

Shanagolden

An Industrial Romance



Ashland County history by
Dave Engel

With the personal account of
Judge Herbert A. Bunde

Shanagolden



Winter camp

Loretta Jehn

Dave Engel is the author of the River City Memoirs column for the Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune and of River City Memoirs books. A native of Wisconsin Rapids and graduate of U.W.-Stevens Point, he received his M.A. in American Studies from the University of Wyoming and has taught at Western Illinois University, U.W.-Stevens Point and Mid-State Technical College. A town of Rudolph resident, he is historian for Wakely Inn Preservation, Inc. and City Historian of Wisconsin Rapids.

Herbert A. Bunde is Of Counsel to the law firm of Chambers, Nash, Pierce & Podvin, Wisconsin Rapids. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin Law School, he was City Attorney of Wisconsin Rapids prior to serving in the U.S. Navy 1941-1945, where he attained the rank of commander. He was District Attorney of Wood County 1946-1950 and Circuit Judge of the 7th Judicial Circuit 1950-1968. Judge Bunde, who lives in Wisconsin Rapids, spent much of his childhood in Shanagolden.

Cover: Nash Lumber Co. sawmill at Shanagolden, c. 1903

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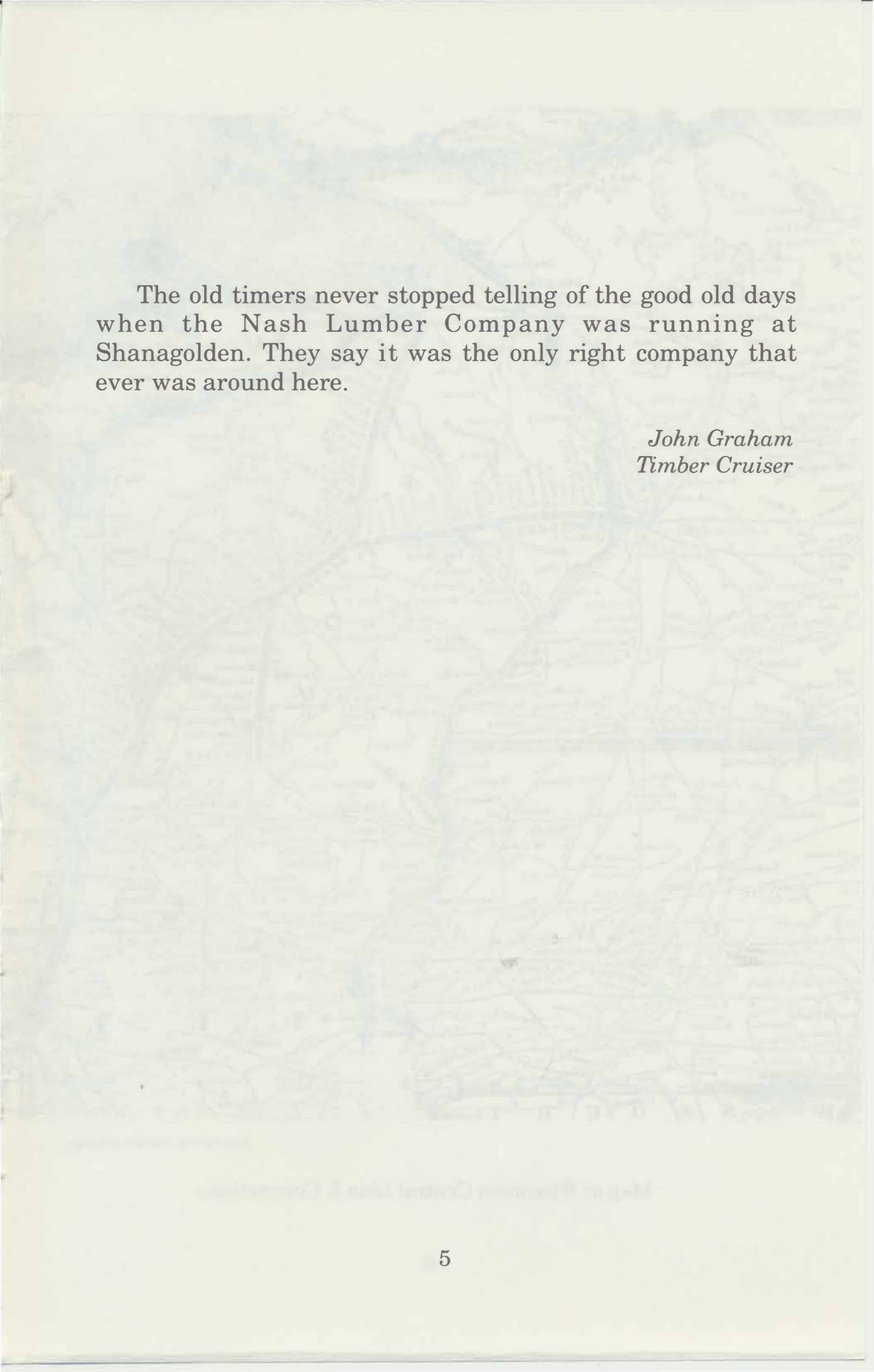
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The old timers never stopped telling of the good old days when the Nash Lumber Company was running at Shanagolden. They say it was the only right company that ever was around here.

*John Graham
Timber Cruiser*



State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Map of Wisconsin Central Line & Connections

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SHSW

Abandoned Nash Lumber Co. camp, c. 1910



Dave Engel

Kunsch house in Shanagolden, 1987

The Abandoned Place

On a clear August morning early in this century, Guy Nash stopped at the Shanagolden office of the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company. After attending to some last details, he locked up and rode alone through the village: past the empty store and boarding house, down the winding road, across the bridge and off to the right through the woods.

There, he found a place at which he liked to pause. In a small clearing, rested an old log cabin, crumbling with decay. When first built, he figured, the same rustic cottage had secured to its owner title to the homestead.

Guy knew that these clearings and cabins were scattered all through northern Wisconsin. Many were taken up at the behest of a lumberman or as a private speculation with no other intent than to sell the land for its timber as soon as the homesteader had "proved up."

"I like to think this one had been intended for a home, maybe for a pioneering American, maybe for some land hungry peasant," Guy wrote later, "for remains of a rude fence enclosed a space in front of the low door that still showed traces of flower beds, while in one corner a large barberry bush grew untended and alone."

In the case of the "homestead" and village Guy helped build at Shanagolden, we don't have to invent our romance. It has already been invented by others.

After Guy completed his last tour of Shanagolden, the village he and his family had built, he went home to Wisconsin Rapids, then named Grand Rapids. With him went his cache of letter files, kept in his Oak Street house well past his 1946 death.

In 1987, when both his daughter, Jean, and son, Philleo, died, the house was sold and Guy's papers were made available by Edith Nash, Philleo's wife. Among the records in file cabinets and dusty attic boxes was the story of Shanagolden. Guy's more personal writing suggests some of what he was feeling when he lived "ever with the sights and the sounds and the scents of the North in eye and ear and nostril, and ever with the keen air of the North in lung

and throat."

Others commented as lyrically. On June 10, 1904, when expectations for the community on the Chippewa were brightest, A.J. Boyles of Shanagolden wrote, in the Glidden Enterprise: "Where, two years ago the forest and river alone claimed sway over all and the wilderness was still unclaimed, is the site to-day of what bids fair to be one of the most thriving and beautiful little towns in northern Wisconsin."

Not quite as rapidly as it rose, that little town, like much of the cleared land of the North, is being reclaimed by the forest and river. John Graham, a friend and former associate of Guy's, wrote to him in 1943: "Shanagolden doesn't look as it did in our time, but there is something very pleasing to just go and look the ground over. I do love the location and how it does look today."

John Graham doesn't stop by anymore. The builders of his day have departed: the housekeepers, bookkeepers and husbandmen have come and gone along with Guy Nash and his family.

In its season, the village on the East Fork bloomed industrious and beautiful; after a remarkably brief time, the strength of the North prevailed; the forest, the cold and the rock reclaimed the site. Visiting Shanagolden now is like a walk in the afterlife.

For the moment, we seem more permanent than they ever were but, when we cut our last tree, when our mill burns, when shopping centers clear their counters, when schools close their books and the post office is canceled and the streets go to grass, when our windowless habitations linger like log huts into the new age, others will rummage through our junk and perhaps we, like the former inhabitants of Shanagolden, shall at last appear as mysterious beings.



Nash Collection

The House in the Woods, c. 1905



Thomas, Thomas E. and Guy Nash at Shanagolden, 1905

Nash



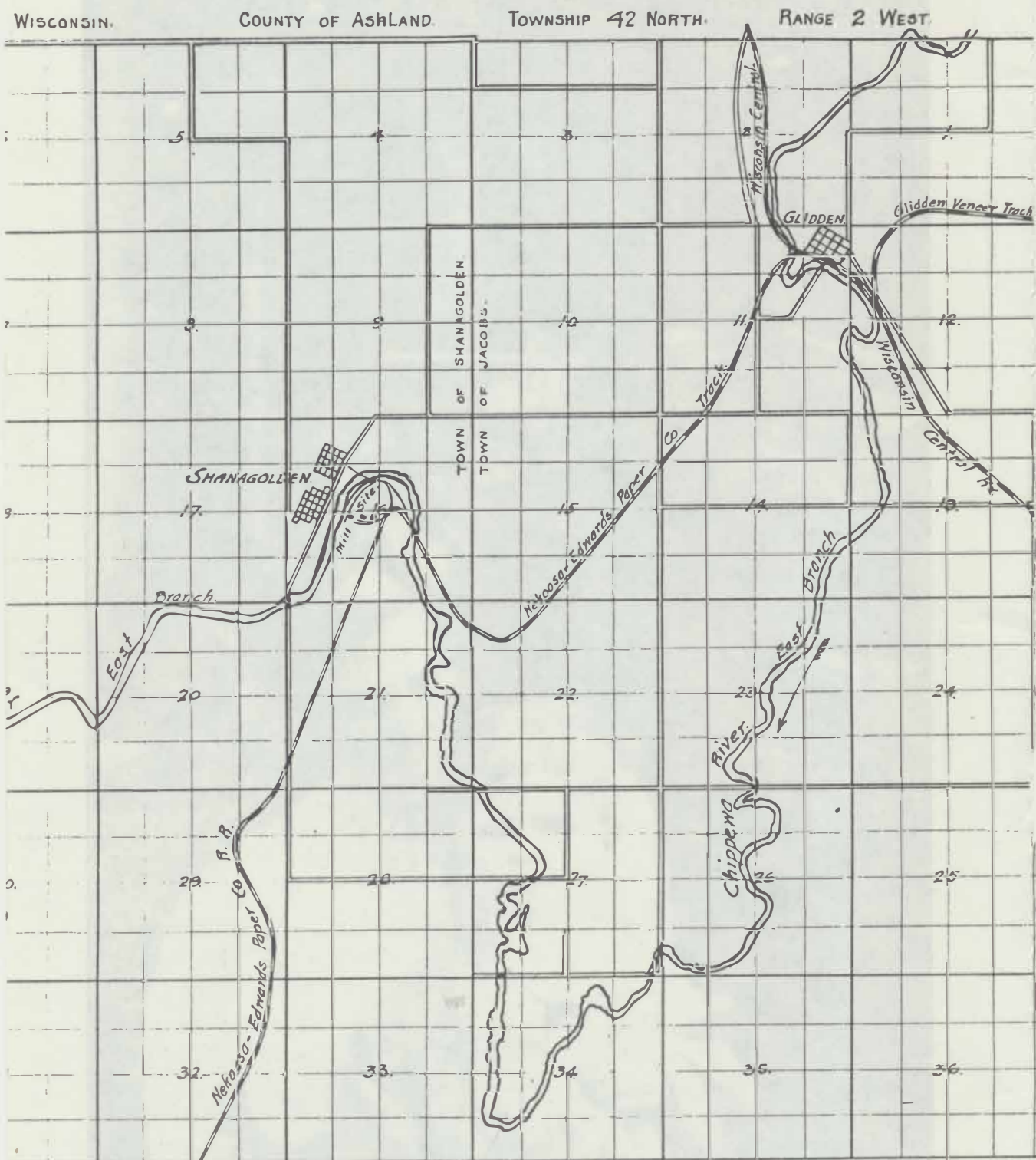
William F. Vilas and Thomas Nash

Jean Nash



Nash

Thomas and Floy Nash, c. 1907



Shanagolden Investment Co. map, 1915

An Industrial Romance

The round leather box he held, thought Guy Nash, had been made to hold men's celluloid collars. "I've an inkling that it may be one my father had when he was in Washington and that was in Cleveland's first administration," he wrote to a friend. "From the contents, I must have used it in Shanagolden."

Among other items, Guy found a Lufkin timber gauge initialed "GN," a sterling silver pencil eraser engraved, "Guy Nash Feb 17, 1901" (his 24th birthday) and a photograph Guy believed had been taken at the "House in the Woods."

"Shanagolden," Guy explained elsewhere, "was my project as nothing since has been. Perceptions were keen, and it was all a work of love, while so many interesting things happened, so many quaint situations and interesting characters were encountered, and such a fine spirit was manifested by all those associated with it."

Guy's wife, Floy, described their northwoods home in a children's story written about 1910. "We had the wilderness out of our back door and a road leading to civilization at the front door. On the far side of the road was a clearing, then the winding river, the old farm house and the saw mill." The house had hemlock boards on the outside, hemlock beams in the ceiling and a big red-brick fireplace on the wall. Windows on three sides framed living landscapes of gnarled cedars, luxuriant undergrowth and wreaths of mushrooms.

Early one August morning "about the time the gnomes and fairies scamper back under those great hemlock roots," she wrote, a bear tried to break in through the back door. Not having a rifle available, her husband seized a shotgun and blasted birdshot through the screen. The bear retreated into the timber. That's the sort of northwoods adventure Shanagolden seemed to carry with it.

A later-born son of Guy and Floy, former Wisconsin Lt. Governor and U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Philleo Nash, often remarked, with regard to his family's intimate folklore, "All the good things happened at Shanagolden before I was born."

There was plenty of potential for "good things" at the storied

hamlet. The setting was saturated with beauty and wilderness aura. It was also charged with the potential industry of a water-power site.

