section foreman Charles Bunde, barn boss Paul Hochfeld, logging train conductor Jay Kimball, logging contractor Stanley Berlick, rural mail carrier Walter Sell, boarding house cook Frank O'Grady and lumber office bookkeeper William Jehn. Among the nearby farmers were Bruno Mertig, Jacob Zimmerman, John Rein, Louis Rein, Fred Bay, Frank Bay, George Bauer, Fred Rast, Christian Rast and Jacob Segel. Also counted were ten laborers in a lumber camp.

With slow times in "Shana," former Nash employees began their exodus, as noted frequently in the columns of the Enterprise. Storekeeper Val Ballschmeider left for a farm at Gleason. Ed Dybvig went to Phillips, Frank Staadt to Goodman. In July, 1911, Max Greenfield was killed at Hibbing, Minn. John Johnson and Mary (Mrs. Al) McDonald died in 1913. The same year, the Sundquist house burned to the ground.

When W.E. Jehn reported to L.M Alexander of Nekoosa-Edwards on May 15, 1912, regarding "Mellen Lumber Company: Shanagolden Operations," he measured the village houses and provided Alexander with the names of these owners: Emil Kunsch, Frank Staadt, W.E. Jehn, James Peterson, Louis Kretlow, Nekoosa-Edwards, Christ Hanson, Chas. Bunde, Wm. Treutel, Christ Krause, Max Greenfield, D.F. Tyler, Mellen Lumber Co., J.W. Cloud, A.L. Girard, Julius Lassa, Robert Elliott, Joe Tomaier, John Johnson, Gus Wivagg, Anton Gabur, Ernest Werth, Wm. Wilson, Anton Sand and Julius Snortum.

Jehn noted other buildings: a barn for 15 teams and 6 cows; a "barn house;" a boarding house 58' X 28' with a wing 28' X 50'; a boarding house annex with 20 single sleeping rooms and a lobby; a store 26' X 50' and a warehouse. Two dwellings had burned down and there were also listed other buildings of no value.

Their stay in the village did not last long. Already in 1912, the Mellen company decided to close its Shanagolden shops, offices and warehouse. For the near future, they would conduct all their local business out of headquarters in Glidden.

Shanagolden's identity as a community suffered further when the post office closed on August 10, 1912. Without a lumber company to provide localized activity, filling the position of postmaster became too difficult. Postal service after April 1 of the following year was provided by a rural delivery route from Glidden. Further severing of ties to downtown "Shana" came when the railroad bridge across the Chippewa River burned in September, 1912, temporarily stranding Engine No. 2 of the

Mellen Lumber Company.

Even in the face of attrition, life began anew for some; babies continued to be born in Shanagolden, to parents such as Mr. and Mrs. George Lorge and Mr. and Mrs. Cormican, both in January, 1912. Intimations of former liveliness of other sorts came from time to time with the arrival of "strangers seeking employment" in a logging camp nearby or a crowd of hunters from Grand Rapids "camping in the Lasse residence" but the moments were illusory and fleeting.

The Sheffield

Guy Nash's correspondence related to Shanagolden diminished in quantity and quality after his departure as manager. On July 8, 1912, he received a letter from Vernon Nason of Park Falls who wanted to purchase one of the two motor cars that had operated on Nash Lumber Company railroad tracks. Nash told Nason to take the matter up with the owner, the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company. "When I was at Shanagolden we had only one Motor Car and that was the Sheffield," Guy said. "which by now may be pretty well worn out although it was in good shape when I went away."

Improvement Club

An issue that continued to arise for Guy was that of the Shanagolden Improvement Club, which had lost nearly all its original members. An unsuccessful attempt at reorganization was made in January, 1912, at the home of Mrs. W.E. Jehn. Mrs. W.J. Wilson hoped to organize a new club and wanted Guy's permission to use the "hall and library." Guy said the proposal met with his approval. In his opinion, it would be better to have the building and books used than have them lie idle.

A letter written December 16, 1912, from Mrs. M. Noll, secretary-treasurer of the club, to Guy at Grand Rapids, gives a pretty good idea of the way things were going in Shanagolden.

A piano had been purchased by the Improvement Club with Guy's permission. "For 1 year things went all right then one after another left the town and at last their was but five ladies left and the piano was but half paid for," wrote Mrs. Noll. Rather than give up the piano to the "Piano Man," it was sold, the debt was paid and

the remainder was to be divided among the members.

Whatever the organizational structure of its governing body, the clubhouse continued as a community center for social events and town meetings. Mrs. Noll said a Christmas program was being planned for the 45 children that remained in the area.

Mrs. Wilson put forth another inquiry in 1913, this time to L.M. Alexander of Nekoosa-Edwards, in which she hinted that she might want to buy Guy's former home. Guy told Alexander that neither Mrs. Wilson nor her husband, "Jammer Bill," would be able to afford the fabled House in the Woods "in a hundred years." Maybe John Graham, an old friend of Guy's, would be interested, if he could get some farm land along with the house.

Al McDonald on May 22 wrote to Guy that the deed to the Shanagolden Club Hall had been signed by all the trustees of the Shanagolden Improvement Club, giving them ownership of the building. At the same time, the building was cleared of some rarified residue from the days of glory. Books that had constituted the Shanagolden library were being shipped to the Nekoosa institution. Guy told McDonald to pick out some books for himself: "you sure have them coming."

Moving Day

In the years following 1912, many village houses were vacated, but some only temporarily, as developments showed. By horse team and railroad flatcar, buildings were moved from Shanagolden to Glidden for reuse as residences. The January 16, 1914, Glidden Enterprise said Jake Mohr was at that time preparing to move six houses, all contracted for by new owners. "His only obstacle is Ziburski's hill and Jake has it all doped as how he will go up that grade in a hurry." A March issue said the only injury to the latest building moved by Mohr was a little cracked plaster. In April, Mohr moved his own family into a house he had moved to "Park Row" in Glidden.

The remaining stock of houses in the village continued to be depleted by moving. In 1915, misfortune accompanied one such transaction. As the Swanson boys helped raise the house in Shanagolden destined for Henry Lau in Glidden, a jack slipped and "Uncle Willy" Swanson, struck in the temple by a protruding object, was killed.

The March 21 Enterprise reported Guy was in Shanagolden

attending both to business matters for himself and "the Nekoosa-Edwards people." In the autumn of 1913, Guy traded what he called "time and expense" in a Nekoosa-Edwards court case for $50 worth of light fixtures and chandeliers from the House in the Woods, which he transported to Grand Rapids.

Shanagolden Investment Company

In a few years, most of the Nekoosa-Edwards land in Ashland and Sawyer counties had been lightened of its lode of valuable timber. With no further interest in holding the property and paying taxes on it, Nekoosa-Edwards formed the Shanagolden Investment Company, in 1914, to advertise and sell as much of the cutover as possible.

The investment company business office was at Glidden but the main office was in Port Edwards. The owners were: Howard Myers, Glidden; W.G. Hanna, Ogdensburg; Guy Nash, Grand Rapids; E.C. Knoernschild, Milwaukee; J.G. Rosebush, Appleton; and L.M. Alexander, Port Edwards. Alexander, who had replaced Thomas E. Nash as president of Nekoosa-Edwards, was also president of the board of directors of Shanagolden Investment Company. Former manager of the entire Shanagolden enterprise, Guy Nash, was not named a director.

"No one expects to get something for nothing, but here you can get bigger-measure for less money than is known to exist in any portion of Wisconsin," the investment company brochure claimed. There would be opportunities for rich man or poor: "The – sure to come – large population in this favored section assures plenty of good neighbors and all the conveniences that go with old settled countries." That the soil would yield large returns was demonstrated by a display in Myer's Glidden office where the client could view grains, grass, alfalfa and produce which Myers said had all been raised within a few miles.

The big tract available for sale began about two miles from Glidden and was said to contain 30,000 acres. A railroad running the whole length of the property insured that new towns would pop up like mushrooms along the line, raising land values throughout. Supplementing the railroad were the "celebrated Ashland County turnpike roads." "We take all our prospective buyers to the lands in automobiles and never have to lay up on account of bad condition of the roads, for the condition never is bad," claimed the company.

The investment company offered to sell 40 acres for as low as $100 down, the remainder on a five year mortgage, estimating that, "This land can be cleared for an average of $25.00 an acre exclusive of the products." In winter, there would be plenty of opportunities to make extra money cutting timber – expected to last another twenty years. "Any man that is seeking work at odd times or steadily can get every advantage that the large lumber companies afford in getting employment." The future of the investment company lands would not be maintained by sawmills, "that come and go, but by the development of the farming country."

Testimonials of agricultural success during the years 1912-1915 were provided by alleged settlers, such as L.W. Krake, Bruno Mertig, Joe Meyer, Charles Kinne, John Remington and H.F. Wilsmann. The main appeal went to urban dwellers who could buy a small home "in this good country," put on a cow or two, a few chickens, and, improving a few acres each year, "be your own boss, dispel anxiety and the accompanying vicissitudes of city life, and then tell us that investment is not profitable?"

One customer was apparently impressed enough by the literature and, it is said, by shoulder-high grass along the logging roads, to buy about 1,000 acres – F.C. Sheldon, a farmer from Grand Meadows, Minn. Sheldon tried to revive the "old stock farm" south of the village, according to an August 7, 1914, Glidden Enterprise and was expected to go into cattle raising on an extensive scale. About 60 acres were available for grazing. The rest was "slashing" – "but equally good for grazing purposes."

The physical plant of the old sawmill complex continued to decline. In October, 1915, according to the Enterprise, the planned removal of a portion of the Shanagolden dam was postponed, but only when the state conservation commission was served with an injunction by the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company. No longer of use for lumbering, the dam had come in handy for illegal midnight fishing with dip-nets. Several arrests were made in May, 1914, evoking this comment from Enterprise editor Matthew J. Hart, "Any law abiding citizen is well satisfied in seeing the game-hogs prosecuted, and the work of the game-wardens has the hearty support of right thinking people."

Meanwhile, if a few settlers showed up, they seemed to disappear just as rapidly. Lawrence Valier, a new arrival in the Town of Shanagolden had not been seen for two weeks. Search

parties had failed to find Valier and it was expected that he was lost in the woods.

Ashland County Farm Land Company

Good news seemed to arise in February, 1916, when the Enterprise said a "Bohemian colonization group" would purchase the holdings of the Shanagolden Investment Company, including the "40,000 acre" tract of land, numerous empty buildings, the sawmill ruins, most of the houses of the village and the Nash residence.

