Chester would also press the neighbor's sorgum, charging so much money per gallon of syrup. When the people couldn't pay for the milling, they gave Chester sorgum in trade.

The story is told that a neighbor, Dick Barter, brought sorgum to be pressed. When Chester had cooked the syrup, he poured the hot syrup into Dick Barter's ten gallon can. Dick didn't realize that when sorgum syrup cools it condenses. When he got home and looked in his ten gallon can, he was shocked and thought Chester had cheated him. A few days later, Dick Barter saw Chester at an auction and got into a discussion about the sorgum syrup. The discussion got pretty heated so Dick swung a horse neck yoke at Chester. Chester grabbed the yoke and proceeded to straighten out his neighbor.

In later years, Chester enjoyed being in his son Leslie's woods tapping the maple trees for their maple syrup.

The topic of schools and education were discussed. Teachers were often referred to as the "well-educated yellow man" according to Chester. In 1883, there were only five months of school (three in the fall and two in the spring). Chester recalls teachers receiving $30 a month which left only $20 after the fee of $10 was paid for room and board. However, in the earliest schools the teacher boarded free of charge by staying in the homes of the pupils. (I have read that the teacher sometimes received one dollar a month for each child and that a room was provided at the rear of the school. The firewood and rye flour were usually provided.)

In the school minutes of July 7, 1924, it states that Richard Barter received $90 for 40 cords of hardwood and Chester Fisk received $15 for 10 cords of pine. (Standard Press, June 7, 1973)

Ray Stannard Baker lived about 12 miles from where Chester

grew up and went to school about the same time as Chester did so the following account could describe the schools of that day. (Native American, page 99)

> "The school I went to was typically pioneer: a barren, weather-beaten building with one large room. An iron stove stood near the middle of it, into which in wintry weather the teacher, who was also the janitor, heaved great chunks of wood. During the winter term farm work being light, boy and girls from eighteen to twenty years old came in to complete their education - with mere children of six or seven. I did not understand it at the time, or course, but the pioneer school was not the real source of education in the community: that was in the life itself, the complete and self-sufficient life of the frontier, in which every boy and girl played a part and learned of life by hard experience such sound and practical lessons as no school could have taught them."

I have also read that in the early days there weren't any cookbooks as very few people could read and write. All the recipes were passed on by word of mouth.

However the settlers knew the importance of education and did their best to see to it that the children were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Uncle Rupert gave the following account:

> "We always used kerosene lamps and lanterns until we moved to Wolf Creek. Since the Cushing Light and Power Company lighted up the Cushing area, Dad went over to arrange with Abe Skone's dad, who was a big spoke in the company, to get them to run a line into Wolf Creek. Skone asked Dad if he thought he would be able to pay the monthly light bill and Dad got disgusted and came home. He bought an Electric Light plant of his own and set it up in the basement. He wired the house and barn, and when the REA (Rural Electric Association) started he and Leslie were instrumental in getting them to run a line into Wolf Creek."

Chester said, "Back-then people didn't run to the doctor for every little thing like they do now days. Now days the first thing comes to mind is 'go to the doctor'." He said that people helped and treated each other.

When the following article appeared in The Dalles Visitor-1970, Chester agreed that Mrs. Dombrock was correct. "Of course," says

Chester smiling, "I know a few more I could add."

Aggie Lipsett Dombrock was born in 1877 and was widely known for her home remedies. She was often called on for help in time of sickness and injury. Mrs. Dombrock learned the remedies from her mother who had learned many of them from the Chippewa Indians. The Indians used the trail that passed by their home just east of St. Croix Falls. Since her father, Phillip Lispett, spoke the Chippewa language, the Indians stopped by to talk and trade blackberries and fish for flour.

Among Pioneer home remedies used by Mrs. Dombrock were:

"To cure earraches, take the core of the onion (the small center piece), heat it and insert in the ear.

Earaches had many and varied 'remedies' in those days before antibiotics. Often times a few drops of warm sweet oil was dropped in the ear. Another remedy suggested for the painful infection was to have someone blow tobacco smoke into the ear.

For a sprain, use a poultice made of spikeweed root, pounded to a pulp.

For congestion of the lungs, make a linseed poultice and place on the chest.

Sarsaparilla---the woods around here were once full of these plants---was used as a poultice, as well as a refreshing drink.

For sore eyes, a poultice of tea leaves was found beneficial.

If you stepped on a nail, salt pork or raw onion could be bound on the wound to draw out infection. Wounds were also wrapped with moldy bread to draw out the infection.

A 'beneficial tea' was also made from the gray-green, fuzzy leaves of the catnip plant.

Warts were rubbed with the 'milk' which runs from the stem of the milkweed plant, or with castor oil to make then go away.

A toothache would be eased by putting into the cavity a bit of cotton soaked in oil of cloves.

Another good spring tonic was the familiar sulphur and molasses.

Bloodroot, mayapple, ginseng, foxglove, tea leaves, and many more nature plants were used to treat the ill."

Mrs. Dombrock admitted some of the remedies were "far-fetched,"

but others were based on experience and long tradition and brought relief to the ill.

Chester beieves that the people enjoyed themselves more in the olden days than they do now (as I wrote it in 1970). He says, "The neighbors were really neighbors and our good friends." The neighbors never hesitated to help one another with the work, but they also got together for entertainment-church socials, dances, masquerade parties, holidays, festivals, etc. The church social was an all day affair with the entire community involved.

"The dances were the likes of which you've never seen," commented an excited Chester. Dances were held in the homes of the various neighbors. All of the furniture was moved out of the room or to the far sides to make room for the dancers. Most everyone could play so they often took turns playing various instruments. However, the fiddle was the most important instrument. Each one would bring something for lunch, but both Chester and Aunt Pearl (Chester's second wife) agreed that they would much rather dance than eat when they were young.

May 30 was "Decoration Day" (as Chester called Memorial Day) when the neighbors, friends, and relatives came from far and wide to attend the services and often times the entire day at the Wolf Creek Cemetery. There were recitations, speeches, readings, prayers, and musical songs such as the Civil War favorites of "Marching Through Georgia" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". The program was followed by food and time to converse with each other.

The July fourth celebration was another big event in the community. Chester said that people were proud of their country and wanted everyone to know it. There was a lot of flag waving

along with the regular full day of fun-foot races, boating, sack races, dances, etc., but most of all Chester enjoyed the log rolling contests or burling contests. Once Wes Rogers and Chester won the log rolling contest in the Wolf Creek Pond so they shared the prize money of $2.50. "It was a real day of celebration, and we looked forward to it all year," said Chester.

The Polk County Fair Society was organized in 1894 for the purpose of encouraging farmers to improve the quality of their livestock and crops by competing for top honors. Chester's eyes would brighten as he told of the annual event.

When Chester retired to St. Croix Falls, he continued to attend the Memorial Day Services at the Wolf Creek Cemetery. Another yearly event that Chester looked forward to with eager anticipation was the Sterling Old Settlers Picnic which was held at Trade and Cowan Creek in the Barrens. Since he had lived most of his life in this area, he knew most of the old settlers. As the years passed Chester held the honor of being the oldest settler at the picnic. (He held the honor of being the oldest settler for many years.)

