


Volume 44

Number 4



***Chips***  
*and*  
***Sawdust***

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A quarterly newsletter from the

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

P.O. Box 424  
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Winter 2020

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**Visit the  
Forest History Association  
of Wisconsin website at:**

[foresthistoricalassociationwi.com](http://foresthistoricalassociationwi.com)

**Are you willing to become more involved with the FHAW?**

Looking for help with committees and special projects

Interested? Send your name 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,

*I must say 2020 sure dawned busy!! I know I'm a bit guilty of holding up the Newsletter presses for want of this message, so will offer some news of what I've been up to with a few of our members.*

*In January, FHAW members Barden, Jerow and Grosman organized and held a meeting of the Fall Conference Planning Team on the Trees for Tomorrow Campus in Eagle River. The meeting was attended by representatives from Wisconsin DNR, the Manitowish Waters Historical Society, Eagle River Historical Society, Forest County UW Extension, Wisconsin School Forest System, and Operation Staff from "Trees". Teammates from Great Lakes Fish and Wildlife Commission and the US Forest Service are part of the program development effort, that had to cancel at the last minute. This is a high talent group and what looks to be a memorable program is emerging! The Conference kicks off with a Thursday luncheon gathering at a 1912 Ranger Station now doing business as a restaurant. Following lunch, there will be a presentation on the Beginnings of Sustainable Forestry – Wisconsin' First Forest Rangers followed by site tours of the old 'Station Grounds' and a tour of a near-by Historic CCC Camp Area. The Friday/Saturday Program – will deal with subjects which include; Seasonal Round of the Ojibwe, Historic Elk populations and Elk Reintroduction, along with the Thunder Lake Narrow Gauge RR System and Origins of the School Forest Program, among others. Promises to be interesting and fun.*

*Mid-February found me at a meeting of the Wisconsin DNR Division of Forestry in Appleton, where we were invited to set up a display table of informational materials and then participate in a breakout session, with this State Agency that dates its existence to 1904. They are now launched into an effort to record and preserve their program history. Eight members of this organization are in the Wisconsin Forestry Hall of Fame, and we've taken in historic documents on three of them. We're preparing the materials for submittal to the UWSP archives for digitization and retention for future researchers.*

*On return from the Appleton meet, I had the good fortune to find myself in a Minocqua Coffee House, being deluged with information by two retired teachers, both now active in local Historical Societies and a fully employed Environmental Education Teacher, who leads two outreach programs for the Wisconsin School Forest System – LEAF/PLT (Learning, Experiences and Activities in Forestry & Project Learning Tree). Within our claimed 'Mission' to Inform, Educate, Archive and Publish in service to the citizens of Wisconsin, I feel a critical need to engage professional help in pursuit of our goals. These folks offer it in spades. Advice they're providing will be shuttled to our Board for consideration as we move forward to meet needed change.*

*When I agreed to sign on as President of the FHAW Board, I said my two goals*

were to work on improving “Connectivity and Continuity”. Connectivity to other organizations that share our stated goals, and continuity of operations within our organization. The past few months have been committed to the first of those goals. This contribution to the quarterly newsletter will be followed by an ‘email message to all from thefhaw@gmail.com email account , where we’ll talk about “continuity” and the help we’ll need from any of you who can offer us some time to reinforce staffing our internal programs of work.

By the time this get’s through the print shop and the Postal Service, you’ll have had benefit of that second item. Work to remember it, ‘connectivity and continuity’--- if we’re to last as an organization we’ll need both in a renewable, sustainable, constantly adaptive form---forever.

John

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## **FHAW Continues Support Landmark Pines Historical Monument**

In 1988 the Landmark Pines Historical Marker was constructed in Vilas County along County Highway M near Trout Lake. This landmark, documents sustainable forest management efforts and benefit by showcasing changes at the same location for over 100 years. Thou-



*Existing Landmark Pines Marker*

sands of visitors since the monument’s construction have seen the positive effects of forest management through this unique portal with their own eyes.

After 30 years though, the existing monument is in desperate need of repair and updating. Trees for Tomorrow, in partnership with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, are leading the charge to make the necessary structural and aesthetic repairs.

Their objective is to continue to educate visitors and residents of the Northwoods about the importance and legacy of logging and forest management in Wisconsin; that logging continues to be an important industry in Wisconsin, providing jobs, revenue and critical forest products.