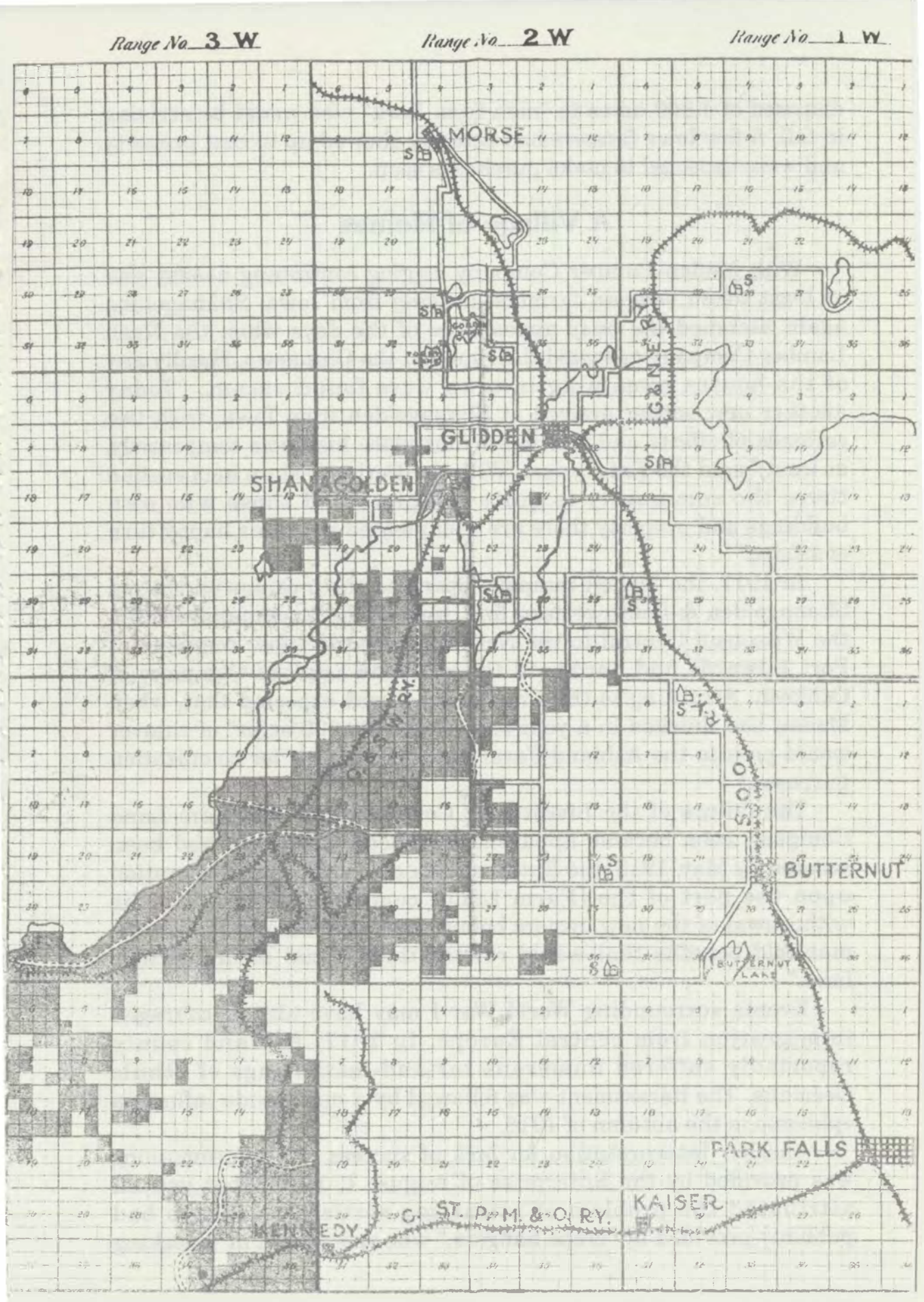
The $800,000 deal, when consummated, would be the largest in cut-over lands ever transacted in Wisconsin, claimed the newspaper. The "Bohemian capitalists" were believed to hail from Chicago, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis and Cedar Rapids. They would settle experienced Bohemian farmers from central Iowa and Illinois in an agricultural colony to raise and cooperatively market pure-bred cattle, grains and vegetables. Intended to be interdenominational in religion, the settlement would include a church and orphan home.

On March 31, when the Ashland Farm Land Company was incorporated with a capital stock of $10,000, the owners were listed as Michael Nowak, Frank Nowak and Ben Nowak, all of La Crosse. An April advertising campaign was supposedly launched in Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Des Moines.

During this period, the Enterprise continued to expect colony offices to be opened in Glidden and Shanagolden. "In a few weeks the advance guard as it were of others who will interest themselves in our land will arrive at Shanagolden," F.J. Nowak told the newspaper. Nowak planned to live in the old Nash residence, the House in the Woods, into which some furnishings had been placed.

As an ethnic institution, the Ashland Farm Land Company would not be unique in the cutover. A small colony of German farmers from northern Minnesota had settled in Mellen during the past year. Similar communities had been developed in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan for Finlanders, Danes, Slovaks and Swiss.

For a while, the Glidden newspaper remained optimistic and boosted the Farm Land speculators as well as it could, claiming that three farms were sold to "Nebraska parties" and that "others" had visited the choice farm lands. The company said it had



Nekoosa Archives

Nekoosa-Edwards lands, 1915

disposed of 4,000 acres to "men from Iowa" who would be arriving in fall. A few Iowa farmers had actually showed up to rent property and were expected to make purchases soon.

A Village of Homes

With Mellen Lumber Company logging continuing nearby and at least token yeoman farmers arriving from Iowa, Shanagolden again assumed the busy appearance of the days when the Nash Lumber Company operated their mill on the Chippewa. Hardly any of the houses remaining in town were found vacant. "Today another new settler arrived at Shanagolden from Iowa, with two carloads of effects and will make that place his home temporarily, at least," said the Enterprise. "With the Deringer store in operation there the community is quite complete and those who own buildings and property there are well pleased with this happy turn of affairs."

In 1917, the Mellen company operated three camps on the old Shanagolden & Southwestern line, sending hemlock pulpwood via the Wisconsin Central to the Nekoosa-Edwards paper company at Port Edwards and hardwood to the Paine Lumber Company of Oshkosh. According to the Enterprise, it was expected that, when Mellen had finished in a year or two, the "30,000 acres" of cutover would pass to the Ashland Farm Land Company, "for colonization purposes."

The failure of the Investment Company and the Farm Land Company soon became apparent. Prospective settlers had been secured by May, 1918, the Enterprise said, "but lack of co-operation upon the part of the [Farm Land] company, resulted in the withdrawal of the new owners before they were able to realize the manifold benefits that would reward their initial labors on new land."

Events surrounding World War I may have also discouraged immigration from central Europe. In 1917, Ashland county reportedly suffered numerous tar-and-featherings of ethnic Germans. The harassment was followed by a nationwide influenza epidemic in the autumn of 1918.

Another interpretation for lack of success in the promotions was provided by the Enterprise of August 1, 1919. That journal attributed the problem of attracting settlers mainly to bad publicity provided by "crepe hangers," who specialized in "knocking

the other fellow, the community, the climate and everything at large, so that the prospective settler feels lucky when he gets safely out of the section."

When September, 1919, marked the closing of what they called one of the biggest logging jobs in northern Wisconsin, the Glidden Enterprise reviewed the history of Shanagolden. It said that, in 1904, a paper mill had been planned by the Nash Lumber Company but insufficient water power had reduced the project to manufacturing lumber only.

The village continued to suffer from the downward trend of events. In 1919, Mellen pulled out its railroad tracks and moved to Glidden offices, vacating the Shanagolden headquarters entirely. "These buildings are now offered for sale and when removed the last vestige of a big undertaking will be gone," said the Enterprise.

A Lumber King's Son

About the time the phantom Bohemian rush had passed, a young couple, little experienced in northwoods lore, paid Nekoosa-Edwards $4,200 for the again-empty House in the Woods. The new owner, Lemuel Wood, was a postal carrier from Glidden. His wife, May St. John Wood, wrote a booklet of reminiscence about her home on the Chippewa River, "where once a lumber camp had existed."

"A lumber king was locating there, and asked his son to manage the operation. His son had just married a city girl, and hopefully to keep her happy, her father-in-law had built this lovely house. It had hot water heat, full basement, electricity, 2 large fireplaces, a full bathroom, a heated bedroom on the 3rd floor for the little maid.

"Of course this bride had to have a maid, and under the dining table was an electric button for the bride to summon the maid from wherever she was. A full attic was above the rest of the house ... good for drying clothes on wet or cold Mondays.

"There were windows with wide ledges. One day I noticed writing on one. It read, 'I am so lonely here without family or friend. I wish I could go home.'"

When Mrs. Wood moved to Shanagolden, the large Nash company barn, boarding house and other buildings stood empty and unused across the road. In the village were a two-room school house and the former clubhouse, which had become the

Shanagolden township hall. Mrs. Wood said she was acquainted with the inhabitants of the eight houses that remained in the village: the Iversons, Nelsons, Sands, Heyels, Tomaiers, Eders and Kunsches. On the outskirts of town were the Bays, BeBeaus and Polzines. The family she knew best were the Mertigs, she said.

May Wood's time in Shanagolden was an initiation for her into the rustic life. The first time she saw a pileated woodpecker stalk out of the woods near her house, she thought it was the Devil. "Sometimes the neighbor's cows ate the grass along the highway. Once I saw one with long horns lift the top pole on our gate and push it aside far enough for her and her lady friends to come in and eat our grass. I was supposed to chase them out! I was afraid of cows. I stayed in the house."

The long, cold winters were too much for Mrs. Wood to bear. She found out that, at times, there was no way out but by snowshoe! In December of their last year, the Woods moved to an apartment in Glidden, returning to the Shanagolden house in April.

Largely because of the isolation, the four years she spent in Shanagolden became the most important of her life, said Mrs. Wood, who, at the time of this book's writing, lived at Whitewater, Wisconsin. "I was so lonesome, I reached, I touched, I learned, I grew," she wrote.

A Sorry Sight

On May 10, 1925, the Glidden postmaster, Charles H. Roser, wrote Guy in Grand Rapids to tell him some bad news about the House in the Woods. A fire had started in the attic on the north side. "It was a quiet night and the flames gradually enveloped the entire structure. When I got there the building was a burning mass. It really hurt me to see it go. All that remains is the tall chimney at the south side.

"When Mrs. Wood discovered the fire, it had gained considerable headway; although, had there been any fire protection whatever, the building could have been saved."

May Wood's own account of the fire dates it on a windy May 8, 1925. At noon, she heard a roar and found a whirlwind roaring down the kitchen chimney and blowing flames between the bricks. After supper, she took her three-year-old son to his sand pile and looked up to see flames coming from the house. Neighbors quickly

arrived to help move everything possible out of the house.

"One of the girls carried our supper dishes to the garden fence, dropped a knife, and some time when that area is plowed, a silver knife will turn up," Mrs. Wood wrote.

The Swanson Place

Another family who came to Shanagolden about the time the Woods did, stayed much longer. Born in Russia in 1900, Olga Polzine was fifteen when she and her family moved to a house that itself had been moved from Glidden to a farm near Shanagolden.

While Olga's father made a living as a railroad tie maker, she also profited on a small scale from forest products. "My dad said, if you want to make a little money and get yourself a phonograph, you go and haul logs," she said in a 1990 interview.

Olga was married on June 19, 1921, to Harry Albert Swanson. Among positions held, Harry had been a cook at the Mellen Lumber Company's Camp 6.

In 1923, the Swansons bought a former company house in the village of Shanagolden from Nekoosa-Edwards. Later, Harry and Olga bought additional "city" and "river" lots until they owned the industrial location on both sides of the Chippewa.

Harry didn't want the old lumber company buildings. Instead, Carl Mohr bought the store and the boarding houses from Nekoosa-Edwards and tore them down for lumber to build his own house in the countryside nearby.

Remaining for the Swansons' use were the barn and the now-red "farmhouse" that Guy Nash and his bride had stayed in as newlyweds. In winter, the Swanson children and friends jumped into the hay on the second floor mow of the barn and in spring cleared an area for barn dances, using combs and cigarette papers for musical instruments. The red house was used to store potatoes and vegetables – and dynamite caps that were used in clearing the large pine stumps from the pasture.

An ice house near the road housed, besides ice, farm machinery and pigs.

The old foundations of the Nash Lumber Company buildings were good places to sit on while Dad went for the cows. Although Harry didn't attempt to support his family completely by farming, the Swansons grazed sheep, cows and horses along the Chippewa.

After their marriage, Harry bought a new 1923 logging truck

Gladys Rast

At Swanson's in in the 1940s: Janice Wallow, Marie Wallow, Dorthy Patrick Donz Tank, Gloria Swanson Fleischfresser, Donald Wallow. Background: ice house, barn and red "farmhouse"

Rast

At Swansons, 1945: Gladys Swanson Rast leaning on tree. Background: ice house left, Swanson sawmill

Rast

Glen Rast at Joe Alt's shack, 1968

Engel

Shanagolden sawmill, 1989

and ran a logging camp which he built near the "Ding Dong" near what is now Highway 77. During 1928-1932, the whole family (and the livestock) lived several winters at the Ding Dong camp. Olga cooked for the camp workers: George Swanson, Ed "Hickey" Eder, Elsworth Halberg, Alfred Thompson, Joe Alt and others. In the spring, Mom and the three girls, Gloria, Lorraine and Gladys, moved back to "Shana" while Harry continued to log and Olga took care of the animals at home.

