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WADENA COUNTY

By Mortimer E. Nicol

Hooty Owl Joins the Picnic Party

"Wah-hoo-hoo-hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

"O, here he comes, Bobby. Here he comes. Wah-hoo, yourself, Hooty Owl. Hurry up. We're waiting for you."

It was a beautiful midsummer day, in 1938, and Betty and Bobby were picnicking on the shore of Blueberry Lake, in Wadena County, Minnesota.

They had their lunch all spread, and were ready to eat; but were apparently waiting for somebody. 'Twas then that the 'hooty' greeting came from above, as a great White Owl dropped down from the sky, and, in a very dignified manner, seated himself on the table between the two children.

"Hello, Betty. Hello, Bobby," he said, in a friendly tone, that didn't sound at all like the hoot of an owl. "I am sorry if I am late. I hope you haven't waited long."

"That's all right Hooty," said Bobby, politely. "We're only too glad you didn't forget to come at all."

"O, I never forget anything, Bobby," said the Owl. "And, besides, I've been looking forward to this day for a week. I believe we're going to have a fine time."

"Lunch is all ready," said Betty. "Do you like blueberries, Hooty Owl?"

"Well, I can't say that I really like them very well," Hooty replied. "I eat them once in a while, though. And I see you have brought

a bottle of cream with the lunch things; so the blueberries should make a very nice dessert. I'll have mine now, if you please."

"But, Hooty, aren't you going to have something else first? We have just lots and lots of good things to eat," said Betty, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, thank you, Betty," replied Hooty Owl, kindly, as he brushed the little girl's arm with his wing feathers. "The truth is, I have already eaten. You see, I felt quite sure you wouldn't have any mice, or rats, or gophers, in your lunch basket today, so I went out and hunted up a good big meal of field mice for myself."

"Yeah, and then you went to sleep, didn't you?" said Bobby, with a grin.

"That's just what I did, Bobby," said Hooty, frankly. "And I owe you both an apology for oversleeping, and being late for my appointment. But you Kids just go ahead and eat. I'll be perfectly satisfied with the blueberries."

"Maybe you could tell us a story while we're eating," said Betty, hopefully.

"Guess I could," mumbled the Owl, as he dipped his beak into his bowl of dessert. "But, say, these berries are good. I wonder if you folks realize how lucky you are to have such a wonderful blueberry patch as Wadena County is right now. Did you know that it is one of the largest and finest in the world?"

"We have a Blueberry Township and a Blueberry Lake, too," said Bob. "All in Wadena County."

"That's what you have," said Hooty Owl. "And I'll tell you something else, too; Wadena County is almost exactly in the center of the State of

Minnesota; and Minnesota is almost in the center of the United States--that is, in the center from east to west. So, you see, the folks around here can ship blueberries all over the United States; and they do, too. Why, I'll bet there are just thousands of folks, everywhere, having blueberries for lunch right now--in pies, and sauce, and jam. But I like 'em best with cream. Yes, thank you, Betty, I will have another bowlful."

"We ought to have a strawberry and a blackberry township, too," said Bobby. "And maybe a raspberry township."

"O, Bobby," said Betty in disgust, "maybe you think we ought to have a Picnic Township, and an Ice cream Township, as well. Don't pay any attention to his nonsense, Hooty Owl."

"Hooty Owl just smiled, and said: "Well, Bobby, there was a time, several million years ago, when this whole country down here was a sort of 'Ice Cream Township'. That was what is called the 'Glacial Period', when all this part of the country was covered with snow and ice. But that was a long, long time ago."

"O, tell us about the Glacial Period," cried Betty. "Did you live here then, Hooty?"

"O, no," said Hooty Owl, "I didn't live here; and I didn't come down here very often either. It was too far away from my home. But the country doesn't look much now like it did then. By-the-way, Bobby, as soon as you're through eating, we'll have a look at that map of Wadena County you were going to bring with you today. And while we're looking at the map to keep track of where we are, I'll tell you something about the changes that have taken place down through the ages. Man, himself, has been responsible for most of the changes."

"All right, I've got the map," said Bobby, between bites of

fried chicken. "But, say, Hooty, there's something I'd like to have you tell me, first: How is it that you know so much about everything? And how is it that you can talk our language, and understand everything we say, too? The other birds and animals can't do that."

"Hoo, hoo," said the Owl, blinking his big yellow eyes. "I thought you'd be asking that question some day, Bobby. And I'll answer it right now, too. I learned everything I know by listening, instead of talking." And then, as he noticed that his reply seemed to embarrass the boy, he added: "Now, I don't mean to say that a boy or girl who really wants to learn, shouldn't ask questions. But you know how some people are-- they talk so much, they don't get a chance to hear much."

"O, now I know what that rhyme means," exclaimed Betty. "Remember it, Bobby:

"There was an old Owl, who lived in an oak.
He listened a lot; but he seldom spoke.
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
And that's why he's called 'A Wise Old Bird'."

"Hoo, hoo," laughed Hooty Owl. "Well, I guess that just about tells it, doesn't it? But I'll make an exception to the rule today, and talk a lot, while you Kids listen. And you may ask as many questions as you like."

"Gee! That's swell," declared Bobby. "And I guess I'm about full now; so here's the map."

Bob spread the map out on the table; and Hooty Owl, using one of his claws for a pointer, began his interesting story of the history of Wadena County.

"Now, Children," he said, "as I told you a moment ago, I didn't visit this part of the country very much until a thousand years or so ago. But you may be sure that somebody lived here, just the same, because many

traces of their homes and habits have been found; although there are no records or maps, such as you have nowadays.

"Right here in Wadena County we have proof that the 'Mound Builders' lived here for a time. But just who the 'Mound Builders' were, or where they came from, or what became of them, nobody knows for sure. I'm sure I never saw any of them."

"Then how do you know they lived here?" asked Bobby. "Did they leave some letters?"

"No, they didn't leave any letters," said Hooty Owl, "but they left something else." He pointed with his claw to the Village of Wadena, on the map. "Right over here, only a few years ago, there were still traces of one of their mounds; and when the mound was opened, it was found to contain human bones, and pots, and pans, and a knife made of stone."

"I don't see how they could build mounds when everything was covered with snow and ice," said Betty.

"O, they had time enough to build their mounds after the snow and ice had all melted, and they had summers here then like you have now," said Hooty. "But, you see, nobody knows for sure just when they were here. Some students believe that the Mound Builders were a tribe of Eskimo who had been driven south by the glaciers. And others think the mounds were made by the Indians less than 200 years ago."

"Did they find some dead Indians buried in the mounds?" asked Bobby.

"Don't know for sure whether they were Indians or not," replied Hooty. And not all the mounds held human bones when they were opened. In one small mound, all that was found was a copper axe, and a crescent-shaped

copper ornament. That was right here in Blueberry Township."

"Did the Mound Builders dig ditches and pits, too?" asked Betty.

"Well, that's some more of the mystery," Hooty replied. "I presume you are thinking about this ditch, and the pits, over here by Wadena Village, aren't you? Inside the triangle formed by two sides of the ditch, a pit was found, and several graves covered with stones. But that may have been a part of a fort built during one of the many wars between the Sioux and Ojibway Indians.

"And over here at the fork of the rivers in Thomastown Township, were found seven mounds, each about thirty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. And nearby was one mound forty feet long and three feet wide."

"Giants' graves!" shouted Bobby.

"Maybe they were, Bobby," said Hooty. "Nobody knows for sure, and probably never will. That was a long, long time ago.

"Now some people believe that if the Eskimo were the first people to live here, they were followed by another strange race, known as the 'Quartz Builders of Little Falls'. Those people left some relics, too, such as various kinds of tools, all made of quartz, one of the very hardest of stones."

"Then the Indians came after the 'Quartz Builders', did they?" Betty asked.

"Yes, that's what people generally believe," replied Hooty Owl.

"And the first Indians probably came from the East--Athapascans and Algonquins."

"And then the White men came," said Bobby. "Is that right?"

"Well, the White men came after the Indians, all right," said Hooty.

"But not right after those first Indians. When the White men arrived, all

those first Indian tribes had disappeared, and this whole territory was peopled by the Dakota tribe."

"Were the Dakotas good farmers?" asked Bobby. "And do you think a Dakota Indian owned our Daddy's farm at one time?"

"No, I think not, Bobby," replied Hooty. "The Indian of those days didn't like to work. He preferred to leave that to his wife, or squaw, while he went hunting and fishing, or out fighting other Indians."

"Isn't that just like a man?" said Betty, with a mischievous glance at her brother. "But how did the Indians get enough to eat, if the men wouldn't work? And who built their houses, and bought their clothes?"

"They didn't wear any clothes," declared Bobby.

"O, yes, they did, Bobby," said the Wise Old Owl. "You must not forget that they had cold winters up here in those times, just as you do now. But the Indians were great hunters; and wild, fur-bearing animals were plentiful. So, even though they didn't wear many clothes in the summer time, the pelts of those animals furnished them plenty of warm furs to wear in the winter. And fish and game and wild fruit gave them a plentiful supply of food at all times. Of course the Indians had no salt or pepper, as you have; but for sugar they used the sweet sap of the maple trees."

"Maple sugar!" shouted Bobby. "I'll bet that was good. But Mr. Indian never had a frosted chocolate cake like this, did he?" And he helped himself to another generous slice, regardless of Betty's look of reproach.

"Indeed he didn't," said Hooty Owl. "Nor bread and butter like yours, either. "But the Indians did raise a little corn, which the squaws ground up between stones, and made into a coarse meal. That was their only flour, and ~~of~~ if it they made the only bread they had."

"Their homes were round, pointed tents, built of poles cut from small trees, and covered with the skins of animals. These tents were called 'tee-pees'. They had no doors or windows. All the cooking was done over open fires in the middle of the teepee, and the smoke from the fire had to find its way out through a hole at the peak."

"Could the Indians cook chicken like this?" asked Bobby, as he held up a drum stick, partly eaten.

"Not that kind of chicken, Bobby," said Hooty Owl. "But Mr. Indian had some kinds of meat that you don't have, too. There was enough and to spare, in those days, of many kinds of wild game, for both food and clothing.

"The woods teemed with deer, caribou, bear, lynx, raccoon, wolf, and various members of the cat family. The prairie section was alive with grouse, prairie chicken, quail, and other game birds, as well as buffalo, badger and fox. The sloughs and streams were filled with beaver, muskrat, otter and mink. Great flocks of ducks, geese, cranes and swans had their feeding grounds on the uplands, and watering places for all of them were plentiful.

"Yes, Mother Nature was very generous with her supply of food and clothing for the Indians. And, although the Indian had no matches, like you have, yet he knew how to make a fire. He did it by knocking hard rocks together, or by twirling a stick in a notch in another stick. That's one trick, Bobby, that your Boy Scouts of these days learned from the Indians."

"But the Indians learned a lot more than that from the White men, didn't they?" said Bobby, proudly.

"No doubt of that," said Hooty. "Because after many years of sole possession of all this wonderful country, of which Wadena County is a part,

the Indian finally had to make room for the White man."

And here, the Wise Old Owl paused for a moment to preen his feathers, and settle himself more comfortably, with his claws hooked over the edge of the picnic table. He was then ready to tell his interested young listeners the interesting story about

The Coming of the First White Men

"Who were the first White men to come to Wadena County?" asked Bobby. "Did Columbus discover Wadena County?"

"O, no, Bobby," said Hooty. "It was a great many years after Columbus' time that the first White men came to this part of the country. There has been discussion as to who were the first White men to reach this far west. Some believe that those two Frenchmen, Radisson and Groseilliers, were the first ones, but the records are not quite clear.

"There is one thing of which history is certain, however, and that is, that in 1679, Daniel Greysolon DuLuth penetrated as far as Lake Mille Lacs. And it is from this explorer that the present city of Duluth takes its name."

"What was DuLuth looking for, Hooty?" asked Bobby. "Was he just hunting game for food and clothing?"

"No, I think not, Bobby," said the Owl. "DuLuth was one of the first Frenchmen who came through here looking for a short cut to India, the country that was supposed to contain such great wealth for everybody. Back in those days, even the best educated people had strange ideas of geography."

"Guess they didn't know how big America is, did they?" said Betty.

"Indeed they didn't," said Hooty. "And they didn't have any idea what great wealth this country contained, either, until after they got

here. But it didn't take them long to discover that it was the greatest fur producing country in the world. And they lost no time in getting that news back to France.

"Then things began to to happen. More Frenchmen began to come in. Some hoping to gain great wealth for themselves in the fur business; some with the idea of adding more territory to the French Empire; and then there were the Missionaries, who were anxious to make Christians of the Indians they were told about."

"My goodness," exclaimed Betty. "Those first White men must have had an awful hard time. Did they have to live just like the Indians did, when they first came, I wonder?"

"O, no, Betty," Hooty assured her, "those fellows had been given some idea of what to expect out here, so they came prepared. They brought a great many things with them that the Indians had never seen nor heard of. Some of these things were for their own comfort and welfare; but with many of them they made some very good bargains with the Indians, by trading for animal pelts to send back East."

"How could the White men talk with the Indians?" asked Bobby.

"Didn't they speak a different language?"

"They surely did, Bobby," said Hooty Owl. "The Indians spoke a good many different languages; that is, each Indian tribe had a language of its own. And that's one of the very things that caused so much trouble in those days. But they all had furs to trade; and those first White men were pretty smart Frenchmen. It didn't take them long to make up a language they could all understand well enough to do business."

"Bet they used a sign language, didn't they?" said Bobby.

"Yes, that's just what they did, at first," said Hooty Owl.

"You see, there were a great many different tribes of Indians, each with a different language, but these first White men were all French. So the wise Frenchmen listened, and soon found a way to talk to ALL the Indians. They didn't care how they talked. All they wanted was those furs. There were ladies back home demanding furs, and they didn't care where they came from, or how they were obtained, either. Cost didn't mean a thing to them. That's how there was so much money to be made in the fur business."

"Then I guess the ladies back home caused as much trouble as the Indians did," said Bobby, with a mischievous grin at his sister.

"But not ALL of the first Frenchmen were traders for furs, were they, Hooty?" asked Betty.

"No, not all," said Hooty. "Some of them were Missionaries, as I told you. And then there were those adventurers and explorers, who were bent on finding out all they could about this wonderful new country, and telling the world about it. But none of those fellows were very good map makers. Lake and rivers were very badly misplaced. There are still in existence some of the maps made by Joliet, Marquette, LaSalle, Hennepin, LeSueur, Nicollet, and DuLuth. But I am afraid you Children would have a pretty hard time to find your way about just Wadena County, with one of those maps for a guide."

"Bet they weren't any worse than the ones Betty makes," said Bobby, still grinning.

"Well, Bobby," said Hooty, "you can't blame Betty too much for that, you know. Perhaps she's more interested in furs than she is in maps, too, just as those early Frenchmen were. And what is now Minnesota was at that time one of the greatest fur producing areas in the whole world. There are not so many fur-bearing animals now, anywhere. But during those times, both

Indians and White men killed them by thousands, to satisfy the vanity of men and women."

"The White men were just as bad as the Indians, to kill the beautiful animals, weren't they?" said Betty, sadly.

"Yes, I am afraid they were, Betty," said Hooty Owl. "The cries of those dumb animals echoed through the woods day and night, as they died cruel deaths in the Indians' traps, or fell before the white men's guns.

"The furs were shipped thousands of miles to reach some of the markets. Some even went to the courts of Europe, to grab the luxury loving rulers and their followers."

"How did they get the furs to the market in those days?" asked Bobby. "Minnesota didn't have good roads then, like they have now, I bet."

"I should say they didn't have good roads," said Hooty. "They didn't have any roads at all--just trails through the forest, and not very good trails, at that. No, they had trading posts established at several places, in different parts of the country, where the hunters and trappers took their animal pelts, and did their bargaining. Those trading posts were usually on some river bank; and from there the furs were sent by small boats down the rivers for general distribution.

"The first organized effort to handle the fur trade in a business-like way came about the year 1670, when the Hudson's Bay Fur Company was started. From that time on, it became one of the biggest things in the country."

"Does Santa Claus get his furs from the Hudson's Bay Fur Company?" asked Betty.

Hooty Owl smiled, as he answered: "Well, not our North Pole Santa Claus, Betty. You see, all the folks up there are just like one big family--

animals and all; and they don't believe it is necessary to kill each other just to get pretty furs to wear. No, Betty, Old Sam Snow Shoe, the white rabbit; and Buster Bear, and Leo Lion, and all those fellows, shed a great deal of their hair every spring, and Mrs. Santa Claus and her sewing girls gather up all that hair, and use it to trim coats and caps and scarfs and mittens for Santa Claus. And the animals are glad to let them have it."

"Then why don't all the animals stay up there at the North Pole, where they won't be killed for their furs?" asked Betty.

"Well, Betty," said Hooty Owl, with a very wise look, "that is like asking why all the people in the world don't live in Wadena County, Minnesota, where you and Bobby are so happy. Soon there wouldn't be room enough to move around. And then, too, there wouldn't be food enough for everybody. No, when Mother Nature made so many birds and animals of all kinds, she knew very well that the smartest ones, and the strongest ones, would have to live off the weaker ones. That's what we call the law of 'the survival of the fittest.'"

"And that's the reason why Man is the ruler of the whole world, isn't it?" said Bobby, knowingly.

"That seems to be one of the reasons, anyway, Bobby," said Hooty. He rules all the lower animals, and all the birds, too, myself included; and he takes whatever we may have, without asking. But Man's biggest job seems to be how to get along with other men.

"For example, this fur business of the early days in the Northwest was a good way for Man to make great sums of money. And the first thing we knew, a very jealous rivalry sprang up among the various companies that were making it their business. There were many bitter fights, and a great

deal of cheating. Much blood was shed, too. And do you know, Children, one of the real causes of the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, sprang from the rivalry in the fur business?"

"O, my history book at school says that the War of 1812 was caused by the sieging of American sailors on the high seas," declared Bobby.

"Correct, young man," said Wise old Hooty Owl. "Go to the head of the class; and we'll give you an extra piece of cake as a reward for being a good historian. But your history book also says that in the treaty of 1783, which ended the Revolutionary War, England signed over to the United States all the land between the Mississippi River and Lake Superior, doesn't it? But despite that fact, English and Canadian fur traders continued to operate in American territory. The Americans protested, and a very bitter feeling sprang up between the two countries."

"What country did Wadena County belong to then?" asked Betty.

Hooty Owl turned to Betty with a look of astonishment in his big yellow eyes, as he answered:

"Now that was a smart question, young lady; and we'll have to send you to the head of the class, too, with an extra piece of cake. You've been looking closely at the other side of this map, here, and you see that Wadena County is west of the Mississippi, and so not included in the land that England ceded to the United States.

"All right, let's just turn the map over, now, and look at the other side for a moment."

Then Betty and Bobby drew closer to Wise Old Hooty, with the map of the United States on the table before them, while Hooty pointed out the boundary lines, and explained the national ownership of the territory which included what is now Wadena County, from the date of its discovery, up to

the present time.

Some Wadena County Geography

"The territory that now makes up Wadena County," said Hooty, "first came under the control of France, through those French explorers I told you about, who were such poor map makers. Then during the many wars in Europe, France gave this country to Spain, in 1762. That transfer was of a private nature, however, and none of the other nations knew anything about it until afterwards. But Spain didn't keep it long. She gave it back to France in 1800.

"Then about this time, your Uncle Sam began to stretch and grow. And he saw a chance to make a good deal with France in the 'Louisiana Purchase' of 1803. So he made it. And that was when the Stars and Stripes were planted over the territory, where they have remained ever since."

"I know who made the 'Louisiana Purchase'," said Betty. "It was James Monroe and Robert Livingston."

"Right again, Betty," said Hooty Owl. "James Monroe was at that time the United States' Minister to France; and it was when Thomas Jefferson was president. But do you know how much they paid for the Louisiana Territory?"

"I do," shouted Bobby. "It was \$15,000,000.00."

"That's right," said Hooty. "That is, that's what they paid France, but there were a great many trappers and traders who had claims against the land at that time, and when those claims were paid, with the interest due on them, the purchase price really amounted to about \$27,000,000.00."

"\$27,000,000.00! My Goodness! That's a pile of money, isn't it?" exclaimed Betty.

"Sounds like a pretty big pile, doesn't it?" said Hooty Owl. "But when you figure it down to pennies, and what they got for them, it sounds a

bit different. Just think, there were more than a million square miles of it--more than all the land in Continental Europe. And it includes some of the very richest soil in the whole world, too. And your wise old statesmen, who made that purchase in 1803, paid only 4¢ an acre for it."

"Criminently!" shouted Bobby. "4¢ an acre for land in Wadena County? Boy! Wouldn't anyone have a fat chance of buying this land for that price now?"

"I don't think they'd be very successful," replied Hooty. "Your Dad would ask a thousand times that much for his farm, I believe, and the price would be considered cheap at that."

"But why did Monroe and Livingston buy so much land all at one time?" asked Betty curiously.

"Well," said Hooty, "President Jefferson was a man of great vision. He could see that this country was destined to become the greatest nation in the world; and he believed that more territory was needed for the pioneers who were looking for new homes.

"But Wadena County, as it is today, didn't come into being for many years yet. With the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, it became a part of Louisiana District of Indiana Territory. Then when Indiana was admitted to the Union as a state, in 1805, the future Wadena County became a part of Louisiana Territory, and so remained until 1812. Then Louisiana became a state, and Wadena became a part of Missouri Territory. When Missouri entered the Union as a state, in 1821, this section became an orphan. It didn't belong to any state or territory then until 1834, when it became a part of Michigan Territory."

"Why did they keep changing it so much, I wonder?" mused Betty.

"I guess those other territories didn't want Wadena County, on account of the Indians. Was that the reason, Hooty Owl?" asked Bobby.

"O, no, not at all," said Hooty. "It was because the whole tract was so big, it was thought advisable to cut it up into smaller areas, as the population increased. That made it more convenient to govern."

"I guess it wasn't very convenient to govern when it was a part of Michigan, was it?" said Betty. "With the whole of Lake Michigan dividing it right in the middle."

"Well, it didn't remain that way very long, Little Geographer," said Hooty Owl. "In 1836, Wisconsin Territory was created, and that took in all of what is now Minnesota. Then two years later--in 1838--another chunk was cut off the big piece, and this section became a part of Iowa Territory."

"Why, how could that be?" asked Betty, in surprise. "Minnesota is bigger than Iowa, isn't it?"

"Minnesota State is bigger than Iowa State, as they are now, Betty, that's true," replied Hooty. "But at that time Iowa took in a great deal more territory than it does now. In fact, it was still considered too big to become a state; so in 1846, when Iowa did join the Union, still another chunk was cut off; and what is now Wadena County again became an orphan."

"There wasn't much of the big chunk left by that time, was there?" said Bobby.

"Not a great deal, for a fact," acknowledged Hooty. "Still it was considered too big to be running loose, without any kind of government; so three years later--in 1849--Minnesota Territory was created, and Wadena County became a part of it.

"Then in 1858 Minnesota became a state of the Union, and Wadena County, as it is today, was established. It was not until February 21, 1873, however, that the county was officially organized, and took its name--WADENA."

"Why didn't they name the state 'Wadena'?" Betty wanted to know.

"Well, Betty," said Hooty Owl, "just about all the names of places in this part of the country, are taken from the Indians' languages, and they each have some particular meaning. The name 'Minnesota', for example, is a Dakota or Sioux Indian word, meaning 'sky-tinted water'. And 'Wadena' is an Ojibway word, which signifies 'little round hill'--probably having reference to those rounded outlines of the Crow Wing Bluff, at the Old Wadena ferry.

"So you see, the name 'Minnesota' would be much more appropriate for the whole state, with its many 'sky-tinted' rivers and lakes."

"But the towns and townships in Wadena County don't all have Indian names, do they?" asked Betty.

"No, not all of them, Betty," Hooty replied. "Some of them take their names from other sources, originated by white men. Here, I'll tell you what let's do: While we've got the map before us, let's mix up a little history with our geography, and make a picture of Wadena County in every detail, so clear in your minds you'll never forget it."

"Let's play that Betty and I are tourists, and you are a real estate agent, taking us on an airplane trip over the county," said Bobby.

"That's a good idea," said Hooty Owl. "I'll try to be a good guide, and you may ask as many questions as you want to. If I don't know the correct answers for sure, we'll all go to the library, and look them up."

"O, that will be fun," cried Betty. "You be the pilot, Bobby. I'll hold the map, and Hooty Owl will do the talking."

"That suits me fine," said Bobby, helping himself to another spoonful of blueberries. "And, as this is to be a make-believe flight, all I'll have to do is eat and listen. We'll start right here, over Blueberry Township. I'll go up about a thousand feet, and we'll fly back and forth from one side of the county to the other, both ways, until we run out of gas--

or lemonade."

"Well, I'll bet your gas--or lemonade--tank is plenty full right now," said Betty, laughing. "Are we all ready to start?"

"All ready," shouted Bobby. "Get on your goggles, and hook up your life belts. CONTACT! W-h-r-r-r-r!"

"No stunt flying, now, Bobby," said Hooty Owl, entering into the spirit of the game. "Up a thousand feet, then flatten out while we take our bearings." And then he started in, as a tourist guide, as Bobby suggested:

"Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, sailing over one of the smallest counties in the state. Off to the east lies Cass County; to the south is Todd County; to the west is Becker and a part of Otter Tail; and to the north, Hubbard.

"With our eyes on the map as we travel, we learn that Wadena County consists of fifteen townships, very neatly arranged in tiers, three townships wide (east to west), and five townships high (north to south). Each of these townships contains about 540 square miles, or 350,000 acres. There is nearly forty times as much land as water.

"As we pass over each of these townships, I will tell you where its name originated."

"And I'll keep the gas--or lemonade--tank filled, without having to land to do it," declared Bobby, grinning. "Fill 'er up, Betty," he added, holding out his glass.

There was plenty of lemonade, so Betty filled his glass; and Hooty Owl continued with his story:

"We'll start with Blueberry Township, in the northwest corner of the county. 'Blueberry' is the English translation of an Ojibway Indian name, and it has been given also to the river and the lake.

"Next to the east is Shell River Township, which takes its name from the mussel or clam shells found on the banks of the river and the lake by the same name. The Ojibways named this one too.

"But the next one to the east was named by the white man 'Huntersville', because it was considered such a hunters' paradise.

"And now we'll drop south over Orton Township, and remember that 'Orton' was the family name of its pioneer farmers.

"Meadow, next west, was so named because of its small tracts of natural grass land, enclosed in the general wood land."

"And Red Eye Township was named for its 'Red Eye' whiskey that the Indians liked so well, wasn't it?" interrupted Bobby, chuckling.

"No, you're wrong this time, Bobby," said the Owl. "The township takes its name from the 'Red Eye' River, which flows across it from west to east, as you see. The Ojibways so named the river because of its red-eye fish, a species of the sunfish.

"And now south again over Rockwood Township. The name 'Rockwood' is supposed to have been derived from its glacial drift boulders and hardwood timber."

"Its easy to guess where the next township gets its name," said Betty. "It was named 'North German' on account of its German pioneers, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that's right, Betty," said Hooty. "And the next one, 'Lyons', was named in honor of Harrison Lyons, of Verndale, who was for many years a member of the Board of County Commissioners of Wadena County.

"And Bullard Township, next South, was named in honor of Clarence Eugene Bullard, of Wadena Village, who was for many years your County Attorney.

"But we get back to the Indian names again in 'Wing River' Township,

next west. That is an Ojibway name, and also applies to the small river flowing across the township.

"The same is true of 'Leaf River' Township. 'Leaf' is an Ojibway name given to the hills, the lake and the river; so the white man gave the same name to the township.

"And now we will drop down into the southernmost tier of townships, Wadena is first."