Chester was an ambitious man. He said, "All I've ever done is work." He recalled that it wasn't uncommon to walk from Wolf Creek to St. Croix Falls for groceries and then walk home again "carryin' packages of groceries". (It was about a 22 mile round trip.)

Chester was a carpenter and when he was in his seventies he built two homes. He lived in one and rented the other. The Fisks are good carpenters and seem to enjoy working with wood. (Chester's son, Dave, was a very excellent craftsman, and my husband, Doug, is also a very accomplished carpenter.) The following statement caught my eye and stresses the point further.

Chester and Margaret (LaFont) Fisk

1939

Mr. Pierce in his book, <u>Fiske and Fisk Family</u>, wrote that one of his assistants, Franklin Fisk, visited in Woodbridge in 1872 and visited a Mr. Samuel Fisk and his two sons who were prosperous business men. The father had left Laxfield forty years earlier and established a cabinet-making business. (p. 11)

When he was in his nineties Chester walked 'up town' (St. Croix Falls) in the morning and in the afternoon which amounted to about two miles a day. Once 'up town' Chester sat in Rupert's, his son's, real estate office and talked to whoever passed by. He also maintained a large garden, mowed the grass, and even shoveled the snow off his roof when he was 93 years old.

Margaret (Maggie) Fisk passed away very suddenly on January 12, 1946, at the age of 60 years and 18 days. Several years after the death of his wife, Chester married Pearl Louise Coe Doty (previously married to Allie Doty.) Aunt Pearl as she is called by Chester's family was born on March 25, 1883, in Eureka. They were married on July 16, 1949. (Chester and Aunt Pearl were married 25 years at the time of Chester's death.)

On New Year's Eve, Chester suffered a stroke. He was blessed with good health, good memory, and was active and alert till the day he went to the hospital. He died on January 3, 1975, at the age of 94 years, 7 months, and 21 days. As we mourned his passing, I couldn't help but feel that a great pioneer had left us. He was a living historian and now he had passed on.

His wife, Pearl Doty Fisk, now lives alone in their home on Hamilton Street or better known as the "River Road." She is mentally alert and does her own cooking, baking, and cleaning. Not bad when you consider she is 96 years old.

Sayings as we listen to Chester Fisk:

How's come?
Duggins---for Doug
Big Jim and Big Chris (Buddies: Jim Rogers and Chris Christensen)
Never heard tell
I don't think it.
Yorkstate---New York
You can't tell by the looks of a frog how far he can jump.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FISKS

Chester Fisk
Leslie Fisk
Douglas Fisk
Gary Fisk

The picture was taken at the 89th birthday of Grandpa, Chester Fisk, the day Brian Fisk was born.

May 4, 1969

CHESTER AND MARGARET FISK

Chester Lawrence Fisk
B: May 12, 1880
at Wolf Creek, WI
D: Jan. 3, 1975
Buried: Wolf Creek Cemetery
Wolf Creek, WI

Margaret (called Maggie) Helen LaFont
B: Dec. 26, 1885
in Shell Lake, WI
D: Jan. 12, 1946
Buried: Wolf Creek Cemetery
Wolf Creek, WI

Married: Jan. 1, 1903
by Chester's father, George C. Fisk,
who was the Justice of the Peace.

Children of Chester and Maggie Fisk (6):
(For more detailed information, see pages 42 through 49.)

1. Rupert Fisk
   Born: March 10, 1904
   He married Violet Marjory Beebe.
   They have three children:
   Dwight Fisk
   Max Fisk
   Marjory Fisk Rousselow

2. Harold Fisk
   Born: Sept. 7, 1905
   Died: June 28, 1962
   Buried: Wolf Creek Cemetery
   He never married.

3. Leslie Laverne Fisk
   Born: Oct. 4, 1907
   Died: April 2, 1970
   Buried: Wolf Creek Cemetery
   He married Helen Simpson.
   They have two children:
   Donna Jean Fisk Blair
   Douglas Fisk

4. Gertrude Mae Fisk Eibs
   Born: Sept. 30, 1909
   She married Edward Eibs.
   They have three children:
   Margaret Eibs Chinander
   Henry Eibs
   Donald Eibs

5. David Edmond Fisk
   Born: June 4, 1914
   Died: Sept. 30, 1969
   He married Marie Ruby Edna Holland.
   They have three children:
   Joanne Fisk Puffer
   Janet Fisk Secor
   Joyce Fisk Flemino

6. Eva Ellen Fisk Christopherson
   Born: Feb. 22, 1916
   She married Stanley Christopherson.
   They have one child:
   Shirley Ann Christopherson Wicklund

Leslie and Helen (Simpson) Fisk

July 9.1932

Douglas and Rosemary Fisk

July 3, 1965

From Left to Right:
Doug's sister: Donna Jean Fisk Blair
Rosemary and Douglas Fisk
Doug's parents: Helen and Leslie Fisk

July 3, 1965

EARLY HISTORY OF THE WOLF CREEK AREA

The Chippewa Indians were the first inhabitants of the valley. A treaty was made by U.S. Commissioner Henry Dodge, Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin, and the Chippewas ceding the upper valley of the St. Croix to the United States. The remainder of their land in this region was ceded to the general government in 1842.[1]

South of Wolf Creek at the site of what would later be called Nevers Dam was a place known to the early Chippewa Indians as "Sebatana" meaning "Place of flowing clear water". This was a ceremonial grounds where the Indians gathered in the fall and spring to pray and give thanks to their God.[2]

Quoting from an 1889 "Standard" telling about Nevers Dam, it says: "A human skeleton was unearthed at the gravel pit on the east side of the river. It is supposed to be the bones of an Indian, as there was once a trading post at this place."[3]

The Chippewa Indians lived in and around the St. Croix Falls area before the turn of the century. Ray Stannard Baker relates in his book, Native American, the following account:

> "Just beyond our village, a place called Quailtown, there lived a considerable settlement of Indians: many others were scattered about the county, especially along the rivers and on the lakes. They were fragments of the once powerful tribe of the Chippewa, degraded by liquor and the diseases of the white man, demoralized by the breakdown of the stern tribal usages which from time immemorial had constituted the morals and buttressed the religion of courageous and hardy people.
>
> "We often saw groups of Indians trailing into town to trade at Jim Thompson's store."[4]

Baker goes on to say how the Indians traded maple syrup, (black and granular with a strong flavor of smoke); venison, wild rice, and blueberries.