During the period from 1926 to 1930, the Swansons ran a gas station in front of their house. They also sold cigarettes, candy and light lunches. The place was busiest when dances and parties were held at the town hall.

Most of the family's income came from Harry's small sawmill on the west bank. To earn extra cash, Olga helped peel hemlock bark for tanneries. Cash was also brought in by the sale of young livestock.

The Swansons acquired what was left of the sawmill: the walls of the boiler house, standing like a ruined fort across the river. "During an electrical storm it was very common for the mill to be struck by lightning several times," said Olga Swanson's 1930-born daughter, Gladys Rast, of Glidden. "Then we'd go over to see what damage it had done. We'd clean up the bricks and sell them." In this way, bricks from the Shanagolden mill were used in chimneys and fireplaces from Park Falls to Ashland. A large steel beam from the mill was sold to salvage dealers who cut it up and hauled it away.

Even after she married Glenwood Rast, of Shanagolden township, Gladys liked to wander the mill yard looking for hidden treasures. She remembers particular joy in finding an old blue pop bottle imprinted "Ashland Brewing Co."

In spring and summer, the dam and bridge became popular fishing spots. When bringing the cattle home, the Swanson children had to clear the bridge of fishermen in order to cross.

Some of Gladys' sweetest memories of Shanagolden, she has written, were of summer evenings at the swimming hole between the Swanson bridge and the Burnt Bridge. "You would find a low bush or a big tree and change into your swimming gear in a jiffy and plunge with a whoop and dash into the river. The feel of the cool and refreshing water after a day in the hayfield or shocking oats was very relaxing."

In the time of the Swanson farm, many families who remained

in Shanagolden had no water of their own and carried it from the school pump. The white two-room school became the village social center. The twilight dusk around the school was brightened by the shouts of children in their eternal game of "Hide and Seek" or "Andy, Andy, Over" – until the sky became dark – and, Gladys said, "we would scatter with a quick 'Good-night.'"

Joe's Shack

Old Joe Alt worked many years in the logging camps for Harry Swanson and Harry liked him. When, in the 1930s, he was getting on in years, Joe wanted to come and live with Swansons. This didn't suit Olga. Although he was well-liked and had a rough sort of charm, Joe stunk. His black hair was greasy, his clothes grimy and his dark skin covered by layers of dirt. So Harry built Joe a shack on part of the old foundation of the store building across the highway from the town hall. Here, Joe could live out his life.

Harry asked Joe why he didn't go down to the river and take a bath.

"I heard of people drowning in the river," Joe said.

One day after Joe had lived in Shanagolden for a few years, he did not come out of his shack for a long time – so long that young Bobby Wane, Harry Swanson, Jr. and some boyhood friends thought they should investigate. They found the door to the cabin locked from the inside. After considerable persuasion, Bobby crawled through the window.

It was he who found old Joe lying dead with a cat sitting on his chest.

Ghosts Along the Chippewa

Aunt Minnie Swanson Halberg let her visit go on too long and stayed at the Swansons until dark. Because Minnie had seen ghosts in the field by the river, she was afraid to walk home alone. So Harry and Olga walked with her.

As they passed the N.J. Nelson place, coming toward Halberg's, Harry teased Minnie, "Look over by the barn," he whispered. "There's a ghost."

About that time, Mrs. N.J. Nelson, who had been waiting out of sight nearby, called out loudly, "Boo!"

"Dad jumped and screamed as well as the others," said Gladys Rast.

Houses in the Woods

In 1935, according to an assessor's tabulation, there were ten houses in the village of Shanagolden, belonging to Emil Kunsch, John Eisch, N.J. Nelson, Frank Bay, Harry Swanson, Helena Segal, [Herbert] Nelson, Joe Tomaier, Ed Sundquist and Anton Sand.

Adjacent to the platted village, the ruins of Guy Nash's old house and 105 acres, more lately owned by Lem and May Wood, were purchased on April 24, 1934, by Joseph Killinger. Although it was something of a mis-fit, Killinger placed a house which he had moved from Glidden's White City onto the old foundation of the Nash house.

The house and land were later sold to Gunder Kunsch, of Shanagolden.

In 1976, Steve and Rita Parmeter Alf bought this second and somewhat diminished "house in the woods," in their own move "back to the land." Steve, a carpenter, added rich woodwork inside and a sauna out back. Rita, a nurse at the Park Falls hospital, is a native of Wisconsin Rapids, the home town of the Nashes.

Down Shanagolden's nearly vacant main street, Olga Swanson still lives in the house she moved into in 1923. Her husband, Harry Swanson, died February 21, 1969. In 1973, an arsonist burned the Nash company barn. Most of the Swanson property is now owned by Harry and Olga's son, also named Harry Swanson.

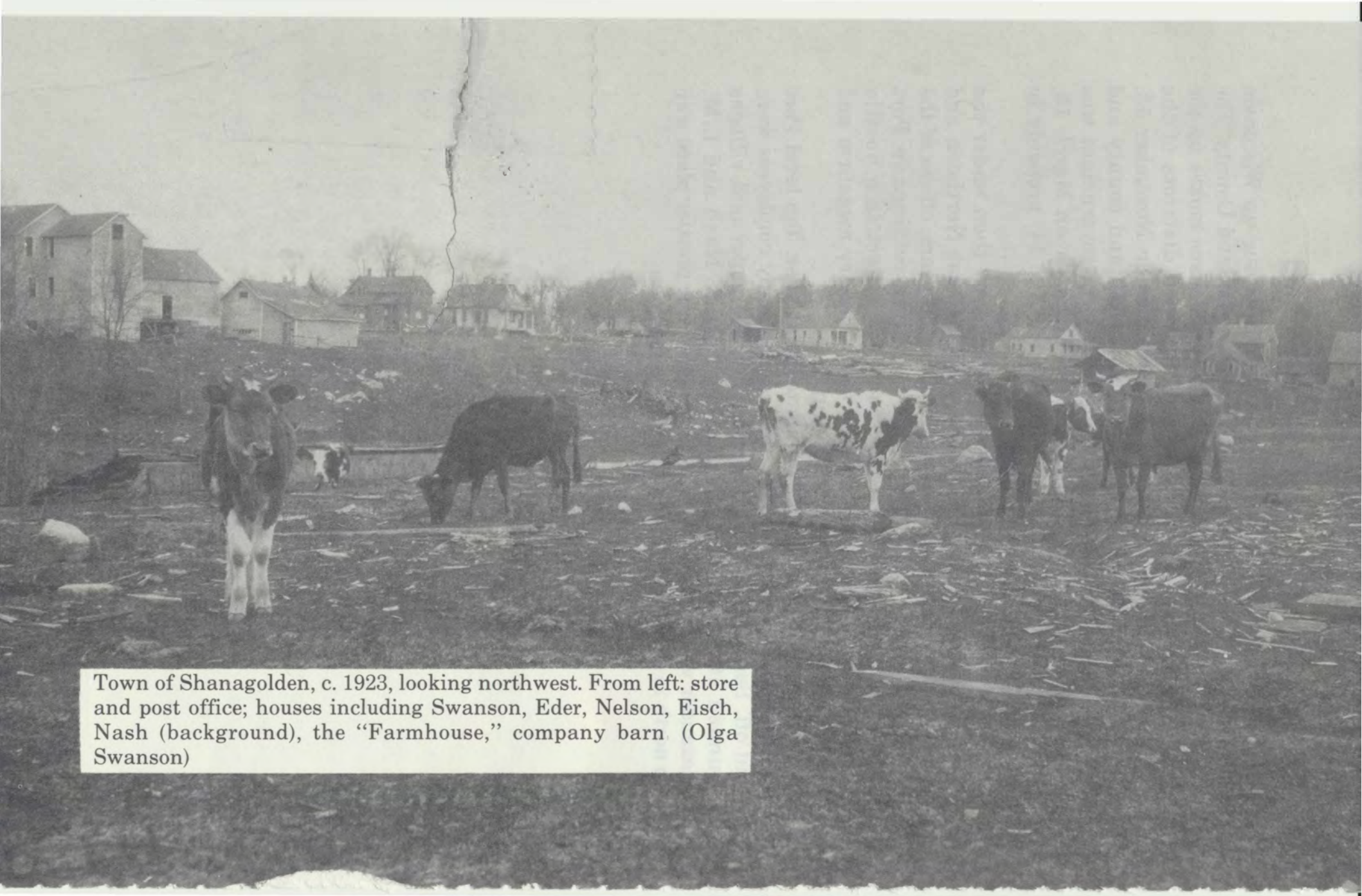
Chequamegon

Almost all the timberland formerly owned by the Nash Lumber Company went unsold by Nekoosa-Edwards throughout the 1920s and into the Depression, when its sale became even less likely. Where agriculture had been initiated in and around Shanagolden, it had generally been abandoned immediately or within a generation or two. With so much "unproductive" cutover and often burned-over land, counties had to absorb large amounts of uncollected property taxes. They, and many delinquent landowners as well, were only too glad to find another agency to assume responsibility for this land.

In 1929, the U.S. Forest Service began buying up Wisconsin land and by 1930 owned 100,000 acres in Ashland County. The 1932 Chequamegon Purchase Unit of 361,000 acres makes up the major portion of the Glidden and Hayward districts of the Chequamegon National Forest, as proclaimed on November 13, 1933, by President Franklin Roosevelt. Ashland county and National Forest records show that the federal government was issued a warranty deed from Nekoosa-Edwards on March 15, 1935, for 23,063.73 acres at a price of $56,506.14, probably in exchange for unpaid property taxes.

On March 31, 1970, Nekoosa-Edwards, by then under the name Nekoosa Papers Inc., merged with Great Northern and became Great Northern Nekoosa Corp. For 20 years, offices of the "Nekoosa Papers Inc." side of the firm were retained in Port Edwards. Great Northern Nekoosa was subject to a hostile takeover threat from the Georgia-Pacific forestry megafirm and succumbed, in 1990, to a forced buyout.

The name Nekoosa was eliminated that year. Top-level Port Edwards management was terminated and many employees were laid off. Some observors wondered when the paper mill villages founded at the turn of the century by T.E. Nash and L.M. Alexander would suffer the fate of a smaller but prettier place way up north in Ashland county, good old Shanagolden.



Town of Shanagolden, c. 1923, looking northwest. From left: store and post office; houses including Swanson, Eder, Nelson, Eisch, Nash (background), the "Farmhouse," company barn (Olga Swanson)

Shanagolden Memories

by Herbert A. Bunde

Memories of Shanagolden, the little sawmill and logging settlement nestled out in the forest of southern Ashland County, are lasting ones for me. I lived there as a young boy, almost at the end of the period when cut logs were carried by flooded rivers and streams and at the beginning of the period when logs were transported from the forests primarily by railroad.

Shanagolden was part of T.E. Nash's concept of integrating the logging in the forests with the paper manufacturing industry. The Nash Lumber Company railroad running from Glidden to Shanagolden and into the forests beyond was part of that concept.

A Stop on the Voyage

The residents of Shanagolden were mostly from places where the man of the family had previous experience in the work he was doing for the Nash Lumber Co.: Al McDonald, the locomotive engineer; Jay Kimball, the railroad conductor; Charles Bunde, my father, building and maintaining railroads; Robert Elliott, expert woodsman and logger; and William Jehn, storekeeper and postmaster. There was also the boarding house cook and manager, whose name I do not remember and Mr. John Graham, camp superintendent.

The general workers, largely nonresidents, stayed in the boarding house, bunk house or in the logging camps. Some of the settlers in the woods areas surrounding the village were also employed. My father

always had some of those men as railroad workers. They were steady and reliable.

Although we were considered permanent residents, my mother never referred to Shanagolden as home. Home was always Grand Rapids. The family still owned the Grand Rapids house where they had lived before the move to Shanagolden and that is where they intended to return. Shanagolden was merely one of the stops on the voyage of life. Everyone knew that logging only continued while the forest could produce. The time was not too far in the future when another move was in order.

