

Volume 46

Number 4



A quarterly newsletter from the

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

P.O. Box 186
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**Please note our new
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We are consolidating our website under a single domain -

ForestHistoryAssociationWI.com - please update your bookmarks

and remove ChipsAndSawdust.com

Chips and Sawdust

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*Dedicated to the discovery,
interpretation, and preservation
of the forest history legacy of the
State of Wisconsin*

From The President's Chair



Greetings!

So what? Why do this? Does it have meaning? Are all questions we should ask about every organization we belong to, or which are stewards of. A few years ago, these eternal questions were summarized with the term "Where's the Beef?"

A quotation from Patrick Henry, a founding father of the United States and a well-known orator points us toward the answer to these questions. He stated.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is The lamp of experience. I know no way of judging the future but by the past."

Given Patrick Henry's life I think he intends the "lamp of experience" to include not only his personal experience but also the experience of humankind. And that is where we come in, it is our mission to light the lamp of experience related to Wisconsin's forests for our members and the public at large.

We have had a relatively long experience with our forests and that experience has contained both the good and the bad, mixed with all the aspects of humanity and technology. This is called forest history.

Our collective "lamp of experience" over the last century and a half has built a base of knowledge which points to a very positive future. Those experiences have led us to a point of widespread adoption of sustainable forestry within the state. However, just because we are "there" does not mean we will stay "there" as there are always forces within humanity which will want to cut corners or perhaps even worse will believe the issues are now resolved and turn their attention elsewhere. Either of these options opens the door for our forests to suffer abuse once again.

Luckily, our "lamp of Experience" illuminates more positive achievements than bad experiences as today's forests provide a host of values to society and do so in a manner which can be sustained over the long haul. The changes that took us from a cut-over and burned over land mass to the magnificent forests of today are due to the work of many individuals from the woods to the statehouse. The actions, and at times, the sacrifices of these individuals are a legacy to be preserved and remembered.

By "lighting the lamp" of forest history within the public we commemorate the past and provide the information necessary for the public to make informed decisions about their forests in the future. Yup, it has meaning!

*Plant an acorn
To preserve the mission!*

Acorns create oak trees which have very strong root systems that allow the tree to grow and continue to endure storms that devastate other trees. The oak is solid and endures because these acorns give it those special roots. In a similar view we look at our members as the acorns which can grow and develop to create strong roots that allows FHAW to endure the ups and downs of life.

With this in mind we are asking each member of the FHAW to find a friend or neighbor to join our merry band. In doing so these friends will gain inside information about the forests of our state, be able to join with us at the best of conferences, connect with very friendly people, and participate in preserving the opportunity for our youngsters to learn the exciting forest history of the state.

Currently our membership dues are not sufficient to cover our costs. As you well know the cost of everything we do is hit with inflation: postage has gone up, the increased costs of hosting webinars and publishing the Chips and Sawdust as well as increased efforts to enhance local projects that tell the history of our forest are increasing.

Rather than increasing our dues to cover these costs the board prefers to increase our revenues by adding new members. We see gaining members to be like planting acorns as they will build our organization for the long haul. So, we again ask your help to think about your friends and your community, certainly there are good people there who would benefit, and their membership would assist the spread of authentic forest history statewide.

Wisconsin's forests have seen dramatic change and improvement over the last 200 years and are now magnificent, however, there are always threats to the forest and an informed public is the best hope to preserve what we have gained. This is why the FHAW mission- to Inform, Educate, Archive and Publish, remains essential for the next generation and beyond.

If you would like some membership pamphlets you can get them from any member of the board of directors.

Do it today! Let's get an acorn planted so that they and FHAW form a team with strong roots in PRESERVING THE MISSION for the next generation!

Thanks,

Ed Forrester

Archive Committee News:
From John Grosman

Developing the "Forestry Hall of Fame Collection" in our Archives – Embracing Change

It's been reported to membership over the last couple of years that FHAW began working with the Wisconsin School Forest Program in 2020 to operationalize the "educate" element of our "Inform, Educate, Archive and Publish" statement of purpose. As we did that, we asked School Forest Program Leadership how we might prepare elements of our Annual Work Plan/Budgetary Process to lay out shared goals for K-12 education? They suggested that we could improve our archives, by working to digitize as many documents and images as possible, to develop a searchable database for K-12 kids. This would allow them to explore 'forest history' on-line from anywhere in the state rather than making a trip to UW Stevens Point Archives. We agreed to do it and began by forming an Archive Committee in late 2020. That committee met bi-monthly over the course of 2021.