The last Indian dance in Taylors Falls was given by the Chippewas

in 1856. They came down the river in birch bark canoes with furs and cranberries to trade with Maurice Samuels in St. Croix Falls for whiskey (scottawaboo), as they called it. They stayed a week drinking and carousing. On a Sunday they came to Taylors Falls and gave a series of grotesque and laughable dances in the street opposite Folsom's store and then called for presents as tokens of friendship, gravely shook hands and returned "across the river to St. Croix."[5]

Baker also writes about the last Indian scare in the St. Croix Valley:

> "In the spring of probably 1877, not so long after the Custer Massacre on the Little Big Horn in Dakota in 1876, more or less nervousness existed in all the Indian country, and rumor had come from the wilderness of the Upper St. Croix that the Indians were dancing. A day or so later northern settlers began to arrive in town with their ox teams and their wagons piled high with their poor and scanty but precious possessions and all the babies.
>
> "It was later discovered the Indians had called one last ceremonial dance. It was to be religious, not warlike. It was to express the sorrow of the Indian over his last estate.
>
> "It was the last dance of the Chippewa tribe. A few years later most of them were removed to the reservation in the north of the state---a blessing to them and a vast relief to their white neighbors."[6]

The name of "St. Croix" has been attributed to various origins, but the two most common reasons for the name are given in Maggie O'Neills book as follows:

> "The most plausible reason for naming the river St. Croix was given by one Mr. LaHarpe who said, "This name is not ecclesiastical in its associations, but it is named after Monsieur St. Croix who drowned at its mouth." (Pge 3)
>
> And
>
> "One of the Jesuit priests noticed a rock formation in the Dalles on the Wisconsin side of the river below the old boat landing, which, when the rays of the setting sun fell upon it, formed an almost perfect cross. With a blessing he named the river St. Croix." (Pge. 17)

I am inclined to agree with Maggie O'Neill that the last report concerning the Jesuit priest is more romantic and beautiful.

Polk County was established by the Wisconsin Legislature in 1853 and was named "Polk" in honor of our eleventh President, James K. Polk.[7]

The first township was Leroy in 1852 and included all of Polk County. (Maggie O'Neill found Fort St. Croix listed between the dates of 1700 and 1703.)[8]

Moscow Township was organized in 1855, but the name was changed to Sterling Township about a year later. J.T. Cragin suggested the name "Sterling" after a town in Scotland where his people came from. The Eureka Township was organized in 1873.[9]

In 1846, Wolf Creek was but an Indian trading post. Dr. Samuel Daneen and his wife, Margaret, came to Sterling (Wolf Creek) in 1855. Here he became very active in the interests of the settlement. He was a doctor, lawyer, teacher, preacher, coffin-maker, miller, farmer, friend, and counselor for the whole community. He established the first post office which he named Avondale. (Avondale was later renamed Wolf Creek.)[10]

Dr. Daneen's home was a shack 12 x 14 with paper for window glass and a blanket hung for a door. Wolves came at night and ate the meat hanging outside on the walls of the shack. Supplies were carried on foot over Indian trails from St. Croix Falls.[11]

As soon as the early settlers had staked their homestead claims and erected their homes attention was given to starting a school. The first schools were simply a section of a home set aside for instruction, but when time and money permitted a separate building was built. The first school windows were placed high so that pupils could not gaze outside as they did their studies.

A William Trimmer owned the cabin where the first school was started at Wolf Creek. The town of Wolf Creek started up after the school began.[12]

The first Methodist Church was founded in Osceola in 1854. In Wolf Creek the beginnings of the Methodist Church were the sharing of the school and the church in the same building. (A new church was

built late in 1899, and it was dedicated in January of 1900.)[13]

The only road going north to the lumber pineries extended along the banks of the St. Croix River and passed through the settlement of Wolf Creek. This river road as it was called once carried supply wagons to the lumber camps in the pine woods and to the sparse settlement of immigrant farmers. (The original river road ran just below the present day River Road.)

Trimmer's Hotel (built by Wm. Trimmer in 1855) and Roger's Stopping Place (owned by Thomas Rogers in 1864) provided places for the Stillwater lumbermen to stay on their way "up and down the river."[14]

Forty years after the settlement of Dr. Daneen, Wolf Creek was an active settlement. As was mentioned the St. Croix River and the River Road brought a great deal of "traffic" to the area. The building of Nevers Dam in 1889 which is about a mile South of Wolf Creek also brought a lot of settlers and their families to Wolf Creek.

The population of Wolf Creek swelled (some say to 300 persons) around 1890. The thriving community consisted of a grist mill, a creamery, two blacksmith shops, a general store, a post office, a hotel or "stopping place", a log saloon, a bicycle shop, a millinery store, a Methodist Church, a schoolhouse, and a dance pavilion owned by the G.A.R. Veterans (Grand Army of the Republic or Veterans of the Civil War). There was also a Wolf Creek Dramatic Club that regularly put on programs and plays.[15]

FOOTNOTES

1. O'Neill, Maggie Orr, Early History of the Friendly Valley and Falls of St. Croix, 1957, p. 3.
2. Vezina, Rosemarie, Nevers Dam..............The Lumberman's Dam, 1965, p. 30.
3. Ibid, p. 23.
4. Baker, Ray Stannard, Native American, The Story of My Youth, 1942, p. 4.
5. O'Neill, p. 24.
6. Baker, p. 7.
7. O'Neill, p. 3.
8. Ibid., p. 15.
9. Ibid., p. 22.
10. Ibid., p. 20.
11. Ibid., p. 21.
12. Ibid., p. 22.
13. The Standard Press, June 21, 1973.
14. O'Neill, p. 21.
15. Vezina, p. 26.

NEVERS DAM

With the great population explosion of the 1800's came the demand for more and more lumber. It didn't take loggers long to realize the potential of the northern sections of Minnesota and Wisconsin where huge stands of virgin pine and hardwood forests grew. The loggers also realized that the St. Croix River with its tributary streams, such as the Namekagon, the Kettle, the Yellow, the Trade, the Rum, and the Snake provided a natural pathway for deliverance of the logs to the sawmills. Investors encouraged by the potential profits from the timber set up sawmills downstream at places like Stillwater, Minnesota. Settlers were encouraged to move to the northern sections of Minnesota and Wisconsin or "lumber country" as it was often called.

With the influx of more and more loggers and workers the wood cutters' heyday had begun. The amount of logs cut and floated down the St. Croix River and its tributaries in 1837-38 was 300,000 feet.

1847-48 ----- 26,000,000 feet

1857-58 ----- 135,000,000 feet

1867-68 ----- 183,000,000 feet

1877-78 ----- 183,000,000 feet and up to as high as 370,000,000 feet per year or better, had been sent to the mill.[1]

In their haste to get the logs to the mill, the loggers floated as many logs as possible downstream. However, there are several sharp bends in the St. Croix River as it meanders through the area, and the particularly narrow, rock-lined channel at St. Croix Falls became the scene of massive log jams in the years of 1865, 1867, 1883, and 1886. The biggest log jam of all occured in June, 1886 when about 150,000,000 feet of logs came all at once and jammed at St. Croix Falls. It took six weeks before the river was cleared of logs having used two steamers,

two engines, teams of horses and 200 men to help clear the area.[2]

Some of the jams held the logs for as long as 57 days thus holding up the work of the sawmills located downstream. It is believed that one log jam cost $75,000.[3]

The log jams not only cost a great deal of money, but it presented a severe hazard to the boating industry which the surrounding communities were dependent on for supplies, mail, new settlers, etc. Therefore, it became apparent that measures had to be taken to control the water and the logs.