"You told us what Wadena means, Hooty," said Betty. "You said it means 'Little Round Hills', in the Indian language."

"Good for you, Betty," said Hooty. "You don't forget things, do you.

"Now let's slip on over to Aldrich Township. 'Aldrich' received its name from the Northern Pacific railroad village, so named by the officials of that railroad in honor of Cyrus Aldrich, who came to this state in 1855, settled in Minneapolis, engaged in the real estate business, became Minneapolis' postmaster, and was a very brilliant and successful politician."

"I guess 'Thomastown' isn't an Indian name, is it, Hooty Owl?" said Bobby.

"No, Bobby, 'Thomastown' is a Scotch name. At least we know that Thomastown Township was so named in honor of one of its pioneer homesteaders, Thomas Scott, a lumberman and farmer.

"And that's the last of the fifteen townships," said Betty. "And I'll bet I can name every one of them now, without looking at the map. Can't you, Bobby?"

"Easy as pie," boasted Bobby. "And I can name every lake and river in the county, too. My teacher made up a poem about them, so we kids could remember them easier. Want to hear it, Hooty?"

"A poem?" said Hooty, with surprise. "Hoo-hoo, I should say I

do. I love poetry. Go ahead and recite it, Bobby."

"All right," said Bobby. "Here she goes":

Wadena County's Lakes and Rivers

There's the Blueberry River, and Kettle Creek,
And Blueberry Lake in view:
And Spirit Lake, and Stocking Lake,
And Old Jim Cook Lake, too.
Twin Lakes, past which Shell River flows
To the Crow Wing, as its mouth;
With Duck and Round Lake to the north,
And Finn and Burgen south.
Big Swamp, Little Swamp, Beaver Creeks,
And Farnham Creek--all four--
Into the Crow Wing from the east,
Their sparkling waters pour.
Back toward the west is Yeager Lake,
Mud Lake, and Rice Lake, too;
And then we'll cross the Cat River,
And listen to its 'MEW,'-----

"WAH-HOO-OO-OO!" Hooty Owl let out a piercing scream, snapped his beak, and flapped his wings, as though he had suddenly gone crazy. The children jumped to their feet, frightened out of their wits at Hooty's outburst, and were about to crawl under the table; but Hooty immediately became quiet again, and looking at Betty and Bobby with embarrassment, said:

"O, I beg your pardon, Kiddies, for such a rude interruption. Please let me explain: Years ago, I nearly lost my life over there on the bank of that river. I was asleep in a tree one morning, when one of those terrible bob cats attacked me. If it hadn't been for an Ojibway Indian boy with his bow and arrow, Mr. Hooty Owl would not be here with you today. The Indian boy killed the bob cat. But I never quite got over the shock of the sudden attack, and unless I am on guard, whenever the name Cat River is mentioned, I have a nervous fit. Thank goodness, there are no bob cats in Wadena County's woods these days. But I'm all right now. Please go on with your poem, Bobby."

"No one could blame you for being nervous about anything like that,

Hooty," said Betty. "I guess it must be something like the 'shell-shock' the soldier boys talk about."

Bobby just gave Hooty Owl a reassuring smile, and continued with his recitation:

The Red Eye River's next in line;
Then three more lakes we find:
They're Grimm's Lake, and Strike, and Sand;
And the Wing and Leaf both wind
Past these, then join their waters clear--
The Leaf to bear the name
Until they reach the old Crow Wing,
In the flowing waters' game.
Partridge Creek is last of all
The Crow Wing has to take,
Because the only wet spot left
Is little Farnham Lake.

"Wah-hoo-hoo! That was fine, Bobby. Let's give him some applause, Betty."

And Hooty lifted his great wings over his back, and slapped them together several times, while Betty clapped her hands, enthusiastically.

Then Hooty Owl continued:

"Well, here we are, a thousand feet up in the air, in our imagination; and we're right over Blueberry Township, the extreme northwest corner township of the state."

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "I'll tell you what let's do: "Let's mix up a little Art Work with our History and Geography. We'll fly back and forth over the county again, just as we did before; and while we're up here in the air, we'll paint two pictures--one of Wadena County 100 years ago, and one as it is today."

"O, I wish we could really fly," said Betty wistfully.

"And paint, too," added Bobby.

"Fly?" said Hooty. "Why, my dear girl, you can fly--in your imagination. And believe you me, that's the safest way to fly, too. In an imaginary flight you don't take any chances on getting shot, as we birds do; and you may

be quite sure you won't crash to the ground, as the air planes do sometimes. And you can paint more beautiful pictures in your imagination than any artist was ever able to paint on canvas.

"So let's keep our eye on the map, now, while we make this picture of the present:

"Looks pretty down there, doesn't it? See those nice fields of clover, and those dairy cows? It is pretty hard to believe that in the early 1890's that was all a great natural forest, and that the cutting and selling of timber was the one and only business."

"Wasn't there any clover hay here then?" asked Bobby, in surprise.

"Well, I should say not," said Hooty Owl, "there weren't any farms either, until after the lumber men had taken all they could get. And even then, the clover didn't come for a long time. The fact that Wadena County, as a whole, is now one of the very richest clover sections in the world, is due to a little experimenting done by Judge A. Murray, not so very long ago."

"Was Judge Murray a farmer?" asked Betty.

"No, not exactly," said Hooty. "But he had some ideas about what might be raised on this rich land up here. You see, the pioneers thought it was too far north to raise clover; so they just kept right on raising wheat, year after year, but the first thing they knew, the land began to get sick. It needed a change of diet, in order to keep healthy."

"Mother says that change of diet is what keeps Bobby and me healthy," said Betty.

"And she is absolutely right, too," said the Wise Old Owl, heartily. "And this Judge Murray believed that a clover diet would help this sick land, as well as provide another profitable crop. So he had some clover seed shipped to him, and gave about two hundred farmers in Wadena County each a quart apiece."

And, just to honor the Judge, the farmers planted it."

"Only a quart apiece!" exclaimed Bobby. "Why, that would be only a couple of handfuls."

"It wasn't a lot of seed, for a fact," said Hooty, smiling, "but Boy, O, Boy, what a surprise it gave those farmers. That seed grew, and thrived, and increased beyond anyone's dreams. And it was just like a tonic to that sick land that had been planted to wheat too long. Yes, sir, Judge Murray's idea was one of the turning points for farmers in Wadena County. Clover is one of the richest foods for live stock--especially cows--and, because you have plenty of it here now, is the main reason why this is the dairy center of the world today....."

"I see the railroad track," said Betty. "It looks like a black pencil mark on the map."

"Yes," said Hooty Owl. "That's the Great Northern--the branch, you know, that runs almost straight north and south across the county, connecting Wadena, Leaf River, Sebeka, and Menagha; then it goes on north to Park Rapids."

"My Dad ships cattle on that railroad," said Bobby. "The stock cars go from Menagha to Wadena, and then on to South St. Paul."

"Pretty soft for Dad, isn't it?" said Hooty Owl. "The pioneers didn't have it so easy before the days of the railroad. The Northern Pacific runs into Wadena, too. See that line running southeast, through Wadena and Aldrich?"

"And, Bobby, what town is this right here?"

"That's our home town, Menagha," said Bobby.

"Right," said Hooty. "And the name is Ojibway--Mee-Nun. The poet, Longfellow, mentions it in his 'Song of Hiawatha'. It means 'Blueberry', but

was never translated into English, as the names of the river and lake were.

"There used to be a little town right there on the banks of the Shell River, that has an interesting history. It was platted in 1882 by Francis M. Yoder and Sewell M. Chandler. At first it was just a logging camp; but in 1878 settlers began to come in, and by 1881 there were about 800 families settled there. Yoder and Chandler named it Shell City. The first logging dam in Wadena County was built there; but the town passed out with the logging business, and today only a few cellar holes remain to mark the spot."

"And there's the Crow Wing River," said Betty. "That's the largest river in the county, and it flows clear across it, from North to South."

"That's right, it is the largest river in the county," said Hooty Owl. "And all the water from all the other streams and lakes in Wadena County finds its way, eventually, into the Crow Wing River. The name is the English translation of the French name 'R. de Corbeau', meaning 'River of the Raven'. Perhaps it was so named because so many crows, or ravens, nested along its shores."

"The next town is Huntersville," said Bobby.

"That's right," said Hooty. "And here's something interesting I might tell you, right here. Huntersville Township is the northeast corner township of the county. But it might not have been the northeast corner, if six of Cass County's townships had had their way, back in 1882. They wanted to join up with Wadena County; but when it came to a vote of the people, it didn't go through. In 1886, twelve townships of Ottertail County, on the west, wanted to come over, but again the voters turned them down. Then in 1912, four of Todd County's townships, on the south, rapped on the door, but failed to get in. And even as late as 1927, those twelve Otter Tail townships begged admittance. But they were again turned down."

"Whockity!" exclaimed Bobby, "if all those twenty-two townships

had joined Wadena, the county would be more than twice as big as it is now, wouldn't it?"

"That it would," said Hooty Owl. "Well, I guess you can't blame them for wanting to get in. Wadena County has always been very popular among her neighbors."

"Wadena County is popular among her own people, too," said Betty, proudly. "I'm glad I live in Wadena County."

"That's the way to talk, Betty girl," said Mr. Wise Old Owl. "And you want to learn all you can of the history of the county, and its geography, too, don't you?"

"And now we'll swing to the south again, over Orton township. Can you name that little town there on the west bank of the Crow Wing, Bobby, without looking at the map?"

"O, I learned about that one in Sunday School," said Bobby. "It isn't much of a town, for size, but it sure is named after a swell guy. That's Nimrod. Nimrod was a grandson of Ham, and it tells about him in the first book of the Old Testament. They called him 'a mighty hunter before the Lord,' and they say he was the one who directed the building of the Tower of Babel, where the people got their tongues all twisted. Say, Hooty Owl, did they name that town 'Nimrod' because it was such a good hunting place, or because the people couldn't understand each other's talk?"

"Hoo-hoo-hoo," Hooty Owl laughed. "Look out, now, Bobby. You'll have me on a spot, first thing you know. I don't think the Tower of Babel had anything to do with it. In fact, that little town was established in 1879, by a man named Savoy, as a tie camp. It was the most important stopping place between Shell City and Verndale; and is even now the trading center of a very fine farming community."

"And here's another good town--Sebeka. That's a very interesting little city, too. The name is Ojibway, pronounced 'Se-be-kaun', and it means 'by the made ditch or channel'. Probably the people who named it tried to find a word meaning 'by the river'. The land where Sebeka stands originally belonged to E. Alfred Olsen and the Baumbach Brothers. The first stock of goods was hauled onto the site by team in 1890. The town was platted in 1891 by Wm. R. and Jennie R. Baumbach. There was a mighty stand of hardwood, as well as Norway and white pine, and Lumber was the early industry of the village. A forest fire in 1894 nearly swept the village away. There are some very fine farms around there now. The population is mostly Finnish."

"There's a whale of a big creamery there, too, said Bobby. "The farmers from all over the country haul their milk there."

"Correct," said Hooty Owl. "And the very butter you had on your bread for lunch, came from the Sebeka creamery; I noticed that."

"And now we are right over North Germany Township again. There used to be a little town called 'Metz' right down there. It was so named after the chief city of Lorraine, France, which, after a siege of two months, was surrendered to the Germans on October 27, 1870. The post office has since been discontinued."

"And there's another little town, partly in North Germany and partly Wing River townships. See it?"

"Yes, that's Bluegrass," said Bobby. "There's a big Catholic Church and Grotto there. I've seen 'em."

"And I bet Bluegrass is named just like those two little Hay Creeks right there," said Betty. "On account of all the bluegrass hay that grows around there. Is that right, Hooty Owl?"

"You bet it is," replied Hooty. "The famous old Bluegrass State, Kentucky, hasn't anything on this little section of Wadena County, has it?"

"And those two spots there on the river bank used to be Oye and Oylen," said Bobby. "But there isn't any postoffice in either of them any more."

"No, but there are two very interesting things about Oylen, just the same," said Hooty Owl. "Know what they are?"

"O, that's where the big beaver colony is, on the Crow Wing River," cried Betty.

"Right again," said Hooty Owl. "And at Oylen you have that big camp and assembly grounds of the Christian and Missionary Alliances."

"And now south we go into Bullard Township, and then west again."

"Leaf River is the next town," shouted Bobby. "It's on the banks of the Leaf River, in Leaf River Township, and it's the last stop on the Great Northern before we get to Wadena. And there's Wadena, the County Seat, right there where the railroads cross."

"Correct," said Hooty Owl. "Bobby, boy, when you can call them out like that, it shows that you have the makings of a first class tourist guide. We might mention something about Leaf River in passing; It was there, in 1903, that a copper knife of prehistoric time was found, and presented to the Minnesota Historical Society."

"And now, right here is where we turn south and east again for the last lap of the trip. Let's follow the Northern Pacific tracks for a while. What's the next town, Bobby?"

"Verndale," said Bobby.

"That's right," said Hooty. "Verndale was first settled by a group of Iowa people, in 1876. Prominent among these were J. E. Butler, C. W. Brown, J. B. Kelley and C. C. Kelley. Then in 1878 it was platted by L. W. Farrell,

Chas. Brown and H. Thompson; and incorporated in 1883. Up until 1887, Verndale was a rival of Wadena for the honor of being the County Seat.

"The Wool Grower's Association holds buying days here each year in June, when wool is brought in from long distances, and buyers are here from all over the state.

"And I'll tell you something about Verndale's and Wadena's competition in road building, for the wheat business:

"In 1879, Wadena built a road along the old Otter Tail Trail. It crossed the Leaf River, and connected with the Verndale road at Red Eye. But that road didn't do so well, so Wadena built another and shorter one straight north to Park Rapids. That was a little better for business, but not yet good enough to justify the expense of its building.

"And all this time Verndale was building roads, too, but not doing much better. Then in 1885 Wadena built a road that cut off twenty-five miles from the route. That caused a boom for Wadena.

"Then in 1886, the railroad extended its line northward, and relieved the farmers of their long haul to the market. That ended the road war.

"But it didn't end the County Seat fight. All during that fight between the two towns, there was plenty of excitement. During the last thirty days of it, there was so much 'rough house' caused by hired 'voters' on both sides, that women and children were afraid to go into the streets. Verndale finally carried the case to court; and in 1887, the decision was handed down in favor of Wadena."

Bobby and Betty were all ears while Hooty Owl was telling them the story about Verndale, and how near it came to being the County Seat. A trip to Wadena was for them a great treat; and they hadn't missed a County Fair

since they were big enough to travel. Probably with this in mind, Bobby burst out with:

"But, Gee! Whockity! Hooty, Wadena is a big city now, isn't it?"

"It's the biggest city in the county, Bobby," said Hooty. At the last census, the population was given as 2512. But Wadena had to start small, just like the rest of the towns in the county. It was organized in 1873, and platted in 1874, by the Northern Pacific Railway and the Lake Superior & Puget Sound Land Company. But they didn't even have a Court house until 1880. One was built then on Ash Avenue West and First Street Northwest. But in 1886, when the County Seat fight was on with Verndale, another one was built, and that's the one in use today. The old building still stands, but is used as a residence. Verndale built a Court House at the same time, and presented it to the county, but it was never used."

"And it never will be, either," boasted Bobby. "Because Verndale's population is only 424."

"That's right, Bobby," said Hooty Owl. "But Verndale is a mighty busy little town, just the same. It had 700 people in 1883. Their first school was built in 1887, and Cora Butler was the teacher, with just twenty-five pupils. And in 1879, a man named Charles Butts built a flour mill in Verndale."

"Wadena had a flour mill in 1879, too," said Bobby. "I read about it in the paper."

"But what made Wadena grow so fast, Hooty Owl?" asked Betty.

"Was it because they had two railroads, instead of only one, like Verndale?"

"That's one of the reasons, anyway, dear," said the Owl. "But they have a bunch of hustlers there, I can tell you. O, they have made mistakes, just like anyone else does, but they didn't let that get them

down. I'll tell you a few things about Wadena:

"In 1872, two men--Henry W. Fuller and L. S. Pratt--came up from Monticello, and filed on two homesteads. They each built a cabin, and their families joined them in the spring. There was no store nearer than Perham, 'way over in Otter Tail County, until the spring of 1873; then a building was moved across from Otter Tail City. This building is still standing, and is situated just east of the Penney store.

"A small pox epidemic broke out in the village in the summer of 1887. There were about twenty cases, with five deaths. That necessitated the plotting of a cemetery; and although that cemetery was neglected for a good many years, it is now one of the best cared for in the county.

"Money was scarce in those early days, and for several years the merchants issued 'chips' to the farmers in exchange for produce.

"Wadena was favorably located to become a distributing center, and while it has lost some of its early industries, it has added others. Besides the saw and flour mills, and the wood-working industries common to the new country, Wadena was at one time--from 1882 to 1887--the home of the Clayton Manufacturing Company, plow manufacturers, now located at Winnepeg. From 1895 to 1914, a large cracker bakery was located there.

"Although Wadena capitalists organized the original Giant Grip Horseshoe Company, to manufacture a kind of horseshoe invented by Otto Swanstrom, of Frazee, the company was moved to Duluth, where it still enjoys a successful business.

"Now Wadena has a number of wholesale houses, a canning factory, produce houses, machine shops, sash and door factory, ice cream manufacturing plants, and live stock shippers.

"Wesley Methodist Hospital, the property of the Northern Minnesota Conference of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, and under their super-

vision, was completed in 1924, at a cost of \$100,000. Besides a thoroughly modern, well-equipped hospital, it offers a three-year training course for nurses, which meets the requirements for registration in Minnesota.

"Fair Oaks Sanatorium was built in Wadena in 1918, by Todd and Wadena Counties, at a cost of \$100,000. It has a capacity of thirty-five patients.

"Among the churches and parochial schools located in Wadena, are St. Ann's Catholic, First Methodist Episcopal, St. John's German Lutheran, Holiness Methodist, First Congregational, German Evangelical Lutheran, Norwegian Lutheran, Evangelical Association, Christian and Missionary Alliance.

"Wadena has a very active Gun Club, with a fine shooting ground; a well-arranged and complete Tourist Park located near the Fair Grounds; and Black's Grove, a beautiful piece of property owned by John Black, has been opened to the public. On this property is a fine stand of pine, spruce, and aspen, practically in its natural state. A beautiful dell, through which Oak Creek flows in a series of cascades, is one of the main attractions of the grounds."

"O, we know Black's Grove, Hooty," cried both children. "We always go there for our picnic dinner when we go to the County Fair. We had our pictures taken there last summer."

"It's one of the beauty spots of the state, all right; no question about that," said Hooty Owl.

"Wadena has a Fire Department, too," said Betty. "I've seen their fire engine."

"Yes, and Wadena has had need of a Fire Department in the past, too," said Hooty. "Did you know that nearly all of the business section of the town has been burned over at some time or other? But they've never had but one

fire where there was any loss of life. That was in 1898, when the Central House burned to the ground, and three people lost their lives--An Armenian peddler woman, and two farmers who were in town to serve on the Jury."

"We'll remember all this you have told us about Wadena, when we go to the Fair this fall," said Betty.

"That's the ticket," said Hooty Owl. "O, you've been listening, all right, both of you. I noticed that. And there are going to be at least two youngsters in the Wadena school this fall, who will be 'wise as Owls' in the history of their own county. I think you are making some pretty good pictures in your minds, of the present Wadena County, too.

"And now, just a word about Aldrich, while we're passing over in our make-believe flight.: That busy little place was one of the first settlements in the county. It was platted in 1880 by the Lake Superior & Puget Sound Land Company, when R. L. Belknap was its president. It became a railroad point, though, some time before that--in 1872. The first building was a pump house for the railroad, and was operated by a man named C. Hood. Then in 1881 a hotel was built, and Delos Helmar became its landlord. Next came a big saw mill, in 1882; and in the early boom days of the lumber business here, more than thirty thousand feet of timber were cut in one day."

"And that's the last town on the map, Hooty Owl," said Bobby. "Guess that just about finishes the pictures of the present Wadena County, doesn't it?"

"Hoo-hoo," said Hooty, softly. "Getting a bit tired, are you, Bobby?"

"Yes, I am," replied Bobby. "I think I'm about out of gas--or lemonade--too. Let's make believe land, now, and have another lunch."

"That's O.K. with me," said Hooty Owl, as he stretched and yawned.

"O, Boy!" shouted Bobby. "What a lark! What a lark! Better than a real air plane trip. I wonder what time it is."

Hooty glanced at the sun, and replied: "Only four o'clock. We traveled back and forth across the county five times; and from the extreme northwest corner to the extreme southeast corner, besides doing a lot of circling around. I'd say we have traveled at least a hundred and fifty miles. And we have done it in less time than it would have taken your granfather, or one of the early settlers, with their ox carts, to travel ten miles."

"I'm kind tired, though," said Betty, "Even if it was only an imaginary flight. But I never had such a lovely time in my life, Hooty Owl. Now you can just fly up in a tree and take a nap, and I'll have this lunch ready in a jiffy."

"I'm enjoying this day, too," said Hooty Owl, and I'll have a lot to tell the folks when I get back to the North Pole tonight. I always have to tell them up there all about my parties with you kiddies down here. But I guess I'll go and do a little hunting for my supper, now while you are getting your lunch ready. Another bowl of blueberries will be quite enough for me; and I can get plenty of rest tonight."

Then Hooty Owl sailed away over the tree tops towards the meadows, and his flight was as noiseless as a shadow. He returned in about ten minutes, looking quite comfortable and satisfied, and again settled himself on the table between Betty and Bobby.

"Here's your bowl of blueberries and cream, Hooty," said Betty. "Bobby got some nice spring water over there by the fence, and made some more lemonade; and we've plenty of lunch left from the noon meal."

"Good appetites, too, haven't you, Bobby," said the Owl, with a wink at the boy. "And say, while you're eating, I'll tell you something

about the old 'Ghost Town' of Wadena, that was located over there on the bank of the Crow Wing River, 'way back in 1792. A pioneer named Aspinwall got a charter from the legislature to operate a ferry there where the Red River Trail crossed the Crow Wing. A thriving village sprang up; and, according to camp-fire stories of the long ago, a Frenchman built a 'jack-knife' fort there. (These forts were called 'jack-knife' because they opened in the fall and closed in the spring. The Frenchman looked out one day, so the story goes, and saw a band of Indians preparing to attack him. The Indians rushed across the ice of the river, but the steep banks on the top of which the fort was built, proved too much for them; and the accurate rifle fire of the men in the fort soon put them to rout, and they returned to the forest, dragging their dead and wounded with them.

"There were some fur traders there, too, after the ones who camped in 1792; but the only trace they left were some so-called rifle pits. These were twelve large holes, arranged in two rows. When the explorer, Bower, examined them, about 1877, he found large trees growing in them, that he estimated to be about one-hundred years old.

"In 1900, Al Worden, a farmer living near the site, found a gold coin, issued during the reign of the Roman Emperor, Septimus, in 197-211 A.D. It is supposed that the coin was brought to Old Wadena by some traveler.

"When the railroad came, Old Wadena disappeared."

After the three imaginary "air tourists" had finished eating, and the children had the lunch basket packed again, Hooty Owl strode to the middle of the table, and turned to face them.

"Now, my dear little friends," he said, "before we go on with our story, and start painting the picture of the past, I want to give you something else to think about:

"When you sit down to your breakfast at home tomorrow morning,

think how many are the blessings you have to be thankful for, that come to your directly from Wadena County:

"Your very home, your furniture, and all the buildings on the farm, are built of lumber from trees grown in Wadena County, and passed through the Wadena County Saw Mills and Furniture factories;

"Your breakfast food will be from the Cereal Mills of Wadena County, and covered with fruit or berries from a Wadena County Fruit Farm, and rich cream from a Wadena County Dairy Farm;

"You will have delicious tomato juice, crushed from the 'love apples' grown on a Wadena County Truck Farm;

"Your toasted white bread will be made from flour ground in a Wadena County Flour Mill, from wheat grown on a Wadena County Farm; and your toast will be spread with the rich yellow butter from a Wadena County Creamery;

"You will have eggs fresh from a Wadena County Poultry Farm;

"You may have bacon, cured from pork grown on a Wadena County Stock Farm;

"You will have an abundance of fresh milk from your own Daddy's cows.

"Do you not realize, then, that Wadena County is an empire within herself; and truly you folks have reason to be proud of your native land, and happy in your prosperity."

"We are proud of it, Hooty Owl," said Bobby. "And now we are all ready to make the other picture--the one of Wadena County one-hundred years ago."

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"Yes," said Hooty Owl. "And if we can make as good a picture of the past as we have just made of the present Wadena County, I don't believe you will ever forget it. But this one we will make by 'retrospection'. Do you know what 'retrospection' means?"

"I do," said Bobby. "'Retrospection' means 'looking backward.'"

"That's it," said Hooty. "Now let's put the map down here on the table, and make believe it is the picture of the present. Then we'll make the picture of the past by what we see in our minds by 'retrospection', or looking backward over the years. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's play we are marching in Old Father Time's parade down through the years of progress."

"Gee! that'll be keen," declared Bobby. "Let's go! 'Time Marches On.'"

"O. K." said Hooty Owl. "Now, what do we see first, in the picture of the present?"

"The Empire of Wadena County", answered Bobby, remembering Hooty's remarks.

"And our home in Blueberry Township, 'neverything on the farm,'" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes, sir!" declared Hooty Owl. "And over the whole county we see evidence of a thrifty people: waving fields of corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, blue-flowered flax--all ready to yield their seeds to the farmers who have tended them."

"And we see clover fields, and alfalfa fields, too," said Betty. "And just lots and lots of gardens of potatoes and vegetables of all kinds."

"And do you know," said Hooty Owl, "that Wadena County hasn't had a crop failure in many years? That's because the soil is rich and fertile, and the farmers industrious and ~~God-fearing~~. But here's something for you to remember: Away back in 1847, all this land here belonged to the Pillager band of the Chippewa Indians; but they sold it to the United States on August 21st of that year. It was quite a large tract of land. Here, I'll point it out to you on the big map." And Hooty Owl spread out the large state map of Minnesota, which was on the other side of the Wadena County map. Then, standing on one foot and pointing with the toes of the other, he continued:

"The tract extended from here, at the south end of Otter Tail Lake, to the Prairie River. It followed this stream to the Crow Wing, and up the Crow Wing to the Leaf River. The Leaf River marked the boundary westward to its head. So, you see, about two-fifths of the southern half of Wadena County was included in the deal.

"And this is what Uncle Sam gave the Red Men each year for five years, for this/ rich country:

- 400 assorted blankets,
- 2,590 yards of various kinds of cloth,
- 225 pounds of twine,
- 50 bunches of twine,
- 25 pounds of thread,
- 200 combs,
- 5,000 needles,
- 150 mirrors,
- 10 pounds of vermillion,
- 420 tin kettles,
- 500 pounds of tobacco,
- 5 barrels of salt.

"And as a present to the tribe for signing the agreement, Uncle Sam gave them 200 beaver traps and 75 guns, to boot. It looks as though the White Man made a pretty good deal, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, but the country didn't look then like it does now,"

declared Bobby. "The Red Men never saw the picture of the present that we see."

"I saw some churches in the country, too, besides the ones in the towns," said Betty.

"That you did," said Hooty Owl. "Churches of all denominations, and well filled they all are on every Sabbath day, by a thankful, happy people.

"But say, let me stop here for a moment and tell you a little story. It hasn't anything to do with the churches, but it's about what some people believe in their faith:

"Away back in the 1870's, this whole country was alive with game birds. In fact, it was declared to be a 'happy hunting ground' for everybody. Geese, ducks, grouse, plover, snipe, curlew, willet, avocet, prairie chicken, sandhill and whooping crane. But the one bird which seemed to be the most plentiful of all, was the beautiful passenger pigeon.