The main characters were attractive, articulate and newly-wed. The eldest son of Thomas E. and Ella Hussey Nash, Guy was a young man on the rise. Guy had intelligence but more important, he had, on his side, the opportunities of privilege that came with being a wealthy industrialist's son. He had graduated in 1897 from the University of Wisconsin, with academic honors in chemistry. After a year as superintendent of his father's Nekoosa Paper Co. sulphite mill, he left to manage the Northern Paper Company, a buyer of pulpwood for four Grand Rapids-area paper mills.

"During his five years in that capacity he has gained an enviable reputation as a business man of energy and ability," wrote the Wood County Reporter. Though he was a thoughtful and literate writer, Guy was also at home tramping the riverbanks with a gun or a fishing rod in his hand. Always public-spirited and something of a naturalist, he once contributed a pileated woodpecker from northern Wisconsin to the Milwaukee Public Museum.

The romance centering on Guy and Floy was supported by strong characters, including 50-year-old Guy's father, and 62-year-old Col. William F. Vilas of Madison, both of whom could be counted on to contribute heroically of their resources, personal or financial, in any extremity.

Even the name, Shanagolden, borrowed from the Nash ancestral home in County Limerick, Ireland, seemed to be imbued with some kind of magic.

Pulp & Paper

Despite the ancillary lyricism, the actual reason for existence of the Shanagolden enterprise, by which it would live and die, was about as far from poetic as Glidden is from Glengarriff. The first purpose of Shanagolden was to produce logs for pulp to make paper. Secondarily, logs would be sawn into lumber for sale. And hopefully, as far as the founder, Thomas E. Nash, was concerned, the major development of the site would soon be a mill to make wood pulp for paper by the sulphite process. And, above all, these ends had to be accomplished profitably.

The paper industry was ascendent in Wood County, the home of

the Nashes, where, since the 1880s, ground-wood pulp mills and paper mills had replaced virtually every major white pine sawmill.

In the early days of wood pulp production, softwood such as spruce and pine could be ground by stone. The method, however, wasn't suitable for hardwood and hemlock, which became more readily available as the pine supply diminished. In 1896, Tom Nash had installed a sulphite pulp mill at his Nekoosa paper mill. Because it could use hemlock as a raw material, it was the Nekoosa sulphite mill that called Shanagolden into being.

Tom was also a founder of the Port Edwards, Centralia and Northern railroad, and, in 1894, of Consolidated Water Power & Paper Company of Grand Rapids. After a Jarndyce litigation, Tom sold his Consolidated property and water rights in 1902 for \$33,750. Released from his Consolidated obligation, Tom built an impressive mansion on the west bank of the Wisconsin River in Grand Rapids and looked 150 miles north to Ashland county for opportunity in raw materials. In this venture, Tom was not alone. He had his very good friend, former U.S. senator Col. William F. Vilas.

Tom and Col. Vilas had met as Democratic seatmates in the 1885 state assembly. Later, Vilas as postmaster general in the first Cleveland administration brought Tom to Washington and made him superintendent of the national railway mail service. As secretary of the interior he favored cutting of timber to provide building materials and to clear the land for agricultural purposes, according to his biographer, Horace Merrill. In Wood county, Tom and the Colonel joined in cranberry growing, in the Nekoosa Paper Company, the Wood County National Bank and other ventures. Vilas also bought \$10,000 worth of stock in the John Edwards Manufacturing Company in 1896. By 1900, Vilas had already invested heavily in the Superior Lumber Company of Ashland was a director of the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

In northwest Wisconsin, white pine logging had peaked in the 1890s and was pretty much over by 1900. Those lumbermen who stayed turned to second-growth white pine, Norway pine, spruce, white oak and other hardwoods. Hemlock, most abundant near the site chosen, was a versatile, if not choice, leftover. Its bark could be sold to tanneries and logs made into lumber and sulphite pulp.

Had Tom been able to convince Vilas to finance the effort, he would have immediately built a Nekoosa-style sulphite mill at Shanagolden.

The Nash Lumber Company

In April, 1901, and continuing for several years, Guy, Tom and Vilas secured options on timber lands in the Ashland and Sawyer county towns of Jacobs and Butternut. The principal tracts, according to Guy's later account, had been owned by Sage Land and Improvement, Geo. Cable and wife, "Munkwitz," "Swift," the brothers J.W. and D.W. Emerson, the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Company, the Wisconsin Central Railroad, the Mississippi River Logging Company and Cornell University.

More than 40,000 acres were purchased for \$103,745.09. Most of the financing was provided by Vilas, who incurred debts of \$26,000 each from Guy and his brother James.

An agreement drawn August 31, 1901, between the Wisconsin Central Railway Company and the Vilas/Nash interests describes the planned project:

The second party is interested in manufacturing paper, sulphite and pulp at points reached by the railway of the CENTRAL COMPANY and desire to acquire a large body of timber on contiguous lands lying westerly of Butternut station on the Wisconsin Central Railway, and having acquired the same propose to construct a saw mill for the purpose of manufacturing saw timber and to cut and ship to market all the forest product from lands so acquired by them, including pulpwood proposed to be used in manufacturing said paper and pulp.

Incorporation papers for the the Nash Lumber Company were signed October 11, 1902, by T.E. Nash, Guy and James Nash. Capital stock was set at \$25,000. Headquarters would be in the Ashland County town of Jacobs on the East Fork of the Chippewa River at what was considered the best manufacturing site between Park Falls and Glidden.

Work began that fall, supervised by Jim Nash. In December, three men from Grand Rapids arrived to build a store and boarding house. Charles Bundy, also from Rapids, was placed in charge of building a railroad from Glidden to the sawmill site.

Prospective Operations

In January, 1902, with his sons, Jim and Guy, Tom Nash looked over the work in progress. A railroad track had been laid to the Chippewa River and a bridge was expected to be built within two

weeks, so track could be laid to the mill site.

"It is too much for one man to look after," wrote Tom to Vilas, "and while Jim gets along very well, he couldn't when business really commences to hum as it is going to there."

Tom said he and his wife took a ride through the woods near the construction site. The interlude proved to be the most enjoyable in years, said Tom, adding that, "I would like to go up there and live myself."

By August 22, 1902, although he was not yet married, Guy had picked a home site on land bought from Chester T. Kennan. Tom said he thought Guy would be happy at that place and thanked Vilas for suggesting a house "somewhat better than the ordinary frontier one," promising to "urge this upon him. His tastes are quite plain, but we'll want to have him comfortable."

A sawmill, the center of industrial activity until such time as a pulp mill was arranged, was to be built on the East Branch of the Chippewa River in Section 16, Township 42 North, Range 2 West, Ashland County – 3 1/2 miles from the Wisconsin Central main line at Glidden Station. The mill was built inside the toe of a horseshoe curve of the river and the village outside the bend to the west.

On all sides of the town, the virgin timber was left standing, for aesthetic reasons.

As the scenic bend of the East Fork was being developed, Guy wrote from Glidden to his sister, Nell, on July 22, 1902. "This is from the scene of our prospective operations, and is written from a private car set off on a siding near the city's heart. Colonel Vilas, Father, Jim, Leo and myself, are the party, and President Whitcomb [of the Wisconsin Central] has furnished the colonel the car. The *raison d'être* of the trip is to inspect the proposed mill site about three miles from here. The mill site is already purchased or optioned as the result of the examination by father and myself a month ago. Soon I will be drawing up this way and by another six months will be a fragrant memory in G.R. [Grand Rapids] except to the people who dislike me."

Headquarters for the as yet unnamed 1902 development were in "The Farmhouse," an existing structure near the mill site. As the "Glidden and Southwestern Railway" became more than a fancy name, the Nash company laid the grade, built bridges and sold ties to the Wisconsin Central as their part of the bargain. The railroad in turn furnished the rails. A strict accounting was kept of

the costs of building and of shipping, toward eventual ownership of the G&S by the Wisconsin Central.

Vilas wrote from Madison to Tom in Grand Rapids on January 10, 1903, that he hoped to get the mill in by March 1 and commented in his customary avuncular manner. "Mrs. Nash was pretty plucky to go up, and I am glad you enjoyed such a pleasant ride to compensate her. I presume she wanted to see what sort of a place her boys were planning to live in, and trust she is contented with it. Things will take on a pleasanter outlook when store and boarding house and Guy's residence are built, the mill going and summer's growths lend their adornment. If I were a young fellow with a new wife, I wouldn't want anything more enticing."

In the same letter, Vilas, the pragmatic businessman, had his turn. "As to the money required. We shall need, of course, for mill, for buildings, for stocking store, for logging & current operations, quite a sum; perhaps \$40,000 to \$50,000. Three-fourths of this falls to you and the boys." Vilas knew that Tom and "the boys," Guy and Jim, didn't have that kind of cash. He advised the Nashes to borrow from him what they needed (as he had borrowed elsewhere – mostly from his brother Dr. Charles H. Vilas) and pay the notes off from time to time.

Tom pressed Vilas for the building of a sulphite mill at Shanagolden, which would utilize the hemlock timber that made up most of the Nash Lumber Company holdings. It would be the nearest such mill to Minnesota and northern Wisconsin paper mills which were without sulphite plants of their own; and it would be convenient to other paper mills further south that could also be expected to purchase the stock, such as those at Stevens Point, Grand Rapids, Port Edwards and Menasha. "The timber supply we have is better than any mill in this state has ever had back of it and should we live to exhaust our own we could ship in the same as the others must do now." Tom figured the sulphite mill would cost \$130,000. With a projected income of \$100,000 per year, it wouldn't take long to recoup the investment.

Vilas did not agree. He said a sulphite mill would cost too much to build and would be useless when the local timber was gone.

The House in the Woods

A steam-driven sawmill and planing mill, but not a sulphite mill, were built during the spring and summer of 1903 by the D.J.

Murray company of Wausau, with timbers furnished by Foster-Latimer of Mellen. When Guy reported on the construction to his father, he dwelt particularly on a problem with stone and brick work. The foundation in some sections did not seem to be sound nor were all the materials well chosen.

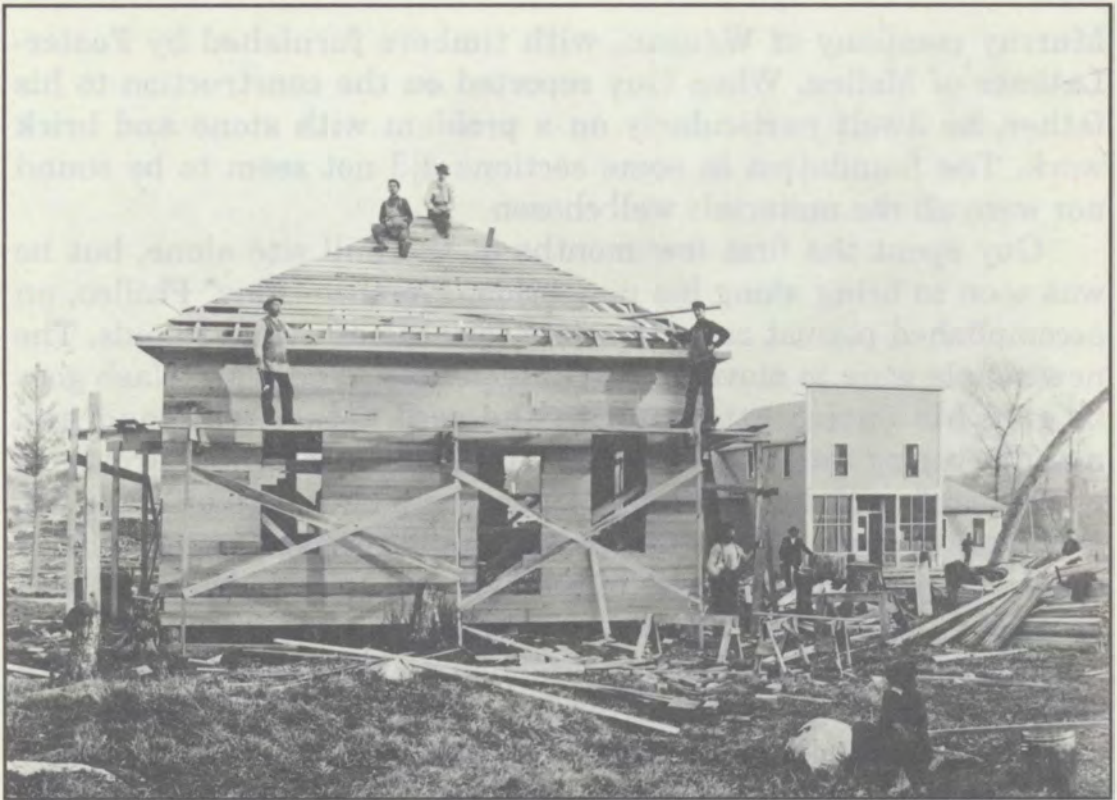
Guy spent the first few months at the mill site alone, but he was soon to bring along his new bride, Florence "Floy" Philleo, an accomplished pianist and attractive socialite of Grand Rapids. The new couple were to move to the Glidden area "where Mr. Nash goes to give his entire attention to the real estate, railroad and manufacturing interest of the Nash Lumber Co. of which firm he is a member," said the Reporter. Upon their marriage on June 30, 1903, one of the presents the young couple received was that they could be prince and princess of the mill and town-to-be for as long as it lived (or failed to make a profit, whichever came sooner).

Guy and Floy did not come to Ashland County "for keeps" until early August, when they started housekeeping in the Farmhouse, prior to the completion of their own home. A college friend, Oliver Zimmerman, wrote to Guy in July, 1903: "Do I imagine correctly when I see in far off Glidden a happy couple busy day and evenings with new business and new life?"

"I enjoy thinking of you in that forest home," wrote Floy's aunt from Detroit. "I even hear the sound of the saw mill – and the sounds in the woods and I can smell the woodsey odors – Do you find the boarding house pleasant, and are there any women there?" In fact, there was only one other woman at first, the wife of the boarding house keeper.

Guy's "residence" was to be built on the scale Vilas had recommended and named, "The House in the Woods." Guy asked architect Alexander C. Eschweiler, Milwaukee, for plans that would "not greatly exceed \$3,500," much more than the average jack could afford but modest compared to Tom's \$30,000 mansion in Rapids. "The house will stand where privacy is easily attained by the distance from the road and shrubbery, and up there, a feeling of being out of doors is the great charm for a large part of the year," wrote Guy. Nevertheless, he realized, this was east of Eden; the open porch needed screens against the mosquitoes.

Eschweiler's suggestion of open beams and unsurfaced, stained siding was readily adopted. "That rough effect is what will harmonize with the surroundings, and the simple effects will not only be in keeping but will be restful after the high finish we see



SHSW

Shanagolden store and office, rear right, 1903



Nash

Boarding house crew, 1905



Nash Lumber Co. camp, 1905

Nash



Glidden & Southwestern logging RR, 1903

SHSW

everywhere," wrote Guy. "In the living room, we will use ash. My fiancée has trouble in making up our mind about the enamel in the dining room, but we will let you know as to that soon."

Not surprisingly to others who had engaged in similar exploits, the mill and the house were costing more than estimated. Ominously, overdrafts were beginning to surface at the Wood County National Bank in Grand Rapids.

Nashville

Getting the mill going, while building the house, presented a hectic round of activity and more difficulties, according to Guy's diary. "Sawyer Menier finds friction on carriage set just wrong so as to throw blocks forward instead of back. Piano on trimmer at wrong end. Dump cart and haul off wagons, and chain for cars arrive. Two cars lumber from Mellen for my house here, foreman house and carpenter from Grand Rapids here this P.M. Rain all day." On September 16, 1903, another rainy day, while Guy suffered from chills and fever, the mill started up for the first time.

The next day, the mill was down for repairs.

Guy wrote to Eschweiler on September 19 that his reply regarding the house-building had been delayed by the start-up of the mill. "Although only a small mill the band is a double cutter and makes a board with the carriage going each way and the mill has most of the late improvements."

A month later, Tom was wondering about an area that had already shown more weakness than any construction flaws. What had Guy done about getting a bookkeeper? "Will be glad when everything is straightened out so you and Jim can keep more after the land, logs and lumber for there is where the profit lies."

About this time, a somewhat exaggerated article in the Ashland Daily Press of October 14, 1903, announced that a promising new village had sprung up in the town of Jacobs. "Parties from Grand Rapids, Ex-President Cleveland and Wisconsin Senator Vilas, from Grand Rapids, are investing money four miles from Glidden, where they are putting in a hardwood mill and furniture factory at a place which they have named Nashville. The mill is running now, but the factory is incompleated. There is also some talk of a pulp mill, a boarding house and store is being built at this place, and trains run from Glidden right to the mill."

The name "Nashville" was not actually used and it was not

Cleveland but Vilas who was most interested in the new Glidden suburb, although the former president likely knew about it. The Nash Lumber Company had just begun making lumber when the Madison dignitary began to show impatience with bill-paying. He wrote Tom on November 21, 1903, that he had sent Guy \$5,000, the balance of the latest loan. "I presume no very great amount more is likely to be wanted for some time. I hope so, for it is becoming tighter in the money world."

Guy had not yet completed his house when Tom came up with a plan to combine the Nash Lumber Company and the Nekoosa Paper Company, a move that would render an uncertain future for Guy. The Nash Lumber Company would provide to Nekoosa the raw materials of paper manufacturing: timber, hemlock, bark and timber – and the facilities just erected at "Nashville:" saw mill, store, boarding house and camp outfits. The value of the Nash properties was set at \$600,000.

As with the pulp mill idea, the internal sale concept was bumped up one level of authority, where it was similarly squelched. Vilas said the sale might be possible but he doubted it would be desirable, although he had no reluctance in accepting an offer to purchase from some other party. Vilas had bought the Ashland county mill once; he wasn't about to buy it again, this time from himself. After a dragging time of a year or so, the lumber market would revive, assured Vilas, and there would be plenty of customers for the Nash property at a good price.

"We don't need to be impatient. All we have to do is to move prudently, make no needless outlays and keep on 'sawing wood.'"

Overdraft

Guy had to plead for more money again on December 12, 1903. There had been, he explained, good enough reasons: a railroad car shortage and delivery problems with bark. More bills were coming up to be paid – for machinery, logging and payroll. The startup had been unfortunate because hemlock proved impossible to get to and "hardwood" had to be sawed instead. At the time of the writing, the "good" hemlock was covered by green hemlock and the hardwood wasn't in shipping condition. By the way, Guy needed \$15,000 the next week and the same by Christmas. And there was an overdraft of \$10,300.

Although against his better judgment, Vilas answered the call

as usual, with adequate funds. The personal intimacy he felt for the Nashes was enhanced by his sorrow over the recent deaths of so many long-time friends and he could not say no. On Sept. 26, 1903, he wrote to Tom, "I have no such friend left now, but you. It has been a dreadful death-harvest. I cannot bear to think of it."

The Village

A community that would amount to several hundred hopeful souls began to accumulate around the Nash Lumber Company mill on the East Fork of the Chippewa. The new citizens lived on neatly platted land provided by the company for rent or purchase and sometimes in company houses on the same basis. Records show that, purchasing lots between late 1903 and March of 1906, were: Jno. C. Bull, Guy Nash, L. Dingman, School District Town of Jacobs, Christian Hanson, Oliver O. Rondo, Nicholas Zewe, Anton Gabur, Val. Ballsch[m]neider, Jos. Tomauer, L. Mayville, R. Elliott, Julius. Lassa, Stanley Berlick, Jno. Johnson, L. Dingman, Wm. J. Nelson, Clarence B. Hanson, A.J. Boyles, Ed Dyborg, E. Sundquist, Jay Kimball, L. Valley, Jas. Bliss, Max Greenfield, Chas Bundy, Christ Hanson, John R. Graham, W.E. Jehn, Frank Staadt, Emil Kunsch, Jno. Monk, Jas. Peterson.

Many of these residents and others yet to arrive had ties to Grand Rapids, among them Mrs. Miller, Geo. L. Pickett, Gertrude Kuntz, Slattery, John Johnson, Frank Corcoran, Albert Sweeney, Joe Bodette, Milton Mosher, Stephen Love, Anton Gabur, Mrs. Frank Yetter, Paul Philleo, Mrs. Julius Lassa, Carl and Oscar Umholt, William Sibley and Carrie Behrens.

To connect the first settlers with the society at large, and more particularly, their relatives back home, a post office was established and named, by Tom Nash: "Shanagolden." The popular interpretation of the name is that of a "shana-golden," meaning either something shining gold; or a golden "shana." Actually, a book of Irish names tells us that "Shanagolden" or "Seangualann" is best translated as "old shoulder or hill." According to this etymology, it is a "shanag-olden" rather than a "shana-golden" that the Nashes dubbed along the Chippewa.

At first, Jim Nash rode his horse to Glidden to pick up the mail and on December 17, 1903, was appointed the first postmaster. Later, mail came twice daily by the Kline stage from Glidden.

Whatever the reverberations of the name, Shanagolden was

planned as a productive, industrial village, not as a resort or condominium of leprechauns. And it was to be a sober set of citizens, insofar as such a status could be mandated by management decree. Included in deeds for lots in the village, such as that of Nicholas Zewe, signed October 24, 1904, were stipulations that the property would never be used for to maintain a saloon or any place for keeping or selling "strong, spiritous, malt, ardent or intoxicating liquors."

Losing Jim

As 1904 began, Vilas wondered if a large mistake hadn't been made somewhere. Calls to him for contributions to cover expenses had got so numerous that he thought suspending operations might be better than continuing to operate for no profit at all. Yet, he tried to encourage Guy personally, in February: "I think the Co. will be on its feet before many mos. I trust Shanagolden will justify the latter part of its name and authorize the first to be 'shining.'"

Guy's brother, Jim, decided he had enough of the kind of glitter he was experiencing as Guy's left hand man and wanted to go home to work at Nekoosa. Jim was not as happy, Guy wrote, as he had been when he was in entire charge of the operation; that is, before Guy came. "Men come to him kicking about things he has nothing to do with under the division of work, and I don't doubt take it up in a very different way than they do with me." Besides problems with "double authority," Jim found boarding house food more monotonous than having a cook of his own for six or eight men, said Guy. Add to that friction with "Burt" and Guy was unable to work out an arrangement that would keep Jim in Shanagolden.

Cost Sheets & Whiskey for the Boss

Tom, characteristically optimistic, looked towards a more profitable future for the Nashes if not Shanagolden. He said in January, 1904, only six months or so after the mill was built, that he would be willing to sell the Nash land for \$4 per acre, meanwhile running the saw mill day and night to get the most possible profit out of the timber they owned before any possible sale. "If the land was sold our interest in paying taxes hoping for re-imbusement from increase in land values would be gone." Tom said he expected that land dealers anxious to get settlers in would

be helpful in raising the value of the land. "It may be better to manufacture a few months longer and get our cost sheets where they belong before passing any judgement."

On January 21, 1904, even as the sale of Shanagolden was being discussed, Guy purchased from the Nash Lumber Company, the land on which he built his house. About that time, a nasty letter came from Stevens Point.

Ed Woodworth, a former saw filer for the company, wrote, "I have always supposed you to be a man of honor but the deal I received through you and your lackeys proves to the contrary. I could not hope to win against such a combination as John Bull, Walter Burt and a helper and sawyer working against me all the time ... I suppose I would have been a better fellow if I had furnished whiskey for the boss and had a little drink in the store nights. I never did buy whiskey to hold a job. You keep your eyes open and you will be wiser in six months."

Money Does Go Hard

Like Major Molineux's young kinsman, Guy would be enlightened soon enough. At least, efforts would be made in that direction. The "House in the Woods," which he and Floy moved into in February, 1904, had overrun the estimated \$4,000 cost. Guy needed more money to pay the final bills, he told his father. "We are very comfortable and happy and will have a fine house as long as Shanagolden runs, if I can run it to a success. I do not see any reason to question it, but so much money going out does go hard," he said.

The way it looked to the most objective party involved, Guy was not running the mill to anything that could be termed success. By March, Vilas could identify two specific problems: unprofitable winter sawing in the mill and inadequate accounting in the office. "I shall be glad when the bookkeeping reaches a point that will enable some use of it," he wrote. Defending Shanagolden, Tom and Guy continued to argue that the seeming deficit was only temporary, caused mainly by a hard winter and the extra expense of the start-up.

"The Nash Lbr Co is going to come out all right," Guy wrote on March 31. "We are just finding our legs and getting where we can go satisfactorily. So far we have gotten along rather as we could than as we wished. Now the little things which mean half the profits can

be looked after as has not been possible so far. Economies of manufacturing, logging savings, prompt realization on pulpwood bark etc. looking closer after feed, sacks and many more such things will help out a lot, and we are not doing all bad now."

In an uncommon reference to his personal life, Guy told Vilas that Floy had not been feeling too well lately; he did not mention that she was pregnant, though she was. "She is a plucky little woman to undergo the loneliness and trials of the winter in the woods," returned Vilas. "I hoped the completion of your house would be much comfort to her."

Meanwhile, Floy, in one of her several absences from Shanagolden, wrote her counsel to the manager of the big sawmill, this time from Grand Rapids: "It is too bad since you must send way to Milwaukee for a painter that you cant get the man you want. Guy, don't let him tramp all my green things down. ... So Vilas and your Father go up on Tuesday - For pity's sake take the broom and brush up the carpets in living and dining room. I know how it must look and to have Col Vilas see our pretty house in so dilapidated a condition is too bad."

While Guy was waiting to become a father for the first time, his father was experiencing considerable and increasing pain in his left arm. Vilas persuaded Tom to come down to Madison for medical attention. "Unless this be dealt with as it should be you are liable to be cut off from business altogether," wrote Vilas, believing that business worries were a major cause of Tom's physical problems at that time.

Despite more overdrafts as spring of 1904 approached, Guy and Tom attempted mutual reassurances that the Shanagolden situation would improve. Tom wrote to Guy, "Your statements indicate that the Nash Lbr Co. will soon be self sustaining and I hope this may be the case. There is no doubt in my mind but that property will bring independent riches to you and Jim and good profit to both Col V and I the way timber is climbing it may be realized as without your working so very many years."

Vilas noted, April 2, 1904, that he had now furnished to Tom and the boys, from his coffers and his brother's, over \$254,500. "But I reckon it a good promise and think the boys will get a fortune out of it of a fair size for young fellows," he said to Tom. Vilas wrote to Guy the same day that Tom had been touched emotionally by Guy's letters "and is justly proud of his good, capable and faithful son, tho he may not say so to you."

From Col. William F. Vilas, January 2, 1905

Dear Guy,

I duly rec'd yrs. or 23d ult's, and also the photographs of the camps and lumbering scenes, for which accepting thanks. They are interesting to me of course and ought to be attractive in some degree to anyone.



Jehn

Lumber storage, Nash Lumber Co., 1905



Nash

Nash Lumber Co. RR locomotive (Al McDonald, engineer; Jay Kimball, conductor; Bob Elliott, fireman), 1905



Nash

Log loader, 1905

A Brilliant Future

However negative the cash-flow within the Nash company, the little industrial burg they had invented looked mighty good to many of those who lived and worked there. A June 10, 1904, correspondence from A.J. Boyles, a Nash employee, to the Glidden Enterprise, called Shanagolden "a thriving young town with a brilliant future." He estimated that the mill, which employed several hundred men, could run 15 or 20 years before exhausting the Nash Lumber Company timber.

In July, 1904, telephone lines were run from the company office to camps 1 and 2. The following March, the Glidden Telephone Company extended their line to Shanagolden. In September, 1904, the Shanagolden correspondent analyzed the possibilities for an industrial future.

"Should the much talked of pulp mill be put in at this village then watch us go. There is an abundant supply of good pulp wood near at hand and would keep a concern of the above type in operation for years to come. Then Shanagolden would have prospects of some day becoming one of the leading towns in Northern Wisconsin."

There was no reason for the average south-Ashland county sawdust savant to believe his home was a passing fancy.

The American Lumberman

A generous multi-page spread on the subject of Shanagolden in the American Lumberman magazine was reprinted August 9, 1904, in the Wood County Reporter of Grand Rapids and couldn't help but reinforce the notion that things were going well up there. From the point of view of Vilas and Tom Nash, the illustrated description must have served as a complimentary real estate ad. "Shanagolden is new, but unlike most other new towns, it is not crude," said the Lumberman. "The east branch of the Chippewa river, in a very picturesque part of its course, here divides the saw and planing mill plant, lumber yards and roll-ways of the Nash Lumber Company from the office, merchandising, boarding house and residential portion of the village."

The mill was expected to operate at least 20 years. The lumber company railroad would be used even longer, said the Lumberman, as an adjunct to the Wisconsin Central to accommodate settlers

resulting from local lumbering activities in the cutover. "The secretary of the Nash Lumber Company and the active manager of the work is Guy Nash, oldest son of the president, who resides at Shanagolden in the picturesque cottage depicted in one of the engravings."

Timber holdings were estimated at 35,000 acres of virgin forest southwest of Shanagolden with standing timber "aggregating" at about 20 million feet. Hemlock "of a comparatively young, medium sized and thrifty character" comprised two-thirds. The remainder was birch, basswood, elm and white pine. Some small spruce and hemlock would be "reduced to pulp stock" and sold to the Nekoosa Paper Company.

The sawmill, said the Lumberman, had a capacity of 60,000 feet in 10 hours. Also supplied by the steam plant was a planing mill. A related mill made shingles from white cedar and lath from hemlock and basswood.

The home of manager Nash was described as unique for a lumber town: "a modern seaside cottage transferred to the fringe of the forest." In the house's interior, rough hemlock beams were stained a dull brown. Huge fireplaces, rug-covered hardwood floors, electric lighting and charming decorations pointed to "the comfort its occupancy" and "the good sense and excellent taste of its owner."

When Guy sent a copy of the article to Floy, she replied from Grand Rapids. "I thought the pictures very good also the article," she said. "I wish I had known when the house was to be taken for the curtains in our room look like sin and are most conspicuous in the picture."

You and I Will Be Rich

Throughout the summer, Vilas implored Tom to take care of his health. "I want you to be in good condition to help my wife, as may be convenient, when I have 'passed in my checks,' and give the wisdom of your brains & experience to Nekoosa and Shanagolden for many years to come, and if you don't take the pressure off, you will be a grievous disappointment to me after I am dead and gone."

Repose in the face of the continued cash drain might have been difficult for Tom. On August 25, he wrote ambiguously to Guy about the latest loan: "Have arranged with Col. Vilas to provide money as needed for logging – twenty millions if necessary. I am sending him today \$30,000 Jackson Milling Co. stock as collateral."

At least the Nekoosa Paper Company, in which Tom and Vilas had major interests, continued to do well. Wrote Tom to Guy, "If it keeps on two or three years more, we – that is, you and I – will be rich, and Jim fairly well to do."

Tom's disease was diagnosed as paralysis agitans, now called Parkinson's disease, a degenerative condition that would surely extend over time to Tom's other arm and to his legs, rendering him quite possibly in pain and helpless. As Tom left for an October Mediterranean cruise, Vilas, truly a friend, wrote that he would miss "you alone who are of the inner circle of my heart." He told Tom to be sure to leave business worries behind at least. "The boys are able to do their work now and yours too."

Vilas turned to a more severe ministration when he wrote to Guy on October 23, 1904. In the latest two months, Vilas said, he could not see that any profit had been made at Shanagolden. And if income did not exceed expenses, there would be, from operations, no profit possible. "You have got to run this business with such poor counsel and aid as I can give. We must not let it weary your father, who ought to be care-free. And as I believe nothing will so mitigate his concealed and hidden anxiety as a substantial reduction of our debt."

"It is pitiful to see him so discouraged," Vilas added.

Shanagolden Correspondence

On November 2, Guy was able to present his father with good news from another arena. An eight-pound baby boy was born to Guy and Floy. The newcomer would be named Thomas, in honor of his grandfather. "The boy is as good as can be expected," wrote Guy. "He cries just about enough for exercise. I do not see that he is any homelier than other boys the same age."

A column had appeared about that time in the Glidden Enterprise, titled "Shanagolden Correspondence." "That our town is coming to the front is a sure thing. Wednesday morning two new boys made their appearance in the village, one being born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Nash, while the other came to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Billmyre."

Others made note of the progeny and its effect on the progenitor. "Guy is so proud that he hardly walks on terra firma nowadays," wrote Ruth Mead of Grand Rapids to Floy. "I saw him, just as he was coming from the station...and I thought he wore a

very happy expression – now, I am sure his face is a radiant sunbeam.”

From outward appearances, it was a time when many conceptions were coming to fruition.

Other newcomers were expected to arrive in Shanagolden soon – workmen and their families. Ground was cleared in October, 1904, for a modern two-story rooming house for 100 men, according to the *Enterprise*. Seven miles of railroad were laid into the heaviest of the Nash timber. Iron pipes were run from the engine room through the hot pond, to the pumping house and yard and across the river to the boarding house and store. That, with 2,000 feet of hose, was expected to give the villagers temporary protection from fire. In spring, the company intended to lay water mains the full length of the street. A volunteer fire department was organized, with John Heiser, chief, Earl Brennan, hook and ladder captain and Frank Staadt, bucket brigade, among others.

Apparently some further training was needed in the incendiary arena. It was reported that one of the members of the brigade got so excited when pressed into action that he threw three pails of water at a mirror.

Injuries around the mill and camps, while not an everyday occurrence, were common and sometimes fatal. When Alfred Panter and Carrie Bunde were married in October, 1905, they were treated to a charivari by mill employees. Their life in Shanagolden was to be short, Alfred in the next week breaking both legs in a mill yard accident that sent the two back to Grand Rapids.

Occasionally, mishaps came with elements of humor attached. The *Enterprise* of July 22, 1904, said of Geo. DeMars: “In a tussle with the nigger in the mill he got a bad blow in the ribs with a cant hook handle which will put him out of the ring for a few days.” The *Enterprise* described another close call during off-work hours when Ole Berg, a blacksmith at one of the camps, lay down drunk on the railroad track. From the woods came half-a-dozen hunters speeding along on a hand car that passed directly over the blacksmith. Berg was nearly stripped by a gearing that caught in his clothing but otherwise none the worse for the experience. He got up without help, excused himself for having stopped the car and went on to the camp.

In September, 1904, Bob Elliott’s son, George, was taken to Butternut to have his foot operated on. Dr. Violet removed a

porcupine quill that had been festereing for some six months.

The saw mill was shut down half a day in November to give the men an opportunity to vote. That the mill would be shut down permanently did not seem possible . It was all so lively.

Profit and Loss

The Nash family agreed with the populace that there was a viable future for Shanagolden as a community, but it was clear that future did not rest on what they were doing at the time – making lumber from logs. To justify one of many requests for cash, Guy wrote to F.J. Wood of the Wood County National Bank that payments were coming in from Nekoosa for pulpwood but that he hesitated to fill the orders. “If we build a sulphite mill here next spring we will need this wood ourselves,” he wrote. Lumbering was never more than a sideline to the Nash Lumber Company. The Nash vision always rested on pulp and paper.

As 1904 ended, Tom wrote, after a visit to Shanagolden, that operations there were in good condition. The several logging camps in the area were functioning well, “and they can get good men this year for much less than poor men had to be taken on last year.” The mill was running night and day and the hot water pond working well. “Guy is working very hard and begins to feel that now his organization is good,” said Tom, “and he will get better results with less trying effort on his part.”

The situation and Guy’s “trying” role in it did not look so good to Vilas and he let Guy know about it. In reaction, Guy wrote to his father to confess Vilas suspected that Shanagolden as a business proposition wasn’t working out very well. “I don’t think we should blame him if he is getting inclined to question management. He has a lot of money in and more to go in and, of course, I’m pretty young and new to the lumber business. But he should not expect impossible results.”

As 1905 began, a frustrated Vilas continued to chide Guy as gently as he could manage. “I have not had a trial balance of Nash L. Co. for many months – Don’t your bookkeeper get them off monthly?” Vilas told Tom that he could not see a dollar being made at Shanagolden. “Judging from the balance sheets, our increase is principally in debts.” Any profit, said Vilas, was likely to result from the rising land values, rather than through timber production.

The Nash Lumber Company, according to Vilas, would have to stop cutting logs. Rather than laboring to clear a profit, they were foolishly reducing the value of the land by taking off the timber. "I have not been satisfied with the mill from the first, as I have more than once suggested," wrote Vilas. "Its power seems too limited for either its cost of construction or of operation." Despite a harvest of logs at three camps of almost 10 million board feet, Vilas found February figures "disquieting." He said logs cut by the Nash Lumber Company cost more than they would have if they had been bought from another lumber company, already cut.

Vilas told Guy he hoped summer sales would be considerable and implied that they had better be, so he could pay off his own debts. "Your father's unfortunate condition casts upon us the necessity for looking to the business in every aspect, and we must look it squarely in the face," he said.

In April, Vilas wrote to Tom that Guy needed assistance. "I get but a very unsatisfactory statement, showing receipts, after corrections, at \$153,663.66, and payments \$152,489.30, which he is overdrawn. And as a cash disbursement, there is given a charge to Profit and Loss, for loss, of \$6,541.97! No business can be safely conducted unless the accounts, both pecuniary and of operation, are prompt and accurate, almost or quite in daily exhibit."

Vilas told Tom a week later that he was prepared to sell the Ashland county land for \$4 per acre, "because I have got so much locked up here that I am deprived of much better uses of." Vilas thought he and Tom – without letting Guy know their purpose – ought to get up to Shanagolden and help get affairs in order .

The Haak Option

The Haak Lumber Company of Haakwood, Mich., was interested in buying Shanagolden and the Nash Lumber Company wanted to sell. Guy wrote Haak on May 25, 1905, describing the components of the "all new" plant: double-cutter single-band mill, lath sawmill, shingle mill, planing mill, large sizer, matcher, moulder, siding saw, rip-saw, cut-off saw and Byrkite lath machine, dry lumber shed, boarding house with sleeping shanty, store, barns and two houses. Also for sale were a first-class locomotive, 15 standard flat cars, a McGiffert log loader and camp outfits. Guy estimated the Nash timber holdings at 200 million feet of hemlock, birch, basswood, elm, pine and tamarack saw timber. There were



Nash Lumber Co., 1903; sawmill at right (Nash)



Nash Lumber Co. camp, 1905 (Nash)



Big woods stack, 1905 (Nash)



Logging camp in winter (Nash)

also cedar, spruce and hemlock for pulp wood which the Nash Lumber Company would buy from the new owner for use in the Nekoosa paper mill.

"As to price, I think our people would accept \$600,000 for land and timber, or would hold the land, selling you the timber only for \$75,000 less; the mills, railroad, boarding house, store, rolling stock, my house, etc., to be sold to you at cost."

Distance Lends Enchantment

When Guy described his Shanagolden adventure to his sister Nell on June 6, he wrote wryly of, "a chance to live close to Nature's heart and fight mosquitoes and incidentally, put in eight or ten hours a day in a lumber office but, when it rains all day and a board has hit you on the head and the humming produced convinces you it's hollow, why it becomes impress on me that I might be able to stand a little of the strenuousness of European travel of which you complain, in exchange for even Shanagolden. You see, I've been here pretty steady for two years in August, and doubtless that increases the attractiveness of some of those things as distance lends enchantment, etc."

The Hines Option

Another potential buyer for Shanagolden, the Edward Hines Lumber Company of Chicago, emerged in October. Again, lands and timber were offered, this time by Vilas, for \$600,000. The remains of the Nash Lumber Company could be purchased "at cost." Vilas told Guy that about \$465,000 would be required to wipe out the debts he and the Nashes had incurred. "If this be true, you and Jim and I would have about \$240,000 – to pay what we put in and profit." Guy said he would be glad if the Hines deal went through. However, Hines decided not to purchase Shanagolden, apparently because of the poor quality hemlock offered.

The Latest Pulp Proposition

The tenacious Tom Nash returned time and again to his original idea. "Was at Appleton yesterday and found a very decided change in favor of hemlock and also building a sulphite mill at Shanagolden. Mr. McNaughton [an investor in the Nekoosa Paper Co.] thought it would be a very good thing for PtEd [Port Edwards

paper mill] – So Cent [South Centralia paper mill] and Nekoosa [paper mill], and that we, too, would make money on it.” Nash tried to persuade Vilas to increase capital stock to \$500,000 and bond it for an equal amount, setting aside \$150,000 for a sulphite mill to be built the following spring.

Vilas’ friendship for Tom did not prevent him from vetoing the latest pulp proposition as quickly as he had those that had come earlier. “Your suggestion of enlarging capital and bonding for \$500,000 strikes me as neither feasible nor wise. I think we should go on just as we are and, some day, we will find a customer.”

A Nash Lumber Company record shows from Dec. 1, 1904, to Oct. 1, 1905, the company harvested 12,277,982 feet of hemlock, which was 53.9% of the total harvest, followed by birch (15%), basswood (14%), pine (7%), fir (7%), maple, ash and oak.

Port Edwards Fibre

Two problems were about to be solved by a creative maneuver.

On the basis of a December, 1905, understanding, the “Port Edwards Fibre Co.” was formed, February 7, 1906, to both buy the Nash Lumber Company and build a sulphite mill that would use the timber products Nash had been producing and would be expected to continue producing. The sulphite facility would not be located near the raw materials of Shanagolden as Tom Nash had wished. It would be placed near the paper mill at Port Edwards though Shanagolden-area forests owned by Nash would provide the raw material.

Lewis M. Alexander, a resident of Milwaukee at the time, was a banker and president of the John Edwards Manufacturing Co. of Port Edwards, between Grand Rapids and Nekoosa, where he had built a paper mill in 1896. He also invested in the Centralia and Nekoosa paper mills and was secretary of the General Paper company of Milwaukee, a paper-marketing concern.

The fibre company was financed by 500 bonds of \$1,000 each. Of \$250,000 in capital stock, three-fifths went to the triumvirate of L.M. Alexander, president of J. Edwards Mfg.; G.F. Steele, manager of Edwards; and John McNaughton, an investor in Edwards, in the Nekoosa Paper Company and in Fox River Valley mills. That left a minority of two-fifths of the stock for the principal figures of the former Nash Lumber Company: Guy Nash, Tom Nash, Jim Nash and William F. Vilas.

Most likely in recognition of his status as senior partner, Tom Nash was named president; Steele, vice president; and Alexander, treasurer. Just recently prince of Shanagolden and heir apparent to the management of the Nekoosa Paper Company, Guy Nash was not named to the board of directors of Port Edwards Fibre, although he was named manager and secretary.

Tom was happy, or at least relieved, to have the agreement, as he wrote to Guy: "Our affairs are now in safe and fairly good condition. I think enough bonds will soon be sold to put me beyond trouble ever from a general panic – and you and Jim are already there." He said he owed only \$96,000 to Vilas, most of which he would meet with \$94,000 worth of bonds.

A March 2, 1906, Enterprise listed the top tax payers of the town of Jacobs. Number one was Guy Nash, no doubt representing the Nash firm, paying \$2,293.27. A close second was the Wisconsin Central Railway at \$2,116.35, followed by the Mississippi River Log Company, \$1356.71.

That month, Guy sold to the Nash Lumber Company "the dwelling house and all appurtenances" that was known as the House in the Woods, seemingly preparing the way for his departure from the area.

An exchange of conferences regarding the future of Shanagolden took place in 1906 as Guy visited L.M. Alexander in Milwaukee and, in turn, Alexander, with banker F.J. Wood, came to Shanagolden in order to finalize the fibre company's organization. On March 15, Wood, of the Wood County National Bank, told Guy he had written his bank's largest draft ever, for \$247,740, "and I think the largest draft that any bank of the same capital [\$50,000] as ours has ever issued in this state."

The Artistic Temperament

Floy, who had studied music in Detroit and owned one of the five pianos in Shanagolden, apparently found sylvan isolation less than ideal. Looking down the Chippewa valley at endless meanders of statuesque timber and winter snow, Floy was asked by an enthusiast of the north if she could think of any place on earth she would rather be.

"I certainly can," she is reported to have said. "Right on the corner of State Street and Madison in Chicago."

Floy, like Guy, was not restricted, however, to an Ashland

county existence. She returned often to Grand Rapids to help care for her ailing mother and to visit with Grand Rapids friends, such as Charlotte Witter and Ruth Mead. Her undated letters from Rapids to Guy tell of carriage drives, card-playing, dance parties and chronic nervous tension. There is also nostalgia for her northwoods abode. "I am afraid I am in for a headache about tomorrow," she wrote. "I will be so glad when you come down and take me home. Altogether I shall find Glidden very restful. What a time you have had washing dishes etc. Why didn't you let them accumulate? Then we could have had a great washing bee on my return."

Her good humor apparently could not survive the vicissitudes of country living. As was fairly commonplace for wives of privilege in those days, Floy suffered a breakdown that sent her off for a long vacation. In 1906, Floy left young Thomas with relatives in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, and entered the North Shore Health Resort of Winnetka, Illinois. Her problem had been diagnosed, she wrote to Guy, as "artistic nervous temperament" of which a major manifestation was debilitating headaches.

"Expect you are terribly lonesome," Floy added at the end of one letter to Guy and in another said, "I can imagine how desolate and cold the house is without fire or fresh air. Never mind. I'll be home soon."

At the same time, Guy's mother and father and Floy's mother also suffered from ill health. Guy himself seemed to be depressed during the summer of 1906. He wrote to his father, "I haven't felt quite up to the scratch and that has delayed some things. I haven't been ill but have had to be outside considerable to stave off headaches, and haven't had much ambition when I was in the office. I expect I got more run down last winter than I realized." The following winter, a severe cold developed into an abscess in his ear "which laid me up completely," he said then.

Steele

With the increasing influence of Port Edwards offices on Shanagolden affairs, so rose G. Francis Steele. As the sulphite mill in Port Edwards was being completed, a Grand Rapids newspaper noted in November, 1906, that Steele, former general manager of the Combined Locks paper mill and former manager of the Centralia Pulp and Water Power Co. (more lately of International

Harvester), had come from Chicago to manage the Port Edwards paper and pulp mills.

Whereas previously it had been Vilas, a family friend, asking firmly but with fraternal concern, for accountability, now it was L.M. Alexander's manager, G.F. Steele, sharply demanding it. "The matter in question is the quality of hemlock timber, which we are getting from Shanagolden," said Steele. "This timber certainly is not fit to go into our [Port Edwards pulp] mill, for it is very rotten, and if put in will certainly have to be replaced in a very few years." Steele was even less likely than Vilas to approve cutting logs at a loss just to keep the Shanagolden sawmill running.

Steele did agree, however, that the hemlock standing in Ashland County would be a valuable asset and worth holding on to. He wrote on December 18, 1906: "We can get hemlock timber now, and I believe the day is coming when these mills will have to go on to a straight sulphite sheet, either book or fibre, made from hemlock wood." After the sulphite mill was built, hemlock was shipped as pulpwood to Port Edwards and Nekoosa. Only hardwood continued to be sawed at the Shanagolden mill and that was sent elsewhere.

In early 1907, Steele echoed Vilas' earlier remarks when he told Guy he should get some clerical help quickly. "We are not getting our reports as we should, and we ought to be so situated at Shanagolden that we can get monthly reports of trial balances, and you certainly ought not to attempt to do this work."

The Shanagolden Bill

While the economic problems of sawing lumber at Shanagolden proved insurmountable, a political issue was resolved favorably. Since 1905, efforts had been made by the Nashes and by other residents to separate Shanagolden from the larger but also unincorporated village of Glidden, both a part of the township of Jacobs. The Shanagolden faction believed that Glidden was overtaxing the rest of the town for its benefit.

Objectors from Glidden prevented the first petition from being heard by employing what Guy called "shyster" lawyers. "A strong lobby on the other side was trying to convince them that we are nothing but a selfish corporation trying to form a town so as to eliminate taxes as far as possible," he said. With the considerable political influence of Tom Nash and Col. Vilas brought to bear on

legislators, the bill creating the town of Shanagolden passed the state senate and then the assembly in March, 1907.

Fire

Despite the chronic failure to profit, Guy wrote the version of Shanagolden's end that would prevail. "Everything seemed set for years and years of manufacturing, when one day in 1907 the fire whistle blew." The June 4 event, while significant, has received too much blame for the demise of Shanagolden.

At 6 p.m., after the day's work, a shingle machine started a fire that in three minutes became a mass of flame. Within 25 minutes, the sawmill had been destroyed. Only the boiler house and boiler were "not much injured." A bucket brigade kept the flames from the lumber piles.

"I was very much shocked but glad to learn that you were fully covered by insurance," wrote banker Isaac Witter from Grand Rapids. The mill, "one of the finest and best equipped in this part of the country," according to the Enterprise, was valued at about \$50,000 of which insurance would reimburse \$41,000. By comparison, \$225,000 had just been spent on the new sulphite mill in Port Edwards. Inventories were counted as \$137,700 in lumber and \$86,800 in logs.

"It is yet unknown whether it will be rebuilt but, in view of the large timber holdings, tracks and other properties of the Nash Lumber Company centered around Shanagolden, they, in all probabilities will [rebuild]."

The Nash company in July posted placards around Ashland county that it needed 100 men to work. "They pay very high wages for the different kinds of work and provide the very best for their men in the way of camps and cooks," said the Enterprise. "No man need go without a job, for he may select between railroading, bark peeling and logging and will do well at any."

In a parallel operation just a few away, the Roddis Lumber & Veneer Company built a logging railroad from the Wisconsin Central at Park Falls northeast of Glidden, in 1903. The Park Falls sawmill and shingle mill used mainly hemlock and white cedar, shipping hardwood to its veneer mill at Marshfield. In the winter of 1907, the Marshfield and Park Falls plants both burned, but were quickly rebuilt that spring.

But to Steele and Alexander, the Shanagolden portion of the





Nash Lumber Co. camps, 1905 (Nash)





Port Edwards Fibre Company was a burden in the tight money situation "panic" of 1907. "There is one feature of the situation that has added to my worry over this matter, and that is the amount necessary to carry on operations in connection with the Nash Lumber Company," complained Steele on October 25.

On a more personal and perhaps happier note, Guy's daughter, Jean, had been born August 27, 1907. "Floy stood the trial beautifully," he wrote, although there is evidence that the infancy of Jean was difficult for her mother.

Improvement Club

Hopeful changes continued to be made in Shanagolden. Existing streets were graded (no grass growing here!), new streets were added and board sidewalks built.

The ladies of the village organized an Aid Society to raise funds for a reading room and meeting hall. The effort was supported by the newspaper. "Gentlemen when you see the ladies come do not hide behind a tree nor fall into a dry goods box for your support of the good work is necessary," urged the Enterprise. In December, said that journal, the Ladies Aid, as part of their organizational effort, hosted their sisters from Glidden at "the beautiful home" of Floy Nash.

The meeting hall would be located on lots donated by the Nash Lumber Company. Plans were provided at no charge by Guy's architect, Eschweiler. The club raised \$1600 for materials. The structure was built by Nash employees who volunteered labor in their spare hours and the "reading and recreation room" opened, on October 10, 1907, with a grand ball.

Guy was wholeheartedly involved in the project, but others were not so enthusiastic, especially when they learned of a small loan made by the company, which Guy wanted dispensed with. Steele wrote to Guy on December 9, 1907, and quoted Col. Vilas. "In respect to the Shanagolden Improvement Club, I do not see that it makes much difference what you do," said Vilas. "Before the lumber company's money was invested in it, it might have been worthy of consideration. This is the first I have ever heard of it, and I was quite surprised to find myself enrolled as a contributor, although I was able to recall having sent a check to Mrs. Nash for what I supposed was a contribution to a very small and inconsiderable affair."

Partner McNaughton also seemed taken aback by news of the club's debt and told Steele, who wrote to Guy: "I hardly know what to say in regard to this expense at this time at that point."

For his part, Alexander suggested that the Nash Lumber Co. secure the money from some bank and carry it until payments of \$100 per year could be made by the club. Steele trusted Guy could "arrange the matter in accordance with Mr. Alexander's views."

Shutdown

Steele gave the bad news to Guy on November 18, 1907. "It now looks probable to me that we shall have to shut all work off at Shanagolden for the winter and discharge our people, in line of what has been done elsewhere by other operators, on account of the money market." Steele elaborated further on November 23. "When I realize that we are only going to get out from nine to twelve thousand cords of pulpwood at Shanagolden this year, and when I realize the large amount we have been paying out each month, averaging about \$20,000 per month at Shanagolden, I don't see how we are going to come out without a loss, and we certainly have no right to shrink from facing the truth."

"Hog fuel" or waste product, sent to Steele for fuel, also proved to be too expensive to produce and shipment would be stopped.

Alexander and Steele were very "blue" over the money scarcity and over poor orders in the pulp business, said Tom in January, 1908. "I don't know where we can borrow to pay for wood." By the end of the month, the credit pinch eased and the fibre company borrowed \$85,000. Alexander was also anxious to remedy the financial situation of the company, if needed, at the expense of Shanagolden. He told Vilas on February 6, 1908: "I feel very much concerned about the proposition as a whole, as it is far more extensive and expensive than I ever dreamed it could be possible."

Alexander and Steele were now comparing the cost of wood at Shanagolden with that produced at Port Edwards and finding Shanagolden deficient. Quality control was also a problem. In December, January and February, 215 carloads were shipped from Shanagolden to Port Edwards by the Nash Lumber Company. Shipments contained 3,186 cords of which they were docked 1,016 cords for air and rot, according to a Nash accounting. But Steele calculated that matters were slightly worse. During January, of 2,509 total cords, 1,000 were docked as unfit.

Steele had made "an exhaustive series" of tests to see if the dockage was fair – to the extent of unloading five cars, cutting up the logs to four feet lengths and measuring them again.

A Change in Management

Land owners in the village, noted in January, 1908, included the school house and Improvement Club. Nekoosa-Edwards retained 22 lots and two houses. Another 53 lots had owners named Jehn, Graham, Peterson, Bull, Greenfield, Bliss, Miller, Sell, Berlick, Carpenter, Lassa, Elliott, Zewe, Frick, Anderson, Dingman, Wilson, Kunsch, Staadt, Kretlaw, Hanson, Bundy, Treutel, Kimball, Cloud, Cormican, Tomaur, Johnson, Ballschmeider, Gabur, Sundquist, Dyborg, Wing, and Sand.

Among the populace, the illusion of permanence continued, to the extent that a drama club was founded and the Enterprise said anti-prophetically that the Shanagolden residents were determined to have a most beautiful town and would not allow the streets "of that pretty place" to become a pasture for anybody's stock.

It was apparent to Guy, however, that his own term at Shanagolden was severely limited. He wrote to his father on February 2, 1908, that the reason he didn't leave immediately was that he didn't want to give the impression he had been forced out. Reflecting on the change in his fortunes, Guy observed that a man is favored when in the good graces of others, "and so worthless when out of them." Whatever the cause of his return, Tom assured Guy he would be glad to see his son and son's family back with him in Grand Rapids again: "Its such an age since Floy and Thomas were down – and the little Jean I have never seen."

Guy wrote to Steele, "With pulpwood slowing down and lumber as slow as it well can be with every prospect of its continuing slow, it will be six or eight months and probably a year before the stocks are cleaned up. ...I do not see that I need to stay here longer than a few weeks, say the middle of May." The Enterprise announced on April 17 that Guy had given up the management of the Nash Lumber Company but would remain in charge for a month or six weeks when he was expected to move to Grand Rapids. He and Floy moved in the week of June 5, according to the Enterprise.

Guy, in retrospect, explained the end this way: "Inevitably the dwindling down process proceeded however; not being content with a strictly logging job, oppressed with the quiet of the village as

compared with the prior bustle, and with children growing up to school age – feeling moreover that my wife and myself were getting into a rut, I decided to get out, and did so in June of 1908.” Years after the mill closed, Guy simplified the explanation of the Shanagolden failure when he wrote, “It was not a large earner as had been expected; partly because most hemlock operations were not profitable, partly because the hemlock cut poor, there being too large a percent of #3.”

Before he left Shanagolden, Guy made a pitch that his successor, H.A.. Clark, be given a raise from \$100 to \$150 and use of a house, either Guy’s own or another vacant dwelling in the village. Guy resigned as postmaster of Shanagolden on May 19 and made plans to return to Grand Rapids.

When Guy left Shanagolden in June, 1908, after five years as prince of that place, a party was held in his honor at the Community Hall. It featured dancing from 9:30 until midnight when a grand march was conducted from the hall to the boarding house for supper. There, several speakers lauded Guy for building up the village and praised Floy as president of the Improvement Club. Gifts were presented. Guy, Floy, Thomas and Jean departed for Grand Rapids the following Monday.

What could be perceived as the abandonment of Guy Nash and Shanagolden by the Port Edwards Fibre Company no doubt contributed to a degree of alienation of Vilas from Alexander. In April, Vilas told Alexander he was displeased because he had not been taken into account on recent decisions involving the Port Edwards sulphite mill and under those circumstances would not invest any more money in it.

Nekoosa-Edwards

Another major development took place in the structure of the firm that controlled Shanagolden, this time without Guy’s prior knowledge.

Tom Nash, Alexander, John McNaughton and Steele came to an agreement that created the “Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Co.” Capital stock stood at \$3,000,000 and a bonded indebtedness at 1 million, distributed proportionately by the value of properties that made up the new company: the Nekoosa Paper Company, owned chiefly by Nash, Vilas and McNaughton; the John Edwards Manufacturing Company of Port Edwards, owned chiefly by Alexander,



Jehn

Nash Lumber Co. sawmill, 1907



Jehn

Nash Lumber Co. sawmill, 1907



Jehn

Nash Lumber Co. sawmill, 1907

McNaughton and Vilas; and the Port Edwards Fibre Company.

When he heard about the merger, Guy wrote first to his brother, Jim. "You take my breath away with your announcement of the figures arrived at by the conference on consolidation when I didn't even know any suggestion of consolidation was in the air." Yet he averred, "anything that is good for the rest is good for me." Guy wrote to his father that the new arrangement could benefit the fibre company, but only if the Nash interests were able to maintain a strong voice in the management. He feared too much control by Alexander and Steele.

Major officers in Nekoosa-Edwards were T.E. Nash, president and forestry division manager; L.M. Alexander, vice-president and treasurer; John McNaughton, second vice-president; ; Lawrence E. Nash, manager of sales; J.B. Nash, assistant to manufacturing, Nekoosa mills; E.B. Garrison, assistant to manufacturing, Port Edwards mills; and A.U. Marving, supply purchasing agent; Geo. F. Steele, secretary and general manager of manufacturing and sales. There was no mention of Guy Nash.

When the new company was announced August 31, William F. Vilas was listed among members of the board of directors but his name had to be marked with an asterisk. Vilas had been stricken while he slept in the night of July 20 by a brain hemorrhage and died August 27 at age 68.

With Vilas gone, with Tom in ill health and Guy without important office, the influence of the Nashes in Nekoosa-Edwards was not considerable. Affairs at Shanagolden fell nominally under T.E. Nash's division of forestry with Guy as his assistant or "woodland" manager, his salary set at \$2,400. Accustomed to managing Shanagolden alone, Guy, now confined to a subordinate role in Grand Rapids, immediately clashed with Alexander over a timber purchase. Said Alexander, there was "no license to you however to delegate to yourself the consumation of such large deals or any deal that does not pass before the Executive Committee." Alexander claimed the company saved \$40,000 by not accepting Guy's outgoing offer for timber.

The nuptials barely over, the Nekoosa-Edwards union was experiencing negative bliss.

I am Worth More

In the winter of 1908-09, Guy moved into the Dr. Harvie house in Grand Rapids. Although he did not live in Shanagolden, Guy

worked on logging contracts with Foster & Latimer and visited Shanagolden often to check pulpwood inventories, traveling along the railroad tracks and logging roads by train, bicycle and on foot. In January 1909, he left for a European tour with his wife and parents but returned to Shanagolden in time to attend a dance on May 21, 1909.

During the summer of 1909, a logging contract was entered into with the Mellen Lumber Company to log the entire Shanagolden tract. Mellen would ship hemlock and other pulp logs to Nekoosa and Port Edwards and the saw timber to the Paine Lumber Company at Oshkosh. The House in the Woods was for sale.

Guy began looking for a new position. He wrote to paper-industry leader G.D. Jones in Wausau to discuss an opening for a manager at a new paper mill being constructed on the Wisconsin River. "At present I am in charge of timber lands and logging operations for the N-EPCo but do not believe they will operate much for a few years, pulpwood being in good supply, or purchase lands, having recently closed contract which affords a safe supply for a term of years; and believe I am worth more than the work they have for me warrants them in paying."

Jones replied on February 9 that his company had already hired 26-year-old D.C. Everest as manager. Jones said that to save embarrassment he hadn't even mentioned Guy's application to the hiring committee. "I knew that Everest was very highly recommended, and that among other recommendations were those of your folks at Nekoosa and Port Edwards."

Evils of Smoking

The Nash influence declined further when, in early 1910, Tom's salary as president was eliminated, prior to Alexander assuming the office of president in 1911. Guy continued to chafe in his role and became embroiled in what should have, after Shanagolden, seemed a peripheral issue. He complained to Steele about the sanitary conditions in the main office of Nekoosa-Edwards and sounded a modern theme. "Smoking adds to the evils of the bad ventilation, but aside from that two out of four in the bookkeepers office and seven out of fourteen in the north office do not smoke, and their comfort ought to be considered as well as that of the smokers."

On December 1, Guy wrote to Steele that he had talked with

Alexander. "I asked frankly what he thought of my position with the Company and prospects for the future in it, telling him I felt as if I were in an eddy going around and around without much prospect of getting out into the current as long as I stay at Port Edwards. At the end he agreed with me that it would be better for me to get clear."

Wreck of Hopes

In January, Guy left the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company to manage the Jackson Milling Company of Stevens Point and Amherst, of which his family owned more than half. After an unsuccessful attempt to revive the fortunes of the milling concern, Guy left it in 1916 and the Nash interest was sold to a partner and friend, Isaac Witter of Grand Rapids.

As always, Tom continued to think paper. In 1913, he tried to convince George Mead of Consolidated Water Power & Paper Company of Grand Rapids to build a tissue mill on the Jackson Milling Company water power site in Stevens Point. In 1917, as Guy was in the process of trying to sell his father's \$400,000 "par value" Nekoosa-Edwards stock, which he said was worth \$1,000,000, Tom, an invalid by then, died. Two years later, Consolidated built the Stevens Point paper mill on the Jackson site.

Returning home after two years as captain of field artillery in World War I, Guy founded, with a \$100,000 investment, the Biron Cranberry Company marsh near Wisconsin Rapids. When he, in a few years, lost most of his investment, Guy's brother, Roy, wrote, in 1924, that Guy stood bankrupt "with the wreck of your hopes about your feet" – and enough unpaid bills to send the marsh to the control of a Grand Rapids bank. Only years later and under a bank-imposed management, did the cranberry marsh become profitable.

As years passed and other problems intervened, including the sudden death of his son, Thomas, in a plane crash and bouts with his own skin cancer, Guy's nostalgia for Shanagolden increased.

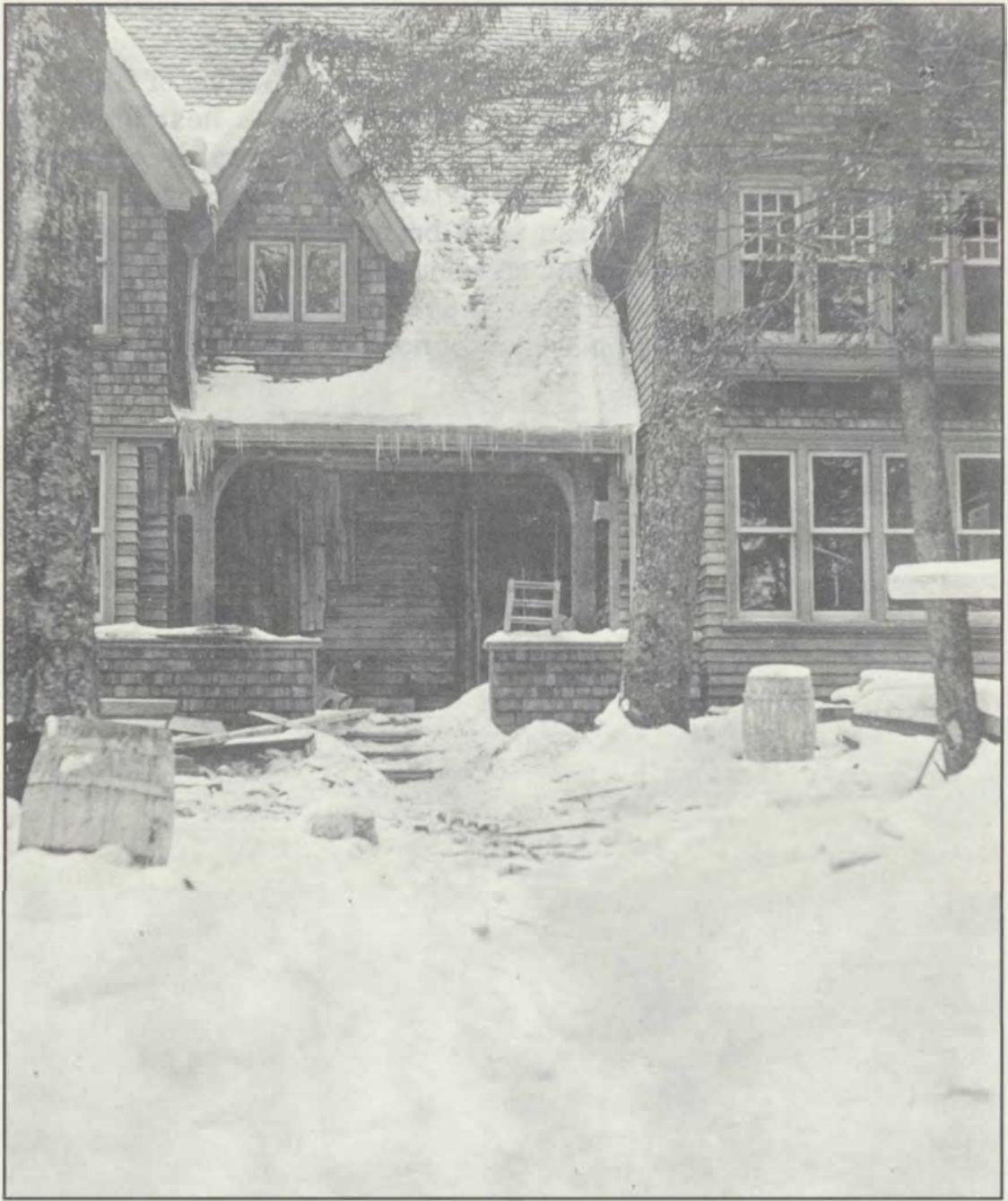
A former employee and constant friend, John R. Graham, wrote periodically to Guy and reminisced often. On June 9, 1943, Graham said, "Believe it or not, Shanagolden was the best home that I ever had. And you were the best boss I ever had in my life, now what is more we have never logged a log any place where I have been as cheap as what we logged for at Shanagolden, I ran a

camp for the Mellen Lbr Co one year and had a good fair chance. I did my best to beat the Shanagolden. I fell a bit short."

In a historical sketch written in 1928 to J.A. Moran of Glidden, Guy said he departed Shanagolden "not without a heartbreak at leaving the place I had been so largely 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 ... I could write indefinitely about Shanagolden, but a history is hardly the place, and I have no time for it."



The House in the Woods c. 1910



Nash

The House in the Woods, c. 1910

Shanagolden Improvement

Even in the beginning, Shanagolden was not created as a permanent home for manager Guy Nash nor for the Nash Lumber Company loggers. As the sawmill ended only its second year in operation, a more enduring future was suggested for the Ashland county village.

On Oct. 23, 1905, Guy Nash wrote from Shanagolden to his father, Thomas E. Nash, at Grand Rapids, that the stock of dry goods and hardware at the company's store had to be increased because new customers, this time farm families, were moving into the area. With a little luck, Shanagolden would become a thriving agricultural community.

The industrial phase ended even sooner than expected when the sawmill burned in June, 1907, and was not rebuilt. Pulpwood and hardwood logs previously sawn into lumber by the Nash firm were shipped whole out of Ashland county to mills farther south.

Mellen Lumber Company

In 1909, the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company, which had superseded the Nash Lumber Company as owner of Shanagolden, sold its logging rights to the Mellen Lumber Company of Mellen, a community somewhat larger than Glidden, 15 miles north on the Wisconsin Central. Nekoosa-Edwards also turned over to Mellen the following machinery: 31 logging sleighs, two snow plows, three rutters, four water tanks, one snow plow and rutter combined, one locomotive, one McGiffert log loader, two rapid loaders, one gasoline-powered hoisting engine, one Combs pulp loader, one supply car, one hand car, one Larry car and two railroad breaking-plows.

"The Mellen Lbr. Co. has added a steam-power car to its equipment and the trips from Glidden to Shanagolden and from the company's headquarters in that village to their numerous camps can now be made in a very short time," said the Glidden Enterprise of June 3, 1910. A man named Cummings built a shingle mill at Shanagolden to use some of the products of the Mellen logging.

With as many as 1,000 woodmen working in the new operations, the Mellen men, through logging, railroading and shingle-making, kept the glow going in Shanagolden hearths for a while. At the zenith of its tenure, the Mellen company shipped over two million feet of pulpwood every month, mostly to Nekoosa-Edwards.

An Industrial Location

Having found someone to log off its land, Nekoosa-Edwards attempted to unload the town and what was left of the mill. The 1910 brochure, "Shanagolden: An Industrial Location," described empty buildings ready to accommodate large crews, a cluster of well-built and well-kept residences and a nucleus of labor in the village. It also portrayed good farming in the countryside.

There was only one disadvantage to the site, according to the promotion; Shanagolden was not situated on the main line of the Wisconsin Central; but then, neither was Nekoosa and that mill town on the Wisconsin river had become a great success.

Unfortunately, for Nekoosa-Edwards promotions, Shanagolden wasn't the only Ashland-area Shangri-La beckoning to prospective plowmen. One nearby competitor entered the field in 1911, when nearby Cayuga initiated a publicity campaign that claimed unexcelled resources in timber and stone, the finest drinking water in the world, the freshest air, the most healthful climate and good farming besides. A "party of capitalists" was interested, said the Glidden Enterprise, in rebuilding the saw mill.

It seemed, from the paeons of promoters, that other superannuated sawmill hamlets had the makings for commerce, industry and the fulfilment of dreams.

Attrition

Shanagolden's modest population waxed to a high of about 300 in its prime and waned to about 100 following the close of the Nash mill only to wax and wane again with the Mellen company activities.

In 1910, the population of the township was about 240, that of the village being somewhat less. Among the 35 heads of households were locomotive engineers Stephen Love and Max Greenfield, locomotive fireman John W. Cloud, timber estimator John Graham,

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 there 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 saw-mill 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.

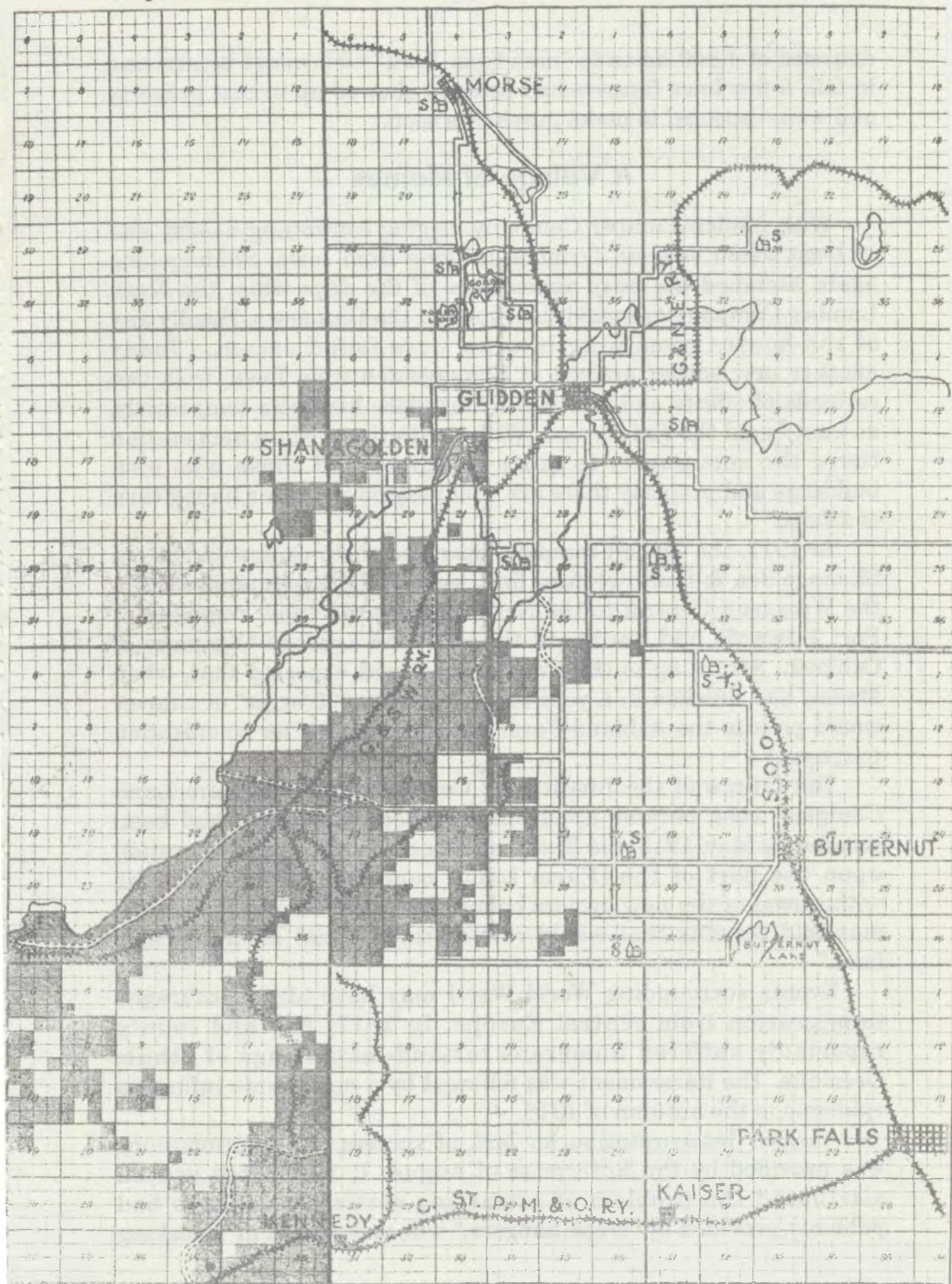
As an ethnic institution, the Ashland Farm Land Company would not be unique in the cutover. A small colony of German farmers from northern Minnesota had settled in Mellen during the past year. Similar communities had been developed in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan for Finlanders, Danes, Slovaks and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

Range No. 3 W

Range No. 2 W

Range No. 1 W



GRADED ROADS UNGRADED ROADS RAILROAD
 ROADS TO BE BUILT DURING SUMMER OF 1915 S.H. SCHOOLHOUSES

Nekoosa-Edwards lands, 1915

Nekoosa Archives

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 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



Glen Rast at Joe Alt's shack, 1968

Rast



Shanagolden sawmill, 1989

Engel

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.

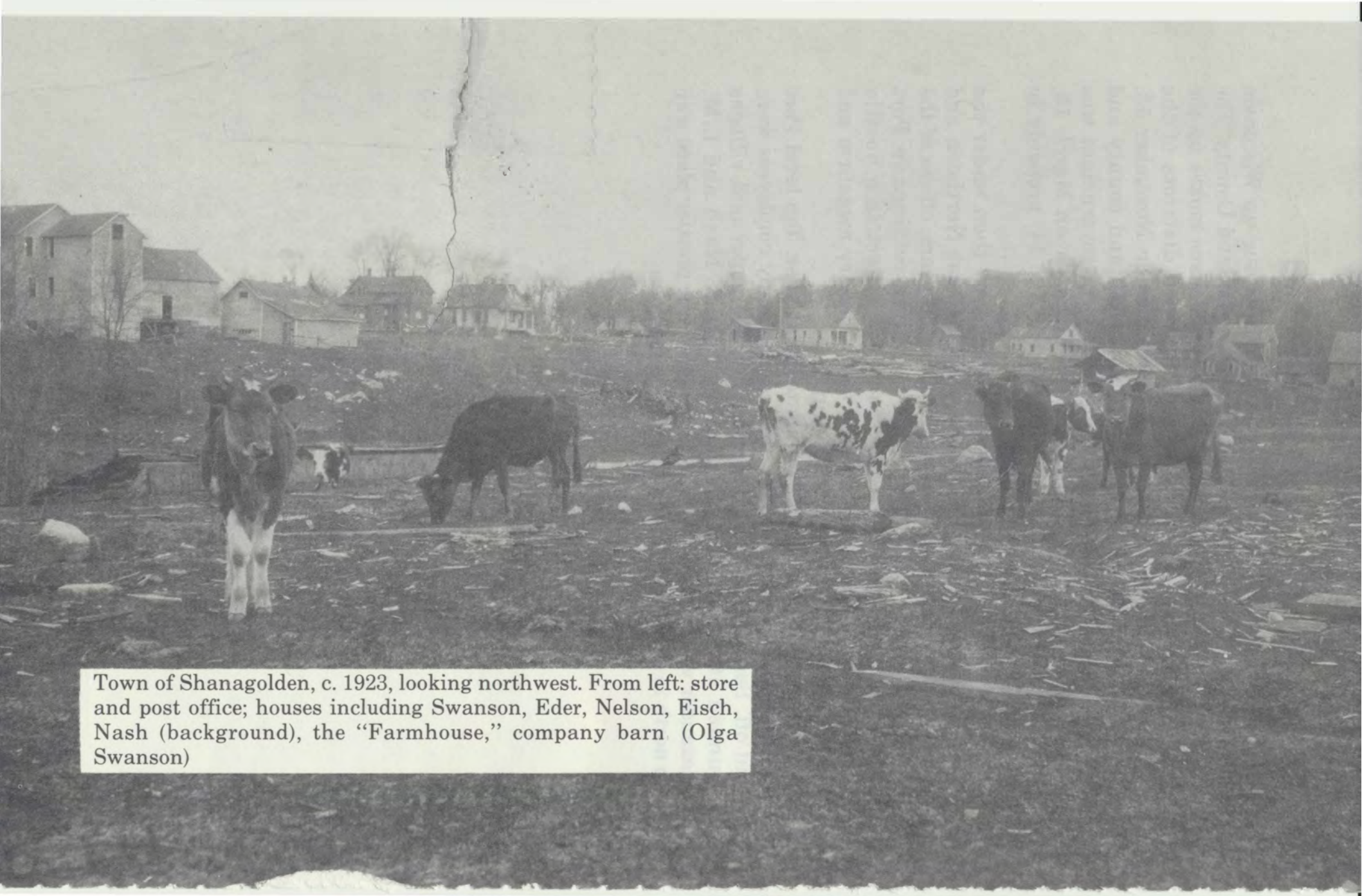
Chequamegon

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 observers 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 town 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.

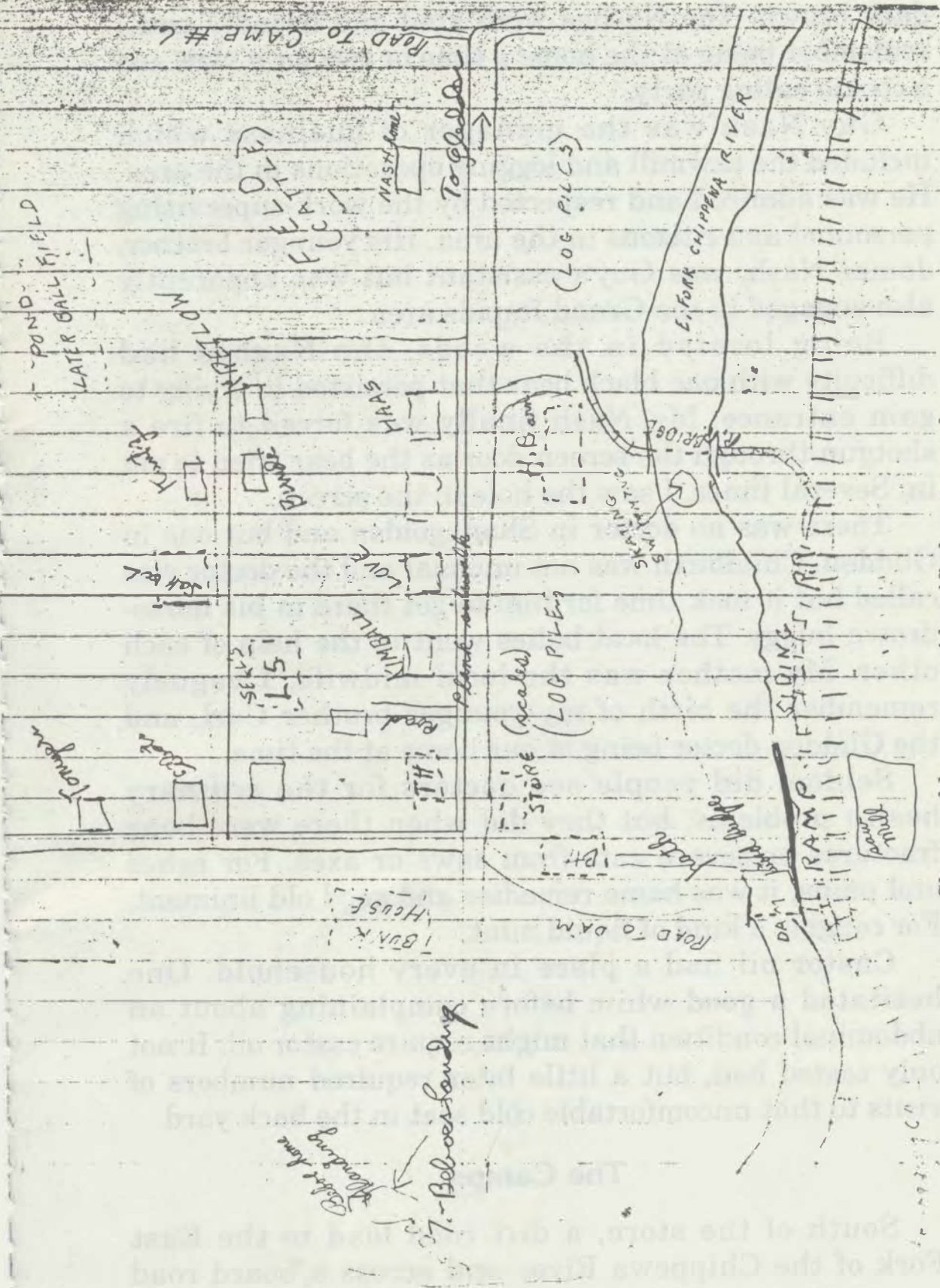
The schoolhouse was located on the back street about in the middle. It was a good-sized frame building with a front entrance hall and two classrooms. One teacher taught the first four grades and another the other four. One of the two was designated as the principal.

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



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

Nash



Shanagolden inhabitants

SHSW

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

wool underwear, wool pants, shirt and mackinaw, winter boots and stocking cap. I knew it was cold but I was not uncomfortable.

Several people going to the store stopped to look at the thermometer. And I did likewise. Suddenly it seemed much colder. The thermometer read minus 54 degrees Fahrenheit! That is the coldest reading I remember ever. It was a matter for conversation but didn't seem to interrupt the way of life in the settlement at all.

In winter, the river provided ice skating. We wore metal one-runner skates which fit to the soles of the shoe and tightened by clamping down a small lever in the middle of the skate. Skates coming loose were not uncommon but a few bumps did not matter much.

Everyone wore heavy wool clothing, including a wool cap with ear flaps or a wool stocking cap, wool shirt, wool knickerbockers down to below the knees, heavy wool stockings on legs and feet and heavy wool mittens. And of course, everyone wore heavy wool underwear from fall to spring.

The story was told that in the north, come fall, each person had his underwear sewed on and it stayed that way until spring. Sometimes we rather hoped it would be so. Every Saturday, the wash tub was placed on the kitchen floor and filled with warm, soapy water. You got in and got a real scrubbing.

Why did we have to be so clean? Some of the kids we knew who were not so disciplined had just as much fun as we did and they played games and skated just as good and some better that we did.

Catty as the Bird Called Ox

What a time we youngsters had in winter, skating and sled-riding. Some of the older ones had skis and a

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



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 perform 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.