The decision was made that a dam should be built upstream where the river was wide and could accomodate all the logs as they arrived from the pineries further north. The dam could then control the number of logs passing through thus preventing log jams and allowing more safety to the boating industry.

The site chosen for the dam was located about 1¼ miles south of Wolf Creek or eleven miles north of St. Croix Falls, on land owned by Charles Nevers. Charles Nevers had settled his homestead in 1860 and died in 1889 at the time negotiations were starting for the purchase of the land by the St. Croix Dam and Boom Company. The new dam was named Nevers Dam in honor of Charles Nevers.

The Nevers Dam site was chosen because the natural flow of the St. Croix River allowed enough room so the logs could be backed upstream 15 miles, and it also allowed for a 17 foot of head water. The head water served as a "head" when the water levels were low.

Work on the dam started in 1889 and concluded in 1890 at a cost of over $200,000.[4] The dam was 624 feet long. The money for the dam came from the St. Croix Dam and Boom Company who hired a Mr. Robert Lang as the engineer and builder. Mr. Lang was known throughout the nation as the inventor of the Bear Trap Gate.

During the construction in 1889, an electric light system was installed so the work could continue day and night. It was a carbon light powered by generators, and it alone attracted a lot of tourists as people had never seen electric powered lights before. Chester Fisk sighed as he said, "Boy, it really was something." (Chester was nine years old when the construction started, and since he lived only a short distance away, he watched "the 'hole thing".)

The majority of the construction was done by human hands, but steam powered pile-drivers were used to drive the piling. The dam was said to be the largest pile-driven dam in the world, but there isn't any proof to substantiate this.

During the construction of the dam, there was an average of 180 men employed, but the number of men did reach 280 men in late 1889. (Chester mentioned his brothers-Mason, Oscar and Bert-also helped on the dam. He could go on and on listing men who worked, but the names of Charlie Simpson, "Big Jim" Rogers, Wes Rogers, Supt. Jim Frawley, Charlie O'Neill, John Doty, Elias Blair, Tom Rainey, Christ Petersen, and many, many more were often repeated.)

The "Stillwater Gazette" of 1890 goes on to say, "There were in operation five steam engines, two planing mills, one saw mill, one electric light plant, several pile drivers, seven flatboats for moving stone, lumber, etc. besides a large number of horse and ox teams."[5]

Six railroad carloads of spikes went into the dam to hold the wooden structure together.[6] The inch square spikes were cut to various lengths at the dam site. "Since some of the timgers ranged up to 14 x 14 inches, some spikes were cut two feet long," says Chester. The men used augers to bore holes in the timbers and pilings before hand-driving the spikes in.

Mr. Lang engineered the great Bear Trap Gate at Nevers Dam which

was the largest in the world having a span of eighty feet.[7] At Nevers Dam the gate soon became known as the "Lang Gate." The Lang Gate was 80 feet long and 10 feet high and its sluiceway could handle a volume of 4,000,000 feet of logs each hour.[8] There were 13 other smaller gates.

The Lang Gate when open laid flat on the bed on the dam allowing water and logs to pass over it. The gate could be easily handled by a boy due to the advanced engineering involved. (The basic principle behind this was that the opposing water pressures against the gate allowed the gate to be opened or closed with little effort.)

Rocks and gravel were purchased from the local farmers and used as supports for the dam. In later years, due to rebuilding, the farmers continued to supply Nevers Dam with rocks as Doug's father, Leslie Fisk, hauled loads of rocks to the dam.

The St. Croix Dam and Boom Company had its own farm to supply food for the dam workers as well as the logging camps which operated during the winter months. The farm was adjacent to Nevers Dam and was operated by Bill Robinson. (Potatoes and rutabagas were big crops.) Robinson estimates there were between 300 to 400 head of cattle and countless hogs and horses raised on the farm. Milk was regularly hauled to the creamery at Wolf Creek. There was a blacksmith shop, stable, four barns, two silos, granery, ice house, buggy shed, and a sawmill.[9]

Chester Fisk's first job at Nevers Dam was working in the sawmill which paid $1.25 for a ten hour day. (The sawmill provided the wood for the needed repairs on the dam itself.) Chester had various jobs while working for the dam company, like operating a steam boat to break the ice above the dam and break log jams, working on the "sluiceway", the farm, and helping with the general repairs of the dam itself. "We all needed the money pretty bad," he says. The women stayed home and did the farm work with the help of oxen or mules. During the winter

months, the women knit mittens and stockings which the loggers were anxious to buy.

A big cook shack was the social center of the camp, and it was where the cook and his helper, called either the "bull-cook" or "cookee", worked. For some thirty years the cook at Nevers was a Charlie Olson. Charlie was a good cook and was very popular with the guys.

John Robinson went to work at the age of 12 as "bull-cook" or the cooks helper. Rosemarie Vezina in her book, Nevers Dam...the lumberman's dam, writes the following about him:

> "He'd set the table with the tin plates and cups, for as many as 80 or 90 men. The dirty dishes were dumped into a huge sink filled with hot soapy water and the dishwashing was done by simply stirring round and round with a wooden paddle. Forks, knives and spoons went into a sort of gunnysack that was swished over and over through the sink from end to end."

A gatehouse on the Wisconsin side of the dam housed the gate-tenders. A bunkhouse 20 feet by 30 feet, with bunks stacked three high, housed the workmen.[10]

On the dam itself there was a 14 foot roadway for wagon travel so people could travel back and forth from Wisconsin to Minnesota. In later years due to deterioration of the dam only foot travel was allowed. Doug's mother, Helen Fisk, said that when she was young they went to dances in Minnesota via the foot pass of Nevers Dam. Doug also remembers walking out on the dam.

After the construction of the dam was completed, as many as 30 men lived at Nevers Dam site to maintain the dam and to carry on the logging operation. However, the farm continued to provide food supplies for the crew and for the men in the pineries to the north.

The actual operation of the dam was successful. The drivers brought the winter's harvest of logs down the St. Croix River to Nevers Dam where the logs were held up until word came from the sawmills further downstream (Stillwater, Minnesota usually) that more logs were needed.

(Usually the rider came in on horseback with the message from the Taylors Falls wire service who had received the message from the Stillwater sawmill.) The Lang Gate was then opened to sluice through the number of logs requested. (Webster's Dictionary says sluicing is an artificial channel for moving solid matter on or in it.)

Chester spoke often of sluicing logs at Nevers. One time he recalled, "Dave Barter and I were sluicing logs at about 11 one night when Frawley (the foreman) came running out to tell us that President McKinley was shot." (That was in 1901.)[11]

Nevers Dam served the purpose for which it was constructed as it prevented massive log jams further downstream. However, the dam did serve a two-fold purpose as in 1903 it became a river control point and reservoir for the hydroelectric power dam about to be built at St. Croix Falls.