My parents, Charles and Alvina Bunde, raised a family of eight children, seven born in Grand Rapids and the eighth, Carl, in Shanagolden. When the move was made, sister Delia, brother Leo and I went with our parents, we being the family's youngest. The rest, all girls, remained in Grand Rapids where Tillie, the oldest, who was married, lived in my parents' house. Carrie and Laura worked and Ella continued her schooling.

Some years later, Carrie came to Shanagolden with her prospective husband, Alfred Panter, and they were married in a church in Glidden.

Most families had similar situations. They visited former home places and had relatives visit them. In spite of the the fact that real home was quite an unsettled issue, life went on in a generally satisfactory atmosphere.

The Village

Shanagolden consisted of one street along the river and the other back from the river and parallel to the first, each with three or four connecting streets. We lived near the east end of the back street in a not-very-large frame house.

"Downtown" Shanagolden consisted of three buildings: the general store with groceries, meats, dry

goods, hardware, sporting goods and the post office. Attached to the rear of the store was the Nash Lumber Co. office and a boardwalk leading thereto. Not far from the store was a good-sized boarding house. Inside was a large dining area with long tables and a lounging, loafing and card-playing area downstairs. The second floor had rooms for the boarders. A third building downtown was a "bunkhouse" with two floors of rooms.

Social gatherings were often held in the handsome Community Hall across the street from the store. The town ladies brought huge dishes of delicious food and pots of coffee and everyone ate well always. At the popular dances, some of the men gathered outdoors during intermission for a "pull at the bottle," but imbibe too freely and the whole down knew about it; one could easily become known as a "town drunk."

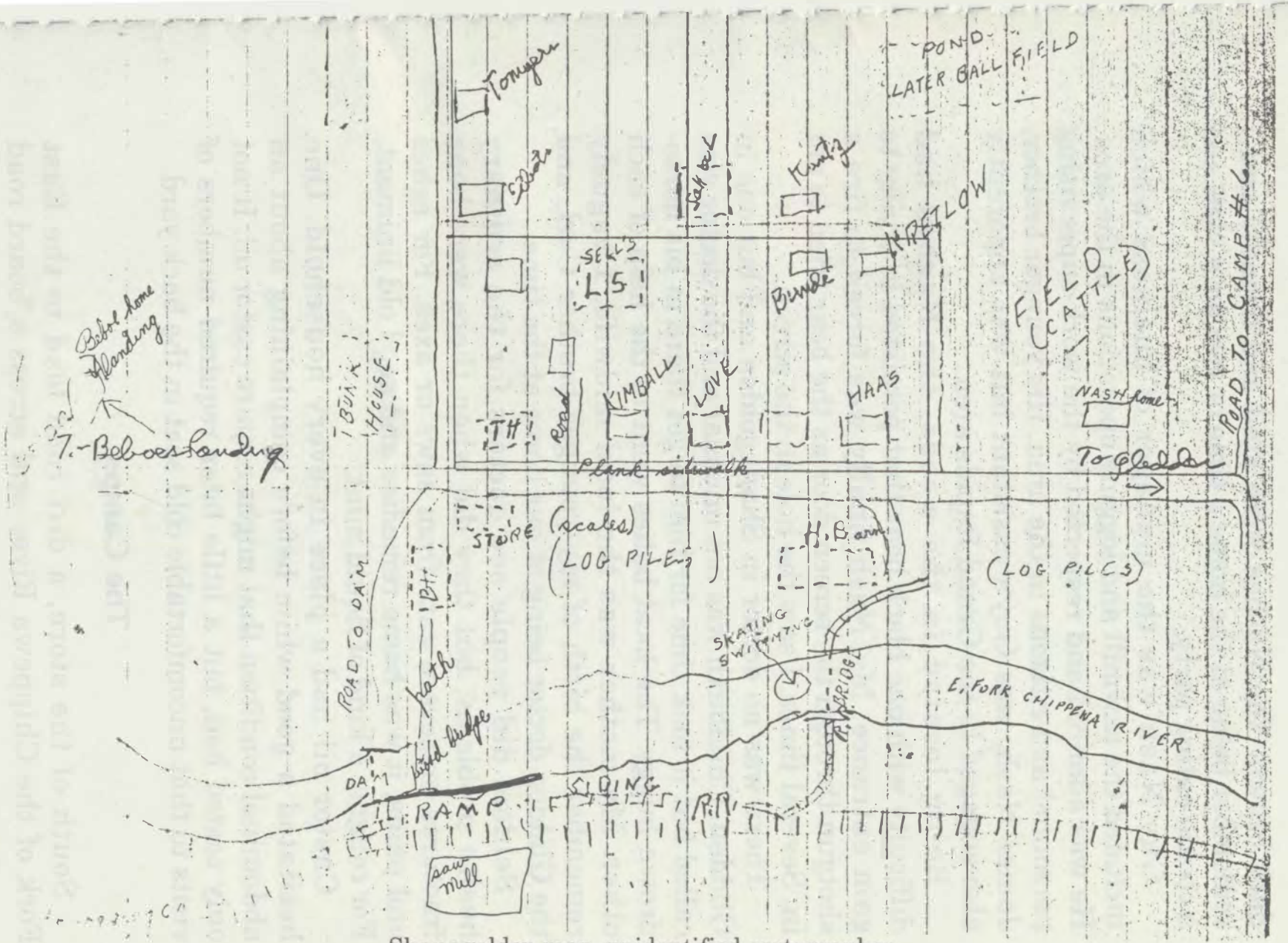
When the area became the township of Shanagolden, the Community Building became the town hall.

The schoolhouse was located on the back street about in the middle. It was a good-sized frame building with a front entrance hall and two classrooms. One teacher taught the first four grades and another the other four. One of the two was designated as the principal.

There were about 15 to 20 residences in Shanagolden. These were small frame buildings generally, with a few pretty fair-sized. Water was a hand pump near the back door. Light was kerosene lamps and always too few. Certain aspects of life could be rough in winter. The stay in the privy, which could be either in or outside the woodshed, was hopefully short and thawing of the pump quick in extreme cold weather.

The prize residence of Shanagolden was the Nash House in the Woods at the northeast edge of the settlement, the last place on the left on the road leading to Glidden. It was a beautiful frame building, stained

Shanagolden, c. 1905



Shanagolden map, unidentified cartographer

dark brown. The Nashes were kind and friendly and I remember being at the home a time or two for a visit and a cookie-eating party.

Guy Nash was the manager of business which included the sawmill and logging operations in the area. He was admired and respected by the work-supervising personnel and citizens in the area. His younger brother, James Nash, was Guy's assistant but was apparently also engaged in the Grand Rapids area.

Being located in the woods, the Nashes had difficulty with one black bear that persisted in trying to gain entrance. Mr. Nash finally was forced to fire a shotgun through the screen door as the bear tried to get in. Several times, I saw the hole in the screen.

There was no doctor in Shanagolden and but one in Glidden. Childbirth was not unusual and the doctor was called but it took time for him to get there in his horse-drawn buggy. The local ladies went to the help of each other. My mother was the local midwife. I vaguely remember the birth of my younger brother Carl, and the Glidden doctor being at our home at the time.

Seldom did people see doctors for the ordinary health problems, but they did when there were bone fractures or severe cuts from saws or axes. For aches and pains, it was home remedies and good old liniment. For coughs, a kind of liquid mint.

Castor oil had a place in every household. One hesitated a good while before complaining about an abdominal condition that might require castor oil. It not only tasted bad, but a little later required numbers of visits to that uncomfortable cold seat in the back yard.

The Camps

South of the store, a dirt road lead to the East Fork of the Chippewa River and across a board road

on the dam. On the east bank was the lumber mill with acres of storage for lumber and logs. The mill there operated full blast from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m. six days a week with an hour off at noon. On the east side of the river, the railroad ran north from Shanagolden to Glidden and west and south into the forests being logged.

The railroad went generally west from Shanagolden with branch lines to several logging camps. Each camp was a settlement in its own right with cook shanties, bunk houses, horse barns and camp office. The cook shanty was a big building with a large kitchen at one end. The rest was a dining room with long tables and benches that could seat 100 or more men.

At one end of one table was a reserved section for camp foremen, teamsters and train crew. They were allowed to talk during meal times but no others had such a privilege. Let any of the lumberjacks start talking and look out for the cook. He was the king of the cook shanty. Only the cook's helpers, cookees and bull cook were allowed into the kitchen.

Big heavy teams of beautiful horses were used to transport logs from the woods to the landings next to the railroad and from the rail cars to the mill. A teamster had to handle all types of horses, some not gentle. He was one of the higher-paid workers.

No wagon road went to Camp Six, several miles north of Shanagolden. The logs were cut and piled at the camp and taken to the Shanagolden yard by logging sled in cold weather. A heavy sleigh was drawn over the logging road to make deep ruts and the road icer was then run over the road to ice the ruts.

For a half-mile, the sleigh careened down a grade on the iced road. With the pulling team on the run, the teamster on the high-piled load of logs clutched the

reins tightly in hand and in a loud voice warned of his thundering approach.

The Short Career of Alfred Panter

My sister Carrie and her husband, Alfred, lived in a rented house in Shanagolden while he worked in the logging yard of the sawmill. Unfortunately, he didn't work long.

On the east bank, between the railroad and the mill pond was the log-storage area. The incoming logs were secured on railroad cars by stakes and cables. Those cables had to be released so that the high load of logs would roll off onto skidways constructed of logs laid end to end. A man had to unhook the cable by hand or canthook and cause the logs to roll. But he had better get out of the fall area before the first logs hit the skidway.

Alfred Panter unhooked the cable and released the logs but he didn't move fast enough; the logs caught him from behind and fractured bones in both legs. Cared for by the Glidden doctor and then the hospital in Ashland that was utilized for major accidents, Alfred's logging career was over. He and my sister Carrie returned to Grand Rapids.

Did You See the Girls?

Shanagolden was about three-and-a-half miles west of Glidden. That did not seem like a long walk in those days and we kids and everyone else in town did it often.

About half way between Glidden and Shanagolden was a hill called by us "Sabutske's Hill" where a settler had a home and a small agricultural field. Nearby, another settler's family included several attractive young girls who were often seen next to the road. This made the walk more interesting, particularly to the millworkers and lumberjacks. The girls wore the long

skirts and high-top shoes which was standard women's wear in those days. But once in a while they would bend over and a good view of the ankle above the shoe could be seen.

Boy oh boy, did the men look and mutter and appreciate! The query always was, "Been to Glidden ... did you see the girls?"

Shanagolden Evening Social Club

The dam, in every season but winter, was the town's number one recreational spot. The prime pleasure was not the fishing; it was the stories of local scandal and gossip. The dam was the Shanagolden Evening Social Club.

Every evening, after a hearty meal, it was customary to stroll to the dam with the dip net pole over the shoulder, find a seat on the down side of the dam, put the net into the water, let it rest for a bit, then raise it, every so often to find fish in it. They might be black sucker or redhorse. Often they were walleye, but the prize of the East Fork was the beautiful green musky.

For the sportsmen, the long bamboo fish pole was common property along with the dip net. The good old spoon hook was used for musky. For walleye, it was live bait.

The meat hunters used a net and gun. A man would stand at the edge of the stream up to his knees until he sighted a musky in the shallows. Raising his gun and firing, he would set his gun on shore and scramble through the water after the fish. After bringing the musky to shore and securing it, he would return to his station. A successful hunter might bag three prizes in an hour this way.

Almost every man and boy was a hunter. Surrounding the community were dense woods,

Jehn

William Jehn in front of store with Shanagolden children

Jehn

Post office, store, office: William Jehn in black derby

Nash

Boarding house, 1903; Bill Jehn, front, with derby

SHSW

Shanagolden inhabitants

marshes and swamps. Deer, bear, wolves, rabbits and partridge often came into the settlement at the hour of darkness.

One family lived with the forest in their back yard. They never bought meat. Every two or three weeks, a deer hung in the woodshed.