"Why, those birds came by millions every spring, and made their nests in the trees along the river banks and lake shores; sometimes as many as a dozen or more nests in one tree. But in those days there were no game laws like you have now; and the hunters were thoughtless. They killed many more of those birds than were needed for food, and profited greatly by selling them in the eastern markets.

"Then, all of a sudden, the passenger pigeons stopped coming. They disappeared entirely, and no one knows, to this day, what became of them. Some people believe they were all killed off by the hunters; and others think that some fatal disease came to their flocks, and wiped them all out. But no one will ever know for sure.

"Then about this time, the first grasshopper plague came,

and nearly all the growing crops in the country were eaten up. That was a terrible blow to the farmers. The passenger pigeons might have been a great help to them right at that time, by making short work of the hoppers. But there were no passenger pigeons."

"Bet I know what happened," declared Bobby, excitedly. "I bet the passenger pigeons had a convention, and turned themselves into grasshoppers, and then came back to get even with the people for killing so many of them."

"O, Bobby, birds don't have conventions. Do they, Hooty Owl?" said Betty, with a disgusted look at her brother.

"Shoot me for a buzzard if I know," said Hooty. This isn't Toy Town, you know, where such things do happen. But to get back to the story: There are people right here in Wadena County, who attend those very churches you saw, who believe that if the people had been more kind to the passenger pigeons, they might have come back and done away with those grasshoppers, just as the sea gulls came to Utah that time, and saved the crops for the Mormon farmers. The Mormons believe that God sent those sea gulls clear across the desert to help them. And they were so thankful that they erected a beautiful statue to the sea gull in their Temple Garden in Salt Lake City; and people from all over the world have seen it and heard the story."

"Do you like grasshoppers, Hooty Owl?" asked Betty, with a mischievous glance at the story teller.

"Wah-hoo! Blunt my beak if I do!" shouted Hooty Owl. "I'd be willing to try to hoot 'em out of the fields, but I'd never eat a grasshopper. Field mice for me any time."

"Or blueberries. Eh, Hooty?" said Bobby, with a grin.

"Yes, or blueberries," said Hooty. "But now let's get on with our picture story: You see many beautiful trees all over Wadena

County, don't you? In the northern part of the county are a few of the old white and Norway pine, tamarack, cedar and fir; while toward the south are jack pine, poplar, oak, wild plum, and choke cherry. Those trees are all that remain of the mighty stands of timber that grew there before the coming of the White Man."

"But why did the White Man cut them all down?" Betty wanted to know. "Did they want the land to plant wheat and clover?"

"Well, that's what the farmer settlers wanted the land for," replied Hooty Owl. "But it was not the settlers who destroyed the forests in the first place."

"The lumber men did it. Didn't they Hooty Owl?" said Bobby.

"Yes, Bobby, the lumber men did it," said Hooty. "And right here we'll go back a bit in 'retrospection':

"When the first white men came here, this whole country was covered with timber. It was a natural home for all sorts of animals, especially those fur-bearing animals we yalked about a while ago. And when that became known back east, many trappers and fur dealers came here to make their fortunes. The Indians, too, soon learned that they could trade animal pelts for anything they wanted from the white men. Fur Companies sprang up everywhere about the same time the Hudson's Bay Company was organized, in 1670. And 'fur flew' in competition for a good many years.

"The story of Zebulon Pike is tied up very closely with the fur business in all Minnesota, including Wadena County. Following the Revolutionary War, Pike was sent up into this country to chase out the British fur traders who remained here after peace had been made, and this was American country.

"That peace treaty provided that all British subjects should leave the new territory of the United States. But, in spite of the treaty, some of those traders insisted on staying, and con-

tinuing their business. Lieutenant Pike arrived in 1805, and made his headquarters at Sandy Lake, where the old Northwest Fur Company had a trading post. From there he began giving his orders, and seeing to it that they were obeyed. His experiences were very interesting, but, as he didn't get into Wadena County, we won't take up any more time talking about him now."

"Was he the one who named Pike's Peak, in Colorado?" asked Betty.

"Yes," said Hooty Owl. "That is, 'Pike's Peak' was so named in his honor. He was a great explorer; and his father was a famous soldier in the Revolutionary War. Zebulon Pike was killed in the war of 1812.

"Following the War of 1812, the Stars and Stripes replaced forever the British Flag along the Mississippi River. But the English and Canadian traders who were getting rich in American territory, were slow in getting out.

"The Americans wanted this land to themselves; and they thought that they, and not the British and Canadians, were entitled to the profits that might be made in the fur business.

"The Northwest Company had for many years had everything their own way over an immense territory, including what is now Wadena County.

"But the Government in Washington agreed with its own citizens, and lost no time in giving them relief in the situation. Just then Mr. John Jacob Astor stepped into the scene with his American Fur Company; and, believe me, when he marched across the stage in this section of the country, everybody sat up and took notice. Why, even we Owls learned something from that man."

"I can see him right now, Hooty Owl, in my 'picture of the past'", said Betty. "Can't you, Bobby?"

"Yeah, plain as day," said Bobby, with his head back, and his eyes half closed. "There he goes, in a canoe, down the Crow Wing River, with a load of beaver skins, headed for New York, where he is going to build the Waldorf Astoria Hotel."

"Wah-hoo-hoo-hoo", shrieked Hooty Owl, flapping his big wings with laughter. "You've surely got the imagination it takes to paint a picture, Bobby. But, whether or not Mr. Astor ever paddled a canoe down the Crow Wing, it is true that he became one of the richest men in the world by starting his fortune in the fur business."

"One of the first things he did was to have Congress pass a law that only American citizens might be licensed to trade with the Indians in the United States. Then his American Fur Company kept spreading out farther and farther, until soon it had crowded out the British Northwest Company, and had hired most of their experienced traders."

"Many people blame the fur companies for killing off countless thousands of the wild animals here, and taking millions of dollars for themselves that might have gone to the settlers. While this may be true, we will have to admit that those eastern companies had much to do with the development of the Northwest, and the opening of the land for settlers."

"But what had the fur business to do with the lumber business?" asked Bobby, with genuine interest.

"Hoo-hooooo", said Hooty Owl, softly, closing one of his big yellow eyes. "Now, that was a smart question, Bobby, boy, and calls for a fair answer. "The fur business, as I said before, attracted many men here, who were anxious to make money. And, after many

years, when that business began to peter out, those men and their decedents began to look around for other means to become rich in the new country. And 'twas then they began to realize the possibilities in the lumber trade. So 'logging' became the order of the day. Large companies were organized, who sent their crews in with orders to get all the timber they could in the shortest possible time; and Wadena County's forests soon began to echo to the crash of the woodsmen's axes, and the boom of falling trees.

"Trees that had stood for hundreds of years, fell in the rush for timber. Why, the slaughter of the trees was even greater than that of the wild animals, and 'lumber' was the principle business of the entire Northwest up until about 1893."

"But the settlers came to Wadena County long before 1893, Hooty Owl," said Betty, seriously. "And the settlers were mostly farmers, weren't they?"

"Hoo-hoo, quite right, Miss Betty," said Hooty. "The settlers started coming long before 1893; but, would you believe it, there were only six white people in Wadena County in 1870?"

"Jiminy Christmas!" exclaimed Bobby. "Only six? Why, the 1930 census gives Wadena County 10, 990. That's growing some, I'd say."

"Right you are, Bobby," said Hooty Owl, heartily. "And you may well be proud, not only of your rapid growth, but of the type of people who make up this population."

"Where did the first Wadena County people come from, Hooty Owl? Didn't they come when the lumber crews came?" asked Betty.

"Some of them came then, Betty, that's true; but not many," replied Hooty.

"Then when did they begin to come fast?" she persisted. "I want to know who they were, and where they came from. Maybe my

Daddy knows some of their folks. My Daddy and my Grandpa were both born in Wadena County."

"Wha-hoooo", cooed Hooty Owl, softly. "So you are of Old Pioneer Stock, are you? Well, no wonder you're so interested. And I'll tell you as much as I know about it. You can find out much more about it, too, if you have your Daddy take you to the Court House in Wadena some day when you go down to the County Fair. There you can look over all the old records of everything, from the very beginning.

"And you will find a book in the Public Library, entitled 'A History of the Public Land Policies', that will tell you all about what the Government did to attract homesteaders to this new country.

"It was in 1841 that Congress passed what was known as 'The Preemption Act'. The right of preemption was open to the head of a family, to a man over twenty-one years of age, to a widow--all of these to be citizens of the United States--or to aliens who had declared their intention of becoming citizens. The applicant was required to swear that he had not more than 320 acres of land other than his preemption claim. To such persons the preemption act gave the right to settle on a piece of land, 160 acres in extent, and at a later date buy it at the minimum government price.

"That was a general law of all the states and territories, and a great many settlers took advantage of it in the eastern and southern states and territories. But the government kept making so many changes in the preemption law that the western states and territories didn't fill up very fast.

"Then the 'Homestead Act' was passed. And under this law a settler could file on a quarter section of land, live on it for

five years, put up his buildings and make his improvements, and at the end of that time receive full title to the land without cost.

"That was a pretty good offer, and in many of the eastern and southern states the settlers took advantage of it. But out here in Minnesota I guess the people in the other countries had an idea it was all timber and wild animals. Anyway, they didn't come very fast as farmers. So in 1855 a Commissioner of Emigration was appointed by the Legislative Assembly, and a man by the name of Eugene Barnard opened an office in New York City, and began to advertise this wonderful country in foreign newspapers.

"Well, that sort of business went on for several years; and it did bring a great many foreigners to the United States to establish new homes. But it wasn't until along in the 1870's that the fame of the Wadena Country had spread to any great extent in Europe. One part of the British Isles that was interested was ~~F~~Furness County, in the north of England. And in October, 1872, a number of families of that county met and voted to move across the sea, and half way across North America, to settle along the route of the Northern Pacific railroad.

"A committee was formed to make plans, and to interest other Englishmen in nearby towns. And the first rule that they made was that no liquor could be sold in the new colony."

"Hurrah!" shouted Bobby. "Got rid of the biggest trouble maker of all right at the start, didn't they?"

"You bet they did, Bobby," said Hooty Owl. "And those Englishmen made some more good rules, too. Those who were allowed to join them would have to have good morals, and be willing workers; and they must have money enough to make the trip and get started

in the new land. They didn't want any loafers in their new colony."

"Did they get very many to join them?" asked Bobby, eagerly.

"Well," said Hooty, "it seems that they didn't have much trouble in interesting the people. In a remarkably short time, seventy-three families had signed up to make the trip. So a committee was sent to this country in April, 1973, to pick out a spot for their countrymen.

"They made a careful inspection of the land in the vicinity of Perham, Audobon, and Wadena; and finally selected 40,000 acres close to Wadena village. Then they cabled to their friends in England to come at once. Some started that very year; others came the following year. They were honest, industrious people, and many of their decendents are here today.

"And I'll bet our Grandpa knows a lot of the old timers, too," said Bobby.

"Wha-hoo-hoo!" cried Hooty Owl. "And I'll bet some of them could tell you kids stories of the early days that would make you laugh a plenty.

"Why don't you ask your folks to have an 'Old Timers' Party' at your house some day? It would be a lot of fun. And if you'll let me know when it is to be, I might fly down from the North Pole and do a little hooting around the house that night, and you could make believe it is Indians."

"O, that would be fun," cried Betty, in delight. "And couldn't we tell the folks to dress like the early settlers did, too?"

"Sure, you could," said Hooty. "The men and boys could wear their 'wamuses', and-----

"What's a 'wamus', Hooty?" asked Bobby.

"A 'wamus'" said Hooty, "is a garment made of buckskin, some-

times edged with fur; it has sleeves and a cape, and is about knee length. Then they might have the old time leather leggings, with fur inside; coon skin caps; and Indian moccasins."

"Pretty warm clothes to wear to a party," said Bobby, with a boyish grin.

"Hoo-hee-hoo", agreed Hooty Owl. "For a summer party, it would be pretty warm. But it would be just right for an outdoor winter party."

"And how did the ladies ~~dress~~ in the old days?" asked Betty.

"O, the ladies ~~dressed~~ and girls dressed all right," declared Hooty, "But not very much like they dress in these times. They wore long skirts, and a bodice made of leather or lindsey-woolsey; and a cotton or coarse linen chemise. On their feet they wore either square-toed leather shoes, or Indian moccasins. They all wore their hair long, and it was either braided or coiled up on their heads."

"What kind of hats?" asked Betty.

"Well," said Hooty. "Hats seemed to be the least of their troubles in those days. In fact there weren't very many hats at all; the ladies and girls all wore shawls over their heads when they went out."

"Wonder if they had parties in those days," said Betty.

"Wah-hoo! I should say they did have parties--lively ones, too. But there weren't very many people right around here for some time. You see that group from England was really the beginning of the coming of the settlers. But they were happy; and Wadena County prospered and flourished right from the very beginning, like all her neighboring counties. Times were better than the pioneers had ever dreamed they would be."

"Did they start building school houses and churches right

away?" asked Bobby.

"Homes came first, of course, Bobby," said Hooty Owl, "then churches and schools. Yet, despite the absence of clergymen, the pioneers were very strict about keeping Sunday set apart as a day of rest and prayer. In pleasant weather they would gather on Sunday at some central point, and worship God in their own way.

"In winter, the meetings were held in one of the larger cabins. A melodeon, always to be found in someone's home, furnished the music for the hymns."

"Did the Indians go to the white men's church?" asked Betty.

"Later, I think, some of them did," replied Hooty Owl, "But there were priests in this country many years before that, who came for the sole purpose of converting the Red Men to the Christian faith. One of the first of these on record was Father Louis Hennepin. One of the largest counties in Minnesota was named after him. He came to this territory in 1679 or 1680. Father Hennepin was followed by many other faithful priests, who risked their lives to bring religion to the Ren Man.

"As the country developed, and more settlers poured in, ministers and teachers arrived to take charge of poorly built churches and schools, and to help to improve them."

"Who were the first preachers here after the settlers came?" Betty asked.

"Well, Betty," replied Hooty, "you will find, according to the records, that the first ministers were Father Girley, of the Episcopal faith, and a Dr. Kerr. Father Girley was a feeble old man when he arrived in Wadena, and held his first services in the depot. Dr. Kerr came from England with the Furness colonists.

"The first church in the county seat was opened by a Rev. Mr.

Dixon. And, although he was a Methodist, he announced that the new building would be open to men and women of all religions.

"The first Catholic services in the vicinity of Wadena were held in the farm house of Hugh Buckley, in the early 1870's. Then a log church was built near by, on the farm of Adam Keller. Later, this building was moved into Wadena, and set up on the present site of the Catholic church there. It burned down in 1895, and then the present church was built.

"The Evangelical Association of America was incorporated in 1885; the Evangelical Church in 1887; and Emanuel's Norwegian Church in 1891."

"Wasn't there a lot of kids in the new colony, Hooty Owl?" Betty wanted to know. "And didn't the kids have to go to school?"

"O, the children were taken care of all right, Betty," said Hooty, smiling at Betty's lively interest in the subject. "There were more Wise Old Owls in those days than there are now, even."

"Why, Hooty Owl," exclaimed Betty, in a tone of reproach, "The Owls didn't have a thing to do with the schools."

"O, I know that," said Hooty, with a very wise look, "But we looked at the records, just the same, and we found that in a State Department of Education report, in 1874, it was officially recorded that it was in that year the Wadena County School System was started. A. R. Wiswell was then the County Superintendent.

"The report says that in 1873 the county had fifty-four boys and girls of school age. There was only one school district, and twenty-three boys and twenty-three girls studied their 'Three R's' in a crude one-room school building, that was built at a cost of about \$1,000. I guess the other eight kiddies had to study at home."

"I know what the 'Three R's' means," declared Bobby. "It means

'Reading and Writing and Arithmetic'; But I guess that whoever it was made that up wasn't a very good speller."

"No doubt about that, Bobby," said Hooty, with an owlsh chuckle. "Anyway, he wouldn't get an 'A' in spelling, as you and Betty will in history on your next report cards. But in those days the schools were not like they are today. They had a 'regular' school term, and a 'winter' term. In the 'winter' term there were seven boys and five girls. And they had just one teacher, who received only \$16.66 for her work. She didn't have much of a snap, either. Usually, she boarded with some farmer's family near by; and she had to be her own janitor for the school house, too. Wood had to be cut and hauled to school; and then there was kindling to split, and ashes to take out, and snow to shovel. But the boys in those days were real gentlemen, just as they are today, and those larger boys were only too happy to do those little chores for the teacher."

"I bet the boys brought her apples, and fudge, and boquets, too," said Betty, rolling her eyes, mischievously, at her brother.

"No doubt they did," said Hooty Owl. "And the teacher was very grateful to them, just as she would be in these days." Then Hooty patted Bobby on the back with his wing, and said: "I tell you what, Bobby, a boy never loses anything by being nice to his teacher."

And Bobby, who, for some reason, was blushing profusely at his sister's sly dig, made no reply, but gave Hooty Owl a grateful glance, as Hooty continued:

"To support the school, the State, the first year, gave \$3.84. District taxes brought in \$117.00 more.

"But the school grew rapidly. From that small handful of pupils in 1873, it grew to more than 3,000 in 1930, according to

the figures of the United States Census Bureau. Of this number, 1,754 were between the ages of seven and thirteen; 473 between fourteen and fifteen; 452 between sixteen and seventeen; and 589 between eighteen and twenty."

"Guess they had to build plenty more school houses, then, didn't they?", said Bobby, "if all those kids went to school. Do you think they all went to school, Hooty?"

"Wah-hoo-hoo! You bet your life they did, Bobby," declared Hooty Owl. "And I think they all studied, too, because that 1930 report also shows us the interesting news that only one-half of one per cent of the people of Wadena County are unable to read and write the English language. And practically all of those are elderly men and women who were born and raised in foreign countries."

"Did they build some good school houses for all those kids?" asked the practical Bobby.

"Not at first, Bobby," replied Hooty Owl. You see, shingles and glass were very scarce, and very costly. The school houses were built of logs, and most of them had bark or sod roofs. However, as early as 1842, there were reports of a few built with shingled roofs."

"And were the settlers' houses built of logs, too?" asked Betty.

"Yes, Betty, practically all of them were," replied Hooty. "And, believe me, they were not much like the fine modern homes Wadena County people live in today. Those miserable cabins had only one opening in the walls, and that served as both door and window. In the summer time it was open all the time; and in winter it was covered with skins and blankets."

"Gee, that must have been tough in mosquito times," said Bobby.

"Pretty tough, I guess," said Hooty. "Not only in mosquito

time, but in the winter time, too, when those terrible blizzards came down from the north. Old Boreas used to tell us how he made 'em shiver down here. But those early settlers had what it takes to meet all emergencies, and they made the best of what they had.

"Most of the cabins were planne d so the logs laid lengthwise. But some of the people were afraid of the Indians, and when they built their cabins, they stood the logs up on end, believing that would make it harder for the Red Skins to climb up on the roof. Many of the cabins were built without nails. Wooden pegs were used, instead, to hold the logs together. And, to keep out the cold, mud and clay were plastered between the logs."

"Did every one of the settlers build his own cabin?" Bobby wanted to know.

"O, no, I should say not," declared Hooty. "Hardly ever did a settler build his cabin without help. That was one of the nicest things about that pioneer life--the whole community always got together and helped every newcomer put up his buildings. They made regular parties of it, that they called 'log rollings' . I used to sit in the trees and watch them at work.

"When a new cabin was to be built, the first thing that was done was to cut down the trees for the logs, and 'snake' them to the place where the building was to be done. Then all the neighbors would get together on a given date, and the fun would start. One crew of men would 'square' the logs on two sides, for the tops and bottoms when they were laid together; another crew would 'notch' the ends for the corners; another crew (and these were the stoutest fellows) would roll the logs up an incline into their place; while the light weights and the boys would busy themselves making wooden pegs for door fastenings, and pounding clay and moss between the logs, to keep out the wind and rain.

"And did the ladies come to the 'log rollings', too?" asked Betty.

"Did the ladies come to the 'log rollings'?" shouted Hooty Owl. "Wha-hoo! I'll tell the world the ladies came. And they brought the biggest lunch baskets you ever saw in your life, too. Those men never could have made it without the ladies and girls with their picnic lunch baskets; but, hungry as the men were, and eat as they would, I always managed to find a pretty good meal for Hooty Owl at the clean-up time of a 'log rolling', and I didn't have to eat mice, either.

"How long did it take to build one of those cabins, Hooty?" asked Bobby.

"O, just a few hours, with a big crew like that, to build the main part of the cabin," said Hooty. "Of course a man could his own 'finishing', and take as much time as he needed, after the neighbors had done what they could for him with the heavy work.

"An outside chimney was usually built for the fire place; this was made of smaller logs, and lined with clay and small stones, and the fire place would be just a few large flat stones. The floor of the cabin would be clay, which would wear smooth and hard. And the furniture would also all be made by hand from smaller trees."

"Weren't there any carpenters among the settlers?" asked Bobby. "Seems to me some good carpenters could have had a nice business there."

"Hoo-hoo," said Hooty, with an extra wise expression, "and someone in those days got that very same idea, Mr. Bobby. A man named Benjamin Dinsmore, from somewhere back east, found out what was going on in Wadena County. He was a skilled carpenter, and

he slipped in here one day, with his helpers, and went to work. Why, that crew do do more and better work in a few days than the settlers could do in months.

"And then, right on the heels of the carpenters, came masons and painters. But it was a long, long time before they had any need of plumbers, or electricians, or steam fitters."

"Bet they didn't have any parks and play grounds like we have now, did they, Hooty?" said Betty.

"Well, I should say they did not," declared Hooty Owl. "But the boys and girls had their fun, just the same. They had no tennis courts, no golf courses, no gymnasiums, no playgrounds, no movies, in the olden days in Wadena County. The youngsters had to make their own entertainment. Their games were of the very simplest nature. I think the most popular were 'pump-pump-pullaway', 'drop-the-handkerchief', 'one-old-cat', and 'London Bridge'."

"O, how funny," screamed both children. "Wouldn't those kids have opened their eyes if they could have seen our 'picture of the present?'"

"Indeed they would," agreed Hooty Owl. "Especially a glance at your base ball parks. They played a little base ball, but their equipment wasn't much like that used by your 'Millers' of today. Their bats were made out of the limbs of trees; balls were made at home from Mother's yarn; a mitten used in the winter served as a base ball glove in summer.

"And then, besides, they didn't have as much room for play in those days, when so much of the land was still covered with trees."

"I guess some of the first settlers had to do some logging to help make a living, too, didn't they?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, and not only that, Bobby," replied Hooty Owl, "When they had taken timber claims for their homesteads, they had to clear the land of trees before they could plow it up for grain farming."

"Boy, I'll bet that was some job," exclaimed Bobby. "I tried to chop down a tree one time, and it wasn't a very big one, either. I'd hate to tackle one of those big pines with my axe."

"O, your axe isn't an axe at all--it's nothing but a little hatchet," said Betty, rolling her eyes at her brother. "And I bet the tree you tried to chop down wasn't ~~even~~ big enough to hold up Hooty Owl's nest."

"Well, anyway," said Hooty, laughing at Betty's thrust at her brother, "those pioneers had a pretty tough job. After the trees had been felled, it was back-breaking work to grub out the stumps to make the land fit for planting. Those who could afford it, hired experts to clear the land by means of 'grub hoes'. Those were special tools for removing the stumps. They had to pay from two to five dollars an acre for this work. No dynamite was used in those early days."

"Why didn't the settlers sell their timber to the big lumber companies, and let them do the cutting?" asked Bobby.

"Some of them did that very thing, Bobby," said Hooty Owl. "And that added more profit to the logging business, because the homesteader seldom got what his timber was worth at the mills."

"Logging started in earnest here about 1878, in the vicinity of Sebeka. The logs were cut during the winter months, and piled in great heaps on the ice in the Red Eye River. Then, with the coming of spring, when the ice melted, the logs floated down the river to the Crow Wing. From there they continued on to the Mississippi, for their journey to Minneapolis and the great saw Mills."

"At one stage in the lumbering business, many logs were shipped by railroad to Perham. But the sawing stopped there when the mills burned down in the early 1880's.

"At the time of that fire, one big company owned ~~about~~ 30,000,000 feet of lumber in Wadena, Otter Tail and Becker Counties. There was a great demand for lumber at that time, and the owners decided to ship their logs to Winnipeg, where there were better prices than in Minneapolis.

"This was a tremendous undertaking. The logs floated down the Otter Tail River and its tributaries, through several lakes, and, beyond Fergus Falls, into the Red River of the North. Shipping this great amount of timber required about three years."

"Didn't they ever float any logs down the Leaf River?" Betty asked. "It seems to me, in my 'retrospection' picture, I can see logs floating down the Leaf River into the Crow Wing, right now."

"Well, Betty," said the Owl, "if you look back as far as the year 1881, you will see the first and only large 'drive' of logs on the Leaf River. That winter great piles of logs were stacked near Bluffton, over in Otter Tail County. In the spring they floated down the Leaf to the Crow Wing River. But the job was a little too much for the small river, and it was never tried again.

"Lumbering was a giant business in Wadena County until about 1900. Perhaps the most successful year of the business was 1895. That year one contractor alone drove more than 15,000,000 feet of timber down the Crow Wing from Nimrod."

"FIFTEEN MILLION FEET!" exclaimed Bobby. "Boy, O, Boy! What a scene to make on this 'picture of the past'. No logs out there on the Crow Wing today."

"No, and there never will be again, Bobby." said Hooty Owl. "But even today, you will sometimes see whole train loads of logs coming down through Wadena County from the north, over the G. N.

"Then, with the opening of the first rough/saw mills in the county, finished lumber came into fashion, and very few log houses were built after that. In those days, good carpenters were paid from \$1.25 to \$2.00 a day. And for hauling building materials, a man was paid \$3.50 a day, if he used his own oxen or horses. "

"Guess the railroads put the kibosh on the river shipping business, didn't they?" mused Bobby.

"Yes, very much so," declared Hooty Owl. "With the coming of the railroad into Wadena County, business boomed as it never had before. In those days, locomotives burned wood instead of coal. Great piles of cord wood were piled along the tracks at many points to feed the hungry engines. This meant a large business for the settlers. Cutting, hauling and piling this wood proved a great source of income for the farmers. Ties for the new road-bed, and pilings for the bridges required more timber. I tell you what, with money scarce in the new country, this business was a blessing to the citizens."

"Were the first settlers all Englishmen?" asked Betty.

"Wah-hoo-hoo, I should say not," said Hooty Owl. "The census of 1880 showed more than 2,000 in Wadena County, and a great many of these were of Scandanavian stock, as well as British. Then the last Federal census, taken in 1930, showed that Wadena County had a population of 10,990; and among the foreign born were 491 Finns, 274 Germans, 199 Swedes, and 167 Norwegians.

"But those first settlers were a sturdy race of people. They worked hard, and their open air mode of life made for a healthy citizenry. Their food was of the plainest kind, but plentiful. With game all around them, they never lacked for meat, but dainties were seldom found on their tables.

"Their homes here were uncomfortable places in which to live.

In some localities, in the southern part of the county, where lumber was not to be had, or the settlers could not afford it, they spent the first few years in sod shanties.

"Their clothing was all home-made, and fancy dress was not to be thought of."

"I guess the greatest people in the world have lived in Wadena County, haven't they, Hooty Owl?" asked Betty.