When the logging boom began to dwindle, Nevers Dam began to lose its importance. The last log was sluiced through in 1912 ending the wood cutters' heyday on the St. Croix River. The dam was acquired by the Northern States Power Company, and it continued to control the stream flow. Finally, the Nevers Dam served no purpose at all. One by one the buildings were burned.

The end of Nevers Dam came in the floods of May in 1954. The dam became unusable and was removed by a wrecking crew in the fall of 1955.

THE LOGGING CAMP

During the winter months the logging camps of Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota flourished. When the ground started to freeze in November or early December, lumberjacks trusted the chores to their wives and headed for the woods. They would not emerge until the spring thaw. The logging was done during the winter months because the snow and ice made it easier to "skid" logs out of the woods and onto the frozen river. (The insects and mosquitos of the summer months made working conditions unfavorable.)

Mostly white pine logs were cut as they floated easily down the river. There was a great deal of waste as all the hardwood trees were left behind as they were too heavy to float. Also left behind were all the smaller, imperfect trees, all the splintered trees and all the tops and branches. ("Why," says Chester Fisk, "they wasted enough logs to build a whole town.") After loggers ravaged the woods, dry branches were perfect kindling for forest fires. Fires often burned for weeks or months destroying nearly as much timber as was cut.

What took nature 50 to 100 years and in the case of some of the white pine many more years to develop, took an expert woodman only a few minutes to cut down.[12] However, the lumberjacks only did what they were told to do as the logging industry was the only business of the day, and it was one of the very few ways the first settlers could make some money. No one ever dreamed that the "big woods" wouldn't last forever.

There were hundreds of logging camps along the St. Croix River and its tributary streams of the Pine, Namekagon, Snake, Yellow, and Clam. Chester Fisk worked at the logging camp of Jim McGrath at White Pine, Minnesota, which is on the Snake River. Chester spoke often of "the year of Halley's Comet" (1910) as being a particularly

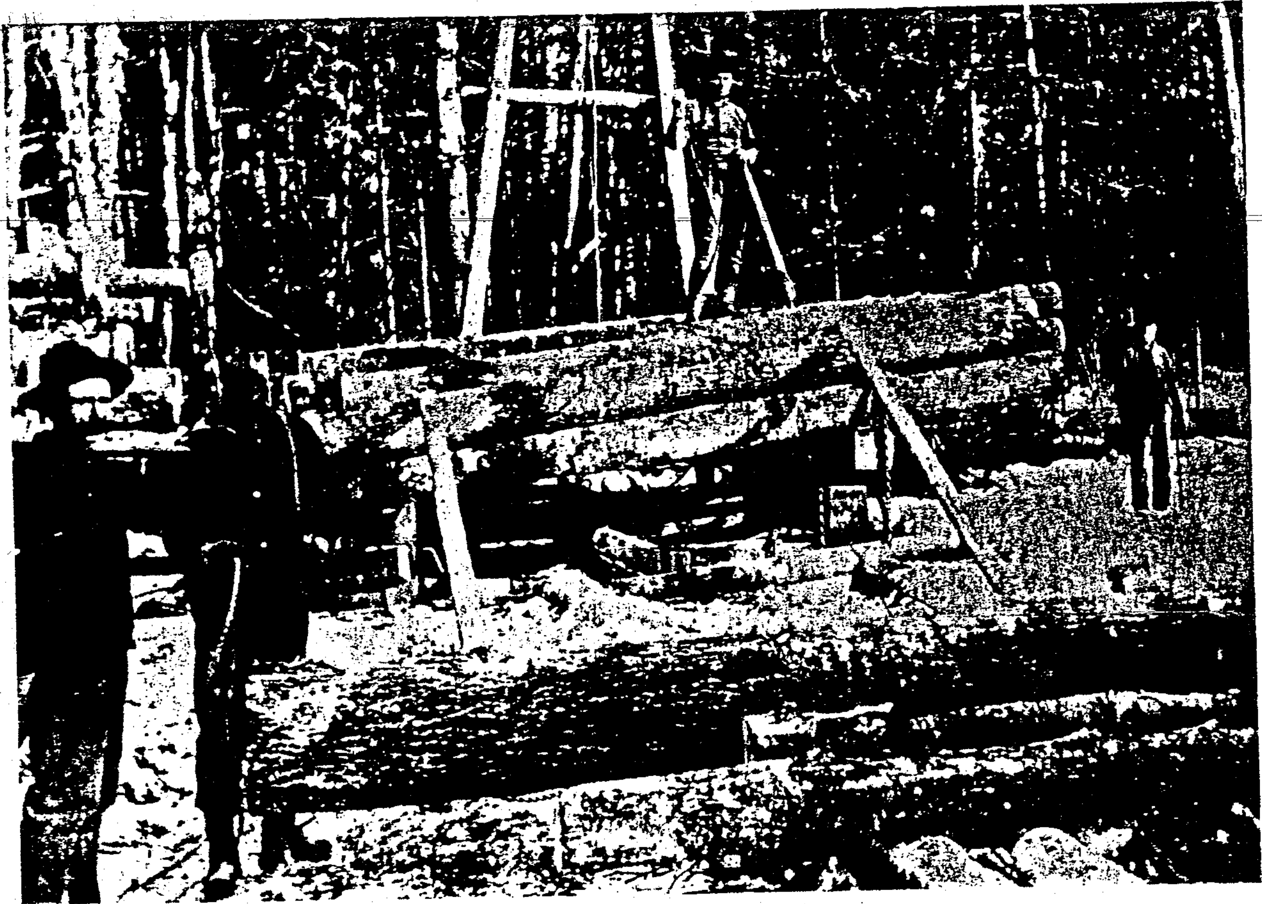
cold year with about 80 men in camp, but he says, "I went to camp the better part of my life." (I took this to mean: the happiest part of his life.)

The Foreman or camp boss was in charge and often had to act as physician, storekeeper, diplomat, law enforcement officer, and banker. The Foreman assigned various jobs to the men arriving in camp. There were those men who marked trees to be cut, sawyers who felled the trees and cut the branches and tops off, and men who cut the trunks in proper lengths. The "skidders" were the men who dragged or "snaked" the logs out to a roadway or central area in preparation of being taken to the river.

Before the logs were loaded it was necessary that the logs be scaled and marked. At the skidway the "scaler" made a record of the contents of each log in board feet to determine the number of feet of lumber each log would produce. Lumber is sold by board feet. A piece of lumber 1 foot wide, 1 foot long, and 1 inch thick is a board foot. Each log was then stamped or marked on each end (called the "end stamp") and the side (called the "bark mark") with the logging company's symbol so the logs could be identified when it reached the sawmill. (While floating down the river the logs of different owners were mixed and had to be sorted.) Three stamps were needed on each log because one or two were always under water. The marks were made with a few strokes of a very sharp ax in the hands of an expert.