Some residents got tired of venison and my mother didn't like it at all. We had partridge, snowshoe hare once in a while, and fish.

My older brother, although still just a boy, was one of the best game hunters. As a gift from relatives in Grand Rapids, he obtained a single-shot .22 caliber rifle. Into the woods he would go, with our water spaniel dog, Brownie, to hunt partridge. Brownie would bark them up a tree and Leo would drop them with a clean, true shot. At times he permitted me to go with him, if I travelled well behind and kept my mouth shut.

The family of Emil Kunsch lived across the road from us. Their sons were my good friends and companions. Gunder Kunsch was really a deer hunter. The word in the settlement was that "Gunder could find them where they ain't."

Putting up for Winter

Preparation for the long, cold winters required a lot of work and effort by the various families in the community. Everyone raised potatoes and they were considered an essential on everybody's menu, boiled or fried. Home-made pie or cake with coffee was highly prized but there could be a home-made cookie or two and they were not bad either.

The potato garden during the growing season was carefully tended by cultivating and bug control. Potato bugs had to be kept in check by hand picking or by using Paris Green bug killer.

Not by any means the least of the chores in preparation for winter was getting the several cuts of meat wrapped and stored. Chicken was always available because almost every family had a chicken coop and a flock of chickens. Chickens provided the meat course for holiday and special dinners where company was present for the meal but pork and beef also were processed for storage for winter consumption.

Butchering was not a pleasant thing to witness or think about but was of course necessary to provide the meats for winter. My father was considered a competent butcher and he executed and supervised the process not only at our place, but at several other places in the settlement.

Many families kept and raised pigs that furnished the pork supply for the family during the winter months. My father and a neighbor would purchase one beef animal that was also processed on the fall butchering day to be divided between two families.

The bulk of the winter food supply was stored in the root cellar, an excavation under the house with shelving and dirt floors. Best of all, included in the stored food was a barrel of apples from which we could pick almost at will.

Except for home-made ice cream and cookies and the home-made fudge candy, which we didn't get very often, apples were the delicacies of the season.

54 Below

Sometimes, especially in winter, the walk from Shanagolden to Glidden was on the railroad right-of-way. Not easy walking, but it was kept plowed for the logging trains. The route was a big shorter but not nearly as interesting as the road.

One February, there came a very cold day. I can remember walking, warmly dressed by my mother in

few had snowshoes, although both were too expensive for most and used for pleasure only.

The big game in winter was similar to hockey but not nearly so refined. It was called "Shinney Can."

An empty metal can was the puck. Sides were chosen with six to ten on a side. The field was the road in front of the store.

Each player had a stick cut in the woods. A curve on the end of the stick was desirable. To get such a curve, part of the root section of the stick was cut.

A player from each team would, at the "go" signal, swing his stick to knock the can toward the other's goal. Then all pitched in to hit the can toward the opponent's goal and over for the scoring point. The result was a howling, swinging, churning mess of youngsters with hits on the ankles as often as on the can.

We did not give the freezing temperatures a thought. Fights broke out here and there but the game went on. If you couldn't take care of yourself, you better stay home or shut your mouth.

One who could handle himself well physically was described as "catty," I suppose because he could handle himself like a cat. One who was inept and clumsy was described as "catty as the bird they called the ox." Nowhere else or since have I heard anyone so labeled.

Sledding was the next popular winter sport. Make a run with your sled at the top of the slope and "belly flop" down on the sled and away you go, sometimes rolling over, sometimes banging another sled on the way down. You got cold and maybe a leaky nose but that was all part of the sport.

I well remember my first sled. Christmas was approaching and I learned I would have a sled and could even choose the type I wanted.

My mother set the date and she and I walked the

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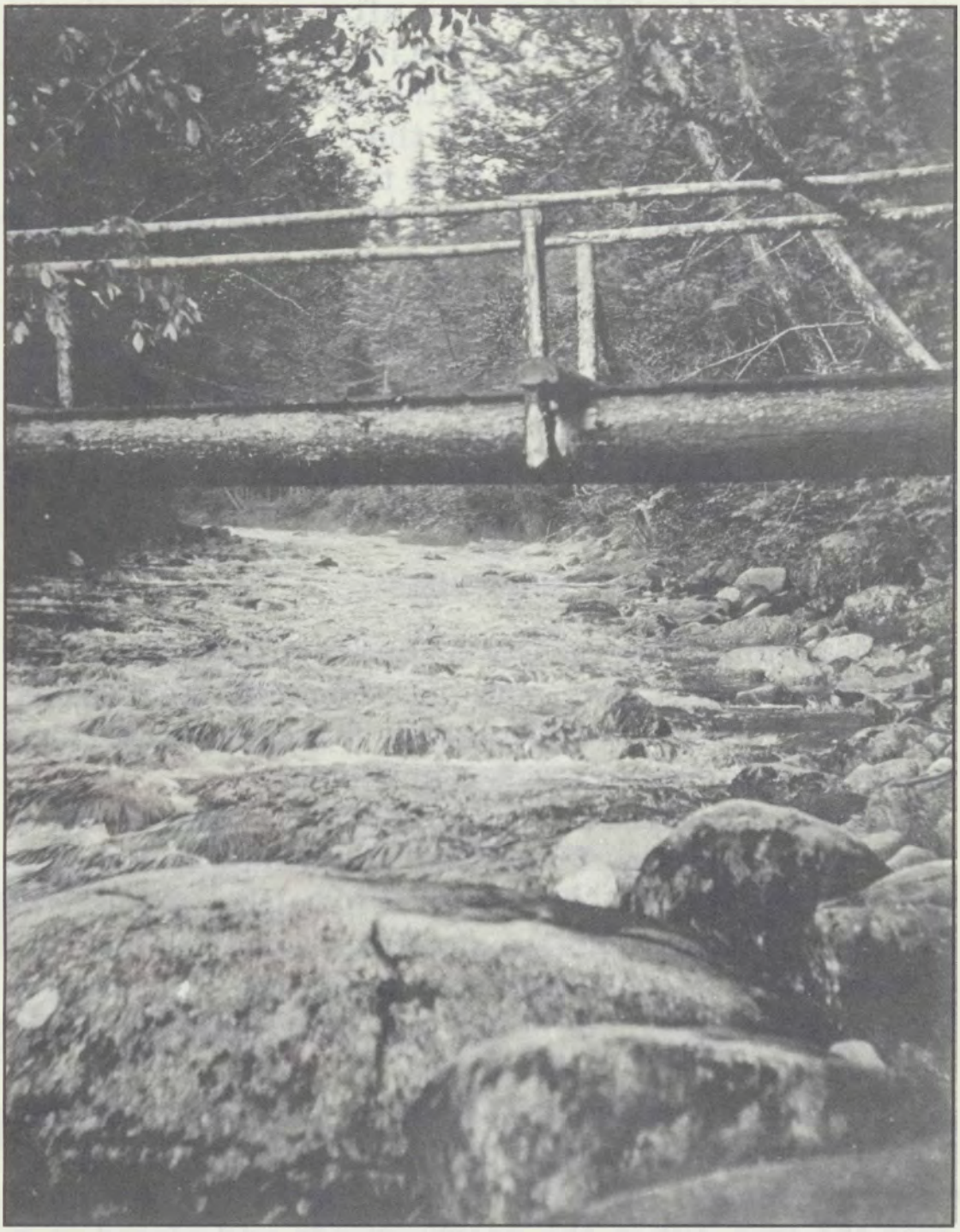
Guy Nash

Shanagolden road



Guy Nash

Shanagolden bridge

snowy roads to Glidden one afternoon. Finally at Schroeder's Hardware store, we found a display of sleds and I got to pick the one with the steering device on the front. I was happy as I pulled the sled along the street in Glidden and on our way back to Shanagolden. It was early evening and I was getting tired after the walking and shopping.

We got as far as Sabutske's Hill. My mother was a very active lady and never seemed to tire. She put me on the sled at the top of the hill and, pulling the sled, she almost flew down the hill on a fast run. She continued running for another half-mile. All in all, a very happy time for me.

Christmas

Christmas was mostly a family affair. Relatives came from places that were once home. If the weather permitted, the minority who were churchgoers attended Catholic or Lutheran services in Glidden.

At our house, the stockings were hung somewhere, if not on the chimney. There was stick candy and maybe even a real orange. You better believe the only day of the year you had a chance of getting a real orange was Christmas. A pair of home-knit wool socks were useful but not exciting. A pair of high-top moccasins was really something.

There was delicious food: cake, pie, sugar cookies. Roast chicken and stuffing. Sweet prunes. Vegetables and homemade bread. But the highlight of Christmas was the tree, cut in the nearby woods and placed in a prominent spot inside with candle holders attached to the limbs and real candles in the holders. We trimmed the tree on Christmas eve and lit the candles on Christmas night as did almost every household.

Lost in the Woods

In my zeal to be with the other kids in school and before my admission at age seven, I became friendly with a Mertig boy who lived a mile or more out in the forest west of Shanagolden. It was getting late and the early winter darkness was coming on the schoolyard play when the Mertig boy decided it was time for him to start for home. I started out with him.

The road to his home through the forest was more of a trail than a road. It was getting darker by the minute. I paid little attention to directions or markings.

After a mile or so, it was time to turn around and head for home. But where to go? I tried here and there and got only deeper in the forest. Finally, I just climbed up on a big pine stump and howled.

I was lucky. A kindly old settler with a lantern found me and took me home.

Berry Picking

A welcome supplement to our diet were wild berries from the woods and marshes. My mother was the best berry picker one could imagine. Besides her household duties and neighborly functions, she found time to pick, prepare and preserve quarts of berries for winter consumption.

Berry picking was sometimes a kind of picnic outing with a number of people gathering in berry patches some distance from home. The main purpose was to have fun and visit. The talk usually concerned gossip about people in the community who were not present. It seemed everybody knew everything about everyone else's activities, and criticism rather than approval was much more interesting.

Despite the distractions, my mother never failed to

return with the containers heaped with berries. She just didn't believe it sensible to spend all that time without a reasonably good result.

Blueberry picking was easier than picking raspberries and the container filled much quicker. With several good clusters on each bush, picking with both hands quickly filled a container hung on a strap or rope around the waist. During the process almost everyone now and then chucked a handful in the mouth. The marsh blueberry was good eaten fresh, in a pie or a preserve.

Raspberries were picked from a higher bush but they were soft and juicy and settled down so much in the container that it seemed one could never get the container filled.

Swimming Hole

Within 25 feet of our house and within a block from the school was a swamp and a small body of water. How we small kids enjoyed that pond! We fished, we swam and we puddled, clothing and all. It was a lot of fun to get behind some other unsuspecting kid and give him a push into the pond and probably get the same from some other kid.

But parents got sick of kids coming home wet and smeared with mud. Complaint followed complaint. Finally to our utter displeasure, the town filled the pond, cleared and levelled the area and made a baseball diamond. After that, we did play a lot of so-called baseball. A Glidden team came out often and sometimes Shanagolden won.

The "swimming hole" was at the point where the railroad crossed the bridge near the horse barn. It was the upstream end of the backwater caused by the dam, only several feet deep but sufficient for wading and flopping around. The water was a brownish color,

caused, it was said by the drainage from woods and swamps and was referred to as "tamarack soup."

Even a few girls who had swim suits participated. The suits consisted of a top with full length sleeves; pantaloons extending well below the knees; stockings covering the lower legs and feet and a kind of hood covering the head and enclosing the hair. They could flop around and get the coverings wet and shriek and holler, not the kind of thing the boys enjoyed.

Blind Pig

Not by any means was the dam the only gathering place for adults. Some of the single mill workers and lumberjacks made trips to the closest saloons, which were in Glidden. There, they spent most of their time drinking and card playing.

No permits were granted in Shanagolden. There was, however, one spot that the local ladies rightly suspected was a "blind pig," where alcoholic beverages were sold illegally. That was Sell's Livery Stable, near the center of the settlement, an establishment that rented horse-drawn spring wagons with two seats. The horse barn had horses in stalls and room in the center for wagons.

