

## Edwin Mackey

Edwin Mackey was a little man,  
with a pink face and snowy hair,  
and a smile and a "By Gracious!"  
for everyone.

When he wasn't running his sawmill  
on the river bank,  
he was out hauling logs  
or building fence for someone.

He cut off his finger in the blade of the saw  
one day, while working alone.  
And so he shut off the tractor,  
rolled up the belt,  
put away his tools,  
and drove to the doctor in Monticello,  
some twelve miles away.  
He was no namby-pamby.

I thought it strange, one day,  
to hear it said that Edwin Mackey  
lived in the shadow of a woman's sharp tongue.