As an original contributor, the FHAW was asked to renew its commitment to help fund a portion of this restoration effort. Recognizing the monument’s educational value the FHAW board met recently and agreed to support the proposed project with a \$500 donation.

Unveiling of the updated monument is scheduled for later this year.

## Two Join FHAW Board of Directors

Two longtime FHAW members accepted positions on the Board of Directors.

Jane Severt, who recently retired after over 12 years as the Executive director of the Wisconsin County Forest Association will fill the board vacancy created when Mike Sohasky rotated off the board at the 2019 annual meeting. Her term will go through 2022.

Retired Rhinelander DNR Water Specialist Tom Jerow will fill the unexpired board position of Bridget O'Brien ending in 2021. Tom is also a member of Wisconsin's Green Fire. It supports the state's conservation legacy by promoting science-based management of natural resources.

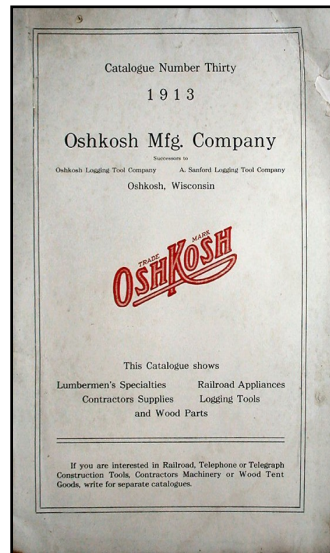
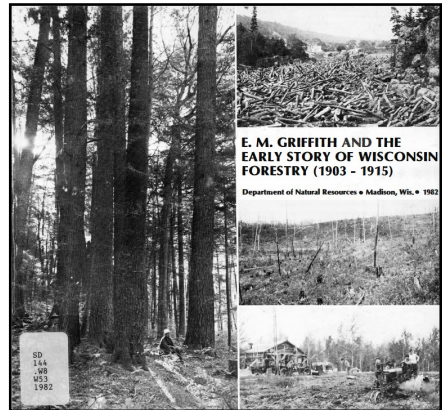
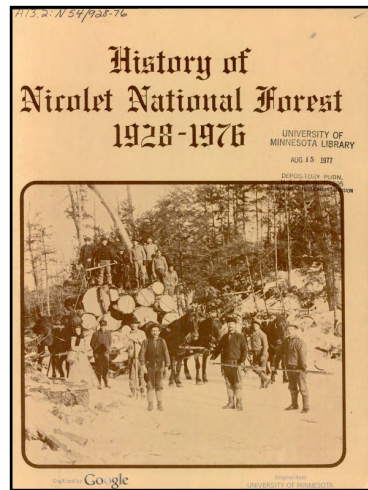
## FHAW Website Expands Online Publications

Have you checked out the new additions to the Association's website? Under the Publications drop down button, you'll find information about:

- Ghost of the Forest by FHAW member, Dr. Randall Rohe, ordering information;
- The History of Nicolet National Forest (1928 - 1976) by former FHAW member, Kennell M. Elliott, full document;
- E.M. Griffith and the Early Story of Wisconsin Forestry (1903 - 1915), full document, and;
- Oshkosh Manufacturing Company Catalog, 1913, full catalog.

Visit the FHAW website: <http://www.foresthistoryassociationwi.com/>

Thanks to FHAW webmaster, Dan Giese for making these resources available to us online.





## From the Newspaper Archive



# Cooked on Fleets Of Rafts from Here To the Mississippi

Richard Healy Sr. Made Sixteen Different Trips Down the River

DUDLEY WAS TAILSMAN

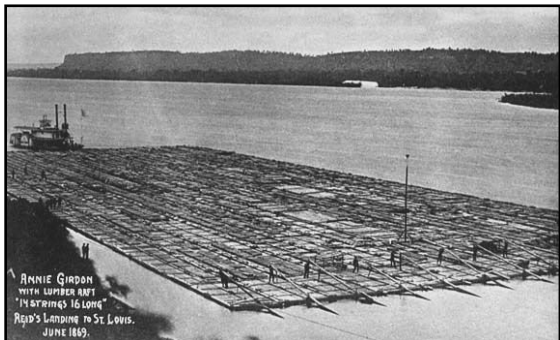
Twenty-seven Days Was Fastest Time He Recalls For Trip to St. Louis

"The Old Wisconse" means some more than a poet's conception of that noble stream to Richard Healy Sr., for sixteen different times he has floated on its waters down to the mighty Mississippi aboard rafts of lumber, many times as far as St. Louis, sometimes to points above. On every trip, except his second, when he pulled an oar, he was cook for the raftsmen.