"Well, Betty," said the Owl, softly, as he placed his wing over the little girl's shoulders, "that depends on just what we use as a standard to measure greatness. This much I will say, however, that you and Bobby need never feel ashamed to say that you are decendents of the pioneers of Wadena County. But, say, while we are talking about people who have been here, let me mention two or three others, in passing--people who are mentioned in history, but who left no permanent records in the county:

"One of the greatest men who ever explored this state, was a Frenchman, Joseph Nicollet. One of the counties in Minnesota and one of the principal streets in Minneapolis are named after him. He visited this territory about 1836. He was a well known astronomer in France, and was the discoverer of a comet. According to his report, he paddled up the Mississippi River with his party. He left the 'Father of Waters' at the Crow Wing, and continued on toward Wadena. He went on up the Crow Wing to its source, and then up the Gull River to Gull Lake, and on to Leach Lake. He was looking for the source of the Mississippi River, but he never found it."

"Hmph!" snorted Bobby. "Were ALL those early explorers looking for the source of the Mississippi River?"

"I guess the most of them, were for a fact, Bobby," said the

Owl, with a smile. "But, whoever found it has nothing to do with Wadena County, so we'll leave that for the story about Clearwater County.

"Now there was another man, who, it is claimed, was among the very first of the explorers to reach what is now Wadena County. History is not very certain about the year, but somewhere in the vicinity of Wadena Village, Alexander Kay stopped in the winter of 1784-85. In his party he had a clerk named Perault; and one day Kay and Perault had a quarrel, and Kay left in a canoe for Sandy Lake, taking most of the party's supplies with him. When the party was on the verge of starvation, they went after him. But before they caught up with him, Kay got into another ruc~~us~~ with some Indians, and was stabbed. He recovered from the wound, but decided he had had enough of exploring, and wanted to return to his home in Montreal. He started back with his party, but died before he reached Canada."

"Well, then, I guess we haven't any of that kind of troublesome stock in Wadena County, have we?" said Bobby, proudly.

"No, I guess you haven't, Bobby," said Hooty Owl. "And probably no decendents, either, of that bunch of Englishmen who visited Wadena County--or what is now Wadena County--in the winter of 1845-46. According to report, this party was headed by a son of the Duke of Devonshire. They were probably on their way to Pembina, one of the early trading posts, and one of the principal spots that figured in the fur trade. There was a fearful blizzard here that winter, and the Devonshire party were forced to make camp until the weather moderated. Traces of their camp could be seen for many years after they left.

"But these men I have just mentioned were not the settler type. The settlers came here to make permanent homes, and no

sooner had they taken root in the soil, than they planned their churches and schools, and all sorts of improvements."

"And real farms, I suppose," added Bobby.

"Yes," said Hooty Owl, "and real farms. After the timber was disposed of, farming became the chief industry. Wheat was in great demand when this section was settled. The eastern part of the United States, and Europe, were in need of bread, and those hungry people looked to the West for their supply. Later, Minnesota came to be known as the 'bread and butter' state'. But farmers then didn't know as much about agriculture as they do today. About all they raised was wheat. And, as crop after crop of this grain was raised, the land began to wear out. Then they began to learn that crops should be rotated.

"Early farmers soon turned to sheep and hogs to add to their slender incomes. They found that the wild peas, wild clover, and other grasses that grew in such plentifulness, were excellent fodder for sheep. Then, later, those farmers who had planted Judge Murray's quart of clover, planted more and more of it, as well as timothy, alfalfa and millet."

"And then the cows came home," said Bobby, with a wise grin.

"Wah-hoo-o-o", cooed Hooty Owl, with a smile of appreciation at Bobby's witty remark. "That's just what they did, my boy. After learning more about it, the farmers began to go into the dairy business. And the way this industry grew was remarkable. The county's rich pastures furnish plenty of grass for the cattle, and the fertile fields yield rich tame hay. Ready markets and fine highways supply Wadena County the means to furnish millions of pounds of butter to the world each year."

"Is the land just the same all over the county, Hooty Owl?" asked Bobby. "Is the land up here in Blueberry Township, where our farm is, just like the land down in Thomastown Township?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Practical Farmer," said the Owl, with a smile and an extra-wise blink. "The soil of the county, while much the same in a general way, is of a slightly varied nature. The western part has a heavy clay sub-soil, overlaid with rich sandy loam. In the north and northeast, the top soil is rich, black loam, with a sub-soil of heavy clay. It is light and sandy in the central part, with a clay sub-soil. Down there in the southern part the soil is more of a sandy nature, which requires a greater amount of moisture than the other sections. Here and there, toward the eastern region, there are many small peat beds, but they are of little real value."

"Say, Mr. Wise Old Hooty Owl," said Bobby, "there's a place here in my 'picture of the past' that I'd like to fill in. I can't see what the farmers did with all that wheat they raised in the early days. How did they get the wheat to market, and where was the flour made that went to make bread for all those people in the East?"

"All right, sir, Mr. Retrospection Painter, I'll do the best I can for you," replied the Wise Old Owl. And then, turning to Betty, he asked: "And how is your picture progressing, young lady?"

"O, I'm getting along fine," said Betty, with a chuckle. "I'm still out on the farm, grinding up my wheat in an old coffee mill, and baking my bread in an old stone oven out back of the old log cabin."

"Hoo-hoo-hoo", cooed Hooty Owl. "Well, you won't need to stay at that point very long, Little Pioneer, because about that time

very much improved methods of making flour were brought into the great mills in Minneapolis. That pleased the Wadena County farmers very much, because they were vitally interested in the raising of wheat.

"Up until about 1870, winter wheat was considered far superior to spring wheat. And the Minneapolis millers had discovered that they could make a better grade of flour by crushing the grain between rollers, instead of grinding it, as they had been doing. The finer, whiter flour that they produced brought better prices, and the new process went a long way toward assuring the future prosperity of the whole state. But, to get back to Bobby's question:

"Most of the wheat that was raised in those days was handled with a great amount of labor. In the first place, all the machinery used on the farms was of the crudest kind--not at all like the beautiful modern machines in use today. Plowing, seeding, harvesting, and threshing were a mighty big job.

"Even after the wheat had been threshed, the hard work was not finished. It had to be sacked and then taken to market. And those trips to market were very tiresome. Some of the settlers were obliged to drive from ten to twenty,--yes, even thirty miles, to reach an elevator. The roads were little more than miserable trails, and the wagons were generally drawn by oxen. It took a long time to get to market and back; and sometimes, for the sake of company, several farmers would get together and travel in trains of twenty to forty wagons.

"All the elevator towns were lively places right after threshing time came. Elevators and mills were open practically twenty-four hours a day, to take care of the business. At that season, the streets were full of shoppers, their wagons, and their livestock."

"Just like Menah is every Saturday night, I bet", declared Bobby.

"I suppose so," said Hooty. "But the marketing problem was made easier when one of the largest flouring mills in the state, outside of Minneapolis, was built in Wadena Village in 1879. It was three stories high, with basement, and was one of the most talked of things in Northern Minnesota in those days.

"It was a real blessing to the early settlers who were wheat growers. When a farmer hauled his grain to the mill, an arrangement was made like this: For every bushel of wheat taken in, the farmer received thirty-two pounds of flour, ten pounds of bran, and five pounds of shorts. There was very little money changed hands when the wheat was taken to the mill direct.

"It was about this time, too, that the farmers who were hauling their wheat to the elevators, began to complain about the market conditions. They said the prices for their grain was too low; that commission men and millers in the large centers were cheating them; that dishonest methods of grading wheat robbed them of their rightful prices.

"They claimed that wheat grading in the terminal markets was not fair; that wheat graded as 'No. 1 hard' in the local elevators often was graded as 'rejected' in the big cities. Sometimes, it was said, the prices they received hardly paid the expenses of raising the grain.

"Then, too, box cars were very scarce. In the midst of the threshing season, the shortage of cars was so great that many weeks were often required to get the grain to market."

"Why didn't the farmers go on strike?" asked Bobby. "That's what everybody does now-a-days when things don't go to suit them."

"Well, Bobby," said Hooty Owl, "the farmers in those times

were not the striking kind. They did, however, hold a mass meeting of protest. And out of that was born the 'co-operative' movement, of which you hear so much today. A co-operative elevator was built in 1883; but poor management caused it to fail in a few years.

"The farmers were patient, though, and they never gave up. One idea after another was tried out, until success became certain. In 1903, when potatoes began to play an important part in the market, a 'co-operative' started to handle them. Then came the Wadena Potato Growers' Association, in 1911; and a Live Stock Shipping Association, in 1912. And in 1920, the 'Equity' began the operation of a flour mill in Wadena.

"The 'co-operative' movement is now a great success. These organizations handle dairy products, live stock, farm machinery, potatoes, grain, and poultry."

"So", said Bobby, with conviction, "wheat isn't the whole works in Wadena County any more, is it?"

"Wah-hoo! Not by any means," shouted the Owl. "The change from wheat-growing to diversified farming, however, came gradually; and dairying took the lead. Recent figures show, for example, that the production of butter, which was almost nothing in 1875, jumped to more than four-and-one-half-million pounds in one year. And now, about half of Wadena County's entire income is derived from live stock and dairying."

"But what about the Indians, Hooty? Didn't the Indians bother the settlers a lot?" asked Betty.

"Hoo-hoo", said Hooty Owl, softly, closing one eye as he answered Betty's question. "There is another matter about which Wadena County may well be proud. The people here never did have much trouble with the Indians. There are only one or two cases on record

where anything serious happened. That story about the Frenchman and the 'jack-knife' fort on the Crow Wing River, is only a camp-fire story, and, anyway, that was a long time before your farmers came to Wadena County. The Sioux Indian massacre in 1862, of which you have read so much in your histories, didn't come anywhere near Wadena County. Wilkin County, away over to the southwest, was the nearest, I believe.

"But there was one unfortunate incident, that resulted in the death of a thirteen-year-old white girl, and nearly got the early settlers into serious trouble with the Indians. That happened in 1874, at a time when a band of about two hundred Pillager Indians were camped near Aldrich. One of the settlers lost a sack of flour, and finally located it in the teepee of two Indian boys. When he went to get it, the Indians claimed that the son of the station agent--a man named Costello--at Aldrich, had sold them the flour. They gave it up to the settler, however, and then went to Costello to get their money back."

"Was it the Costello boy who had stolen the flour?" Bobby asked.

"Wah-hoo! I think it was," said Hooty Owl, "and so did everybody else. Anyway, instead of getting back their money, the Indian boys were given a beating by the Costellos. They went back to their camp, and brought an elder brother with them to the section house. This time they were ordered off the place, but refused to go, until finally they were forced out of the house."

"That was a dirty trick, I claim," said Bobby, with disgust.

"And I guess that's just what the Indian boys thought," said Hooty Owl. "And it made them pretty mad, too. So when they were a few feet from the house, the oldest Indian boy turned and fired at Costello. The bullet cut a finger off Costello's hand. But the worst part of it was, the bullet passed through the wall of the

house, and crashed into the head of Sarah Costello, his thirteen-year-old daughter."

"O!" cried Betty. "Wasn't that awful? But the Indian boy didn't mean to shoot her, did he?"

"Hoo-oo-oo," cooed Hooty Owl, softly. "No, Betty, he certainly did not, and noone thinks he did; and he may not even have tried to kill Mr. Costello. The death of the girl was certainly an accident; but it just goes to show that it never pays to lose your temper, no matter what happens."

"What did Costello do then?" asked Bobby, all excitement.

"Well, Costello, himself, didn't do much right then," said Hooty. "He was too busy taking care of that wounded hand of his. But one of his sons fired at the Indian several times, one of his bullets breaking the boy's collar bone, and passing through his lungs."

"Did the Indian boys give up then?" asked Betty.

"No," said Hooty Owl. "They didn't give up at all. They escaped to the woods. Later, the Sheriff of Wadena County, with ten men, went to the Indian camp, and tried to get the wounded boy; but he had not come in from the woods yet.

"The posse returned to Wadena, leaving the Sheriff to wait for the Indian. But that night, the Indians held a council, and decided not to give up the wounded boy."

"Did the Sheriff go away then?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, the Wadena Sheriff went back home," said Hooty; "but in the meantime, the Costellos had appealed to the Crow Wing Sheriff, who had organized a posse of thirty-two men to go after the Indian. This posse included 'Slippery Bill', the Marshall of Brainerd. But the Indians were expecting trouble, so they had entrenched themselves in a deserted logging camp; and while the

posse spent the night around the camp, the Indian women busied themselves by moulding bullets.

"In the morning, two white men were allowed to enter the camp, and they saw the wounded Indian boy, and heard his story. The squaws were sucking his wounds, because they had no doctor to care for them.

"Slippery Bill tried to enter the camp, but the Indian guard pushed him back. That Marshall was thoroughly hated and despised by all the Indians, because he is supposed to have started the riot in Brainerd that resulted in the lynching of an Indian in front of the Last Turn saloon there, some time previous to this."

"Then I suppose Slippery Bill got tough, did he?" said Bobby.

"No, he didn't cause any trouble this time, I guess, Bobby," said Hooty. "The negotiations continued all night; but the Sheriff and his posse left the next day, without their man, who remained in camp and recovered from his wounds. The unfair conduct of the Costellos turned the sympathy of the Whites to the Indians, who, they believed, had certainly been wronged.

"The Indians appreciated the fairness of the Whites, and were ever afterwards very friendly toward them. Some of those so-called 'savages' developed into fine, industrious citizens, after they had learned the white men's ways; and you may have some of them as your neighbors today."

"Boy! That was a close call to an Indian war, though, wasn't it?" said Bobby, with a big sigh of relief. "And I'm glad that scene goes into the 'picture of the past', and not the 'present'. Aren't you, Betty?"

"I should say I am," declared Betty. "And I'm not going to make it very big in my picture, either. But what's the next scene, Hooty? Are the troubles for the settlers all over now?"

"Just about, I think," replied the Owl. "But, no, I haven't told you anything about those terrible blizzards they used to have in the winters in this part of the country. Better not try to paint them on your picture, though, because if you do, you'll cover up everything else."

"O, we still have blizzards up here," said Bobby. "Don't I know? I froze my nose and one of my ears in a blizzard we had just last winter."

"Wah-hoo!" shouted Hooty Owl. "That's tough. I guess it won't be hard for you to understand, then, what a frightful time the pioneers had before they had any protection from the winter storms, as you have now. But storms of that kind do not seem to prevail in ~~these~~ days. If they do, they are not so serious, because you have telephones, paved highways, and railroads; and the chances of loss of life are not so great.

"Very often, in the old times, blizzards came out of a practically clear sky. Travellers between settlements, and children in their school houses, were caught as in a trap."

"Guess those were the times when your old friend, Boreas, the North Wind, got to cutting up, Hooty Owl," said Betty, with a grin, as she recalled one of the Toy Town Tales.

"Guess it was, Betty," agreed Hooty. "O, I'll admit Old Boreas is a bad actor, and a bad friend to Man when he gets to blowing off. Why, it is a known fact that many people lost their lives in trying to go just the short distance from the house to the barn. If a person became lost on the prairie, death was almost certain. Caught out in the thick of the storm, both men and horses seemed to lose their sense of direction, and just traveled 'round and 'round in circles until they were exhausted.

"Most of the newcomers to this section of the country were en-

tirely ignorant of the ways of the blizzards. As they lived here longer they learned to protect themselves better against the storms."

"We're not afraid of the storms and the snow," said Betty, in a tone of seeming regret. "Why, almost as soon as the snow hits the ground, along comes a snow plow and cleans it all off the roads. We don't even have a chance to go sleigh-riding, like they used to in the old days my Grandpa tells about."

"That's a fact, Betty," replied Hooty Owl. "But, after all, I think you'd better be thankful than sorry. And, by-the-way, there's another scene for both your pictures: This wonderful transportation system you have here in Wadena County. Miles and miles of paved and graveled roads, literally teeming with speeding pleasure cars, busses, and loaded motor trucks, traveling in every direction. And long stretches of railroad, with beautiful passenger trains carrying many people; and mile-long freight trains, loaded with merchandise of every kind. Put all that down on your 'picture of the present', then close your eyes and see this, in 'retrospection':

"In the long ago, the territory that was destined to become known as Minnesota, was crossed and criss-crossed by rude trails, most of which lead to Pembina. They were the great lanes of travel. And snaking across Wadena County was a part of the old Pembina Trail. By some this was called the Otter Tail Trail, and by others the Leaf Lake Trail. It entered this county in the southeastern part, crossed the Crow Wing River by means of Aspinwall's Ferry, that I told you about, and ran west a mile south of and parallel to the Leaf River.

"It then crossed the Wing River, near its junction with the Leaf. Under a bridge, today, near that spot, may be found a spring that furnished water for the early travelers. Many of the voyagers used this spot as a camping place, because of the water supply.

"Up to several years ago, traces of the trail could be seen where the heavy wheels of the Red River carts once cut deep ruts in the virgin soil. Today, there is a road that runs past the Goddard, Malone, and Askew farms, that follow^s/the route of the old Pembina Trail. A slight trace of the trail may be seen for a short stretch on the Garvin farm, in Wing River Township.

"From there the trail went westward to Otter Tail Lake, and northwestward to Pembina. On its route from east to west, the trail forked at a point in Cass County. One branch went south to Sauk Rapids, and from there it would its way to Mendota. "

"And did all the other trails in Wadena County lead **into** the Pembina Trail?" Bobby asked.

"Yes, Bobby, that was the 'main line', as we would call it in the railroad man's language," said Hooty Owl. "But the 'main line' trains were not much like those of today. The 'cars' were crudely fashioned, hand-made ox-carts, made entirely of wood, because iron was a scarce article in those times. They were fastened together with wooden pegs and strips of buffalo hide. They had no grease for the wheels, and their ghostly creaking was certainly nerve-wracking, even to us Owls."

"What were they hauling in those carts, Hooty Owl?" asked Betty, all curiosity.

"Well," said Hooty, "the first train that passed through here was loaded with furs and pemmican for Mendota. That was in 1842. There were six carts in the train, and one oxen hauled each cart."

"What's 'pemmican'? Bobby wanted to know.

"Pemmican is dried buffalo meat, pulverized in buffalo tallow," replied Hooty Owl. "The shipment was sent by Norman W. Kittson, member of one of the oldest fur-trading families in this region. He was chief agent for the American Fur Company in the Red River Valley."

"On their way back to Pembina, the carts were loaded with goods badly needed by the people up there. These goods came up the Mississippi to Saint Paul or Mendota, and were transferred to the waiting carts.

"Later came the stage coach, to care for travelers who were anxious to get through the wilderness as quickly as possible. As a rule, the stage coaches followed the same trails that were used by the creaking old carts, although they were drawn by horses, and traveled much faster.

"Then came the railroads, and Old Father Time quickened his pace. But even as early as 1834, long before white settlers occupied the land hereabouts, a railroad was being urged for this section. But it was not until 1864 that the idea took form. Josiah Perham, of Maine, was elected president of the Northern Pacific, and he worked hard to make his dream come true; but he died, a discouraged and poor old man. J.G. Smith, of Vermont, succeeded him, and spent the best years of his life trying to raise the money necessary to build the road. But it was not until 1870 that work actually started--thirty-six years after Perham's first dream.

"After the Northern Pacific was started, there was a lull in the work, owing to bad financial conditions. Then appeared Jay Cooke, one of the greatest financial minds of his time. His banking house was asked to help finance the Northern Pacific, and he supplied large sums for the work. Then came the panic of 1873, and the great banking house of Cooke crashed, in New York City. That was a terrible blow to this part of the country; yet, in spite of it, the Northern Pacific carried on.

"Then, in the early 1880's, there was a re-organization of the road, and Henry Villard and his associates took control. Immediately a great boom followed, and the future of Wadena County and

the Northern Pacific was assured.

"The early settlers in Minnesota were so anxious to have railroads built that they raised money to help in the operations. Even after the coming of the Northern Pacific, Wadena County sought more outlets to its markets.

"In 1881, the Wadena, Fergus Falls & Black Hills Railroad was organized. It was planned to run this line from Wadena to Fergus Falls, and then on to Milner, N.D. But in the long run, Wadena got cheated. Otter Tail County voted \$200,000 worth of bonds for the road, providing it would start from the Northern Pacific at some point in Otter Tail County'.

"This was done, and Wadena discovered that the new road branched from the Northern Pacific at a point two miles west of town. However, the round-house for the new road was located at Wadena for six years, before it was finally moved to Staples."

"About time to build the Great Northern, now, isn't it?" suggested Bobby.

"Just about," agreed Hooty Owl. "It was in 1883 that the Wadena & Park Rapids road came into being. The line was laid out from Eagle Bend to Park Rapids. Wadena voted to issue \$11,0000 in bonds to help build it, and trains were running over the new road in 1891. Shortly afterward it was taken over by the Great Northern."

"I've heard Grandpa tell about how trains were then running all the way from St. Paul to Fargo in eleven hours and thirty minutes," said Bobby. "But, shucks! Grandpa was thinking about how much faster that was than the old ox carts, I guess. The trains that run now, make that trip in about five hours, don't they?"

"Yes, I think they do," said Hooty. "But it wasn't until November, 1883, that the railroads got their time schedules

straightened out. There were about 80,000 miles of railroad in this country, operating under fifty different time arrangements. But finally four time zones were set up for the whole country, and from then on it was a simple matter to operate trains on schedule."

"And now we have automobiles, trains, and air planes in Wadena County," said Betty, proudly. "But we haven't any more river traffic, since the Indians left with their canoes, have we?"

"No, Betty," said Hooty Owl, "But some of the early pioneers had dreams of great steamboats running up and down the Leaf River, the Crow Wing, and the Shell; and around the several lakes of the county. But others laughed at the idea."

"Gee! that would be swell," exclaimed Bobby. "If we had boats like that, we could go all the way from home to St. Paul and back on Sunday excursions, like the kids in St. Paul take trips down the Mississippi on the 'Capital'."

"Wah-hoo! That would be nice, Bobby, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work," said Hooty, smiling at Bobby's enthusiasm. "However, those dreaming pioneers wouldn't give up; and in 1884 their plan came to a head, with the formation of the 'Shell River Navigation Company.' The idea was to run boats down the Shell, into the Crow Wing, and on down into the Mississippi. They even had visions of regular commerce with St. Louis, and other points far to the south; maybe clear to New Orleans."

"Why didn't they try it?" Bobby asked.

"Hoot me down, they did try it," said the Owl. "You know how those pioneers were. Whenever they got an idea into their heads to do something, they never gave up until that idea proved impractical. So, they just went ahead and raised \$10,000 to back the scheme."

"At Shell City they built a sturdy stern wheel steam boat, and named her the 'Lottie Lee'. And after a few trial trips close to home, 'Lottie' was taken on excursions up and down the Shell River. Those trips were very successful, because, at the time, the water was deep and the river was wide.

"Then came the time to venture farther from home. They had no trouble in getting down the Shell; but when they got into the Crow Wing, the story was different. That trip was worse than a nightmare to those boatmen. There were shallow spots and sand bars to block their way; and they had to stop every little while and put on their bathing suits, and get into the river to remove rocks and stumps from Lottie's path.

"I was sitting on the boat's flag pole when she started on that trip, and I nearly fell off my perch when I laughed so much. Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! It took 'em two days to go two miles, sometimes, and I had many a good nap, in perfect quiet, sitting up there on that flag pole."

"HMPH!" snorted Bobby. "Lottie could have taken a few lessons from the lumbermen's logs, if she wanted to make a trip down the Crow Wing, I guess."

"That she could, Bobby," said Hooty Owl, still chuckling over the recollection of the trip. "But the trouble was, her owners neglected to examine the river's channel before they started on their journey. And it was a very much disgusted and very tired crew that finally reached Motley. It was still a long way to the Mississippi; and the men behind the job were ready to give up. So they just tied up the good ship 'Lottie Lee' to the dock at Motley, and there she remained to the end of her days."

"And didn't they ever try it again?" asked Bobby, very much disappointed.

"No, they never did," said Hooty. "But for several years afterwards they still hoped that the government would deepen the channel of the Crow Wing. That dream never came true."

"Well," said Betty, with a smile, "I'm going to put the 'Lottie Lee' in my 'picture of the past', anyway. "And I guess both the pictures are about finished now, aren't they Hooty Owl?"

"Yes, Betty," replied Hooty, "I guess there isn't much more to be put into either picture. However, to know one's county real well, it is probably necessary to know something about its government. So I'll just take the time right now to tell you as much as you need to be interested in:

"In 1872, Minnesota had just three congressional districts, and Wadena County was placed in the Third District; in 1881, it was moved into the Fifth District; and in 1891, it went to the Sixth District, where it remains today. It is in the Fifty-first Legislative District, and the Seventh Judicial District.

"The first officials of the county were: Dr. C. B. Jordan, L. S. Pratt and John B. Garvin, Commissioners. Dr. Jordan was also the first physician to settle in the county. On April 12, 1873, the Commissioners met at his home to name their county officers. Those were: Auditor, A. W. Lake; Treasurer and Register of Deeds, C. J. Stewart; County Attorney and Judge of Probate, P. A. Gatchel; Sheriff, L. F. Geaton; Superintendent of Schools, Dr. C. B. Jordan; Coroner, J. P. Parvin.

"On August 23, 1873, a petition to form Wadena Township was filed by P. A. Gatchel, J. B. Parvin and S. S. Gardner. The Township was located in Township 134, Range 35.

"The following month, the Town Supervisors were named. These were L. S. Pratt, H. W. Fuller and S. S. Gardner. At that same meeting, a School District was formed, which included the entire county. The settlers also voted a two mills tax for schools, and

a twenty mills tax for County purposes.

"One of the exciting political events to interest Wadena County came in 1882. Your Grandpa will probably remember the notorious Nelson-Kindred fight for Congress that year. There was a lot of trouble over ~~this~~ contest, and if cool heads had not been in the majority, several lives might have been lost.

"Knut Nelson, who for many years represented Minnesota in the United States Senate, was running for Congress from this district that year. And opposed to him was Charles Kindred, ~~once~~ prominent with the Northern Pacific Railroad in this section. The campaign went down into history as the bitterest political fight ever waged in the state. Wadena County was right in the center of the fight. Mr. Nelson was elected."

Hooty Owl stretched his wings and blinked his big eyes, as he continued:

"And I think that is about all there is to tell you about the politics and government of Wadena County today. You understand, of course, that elections are held every year, and new men are placed in the various offices. There may be some of the county officials right in your own home town of Menagh.

"But there is one thing more you might be interested in knowing: What is now Wadena County, Minnesota, might have been a part of the Dominion of Canada, if it hadn't been for that wise old statesman, Benjamin Franklin. Here's what happened:

"When the treaty was signed between the United States and Great Britain, at the close of the Revolutionary War, one of the boundaries proposed would have been all wrong, according to the land surveys made. But Franklin wanted to be sure that the United States took in the source of the Mississippi River. People didn't know as much about geography in those days as you do now, Betty.

They thought that the source of the Mississippi was right straight west of Lake of the Woods. So the boundary line was described as running west from Lake of the Woods to the Mississippi River. But when it was found that the source of the great river is far south of Lake of the Woods, the matter had to be adjusted. It was many years before the matter was finally adjusted.

"That misunderstanding of those early treaty-makers is the reason why Minnesota today owns a strip of land on Lake of the Woods, jutting far into Canada, and not connected with any other part of the state."

"You will be flying right over Lake of the Woods on your way back to Toy Town tonight, won't you, Hooty Owl?" said Betty.

"That's what I will, Betty," replied Hooty. "And I believe it's about time to begin thinking about that trip right now, too. Looks like I might be going to have a lot of company, doesn't it. But I guess that all these other birds that are sitting around here in the trees are just waiting for us to leave, so that they scramble for the crumbs we left from our picnic lunches.

"Do you know, Kiddies, he continued, "Mother Nature surely favored Wadena County, and all this part of the state, by making it the home of thousands of beautiful song birds; and you have pretty much the same varieties here now that the Indians and the early pioneers had. You have the Blue jay, robin, catbird, brown thrasher, scarlet tanager, blue bird, martin, and many others. There are not many Owls, like your present guest, but then we Owls are classed as song birds, anyway.