This nine member committee includes leaders from two local history socie-

ties, a history professor, a forestry professor, a couple of archivists and an archaeologist. As a result of their work so far, an intern has been hired and put to work at the UWSP Archives doing cataloguing and digitization of ‘accessions.’ Discussion has begun on supporting a role for FHAW in the National History Day program within Wisconsin K-12 Schools. And while we have archived materials on members of the Wisconsin Forestry Hall of Fame for a long time, we haven’t had a design to collaborate with the organizations that nominate people for induction. We are now working with the Wisconsin Society of American Foresters and their Forestry Hall of Fame Committee, to search out and build an archival collection of resources surrounding the lives and work of these forestry leaders. We think it’s reasonable to believe that the collective life stories of these individuals are the story of Wisconsin becoming a national leader in sustainable forestry. We further think that promoting the study of natural resource leadership is a fine goal for our Association!

As the scope of this work comes into focus it is seen as a major shift in workload and budgetary process for the Association. Recently we were invited to Trees for Tomorrow to look at the ‘collection of historic materials’ in their Education Hall. Their first Exec Director, ‘Mully’ Taylor is a member of that “Forestry Hall of Fame”. Their ‘historic collection’ amounts to 39 bankers boxes, along with 57 feet of letter size file drawer space of documents and photographs, and 16 feet of file drawer space of B&W photo negatives. Two smaller collections are also recent discoveries for other members of the ‘Hall’. All these discoveries beg consideration of planning for physical space, cost of digitization and on-line hosting. Each discovery represents a new “project” that will need to be staffed and work organized. Annual work scheduling and budget planning, along with pursuit of grant funding will all come to be a part of the new world the Association will need to consider.

We know we’re going to need to recruit more help from membership. In the next few months we expect to learn more about the character of the work ahead, the prospects of collaboration with others, and begin to outline a path forward. We will plan to talk about all of it at the annual meeting and welcome your ideas.

FHAW Webinar
Wednesday, March 16, 2022
6:30 pm

Program: The Story Behind the Prentice Hydraulic Loader

Description: Prentice Hydraulics had its beginning in 1945 in the Heikkinen Machine Shop near the village of Prentice. Leo Heikkinen repaired and welded heavy equipment, fabricated steel, and manufactured mechanical jammers there. To meet the needs of customers, Leo designed special innovations on their jammers.

These improvements attracted attention and soon requests for custom built jammers were received. Continued improvement and modification of the mechanical jammer resulted in the Prentice Hydraulic Loader.

Presenter: Dale Heikkinen

Register at

https://us02web.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN_-19kugcBTJa287ajJxHzbQ

Registration if free, but pre-registration is required



Natural Connections

Hemlock and Paper Birch: An Odd Couple

By Emily Stone

Naturalist/Education Director at the Cable Natural History Museum

At the trail intersection I turned left, looked up, and paused for just a moment to appreciate the dark green lace of the hemlock thicket in front of me. Several “redwoods of the east” towered elegantly in a grove. Beneath them, broken-topped boles wore the same dark brown furrowed bark. And filling in between were young hemlocks of all ages lending a shimmer of green to the mostly black-and-white forest.

This is one of my favorite spots along the trails of the Forest Lodge Estate. Mary Griggs Burke, the Cable Natural History Museum’s founder, bequeathed her 872-acre retreat on the south shore of Lake Namakagon to the Forest Service for research and education. Northland College manages access. I often guide hikes. The crunching of a dozen snowshoes behind reminded me that I wasn’t alone in this special spot.

Why is a grove of bushy baby hemlocks so special? Here in northern Wisconsin, we are at the far edge of eastern hemlock range. Just a few outliers exist farther west and north, but the heart of their habitat extends up Appalachia to the northeast. Perhaps the trees just haven’t had time to migrate back after the most recent glaciation plowed them away—only 14,000 years ago or so—or maybe the moisture runs low as the rain shadow of the Rocky Mountains creeps in across the plains. Even in places where hemlocks are abundant, white-tailed deer often nibble the young ones to death and regeneration can be spotty.