Mr. Healy was only a boy of seventeen when he made his first rafting voyage, in the spring of 1871. In the employ of Lawrence and Peters he made a trip from Wausau to St. Louis. Peters started his fleet from Wausau. Lawrence adding rafts at Mosinee. Stewart and McIndoe owned the lumber started from Wausau, and Lawrence and Peters rafted it at a fixed sum per thousand feet.

Construction of a raft that could be safely navigated and hold together amid all the hazards of narrow channels, falls, rapids and sand bars was no simple feat, but called for much skill and good judgment. Each raft consisted of three rapids pieces, these being of such proportions as could be safely navigated through rapids. Above a rapids they would be taken apart and run through separately. Below the rapids, unless another rapids was close below, they would be reassembled into a raft, "there being 21 cribs in a raft, each rapids piece contained seven cribs. The cribs were sixteen feet across both ways, the lumber averaging that length. It was piled twenty boards high, and usually there was "deck load" of shingles.

The raft pieces, or the rafts into which they were combined, were steered in the current by sweeps thirty feet long with a sixteen foot blade. There was one in front, and one the rear. When rapids pieces were put together for a raft the sweeps would be moved to positions in the center of each end. The men who handled them had to walk back and forth across the raft.



Annie Girdon with lumber raft; 14 strings 16 long, Reid's Landing to St. Louis; June 1869. Photo

Source: [https://steamboatimes.com/images/rafts/raft\\_steamboatanniegirdon1869june576x349.jpg](https://steamboatimes.com/images/rafts/raft_steamboatanniegirdon1869june576x349.jpg)

Once the broad Mississippi was reached the rafts would be made up into fleets—ten rafts to a fleet—taking about twenty men to handle them.

Henry Dudley, well known resident of the community named for him, was tailsman—handling the rear sweep—on Mr. Healy's first trip down the river. Gus Levine half-breed riverman, had the lead oar.

#### Quickest 27 Days

Twenty-seven days is the quickest trip Mr. Healy recalls to have been made with a raft from Wausau to St. Louis. This was in the fall with a small raft and no mishaps to delay. The slowest trip he made was started from Merrill. The raft left there about May 1 and it took them six weeks to get to Stevens Point. For four weeks the raft was stuck in the Hog's Hole about twelve miles below Stevens Point, and it was hung up again below the bridge at Grand (Wisconsin) Rapids. The raft got to the Mississippi river just "before freeze-up in the late fall and had to be there all winter. Next spring it resumed its journey to market.

Not more than two trips could be made in a year; one in the spring and one in the fall. Sometimes only one was possible if there was low water in the fall.

#### Rough Water

Starting from Wausau there was rough water to be encountered at Little Bull Falls, Mosinee, Stevens Point dam, Konitz Rapids, Five Points, and Grand Rapids. The lumber had to be taken through these in rapids pieces. This was also necessary at the Wisconsin Dells.

Mr. Healy says not a man was ever lost from a fleet he traveled with, but he recalls when Mike Stafford, with a different fleet, was carried under in a feat of reckless daring, and after being fished out of the river was brought into his cook shanty. He was too far gone to be revived.

Below the dells no rough water was to be encountered. There the trouble was with shifting sand bars on which rafts grounded in low water and islands, on which rafts hung up in high water. Often it took much labor and not a little ingenuity to get the rafts free. In the course of time, as the result of experiments, a regular course of procedure for such contingencies was worked out, and raft pilots had to know them.

#### Getting Provisions

Cooking was done in a shanty built on the raft. It was equipped with a stove and tin dishes. Supplies were bought at convenient places along the river. At Portage it was customary to stock up with provisions for the trip down to the Mississippi. After reaching that stream raftsmen sometimes varied their diet, with fish from the fishermen's nets or set-lines. At Sauk City, on the Wisconsin, the raftsmen usually counted on getting the first eggs in the spring. The boisterous conduct of the raftsmen often provoked stolid German barkeepers of that community to a "raus mit em."

