


Volume 44

Number 3



# ***Chips and Sawdust***

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A quarterly newsletter from the

**Forest History  
Association of Wisconsin, Inc.**

P.O. Box 424  
Two Rivers, WI 54241-0424

Fall 2019

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**Visit the  
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[foresthistoricalassociationwi.com](http://foresthistoricalassociationwi.com)

Forest History Association of Wisconsin members interested in serving as a member of the FHAW Board of Directors should submit their name, a brief biographical sketch, and contact information to:

FHAW Nominating Committee Chairman, John Grosman  
[greenfire42@gmail.com](mailto:greenfire42@gmail.com)

# Chips and Sawdust

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# From The President's Chair



Greetings Folks,

*Cold and snowy Veterans Day as I write this. Just got done with the final Board meeting of 2019, having made calendar plans for a full slate of four meetings for 2020. Still working to close out some stuff from the 2019 Annual Meeting held in Black River Falls last October, while planning has begun for the 2020 Meeting set for Sept 17-19th at Trees for Tomorrow in Eagle River. Somewhat a pattern of still doing what we've always done? True, true, we are trying to follow old set patterns on a number of things we've always done, while critically mindful that we truly need to embrace needed change if we're going to survive as an organization.*

*For example, we're planning to set up the Fall Meeting with an agenda that will appeal to local teachers, with planned early outreach to local School Districts, that might be willing to send staff for simple 'drive in' attendance. Plans are to advertise the event as the "Fall Wisconsin Forest History Conference", sponsored by the Forest History Association of Wisconsin. We hope this helps dispel thinking that membership in the organization is critical to attendance. (there will be a general meeting of the organization during the conference). We have a retired High School History Teacher as part of the Conference Planning Team, who offers to help us connect with the network of History and Ag teachers in the state, so we're not just thinking 'local'.*

*There's a general plan in discussion to set up a focus group of 4th grade and history teachers. To help us listen to this 'public' that we presume to serve, so we can better plan programs that connect with their work in our school systems.*

*The recent FHAW meet in Black River featured the Administrator of the Jackson County Forest who has a long standing partnership with the local author of the book, "Logging Dilemma in the Big Swamp" with an associated DVD. This long term partnership has resulted in positive outreach efforts to move local Forest History into local schools. Once again, we have advice that the DVD, could be segmented with segment titles added so it could become a resource for teachers, and then moved to YouTube for easy access. Access to these types of resources could come to be identified at our website, where interested parties could then be re-directed.*

*Ideas, for an outfit that needs to change in order to survive. Ideas that will need champions, and willing workers. Individual ideas always need to be refined in critical discussion, before any attempt to put into practice*

*So it is that beginning in early 2020, we'll be pushing out a monthly email 'inquiry' to our membership email list to invite ideas from all of you on a variety of issues from within our Mission to "Inform, Educate, Archive and Publish" the Forest History of Wisconsin. Know that the email address at [thefhaw@gmail.com](mailto:thefhaw@gmail.com) is always*

available for you to direct questions or comments to us, at anytime.

I'll copy/paste the last line from my first message here. Good to be here. I look forward to working with you in the days ahead.

Best regards,

John

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## IN MEMORIAM

### Robert F. Brisson

Robert F. Brisson, 79, of Menominee, Mich., passed away Wednesday, Nov. 20, 2019, with his family by his side at home. He was born Sept. 26, 1940, in Ma-



rinette, Wis., to the late Frank and Irene (Tessier) Brisson. Bob graduated from Menominee High School in 1958 and went on to Michigan Tech where he graduated in 1963 with a B.S. degree in forestry.

Bob married Karen Smith on June 22, 1963, at the First United Methodist Church in Marinette. They began their life journey in Detroit where Bob was employed as the Detroit City Forester. In 1965, Bob was drafted and served in the Army Corp of Engineers during the Vietnam War. After the war, he returned to Marinette to serve as the Marinette County Forester and Park Administrator. His responsibilities included working with the University of Wisconsin and their Cooperative Extension Program. During his service to the county and

extension service he became the Director of the UW Environmental Camp in the Wisconsin Dells. After retirement, he continued serving business and industry and youth programing in Michigan and Wisconsin. Additionally, he pursued interests in the local historical societies. He served as curator of the Marinette Historical Society and as a member of the boards of directors of both the Marinette and Menominee Historical Societies. He was also involved in research studies in Costa Rica through the Milwaukee Museum. He also volunteered at the National Park Service in Pensacola, Fla., where he gave tours and shared his knowledge of plants, trees and birds. Bob was a member of the Rotary Club, the Menominee American Legion and former member of the Marinette Jaycees.

