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## The Battle of Hurley

*It was a gladsome afternoon in Hurley's  
classic gate;*

*When shouts of joy and stirring tune re-  
sounded far and late.*

*The joyous crowd did Hurley proud  
And celebrated long and loud.*

*\*Gogebic's bold immortal hills re-echoed  
through the night;*

*Moonskinners in their cozy stills were filled  
with strange delight;*

*And gentle folk in glad array  
Cut capers on the great "white way."*

*"For years" poor Hurley's bid for fame  
was shadow'd by a slump;*

*For citizens in her domain would dodge the  
village pump;*

*Until the "strangers" carried thoughts  
That "Hurley must be wet in spots."*

*"For years" her good right army of law  
had dangled in a sling;*

*"Oh, if her feet would only thaw," some  
joy said thaw would bring.*

*And so poor Hurley sorrowed on—  
Her face grew haggard, pale and wan.*

*"For years" poor Hurley's visage bore the  
bluest of blue funks;*

*The stillness crept in more and more while  
she was dragging drunks;*

*But now, the civic trumpets blare  
And cheers have rent the civic air.*

*I met a burly business man who capered  
like a boy;*

*His cheeks a-glow with legal-tan, his voice  
diffusing joy.*

*I bluntly asked him, "Tell me, sir,  
The why and wherefore of the stir."*

*He gazed at me quite stupefied—then slap'd  
me on the back;*

*"You haven't heard," he gayly cried,  
"about the lumberjack!"*

*And onct again he cleared his throat,  
And sent a cheer across the moat.*

*"You haven't heard (he check'd a frown)  
about the lumberjack*

*Who walked right into this man's town  
along the railroad track?*

*He was a wildcat, sir, and tough—  
Some boys had seen him chewing snuff!*

*"We watched him—as we would a thief,  
(to thieves we are insured),*

*And sent a word up to the Chief 'to have  
his life insured,'*

*For here's a man from down the creek  
With whiskers like a bolshevik.*

*"Twas then our warlike chief arose and  
and tightened up his belt;*

*There was no frost upon his toes, no yellow  
streak he felt;*

*But like a hero to a feast,  
He charged upon the timber-beast.*

*"And dragged him through a goodly throng  
up to the village coop,*

*And though we're but few thousand strong,  
he ne'er put up his dook.*

*Our gallant chief, our noble guard,  
Found on his hip—a union card.*

*"We sloughed him in our modest jail to  
try our modest fare,*

*And that is why the heavens quail and why  
the trumpets blare;*

*And that is why our joy is rife—  
Poor stunted Hurley's come to life!"*

*"The Sainted Town," within her crust, had  
found herself at last,*

*And Hurley, rising from the dust, was  
mopping up her past.*

*Thus Hurley rises triumphant  
Upon Gogebic's iron front.*

*\*Gogebic (go gib ic) Iron Ore Range.*