"You have what is called the 'summer resident', and the 'permanent resident'--those that come in the spring and leave in the fall, and those that stay all through the year."

"I love the song birds, don't you, Hooty Owl?" said Betty.

"Wah-hoo! Indeed I do!" declared Hooty. "Even the Owls. Everybody should love the birds--and be kind to them, too, because they are very valuable. Not only do they add to the beauty of the country, but they eat millions of insects and other pests that damage the farmers' fields and gardens.

"And just listen to that lark, there. Isn't he a happy songster? I believe he is dedicating that last number to us, as an expression of his happiness because we have had a wonderful day for our picnic. I'll thank him for it as I pass on my way north. And now, Bobby and Betty, I hope you have enjoyed the day as much as I have, and that you will keep always fresh in your minds, these pictures of the 'past' and the 'present' Wadena County. I'll try to be back in time to see your report cards, and I feel quite sure you will both have a big "A" in history. "Wah-hoo! Good-bye."

And Hooty Owl spread his great wings and silently soared away to the north, as the children picked up their lunch basket and hurried home to relate the day's adventures to Mother and Daddy.

ILLUSTRATION SUGGESTIONS FOR

WADENA COUNTY

Front Page Inside Cover:

Picture of Great Owl sitting on picnic table in front of boy and girl, with map of Wadena County spread out on table in front of them.

Page Five:

Pictures of "Mounds", and what is available at Historic Society of Relics found in Mounds.

Page Six;

Quartz Builders' Relics.

Page Eight:

Pictures of Indians, Tee-pees, and Wild Game.

Pages Ten-Eleven:

Pictures of DuLuth, Joliet, Marquette, LaSalle, Hennepin, LeSueur, Nicollet.

Bargaining for furs, with Indians, using sign language.

Page Twenty-three:

Hooty Owl's fight with wild cat on river bank.

Page Twenty-five:

Judge Murray doling out clover seed to farmers.

Page Thirty-two:

Picture of Court House at Wadena, and also building put up for Court House by Verndale.

Page Thirty-three:

Picture of First Store in Wadena.

Picture of Cemetery.

Page Thirty-seven:

Picture of Aspinwall's Ferry, and Frenchman's 'Jack-knife Fort'

Page Forty-two:

Pictures of Game Birds. (Passenger Pigeon if Possible)

Page Forty-four:

Picture of Zebulon Pike. Fur Trading Posts.

John Jacob Aster.

Page Forty-seven:

Picture of Active Lumber Camp.

Page Fifty:

Picture of Party of Old Settlers in dress of times.

Page Fifty-two:

Picture of Sunday Church Services.

ILLUSTRATIONS, (Cont.)

Page Fifty-three:

Picture of First Church. First School Building.
A. R. Wiswell, County Supt.

Page Fifty-six:

Picture of Log-Rolling

~~Picture~~

Page Fifty-eight:

Picture of Kids at Play.

Page Sixty:

Picture of Big Log Drive down Crow Wing River.

Page Sixty-one:

Picture of Long Log Train on Railroad.
Picture of First Saw Mills.

Page Sixty-four:

Picture of Pioneer clearing his farm of timber.

Page Sixty-five:

Pictures of Live Stock, as farming changes.

Page Sixty-six:

Picture of Farmers going to town with loads of wheat.

Page Sixty-seven:

Picture of First Flour Mill at Wadena.

Page Seventy:

Picture of Costello-Indian Tragedy.

Page Seventy-two:

Blizzard

Page Seventy-three

Transportation--trains, etc.
Pembina Trail.

Page Seventy-six:

Building Railroads.

Page Seventy-eight:

Picture of 'Lottie Lee'

Last Page:

Hooty Owl's Departure, etc.

WADENA COUNTY

Doctor Tinkle Tells The Kids

a Story

On a beautiful mid-summer day in 1938, Doctor Tinkle, of Old Toy Town, North Pole, came swooping down from the sky in his big airplane, and landed near the shore of Blueberry Lake, in Wadena County, Minnesota.

It was almost noon, and the old story-telling man had a date with Betty and Bob, who were expected to bring a picnic lunch. They were going to camp for an hour or two on the lake shore, while he told them stories about Minnesota, and their home county.

And Betty and Bob weren't late, either. They got there almost as soon as Doctor Tinkle did. And before you could say Jack Robinson, Betty had the lunch cloth spread, and everything was ready for the feast.

"Do you like blueberries, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty.

"I'll say I do," said Doctor Tinkle. "And I see you have brought a bottle of cream with the lunch things, so I guess we are going to have a dandy good meal. My, but you kids are lucky to have such blueberry patch as Wadena County is now. Did you know that it is one of the finest and largest in the whole country?"

"We have a Blueberry Township and a Blueberry Lake, too," said Bob.

"All in Wadena County."

"That's what you, have," said Doctor Tinkle. "And I'll tell you something else, too; Wadena County is almost exactly in the center of the State of

Minnesota; and Minnesota is almost in the center of the United States--that is, in the center from east to west. So you see, the folks around here can ship blueberries all over the United States; and they do, too. I'll be there are just thousands of folks everywhere having blueberries for lunch right now--in pies, and sauce, and jam. But I like mine best with cream on, and I can eat a lot of them, too, so be sure you give me a big bowlful, Betty."

"We ought to have a strawberry and a blackberry township too," said Bob. "And maybe raspberries."

"O, Bob," said Betty, "Maybe you think we ought to have a Picnic Township, and an Ice Cream Township."

Doctor Tinkle just smiled, and said: "Well, Betty, there was a time several million years ago when this whole country down here was a sort of Ice Cream Township." That was what was called the Glacial Period, when all this part of the country was covered with snow and ice. That was a long time before Doctor Tinkle went to Toy Town to work for Santa Claus."

"O, tell us about the Glacial Period," cried Betty. "Did you live here then, Doctor Tinkle?"

"O, no," said Doctor Tinkle. "I didn't live here; and I didn't come down here very often, either. It was too far away from home, and I didn't have any airplane in those days, you know. But this part of the country doesn't look much now like it did then. By-the-way, Bob, let's have that map of Wadena County you were going to bring with you today; and while we are looking at the map to keep track of where we are, I'll tell you something about the changes that have taken place down through the ages. Man himself has been responsible for most of the changes."

Bob spread the map out on the ground, and Doctor Tinkle sharpened a stick to be used as a pointer, and started his interesting story of the history of Wadena County.

"Now, children," he said, "as I told you a moment ago, I didn't visit

this part of the country very much until about a thousand years or so after I went to work for Santa Claus. But you may be sure that somebody lived here, because men have found many traces of their homes and habits, even though they haven't found any records or maps such as you have nowadays.

"Right here in Wadena County we have proof that the Mound Builders lived here for a time. But just who the Mound Builders were, or where they came from, or what became of them, nobody knows for sure. I'm sure I never saw any of them."

"Then how do you know they lived here?" asked Bob. "Did they leave some letters?"

"No, they didn't leave any letters," said Doctor Tinkle. "But they left something else." He pointed with his stick to the Village of Wadena, on the map. "Right over here, only a few years ago, there were still traces of one of their mounds, which contained human bones, and pots, and pans, and a knife made of stone."

"I don't see how they could build mounds when everything was covered with snow and ice," said Betty.

"O, they had time enough to build their mounds after the snow and ice had all melted, and they had summers here then like you have now," said Doctor Tinkle. "But you see, nobody knows for sure just when they were here. Some students believe that the Mound Builders were a tribe of Eskimo that had been driven south by the glaciers. And others think the mounds were made by the Indians less than 200 years ago."

"Did they bury dead Indians in the mounds, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Bobby.

"Don't know for sure whether they were Indians or not; and not all the mounds held human bones when they were opened. In one small mound all that was found was a copper axe and a crescent-shaped copper decoration. That

was right here in Blueberry township, too."

"Did the Mound Builders dig ditches and pits, too," asked Betty.

"Well, that's some more of the mystery," said Doctor Tinkle. "I suppose you are thinking about this ditch and the pits over here by Wadena Village, aren't you? Inside the triangle formed by two sides of the ditch a pit was found, and several graves covered with stones, or boulders. But that may have been a part of a fort built during one of the many wars between the Sioux and Ojibway Indians."

"And over here at the fork of the rivers in Thomaston Township were found seven mounds, each about thirty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. And nearby was one mound forty feet long and three feet wide."

"Giants' graves!" shouted Bobby.

"Maybe they were, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "Nobody knows for sure, and probably never will. That was a long, long time ago. And some people believe that if the Eskimo were the first people to live here, they were followed by another strange race of people known as the 'Quartz Builders of Little Falls'. These people left some relics, too, such as tools and implements of various kinds, all made of quartz, one of the very hardest of stones."

"Didn't the Indians bother the Eskimo or the Quartz-Builders?" asked Betty.

"No, I think not, Betty," said Doctor Tinkle. "The Indians are believed to have come later. And they probably came from the east--Athapascans and Algonquins."

"And then the white men came," said Bobby.

"Well, the white men came after the Indians, all right," said Doctor Tinkle. "But when the white men arrived all the first Indian tribes had disappeared, and this whole territory was peopled by the Dakota tribe."

"Were the Dakotas good farmers, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Bobby. "And

do you think a Dakotah owned my Daddy's farm one time?"

"No, I think not, Bobby," replied the Doctor. "The Indian in those days didn't like to work. He preferred to leave that to his wife, or squaw, while he went hunting and fishing, or out fighting other Indians."

"Isn't that just like a man?" said Betty. "But how did the Indian get enough to eat if the men wouldn't work? And who built their houses and bought their clothes?"

"They didn't wear any clothes," said Bobby.

"O, yes they did, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "You must not forget that they had cold winters up here in those times, just as they do now. But the Indians were great hunters, and wild fur-bearing game was plentiful. So, even if they didn't wear many clothes in the summer time, they had plenty of warm furs to wear in the winter. And fish and game and wild fruit and berries gave them a plentiful supply of food. They had no salt and pepper, as you have, but for sugar they used the sweet sap of the maple trees."

"Maple sugar!" shouted Bobby. "That was good, I'll bet. But the Indians never had a frosted chocolate cake like this, did they." And he laid a generous slice on the Doctor's plate.

"Indeed they didn't," said Doctor Tinkle. "Nor bread and butter like this either. But the Indians did raise a little corn, which the squaws ground up between stones, and made into a coarse meal. That was their only flour, and of it they made the only bread they had."

"Their houses were round, pointed tents, built of poles cut from small trees, and covered with the skins of animals. These were called tee-pees. They had no doors or windows. Their cooking was done over open fires in the middle of the tent, and the smoke from the fire had to find its way out through the hole at the peak."

"Could the Indians cook chicken like this?" asked Bobby, as he held up a

drum stick, partly eaten.

"Not that kind of chicken, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "But Mr. Indian had some kinds of meat that you don't have, too. There was enough and to spare in those days, of many kinds of wild game, for both food and clothing."

"The woods teemed with deer, caribou, bear, lynx, raccoon, wolf, and various members of the cat family. The prairie section was alive with grouse, prairie chicken, quail, as well as buffalo, badger and fox, and other wild things. The sloughs and streams were filled with beaver, muskrat, otter and mink. Great flocks of ducks, geese, cranes and swans had their feeding grounds on the uplands, and watering places for them were plentiful."

"Yes, Dame Nature was very generous in her supply of food and clothing for the Indian. And although the Indian had no matches like you have, he knew how to make a fire, either by knocking hard rocks together, or by twirling a stick in a notch in another stick. That is one trick, Bobby, that your Boy Scouts of these days learned from the Indians.

"After many years of sole possession of all this wonderful country, of which Wadena County is now a part, the Indian had to make room for the white man."

The First White Men

"Who were the first white men to come to Wadena County, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Bobby. "Did Columbus discover Wadena County?"

"O, no, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "It was a great many years after Columbus' time that the first white men came to this part of the country. There has been much discussion as to who the first white men were to reach this far west. Some believe that those two Frenchmen, Raddisson and Groseilliers, were the first ones, but the records are not clear."

"There is one thing of which history is certain, however, and that is that in 1679 Daniel Greysolon Du Luth penetrated as far as Lake Mille Lacs. It is from this explorer that the present city of Duluth takes its name."

"What was Du Luth looking for, Doctor Finkle? Was he just hunting game for food and clothing?"

"No, I think not, Bobby," said the Doctor. "Back in those days even the best educated people had strange ideas of geography; and Du Luth was one of the first Frenchmen who came through here looking for a short cut to India, the country that was supposed to contain such great wealth for everybody."

"Guess they didn't know how big America is, did they?" said Betty.

"Indeed they didn't," said Doctor Finkle. "And they didn't have any idea what great wealth it contained, either, until after they got here, but it didn't take them long to see that it was the greatest fur and lumber producing country in the world. And then things began to happen. More Frenchmen began to come in; some with the hope of adding more territory to the French empire; some hoping to gain wealth for themselves in the fur business; and then there were the Missionaries, who were anxious to make Christians of the Indians."

"And did the white people have to live just like the Indians when they first came?" asked Betty.

"O, no, the white people brought a great many things with

them that the Indians had never seen nor heard of before. And they made a great many very good trades with the Indians for animal pelts to send back east."

"How could the white men talk with the Indians?" asked Bobby.

"Didn't they speak a different language?"

"They surely did, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "The Indians spoke a good many different languages; that is, each Indian tribe had a language of its own. And that's one of the very things that caused so much trouble in those days. But they all had furs to trade; and those first white men were pretty smart Frenchmen. It didn't take them long to make up a language they could all understand well enough to do business."

"Bet they used a sign language, didn't they?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, that's just what they did, at first," said the Doctor. "You see there were a great many different tribes of Indians, each with a different language, but the first white men were all French. So the smart Frenchmen found a way to talk to ALL the Indians. They didn't care HOW they talked. All they wanted was those furs. There were ladies back home demanding furs, and they didn't care where they came from or how they were obtained, either. Cost didn't mean a thing to them. That's how there was so much money to be made in the fur business."

"Then I guess the ladies back home caused as much trouble as the Indians did," said Bobby, with a mischievous grin at his sister.

"But not ALL of the Frenchmen were traders for furs, were they, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty.

"No, not all," said Doctor Tinkle. "Some of them were missionaries; others just adventurers and explorers. But none of them were very good map makers. Lakes and rivers were very badly misplaced. There are still in existence some of the maps made by Joliet, Marquette, LaSalle, Hennepin, LeSueur, Nicollet, and Duluth. But I'm afraid you children would have a pretty hard

time to find your way about just Wadena county, with one of those maps for a guide."

"But they weren't any worse maps than the ones Betty makes," said Bobby, still grinning.

"Well, Bobby," said the Doctor, "you can't blame Betty too much for that, you know. Perhaps she is more interested in furs than she is in maps, too, just as those early Frenchmen were; and what was then Minnesota was one of the finest spots for furs in the whole world. There are not so many fur-bearing animals now, anywhere. But during those times both Indians and white men killed them by thousands to satisfy the vanity of men and women."

"The white men were just as bad as the Indians to kill the beautiful animals, weren't they," said Betty, sadly.

"Yes, I am afraid they were, Betty," said Doctor Tinkle. "The cries of those dumb animals echoed through the woods day and night, as they died cruel deaths in the Indians' traps, or fell before the white men's guns. The furs were shipped thousands of miles to reach some markets. Some even went to the courts of Europe to garb the extravagant rulers and their followers."

"How did they get the furs to the market in those days," asked Bobby. "Minnesota didn't have good roads then, like they have now, I bet."

"I should say they didn't have good roads," said the Doctor. "They didn't have any roads at all--just trails through the forest, and not very good trails, at that. No, they had trading posts established at several places, in different parts of the country, where the hunters and trappers took their animal pelts and did their bargaining. These trading posts were usually on some river bank; and from there the furs were sent by small boats for general distribution."

"The first organized effort to handle the fur trade in a business-like way came about the year 1670, when the Hudson's Bay Fur Company was started. From then on it became one of the biggest things in the country."

"Does Santa Claus get his furs from the Hudson's Bay Fur Company?" asked Betty.

Doctor Tinkle smiled, as he answered: "Well, not our North Pole Santa Claus, Betty. You see, we folks up there are all like one big family, animals and all, and we don't believe it is necessary to kill each other just to get pretty furs to wear. No, Betty, Old Sam Snowshoe, the big white Toy Town rabbit, sheds a lot of his nice white fur every spring, and Mrs. Santa Claus and her sewing girls use that white fur to trim coats and caps and scarfs and mittens for Doctor Tinkle and Santa Claus."

"Then why don't all the animals stay up there at the North Pole where they won't get killed for their furs, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty.

"Well, Betty," said the Doctor, "that is like asking why all the people in the world don't live in Wadena County, Minnesota, where you and Bobby are so happy. Soon there wouldn't be room enough to move around. And then, too, there wouldn't be enough food for everybody. No, when Mother Nature made so many birds and animals of all kinds, she knew very well that the smartest ones and the strongest ones would have to live off the weaker ones. That's what we call the law of 'the survival of the fittest.'"

"And that's the reason why Man is the boss over the whole works, isn't it?" said Bobby.

"That seems to be one of the reasons, anyway, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "But Man's biggest job seems to be how to get along with other men. Man rules all the lower animals, all right, and takes whatever they may have without asking?"

"But they fight each other over money and women, don't they," said Betty, rolling her eyes at her brother.

"I am afraid they do, Dear," said Doctor Tinkle, sadly. "Not all men, of course," he added. "Now Bobby and I, for example, wouldn't fight over anything at all; and there are many more like us. But it is a regrettable

fact that love of women, money and power causes more trouble for man than everything else in life. Now this fur business of the early days in the Northwest was a good way for man to make great sums of money. And the first thing we know there was a very jealous rivalry sprang up among the various companies that were making it their business. There were many bitter fights, and a great deal of cheating. Much blood was shed, too. And do you know, Children, one of the real causes of the War of 1812 with England sprang from the rivalry in the fur business."

"O, my history book at school says that the War of 1812 was caused by seizing American sailors on the high seas," declared Bobby.

"Correct, young man," said Doctor Tinkle. Go to the head of the class; and we'll give you an extra piece of cake as a reward for being a good historian. But your history book also says that in the treaty of 1783 that ended the Revolutionary War, England signed over to the United States all the land between the Mississippi River and Lake Superior, doesn't it? But despite that fact, English and Canadian fur traders continued to operate in American territory. The Americans protested, and a very bitter feeling sprang up between the two countries."

"What country did Wadena county belong to then?" asked Betty.

"Now that was a smart question, Betty girl," said Doctor Tinkle, "and we'll have to send you to the head of the class, too, with an extra piece of cake. You've been looking closely at the map here, and you see that Wadena county is WEST of the Mississippi River, and so not included in the land that England ceded to the United States.

"All right, let's just turn the map over and look at the other side for a moment." And Betty and Bobby and Doctor Tinkle all flattened themselves out on the ground with the map of the United States before them, while the Doctor pointed out the boundary lines and explained the national ownership of the territory which included what is now Wadena county from the date of its

discovery up to the present time.

Wadena County Geography

"The territory that now makes up Wadena County," said Doctor Tinkle, "first came under the control of France through those French explorers I told you about, who were such poor map makers. Then during one of the many wars in Europe, France gave this country to Spain, in 1762. The transfer was of a private nature, and one of the other nations knew anything about it until afterwards. But Spain didn't keep it long. She gave it back to France in 1800.

"Then about that time your Uncle Sam began to stretch and grow. He saw an opportunity to make a good deal with France in the 'Louisiana Purchase' of 1803, so he planted the stars and stripes over the territory, and it has remained there ever since."

"I know who made the 'Louisiana Purchase', said Betty. "It was James Monroe and Robert Livingston."

"Right again, Betty", said Doctor Tinkle. "James Monroe was the United States' Minister to France, and it was when Thomas Jefferson was president. But do you know how much they paid for the Louisiana Territory?"

"I do," shouted Bobby. "It was \$15,000,000."

"That's right," said Doctor Tinkle. "That is, that's what they paid France; but there were a great many trappers and traders who had claims against the land, and when those claims were paid, with the interest due on on them, the purchase price really amounted to \$27,000,000."

"\$27,000,000! My Goodness! That's a pile of money, isn't it?" exclaimed Betty.

"Sounds like a pretty big pile, doesn't it?" said Doctor Tinkle, smiling. "But when you figure it down to pennies, it sounds a bit different. Just think, there were more than a million square miles of it--more than all the land in Continental Europe. And it includes some of the very richest

soil in the whole world, too. And your wise old statesmen who made that purchase in 1803 paid only 4¢ an acre for it."

"Criminontlion!" shouted Bobby. "4¢ an acre for land in Wadena County? Boy! Wouldn't anyone have a fat chance of buying this land for that price now?"

"I don't think they'd be very successful," replied the Doctor. "Your Dad would ask a thousand times that much for his farm, I believe, and the price would be considered cheap."

"Why did Monroe and Livingston buy so much land all at one time, Doctor Finkle?" asked Betty, curiously.

"Well," said the Doctor, "President Jefferson was a man of great vision. He could see that this country was destined to become the greatest nation in the world, and he believed more territory was needed for the pioneers who were looking for new homes."

"But Wadena County, as it is today, didn't come into being for many years yet. With the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, it became a part of Louisiana District of Indiana Territory. Then when Indiana was admitted to the Union as a state, in 1805, the future Wadena county became a part of Louisiana. When Louisiana became a state, and Wadena became a part of Missouri Territory. When Missouri entered the Union as a state in 1821, this section became an orphan; it didn't belong to any state or territory then until 1834, when it became a part of Michigan Territory."

"Why did they keep changing it so much, I wonder?" asked Betty.

"I guess those other territories didn't want Wadena county on account of the Indians. Was that the reason, Doctor Finkle?" asked Bobby.

"O, no, not at all," said Doctor Finkle. "It was only that the whole tract was so big it was thought advisable to cut it up into smaller areas, as the population increased. That made it more convenient to govern."

"I guess it wasn't very convenient to govern when it was a part of Michigan, was it?" said Betty. "With the whole of Lake Michigan dividing it right in the middle."

"Well, it didn't remain that way long, Little Geographer," said the Doctor. "In 1836 Wisconsin Territory was created, and that took in all of what is now Minnesota. Then two years later--in 1838--another chunk was cut off the big piece, and this section became a part of Iowa Territory."

"Why, how could that be, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty. "Minnesota is bigger than Iowa, isn't it?"

"Minnesota State is bigger than Iowa State--as they are now, Betty," replied Doctor Tinkle. "But at that time Iowa took in a great deal more territory than it does now. In fact it was still considered too big to become a state; so in 1846, when Iowa joined the Union, still another chunk was cut off, and what is now Wadena county again became an orphan."

"There wasn't much left of the big chunk by that time, was there?" said Bobby.

"Not a great deal, for a fact," said Doctor Tinkle. "Still it was considered too big to be running loose, without any kind of government. So three years later--in 1849--Minnesota Territory was created, and Wadena County became a part of it. Then in 1858 Minnesota became a state of the Union, and Wadena County, as it is today, was established. It was not until February 21, 1873, however, that the county was officially organized, and took its name--Wadena."

"Why didn't they name the state 'Wadena'?" Betty wanted to know.

"Well, Betty," said the Doctor, "just about all the names of places in this part of the country are taken from the Indians' languages, and they each have some particular meaning. The name 'Minnesota', for example, is a Dakota or Sioux Indian word meaning 'sky-tinted water'. And 'Wadena' is an Ojibway word which signifies 'little round hill'--probably having reference to

those rounded outlines of the Crow Wing Bluff at the old Wadena ferry.

"So, you see, the name 'Minnesota' would be much more appropriate for the whole state, with its many 'sky-tinted' rivers and lakes."

"But the towns and townships in Wadena County don't all have Indian names, do they?" asked Bobby.

"No, not all of them, Bobby. Some of them take their names from other sources, originated by white men. Here, I'll tell you let's do: While we've got the map before us, let's mix up a little history with our geography, and make a picture of Wadena County in every detail, so clear in your minds you'll never forget it."

"Let's play that Betty and I are tourists, and you are a real estate agent taking us on an airplane trip over the county," said Bobby.

"That's a good idea," said Doctor Tinkle. "I'll try to be a good guide; and you may ask as many questions as you want to. If I don't know the correct answers for sure, we'll all go to the library and look them up."

"O, that will be fun," cried Betty. "You be the pilot, Bobby. I'll hold the map, and Doctor Tinkle will use the pointer and do the talking."

"That suits me fine," said Bobby, helping himself to another spoonful of blueberries. "And as this is to be a make-believe flight, all I'll have to do is eat and listen. We'll start right here, over Blueberry township. I'll go up about a thousand feet, and we'll fly back and forth from one side of the county to the other, both ways, until we run out of gas--or--lemonade."

"Well, I'll bet your gas--or--lemonade tank is plenty full right now," said Betty, laughing. "And we are all ready to start."

"O.K." shouted Bobby. "Get on your goggles, and hook up your life belts. CONTACT! W-h-r-r-r-r!"

"No stunt flying, now, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle, entering happily into the spirit of the game. "Up a thousand feet, then flatten out while we take our bearings:

"Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, sailing over one of the smallest counties in the state. Of to the east lies Cass County; to the south is Todd County; to the west is Becker and a part of Ottertail; and to the north, Hubbard.

"With our eyes on the map as we travel, we learn that Wadena County consists of fifteen townships, very neatly arranged in tiers, three townships wide (east and west), and five townships high (north and south). Each of these townships contains about 540 square miles, or 350,000 acres; but there is nearly forty times as much land as water.

"Now, as this is to be a make-believe flight, we'll all keep our eyes on the map; and as we pass over each township, I will tell you where the name of the township originated," said Doctor Tinkle.

"And I'll keep the gas--or lemonade--tank filled without having to land to do it," declared Bobby, grinning. "Fill 'er up, Betty," he added, holding out his glass.

There was plenty of lemonade, so Betty filled all three glasses. Then Doctor Tinkle continued with his story:

"We'll start with Blueberry Township, in the northwest corner of the county. 'Blueberry' is the English translation of an Ojibway Indian name, and it has been given also to the river and the lake.

"Next to the east is 'Shell River' township, which takes its name from the mussel or clam shells found on the banks of the river and the lake by the same name. The Ojibways named this one too.

"But the next township to the east was named by the white man 'Huntersville', because it was considered such a hunters' paradise.

"And now we'll drop south over Orton Township, and remember that 'Orton' was the family name of its pioneer farmers.

"'Meadow', next west, was so named because of its small tracts of natural grass land, enclosed in the general woodland."

"And was 'Red Eye' Township named for its 'Red Eye' whiskey?"

interrupted Bobby, chuckling.

"No, you're wrong this time, Bobby," said the Doctor. "The township takes its name from the 'Red Eye' river, which flows across it from west to east, as you see. The Ojibways so named the river because of its red-eye fish, a species of sunfish.

"And now south again into Rockwood Township. The name 'Rockwood' is supposed to have been derived from its glacial drift boulders and hardwood timber."

"It's easy to guess where the next township gets its name," said Betty. It was named 'North Germany' on account of its German pioneers, wasn't it, Doctor Tinkle?"

"Yes, that's right, Betty," said the Doctor. "And the next one, 'Lyons', was named in honor of Harrison Lyons, of Verndale, who was for many years a member of the Board of County Commissioners of Wadena County.

"And 'Bullard' Township, next south, was named in honor of Clarence Eugene Bullard, of Wadena village, who was for many years your County Attorney.

"But we get back to the Indian names again in 'Wing River' Township, next west. That is an Ojibway name, and also applies to the small river flowing across the township.

"The same is true of 'Leaf River' Township. 'Leaf' is an Ojibway name given to the hills, the lake and the river, so the white men gave the same name to the township.

"And now we will drop down into the southernmost tier of townships. Wadena is first."

