POEMS

Collector H. Mason Coggin may have found a solution to the drought of good mining items; he is collecting "miners' poems" such as the one shown here, for eventual publication! See his advertisement, and help him out if you can.

POWDER

This page from the July 1900 issue of Mines and Minerals shows how fierce the competition was in the eastern "mining and blasting" market. Companies from New York, Ohio, Delaware, and of course Pennsylvania offered "All Grades of Mining Powders" and dynamites.

Note that the Moosic Powder Co. of Scranton, PA offered not only their own powder "made at the Moosic and Rushdale Works" but also "A full assortment of the various brands of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co."... and Repauno Chemical Co.'s High Explosives." Does anyone own a wooden box for the Oliver Powder Co.'s "Meteor Dynamite"?



My Sweetheart's A Mule In the Mine

My Sweetheart's a mule in the mine I drive her all day without lines On the dash board I sit, And tobacco I spit All over my sweethearts behind.

I laid off two shifts at the mine And thought that they'd give me my time

But the foreman said, "No,"
"That damn mule she won't go,
A Skinner like youse hard to find".

When a stranger walks into her stall He's in for a helluva brawl She kicks with a sock And won't haul any rock As for work, she won't do it at all.

For me she can do nothing wrong Pulling ten loaded cars right along The boss has a grin As the tally rolls in For rock in the box is his song.

Females are all quite the same
If you want to get next to a dame
A kind word or two
Or some sugar will do
It's all just a part of the game.

Anon.