On reaching St. Louis, if this was the destination, the raftsmen would travel by railway to Chicago and thence to Berlin, taking horse-drawn stage from there to Wausau until the railway reached there. Mr. Healy passed through Chicago the fall before the great fire, and also the autumn that followed. Often the raftsmen walked north from Berlin instead of taking the stage, as half the time they had to get out and walk up the sandy hills any way.

The stage trip to Wausau took two days, a night stop being made at Stevens Point.



## Had Many Employers

In his years as rafting and camp cook Mr. Healy worked for Peter St. Augustine, R. P. Manson, Ed Nichols, and Lawrence and Peters. He was with the latter firm for five years. One winter they got out square timber used for bridges on the railway being built to Wausau. Mr. Healy worked for Mr. Manson for three years. One winter he cooked for a camp in the Flambeau country, and in the spring for a drive on the Flambeau River. For three years he ran a boarding house for Stewart and Alexander at Wausau, feeding more than ninety men in night and day crews.

At one time he knew everyone in Mosinee, and he remembers going to his first dance at Widow Blair's place.

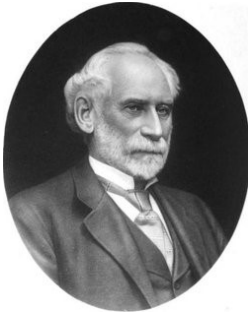
When the Forest House at Wausau kept by Charles Single burned Mr. Healy lost all of his clothes and personal effects stored in his trunk.

(From the *Wausau Daily Herald*, Wausau, Wisconsin, 23 November 1933, Page 17 )

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## ***Last Logs Sawed***

### **Last Log Sawed At Fairchild**



*Nathaniel Coldwell  
Foster*

Photo source: <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/44070200/nathaniel-caldwell-foster>

The Fairchild Observer of last week says that Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the last log was sawed in the N. C. Foster Lumber Co. mill and the industry that was begun twenty-eight years ago, and built Fairchild from

a way station to a thriving town, came to an end forever. The prolonged whistling gave notice to the community of the stopping of the machinery, and it caused many a pang.

When N. C. Foster stepped off the train of this station twenty-eight years ago last October, there were no buildings east of the Omaha tracks, the entire tract being dense wood.

The only "store" was a small affair, few goods being carried. Mr. Foster at once opened a store on what is now the E. Emanuel corner with a stock of goods worth \$6,000, reduced prices to correspond with wages, and made it a success from the start, the present mammoth store being the "grown up" product of that institution.

The following spring he built a mill and commenced sawing. Geo. R. Cook and Robert McLaren became partners in 1878 continuing such for two or three years, when Mr. Foster purchased their interests and conducted the business alone until about twelve years ago, when, he organized N. C. Foster Lumber Co., consisting of members of his own family only, and E. J. Foster has been manager.

At different times Mr. Foster has purchased fully 40,000 acres of timber land. Most of the pine was sawed several years ago and the greater part of the output since has been hardwood.—(from *The Dunn County News*, Menomonie, Wisconsin, 19 May 1905, Page 1).

## **Upham Saws Mill Passes into New Owner's Hands**

Tuesday of this week marked the close of an era in Marshfield, when the last log was sawed by the Upham company's saw mill, which has now passed into the hands of the United States Leather Co. The day previous the logging train made its last run for the company; and passed into the same hands as the saw mill. The Upham saw mill has been a flourishing feature of the lumber industry since 1878, when Mr. Upham moved here from Angelica, bringing with him, among others, H. L. Brooks, of this city, who has an unbroken record of 34 years in the employ of the company. For the twenty-nine years that the mill has been running the yearly cut of logs has averaged about 12 million feet, or the immense amount of 348 million for the whole time. It is the sincere hope of all that the Leather Co's plans may include the running of the mill as usual but no definite announcement has yet been made.—*(from The Marshfield News and Wisconsin Hub, Marshfield, Wisconsin, 23 May 1907, Page 1).*

## **The Last Log is Sawed Marshfield Mill Torn Down, After Thirty-Seven Years.**

(Special to The Northwestern.)  
Milwaukee. Wis.. June 15. — A Daily News special from Marshfield says: B. F. McMillan, one of the wealthiest lumbermen and bankers of this section, sawed the last log hauled into his sawmill at McMillan this afternoon and immediately set the mill crew to work tearing down the structure and dismantling the machinery. McMillan sawed the first log that was run through the mill thirty-seven years ago and determined recently that he would guide the last one through the

saws as it came, from the slip. The McMillan mill is one of the landmarks of Marathon County and has been operated continuously, often night and day during the nearly two score years since it was built. Members of the McMillan family from all over the state were here today for a reunion. Mr. McMillan is president of the First National bank of this city.—*(from The Oshkosh Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, 15 Jun 1911, Page 11)*