"You told us what 'Wadena' means, Doctor Tinkle," said Betty. "You said it means 'Little Round Hills' in the Indian language."

"Good for you, Betty," said Doctor Tinkle, warmly, patting Betty's hand. "And just because you and Bobby are such interested listeners and eager learners of all this Wadena County history, I am going to give you a happy

surprise in just about five minutes.

"Now, let's slip on over to 'Aldrich' Township. Aldrich received its name from the Northern Pacific railroad village, so named by the officials of that railroad in honor of Cyrus Aldrich, who came to this state in 1855, settled in Minneapolis, engaged in the real estate business, became Minneapolis' postmaster, and was a very brilliant and successful politician."

"I guess 'Thomastown' isn't an Indian name, is it Doctor Tinkle?" said Bobby.

"No, Bobby, 'Thomastown' is a Scotch name, I guess. At least we know that 'Thomastown' Township was so named in honor of one of its pioneer homesteaders, Thomas Scott, a lumberman and farmer."

"And that's the last of the fifteen townships, Doctor Tinkle," said Betty. "And I'll bet I can name every one of them now, without looking at the map. Can't you, Bobby?"

"Easy as pie," boasted Bobby. "But what about that surprise you said you have for us, Doctor Tinkle? Do we get that now?"

"You bet you do, Old Boy," said the Doctor. "Did you ever hear of Doctor Tinkle making promises he didn't mean to keep?"

The old story teller arose to his feet, and began picking up the lunch things.

"Let's see how quickly you and I can pack these things in the basket now, Betty," he said, while Bobby, the pilot, lands this 'make-believe' airplane. Then we will all go over and get into my really and truly airship, and make the same trip back and forth all over Wadena County that we did in the other one. How would you like that?"

The children screamed with delight, and that lunch basket was packed in record time.

"I guess I better let you be the pilot this time, Doctor Tinkle," said Bobby. "I'm afraid we'd crash if I tried to fly your ship."

"All right, Boy, I guess I can handle it all right," said the Doctor. "We won't need to watch the map so closely on this trip. We'll just buckle on the real life belts, to keep us from falling overboard; and all of us can look down on everything in the county as I point out the interesting things to you."

Doctor Tinkle was an experienced flier; and in a trice he had his little passengers aboard, and they took off. It was a beautiful clear day, and when the altimeter registered a thousand feet, the plane flattened out. Bobby and Betty were thrilled beyond expression as they looked down on the biggest map of Wadena County they had ever behold.

Then Doctor Tinkle began to point out the land marks:

"Well, here we are," he said, "a thousand feet up in the air, over Blueberry Township, the extreme northwest corner township of the county. What is the first familiar thing you see?"

"Our farm," shouted Betty. "Look, Bobby, there's the house, and the barn, and the hay shed, 'neverything."

"Yes, sir," said Bobby excitedly. "And there's Mother out there in the garden right now. Gee! I wonder if she sees us up here. Let's wave at her, anyway."

Undoubtedly Mother saw and heard the big airplane up there in the sky, but she didn't know at the time that it was her own kiddies who were so frantically waving their handkerchiefs at her.

Doctor Tinkle smiled at the children's delight, as he continued:

"Looks pretty nice down there, doesn't it? See those nice fields of your Dad's--that clover field, and those dairy cows? It is pretty hard to believe that in the early 1890's that was all a great natural forest, and that the cutting and selling of timber was the one and only business."

"Wasn't there any clover hay here then?" asked Bobby, in surprise.

"Well, I should say not," said Doctor Tinkle. "There weren't any farms, either, until after the lumber men had taken all they could get. And even then, the clover didn't come for a long time. The fact that Wadena County, as a whole, is now one of the very richest clover sections of the world, is due to a little experimenting done by Judge A. Murray, not so very long ago."

"Was Judge Murray a farmer?" asked Betty.

"Well, no, not exactly," said Doctor Tinkle. "But he had some ideas about what might be raised on this rich land up here. You see, the pioneers thought it was too far north to raise clover; so they just kept right on raising wheat, year after year. But the first thing they knew, the land began to get sick. It needed a change of diet, in order to keep healthy."

"Mother says that change of diet is what keeps Bobby and me healthy," said Betty.

"And she is absolutely right, too," said the Doctor, heartily. "And this Judge Murray believed that a clover diet would help this sick land, as well as provide another profitable crop. So he had some clover seed shipped to him, and gave about two hundred farmers in Wadena County each a quart apiece. And just to honor the Judge, the farmers planted it."

"Only a quart apiece!" exclaimed Bobby. "Why, that would be only a couple of handfuls."

"It wasn't a lot of seed, for a fact," said the Doctor, smiling; but Boy, O, Boy, what a surprise it gave those farmers. That seed grew, and thrived, and increased beyond anyone's dreams. And it was just like a tonic to that sick land that had been planted to wheat too long. Yes, sir, Judge Murray's idea was one of the turning points for farmers in Wadena County. Clover is one of the richest foods for live stock--especially cows--and, because you have plenty of it here now is the main reason why this is the dairy center of the world today."

"I see the railroad track," said Betty. "It looks like a black pencil mark from up here."

"Yes," said Doctor Tinkle, "That's the Great Northern--the branch, you know, that runs almost straight north and south across the county, connecting Wadena, Leaf River, Sebeka, and Menasha, and on north to Park Rapids."

"My Dad ships cattle on that railroad," said Bobby. "The stock cars go from Menasha to Wadena, and then on to South St. Paul."

"Pretty soft for Dad, isn't it?" said Doctor Tinkle. "The pioneers didn't have it so easy before the days of the railroad. The Northern Pacific runs into Wadena, too. You'll see the tracks when we get further South. That line runs southeast, through Verndale and Aldrich."

"O, I see Stocking Lake," cried Betty. "Why, it really does look like a stocking from up here, doesn't it?"

"More like one of Paul Bunyan's socks, I'd say," declared Bobby.

"But, Gee whiz! Doctor Tinkle, we can see every lake and river in the whole county from up here, can't we?"

"That's what you can, my boy," said the Doctor. "Tell you what I'll do: We've plenty of gas in the tank, and plenty of time on our hands, so I'll just make one complete trip over the county, and we'll see if you and Betty can name every lake and river. Think you can?"

"O, I bet I can," cried Betty. "I know the geography map almost by heart; and from up here where we are, all that down there is just like a great big geography map."

"All right, Little Miss Geographer," said Doctor Tinkle. "If you can name all those lakes and rivers without a mistake, I'll bet you'll get an "A" on your next report card. I'll take the ship up a bit, so you can see more at one time."

At a slightly higher altitude, Betty was ready to begin.

"Fly slow, Doctor Tinkle," she begged, because some of the lakes are so small, I might miss them."

"I can't fly too slow, Betty," said the Doctor, "but I can circle around long enough to give you time to spy them out, I think. And, as you point them out and name them, I'll make it more interesting by telling you where they got their names, and something of their history."

"We'll take in lakes, rivers and towns, all on one trip, starting at the northeast corner of the county, and zig-zagging back and forth clear to the southeast corner. You name the lakes and rivers, and we'll have Bobby name the towns. All right, Bobby, what town is this, right below us now?"

"That's our home town, Menahga," said Bobby.

"Right," said Doctor Tinkle, "And the name is Ojibway--Mee-Nun. Longfellow mentions it in his "Song of Hiawatha". It means "Blueberry," but was never translated into English, as the names of the river and the lake were."

"That was Blueberry Lake, where we had our lunch," said Betty. "And that's the Blueberry River that flows right through it. That little lake right close to town is Spirit Lake, and that is Kettle Creek that flows into Blueberry River."

"Spirit Lake was named by the Indians, as you would surely guess," said Doctor Tinkle, but Kettle Creek is a white man's name. Probably it was found to be a good place to fill the camp kettles with good water in pioneer days. But what is the name of that other little lake over to the southeast, there, Betty?"

"Well, I guess I ought to know that one," said Betty. "That's Jim Cook Lake, and we go fishing there about a hundred times a year. Dad says the lake was called that by a man named Jim Cook, who used to cut logs there."

"That's right," said the Doctor. "And now those two little lakes to

the north here?"

"O, those are Twin Lakes," said Betty, "but only one of them is in Wadena County. It's easy to guess where the name came from. And that's the Shell River that flows between the two lakes. The lake farthest north is almost all of it in Hubbard County. And Duck Lake and Round Lake--those two right along in a row there--are almost all in Hubbard County, too."

"There used to be a little town right down there on the banks of the Shell River, that has an interesting history," said Doctor Tinkle. "It was platted in 1882 by Francis M. Yoder and Sewell M. Chandler. At first it was just a logging camp; but in 1878 settlers began to come in, and by 1881 there were about 800 families settled there. Yoder and Chandler named it Shell City. The first logging dam in Wadena County was built there; but the town passed out with the logging business, and today only a few cellar holes remain to mark the spot."

"The name of the next river is the Crow Wing," said Betty. "That's the largest river in the county, and it flows clear across it, from north to south."

"That's right, it is the largest river in the county," said Doctor Tinkle, "and all the water from all the other streams and lakes in Wadena County finds its way eventually into the Crow Wing River. The name is the English translation of the French name R. de Corbeau, meaning "River of the Raven". Perhaps it was so named because so many crows, or ravens, nested along its shores. But there's another lake there, Betty, right straight south of Shell City. What's the name of that one?"

"That's Finn Lake," said Betty, "and the one right south of the next town is Burgen Lake. I always remember that one because I have a girl friend of that name."

"The next town is Huntersville," said Bobby.

"That's right," said Doctor Tinkle. "And here's something interesting I might tell you right here. We are now over Huntersville township, the north-east corner of the county. But it might not have been the northeast corner, if six of Cass County's townships had had their way, back in 1882. They wanted to join up with Wadena County; but when it came to a vote of the people, it didn't go through. In 1886, twelve townships of Ottertail County, on the west, wanted to come over, but again the voters turned them down. Then in 1912, four of Todd County's townships, on the south, rapped on our door, but failed to get in. And even as late as 1927, those twelve Ottertail townships begged admittance, but were again turned down."

"Whookey!" exclaimed Bobby, "If all those twenty-two townships had joined Wadena, the county would be more than twice as big as it is now, wouldn't it?"

"That it would," said Doctor Tinkle. "Well, I guess you can't blame them for wanting to get in. Wadena County has always been very popular among her neighbors."

"Wadena County is popular among her own people, too," said Betty, proudly. "I'm glad I live in Wadena County."

"That's the way to talk, Betty, Girl," said the Doctor, "And you want to learn all you can of the history of the county, and its geography, too, don't you? Now, we are swinging to the south again over Orton township. Can you name those four little streams that flow into the Crow Wing from the east down there?"

Betty paused for a moment with puckered brow, then answered: "I can name three of them all right, but I can't remember the name of the one farthest south. Don't tell me, though, because maybe I'll think of it by the time we get down there. The other three are Big and Little Swamp Creeks, and Beaver Creek. Anyone could tell what they were named for."

"And that little town there on the west bank of the Crow Wing, Bobby?"

"O, I learned about that on in Sunday School" said Bobby. "It isn't much of a town, but it sure is named after a swell guy. That's Nimrod. Nimrod was a grandson of Ham, and it tells about him in the first book of the Old Testament. They called him "a mighty hunter before the Lord," and they say he was the one who directed the building of the Tower of Babel. Say, Doctor Tinkle, did they name that town Nimrod because it was such a good hunting place, or because the people couldn't understand each other's talk?"

"Look out, now, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle, laughing. "You'll have me on a spot, first thing you know. I don't think the Tower of Babel had anything to do with it. In fact that little town was established in 1879 by a man named Savoy, as a tie camp. It was the most important stopping place between Shell City and Verndale; and is even now the trading center of a very fine farming community."

"And there's Yeager Lake, and Mud Lake, and Rice Lake, all right there close together," said Betty.

"And Yeager was a homesteader's name, Mud is mud, and Rice is for wild rice which grows along its banks," said the Doctor. "And westward on we go."

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," Betty began to call. "I'm calling the Cat River, Doctor Tinkle. We are almost over it right now."

"Right you are, Betty, girl," said the Doctor, "And you can thank your lucky stars there are none of those old time wild cats along the banks of that stream now, like there used to be. That's where the Cat River got its name."

"And here comes another town, Bobby! Let's fly right over it, and then start back east again."

"O. K." said Bobby. "That's Sebeka. We've been there lots of times. It's right on the railroad and the highway, too."

"And that's the Red Eye River that flows right through the town," said Betty.

"Sebekka is a very interesting little city, too," said Doctor Tinkle. "The name is Ojibway, pronounced 'Se-be-kaun', and it means 'by the made ditch or channel'. Probably the people who named it tried to find a word meaning 'by the river'. The land where Sebekka stands originally belonged to E. Alfred Olson and the Baumbach Brothers. The first stock of goods was hauled onto the sight by team in 1890. The town was platted in 1891 by Wm. R. and Jennie R. Baumbach. There was a mighty stand of hardwood, as well as Norway and white pine, and lumbering was the early industry of the village. A forest fire in 1894 nearly swept the village away. There are some very fine farms around there now. The population is mostly Finnish."

"There's a whole of a big creamery there, too," said Bobby. "The farmers from all over the country haul their milk there."

"Correct," said the Doctor, "And the very butter we had on our bread for lunch, came from the Sebekka creamery. I noticed that. And now we are right over North Germany Township again. There used to be a little town called 'Metz' right down there. It was so named after the chief city of Lorraine, France, which, after a siege of two months, was surrendered to the Germans on October 27, 1870. The post office has since been discontinued."

"And there's another little town, Bobby, partly in North Germany and partly in Wing River townships. See it?"

"Yes, that's Bluegrass," said Bobby. "There's a big Catholic Church and Grotto there. I've seen 'em."

"And I bet Bluegrass is named just like those two little Hay Creeks, right there," said Betty, "on account of all the bluegrass hay that grows around there. Is that right, Doctor Tinkle?"

"You bet it is," replied the Doctor. "The famous old Bluegrass State, Kentucky, hasn't anything on this little section of Wadena County, has it? And here come a couple more little lakes, in Lyons township. Know their names?"

"Yes, that's Gramming and Strike," replied Betty, promptly.

"And those two little bunches of houses down there on the river used to be Oye and Oylen," said Bobby. "But there isn't any post office in either of them any more."

"No, but there are two very interesting things about Oylen, just the same," said the Doctor. "Know what they are?"

"O, that's where that big beaver colony is, on the Crow Wing River," cried Betty. "Can't we stop and see it, Doctor Tinkle?"

"Well, perhaps we can, after we finish this trip," said the Doctor. "And while we are at Oylen we'll stop and visit that big camp and assembly grounds of the Christian and Missionary Alliances."

"And now south we go into Bullard township, and then west again."

"Right over Sand Lake, now," cried Betty. "And I can see where the Wing River and the Leaf River come together, in Wing River township, and where the Leaf runs into the Red Eye in Bullard township. And---O, now, I remember the name of that Creek back there, Doctor Tinkle. It's Farnham Creek. And that lake back there east of the Crow Wing River is Farnham Lake."

"That's the ticket, Betty girl," said the Doctor, heartily. "You kids will surely get a big 'A' on that geography-history report card. Farnham Lake is more than half in Cass County, though. The lake and the river were both named in honor of Sumner W. Farnham, a Minneapolis lumber man."

"Leaf River is the next town," shouted Bobby. "It's on the banks of the Leaf River, in Leaf River Township, and it's the last stop on the Great Northern before we get to Wadena. And there's Wadena, the county seat, right there where the railroads cross."

"Correct," said Doctor Tinkle. "Bobby, boy, when you can call them out like that, it shows that you have the makings of a first class tourist guide. We might mention something about Leaf River in passing. It was there,

in 1903, that a copper knife of prehistoric time was found and presented to the Minnesota Historical Society.

"And now right here is where we turn south and east again for the last lap of the trip. Let's follow the Northern Pacific tracks for awhile. What's the next town, Bobby?"

"Verndale," said Bobby.

"That's right," said the Doctor. "Verndale was first settled by a group of Iowa people in 1876. Prominent among these were J. E. Butler, C. W. Brown, J. B. Kelley and C. C. Kelley. Then in 1878 it was platted by L. W. Farrell, Chas. Brown and H. Thompson, and incorporated in 1883. Up until 1887 Verndale was a rival of Wadena for the honor of being the County Seat. The Wool Growers' Association holds buying days here each year in June, when wool is brought in from long distances, and buyers are here from all over the state.

"I'll tell you something about Verndale's and Wadena's competition in road building for the wheat business; and the County Seat.

"Fur began to fly in 1879, when Wadena built a road along the old Ottortail Trail. It crossed the Leaf River and connected with the Verndale road at Red Eye. But that road didn't do so well, so Wadena built another and shorter one straight north to Park Rapids. That was a little better for business, but yet not good enough to justify the expense of its building.

"And all this time Verndale was building roads, too, but not doing much better. Then in 1885 Wadena built a road that cut twenty-five miles from the route. That caused a boom for Wadena.

"Then in 1886, the railroad extended its line northward, and relieved the farmers of their long haul to the market, And that ended the road wars.

"But all during the fight between the two towns, there was plenty of excitement. During the last thirty days of it there was so much 'rough house' caused by hired 'voters' on both sides that women and children were afraid to

go into the streets. Verndale finally carried the case to Court; and in 1887 the decision was finally handed down in favor of Wadens. And Wadena has been the County Seat ever since.

Bobby and Betty were all ears while Doctor Tinkle was telling them the story about Verndale, and how near it came to being the county seat. A trip to Wadena was to them a great event; and they hadn't missed a county fair since they were big enough to travel. Probably with this in mind, Bobby burst out with:

"But, Gee! Whockity! Doctor Tinkle, Wadena is a big city now, isn't it?"

"Well, its the largest city in the county, Bobby," said the Doctor. At the last census, the population was given as 2512. But Wadena had to start small, just like the rest of the towns in the county. It was organized in 1873, and platted in 1874 by the Northern Pacific Railway and the Lake Superior & Puget Sound Land Co. But they didn't even have a court house until 1880. One was built then on Ash Avenue West and First Street Northwest. But in 1886, when the county seat fight was on with Verndale, another one was built, and that's the one in use today. The old building still stands, but is used as a residence. Verndale built a court house at the same time, and presented it to the county, but it was never used."

"And it never will be, either, boasted Bobby." "Because Verndale's population is only 424."

"That's right, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle, "But Verndale is a mighty busy little town, just the same. It had 700 people in 1883. Their first school was built in 1887, and Cora Butler was the teacher, with just twenty-five pupils. A man named Charles Butts built a flour mill in Verndale in 1879."

"Wadena had a flour mill in 1879, too," said Bobby. "I read about it in the Pioneer Journal Anniversary Edition."

"But what made Wadena grow so fast, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty.

"Was it because they have two railroads, instead of only one, like Verndale?"

"Well, that's one of the reasons, anyway, dear," said the Doctor.

"But they've got a bunch of hustlers there, I can tell you. O, they have made mistakes, just like anyone else does, but they didn't let that get them down. I'll tell you a few things about Wadena, while we're flying around up here now."

"In 1872, two men, Henry W. Fuller and L. S. Pratt, came up from Monticello, and filed on two homesteads. They each built a cabin, and their families joined them in the spring. There was no store nearer than Perham, way over in Otter Tail County, until the spring of 1873, when a building was moved across from Ottertail City. This building is still standing, and is situated just east of the Penney Store.

A small pox epidemic broke out in the village in the summer of 1877; there were about twenty cases, with five or six deaths. That necessitated the plotting of a cemetery, and although that cemetery was neglected for a good many years, it is now one of the best cared for in the county.

Money was scarce in those days, and for several years the merchants issued 'chips' to the farmers in exchange for produce.

"Wadena was favorably located to become a distributing center, and while it has lost some of its early industries, it has added others. Besides the saw and flour mills and the wood-working industries common to the new country, Wadena was at one time--from 1882 to 1887--the home of the Clayton Manufacturing Co., plow manufacturers, now located at Winnepeg. From 1895 to 1914 a large cracker bakery was located here.

"Although Wadena capitalists organized the original Giant Grip Horse-shoe Company to manufacture a kind of horseshoe invented by Otto Swanstrom, of Frazee, the company was moved to Duluth, where it still enjoys a successful Business.

"Now Wadena has a number of wholesale houses, a canning factory, creameries, produce houses, machine shops, sash and door factory, ice cream manufacturing plants, and live stock shippers.

"Wesley Methodist Hospital, the property of the Northern Minnesota Conference of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, and under their supervision, was completed in 1934, at a cost of \$100,000. Besides being a thoroughly modern, well-equipped hospital, it offers a three-year training course for nurses, which meets the requirements for registration in Minnesota.

"Fair Oaks Sanatorium was built in Wadena in 1918, by Todd and Wadena Counties, at a cost of \$100,000. It has a capacity of thirty-five patients.

"Among the churches and parochial schools located in Wadena, are St. Ann's Catholic, First Methodist Episcopal, St. John's German Lutheran, Holiness Methodist, First Congregational, German Evangelical Lutheran, Norwegian Lutheran, Evangelical Association, Christian and Missionary Alliance.

"Wadena has a very active Gun Club, with a fine shooting ground; a well-arranged and complete Tourist Park located near the Fair Grounds; and Black's Grove, a beautiful piece of property owned by John Black, has been opened to the public. On this property is a fine stand of pine, spruce, and aspen, practically in its natural state. A beautiful dell, through which Oak Creek flows in a series of cascades is one of the main attractions of the grounds."

"O, we know Black's Grove, Doctor Tinkle," cried both children. "We always go there for our picnic dinner when we go to the County Fair. We had our pictures taken there last summer."

"It's one of the beauty spots of the state, all right; no question about it," said Doctor Tinkle.

"Wadena has a Fire Department, too," said Betty. "I've seen their fire engine."

"Yes, and Wadena has had need of a fire department in the past,

too," said the Doctor. "Do you know that nearly all of the business section of the town has been burned over at some time or other? But they've never had but one fire where there was any loss of life. That was in 1898, when the Central House burned to the ground, and three people lost their lives--an Armenian peddler woman, and two farmers who were in town to serve on the jury."

"We'll remember all this you have told us about Wadena, when we come to the Fair this fall, Doctor Tinkle," said Betty. "And now we're headed east again, and are right over the Wing River."

"And we're going sixty miles an hour over Verndale, and on toward Aldrich," declared Bobby.

"We have to pass over Partridge Creek at the same time we do Aldrich," said Betty. "And then there are no more rivers or lakes until we get back to the Crow Wing."

"All right," said the Doctor. "Just a word about Aldrich while we're passing over. That busy little place was one of the first settlements in the county. It was platted in 1880 by the Lake Superior & Puget Sound Land Company, when R. L. Bellnap was its president. It became a railroad point, though, some time before that--in 1872. The first building was a pump house for the railroad, and was operated by a man named C. Hood. Then in 1881 a hotel was built, and Delos Halmar became its land lord. Next came a big sawmill, in 1882; and in the early boom days of the lumber business here, more than thirty thousand feet of timber were cut in one day."

"I think I see a good place to land down there, Doctor Tinkle," said Bobby. "Right there on the west bank of the river."

Doctor Tinkle began to circle, as he looked for a level spot, and it was but a moment until he set the big plane down in a pasture not far from the Crow Wing, between the mouths of the Leaf and the Partridge rivers. He taxied to a stop, and the three "air tourists" alighted.

"Gee, I'm glad we didn't eat all the lunch at noon," declared Bobby.

"I'm hungry. What time is it, Doctor Tinkle?"

"Only four o'clock," said the Doctor. "We traveled back and forth across the county five times; and from the extreme northwest corner to the extreme southeast corner, besides doing a lot of circling around. I'd say we have traveled at least a hundred and fifty miles. And we have done it less time than it would have taken your grandfather, or one of the early settlers, with their ox-warts, to travel ten miles."

"I'm kinda tired, though," said Betty. "Are we going to rest awhile before we start back, Doctor Tinkle?"

"You bet we are, Betty," answered the Doctor, as he stretched and yawned. "We'll just leave the plane here, and go over by the river and have our supper. Then I'll go over to that farm house and telephone to the Missionary Camp at Olyn, and ask them to come and get us and take care of us for the night. Then from there we will call up your mother and daddy, at Menagh, and tell them not to expect us back until tomorrow. There, how do you like that plan?"

"O, Boy!" shouted Bobby. "Waht a lark! What a lark!"

"And we'll visit the beaver dam, too, won't we?" exclaimed Betty, dancing with delight. "O, I never had such a lovely time in my life, Doctor Tinkle. Now you just sit down and rest, and I'll have this lunch ready in a jiffy."

"I'm enjoying this day, too," said Doctor Tinkle, "And I'll have a lot to tell the Toy Town folks when I go back to the North Pole tomorrow night. I always have to tell them up there all about my parties with you kiddies in the Southland. But I guess I'll go and do that telephoning now, while you are getting the lunch ready. I can get plenty of rest tonight."

The Doctor was back in about ten minutes, and reported everything

O. K. "They'll have a car here for us in about an hour," he said. "I guess the folks at home won't begin to worry about us before that."

"We are all ready to eat now," said Betty. "Bobby got some nice spring water over there by the fence, and we still have plenty to eat."

"Good appetites, too, haven't we, Bobby?" said the Doctor, with a wink at the boy. "And, say, while we're eating, and waiting for the car, I'll tell you something about the old 'Ghost town' of Wadena that was located just about on this spot here, way back in 1792: A pioneer named Aspinwall got a charter from the legislature to operate a ferry here where the Red River Train crossed the Crow Wing River. A thriving village sprang up; and, according to camp-fire stories of the long ago, a Frenchman built a "jack-knife" fort here. (Those forts were called "jack-knife" because they opened in the fall and closed in the spring." The Frenchman looked out one day and saw a band of Indians preparing to attack him. The Indians rushed across the ice of the river, but the steep banks on the top of which the fort had been built, coupled with the accurate rifle fire of the men in the fort, proved too much for them, and they returned to the forest, dragging their dead and wounded with them. There were some fur traders here, too, after the ones who camped in 1792; but the only trace they left were some so-called rifle pits. These were 12 large holes, arranged in two rows. When Brower examined them, about 1877, there were large trees growing in them, that he estimated to be about one hundred years old.

"In 1900, Al Warden, a farmer living near this site, found a gold coin, issued during the reign of the Roman Emperor, Septimus, in 197-211 A.D. It is supposed that the coin was brought to Old Wadena by some traveler.

"When the railroad came, Old Wadena disappeared."

After the three "air tourists" had finished eating, and had the lunch basket packed again, they stretched out on the grass to await the coming of the car that was to take them to Oyelan. They had not long to wait, and

soon were on their way to the famous camp grounds.

Upon their arrival there, they were graciously received, and shown where they would be quartered for the night. Doctor Tinkle telephoned to the kiddies' parents at Lena^{as}, and both Betty and Bobby let their excitement run wild as they related the day's delights to Mother.

They retired early, and were up with the sun in the morning. It was a happy pair of youngsters who met Doctor Tinkle in the dining room, where they sat down to a tempting breakfast. At a glance and a smile from the Doctor, they bowed their heads while Betty said grace:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this Thy bounty;

We thank Thee for Wadena County.

Bless this food to make us strong,

And watch o'er us the whole day long."

"Amen," said Doctor Tinkle, heartily. "And see, Betty, how many are the blessings you have to be thankful for:

"This very building, this table, these chairs, are all built of lumber from trees grown in Wadena County and passed through the Wadena County sawmills and furniture factories;

"This breakfast food is from the cereal mills of Wadena County, and covered with strawberries from a Wadena County fruit farm, and rich cream from a Wadena County dairy farm;

"This delicious tomato juice is crushed from the ripe 'love apples' from a Wadena County truck farm;

"This crisp toasted white bread is made from the flour ground in a Wadena County flour mill, and spread with the rich yellow butter from a Wadena County creamery;

"These poached eggs are fresh from a Wadena County poultry farm;

"This rich whole milk undoubtedly came only this morning from the udders of Wadena County cows.