In addition, he was the past president of the Chappee Rapids Audubon Society during which time he helped develop the Chappee Rapids Learning Center. Bob especially enjoyed teaching area youth about the skills their forefathers used; the use of the crosscut saw and basic cooking skills. Teaching played a big part in Bob's life. He served as a Cub Scout Leader and he was a founding member of the Marinette Hockey Association. He played, coached, refereed and founded the first girls' hockey team

in the area. Never to pass an opportunity to enlighten, encourage and guide, Bob often joined others with similar interests to create a means for others to discover. He was a founding member of the Forest History Association of Wisconsin. He also was an active birder, environmentalist, student of religion and avid bridge player. Bob found great pleasure through the camaraderie of his school classmates, their monthly lunches provided a means of preserving memories, maintaining friendships and keeping a light in the window for the returning classmates.

Bob is survived by his wife of 56 years, Karen; a son, Jay (Trish) Brisson of Umatilla, Fla.; a daughter, Nicole Brisson of Menominee, Mich.; granddaughter, Amanda Brisson; a sister, Jackie Hayward of Port Washington, Wis.; sister-in-law, Nancy (Keith) Kleckner of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., and nieces, nephews and cousins.

Visitation was held at Thielen Funeral Home on Monday, Nov. 25 from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Military Honors were held at 2 p.m., with the Military Twenty Year Club. An additional Celebration of Life will be held in June.

### Two Re-elected Board of Directors

Arno Helm and George Shiners were reelected to a three year-term on the FHAW Board of Directors. Their new terms will expire in 2022.

### 2020 Conference Planning Underway

The Association held it's initial planning meeting for the Fall 2020 Conference to be held at Trees for Tomorrow in Eagle River, September 17 - 19, 2020. A conference theme of "Turning Points in Forestry Practices in Northern Wisconsin" was selected. Watch the website for plans as they develop.

### Dan Giese 2019 Fixmer Award Recipient



FHAW president, John Grosman, presented Dan Giese with the 2019 Fixmer Distinguished Service Award at the recent annual meeting held in Black River Falls, Wisconsin.

Dan was recognized for his outstanding service and dedication as a member of the Association's Board of Directors and as the Association Webmaster.

Congratulations Dan! Well deserved recognition. Thank you for all that you do on behalf of the FHAW members.



October 26th 2019—2020 conference planning meeting participants, seated L to R; Cheryl Todea, "Operations Supervisor - Trees for Tomorrow; Jim Bokern, President, Manitowish Waters History Society; Kolleen Kralick, Heritage Program Manager, Chequamegon/Nicolet National Forest; Chris Houlette, Assistant Heritage Program Manager. Standing L to R; Tom Jerow, John Grosman, Al Barden.



## **From the Newspaper Archive**



### **Jack Pine Gettysburg Address**

*From the Rhinelander Daily News, Rhinelander, Wisconsin  
12 March 1934, page 4*

One of the CCC boys at Camp 658, wrote a jack pine Gettysburg which I believe is as clever as anything written in some time. With the apologies to Abraham Lincoln, he goes on:

"Two months and twenty-seven days ago our captain brought forth upon this camp ground a new company, conceived in forestry and dedicated to the proposition that all holes must be dug equal. Now we are engaged in the great CCC testing whether this company or any company so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a large planting ground of this campaign. We have come to dedicate a portion of this land as a final forest reserve, for those who here gave their contributions that this timber might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a greater sense we cannot irrigate we cannot cultivate we cannot fallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who logged here left it almost beyond our poor power to add or subtract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here. 'Tis rather for us the living to be here consecrated to the great task remaining before us, and that this nation under Roosevelt will have a new growth of forests, and this timber of the people, by the forestry department and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