## **Another Lumber Town Gone the Way of Many The Last Season at Mason**

Thirty-five years ago from Tomahawk to Lake Superior was an unbroken pine and hardwood forest and nearly every town had its saw mill. The pioneer of that day told you the timber would last a hundred years and it would if it had been carefully cut and the fires kept out. Those competent to judge claim that there was fully as much timber destroyed by fire as cut into lumber.

Mason on the old North Wisconsin Railway now a part of the Omaha system was one of the saw mill towns in the heart of a great forest of pine wood they thought [would last] for over a hundred years. It had one of the biggest saw mills in this Northern country and gave employment at times to 500 workmen. Last week the last log was sawed and the passing of Mason will become only a farming town and in twenty years from now as you look at the prosperous country dotted everywhere with fine farms you would never think it was once a great pine forest that the early settler told you would not grow beans when the timber was cut off.—*(from Chippewa Herald-Telegram, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, 19 Aug 1913, Page 2).*

# A WOMAN AS A FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT

From the American Forester  
Volume 20, March 1914, No.3  
Pages 174-181

All alone, 6,444 feet above sea level, on top of Klamath Peak in Siskiyou County, California, a young woman for months at a time during the prevalence of the forest fire season, did her part, and did it well, in the effort the government is making to preserve the forests of the country from the destructive flames which have for years past caused an average annual property loss of twenty five million dollars, and cost annually an average of seventy-five human lives.

She is Miss Hallie M. Daggett, and she is the only woman lookout employed by the Forest Service. Posted in her small cabin on top of the mountain peak it was her duty to scan the vast forest in every direction as far as she could see by naked eye and telescope by day for smoke, and for the red glare of fire by night, and report the result of her observations by telephone to the main office of the forest patrol miles and miles away.

Few women would care for such a job, fewer still would seek it, and still less would be able to stand the strain of the infinite loneliness, or the roar of the violent storms which sweep the peak, or the menace of the wild beasts which roam the heavily wooded ridges. Miss Daggett, however, not only eagerly longed for the station but secured it after considerable exertion and now she declares that she enjoyed the life and was intensely interested in the work she had to do.

Perhaps the call of the wild is in her blood. Her parents are pioneers, her father, John Daggett, having crossed the Isthmus in 1852 and her mother, a mere baby, being taken across the plains from Kentucky the same year. Miss Daggett was born at the Klamath mine, in the shadow of the peak on which the lookout station is perched. She spent most of her early years out of doors riding and tramping over the hills with her brother, so that it was natural that with her inborn love of the forests she should be anxious to take part in the fight which the Forest Service men are making for the protection of the forests. Debarred by her sex, however, from the kind of work which most of the service men are doing she saw no opportunity until lookout stations were established, and then after earnest solicitation secured the place she held so well.

Some of the service men predicted that after a few days of life on the peak she would telephone that she was frightened by the loneliness and the



*Miss Hallie M. Daggett, the young woman who did efficient work for the forest service As a forest fire lookout on Klamath Peak, California. Photo source: <https://twitter.com/fsmuseum/status/577670338688876546>*

danger, but she was full of pluck and high spirit, and day after day as her keen eyes ranged the hills which constitute the Salmon River watershed and as she made her daily reports by telephone she grew more and more in love with the work. Even when the telephone wires were broken and when for a long time she was cut off from communication with the world below she did not lose heart. She not only filled the place with all the skill which a trained man could have shown but she desires to be reappointed when the fire season opens this year.

The story of her experiences she has told for *American Forestry* and here it is:

“My earliest recollections abound with smoke-clouded summer days and fires that wandered over the country at their own sweet will, unchecked unless they happened to interfere seriously with someone's claim or woodpile, when they were usually turned off by back firing and headed in another direction, to continue their mischief till they either died for lack of fuel or were quenched by the fall rains. Such being the case, it is easy to see that I grew up with a fierce hatred of the devastating fires, and welcomed the force which arrived to combat them. But not until the lookout stations were installed did there come an opportunity to join what had up till then been a man's fight; although my sister and I had frequently been able to help on the small things, such as extinguishing spreading camp fires or carrying supplies to the firing line.