"Wadena County is an empire within herself, and truly you folks have reason to be proud of your native land, and happy in your prosperity. Let us eat heartily."

And this they did. Then, when all were satisfied, they sought a shady spot on the river bank, neath the trees, and Doctor Tinkle continued with his interesting story about how

Wadena's Willing Workers Won
Wealth From a Wilderness.

To the Editor:--I believe I have an interesting story here for the children, thus far. There is much to come--perhaps 20 pages, if written in the same style. I have made no attempt to condense the story yet. Would prefer to finish it as started; then, if you deem it necessary, it may be "boiled" to come within the required number of pages. I have written to the editor of the Wadena Pioneer Journal, and am expecting some special authentic information which I am asking him to get for me from the records in the court house.

I have not made the marginal reference notes here, because Dr. Curtiss-Wedge told me he had checked the story as it was written by Mr. McDermott. I made no changes in the copy, but was guided by the corrections that Dr. Curtiss-Wedge made. If those marginal notes are required, however, I will place them where they belong in the re-write.

I am enjoying the work very much, and am anxious to win your cooperation and support by furnishing good material and making your job as easy as possible.

My plan of continuity is to make a clear picture of Wadena County as it is today, and then, as the story continues, let the children make comparisons with conditions during the years of development.

Hortimer E. Nicol.

"Well, Kiddies," said the Doctor, with a smile, "That was quite a picture of Wadena County we saw yesterday, while we were sailing around in the sky up there, wasn't it?"

"I wish I was an artist," declared Betty. "I'd like to paint a picture like that."

"You can always remember it, anyway, dear", said Doctor Tinkle", and I believe we can make it even more clear in your mind, if we indulge in a little retrospection. Do you know what retrospection means?"

"I do," said Bobby, promptly. "Retrospection means 'looking backward'."

"That's it", said the Doctor. "Now, let's put the map down here on the ground, and make two pictures at the same time--the 'present', from what we see today, and the picture of the 'past', from what we see by 'retrospection'. And we'll make believe we are marching in old Father Time's parade down through the years of progress."

"Gee! that'll be keen", declared Bobby. "Let's go. 'Time Marches on!'".

"O. K." said Doctor Tinkle. "Now what do we see first, in the picture of the 'present'?"

"The Empire of Wadena County", answered Bobby, remembering Doctor Tinkle's remarks at the breakfast table.

"And our home in Blueberry Township, 'everything on the farm", exclaimed Betty.

"Yes, sir!" declared Doctor Tinkle. "And over the whole County we saw evidence of a thrifty people: waving fields of corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, blue-flowered flax--all ready to yield their seeds to the farmers who have tended them".

"And we saw clover fields, and Alfalfa fields, too", said Betty. "And just lots and lots of gardens of potatoes and vegetables of all kinds".

"And, do you know", said the Doctor, "that Wadena County hasn't had a crop failure in many years? That's because the soil is rich and fertile, and the farmers industrious and God-fearing. But here's something for you to

remember: Away back in 1847, all this land here belonged to the Pillager Band of the Chippewa Indians; but they sold it to the United States on August 21st. of that year. It was quite a large tract of land. Here, I'll point it out to you on the big map". And Doctor Tinkle spread out the large state map of Minnesota, which was on the other side of the Wadena county map. Then picking up his stick-pointer, he continued:

"The tract extended from here, at the south end of Otter Tail Lake to the Prairie River. It followed this stream to the Crow Wing, and up the Crow Wing to the Leaf. The Leaf River marked the boundary westward to its head. So you see, about two-fifths of the southern half of Wadena County was included in the deal.

"And this is what Uncle Sam gave the Red Man each year for five years, for this rich country:

- 400 assorted blankets.
- 2,590 yards of various kinds of cloth.
- 225 pounds of twine.
- 50 bunches of twine.
- 25 pounds of thread.
- 200 combs.
- 5,000 needles.
- 150 mirrors.
- 10 pounds of vermilion.
- 420 tin kettles.
- 500 pounds of tobacco.
- 5 barrels of salt.

"And as a present to the tribe for signing the agreement, Uncle Sam gave them 200 beaver traps and 75 guns, to boot. It looks as though the White Man made a pretty good deal, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, but the country didn't look then like it does now", declared Bobby.

"The Red Man never saw the picture of the 'present' that we saw."

"I saw some churches in the country, too, Doctor Tinkle, besides the ones in the towns," said Betty.

"That you did," said Doctor Tinkle. "Churches of all religions, and well filled they all are on every Sabbath Day, by a thankful, happy people.

"But say, let me stop here for a moment and tell you a little story. It hasn't anything to do with the churches, but is about what some people believe in their faith.

"Away back in the 1870's, this whole country was alive with game birds.

In fact, it was declared to be a 'happy hunting ground' for everybody. Geese, ducks, grouse, plover, snipe, curlew, willet, avocet, prairie chicken, sandhill, and whooping crane. But the one bird which seemed to be the most plentiful of all, was the beautiful passenger pigeon.

"Why those birds came by millions every spring, and made their nests in the trees along the river banks and lake shores; sometimes, as many as a dozen or more nests in one tree. But in those days there were no game laws like you have now; and the hunters were thoughtless. They killed many more of these birds than were needed for food, and profitted greatly by selling them in the eastern markets.

"Then all of a sudden the passenger pigeons stopped coming. They disappeared entirely, and no one knows to this day what became of them. Some people believe they were all killed off by the hunters; and others think that some fatal disease came to their flocks and wiped them all out. But no one will ever know for sure.

"Then about this same time, the first grasshopper plague came, and nearly all the growing crops in the country were eaten up. That was a terrible blow to the farmers. The passenger pigeons might have been a great help to them right at that time, by making short work of the hoppers. But there were no passenger pigeons."

"Bet I know what happened", declared Bobby, excitedly. "I bet the passenger pigeons had a convention, and turned themselves into grasshoppers, and then came back to get even with the people for killing so many of them."

"O, Bobby, birds don't have conventions; do they Doctor Tinkle?" said Betty, disgustedly.

"Well, Betty," said the Doctor, "I don't know, I'm sure. This isn't Toy Town, you know, where such things DO happen. But, to get back to the story; There are people right here in Wadena County, who attend those bery churches, who believe that if the people had been more kind to the passenger pigeons,

they MIGHT have come back and done away with those grass hoppers, just as the sea gulls came to Utah that time, and saved the crops for the Mormon farmers. The Mormons believe that God sent those sea gulls clear across the desert to help them. And they were so thankful that they erected a beautiful statue to the Sea Gull in their Temple Garden in Salt Lake City, and people from all over the world have seen it, and heard the story.

"And now we'll go on with our picture story: You saw many beautiful trees all over the county, didn't you? In the northern part of the county, you saw a few of the old white and Norway pine,--tamarack, cedar and fir; while toward the south are jack pine, poplar, oak, wild plum, and choke cherry. Those trees are all that remain of the mighty stands of timber that grew there before the coming of the White Man."

"But why did the White Man cut them all down?" Betty wanted to know. "Did they want the land to plant wheat and clover?"

"Well, that is what the farmer settlers wanted the land for, dear," replied the Doctor. "But it was not the settlers who destroyed the forests in the first place."

"The lumber men did it, didn't they, Doctor Tinkle?" said Bobby.

"Yes, Bobby, the lumber men did it," said Doctor Tinkle. "And right here we'll go back again, in retrospection:

"When the first white men came here, this whole country was covered with timber. It was a natural home for all sorts of animals, especially those fur-bearing animals we talked about yesterday. And when that became known back east, many trappers and fur dealers came here to make their fortunes. The Indians, too, soon learned that they could trade animal pelts for anything they wanted from the White Man. Fur Companies sprang up everywhere, about the same time the Hudson's Bay Company was organized, in 1670. And 'Fur flew' in competition for a good many years.

"The story of Zebulon Pike, is tied up very closely with the fur business in all Minnesota, including Wadena County. Following the Revolutionary

War, Pike was sent up into this country to chase out the British fur traders, who remained here after peace had been made, and this was American country.

"That peace treaty provided that all British subjects should leave the new territory of the United States. But in spite of the treaty, some of those traders insisted on staying, and continuing their business. Lieutenant Pike arrived in 1805, and made his headquarters at Sandy Lake, where the old Northwest Fur Company had a trading post. From there, he began giving his orders and seeing to it that they were obeyed. His experiences were very interesting, but ^{as} he didn't get into Wadena County, I won't say any more about him just now."

"Was he the one who named Pike's Peak, in Colorado, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty.

"Yes," said Doctor Tinkle, "That is, Pike's Peak was so named in his honor. He was a great explorer. His father was a famous soldier in the Revolutionary War. Zebulon Pike was killed in the War of 1812.

"Following the War of 1812, the Stars and Stripes, replaced forever, the British Flag along the Mississippi River. But English and Canadian traders, who were getting rich in American territory, were slow in getting out.

"Americans wanted this land to themselves, and they thought that they, and not the British and Canadians, were entitled to the profits that might be made in the fur business.

"The Northwest Company had for many years had everything their own way over an immense territory, including what is now Wadena County.

"But the Government in Washington agreed with its own citizens, and lost no time in giving them relief in the situation. John Jacob Astor stepped into the scene with his American Fur Company. His march across the stage in this section of the country, was very impressive."

"I can just see him right now, Doctor Tinkle, in my 'picture of the past'," said Betty. "Can't you, Bobby?"

"Yeah, plain as day", said Bobby, with his head back, and his eyes

half closed. "There he goes, in a canoe down the Crow Wing River, with a load of beaver skins, headed for New York, where he is going to build the Waldorf Astoria Hotel."

"Ho, ho," laughed the Doctor. "You've surely got the imagination it takes to paint a picture, Bobby. But whether or not Mr. Astor ever paddled a canoe down the Crow Wing, it is true that he became one of the richest men in the world by starting his fortune in the fur business."

"One of the first things he did was to have Congress pass a law that only American citizens might be licensed to trade with the Indians in the United States. Then his American Fur Company kept spreading out farther and farther, until soon it had crowded out the British Northwest Company, and had hired most of their experienced traders."

"Many people blame the Fur companies for killing off countless thousands of the wild animals here, and taking millions of dollars for themselves that might have gone to the settlers. While this may be true, we will have to admit, that those eastern companies had much to do with the development of the Northwest, and the opening of the land for settlers."

"But what had the fur business to do with the lumber business?" asked Bobby, with genuine interest.

"Now that's a fair question, My boy," said the Doctor, "and calls for a fair answer. "The fur business, as I said before, attracted many men here who were anxious to make money. And, after many years, when that business began to peter out, those men and their descendants began to look around for other means to become rich in the new country. And 'twas then they began to realize the possibilities in the lumber trade. So 'logging' became the order of the day. Large companies were organized, who sent their crews in with orders, to get all the timber they could in the shortest possible time; and Wadena County's forests soon began to echo to the crash of the woodsmen's axe, and the boom of falling trees."

"Trees that had stood, like monarchs, for hundreds of years, fell in the

widespread slaughter. And 'lumber' was the principle business of the entire Northwest until about 1893."

"But the settlers came to Wadena County, long before 1893, Doctor Tinkle," said Betty, seriously.

"O yes, dear, they did," said Doctor Tinkle. "But, would you believe it, there were only six white people in Wadena County in 1870?"

"Jiminy Christmas!" exclaimed Bobby. "Only six? Why, the 1930 census gives Wadena County 10,990. That's growing some, I'd say."

"Right you are, Bobby," said the Doctor, heartily. "And you may well be proud, not only of your rapid growth, but of the type of people who make up this population."

"Where did the first Wadena County people come from, Doctor Tinkle? Didn't they come when the lumber crews came?" Asked Betty.

"Some of them came then, Betty, that's true; but not many," replied the Doctor."

"Then when did they begin to come fast?" she persisted. "I want to know who they were, and where they came from. Maybe my daddy knows some of their folks. My Daddy and my Grandpa were both born in Wadena County."

"So, you are of old pioneer stock, are you?" said Doctor Tinkle.

"Well, no wonder you're so interested. And I'll tell you as much as I know about it. You can find out much more, too, if you have your Daddy take you to the Court House in Wadena some day, when you come down to the County Fair. There you can look over all the old records of everything, from the very beginning.

"'Twas away back, early in the 1870's, that the fame of the Wadena country had spread to Europe. One part of the British Isles that was interested was Furness County, in the north of England. And in October, 1872, a number of families of that county met and voted to move across the sea, and half way across North America, to settle along the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

"A committee was formed to make plans, and to interest other Englishmen in nearby towns. The first rule that they made was that no liquor could be sold in the new colony."

"Hurrah!" shouted Bobby. "Got rid of the biggest trouble maker of all right at the start, didn't they?"

"You bet they did, Bobby," said the Doctor. "And those Englishmen made some more good rules, too. Those who were allowed to join them would have to have good morals, and be willing workers; and they must have money enough to make the trip and get started in the new land. They didn't want any loafers in their new colony."

"Did they get very many to join them?" asked Bobby, eagerly.

"Well", said the Doctor, "It seems that they didn't have much trouble in interesting the people. In a remarkably short time, seventy-three families had signed up to make the trip. So a committee was sent to this country in April, 1873, to pick out a spot for their countrymen.

"They made a careful inspection of the land in the vicinity of Perham, Audubon, and Wadena, And finally selected 40,000 acres close to Wadena village. Then they cabled to their friends in England to come at once. Some started that year; others came the following year. They were honest, industrious people, and many of their descendents are here today.

"That was really the beginning of the coming of the settlers, and Wadena County prospered and flourished right from the very beginning, like all her neighboring counties. Times were better than the pioneers had ever dreamed they would be.

"Did they start building school houses and churches then?" asked Bobby.

"Homes came first, of course, Bobby; then churches and schools," said Doctor Tinkle. "Yet, despite the absence of clergymen, the pioneers were very strict about keeping Sunday set apart as a day of rest and prayer. In pleasant weather, they would gather on that day at some central point, and worship God in their own way.

"In winter, the meetings were held in one of the larger cabins. A melodeon, always to be found in someone's home, furnished the music for the hymns."

"Did the Indians go to the White Man's church?" asked Betty.

"Later, I think some of them did," replied the Doctor. "But there were priests in this country many years before that, who came for the sole purpose of converting the Red Men to the Christian faith. One of the first of these on record was Father Louis Hennepin, after whom the largest county in Minnesota was named. He came to this territory in 1679, or 1680. Hennepin was followed by many other faithful priests, who risked their lives to bring religion to the Red Man.

"As the country developed, and more settlers poured in, ministers and teachers arrived to take charge of poorly built churches and schools, and to help to improve them.

"Who were the first preachers here after the settlers came?" Betty asked.

"Well, according to the records, Betty," the Doctor replied, "the first ministers were Father Girley, of the Episcopal faith, and a Dr. Kerr. Father Girley was a feeble old man when he arrived in Wadena, and held his first services in the depot. Dr. Kerr came from England with the Furness colonists.

"The first church in the county seat was opened by a Rev. Mr. Dixon. Although he was a Methodist, he announced that the new building would be open to men and women of all religions.

"The first Catholic services in the vicinity of Wadena, were held in the farm house of Hugh Duckley, in the early 1870's. Then a log church was built near by, on the farm of Adam Keller. Later, this building was moved into Wadena, and set up on the present site of the Catholic church there. It burned down in 1895, and then the present church was built.

"The Evangelical Association of America was incorporated in 1885; the Evangelical Church in 1887; and Emanuel's Norwegian Church, in 1891."

"Were n't there a lot of kids in the new colony, Doctor Tinkle?" Betty wanted to know. "And didn't the kids have to go to school?"

"O, the children were taken care of all right, Betty," said the Doctor, smiling at Betty's lively interest in the subject. "The first official record of the beginning of the school system in Wadena County, we find in a State Department of Education report in 1874. A.R. Wiswell, was then the County Superintendent.

"The report says that in 1873, the county had Fifty-four boys and girls of school age. There was only one school district, and twenty-three boys and twenty-three girls studied their 'Three R's' in a crude one-room school building, that was built at a cost of about \$1,000. I guess the other eight Kiddies had to study at home."

"I know what the 'Three R's' means," declared Bobby. "It means 'Reading and Writing and Arithmetic'. But I guess that whoever it was that made it up wasn't a very good speller."

"No doubt about that, Bobby," said the Doctor, with a smile. "Anyway, he wouldn't get an 'A' in spelling, as you and Betty will in history on your next report cards. But in those days the schools were not like they are today. They had a 'regular' school term, and a 'winter' term. In the winter term there were seven boys and five girls, and they had just one teacher, who received only \$16.66 for her work. She didn't have much of a snap, either. Usually she boarded with some farmer's family near by, and she had to be her own janitor for the school house, too. Wood had to be cut and hauled to school; and then, there was kindling to split, and ashes to take out, and snow to shovel. But the boys, in those days, were real gentlemen, just as they are today, and those larger boys were only too happy to do those little chores for the teacher."

"I bet the boys brought her apples and fudge and bouquets, too," said Betty, rolling her eyes, mischievously at her brother.

"No doubt they did," said Doctor Tinkle, "and the teacher was very grateful to them, just as she would be in these days. I tell you what, Bobby, a boy never loses anything by being nice to his teacher."

And Bobby, who, for some reason, was blushing profusely at his sister's sly dig, made no reply, but gave the Doctor a grateful glance, as the Doctor continued:

"To support the school, the state, the first year, gave \$3.04. District taxes brought in \$117.00 more.

"But the school grew rapidly. From that small handful of pupils, in 1873, it grew to more than 3,000, in 1930, according to the figures of the United States Census Bureau. Of this number, 1,754 were between the ages of seven and thirteen; 473, between fourteen and fifteen; 452, between sixteen and seventeen; and 589, between eighteen and twenty."

"Guess they had to build plenty more school houses, then, didn't they?" declared Bobby, "if all those kids went to school. Do you think they all went to school, Doctor Tinkle?"

"Well, I guess they did, Bobby," replied Doctor Tinkle, "And I think they all studied, too, because that 1930 report also tells us the interesting news that only one-half of one per cent of the people of Wadena County are unable to read and write. And practically all of these are elderly men and women who were born and raised in foreign countries."

"Did they build some good school houses for all those kids?" asked the practical Bobby.

"Not at first, Bobby," replied the Doctor. Shingles and glass were very scarce, and very costly. The school houses were built of logs, and most of them had bark or sod roofs. However, as early as 1842, there were reports of a few cabins built with shingled roofs.

"And were the settlers' houses built of logs, too?" asked Betty.

"Yes, Betty, practically all of them were," replied the Doctor.

"And believe me, they were not much like the fine modern homes Wadena County people live in today. Those miserable cabins had only one opening in the walls, and that served as both door and window. In the summer time it was open all the time; and in winter it was covered with skins and blankets."

"Gee, that must have been tough in mosquito times," said Bobby.

"Pretty tough, I guess," said the Doctor, "Not only in mosquito time, but in the winter time, too, when those terrible blizzards came down from the north. But those early settlers had what it takes to meet all emergencies, and they made the best of what they had.

"Most of the cabins were planned so the logs laid lengthwise. But some of the people were afraid of the Indians, and when they built their cabins, they stood the logs up on end, believing that would make it harder for the red-skins to climb up on the roof. Many of the cabins were built without nails. Wooden pegs were used, instead, to hold the logs together, and to keep out the cold, mud and clay were plastered between the logs."

"Weren't there any carpenters among the settlers?" asked Bobby. "Seems to me some good carpenters could have had a nice business there."

"Aye, and someone in those days got that very same idea, Mr. Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "A man named Benjamin Dinsmore, from somewhere back east, found out what was going on in Wadena County. He was a skilled carpenter, and he slipped in here one day with his helpers, and went to work. This crew could do more and better work in a few days than the settlers could do in months.

"And then, right on the heels of the carpenters, came masons and painters. But it was a long, long time before they had any need of plumbers, or electricians, or steam fitters."

"Bet they didn't have any parks and play grounds like we have now, did they, Doctor Tinkle?" said Betty.

"Well, I should say they did not," declared Doctor Tinkle. "But the

boys and girls had their fun, just the same. They had no tennis courts, no golf courses, no gymnasiums, no playgrounds, no movies, in the olden days in the olden days in Wadena County. The youngsters had to make their own entertainment. Their games were of the very simplest nature. I think the most popular were 'pump-pump-pullaway', 'drop-the-handkerchief', 'one-old-cat', and 'London-bridge'."

"O, how funny," screamed both children. "Wouldn't those kids have opened their eyes, if they could have seen our 'picture of the present'?"

"Indeed they would," agreed Doctor Tinkle; "especially, a glance at your base ball parks. They played a little base ball, but their equipment wasn't much like that used by your 'Millers' of today. Their bats were made out of the limbs of trees; balls were made at home from Mother's yarn; a mitten ~~was~~ used in the winter served as a base ball glove in summer.

"And then, besides, they didn't have as much room for play, in those days, when so much of the land was still covered with trees."

"I guess some of the first settlers had to do some logging to help make a living, too, didn't they?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, and not only that, Bobby," replied the Doctor; "when they had taken timber claims for their homesteads, they had to clear the land of trees before they could plow it up for grain farming."

"Boy, I'll bet that was some job," exclaimed Bobby. "I tried to chop down a tree one time, and it wasn't a very big one, either. I'd hate to tackle one of those big pines with my axe."

"O, your axe isn't an axe at all, it's nothing but a little hatchet," said Betty, rolling her eyes at her brother. "And I bet the tree you tried to chop down was little enough for Doctor Tinkle's old Pachyderm to pull up by the roots."

"Well, anyway," said the Doctor, laughing at Betty's thrust. "Those pioneers had a pretty tough job. After the trees had been felled, it was back-breaking work to grub out the stumps, to make the land fit for planting. Those

who could afford it, hired experts to clear the land by means of 'grub hoes'. Those were special tools for removing the stumps. They had to pay from two to five dollars an acre for this work. No dynamite was used in those early days."

"Why didn't the settlers sell their timber to the big lumber companies, and let them do the cutting?" asked Bobby.

"Some of them did that very thing, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle. "And that added more profit to the logging business, because the homesteader seldom got what his timber was worth at the mills.

"Logging started here in earnest about 1878, in the vicinity of Sebeka. The logs were cut during the winter months, and piled in great heaps on the ice in the Red Eye River. Then, with the coming of spring, when the ice melted, the logs floated down the river to the Crow Wing. From there, they continued on to the Mississippi for their journey to Minneapolis, and the great saw mills.

"At one stage in the lumbering business, many logs were shipped by railroad to Perham. But the sawing stopped there when the mills burned down, in the early 1880's.

"At the time of that fire, one big company owned about 30,000,000 feet of lumber in Wadena, Otter Tail and Becker counties. There was a great demand for lumber at that time, and the owners decided to ship their logs to Winnipeg, where there were better prices than in Minneapolis.

"This was a tremendous undertaking. The logs floated down the Otter Tail River and its tributaries, through several lakes, and beyond Fergus Falls, into the Red River of the North. Shipping this great amount of timber, required about three years."

"Didn't they ever float any logs down the Leaf River, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty. "It seems to me, in my 'retrospection' picture, I can see logs floating down the Leaf River into the Crow Wing, right in plain sight of where we are now."

"Well, Betty," said the Doctor, "If you look back as far as the year 1881, you will see the first and only large 'drive' of logs on the Leaf River.

That winter, great piles of logs were stacked near Bluffton, over in Otter Tail County. In the spring, they floated down the Leaf to the Crow Wing. But the job was a little too much for the small river, and it was never tried again.

"Lumbering was a giant business in Wadena County until about 1900. Perhaps, the most successful year of the business, was 1895. That year, one contractor alone drove more than 15,000,000 feet of timber down the Crow Wing River from Nimrod."

"FIFTEEN MILLION FEET!" exclaimed Bobby. "Boy, O, Boy! what a scene that makes on this 'picture of the past'. No logs out there on the Crow Wing, today."

"No, and there never will be again, Bobby," said Doctor Tinkle, "but even today, you will sometimes see whole train loads of logs coming down through Wadena County, from the North, over the Great Northern."

"Then, with the opening of the first rough saw mills in the county, finished lumber came into fashion, and very few log houses were built after that. In those days, good carpenters were paid from \$1.25 to \$2.00 a day. And for hauling building materials, a man was paid \$3.50 a day, if he used his own oxen or horses."

"Guess the railroads put the kibosh on the river shipping business, didn't it?" mused Bobby.

"Yes, very much so," declared the Doctor, "With the coming of the railroad into Wadena County, business boomed, as it never had before. In those days, locomotives burned wood, instead of coal. Great piles of cord wood were piled along the tracks at many points, to feed the hungry engines. This meant a large business for the settlers. Cutting, hauling, and piling this wood, proved a great source of income for the farmers. Ties for the new roadbed and pilings for the bridges, required more timber. I tell you what, with money scarce in the new country, this business was a blessing to the citizens."

"Were the first settlers all Englishmen?" asked Betty.

"Oh, no, Betty, not all all," replied the Doctor. "The census of 1880 showed more than 2,000 in Wadena County, and a great many of these were of Scandinavian stock, as well as British. Then the last federal census, taken in 1930, showed that Wadena County had a population of 10,990. Among the foreign born, there were 491 Finns, 274 Germans, 199 Swedes, and 167 Norwegians.

"But these first settlers were a sturdy race of people. They worked hard, and their open air mode of life made for a healthy citizenry. Their food was of the plainest kind, but plentiful. With game all around them, they never lacked for meat, but dainties were seldom found on their tables.

"Their first homes here were uncomfortable places in which to live. In some localities, in the southern part of the county, where lumber was not to be had, or the settlers could not afford it, they spent the first few years in sod shanties."

"I guess the greatest people in the world have lived in Wadena County, haven't they, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty, in all seriousness.

"Well, Betty," said the Doctor, patting the little girl's shoulder, "that depends on just what standard we use, to measure greatness. This much I will say, however, that you and Bobby need never feel ashamed to say, that you are descendants of the pioneers of Wadena County. But say, while we are talking about people who have been here, let me mention two or three others in passing--people who are mentioned in history, but who left no permanent records in the county:

"One of the greatest men who ever explored this state, was a Frenchman, Joseph Nicollet. One of the counties in Minnesota, and one of the principal streets in Minneapolis, are named after him. He visited this territory about 1836. He was a well known astronomer in France, and was the discoverer of a comet. According to his report, he paddled up the Mississippi River with his party. He left the 'Father of Waters' at the Crow Wing, and continued on toward Wadena. He went on up the Crow Wing to its source, and then up the

Gull River to Gull Lake, and on to Leech Lake. He was looking for the source of the Mississippi River, but he never found it."

"Haphi!" snorted Bobby. "Were ALL those early explorers looking for the source of the Mississippi River?"

"I guess the most of them were, for a fact, Bobby," said the Doctor with a smile. "But whoever found it, has nothing to do with Wadena County, so we'll leave that for the story about Clearwater County."

"Now there was another man, who it is claimed, was among the very first of the explorers to reach what is now Wadena County. History is not very certain about the year, but somewhere in the vicinity of Wadena village, Alexander Kay, stopped in the winter of 1784-85. In his party, he had a clerk named Perault; and one day Kay and Perault had a quarrel, and Kay left in a canoe for Sandy Lake, taking most of the party's supplies with him. When the party was on the verge of starvation, they went after him. But before they caught up with him, Kay got into another ruction with some Indians and was stabbed. He recovered from the wound, but decided he had had enough of exploring, and wanted to return to his home in Montreal. He started back with his party, but died before he reached Canada."

"Well, then, I guess we haven't any of that kind of troublesome stock in Wadena County, have we?" said Bobby, proudly.