We admired the thicket—that has somehow escaped the deer—and breathed in the magical, primordial air (is that being overly dramatic?). Then a bitter gust off the icy lake set us moving again.

Just around the corner two grayish, old paper birch trees caught my eye.

At first glance paper birch and eastern hemlock are about as different as trees can get. There’s the bark, of course: smooth, pale, relatively thin and peeling, vs. thick, dark, corky ridges. Also their leaves, and the fact that birches lose their broad, bright green suncatchers each fall while hemlock holds on tight. Hemlock holds onto life a lot longer in general—growing for hundreds of years—while birches live a more human-scale existence of mere decades.



Inside this tiny eastern hemlock cone are even smaller seeds that need a little bit of luck to ever become a tree. Photo by Emily Stone

Over those centuries, the acid in hemlock needles washes nutrients out of the soil, while the rapid decomposition of birch leaves results in soils enriched in Ca, Mg, K, Mn, Fe...an alphabet soup of minerals.

One of the first things I learned in botany class was that hemlocks are the most shade tolerant tree in their range, while paper birches are at the other end of the spectrum, only exceeded by aspen and pin cherry in their demand for sun. Plus, paper birch is near the southern end of its range here but extends north to the edge of the treeless tundra. In contrast, yellow birch's range, shade tolerance, and ecology more closely match that of hemlock—so much so that “hemlock-yellow birch” is an official cover type.

I wouldn't have been surprised to see yellow birch in this forest, and yet here instead was its sun-loving relative growing among the hemlocks.

A few more steps down the trail, I spotted one of my favorite teaching spots. Under heaps of snow were the spiked turrets and sloping sides of a hemlock stump, likely rotting since 1888 when this area was clearcut by the Northern Wisconsin Lumber Company. From that stump rose a slender young hemlock tree, only a few inches in diameter and maybe twice as tall as me. And, brushing away the snow, I revealed another piece in the puzzle: the grayed bark of a long-dead birch tree, its knee still hooked over the edge of the old stump where it had once grown, too. Not even steps away, this odd couple had almost been hugging.

This scene tells not of the trees' differences, but what they have in common. Hemlocks bear their seeds in tiny cones, not unlike the cylindrical catkins of birch, which are just more fragile and ephemeral. And inside each structure are tiny seeds flanked by papery wings. Those seeds mature in late summer, and drop throughout the winter, sometimes skittering over crusty snow in a race to get farther from the crushing shade of their parent tree. While both species produce lots of seeds almost every year after they reach age 15, they face equally poor odds that any one seed will ever germinate, survive seedlinghood,



Nurse stumps are warm, damp places where seeds of hemlock, birch, and more can find a slightly more hospitable place to germinate. As the stump rots away under the new tree, roots often form funny looking knees. Photo by Emily Stone.

or become a new tree.

One thing that increases the odds of successful germination in hemlock and the birches is a lucky landing on the spongy surface of a rotting log or stump. Here—like on my friend who died in 1888—the moist environment, relatively warmer temperatures above ground level, and protection from pathogenic fungi—result in a cozy nursery. Without the benefit of a nurse log or nurse stump, the trees would need bare soil, consistent moisture,

and a lot more luck.

With that in mind, maybe it's not so crazy to think that the hemlock grove we passed earlier—where they have somehow, against the odds, sprouted like crazy—does have a little magic in the air.

Eastern hemlock thrives in the deep shade of its elders, while paper birch craves almost full sun. These evergreen and deciduous trees could hardly be more different...until you look more closely at their tiny, winged seeds and the nurse stumps where they each find purchase. In this week's Natural Connections we'll explore the relationship between this odd couple while snowshoeing on the beautiful Forest Lodge Estate.

Emily's award-winning second book, *Natural Connections: Dreaming of an Elfin Skimmer*, is now available to purchase at www.cablemuseum.org/books and at your local independent bookstore, too.



Inside the cone-shaped catkins of birch are their tiny, winged seeds. Four-pointed bracts protect the seeds until it all falls apart. Photo by Emily Stone.



For more than 50 years, the Cable Natural History Museum has served to connect you to the Northwoods. Follow us on Facebook, Instagram, YouTube, and cablemuseum.org to see what we are up to.

Editors Note: Thank you to author Emily Stone and the Cable Natural History Museum for their permission to reprint this article.