“Then, thanks to the liberal mindedness and courtesy of the officials in charge of our district, I was given the position of lookout at the Eddy's Gulch Station in the fourth District of the Klamath National Forest; and entered upon my work the first day of June, 1913, with a firm determination to make good, for I knew that the appointment of a woman was rather in the nature of an experiment, and naturally felt that there was a great deal due the men who had been willing to give me the chance.

“It was quite a swift change in three days, from San Francisco, civilization and sea level, to a solitary cabin on a still more solitary mountain, 6,444 feet elevation and three hours hard climb from everywhere, but in spite of the fact that almost the very first question asked by everyone was ‘isn't it awfully lone-



*Eddy's Gulch Lookout Station on top of Klamath Peak where Miss Daggett was stationed from June 1 to November 6 last year. The elevation is 6,444 Feet.*

some up there? I never felt a moment's longing to retrace the step, that is, not after the first half hour following my sister's departure with the pack animals, when I had a chance to look around. Of course I had been on the peak before during my early rambles, but had never thought of it as a possible home. One of my pet dreams had always been of a log cabin, and here was an ideal one, brand new the summer before, and indoors as cozy as could be wished; while outdoors, all outdoors, was a

grander dooryard than any estate in the land could boast; and, oh, what a prospect of glorious freedom from four walls and a time clock. Klamath Peak is not really a peak in the conventional sense of the word, but as can be seen from the picture, is rather the culmination of a long series of ridges running up from the water sheds of the north and south forks of the Salmon River. Its central location in the district makes it, however, an ideal spot for a station. I can think of no better description of it than the hub of a wheel with the lines of ridges as spokes, and an unbroken rim of peaks circling around it; some eternally snow capped, and most all of them higher than itself.

“To the east, a shoulder of snowy Shasta and an unseen neighbor lookout on Eagle Peak; further to the south, the high jagged edge of Trinity County and, just discernible with the glasses, a shining new cabin on Packers Peak; in the west, behind Orleans Mountain with its ever watchful occupant, a faint glimpse of the shining Pacific showing with a favorable sunset; and all in between, a seeming wilderness of ridges and gulches, making up what is said to be one of the finest continuous views in this western country.

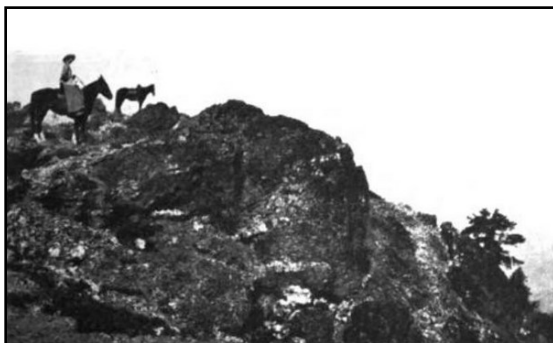
“However that maybe, it was certainly a never-ending pleasure to search its vast acres for new beauties at every changing hour, from sunrise to sunrise again.

“Added to the view was a constantly spreading, gaily tinted carpet of flowers to the very edges of the snow banks. These all summer and then the gorgeous autumn coloring on the hillsides later on, when the whole country seemed one vast Persian rug.

“Bird and animal life was also very plentiful, filling the air with songs and chatter; coming to the doorstep for food, and often invading the cabin itself. I positively declined owning a cat on account of its destructive intentions on small life, a pair of owls proving satisfactory as mouse catchers, and being amusing neighbors as well. Several deer often fed around evenings; there was a small bear down near the spring, besides several larger ones whose tracks I often saw on the trail; and a couple of porcupines also helped to keep from being lonesome, by using various means to find a way into the cabin at night.

