
He pounds around all day like an
old steam engine.
He pounds out the horses, and
all sorts of things...

When he goes out to Newcomb,
they'll pick out his wings!

Now if you are hungry and cold
you won't stay...
Here is a man we'll introduce, and
we'll call him Clint Paye.
He's a man you know well, and a
man you'll esteem...
He drives the old Cimoes, that
lazy, old team.

There is Pete Boudreau, he's a
man you all know...
Not afraid of cold weather nor a
foot of new snow.
He's happy go lucky and gets
along fine,
All along the Cold River Line.

There is another; from Dogtown
he came...
If you will listen for a moment,
I'll tell you his name.
He's a teamster by trade, and
drives a bay team...
The boys all call him the bold
Hyland Steve...
There is young Clayton, he looks
very cross...
Gets up in the morning, you'd
think he was lost.
Goes over the mountain as slick
as you please...
And he travels just ahead of young
Hyland Steve.
There is another; he feels like a
puck...
He's always behind, and thinks
himself slick.
He broke over a hill, and laid on
the switch...
He wound up his bobbin in a four-
teen-foot ditch.
There's a lot more men, and some
I don't know...
Olin says he'll draw logs; if they
give him some snow.
He drives a gray team, and he'll
make them climb...
They'll have to draw logs on the
Cold River Line.

Another good teamster was young
Johnny Carroll.
In descending a hill, where the
road was quite narrow...
He landed his logs all there in
jig time...
And bled all the teams on the
Cold River Line.

Now Teddy's the boy, that has
got them all stopped...

He's up in the morning by the
alarm of the clock.
Goes into the woods, and rolls on
night-lor...
Throw us over the wire, and I'll
get out of here.

He started for the landing, and
was getting on fine...
Until he met a road monkey, half
from and half blind.
He says to Teddy, "the hill it
is fine."
But soon Teddy's logs, by the
roadside reclined.

Says Teddy to himself, "now don't
that beat Hell!"
As he looked by the roadside,
where the logs they had fell.
He thought it all over, and he
looked at the time.
And wished he had never seen
the Cold River Line.

Another good teamster is young
Harry Flynn...
He's a little afraid, he won't get
his logs in...
And when he is finished, he wants
all his time.
For the work he has done on
the Cold River Line.

There is Ed Mowrehan, who draws
some big loads...
And also Dan Callahan, who sticks
up the roads.
There's "Crazy" Wells, he's afraid
of a thaw... And another good teamster by the
name of Walton.

There is Cuthy and Geoey and
young Jay McGinn.
There's Elmer and Leo and bold
Harry Flynn.

There's Stanley and Rollins and
Jimmie McGinn.
And also Charley Rogers will work
his time in.

Now here's to our road gang, they
are a great crew...
There's Aubrey and Trippele and
Sid Merrin.
There's "Turkey" and Foley and
old man Lefaye...
They all guarded hills, and guarded
them with hay.

There's Bunkie and Louie and
big Tommy Hughes.
There's Ernest and Riley to help
make a crew.
There's Frenchmen and Polacks
and men from the mines...
They all worked for Wickely on
the Cold River Line.

There's an old skidder, he's worked
on the targe...
He's helping Tom Hughes, his
hills for to guard.
Now Paddy's a worker and works
all the time.
He'd like a good skid from the
Cold River Line.

Now here's to our foreman, the
boys call him Ed...
If a man is disabled, he's sick in
the head...
He says "Some of the boys are
sick all the time... And I'm crippled for men on the
Cold River Line.

Now it's farewell to our foreman,
farewell for a time...
Farewell to the tail spruce all
along that long line.
Farewell to the hemlock, farewell
to the pines...
But we did not fare well on the
Cold River Line.

Then farewell to our cooks, we'll
not leave them behind...
For God truly knows they've
served well their time.
I hope they will never, no never,
in time.
Have to go cooking again on the
Cold River Line!

Now to finish my story, to finish
my song...
I am going out to Newcomb... I
won't stay there long...
I'll go to Giants Falls, and have
a good time...
And spend all my money from the
Cold River Line.