Since the pine close to the river was cut first, the loggers had to move further and further inland as the years went by. This necessitated building more roads, hiring more men, bringing in horses or oxen, and securing low, wide sleds and loading equipment so the logs could be delivered to the river.

Chester worked on the loading crew (usually five men to a crew)



The Loggers

From left to right:

John Rogers, boss of the camp,

Chester Fisk

"Big" Jim Rogers standing on load

Al Brown

The picture was taken at Jim McGrath's Camp in White Pine, Minnesota, along the St. Croix River.

1910

"The Year of Halley's Comet"

that loaded the logs on a low-wide sled at the central area. The sleds were piled high with logs and pulled by oxen or horses to the river. The loggers took pride in how high they could pile logs on their sleigh. Chester thought a load might scale at as much as 17,000 board feet. The roads were watered to make them easier for the horses to pull the sled on, but when the road went downhill, crewmen called "road monkeys" had to throw hay or sometimes salt on the track to slow it. At the river, the logs were piled on the bank or on the river's ice in preparation for the spring thaw.

The Foreman and a building crew had built the bunkhouse, the cook shanty, and the barn during the summer months in preparation of the lumberjacks. (The earliest camps had only one shanty which the men, the cooks, and the animals shared.) The sleeping cabin was two or three logs high with bunks lined against the wall. The bunks were padded with straw, hay or balsam bows. Men used jackets for pillows and many slept in their clothes. It was a rule that everyone slept with his feet toward the center of the room.

In the center of the cabin was a stove or two and draped over ropes from the rafters above it "some 80 pair of wet wool socks hung stinkin' and steamin'," says Chester.[13] The smell of wet wool socks and chewing tobacco were smells the lumberjacks never forgot.

To add to the already crowded conditions of the sleeping cabins, teamsters often humg harnesses inside the building and the men brought in their equipment.

During the first days the sleeping cabin was filled with the strong scent of liniment as men rubbed it on aching backs and arms, but after a few days they became accustomed to the strenuous work.

A night watchman fed the stoves and roused the men at 5 A.M. yelling "Daylight in the Swamp" or by striking a gong. The lumberjacks

sat down to a big breakfast of usually pancakes "and the trimmings" which the cook and the cookee had prepared. After breakfast there was the long hike into the woods. (Often the walk was six or more miles.) "A fellow could ride in on the sled if he wanted," remarks Chester, "but who'd want to set on a sled and freeze in 40 degrees below? Most of them walked."[14] Rumor has it that the camps never kept thermometers for fear the men wouldn't want to work if they knew how cold it was. The men had to work regardless of the weather conditions.

Men as well as trees were expendable resources. Accidents were frequent for working with falling trees and sharp saws and axes are dangerous. "Them days they didn't figure on hospital fees or insurance, or such. If you got hurt too bad...got an arm or leg cut off, the men would take up a little collection among themselves, and see you got back home to your family. If you drowned, they'd try to find the body and ship it to the graveyard," says Chester.[15] However, there was very little sickness at the camp.

The cook and his helper, the cookee, delivered the noon meal to the lumberjacks in the woods. Many times the meal consisting of soup, beans, bread, and potatoes was frozen and had to be unthawed over the fire they maintained to keep from "freezin' to death." Usually though the meal was warm and served with very hot tea.

The first job Ed Simpson, Helen Fisk's Father, had at the lumber camp was delivering food supplies. Wolves often followed the sled smelling the carcasses of meat. Often he found it necessary to throw off a carcass to detain the wolves. Wolf packs were a real danger and the lumberjacks soon learned not to go off very far alone.

The lumberjacks knew that it wouldn't be quitting time until "the foreman couldn't see the end of his axe" or when darkness had settled across the land.

Supper was the principal meal of the day. The heavy work of the crews made their diet important. In addition to pork and beans, beef, potatoes, and a variety of garden vegetables, there were dried fruits (especially prunes), biscuits, doughnuts, cookies, tea, and molasses. "Good grub was about all we had to look forward to all winter long, and boy, we used to wolf 'em down," recalls Chester.

The Foreman set down rules that the lumberjacks were expected to follow. If the following rules weren't followed there was no food:

1) Absolute silence at meals except to ask for food.

2) Sit in assigned places.

3) You can't change places without permission.

4) You can't leave until everyone is finished. [16]

Most lumberjacks, by nature, were a rowdy group, but long working days generally kept tempers at a low keel. Men were dismissed for fighting or forfeited their precious pay.

The lumberjacks worked six full days for a dollar or less a day. (Although in some camps the lumberjacks earned additional money by cutting shingles on Sunday.) The men didn't get paid until late summer or whenever the logs reached the sawmill. Due to the lack of money, the men stayed on the job and were prevented from drinking or gambling away their pay. (The logging camps never allowed any booze of any kind, but the foreman usually saw to it that the men were well supplied with tobacco.) Rumor has it that a certain man was contracted to work for $20 a month less $4 a month if he left the woods early. The man was killed in the woods, so his widow received 20% less of his wages because "he left the woods early". [17]

The Foreman was paid the most, but a good cook commanded nearly as much. There is one old lumber camp saying, "If you have a bad cook you need two crews, one leaving and one coming." The Foreman was

The Foreman was very careful to select a good cook as the morale of the lumberjacks depended on the quality of their food.

Saturday night was the liveliest night at the camp as it was the only night there wasn't lights out by 9:00 P.M. For entertainment the men played card games (no gambling allowed) staged boxing or wrestling matches, or listened and danced to the music provided by the fiddlers and harmonica players. The lumberjacks even danced lively jigs with each other with one of each couple wearing an armband to signify that he was the "female" partner. The men enjoyed singing and often made-up "catchy jingles" or rhymes. Telling tall stories of the Paul Bunyan variety and pulling various tricks on one another added to their entertainment. One such trick was to pour molasses in someone's boot while they were sleeping and place it back under the bunk. The next morning "there sure was some grumblin'."

The only day off for the lumbering camp crews was Sunday and there was much to do in preparation of the next week so the day off was actually only a change of pace. Doing the wash, mending the clothes, and repairing logging equipment took most of the day.

Chester Fisk recalled Sunday as being the day "we generally killed the lice. The lice were a torment and some men would try to get rid of them by tossing their clothes outside on the roof of the shanty, hoping the lice would freeze. But they didn't and as soon as the clothes warmed up again, the lice would get busy." The freeze method failing, the men tried heat. "We'd heat flat irons on the fire and apply these to the underside to kill the lice."[18] Often times the men boiled their clothes in an attempt to reduce the louse population. There were others who claimed tobacco, liniment, camphor, or any other strong smell discouraged the lice. All the lumberjacks "were lousy" but they soon adjusted to the biting lice and the scratching didn't

seem to bother.

On Sundays there were also ax-throwing contests, bucksaw contests, lifting contests, and tobacco spitting contests. Seldom did the lumberjacks fight, but they used tough language and cussed at each other a lot.

In late March or early April, men usually started getting restless in the camps. The spring thaw would bring the start of the log drives and many of the lumberjacks were anxious to get back to their families and their fields.