*The Gettysburg Address is a speech that U.S. President Abraham Lincoln delivered during the American Civil War at the dedication of the Soldiers' National Cemetery in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the afternoon of Thursday, November 19, 1863, four and a half months after the Union armies defeated those of the Confederacy at the Battle of Gettysburg. It is one of the best-known speeches in American History.*

### **Lumbering in the Chippewa Valley**

*From the Leader-Telegram, Eau Claire, Wisconsin  
2 February 1916, page 6*

Attention woodsmen! What do you think of the idea of having a regular column or department in the *Leader* for lumbering reminiscences suggestion has been made that such a department be started and the *Leader* editor heartily endorses the plan. No more picturesque, interesting or important industry has ever been carried on in the Chippewa Valley than that of lumbering, which is

now so rapidly nearing its close, and no more sturdy, self-reliant characters were ever developed than in the lumbering camps and on the driving streams of this valley. Eau Claire was the center of this industry in northern Wisconsin, and there are scores still in our midst whose lives have practically all been spent in this occupation. The time is not far distant when the generation who have actually had a part in the lumbering business will have passed away. May we not gather your experience before it is too late, and preserve them for future generations?

We are printing in the Leader today an account written in 1877 of a trip to the lumber camps of this legion at that date, with a description of still earlier lumbering camps and operations. The names mentioned by this writer ought to recall memories of early camp life to many old-timers among us. Let us hear from you. Never mind the literary style it is the story that we want, if desired, the Leader will be glad to give assistance in preparing matter for the press. With your hearty co-operation we feel assured that this may be made an interesting and valuable department.

EAGLETON, Chippewa County Wisconsin, November 10, 1877 One day's ride by Stiles & Co.'s coach to Flambeau farm, and one day's walk via Ducommun's and Bruno Vinnette's old place brought the writer to a logging camp on the Deer Tail River. And here I may remark that having been in the woods among the lumbermen more or less for more than thirty years, I am enabled to speak understandingly of some changes that have taken place within that time in the method of conducting lumbering operations. At one time it was customary to haul the whole tree to the river bank and there cut it into short logs preparatory to driving, but gradually this practice was discontinued, and the division of the tree into sections, or logs, was made at the stump, and then conveyed to the river on sleds. For convenience of hauling, as well as dispatch, this last plan is altogether superior to the old method, and at present long logs, or whole trees are seldom hauled, except they are used for ship masts or for some special purpose.

Ten years ago a load of logs that would scale one thousand feet was considered enough for any team. Now, however, more money is laid out in grading and leveling the road and it is not considered extra for a pair of fourteen hundred horses to average 2,000 feet per load.

In the building of camps, a very great improvement may also be observed. An old state of Maine camp was warmed by a fire of logs in the center, the smoke of which escaped or was expected to escape through an opening in the roof. A sudden draft of air, however, caused perhaps by opening the door would send the smoke in eddying circle round the room, to the great, discomfort of every one of the occupants.

Cooking, eating and sleeping in one small room, as was once the practice, is something one will rarely find among lumbermen today, the present plan being to build a camp, with the cook room and dining hall in one apartment and the men's quarters in the other. Almost anyone, even the most fastidious, can now get in a logging camp as comfortable quarters as in almost any hotel in the land, and the writer looks forward to the time, not very far distant, when tourists will swarm to our pine forests every winter, especially from the southern or gulf states.

The men employed in logging camps are of that class from which heroes



are generally made. Bold, resolute, strong of nerve and will, they are capable of accomplishing almost anything they undertake. It was a lumberman from the Wisconsin River, Colonel Bailey, who devised and executed the plan that brought down safely over the rapids of Red River in Texas, a large number of gunboats that had been operating with General Bank's army above.

It is interesting of an evening to witness the men in a logging camp, divided into groups, each busy with some pursuit, occupation or amusement. Mending socks, darning mittens, sewing up rents in old clothes, whittling a goad stick, making an axe helve, dressing out an "evener," blocking out an ox yoke, connecting pieces of broken chain with cold shuts, fixing harness, grinding axes, reading aloud from some paper or magazine, telling stories, or perhaps, among many others more recent, singing such ancient ditties as "Peggy Gordon," "Barbara Allen," and "Annie Laurie," the latter song was almost exclusively sung by the English soldiers, and had a wonderful influence over them when toiling in the trenches before Sebastopol during the Crimean war.