Walter Sell made a daily mail run to Glidden with the outgoing Shanagolden mail and returned with mail for Shanagolden. He also took the few passengers who were willing to pay 50 cents for a wagon ride when they could walk free.

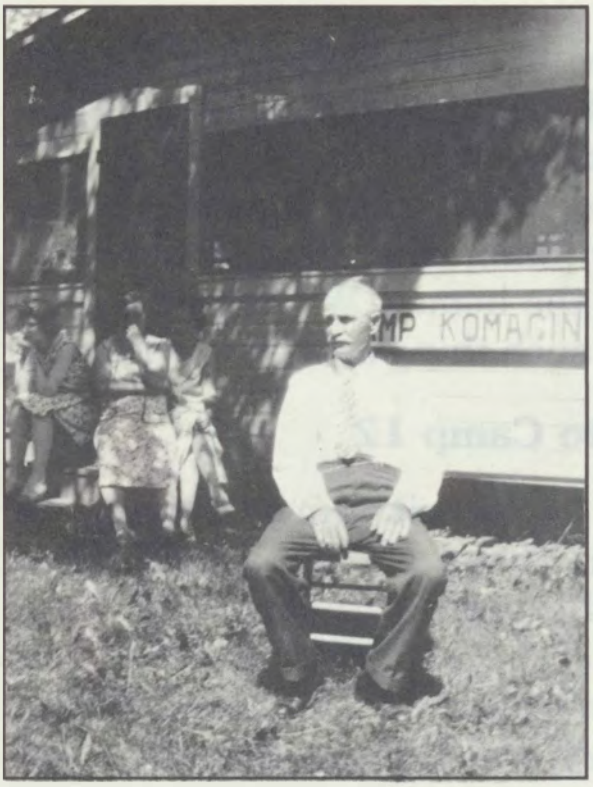
Sunday was a popular day at Sell's Livery as men sat on empty wooden beer cases and reportedly drank beer from bottles bought by Mr. Sell in Glidden and brought back along with the mail. By the laughter and talk a boy could hear through the big open door, a good time was had by all.

Bunde

Ella Bunde and friends in Glidden

Bunde

Children of Charles and Alvina Bunde, Carl not shown



Charles Bunde,
Herbert's father

Herbert A. Bunde,
U.S. Navy, WWII

Mr. Sell was popular with some of the men but not at all popular with most of the ladies, being responsible for the tipsy return of their husbands.

Bottles of liquor were common in the boarding house and bunk house where drinking was a social function. Liquor was not popular in the homes. Wives frowned on drinking and there was no such thing as a cocktail party.

A Drive to Camp 12

Mr. Sell was inclined to recruit almost anyone to peform chores for him if those chores would have required him to leave the stable unattended. One day, I was walking along the street in front of the stable. I was eight or nine years old and had ridden in a wagon or buggy very few times but had never driven one.

Mr. Sell was standing in the big doorway of the barn with two men, each with his "turkey," a canvas bag containing all the lumberjack's possessions, slung over their shoulders by a rope. A bottle was being passed around.

Mr. Sell saw me and hollered, "Herbie, come over here. Get on the wagon and drive these guys out to Camp Twelve."

What could I do but obey an order from an elder? I climbed aboard and unwound the reins from the switch post. The two lumberjacks slung their turkeys aboard, climbed in and directed me west. As we rode into the forest, I just hung onto the reins while the passengers talked and took a pull at the bottle from time to time.

The road ended at a railroad right-of-way a mile or two from Camp 12. The passengers disembarked with their turkeys and bottle and gave me a wave of the hand to turn the team and start the trip home. The horses were hard to restrain as they seemed to know their way to the stable. We arrived back without

incident and believe me, I was pretty proud of my accomplishment.

On the 4th

The biggest social day of the year was the 4th of July celebration. It centered around the Community Hall and adjacent area.

Boys competed for prizes in races and in climbing the "greasy pole." A flag was lodged in a hole in the top end of the bright white pole twenty feet above the ground. Since the women would not allow their children to climb an actual greased pole, the scraped and polished pole was sprayed with water instead. Most failed in their attempt to reach the top, but how they all struggled, boys and young men, to climb to the flag, wave it, replace it and slide back down, winning a 25-cent piece if they succeeded.

The 4th of July baseball game started in the morning and ran into the afternoon. For the men, the celebration continued into the evening. The day wound up with kegs of beer at Sell's Livery Stable and the bunk house.

Log-rolling

Those were the days of the real lumberjacks who were at home on the log jams in the rivers as well as in the forests where the logs were harvested. On occasions, log-rolling contests were held on the river flowage above the dam and spectators lined the banks of the river.

A log was designated by the referee as the contest log. It was placed in open water, just far enough away from the jam so the contestants could step or jump onto it, carrying a pike pole to help maintain position on the log.

The game consisted of each man digging the spikes of his cork boots into the log to set it rolling and jumping up and down to cause a sudden stop, each trying to throw the other off the log into the water. There were always several contestants but none that could out roll Al McDonald, a quiet, unassuming gentleman who, with his family had lived on the main street in Shanagolden since the beginning of the settlement.

Exodus

Our good life in Shanagolden was to come to a sudden and terrible end when suddenly there broke out a huge and destructive fire in the mill. The water bucket and shovel were no help and little such effort was expended. While the people stood around watching, the fire burned and burned until nothing remained but ashes and the brick boiler room.

There was no work and no pay for any mill hands thereafter. There was no work in the woods either. The exodus began almost immediately. Lumberjacks moved to other lumbering areas. Skilled workers went to jobs elsewhere.

A few stayed and waited and hoped for some local development that might provide work and living expenses. Some even thought and hoped that the mill might be rebuilt but it was a futile hope.

My father's services were terminated like the others and after a time he sought other employment.

After a few months, my father took a position as railroad track foreman for the Foster-Latimer logging company at Mellen, Wis., about thirty miles north of Glidden on the Wisconsin Central Railroad (later the Soo Line).

The position required my father to operate out of Mellen. Each Saturday evening he would board the

southbound train at Mellen for the trip to Glidden and from there, he would walk to Shanagolden, arriving in the late evening. On Sunday afternoon, he would walk to Glidden and catch the northbound passenger train to Mellen. This went on for what seemed like a long period.

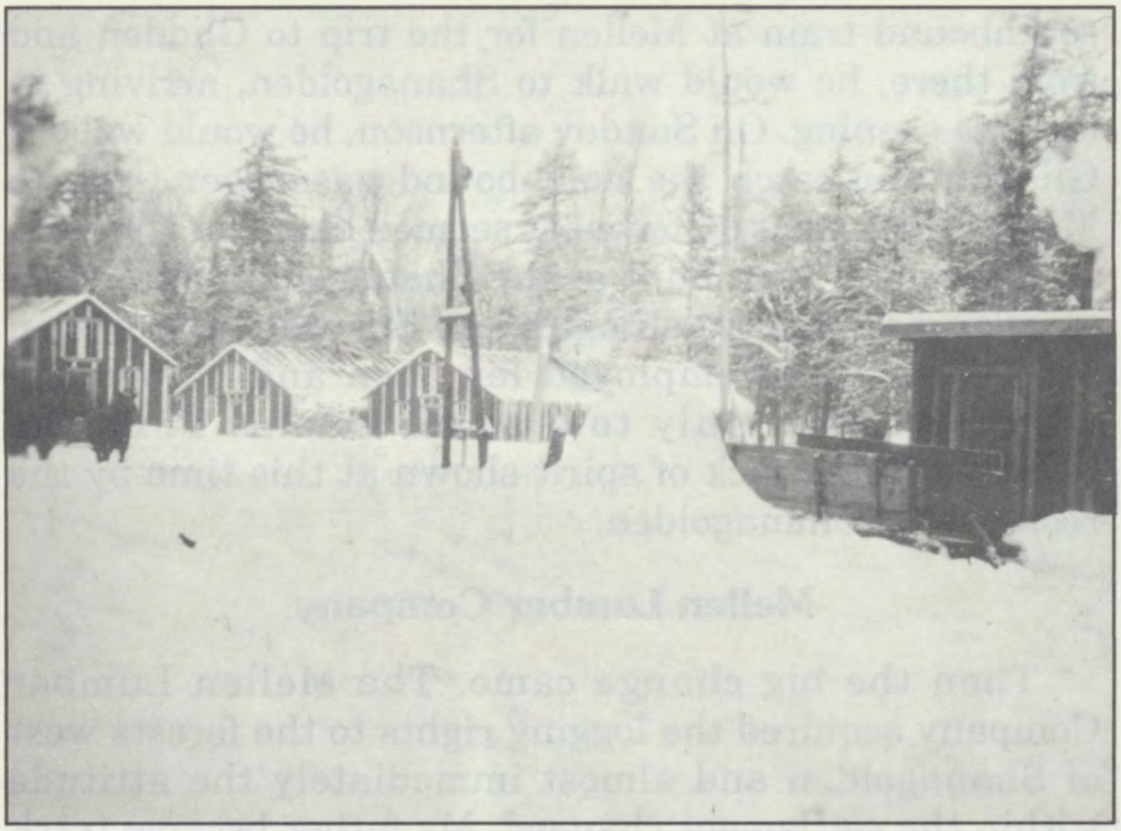
There had been built at the Shanagolden mill site a smaller mill that cut shingles and this was in operation for a time. That employed few men and helped the labor situation only to a small extent. This was reflected in the lack of spirit shown at this time by the residents of Shanagolden.

Mellen Lumber Company

Then the big change came. The Mellen Lumber Company acquired the logging rights to the forests west of Shanagolden and almost immediately the attitude within the settlement changed. My father became track foreman for the right-of-way from Glidden west; Jay Kimball was conductor; Al McDonald, engineer; Bob Elliott, fireman; and Jack Haas, brakeman; as well as many others in the lumber camps and on the railroad.

However, Shanagolden was out as the base for the new operation. All operations thereafter were directed from Glidden west to the lumber camps. More such camps were being built in the new sections of the forest being logged and more branch railroads were needed to haul the logs harvested in the vicinity.

All the logs went to Glidden, where the railroad junctioned with the Wisconsin Central, and were carried to other places for processing. Most went to the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Co. in Port Edwards. The Mellen Lumber Company proceeded to make Glidden the headquarters for the big operation by constructing an office building, a big warehouse, a good-sized roundhouse, railroad sidings and switch tracks.

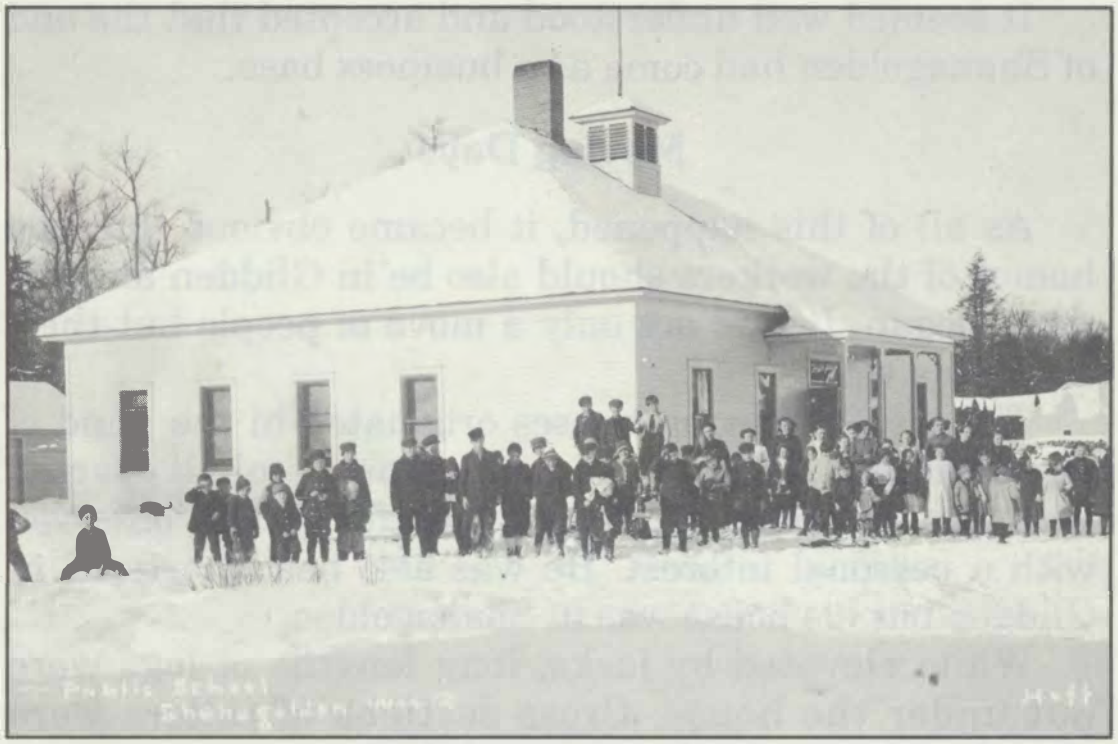


Bunde

Logging camp east of Glidden, where Leo and Herbert Bunde hunted

Bunde

Logging near Shanagolden, c. 1905



Bunde

Shanagolden school

Bunde

Peter Bunde and dog Toby in front of school and Kunsch house

It seemed well understood and accepted that the end of Shanagolden had come as a business base.