From the Newspaper Archive



RECALL FIRST LOG DRIVE ON THE EAU CLAIRE RIVER

(Antigo Daily Journal)

Thirteen years before Antigo was founded, which takes us clear back to the closing days of the Civil War, the first log drive was made on the Eau Claire River in what is now Langlade County, and Joe Casterline, now approaching his eightieth birthday, was on that drive. Mr. Casterline, whose appearance and activity do not show his years, says this drive was made in the spring of 1865, and it was started at Ackley's place near where the mill village of Heineman passed its brief history. The drive was composed of white pine cut in the neighborhood and made a scant million feet. It was cut for and delivered to W. P. Kelly, son of the man after whom the village was named, and to Dr. Schofield at Schofield.

Later, Charles Hazeltine logged on Black Brook. Fred and Ben Gillan had the contract to put in the logs and drive them to Schofield. When they got ready for the drive the logs could not be started for lack of sufficient water. It was necessary to build a dam just above the mouth of the stream where it empties into the west branch of the Eau Claire River. Mr. Casterline helped to build this dam, the remains of which are still to be traced. He accompanied the drive as far as it went, for it was hung up at the Eau Claire Dells until a summer freshet started it on its way again. All driving had to be done on natural water as there were no control dams then. A summer freshet was usually to be depended on in June, but sometimes it was necessary to take the drives through in three stages of water.



Eau Claire River, Marathon County, Wisconsin, near the dells. Photo by LaurentianShield - Own work, CC BY-SA 4.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=35387204>

All the white men living in this section when the first log drives were made on the Eau Claire were squaw men, living with their Indian wives and half-breed children. The first two Mr. Casterline recalls meeting were Dan Gagen and Hi Polar. He also remembers Joe La Mere, known as "Curly Joe," Jesse Boyington, Fred and Ben Gillam, William Ackley, Bill Holbrook, and John Hogarty. Mr. Casterline believes that the latter was survived by two daughters, but does not know if they are living.

Of the rivermen of those days Billie Burns of Mosinee is the only one living. Others, who have passed away, included Dave Gleason and Emory Sickler. The latter, was a blacksmith and capable all-round man.

The experience Mr. Casterline had driving logs on the Eau Claire River afforded him good training for later work on the Wisconsin. He traveled to St. Louis and other Mississippi River cities with rafts half a dozen times. There were several treacherous places on the Wisconsin River for the log driver. Mosinee Falls had the worst reputé, several drownings having taken place there. Grand Rapids was another difficult place. At Mosinee Falls the logs would strike an eddy and the whole outfit submerge. As Mr. Casterline says, "I could drink standing up."

Lumbermen returning from St. Louis could buy a special rivermen's ticket to Wausau for \$14.

Mr. Casterline has the distinction of driving the last load of express hauled by team from Stevens Point to Wausau. John Ball had the contract for this section as well as between Berlin and Stevens Point. It took two days to go up to Wausau from Stevens Point and one to go down. There was seldom any load on the return trip. Mr. Ball had three teams. He had one outfit, Casterline the other, and the third team was a reserve usable by either man.

Joe Casterline was born in Tompkins County, New York, and in March 1862, came with his mother, a widow, to Kelly, where they made their home with his uncle, Milo Kelly. (*from the Stevens Point Journal, 25 February 1929, page 4*)

Wolf Still Roars for Last of Loggers

BY EDITH BOCK

Post-Crescent Staff Writer



Jay Lett, of Oshkosh, a lumberjack of the famed Wolf River pine lumbering era shows a picture of his father, Thomas, tacked on the inside cover of a cigar box designed for their tobacco trade. The Letts, father and son, lumbered together, contracted for unloading logs at the mills, and joined in the cigar business. Jay was logging superintendent for Paine Lumber Co., after selling his tug, the first gasoline powered one on the river, to the company. It became famous as the W. C. Gatchis. (Post-Crescent Photo)

The knee-high socks were wool, of course. "Everything we wore was wool," Jay recalls. Trousers were quarter-inch thick Malone cloth, "staged" to mid-calf length with the surplus saved for patching. The best homespun wool underwear was at Wood's Store in Langlade, imported from Maine.

Wool shirts were cropped in the sleeves come spring. Suspenders were the brightest and boldest to be found.

A lumberjack of experience packed his belongings in a sack with a potato in a bottom corner. He roped corner and potato, tied it again at the top and used the loop to fasten it over his shoulder for the trip into the woods come

"I must have swum the length of the Wolf River at least twice," Jay A. Lett, 809 Vine Ave., says reminiscently.

"We were in and out of the water with those logs from dawn 'til dark from the time the river opened in late March until we finished the drive at Bay Boom."

He is one of the last of the early loggers here, the lean, active Jay Lett whose 89th birthday isn't far off. He worked the Wolf River log runs as a young man until they ended in the early 1900s.

Fall and the closing-in of winter bring a special nostalgia for him. The pull of the winter woods and the remembered life of his youth as a lumberjack make him restless even as he plays his daily cribbage solitaire in warmth and comfort.

"It can't get too warm for me now," he tells his wife.

Jay is best known as marsh warden, cook, caretaker and raconteur of the Fox River Hunting and Fishing Club, a century old group whose clubs-house south of Winneconne he managed for 32 years until his retirement two years ago. He hunted ducks until three years ago.

Linseed Oil in Socks

His years in the lumber camps and on the log drives are still remembered with relish, even to the white lead and linseed oil a man poured into his socks daily from Shawano downstream to cure the foot scald caused by water growths.

September. It was still with him, the contents patched and repaired by the camp handyman, when he got back to Oshkosh in midsummer.

Shoes, either short boots from the Jefferson Shoe Co. or the oxford-height ones later made to order at Winneconne, were converted by the lumberjack himself into the calked footwear every "hot riverman" wore. Jay said his boots had some 50 steel calks driven around the edges of the soles and another 14 in the heels.

On the river, a plug of Spearhead Chew on a string around the neck completed the costume. If it got wet, it dripped tobacco juice on a man's chest. Smoking was dangerous, but a chew was a comfort. Jay said.

"The Wolf was beautiful, just beautiful, in those days," he declares "The trees grew down to the shoreline. The marshes and the sloughs were thick with snakes and snapping turtles."

He thinks there is little hope for re-establishing the vast marsh lands which once fed the Wolf and the wide expanses of Wolf River waters. Man has done too much to upset the rhythm of the river, he believes.

First Drive at 12

The first marauders probably created Wisconsin's great lumber industry. Jay was a young man at the time of the great log drives down the Wolf.

He worked the last of the Wolf River drives in 1913 until the logs were rafted at Bay Boom and the era was over. It was white pine that made the log runs profitable, Jay explains. Railroads hauled the state's hardwoods. Unlike the pine, they tended to waterlog and sink.

He was 12, Jay recalls, when he accompanied his father, Thomas Lett, on his first log drive in the Pelican Lake area. By 1896, when he was 18, Jay was on the payroll as a logger from start to finish.

For the next 17 years he worked "at about all the jobs there were in logging," ending up as a "sky hooker" or "top loader," the man who loaded the logs for transport to the river.

With his father, Jay helped make camp in late September, erecting tents or the log shanties to house the crew of 30 to 40 men. Bunks were furnished with straw ticks, underpinned with pine boughs. There were two quilts and a blanket to each bed. They repaired the peaveys, pike poles, axes and saws, and; did the back-breaking work off cutting roads from forest to shorelines.

Acres of Stumps

"There were wonderful cooks, I'll tell you, French, German, English. They didn't stay long if they weren't good. They gave the men all the food they wanted."

He remembers "bean hole" beans, "prunes all the time," salt pork and corned beef. Flapjacks, steak and potatoes, ham and eggs were regular breakfast menus.

Today's visitor to the woods along the Wolf hears about the pillage of the forest. Jay Lett lived it. He deplores the waste which left fallen timber in gullies and hard to get places. He remembers vast acres where a man could walk from stump to stump left waist high.

Government logging on the reservation, now Menominee County, probably paid the entire cost of private operations along the Wolf for years, Jay believes. It is what the loggers said.

Logs felled on the reservation and left unmarked by easygoing govern-

ment employees managed to get into somebody's raft at the boom, they felt, in numbers large enough to pay the men along the river.

There were songs in the camp and songs along the river. But he will never forget big Charles Stannard from Oshkosh whose baritone rendition of "Mother MacCree" could be heard for miles.

Let's crews spent the winter in the forests along the Popple, Pine, and Pike Rivers, felling trees and sledding them out to the river banks on roads they built and "rutted" in ice. They stamped the log ends with the Sawyer & Goodman mark.

No Drunks on Job

Lower Post Lake was the beginning of a 90-day drive to Bay Boom on Lake Poygan and delivery to the tugs that floated the rafted logs to Oshkosh and Fond du Lac mills.

"We worked in those days," Jay says with vigor. "Everybody tried to outdo the other. We were all young, most unmarried."

He remembers work from dawn to dark with early bedtimes in the woods. Near the villages it was different. There were always lumberjacks who ended the season broke.

Drunks were dangerous on the job and there weren't any, Jay recalls. He refuses to consider log driving hazardous otherwise, however. In all his years, he said, he saw only one man drowned.

In the white water stretch of the Wolf below Lower Post Lake, the logs traveled fast to dams at Lily, Langlade and Gardener to Shawano where the first delivery was made.

Birling Just Sport

Birling (spinning logs by a man in his caulked boots) was the hardest job. Lumberjacks then, as now, just for fun. In fact, too much of it made the foremen mad, Jay said.

Men assigned to bateaus, followed the logs and the rivermen to rescue any in difficulties and carry equipment. Other men rode logs downriver at the days beginning to take up positions at curves or below falls where "jams" were likely.

When the logs stopped coming, they "gigged" back upstream on foot to give a hand where a "jam" had developed.

The drive moved fast to the Town of Maine where the Wolf broadens and the waters slow. Here the cook and the kitchen took to the water in a floating shanty known as a wanigan. The bateaus returned upstream, their lifeguarding work completed.

Chased Logs Down

From here on, "rearing" was turned rivermen rode the logs armed with pike poles, dislodging logs that stuck in the banks, keeping the drive moving at about a mile an hour. They chased errant logs into the bays and sloughs where it might take three or four men wading in the itchy weed-infested marsh to get a giant log back into the river.

Bay Boom was the biggest on Wolf. It was here that two men stood all day with single bit axes at the head of the race, reading the log stamps and cutting corresponding bark marks on two sides of each log. The logs were sorted and bound into 300 by 60 foot rafts by kind. They were towed off six rafts at a time by tug boat.

Time for Play

Wolf River Country's pine lumbering era lasted only from the mid-1830s to 1913. Jay Lett worked for 17 of those years. He has never forgotten them.

There was time and energy for trout fishing, berry picking, card playing, wrestling and log rolling. He estimates more than half of the north country barns were built by lumberjacks for a barrel of beer. It was a favorite pastime when the water was low and time hung heavy.

And there was time and spirit for singing, all through the night if invention held out, such songs as:

"Good old wagon when I left the East
Good old wagon never been greased
Good old wagon when I left town
Good old wagon now broke down."

(from *The Post-Crescent*, Appleton, Wisconsin, 27 Nov 1966, Sunday, Page 2)

Forest History Association of Wisconsin Traveling Exhibit

Do you have an event suitable for sharing our Wisconsin Forests' history? The FHAW traveling exhibit is available to members for displaying at community events and locations.

The nine panel exhibit tells the story of Wisconsin's industrial heritage in the woods. The first four panels -- Historical Logging in Wisconsin; In "Terms" of Logging; At the Camps; and In the Forest -- introduce the terms "cant hook" and "road monkey" as well as mythical creatures of Paul Bunyan lore, such as the "Goofus Bird" and "Gillygaloo."

The second set of panels -- The Mills, On the Waterways; As the Wood Floats -- outline the transportation of wood to the mill along with the heartiness required of those guiding the logs to their processing destination. The joys and dangers of the lumberjack's life are featured along with a sense of the growing ability of mill technology to satisfy the ever growing demand for wood products. Panel eight -- From "Cutover" to Sus-



tained Yield Forestry -- explores the forest product industries and the plan for continued use. Panel nine -- Wisconsin's World War II Wartime Wood Products -- celebrates Wisconsin lumber's role in wartime efforts.

To reserve the panels for your upcoming event, contact Don Schnitzler at thefhaw@gmail.com or by phone at 715-383-9775.

47th Fall Conference Committee
(Manitowoc County, Wisconsin)

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Jerry Theide

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Tom Jerow
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Don Schnitzler

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 _____

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E-mail Address _____

Detach and mail this application with payment to:

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