The Daniel Shaw Lumber Co., have two camps on the Deer Tail and the upper one is run by John England. England left Eau Claire Sept. 17 with eight men, and in less than a month had built a camp for twenty-eight men, stables for eight teams and had also chopped out the fallen timber and cleared the creek for several miles. By Nov. 5 they had banked over one hundred thousand feet of logs, with two men absent or engaged in other work part of the time. I predict for this camp a very successful winter, as the men all mean business, and do not propose to be distanced by any crew of equal number.

I also visited Sam Hubbell's camp some six miles below. Hubbell, like England, is the right man in the right place. He can make anything or do anything in connection with logging, and is as active and restless as a weasel. Between these camps I found on a blazed tree the print of an ox done in pencil, and over it was written this legend, "Poor feed killed me." I cannot imagine why anyone should set up this figure of a starved ox anywhere in that locality, as the oxen at either Hubbell's or England's were as fat as a December bear.

Bill Anderson I found over on Main Creek, fixing up a camp ready for use. Anderson knows how to put in logs, and, "If anyone kin, he kin." When Anderson says "by gosh I say boys, by gosh I say," everything moves forward with the steadiness and strength of a locomotive. The Daniel Shaw Lumber Co., have good men, good camps and good teams, and success generally attends any enterprise where all the concomitants are favorable.

An incident occurred during the trip. One morning about 8 o'clock when about three miles from a camp, I heard, the loud fierce howl of a wolf immediately in my rear, but I passed on unheeding it. A few minutes later the howl was repeated louder, and seemingly nearer than before, which caused me to half face about to catch the first glimpse of the enemy should he approach. In some trepidation I awaited his coming as I had neither ax, gun or pistol, nothing but a pen knife. The animal first meditated an attack, he changed his purpose and gave me no further cause for alarm.

From Main Creek, Deer Tail and Flambeau Rivers I passed over to the Chippewa, but of this, an account will be given another time.

## THE EDDY MILLS ARE TOLD ABOUT

### JULIUS G. INGRAM GIVES RESOLUTION OF DAYS OF THE EARLY SIXTIES

(Second Installment of Early Days in the Woods.)

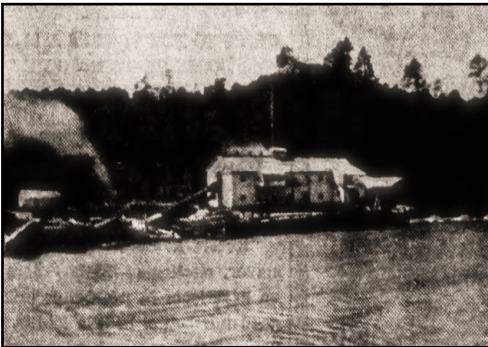
*From the Leader-Telegram, Eau Claire, Wisconsin  
10 February 1916, page 6*

We are furnishing today another, installment of reminiscences of early lumbering days, and have already been promised material from others for future issues. We again urge our readers to lend their assistance in keeping up this column and making it a success. If you know some individual who has had a wide and interesting experience in any department of lumbering-operations in the Chippewa valley do not give him any peace until he has consented to give our readers the benefit of his recollections. May we not hear from the camps? It would be difficult to find a camp crew which does not include one or more old veterans of the camps and rivers. If they will not voluntarily send in their stories, are there not some younger men in the crews who will take down the experiences of these veterans and send them in to the Leader?

Have you anything especially interesting in the way of photographs of lumbering scenes? Let us know. We may be able to make use of some of them.

Having learned that Mr. J. G. Ingram had worked in the saw mills and served as camp scaler for the firm of Ingram & Kennedy, away back in the early '60's, we have prevailed upon him to give an account of his experiences in the mills and lumber camps in those early days, and are certain that his recital will be of much interest to our readers. When the firm of Ingram & Kennedy, in 1869, bought from the Sherman Bros., the sawmill known as the Eddy Mill, Mr. Ingram was put in charge. We are able to present our readers a picture of this mill, but regret that the picture does not show the neat little village of white-washed buildings, which housed the mill operators.