“All these animals being harmless, it had never been my custom to carry a gun in so-called western fashion, until one morning I discovered a big panther track out on the trail, and then in deference to my family's united request, I buckled on the orthodox

weapon, which had been accumulating dust on the cabin shelf, and proceeded to be picturesque, but to no avail, as the beast did not again return. “At many of the stations the question of wood and water is a serious one on account of the elevation; but I was especially favored, as wood lies about in all shapes and quantities, only waiting for an ax to convert it into suit-



*Miss Daggett on her pet horse at the highest point of Klamath Peak, looking North.*



*The arrival of the very necessary water supply, showing the method by which supplies were taken to the top of the mountain where Miss Daggett was stationed.*

able lengths; and water unlimited could be melted from the snow banks which lingered until the last of July, although it did seem a little odd to go for water with a shovel in addition to a bucket. Later the supply was packed in canvas sacks from a spring about a mile away in the timber. This was always a job sought for by anyone coming up on horseback; and thanks to the kindly efforts of the guards who passed that way, and my few visitors, it was always easy to keep the kettle boiling. So I did not need a horse myself, there being, contrary to the general impression, no patrol work in connection with look out duties, and my sister bringing up my supplies and mail from home every week, a distance of nine miles.

"The daily duties of life on top were small, merely consisting of an early morning and late evening tramp of half a mile to the point of the ridge where the trees obscured the north view from the cabin; and a constant watch on all sides for a trace of smoke, a watch which soon became a sort of instinct, often awaking one in the night for a look around; for I soon came to feel that the lookout was, what one friend so aptly called it, 'an ounce of prevention.' Then there were the three daily reports to the district headquarters in town, to prove that everything was serene, also the extra reports if they were not; and a little, very little, house work to do.

"Taking it all in all, not a very busy day, as judged by modern standards of rush, but a lookout's motto might well be 'They also serve who only stand and wait, and there was always the great map spread out at one's feet to study by new lights and shadows while waiting, and the ever busy phone with its numerous calls, which must be kept within hearing, so one could not wander far.

"That phone, with its gradually extending feelers through the district, made me feel exactly like a big spider in the center of a web, with the fires for flies; and those fires were certainly treated to exactly the speedy fate of the other unworthy pests. Through all the days up to the close of the term on November 6th, when a light fall of snow put an end to all danger of fires, there was an ever growing sense of responsibility which finally came to be almost a feeling of proprietorship, resulting in the desire to punish anyone careless enough to set fires in my dooryard.

"The utter dependence on the telephone was brought vividly to my mind one afternoon, soon after my arrival, when an extra heavy electrical storm which broke close by caused one of the lightning arresters on the outside of the cabin to burn out, quite contrary to precedent, and I was cut off from the world till the next day, when someone from the office came up in haste to find out the cause of the silence and set things aright. They often joke now about expecting to have found me hidden under some log for safety, but it wasn't quite so funny then.

"However, there seems to be very little actual danger from these storms, in

spite of the fact that they are very heavy and numerous at that elevation. One soon becomes, accustomed to the racket. But in the damage they cause starting fires lies their chief interest to the lookout, for it requires a quick eye to detect, in among the rags of fog which arise in their wake, the small puff of smoke which tells of some tree struck in a burnable spot. Generally it shows at once, but in one instance there was a lapse of nearly two weeks before the fall of the smoldering top fanned up enough smoke to be seen.

“At night the new fires show up like tiny candle flames, and are easily spotted against the dark background of the ridges, but are not so easy to exactly locate for an immediate report. Upon the speed and accuracy of this report, however, the efficiency of the service depends, as was proven by the summer's record of extra small acreage burned in spite of over forty fires reported.

“To the electrical storms are easily attributed most of our present-day fires, as traveler and citizen alike are daily feeling more responsible for the preservation of the riches bestowed by nature, and although some still hold to the same views as one old timer, who recently made the comment, when lightning fires were being discussed, ‘that he guessed that was the Almighty’s way of clearing out the forest,’ the general trend of opinion seems to be that man, in the form of the Forest Service, is doing an excellent work in keeping a watchful eye on the limits of that hitherto wholesale clearing. A good work and long may it prosper, is the earnest wish of one humble unit, who thanks the men of the service one and all, for the courtesy and consideration which gave her the happiest summer of her life.”

**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:

- |   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| _____ Student Membership (\$10.00)          | Other Contributions:    |
| _____ Individual Membership (\$20.00)       |                         |
| _____ Family Membership (\$30.00)           | \$ _____ Student Awards |
| _____ Non Profit Membership (\$30.00)       | \$ _____ Capital Fund   |
| _____ Corporate Membership (\$55.00)        | \$ _____ Operations     |
| _____ Individual Life Membership (\$250.00) |                         |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

Detach and mail this application with payment to:

**Forest History Association of Wisconsin, Inc.  
P.O. Box 424, Two Rivers, WI 54241-0424**





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