The "SPRING DRIVE"

The excitement mounted at the logging camp as the river began to thaw and the logs slowly started downstream. (The river was the only way to get the logs from the woods to the sawmill.) The spring drive or the floating of the logs was possibly the most exciting and dangerous job of the lumbering era. The greatest loss of life during the lumbering era was attributed to drownings during the driving period.[19] Broken bones were common as was the loss of limbs.

The success of the drive determined whether or not mill owners would make a profit. The most profitable years followed a "clean" drive a term meaning all possible logs were gotten out of the woods and into the mills boom area. The good drive depended on temperature, amount of winter snow, thaw period, and amount of spring rain. (Low water was a hazard, but floods often carried the logs past the mills or left them high and dry along the streams.)

Lumberjacks commonly referred to as "drivers", "river pigs", "rivermen", or "white-water men" braved the icy waters to ride the logs downstream. (The men who never went on the drives were called "dry-feet" or "flat-feet".) The drivers as Chester referred to them, were quick, nimble-footed men who could hop from one log to another as it made its way downstream. None of the drivers wanted to walk along the shore when they could ride on the logs.

The driver's shoes were thick-soled leather boots armored with rows of metal calks on soles and heels to help the men keep a footing on the slippery, churning logs. "They were good boots," says Chester, "a pair would cost six dollars and last three years of drives. During the rest of the year, we'd pull off the thick, calked sole and wear them with the thin undersole for haying and harvesting on the farm."[20]

Most of the drivers carried pike poles, but some preferred to carry peaveys to pry and pick at the logs. (I could never keep the two poles straight as they both had sharp points on the end, but they were each used for different purposes.) Chester liked the pike pole because it was light weight and longer than a peavey or cant hock. The pike poles were also used to help the drivers keep their balance while riding rapids or fast current. The drivers took great pride in maintaining their balance. (Many times the drivers became so accustomed to certain poles that they would initial it as insurance against others using it.)

The most important duty of the drivers was to keep the logs moving. If the logs hit a rock or a bend in the river, a huge log jam could occur so the drivers were sent out in a bateau boat to pry them loose. (Bateaux boats followed the crew downriver. The bateau could hardly be overturned even in the roughest water. The boats were equipped with oars to move them around the turbulent water, and a boss stood on the stern yelling orders to the drivers.) When the jam was freed, the logs went with a "flash", and thus causing "many a man to smash a foot", says Chester. The drivers also rescued "strayed logs" that had become stranded on shore.

"In those days, the river would be so full of logs you couldn't see the water at all, for miles and miles," recalled Chester for the "Dalles Visitor" (1971). The article goes on to say that the trip was some 70 miles long, and it might take anywhere from two months "if there was a good stage of water" or it might last "well into July, depending on how often the logs jammed."

"Once the river drive started, we never had dry feet the whole time. If it rained all day, it was all the same to us. Men's legs would get sores up to the knees, from the water and sand inside the boots.

We'd try painting the skin with white lead or rub it with tanbark. That would tan and toughen the skin brown and hard as a hide, but it would keep it from blistering too bad," continued Chester.

~~Louie Blanchard recalled the following account:~~

> "Sometimes it was awful cold on a drive. We'd start early in the spring as soon as the thaw begun moving logs down the little cricks. It might snow most any time, and every night we might have a freeze-up that would hold the logs. I have waded out many a time to break the ice in the mornings and start the logs rolling again. My shins got so cold and so numb that I couldn't feel a thing. We'd whoop and holler and wade on in with our peaveys and break the ice enough to get them moving. When the lunch carrier come around, we'd build a fire and dry our clothes and get warm again. Of course, when we'd got our clothes dry and had some warm food inside us, we'd jump back in the crick when the first logs got hung up again."[21]

There were usually two big boats called wannigans following the crew as they went down river. The wannigans were about sixteen feet wide and about sixty feet long with flat bottoms. One wannigan was for the cook and the bull-cook, but the other wannigan carried supplies of tents, blankets, changes of dry clothes, a forge for the blacksmith, and other supplies. The "wannigan boy" from the supply wagon pitched the tents on the shore and secured balsam boughs to sleep on. "It was always cold and wet sleeping on the ground," says Chester, "but we usually had blankets."

The tents didn't have floors, for their main purpose was to give protection from rain, snow and possibly a few mosquitos who were always hungry. Louie Blanchard writes, "Mosquitoes sure hung around the camps, both big ones and no-see-ums, and about all we had to keep them away was tobacco juice rubbed on the face and hands and clouds of smoke from green brush on the campfire.[22]

Days started early for the drivers as they arose around 3 A.M. to take advantage of the water level. The drivers ate a quick breakfast and carried a lunch for around nine o'clock or whenever they had time to eat. A lunch carrier usually brought a light lunch for the afternoon,

but a large meal was waiting on shore for them when the days work was through. The men worked "all the daylight there was and never knowed Sunday from any other," bragged Chester.[23]

The pay was $4 a day which was very good wages. The pay could not be collected until the logs were put through the mill.

This story about the drivers or "river pigs" would not be complete without some quotations from Ray Stannard Baker's book, Native American. Baker writes:

"Loggers and river drivers swarmed in our town every spring when the "drive" came down---bold, shaggy, rough men in red or blue flannel trousers and mackinaw jackets. They lived in houseboats that were called wannigans and were adept in handling heavy bateaus with which they followed the logs down the river. One of the exciting moments of the year was the shooting of the rapids of the St. Croix, for the wannigans were sometimes wrecked---

"I admired the bold loggers shooting the rapids, often wading up to their waists in the foaming water. I was fascinated by the skill and strength with which they handled their cant hooks, rolling the logs from the rocks where they had stranded. After a day that began at dawn and lasted till sunset, their vitality still unexpended, they would engage in rough sports racing the log-jam in the pool below the rapids where if they missed a step they were cast into the icy water. Or, several of the nimblest of them would mount a huge log of white pine, and "cuffing" it under spiked shoes, would set it rolling in the water until all were thrown off except the winner, who would be greeted with a roar of enthusiasm from his mates.

"The rivermen often sang songs. There was a certain Wild Irishman who must have been an ancestor of Paul Bunyan. The chorus rang thus:

"Oh, Johnny be nimble
And Johnny be quick
And watch the Wild Irishman
Turning his trick."

"The Wild Irishman performed many miraculous deeds, but Ray Baker couldn't remember anymore verses, except for part of this one:

"I'll tell you the facts,
The Wild Irishman shaved
With a double-bit axe."

The performance of the "hootin' and hollarin'" lumberjacks was especially impressive to the younger boys who often started the art of log rolling at a very early age.

Edward Simpson, Doug's maternal grandfather, was also a riverman or a driver. Ed usually drove the logs all the way to the Stillwater Mill, and one year while the men were waiting for their pay, they decided to tour the Stillwater State Prison. The guide pointed out Jesse James and his partner, Cole Younger, who were famous outlaws of the day. Jesse James and Younger turned their backs as the men looked at them.