The Eddy Mill was located on the lower ground just adjoining the plateau of Gleason Park. A long row of shade trees, old cellar excavations and some stonework of the old boner house still remain to mark the site of the mill. It was



*The Eddy Mill about 1880*

built and operated many years before the Dells dam was put in, and took its name from the "Big Eddy," which was located not far above the mill and provided a safe place for the storage of logs. The picture shows the mill taken from the opposite bank of the river, with Mount Simon in the background. This picture was taken after the Dells dam was put in, at which time it was necessary to raise the mill a number or feet on account of back water from the dam. The smoke at the

left is from burning edgings, the refuse from the mill being disposed of in that way.

In the Eau Claire Free Press of October 28, 1874, is found an interesting account of a visit to the Eddy Mill at that date and the article is reproduced below.

"The Eddy Mill It Will Cut 8,000,000 This Season, And Shut Down In Two Weeks. Ingram & Kennedy's Eddy Mill resided over by Julius Ingram, as foreman, and Geo. Cans, as bookkeeper, is probably as well organized and smoothly conducted as any saw mill on the river. The capacity of the Big Eddy is large, as their season's operations will amount to about 8,000,000 feet of lumber, besides lath, pickets and shingles. The number of saws are a single gang of twenty saws and a double rotary. The machinery is of the most approved mechanism, and the engines furnishing the power, were made at N. Shaw & Co.'s foundry, and the stroke is 20 inches, with cylinders 18 inches in diameter. The boilers, three in number, are 40 inches in diameter and 24 feet long. They are separated from each other by Iron belts, thus allowing the fire a larger surface with which to enwrap them than when close together, imbedded in brick and mortar.

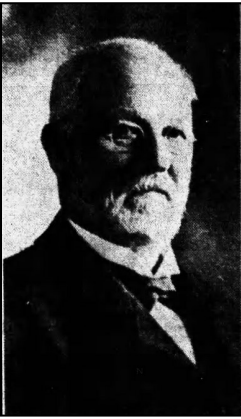
"The lumber at this mill is all rafted in an excellent manner, being all assorted and none but the best of boards are put into the rafts. One crib contains all of the medium lumber of the three cribs which are taken from the rafting shed at a time, while no culls whatever are put into the water to send to the market below. There are about 60 men employed at this establishment, one large boarding house and some thirty good houses, occupied by families.

"As a fire precaution, the mill is supplied with what is called a donkey boiler, and No. 7 steam pump, with 100 feet of hose attached. This mill will be shut down in about two weeks, and will have done a larger season's work than any of the other mills belonging to this company."

(By J. G. Ingram.)

Just a few reminiscences of early life in Wisconsin.

I left New York state early April 1864, come by way of New York Central, Michigan, Southern and Lake Shore to Chicago, then over the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul to La Crosse, then by boat to Reeds Landing where I boarded the steamer John Ramsey, then running between Reeds Landing and Eau Claire with M. W. Harris as captain, W.W. Lea as engineer, Sam Kidder as clerk, and Daniel Heylman as pilot. Soon after leaving Reeds Landing we fetched up on a sandbar in the mouth of the Chippewa, known as the "Flower pot," where the steamboats and lumber rafts all came to a stop, especially when the water was low. Rafts had to be uncoupled "nigger," as they called it in those days and hand spiked over the bar a crib at a time, and steamboats pulled themselves over with a "crab." While stranded there we heard a whistle, and soon the little Monitor hove in sight and went by us with flying colors, with quite a large number of passengers on board, and among them was my brother. O. H. Ingram. He did not recognize me, but I did him. We were two days and the best part of two nights making the distance, only sixty miles. We reached Eau Claire



Hon. J. G. Ingram

about 2 o'clock in the morning, landing on the bank just back of where the Rod and Gun Club building now stands. I was directed to go to the Niagara House, kept by G. A. Buffington. I rapped on the door and someone asked what was wanted, and I said: "A room for the rest of the night." I was told that they had just closed and were not keeping hotel any more and was directed to the Monongahela House, across the street, then kept by Mr. H. H Deyarman. Arriving there, when they found out who I was, I was given the best room in the house.