Moving Days

As all of this happened, it became obvious that the homes of the workers should also be in Glidden and the move began. It was not only a move of people but their houses as well.

The idea of moving houses originated in the mind of Jay Kimball, the railroad conductor. Kimball started with his own house. My father, doubtful at first, observed with a personal interest. He was also headquartered in Glidden but his house was in Shanagolden.

While elevated by jacks, long lengths of logs were put under the house. Cross sections of rollers were placed under the log lengths and the house was ready to be hauled to the railroad siding. With a lot of work and effort, Jay Kimball accomplished what he had planned.

At the railroad track, the house was again raised with jacks and a railroad flatcar run under the house. The house was settled on the flatcar and the engine hauled it to Glidden where a reverse operation placed it in its new location.

The Bunde house was the next to be moved. It proceeded without incident and was located on a lot quite near the Kimball house on land made available by the Mellen Lumber Company.

During the moving of our house, my mother and we kids went to Grand Rapids and stayed with relatives.

When we move in at the new Glidden location, our house appeared to be up on pilings in a marshy area which was later filled to street level. Our woodshed, still in Shanagolden, was later hauled to Glidden by sleigh and located to the rear of our house.

I well remember walking behind the sleigh hauling

the woodshed as a boy who had become our Glidden neighbor came out to me on the road and said, "Whose barn is that?"

I replied emphatically, "That's no barn. Can't you see it's a woodshed?"

Mr. Kimball moved one more house. The remainder were moved by another contractor. They were not railroaded to Glidden but were hauled on sleighs pulled by several teams of horses. This type of moving continued most of one winter and resulted in many vacant lots in Shanagolden.

No longer was Shanagolden the pleasant, active and enjoyable settlement it was once. Those who remained generally worked at supervisory positions in the far western logging camps and were home only on weekends.

Like it or not, we were residents of Glidden and it was a rough, tough town. The principal businesses were saloons and there were plenty of those, some good and some not so good.

We visited Shanagolden from time to time to see old friends. Young Jason Kimball and I walked out several times during the following summer to play with the Shanagolden kids' baseball team. They played Glidden several times, but we stuck with our Shanagolden buddies.

Shanagolden had not ceased to exist but had changed to an altogether different community. There was some farming, some logging jobbers and a few visiting hunters and fisherman. But Shanagolden as an industrial community and a delightful place to live was no more.

Bunde

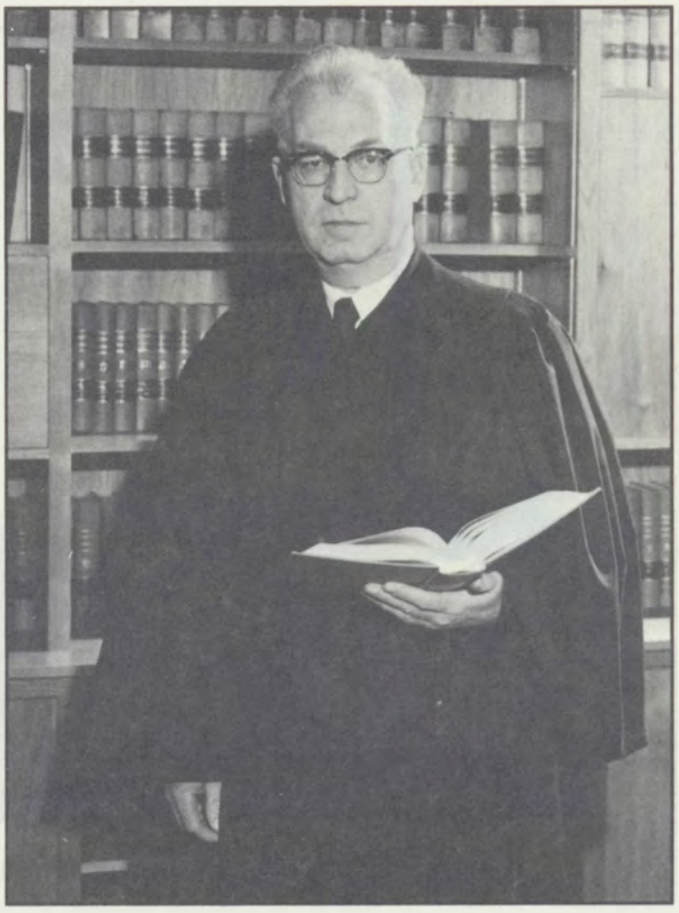
Three houses moved from Shanagolden to Glidden, inc. Bunde home

Engel

Shanagolden Town Hall, 1987

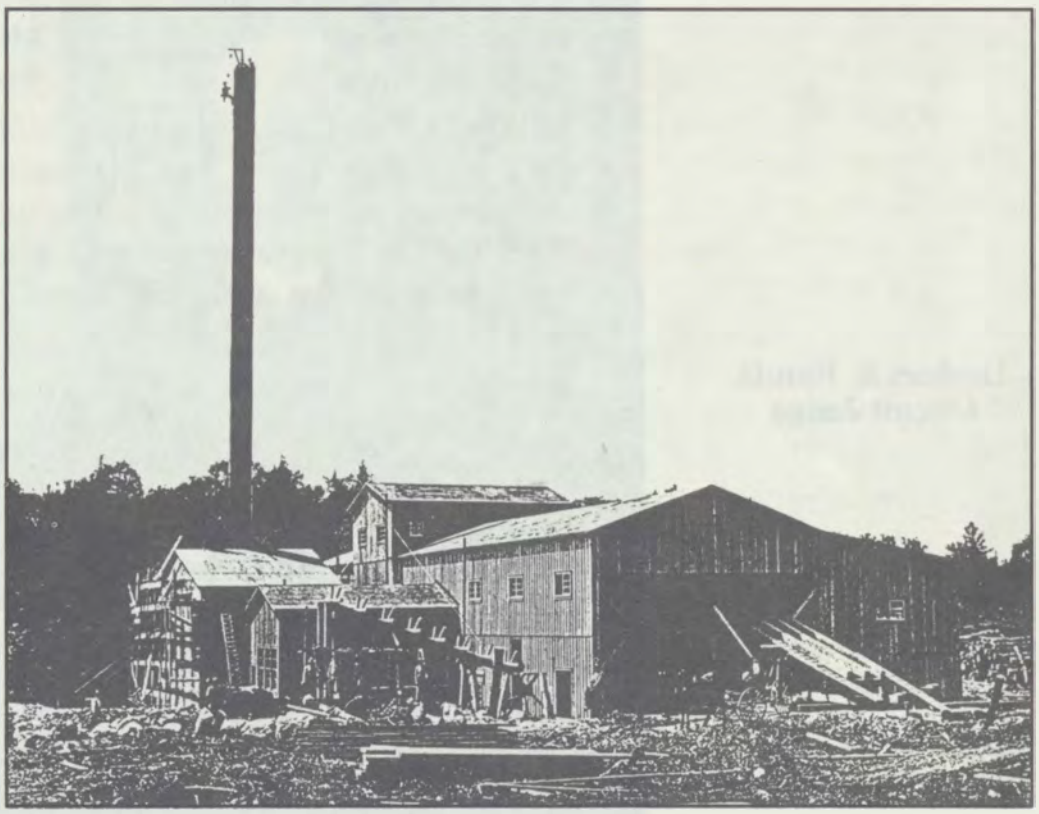
from Glidden Four-Town Area

Glidden school orchestra, 1917. Sitting, left to right: Kenneth Tyler, John Dillion, Edward Mitchell, Charles Keilhofer, bandmaster E.J. Fitzpatrick, Lawrence Beil, Earl Omholt, John Murkovich, Clarence Mitchell. Top row, left to right: Ellsworth Graham, Jason Kimball, Frank Fischbach, Henry Sell, Erving Schmidt, John Lynch, Herbert Bunde, George Beaser, Alvin Sell.



Herbert A. Bunde
Circuit Judge

Shanagolden Hemlock



Building Shanagolden mill, 1903

A Last Walk on Metropolitan Avenue

The Industrialist's Son: Not everyone in his lifetime has the privilege of naming the streets of his city. We called this Metropolitan Avenue. Now it's an anonymous stretch of country road.

The Timber Cruiser: In its day, Shanagolden was the best home and you were the best boss I ever had in my life. We had a good day, Mr. Nash and I have thought of it very often.

Son: Shanagolden was my project as nothing since has been. Perceptions were keen, and it was all a work of love. So many things happened. So many quaint situations and interesting characters. And such a fine spirit was manifested by all those associated with it.

Cruiser: Old John Zimmerman inquired about you the other day and said, "Mr. Nash was right with everybody. He'd talk with the old farmers just as well as the bugs." Bob Elliott and I spoke so often about our last good visit up in the woods, with you looking the timber over, out along the railroad. The timber is still standing and I really expect to see you going over the ground once more at least.

Son: I departed not without a heartbreak at leaving the place I had been so instrumental in creating – the House in the Woods to which my wife and I were so attached and where two of my children were born; and the many faithful men who had helped me in the creation of the finest sawmill town that ever existed. To tell you the truth, the heartbreak still exists, for no other place has ever been able to take the corner in my heart which Shanagolden filled, and the tears in my eyes right now come through the thoughts and feelings talking about it has called up.

Cruiser: The Shanagolden's crew is pretty well thinned out. I

met one of the old time sleigh loaders the other day and he set right in for a talk about logging and how that he did throw the hook, and ended up by saying, "Well, John, Shanagolden was a grand place to work," and I certainly do agree with him. The old timers never stopped telling of the good old days when the Nash Lumber Company was running at Shanagolden. They say it was the only right company that ever was around here.

Son: I had as loyal a group of helpers as anyone could wish for: Billmyre cruising and first woods foreman, Bundy on the railroad, Brennan, Boyles and Boyle, Bull, Staadt, Bill Jehn, Kretlow, Guy Rogers, Rose Kunz, Mattie Slattery, Sim Carpender and my friend, John Graham.

Cruiser: When the Mellen Lumber Company began operations here, the Nash men were no good or at least they had no use for a few of us. George Foster made me an offer and I stayed. It was a funny thing, starting in on the new job with the same engine and log loaded we had at Shanagolden.

Son: In so many ways, Shanagolden was a place with a heart of gold. But not in the sense of making money there. We didn't.

Cruiser: We logged at Marymet Siding. Then we moved to Marenisco and Ontonagon, but we never logged any place as cheap as what we logged for at Shanagolden. When I ran the camp for the Mellen Lumber Company, I had a good fair chance and I did my best to beat the Shanagolden. I fell a bit short. Bob Elliott had an extra chance at Ontonagon when I was looking after the camps. Bob said to me, "Here is where I beat Shanagolden's logging." I said, "Go ahead, Bob. I will help you." But he fell a bit short.