Sometimes a crew from the mill took over from the upriver crew and the upriver men were discharged at the Dalles or mid-point of the downriver journey. Then, the saloons of St. Croix Falls and Taylors Falls "saw some wild times. There was never a bunch like them," says Chester.

In conclusion, the following lumberjack ballad, "Casey Jones" was sung the night of the big jam on the St. Croix.

"Come all you drivers if you want to hear
The story about the St. Croix rear,
Old Charlie Stinson was the foreman's name (by thunder)
And the eighteen-hour system was where he won his fame.

Old Charlie Stinson run the drive that year
Tearing up and down the St. Croix rear.
He kept them bullies driving logs all day
From the nights of October to the end of May.

As Charlie watched the big dam fill
The bullies quit a yellin' and all was still
For Old Charlie knowed by the sluice gate yell
That before the night was over, they'd be drunker than hell.[24]

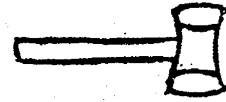
FOOTNOTES

1. O'Neill, Maggie Orr, Early History of the Friendly Valley and Falls of St. Croix, 1957, p. 15.
2. O'Neill, p. 16.
3. Vezina, Rosemarie, Nevers Dam...The Lumberman's Dam, 1965, p. 10.
4. Ibid. p. 17.
5. Ibid. p. 26.
6. Ibid. p. 12.
7. Ibid. p. 17.
8. Ibid. p. 18.
9. Ibid. p. 13.
10. Ibid. p. 13.
11. Ibid. p. 9.
12. The Eau Claire Leader, "Our Story 1776-1976", Vol. II, p. 62.
13. The Dalles Visitor, "Old Logger Recalls Lumber Days", 1971, p. 12.
14. Ibid.
15. Ibid.
16. The Eau Claire Leader, p. 48.
17. Ibid. p. 53.
18. The Dalles Visitor, p. 12.
19. The Eau Claire Leader, p. 49.
20. The Dalles Visitor, p. 13.
21. Wyman, Walker D., The Lumberjack Frontier, 1976, p. 53.
22. Ibid.
23. The Dalles Visitor, p. 13.
24. Wyman, p. 76.

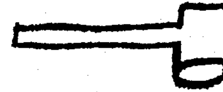
LOGGING TERMS

Ax or axe: an instrument with a bladed head on a handle; used for cleaving, hewing, chopping, etc.

Double-bitted ax: The head was sharp on both ends of the blade.

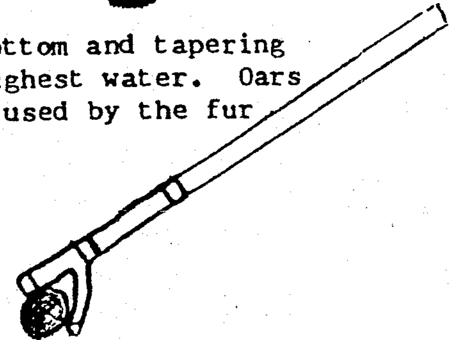


Single-bitted ax: The head was sharp only on one end.



Bateau: a light boat, expecially one with a flat bottom and tapering ends. It could hardly be upset even in the roughest water. Oars were used to propel it. (This French boat was used by the fur traders to carry furs.)

Bateaux: Plural of bateau



Cant hook: a wooden lever with a movable iron hook near the lower end, used for grasping and canting or turning logs.

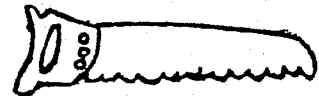
Camp Boss: Supervisor, but called on to serve as physician, storekeeper, diplomat, law enforcement officer and banker.*

Choppers: Men who in the earlier years used axes to fell trees.*

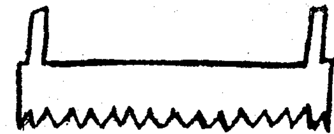
Clerk: Men who kept the wannigan records and recorded time men spent on the job. *

Crosscut saw: a saw made or used for cutting logs crosswise.

Crosscut saw: Only one handle on the end used by one man.



Two-man Crosscut saw: Two handles on either end of the saw so two men could saw logs in a back and forth motion.



Flooding dams: dams used to hold back water to make sure of sufficient supply to carry logs down river to the mills in the spring.*

Lookers: Sometimes called "timber wolves" sought the best timberland and registered claims so logging camps could be set up.

Peavey: A lumberman's cant hook with a spike at the end. (Named after Joseph Peavey, the inventor.)

Pike pole: a long, light weight pole with a point at the end, used for pushing logs.

Pineries: a forest or grove of pine trees.

Sawyers: men who cut the fallen trees into logs of proper length and trimmed branches from the trunk.*

Scaler: men who measured logs piled at landings to determine the feet of lumber the logs would produce.

Shanty boat: similar to the wannigan, but had an upper deck used as sleeping quarters, Because they tipped easily, the boat could only be used in shallow, quiet water.

Skidders: men who supervised dragging logs from the stump to skidways and onto the ice.*

Sluicing: an artificial channel of water for moving solid matter on or over it.

Swampers: men who kept the roads in repair and cut away brush for skidders.*

Teamsters: men who drove and cared for the work animals.*

Tote road: another name for supply road.*

Others: some larger camps also had a carpenter, filer, and a blacksmith and other personnel to keep equipment in good repair.*

* "Our Story 1776-1976", Eau Claire Leader, Vol II, p. 51.

POSTSCRIPT

Doug's folks, the Leslie Fisks, farmed at Wolf Creek and for many years rented land from the Northern States power Company. The land was once the river bottoms located only a half a mile north of the largest pile-driven dam in the world, namely Nevers Dam.

Doug and I spent many happy hours exploring the river bottoms when we were farming in the area (1968-1970). It was hard to imagine the area was once a flurry of activity.

Local people continued to pick "dead heads" until the late 1960's. Dead heads are logs that are completely submersed in water. The water preserved the logs, and when the water level was lowered, many of the dead heads surfaced. Doug's brother-in-law, Howard (Chuck) Blair and A. J. Rivard picked dead heads in the later years, and in 1957, Chuck Blair and Donna Jean (Fisk) Blair used his dead heads in the construction of his house.

A lasting tribute of the great logging era are the Wannigan Days now celebrated yearly by the cities of Taylors Falls, Minnesota, and St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. The Wannigan Days festival has many activities which include a parade, dancing, queens, and other entertainment.

IN SUMMARY

Now in 1979, there is hardly a trace of Nevers Dam. Where once the dam was the center of activity, the river now freely flows quietly and effortlessly. The St. Croix River has now reverted back to being a "Wild River" through Federal Legislation. Federal law prevents any more man-made structures on the river, and preserves the natural beauty of the wilderness of the river.

Also gone are the "unexhaustible" pineries of the days gone by, but hopefully, the lore of the lumberjacks and the dam will never be forgotten.

In dedication to two great lumberjacks - Edward Simpson and Chester Fisk - Doug's grandfathers.

Rosemary Stamm Fisk

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