### Gets a Job

In the morning, I made my way down to my brother's house, had a nice visit with Mrs. Ingram, who then went over to the saw mill with me, where we found Mr. Donald Kennedy, who was my brother's partner at that time. I told him I wanted a job. He said he, could not tell if all the places were taken or not, but to come around again the next morning, which I did and found all places taken except at the slab saw. Me thinks I hear someone say, "He will not last long at that job," but I was a pretty husky man, and not afraid to work. In a short time I was promoted to" driving a team. I did not like a little bit, but I knew better than to kick. I had not been brought up that way, but made the best of it and took things as they came. In due course of time Mr. Ingram came to me and said that Mr. Kennedy had been confined to the mill for a long time and thought he ought to be relieved somewhat, and wanted me to go in and learn to handle the engine and look after the belts and pulleys and sawdust spouts. In those days the sawdust was all wheeled to the boiler room and shoveled under the boilers by hand, and many a day I had to wheel the sawdust besides doing my other work.- It was a man's Job, but I knew better than to strike.

The following November Mr. James Grinsell, John Grinsell, John Cook, myself and others started for the woods on foot, stopping over first night at Richardson's, about six-miles north of Chippewa Falls, the second night at a stopping place near Brunett Falls.

## MEETING EDWARD RUTLEDGE WHEN LATTER NEEDED CREDIT

(Third Installment of Early Days in the Woods.)

*From the Leader-Telegram, Eau Claire, Wisconsin  
16 February 1916, page 6*

We are furnishing our readers today the conclusion of J. G. Ingram's interesting reminiscences of logging camp experiences in the 60s, also a cut showing the hauling of logs with oxen. This picture does not go back to the days of Mr. Ingram's logging days but gives a good idea of an early method of hauling logs.

For next week we have an article describing keel boating and logging operation on the Chippewa in the 50's which we are certain will prove very

interesting to our readers.

Among the reminiscences which we hope will be sent in are some on the log drive. Will not some one send us a detailed description of log driving on the Chippewa and tributaries and tell us all about how you lived, how the logs were started at the head of the drive and how they were kept moving down the river? Tell us of your experiences in breaking log jams, names and descriptions of implements used and the methods of using them. Relate incidents that occurred on the drive. Let us hear from you.

(From "A Few" Reminiscences of My Early Life in Wisconsin."  
by the Hon. J. G. Ingram.)

As it was my first experience wearing boot packs I became so lame that they had to lay up half a day and night before I could go on any further. Continuing our journey we struck Jump River, which we followed up to the mouth of Main Creek, where there was quite a stretch of low, flat land and Jim Grinsell said that by cutting diagonally across at this point we could save several miles of travel. After we had walked some miles we came across some Jump River logs, which meant that we were a long way from Main Creek, so Grinsell got out his compass and looked at it, after which we took a new direction, but had not gone far before we ran across more Jump River logs, so Grinsell said the only thing for us to do was to take the back track to the mouth of Main Creek, which looked rather discouraging for me, a greenhorn in the woods.

"Boys, save your matches as we may have to stay out in the woods all night." It was snowing and our tracks were being covered rapidly, but by sticking close to Main Creek, we made the camp about dark. To get into this camp you had to pull the latch string and step over the bottom log, also stoop down to keep from striking your head against the log overhead. There was an opening in the roof about eight feet long and four feet wide, with a pole across to which a chain was attached to hitch the kettles on. The fire place was directly under the opening in the roof. The cooking was all done over the open fire, baking being done in a tin oven. Our menu consisted of pork and beans, bread, "black strap" or New Orleans molasses, tea with dried apples for sauce.

On one side of camp was what they called a "field bed," made up of coarse hay and blankets. Above the field bed was a tier of bunks, or upper berth, in the corner and as there was no preaching in the little red school house" on Sundays, I put in my time shingling my bed with little balsam boughs, about 6 inches thick, which kept out the creepers or "gray backs," as they called them, while the other men had to put in their time Sundays boiling their underclothes to decrease the population.