Son: I underestimated the necessity of profit.

Cruiser: You had hard winters and bad wood.

Son: A few years after I left Shanagolden, I couldn't pay Floy's account at Johnson Hill's.

Cruiser: I went to the House in the Woods several times after you were here. And I enjoyed going to the place to visit with Mr.

and Mrs. Wood. But do you know, when I was there, I felt like crying. Mr. Foster said to me once, "Well, John, you have never gotten down to Shanagolden logging. Why is it?" I said, "Mr. Foster, I don't know."

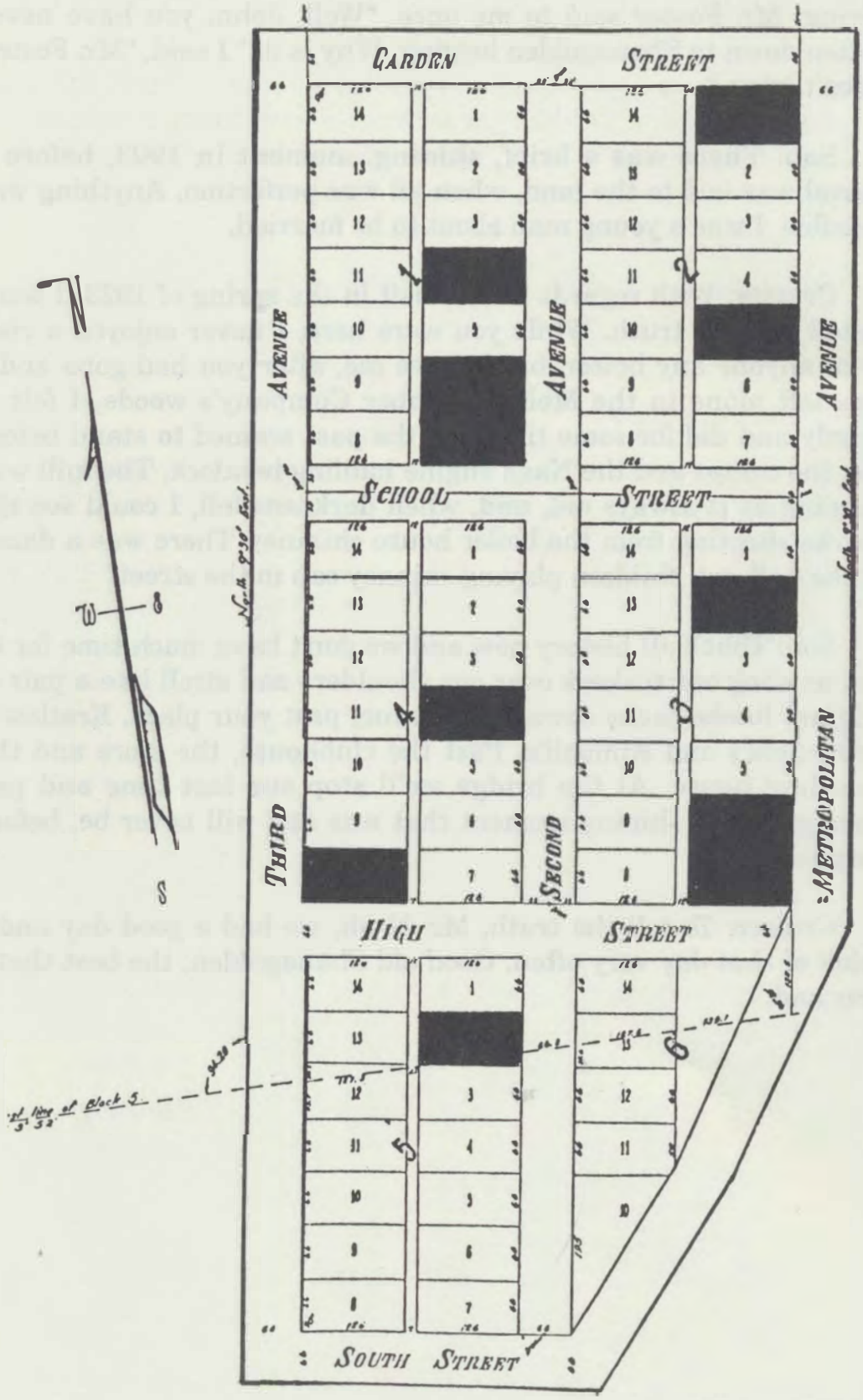
Son: There was a brief, shining, moment in 1903, before a shovel was laid to the land, when all was perfection. Anything was possible. I was a young man about to be married.

Cruiser: With regards to our visit in the spring of 1923, I want to tell you the truth. While you were here, I never enjoyed a visit from anyone any better, but believe me, after you had gone and I was left alone in the Mellen Lumber Company's woods, I felt it keenly and did for some time. All the past seemed to stand before me: the camps and the Nash engine hauling hemlock. The mill was running as it always did, and, when darkness fell, I could see the sparks shooting from the boiler house chimney. There was a dance at the hall and children playing shinney can in the street.

Son: That's all history now and we don't have much time for it. Let us sling our turkeys over our shoulders and stroll like a pair of original lumberjacks down the Avenue, past your place, Kretlow's, Greenfield's and Kimball's. Past the clubhouse, the store and the boarding house. At the bridge we'll stop one last time and pay homage to the shining moment that was and will never be, before we pass on.

Cruiser: To tell the truth, Mr. Nash, we had a good day and I think of that day very often. Good old Shanagolden, the best that I ever had.

Shanagolden



Plat on file Ashland County courthouse

Shanagolden Landowners 1903-1990

(An incomplete list)

Lots with occupied or vacant buildings remaining in 1990 are blackened. Top double lot is former school now town garage. Lower double lot is town hall. Olga Swanson lives in Block 3, north of the town hall.

Block 1, Lot:

1-3	Town of Shanagolden (1912)
4-5	Kunsch
6-7	School
8-14	Vacant

Block 2, Lot:

1 & 14	Staadt/Halberg
2	Jehn
3	Graham
4	Peterson
5	Dingman/Kretlow/Nelson
6 & 9	Nekoosa-Edwards/Boyles
7 & 8	Hanson
10-11	Graham
12	Bunde
13	Treutel

Block 3, Lot:

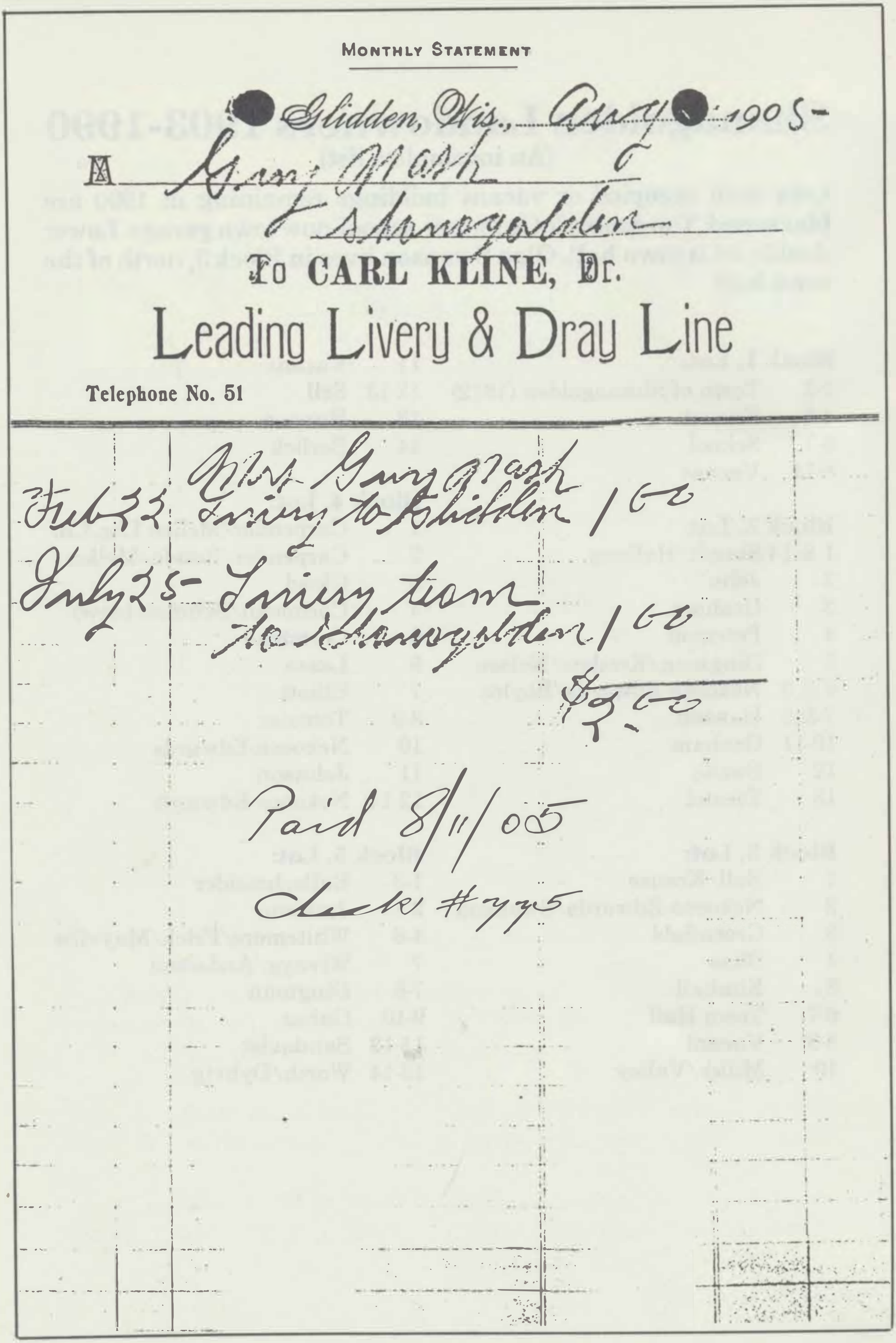
1	Bull/Krause
2	Nekoosa-Edwards/Swanson
3	Greenfield
4	Bliss
5	Kimball
6-7	Town Hall
8-9	Vacant
10	Miller/Valley
11	Vacant
12-13	Sell
13	Hanson
14	Berlick

Block 4, Lot:

1	Carpender/Mellen Lbr. Co.
2	Carpender/Rondo/Mellen
3	Cloud
4	Cormican/Schmidt (new)
5	Cormican
6	Lassa
7	Elliott
8-9	Tomaier
10	Nekoosa-Edwards
11	Johnson
12-14	Nekoosa-Edwards

Block 5, Lot:

1-3	Ballschmeider
2	Jamison
4-6	Whitemore/Frick/Mayville
7	Wivagg/Anderson
7-8	Dingman
9-10	Gabur
11-12	Sundquist
13-14	Worth/Dybvig



MONTHLY STATEMENT

Glidden, Wis., Aug 6 1905

M Guy Nash
Shanagolden

To CARL KLINE, Dr.

Leading Livery & Dray Line

Telephone No. 51

Mrs Guy Nash

Feb 22	Livery to Glidden	1 00
July 25	Livery team to Shanagolden	1 00
		$2.00

Paid 8/11/05

Check #775

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Index

("A Walk on Metropolitan Avenue" is composed almost entirely of exerpts from the the letters of John Graham and the writing of Guy Nash.)

The Leading

Livery and Dray Line

KARL KLINE, Proprietor.

Sale and Feed Stable.

WE FURNISH ONLY FIRST CLASS RIGS TO OUR PATRONS.

Stage to Shanagolden Daily.

TELEPHONE NO. 51.

Shanagolden

An Industrial Romance

A lumber king was locating there, and asked his son to manage the operation. His son had just married a city girl, and hopefully to keep her happy, her father-in-law had built this lovely house . . .There were windows with wide ledges. One day I noticed writing on one. It read, "I am so lonely here without family or friend. I wish I could go home."

May St. John Wood