

On the banks of the mighty Skagit Rose a brisk little town called Bug

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Friends are nice to have. Especially friends who give you things...

A few days ago a friend mentioned he was having pretty good luck catching crabs at his summer place on the sound. I really like crab, and used to go out to the railway trestle near Anacortes to spend the day dropping and retrieving my star crab traps. Had good luck some times, but often hit the tide at the wrong time.

The only proven way to catch the elusive rascals is to put down crab pots and then check them the next day. I believe this is what my friend does.

Being real subtle, I mentioned to my friend that if he ever had more than he could use, I would be happy to relieve him of the extras. Guess what? One day last week he stopped me on the street and said he had something for me. It was a nice sack of crabs, all cooked and ready to be cracked.

I won't mention who my benefactor is, as I don't want others to invade my source of supply. I'll just say I call him "Spud."

I think I have seen the following in an old paper when I was gathering articles for my "Dusty Files" column. I don't remember when, but it was many, many years ago.

It was sent to me by Mrs. Ada (Sisson) Martin, 228 Saginaw Drive, Medford, Oregon, who said she found it in an old cedar chest while cleaning out her attic. I think it's well worth reprinting:

Fred Slipper

The Tale of Two Cities

*On the banks of the mighty Skagit
In the haunts of the Siwash and Slug
Some time in the early eighties
Rose a brisk little town called Bug.*

*There are tales of valor and prowess
Of these Knights of the saw and the ax
Who made through the forest primeval
The first irretaceable tracks.*

*There are tales of Sole stirring adventure
Of bears that were bigger than barns
Of Salmon of Whale like porportions
But I can not spin all these yarns.*

*And the little town grew so pretentious
That it no longer fitted its name
So out of regard for the Cedars
It finally Sedro became.*

*Now to the North east ward of Sedro
Rose Woolley: and Lo! there began
A strife that was long and unhappy
Raging fiercely as Clan against Clan.
But Woolley kept creeping SouthEast ward
And Sedro kept creeping Northwest
Until it grew plain to all people
That peaceable Union was best.*

*So they formally buried the hatchet
And all was hence forward Sirene
For the two became Sedro Woolley
With only a hyphen between.*

*And I sing of a glorious future
Well worthy the deeds of the past
Here's three cheers for our own Sedro-Woolley
Long may its prosperity last.*

By Mrs. W.T. Odlin