"No, I guess you haven't, Bobby," said the Doctor. "And probably no descendants of this bunch of Englishmen, who visited Wadena County, or what is now Wadena County, in the winter of 1845-46. According to report, this party was headed by a son of the Duke of Devonshire. They were probably on their way to Pembina, one of the early trading posts, and one of the principal spots that figured in the fur trade. There was a fearful blizzard here that winter, and the Devonshire party were forced to make camp until the weather moderated. Traces of their camp could be seen for many years, after they left."

"But these men I have just mentioned, were not the settler type. The settlers came here to make permanent homes, and no sooner had they taken root

in the soil, than they planned their churches and schools, and all sorts of improvements."

"And real farms, I suppose," added Bobby.

"Yev," said Doctor Tinkle; "and real farms. After the timber was disposed of, farming became the chief industry. Wheat was in great demand when this section was settled. The eastern part of the United States, and Europe, were in need of bread, and those hungry people looked to the West for their supply. Later, Minnesota came to be known as the 'Bread and Butter State.' But farmers then, didn't know as much about agriculture, as they do today. About all they raised was wheat. And as crop after crop of this grain was raised, the land began to wear out. Then they learned that crops should be rotated.

"Early farmers soon turned to sheep and hogs, to add to their slender incomes. They found that the wild peas, wild clover, and other grasses that grew in such plentifulness, were excellent fodder for sheep. Then, later, those farmers who had planted Judge Murray's quart of clover, planted more and more of it, as well as timothy, alfalfa and millet."

"And then the cows came home, didn't they?" suggested Bobby.

"That's just what they did, ry boy," said Doctor Tinkle, with a smile of appreciation at Bobby's witty remark. "After learning more about their business, the farmers began to go into the dairy business. And the way this industry grew, was remarkable. The county's rich pastures furnish plenty of grass for the cattle, and the fertile fields yield rich tame hay. Ready markets, and fine highways, supply Wadena County the means to furnish millions of pounds of butter to the world each year."

"Is the land just the same all over the county, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Bobby. "Is the land up in Blueberry Township, where our farm is, just like this land down here in Thomastown Township?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Practical Farmer," smiled the Doctor, in reply. "The soil of the county, while much the same in a general way, is of a slightly varied nature. The western part has a heavy clay subsoil, overlaid with rich

sandy loam. Over toward the north and northeast, the top soil is rich black loam, with a subsoil of heavy clay. It is light and sandy in the central part, with a clay subsoil. Down here in the southern part, the soil is more of a sandy nature, which requires a greater amount of moisture than the other sections. Here and there, toward the eastern region, there are many small peat beds, but they are of little real value."

"Say, Doctor Tinkle," said Bobby, "there's a place here in my 'picture of the past' that I'd like to fill in. I can't see what the farmers did with all that wheat they raised in the early days. How did they get the wheat to market, and where was the flour made that went to make bread for all those people in the East?"

"All right sir, Mr. Retrospection Painter, I'll do the best I can for you," replied the Doctor. "And how is your picture progressing, Miss Betty?"

"O, I'm getting along fine," said Betty, with a chuckle. "I'm still out on the farm, grinding up my wheat in an old coffee mill, and baking my bread in an old stone oven out back of the cabin."

"Well, you won't need to stay at the point very long, Little Pioneer," said the Doctor, encouragingly. "Because about that time, very much improved methods of making flour were brought into the great mills at Minneapolis. That pleased the Wadena County farmers very much, because they were vitally interested in the raising of wheat.

"Until about 1870, winter wheat was considered far superior to spring wheat. And the Minneapolis millers had discovered that they could make a better grade of flour by crushing the grain between rollers, instead of grinding it, as they had been doing. The finer, whiter flour that they produced brought better prices, and the new process went a long way toward assuring the future prosperity of the whole state. But to get back to Bobby's question:

"Most of the wheat that was raised in those days, was handled with a great amount of labor. In the first place, all the machinery used on the farms was of the crudest kind--not at all like the beautiful modern machines

in use today. Plowing, seeding, harvesting, and threshing, were a mighty big job.

"Even after the wheat had been threshed, the hard work was not finished. It had to be sacked and then taken to market. And those trips to market were very tiresome. Some of the settlers were obliged to drive from twenty to thirty miles, to reach an elevator. The roads were little more than miserable trails, and the wagons were generally drawn by oxen. It took a long time to get to market and back, and sometimes, for the sake of company, several farmers would get together and travel in trains of twenty to forty wagons.

"All the elevator towns were lively places right after threshing time. Elevators and mills were open practically twenty-four hours a day, to take care of the business. At that season, the streets were full of shoppers, their wagons, and their livestock."

"Just like Menasha is every Saturday night, I bet," declared Bobby.

"I suppose so," said Doctor Tinkle. "But the marketing problem was made easier, when one of the largest flouring mills in the state, outside of Minneapolis, was built in Wadena village in 1879. It was three stories high, with basement, and was one of the most talked of things in Northern Minnesota, in those days.

"It was a real blessing to the early settlers, who were wheat growers. When a farmer hauled his grain to the mill, an arrangement was made like this: For every bushel of wheat taken in, the farmer received thirty-two pounds of flour, ten pounds of bran, and five pounds of shorts. There was very little money changed hands when the wheat was taken to the mill direct.

"It was about this time, too, that the farmers who were hauling their wheat to the elevators, began to complain about the market conditions. They said the price for their grain was too low; that commission men and millers in the large centers were cheating them; that dishonest methods of grading wheat, robbed them of their rightful prices.

"They claimed that wheat grading in the terminal markets was not fair; that wheat graded as 'No. 1 Hard' in the local elevators often was graded as 'rejected' in the big cities. Sometimes, it was said, the prices they received hardly paid the expenses of raising the grain.

"Then, too, box cars were very scarce. In the midst of the threshing season, the shortage of cars was so great that many weeks were often required to get the grain to market."

"Why didn't the farmers go on strike?" asked Bobby. "That's what everybody does now-a-days when things don't go to suit them."

"Well, Bobby, the farmers in those times were not the striking kind. They did, however, hold a mass meeting of protest. And out of that was born the co-operative movement, of which you hear so much today. A co-operative elevator was built in 1883; but poor management caused it to fail in a few years.

"The farmers were patient, though, and they never gave up. One idea after another was tried out, until success became certain. In 1903, when potatoes began to play an important part in the market, a 'co-operative' started to handle them. Then came the Wadena Potato Grower's Association, in 1911, and a Live Stock Shipping Association, in 1912. In 1930, the 'Equity' began the operation of a flour mill in Wadena.

"The co-operative movement is now a great success. These organisations handle dairy products, live stock, farm machinery, potatoes, grain, and poultry."

"So," said Bobby, with conviction, "Wheat isn't the whole works in Wadena County any more, is it?"

"Not by any means," replied the Doctor. "The change from wheat growing to diversified farming, however, came gradually. Recent figures show, for example, that the production of butter, which was almost nothing in 1875, jumped to more than four and one-half million pounds in one year. And now, about half of Wadena County's entire income is derived from live stock and dairying."

"But what about the Indians, Doctor Tinkle? Didn't the Indians bother the settlers a lot?" asked Betty.

"Well, Betty," said the Doctor. "There is another matter about which Wadena County may well be proud. The people here never did have much trouble with the Indians. There are only one or two cases on record where anything serious happened. That story about the Frenchman and the 'jack-knife' fort on the Crow Wing River, is only a camp fire story, and, anyway, that was a long time before your farmers came to Wadena County. The Sioux Indian massacre in 1862, of which you have read so much in your histories, didn't come anywhere near Wadena County. Wilkin County, away over to the southwest, was the nearest, I believe.

"But there was one unfortunate incident that resulted in the death of a 15-year-old white girl, and nearly got the early settlers into serious trouble with the Indians. This happened in 1874, at a time when a band of about two hundred Pillager Indians were camped near Aldrich. One of the settlers lost a sack of flour, and finally located it in the tepee of two Indian boys. When he went to get it, the Indians claimed that the son of the station agent--a man named Costello--at Aldrich, had sold them the flour. They gave it up to the settler, however, and then went to Costello to get their money back."

"Was it the Costello boy who had stolen the flour?" Bobby asked.

"Probably it was," said Doctor Tinkle. "Anyway, instead of getting back their money, the Indian boys were given a beating by the Costellos. They went back to their camp, and brought an elder brother with them to the section house. This time, they were ordered off the place, but refused to go, until finally they were forced out of the house."

"That was a dirty trick, I claim," said Bobby, with disgust.

"And apparently that's just what the Indian boys thought," said the Doctor. "And it made them pretty mad, I guess. Anyway, when they were a few feet from the house, the oldest Indian boy turned and fired at Costello. The

bullet cut a finger off Costello's hand. But the worst part of it was, the bullet passed through the wall of the house, and crashed into the head of Sarah Costello, his thirteen-year-old daughter."

"Oh," cried Betty, "Wasn't that awful? But the Indian boy didn't mean to shoot her, did he, Doctor Tinkle?"

"No, Betty, he certainly did not, and no one thinks he did; and he may not even have tried to kill Mr. Costello. The death of the girl was certainly an accident, but it just goes to show that it never pays to lose your temper, no matter what happens."

"What did Costello do then?" asked Bobby, all excitement.

"Well, Costello, himself, didn't do much right then," said the Doctor. "He was too busy taking care of that wounded hand of his. But one of his sons fired at the Indian several times, one of his bullets breaking his collar bone, and passing through his lungs."

"Did the Indian boys give up then?" asked Betty.

"No," said Doctor Tinkle. "They didn't give up at all. They escaped to the woods. Later, the Sheriff of Wadena County, with ten men, went to the Indian camp, and tried to get the wounded boy, but he had not come in from the woods yet."

"The posse returned to Wadena, leaving the Sheriff to wait for the Indian. But that night, the Indians held a council, and decided not to give up the wounded man."

"Did the Sheriff go away then?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, the Wadena Sheriff went back home," said the Doctor. "But in the meantime, the Costellos had appealed to the Crow Wing Sheriff, who had organized a posse of thirty-two men to go after the Indian. This posse included 'Slippery Bill', the Marshall of Brainerd. But the Indians were expecting trouble; so they had entrenched themselves in a deserted logging camp. And while the posse spent the night around the camp, the Indian women busied themselves by moulding bullets."

"In the morning, two white men were allowed to enter the camp, and they saw the wounded Indian boy, and heard his story. The squaws were sucking his wounds, because they had no doctor to care for them.

"Slippery Bill tried to enter the camp, but the Indian guard pushed him back. That Marshall was thoroughly hated and despised by all the Indians, because he is supposed to have started the riot in Brainerd, that resulted in the lynching of an Indian, in front of the 'Last Turn' saloon there, some time previous to this."

"Then, I suppose, Slippery Bill got tough, did he?" said Bobby.

"No," he didn't cause any trouble this time, I guess, Bobby, said the Doctor. "The negotiations continued all night, but the Sheriff and his posse left the next day, without their man, who remained in camp and recovered from his wounds. The Unfair conduct of the Costellos turned the sympathy of the whites to the Indians, who, they believed, had certainly been wronged.

"The Indians appreciated the fairness of the whites, and were ever afterwards very friendly toward them. Some of the so-called 'savages' developed into fine, industrious citizens, after they had learned the white man's ways, and you may have some of them as neighbors today."

"Boy!, that was a close call to an Indian War, though, wasn't it?" said Bobby, with a big sigh of relief. "And I'm glad that scene goes into the 'Picture of the past', and not the 'present'. Aren't you, Betty?"

"I should say I am," declared Betty, "And I'm not going to make it very big in my picture, either. But what's the next scene, Doctor Tinkle? Are the troubles for the Settlers all over now?"

"Just about, I think, Betty," replied the Doctor. "But, no, I haven't told you anything about the terrible blizzards they used to have in the winters in this part of the country. Better not try to paint them on your picture, though, because if you do, you'll cover up everything else."

"O, we still have blizzards up here," said Bobby. "Don't I know? I froze my nose and one of my ears in a blizzard we had last winter."

"Then it won't be hard for you to understand what a frightful time the pioneers had before they had any protection from the winter storms, as you have now," said Doctor Tinkle. "But storms of that kind do not seem to prevail in these days. If they do, they are not so serious, because you have telephones, paved highways, and railroads, and the chances of loss of life are not so great.

"Very often, in the old times, blizzards came out of a practically clear sky. Travelers between settlements, and children in their school houses, were caught as in a trap."

"Those were the times when your old friend 'Boreas', the North Wind, got to cutting up, Doctor Tinkle," said Betty, recalling with a grin, one of Doctor Tinkle's Toy Town Tales."

"Guess it was, Betty," said the Doctor. "O, I'll admit, Old Boreas is a bad actor, and a bad friend to man when he gets to blowing off. Why, it is a known fact that many people lost their lives in trying to go just the short distance from the house to the barn. If a clothes line had not been stretched between the buildings, many farmers would never have found their way back to the house. If a person became lost on the prairie, death was almost certain. Caught out in the thick of the storm, both man and horses seemed to lose their sense of direction, and just traveled 'round and 'round in circles until they were exhausted.

"Most of the newcomers to this section of the country, were entirely ignorant of the ways of the blizzards. As they lived here longer, they learned to protect themselves better against the storms."

"We're not afraid of the storms and the snow," said Betty, in a tone of seeming regret. "Why, almost as soon as the snow hits the ground, along comes a snow plow and cleans it all off the roads. We don't even have a chance to go sleigh-riding like they used to in the old days my Grandpa tells about."

"That's a fact, Betty, replied Doctor Tinkle. "But, after all, I think you'd better be thankful than sorry. And by-the-way, there's another scene for both your pictures. Up there in the sky yesterday, you looked down upon a most

wonderful transportation system. Miles and miles of paved and graveled roads, literally teeming with speeding pleasure cars, busses, and loaded motor trucks, traveling in every direction. And you saw long stretches of railroad, with beautiful passenger trains carrying many people; and mile-long freight trains, loaded with merchandise of every kind. Put all that down on your 'Picture of the present', then close your eyes and see this in 'retrospection':

"In the long ago, the territory that was destined to become known as Minnesota, was crossed and criss-crossed by rude trails, most of which led to Pembina. They were the great lanes of travel. And snaking across Wadena County, was a part of the old Pembina Trail. By some, this was called the Otter Tail trail, and by others, the Leaf Lake trail. It entered this county in the southeastern part, right down there where we landed the plane last night; crossed the Crow Wing River by means of Aspinwall's ferry, and ran west a mile south of, and parallel to, the Leaf River.

"It then crossed the Wing River, near it's junction with the Leaf. Under a bridge, today, near that spot, may be found a spring that furnished water for the early travelers. Many of the voyagers used this spot as a camping place, because of the water supply.

"Up to several years ago, traces of the trail could be seen where the heavy wheels of the Red River carts once cut ~~in~~ deep ruts in the virgin soil. Today, there is a road that runs past the Goddard, Malone, and Askew farms, that follows the route of the old Pembina trail. A slight trace of the trail may be seen for a short stretch on the Garvin farm in Wing River township.

"From there, the trail went westward to Otter Tail Lake, and northwestward, to Pembina. On its route from east to west, the trail forked at a point in Cass County. One branch went south to Sauk Rapids, and from there, it wound its way to Mandota."

"And did all the other trails in Wadena County lead into the Pembina trail?" Bobby asked.

"Yes, Bobby, that was the 'Main line', as we would call it in the railroad man's language. "But the 'main line' trains were not much like those of today. "The 'cars' were crudely fashioned, hand made ox carts, made entirely of wood, because iron was a scarce article in those times. They were fastened together with wooden pegs and strips of buffalo hide. They had no grease for the wheels, and their ghostly creaking was nerve-wracking."

"What were they hauling in those carts, Doctor Tinkle?" asked Betty, all curiosity.

"Well," said Doctor Tinkle, "the first train that passed through here was loaded with furs and pemmican, for Mendota. That was in 1842. There were six carts in the train, and one oxen hauled each cart."

"What's 'pemmican'?" Bobby wanted to know.

"Pemmican is dried buffalo meat, pulverized in buffalo tallow," replied Doctor Tinkle. "The shipment was sent by Norman W. Kittson, member of one of the oldest fur-trading families in this region. He was chief agent for the American Fur Company in the Red River Valley.

"On their way back to Pembina, the carts were loaded with goods badly needed by the people up there. These goods came up the Mississippi to St. Paul or Mendota, and were transferred to the waiting carts.

"Later, came the stage coach, to care for travelers, who were anxious to get through the wilderness as quickly as possible. As a rule, the stage coaches followed the same trails that were used by the creaking old carts, although they were drawn by horses, and traveled much faster.

"Then came the railroads, and old Father Time quickened his pace. But even as early as 1834, long before white settlers occupied the land hereabouts, a railroad was being urged for this section. But it was not until 1864 that the idea took form. Josiah Perham, of Maine, was elected president of the Northern Pacific, and he worked hard to make his dream come true; but he

died, a discouraged and poor old man. J. C. Smith, of Vermont, succeeded him, and spent the best years of his life, trying to raise the money necessary to build the road. But it was not until 1870, that work actually started--thirty-six years after Perham's first dream.

"After the Northern Pacific was started, there was a lull in the work, owing to bad financial conditions. Then appeared Jay Cooke, one of the great financial minds of the time. His banking house was asked to help finance the Northern Pacific, and he supplied large sums for the work. Then came the panic of 1873, and the great banking house of Cooke crashed in New York City. That was a terrible blow to this part of the country; yet, in spite of it, the Northern Pacific carried on.

"Then, in the early 1880's, there was a re-organization of the road, and Henry Villard and his associates took control. Immediately a great boom followed, and the future of Wadena County and the Northern Pacific, was assured.

"The early settlers in Minnesota were so anxious to have railroads built, that they raised money to help in the operations. Even after the coming of the Northern Pacific, Wadena sought more outlets to its markets.

"In 1881, the Wadena, Fergus Falls & Black Hills railroad was organized. It was planned to run this road from Wadena to Fergus Falls, and then on to Milner, North Dakota. But in the long run, Wadena got cheated. Otter Tail County voted \$200,000 worth of bonds for the road, providing it would 'start from the Northern Pacific at some point in Otter Tail County.'

"This was done, and Wadena discovered that the new road branched from the Northern Pacific at a point two miles west of town. However, the round house for the new road, was located at Wadena for six years, before it was finally moved to Staples."

"About time to build the Great Northern now, isn't it, Doctor Tinkle?" inquired Bobby.

"Just about," said the Doctor. "It was in 1883 that the Wadena & Park

rapids road came into being. The line was laid out from Eagle Bend to Park Rapids. Wadena voted to issue \$11,000 in bonds to help build it, and trains were running over the new road in 1891. Shortly afterward, it was taken over by the Great Northern."

"I've heard Grandpa tell about how trains were then running all the way from St. Paul to Fargo in eleven hours and thirty minutes," said Bobby.

"But, shucks! Grandpa was thinking about how much faster that was than the old ox carts. The trains that run now make that trip in about five hours, don't they?"

"Yes, I think they do," said Doctor Tinkle. "But it wasn't until November, 1883, that the railroads got their time schedules straightened out. There were about 80,000 miles of railroad in this country, operating under fifty different time arrangements. But finally, four time zones were set up for the whole country, and from then on, it was a simple matter to operate trains, on schedule."

"And now we have automobiles, trains, and air planes, in Wadena County," said Betty, proudly. "But we haven't any more river traffic since the Indians left with their canoes, have we?"

"No, Betty," said the Doctor. "But some of the early pioneers had dreams of great steamboats running up and down the Leaf River, the Crow Wing, and the Shell; and around the several lakes of the county; but others laughed at the idea."

"Gee! that would be swell," exclaimed Bobby. "If we had boats like that, we could go all the way from home to St. Paul and back, on Sunday Excursions, like the kids in St. Paul take trips down the Mississippi on the 'Capitol'."

"That would be nice, Bobby," but I guess it wouldn't work," said the Doctor, with a smile at Bobby's enthusiasm. "However, those dreaming pioneers wouldn't give up; and in 1884 their plan came to a head, with the formation of the 'Shell River Navigation Company.' The idea was to run boats

down the Shell, into the Crow Wing, and on down into the Mississippi. They even had visions of regular commerce with St. Louis and other points far to the South, maybe clear to New Orleans."

"Why didn't they try it?" Bobby asked.

"They did try it," said the Doctor. "You know how those pioneers were. Whenever they got an idea into their heads to do something, they never gave up until that idea proved impractical. So they just went ahead and raised \$10,000 to back the scheme.

"At Shell City they built a sturdy stern wheel steam boat, and named her the 'Lottie Lee'. And after a few trial trips close to home, 'Lottie' was taken on excursions up and down the Shell River. These trips were very successful, because at the time, the water was deep and the river was wide.

"Then came the time to venture farther from home. They had no trouble in getting down the Shell; but when they got into the Crow Wing, the story was different. That trip was worse than a nightmare. There were shallow spots, and sand bars to block their way; and they had to stop every little while to put on their bathing suits, and get into the river to remove rocks and stumps from 'Lotties' path."

"Hmph! snorted Bobby. "Lottie could have taken a few lessons from the lumbermen's logs, if she wanted to make a trip down the Crow Wing, I guess."

"Yes, she could, Bobby," replied Doctor Tinkle. "But the trouble was, her owners neglected to examine the river's channel before they started on their journey. And it was a very much disgusted and very tired crew that finally reached Motley. It was still a long way to the Mississippi, and the men behind the job were ready to give up. So, they just tied up the good ship, 'Lottie Lee', to the dock at Motley, and there she remained to the end of her days."

"And didn't they ever try it again?" asked Bobby, very much disappointed.

"No, they never did," said the Doctor. "But for several years afterwards, they still hoped that the government would deepen the channel of the

Crow Wing. This dream never came true."

"Well," said Betty, with a smile. "I'm going to put the 'Lettie Lee' in my 'picture of the past', anyway. And I guess both the pictures are about finished now, aren't they Doctor Tinkle?"

"Yes, Betty," replied the Doctor; "I guess there isn't much more to be put into either picture. However, to know one's county real well, it is probably necessary to know something about it's government. So I'll just take the time right now, to tell you as much as you need to be interested in:

"In 1872, Minnesota had just three congressional districts, and Wadena County was placed in the Third District; in 1881, it was moved into the Fifth District; and in 1891, it went to the Sixth District, where it remains today. It is in the Fifty-first Legislative District, and the Seventh Judicial District.

"The first officials of the county were: Dr.C.B.Jordan, L.S. Pratt, and John B. Garvin, Commissioners. Dr. Jordan was also the first physician to settle in the county. On April 12, 1873, the Commissioners met at his home, to name their county officers. These were: Auditor, A.W.Lake; Treasurer and Register of Deeds, C.J.Stewart; County Attorney and Judge of Probate, P.A.Gatchell; Sheriff, L.F.Geaton; Superintendent of Schools, Dr.C.B. Jordan; Coroner, J.P.Parvin.

"On August 23, 1873, a petition to form Wadena Township, was filed by P. A. Gatchell, J. B. Parvin, and S. S. Gardner. The township was located in Township 134, Range 35.

"The following month, the Town Supervisors were named. These were L. S. Pratt, H. W. Fuller, and S. S. Gardner. At that same meeting, a School District was formed, which included the entire county. The settlers also voted a two mills tax for schools, and a twenty mills tax for county purposes.

"One of the exciting political events to interest Wadena County, came in 1882. Your Grandpa will probably remember the notorious Nelson-Kindred fight for Congress, that year. There was a lot of trouble over this contest,

and if cool heads had not been in the majority, several lives might have been lost.

"Kaute Nelson, who for many years, represented Minnesota in the United States Senate, was running for Congress from this district, that year. And opposed to him, was Charles Kindred, once prominent with the Northern Pacific Railroad, in this section. The campaign went down into history, as the bitterest political fight ever waged in the state. Wadena County was right in the center of the fight. Mr. Nelson was elected.

"And I think that is about all there is to tell you about the politics and government of Wadena County, today. You understand, of course, that elections are held every year, and new men are placed in the various offices. There may be some of the county officials right in your home town of Menahga.

"But there is one thing more you might be interested in knowing; What is now Wadena County, Minnesota, might have been a part of the Dominion of Canada, if it hadn't been for that wise old statesman, Benjamin Franklin. Here's what happened:

"When the treaty was signed between the United States and Great Britain, at the close of the Revolutionary War, one of the boundaries proposed would have been all wrong, according to the land surveys made. But Franklin wanted to be sure that the United States took in the source of the Mississippi River. People didn't know as much about geography, in those days, as you do now, Betty. They thought that the source of the Mississippi was right straight West of Lake of the Woods. So the boundary line was described as running West from Lake of the Woods to the Mississippi River. But when it was found that the source of the great river is far South of Lake of the Woods, the matter had to be adjusted. It was many years before the matter was finally adjusted.

"That misunderstanding of those early treaty-makers, is the reason why Minnesota today owns a strip of land on Lake of the Woods, jutting far into Canada, and not connected with any other part of the State.

"You will be flying right over Lake of the Woods on your way back to Toy Town tonight, won't you Doctor Tinkle?" said Betty.

"That's what I will, Betty," replied the Doctor. "And I believe it is about time to begin thinking about that trip right now. So what say, let's go and call up mother again, and tell her we will be home early this afternoon. Then we'll all go and see what Paddy Beaver has been doing with that dam of his over here. It will then be about 1 unch time, and we will have another good meal with these folks at the Camp, and ask them to take us back to the place where we left the plane. It won't take us but a few minutes to fly to Blueberry Lake from there, if we go straight across, and not zigzag, as we did coming over."

So the happy excursion party carried out this plan. 'Twas Betty who telephoned to her Mother this time, and she was all excitement again after the conversation. Mother told her that all the children in the neighborhood were planning on being at the lake shore to meet them when they came in, and that they were all eager to hear about their trip with Doctor Tinkle.

It was early afternoon when the big ship took off, and Doctor Tinkle arose to about a thousand feet, and headed due northwest. It was a beautiful day, and even the song birds seemed to be trying to express their happiness. Some of them, so Bobby said, were flying a race with them.

"Do you know, kiddies," said the Doctor, as they sped along, "that Nature surely favored Wadena County, and all this part of the state, by making it the home of thousands of beautiful song birds; and you have pretty much the same varieties here now that the Indians and the early pioneers had. You have the bluejay, robin, catbird, brown thrasher, scarlet tanager, bluebird, martin, and many others.

"You have what we call the 'summer resident' and the 'permanent resident'---those that come in the spring and leave in the fall, and those that stay all through the year."

"I love the birds, don't you, Doctor Tinkle?" said Betty.

"Indeed I do," said the Doctor. "Everybody should love them and be kind to them, too, because they are very valuable. Not only do they add to the beauty of the country, but they eat millions of insects and other pests that damage the

farmers' fields and gardens. And just listen to that lark, there, kiddies. Isn't he a happy songster?"

"And O look! Doctor Tinkle. See the crowd of folks down there waiting for us," exclaimed Betty, excitedly.

"Yes, sir, and we'll be right there with them in just about two minutes. And I'll bet you and Bobby will be asked about a million questions, won't you? Well, of one thing you may be pretty sure; no one will be able to ask you any questions about Wadena County that you can't answer promptly, after this trip. Almost there now - hold tight."

"Oh listen," cried Bobby, "They're singing the Rally Song for us. Boy! aint that swell?"

"The Rally Song?" said Doctor Tinkle. "That's a new one on me. I'll have to stop long enough to hear that, anyway." And so saying, he circled for a landing, then taxied the big ship up to the waiting crowd of welcomers.

Betty and Bobby alighted, with their lunch basket, and joined the happy throng. But Doctor Tinkle had no time to spare now. He gave the Wadena County folks a cheerful greeting, waved them a merry good-bye, and took off, just as the crowd again burst out, full-voiced, in the Wadena County Rally Song: