Minnesota Works Progress Administration: Writers Project Research Notes.

Copyright Notice:

Version 3
August 20, 2018

FEDERAL WORKS AGENCY

John M. Carmody, Administrator

WORKS PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION

Howard Hunter, Acting Commissioner

Florence Kerr, Assistant Commissioner

S. L. Stolte, State Administrator

GRAND RAPIDS

A Preamble

Spring makes her gallant effort every year;
The wild plum spreads her silver to the moon,
The pine thrusts upward tender, new green shoots
And listens, knowing that around his roots
The stealthy feet of Fall will rustle soon;
Then quickly boisterous Winter will appear
To hurl chill, tattered clouds across the sky,
And every blossom, every leaf must die!

Winter is but a weak skirmisher, able only to harrass and impede for a time before making his seasonal retreat. But the ice-cap that for thousands of years pushed irresistably ahead, trampling everything in its forward drive, was like an inexorable army. Its onslaught was nothing short of total war; and the object of war is not to annoy the enemy, but to anihilate him.

Many years ago this relentless flinty weight moved over northern Minnesota and buried or bore away every vestige of life and growth, stripptd to its granite bones the face of Nature and left it scarred and weeping from the ravishment. But Spring returned, and the same harsh chisel that so ruthlessly abraded the earth had gouged out the mighty Mississippi to drain away the tears.

Spring came. The bleak monotony of miles of ice gave way to the warm brown hue or naked earth. The glacier's crunching grind was replaced

by the murmur of quiet streams and the cataract's exultant song of liberation. The rounded plumpness of the hills took on a tinge of green, forests sprang up as if to crown with living plumes the victor in a battle ages long. Spring was here again.

How long this recreated splendor luxuriated in solitude we do not know. But finally eyes came to see and ears to hear. Birds bustled and twittered in the foliage, young rabbits frolicked in the dush, small prey squeaked its terror as a white owl swooped by on wings just over silence, and vulpine creatures prowled hopefully, seeking signs of death where life was now renewed.

Then there were men. Not busy men, at first. Not white men, with their biting axe, but Indians, living leisurely and close to their surroundings. Their moccasins, habitually light, barely disturbed the forest mould as they flitted between the crusted, brown-gray trunks, alert for food. Overhead the pines whispered in the breath of Lake Superior and ripe cones, falling, bounced softly on the padded earth. The red men heard it all, and to him it was music. Music that he understood. He saw all about him the plenty waiting for his needs, and he was content. An intelligent being had arri ed. Conscience was his only court and reprisal his sole statute. Native shrewdness was his advocate, and brawn and courage the bailiffs for enforcing all decrees. Ruled by the simplest and most primitive of codes, this man lived and loved and fought among his kind until another race entered his Eden, tempted him to destitution with an apple in a bottle, and kicked him out.

The white men came. Only a few, in the beginning, restless and venturesome, come to explore the land. Then, fired by tales of wilderness wealth, came more and more ---trappers and traders and blase gentlemen

from civilization, all intent upon amassing a fortune by transferring the pelt from the beaver's back to that of milady overseas. They came into the country full of talk of moose and buffalo and beaver, of woods and rivers and tribes with whom to trade for furs. Some of them prospered mightily, more eked out a bare existence, others froze to death, or drowned, or gave up their scalps to satisfy the vanity of a race that was less meticulous in the matter of furs than were the ladies of European courts. Few, if any, in that early day, thought of the forest as a commercial product in itself, or of the land as a place to plant seeds. The former was merely a cover for wild life, the haunt of game and fur, the latter the base in which its roots were braced, like the standard of a Christmas tree.

Of such was the first white wave composed. Men with the instincts of the Indian, plus the selfishness and greed and finesse acquired in cultural contacts. Brave men, but avid and ruthless, who would have ridiculed the idea that they were trespassers. Nonsense! The red men possessed no records, no books of title registry! Nor had he any survey maps, with heavy red lines marking the boundaries of his domain, nor any well-equipped army to defend them. Why, so far as they knew, he hadn't even scrambled out of a canoe with a priest and a couple of guides and planted a flag, after the form approved by all civilized nations, proclaiming the land from there to all horizons to be his own. Nonsense! Finders keepers, here. The red men had lived in this country for untold generations without finding it. As a finder, he stood nearly at the bottom of the list. Only white men are good finders.

Next came the lumbermen. Civilization had been steadily breasting the current of the Mississippi, and civilization demanded houses. Houses and stores and churches and schools. And a great outside market for lumber also had developed. Maine and Michigan had been denuded to the extent that bothersome supervision and restrictions in the cutting of pine were thinning the gravy in a manner that irked a man who was accustomed to taking his thick and rich. The timber barons turned their eyes westward to the upper reaches of the Mississippi river. England had been building ships for some years with timbers from the Big Fork country, floated northward down the Big Fork to the Rainy River at the Canadian boundary, but the Mississippi valley had not yet been invaded. The trees growing there could be carried by the great stream directly to the mills at Minneapolis.

The timber-cruiser, unlike the explorers who preceded him, had eyes for only one thing ---pine. His employer was interested in that alone. And his employer was an industrious man, and ambitious, eager to acquire by hook or by crook the lion's share of a vast natural crop he had not planted. The timber-looker must estimate the stand and locate the choicest sections, noting meantime the lakes and freshet-stream and the lie of the land. To bring this information back to the timber-baron, he must not only visit the area, he must march observantly through all sections of it. But he knew his work and loved it, and was always ready to set out.

Up streams and into lakes he paddled, the pine woods sliding slowly past, revealing nothing that lay a dozen paces beyond the water's edge. He had his pack-sack, and he was an expert woodsman. He was accustomed to sleeping out, and he could thread the forest to its uttermost edge and find his way back to the cove concealing his canoe. He could return unerringly in any season to his quarter-stakes. He could tell, within a

figure amazingly close, the stumpage they enclosed. So he went ashore, made his cache, and slipped into his pack-harness.

He was in the wilderness. The same wilderness that had intrigued Groseilliers and Radisson and sieur Duluth; the unbroken forest that had been traversed by Zebulon Pike, and whose winding streams had been followed so tirelessly by Cass and Schoolcraft and Joseph Nicollet. Great scaley boles stood thick on every hand. The silence was unbroken save for the wind in their tufted branches far above. But he was not in a wholly uninhabited land. At long intervals he came upon a mission, and there were still trappers. And, of course, an occasional trader's cabin. Perhaps at the border of a clear lake, a bundled squaw hung over a small fire while a buck smoked kinnikinnick on a moose-hide before the door-flap, and a mangy cur licked the face of an imperturbable papoose. The cruiser caught the unclean odor of grease and slovenliness. He saw these things, he sensed every scene and sound, as he marched onward through the woods. But only stumpage registered. Nothing but timber counted. That, he must know all about. He must be able to make a full report on it to the men who sent him out, for they were getting ready to send the loggers into the woods.

Enter the lumberjacks. These men, as typically American as the cowboy, and fully as colorful, came from Canada, from Michigan, from Maine; Scots, Irishmen and Yankees, nearly all of them, at first. They were skilled men in their line, many of them born in the woods and still mindful of a little axe as the first toy of a male child after his sturdy copper-toed boots permitted him to venture out of doors. Now they were rough and tough, earnest and energetic in their work, boisterous at play, and ready at any time for a good fight ---as a handy and most potent

argument, for prestige, for revenge, or just for fun. No quarter was asked, no holds barred, and no fouls called. They fought as they had seen the bull moose fight, with attention focused solely on final results. Whoever coined the term "he-man" must have known them.

In the main, however, the lumberjacks were peaceful and goodnatured men, contented with a lot that held little of comfort or of gain, tolerant of conditions which often would have wrung a growl of protest from a Polar bear. Simple, honest, hardworking, improvident men, with the playful spirit of a Mastiff puppy and about as much knowledge of the value of money, who were all too often shamelessly hornswoggled by gamblers, saloon-keepers, bankers, and their own employers alike.

These men lived in woods camps and harvested the pine. Seldom during the long cutting season did they get out, even to the crude little village which was the center of their supplies. Every weekday from dawn to dark the frost-tinselled air carried the hubbub of their activities; the robust, usually profane, shouts of the teamsters, the echoing chock of their hungry axes, the swish of their long, keen saws, the muffled crash of falling trees. They were magicians with their tools. They could drop a tree across a bandana spread upon the ground. Some of them could set a stake ten paces from the bole, on the line along which it had been decided to lay the tree, and drive it with the falling trunk. Some could pin down a match on top of a stump and with a full, high swing of the axe ignite it, the keen edge missing the head by so narrow a margin that a smooth, quick friction was caused as the blade sank in to its thicker part. Such truly prodigious feats inspired the fantiatic tales of Paul Bunyan.

In the spring came the drive. Sixteen, eighteen, even twenty hours a day, the men on the drive wallowed and worked, sometimes in icewater up to their necks. This work required exceptional skill as well as extraordinary endurance, and it commanded the highest wages in the woods. This money was thoroughly appreciated by the lumberjack, because, as a rule, his winter's pay check was gone. What remained after the bankers and merchants got through shaving it had been airily tossed away on a spree in the backwoods town. Let it go! There was the drive. He could ride the logs to the Twin Cities, and arrive with money in his pockets again. There he would linger until the next fall, railroading or doing whatever offered, heading for the woods again with the first snow, broke. He was a jolly lumberman and lumbering was his trade. He never considered himself seriously employed doing anything else. If you asked him at any time during the summer where he was going when winter came, he would grin with happy anticipation, and the reply would gurgle juicily from behind a huge cud of Climax, "Back to the tall timber!" All other jobs were temporary, mere ~~stoppings~~ stop-gaps; and this, perhaps the most fleeting of all, was regarded as his life's work. The commercial timber is gone today.

While pine still was king and the lumberman was writing his chapter of Itasca county's history, men attracted to the area by the lure of great reward from forest products discovered that a lavish nature had not confined her gifts to these. Iron was there, also, unbelievably rich ore, packed solidly from deep down in the earth to the very roots of vegetation.

Prospectors came, and drillers, promotors, speculators. Land stripped of its pine, and in some instances abandoned, proved to have much more wealth underneath than had been gathered from its surface. Towns sprang up on the

Mesabe Range, and the railroad came. More mines were opened and developed, and more miners came to Itasca. They established real homes; the lumberjack did not. The miners' children will remain; of the lumberjack we have a saga ---as of the pine.

The farmer finds Itasca. As early as 1823 missionaries, and some traders, were teaching the wild Indians of Minnesota to plant corn. In 1839 the Indian Bureau had a regularly employed farmer at the Pine county Pokegama mission for instructing them in raising this cereal, turnips, potatoes, and other garden crops. By the treaty of 1863 it was agreed that the government was to furnish the Chippewa of Northern Minnesota for fifteen years with a blacksmith, a miller, a doctor, a farmer, and farming tools. For years a large community of Indians, said to be as numerous as eight hundred at times, lived at White Oak Point and engaged in primitive agriculture. But the Redman's interest had been sluggish and his application haphazard. Perhaps the richest fruit of his efforts was to turn up in scattered spots a soil so lush as to attract the attention of white men who knew the value of good land and loved it.

Up the trail where it splits the pines on the crest of a hill, an occasional homesteader's outfit can be seen resting the oxen while curious eyes look out on their valley of promise. On all sides the thinned forest still whispers and nods fretfully as if disturbed by memories of man's recent violence, and within the wagon is hopeful talk of grass and crops and a future farm. The cattle again bow patiently beneath the yoke, their wrinkled dewlaps swinging, their cloven feet cutting into the trail, heavy wheels turning with groaning deliberation. Creaking and rolling. Always the wheels of progress make complaint.

The earlier settlers of Itasca were simple, awkward and crude, their

life stark and meager. Men fashioned furniture, ox-yokes, stone-boats, with the adze, draw-knife and auger. For their women, each day was a turbulent river of toil to be crossed, in which there was no isle of rest. With the slenderest of resources great things were accomplished by these pioneer wives. Paul Bunyan's country was a fit setting for their activities.

They worked. They had found a beautiful spot, but they must toil for the necessities of life. The first visible results of their labors were their rude cabins and a few sparse corn patches, littered with stumps and reeling crazily as to rows. After a while horses came, replacing the ox at the breaking plow; then larger fields appeared, stump-clear and squared; then ditches, fences, stables came, and cowbells tunked hollowly where the fireflies winked in the meadows. Real farms had come to Itasca.

And at the riverside, where the mighty Mississippi calms with depth after an impetuous half-mile rush, a small cluster of log buildings, standing against a background of thick forest, exhibited signs of village life and commercial activity. Grand Rapids.

Here at the head of navigation had been erected stores and "stopping places," boat-landings and warehouses, and the tiny log settlement had become the center of supplies for lumberman, miner, contractor, farmer and Indian. A window-shopper would have found poor pastime loitering before those tiny frost-bleared panes. Even inside no glass show-cases displayed jewelry and fancy notions. Nothing but stern necessities could be found upon the shelves; but everything that was needed by these people at this time was kept in stock. And business was brisk. And it increased in volume as the surrounding area of activities spread until from this point was served, in all industrial and domestic commodities, a territory as

as large as the republic of Switzerland.

The showcases and gewgaws came, and the beautiful window displays, in fine modern buildings, are eyed appreciatively by the families of substantial citizens who are contentedly and permanently employed. Good schools, churches and libraries flourish, beautiful homes face tree-lined streets, excellent hotels and restaurants welcome the stranger in the town, and all things that have been adopted for the health, safety, comfort and convenience of the most advanced cities are to be found today in Grand Rapids.

They were purposeful pioneers, They were good men and women, as their works attest. Let a sturdy town, built by them in a lovely spot, be their fit monument.

Preface

The history of Grand Rapids has been written to satisfy in some measure the natural pride of its older citizens in their home town, and to acquaint the later generations and the stranger with some of the qualities which have endeared it to them. For the young are often unmindful of the heroic incidents in the birth and growth of their own community. To them, it is just home. It was there when they arrived, and it is all so familiar that not many of them have thought to inquire into any possible romance in its development. To the vacationist and the sportsman, it is just a beautiful spot in which to rest and play, where cool forests and clear lakes offer relaxation and where game and fish are yet plentiful. Few of them realize that only fifty years ago the country through which they tour over splendid roads was a wilderness as raw and untamed as the Minnesota viewed by Hennepin, and traversible only by canoe and afoot, with a packsack. It is believed that their appreciation of the community of 1941 will be enhanced by an understanding of what it was like in the beginning. That they will relish the romance of a town's growth from a log trading post in a vast expanse of virgin timber, dealing wholly with Indians and a few fur traders, to the modern center of playgrounds to which they come for recreation.

The book seeks to describe the settlement and economic development of one of America's most recent frontiers, a vast unmapped territory almost half as large as the republic of Switzerland, yielding nothing of value to civilization but furs, and boasting no village save those of the aborigines until a little town was started by white men on the Mississippi River's bank at Thundering Rapids. That town was to become

Grand Rapids, and to write its history entails setting down the annals of all of old Itasca county. Though consisting of but a half dozen crude log buildings, Grand Rapids was the metropolis, and dozens of populous mining and lumber camps scattered in the wilds that stretched to the Canadian border, one hundred miles to the north and two hundred miles to the northeast, were the suburbs.

When the onslaught on the pine began, and later, as men came in to gouge out Itasca's wealth of iron ore, Grand Rapids was the point of contact for all, trapper, coureur de bois, lumberman, miner. Its saloons served as club, town hall and forum for the whole vast territory as, after organization, its modest courthouse served as the center of government.

The story of Grand Rapids divides itself naturally into four parts: (1) the Indian period, when the ondy inhabitants of the area were the aborigines and the occasional white man come either to christianize or exploit them; (2) the ante-rail peroid, during which the tote-road, pack trail and river served to bring in the implements and supplies with which the forests were logged off; (3) the transportation period, in which railroads made possible the shipment of ore and of logs too far from water to be floated; and (4) the settled period, during which commerce became settled and supported by permanent industries, and the town drew abreast culturally with older communities.

The biography of a midget may well be as voluminous as that of a two-hundred-pound man, and research work has disclosed the fact that even a small town may furnish historical materials enough to make a compilation

of astonishing proportions. However, it is not the aim of the writer to make a text-book, and so no place is given to records and statistics which are available to all, in the county archives. It is felt that the present work will benefit if the space they would demand is given over to the perhaps less vital but more colorful incidents so often neglected. Research has been diligent and painstaking, and it is believed that the narrative is accurate, in the main. Wherever an original source was available, nothing else was considered, and in cases where aged people, by reason of faulty memory, did not concur, all possible corroborative evidence was gathered and the most probable version of the matter used. Current newspaper items were accepted as reliable, especially when several local sheets agreed, but feature stories and reminiscences were regarded with suspicion until cleared by thorough investigation. The same is true of tracts, folders, brochures, and prospectuses.

Full use was made of the Minneapolis Public Library, of the libraries connected with the Minnesota Historical Society and the State University in St. Paul. State and county records were consulted, in St. Paul and in Grand Rapids, and the files of all Twin City and Itasca County newspapers were examined carefully. Much of the most colorful material was gleaned by personal interview with old residents of Grand Rapids and vicinity, and thus, at almost the eleventh hour, preserved for posterity.

The writer tried diligently but unsuccessfully to connect up the illustrous explorer Zebulon Pike and the widely known traders Dickson, Grant and Morrison with Grand Rapids, corroborating local legend and newspaper writings. Pike can be traced to Pokegama Falls, but he arrived there overland from Sandy Lake, by the old Willow River trail, afoot, and probably

never approached the site of Grand Rapids nearer than a couple of miles. All three of the pioneer traders ranged the country round about by canoe and afoot for several years, and may have shot the white water of the Thundering Rapids many times, but no authentic record of such an event was discovered.

There have been gaps in the story of the great area of which Grand Rapids is the administrative center which have been difficult to bridge. At a time when Itasca was unorganized, even unsurveyed, and included all that vast terra incognito stretching north from Mille Lacs to the Canadian border, which border itself had hot even been determined, there were no records save trappers tales and Indian legends. There were no officers, and no known lines of jurisdiction to guide them had there been any. Law did not exist, save in the pronouncements of the great fur companies and the strength of the individual to preserve his own. From this primitive state, Itasca entered a period when it was governed from Aitkin county, then, later, a two-county government was set up for Aitkin-Itasca, and it seems that for a time two distinct county boards were attempting to function simultaneously. Finally Itasca became a county in its own right, a county so great in size that three eastern states could have been hidden in its forests, and so completely undeveloped that throughout its nearly six thousand square miles there was not even one rod of roadway. Its few inhabitants made their way hither and yon as necessity required by canoe or afoot, as Cass and Schoolcraft had done. Then the dividing began. Territory was lopped off in great tracts ---Cook county, Lake County, Carlton, Cass, St. Louis, and finally great Coochiching; and still Itasca is one of the largest counties in the United States, east of the Mississippi River, with about half its townships yet unorganized. All these changes added to the research worker's burden, and at times to his confusion, but thanks to cheerful,

wholehearted co-operation on the part of fellow-workers, librarians and obliging citizens, it is believed that the chronicle as it here appears is in the main an accurate story of the little logging town of Grand Rapids.

We are deeply indebted to the Village Council of Grand Rapids, the sponsors of this book, and their associates, for generous co-operation throughout its preparation. An incident that occurred when the research material was being reduced to manuscript form is illustrative of this helpful spirit. It came to the attention of the Grand Rapids Commercial Club that the writer to whom the manuscript was assigned had never visited the village; a cordial invitation was immediately issued, under which our writer spent several days there, all expenses paid.

Especial thanks are due to the pioneer residents of the village who gave so generously of their time in the many interviews conducted by Edward Sumner, who wrote this narrative, and by John E. Shaw, who gathered and organized the research material on which it is based. We are grateful, too, for the patient assistance given by Librarian Mata C. Bennett and staff of the Grand Rapids Public Library.

Roscoe Macy, State Supervisor

Minnesota WPA Writers' Project

The following salutation was written specially for this book by Jules F. Gendron, M. D., and translated by Mary Rossman.

Nous vivons sur les verts rivages
Du grand fleuve Meschacebe,
Ou l'Histoire a grave des pages
Que le Temps n'a pas absorbe.
Sur ces bords ombrages de forets primitives
Nous avons apporte le flambeau du Progres,
De sorte qu'aujourd'hui nos initiatives
Ont fait de ce village un centre d'interets
Dans la science, l'art et les moeurs agricoles.
"Venez" disent a tous nos brillantes ecoles,
"Nous occupons un rang que l'on peut envier".
"Ici nous fleurissons" disent nos industries;
"Le pain du travailleur est facile a gagner".
"Venez nous cultiver" vous disent les prairies,
"Car notre sol fecond saura vous rembourser".
"Venez" disent des lacs, les bois et les rivieres,
"Batir ici villas et modestes chaumieres,
"Et pecher le brochet, aussi, chasser le daim".
C'est une terre heureuse ou l'on se plait a vivre,
Ou plein d'assurance au travail on se livre,
Ou l'on veut demeurer meme apres notre fin.

Jules F. Gendron, M. D.

We live on the green banks
Of the mighty Mississippi,
Where the inky pages of human History
Are still wet.

On our shores, shaded by ancient forests,
We have cherished the torch of Progress;
Today, by our very wills,
We have made of our village the dwelling-place
Of scientists and artists and tillers of the soil.

"Come," our schools beckon quietly to all,
"We are ranked with the first."

"Here we are flourishing," cry our industries exultingly.
"Daily bread can be won here."

And the grasses of the prairies whisper, "Come! Cultivate us!
We spring from a richness that will reward you."

Lakes, woods, rivers--all invite the newcomer
To build the spacious country home or the modest cottage,
To bait the pike and hunt the buck.

Ours--
A land of good fortune, where we live
A confidence of power to toil.
May we live here eternally is our wish.

Translation by Mary E. Rossman.

Doctor Jules Gendron, Poet Laureate of Canada, was born in the province of Quebec, but since 1904 had made his home in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. He is the author of several outstanding books, all written in French, the language his facile pen prefers. "Le Charlatan," or in English, "The Quack," is a humorous novel of the medical profession, of which Dr. Gendron is a distinguished member. "Echos Poetiques" is a volume of lyric poems; and another book deals with the life of French Canadians in the United States. His most important work is an epic consisting of more than 350 pages of type. It's title is "Chevaliers d' Oil," and it is a narrative poem reciting the efforts of the French in Canada to maintain their language, traditions and liberties.

Mary E. Rossman is a teacher in the Grand Rapids public schools.

CHAPTER I

Location and Description

A stranger visiting Grand Rapids for the first time is at once impressed with the thought that here is a town that was built exactly where it belonged. At the foot of a succession of cataracts three and a half miles long, it marked the head of navigation on the upper Mississippi river in a day when the steamboat was the only means of supplying the many great camps engaged in harvesting the pine. Thus situated, Grand Rapids was for many years the principal logging center of northern Minnesota. Thousands of woodsmen working in camps established at numerous points within a radius of a hundred miles were outfitted and fed from this point. Meandering tote-roads, over which four-ox teams crawled with great cart-loads of provisions and paraphernalia, radiated, crookedly from this point to all corners of the vast timbered wilderness it served. For there were no railroads, there were no highways, and after the goods had been deposited on the Grand Rapids wharf by the steamboats, they were either "toted" or "packed" to their destination in the big woods.

Now the town, with a population of 4,884, 1941 federal census, is the prosperous capital of Itasca county, the gateway to the beautiful Chippewa National Forest, the central point of the famous Arrowhead resort area, and the most important town on the one-hundred-and-fifty-mile stretch of the Great Northern between Cloquet and Bemidji.

Above the dam beside the handsome, thoroughly modern Blandin Paper Mill, is an extensive pond which stores great quantities of pulpwood. Below the dam the Mississippi, clear as the water in your office cooler, dashes riotously over many-colored rocks, under a fine bridge of modern

construction, then calms at the foot of the rapids and sweeps sedately around a southward bend out of sight. The town lies on both banks, the business section being confined largely to the northern shore, while a beautiful residential section occupies a gentle, well-wooded hill on the southerly side. The county hospital stands in this quiet precinct, also, where no more disturbing sounds are heard than the hushing of the big trees and the murmur of the river in its haste to reach the quiet just below.

Writing in the Falls Evening News, W. W. Winthrop, Esq., of St. Anthony, gives a brief description of a trip through this region in 1857. The following excerpt is taken from his letter as quoted in the St. Paul Pioneer Democrat Weekly of November 12, 1857.

"Leech River and the Mississippi above Pokegama flow through immense fields of wild rice, abounding at this season in ducks and geese, which afford capital shooting and the best of eating * * * * * *. At convenient intervals for camping at night, the piney banks extend to the river, but generally are separated from the stream by morasses of from one mile to five miles broad. Below Pokegama, the rice fields and morasses disappear and pine forests, interspersed with elm and oak, edge to the river on both sides.

"Pokegama is the most interesting and romantic point on the Mississippi above St. Anthony. The river rushes through a narrow pass, with a bold rocky bank on the northern side, and over a rocky bed, and with a roar audible at a considerable distance. There is no distinct fall, but continuous rapids for about a quarter of a mile, capable of furnishing very great water power for future mills. The Minnesota and Dakotah Land Company contested with Mr. Dayton, of St. Paul, the possession of Pokegama for a townsite, and each party has one or two men stationed here, whose log houses make an agreeable nucleus for civilization in the wilderness. No lumber camp has yet been built as high up as Pokegama, but Mr. Libby, of St. Anthony, was stationed last winter only forty miles below. Below Pokegama, at considerable intervals, are passed the log houses of the lumbermen; and now and then you ascertain that you are sailing by the site of some future town, such as 'Moscow,' 'Maineville,' 'Portage City,' etc. * * * *

"* * * * * * at Pokegama there is ***** a large village of Chippewas, and * * * * Mr. Winthrop found the Indians always civil and friendly; and believes them to be generally so, except when their native wildness is excited to passion by the whiskey which is sold to them, in violation of all law, by the unscrupulous traders. * * * * *"

The town in the ideal spot, visualized by Winthrop, came into being, but not under any of the names that suggested themselves to him. Simultaneously with the raising of the first log building, the rushing stream supplied the place-name by which the future village was to be known.

Situated high and dry on the headwaters of the Mississippi river and encircled closely by scores of beautiful, crystal-clear lakes teeming with game fish, Grand Rapids is, and ought to be, the most attractive and popular summer resort in northern Minnesota. The town is well provided with hotel facilities, and the lodges and cottages of modern resorts offer the vacationist splendid accommodations on the shores of the many lakes close at hand. The plateau where the headwaters are gathered together for their three-thousand mile flow southward to the gulf is over twelve hundred feet above sea-level, and contains an area of about five thousand square miles. Within a short distance of Grand Rapids one encounters streams which drain north into Hudson's Bay, east into Lake Superior, and westward to the valley of the Red River of the North.

The country round about Grand Rapids is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Situated in the heart of the famous Arrowhead Country, clear, sand-bottomed lakes sparkle on every hand, inviting the angler and never disappointing him. Deer and bear are abundant, and attract hundreds of hunters in season; and Itasca county has established a bow-and-arrow season during which enthusiastic archers may follow their pporty hobby without danger from rifle bullets. The whole area teems with waterfowl and literally thousands of scatter-gun addicts with bulging game-bags are met with here during the seasonal flights.

Itasca county, of which Grand Rapids is the commercial as well as the political capital, has an area of 1,819,676½ acres, of which 128,768½ acres are water ---one acre out of every fourteen lies in its wonderful lakes. There are four lakes within the village limits, and eleven others within a distance of fifteen miles. The region immediately around the town is composed of as fine agricultural land as is to be found in the state, land that originally bore heavy stands of maple, birch, ash and the several oaks.

A. L. LaFreniere, writing in the Minnesota Conservationist for March, 1938, said:

"Two creameries in Grand Rapids handle a million pounds of butter a year not to mention large quantities of poultry, veal and eggs. The territory around Grand Rapids furnishes the famous Arrowhead potatoes, which are put up clean in new 15,30, 60 and 100-pound mesh bags for the Twin City and other markets. Grand Rapids and Itasca county potatoes should be good, for they have taken practically all the first prizes at the state fair, state horticultural show and other shows for years and years. Farming is largely in communities, there being much lake area and woodlands between the chief farming communities. These farming sections are all quite extensive, and intensively developed, and when one gets into them he can drive for miles in farm territory that is even more beautiful than the farming sections of the southern part of Minnesota.

"Churches of almost all denominations serve the community. The main fraternal organizations have lodges, and there is a Lions' Club and a Rotary Club in Grand Rapids. The Grand Rapids Commercial Club is the leading community civic organization and looks after what the members choose to call the 'community chores. * * * * * * * *' "

Rich open-pit iron mines cross the county line into Itasca at Kewatin, and extend southwesterly in an unbroken range to, and beneath, Grand Rapids itself, appearing again across the river from town. Mining operations are producing rich ore within two miles of the western corporate limits.

There is a branch of the State Agricultural School at Grand Rapids, and the Northern Experimental Station is located there. The Blandin Paper Mill produces over fifty tons of paper daily, and gives steady employment to 256 men.

Itasca county boasts the largest organized school district in the United States. School District Number One has at present one hundred and sixty teachers, of whom seventy are employed in Grand Rapids schools. The enrollment of this district for the year 1940 was 3,616 pupils, 1,755 of them in Grand Rapids. Number One maintains one hundred and thirty-four bus routes, seventy-six using regular school busses, while fifty-eight use ordinary passenger cars to transport the c ildren. There are in the district thirty-nine one-room schools, three graded schools, a Junior and a Senior High School, and eleven other schools of more then one room each. Several of these latter teach some high school subjects, and one in the district, outside of Grand Rapids, gives the full high school course. This famous school district is some sixty miles broad from east to west, and has an equal north and south expanse. It is over eighty-five miles between its extreme boundaries, and many of the busses cover thirty-mile trips each school day.

Grand Rapids is easily accessible from all points. The town lies one hundred and eighty miles north of Minneapolis on federal highway number one hundred and sixty-nine, and eighty miles west of Duluth on federal highway number two. Six trunk highways converge at Grand Rapids, as many as at any other point in Minnesota outside the Twin Cities. The Great Northern railroad furnishes rail transportation, and there is regular Northland bus service in four directions.

Grand Rapids village airport, auxiliary, lies one and one-half miles S. E. of Grand Rapids; dry lake bed to N. E. Latitude, 47° 14'; longitude, 93° 31'. Altitude, 1,293 feet. Irregular, sod, level, natural drainage; three landing strips, 2,500 feet N/S, 1,800 feet E/W, 2,000 feet NW/SE;

entire field available. Trees in NW. and SE. corners. No servicing.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Location: Grand Rapids is situated on the Mississippi river about eighty miles, as the crow flies, due east of the stream's source in the Itasca Lake basin. The town lies on both banks of the river at the foot of a long steep rapids, which marks the head of navigation for the boats which in an early day plied the stretch of water connecting the northern forest area with the Twin Cities.

Population: 4,884, 1940 Federal census.

Railroads: Great Northern.

Bus Lines: Frequent regular Greyhound bus service in all directions.

Taxi Service: Adequate and reasonable as to rates.

Airports: Municipal airport. Otis airport, four miles away, privately owned, recently accepted as a defense unit, and the Coleraine Municipal Airway, five miles distant.

Highways: U. S. No. 169, U. S. No. 2 and S. H No. 38. Splendid highways make access to Grand Rapids easy at all times, regardless of weather conditions.

Parking Privileges and Tourist Camps: Generous parking privileges everywhere, and dozens of camps close at hand.

Traffic Regulations: Sensible and lenient as safety permits.

Information Service: Booth on U. S. Highway number 2 at junction of number 169, at bus depot, hotels, and Fuller tackle shop.

Hotels and Restaurants: Numerous, Excellent and very reasonable in price.

Hospitals: A splendid modernly equipped hospital in the village.

Libraries: Good public libraries with many volumes.

Motion Picture Houses: Two good movie houses.

Fraternal Clubs: Masons. Oddfellows.

RECREATION

Ball Park: Splendid baseball park.

Swimming: Two municipal swimming beaches, one at Forest Lake and one at Crystal. One at McKinnon with dressing rooms.

Tennis: Four good courts.

Golf: Two courses.

Boating and Canoeing: Facilities almost unlimited, and at very reasonable rentals.

Hiking: Many beautiful hikes, and always many hikers enjoying them.

Winter: Ski slide and three ice rinks. Hockey.

Fishing: Unexcelled in the United States. All kinds of game fresh water fish.

Hunting: Deer, bear, all water fowl, and upland game in season.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

EPISCOPAL---One.

JEHOVAH WITNESSES---One.

COMMUNITY---PRESBYTERIAN---One.

LUTHERAN---Two, one Swedish and one English.

CATHOLIC---One.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY---One.

CHURCH OF GOD---One.

CHAPTER 11

The actual possession of the territory comprising the original Itasca county may be described briefly as follows:

Pre-glacial ages, possibly paleolithic man.
Post-glacial period, probably Hidatsa Indians (Gros Ventre), Mound-builders, who undoubtedly were early Siouan Indians, the Dakotah Sioux.

The Columbian period, the Spanish.
Post-Columbian period, the French and English.
The 17th or 18th century, the Ojibwa (Chippewa)Indians.
The 18th century, the Federal Republic.
February 22, 1855, ceded to the United States by the Ojibwa.

The earliest historical information available tells us that in April, 1682, LaSalle took possession of the whole Mississippi River Valley in the name of his sovereign, Louis the Great, of France, by right of discovery and exploration. Of course, this proclamation covered the site of Grand Rapids, as, indeed, it covered a goodly portion of the present United States, when it is considered that the Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas and Red rivers, as well as many other sizeable streams, are tributary to the Father of Waters. But the early explorers never were niggardly in the matter of acreage where a gift to the king was concerned. On this initiative of LaSalle rest most of the land titles in Minnesota, though it was left for Nicholas Perrot to secure that portion of the state lying within the Hudson's Bay watershed. This he did in May, 1689, by claiming for France all the countries and rivers inhabited by the Sioux. The Marquis de Denonville, governor-general of Canada, had commissioned Perrot "commander of the west," which title would appear to be expansive enough for even so broad a domain.

There is considerable evidence supporting the belief that two Frenchmen, Groseilliers and Radisson, were the first white men to visit the territory now comprising the state of Minnesota. They were mingling with

the Sioux Indians at Knife lake, in present Kanabec county, as early as 1659. At that time the numerous tribes of this great Indian nation were in possession of the whole country from the Rainy river to the Arkansas, and from Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains.

The northeast portion of this vast tract later became the state of Minnesota, and here lived the Dakotahs, the most powerful of all the Nadouesioux tribes. They were strong, warlike men, subsisting largely upon the flesh of the buffalo, from which fact Groseilliers and Radisson called them "the nation of the beef." In the summertime, they traveled south to the prairies where the buffaloes were plentiful, but they withdrew into the wooded sections of the north for protection from the storms of winter. The two Frenchmen found a large tribe of them dwelling in populous villages on and about Mille Lacs in 1660, and DuLuth and Hennepin saw them there in 1679 and 1680. As yet they were in the stone age of culture, using stone hatchets, knives, arrows and spearheads. Their clothing was made entirely of skins; their dwellings were of earth and bark in the villages, of mats and skins when roaming afield.

During the hundred years following LaSalle's proclamation, French fur traders and missionaries visited and worked throughout nearly all of northern Minnesota, but no effort was made at settlement, and the first permanent post anywhere in the region of Grand Rapids was not established until 1794. This was built and maintained by the Northwest Fur Company on Sandy lake, in the present Aitkin county. The following year a larger post was established on Leech Lake, and shortly afterward we find one on Winnibigoshish lake and another on Star Island, in Cass lake. White men have lived and worked in the immediate vicinity of Grand Rapids ever since.

The Louisiana Purchase, March 10, 1804, gave the United States a legal title to the whole area of Minnesota, subject, however, to the right of

occupancy which it had been the policy of the English and the French to concede to the Indians. At the time of this purchase, two nations of aborigines occupied Minnesota in unequal portions, separated by indefinite and unstable boundaries. The Dakotahs had been driven back year by year from Lake Superior by the repeated onslaughts of the Ojibways until by 1770 the conquest by the latter may be said to have become complete. The decisive battle of Kathio, on Mille Lacs, about 1744, broke the courage of the Sioux. Their bows and arrows could not avail against the muskets with which the French traders had supplied the Chippewa. They fought heroically against weapons which they did not understand, but finally, beaten and disheartened, they gave up Sandy lake, in Aitkin county, all the upper lakes of the Mississippi valley, and the country north of there to the Canadian boundary, as far west as the Red River of the North.

The last stronghold of the Sioux to be abandoned was Leech lake, about 1748, after which the Chippewa dominion was supreme throughout the northern timbered area of the state, and as far south as Little Falls, and indefinitely between Leech lake and the upper Minnesota river. Periodic forays took place between these two nations, however, until the Sioux had been removed from the state after the massacre of 1862.

Relations between these two great aboriginal nations had not always been thus. Warren, the Ojibway halfbreed, writing his History of the Ojibwa, in 1852, lays the blame for this perpetual warfare at the door of the Sioux, and gives an interesting narrative of how the enmity began.

"Five generations ago, shortly after the Ojibways residing on the shores of Lake Superior had commenced to obtain firearms and ammunition of the old French traders, a firm peace existed between them and the Dakotas, who then resided on the headwaters of the Mississippi and the midland country which lay between this river and the great lake.

"Good will existed between the two tribes, and the roads to their villages were clear and unobstructed. Peace parties of the Dakotas visited the wigwams of the Ojibways, and the Ojibways, in like manner, visited the tepees and earthen lodges of the Dakotas. The good feeling existing between them was such that intermarriages even took place between them.

"It appears, however, impossible that these two powerful tribes should ever remain long in peace with each oth r. On this occasion the war club had lain buried but a few winters, when it was again violently dug up, and the ancient feud raged more violently than ever.

"Ill-will was first created in the breasts of the two tribes against one another through a quarrel which happened between an Ojibway and a Dakota gallant respecting a woman whom they both courted. The woman was a Dakota, and the affair took place at a village of her people. Of her two suitors she preferred the Ojibway, and the rejected gallant in revenge took the life of his successful rival. This act, however, did not result in immediate hostilities; it only reminded the warriors of the two tribes that they had once been enemies; it required a more aggraviting cause than this to break the ties which several years of good understanding and social intercourse had created between them, and this cause was not long in forthcoming.

"There was an old man residing at Fond du Lac of Lake Superior, which place had at this time already become an important village of the Ojibways. This old man was looked upon by his people with great respect and consideration; though not a chief, he was a great hunter, and his lodge ever abounded in plenty. He belonged to the marten totem family. He was blessed with four sons, all of whom were full grown and likely men, 'fair to look upon.' They were accustomed to make frequent visits to the villages of the Dakotas, and they generally returned laden with presents, for the young women of their tribe looked on them with wishful and longing eyes.

"Shortly after the quarrel about the woman had taken place, which resulted in the death of an Ojibway, the four brothers paid the Dakotas one of their usual peaceful visits; they proceeded to their great town at Mille Lacs, which was but two days from their own villages. During the visit one of the brothers was treacherously murdered, and but three returned with safety to their father's wigwam.

"The old man did not even complain when he heard that their former enemies had sent his son to travel on the spirit road; and shortly after, when his three surviving sons asked his permission to go again to enter the lodges of the Dakotas, he told them to go, 'for probably,' said he, they have taken the life of my son through mistake.' The brothers proceeded as before to Mille Lacs, and on this occasion two of them were treacherously killed, and but one returned to the wigwam of his bereaved father. The fount of the old man's tears still did not open, though he blacked his face in mourning, and his head hung low in sorrow.

"Once more his sole surviving son requested to pay the Dakotas a peace visit, that he might look on the graves of his deceased brethren. His sorrow striken parent said to him: 'Go, my son, for probably they have struck your brothers through mistake.' Day after day rolled over, till the time came when he had promised to return. The days, however, kept rolling on, and the young man returned not to cheer the lonely lodge of his father. A full moon passed over, and still he made not his appearance, and the old man became convinced that the Dakotas had sent him to join his murdered brethren in the land of spirits. Now, for the first time, the bereaved father began to weep, the fount of his tears welled forth bitter drops, and he mourned bitterly for his lost children.

"'An ojibway warrior never throws away his tears,' and the old man determined to have revenge. For two years he busied himself in making preparations. With the fruits of his hunts he procured ammunition and other materials for a war party. He sent his tobacco and war club to the remotest villages of his people, detailing his wrong and inviting them to collect by a certain day at Fonddu Lac, 'to go with him in search for his lost children.' His summons was promptly and numerously obeyed, and nearly all the men of his tribe residing on the shores of the great lake, collected by the appointed time at Fond du Lac. Their scalping knives had long rusted in disuse, and the warriors once more were eager to stain them with the blood of their old enemy.

"Having made the customary preparations and invoked the great spirit to their aid, this large war party which the old man had collected left Fond du Lac, and followed the trail towards Mille Lacs, which was then considered the strongest hold of their enemies, and where the blood which they went to avenge had been spilt. The Dakotas occupied the lake in two large villages, one being located on Cormorant point and the other at the outlet of the lake. A few miles below this last village they possessed another considerable village on a smaller lake, connected with Mille Lacs by a portion of Rum river, which run through it. These villages consisted mostly of earthen wigwams, such as are found still to be in use among the Arickarees and other tribes residing on the upper Missouri.

"The vanguard of the Ojibways fell on the Dakotas at Cormorant point early in the morning, and such was the extent of the war party that, before the rear had arrived, the battle at this point had already ended by the almost total extermination of its inhabitants; a small remnant only retired in their canoes to the greater village located at the entry. This the Ojibways attacked with all their forces; after a brave defense with their bows and barbed arrows, the Dakotas took refuge in their earthen lodges from the more deadly weapons of their enemy.

"The only manner in which the Ojibways could harass and dislodge them from these otherwise secure retreats was to throw ~~the~~ small bundles or bags of power into the aperture made in the top of each, both for the purpose of giving light within and emitting the smoke of the wigwam fire. The bundles, ignited by the fire, spread death and dismay amongst the miserable beings who crowded within. Not having as yet, like the more fortunate Ojibways, been blessed with the presence of white traders, the Dakotas were still ignorant of the nature of gunpowder, and the idea possessed their minds that their enemies were aided by spirits. They gave up the fight in despair and were easily dispatched. But a remnant retired, during the darkness of the night, to their last remaining village on the smaller lake. Here they made their last stand, and the Ojibways following them up, the havoc among their ranks was continued during the whole course of another day.

"The next morning, the Ojibways wishing to renew the conflict, found the village evacuated by the few who had survived their victorious arms. They had fled during the night down the river in their canoes, and it became a common saying that the former dwellers of Mille Lacs became, by this three days' struggle, swept away forever from their favorite village

sites. The remains of their earthen wigwams are still plainly visible in great numbers on the spots where these events are said to have occurred; they are now mostly covered by forests of maple trees. The Ojibways assert, as proof of this tradition, that whenever they have dug into these mounds, which they occasionally do, they have discovered human bones in great abundance and lying scattered promiscuously in the soil, showing they they had not been regularly buried, but were cut in pieces and scattered about, as Indians always treat those whom they slay in battle."

This account, of course, is Indian tradition. That the battle of Kathio was fought, and with the results stated, there can be no doubt; but it is hardly conceivable that the "full grown men" would repeatedly return to the Sioux villages on "peaceful visits," or that their wise old father would be so simple and so tolerant. It does not conform to Indian character, whatever the tribe. That the Sioux were treacherous in those techy days, history furnishes ample proof; but the same source does not completely absolve the Ojibways, nor the white men, with whom both tribes dealt, almost always to their disadvantage.

Into the wilderness occupied by these tribes and a few adventurous whites came Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, exploring the country and seeking out sites for United States military reservations. The United States government was assuming control under the title gained by the Louisana Purchase, on March 10, 1804.

The young officer, after successfully negotiating with the Sioux for two tracts, one at the juncture of the St. Croix and the Mississippi, and the other at the Falls of St. Anthony, where Fort Snelling now stands, ascended the great river to Little Falls and thence journeyed to Sandy Lake and on to Pokegama Falls. He did not follow the river from Sandy lake to the falls, however, and therefore Pike cannot at any time be placed at the site of Grand Rapids.

"*** On January 8, 1806, Pike, with Corporal Bradley marching in advance, after a weary tramp, stumbled late at night upon the open gate of a stockade, the Northwest Fur Company's post at Sandy lake. The agent, Grant, received him with utmost hospitality ***. Here Pike remained for twelve days, setting his men to work at sawing stocks for traineaux de glace, or toboggans, constructed after the manner of the country.

"It was the twentieth of January before Pike resumed the trail, taking the Willow River route to Pokegama Falls, and thence following the Mississippi to the Leech Lake fork. On the evening of the first of February, the tireless explorer, with a single soldier, was ceremoniously welcomed to the Leech lake post of the Northwest Company. ***** He was satisfied that he had reached 'the main source of the Mississippi,' and had 'accomplished his voyage.'" (Pike's Expeditions, 1, 281, 282.)

Lieutenant Pike went on to Cass lake where he remained only over night. Returning he struck almost due south, overland, past Whitefish lake, and did not strike the Mississippi river again until he arrived at his cache, near Little Falls. There he resumed his boats and descended to St. Louis to report, his mission accomplished.

It is possible, even highly probable, that the trader Willian Morrison was at Thundering (Grand) Rapids between 1804 and 1811, but no concreto evidence appears to that effect. (Folwell, 1, 117) and David Thompson, geographer for the Northwest Company certainly had traveled much in that region even as early as 1798. (Folwell, 1,111) As the rapids formed a part of the main cance route through the region, it may be assumed that the Northwest Company's agents Dickson and Grant, covering all that territory, passed the site of the future Grand Rapids many times. It is certain that Schoolcraft and Cass together passed up, and down again, between July 16 and July 30, 1820; and that Schoolcraft paddled his canoes along those wooded shores on his memorable expedition to lake Itasca in 1832. History records that in 1836 Joseph Nicollet, bent on exploring the basin of the source-lakes of the Mississippi, ascended the river to its source, thus tentatively linking another of the great early explorers with the beautiful spot which was at that time called impartially Thundering Rapids and Long Rapids.

In 1842 the Webster-Ashburton treaty established the boundary line between Canada and what is now Itasca county, and in 1849 the county was formed, to include all of Minnesota from Mille Lacs north to Canada. This

governmental unit embraced the present counties of Aitkin, Itasca, Carlton, Koochiching, Lake, Cook, and St. Louis counties, and part of Cass county, and was one of the original nine counties into which the newly established Minnesota Territory was divided.

Though extensive enough at the time of its formation, in 1849, completely to hide within its timbered reaches three eastern states, Itasca county had a known white population of less than half a hundred souls. A fur company's agent with his Indian wife and perhaps a halfbreed helper was the nearest approach to a village, and even these groups were separated by many miles of arduous travel through swampland and dense forest. The lakes and rivers were the only roads, the canoe the only vehicle. But Itasca was bursting with wealth for the white man, and the white man came.

A map made in 1850, a year after Minnesota Territory was established and eight years before she became a state, shows Itasca as a county. Only rivers, rapids, and some of the lakes are shown on this map of a great unsurveyed region inhabited exclusively by Chippewa Indians and a few fur traders. Only rivers and lakes were of importance to men whose sole interest lay in furs. They were the lines of communication between isolated trading posts, and the road to civilization over which the season's take must be borne, westward to and down the Mississippi to St. Louis, or eastward to the head of the Great Lakes and thence to Detroit. On this map Grand Rapids does not appear ---no settlement appears except a couple of embarkation points on Lake Superior.

Although Itasca was established in 1849, it remained unorganized territory for many years, without governmental machinery of any port. Beginning with 1855 other large counties were cut from its vast wilderness area from time to time, and it was not until 1906 that these periodic amputations finally ceased with the detachment of broad Koochiching.

Aitkin county, established in 1857, had become an organized administrative division of the state on June 30, 1871, and since 1887 an Aitkin-Itasca two-county board of county commissioners had been functioning under legislative enactment of February 26, in that year. This board, chosen from Aitkin county residents, worked under instructions from the attorney-general of the state that the business of the two counties was to be transacted separately, and the proceedings of the board were to be so kept that the Itasca records and books could be moved boldly whenever that county should have a capital of its own. Their duties probably were not too arduous, as Itasca at that time had a population of 237, and Aitkin only 1,388.

It appears that this two-county board, which, so far as this writer can ascertain was an institution unique in the annals of American government, was not wholly satisfactory to the men who were developing the country just below Pokegama Falls. Even though they were few, they were a determined group; they knew that they were fostering the nucleus of a busy community, and they refused to submit to neglect by any civic body lacking a proper interest in its progress. So they decided upon another unique move in county administration. They simply designated themselves county commissioners of "Itaska" county and went to work.

The proceedings of this "rump" board of county commissioners were, of course, wholly without authority and illegal; but the pretenders evidently never were suspected by their impecunious constituents, were backed and abetted by their opulent ones, in whose interests the two-county board did not function smoothly, and their edicts were accepted and given full force and effect.

The first entry in the book of "Itasca County Commissioners Records" is not dated, but the meeting took place sometime just prior to July 28, 1887, and obviously was held for the purpose of inauguration.

Grand Rapids,
Itaska County, Minn.
County Commissioners Meeting.

Present, William Wakefield and Allen T. Mason. Absent, Patrick Casey. On motion of Allen T. Mason the board adjourned until July 28th, 1887.

William L. Wakefield, Chairman.

For some reason the meeting scheduled for July 28 was not held, for the next entry in the book records the minutes of the meeting of August 26.

August 26/87

Pursuant to notice the commissioners of Itasca county held a meeting. Present Allen T. Mason and Patrick Casey. Absent William Wakefield. On motion of Patrick Casey Allen T. Mason be elected chairman.

On motion Patrick Casey that the sum of $2,809.22 Two thousand eight hundred and nine and 22/100 dollars be assessed for road and bridge purposes for the ensuing year. Carried.

Allen T. Mason
Chairman
Patrick Casey

Meeting adjourned.

Allen T. Mason
Chairman

Whatever disposition was made of William Wakefield after August 26 does not appear but his name is not seen again in the records.

Contract made with Sidney McDonald for road work.

Itasca County, Minnesota.

Contract entered into this seventeenth day of September A. D. 1887, between Sidney McDonald and the Commissioners of Itasca Co. Said party of the first part agrees for the hereinafter mentioned consideration to open a wagon road between the village of Grand Rapids and the U. S. Government Dam at Pokegama Falls, cutting and grubbing out the trees and brush where found to a uniform width of thirty-three (33) feet bridging all waterways with sufficient stringers of logs and covering same with poles, slotted down, of which dimension shall not be less than six inches and not less then fourteen ft. in length. Shall grade all hillocks and knolls, and make the road passable and safe at all season. And complete the same on or before Oct. 15/1887. Said road to be made satisfactory to and to be inspected by said commissioners before acceptance. And the party of the second part agrees with the said party of the first part on the completion of the said contract and the faithful fullfillment thereof to pay him out of the current road and bridge fund of said Itasca County, raised and appropriated for such purposes Two Hundred and Fifty dollars $250.00.

Signed this Seventeenth day of September A. D. 1887.

Commissioners

Sidney McDonald
A. T. Mason
Patrick Casey

A true copy. Attest

C. H. Duggin

Grand Rapids, Itasca Co.
Sept. 21, 1887

Commissioners met at W. Potter & Co. Store, 2 o'clock P. M.
Present Commiss, Patrick Casey and Allen T. Nason.

The following petition presented by C. H. Duggin.

Grand Rapids, Sep. 20, 1887.

To the honorable board of county Commissioners in and for the county of Itasca, Greeting.

We the undersigned citizens and taxpapers of Township 55, Range 25 in said County of Itasca do hereby petition your honorable body to create a School District in said Town, and this will ever pray.
John Beckfelt, R. McCabe, Chris Burns, Robert Glass, Herbert G. Tucker, F. C. Collett, C. H. Duggin, James Sherry, Sidney McDonald, C. D. Lyon, Al. Tony.

Foregoing petition ordered spread on records of commissioners and ordered that said Township 55 Range 25 be created into a school district, and notices posted for a special school election.

Signed Patrick Casey
A. T. Nason

Pursuant to above order C. H. Duggin was authorized to post notices for special School Meeting as follows, at Post Office Grand Rapids, W. Potter & Co. Store, W. E. Neale, Neals Landing, as follows.

"Special School Meeting"

A special school meeting is called for all those qualified to vote under the General School law in Township 55 Range 25 Itasca County. At the Post Office in Grand Rapids in said county, Saturday, Oct. 1, 1887, at 7 o'clock P. M. for the following purpose, to wit, to choose a moderator and clerk pro tem. To elect a Director, Treasurer and Clerk. To raise money for School purposes. And for the transaction of any business that may properly come before said meeting.

Per order

County Commissioners A. T. Nason
Itasca County Patrick Casey
Grand Rapids, Itasca County
Sept. 21, 1887

Attest

C. H. Duggin

On October 25, 1887, at the next meeting of the board, order number I was issued to Sidney McDonald, bidding the Treasurer of Aitkin and Itasca counties to pay him $250 for road and bridge work done on the road between Pokegama Falls and Grand Rapids "prior to Oct. 15, 1887 per contract," and order number 2 was issued to J. P. Sims for $750,00 for road work between Grand Rapids and Trout Lake. The board was getting things done.

At a special meeting on October 25, 1887, it was resolved that all that portion of Itasca county not included in School District Number One "be and the same is hereby attached to said School District No. one (1) for school purposes." And this is the last time that Patrick Casey's name appears as a commissioner. No meeting is recorded in the minute book after October 25, 1887,until July 28, 1888, at which time he seems to have been replaced by Courtney A Buell. Buell and Mason, as commissioners, issued to Mason order number 3 in the amount of $45 to pay him for inspecting roads between Grand Rapids and Pokegama, and Grand Rapids and Trout Lake, fifteen days of work performed during August, September and October, 1887. Another name was signed between Mason's and Buell's below this resolution, but it has been obliterated.

Order number 4 went to Chas. Morgan, for $100, payment for work on a "state road," location unrecorded. This order lacks both date and signatures, merely being entered in the minute book as an act performed.

At the next meeting, May 29, 1889, L. F. Knox seems to have been added to the board, though it is not disclosed by what process, nor even stated as a fact. This was a special meeting at which a petition, signed by Charles Kearney and 28 other citizens, was presented, praying for a wagon brige across the Mississippi river, in the village of Grand Rapids. The petition was ordered filled and C. A. Buell was appointed a committee of one to go to Aitkin and confer with bridge men regarding plans and specifications.

Knox and Buell signed this resolution, Nason being absent.

June 27, 1889, at a special meeting, Buell and Nason, with Knox absent, accepted a bid by A. Y. Bayne & Company to build the desired bridge for $4,350,00, and the contract was signed and filed, together with the bid and the plans.

All members were present at the next meeting of the board on July 26, 1889, and all had bills to present to themselves for payment. There was no dissension, apparently, for the minutes show:

Order number	5,	John Beckfelt, for school funds,	$1.270.28
" "	7,	Jessie Pelley, for copy work	4.00
" "	8,	L. F. Knox, 3 days work	6.00
" "	9,	A. T. Nason, 3 days work	6.00
" "	10,	C. A. Buell, 3 days work and expense	28.25

Signed L. F. Knox
A. T. Nason
C. A. Buell

It will be noted that the commissioners so far had been valuing their services modestly at $2.00 each per day, but in the minutes of February 6, 1890 we find evidence of a dawning appreciation of true worth:

L. F. Knox, 4½ days	$13.50
A. T. Nason, 4½ days	13.50
C. A. Buell, 3½ days	10.50

"Moved Buell's Bill allowed. Carried. Moved A. T. Nason bill be allowed. Carried. L. F. Knox bill on motion allowed. Orders drawn for the above bills.

A. T. Nason
L. F. Knox
C. A. Buell."

This unconventional board of county commissioners remained unchanged as to membership until its final adjournment on January 1, 1891. Nason, Knox and Buell met in Potter & Company's store, in the Fraser House in LaPrairie, in the store of L. F. Knox, and they got the county's business done. They built roads and bridges where roads and bridges were sorely needed, at a time when there was no one else to build them. They set up

school districts in a community where as yet there had been no schools. In short, they efficiently filled the gap between the time when the people of Itasca county began to suffer from the neglect of a distant two-county board and the date when they received an administrative set-up of their own.

On March 7, 1891, "Itaska," as the name is almost invariably spelled in these oldest of records, with its last satelite, Koochiching, still included within its boundaries, became an organized county, with officers appointed by the governor of the state to serve until a county election could be held. There had been two legally installed officers in the county for about four years. These were deputy sheriffs appointed by Sheriff J. M. Markham, of Aitkin county, on March 18, 1889. Mike O'Toole took office on March 22, and Allen T. Mason on the following day, C. H. Duggin, Notary Public, administering the oath of office in each case. O'Toole later became the first sheriff of Itasca county when elected to that office in the first county election in 1892. Mason had been a duly accredited deputy sheriff during all the time that he had been serving on the emergency board of county commissioners. Both he and O'Toole had much to do with the early development of Grand Rapids and their names became familiar throughout the region.

CHAPTER IV

Although Itasca county remained unorganized territory from the time of its original establishment in 1849 to March 7, 1891, important events had been taking place. In 1855, the celebrated Chippewa treaty was signed, and in it the sale of liquor to Indians banned. In the same year and the one following, both St. Louis and Lake counties were cut from Itasca, reducing its area by more than half. In 1857 the Dayton brothers, of St. Paul, had laid out East and West Pokegama townsite on both banks of the Mississippi at the falls and filed their plat in Morrison county, then the nearest organized county. Their claim was being contested by the Minnesota and Dakotah Land Company, and watchmen representing the rival factions were on guard there in log cabins. It is not clear whether their principals suspected each other of prejudicial political influence, or of having designs on the Falls itself. Their purpose could not have been to establish squatter's rights, since both parties were equally in possession, squatting side by side. Nothing came of the townsite plat, however, and the government ignored it in establishing the headwater dam at that point. The plat was never proved up, and what might have been the metropolis of the region died aborning, leaving that distinction for Grand Rapids. At that time, a city had sprung up around the power site at St. Anthony Falls, and another was developing at Little Falls. The timber barons, when their cruisers told them of this third fall in the great river, visualized another city here, but it was not to be.

In 1857, while there was considerable cruising among Itasca's vast forests, which had not escaped the covetous eyes of the big timber operators, no lumber camp had been established so far up the Mississippi as Pokegama

Falls. In his letter, quoted in part in Chapter 1, W. W. Winthrop states that a Mr. Libby, of St. Anthony, had one only forty miles below in the winter of 1856-7; and there is evidence that long before this some timber had been cut on the Big Fork and floated out for shipment to British shipbuilders, but this had nothing to do with the orgy of slashing which accompanied the birth of Grand Rapids.

In 1858 the steamer "North Star" negotiated Sauk Rapids, and the event was duly celebrated by rechristening her the "Anson Northup," after which she proceeded upstream to the foot of the cataract which gave Grand Rapids its name. She was in command of a Captain Young, and was carrying a crowd of excursionists from Fort Ripley. The captain led a group afoot up to the Falls, where it is recorded they had a picnic dinner after which they returned to the steamer and descended the river to Fort Ripley without incident. Thus on May 3, 1858, the same year that saw Minnesota ushered into the congress of states, the great river was ascended to the head of navigation by steam for the first time.[1]

So far as can be ascertained, the calm surface below "Thundering Rapids" was left undisturbed after the departure of the "Anson Northup," save for the rippling V spread by a graceful birch-bark canoe, until the late sixties or early seventies. At about that time the first big cut of logs came churning through, and thereafter the water-borne commerce increased by leaps and bounds. But at first it was carried on "flatboats," propelled by manpower. A two-inch plank on which the polers could walk from stem to stern ran along each side of these boats. The polers, each with a long "setting-pole" in his hands, were continually trying to push the boat out from under

---

1 Sauk Rapids Frontiersman, June 24, 1858 and May 6, 1858

themselves, walking toward the stern as it slid forward. On reaching the stern, they skipped forward and began all over again. It was slow, laborious navigation, but the only means of transportation available at the time, and unnumbered tons of freight and paraphernalia were taken into the big woods in that manner. The country was opening up, and the material had to go in.

In the early seventies the logging business in the vicinity of Grand Rapids may be said to have become well established, and as soon as necessity demanded it the Mississippi River Boom Company was organized for the purpose of taking the cut down the river with the minimum of loss. This organization represented the mill owners and more extensive logging interests. Its northern limit on the Mississippi was at Grand Rapids. Loggers drove their pine down the river to this point and there delivered it to the boom company. At times as many as two or three hundred men would be working on the river as the pine floated downstream to the saws awaiting it at the Twin City mills. The boom company had made a large investment in driving piling and chaining logs together to aid in controlling the drive and keeping it in the channel. For bringing the drive down the river was a most important part of the season's work. Many loggers made money on paper in the woods only to lose it all on the drive. If there was insufficient water, or if the drive was not handled properly, losses could pile up with amazing rapidity.

Working on the drive was hard, wet work, but the pay was comparatively good, and many a lumberjack followed the timber to the Twin Cities and there collected a final wage-payment which represented every cent he had to show for an entire winter's toil.

Behind the drive coming down the river was a wanigan. "Wanigan," or "Wanagan," is a word of Chippewa origin, according to Webster, and is a typical logging word, applying to nothing else. It was a flat boat used for eating, sleeping and storage. In the earlier days of Itasca it was sometimes necessary to build the wanigan without nails and with the crudest of tools. The men ahead of the drive, whose duty it was to prevent the logs from lodging on the shore, or sand banks, or getting shoved off into cat-holes where they would be lost, had an easier task than those who brought up the rear and refloated much strays.

If a riverman hesitated about going into the icy water up to his neck when necessary, the foreman would about, "Go ahead, that won't burn you!" This always brought a laugh and some rough ribbing from the old-timers present and sent the tyro splashing in. He sensed that it was quite the usual thing, and he soon became accustomed to soggy boots and clothing, anyhow.

Work began on the drive as soon as it was light enough to move about by close peering, and continued until after real darkness came. To begin the day, the men had a hearty breakfast, and each carried two lunches. At anywhere between eight and ten o'clock in the evening they returned to the wanigan, always very tired and always very wet. Usually the wanigan tied up in some sheltered place where, after dinner, a big fire which the cook had prepared on shore would permit the drying of clothes. Often, however, the men crawled into their blankets without taking off their wet boots, for if they had dried their footgear it would have been so stiff next morning as to be unwearable.

The drive also had its elements of peril. Log jams held possibilities of death, and all along the drive danger of drowning or being crushed was always present. Partly because of these dangers and the gruel-

ing, comfortless toil involved, but more directly because it called for skillful men, the wages for this work were the highest in the logging industry. Breaking a jam at the falls up-river from the present Prairie river dam was considered a good test of ability to handle a drive, and several men have been drowned at this point.

As the number of lumber camps increased in the area surrounding Thundering Rapids, or "Long Rapids," as it was sometimes called, the point grew rapidly in importance. Goods consigned to camps in the deep woods were brought up from Aitkin, overland in winter, when the swamps and lakes were frozen over, by the river in summer, on flatboats and in bateaux. From the riverside below the white water, oxen, horses and human "packers" were employed for transport to the final destination. It is creditably stated that as many as ~~eight~~ a team hundred have been known to leave the Grand Rapids wharf in a single day with wagons laden with provisions and materials for the loggers back in the pine.

A letter written by Captain George Houghton to the St. Paul Daily Pioneer and published in the issue of July 3, 1870, was, so far as this writer has been able to ascertain, the first document to refer to "Grand Rapids" as a place name. The captain described a trip he had just made in his steamer "Pokegama" to the head of navigation on the Mississippi.

Steamer Pokegama, Crow Wing, June 30.

To the Editors of the St. Paul Pioneer.

I give you the principal items of our first trip from Crow Wing to Pokegama Falls. We left this village on Saturday, June 25, for Pokegama Falls, with a good passenger list and a few tons of freight for Sandy Lake and Pokegama, and made the round trip in six days, laying up nights and stopping to cut and carry all our wood aboard. We made 90 miles the first day without an accident except knocking down one of our smoke stacks in the evening. We stopped and rigged a derrick the same evening, and put the stack in place early the next morning.

The 26th we started on our upward trip, and made about ninety miles and laid up for the night seven miles above Sandy Lake. On the 27th we made Grand Rapids, three miles below Pokegama Falls, at 9 o'clock, P. M., a distance of 100 miles. Distance from Crow Wing to Pokegama Falls, 280 miles.

A party of nine of us took a batteaux and rowed up to the Falls on the following morning, and took a look at the magnificent Falls, which surpass anything in grandeur and picturesqueness I ever saw.

After fishing, picking berries and taking a bath, we got on board our batteaux and rowed down to the steamer. We got up steam and left for this place at 2 o'clock on the 27th, and arrived safely at 5 o'clock to-day.

The river averages about 250 feet in width from here to Pine Knoll, 60 miles, and 200 feet from Pine Knoll to Sandy Lake, and 150 feet from the latter to Pokegama Falls. There is a good stage of water now, but falling slowly.

My boat is 150 feet long and 24 feet beam, and will carry 65 tons on two feet of water. I have an excellent barge that will carry about the same on the same amount of water. The scenery along the river is magnificent, the forests consisting of oak, elm, soft-maple, hackberry, pine, spruce, fir and Balm of Gilead, lining the banks on either side to the water's edge, so thick that you can in no place see but a few rods. The navigation from some 25 miles below Sandy Lake to Pokegama is somewhat difficult, in consequence of the almost innumerable short bends, narrowness of the river and leaning trees; but the boat was built with the view of running on just such a river, and she behaved, under the management of the pilot, Captain Russell, splendidly.

I expect in a few days to make a personal examination of Sandy Lake and River, and Rice Lake and River, with a view of transporting freight by steamboat and barges through those lakes and rivers to within a very few miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad, about midway between the Falls of the St. Louis and the Mississippi River. I am satisfied that I can transport all their supplies by this route much cheaper than they can get them any other way.

Yours,

Geo. Houghton.

Thus it appears that the second steamer to reach the rapids was one named for the beautiful waterfall and lake of which the present populous community is so proud. But no town stood there then. It is possible, and indeed probable, that Jo Gould had a bark shack back in the timber at that time, where he bartered a bit with the Indians, but there is no positive proof of this, and it is generally accepted that prior to 1872 no permanent

building had been erected on the site of the present town. It has been stated that W. Potter & Company built a "stopping place" and trading post there in 1871, and that Lowe C. Seavey built a "stopping place" there somewhat later in the same year, but the writer has been unable to confirm either claim beyond a very serious doubt.

That the Potter Company erected a substantial and permanent log building on the site of Grand Rapids in 1872 there is sample proof. It was stocked as a general store, and a resident manager was employed to forward the commercial interests of the Aitkin concern. There is some evidence to the effect that for the first year this "permanent, substantial" building was just a log rectangle some eight feet high, roofed with canvas, in which the first small nucleus of a stock was stored and displayed for sale, with Jo Gould as clerk, or "manager," behind the counter. But sometime late in this year or early in 1873 the canvas above the eaves was replaced with logs and the structure rendered substantial in fact. With this improvement, the stock of good was greatly increased and a manager was placed in charge. This man was Jo Gould who had done some trading with the Indians of the region. Gould managed the pioneer store only a short time, when he was succeeded by Lafayette Knox of Aitkin.

Business was brisk from the beginning. Seventeen lumber camps were operating within a few miles of Pokegama Falls in 1872, employing from three hundred and fifty to four hundred men, and this required an immense amount of material, all of which was distributed from Grand Rapids. How the few camps which went into operation in the winter of 1870-71, were supplied, the writer has been unable to ascertain, but it is probable that flat boats were used. We know that lumbering on a moderate scale was going on in the immediate Pokegama district during that season. The St. Paul Daily Pioneer for

September 13, 1870, makes that clear by the following item:

The Sauk Rapids Sentinel says preparations are being made for lumbering on a large scale the coming winter in the vicinity of Pokegama Falls. Bear and moose are very thick all through that region of country, and great sport is anticipated by the hunters and lumbermen.

It was in 1872, after the dam was constructed at the foot of Wabana lake, that logging on the Prairie River began in earnest also. Lumberjacks were now arriving in ever increasing numbers, and pioneer businessmen, mostly saloonkeepers, who were looking for a new country in which to make a start. Many of these moved on, and out of the memory of old residents, to be recalled only upon mention of their names; some left records of deeds that are talked of around the fire o'nights, and that keep their names alive among succeeding generations; still others, who came into the big woods with no more idea of permanence that the rest, remained to call Grand Rapids "home," and to take an active part in its establishment.

There was nothing of derogation in the business of running a saloon in the north woods in 1872. Where ever a settlement was started, about the first buildings erected after a few stumps had been grubbed out of what was supposed to be "Main Street" were log structures in which liquor was sold. Often, meals were served in these places, and the lumber-jack going in or out of the timber could get overnight accommodation--usually on the floor. Where such hospitality was offered, the retreat was called a "stopping place;" if the proprietor had a spare bed, a "hotel." A rooming house of this sort is graphically described in a contemporary newspaper of the district:

One ordinary sized room had a bed in it. Six men slept crosswise on the bed at night, were rolled out in the morning and six more took their places in the daytime. One of the early boarding houses had sawdust on the floor and men slept on the floor and their money would fall out of their pockets. When the floor was swept up the sawdust was always sifted for the money it would bring. One sweeping has been known to produce over $50.

Money was plentiful even though wages for common labor were low.

Liquor licenses supplied the money for the road and bridge fund, and saloonkeepers were important and influential men. In the main, they were as honest as their contemporaries in other lines, and almost without exception they could be relied upon to boost heartily and support substantially any movement for the progress of their community.

Grand Rapids was no different from other frontier towns of the period. Saloons were considered a prime necessity, and the going was not made too tough for them. They sprang up like mushrooms and prospered amazingly in the shade of the giant pines.

CHAPTER V

One of the first white men to come to the vicinity of Grand Rapids was John Gilmore, who arrived in 1868. He states that the first logging on Pokegama lake was done in that year. Joe Knowlton cut the timber for T. B. Walker, and the lumberjacks did not get their pay for the season's work. There was nothing remarkable about this, especially in the early days of large scale logging. Each year some operators failed. Unfavorable weather, lack of water, or adverse business conditions could render profitless a winter's work in the woods, and the logger with the most logs lost the most money. Knowlton was logging on what is now called Black's Arm, and S. D. Patrick, a contemporary, states that for years the spot was known as Knowlton's Arm.

In a letter to his friend C. H. Marr, of Grand Rapids, Mr. Gilmore recalls how he and other men came up from Aitkin on a flat boat in the fall of 1872. He was working with Gil Hanson, Andy Gibson, and Wes Day, and these men spotted a tote road up the Prairie river to the mouth of Clearwater Brook. During that winter there was considerable activity on the Prairie. Wes Day, well known to many of the first arrivals, had four camps on Clearwater Brook, and Hill Lawrence had two camps on the lake which bears his name. The four men in charge of Wes Day's camps were Dan Day, a brother, Henry Saunders, Tom Costigan and Jim Jones. Chris Burns and Bob McCabe were working for Hill Lawrence that winter, and Captain Hasty was Lawrence's "walking boss".

Andy Gibson was a wonderful woodsman, but he was possessed of a very peculiar set idea. He would never under any circumstances accept more than a dollar a day for his work. He it was for whom the locally famous steamboat was named.

Con Dineen, another character of Itasca's early days, had just finished building the dam at the foot of Wabana lake in 1872, and he was working for Wes Day, as was G. G. Hartley, later of Duluth and famous for his success in iron mines.

In another part of his letter, Mr. Gilmore states that in 1872 "there was not even a shanty of any kind on the site of Grand Rapids." This statement, however, is open to grave doubt. It is known that heavy timber came down to the water's edge on both banks at that time, and in view of the evidence turned up by patient research, the writer is of the opinion that the small beginnings of a town were there, screened from sight, perhaps, by the heavy growth. Landing their flat boats two miles downstream, as Gilmore's party did, and heading directly up the Prairie river with their supplies, which they doubtless brought with them, the leaders of the expedition had no occasion to visit the little trading center, and its fame had not yet spread into the wilderness toward Wabana lake. Its trading was rather in the other direction, around Pokegama. Mr. Gilmore's letter makes it clear that the steamer Pokegama was freighting "supplies of all kinds" up from Aitkin at the time, and states that they were "piled off at the shore below the rapids ***not even a warehouse or any kind of cover for anything and each man looked after his own goods."

"Lowe Seavey," the letter further states, "built the first stopping place at the rapids. He was a good cook, did most of his own work and enjoyed a very good patronage. ***** The door to the dining room of the first log hotel was narrow and at the call for dinner the hungry lumberjacks made a dash for it. On one occasion Al Mason was in the group waiting for dinner and he and some of the other men became wedged in the door and it took some time to untangle them."

This paragraph shows that Gilmore did know Grand Rapids when there was something of a settlement there, but no date is named for the opening of this hotel.

That G. G. Hartley, mentioned above, was well aware of the existence of Grand Rapids as a place name and logging center as early as 1872 is evident from his letter to the Magnet, November 8, 1892.

*****"I was the first man to help drive logs out of the Prairie river. It was over twenty years ago when Al Mason, Bob McCabe, Chris Burns, Charles Seelye, myself and others, came to Grand Rapids to work for Minneapolis lumbermen. It was hard work those days and we seldom knew a Sunday for we always had something to do.

"I notice the boys' heads are turning gray. I saw d. Grady today. He is getting old. There is no more honest, kinder or more self-respecting citizen in Minnesota. When I first knew him he was in a good financial condition and no man ever set a better table before his men than he did. Fred Bonness, now hauling forty or fifty millions for himself, used to cook for Ed. Grady. He was an excellent cook, but would sometimes discourage Con Dineen with the stories he would tell at the dinner table.

"The late D. J. Knox was one of the old-timers; when he died the upper Mississippi lost a good friend and an able representative. L. F. Knox was always a quiet man, but a ceaseless and effective worked for Grand Rapids. ***

"In my (recent) rambles around your business houses I found C. H. Marr. He took me back to my schoolboy days when I used to go to school with his mother, and the pleasant landlady of the Hotel Pokegama [1] I used to carry to school on my back over the snowbanks of New Brunswick."

Establishing the "firsts" of a community is a painstaking and often a bewildering task. Identifying the first settler, the first building, first woman, church, child, postmaster---all of them are elusive and productive of controversy. No newspaper files are available, for the newspaper had not yet come. Local records are nonexistent, there having been no contemporary local government. Old letters and diaries are pounced upon eagerly when good fortune discloses their existence and whereabouts. But by far the most productive source is interviews with old residents. And this source has its vexatious drawbacks. Elderly people's minds are not always retentive, hence a number of contemporaries may disagree, and many times people who are getting old are stubborn. They dislike to recognize any weakening of their faculties.

1 Mrs. D. M. Gunn.

and refuse to concede that those of a companion of their youth are any better. Nothing is left to the historian but to be as thorough and as careful as he can, and then permit himself to be governed by the weight of evidence as he sees it. This problem of "firsts" in Grand Rapids has not been free from doubts and conflicts. Persons now living, and of perfectly sound minds, who certainly were present when events under examination occurred, often are at variance in their recollection of them. Descendants of pioneers who made the history now being chronicled often are swayed by their just and natural pride in the achievements of their forebears, and jealous lest credit be given to another. Most of the eye-witness testimony regarding these initial scenes has now gone into oblivion with the actors who played in them.

"We doubt if there is anyone living," says the Grand Rapids Herald-Review in its Fortieth Anniversary Edition, September 19, 1934, "who has any recollection of the site of Grand Rapids before 1870. The whole country was wild. Most of it was unsurveyed. In the possession of W. B. Taylor is to be found a map made by his father, N. Y. Taylor. This map of the headwaters lakes of Winnibigoshish and Leech made in 1876 makes no mention of settlements other than those of the Indians living on the lakes. The publisher of the Herald-Review knew well Richard Gordon who planted the first potatoes ever planted in this section around about the stumps at the camp and he records the fact that in 1876 only an occasional steamboat came as far as the rapids and that outside of the early loggers who came in winter, there were no residents of the community."

The Rev. Joseph A. Gilfillan's statement relative to Chippewa gardens would appear to contradict Gordon's claim:

"Before the town of Grand Rapids was founded, there lived near its site an unusually progressive band of Indians, called the Rabbit band from a patriarch of that name. They numbered perhaps 60 to 80. They had houses, stoves, good gardens and fields, and a great deal of stock, horses and cattle.

They made much hay and sold it to the lumbermen, and, for heathen Indians, made great progress and were very comfortable. There came a white man from down the river and planted a saloon about two miles from them. He was the first settler in Grand Rapids, I think. In about two years half of that Rabbit band were dead, and the survivors were wretched shivering vagabonds, while the white man had all their former wealth. Some were frozen to death when drunk; some were drowned by the upsetting of their canoes, when they were drunk; some lay down in the snow and took pneumonia; some were burned to death. The saloon keeper had all their cattle, horses, stoves and household goods, and those who remained alive had only an old blanket each." *

The Rev. Mr. Gilfillan lived and worked around and in Grand Rapids in the earliest days of Itasca lumbering, and doubtless knew whereof he wrote. He does not name this "first settler," but his description of his activities tend to render the distinction rather doubtful from a modern viewpoint, and none of his possible descendents has come forward to claim the glory for a neglected sire. It would be interesting to know whether or not this first saloon was down by the rapids, housed in a stopping place, and just when it was set up.

The Grand Rapids Herald-Review for December 7, 1932, gives Lowe Seavey credit for constructing the first hotel to be opened in Grand Rapids:

"J. R. O'Malley purchased the Pokegama Hotel from its builder, D. M. Gunn, in 1917. He had been in hotel work in northern Minnesota for about 25 years at that time, from bell-boy to manager, and from Aitkin to St. Cloud and Bemidji.

"Mrs. O'Malley lived in Grand Rapids' very first hotel, however. It was the 'stopping place' of Lowe Seavey, and Mrs. O'Malley was Seavey's daughter.

"Lowe Seavey came from Maine. *****He worked (here) in lumber camps where he was an expert cook. In about 1871 or '72 he began business in Grand Rapids with the construction of a log stopping place. This was a large wooden structure located near where the paper mill now stands. It was a rambling structure capable of taking care of a good many people. This place Lowe Seavey owned and managed until 1879. Then, having a growing family on his hands and wishing to give them an education, the family moved to Aitkin. Here there were schools *****.

---

* Minn. Hist. Soc. Collections, Vol. 9 (977, 6 M 64) pp. 126-127

"Mr. Seavey established what was doubtless the most famous stopping place in northern Minnesota's history. This was the 'Seavey Ranch,' as such places were called. It was located about 14 miles upstream from Aitkin where the Willow river runs into the Mississippi. This place Mr. Seavey operated both as a farm and a stopping place until his death in 1909. ***

"Mrs. O'Malley recalls the very early days in Grand Rapids, though she was a young child at the time. There was no development of the rapids and water fell over the rocks with terrifying speed. The falls at Grand Rapids were the head of navigation at that time and the Seavey hotel was placed near them on the north side of the river. On the south side of the river Patrick Casey had a hotel and store, ***near where the Wheaton buildings are now located. Mr. Casey later became a prominent merchant at Aitkin and the Potter-Casey company had commercial interests in Grand Rapids for some time. There were but few families in Grand Rapids. There were the Burns, McCabe and Mason families. They were the children with whom the Seavey children played. What is now the village proper was forest, some of which had been cut away. Cow paths led from the river into the woods.

"When the Seavey family moved away from Grand Rapids the hotel was sold to the Wakefield brothers. It was later purchased by James Sherry.[1] In Grand Rapids at that time was one general store. This was run by L. F. Knox. It was not until several years later that a frame building was built in Grand Rapids. The earlier structures were of logs and Grand Rapids was in appearance a very humble community with its half dozen buildings, at least two of which were used for saloons. ***"

The Grand Rapids Magnet of May 30, 1893, mentions L. F. Knox as being credited with having conducted the first store in Grand Rapids, and that he carried the mail from Aitkin on his back and was the first postmaster. Whether or not the Magnet was right in the matter of the Knox store, it certainly was wrong as to Mr. Knox being the first postmaster. That is one of the few matters wherein the writer was able to avail himself of authentic records, and a letter to Washington brought the following reply:

"Division of Postmasters

In replying
refer to initials and date
AF

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
First Assistant Postmaster General
WASHINGTON

February 8, 1941

(Salutation)

"This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of January 22, 1941,

---

1 From Michael McAlpine, who bought it from the Wakefields in 1881. They had bought it from Seavey in 1879.

requesting information concerning the history of the Post Office of Grand Rapids, Itasca County, Minnesota. In reply thereto there is enclosed herewith a list containing the date of establishment of that office together with the names and terms of service of the postmasters appointed to serve there.

Sincerely yours,

Ambrose O'Connell,
First Assistant Postmaster General.

JB
Encl."

The enclosure:

"GRAND RAPIDS, ITASCA COUNTY, MINNESOTA

POSTMASTER	DATE APPOINTED
Lowe G. Seavey	July 23, 1874 (Established)
LaFayette Knox	August 4, 1879
John Beckfelt	August 19, 1885
LaFayette Knox	July 11, 1891
Philip Caselberg	March 24, 1894
Oliver H. Stilson	May 12, 1897
Frederick A. McVicar	January 21, 1902
Edward C. Kiley	March 3, 1914
William W. Tyndall	January 15, 1923
Ada Tyndall (Acting)	May 25, 1926
Anthony L. LaFreniere	May 22, 1928
Allen J. Doran (Acting)	December 31, 1933
Allen J. Doran	May 12, 1934
Archie Rasmussen (Acting)	June 23, 1836
Archie Rasmussen	February 16, 1937"

This would seem to settle the question of who was the first postmaster, and it would also tend to establish Lowe Seavey as having been in some sort of business in one of the earliest buildings at the rapids, since he certainly would not have been appointed to run a post office in the open under a tree. As his appointment to the postmastership came in July, 1874, it is probable that his building was built as early as 1873, or possibly even in 1872. There is some evidence that he put it up in 1871.

It appears to be the generally accepted belief in Grand Rapids today that Warren Potter was the real founder of the town, erecting the first permanent building there in 1872, 1873, or 1874, according to the source one

cares to credit. Studying all the collateral evidence carefully, the writer has come to the conclusion that Potter built a stopping place in 1871 a short distance down river from the site of the present town, then started a second building in 1872, getting the side walls, up but roofing it with canvas for the winter. In this he had a small stock of goods, which he augmented in 1873 after he had finished the building, and thus established the first real store on the site. It is probably true that Jo Gould had a little birch-bark trading post back in the woods where he had been doing business with the Indians for some time, but on completion of the Potter & Company building he became associated with Warren Potter as resident manager on some sort of partnership agreement and undertook the first management of the new store.

The Magnet for June 25, 1901, has this to say on the subjects:

"W. Potter & Co. was established in 1872 and at this time Grand Rapids was a logging and Indian trading post. All there was of the settlement was on the south bank of the river. Mr. Joseph Gould was associated with Mr. Potter as resident partner and manager. He was succeeded in turn as manager by Mr. (Layfayette) Knox, Mr. (Patrick) Casey, and Mr. (Charles) Birch."

The Grand Rapids Weekly Eagle was the first newspaper accredited to the village, though it was owned and edited down the river at Brainerd and published either there or in St. Paul. This sheet ran for something less than a year, but in its first issue, July 3, 1890, it, too, took a try at naming Grand Rapids first:

"***The first building was erected in 1874, by L. C. Seavey, now of Aitkin; but Warren Potter, of Aitkin, is justly regarded as 'the father of the town,' having about that time established a trading post, and Potter & Co. are still doing business 'at the old stand.' The firm was for a time Knox & Potter, being C. C. Knox of Wisconsin. The Knox Brothers came next, being Hon. D. J. Knox, recently deceased, and L. F. Knox, the latter succeeding to the business, with another brother, Geo. W. Knox, now of Aitkin. Stores and hotels followed, and warehouses on the river docks; for the steamboat was the only communication from Aitkin, nearly 200 miles, Grand Rapids being at the head of the furthest up-river trip. ***"

There is no question that the Eagle was the first paper. It was established July 3, 1890, by W. W. Canfield, of Brainerd, and issued under the masthead of the Eagle Publishing Company until December, in that year, when apparently it was taken over by one, M. Stone, and published by him until its demise in June or July, 1891. The newspaper room of the Minnesota Historical Society has but one copy in its files, that of July 3, 1890, which is Volume 1, Number 1.

The Herald-Review, November 2, 1932, says, with regard to firsts, or near-firsts:

"Grand Rapids in 1874 could not be called a community. There was one store in town, ***** it was owned by Jo Gould. The building was built largely out of birch bark. In it were found supplies of staple goods which are sold largely to Indians and to lumberjacks. There were no people north of Grand Rapids from whom to draw trade and Jo Gould's business came largely from the west and south.

"Lowe Seavey had the first hotel in Grand Rapids, Seavey's place, however, was not called a hotel in those times. It was a stopping place, or a ranch. He had just built the place in 1874 and had two or three men working for him.

"The site of the village of Grand Rapids, including the location of the present main street, was for many years tall standing timber. The only clearings were along the river, and as business establishments were started they clustered along the rapids. *****"

The writer is inclined to reconcile the statement that "There was one store in town," owned by Jo Gould, with other evidence by assuming that some chronicler has confused the little birch bark store which Jo Gould owned with the Potter store, which he managed. At any rate, it is certain that the Potter store was doing business at this time.

The first white woman to make a permanent home in Grand Rapids appears to have been Mrs. Katherine Lent, a widow, who arrived in 1880. Mrs. Lent spent the rest of her life in Grand Rapids, many years in the millinery business. She built the two-story frame building in which the Gamble store is now housed on the ground floor, and the Masonic lodge above.

The first farmer in the community was Duncan Harris, and he was also the first blacksmith. At his place near Pokegama lake, he did all the smithy work for the settlers and lumbermen for some time, using charcoal burned in the surrounding forest by John Huff, who, likewise, was the first man locally to follow his trade.

The choppers and the sawyers, they laid the timber low;
The swampers and the skidders, they hauled them to and fro;
Along came the teamsters, all at the break of day,
A-loading of the logs, to the river haste away!
Noontime rolls around, the foreman loudly cheers,
"Lay down your saws and axes and haste to pork and beans!"
Arriving at the shanty, the splashing it begins,
The banging of the water-pails and the rattling of the tins.

---Lumberjack Chanty

CHAPTER VI

About 1872 the first lumberjacks destined to leave an impress upon Grand Rapids came to the community. G. G. Hartley in his letter, quoted in part in the preceding chapter, asserts that he was one of the first crew men to drive logs down the Prairie river, and indicates the time as in 1871 or 1872. Logging had started in the vicinity of the future village before this, however, and seems already to have been fairly active on Pokegama lake and in the neighborhood of the falls for a year or more when the Wabana lake dam was built. This latter structure inaugurated the business on the Prairie.

Wages in the woods for the winter of 1872-3 were only $16 and $18 per month, but men were plentiful at that rate, and many whose names have figured prominently in local history came in at that time, to stay. Al Nason, who afterward became deputy sheriff, and was during its entire existence a member of Itasca county's first board of commissioners, was logging on the Prairie then, and had worked on Lake Pokegama even earlier. He had a home on the lake before there was any settlement at the head of navigation, as did Bob McCabe and Chris Burns, both of whom also began their lumberjack careers at Grand Rapids, and at the stipend named. All three of these men had Chippewa wives, Nason having married Betsy Drumbeater, daughter of Chief Drumbeater, for whom the island in Pokegama lake is named.

In 1873 Luther Brown first came up the river as far as the rapids on the steamboat Pokegama, and in 1934, in its November 28 issue, the Grand Rapids Herald-Review claimed for him the distinction of being "unquestionably the man who has lived the longest time in Itasca county." This old resident was alive at the time of the publication of the article, for it is based on a current personal interview, and, though it does not exactly coincide with other accounts, his description of the locality in 1873 is

worth its place among the rest.

The Pokegama, Captain George Houghton, normally ran from Crow Wing up the river to Sandy Lake and Aitkin, carrying materials for the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Occasionally it made a trip further north, and on one of these Luther Brown came with it.

For making steam, Mr. Brown says wood was used, and since there was none ready out along the bank the boat would stop and the crew and passengers would shoulder their axes and go ashore. Such dead and dry wood as could be found would be cut and taken aboard, enabling the steamer to make another leg of its journey.

Mr. Brown avers that when he came to Grand Rapids that first time nobody lived at the site:

"There was not a single building of logs or frame. The big pine came down to the shores along the Mississippi river. Mr. Brown found out later, however, that Jo Gould had a home in the timber south of the river. Gould was then engaged in trading with the Indians. This man left his name on Jo Gould lake, the body of water which lies between the Mississippi river and Pokegama lake, and might be known as one of the early residents of what is now Itasca county."

At the time of the interview in which Mr. Brown made the following statements, he was 85 years of age, but well, strong and of clear understanding. The editor of the Herald-Review accepted his account without question as they sat face to face, and therefore it is safe to assume that Mr. Brown's memory was unimpaired. So, in the presence of a vast accumulation of proof that some buildings had in fact been erected, the writer must conclude that they were screened from the casual observer on the river by the heavy growth of timber mentioned, as Jo Gould's home had been.

Luther Brown became known as one of the best men with oxen in the whole north. When he first arrived all hauling was done with these patient, plodding beasts. To handle them required a special talent, and it is stated

that Luther Brown was richly endowed with this. Oxen are powerful, he explains, but they do not move rapidly at any time. On the road he made a speed of about two to two and a half miles an hour with a load. They were hitched together four or six in a team, and what they lacked in speed they made up in steadiness and strength.

Mike McAlpine came to Grand Rapids in 1874, and went to work as a lumberjack in a logging camp on Pokegama lake. Aitkin was the nearest railroad station at the time, and Mr. McAlpine walked up from there, accompanied by two brothers, Tom and James, and by another man named Frank Hasty. Steamboats were running up from Aitkin at the time, but these men either preferred to come afoot, or they were financially embarrassed at the time.

When they arrived at lake Pokegama they found a beautiful body of water entirely surrounded by a magnificent stand of white and Norway pine, virtually untouched so far by the woodsman's axe. Extending back a great distance from the shoreline the terrain was densely covered with the tall, straight trees. P. F. Clark, one of the pioneer lumbermen of the section, was preparing to log this timber off, and for him McAlpine went to work.

He was thrifty, and after about seven years in the woods he was able to come to Grand Rapids and purchase the Lowe Seavey stopping place. Seavey had sold this building to the Wakefield brothers in 1879. They sold it to McAlpine in 1881, and he in turn transferred it to James Sherry in 1883. In the early eighties logging operations all about the villageb became very extensive and the hotel business was good. Mr. McAlpine, realizing that he was riding the crest, branched out. He continued to run the hotel, but he also built five log warehouses and engaged in the business of supplying the loggers with all their requirements. In addition to

these lines of endeavor, he took the contract to haul the materials for the Pokegama government dam when that work was started. These goods were brought up to the foot of the rapids from Aitkin by steamboat, and were toted thence to the site of the dam by oxen.

After three years spent thus busily in Grand Rapids, Mr. McAlpine disposed of his hauling contract and other business interests and moved to Minneapolis, where he remained until 1890. On his return to the little settlement below Pokegama Falls, he noted that some great changes had taken place. Several business institutions had sprung up, and there were prospects of a real village; in fact a town had been laid out and a few buildings were in course of construction. The community was even looking forward to the creation of a county and the coming of the railroad. At that time nobody was deeply concerned about the future of the city in the pines. They had no pride in its appearance or progress as yet. Grand Rapids, to all who were then unconsciously laying its foundations, was merely a convenient place in which to do what they were doing, or from which to direct it. It had grown and increased steadily in importance since the days of the Potter-Gould trading post and the Lowe Seavey stopping place simply because it was situated at the head of navigation on the upper Mississippi.

For many years access to the region could be had only by steamboat or by many weary, tangled miles of travel through woods and swamps, afoot. Then large scale lumbering was inaugurated, and the heavy transport required for its prosecution was of necessity water-borne. The rapids defined the up-stream limit to this, and there the infant Grand Rapids crouched, waiting for trade. It was as natural as water running down hill--and was, indeed, the result of just that.

Michael McAlpine was born near Kingston, Ontario, in February, 1853.

He came to Grand Rapids in 1874, hiring out in lumber camps, first as a lumberjack, then as "cookee," cook, and, later, in other capacities. By steady application and rigid economy he was soon able to amass sufficient capital to enter modestly into business in the little settlement which was becoming the commercial center of Itasca's great lumber region. Alert to grasp any opportunity that offered, in whatever line, he prospered here, and in 1882, he married Miss Anna Estella Hilling, whom he had met while she was in his employ at his Grand Rapids hotel. Miss Hilling, together with "three other young women," had come to Grand Rapids in 1880.

In 1883, about a year after the McAlpines were married, Grand Rapids was threatened with an Indian uprising. An employee of the Knox-Wakefield store ejected a troublesome Indian from the place, and it seems that he did it none too gently. Later the red man returned to argue the matter, and when he was seen approaching, William Wakefield ran out and seized him by the elbows, from behind. As he was holding him thus helpless, the employee who had precipitated the trouble trained a rifle on the Indian from an upstairs window of the building. The pinioned man was killed instantly, and the bullet, passing downward through his body, entered Mr. Wakefield's knee and travelled along the bone to his heel, crippling him for life.

What so shocked the aboriginal idea of ethics seems not to have been that a white man should shoot a brother over a trifle, without argument or trial, but that the execution should be carried out so one-sidedly---while the Indian was being held still as a fair target. The Chippewas were incensed over that. The bucks must have made many robust threats and warlike demonstrations in the wigwams that night, for the squaws be-

came really alarmed and several of them hurried to their white sisters with a warning of all-out retribution shortly to be visited upon the settlement. Three women of the village were expectant mothers at the time, and for these everybody, including the squaws, felt a special concern. Michael McAlpine's wife was one of these.

Several Indian women came to Mrs. McAlpine and told her what was in store for all who remained in the village. It took no great amount of persuasion to prevail upon the distracted women to leave, and the squaws took her some distance down the river where they concealed her in the tall rushes. The female of all races, savage as well as civilized, takes a deep interest in biological events such as this, and the group guarding Mrs. McAlpine proved no exception to the rule. They were chattering gently to her, and trying good-naturedly to extract a promise that, if a girl, the child should be named "Anonah," when the anxious husband came and arranged for her immediate removal to Minneapolis.

The other women looking forward to blessed events at this time were Mrs. L. F. Knox and a Mrs. Streetar. Mrs. McAlpine's daughter, Gertrude, would have been the first white child born in Grand Rapids had not the mother gone to Minneapolis for her confinement, passing that distinction on to Hattie Streetar. Mrs. Streetar remained at home. Mr. Knox took his wife to Aitkin because of the Indain scare and her daughter, Julia, was ushered into the world in that village.

McAlpine joined his wife in Minneapolis in 1884 and they decided to make their home there. He entered upon the hotel business in the Clifton House, but one night fire reduced this to ashes and McAlpine himself to the financial status of his lumberjack days. He served on the Minneapolis police force as a means of livlihood for some time, and in 1890 returned with his

family, now numbering three additional children, to again engage in business in Grand Rapids.

Mr. McAlpine entered the logging business, on his return to the scenes of his earlier activities, and in addition opened a saloon. While thus occupied, he built the first frame building in the village, the dwelling at what is now the corner of Fourth street and Second avenue, east. At that time the homesite was buried in a dense wilderness and contemporaries laughed at him for building so fine a house out in the country. So primitive were the sorroundings, indeed, that almost any day deer, moose or bears could be seen from the doorway.

During his fifty-nine years residence in Grand Rapids, Michael Mc Alpine led an interesting and colorful life. The Indians came to know him, and to trust him more fully, probably, than any other white man in the whole region. During the term of T. T. Riley as sheriff it became necessary to bring in an Indian who had committed a murder. This brave was a difficult man to handle. He was courageous to the point of recklessness, and being afraid, as all Indains then were, that he would not be given a fair deal in the white man's court, he was determined that he would not be taken. The sheriff knew what to do. He simply sent Mike McAlpine out to reason with the murderer, and Mike returned shortly with a surly and shamefaced Indian in tow. He had refused to hurt McAlpine, and had surrendered without the least show of resistence.

On another occasion a band of Indains had planned to attack the whites in Grand Rapids. While they were holding a council of war, powwowing excitedly and dancing themselves into a proper mood, Mike McAlpine and another white man sneaked into their camp and poured water down the barrels of their old-fashioned muskets, rendering them temporarily un-

serviceable. The warriors, when they discovered what had been done saw the humorous side of the situation, patted Mike affectionately on the back and laughed heartily at his huge joke. The threatened uprising was averted, and in a few days all was again serene between the white men and the red, as it had been in the unpleasantness of 1883.

The lumberjacks of Mike McAlpine's day who did not hail from Maine or Michigan, were nearly all Scots from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, with a springling of hard-bitten Irishmen and Yankees who had found their way into the north woods. Though one of his foremen was named Hanson, McAlpine avers that he was a Scottish native of Nova Scotia and "a hard man among hard customers," and that no Scandinavians came into the country for a good many years after his arrival. In recalling his first contact with Swedes, he remembers an odd incident which occurred when he visited a camp at which some of them were employed. He had been 'farming' (raising vegetables, making hay and tending pastured oxen) for his employers through one summer at the head of Big Trout lake, and he had kept a dog with him. The animal accompanied him when he called at the new camp, and Mike was surprised and puzzled when they came within hearing-distance of the voices of the men. It soon became evident that the dog was distrustful of all things which he could not understand, and he certainly couldn't understand Swedish. He was accustomed to English, and seemed to be wholly enraptured with the musical inflections of Chippewa, but of Swedish conversation he would have no part. Its cadence was irritating and its intonations were abominable. There was nothing soothing or pleasant about it, and it hinted strongly of danger. With his tail tucked tightly under, the suspicious canine came to heel in a swift creep, bristling like a hair brush and growling vehement protest at the affront.

At a later date many Scandinavians entered the forest, but few of them ever became the accomplished woodsmen credited with the most notable feats of lumbering days. McAlpine states that there were no women residents in Itasca county in 1875, and, in summer, not above thirty-five men. These were engaged in watching camp and 'farming' for loggers, and as Mike recalled their names of thirty of them it did not in the least suggest a Swedish census: Walt Loeman, Lowe Seavey, Al Mason, Bob McCabe, Al Casey, Al Matchison, Joe Gould, Jim Affleck, Sid McDonald, Warren McLean, Hugh Cox, Jim Weatherbee, Pat Hawley, Pat O'Halloren, Cleve Stafford, Charlie Seelye, Charlie Lyons, Gillette Boecher, Chris Burns, Tom McDougall, Tom Smith, Archie McBurnie, Jim Mackie, Black Hawk, Jerry Whitney, Luther Brown, Jack Ferguson, Bill Nelson, Tom Boswell and Bill Horn.

CHAPTER V11

Among the early comers to Grand Rapids, and one of the very first, was Allen T. (Al) Nason. He was living on Pokegama Point, between the lake and the site of the future town, as early as 1870, and probably was one of the first lumberjacks to swing an axe in that section. John Gilmore states that in the winter of 1868 Joe Knowlton logged on Knowlton's (Black's) Arm for T. B. Walker; and, whether or not the date named is a year or two ahead of the actual event, there is little doubt that Nason was on Knowlton's payroll. G. G. Hartley's communication to the Magnet, quoted in part in Chapter V, spots this old-time lumberjack in a logging crew on the Prairie river "over twenty years ago," and the letter was written November 8, 1892. Later, Nason, after the manner of many of the more ambitious woodsmen of the period, engaged in the saloon business. He became a deputy sheriff, and county commissioner, and developed into an influential and dependable citizen.

Allen T. Nason was a very powerful man, not tall, but compactly built, and hard as nails. In keeping with his enormous strength, when "on the job" he labored in true Paul Bunyan fashion, and when on a spree he drank whiskey to the complete exclusion of all other activities. A good boxer, Nason loved to fight, and took part in many a battle when no other issue was involved that the question of who was the "best man," in the north woods sense. Often he injected himself into bruising melees for the pure fun of it. He was exceptionally quick and agile,and seemed to be endowed with the rare faculty of concentrating the strength of his whole body into the muscles being used at the moment. Above all things, he admired a "good man," and seeing such a one in action always lifted him to exuberance.

One fall while Nason was in the saloon business, the last boat up from Aitkin inadvertantly delivered his consignment of whiskey one barrel short.

This, at a point entirely surrounded by thirsty Scottish and Irish lumberjacks, with all river transportation closed until spring, and the tote roads impassible until the swamps should freeze firmly, was nothing less than a calamity, ~~and~~ Al decided to do something about it. By hustling and hard work, he decided that there was yet time to fet h his mislaid freight before the river should become choked with ice. He boarded the steamer for her return trip to Aitkin.

Upon arriving at the downriver town, the doughty saloonkeeper located his lost barrel and, rolling it aboard a bateau which he had secured in the village, immediately started back upstream by man power. He was alone, and with the heavy boat breasting the swift current of the Mississippi all the way, the near-two hundred-mile trip required several days to accomplish. Very few men today would even attempt such a grind, but Nason was a rugged man, accustomed to the hardships of rugged surroundings.

One day, toward evening, he approached the point where the Sandy river empties into the Mississippi and noticed a camp on shore. A man whom he afterward learned to be John Snodgrass was living there and rafting hardwood ties down to Aitkin. Nason hailed him, was answered pleasantly enough, and decided to pull up to the bank and remain there overnight. In relating the incident to William Maddy, who still resides in Grand Rapids, Al said that he looked the chap over and decided that he could whip him if it should become necessary, and so had no trepidation about camping with a stranger. After the usual salutations, Snodgrass boarded the boat and together they lifted the barrel of whiskey to the top of the four or five-foot bank so that the boat could be hauled out.

In the morning, after a good camp-fire breakfast, Nason re-launched his boat and then turned his attention to its unwiedly cargo. Seizing the

clutched it to his chest,

barrel by its chimes, he ~~rolled it up onto his knees,~~ swung around, stepped to the gunwale, and lowered the burden to the bottom of the craft.

"I'm the only damned man in the country who can do that," he said, eyeing Snodgrass quizzically and brushing his hands in a sort of "pooh, pooh" manner.

Snodgrass raised his brows in surprised interest as he stepped into the boat and tentatively "hefted" the dead weight.

"Pretty heavy, ain't it?" he asked, rocking the barrel once or twice as if in speculation. Then, before its owner even had time to nod his head, Snodgrass hooked his fingers under the chimes and with one easy heave deposited the cargo back on the high bank. He smiled as he brushed his hands together in imitation of the other.

"I'm the only damn man in the country who can do that," he said simply, and before Mason could voice his astonishment the stranger had again lifted the barrel and laid it gently at his feet.

Never boastful of his own strength, Mason was keenly aware of it, and gloried in it. He used it as a yardstick with which to measure the physical worth of other men, and when he met one who qualified as a "good man," according to his standard, he was quick to acclaim. He never was deterred by the fact that the prowess he was lauding eclipsed his own.

Grand Rapids had some hard and powerful men in the days of the big slashing. A. M. Johnson, who associated with them closely and continuously for years, understood them and probably was as familiar with their physical qualifications and personal characteristics as any man in the community. In an interview with the Herald-Review in July, 1932, Mr. Johnson, then eighty-one years old, took occasion to name a few of the best, as he judged them. He had been a man of renowned strength himself, and his opinion should be worthy of respect.

A. M. Johnson was born at Chateau-gay, New York, and came west when a mere boy. He first came to Itasca in 1878, making his way up the river with a group of French-Canadians. One of them called him "Jim" and, as Johnson deemed the error of no consequence, he did not correct him. The others took it for granted that that was his name, calling him"Jim" whenever they addressed him. After their arrival at the camps, this practice misled every new acquaintance. The result was that during all the time that A. M. Johnson lived and worked in Grand Rapids, as lumberjack, teamster and saloonkeeper, over a half century altogether, he was known as Jim Johnson. Even his closest cronies never knew his real name. One of them, Archie McDougal, when interviewed by the writer in January, 1941, refused to believe that his old friend's name was anything other than Jim.

Mr. Johnson stated that Varnum Blood was possessed of the greatest physical strength of any man who ever lived in the Grand Rapids area. Also, Blood was skillful at both boxing and wrestling, and was well trained. He had been a "strong man" and exhibition boxer with the P. T. Barnum circus for several years, and the story persists that he was the son-in-law of the great showman. Mr. Johnson recalled a report that in one of his sparring matches in the circus Blood's opponent was inadvertantly killed. From that day, the strong man did no more boxing. He was afraid of the weight of his blows, and would suffer almost any indignity rather than to engage in fisticuffs. In the nineties Blood moved to a western state, where he died some years later.

Next to Blood in the roster of Grand Rapids strong men, Mr. Johnson placed Frank Grant. Grant always took every means to avoid a fight, and never was anxious to display his outstanding strength, but many times occasion arose to use it in his work, and his associates were well aware

that he was "an almighty good man." Others lined up close behind Blood and Grant were Al Nason, Bob McCabe, Luke Wilson, William Gossman, Jim Sherry, Sam Lamb, better known as Sam Christie, Jim and Joe Rush, Jack O'Connell, Tom Harrington, Pat Holland, and Billy Rogers. Johnson failed to include John Snodgrass and Dave Willard in his list, but both these men lived in Aitkin and he was speaking for the glory of Grand Rapids.

As to the fights among the earlier lumberjacks, Mr. Johnson stated that most of them occurred simply because the men wished to establish or retain prestige among their fellows. It was easy for them to start a fight, especially when they were drinking. Among them were many good clean "scrappers," and a few of the "dirty," vicious brand. Men who preferred to "slug it out," trade punches until one or the other was pommelled into submission, and men who hesitated at nothing, from biting off ears and thumbing out eyes to kicking off faces with their heavy calked boots. Often two men in the more manly category would repair to the bar together after the battle and discuss its scientific aspects, comparing notes and bruises in the friendliest fashion.

That the lumberjack had other standards than ability to battle and bruise by which to judge a man's worth is attested by occasional articles written by C. C. Kelly and published from time to time in the Herald Review.

Mr. Kelly, still resident at Grand Rapids, worked with these men for many years, knew them intimately, and wielded a facile pen. His pictures are clear and exciting, with the added virtue of faithfulness.

"In reverse English of excellence came the lumberjack," Mr. Kelly writes. "Best, better, good indifferent. He came in successive waves *** and the best came first ***. Only the best could have survived the hardships confronting the first comers into the big woods. Ox freight, foot and walker route, canoe, or poled scow. You had your choice, and made your road as you went. Also, you built your camp when you got there.

"Mud-chinked shack of logs, it was. Bare earth space in center for fire and bean-hole. Hole in roof directly overhead for escape of smoke, and there you were. Camp length stretch of vacancy on each side, which held two forty-foot length blankets. He who wanted a better bed didn't get it.

One blanket under, one over, and you slept as cozy as so many pigs in a straw pile. It was a grand life if you didn't weaken. If you did, you were kicked out, weakening being worse than a capital offense *****.

"Beans, cooked in the always-going bean-hole, salt pork, bread from a Dutch oven, and tea strong as lye made up the usual menu. The lumberjack had two breakfast hours, one at 3 A. M. if he was a teamster, the other at 4 A. M. if he was in another part of the crew. Breakfast over, the whole crew was at work, and stayed at work until dark, with sufficient interval to eat at noon.

"So the original lumberjack of the "best" kind had to be tough ****. Pillows and such-like effiminacies to him were unknown, and he was always, to use his own expression, "as lousy as a pet coon." Sam Simpson, who knew the lumberjack at his best said that he was "the best man and the damnedest fool who ever worked for wages." There is no better description. ****

"This best lumberjack as a rule came from Maine or Canada, and those from the one loved not those from the other; one being born on one side of an imaginary line or real waterway, one on the other. The reason? The same reason why great European nations have been slaughtering each other for 2,000 years. Hence there were many fights. No natural weapons barred, one round to finish, which was when one was unconscious, dead, or had squealed. Very few squealed. This lumberjack seldom lived long, and seldom married, hence his goodly kind is all but extinct; but his memory is still green enough to make some tales of him and his doings of interest.

"Strong hands grasped and hold the standing timber, a way strong hands have with natural resources the world over. The old order changed *** Big business methods were introduced and *****the"best" lumberjack slowly faded out of the picture. Then began the heavy influx of foreigh labor, mainly Scandinavians, and soon the "better" lumberjack did the woods work. *** This "better" lumberjack was succeeded by the "good" woodsworker, who came as part of the wave of cheaper men. They worked for less, but they were still called lumberjacks, and still were able to get out the logs. Anyhow, they were better than the "indifferent" wave which succeeded them ***.

"One thing must be said, from the beginning of the "better" period down to the finish ***the woods cuisine was superb, although the camps were not, they being built of cull lumber and tarpaper. But Big Business knew that good cooks are the cheapest *** and got them. Camp fare became so good that one foreigner remarked in my presence, "Dis one bully country, every day Chrismus in de woods." Logging foremen explained the good food by saying that the men must eat a certain amount if they were to work hard all day, and that "sweet stuff is the thing; sugar and molasses are cheaper then beef." Meybe,they were, anyway the men came into the woods lean and hungry, and went out in the spring fat and sassy. The camps with the best cooks were quickly spotted and the men joined them in preference to those where the flap-jacks were soggy. Many a cook was fired in order to hold a crew of men in camp***.

"Dropping the lumberjack in general, let us look at a few in particular, remarking that all those glanced at were and areaall of the "best" variety.

"If any one can be said to have been "the best man on the river," as these men themselves would have expressed it, then Sam Hunter's name comes naturally to mind.

"A great man, was Sam, and many and great his exploits, among which was his cheerful custom, when bossing a drive, of going along the river bank on starting day and picthing all the green hands headlong into the water. When they emerged, dripping and shivering, he always assured them kindly. "You are all right, now, and needn't be afraid of falling in. If you do you can't

get any wetter than you are. So get busy and warm up, and keep busy or I'll throw you in again." So they got busy, and kept busy. Sam's methods were strenuous, but effective. It might be said that he overdid them sometimes, but he never drowned any one. The man was strength incarnate, and such strength will be used giant-wise occasionally.

All lumberjacks were fi hting men on proper occasion, and a large book could be filled with their names without listing all of them. The Rush brothers, James and Joseph, Allen Mason, Old Sparks, John O'Connell, Thomas Harrington, Patrick Holland, William Rogers, Levi Brockway and a host of others might be mentioned, but ***I am strongly of opinion that not one of them could have man-handled John Snodgrass, of Aitkin, in a fair rough-and tumble. Certainly none ever did.

"Let us consider who might be called the handsomest man of the lumberjacks. A hard question to answer, but off-hand two come to mind. They are Jack Caffney and Bill Ross, neither of whom could be called handsome. Jack dressed his part so well that he might have exchanged ~~his~~ clothes with a scarecrow without damaging the appearance of either, provided that the scarecrow was topped by a battered sun helmet, as Jack always was.

"But taking it by and large, it can be said that our own John Fraser could be called the handsomest lumberjack of his time. He is fairly entitled to the distinction, even remembering such stalwarts as Mike McAlpine, Bill Hollihan, and others.

"Who was the most useful man in the woods? ***Bill Ross, of course, Bill was a graduate of the famous "guessing school" of Maine. ***He could do anything, improve on anything, but would never stay long in one place. He had no enemy save the lumberjack's worst one, himself.

"Who was best on the drive? 'Little Mike' Toole, without a doubt. *** There were lots of good 'white water' men, but none of them could keep up to Little Mike. Not meaning his feat of running a bateau over the dam at Little Falls, that was just an eccentricity. ***

"***In the good old days of the short haul, on timber not more than a mile and a half from tree to banking place, oxen were the chief motive power, and many able 'bull-punchers' had the handling of them. Luther Brown, Herb Tucker, Eb Day, called 'Old Bosaw," and Jim Staples were among the best.

"Who was the best foreman? *****Stuart Fraser, or perhaps Jack Skelly. Others ranking high in this work were John Fraser, Fred Bombadier, J. W. Smith and Jim O'Leary.

"There were many good cooks. ***Johnny Payne, Johnny Malone, Johnny Carroll, Johnny Templeton, George Arscott, Herman Cochran, *** It is only after long and deep thought that we come to the conclusion that honors are easy between Johnny Payne and George Arscott for the title of cordon bleu.

"Speaking of good men, some very good men came into the woods to exhort us heathens during the winter. One of the very good ones was Rev. J. W. Gilfillan. He was an Episcopal missionary, and you seldom see a better all round man anywhere. He 'preached some good religion and his sermon was his own,' as Stanley Huntley said, and if the good seed he scattered did not bring forth good fruit it was no fault of his. Also he would wrestle any man, any hold, and few even of the best could put him on his back.

"Nearly as good a man was John Sornberger. He was a good man with his hands in his unregenerate days, and was famed for stopping a man who was as good as the original Jack Dempsey. ***Mr. Sornberger was a good preacher, a hard and zealous worker in the vinyard, and a man to tie to, that I know.

"Such reminiscing start a longing for the touch of so many stilled voices. Oh! for just one more day on the landing, one more dinner with Johnny Payne, one more supper with George Arscott, and one more night of the deep, dreamless sleep of the logging camp."

After doffing the white cap and apron, George Arscott proved that he was a "good man" in other than culinary pursuits, and when the writer visited Grand Rapids in January of 1941 he was the very highly appreciated mayor of the town. Throughout its struggling progress, he has ever been loyal in his support and optimistic as to its future.

Mr. Arscott appears to have as great pride in his accomplishments in the camp kitchen as in anything he has done since. And he has a right to this feeling of satisfaction, for he was no ordinary "fry-cook," such as one sees in a city hash-house. He ruled over a large, well-appointed kitchen, and ministered ably to the inner needs of many men who were labering long and hard every day. He not only served them the finest roasts, changing the menu daily, but spread before them a great variety of vegetables, both white and brown bread, hot biscuits, and all the side dishes obtainable. Cake, cookies, doughnuts, all baked by Mr. Arscott in the huge oven, were never absent from the table at any meal, and pie was served three times a day, seven days a week.

CHAPTER VIII

It has been clearly demonstrated that Grand Rapids was in existence in 1874, both as a commercial center and as an established United States Post Office, though several of the first men to penetrate the wilderness thus far appear to have had some difficulty in finding it. Mike McApline, who was working on lake Pokegama in that year, averred in an interview with the Itasca County Independent on February 23, 1934, that "Grand Rapids did not exist then. That is, there was hardly a settlement here at the time. A little birch bark cabin east of the place where Roy Wheaton's log dwelling house now stands housed a small 'store' conducted by Jo Gould. Lowe Seavey, later quite prominently identified with the history of the river, and about the same time, Warren Potter, of Aitkin, who died a few years ago, conducted a store in which he afterward took in as his partner Pat Casey, who came up to work for him in 1873. The firm of Potter & Casey was for a long time prominent in this section ***** ."

With the sole exception of the above paragraph, all evidence leads to the supposition that Lowe Seavey built and ran a hotel, or "stopping place" rather than a store. However, in 1874 he was appointed Postmaster, and it would appear that the logical place for a post office would be in a store where the local citizens naturally gather in a new community.

Jo Gould was running the Potter store at the time, and dilligent research has failed to uncover the name of any other manager for that pioneer establishment until 1877, when Layfayette Knox took charge. It is probable that Gould's services were retained until that time.

Knox remained with the Potter company only about a year before entering business for himself, and some confusion surrounds his early career as an independent merchant. The story, carefully pieced out from information gathered

from several sources but unverified, is that at the very first he did business in a log shack, 18 x 24 feet, on the south bank of the river just west of the Potter establishment, but moved into his first regular store building soon after. As he resigned from the Potter management in 1878, and erected the first of his own buildings in 1879, it is entirely possible that he purchased his stock and stored it in some such temporary place, transacting such business as he could drum up in the interim. Some early residents say that prior to 1879 he never sold any goods save as Potter's manager, while others credit him with being "in the store business" in 1878.

The first Knox building that housed a real store was two stories high, of hewn logs, and was torn down at Sandy Lake, and brought up the river by steamboat. Re-erected, it served as a rival house to that of his former employer. On August 4, 1879 Mr. Knox was appointed postmaster, and in the very early eighties he formed a partnership with William and Joe Wakefield, two brothers who for a short time had been running a small trading post near where the paper mill fountain now stands. In 1884 John Beckfelt purchased the Knox interest in this business, was in turn appointed postmaster, August 19, 1885, and later bought out the Wakefields. Thus John Beckfelt's first store building in Grand Rapids was also the first one that had been occupied by Lafayette Knox, if the latter's alleged temporary occupancy of the log shack is left out of the reckoning. It was from a second-story window of this structure that Mr. Wakefield was shot in the knee and crippled while holding an Indian's arms behind him, in 1883, thus precipitating a near-uprising of the Chippewa.

On disposing of his mercantile interests to Beckfelt in 1884, Mr. Knox left Grand Rapids for his former home in Wisconsin, but in 1887 he returned and prepared to re-enter business in his former line. He built a frame store-building 22 x 54 feet, two stories high, with a one-story addition 12 x 54 feet

to be used as a warehouse. This was located on the site of the present Standard Oil Company station, east of the business he had sold to Beckfelt, across Pokegama avenue.

There is considerable evidence to the effect that this maneuver did not please Mr. Beckfelt. It appears that he claimed that there had been an agreement at the time of the transfer of the former business that Mr. Knox would not again engage in a like venture in the community. Now he felt that Mr. Knox had "done him wrong," and, though no legal steps were taken in the matter, a friendship of long standing was painfully strained.

However, Knox went ahead with his enterprise, stocked up heavily, commanded a fair share of the patronage of the region, won a seat on the first board of county commissioners in 1889 of which he was elected chairman, and, on July 11, 1891, was again appointed postmaster of Grand Rapids. A tireless worker for civic welfare, his name always prominent among those supporting progressive movements in the town, Lafayette Knox richly deserves the honored place given him among its founders.

The year 1881 saw the men working on the government headwater dams, the Indians of the region, and the lumberjacks throughout Itasca's big forest area suffering severely from a smallpox epidemic. Hospital facilities were nonexistant, and no doctor was practicing within many miles of the camps in the deep woods. The federal department sent a Doctor Walker in to care for the men on federal projects and the Indians, and, with the exception of the assistance he could get from such immunes as had recovered from the disease and were willing to help, he worked alone. Camp after camp became infected, and heroic work was done amid the most discouraging surroundings. Housing and drugs were inadequate, sanitation difficult or impossible, the weather

exactly to the liking of the malicious germs, segregation of patients impracticable, and proper nursing a thing unheard of in the wilderness where the malady raged. Not the least of the good Samaritans of the occasion was Chief Busticogan. The old chieftain, together with his squaw, both of whom had recovered during a former scourge, came upon a camp of government surveyors, all ill, and remained to care for them tenderly and patiently until every one of the half dozen occupants of the postiferous tent was well. Belatedly, the United States government recognized this service with a gift to Busticogan of a whole Itasca township---that which now bears his name.

Within Grand Rapids village, a "pest-house" was erected on the high bluff near the present hospital, on the south bank, and an effort was made to prevent the spread of the disease; but it had taken a heavy toll of the sparsely populated region before, with the aid of warm weather, it was stamped out.

In the summer, after the epidemic had abated, Captain Willard Glazier, with a companion, made the first canoe trip ever undertaken from the source to the mouth of the Mississippi. In his book, Down the Great River, published in 1889, he relates of that part of the journey contiguous to Grand Rapids that they had run short of supplies and were compelled to live off the country. They had lost most of their ammunition and their fishing tackle when a canoe tipped over, and so were forced to subsist on young ducks, killed with a paddle, on turtles, a few small fish, and what few blueberries they could get.

Glazier had expected to find a trading post at Lake Pemidjegumaug (Bemidji) but that, likewise the post at Cass Lake, had been abandoned for the summer. On the shore of Cass Lake they found an Indian garden in which were corn and potatoes large enough to eat, and so stayed off starvation until

they could reach another Indian village on Lake Winnibigoshish.

Coming down the river the first stop was made at an Indian town at White Oak Point. The chief's name, translated, was Dull Knife, and he and his families lived in primitive style.

"The men we saw were almost naked," Captain Glazier relates, "having no other garment than the breech-cloth. The women wore a short gown and a blanket, the children ran about naked,with no other appendage than a belt about their loins. One of the wigwams which we visited was about fifteen feet in diameter and fully twelve feet high at the center. It was formed of poles, secured to a framework of poles. The fire was made in the middle. The sides of the interior were occupied with a frame three feet high and four or five feet wide, covered with blankets and skins, on which the inmates sit and also sleep. There is no partition to separate one part of the family from another. ***

"We reached Pokegama Falls at five o'clock (August 2, 1881). At this point the first rock stratum on the river was seen. Making a portage around the Falls we reached Grand Rapids just before seven o'clock. This pioneer village consists of a hotel, two stores, a saloon and three or four private homes, all built of logs. The Potter House is the first hotel encountered in the descent of the river, and is intended for the accommodation of lumbermen, who gather here during the fall and winter months. The bill of fare was ample, consisting of beefsteak, potatoes, respberries and tea. *****"

In view of the established fact that at the time named there were at least one other hotel, two more saloons, and several additional dwellings in Grand Rapids, the conclusion is inescapable that Captain Glazier, either failed to see them in the timber, was so busy with his craft that he missed those standing by the swift water as he shot past toward the calm landing by Potter's, or that he totalled the clutch of buildings from memory after having left the locality. After all, he was tired, was only a day delivered from near-starvation, was anxious to continue his journey, and was much more interested in food and supplies than in the outward aspect of the backwoods hamlet where he hoped to procure them.

It was in December, 1878, that John Tropp arrived in Grand Rapids, and at that time he found the town to consist of two small log hotels, two small log stores, and two log saloons, all located near the bank of the river, below the present paper mill site. Mr. Tropp must have overlooked, or for-

gotten to mention, the Potter stopping place and store, which certainly was there also at the time, across the river and down at the foot of the rapids.

This early arrival busied himself for about two years at cutting cordwood and driving team, then found employment on the construction of the first Pokegama lake dam. He followed this work until the completion of the Winnibigoshish, Leech and Sandy Lake dams, then returned to Pokegama dam to act as cook for a small crew of men engaged in operations there.

Mr. Troop recalled what in all probability was the largest boat and the greatest cargo ever to negotiate the swift water that rushed past the paper mill site. All tools and equipment necessary for the building of the headwater dams had been brought up the river to Pokegama Falls, and when the time came to begin work on the Sandy Lake dam it was decided to build a huge barge and float the material down the Mississippi to location. The cargo amounted to seventy-five tons, and, though some difficulty was experienced in getting through the rapids, nothing was lost, and the whole trip was completed in sixty-four hours.

Transportation, which is the spearhead of civilization, was the greatest problem confronting those who were developing, and exploiting, Itasca's natural resources prior to the coming of the railroad. In 1878 the steamer White Swan started regular service between Aitkin and Grand Rapids, with C. H. Alsop as captain. Ox teams were freighting from the riverside to Big Trout Lake over a tote-road which was a mere, stump-straddling trail. Roland H. Hartley, later to become prominent in the county and state, and to serve two terms as Governor of the State of Washington, was heaving manfully on a setting pole, freighting through Grand Rapids on a flatboat.

In In 1882 the steamer Andy Gibson was built and placed in service on these upper reaches of the Mississippi. This boat was named in honor of Andy Gibson, the lumberjack whose only claims to the distinction, so far as can be ascertained at this date, were his extraordinary proficiency as a woodsman and his strict adherence to the principle of never accepting more than a dollar a day for his services. It appears that the worker has ever been able to endear himself to his employer by displaying these qualities, especially the last mentioned.

In addition to the regular service offered by the White Swan and the Gibson, a fleet of more or less efficient flatboats and bateaux was continuously breasting the river's current, bearing surprisingly bulky loads, considering their draft. This waterborne freight, however, was wholly stopped by the coming of winter, and, for a time after the ice cut off the river route, the swamps were not frozen sufficiently to permit of hauling overland. This condition was nearly always remedied after an interruption of a couple of weeks, and the flow of goods would then continue by teams until the ground softened again in the spring.

And after the needed materials were landed at Grand Rapids, by whatever method, they had still to be distributed through the wilderness to the various camps at which they were to be used. High-laden sleighs, when snow called for them, heavy wagons at other times, each drawn by four or six splendid horses, squeaked or chucked away in an almost steady stream over the crooked tote-roads threading the forest. In addition to the lumber camps, the new mining towns on the western Mesabi Range must be supplied. Heavy mining machinery, huge pumps, thousands of tons of coal for the steam shovels and drills, food and accoutrements for thousands of men, all were hauled from Grand Rapids.

Roads were built with as little labor and expense as possible. They were crooked and very rough, straddling stumps, pitted with chuch-holes, turning and twisting to miss rocks and trees. They crept around all the steeper hills and thus doubled, in some cases quadrupled, the distance to be covered. The road to the mines led east out of Grand Rapids, turning north past the state farm site. Crossing the Prairie river just below the falls, it followed the top of a natural ridge to Coleraine and Bovey, the first mining town started.

To render the transportation problem still more difficult, there were many places to be served which were deep in the untouched wilderness, almost as inaccessible to the teamster as to the steamboat. To surmount this final obstacle and put commerce into circulation to the smallest capillaries, the "packer" came into being. Where horses could not penetrate, tough men stepped forward and carried the freight on their two stout legs.

In the earlier days of Grand Rapids a number of its citizens made it their sole business to pack for hire. Jim Dempsey was among the better known of these bearers of other men's burdens. He packed for many years in the region, and no camp was too remote nor too difficult of access for him to constitute it a way-station. He was an expert packer, strong, active, possessed of great endurance on the trail, and, perhaps most important of all, he knew how to make up a pack and how to "wear" it. "Knack" meant as much as brute strength in his profession.

Strange as it may appear, the best professional packers were not large men, as a rule. More often they were under the average in size, but they were tough and agile, and handled themselves with perfect balance. The standard load was one hundred pounds, though that is by no means the record, and was adopted as standard by reason of the almost impenetrable and mirey

trails which precluded transport in any other manner.

Sometimes the loads were much over standard. It is stated on reliable authority that a packer once marched out of Grand Rapids with a cookstove on his back. H. D. Powers, a pioneer Grand Rapids hardware-man who should be able to judge closely, recalls that the stove must have weighed between three hundred and four hundred pounds. The packer "shouldered" it without help, as he must of necessity be able to do in order to let it down and re-assume it at rests, and strode off with the clumsy weight in perfect balance. Less bulky material was assembled carefully to form a proper "pack," tied up in canvas and strapped to the shoulders, with another strap, or "tump-line," across the forehead.

The Chippewa squaws were famous packers, and always willing to engage in the most gruelling task of transporting goods whenever their bucks arranged to sell their services as beasts of burden. The price was usually pitifully small, and the labor prodigious. A case of ten-gauge shotgun shells weighs approximately seventy-five pounds, and a husky squaw would carry two cases with little apparent effort. After depositing her load at the end of a five-mile portage, she would immediately return for another, and continue for several trips with no other rest than she would get by walking back each time empty-handed.

These Chippewa women were not always peaceful on the trail. While it would never occur to them to remonstrate when ordered by their men to undertake a task that would appall a coalheaver, their disposition was not improved by the toil. They would bicker and quarrel along the way, especially if they had been given a few drinks, and sometimes they would come to blows. This often resulted more or less seriously, as every squaw carried a long, very sharp knife when on the trail, and they knew how to use them in a manner quite disheartening to an apponent.

The Indians were strong for red liquor, and many of the women, not unlike their post-prohibition white sisters, had wholly uncontrollable appetites in this regard. On one occasion a hunting and camping party at Cutfoot Sioux had among their supplies two one-gallon jugs of whiskey, a welcome fact of which their squaw packers somehow became aware. One jug speedily disappeared, and before the whites noted its absence the Indian women, who had taken it into the woods and sampled it generously, were back after the other. So determined were they to finish their spree thus auspiciously begun that they were literally tearing the camp to pieces in search of the fire-water when a white man dragged out the jug and smashed it on a stone. Instantly every squaw was on her knees, mouth pressed to the ground, avidly sucking what alcoholic moisture could be obtained from the soaked mold.

The packer found ample employment for many years, and was used in transporting goods to many outlying points even after the advent of the railroad. He was an important factor in the settlement of the community, and, as is the case with many who perform life's more burdensome tasks, he gave much and received little, but he was content.

X

CHAPTER LX

John Beckfelt made his first appearance in Grand Rapids in 1863. While he had been preceded by Warren Potter, Lafayette Knox, Jo Gould, and the Wakefield Brothers, Beckfelt can well be considered a pioneer merchant of the town, and he became a very substantial and influential citizen. He was a long-time friend of Lafayette Knox, and came to the community originally at the latter's suggestion, for the purpose of locating a timber claim. After filing on a well-timbered tract and settling himself for the purpose of proving up, he became ill and unable to care for himself, narrowly escaping death by freezing before he was able to get out of the wilderness. He abandoned his interests with little regret and went to work in the village for Mr. Knox, who was in partnership with William and Joe Wakefield, at the time.

In 1884 Beckfelt, whose position had been that of clerk, purchased first Knox's and later the Wakefields' interest in the store, and in 1885 succeeded Knox as postmaster. Well established now in a business of his own, Beckfelt in the same year married a Miss Horter, who had come to Grand Rapids that year with her parents. In 1890 he erected a new store building at the corner now occupied by the Johnson Grocery. Here he maintained the postoffice until Knox again received the appointment in July of the succeeding year and moved it to his new building at the corner of the present First street and Leland avenue. For many years after its establishment in 1874 the Grand Rapids postoffice was the only one in the whole vast area marked by Fosston to the west, Aitkin to the south, Tower to the north, and Cloquet, east. The mail came to this point once a week by steamboat from Aitkin until 1890, when the railroad reached LaPrairie, at which time a daily mail service was inaugurated. It is a surprising commentary on the difficulty experienced in locating people in the big woods that on January 7, 1892, a list of fifty-

four unclaimed letters was published in the Grand Rapids Magnet. On that date there were but a few hundred people in the whole region served by this postoffice.

The very early eighties brought to Grand Rapids several persons whose claims to the distinction of being city founders are valid. Mrs. Katherine Lent came while the year 1880 was still young, as did Miss Anna Estella Milling, who later became Mrs. Michael McAlpine. In 1882 the population was further augmented by the arrival of D. M. Gunn, James Ross, John Skelly, Ernest Fleming and a few others. 1884 brought Archie McDougall, George Galbreath, E. J. Luther, and the Horter family, the daughter becoming Mrs. John Beckfelt the following year.

James Ross recalls that his first job in the community was transporting goods with a team of four oxen for the Bagley Lumber interests, and his trip was from Grand Rapids to Prairie lake. The woods began a short distance back from the little cluster of log buildings and they looked rather ominous to Ross at night. One early trip stamped itself indelibly upon his memory. It was a winter day and darkness had fallen in the woods at about four o'clock in the afternoon. As he was urging his slow-moving beasts through this gloom north of the settlement (a bit nervously, he admits) his skin was suddenly tightened by the howl of a great timber wolf, close beside his sleigh. Immediately another answered from the other side, and before he could adjust himself to his rapidly shrinking hide a hideous chorus broke out all around him. James Ross did not know what would happen within the next few minutes, but he had visions of many possibilities, none of them encouraging. He crawled hastily out of the sleigh and took up a position on the pole between the two broadest-backed beasts, where he was compelled to perch and listen to their challenge for several miles. They

offered no further molestation, but Ross states that he has ridden that swaying pole and cringed at their slavering clamour through many a nightmare since.

In 1887 the first school in Grand Rapids was opened in a one-room log cabin a dozen rods or more north of the present Pokegama hotel, with Martha Maddy as the teacher. Five pupils were in attendance during that winter of 1887-1888; two little white girls and three Chippewa. The pioneer teacher finished the term, but she married Warren Potter, the merchant, before school opened again the next fall, and the task of instructing the young was taken over by her sister, Margaret, later to become Mrs. B. C. Finnegan. She ruled in a more suitable building, a new one, begun in 1888 and finished in 1889, during occupany.

This was a frame structure, two stories high, and contained four rooms in anticipation of the natural increase in population, but only the lower floor was used during the first two years. It stood on the site of the present Central School, and was the first building erected in Itasca county for school purposes. Removed to Cohasset when the Central School was built in 1895, it served the children of that community in a similar capacity for some years.

In these improved surroundings, Margaret Maddy's enrollment much resembled that of her sister in the little log cabin across the street, which had been pressed into service the year before. The Indians and "breeds" outnumbered the white children more than two to one. In an interview in January 1941, William Maddy, a brother of the teachers and for a long time Street Commissioner of Grand Rapids, stated that Martha enumerated her student body as two white children and three red, when school started. This may have been increased by one or two later in the term, he thinks, and he

is almost certain that Margaret had around a half dozen Chippewas and half-breeds the next year, though no more white children were in attendance.

In the beginning, with the exception of Peter Drumbeater, son of the chief for whom Drumbeater Island in lake Pokegama is named, the Indian children had no word of English. When Miss Martha would give the command to rise, all would sit staring straight ahead, immovable as little Buddhas, until Peter with great self-appreciation would grunt sharply, "How! Wee-weep!" Mr. Maddy said that he did not know whether the correct spelling would be as it is here given, or "Wi-wip," but that the Chippewa translation of the injunction undoubtedly was "Stand up, and be quick about it! " Prompt reaction showed that.

A sixty-one-year-old Chippewa now living in Minneapolis said recently that the most poignant memory of his youth was that little log schoolroom. He well remembers jumping to his feet and squatting down again on those rude benches at the terse command of Peter Drumbeater. He did not like the school at all, was not in the least interested in the things he was supposed to be learning, and had no use for the whole set-up. Just emerging from papoose-hood (he was seven when he was sent to school) his interest lay solely in the things being done by his elders, in his own band. He wanted to be out-doors, especially on fine days, following animal tracks in the snow, to see where they led. He much preferred hearing the hunters tell of their adventures, and the fishermen brag about the big ones, to listening to a white woman's earnest talk about learning the A, B, C's and the art of writing. The slate was all right to draw exciting action pictures on, but he had no one to write to anyhow. That was silly. He much rather pull a cat's tail than spell it, and anybody ought to know that a good picture

would represent the animal emitting the yowl better than C-A-T would. To all the copper-hued pupils, school was close to absolute zero as a pastime.

One of the white children who attended the first school was Emma Clough, who later married James Skelly, and her open letter published in the Itasca County Independent for December 23, 1932, throws an interesting side light on the period in which the Grand Rapids educational system was inaugurated:

"As some people think they are old settlers and pioneers of Grand Rapids, I take the opportunity to say that I am among the earliest.

"I, as a girl of ten, came from Aitkin to Grand Rapids on a tote team on New Year's day in 1884, to live with my sister, Mrs. James E. Sherry. Travel was not as it is today, railways and concrete highways were out of the question in Grand Rapids. The travel in summer was by steamboat and by stage in winter.

"The steamboat trip in the fall was rather exciting and sometimes nerve-racking. One would never know when the frail boat, "The Little Fawn," would be dashed against a rock or the churn-wheel (stern-wheel?) would be so loaded with ice that navigation would be almost impossible. This boat was piloted by Captain Sutton and John Whipple. The trip from Grand Rapids to Aitkin took about one day and a night.

"The mail and all communication was carried on by the stage coach. The headquarters for the coach was in the old John Beckfelt store. This building was very crudely made of logs and it was situated about where the new addition of the paper mill stands.

"The place which is of much interest to me was the hotel that was owned and operated by my brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Sherry. This building was purchased from Lowe Seavey and was also made of logs. Its name was "The Pioneer Hotel."

"There were many thrills connected with this rustic old building. Indians were plentiful by night and by day and many times we were compelled to feed twenty-five or thirty at one time.

"One night a large party of them came down from "Drum Beater" with many wild intentions. Evidently they got some whiskey and were celebrating in Indian style with whoops and yells. About two hours after their arrival they rushed into the dining room and demanded something to eat, and to keep peace we fed them all we had cooked.

"One quiet afternoon while my sister and a maid and myself were all alone at the hotel an enraged Indian rushed in upon us. I can hardly remember what kind of a weapon he had but as I can remember it was a revolver. He chased us from the dining room into the parlor and from there we ran down to Beckfelt's store where the men were after the mail. It might have been very tragic if we hadn't had safety so close at hand.

"Schooling was out of the question. I lived there two years before there was any school. It was necessary to have six or eight children to have a school, and with the help of George Galbreath we managed to get together enough children to have a school. The children consisted of two white children, Eva Gardner (a niece of Mrs. John Beckfelt) myself and

the rest were breed Indians. The first teacher was Mrs. Martha Potter nee Martha Maddy. The next teacher was Mrs. B. C. Finnegan, who resides at present in Grand Rapids.

"The school house was one room made of logs. It stood almost where the Itasca dry goods store is now. It was far from having the modern accessories of our modern one room school houses. We used homemade seats and desks.

"Grand Rapids was sparsely populated. The south side consisted of Mrs. Kate Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Mike O'Toole. The north side was composed of Mr. and Mrs. McDermitt, Mr. and Mrs. John Beckfelt, Mr. and Mrs. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Sherry, Mr. and Mrs. Al Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Bob McCabe, Miss Josephine Dorsey, who is now Mrs. Bergh of Grand Rapids, and Emma Clough.

"The great longed for railroad came to the little town in about 1890. It was the Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad. Grand Rapids was at the end of the line for a few years. The depot was situated about where the Standard Oil tanks are now. The underbrush was so thick one couldn't see the depot until you were almost to it.

"I w as married to James Skelly in 1894 in Grand Rapids. From there we moved to Aitkin where we lived for seventeen years and from there we moved to a back woods farm ten miles west of Cohasset in 1911 and where we have lived ever since.

"I wish all my old friends a very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Emma Skelly."

The year 1889 was altogether rather an eventful year for the little village squatting among the pines at the foot of Thundering Rapids. Three steamboats were operating with more or less regularity during the summer months, making communication with Aitkin relatively easy. These were the Andy Gibson, largest of the fleet, the George Houghton, and the Fawn. One source mentions another sternwheeler, the Oriole, as having made at least one trip in this year, but this boat does not appear to have been in regular service, and probably did not have much to do with the development of the town.

In 1889 the Duluth & Winnipeg railroad reached LaPrairie, then called Nealsville, and Grand Rapids at last lay only a couple of miles from steel. LaPrairie was a very ambitious village at that period in its civic life,

and much given to platting, as is often the case with optimistic hamlets. Also, it seems to have enjoyed a distinction usually reserved for men, or at least for animate creatures---a nickname. A prospective passenger in the Duluth & Winnipeg depot in Duluth expressed his desire to journey to LaPrairie, and on receiving his ticket put it in his pocket and went outside to look around and wait for his train. While standing on the platform he absently took out the pasteboard and glanced at it. He looked again, and hurried back into the depot.

"Say," he hailed the agent excitedly, "I want to go to LaPrairie and this here ticket says 'Saginaw!' I don't want to go there!"

"That's all right," the ticket seller replied. "That'll take you to LaPrairie."

"How come?" the traveller wanted to know.

"Aw, them guys up there are crazy! We ain't going to print a new batch o'tickets every time they change their minds about what they want to name their town!"

Until the current supply of pasteboards became exhausted, any one wishing to ride from Duluth to LaPrairie did so on a ticket to Saginaw, and when he arrived at the little community of a couple of hundred souls he needed an information bureau to tell him what town he was in. Covering the point at the juncture of the Mississippi and LaPrairie rivers, the following plats have been filed:

October 21, 1889, Original plat of Akeley.
November 26, 1889, First Addition to Akeley.
January 4, 1890, Original plat of LaPrairie. This plat absorbed the original plat of Akeley, but not the First Addition to Akeley.
May 25, 1892, Houghton's Addition to LaPrairie.
October 26, 1892. Plat of East LaPrairie. This was on the east bank of the LaPrairie river.
May 26, 1893, Buell's Addition to LaPrairie.
Date not ascertained, McLeod's Acre Lots Addition to LaPrairie.

It will be noted than neither the name"Nealsville" nor "Saginaw" appears on any plat, yet at the very first the place was called "Neal's Landing" and later (Nealsville) by every one having occasion to refer to it; and the founders evidently had given the railroad company "Saginaw" as their choice, changing their minds later, and after the tickets had been printed. All the names still survive in the records, but at the location so numerously favored of yore nothing remains to indicate that a town once stood there and clamoured vociferously of its rights to be made Itasca's capital.

Grand Rapids held its first Fourth of July celebration in 1890, and among the most enthusiastic participants were the Chippewa. Squaws attended in great numbers and remained late, many of them with profit, and all the Indians appeared to be favorably impressed with the white man's method of making whoopee. Liquor, noise and excitement were right in their line. If any of them even suspected the actual significance of the occasion, the fact never came out.

Management of the Potter & Company interests, which had been successively in the hands of Jo Gould, Lafayette Knox, Patrick Casey and Charles Birch, was in 1889 assumed by Mr. George F. Meyers. The concern now had a store building 28 x 40 feet, with an addition of the same size; a warehouse and a barn on the river bank, each 32 x 76 feet; and a two-story hotel 24 x 32 feet. Their business had become voluminous and the firm was well known throughout all northern Minnesota.

The same year marked the arrival of George Arscott, destined to become prominently identified with the civic progress of the community, as respected citizen, president of the council, and later as mayor of the village. For years Mr. Arscott cooked for hundreds of hungry, hard-working lumberjacks, and it is said of him that if ever there was anything he guarded more zealously

then the welfare of his town it was the stomach of a working-man. He must have been guarding his own all these years, also, as 1941 finds him in robust health and looking much younger than his biography would chronicle. He was a man grown in 1890, cooking for Barney Finnegan, at the dam.

Charles H. Marr and William L. Maddy came to Grand Rapids in 1889, and these two old residents were still good citizens of the town in 1941. Mr. M. J. Baker, also still in vigorous health but residing in Deer River, came at about the same time, and his alert mind has been a rich mine for the investigator into early events of the districts.

M. J. Baker was born in Greenville, Pennsylvania, on October 11, 1863. In his early twenties he came to Duluth, by boat. His interest in Duluth and northern Minnesota had been aroused by reports of iron ore discoveries. After two or three years spent clerking in a clothing store in Duluth, he went to St. Paul, but, preferring Duluth, returned there after just a short time.

His next occupation was an exploring and cruising trip through northern Minnesota, covering the Canadian boundary lakes, Rainy River, and part of Little Fork river. This expedition was out about seven weeks, and when he returned to Duluth he again found himself a job. He learned that the Wells, Stone Company had an opening for a man in one of their outlying branches and applied for the position. This firm hesitated about sending Mr. Baker out to their backwoods store because he appeared too well-dressed. They felt certain that he would not be satisfied in the wilderness, and would not "stick." Two other appointees had come racing back as soon as they could arrange for transportation out of the brush, but Mr. Baker told them he thought that was just what he would like, and promised not to desert the station.

The position they offered him was at the end of a railroad line that had been built out from Duluth to the site of some logging operations on the upper Mississippi river. The place had been called Nelsville, but had lately had its name changed to LaPrairie. It was situated on a point of land where the Prairie river empties into the Mississippi, and was the terminal point of the railroad.

As he recalls the background, Wells, Stone & Company, and J. P. Sims, had come from Saginaw, Michigan, at which place they had conducted a general store. He remembers that they told him that their only delivery wagon was a wheelbarrow. In settlement of some store bills and some other deals they had acquired title to some timber claims ~~that were~~ located in northern Minnesota, on the upper Mississippi. For the purpose of realizing on these claims, by getting out the timber, they established themselves in Duluth and built this railroad, terminating at La Prairie, where they also opened a store.

Mr. Baker arrived at their LaPrairie branch in the early months of 1889, assumed the management, and ran it for a little over eight years, until it was closed permanently. He was furnished with a saddle horse as well as a team and buckboard, that he might visit the various logging camps, the settlement of Grand Rapids, and other points in connection with the business.

At the time of his coming to LaPrairie, Itasca county, comprising the present Itasca and Koochiching counties, had already been designated as a separate county, but was governed from offices in Aitkin. The local governmental agency was made up of a self-appointed board of county commissioners, who held meetings in LaPrairie or Grand Rapids, as convenience dictated. There was no definitely designated meeting place, no court house, or other county building.

One of the largest holders of real estate in LaPrairie was Courtney Buell. The town was booming, and Buell was holding his land prices high. The big logger of the section was J. P. Sims. Other operators were doing business in a few camps, but Mr. Baker said that at least three-fourths of the lumberjacks in this region were working for J. P. Sims.

This big operator desired to purchase a block of land on which to store timber, lay tracks, and load logs in LaPrairie, but felt that Buell, who owned the only available site, was trying to hold him up. Being a determined man and not easily to be cheated, Sims simply arranged to have a bridge built over the LaPrairie river and the railroad extended to Grand Rapids. Then he acquired suitable sites in that tiny town and established his yards there, beyond the avarice of Mr. Buell. When the location of the county seat came up for determination, Sims, of course, favored Grand Rapids, with Buell equally strong for the village wherein his interests lay. Sims without difficulty voted all his lumberjacks for the town of his choice, and won. Mr. Baker said that, though assisted greatly by the activities of some real hustlers in Grand Rapids, the Buell-Sims controversy was without any question the determining factor in the county seat rivalry between the two ambitious settlements.

Mr. Baker's eye-witness recollections of LaPrairie include murders, riots, political conventions, bar-room and street fights, lumberjack dances, and many events of less exciting nature.

He recalled that at one time a "hotel" in LaPrairie aroused the indignation of a group of citizens and he heard some of them planning to go down and "clean it out." While having no desire to be participants in the "fun," he and another young man decided that it might be an interesting affair to watch, and, slipping around the back way, they managed to sneak into the kitchen of the hotel. From this point of vantage they were able to look out through the bar and into the "parlor," a grand-stand seat for everything that

was going on. They put out the light in their retreat and waited for the curtain to go up.

In a short time the indignation committee arrived, and the fight started at once. The battle provided capital entertainment for a few minutes, but suddenly, he said, they lost interest in it completely when they heard the z-z-z-t-t-t, z-z-z-t-t-t! of a couple of random bullets whizzing past their ears. They got out of there with commendable dispatch, Mr. Baker added, and did not see the end of the fight. The resort was merely closed for a short time, opening later under different management. This sounds arrestingly like the modern city method of abating a nuisance. There appears to be much more in a name than Shakespeare ever dreamed, when a liquor or a rooming-house license is under consideration.

Mr. Baker heard the shot, and witnessed the arrest, at the time that Lewis, as he was known in LaPrairie, Dalton in several localities, shot McCafferty. The newspaper accounts of the time state that the village marshal who arrested the gunman marched him down to the jail where the latter turned his weapon on the officer himself; and said that he did not see any sense in more people being killed. He intimated that he had the drop on the marshal, and that he would appreciate his liberty above almost anything that came to mind at the moment. He was permitted to depart.

No explanation is given as to why the thug had not been disarmed by the marshall while still in the midst of a crowd. The papers stated that possees were immediately organized and an intensive hunt made for the man who so effectively championed liberty, but he got away. Mr. Baker disagrees strongly with the published account. He states that the inside story, and the only one accepted by local contemporaries, was to the effect that the marshal was as big a thief as was Lewis. That he was known to be robbing every lumberjack he arrested, and would enter avidly into any scheme to obtain money.

It was declared that he never went to the jail with his prisoner at all, but turned him loose for a consideration. It was known that Lewis returned to his own place, collected his funds, secured the services of a guide and started out. He went north, supposedly heading for International Falls, and was never heard of again.

Mr. Baker recalled that among the families resident in LaPrairie during his stay there was one by the name of Leahy. He said that they lived in LaPrairie two or three years, and that during that time they had a son in the Naval Academy at Annapolis who came home on his leaves of absence. Mr. Baker stated that as near as he can determine this boy is the recently retired Admiral Leahy, U. S. N., who was sent in 1941 by President Roosevelt as Ambassador to the Vichy government, France. Mr. Baker himself had a son in the airplane procurement department of the Navy at the time he was interviewed for this work.

As a sidelight on political strenuousness evoked by the rivalry between Grand Rapids and LaPrairie as the time approached for choosing a location for the capital of the new county of Itasca, Mr. Baker described a convention he attended during that period. A Mr. Munson, prominent La Prairie citizen, had been properly designated as chairman, but when the convention met, A. G. Bernard, editor of the Grand Rapids Magnet, attempted to take charge. Munson was an enormous, powerful man, and when Bernard attempted to call the convention to order Munson rose to his full height and strode front and center. Bernard and his group began to close into a ring about the giant, the better to argue the matter, and this appeared exactly to suit Munson's purpose.

"Gentlemen!" he bellowed, turning to all sides politely, "I'm chairman of this convention!" and with the simple statement he suddenly stretched out his long arms and swung in a swift circle sweeping every man off the

platform. Brushing his hands together as an act of finality, he proceeded calmly to open the convention. And his status as chairman was not again disputed.

In 1890 Grand Rapids wished to celebrate the Fourth of July and, to avoid competition in a community so sparsely settled, LaPrairie was asked to forego any patriotic festivities on that day. It was agreed that the former town would reciprocate by refraining from offering any counter attraction when LaPrairie should celebrate the national holiday in 1891. Grand Rapids had her big day, and LaPrairie, true to her promise, came over *en masse*, leaving that community nearly as deserted as it is in 1941. Lumberjacks and Indians sifted through the trail veined forest to the heart of festive activity until the wild creatures must have marvelled at the unwonted silence in the deep woods. July 4, 1890 was a gala day long to be remembered in Grand Rapids.

But before that date recurred in 1891, Grand Rapids had been designated as temporary county seat, and in the minds of many of her citizens that proud distinction carried with it certain prerogatives. Aware that the town had increased greatly in importance overnight, and excitingly hopeful now of establishing permanent prestige, Grand Rapids was loath to stand by and permit LaPrairie to show off before the county's electorate while the foremost borough of the district dozed unnoticed in the sun a mile and a half away. Something must be done about it.

A. C. Bernard, the ubiquitous editor of the *Magnet*, groping anachronistically along Hitler's line of logic, decided that promises while they are sturdy wings on which ambition may soar and circle to great heights, do not fold up and fail when broken, like a pinion. Their solemnity was incompatible with exalted position, and not to be regarded. He set about promoting a rival celebration, to the great and vociferous indignation of

the LaPrairie citizenry.

However, the latter village went ahead doggedly with its preparations for a big time on the Fourth, and the salutation throughout the rural county, instead of "How's the roads down your way?" or "Hot, ain't it?" became "Where you goin' for the Fourth?" And argument and pursuasion were brought to bear in the interest of one town or the other until many hot words were spoken, and often, in the saloons, bloody noses twitched defiantly over trembling whiskey glasses.

Since LaPrairie was the terminus of the railroad, and some of the invited guests and other celebrants bound for Grand Rapids were coming by train, the civic committee appointed by that village sent busses and democrat wagons over to LaPrairie to haul these visitors to the scene of their own festivities. On their arrival at the depot, these conveyances were greeted by an unprecedented demonstration of patriotic fervor, unaccountably localized at this point, and straightway unpatriotic teams began to run away. Angry men booed and howled, firecrackers, large and small, popped underneath the animals' quaking bellies, small arms cracked behind them and flags were flaunted in their astonished faces. Crashing through this bedlam of enthsiasm, came the explosions of loaded anvils, and this, to the equine mind, was just too much. One determined team decided to leave the scene at once, and would not be deterred. As they disappeared in the direction of Duluth with a few fragments of the rig sailing behind like the stablizer of a very bob-tailed kite, the drivers of the other teams appeared to be succeeding in bringing their animals under control. This did not suit the purpose of the thoroughgoing LaPrairie Elites, and they proceeded to release the horses and turn the vehicles bottom-up in the road. The driver of the bus at the tail of the line, the caboose of the welcoming train, as it were, gazed upon these extraordinary proceedings

with surprise and foreboding for a fleeting moment, then, as if he had come to a firm and unalterable decision, he executed a neat U turn and headed back for Grand Rapids, without passengers.

After the Fourth, the LaPrairie News and the Grand Rapids Magnet "fought it out" with the bitterest ink in the barrel. During their caustic passages, the editor of the News, W. A. Thomas, made some exceedingly personal and uncomplimentary remarks concerning the previous life and conduct of the editor of the Magnet, Bernard. This brought on a suit for slander, but the only result was a mild retraction published in the News a few months later. Editors in those days and surroundings had learned to use a pen in much the same manner as their subscribers used an axe.

Grand Rapids realized her dream of becoming the permanent county seat, and further, after logging ended on the Prairie river and its tributaries, Grand Rapids saw its erstwhile rival move to the foot of the rapids almost in a body, citizens and buildings.

The Wells, Stone Company closed its store in LaPrairie with the decline of the village, and M. J. Baker, in 1899, entered the employ of John Beckfelt in Grand Rapids, where he remained until some time in 1903. In that year he went to Deer River and opened a store on his own account. There he has been in business continuously until the present date. He is now (1941) seventy-seven years of age, and still takes an active part in the management of his affairs.

CHAPTER X

In 1890 Grand Rapids heard the screech of an incoming Duluth & Winnipeg train for the first time, and great was the rejoicing thereat. No longer could La Prairie refer to the place as "the huddle of wigwams down the trail" or "the little settlement in the sticks." It had risen to the proud status of a railroad terminal, and its citizens were filled with enthusiasm for its future. And their optimism was not without foundation.

The first church was begun this year, by the Presbyterian congregation organized by Thomas Finlay. It was a frame building at the corner south of the Central School on the opposite side of the street, and was completed in 1891. In this edifice an organized choir was first heard within the precincts of Grand Rapids. It was composed of Nell Burns, who later married George Lydick of Cass Lake, Mrs. Bertha Stuckslager, of Grand Rapids, Sidney McDonald, Fred Mason, and Anna McDonald, who played the organ.

John P. Phillips, who arrived in Grand Rapids on September 17, 1890, states that, though then a railroad town, the village still presented a very primitive appearance. There were only three homes north of the railroad tracks, and just one business place. This was the log trading post operated by Frank Vance, and it was located where the Frederic Mills lumber yards are today. A few stores stood between the railroad and the river. W. J. and H. D. Powers had a hardware store which supplied the loggers with a great deal of material. Lafayette Knox and John Beckfelt ran grocery and drygoods stores, and there were several hotels, lodging houses and saloons. Knox was running a small sawmill near the present site of the paper mill.

H. D. Powers had brought his stock of hardware up river from Brainerd

in July, and established himself in a business which prospered for many years. Associated with him at the beginning were a brother, W. J. Powers, and D. S. Powers, their father. W. J. left the firm in 1912, but H. D. carried on, supplying the ever-growing demand of the loggers for heavy hardware, earnestly advocating game and fish conservation and urging good sportsmanship upon his contemporaries (long before a game shortage was dreamed of), serving his fellow citizens in nearly every official capacity they had to offer, and identifying himself actively with all public movements in the community.

The pioneer hardware merchant's commercial progress was as bumpy and uneven as that of any business in the north woods. The big business, and the one upon which all traders depended, was the cutting of the pine. The hardware dealer prospered and suffered with the varying fortunes of the loggers. If they lost money, so also did he. H. D. Powers built up his trade by hard work, business acumen and a policy of strictest honesty. He "came up the hard way," even as his first stock of hardware came up the hard way, in that first summer of 1890. For that, he chartered a small steamer, the Lottie Lee, in Brainerd, but after many difficulties, including a near collision with the Fawn, his vessel was stopped at Oxbow Rapids by shallow water. Here it was found necessary to unload half the heavy cargo and make a return trip for it later.

An interesting hobby of Mr. Powers' was his faithful recording of the temperatures at Grand Rapids year after year. He kept this personal weather record without missing a day from 1900 until the middle of October, 1940. His health failing him in the early winter, he spent some time in the local hospital, after which he entered a clinic in Duluth, where, in February, 1941, he died.

A real old-time business man of Grand Rapids was Clark Smith, who came

here in 1890 and opened a saloon and tobacco store. Logging was at its zenith in the vicinity at the time and Mr. Smith continued at his location, about where the W. O. Gates plumbing concern now stands, until 1895, when he sold out and went to Minneapolis. His successor was Thomas Kelly, though few contemporaries ever heard him called Thomas. "Pig-Eye Kelly" had been substituted for his real name almost at the beginning of his Grand Rapids career, and "Pig-Eye" he remained to the day of his death, by his own hand, via a bottle of laudenum. He it was who had shot Sam Christie neatly through the lung with a rifle.

Grand Rapids was incorporated as a village in June, 1891, and at the first election, held on the 23rd of that month, one hundred and seventeen votes were cast. The first officers chosen by the elated citizenry were:

President of the Village Council, Michael McAlpine.
Village Trustees, James Sherry, A. T. Nason, R. J. Breckenridge.
Temporary Recorded, T. R. Pravitz.
Treasurer, W. J. Powers.
Justices of the Peace, George Meyers, Charles Kearney.
Constables, William Smith, John McDonald.
Marshal, C. D. Lyon.
Village Attorney, C. L. Pratt.
Street Commissioner, W. V. Fuller.

The treasurer was to receive two percent on receipts as payment for his services, and the marshal's salary was fixed at fifty dollars per month.

At the first meeting of this newly elected village council, D. W. Doran applied for a license to sell liquor at the Gladstone hotel. It was granted, but, as an earnest that the officers in whom the citizenry had placed their trust intended carefully and faithfully to guard the morals of the community, they opened that session with a plain notice to all and sundry that they had best behave themselves. This warning was incorporated in Ordinance No. 1, and provided that "any one appearing in the dress of the opposite sex will be punished by a fine of not more than one hundred dollars." One wonders if

this admonition was directed at lumberjacks coming in of a Saturday night to carouse all over town in pinafores, or if certain members of feminine society had acquired the deplorable habit of cavorting around in hob-nailed boots and stag pants. Whichever form the evil had taken, it evidently was stopped cold in its tracks, as no record appears of an arrest having been made under that clause of the ordinance.

Throughout 1892 the march of civic progress faltered not, nor staggered out of step. At the first regular election for Itasca county Grand Rapids was chosen county seat by the soverign electorate, thus ending a bitter and wordy controversy which had echoed through the north woods until the very pine squirrels must have been weary of the chatter.

Many tales grew out of the easy grace with which elections were conducted in those early days. Some of them were exaggerated, without question, but it is a fact that several of the outlaying precincts usually sent in votes in excess of the number of voters living there, and it is generally accepted that the Itasca oxen had a weird custom of casting a ballot now and then, when the result was expected to be close. A clerk of one of these remote precincts brought in a heavy vote at this first county election. Somebody asked him who they voted up there, to get such a big vote.

"Everything with hair on it!" was the nonchallant reply, which brought no other rejoinder than a general laugh.

That the privilege of suffrage gave rise to a certain amount of abuse in the wilderness days, was due in great measure to the fact that there was little or no supervision of the voting. The distances between polling places were too great. Everything pertaining to ethics was loose and easy, anyway, and a few votes more or less made little difference. Some fully authenticated cases were known in which oxen were entered on the polling list by giving

them their real stable-name (Jerry, or Jim, or Bill, as the case may be) with their owner's surname added. This looked genuine, and facilitated the work of the election officials. Dead Indians have been voted in Itasca, four hundred of them electing a congressman on one occasion, without once turning over in the graves where they had lain for a hundred years, at Cass Lake. Some Grand Rapids residents declare that this report is exaggerated, but others, who were there and whose veracity has never been questioned, say that if so, it is by not more than a couple of bucks.

Establishing railroad communication with Duluth had given an impetus to all civic activity. In 1892 a hospital building was started, the Gladstone hotel flung open its doors, a public library came into being in a vacant room at the school house, the county fair was instituted, and Grand Rapids hustled and expanded in the sunshine of prosperity. A glance at the advertising columns of the Magnet for July 7 in that year gives a picture of healthy growth.

Amongthe citizens calling attention to their business were Tuller Brothers, groceries and general merchandise; C. H. Marr, clothing and dry-goods; The Lumberman's Bank, with C. W. Hastings, president, P. J. Sheldon, vice president, and F. P. Sheldon, cashier; Kremer & King, Itasca Abstract and Real Estate Office; The Grand Rapids Hotel, James Sherry, proprietors; Lafayette Knox, lumber supplies and merchandise; C. L. Pratt, attorney; C. Kearney, Justice of the Peace; Frank E. Mercer, building contractor; N. B. Thayer, land attorney; C. W. Terry, painter; W. C. Lyndall, wholesale and retail agent for Milwaukee beer; H. R. King, lumber and land; H. W. Canfield, attorney; J. W. Kurtzman, shoemaker and harnessmaker; Hotel Pokegama, Daniel W. Doran, proprietor and Patrick H. McGarry, manager; The Bodega, J. McDonald, proprietor, liquor and cigars; Will Nesbitt, jeweler;

Beckfelt & Mather, general merchandise; Frank Poepke, tailor; W. J. and H. D. Powers, hardware; the Stevens Hotel and Restaurant.

In Tuller Brothers' advertisement, the best flour was offered at $1.50 per fifty-pound sack. Evaporated apples sold at ten cents the pound, peaches and apricots at eight pounds for $1.00, pork, eight cents, ham and bacon, twelve and one-half, and salt commanded $1.50 the barrel. A long list of tobacco was advertised, featuring Climax chewing at forty-five cents the pound.

A. C. Bernard, who had come to northern Minnesota for the purpose of founding a newspaper at La Prairie, had been smart, whatever his much bruited shortcomings. When approached by certain Grand Rapids interests during the county capital agitation, he had read the signs aright and had transferred his allegiance and his printing outfit to the latter village overnight. The La Prairie Magnet had been changed to the Grand Rapids Magnet at one bold stroke, and became the first newspaper to be printed in the new governmental seat. There appears to have been a little matter of a few hundred dollars that required explanation back in La Prairie, but Bernard was a good explainer, and, anyhow, newspaper men can always get help over the rough spots during a political campaign.

Bernard was astute, if not handsome. He rejoiced in the nickname "the Moose" wherever he was known, on account of his enormous nose. Viewed head-on, he is said to have borne a marked resemblance to one of those forest monarchs just emerging from the brush. It is stated that this identifying feature was so long, bulbous and heavy that when he turned his head quickly he was obliged to grab onto something to prevent its swing from spinning him clear around. This, however, may be an exaggeration, and is

branded as vicious calumny even by his most fervent enemy, who avers that Bernard obviated this danger by long and patient practice, moving his head slowly in negation when talking to importunate creditors. It is a distasteful duty to report that all signs indicate that Grand Rapids did not think much of him.

The highlight of 1893 was the fire which in March completely destroyed the original Pokegama hotel. The village had no municipal water system as yet, and all efforts to save anything of the tinder-dry frame structure were vain. An agitation for village waterworks had been brewing since spring, but not until December 26, 1894, was the plant in operation.

Mrs. John Frazer, whose husband was proprietor of the Frazer House in La Prairie at the time, stated that the Pokegama fire started in the cupola which constituted the fourth floor of the building. The La Prairie Hook and Ladder Company went over to the sister village to help, but had much difficulty in getting the outfit, which was on wheels, through the snow. They did, however, arrive in time to save the Wade Blaker livery stable.

The Grand Rapids fire engine was frozen up solid, and useless, and the crowd of excited men upon whom the task of conquering the conflagration consequently devolved appeared fearful that a like disablement would happen to them. To forestall this a barrel of whiskey was rolled to the middle of the street and the head knocked in. Tin cups were forthcoming, and thanks to diligent application to the preventative thus generously provided, nobody froze. Most of the volunteer firemen scrambled hastily back and forth with a cup in one hand and a bucket in the other, but along toward the last, when it appeared that the hotel was doomed in any event, many of them were seen with a cup in each hand. The hotel was reduced to ashes, but the citizens were aroused to a realization of the need of better fire-fighting

equipment than a barrel of bourbon, at any rate.

In 1894 the settlers in the country around about Grand Rapids are said to have had no money whatever. The panic of '93 laid on them its sharpest knout when it deprived them of this convenient medium of exchange. They could hire no help, and "changing work" became the common practice. Neighbors in the country shared their meager possessions with each other, but when something was required at the stores in town, its equivalent in produce must be brought in. One man carried a two-bushel bag of turnips six miles on his shoulder as the subscription price of a weekly newspaper. This was all right as far as the editor was concerned. He was overjoyed to get the subscription paid up, and he was used to turnips. What the settlers did when they wanted to ride on the train is as much a mystery as what the churches used for a contribution plate.

As to liquor, the saloons somehow remained in business and seemed to prosper. Perhaps the villagers stepped up their conviviality, out of civic pride; and their efforts, no doubt, were supported by the federal Indian payments and the away-from-home freedom of the transients. Probably no great number of farmers contracted the habit of packing rutabagas into town on their backs and shoveling them over the bar for drinks, but they still imbibed. It is not recorded that any rural moonshiner devised a means of making whiskey out of turnips, but amazing genius is sometimes developed by emergency. And they had other crops, anyway.

Itasca's first court house, located on the block occupied by the present structure, was a ver unpretentious building. Lewis J. Jensen of Grand Rapids constructed the "room and vault" for the contractual price of $170. This little frame cubicle stood somewhat nearer the creek than the official county headquarters of today, and served Itasca for some little

time. The first Grand Rapids village hall was erected in 1894; a new St. Joseph's Catholic church took the place of the edifice which had been destroyed by fire; the municipal water system was installed; the telephone system was begun; the new Pokegama hotel was opened; electric lights were turned on for the first time; Drs. Thomas Russel and E. J. Ehle took over the Northwestern National Hospital; and there were two hundred and eight pupils enrolled in the village schools. E. C. Kiley purchased the Grand Rapids Iron and Lumberman's Review in 1894, and later in the same year merged that weekly with the Herald, bringing out the first issue of the Grand Rapids Herald-Review. Despite the panic, affairs in Grand Rapids were moving steadily ahead.

The Northwestern Hospital had had a rather hectic career up to the time of its passing to Drs. Russell and Ehle. The institution had been started by the Northwestern Benefit Association and placed under the management of a Dr. Manson. This association operated on the plan of selling hospital tickets to the lumberjacks. The tickets purported to secure hospital care and medical attention to the holder, and Drs. Russell and Ehle did all the surgical and medical work for the hospital on a stipulated scale of fees.

This association, it appears, positively abhorred paying bills, but since it was collecting all the cash being paid out in the woods for correcting mishaps and maladies, the two local practioners did not feel that their's should be entirely a labor of love. Their direct professional contact with the patient was cut by the hospital ticket, and they found themselves unable to collect from the middleman. This was discourgging.

At length the two doctors get tough and notified the association that their money must be ready for them in thirty days, or else. This brought negotiable results, but within the year other creditors began to show displeasure at the company methods. These multiplied and became more obstreperous

until finally their insistence resulted in the removal of the original operators from the scene. Their ticket sales had fallen off dismally in the meantime because, when a woodsman became sick, or was injured in the forest, their representative always found him too ill to be moved. His ticket called only for "hospitalization," and, of course, if he could not be moved he must recover in camp as best he could, and under the care of whatever doctor he preferred, to call at his own expense.

Dr. Russell and his associate ran the place on their own account until 1897, November or December, but Dr. Russell states that it did not pay. On closing the hospital, Dr. Ehle left for the west coast, and Dr. Russell went to Chicago on a vacation.

It was at this time that the Benedictine Sisters purchased the property and re-opened it as St. Benedict's Hospital. Russell had gone away with the intention of finding a new location in which to establish a practice, but the Sisters wrote and urged him to return, assuring him of their full support and assistance. He came back, and for several years did most of their surgical and medical work. By 1912 the logging was almost at an end and the big camps which had furnished most of the patients were closed. The hospital was discontinued at that time, but a few futile attempts were made to operate it as a nursing home thereafter. In 1917 it was closed finally, and the building cut up and remodelled into residences.

Probably the most momentous social event of 1894 was the grand opening of the new Pokegama hotel. The press recorded that that Thanksgiving day was one of rejoicing "in the comforts and the metropolitan appearance of Grand Rapids, and on the completion of the large, handsome and well-appointed addition to the commodious hosteIries of our progressive town." The Herald-Review stated that "the handsome costumes of the ladies and the tasteful attire of the gentlemen gave a very pleasing appearance to the

assemblage on the eve of the opening banquet and ball."

A bountiful Thanksgiving dinner was spread, and at ten o'clock the first electric light burgeoned suddenly in the center of the room and remained aglow, the oynosure of all eyes. Soon the entire building was "lighted with great brilliancy and cheer after cheer resounded throughout the dining room and lobby."

The builder of the Pokegama hotel was D. M. Gunn, and its completion was an important event in his life. He had experienced great difficulty in financing its construction during the depression following the panic of 1893, and that Thanksgiving opening was to him something in the nature of a triumphal celebration. Also it marked the beginning of a long, honored and influential career for the man whose struggle it represented.

Daniel M. Gunn was born in Canada, as were many of those who came pioneering in northern Minnesota. He first came to Grand Rapids in 1882, at which time, he states, "there was nothing here but some trees to cut and some Indians." He had spent a season doing carpenter work in North Dakota prior to this, but had abandoned that trade to go to Aitkin, intending to find work in the woods. Before he had opportunity to adopt the role of lumberjack, however, Carl R. Douglas, who owned a hotel a in Aitkin, offered him a position as clerk. Mr. Douglas also had hotel in Grand Rapids, near the paper mill site, and in 1882 Mr. Gunn was sent up here to take charge of that.

This hotel, like all those in the region, catered mainly to the lumberjack, who regarded such an institution as a bar with a place in connection where a man could sleep when absolutely nothing of interest remained on the agenda. Unrestrained hilarity was interesting for a short time, but it soon began to pall on the new clerk whose duties kept

him in the midst of it continuously, and after a few months Mr. Gunn resigned and went to Brainerd. Here he came in contact with men whose interest in the Grand Rapids town site proved an important factor in the development of the village and of himself. Ten years after his first visit, he returned to Grand Rapids as the owner of the original Pokegama hotel, which within something like a year went up in flames.

In 1894 Mr. Gunn was elected a member of the Minnesota legisdature, in the lower house, retiring after some years of honorable service. In 1904 he entered politics again, was elected to the state senate and served the Grand Rapids district thus for two consecutive terms. The Herald-Review remarks tersely that "he looked after his constituents and did not make speeches," an eulogy in one line, and one applicable to not enough statesmen.

The chronicles of 1894 would be incomplete if they did not include the information that Captain M. A. Leahy was a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds in Itasca county in the fall of that year when his son ended his vacation and rejoined his classmates in Annapolis. The son was William D. Leahy, who later became an Admiral in the U. S. Navy and in 1941, after having retired, is now further serving his country as Ambassador to France.

CHAPTER XI

By 1895 the population of Grand Rapids had increased from the 277 of five years earlier to 1,546, with over two hundred pupils in the schools. There were now eleven teachers in District number One, and the Central School building which still serves was erected. Other signs of a healthy growth were the organization of the Itasca County Telephone Exchange; the forming of the first commercial club; the building of the Grand Rapids Electric Light and Power plant; and the purchase of fire-fighting equipment. The chemical engine upon which the municipality had depended before the water-works system was installed had proved little more effective then the barrel of bourbon, and in a town built almost entirely of inflamable pine the fire hazard was ever present.

County bonds were issued this year for the erection of a court house and the cornerstone was laid. This building was badly needed, as no adequate accommodation for the county offices was to be had in the town---as appears to be much the case again in 1941. Auditorium facilities were nil, also, in 1895, and a steady downpour of rain forced the association into holding the county fair in the village hall. In the rural county things moved steadily ahead throughout the year. The Itasca Lumber Company cut 60,000,000 feet of pine, other operators did as well proportionately; and among the devotees to agriculture a growing interest in the possibilities of dairying resulted in the importation of a carload of cows. This inaugurated an industry which was destined to assume a place of major importance in the development of Itasca.

In 1896 Grand Rapids maintained its place in the march of time on sturdy legs. Three hundred and eight pupils were enrolled in the village schools; the new courthouse was completed, and occupied for the first time on May 2.

The spring calendar of the district court contained fifty-seven civil and twenty-four criminal cases, four of the latter being murder trials. The manner in which the local press handled this item suggests that it was offered as proof that at last civilization and culture had arrived. The Bacon murder attracted much attention and drew comment from the press of the entire state.

The Itasca Cemetery Association was formed in 1896 and, in the terms of a complaisant old-timer, it answered a poignant need. While the climate was exceedingly salubrious, the law was new and not yet working smoothly, and people had a number of ways of getting themselves killed. Often their demise was sudden and somewhat irregular, yet it was felt that at the very last they should be bowed out in an orthodox and orderly manner. At about this time arrests for acts of excessive and unreasonable violence were begun. They were frowned upon as having a marked tendency to decrease the population. Order prevailed in the end however, and now any city vacationer, if he can get out of his own town without stopping a ganster's bullet, can come up to Itasca and play around all summer with no fear of any injury more serious than a stubbed toe or a fish-hook in his thumb.

On April 11, Grand Rapids was designated as the site of the State Experimental Station, and preparations were begun to establish this valuable agricultural unit a couple of miles outside the corporate limits. This has been a most important factor in the rural development of all northern Minnesota. Farm settlement, already hopefully under way, took from this date a steady upward trend.

The Wright-Davis logging railroad hauled 120,000,000 feet of pine logs in 1896, and all other freight movement was growing rapidly, pointing to a future business which prompted the Canadian Pacific to purchase the Duluth

& Winnipeg line. The name was then changed to "Duluth, Superior & Western."

The year 1897 saw over 165,000,000 feet of timber cut in the Grand Rapids area, and the figure rose above 250,000,000 feet in 1898. The town teemed with lumberjacks and woods workers during much of the year, and literally swarmed with them in the fall and spring. The saloon business was at its hilarious peak, and the village government was largely supported by the returns from liquor permits. The Rainy Lake gold rush caused a flurry of excitement which bore bibulous fruit in many a roseate scheme hatched in a bar and launched smoothly in alcohol. The saloonkeeper is one of the few men who can get gold out of a mine where none exists.

In 1897 the Grand Rapids Magnet passed into the possession of E. J. Luther.

The Great Northern Railroad took over the Duluth, Superior & Western in 1898. In this year also the lumberjack was belatedly delivered from the clutches of the check-shaver. From the time "big business" took over lumbering in Itasca, it had been the practice of many loggers to pay their woodsmen at the season's end with checks payable either at a future date or in a distant city. "Time checks," they were called. The lumberjack, who had been all winter in the deep forest, completely isolated from all forms of amusement and sociability, wanted money when he came out. He wanted it at once, because he couldn't spend a post-dated check, and he needed a drink---a lot of them.

This situation was perfectly clear to all the business men of the territory, and perfectly satisfactory. They were glad to take the checks

off the thirsty men's hands, merely shaving them down until the endorsement could be read from the front. Ten percent was a common "shaving," and cases have been known where a quarter of the whole amount was taken for cashing a check the only defect of which lay in the fact that its terms called for either a long trip or a long wait for a drink. This despicable graft was worked by saloonkeepers, bankers, business men, and even the woodsmen's own employers. These latter often connived with one or another of the former to make the "cut" as deep as possible, and then came in for a share of the loot.

State Senator C. C. McCarthy exposed this practice before the legislature and pushed through a bill outlawing all such irregular pay checks. The act also relieved the backwoods creditor of the necessity of journeying to the home town of the timber baron to levy on logs which he had labored to bring out of the forest. He could attach them on the skidway, in the river, or wherever found. This upset the logger's plans considerably, and the lumberjack found himself able to postpone his hangovers for several days. Perhaps McCarthy had not added anything to the stake with which the worker left the woods, but he had at least corrected a vicious injustice.

In 1899 the Great Northern purchased the Wright-Davis logging road, and that line, which primarily had been built for the purpose of getting out pine, became a part of a great general transportation system.

The Odd Fellows Hall was built in 1899, and the town was taking on quite an urban appearance. A local paper boasted that there were two hundred bicycles in the village. The following year the High School and the Itasca County Public Library were established, a lath and shingle mill started, and plans completed for securing a paper mill at the power

site. The county valuation had risen to $3,776,000.

In 1900 the Itasca Lumber Company, in cutting and floating 40,000,000 feet of pine, employed three hundred men and used six hundred horses, with Price Brothers showing about the same results with a similar complement of men and animals. Smaller operators were numerous.

La Prairie's final gasps as a town were drowned out by the derisive screech of the locomotives as trains rushed through that erstwhile terminus with unabated speed. The death knell of the would-be metropolis had been sounded by the election tellers in 1892, and by 1900 it was down-at-the-heel and almost completely deserted, without hope or ambition, shamefacedly withdrawing its tumbledown shacks behind the forest greenery, and cringing before the ribald hoots of engines which gave it no further notice. La Prairie was no more.

At the turn of the century there were three hundred lumber camps in full operation in northern Minnesota, employing more than twenty thousand men, and business in all lines was brisk. In 1901 the Northern Minnesota Telephone Compnay was given a franchise and began construction. Shortly it was serving some sixty subscribers. Through merger, this company later became the Mesabe Telephone Company, which was afterward absorbed in turn by the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company.

The Grand Rapids Power and Boom Company, which had been formed through local enterprise, and in 1899 had been given the right by the federal government to erect a power dam across the Mississippi, began excavation for the foundations in 1901. This year also saw the Itasca Paper Company formed and the initial work done on the paper mill. It is recorded that Leon Bolter established a bank in Grand Rapids this year, that fifteen secret societies

were flourishing, and that the contract was let for constructing a steel bridge over the Mississippi in the village. All this sounds very urban, but, as if to remind one that Grand Rapids is still a rough-and-tumble pioneer town in the throbbing heart of a wilderness far from subdued, concurrant items announce; "Smallpox in lumber camps"; "Game wardens seize 150 deer and moose hides"; "Pine stumpage worth $5.50 per thousand"; "Mining exploration active"; "Game wardens seize nine quarters of moose in Powers and Simpson lumber camps"; "Gene Kain killed and eaten by wolves"; and "Many saloons crowded into one block."

The latter item refers to a condition not unusual in frontier towns. One solid block in Grand Rapids at the time was composed of saloons, according to one contemporary(with the single exception of a hotel, says another---a hotel which had a bar, to be sure, but a real decent one.) Of course every block was provided with an oasis or two, but they were not huddled so close together. They were starting posts, as it were, where a lumberjack could begin his drinking and circulate about during the early evening. Upon arriving at a certain stage of intoxication he would head for the compact row, where the bar-room doorways stood shoulder to shoulder and he could pass back and forth without falling down, until either his thirst or his pocketbook failed him.

On February 19, 1902, the first paper came off the rolls in the new paper mill. The lumberjacks' rate of pay in the woods had risen until he was now receiving a top of $40 per month. Wages theretofore had ranged erratically between a low of $12 and a rate for certain classes of work which sometimes touched $36. The new high school turned out a lone graduate this year, its first. The following year four received their diplomas, but in 1904 the number again dropped to one.

The steamer Irene went into service between Aitkin and Grand Rapids in 1902. The town was enjoying a vigorous growth, and it is recorded that at this period not a house was to be found for rent. Several men whose business necessitated local residence were compelled to leave their families elsewhere until housing accommodations could be secured. In 1902 The Grand Rapids Independent was established by D. C. and E. J. Anderson, brothers, and was purchased in 1905 by A. L. La Freniere, of Northome, who still publishes that weekly. Bonds were issued this year for the purpose of building an electric light plant.

William Hoolihan, later to become a colorful figure in Itasca officialdom, and widely known throughout the north as "the lumberjack sheriff," was elected to that office in 1902.

During Hollihan's term of office, in 1907, a strike occurred on the Iron Range, and as the attitude of the miners became threatening the Sheriff was called to attempt to restore order. News of the disturbance had reached Grand Rapids earlier and every bar-room was humming with excitement. Rumor detailed various acts of violence, fires, assaults, arrests and clashes between strikers and local officials, and somehow every new rumor seemed to suggest another drink. By the time the appeal for help came to Mr. Hoolihan nearly the entire male population of the county seat was gathered in feverish knots and it was an easy matter to gather a numerous posse.

It was the sheriff's earnest desire to select only men who were perfectly sober, of course, but the call had come a bit too late for that. Men in a frontier town cannot long stand in that drab condition around beckoning bars. To add to Mr. Hoolihan's dilemma, everybody wanted to go.

Strikes were an abomination, and foreign-born miners, a menace to Itasca county. They jabbered grievances and arguments in a jargon which no lumberjack could understand and with which he would promptly disagree if he could.

The sheriff, recognizing the symptoms of a huge lark, and well knowing how quickly hilarity can change to hellishness when nurtured by red liquor, decided that however numerous and obstreperous the miners might be he would not dare permit any firearms in his posse. Yet, being loath to expose the volunteer law enforcement brigade to helpless slaughter, he must place in their hands some sort of weapon of defense. His quick mind went to the wagon-shop, and leading the way thither he commanded that each possessman choose a nice new wagon spoke.

Arrived at the scene of the disorder some hours later after a bumpy and uncomfortable journey, Mr. Hollihan drew his men up in a wobbly line and looked them over. Some of them were in pretty fair shape, but others, two in particular, were all for adopting stern measures with the miners forthwith, and winding up with summary execution of the ring-leaders. Hollihan eyed this pair with some misgiving as they stood somewhat apart owlishly practicing right-shoulder wagon-spokes.

"Bill," he whippered, turning to one of the calmer spirits, "if you and Jim will take care of those two Napoleons, I'll take care of the strikers."

Bill and Jim approached the bellicose ones with an air of secrecy and, finger on lips, led them out of earshot of the crowd.

"Sheriff's got the most important job o'the whole works picked out f'r you guys," Bill told them when he had brought them to ground spokes. "He wants you to be sentries!"

"Shentrish?" queried one dubiously. "Whash shentrish do'n a funch o' Binns--hic-Finns?"

"Everything depends on'em!" was the solemn assurance. "With sentries out-good 'uns that we c'n depend on--the Finns can't surprise us without us knowin' all about it beforehand."

The reasoning seemed sound, and when told that they would be stationed at widely separated points the sentries made ready to take their posts by finding an empty bottle and splitting their sole remaining pint.

In the course of time, thanks to the tact of the resourceful sheriff, order was restored and the mining village quieted down. But the night was far spent, and the silent darkness, together with the soporific reaction after his bottle gave out, had lulled one of the sentries, a very prominent Grand Rapids citizen, into a deep sleep. The main body of the minute-men were rounded up and were about to start for home and a hilarious mustering out when somebody missed this patriot. Men scattered at once to search the town and the missing man was at length found on the outskirts, stumbling disconsolately along the road to Duluth. He had awakened to a strange quiet in the town. Silence reigned on the battlefield and his straining ears caught not the sound of martial tread. Puzzled, he at length decided that if there was no battle, there might at least be a bivouac somewhere around, and started out with black coffee in mind. But he was ever alert, and at the sound of footsteps behind him he spun quickly around.

"Who goes there!" he demanded valiantly, cocking his wagon-spoke.

"Where the hell you ben?" came the correct response from the comrade who had found him. "We ben lookin' all over f'r you!"

The patriot scratched his head.

"Well, by God!" he ejaculated. "I've often heard of a man deserting the army, but this is the first time I ever heard of an army deserting a man!"

Liquor drinking was a weakness not confined to the red man on the Minnesota frontier; nor was the lumberjack the only white man to succumb to its charms. Nearly everybody indulged more or less, and, besides, they needed the water in their lakes. If the old Pokegama hotel could speak, it could tell of many men of business, social and political prominence who have spent the night under its roof---after spending the evening under its tables.

1903 witnessed the cutting of 370,000,000 feet of pine on the upper Mississippi. The Building and Loan Association was established; the Grand Rapids Commercial club reorganized; and the new high school completed and made ready for occupancy. 1904 counted but one graduate from that institution, but the total village school enrollment for that year mounted to four hundred and thirty-two pupils. In 1905 it reached four hundred and sixty-four.

A. J. Stuart bought the Grand Rapids Magnet in 1904, and rejoices editorially at the recent opening of long distance telephone communication with Aitkin. In the following year connections were made with the range towns and Duluth. A highway was built from Grand Rapids to Bovey also in 1905, and a hundred tons of freight was hauled daily over to the new mining town, which possessed no other point of contact with the markets.

The Carnegie Library building was erected in this year, and Grand Rapids strode proudly along its first cement sidewalk. The walk was not very extensive as yet, but it saw a lot of scuffing and stomping as interested citizens, especially the children, went places the long way for an opportunity to test it.

The Indian agents closed all the saloons on the Chippewa reservation in 1905, thus bringing into vogue as a beverage the famous "Minnesota 13,"

and encouraging deep thought and extensive experimentation which enabled the bootleggers to carry on without losing a stride when national prohibition went into effect. This Minnesota 13 was of different grades, classified by the Indians as good, better, and best. What sort of connection they might have rated below "good" is not known. It is said that a white man presented Captain John Smith on his nintieth birthday with a bottle with which he dared not experiment himself, and on meeting the old Indian a few days later asked him how it was.

"Jus' right!" exclaimed Captain John enthusiastically, "Jus' 'zackly right!"

"What do you mean, "just exactly right?" queried the donor, wondering somewhat at the other's exuberance.

"Huh!" grunted the redskin, "jus' 'zackly right cuz if him ben any wuss I couldn't drinkum, John Smith, me; and' if him ben any better you drinkum you'self!"

John, in company with many other oldtimers, drank with gusto anything that wouldn't take the enamel off his teeth.

In 1906 Koochiching county was detatched from Itasca. D. M. Gunn was elected to the state senate. The Grand Rapids Magnet discontinued publication. There were twenty-one star mail routes in the county, and eleven townships were opened for settlement.

CHAPTER XII

The valuation of Itasca county in 1907 was $10,768,000. The iron mines which were being opened in an ever solidifying line from Kewatin to Grand Rapids were bolstering the credit balance of the already diminishing wealth of pine, and the prosperity of the county was reflected in urban growth and improvements. There were thirty-four rural schools in District Number One at this time, and the year produced nine graduates from the local highschool. Minnesota still ranked seventh among the states in timber production, and much of this was coming from Itasca, though the forest depletion since 1896 had been heavy. Pine stumpage had risen to $7.50 per thousand feet, and wages in the woods stood at $40 per month, with a serious shortage of men at that rate. The Itasca Lumber Company alone was operating sixteen camps in the western part of the county, and it had become necessary to construct a road from Grand Rapids to Deer River to facilitate the heavy traffic between the two thriving towns.

In 1908 the county valuation had climbed to $18,275,000. The open-pit mining operations were assuming vast proprotions, twelve million yards of stripping being done on the range during this single year. In town, though marred by the loss of the Gladstone Hotel by fire, a feeling of well-being, even gaiety, prevailed. The Old Settlers' Club was organized and the first dance was held; a roller skating rink was built; and work was begun on the fairgrounds, at the northern corporate limits.

The village high school graduated twelve pupils in 1909, and School District Number One issued $90,000 in bonds. The village paved eight blocks on Third street this year. Six mines had gone into production with a resultant output of 579,671 tons of iron ore.

Fire of unknown but suspicious origin destroyed the village hall in 1910. No steps were taken looking toward an investigation, and no definite charges were ever made, but at the time rumors were thicker than the smoke of the conflagration. New buildings this year included the Great Northern Railroad Company's roundhouse, the Henry Hughes Block, Spang and Hoolihan's sawmill, and the McAlpine Block, although the latter was not ready for occupancy until the following year. The Light and Water Commission was organized with H. D. Powers, C. H. Dickinson and B. C. Finnigan as its initial personnel. The county population was given as 17,472, and a much needed highway across the range was completed. Also the two famous trains, "The Merry Widow" and "The Wooden Shoe," made their initial runs between Grand Rapids and the range towns.

Twenty Grand Rapids saloons closed by the Indian agents in the preceding year were reopened, pending litigation, by virtue of a court injunction, but were put out of business once more in 1914. The saloonkeepers had organized to resist the action of the agents on the ground that the Indian treaty of 1855, on the prohibitory clause of which the government relied, did not, and was not intended to, remain in force under the conditions existing at the time of the closure. The court, on the final hearing, agreed with the federal officers' interpretation, and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. Also much bootlegging. Also much grousing because the village tax levies soared to $18,640, to which the ubiquitous bootlegger contributed not a penny.

The year 1911 was marked by a spectacular jump in county valuation, an assessment of $23,649,000 placing Itasca in fourth place among the counties of Minnesota. This vast increase reflected the great mineral wealth of the area, of course, but timber was still a large item, and at

this time agriculture was really picking up. Dairy farming was prospering, and the Itasca Creamery was built in this year to further the interests of those who were developing herds. In the succeeding year five carloads of beef cattle were shipped out of Grand Rapids.

Village improvements in 1911 amounted to over $250,000. The population had grown to 2,230, and the high school graduated twenty pupils. The fall term of court dealt with five murder trails, the most spectacular of which was that of Bowstring Joe, an Indian who had confessed to the killing of one, Frank Caldwell.

Caldwell had been knifed in the back on a portage in the deep woods, and found dead some days later. A gang of men known locally as "The Goggles," or "The Goggle-eyes," had a rendezvous somewhere in that section of the forest, and by some circumstance suspicion fell upon one of these. The suspect had an evil reputation, and as a consequence every clue in his favor was heavily discounted, and every shadow that fell across the presumption of his innocence was deeply blackened. Almost everybody felt that if a mistake were being made the community would be the gainer anyway.

"Goggles" was arrested and brought to trial in Grand Rapids. The evidence, if such it could be called, which the state presented was purely circumstantial, and, as later admitted, woefully far-fetched. But the prosecutor sincerely believed that the prisoner had committed the crime, and, though the testimony was weak, it was clear that the jury held the same opinion. Mr. Goggles' unsavory reputation was rapidly railroading him to the penitentiary.

Just before the conclusion of the trial, and when things looked darkest for the accused, there was a flurry of crowding at the rear of the courtroom and Bowstring Joe, a young Indian well-liked by all who knew him, came

elbowing his way up the aisle. Just outside the rail he stopped and raised his right hand, open palm toward the judge.

Joe's dialect was unspellable, and his oratory informal in the extreme, but eye-witnesses to the scene attest that his eloquence was so simple and direct, and his manner so sincere that everything else was forgotten. They felt, rather than heard, what he said.

Standing straight as a pillar, his blanket clutched to his chest with his left hand, his right remaining aloft for attention, he told His Honor that a mistake was being made by the white man's court. The Indian was not called to order, nor was a bailiff instructed to put him out. Here was a situation for which there was no precedent, but the figure in the aisle was impressive. Court and prosecutor felt instinctively that they should listen to him.

In a low, earnest voice, Bowstring Joe told of the killing of Frank Caldwell. Told how he and his young squaw had been hired by the white man to pack his goods over a long portage which terminated at the water's edge where the body had been found. Bowstring Joe's wife was a comely Chippewa of less than twenty summers, and Joe, unlike most Indians, was always willing to work by her side. True, he hired her out to pack outfits for the white men, but they labored as a team. That was about the only way an Indian could get hold of ready cash at certain seasons, and as for a female doing that sort of work, why, that was an immemorial Indian custom.

And so on behalf of himself and wife Joe had taken this job of packing, and while they were fairly carrying out their part of the bargain Caldwell had been guilty of an act which had brought about his death. He had violated a code which the consciences of all men, of whatever color, admonish them to keep on pain of vengeance.

They had landed their canoes for a long portage, and Caldwell, sending

the squaw on ahead with a hastily prepared pack, had shouldered a light one himself and taken to the trail close behind her. He had left Joe making up a heavy pack of the balance of the goods, instructing him to follow at his leisure with that and a long canoe. He said he knew that the load would be a heavy and an awkward one, but there was no hurry, and Joe might stop and rest as often as required. The young Indian, though not suspicious of any evil design, was indignant at being laden so heavily, but refrained from complaint knowing that anything taken from his pack would be added to his wife's, rather than to Caldwell's.

A long canoe, upturned over one's head, is a difficult load in itself, and when one has a hundred-pound pack strapped to his back besides, and a rough, winding path to follow through thick brush, he has a task that calls for frequent rests. Joe trudged patiently along, but his companions had started several minutes ahead of him, and on the six-mile portage he must inevitably fall far behind.

When the Indian girl arrived at the end of the portage, she sat down to wait for her companions to come up, it appears, and Caldwell was only a moment behind her. He took a seat on a log, pulled her roughly to his knee and at once began to attempt liberties which she repulsed in a manner wholly inconsistent with Caldwell's idea of squaws. She was not greatly worried at first, expecting Joe to appear at any minute; but she was startled when her eyes chanced to fall on Caldwell's meager pack. Almost everything, including the long canoe, had been left for Joe. She understood it all, and with a wild leap she started back down the trail.

Caldwell easily overtook the terrified girl, and as easily overpowered her. However, fighting with all the fierceness of her race, she flounced and twisted, bit and scratched, and was altogether a much livelier adversary

than the lust maddened man had counted upon. In addition, whenever her lips were uncovered she uttered piercing Chippewa screams for Joe. These latter eventually brought her a brutal blow in the mouth from a hard fist, and she sank down beaten, almost unconscious.

In the meantime Joe, threading the narrow trail with his bunglesome canoe, became harassed by a sudden disturbing thought. His wife was beautiful, she was young, and he was well aware of the disrespect in which the women of his tribe were held by the men of the north woods. For yet another mile he sweated along like a huge, ungainly armadillo; then the significance of Caldwell's light pack and his own overwhelming burden occurred to him and he threw off the canoe. Slipping out of his pack harness he bounded down the trail like a foot-racer, feeling no more than half his pounds because of the weight he had cast off. And after a swift mile and a half he heard far ahead a terrorized scream. It brought him to a stop as quickly as if he had suddenly reached the brink of a precipice, and he listened for a possible repetition. It came again and he darted ahead once more, running now as he had never run before. His ear-drums were throbbing under the blows of his pounding heart, but he had heard his name, and in a voice he knew, for all the terror masking it. Another dozen rods and silence fell, broken only by the tom-toms in his head.

At a turn of the trail Joe came upon them. Almost entirely nude, bleeding at the lips from the blow and at many points from contact with the thorns and brush thrashed down in the struggle, his wife lay moaning feebly and still writhing in instinctive resistance. Caldwell was on his knees bending over her and slapping viciously at her bare hips as she persisted in turning face downward on the ground. He had not heard Joe's moccasins on the trail, and Joe's breath caught at the sight, suspending

his labored gasps. The unsuspecting rapist did not look up.

Joe told the court that he did not know how far he had run with his knife in his hand, but that he felt its handle in his palm as he leaped forward, and thought he must have drawn it instinctively when he heard his wife's first cry. He said that he was not sorry, and that he would do exactly the same thing again under like circumstances. He was very doubtful of getting a square deal in the white man's court, but had been unwilling to stand idly by and see another punished for his act.

Goggles was freed, of course, and Bowstring Joe arrested, but his trial was a perfunctory affair. After a prompt acquittal friendly demonstrations were staged in the courtroom and in the street attesting the popularity of the verdict, and Joe admitted that the red man could find justice in the white man's tribunal. This incident probably did more than anything else toward gaining the Itasca Chippewa's respect for the law. From that time he was less defiant, and more inclined to permit his wrongs to be righted by the court.

The village school enrollment in 1912 was 624. The present St. Joseph's Catholic church had been erected during the preceding year, and in 1912 the Protestant Episcopal church was built. The large logging camps of the area were closed by this time, and as most of the patients had come from those, St. Benedict's Hospital was compelled to discontinue its services.

The county records show that two hundred wolves were killed during 1912, evidencing the unsubdued nature of the wilderness only a generation ago, yet industry and social advancement were steadily working a change. The mines were making for rapid settlement on the range, and the year produced 3,400,000 tons of high grade iron ore.

District Number One was reinforced in 1913 by the erection of sixteen additional rural schools, and progress in agricultural settlement was further attested by over two thousand entries at the county fair. County statistics disclose for the year: 122 marriages, 190 deaths, 292 births, and 161 boarders at the county jail---a record, as it were, of bells, knells, yells and cells. It is interesting to note that matrimony was less prevalent than other errors which result in loss of liberty.

Twenty pupils graduated from high school in 1914, and a steadily growing interest in books had resulted in additions to the public library's catalog until it now contained 2,485 volumes. L. A. Rossman purchased a one-half interest in the Grand Rapids Herald-Review.

Beyond the village limits conditions remained prosperous. Though the pine was becoming scarce and scattered, a large hardwood business was growing up. Woods labor commanded $12 to $16 per month. The county recorded 552 births in 1914.

1915 saw 32 pupils graduate from high school, and the flapper and the flivver began to make their presence felt, with 252 automobiles of Grand Rapids ownership cruising the village streets. It was in 1916 that the paper mill passed to the hands of the St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press. Also the Grand Rapids Creamery opened in this year, with butterfat commanding 53 cents per pound.

Itasca was one of the first counties in the north country, and certainly the pioneer rural county of Minnesota to establish a non-political welfare board. Such an organization has been in existence since 1917, with headquarters in Grand Rapids. This body is made up of five members, one from each commissioner district, and has complete charge of the county

hospital, and the distribution of county or county allocated funds for the assistance of the needy.

In 1917 some of the unusual activities in the community were the creation of a defense body, the formation of a Home Guard, and the organization of the Draft Board. 160 men left in the first draft, the Red Cross began to function actively, and 419 people in the village purchased Liberty Bonds. Grand Rapids was doing her bit.

The First State Bank and the First National were consolidated in 1917, and J. R. O'Malley purchased the Pokegama Hotel from D. M. Gunn. In the succeeding year the Itasca Cooperage Company's plant was built, and Johnson Brothers began the operation of a shingle mill. This year witnessed the last log drive down the Mississippi River. 1918 was also marked by the organization of the Non-partisan League, and on their arrival to hold an initial rally the promoters were greeted by an enthusiastic audience of three.

The Itasca County Hospital was erected in 1918.

Grand Rapids closed its power plant in 1919, after completing arrangements to buy electricity from the Northern Minnesota Utilities Company. Interest in paved roads had been growing in the county for some time, and in 1919 Itasca voted paving bonds in the sum of $2,000,000.

Thirty diplomas were handed out at the high school commencement exercises in 1919, and forty-five in the year following. The number dropped to thirty-two in 1921, but reached forty again in 1923, and fifty-eight in 1924. Sixty-six graduated in 1926, and in 1933 the class contained one hundred and eight pupils.

Twenty-six iron mines were in operation in Itasca County in 1920, and drilling was in progress even west of Grand Rapids. The county valuation

was climbing steadily, reaching $28,831,192 the following year. The Community Church was erected in 1920.

Two Rural Free Delivery routes out of Grand Rapids were established in 1921. In the following year School District Number One issued $250,000 in bonds to finance a new high school building in Grand Rapids. 1922 also saw women serving on a jury for the first timein Itasca County.

In 1923 twenty-six Itasca iron mines produced 9,868,478 tons of ore, an item of great importance to the country, in peace time or in war. Grand Rapids formally dedicated its new high school.

The Itasca State Bank opened its doors for business in 1925. Another important development during this year was a combination of bus companies into what became known as the Northland Transportation Company.

1927 events of local importance were the letting of the contract for the construction of a new Post Office building, and the sale by Mr. Blandin of his interest in the St. Paul newspapers. He retained the Grand Rapids paper mill, changing the name in 1929 to the Blandin Paper Company.

In 1928 the Great Northern Railroad Company erected a new depot, and in the following year local building was given further impetus by the construction of the present village hall. This building cost $70,000, and contains an auditorium which accommodates 780 persons.

The county valuation in 1929 was $26,275,000.

Two important events recorded in 1931 were the establishing of headquarters for state forestry protection work at Grand Rapids, and the building of the present bridge over the Mississippi River. A big celebration was held in honor of the latter achievement, with the whole town, and

especially Pokegama Avenue, in gala attire.

In 1932 Grand Rapids renamed and renumbered its streets. An attempt had been made by some of the citizens to change the name of the village also, but that movement met with defeat. It had been claimed that mail was apt to go astray on account of confusing the Minnesota town with Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The sale of beer was licensed in 1933, and matters which received far less notice locally were the institution of a truck line to the northern part of the county, and the robbery by four bandits of the First National Bank.

Moving steadily ahead, Grand Rapids has gained, and sturdily maintains, a place abreast of the most progressive towns of her size in the country. Whatever makes for civic betterment, she has always been quick to grasp. Whatever modern invention has devised to add to the health, wealth and happiness of her citizens has always found an eager market among them. And no city of the old South ever boasted a hospitality more lavish than Grand Rapids extends to the thousands who yearly come to rest and play in her glorious surroundings.

June In Itasca

With apologies to Omar Khayyam, who, poor fellow, died without seeing it.

And look--ten thousand fish leap in the bay
To meet the dawn's first misty hint of gray,
Come! let this summer month that brings the rose
Lave all the grime of winter's toil away!

Come up to old Itasca; leave the stew
To them that like it, while the wiser few
Take to the open, and the piney air
That soothes the spirit, charges life anew.

Itasca, with its gem lakes thickly strown
Among great pines, where one may walk alone
And feel a grandeur deeper than is known
To any sultan on his ornate throne.

Or, with a pail of minnows in a scow,
In some cove where the big ones bite--and how!--
And friends beside him in this wilderness--
O, wilderness is Paradise now!

GRAND RHAPSODY

(Rhapsody. A miscellaneous literary work; a composition of miscellaneous pieces, scraps, or the like. ---Webster's New International Dictionary.)

THE POKEGAMA BEAR

The Pokegama Bear was a real animal character in Itasca County's earliest logging days. Until the last drive had floated southward to the waiting Twin City mills no lumberjack could be found who was not familiar with his demise. Frank Hasty recorded the actual event in verse and almost at once some musically-inclined woodsman extemporized an air to which it could be sung. In one season it took its place in the saga of the pine and was being recited, sung, hummed and whistled with varying degrees of fidelity throughout the broad scope of forest operations. Mr. Hasty, a lumberjack himself, had the satisfaction of hearing his composition crooned and bellowed as persistently, and with about the same freedom of tone and modulation, as the modern popular song on the radio---and for a much lengthier period. He died in Minneapolis in 1923.

In the fall of 1874 Michael McAlpine had come north to work at P. P. Clark's camp on Knowlton's (Black's) Arm of Pokegama Lake. Hasty and two other men had accompanied him, the quartet accomplishing the last stage of the journey, from Aitkin, afoot.

A lumberjack named Morris O'Hearn was loading teams for the crew to which the new arrivals were assigned, and one bitter cold day O'Hearn decided that a fire wouldn't be a bad idea. Taking his axe, he approached a big hollow pine stub intending to split off some kindling-wood, but at the first stroke a frantic scrambling began inside and he stepped hastily back. With disconcerting suddenness a huge bear came tearing out of a

hole in the trunk. He blinked in the unaccustomed light, gave one loud nose-clearing "whooshi" and O'Hara dropped his axe and departed. His spirited progress through the brush attracted the attention of Bruin and the distance between the two widened rapidly as the bear took to the timber in the opposite direction.

Hasty and a man named Quinn gave chase, yelling at the top of their lungs and throwing their axes after the frightened animal. This completed Bruin's panic and he broke into the logging road where the footing was better. There he straightened out to do some real running. McAlpine was working near the road just ahead, and he took in the situation at a glance. Stepping quietly behind a big tree he raised his axe in readiness and waited. Bruin went down under one clean blow delivered as he passed McAlpine's hiding-place.

It appears that in those days the oil of the bear was prized more highly than was the skin or the meat, and this one was taken to camp to be tried out on Sunday morning. While this process was going on, McAlpine and Hasty left camp for a time to search for axe-handle timber. They were gone longer than they had intended to be, and on their return discovered that they had lost their share of the oil. The men present had bottled the last drop as it came from the kettles, and all they gave the actual killers of the bear was a hoarse laugh. Mr. Hasty retired to the bunk-house in disgust, but emerged later with the poem which showed that he harbored no ill-will.

THE POKEGAMA BEAR

(Sung with the best effect by a lumberjack who can't sing a lick)

Come all you good fellows who like to hear fun,
Come listen to me while I sing you a song,
Come listen to me while the truth I declare,
I'm going to sing of the Pokegama Bear.

Grand Rhapsody
Pokegama Bear---3

One cold frosty morning the winds they blew,
We went to the woods our day's work to do,
Yes, into the woods we did quickly repair,
It was there that we met the Pokegama Bear.

One Morris O'Hearn, a bold Irish lad,
Went to build a fire in a big pine stub,
He rapped with his axe when he went there;
When out popped the monstrous Pokegama Bear.

With a roar like a lion O'Hearn did swear,
Saying, "Run, boys, for Godsakes, for I found a bear!"
As out through the brush Jim Quinn he did climb,
Saying, "To hell with your bear, Kill your own porcupine!"

Into the swamp old Bruin did go,
O'Hearn and Hasty did quickly pursue,
As in through the brush those heroes did tear
To capture or kill the Pokegama Bear.

Old Bruin got angry, for Hasty did steer,
He prepared to receive him without dread or fear,
With his teeth firmly set and his axe in the air,
He slipped and fell on the Pokegama Bear.

Out onto the road then old Bruin did go,
He thought that was better than wading through snow,
Yet, little he knew what awaited him there,
For fate was against the Pokegama Bear.

There was one Mike McAlpine of fame and renown,
Noted for foot-racing on Canadian ground,
He ran up the road, raised his axe in the air,
And dealt the death-blow to the Pokegama Bear.

When out to the camp old Bruin was sent,
To skin him and dress him it was our intent,
And we all agreed that each should have a share
Of the oil that was in the Pokegama Bear.

To the cook it was taken, the tallow tried out,
Each man with his bottle did gather about.
When Hasty and McAlpine, they both lost their share
Of the oil that was in the Pokegama Bear.

Then it was taken, by the cook it was fried,
It was all very good boys, it can't be denied,
It tasted like roast turkey, Bill Monohan did swear,
As he feasted upon the Pokegama Bear.

Now my song is ended, and I'll drop my pen.
Morris O'Hearn, he has got the bear skin,
Here is long life to you boys, and long growth to your hair,
Since it's greased with the oil of the Pokegama Bear.

COLORFUL FUNERAL

Mike McAlpine, whether or not with justice, was the subject of many humorous tales in the old logging days. It is said of him that he was chatting with a group of friends one day when the opening of a certain local cemetery came into question. One said that the first person to be buried there was a Dr. Roberts, the first physician to come to Itasca County. Another thought it was an Indian who had frozen to death and had to be kept in a shed until the ground thawed. Most of the others were uncertain in the matter, but not so Mr. McAlpine.

"I can't say for sure whether there'd been any Indians buried there before or not," he said thoughtfully, "but I know this much, the first white man buried there was a nigger who got drowned."

Mr. McAlpine always vehemently denied this, averring that what he really said was that the first man buried there except Indians was a negro. But he was compelled to reiterate his denial at frequent intervals for many years, as lumberjacks seldom let a joke like that pass into forgetfulness.

* * *

FOXY JIM

Illustrating one of the many holes in the old-time lumberjack's pocket, the following item is quoted from Naming Itasca's Lakes, a booklet published in Grand Rapids.

"One of the arms of Pokegama was named in honor of James Sherry, an early logger, merchant, hotel and saloon-keeper of Grand Rapids. Sherry was perhaps the 'fightinest' man in the early days of the country. He was strong, quick, and tricky. His fist was hard and his boots were heavy. After finishing the winter's work in the woods he brought his lumberjacks (Sherry's Tigers) to Grand Rapids and put them up at his hotel. He then

told them that he had no money to pay them and must go to Minneapolis and see the people for whom he logged and there get some funds. In the meantime, of course, their credit was good at the bar. Jim Sherry would go out of town and would stay two or three weeks. When he returned all his lumberjacks would owe him money."

Whether or not this ruse was original with Sherry, it was habitual with him, and it netted him many hundreds of dollars each season. These reports have been thoroughly investigated, and that they are true is no more to be doubted than that Sherry knew what would happen when he turned a bunch of rough, pleasure-starved men into a bright bar-room, with plenty of credit and nothing to do but sit around and wait for his return.

* * *

HORATIO IN THE MOOSE

Frank L. Vance, known as "The Wild Rice King," was regarded as the straightest-faced teller of tall tales in Grand Rapids. His yarns never injured anybody, nor were they ever intended to react to his own advantage, save in the matter of drawing applause. Some of them were concocted and related with such finesse that many people thought he actually had succeeded in convincing himself of their verity. If a new story failed to leave his audience aghast with wonderment, Vance would just keep touching it up until it did. A fair example of his unsmiling narrations concerned a hair-raising encounter with a pack of wolves on the occasion of his having wounded a moose far from camp on a bitter cold evening.

He said that he followed the wounded moose in the gathering dusk for several miles, finally coming up with it when the darkness was so deep that he did not see it until it began to flounder in a weak attempt to rise and continue its flight. And after cutting its throat he looked

up and surveyed his surroundings only to discover that he was unable to form any idea of his whereabouts. The ground was bare, so there were no tracks to lead him back the way he had come, and he knew that just to start out haphazard meant certain death by freezing. There was nothing else to do but make a great fire and remain where he was until morning. Being a woodsman, he was not greatly dismayed at this, but after gathering his material he was unable to find a match. He thought deeply for some time on this new phase of his predicament before a solution came to him; then his woodsman's ingenuity came to his assistance. He simply disemboweled the moose and crawled into the cavity, backward. He was dressed very warmly and felt quite comfortable there, although the carcass soon froze as hard as a board.

This was all right. He had anticipated it and had provided himself with a tent of sorts by holding the incision shut until it set. But just as he was dropping off to sleep a great pack of wolves came up and went snarlingly to work on that frozen moose. "That wasn't so hot," as Vance expressed it. If he couldn't route them they would soon eat through his shell, especially at points where there were no ribs or other bones.

With his long, sharp hunting knife in hand, he lay and waited, listening to their tearing teeth. He couldn't tell how many of the vicious brutes were swarming over and around his refuge, but he could hear the frozen flesh and hide being ripped away and mouthed at every point.

"I admit," related Vance with solemn modesty, "that it was just a wee bit disconcerting, what with their snapping and snarling and their teeth clicking like a pickaxe against a stone."

Soon they broke through, he said, first at one spot, then at another, until which ever way he turned he was confronted with slavering, smoking muzzles, thrust between ribs. Following his preconceived plan, he then began to lay about him with his knife. Every snout that appeared, he slashed wide open, and every wolf thus wounded was immediately set upon by the others according to time-honored lupine ethics. Toward morning the pack withdrew and all became quiet.

Mr. Vance figured that the carcass of one wolf would feed four hungry brothers, and on that basis computed the number in the pack which he had out-generaled at 250, as he soberly averred that when he emerged at daybreak he counted forty-nine polished skeletons and one that they hadn't been able to pick quite clean. Sometimes, if he happened to have an audience among whom were some woodsmen of known experience, he would reduce these figures, but he never was known to number the carcasses at less than half a dozen.

* * *

BETRAYED BY AN EPIDEMIC

Illustrating the schemes to steal timber resorted to by lumbermen in the early days, a man named Caldwell employed the simplest, but by no means the only one. And, unlike hundreds of others, it was unsuccessful---foiled by fate.

Caldwell conceived a plan to get into the vast unsurveyed Big Fork country, cut the choicest timber, which he did not own, float it down the Big Fork to the Rainy River, and make a fortune in one season.

He made his road, established camps, and began logging operations in 1882. Things went swimmingly for awhile, and a great amount of select pine was skidded along Caldwell Creek. Then the smallpox epidemic came

to that area. The disease was rampant and many deaths resulted among both lumberjacks and Indians. Finally the state health officers were called in to study conditions and perform vaccinations among the camps and homesteads. The trail of the dread malady led them to the Caldwell camps, where many men were afflicted, and Caldwell's illegal logging operations were exposed.

Itasca County had no independent government at the time, but Jack Skelly, now (1941) living in Cohasset, was deputized to seize the logs for the state. The trip was made by canoe, up the Mississippi River from Brainerd; through Winnibigoshish Lake and into Cutfoot Sioux, thence by portage to Bowstring Lake, across it, and down the Big Fork. For thirty-four days the traveler did not see a white man other than his guide, Joe Bonneville. Skelly found the entire cut of Caldwell logs hung up at Big Falls and confiscated them for the state. Thus one thieving timber baron's hopes went glimmering. Traveling was bitter work in Itasca in those day, and the country was almost wholly untamed. Skelly's guide on this trip, Bonneville, was later killed by an Indian.

* * *

A PIONEER NIGHT CLUB

George Galbreath had an experience in early Grand Rapids which suggests the origin of the New Year party in a modern night club. Of course, reckless hilarity in civilization, abetted by automobiles, far transcends the savage brand, but the Indian youth did pretty well with the resources at his command.

Galbreath came up the Mississippi River on a steamboat in 1884, and he became enamored of Pokegama Lake at first sight. Immediately he was desirous of crossing the lovely body of water and looking around a bit, so he made arrangements to be ferried over by some Indians. They

were drunk, and their canoes looked very frail for the trip, but they were carefree and happy and did not seem to worry, so Galbreath took courage and they set out.

Across the lake on Moose Point was a large log house belonging to Charles Lyons, another Indian, and when the party landed before it they at once decided on a dance. A man named Burns, living farther down, was sent for and soon showed up with his fiddle. He played for the crowd until he, too, got drunk; then he fell on his fiddle and broke it in two. This did not halt the merriement for long, however, the young Indians hurriedly routing out a lot of pans and kettles on which they beat with clubs for the continuance of the dance.

Galbreath tired of the racket after awhile and went outside, and some distance into the woods, to roll up his blankets and get some sleep. He dropped off with the hullabaloo still faint in his ears, but when he opened his eyes in the morning silence reigned. Wondering, he rose and approached the scene of the party to find a smoking bed of ashes where the house had stood. Everything combustible had been completely consumed, and in a huddled group on the ground a short distance away lay the celebrants, snoring in the same deep sleep of exhaustion that precedes the modern hangover.

* * *

BIG CHIEF "OYEAH-SEZ-YOO"

Below is an abridged account of the celebration and parade held in Grand Rapids on Thursday, September 29, 1932, in honor of the completion of the Pokegama Avenue Bridge over the Mississippi River. It appeared originally in the October 5 issue of the Grand Rapids Herald-Review.

"*** Up toward the front of the parade was an Indian travois. It represented the first method of transportation up in this country.

The horse which was attached to the simple device used by the Indians had also seen a great deal of the development of Itasca County. He was Old Logan, a 32 year old horse belonging to Mrs. John Fraser of LaPrairie. He had been on the Fraser homestead a great many years, living out the final years of his life as a pensioner.

"The four-horse team loaded with some of the old-time lumberjacks also presented an interesting picture. Riding on the wagon were such men as William Hoolihan, Theodore Bette, and Mike McAlpine, dressed as these men dressed in the earlier days. Mr. McAlpine had on his lumberjack clothes which he puts on with the approach of winter each year, but on this occasion he wore an old-fashioned tam with a tassel on it. This was the headgear of the lumberjacks half a century ago. * * *

"On a truck was a small log cabin and toward the front sat Mrs. Ben Franks of Cohasset who was operating her spinning wheel. * * *

"A birch-bark canoe, which bore the date 1864, was carried on a wagon. The old canoe would not be of any value on the water today. In it sat William Perrington who was dressed as an old-time fur trader. Following were several Grand Rapids men on foot. They were well-known timber and river men, and they carried some of the implements of their business. They all looked the part, and furthermore they were all real lumberjacks of the earlier day. * * *

"Right behind the band marched the Indians. Despite the fact that this is an Indian country, Indians are always interesting. A crowd of several hundred gathered in the Central School grounds to see them dance. They danced with more than usual vigor. The hat was passed, as is usual on such occasions, and the results seemed to encourage the visitors. Joe Carbow of Inger was the leader of the group of 25 who

came down. He acted as master of ceremonies at the dance. The orchestra was the big drum with four men beating it. The Chippewa danced their war dance and then they tried a waltz or two. It is easy to see that a waltz is not a natural Chippewa dance. There were all kinds of people from the reservation. There was one little fellow about two years of age, three little girls all dressed up, three young ladies and several older ladies. Whether the older women were the mothers or grandmothers of the little ones we cannot say. The men were all togged up with feathers and sleighbells ***.

"One of the best-looking of the younger men who participated in the dance was dressed up in red. On the back of his shirt were some words and we assumed that it was this brave Indian's name in Chippewa. Looking more closely we decided that the inscription was decidedly modern. It was, 'Oh yeah, says you!"

* * *

INDIAN MOTHER

To the person who has never tried to understand the North American Indian, he is a strange and unlovely creature ... his tastes are barbaric, his passions ungoverned, his morals loose, and his whole character ignoble and low. Perhaps, in a measure, all this is true, viewed from a chair before the library fire, but it must be remembered that the historian never met the red man face to face until the latter had been debauched by the historian's brothers. It is highly probable that his intra-tribal deportment prior to his contact with the whites was as commendable as is our own social behavior. Certainly the legion of high-handed crimes which darken civilization would have been neither attempted nor tolerated within any aboriginal nation of which we have accurate information. In his relations with outsiders whose interests ran counter to his own, nobility of spirit did not pay. And it was definitely unsafe. The white man taught him that.

It is manifestly unfair even to attempt to arrive at the true character of a people by noting a few unfavorable characteristics chronicled by men with whom they were at odds. That is an ex parte proceeding, and unjustifiable from any viewpoint. The men who wrote deemed themselves of a superior race, and looked down upon the subject of their study. And they did not place themselves within the Indian's sphere. They looked from without, and the things they saw were strange, and therefore wrong. Grandmother's bustle and crinolines would be greeted with derision on the street today; the modern combination of breech-clout, airy kilty-wisp and sprawled bare legs would have aroused indignation in 1860. The picture of the real Indian has been relayed through too many eyes, and he has been studied at too great a distance. Perspective is ~~flocking~~ lacking. If one looks straight down a railroad track, his sense of sight tells him that the rails finally meet, but his knowledge of perspective assures him that they do not. In order to see the Indian as he is it is necessary to get close to him and take him out of the shadow of the white man's casting.

This book contains an account of vicious, drunken pack-squaws whose depravity, unless viewed understandingly, might well turn one against the whole red race. But a slumming trip in any of our great cities exposes conditions equally bad---and it must be remembered that a huddle of crowded wigwams contains many of the undesireable elements of the slums. Further, it goes without saying that the degrading scene described would never have been enacted in the woods or on the prairies of America prior to the coming of the white man. A picture of a Chippewa woman in whom the evil influence of the white race had been cancelled, or at least modified, by sacred motherhood reveals her true character, and provokes speculation as to what sort of person she might have become under fairer and more favorable

circumstances.

In a very early day there lived in Itasca County, at a point intentionally left as indefinite as the date, a certain saloon-keeper who had taken unto himself, and simultaneously lived with, three Chippewa women. Reputedly, all were true to him and several offspring were the result of his polygamous unions. He was a very powerful man, quick, tough, and a fighter much feared by most of his associates. Not excessively quarrelsome among men, his anger flared quickly at any real or fancied transgression by his wives, and they trembled with terror at his displeasure. That they had ample cause is witnessed by the fact that eventually in one of his rages he killed one of them, dealing her a blow which fractured her skull. The law had not yet arrived, and nothing was done about the crime, but the event, as well as the following one, has been fully authenticated.

One night this squawman, presumably drunk, forced one of his women, with his little girl baby in her arms, out of the cabin and locked the door. It is not known what had aroused his ire, nor how long she had crouched over her child trembling at his threats and menacing gestures; but it was around midnight when she was thrown ont into the storm to seek what shelter she could find. The temperature was twenty-four degrees below zero, and a fierce wind gloated hideously whenever a new victim was delivered to it from the warmth indoors. The woman was inadequately clad, and in the open death by freezing would not be long in coming.

Of course, what went through her mind is a matter for speculation, but evidently it was her intention to make her way up the river about a mile and a half to her father's wigwam. At any rate, when another squaw told of her setting out in the storm a search was organized and she was found on that trail.

Her journey had ended at a great hollow log which lay beside the trail. Here her strength must have left her, or perhaps she felt herself

succumbing to the cold. At any rate, it was clear that here by this old pine trunk she had decided to protect her babe as best she could, and, protecting it, wait for death.

She had removed her scant clothing almost to the last shred and with it padded a cradle in a hole in the side of the log. Then, with her own mittens and moccasins pulled on over those of the infant she had bundled the mite into the nest, folded the nondescript bedding over the litte face, probably after a lingering look and kiss, and calmly knelt down to die, her nearly nude body covering the opening in which her papoose lay. Thus they found her. And when they lifted her they saw the baby underneath, and when they uncovered its face it smiled.

The heroic woman's body was rigid, hard as wood, and could not be straightened out. That protective arch seemed set in the frozen back with the persistence of mother love itself, and a blanket had to be used for transportation. Back at the settlement, long immersion in a huge kettle of water was necessary before the corpse could be laid out for burial.

And still the law was waiting for more people to come to Itasca before it came in, and the man went unpunished. And today that babe is an aging woman.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

The lumberjack was not the only hard-working person in the early logging days. In any pioneer community difficult tasks fall to almost everybody, and the pioneer physician is no exception.

When Dr. Thomas Russell first came to Itasca County, much of his practice was among the men in the numerous lumber camps scattered about the deep woods for a radius of fifty miles. Axe cuts, broken limbs and cracked heads demanded a large part of his attention; smallpox, pneumonia, typhoid fever and kindred diseases kept him busy at certain seasons.

Cases of confinement were infrequent among the few white women in the area, and the Indians had been having babies successfully since long before Hippocrates distinguished Cos.

On any call north or south of Grand Rapids, Dr. Russell was compelled to travel by team, on horseback, by boat, or on snowshoes, according to the season and the locality of the patient. In winter he often made trips of fifty miles or more into the woods by sleigh without too much discomfort, but many remote settlers' cabins ~~cabins~~ could be reached only on snowshoes. Dr. Russell became an expert on the webs, and if such a trip called for their use he always set out without fear or hesitation.

Recalling some of his trails of the period, he states that the hardest journey he ever made into the wilds on a professional call was a visit to Frank Vance, at his homestead on the Popple River. Mr. Vance was very seriously ill, and had sent word by messenger to Deer River to summon a physician as quickly as possible. Dr. Russell was contacted and he immediately took the train for Deer River, intending to make the best possible arrangement there for the continuation of his journey. At Deer River he discovered that Andy Claire was about to drive through to the Cut Foot Sioux country by sleigh, and he was able to ride with him to the end of the trail, eighteen miles from Popple. There he secured an Indian guide and continued on his way afoot.

The season was late in the fall, the road very muddy with a frozen crust not thick enough to bear one's weight. At night on the second day the nearly exhausted physician reached the Vance home, and found that he had arrived none too soon. Mr. Vance was a dangerously sick man.

The backwoods doctor in those days was obliged to carry a miniature

drugstore about with him in order to be able to administer prompt treatment in such isolated cases; and as daily calls were out of the question, he always stayed by his patient until the critical stage was past. In this instance the derangement yielded to treatment, and when Dr. Russell considered Vance out of danger he returned to Grand Rapids in much the same manner he had employed to reach his patient.

Dr. Russell states that his charge for this service was fifty dollars, and that the bill was paid without a murmur of protest. Two railroad fares; the cost price of sundry drugs; four days of grueling travel on foot; other hours of chilly, uncomfortable jolting over a stump-strewn tote-road in a springless sleigh; business lost to competitors during a week's absence from the office; skilled treatment which abated a disabling malady and perhaps saved a life---fifty dollars. A modern city physician would not be surprised that there was no murmur of protest.

* * *

J. P. SIMS

An important character of the days of big timber was J. P. Sims, manager of logging operations for the Itasca Lumber Company. He is described as a man of exceptionally fine appearance, strong, active, energetic, and well informed in the ways of the woods and lumber camps. He had a vacillating disposition, being the pleasantest overseer imaginable on some days, very stern and severe on others. His first words in the morning disclosed his current mood. Always, however, he was strong for justice and fair play.

One day a Great Northern train, taking water at Deer River backed into a trainload of Sim's logs and derailed some twenty-odd cars. The rear Great Northern car was knocked off the truck also, but everybody turned to and order was soon restored. A few days later Sims received

a letter from the Great Northern stating that they were disciplining their crew with a thirty-day layoff and suggesting that he do the same with his men. Sims went up in the air. He shot back a heated letter in which he informed the Great Northern that no railroad could tell him what to do; that as a matter of fact he was taking the liberty of telling the Great Northern what to do. He was telling them that, if they did not want him to sue for fairly heavy damages for derailing his trainload of logs, they would put their suspended crew back to work at once.

The railroad company saw that his suggestion was a splendid one, because their own crew, whom Sims was befriending, would, of course, be witnesses in any such suit, together with Sim's men. The Great Northern crew was working again next day, and saying kindly things about the Itasca Lumber Company's scrappy manager.

* * *

When his mood was not too taciturn, Sims could take a joke on himself with as good grace as any man in the woods. On a visit to his logging operations on Clearwater Brook in the early days, a large number of logs were running down the stream. With the evident intention of showing the boys that he was still an agile riverman, Sims ran out upon them. Leaping from log to log, he got along splendidly for a time, then he slipped and with a wild waving of arms went down out of sight. When re reappeared, he threw one arm over a log, simultaneously grabbing his watch out of his vest pocket with the other hand. It was an expensive timepiece and his aim was to keep the works as dry as possible. Puffing and snorting, he hung there, holding this up out of the water.

Standing on the bank was Bill Reid, a well-known lumberjack of the time, and to him it was an interesting situation.

"Well, J. P.," he drawled soberly, "how long were you down?"

* * *

LUMBERJACK NICKNAMES

Nicknames were as prevalent among the lumberjacks as among chums at school, and there were many whose real names were not known to their best friends. Nicknames followed men from camp to camp, and from year to year, throughout their life in the woods. These "noms de axe" were usually born of some personal trait in the subject, or some peculiarity of form or feature. "Frenchy," "Injun Joe," "Horseface," "One-Eyed Pete," and "Bigfoot" were of the latter class. It is easy to understand how these names would occur to the lumberjack mind.

"Mosquito Ole" was so named for his long gangling arms and legs; "Joe-the-Bear," for his French name, Joe La Brun; "Pete-the-Porkie," for his heavy crop of stiff, straight whiskers, which stuck out all over his cheeks like a porcupine's quills.

There was one lumberjack who went by no other name than "North Dakota." His real name was Oleson, and when in his cups he was always singing a then famous woods song, "The Swede From North Dakota." "Paddy-the Priest" was a man of good education. He was reputed to have been expelled from a college of theology because of dissipation. Drifting into the north woods he was accepted at face value by the lumbrjacks, and became "Paddy-the-Priest," swinging an axe himself. Nobody there criticized his personal shortcomings. "Paddy-the-Pig" must have been a natural, as it was applied to two different men. Doubtless both had suggestive characteristics, as the lumberjack was not strongly imaginative. "Larry-the-Brute" was the name applied to Arthur O'Leary. It did not signify that he was cruel or brutal, but came from his habit, whenever on a spree, of repeatedly yelling, "I'm a brute, and I howl when the moon shines!"

"Paddy-the-Rosser" was so called because of his exceptional skill in rossing logs; and "Wheel-Em-Up-Murphy" because he was so adept at building a load of logs, before the invention of the jammer. "Quarter-Post-Kelly" was a cruiser, and he was always taking about a certain quarter-post which he had located. "Hungry Mike" Sullivan got his name from his huge appetite. He had a brother, "Hungry Jim," and a duet at table by the two was a sight to behold.

"Pig-Eye-Kelly" had small eyes, and he was always squinting. For this feature he was dubbed "Pig-Eye" when he began work in the woods. Afterwards, he became a bartender, and while thus employed created con - siderable excitement one day by shooting Sam Christie (Lamb) through the chest with a .44 rifle bullet. Sam didn't die, and refused to have "Pig-Eye" prosecuted; but Pig-Eye came to a tragic end, anyhow, being moved to suicide via a dose of laudenum because his pension claim was disallowed by the government.

"Haywire O'Connell" was a wizard at mending things with haywire, and took great pride in his ability to make such repairs. Almost every-thing he owned or used in his work was soon toggled up with this material.

The lumberjack was a colorful character. He lived his life, and liked it, and never blushed for it. And he gave much more to the world than he ever consumed. List him with the soldier, the sailor, the miner, the cowboy, and the pioneer.

* * *

TOUGH INDIAN

Tibbishkogan was a tough Indian. One day when he had been in Grand Rapids filling up on liquor, which Indians were not supposed to have but could always obtain with little trouble, he started up-river in his canoe, pretty drunk. He made camp at the mouth of Bass Brook in the evening, and

during the night rolled into his fire. Awaking with his breeches ablaze, Tibbishcogan uttered a tribal whoop and leaped into the creek, but he was very badly burned. One leg, from hip to knee, was so deeply seared that pieces of flesh fell away.

The suffering Indian could do nothing there to ease his pain, so, setting his teeth, he assumed a position as comfortable as possible and waited for daylight. In the morning he paddled up the brook, headed for the home of his sister, Gooseneck, who lived at the north end of Bass Lake. He found the lake frozen over for a distance of eighty rods out from shore, but the ice was not thick enough to bear his weight. A lane for his canoe must be broken through, and he went ashore and secured a heavy club for this purpose.

Breaking the ice in front of his prow, he at length won through to open water and paddled across the lake. Here he again brought his club into play and laboriously opened a passage to the shore. It had been a long and arduous trip in his pitiable condition, and he stumbled into his sister's house almost at the point of collapse.

Gooseneck went immediately into the woods for medicine and soon returned with a quantity of the inside bark of young tamarack and pine trees. Tibishcogan accepted the situation as just a part of wilderness life where survival depended largely upon self help, and stoically set to work caring for his burns.

With an old flat-iron and a hammer he pounded the barks into a fine, juicy pulp which he mixed with water and applied to the cooked flesh. That was the sum of Tibbishcogan's <u>materia medica</u>, and for nearly two months this tough Indian remained there under this self-administered treatment. At length he made a complete recovery, a fact which has amazed every white physician who has seen his scars. Many patients with lesser burns have died in hospitals.

* * *

FEELUM KINDA PUNK

As another instance of Indian hardihood, this same Tibbishogan at one time became afflicted with an abscess of the brain. He was taken to Bena and two doctors came down from Cass Lake to attend him. They placed the Indian on a cot in a vacant room of the house and put him under an aenasthetic, as a very delicate operation was found to be necessary. The first move was to cut a hole through his skull at the back, and though the surgeon had brought his chisel, he had forgotten his mallet. No hammer was available, but as the doctors were fuming over this apparent impasse a Chippewa buck strode in and gravely offered them a monkey wrench.

The surgeon's initial look of amazement gradully changed to one of doubt, and then set in an expression of grim determination. The square head on the stationary jaw of the monkey wrench made it obvious that one could pound with it, anyhow, and the professional men seized it and set to work. With taps as delicately delivered as possible with so heavy and awkward an instrument, the brain was finally laid bare. Then the abscess was opened and, utilizing the tube from an old hot water bottle, drainage was established through the ear.

The operation was a success---and the patient did NOT die. Within three hours after the doctors had gone, Tibbishogan was down town in Bena telling his friends why he "feelum kinda punk."

* * *

TOUGH WHITE MAN

The story of the hardy Indian suggests a comparison in the matter of endurance between the white race and the red, under similar conditions; and the best specimen to place beside Tibbishogan for study would be Sam Lamb, better known as Sam Christie.

Christie made his appearance in Grand Rapids about 1880. It was generally understood that he had escaped the consequences of robbing a man by fleeing to Canada, drifting back as far as Grand Rapids after the hue and cry had died down a bit.

Well over six feet tall and weighing in the neighborhood of 220 pounds without an ounce of spare fat, Christie inspired great respect among the lumberjacks. Many feared him, and none cared to do anything to invite a blow from his great, ham-like fist. His face was scarred from many a fray, his hair jet black and always wildly rumpled, his nose long and heavy, and altogether he was an unprepossessing individual, even where beauty was not regarded as a virtue. He was a very heavy drinker, and liquor lay at the bottom of most of his troubles. His sense of humor was crude, and it was merciless, which, coupled with his fierce expression, led to many a misunderstanding; he always appeared to be in dead earnest, even when joking.

One day in the summer of 1883 Christie swaggered into Jim Sherry's saloon and while standing at the bar made some remark that aroused the ire of Pig-eye Kelly, who had just served him. The little bartender's anger mounted by the minute after Christie had left as he thought over what the latter had said, and he finally told Dan McLean, a friend of both, that he would give ten dollars to see the big bully walk in through the door again. McLean, not dreaming that anything serious was pending, thought he saw a chance to draw a laugh and perhaps the drinks for the house. He slipped down by the river where Christie was stopping and explained his plan to lay a ten-dollar obligation on Pig-eye Kelly. They at once started back, walking side by side.

When the bartender looked out the window and saw the two men coming up the trail, he grimly cocked a forty-four caliber rifle, rested it across a barrel of whiskey and drew a careful bead on Sam Christie's chest. The

heavy slug tore its way completely through the victim's body just above the heart and he crumpled up in the path like something wet that had been dropped there. He was carried to Hugh McDermott's shack which stood near the saloon and put into a bunk.

Grand Rapids had no doctor at the time, but among the citizens was an old man named Lewis who had gained some little experience with bullet wounds in the Civil War, and he was called in to examine the wounded man. He said that it looked hopeless, but he would do the best he could, and began his preparations for surgery by whittling a hardwood stick down to something near the size of the rifle's bore. This he passed through the wound from chest to back like a skewer, his idea being to maintain a necessary drainage. This, he averred, would keep the tissues healthy and promote healing. He did not explain how the hole could heal shut under those conditions, but perhaps he expected it to heal all around the stick, so that when it was withdrawn there would be a window clean through the man. At any rate Lewis's surgery was never proved to be faulty, because after lying spitted for two days Christie was taken to Aitkin by boat and hospitalized, returning to Grand Rapids five weeks later as truculent and as thirsty as ever.

Pig-eye Kelly offered his indignant self to the law, but nobody wanted him, and when Christie returned even he refused to make a complaint. He, in common with everybody else, considered the matter closed, and not at all out of keeping with the life of the community.

In the year following Sam Christie's remarkable recovery from the indisposition naturally attendant upon the passage through his body of a forty-four caliber slug, that bellicose individual found himself in trouble again. He was working at a camp on Hay Landing, above Pokegama Falls, when he got into a bitter argument with one "Kelly-the-Cook." Kelly was the cook in fact as well as in name, and on this occasion he promptly armed himself

with a sizeable and very sharp butcher-knife, with which he proceeded to express his unassuagible displeasure. After a preliminary swish or two, for distance, he essayed a masterly sweep which slashed Christie's throat from ear to ear. The victim went down like a slaughtered hog, and stayed down. Blood welled like a fountain from the horrible gash, and the huge lumberjack lay limp and still.

Kelly-the-Cook took off his apron and walked down to the dam where he told the officials that he had killed Sam Christie by slicing his neck clean through from his Adam's Apple to his back-bone. Close behind him came a bateau bearing Christie's body, which was carried around the dam and placed in a boat to be taken to Grand Rapids.

Part way down the river, while the boatmen were discussing the melee and recalling some of Christie's former scrapes, the latter suddenly sat up and gave vent to the most blood-curdling yell that they had ever heard. After overcoming a sudden strong impulse to go overboard headfirst, they realized that life still remained in their cargo, and began to strain every muscle for speed. Christie was bloody, terribly bloody, but he was not dead. Rushed to La Prairie, where there was a hospital, his head was stitched back on and it was not long before he was again making the rounds of the Grand Rapids saloons. In the eyes of the doctors it was nothing short of a miracle that the jugular vein had not been cut.

While he was yet convalescent, Christie stepped into a Grand Rapids saloon where in a room at the back a man lay in a drunken sleep. Somebody quietly informed Christie that it was Kelly-the-Cook and the big lumberjack tiptoed back while the onlookers all held their breath. The tough white man stood a moment looking down on the man who had cut his throat.

"Wake the poor devil up," he said then sympathetically. "He's sick, and he probably needs a drink."

Kelly-the-Cook was not punished. If Christie didn't care, the law didn't care, either. Officialdom seemed to feel that in most fights both parties were equally to blame, and if neither died, everything was quits. Kelly went back to his kitchen when he sobered up, and, when fully recovered, Sam Christie returned to the woods.

* * *

Not long after his losing battle with Kelly-the-Cook, Sam Christie had a similar experience with Al Blackman, lumberjack, logger, and part owner of the stopping place known as Tweedle's Ranch, north of Prairie Lake. Sam stopped at the ranch while on his way up into the Big Fork country, and got into a quarrel over something with Blackman. The latter must have been favorably impressed by Kelly's technique, for he seized a knife and cut Christie's throat all over again. And again the vital jugular vein escaped the swift blade. The much-whittled lumberjack was returned to the hospital like a ripped coat going back to the tailor, only without complaint as to faulty stitching, and in due time he was again sent forth to guzzle and to fight.

Christie seemed to expect resistance and reprisals in his booze-born brawls, and to approve the plan of permitting the give-and-take settlement of such affairs to be final. He made no complaint against Blackman, and the latter was not prosecuted---not even criticized.

* * *

Sam Christie was one of "Sherry's Tigers," the name assumed by the rough, tough, hard-drinking gang that made up James Sherry's woodsmen. No crew was more robust and industrious, either in the woods or at the bar, and Christie's place among them was near the top. He was teaming for Sherry one winter in the nineties when he got into another, and his final, lumberjack spat.

Sam took great pride in his ability to handle horses, and was sometimes inclined to make light of the claims of others in that regard. Steve Hicks was another lumberjack with a great reputation as a teamster, and it was thought by some that deprecatory remarks about each other's skill led to the fight which resulted in Christie's death. Also, there was talk about a bitter quarrel between the two over possession of some harness parts. At any rate, they fought in Sherry's barn, alone, and Hicks, being no match for his adversary with natural weapons, seized a heavy wooden manure scraper and bashed his enemy's head all out of shape. After knocking him down, he must have swung on him repeatedly, as if chopping a log in two, for the man was barely recognizable when found. He died within a day or two without regaining consciousness, and Hicks was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for a term of ten years. After serving two years, he was released and came back to handle Al. Powers' horses in the woods.

Many residents of the community always maintained that Sam Christie stopped more fights than he ever started. When sober he was mild and friendly, and always he had a keen sense of justice. When in liquor, which was very often, unfortunately, he was quarrelsome and dangerous. Anyhow, he qualified fairly well as an example of early Itasca's tough white men. And his habit of drinking to excess was no black mark against him in those days. Nearly everybody drank whiskey when leisure permitted, not because they wished to get drunk, but merely as a relaxation or a social amenity. It was the only form of entertainment at hand. The only escape from the deadly sameness of the lumberjack's day was through liquor, his only club, the saloon, the only society, its patrons.

* * *

DOLLAR A TOOTH

The Tibbetts family was a very numerous one, running largely to boys, and helped settle many communities, all the way from Aitkin to Lake Winnibigoshish. Old Nathaniel Tibbitts was settled at Atkin before the Northern Pacific was built through that far, and that was about 1870. He homesteaded a piece of land which afterward became the heart of Aitkin village. He begot a numerous and hardy progeny. At one time there were over 70 of this family at Aitkin.

James Tibbetts lived at Aitkin. He served in the army during the Civil War and came home after peace was declared with several pairs of dental forceps. Toothache was one of the trials of the lumberjack in a new country, as there were no dentists available, and Tibbetts knew that those forceps would be handy.

It became generally known that he had the instruments,and one day a lumberjack came to Jim Tibbetts suffering almost unbearable pain and with his face puffed all out of shape. Jim looked the teeth over and selected a pair of forceps with great care and a casual show of understanding. The tooth that seemed to be causing the trouble was quite a large one, so he chose a good sized pair.

Just as the lumberjack was opening his mouth to receive the forceps, he thought to ask what the charges would be.

"Dollar a tooth, I always charge," Tibbetts replied, and at his patient's nod of agreement went after the offending molar. Peering inside the gaping jaws, he got his hold, then took a grip on the handles with his powerful hand. A fierce twist, an agonized grunt from the patient, a period of determined prying and wrenching back and forth by Jim, and out came the forceps---with two teeth.

The lumberjack looked at them and his eyes bulged as he massaged his aching jaw.

"Goddlemitey!" he yelled, "you've pulled two of'em!"

Tibbetts looked inquiringly at his forceps.

"Well, by gosh!" he ejaculated, "so I have---that'll be two dollars!"

* * *

JACK-THE-HORSE

One of the odd place-names of Itasca County is Jack-the-Horse Lake. Inquiry brought out the fact that this beautiful body of water was named for one Jack-the-Horse McDonald, and that information in turn provoked curiosity as to how the man himself came by the sobriquet.

John McDonld, born in Ontario, was a big, good-natured man of great strength and skill as a lumberjack. He had not been long in the Itasca woods before he was made forman of a large camp operated by Kehl and Derry, in the Big Fork pineries, and there it was that he became "Jack-the-Horse." William Hoolihan, the "Lumberjack Sheriff," is authority for the story.

One day McDonald happened along where a logging team was held up by the sudden sickness of one of the horses.

"Unhook him and take him to the barn," ordered McDonald, "He's in no condition to work."

One of his men took the animal away, and the teamster stood looking blankly at the load for a moment, then turned inquiringly to the foreman.

"What we gonna do now, Jack?" he asked helplessly.

For answer McDonald stepped into the sick horse's place, picked up the end of the neck-yoke and the trace chains and leaned to his work. He spoke to the horse, and the load began to move, the gaping teamster taking up his duties but nearly swallowing his cud of Climax in his amazement.

It was just such an episode as would appeal to the lumberjack, and as would give rise to a commemorative nickname. Henceforth the huge foreman was "Jack-the-Horse," and never referred to otherwise in the woods. The name also served to differentiate between him and another John McDonald, not a relative, who lived in the community.

When McDonald assumed charge of operations on a nameless lake, his men simply tagged it in his honor, everybody accepted the designation, and Jack-the-Horse Lake is on the map today.

* * *

EVERYBOY WELCOME

Politics, as a lively topic of conversation, was a boon to the early lumberjacks. Perhaps they did not thoroughly understand the issues, but, anyhow, it made talk; and social converse, to the isolated, is a precious thing. Though the majority of them cared nothing about the outcome of election, they could while away many happy hours at the bar arguing and drinking.

During the presidential campaign of 1896 when Free Silver was the main issue, a group of these cant-hook statesmen were loudly debating the question in the street before a Grand Rapids saloon. They had been oiling their oratorical gears with red liquor and, as was often the case, words led to blows and soon a general melee was in progress.

Jack-the-Horse was standing at the bar inside comfortably taking his libations when the racket in the street attracted his attention and, tossing off his current drink, he set down the glass and rushed out.

"Who do I fight!" he demanded at the top of his lungs as he barged into the crowd. "Who do I fight!"

Promptly a strapping lumberjack, one of McDonald's best friends and possessed of the same blithe spirits, stepped up and popped him on the

point of the chin.

"You fight me!" he announced with an air of satisfaction, as if a bothersome question had suddenly straightened itself out, and the two went at it as earnestly as the rest.

Now, neither of these men cared anything at all about the issues of the campaign, nor about which side merited their support. Both were good natured and full of fun, but both dearly loved a good scrap, and they did not want to be left out of anything that promised excitement. Fighting was a pastime for manly men, and it was the fight that counted, not the cause. Such men make good soldiers.

* * *

HE ATE RED MEAT

After Jack-the-Horse McDonald married,there lived near his home another John McDonald, no kin of his. One days this man ordered from a local store some hay, oats and other farm necessities, which were to be delivered. Jack-the-Horse had done likewise, and in some manner the two orders became mixed. Among the goods delivered to Jack-the-Horse's place were found the hay and oats ordered by his neighbor. A yell from the front porch halted the deliveryman, however, before he got out of hearing and he pulled up his team to listen.

"Come back here and leave my groceries," she shouted hotly, "and take this stuff off my porch! My husband might be Jack-the-Horse, but he don't eat hay!"

* * *

MdDonald finally quit logging and went into the saloon business in Deer River, but he was a poor business man and soon lost all he had saved. He then became a bartender, and was a great drawing-card for Jack Jones, his employer, for he was acquainted with everybody and was esteemed by all.

But this was a step that had fatal results.

One day in 1913 a man came into Jones' saloon before Jack-the-Horse went on duty and left his wallet and considerable money to be placed in the safe. Jones accommodated him, as he was in the habit of doing when lumberjacks wished to place their cash in safe-keeping while they caroused around a bit, and then he went off duty without telling Jack-the-Horse about the incident. The man returned when McDonald was alone in the bar and demanded his money. Jack knew nothing about it, of course, but the other, because of a striking resemblance between the bartender and the man to whom he had intrusted his cash, thought he was talking to the same man. He became enraged at Jack's denial of having received the money, and drawing a gun shot the good-natured Jack-the-Horse to death.

* * *

A STERN REBUKE

In the late eighties Duncan Harris started a farm about four miles southwest of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Harris can be called one of the real pioneer women of Itasca County. She came in the nineties and went directly to what was to be her home. There was no road leading to the place, from anywhere, and but the crudest of trails through the woods. The trip to the settlement required nearly two hours with a team. When Mrs. Harris arrived, her husband's clearing was only a couple of acres in extent, but she had the true pioneer spirit, and worked at clearing the land whenever her household duties would permit.

There was a sizeable band of Indians on Pokegama Lake at that time and they did not really relish the advent of the white people. The paleface was objectionable because he homesteaded lands that the Indians had always used, particularly for making sugar in the maple groves.

The chief of this Pokegama Lake band was named Bobedosh and, in common with many other Chippewa of the time, Bobedosh disliked wear-

ing breeches intensely. Shirts were all right, and he would wear them, but pants, never!

One day the Pokegama Lake band sent their chief over to the Harris place to protest their presence. Bobedosh stated his case with all the solemn oratory of which he was capable, but the effect upon Harris was disheartening. Without any sort of oratory, he seized a paddle and went to work on the protesting committee. The absence of nether garments on the Indian lent weight to the sincerety of Harris's gesture and Bodedosh retired precipitately, incensed, and blushing furiously behind.

Later Mrs. Harris learned that she could repulse a Chippewa with ease at any time simply by appearing with a club in her hand. In their eyes, to be struck with a stick in the hands of a woman was an unthinkable calamity never failing of the direst results. However fearless a brave might be, he dared not take this chance, even though the stick were no thicker than his thumb.

* * *

A PIONEER HORSE-RACE

In 1869 Grand Rapids was not an imposing community. There were a few log houses and stores on either side of the Mississippi, but no bridge connected the two groups. Late in that year, however, a small wooden structure was erected across the stream. Just below the site of the present Riverside Hotel was a hotel run by Charles Kearney. John Beckfelt's store was across the road from that building, and just upstream was the store of LaFayette Knox. James Sherry had a hotel where the paper mill now stands. Downstream, and on the other side, was the Potter-Casey store. There were a few small log houses, and plenty of saloons. A. T. Mason had a small frame house, which was moved later, and became a part of the Park Hotel.

Though small, Grand Rapids was up-and-coming even in those days, and was the center of much lively activity. The community put on a Fourth-of-July celebration in that year, and the festivities and sporting events were held in a clearing where the Itasca County Hospital now stands. There was a bowery, and a large proportion of the ladies who danced were Chippewa squaws.

The feature of the day's program, howdver, was a horse race. Charles Kearney, the boniface above mentioned, was the proud owner of a really good trotting horse. Charles Seelye, another prominent man of the section, had a harness horse that was just a fair driver. He was no race horse, in any sense of the word, but at least two horses are required to hold a horse race, so these two were started against each other. A track, if it could be so called, was laid out among the timber on the south side of the river. It was nothing more than a poorly marked trail through the woods, and somewhere in its brushy length Kearney got lost. His horse had speed, but his own sense of direction was faulty, and while he was flashing through the forest with good money on his trotter's nose, at long odds, the slow plug reeled along like a water buffalo, rods behing. But he kept to the right road at any rate, and he stuck to it, gallumphing in finally to win by about twenty minutes over a horse that could trot rings around him but couldn't find the race-track in the bush.

* * *

WHO WAS THIS MAN?

Strange characters and men of obscure identity drifted into the lumber camps dotting the deep forest in the early days. Nobody knew who they were, nor what, nor where they came from. Nobody could, and nobody tried to, guess what had sent them into the wilds. That was their own affair, definitely, and their new acquaintances generously judged them by

their manner of life subsequent to their arrival. Many, of course, obviously were lumbermen, trained in the business, and there was no mystery about those; but a few were just as clearly away out of their element, far removed from whatever career they had been building. Such a man was destined to become the subject of the first white funeral at the site of what later became Grand Rapids.

A Doctor Roberts came to the neighborhood in 1874, though it appears that he did not purpose to practice his profession there. He might have given first aid to a few lumberjacks, but there is no record of the fact, and he put up at the Potter & Company stopping place for several months without mentioning the opening of an office or displaying a shingle. And during that first winter he died.

Doctor Robert's body was placed in the warehouse of the company until arrangements could be made for his burial, but no one ever claimed the body, or communicated with Grand Rapids in any way, and it was finally decided that he should be interred. A grave was dug under a large Norway pine on a little knoll back of the Potter place.

There was no minister available within many miles, nor could a Bible be located in the whole community, but Lafayette Knox, the merchant, went back to his store and found a prayerbook. The remains were buried under the tree with nobody present except the few pioneer Grand Rapids business men who were to the best of their ability performing the last rites for this unknown drifter. One more man whose people probably waited a few years to hear from him, then gave him up as dead, and never learned the time, place or manner of his death.

The big woods have been oblivion to many men.

* * *

HE BLEW OUT THE GAS

In the early days when the surveyors were doing their first work in Itasca, a smallpox epidemic spread through the north country. Whole communities of Indians died and the victims were buried in long trenches. Often the wigwams were fired and the dead cremated where they lay. The scourge spread to the ~~surveyor's~~ of the surveyors, camps and many of them were afflicted.

A famous old Indian chieftain named Busticogan, and his wife, learning of the condition at one of these surveyor's camps and having both recovered from the disease, presented themselves at the huddle of tents and took charge. These two cared for the white men during their entire illness and brought them all through after a long and very severe siege.

News of the service performed by Busticogan and his squaw finally reached the ears of official Washington and somebody in authority decided that the old chief deserved some sort of material reward. His efforts resulted in Busticogan being given a whole township of fine land, on which stood a great deal of choice pine.

A timber baron got his eye on this wealth of trees one day, and he coveted it with a greed such as nobody in the wilderness but a lumber baron could develop. He bought it of Uncle Sam, who, of course, was Chief Busticogan's guardian, and the latter was of the opinion that it had been almost given away. This very probably was the case, but Busticogan couldn't do anything about it. He tried, though, sincerely and persistently, and at length, long-distance negotiations getting him nowhere, he decided to go to Washington and interview the Great White Father in person. He knew he had considerable money coming to him, and he had confidence in the government if he could only get his case properly presented. Taking two Indians along for moral support in the unaccustomed bustle of travel

and city life, he journeyed to the national capitol. But they failed him. They were as new to civilization as their chief, and before wrapping up in their blankets in the hotel at which they had rented a single room, one of them blew out the gas.

The Washington papers next morning told of finding the chief and his two companions in their room, dead, and probably nobody in officialdom ever knew the purpose of their visit to the capital.

Up in Busticogan township is a beautiful lake. It was named Busticogan lake in honor of the old chief, and it lay within his domain. He lived there, and it has always been believed that he buried the money he received for his timber on its shore. It is said that when he wanted money he would warn his squaw not to follow, then go into the woods, returning shortly with gold and silver. Nobody has ever found the cache, if it exists, but it would be a lovely place to spend a summer looking for hidden treasure, anyway.

* * *

Probably the most famous Chippewa Indian of modern times was old Captain John Smith, who was born on Pokegama lake, nobody knows when, but long, long ago. The Grand Rapids Herald-Review says of him in its issue of November 11, 1931.

"The first time we ever saw Captain John Smith he was dressed in a cast-off brass-buttoned blue coat of a Great Northern conductor. This coat not only gave him adornment and protection from the elements, but we understand that it also served as a pass to ride on the Great Northern trains, which in the early days were not praticular in the matter of collecting fares from smart men or old Indians. On this day, John Smith was not only dressed up, but he was drunk. He was dancing around a lamppost in Grand Rapids waving a bottle of whiskey in one hand and singing

a doleful sounding, but doubtless a really hilarious Chippewa song. When we inquired as to his identity we were told that he was an Indian about 80 years old. He died 15 years later" at the age of 115."

"No one knew how old Captain John Smith really was. He did not know, himself. There were no calendars on the wigwam walls when John first saw the light of day on Pokegama, but irrespective of records and assumptions old John was old. He looked old. His face and nose were wrinkled. Moreover he was accompanied on his trips, and especially when he was on exhibition, by a grandson who was an old man.

"So whether Captain John Smith was 100 or 116, makes no real difference. He was old. Whatever his age, he looked it. And he was a privileged character in Itasca. He joked, talked, drank, and played a good hand of poker. He lived long enough to have learned much."

* * *

THE COOK ON THE WANIGAN

In logging, a sort of houseboat was used for storage and as a place for the lumberjacks to eat and sleep on the drive. This houseboat was called a "wanigan," an Indian name. In it the cook lived and kept his supplies, which included a stock of socks and tobacco for sale to the men. The drive was hard, wet work, often in freezing weather, and the wanigan was a welcome haven at night. The cook was king on this craft, but, if he was a good cook,he always stood well with the crew and had no trouble preserving order.

C. M. Erskine, old time lumberman in Itasca County, avers that the busiest man he ever saw on a wanigan was Fred McKay. The drive was coming down the Mississippi and the wanigan was tied up to the bank at the mouth of Vermilion brook, just west of Cohasset. It was springtime and the pike were biting. As Mr. Erskine approached the boat he noticed a furious

activity abroad, and discovered McKay engaged in the dual role of fisherman and cook. He had a fishpole out at one end of the wanigan, and a big kettle of doughnuts frying on the stove. The fish were biting ravenously. McKay would take one off the hook, flip the line back in, then rush to the stove and turn the doughnuts. Back he would skip to the fishpole, land another pike, thence, as if stealing second base, back to take out the doughnuts. Back for another fish, and back again to put in a new batch of doughnuts. By the time he had enough doughnuts for the crew, he had enough fish, too. Then some of them complained because the doughnuts tasted fishy!

HOME RULE WINS

The hottest issue in Itasca county's first election, in 1892, was whether the county seat should be established permanently at Grand Rapids, or at La Prairie. There are several interesting stories in connection with this contest.

Most of the men working in the woods did not care which village won out in this squabble, but all were willing to trudge many miles through the woods to vote, just for the break in the routine and the chance to rub shoulders with other men.

The lumberjacks of Wright & Davis were allowed to vote in that election, though doubtless many of them were not legally entitled to do so, and they walked from their camp into Swan River, where there was a polling place. They had been asked by Jim Woods, the camp foreman, to vote for La Prairie, and, not being interested in the matter themselves, they had agreed to do so. But they were met in the woods by one Henry Logan of Grand Rapids, who was somewhat of a nifty at political maneuvering. He asked William Hollihan, who was heading the party, where they were bound. Being told, he inquired for whom they were voting. When told that La Prairie was getting the vote of the group, Logan went into action.

He advanced many reasons why they should vote for Grand Rapids, most of which he thought up on the spot, taking his cue from the reaction of his listeners. He said that La Prairie was owned, lock, stock and barrel,by the lumber companies. On the other hand, Grand Rapids was owned by many people and any property owner had just as much to say as any one else regarding the running of the town. That argument made an immediate hit with the men. The idea of doing as you liked always appealed to the lumberjack. So William Hoolihan and his crew voted straight for Grand Rapids, and had a large share in establishing the capital of the richest rural county in Minnesota.

* * *

MURDER IN THE WILDS

In 1896 Napoleon Russel settled in 60-24 in a log cabin on the tote road running through that township. Nearby on the shore of a lake lived John Bacon, alone, and farther down the lake lived Peter McKenna, "One-eyed Pete" by reason of having lost one eye. One-eyed-Pete had a bad record. He had the reputation of stealing from his neighbors. It was said that he would shoot the locks off the settlers' cabins and go in and help himself to whatever he wanted. Bacon, having missed flour and other household necessities, naturally suspected McKenna of having taken them, and the two were not friends.

One Sunday morning, the Russell family wishing to go to Grand Rapids, Mr. Russell asked Bacon to look after his property, feed his chickens, etc., until their return, a matter of severrl days. A couple of day later, neighbors passing the Russell place found that the house had been burned to the ground. Arriving in Grand Rapids, they notified the owners, who hurried out to the homestead and confirmed the bad news.

In the debris and ashes some bones were found which were taken by the coroner to Grand Rapids, together with a match safe and a knife,

both known to have been the property of Bacon. Under the bones had been found an unburned piece of cloth which was identified as goods from Bacon's Mackinaw coat. Still further confirming the identity of the victim, the key to the Russell chicken coop, was found with the remains. One-eyed-Pete was at once arrested and charged with the murder of John Bacon.

In order to prove that a person is guilty of murder, the state must prove that a murder has been committed, and therein lay the downfall of the prosecution. The jury found that the evidence of Bacon's death was not sufficient to convict, and One-eyed-Pete was freed.

Shortly after the verdict was returned, McKenna was talkatively drunk, and, knowing that a person cannot be tried twice for the same offense, his talk was gratifyingly frank. He said that on Monday morning he had passed the Russell homestead and had seen Bacon there splitting wood. They got into an argument and he claimed that Bacon attacked him, whereupon he shot Bacon in self defense. Then, he said, he dragged the body into the Russell house, piled wood around it, soaked the premises with kerosene oil, and set the building afire.

His garrulity brought a quick reaction on the part of the officials. He was immediately arrested on a charge of burning a building with a human being in it, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of seven years.

The Great Northern Railroad had laid some script on McKenna's claim in 60-24, which was covered with valuable pine and was suspected of being underlaid with iron ore, and while he was in jail the title to the claim was settled. McKenna sold the timber for $1,950.00 one half of which immediately went to pay the expenses of his defense and the settling of the title to his property. The balance McKenna received on his release from

prison, and, not knowing what to do with it just then, he intrusted it to a friend of his by the name of Steve Hicks. Hicks absconded with the money, and shortly afterward was himself in trouble, charged with the murder of Sam Christie, the tough white man who is the subject of another sketch included in this department.

* * *

CHRONOLOGY OF GRAND RAPIDS

1682--LaSalle took possesion of the whole Mississippi Valley in the name of Louis the Great of France.

1689--Nicholas Perrot claimed for France "all the countries and rivers inhabited by the Sioux." This extended France's claim to cover the Hudson's Bay watershed.

1744--The decisive battle of Kathio, on Mille Lac, puts the Ojibways (Chippewa) in the ascendency over the Sioux in all northern Minnesota.

1794--Northwest Fur Company builds the first trading post in Grand Rapids territory on Sandy Lake, Aitkin County.

1795--Northwest Fur Company establishes a large trading post on Leech Lake, and at about the same time one on Winnibigoshish (then known as Winnipeg) Lake, and another on Star Island in Cass Lake.

1804--Louisiana Purchase gives United States legal title to all Minnesota, west and south of the Mississippi River.

1806--Lieutenant Zebulon Pike visits Pokegama Falls and Cass Lake.

1816--Congress forbids all but Americans to trade with the Indians; Northwest Company interests sold to the American Fur Company.

1820--General Lewis Cass, governor of Michigan Territory, and his exploring party pass site of Grand Rapids on up-river trip to Cass Lake.

1832--Henry Rowe Schoolcraft passes site of Grand Rapids on way to discover Mississippi's source.

1836--Joseph Nicollet passes site of Grand Rapids on expedition to explore and map the basin of the Mississippi's source lakes.

1842--Webster-Ashburton Treaty establishes boundary between Itasca County and Canada.

1849--Minnesota Territory established. Itasca County formed, October 27, to includ all Minnesota from Mille Lacs north to Canada, embracing present counties of Itasca, Carlton, Koochiching, Lake, Cook, and St. Louis and parts of Aitkin and Cass.

1850--Population of original Itasca County given by U. S. Government Census Bureau, 97 souls.

1854--East and West Pokegama town site laid out on both banks of the Mississippi River at Pokegama Falls; plat filed in Morrison County, the nearest organized county.

1855--Indian treaty with the Chippewa signed.
Sale of liquor to Indians banned.
St. Louis and Lake counties detached from Itasca.

1857--W. W. Winthrop, of St. Anthony, describes Pokegama Falls and river at Grand Rapids in letter in the Falls Evening News.

1858--Steamer NORTH STAR negotiates Sauk Rapids, is rechristened the ANSON NORTHRUP, and runs to within three miles of Pokegama Falls, May 3, first steamer to reach Grand Rapids.

1868--First cut of logs on Pokegama floated in Mississippi River.

1870--"Grand Rapids" first mentioned as a place name by Captain Houghton after navigating the upper Mississippi in his steamer POKEGAMA to the head of navigation.

1871--First building erected at Grand Rapids, then generally known as "Long Rapids."

1872--First permanent building erected and stocked as general store.
Seventeen lumber camps operating in the area, with 350 to 400 men.
First dam built at foot of Wabana Lake.
Logging begun on the Prairie River.
First hotel, or "stopping place" opened by Lowe G. Seavey.
Allen T. Mason arrives at Grand Rapids; marries Betsy Drumbeater.

1873--Wages in the woods $16 to $18 per month.
Luther Brown comes to Grand Rapids.

1874--Michael McAlpine arrives, coming from Aitkin afoot.
Lowe G. Seavey appointed postmaster, July 23, first in the county.

1878--Steamer WHITE SWAN starts regular service from Aitkin. C. H. Alsop, captain.
John Troop comes to Grand Rapids.
Roland H. Hartley freighting through Grand Rapids on flatboats.

1879--Lafayette Knox brings a hewn-log building from Sandy Lake by boat and re-erects it as a store building.

1880--Katherine C. Lent, first permanent woman settler arrives.

1881--Smallpox epidemic.
Captain Willard Glazier makes first canoe trip from source to mouth of the Mississippi River.
Michael McAlpine buys Lowe Seavey Hotel.

1882--Steamer ANDY GIBSON built.
James Ross, Ernest Fleming, John Skelly, and D. M. Gunn come to Grand Rapids.

1883--John Beckfelt comes to Grand Rapids.
First white child born, Hattie Strectar.
Indian uprising threatened.

1884--John Beckfelt enters business.
George Galbreath comes to Grand Rapids.
The Horter family, Archie McDougall, and E. J. Luther arrive.

1887--First school opened in small log building.
First highway appropriation made and contract let for a road to Pokegama Falls.
Whole county included in School District Number One for school purposes.
Lafayette Knox builds a new store building and warehouse.
Aitkin-Itasca Board of County Commissioners begins to function as a two-county board, under legislation of February 26, 1887.

1888--First farm started, by Duncan Harris.
First schoolhouse built.
Highway from Grand Rapids to Aitkin constructed.

1889--Bridge built across the Mississippi River.
Three steamboats in service between Grand Rapids and Aitkin--the ANDY GIBSON, the GEORGE HOUGHTON, and the FAWN.
William L. Maddy arrives.

1890--Grand Rapids celebrates the Fourth
Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad reaches Grand Rapids.
George Arscott arrives.

1891--Lafayette Knox starts small sawmill.
First choir organized,
First issue of Grand Rapids Magnet.
Grand Rapids incorporated.
Grand Rapids made temporary county seat.
First village election held--117 votes cast.
Itasca County organized March 7.
First church built (Presbyterian)
Road built from south end of Mississippi bridge to Pokegama Falls.

1892--First regular Itasca County election held.
County seat permanently established at Grand Rapids.
First Itasca County Fair held at Grand Rapids.
First Public Library started.
Gladstone Hotel finished.
First Bank established for business.

1893--Agitation for municipal water system.
First Pokegama Hotel burned.
First Catholic church finished and dedicated.

1894--Municipal water system installed.
E. J. Farrell arrives.
Dr. Thomas Russell and Dr. E. H. Mile take over the Northwestern Hospital.
The first depot burned.
First village hall completed.
Electric lights turned on for first time.
Second St. Joseph's Catholic church built.
First issue of Grand Rapids Herald Review.
New Pokegama Hotel opened.
Christmas Eve fire causes $10,000 loss.

1895--Central School built.
Telephone System started.
Fire Fighting Equipment purchased.
State Experimental Farm established.
Electric Light and Power plant built.
Eleven teachers in District Number One.
Population of Grand Rapids, 1,546.
First Commercial Club organized.

1896--New Courthous occupied for first time.
Itasca Cemetery Association formed.
Canadian Pacific buys Duluth and Winnipeg line. (Duluth, Superior & Western).

1897--E. J. Luther purchases Grand Rapids Magnet.
Saloons pay cost of village government.

1898--St. Benedict's Hospital established.
Great Northern takes over Duluth, Superior & Western.
C. C. McCarthy ends graft on loggers' time checks.

1899--Grand Rapids Power & Boom Company formed.
Top wages in the woods $20 per month
Odd Fellows Hall built.
200 bicycles in Grand Rapids.

1900--Grand Rapids Public Library Board appointed.
Bertha Fuller first high school graduate.

1901--Power dam construction started.
Itasca Paper Company formed and paper mill started.
Northern Minnesota Telephone Company chartered.
Contract let for steel bridge over Mississippi River.

1902--Top lumberjack wages $36 to $40 per month.
First paper off paper mill rolls February 19.
One graduate from high school, Jarvis Partridge.
Steamer IRENE on first trip, Aitkin to Grand Rapids.
No houses for rent in Grand Rapids.
Village markets light plant bonds.
William Hoolihan elected sheriff.
Independent founded.
Episcopal church dedicated by Bishop Morrison.

1903--Grand Rapids Commercial Club reorganized.
Building and Loan Association established.
Four high school graduates.
New high school ready for occupancy.

1904--432 pupils in village schools.
A. J. Stuart buys Grand Rapids Magnet.
Long distance telephone communication with Aitkin established.
High school graduates one student.
Ogama Hotel opened at Pokegama Lake.

1905--Building erected for Carnegie Library.
100 tons freight daily hauled to Bovey.
School enrollment 464.
Telephone connection established with range towns and Duluth.
First cement walks in Grand Rapids.
Indian agents close saloons on Chippewa reservation.
A. L. LaFreniere buys Independent.

1906--Koochiching County detached from Itasca.
Mesaba Telephone Company purchases local system.
Grand Rapids Magnet discontinued.

1907--Road built between Grand Rapids and Deer River.

1908--Work begun on fairgrounds.
Gladstone Hotel burned.
First Old Settlers' Dance held.

1909--Twelve graduated from high school.
Village paves eight blocks on Third street. First concrete pavement.
School District Number One issues $90,000 in bonds.

1910--Spang and Hoolihan sawmill built.
The Merry Widow train in first run, Grand Rapids to range towns.
The Great Northern Railroad builds roundhouse.
The village hall burned.
The Water and Light Commission organized.
The McAlpine Block started.
The Henry Hughes Block built.

1911--Itasca Creamery built.
Bowstring Joe tried for murder and acquitted.
Court issues restraining order against government and saloons reopened.
Population of Grand Rapids 2,230.
Village improvements for the year exceed $225,000.
Present St. Joseph's Catholic church erected.
High school graduates twenty.

1912--Five carloads of beef cattle shipped out of Grand Rapids.
St. Benedict's Hospital closed.
Local school enrollment 624.

1913--Sixteen additional rural schools built in District Number One.

1914--Wages in woods, $12 to $16 per month.
Village issued $19,000 in bonds.
Twenty graduate from high school
L.A. Rossman buys half interest in Grand Rapids Herald-Review.
Volumes in public library number 2,485.

1915--Christian Science church established.
Indian agents close 20 saloons in Grand Rapids.
Many automobiles in Grand Rapids.
High school graduates thirty-two.

1916--St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press buys paper mill.
The Grand Rapids Creamery opened.

1917--Itasca Welfare Board set up.
First State and First National banks consolidated.
Home guard organized.

1918--Itasca Cooperage Company plant built.
The last log drive down the Mississippi River.
Johnson Brothers take over Itasca Shingle Mill.
The County Hospital built.

1919--The high school graduates thirty pupils.
Village closes its power plant to buy electricity from Northern Minnesota Utilities Company.
J. R. O'Malley purchases Pokegama Hotel from D. M. Gunn.

1920--Community church built.
Forty-five graduate from high school.

1921--Two R. F.D. Routes established.
High school graduates thirty-two.

1922--School District Number One sells $250,000 in bonds to finance new high school building in Grand Rapids.
Women serve on jury for first time.

1923--Village gets new fire truck.
New high school formally dedicated.
High school graduates class of forty.

1924--Fifty-eight graduate from high school.
Pokegama Club organized.

1925--Fires in buildings south of Pokegama Hotel.
Itasca State Bank opened.
Northland Transportation Company formed.

1926--Addition to Itasca County Hospital.
Sixty-six graduate from high school.

1927--Mr. Blandin sells interest in St. Paul papers but keeps paper mill.

1928--The Great Northern Railroad builds new depot.

1929--Present village hall completed at cost of $70,000.
Name of paper mill changed to Blandin Paper Company.

1930--First National and Itasca State banks consolidated.

1931--Grand Rapids made headquarters for State Forestry protection work.
New bridge over Mississippi River.
Contract awarded for concrete road, Grand Rapids to Deer River.

1932--Streets renamed and renumbered.
County resort owners organize.
Big celebration in honor of completion of Pokegama Avenue Bridge.

1933--Truck line established to northern part of county.
Beer licensed.
High school graduates 108 pupils.
First National Bank robbed by four bandits.

1936--Indian per capita payments cease, final payment $2.40 each.

1938--Northwest Pageant in Grand Rapids, August 2.

1939--Addition made to library building.

1940--Nelson Mine, two miles out of town, goes into production.
Itasca County has a five-day open deer season for archers.
Public Library has 25,400 books.

1941--Grand Rapids Golden Jubilee in July.

The following sections of this book have been prepared by a Committee, composed of the persons named and representative of the HISTORY COMMITTEE OF GRAND RAPIDS GOLDEN JUBILEE. Mata C. Bennett, Chairman of Golden Jubilee History Committee; George Arscott, Mayor of the village of Grand Rapids; W. L. Maddy, President of Itasca County Old Settlers Association; Allen J. Doran, Manager of Golden Jubilee Celebration.

Grand Rapids Golden Jubilee, Inc., a Minnesota Corporation, was organized to arrange for and to stage an elaborate celebration commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the village of Grand Rapids. This Corporation was formed by seventeen citizens of Grand Rapids, they having been named by the various Service Clubs and Service Organizations of the village. The officers of the Corporation constitute an Executive Committee with full authority to act for the Corporation. These seventeen original incorporators are: Edward Chopp, Mrs. Mata C. Bennett, Hugh J. Logan, Mort Taylor, Galen I. Finnegan, H. W. Anderson, Mrs. Daniel Costello, Carl J. Eiler, S. E. Heller, Mrs. L. L. Huntley, Mrs. Charles Pogue, C. A. Peterson, *John McKeown, Mrs. Rose Thompson, O. E. Saxhaug, George Arscott, L. L. Huntley.

The officers of Grand Rapids Golden Jubilee, Inc., are: C. A. Peterson, President; Ed. Shannon, Vice President; Carl J. Eiler, Second Vice President, L. L. Huntley, Secretary, S. E. Heller, Treasurur.

FINIS has been written to that old "feud" between Grand Rapids and La Prairie. The hatchet has been buried in the celebration of Grand Rapids Golden Jubilee. The pioneers of La Prairie are accorded the same consideration as the pioneers of Grand Rapids.

---

*Ed Shannon elected to fill vacancy created by death of John McKeown.

Alphabetical Arrangement of the "Census of Grand Rapids", as of the 30th day of April, A. D., 1891, filed in the office of the Register of Deeds of Itasca County and recorded in Miscellaneous Record A. pages 272 to 277. (Names in parentheses are explanatory).

Anderson, Louis
Arnold, Frank
Ash, W. H.
Baisvert, Joseph
Beckfelt, Carrie
(Mrs. John Beckfelt)
Beckfelt, Carrie
(Mrs. Grant Seaton)
Beckfelt, John
Beckwith, George
Beecher, Gus
Beede, Roy
Belcher, J. L.
Bell, Frank
Bell, Roy
Berg, Albert
Berg, John
Berg, Josie (Mrs. John Berg)
Billings, George
Blanchard, Bertie
Blanchard, Cora
Blanchard, Flora
Blanchard, Joseph
Blood, Bertha (Mrs. Clawson)
Blood, Bridget
Blood, Herman
Blood, Mary (Mrs. V. H. Blood)
Blood, Myrtle
(Mrs. Frank Bowden)
Blood, Roy H.
Blood, Silas
Blood, V. H
Boseck, Frank
Bowerman, Frank
Bowerman, Jesse
Bowers, May
Breckenridge, A. J.
Bredenback, Clara
Brice, William
Browman, Dave
Browman, Louis
Brown, Cora
Brown, Effie
Brown, Eliza
Brown, George
Brown, James
Brown, Jesse
Brown, John
Brown, Luther
Brown, Thomas
Brown, William
Brown, Wm.
Burdick, E
Buring, Henry
Burns, Katie
Campbell, Trace
Canfield, Henry W.
Carle, Alice (Mrs. Clark Clay)
Carle, Mrs. Susan
Casperson, Charles
(Swede Charlie)
Castleburg, P.
Castleburg, Mrs. P.
Catherwood, Andrew
Churchill, Bessie
Churchill, Nathaniel
Churchill, Mrs. N.
Clark, George W.
Clay, Clark
Clough, Emma
(Mrs. James Skelly)
Cleveland, Vivian
Conroy, Pat
Coons, C.
Cosgrove, Jas.
Critz, Lewis
Crosley, Edith
(Mrs. C. L. Burnett)
Crosley, Josephine
(Mrs. A. M. Ruggles)
Cudney, Lee
Dally, Peter
Darsey, Mary
DeShaw, John
Doran, Charles
Doran, D. W.
Doran, Katherine E.
(Mrs. D. W. Doran)
Doran, Ida
Doran, James
Doran, Jennie
Doran, John
Doran, Katherine
(Mrs. S. J. Blackmore)
Doran, Loretta
Doran, Margaret (Sister M. Chrysostom, O. S. B.)
Doran, Mary (Mrs. M. D. Ehle)
Doran,Zita
(Mrs. Diederick Wolff)
Dumasse, Luke
Ellis, Belle
Ellis, C. J. Jay
Ellis, C. R.

Ellis, May
Ellis, S.F.
Erickson, E.A.
Erickson, Katie
Ferrin, Chas.
Foote, C. H.
Foote, Mrs. T. (Mrs. C. H. Foote)
Ford, Wm.
Fuller, Bertha
(Mrs. Bertha Hayter)
Fuller, E. J.
(Mrs. W.V. Fuller)
Fuller, W. V.
Gallagher, Charles
Gallagher, Edson
Gallagher, Edward
Gallagher, Marrian
(Mrs. Gallagher)
Garity, Michael
Garland, George
Gilman, Cal
Glover, Thomas
Goodwin, Walter
Gordon, Archie
Gorman, Lou
Green, Fred
Grove, Amos F.
Grove, Clara (Mrs. Amos Grove)
Grove, Herbert
Gridley, Walter
Hadderson, Al
Hagen, Michael (Dutch Mike)
Haley, W.
Hanson, T.
Harrington, Rae
Harris, Charlie
Hart, Dora (Mrs. George Hart)
Hart, Ernest
Hart, George
Hart, Henry
Hates, Mrs.
Hawley, Rhode
Hennesy, John
Hennesy, T. H.
Hennesy, Mrs. T. H.
Hennesy, W. J.
Hislop, William
Howard, John
Hurley, Barney
Hurley, Thomas
Jackman, James
Jenson, G.
Jenson, Lewis
Jenson, Mrs. Lewis
Jensen, Walter
Jenson, Wm.
Johnson, Carrie
Johnson, Carrie
Johnson, Chas
Johnson, Charlie
Johnson, James
(A. M.--Jim--Johnson)
Johnson, John
Johnson, J.W.
Jordan, Richard (Mike Jordan)
Joris, Marie
(Mrs. Frank Ressler)
Kalo, Charles
Kane, George
Kearney, Charles
Kearney, Hattie
(Mrs. Chas. Kearney)
Kelley, Charley
Kelley, Thomas (Pig Eye Kelly)
Kelson, Lena
Kennedy, William
King, Bernice
King, H. R.
King, Jennie V. (Genevieve)
King. M. J. (Mrs. H. R. King)
Knox, Mrs. Alice
(Mrs. L. F. Knox)
Knox, Fay
Knox, Julia
Knox, L. F.
LaFond, Joseph
Larson, Alga
Larson, Amanda
(Mrs. Wm. H. Lyons)
Larson, Anna
Larson, Arthur
Larson, Frank
Larson, John
Larson, Lander
Larson, Ruben
Laurence, Frederick
Lefebare, Alphone
Lent, Kate (Mrs. K. C. Lent)
Lewis, E.R.
Lothrop, Aura
(Mrs. Roy Trask)
Lothrop, George
Lothrop, L. M.
(Mrs. George Lothrop)
Lothrop, Ralph
Lothrop, Roy
Lundy, Thomas
Lydick, B.

Lydick, Charlie
Lydick, Charles H.
Lydick, George
Lydick, Nellie
(Mrs. George Lydick)
Lyford, Henry
Lyons, Charlie (Red Cloud)
Lyons, Emma
Lyons, Frank
Lyons, Fred
Lyons, Josie
Lyons, Levi
Lyons, Martha
(Mrs. Chas. Lyons)
Lyons, Robert
Lyons, Rosela
(Mrs. Geo. W. Henderson)
Lyons, Willie
Lyons, Wm.
Lyons, Wm.
McAlpine, Anthony
McAlpine, Gertrude Emma
McAlpine, Mabel
(Mrs. Albert Hachey)
McAlpine, Margarette
(Mrs. Margaret Taylor)
McAlpine, Mike
McAlpine, Stella
(Mrs. Mike McAlpine)
McAlpine, Wm. J.
McCabe, Ida
(Mrs. Jack McWilliams)
McCabe, Kogus
(Mrs. Robert McCabe)
McCabe, Mabel
(Mrs. Chas. Pogue)
McCabe, Robert (Bob McCabe)
McCalaster, Anna
McDonald, Bridget
McDonald, Cora
McDonald, Dora
McDonald, John
McDonald, Mamie
McDonald, M.
(Mrs. Wm. Carroll)
McDonald, Sidney
McGuire, Barney
McKinon, Laughlin
McKinon, M.
McLean, Daniel
McLean, Julia
(Mrs. Ernest Flemming)
McLean, (no first name given)
McLoud, Andrew
McMallen, J. C.
McNally, James
Maddy, M.
(Mrs. B. C. Finnegan)
Mahoney, Jerry
Mann, D.
Marshall, Michael
Mayer, Alphonso
Mayer, Alvia
Mayer, Delphine
(Mrs. Alphonso Mayer)
Mayer, Emma
Mayer, Eva
Mearow, Joseph
Mercer, Frank
Meyers, George
Meyers, George F.
Meyers, Jerome
Meyers, Josephine
(Mrs. Geo. Meyers)
Miller, Charlie
Mitchell, R.C.
Moore, Rev. Mr.
Moss, James
Moss, William
Muneylr, Guhonce
Murray, Peter
Murray, Thomas
Nason, A.T. (Al Nason)
Mason, Bertha
(Mrs. Tom Stuckslager)
Nason, Betsy (Mrs. Al Nason)
Nason, Eddie
Nason, Fred
Nason, Jennie
Nason, Madge
(Mrs. Ben Bingham)
Nason, Mathew
Nelson, John
Nettleton, Emma
Newman, D.
Newton, Harry
Nevuex, Damase
Nevuex, Damase (Thomas)
Nevuex, Dalia
(Mrs. Carl Eiler)
Nevuex, Eugene
Nevuex, Ida
(Mrs. John Morton)
Nevuex, Joseph
Nevuex, Rosa
Nevuex, Rose
(Mrs. Damase Nevuex)
Nevuex, Rose
(Leona, Mrs. Pete Billeadeau)

O'Connell, John
O'Leary, Arthur
(Larry the Brute)
O'Neal, Alice
Parker, Thomas
Phillips, Phillip
Powel, L.
Powers, Emily
(Mrs. T.S. Powers)
Powers, H. D.
Powers, T.S.
Pravitz, T. R.
Quinlin, Mattie
Ressler, Frank
Richards, Fred
Ricore, J. Arthur (Shaginawsh)
Ricard, Clara (Mrs.)
Rickard, Peter L.
Riley, John
Roy, J. H.
Russell, Robert
Ryah, Lottie
Ryan, Mary
Ryan, Mrs. T.
Ryan, Wm.
St.Clair, R. H.
Scanlon, John
Scott, George R.
Sherry, Carle
(Mrs. James Sherry)
Sherry, Frank
Sherry, Fred
Sherry, James
Sherry, James, Jr.
Sherry, Mary
(Mamie--Mrs. C. P. Wegner)
Shook, Andrew
Shook, Edward
Shook, Ethel R.
(Mrs. Mort Taylor)
Shook, G.W.
Shook, Hattie
(Mrs. Harriet Ratbun)
Shook, Henry
Shook, F.E.
(Mrs. P. W. Scribner)
Shook, Maggie M.
(Mrs. G. W. Shook)
Shook, Mrs. Mary
(Mrs. Andrew Shook)
Shook, May
Shook, Wm.
Signel, Elei
Signel, Philias
(Mrs. Geo. McDonald)
Sims, B.F.
Sims, Edie
Sims, Ritita
Sims, Wallie
Sinde, Benjamin
Sires, Josie (Mrs. H. D. Powers)
Sires, Willard
Smith, C. D.
Smith, Mrs. C. D.
Smith, Frank
Smith, Nellie
Snohebrake, Barbara
Stilson, O. H.
Stilson, Ralph
Strout, Ben
Sullivan, Michael
(Hungry Mike)
Taylor, Anna
Taylor, E.
Taylor, John
Taylor, Minnie
Tilman,V.
Tompkins, Charles
Toohy, Christopher
Toole, James
Toole, Luke
Toole, M. L.
Toole, Nellie (Mrs. M. L. Toole)
Toole, Nellis
(Mrs. Galbreath)
Topham, H. P.
Torry, G.W.
Trainor, Thomas
Tripp, P. S.
Trusdell, Henry
Tyndall, Alice
Tyndall E. (Mrs. W. C. Tyndall)
Tyndall, Hazel
(Mrs. Wm. King)
Tyndall, W. C.
Tyndall, S.
Vance, Anna
Vance, F. L.
Vance, Mrs. F. L.
Waite, C. B.
Walker, Charlie
Warner, Charles
Welson, L. U.
Whalen, Lawrence
(Larry Whalen)
Whipple, Ernie
Whipple, Harry
Whipple, Lewis
Whipple, Lottie
Whipple, Lyman

Whipple, May
White, Albert
Williams, Anthony
Williams, William
Williams, W.W.
Wilson, Dave
Wolf, J. W.
Wood, C. H.
Woods, M. A. (Pop wWoods)
Zind, B.

Alphabetical Arrangement of the "Census of LaPrairie", as of the 29th day of December, 1890, filed in the office of the Register of Deeds of Itasca County, and recorded in Miscellaneous Record A, pages 217 to 221. (Names in parentheses are explanatory)

Anderson, D. C.
Anderson, Mrs. D. C.
Anderson, Ellis
Baily, Ernest
Becktold, John B.
Bernard, A. G.
Boots, S. E.
Boots, Mrs. S. M.
Bowman, John A.
Bowman, John A.,Jr.
Bowman, Mrs. J. A.
Brady, Flora
Brown, A. D.
Brown, Bessie
Brown, C. H.
Brown, Frank
Buckley, M.
Buell, C. A.
Burnes, George
Champlain, Wm.
Chapman, Mrs. Anna
(Mrs. W. H. Chapman)
Chapman, W. H.
Churchill, Etta
(Mrs. Fred Churchill)
Churchill, Fred
Clark, George
Cosgrove, Jack
Davidson, Charles
Deary, John
Deary, Mrs. Mary
(Mrs. John Deary)
Dee, Josie (Mrs. John Jackson)
Dodd, Henry
Duffiey, Martin
Elmslie, A. M.
Fisher, Jas.
Flaherty, J. O.
Flynn, I. H.
Flynn, I.T.
Flynn, John
Flynn, Mike
Foote, Frank
Fordham, Nils P.
Fraser, Amos
Fraser, Donald F.
Fraser, Grace
Fraser, Mrs. Grace
(Mrs. John Fraser)
Fraser, Ida
Fraser, John G.
Fraser, Willie
Freemont, Isreal
Freemont, Jennie
(Mrs. Irve Martin)
Freemont, John
Freemont, Louis
Freemont, Mrs. L.
Freemont, Peter
French, Edwin P.
French, Mrs. Ines
(Mrs. J. H. French)
French, J. H.
Fuller, E. W.
Fuller, Frank E.
Gallagher, Ed
Gilliland, Web.
Gilliland, Mrs. Web
Gloier, Archie
Gody, E. O.
(Mrs. James G. Gody)
Gody, James G.
Gordon, Alice
Grimes, Mary
Haley, Al
Hannah, Jas.
Hannah, Mrs. Jas.
Henderson, John
Henshaw, Wm.
Herrig, Benj.
Herrig, Mrs. Ben.
Herrig, Mime
Herrig, Pearl
Hoban, Thos.
Holenberg, Charles
Holland, Ed.
Holland, Ed., Jr.
Holland, John
Holland, Maggie
(Mrs. Ed. Holland)
Holms, Jas.
Holms, Mrs. Jas.
Holms, Nels
Hostetter, Morris
Hugeman,Frank
Humphrey, Judd
Hutchinson, A.
Irgins, Tho.
Jackson, John A.

Jackson, Jos.
Johnson, Annie
Johnson, Ceilie
Johnson, Thos.
Johnson, Mrs. Thos.
Kiekendahl, Herbert
Kirby, John
Knuddson, Cirry
Knudson, H. B.
Lacay, Phillip
Leeman, Chas.
Leeman, Lilla
(Mrs. Chas. Leeman)
Lewis Byron
Lewis, May
Lewis, Thomas
Lilly, Wm.
Lindberg, Agnes
Lindberg, Caroline
Lindberg, Christini
Lindberg, Lou
Lindberg, May
Lindberg, R. S.
Lindberg, Mrs. R. S.
Lindracy, Sam
Luter, John
McCaffrey, John
McCalpin, Maggie
(Mrs. Patrick McDonald)
McDonald, Archie
McDonald, Mrs.A.
McDonald, Ida
McDonald, J. J.
McDonough, J. H.
McDonough, Mrs. J. H.
McDonough, John, Jr.
McDonough, Walter
McFee, Chas.
McFee, Mrs. E.
(Mrs. Chas. McFee)
McGilvrey,Wm.
McGilvrey, Mrs. Wm.
McGuire, C. P.
McGuire, Dominique
McGowan, Wm.
McIntosh, A.
McIntosh, Mrs. A.
McKay, Franklin
McKenzie, Claud
McKenzie, James
McKenzie, Wm.
McKenzie, Mrs. Wm.
McKinnore, L.
McMahon, Francis
McMahon, John
McMahon, Jos.
McMahon, Mrs. Mary
(Mrs. S. S. McMahon)
McMahon, Sadie
McMahon, Stanley
McMahon, S.S.
McMartin, Harry
McNamara, Bridget
(Mrs. A. E. Wilder)
McNaughton, F. L.
McNaughton, Fred
McNaughton, Geo. H.
McNaughton, Laura
McNaughton, Lena
McNaughton, Theresa
McPheir, Geo.
McPheir, John
McPheir, Wm.
McTavish, Rob't.
Manin, Costello
Manson, Dr. M. H.
Manson, Mrs. M. H.
Manston, Mrs. E.
(Mrs. Moses Manston)
Manston, Moses
Manston, William H.
Mather, O. L.
Maso, Alma
Mayso, Alphonso
Mayso, Lizzie F.
Meagher, A. J.
Mickelson, Mike
Miller, Tina
Miro, Joe
Mooney, Anna
(Mrs. John McDonald)
Mooney, Bridget
(Mrs. J. A. McCarthy)
Mooney, Susan
(Mrs. Frank McKeown)
Murphy, Geo.
Murray, John
Mushera, Thos.
Myher, Jas.
Nelson, Richard
Nesler, Frank
Nobles, Fred
Norton, Ed.
Otis, Tina, (Mrs. J. T. Armstead)
O'Rilly, Dan
O'Rilly, Ed.
O'Rilly, Mrs. Ed.
O'Rilley, Edward
O'Rilly, Ella

O'Rilly, Jerry
O'Rilly, Katie (Mrs. Al Dixon)
O'Rilly, Mamie
Platt, Caroline
Platt, Chas.
Platt, Jessie
Platt, J. W.
Platt, Lizzie
Platt, Ollive
Platt, Ray
Platt, Willie
Rasmusson, I. D.
Ray, Wm.
Ray, Wm.
Richards, Henry
(Henry Reichert)
Richie, Belle
Richter, Barney
Riley, Geo.
Roberts, Alex
Roberts, Mrs. A.
Roberts, Rosa
(Mrs. Ed.W. Sawyer)
Roberts, Tillie
(Mrs. Wm. Bovair)
Sawyer, Thos.
Sawyer, Mrs. Thos.
Senchman, Tina
Shaw, C.
Shaw, David
Shiplanet, Jas.
Silk, Anthony
Smith, Angie
Smith, Dan
Smith, Eliza
Smith, James
Smith, Lida
Swensback, John
Taiday, John
Taylor, Emma
Taylor, J. L.
Varley, H. C.
Varley, P. H.
Varley, Mrs. P. H.
Vaughn, Pat
Wasson, Mabel
White, Mollie
Wilder, A. B.
Willis, Nellie

Residents of Grand Rapids, La Prairie and adjacent territory, prior to June 8, 1891, not included in either "Census of Grand Rapids", or "Census of LaPrairie". (Names in parentheses are explanatory)

Affleck, George
Affleck, Jim
Allen, Dr. H. B.
Arnold, E.A.
Arscott, George
Bailey, Bob
Baker, M. J.Betts, Sam
Birke, Charles A.
Black, Al
Black, Mrs.Al.
Blaker, Wade
Bosley, Jack
Bosley, Mrs. Jack
Breckenridge, Hugh
Brock, Elmer F.
Burns, Chris
Carson, Frank
Casey,Al
Casey, Patrick
Casey, Mrs. Patrick
Cassidy, Eugene
Cassidy, George
Chisholm, Adelaide
(Mrs. Jacobi)
Chisholm, Jack
Chisholm, Mrs. Jack
Chisholm, Jim
Christie, Sam
Cochran, Dave
Collett, Fred
Costello, John
Cox, Hugh
Craig, John
Crowther, J. W.
Crowther, Mrs.J. W.
Cullen, Ed.
Cullen, John
Dempsey, Jim
DeShaw, Harriet
(Mrs. Wm. Maddy)
Douglas, Carl R.
Drumbeater, Chief
Drumbeater, Peter
Duffy, James
Duggin, Cornelius (Connie)
Ferguson, Minnie
(Mrs. M. Morrison)
Finlay, Thomas
Finnegan, B.C.
Flemming, Ernest
Forsythe, Amos
Forsythe, Elsie Jane
(Mrs. Amos Forsythe)
Fraser, Archie
Fraser, Donald
Galbreath, George
Gale, Hank
Gould, Jo
Grady, J. H. (Jim)
Green, Rose
(Mrs. Jack O'Connell)
Gunn, D. M.
Harris, Duncan
Hasty, Captain
Hasty, Mrs.
Hawkins, Wm.A.
Hepfel, John
Horter,Edwin
Horter, Mrs. Edwin
Houston, J. A.
Howes, Dr. J. H.
Huff, John
Huffman, John (Polock John)
Joe, Buckskin
Johnson, Mell
Johnson, Walt
Johnson, Mrs. Walt
Keithley, Geo.W.
Knowlton, Joe
LaFond, Charles
LaFond, Emma
(Mrs. L. Bouvette)
LaFond, Georgianna
(Mrs. Geo. Thum)
LaFond, Liza
(Mrs. Joseph LaFond)
LaFond, Marie
(Mrs. Treffle Carrier)
LaFond, Paul
LaFond, Paul
LaFond, Rosa
Lasell, Billy
Laurence, Jessie (Miss)
Leeman, Bessie
(Mrs. Rufus Mitchell)
Leeman, Walt
Leeman, Mrs. Walt
Luther, E. J.
McAvity, Henry
McDermitt,Eva
(Mrs. Clifford Wilkinson)
McDermitt, Hugh
McDermitt, Mrs. Hugh
McDonald, Angus
McDougal, Archie

McEwen, Hugh
McGee, Minnie
McKenna, Billy
McLaughlin, Wm. H. (Bill)
McLeod, Jim
McVicar, Fred
Maddy, Martha
(Mrs. Warren Potter)
Maddy, William
Mahon, Tim
Marr, C. H.
Martin, George
Maturen, Dave
Metager, J. S.
Moody, George
Morin, Eva
(Mrs. Glen Sutton)
Morin, George
Morin, Joe
Morin, Mrs. Joe
Mullins, Neil
Mullins, Mrs. Neil
Murchie, James
Neal, Ed.
Neal, W. E.
Nisbett, W. P. (Bill)
Nott, Edgar
Nott, Edna
(Mrs. Thomas Trainor)
Nott, Margaret (Mrs.)
Nott, Viola
(Mrs. Archie McDougal)
Odell, Mary
(Mrs. Charles Milaney)
O'Hara, Jimmy
O'Leary, Mike
O'Reilly, John Boyle
Patrick, S. D.
Pearson, C.A. (Bert)
Peck, Eugene
Potter, Warren
Pratt, C. L.
Pratt, Mrs. C. L.
(Mrs. W.E. White)
Price, Harry
Ranger, Agnes
(Mrs. Arthur Ranger, Sr.)
Ranger, Albert
Ranger, Alda
Ranger, Alex
Ranger, Andy
Ranger, Arthur, Jr.
Ranger, Arthur, Sr.
Ranger, Millie
(Mrs. A.V. Richardson)
Richardson, W. E. (Bill)
Richland, Peter
Richland, Mrs. Peter
Rogers, Dan
Ross, James
Russell, Napoleon
Russell, Mrs. Napoleon
Russell, (daughter)
Russell, Lizzie
Seaman, Arthur
Seaman, Carrie (Mrs. Saunders)
Seaman, Lyman
Seaman, Mary
(Mrs. C. B. Seaman)
Seaman, C. B.
Seaman, Truman
Seavey, Frank
Seavey, James
Seavey, Lowe
Seavey, Mrs. Lowe
Seavey, Lucy
(Mrs. Lucy O'Malley)
Seeley, Charlie
Seeley, Mrs. Charlie
Seelye, Charles E.
Seelye, Mrs. Charles E.
Seelye, Maggie A.
Seelye, Sage
Sheers, Harry
Sims, J. P.
Skelly, James
Skelly, John
Skelly, Owen
Smith, Bill
Smith, Clark
Spangelo, James
Stevens, Ed
Stevens, Mrs. Ed
Stevens, Fred
Stevens, Lulu
(Mrs. Richardson)
Streetar, Hattie
Streetar, Sophie (Mrs.)
Streetar, Mr.
Troop, John
Tucker, Herb
Tweedie, Hank
Wakefield, Joe
Wakefield, William
Wallace, Charles
Wallace, Mrs. Charles

Wallace, Harry
Wallace, Joe
Wallace, Mrs. Joe
Warner, P. C.
Williams, Betsy
(Mrs. Betsy--Bill--Smith)
Willman, Fred
Winn, Billy

Individuals and family groups, becoming residents of the Village of Grand Rapids subsequent to June 8, 1891 (the date of the incorporation of the village) and the end of the century, with the approximate year of arrival.

The reader will realize that this list is not complete. To make a complete list of all arrivals at Grand Rapids during these first ten years of the life of the village would be an impossibility. A sincere effort has been made to record the names of those individuals and families who came to Grand Rapids during these years and who remained for at least several years; a supreme effort has been made to record the names of those who, having arrived during these years, are still residents hereabouts, or whose descendants are numbered among our citizens of today.

Aiken, Chas.E. and family.....1895
Anderson, Frank.....1895
Anderson, Gus.....1892
Arno, Nels and family 1896
Austed, T. J. 1899

Bailey, E. G..... 1898
Baker,Chris.....1898
Baker, Fisher.....1894
Barna, Metro and family .late in.1891
Barnard, John and family.....1895
Baskerville, Professor.....1896
Bean, V. L. and family.....1895
Bell, Claude. 1898
Bemis, J. and family.....1897
Bennington, Mrs. J. B. (Grandma).1897
Benton, Thomas A. and family.....1896
Benton, John. 1893
Betts, Theo..... 1892
Betz, Leo J. and family.....1894
Bilodeau, John.....1893
Blanchard, Tuffle and family.....1894
Bolin, Herman.....1896
Booth, B. S. and family.....1898
Booth, George.....1894
Boots, S. E. and family.....1898
Brady, T. M. and family 1894
Briggs, A. E. and family..... .1895
Brock, Andy and family.....1892
Brooks, Bert and wife.....1899
Brooks, Milo and family.....1894
Brown, Dr.W. P. and wife(dentist)1896
Brown, Hughie.....1894
Brown, T. A.....1895
Buchanan, Clarence.....1896
Bueneman, F.T.and family.....1893
Bullis, O.F. and family.....1894
Burke, Edward and family.....1898

Cable, Sam and family.....1897
Cameron, Dominic and family.....1893
Cameron, Peter and family.....1893
Campbell, John and family.....1893
Carrier, Treffle.....1893
Carroll, E. T. and family.....1898
Chambers, Dave (Nigger Dave).....1895
Charnley, Nels.....1896
Chase, A. A.....1892
Clair, A. B. (Andy).....1895
Clough, Harold and family.....1899
Cloutier, Ed. and family.....1892
Cochran, Mrs. Dave and children...1892
Connell, James..... 1894
Coons, George and family.....1895
Courtemanche, Louis and wife.. ...1895
Cox,.George E.....1893
Craig, Mrs. John.....1892
Crandall, R.S.....1894
Crepar, Thomas and family.... 1896
Culver, Wm. and family.....1898
Cushmen, Frank and family.....1893

Danby, Professor and family.....1897
D'Anjou, Luke and family.....1892
Dawson, Mike..... 1894
Decker, J. J. and wife.....1893
Dempsey, William.....1895
DeShaw, William.....1893
Dewey, George.....1893
Dibbert, William. 1898
Dickinson, Charles H. and wife....1894
Dodson, Ross.....1895
Dolph, John and wife.....1896
Donohue, J. R. and wife.....1898
Douglas, C. H.....1896
Douglas, Roy E.....1892
Duffy, Mrs. James.....1892

Ehle, Dr. E. J.....1894

Farrell, E. J. and family.....1894
Faulkinghor, R.W. and family.....1895
Fearson, George.....1894
Finness, Ole.....1894
Foley, Peter and family.....1892
Forrest, C.W. and wife.....1898
Fortier, Wm. and family.....1894
Freestone, Frank.....1893
Fuller, W. J. and family.....1897
Furley, Alfred H.....1893

Gamache, Rev.Father.....1894
Garris, Arthur A. and wife.....1899
Gilbert, Dr.George and family.....1898
Gilbert, W.C. and family..(Fall of....1891
Gilboe, M. L.....1894
Guitar, Mike.....1895
Gunn, D. M. and wife.....1892
Graffam, H. E. and wife.....1892
Grant, Frank.....1896
Green, Frank.....1892

Hachey, Ed. and family.....1895
Hammer, Chas.....1895
Harry, Jesse.....(Fall of)....1891
Harry, Orra.....1897
Hastings, Chas.....1896
Hazelton, Harry.....1893
Heideman, R. W.....1899
Helmer, Joseph (Joe).....1892
Hepfel, Mrs. John and children. (Fall of)...1891
Herschback, Ed.....1900
Herschback, Joe.....1900
Hewis, Sylvester.....1900
Hofer, John and family.....1893
Hofer, Len.....1893
Holman, W. B. and wife.....1894
Holum, Ed. and wife.....1894
Hoolihan, William.....1892
Hughes, Henry.....1892
Huntley, L.W. and family.....1898
Huson. H. S. and family.....1892

Jackson, C.R.....1899
Jacobia, George.....1900
Johnson, August.....1893
Johnson, Ben.....1897
Johnson, Ed. and sons.....1894
Johnson, Edwin E. and family.....1892
Johnson, F.O. and wife.....1894
Johnson, J. E. and wife.....1894
Johnson, Tony.....1894

Keable, Eustis and family.....1893
Kelly, C.C.....1896
Kelly, William.....1893
Kennedy, Sandy and family.....1894
Kiley, E. C. and family.....1893
King, F. A. and family.(Fall of).1891
Kingston, William S.....1896
Kingston, T. J.....1898
Klenke, Fred and wife.....1893
Kniffen, Frank and family.....1895
Kremer, Arthur.....1892
Kremer, E.A. and family.(Fall of)1891
Kremer, Feorge F. and family.....1895
Kribbs, A.E.....1895
Kurtzman, Jake and wife.....1892

Lalla, Matt and wife.....1893
Lane, Hugh and family.....1893
Lang, Frank S.....1898
Larson, Ed.....1897
Lasier, Joseph and family.....1894
Leahy, M. A. and family.....1893
Leary, John.....1896
Lee, Sam (Chinaman).....1896
Lehman, William.....1894
Lessard, Gilbert and family.....1894
LeVasseur, A. G. and family.....1900
Lieberman, Ben.....1899
Lindberg, A. F. (Al).....1899
Litchke, Emil and family.....1892
Little, Robert.....1894
Lofberg, John and family.....1892
Logan, Ed.....1895
Logan, Henry and family.....1892
Long, Jonas and family.....1894
Lord, Bob and family.....1897
Love, James.....1899
Love, Samuel and family.....1896
Luther, E. J. and family.....1894

McAllister, George.....1898
McAllister, R.A. and family.....1896
McCarthy, C. C. and wife.....1892
McCord, C. H.....1895
McCormick, Frank and family.....1893
McCormick, James and family.....1897
McFall, William and wife.....1895
McGarry, P. H. (Pat)..(Fall of)..1891
McGowan, Ed.....1892
McHugh,T. A. (Tom).....1892
McKay, Fred.....1898
McKeown, F. J. (Frank).....1898
McKeown, W.F. (Billy).....1893
McKinnon, Dunc and family.....1896
McNulty, Hugh.....1895
McVeigh, John and family (Fall of)1891
McWilliams, Archie and wife.....1895

MacKenzie, Reverend D. A.....1897
MacLennan, R. D. and family.....1894
Manness, John and family.....1899
Marr, Mrs. C. H. and children,
(Fall of)..1891
Martin, Bill.....1893
Martin, Hugh.....1893
Martin, Irve.....1893
Merritt, Hullett C.....1895
Metzger, Mrs. J. S. and children.1892
Milaney, Charles.....1896
Miller, C.C. and family.....1896
Mitchell, A. A..... 1896
Mitchell, Orin.....1899
Mohr, Jacob.....1895
Montcalm, Avila and family.....1897
Montcalm, Dave and family 1898
Mooers, George W. and family.....1895
Moran, S. J. (Sam).....1897
Morrison, Mike.....1899
Myers, W. E. (Billy) and family..1892

Nelson, Alice (Mrs. Bert Wilcox).1898
Nelson, John X (Long Hair Joe)...1892
Nesbitt, Jack and wife.....1892
Nolan, Joe and family.. 1896
Nutter, C. A. and wife.....1895

O'Brien, John and wife.....1895
O'Day, Joseph.....1894
O'Donnell, J. P. and family.....1892
O'Halloran, P. and family.....1894
Olin, Thomas and family.....1894
Orr, Nathan J.....1892
Osborne, John and family.....1894

Patridge, Benjamin and family....1896
Passard, James and wife.....1892
Patterson, F. E.....1898
Patterson, R. M. (Rob) and wife..1894
Pearson, Jim.....1896
Peavey, John.....1900
Perreault, M. and family.....1895
Perrington, Wm.....1894
Phillips, Al.....1896
Phillips, Carl.....1896
Pinette, Louis.....1898
Ploof, T. F. and family.....1895
Poepke, Frank and family.....1892
Polley, Bruce and family.....1892
Ponti, M. and family.....1894
Poole, John.....1892
Prescott, George and family.....1896
Price, Frank F. and wife..... ..1895
Proulx, Joe and family.....1893
Putney, Dr.A.....1895

Quackenbush, Wm.....1896

Racine, A. and family.....1895
Ranfranz, Henry.....1898
Ranfranz, Otto.....1897
Rasmussen, Elmer.....1895
Reed, A. A. (Ab.).....1900
Remer, E. N. and family.....1900
Remer, W. P. and family.....1900
Richards, Grant.....1899
Richardson, H. E.....1894
Riddell, George.....1894
Ring, Mrs. Celia and daughter.....1897
Robinson, George and family.....1897
Romans, Jud and family.....1893
Root, L. R. and family.....1892
Rosser, Dr. J. C. and family.....1894
Russell, Dr. Thomas and wife.....1893
Rust, Eli.....1897

Salter, Andy.....1895
Sandretsky, W. J.....1894
Sawyer, George.....1896
Schumacher, Matt and wife.....1899
Shannon, Dan.....1897
Shannon, Hugh.....1893
Sheehan, P. J. and wife 1892
Sheldon, Carl.....1892
Sheldon, Frank P.....1892
Shoaff, T. H.....1895
Sinnett, John B. and family.....1894
Sisler, A. M. and family.....1892
Spang, M. A. (Matt).....1892
Storch, Dr. C. W. and wife.....1895
Stram, Martin.....1900
Strouse, John and children.....1897
Suprise, Frank and family.....1894

Taft, J.W. and wife.....1897
Taylor, C. M. and family.....1893
Taft, Cornelius and wife.....1895
Tinkey, Henry and family.....1899
Todd, Professor and family.....1895
Tooms, Oscar.....1894
Trombley, Alex.....1899
True, J. N. and wife.....1895
Tuller, George.....1893
Tuller, Henry and wife.....1893
Tulley, Elijah and family.....1895

Unger, John and wife.....1898

Vipond, George and family.....1895

Wagner, N. A. and wife.....1900
Ward, Tom.....1897
Wason, J.A.....1892
Weed, H. A.....1895
Weibler, John.....1894
Weitzel, William and wife.....1896
Whaling, John and family.....1895
Wheaton, Leroy.....1892
Wheaton, William.....1898
White, A. P. and wife.....1894
Wickham, George.. 1899
Williams, George S. and family...1894
Williams, Harry.....1893
Withrow, Harry and family.....1896
Wilson, Ed. and family.....1895
Woodruff, Mrs. Carrie.....1897
Woods, Ed. and wife.....1894
Woods, Tony and wife.....1895

GLOSSARY

Words and expressions originated in Northern Minnesota Logging Operations.

Birling -- rolling a floating log swiftly by surmounting it and propelling with the feet--log rolling.

Boil-up -- wash clothing.

Bulls (yoke of bulls) -- oxen (yoke of oxen).

Bull-puncher -- ox teamster.

Bullcook -- man who did the chores around the camp, cut the wood, hauled the water, and swept out the bunk house.

"Bunch it" -- quite the job.

Bunk -- bed.

Bunk-house -- sleeping quarters.

Camp-inspector -- workman who made a very short stay in camp.

Camp-reporter -- same as Camp-inspector.

Cookee -- cook's helper.

Cook-camp -- building where the food was prepared and served.

Cook's-devil -- same as cookee.

Corks -- calks used in driving shoes.

Crosshaul -- a stub road at right angles to a logging road used by loading team working with crew loading logs on sleighs.

"Dangle down river" -- leave the drive, quite the drive.

Deacon-seat -- bench in bunk-house built along edge of bunks.

Drive -- to float logs across lakes and down river.

Driving-stage -- water in lakes and rivers of sufficient depth to permit the driving of logs.

Forty -- a forty acre tract of land or of timber.

"Give'er snoose" -- apply the power, "give her the gun".

Go-devil -- a two runner sled made of three pieces of timber, two crooked sticks fastened together in a V shape with one timber across serving as a sleigh bunk, used for skidding heavy logs. It had no tongue or pole, no roll, and no shoes on the runners.

Growl-house -- teamster's bunk-house.

Gut-wagon -- wagon used to haul out lunches to men working on the drive.

Haywire -- no good, or worse.

"Haywire and gunnysack" -- everything gone wrong.

Handyman -- man who did the wood work in building and repairing sleighs, go-devils, etc.

Hooker -- ground man on a jammer loading crew.

Iron-burner -- blacksmith.

Jammer -- a mechanical device for loading logs on cars or sleighs, powered by horses or steam.

Logan -- lagoon.

Log-wrench -- a canthook.

"Make 'er out" -- a lumberjack's way of telling the clerk to make out his time, that he is quitting the job.

Muzzle-loader -- bunk with end toward the deacon-seat, and entered thru the end rather than the side.

Nosebag -- small sack used by man working on the drive to carry his lunch in.

"Mix me up a walk" -- same as "Make or out".

Push -- the boss, commonly called the foreman.

River-pig -- a man working on the drive.

Road-monkey -- man who kept the logging-road in repair.

"Running the sieve" -- culling the less efficient workmen out of a crew when the size of the crew could be cut down.

Rut-road -- a logging road with two iced ruts for the runners of the logging sleigh to slide along in.

Rutter -- heavy machine, drawn by horses, made to cut the ruts for a rut-road.

Sacking -- on the drive, rolling logs out of shallow water into deep water.

Sacking-boat -- flat bottom boat used in sacking operations.

Schoolmarm -- a crotched log.

Skinner -- teamster.

Sky-hooker -- the top man on a log loading crew.

Sky-pilot -- a traveling preacher, any clergyman visiting the camp.

Slough-hogs -- river pigs.

Snooze -- snuff.

Sour-dough artist -- a cook.

Stomach robber -- same as sour-dough artist.

Swamper -- workman who cut the limbs off the logs and cleared the skidding trail.

Swing-dingle -- a trailer for a go-devil, constructed much like a go-devil, and used by hitching behind, to make a very loose jointed sleigh. Used in the fall and spring for hauling light loads over rough ground.

Tail-down -- to roll logs down a skidway.

"Tim-brrrr" -- Look out, tree ready to fall".

Thorofare -- a narrow body of water, often a stream, connecting two lakes, or connecting a lake and a river.

Top loader -- same as sky-hooker.

Trough-road -- a logging road of solid ice, with shoulders of ice, so shaped that it resembled a long continuous trough.

Turn -- a trip from the woods to the landing and back, a round trip.

Van -- short for "Wanigan".

Walker -- traveling superintendent in charge of two or more camps.

Walking-boss -- same as Walker.

Wanagan -- floating camp housing men working on the drive.

Wangan -- stock of clothing, tobacco, etc., kept on hand for sale to crew.

Wood-butcher -- same as handyman.