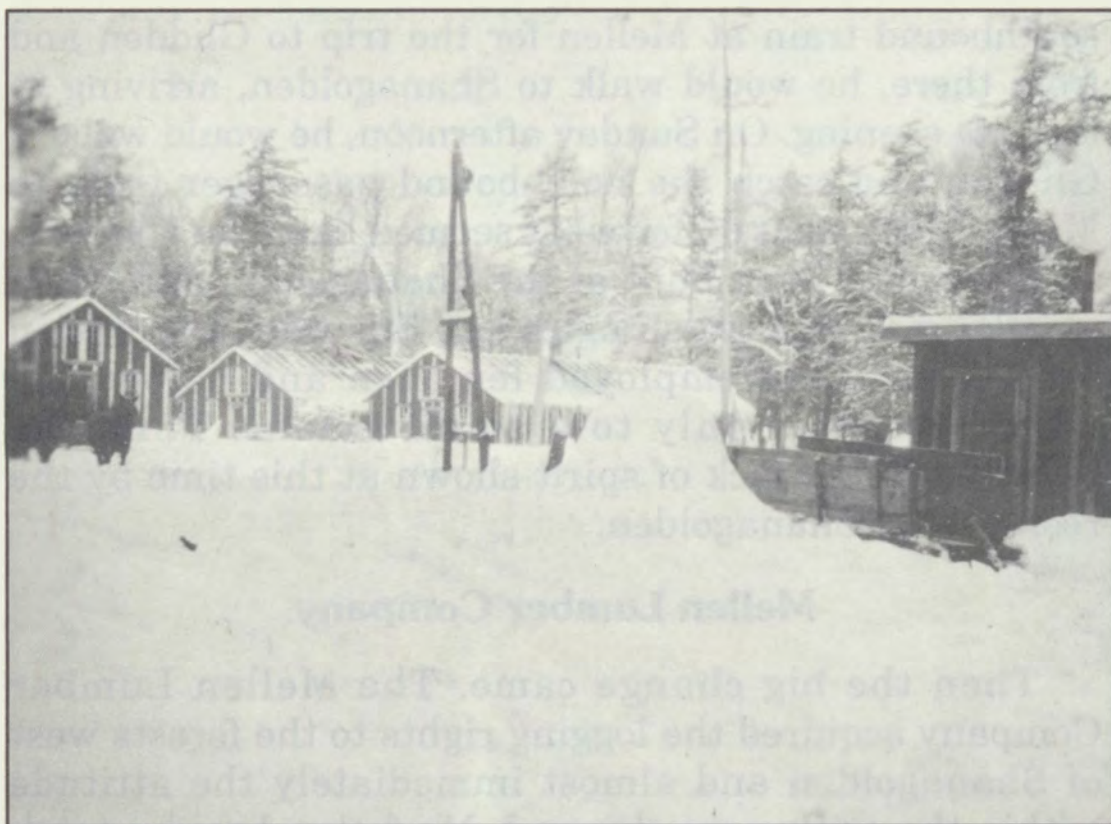
There had been built at the Shanagolden mill site a smaller mill that cut shingles and this was in operation for a time. That employed few men and helped the labor situation only to a small extent. This was reflected in the lack of spirit shown at this time by the residents of Shanagolden.

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.



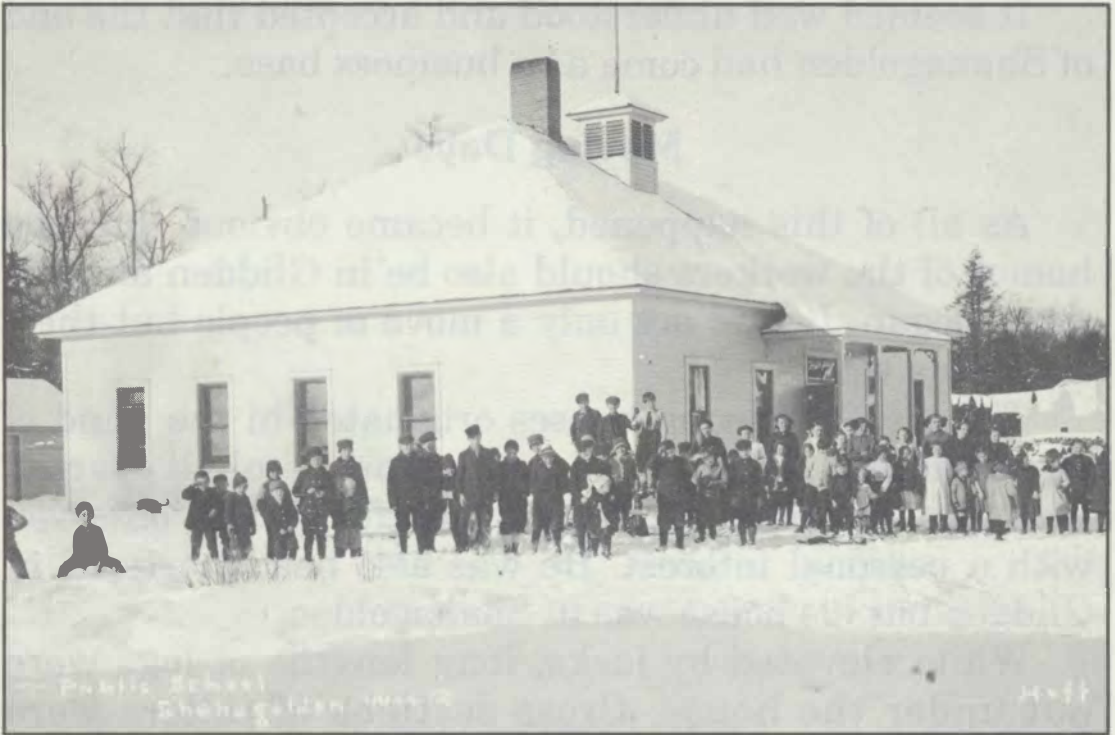
Bunde

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



Bunde

Logging near Shanagolden, c. 1905



Shanagolden school

Bunde



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

Bunde

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

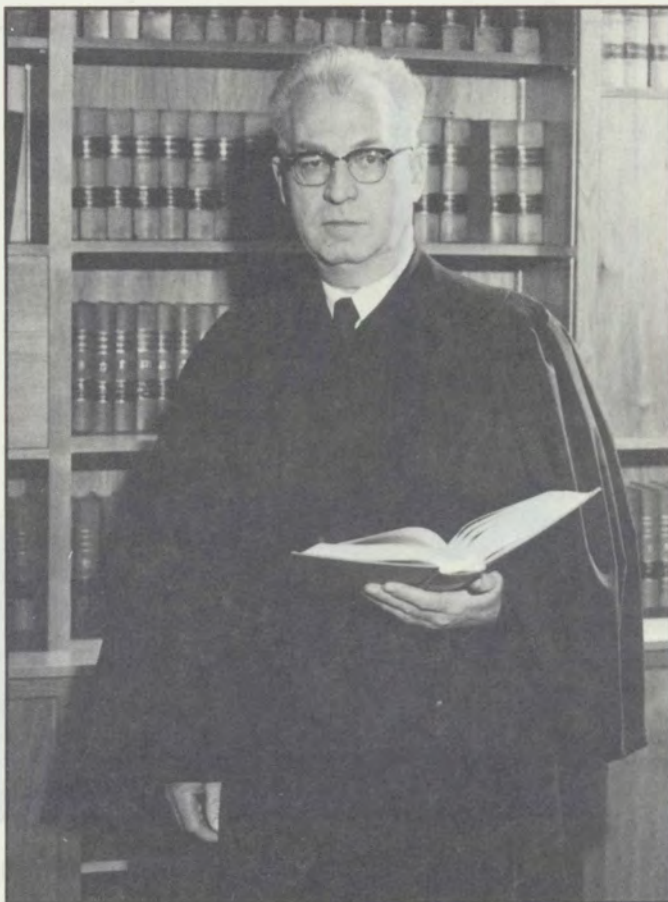
Shanagolden Town Hall, 1987



from Glidden Four-Town Area

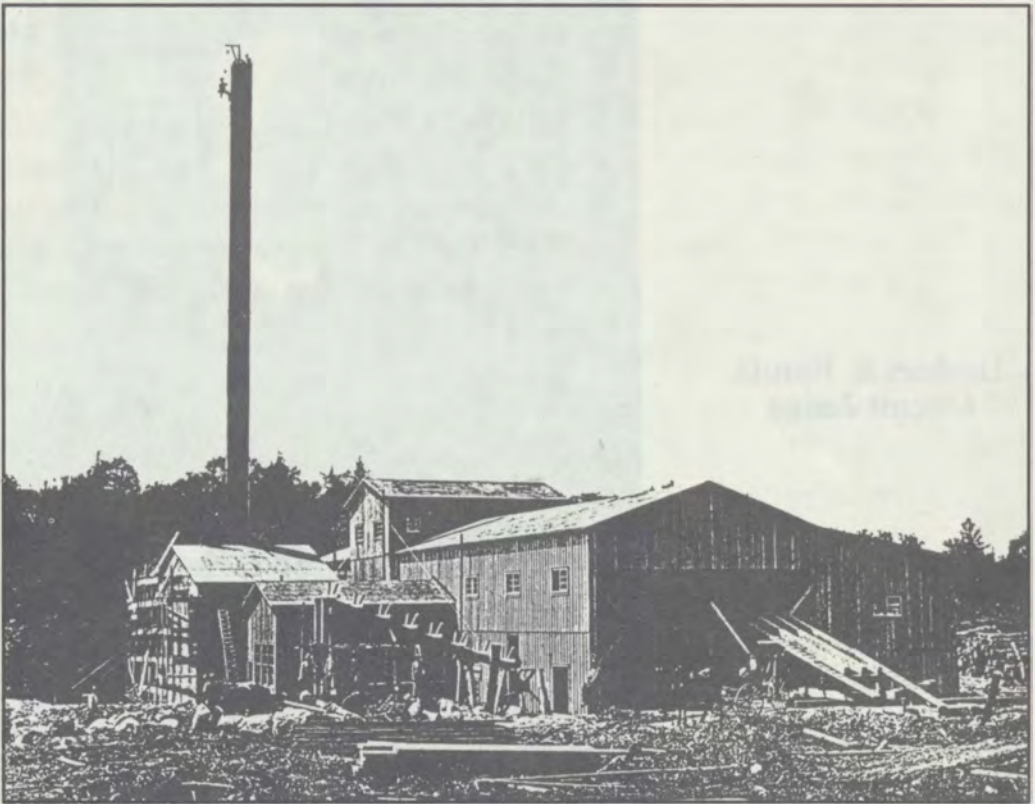
Glidden school orchestra, 1917. Sitting, left to right: Kenneth Tyler, John Dillion, Edward Mitchell, Charles Keilhofer, bandmaster E.J. Fitzpatrick, Lawrence Beil, Earl Omholt, John Murkovich, Clarence Mitchell. Top row, left to right: Ellsworth Graham, Jason Kimball, Frank Fischbach, Henry Sell, Erving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

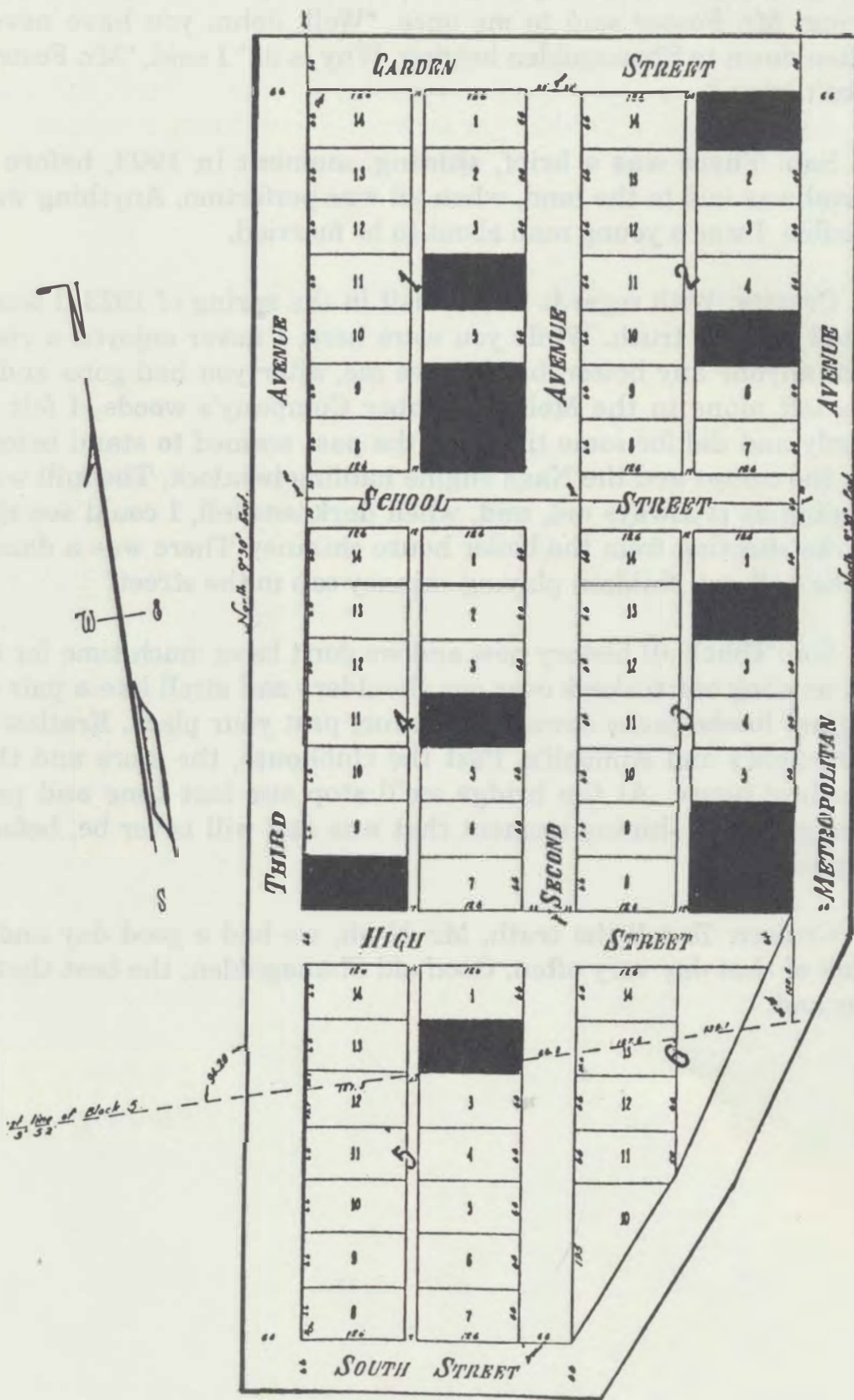
Son: There was a brief, shining, moment in 1903, before a shovel was laid to the land, when all was perfection. Anything was possible. I was a young man about to be married.

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 Carpenter/Mellen Lbr. Co.
2 Carpenter/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 Ballschneider
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 1905-
A Gary Nash

Stonogarden

To CARL KLINE, Dr.

Leading Livery & Dray Line

Telephone No. 51

Feb 22 *Wm Gary Nash*
Livery to Glidden 1 00

July 25- Livery team
to Stonogarden 1 00

\$2.00

Paid 8/11/05

check # 775

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