Our crew consisted of about 25 men, and we had 9 or 10 yoke of oxen, no horses.



*Hauling Logs with Oxen on Deer Tail River  
about 1880*

The logs were banked on Main Creek and the haul was from half a mile to a mile-and-a-half. The long logs and those near the creek were hauled on a "go-devil," a wishbone shaped affair with a cross bar, on which the front end of the log rested, the rear end dragging on the ground. For the longer haul the logs were loaded on sleds, but we had no such sleds or logging roads as one finds in later day logging.

### Meets Edward Rutledge



Edward Rutledge  
1834—1911

My job was to scale the logs as they were brought to the landing and it was quite a particular job, as the scaler was supposed to do justice both to the contractor and to those who owned the logs. He was expected to use his judgment on defective logs, and "punk" knots were very deceiving. Mr. Kennedy came up once in the winter and went over some of my scaling and we only disagreed on one log. Jim Grinsell was an old scaler and would scale some logs after me. Our scales agreed very closely. I had to cut my own skids and bring them in on my back. One day when in the woods a rather poorly dressed woodsman came along and we sat down on a log and visited for half an hour. He told me he had a crew of thirteen men and four yoke of oxen on the Jump River, that he

was a man of limited means and was on his way to Eau Claire to see if he could find anyone who would trust him for supplies until his logs came down in the spring. He seemed quite blue over the prospects and said that he would be obliged to quit unless he could get the desired credit. Before leaving he told me his name. It was Edward Rutledge, who afterwards became a millionaire lumberman, and died only a few years ago, bequeathing a million dollars for that beautiful home for aged people located at Chippewa Falls.

### When Food Was Scarce

In January of that winter Jim Grinsell started down river after supplies. After he left there came a thaw and heavy rain, which took the ice out of the small streams and Mr. Grinsell was gone two weeks, as he had to go well up on the Flambeau river to get across. In the meantime our supplies became well-nigh exhausted and for one week we lived on bread and tea. The bread was simply, flour mixed with water and might well be called "hardtack". The men were well-nigh discouraged and threatened to leave for Eau Claire, but as we came into camp one evening the "tote team stood at the door with a good load of supplies, and in the lot was a box containing a mince pie, doughnuts, cookies, apples and a bottle of catsup sent to me by my dear Mrs. O. H. Ingram. The catsup had frozen and burst the bottle, but being frozen it did no harm to other eatables.

Mr. Toluf Hanson, now a prosperous farmer in the town of Union, was our cook that winter, but things are different in the lumber camps today. The Eau

Claire and Galloway houses are not in it as compared to a modern lumber camp. My friend, the late Robt. Parkinson, used to say he liked to go to the lumber camps to get a good meal.

### A Long Drive

About March 16th, Mr. O. H. Ingram came up and after looking over some logging camps we started on the morning of March 25th for Eau Claire. The snow was just 3 feet deep. We drove down to the Chippewa River, where Jim Fleming was logging for the Daniel Shaw Lumber Co., had our dinner there, took in Mrs. Alfred Parker, who was cooking in that camp. By the way, Mrs. Parker is still living with her son near Rock Falls.

Mr. O.H. Ingram thought we could make Jim Falls and stay all night there. Reached that place at dark, took supper at the boarding house of Adin Randall, who was running a saw mill at that place. This was the same Adin Randall whose splendid monument graces Randall Park. After spending a half hour with the horses, Mr. Ingram says, "I believe the ponies will take us to Chippewa Falls." The distance was about 15 miles, and we reached there about midnight. The horses still acted as if they wanted to go home, so on we went on, reaching Eau Claire about 2 o'clock in the morning. After spending an hour rubbing down, blanketing and feeding the horses, got into the house at 3 o'clock, got up early in the morning, which was Sunday, and went to church. Lest I have already taxed your patience, I will stop.

Eau Claire, Wis., Feb. 7, 1916

## Forest History Association of Wisconsin, Inc.

### Membership Application

Please enroll me as a member and participant in the Association's program of developing the educational and historical aspects of Wisconsin's forestry and logging industry. Attached is payment for:

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