timber, suddenly from my right there leaped a pair of large timber wolves. They reached the traveled road not ten yards ahead of my horse, then turned and trotted along ahead of us in the beaten path. Now, I had always been more or less of a stoic or unemotional fellow; but this sight, however, caused some shivers to travel up and down my spine; my cap seemed to raise from my head and my scalp felt chilly, as tho my cap had gone entirely. I reined my horse to a walk, not desirous of disputing the right-of-way. Furthermore, I felt that those wolves had a rightful priority; inasmuch as they, or at least their ancestors, had been there long before I came. Again Trixie was the horse and probably saved the day. She was no more perturbed than if it had been a rabbit that had disturbed the serenity of the morning. And again that composure was probably due to her natural habitat. She likely had been a playmate of those wild animals when she was still a colt, or at least had made their acquaintance. After a few rods of such tandem travel the wolves leaped out of the road and disappeared into the woods on the opposite side. My cap settled back in place; I slapped Trixie on the back with the reins and she was on the way at her usual trot.

I shall digress here to say that after that experience, a revolver became a part of my regular equipment whenever I made trips into the woods at night. A ride thru such timbered sections in the stillness of a sub-zero night and hearing the sound of a sudden snapping tree in the frost or the sharp crackle of breaking brush caused by some startled deer or some other animal and the howling of wolves are not conducive to sleep. And a revolver within easy reach did give a sense of some security. Other equipment besides my medical kit carried regularly in the winter included a small coil of hay-wire in case of a broken thill or other part of the sled resulting from snow drifts or a stump hidden in the snow; also a combination instrument to be used as a hammer, a plier, a wire cutter or a staplepuller. In case of a drifted road this instrument served to cut or open a wire fence and permit driving thru the open field. I also carried a snow shovel where deep drifts might be anticipated, and a lantern at night, affording light if needed and a bit of warmth underneath the real buffalo robe. And, by the way, this robe is still in our possession, a relic of old times.

Not to give "Trixie" credit for all the horse sense, other horses in my stable were equally efficient. "Topsy" was a mighty good and clever lady horse. She became a martyr to her profession. After a long trip thru a heavy snowstorm she developed pneumonia and was of little service thereafter. Then there was "Boss", a tough animal but she could be just as mean as she was tough. Oftentimes she would begin interfering resulting in open sores on her fetlocks. Then it became necessary for me to take her to Bloomville and have my good friend, Herman Thierbach, the skillful horse-shoer, adjust those shoes and in two days those sore fetlocks were again well. Then good old "Bob", my best all around horse, served me faithfully for many years. He was a larger and more rangy horse, a truly faithful and noble animal. "Bob" was more suitable for the snow covered roads. His long legs kept his head above water or rather above snow, except when he would run into a snowdrift up to his chest. Then he did not plunge and lunge as most horses would, but the wise old fellow would just stand still, turn his head as if to say to me, "Now it's your turn." Then after I got out and shoveled a path for him for only a few yards, we would be on our way again.

One night in January, 1908, at two a. m. with the temperature at twenty below zero, I responded to a knock at our door. The man that accosted me wanted me to come out to see his wife—a mere distance of twelve miles out in the woods. She had been sick five weeks and was growing worse. A few questions made it very evident that she had developed a mastoid infection and that an operation would be necessary. So I informed him that I would be out the first thing in the morning. These few hours delay in responding to the call were quite necessary for two reasons; first, I wanted daylight to do this work under the conditions that I was sure to find, and it would be extra hazardous to trust a novice to hold a kerosene lamp while I worked; and second, I would have to take my wife along to administer the anaesthetic, since she had done this specialized task for me on a number of occasions. So after an early breakfast and proper preparations we left on our mission. When we arrived there, we found a very sick woman lying on a bed in a corner of a one-room log house. The diagnosis was as made a few hours earlier and an operation was urgent. So we proceeded to do the work; my wife administering the chloroform, and a neighbor woman did such chores as I requested. In due time the operation was completed. There was no other person about, even the husband had disappeared. The lady then fifty-four years of age made a complete and rather prompt recovery. But the most interesting part of this story is yet to come some years later. On the day the last dressing was made at my office and the patient discharged from any further treatment, they made a small payment on the account with promise to pay the balance later. The following spring the family moved to Canada, but what place in Canada I did not know; so never could remind them of the matter. In December of 1930 I received a letter from this lady, then seventy-seven years old, from Saskatchewan, Canada. This letter was written in shaky German script; and recounted all the details of the event; the amount of money paid, the amount still owing, and stated that she had ten dollars for me. I responded and told her the money would be very acceptable. The following month, i. e. in January 1931 I received the ten dollars. Then each month thereafter she sent me five dollars until July when she had completed payment of the account, twenty-three and one-half years after its inception. An experience of this kind surely restores faith in mankind.

During those earlier years a goodly number of shooting incidents occurred. Most of these were cases of gun shot wounds occurring particularly during the hunting season in the fall of the year; other rather frequent cases were of men being "half shot"; these were largely, lumberjacks who had developed a tooth ache. A lumberjack with a tooth ache had neither the inclination nor the time to go to Merrill to have the tooth treated by a dentist, for that errand would in those days have taken three or more days. His logical and permanent treatment was to have the tooth out. So instead he would come to Gleason and first go to the saloon and partake of a goodly supply of his own self-prescribed anaesthetic; then he would come to my office to have the tooth extracted and then go back to work. Thus I was not only the physician, but also became the local dentist in this phase of the work. Very few days passed in which I did not extract one or more teeth. A couple of times I was awakened by a caller who had shot the other fellow; and last, one time when I was supposed to be the target. This story runs as follows: one foggy, disagreeable night in late winter at two a. m. the telephone rang. On answering I was asked to make a call eight miles out in the country to see a child who had been ill for two weeks. I had a very severe cold and laryngitis myself at that time; so told the party that I, being ill myself, couldn't come immediately; but would be out the first thing in the morning. I went back to bed to try and get some rest. One hour later that familiar rap on the door was again responded to. It was now three o'clock in the morning. On opening the door I was confronted by the same man who had phoned me previously and standing there with his rifle in his hand and striking that gun hard on the floor of the porch, he greeted me with these words: "You will come". That was all he said. I answered as I had done before and I guess he could plainly see that I was not trying to deceive him. So he seemed to relent from his sinister motive and went on his way. I went back to bed again but did not secure much repose.

Contagious diseases were much more common and much more severe at that time than they are today. Diphtheria was quite prevalent and I was called to see a goodly number of advanced cases. One Sunday, late afternoon, that Barker-Stewart motor car from Glandon, previously mentioned, came up the track after me to return with them to see the family of one of their loggers at Scott's Landing, two miles below Glandon. I found a family of ten children and the mother, all ill with diphtheria. The oldest child, a boy of sixteen years, was the first to become sick and he had been ill for over a week. This logger employed eight or ten me, so I went to their shanty to examine them, and I found that three of them had contracted the disease also. This call came following a very heavy rainstorm. Telephone wires were down and roads and bridges were washed out. So we dispatched a man by horse-back to Wausau to get the necessary antitoxin. He made his trip, and had to rouse every drugstore in the city throughout the night to get the prescribed amounts. He returned next morning just at daylight bringing with him one hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of antitoxin. In the meantime they gave me a bed over the company's store. Then returning to the camp the serum was administered. They all recovered except the sixteen-year-old boy who had been ill too long. The cost of the serum, the cost of services, the expenses of a funeral and above all the loss of a fine boy just coming into manhood is a marked contrast to the cost of diphtheria prevention today.

Another instance of similar import and carrying the same lesson concerns small pox. This disease was also not uncommon at that time, although generally the cases were rather mild. In Langlade county there lived a family of man and wife, their three children, and the man's father and mother. This farmer had a small logging job to do and he had hired a man from Merrill to help him with his work. The second day after his arrival, he became very ill and broke out with a serious case of small pox. I was called and advised the family of the necessity of vaccination for preventive purposes. They all acquiesced and were immediately vaccinated with the exception of Grandpa. He declined with these words, "That's just a money making scheme." None of the family contracted the disease except Grandpa. He became ill with it and after a week or two of suffering succumbed to the affliction.

At the opening of this article I told of the beginning of the railroad construction into Gleason. It is probably fitting as I approach the closing of this account that I likewise record the discontinuance of these roads. After the St. Paul Road took over, this became a very busy thoroughfare; three, four and five train loads of logs, each pulling from fifteen to thirty carloads were daily sights. For a number of years the shipping consisted almost exclusively of saw logs. Then as the logs became fewer, it was superseded by carload after carload of pulpwood. This continued for another period of years. Eventually nearly all merchantable timber was gone and shipping became practically nil. Then with the building of better highways and the advent of automobiles and trucks, railroad traffic ceased; and a few years ago the track was taken up in its entirety all the way to Otis, where it had branched off from the Wisconsin Valley Division.

In the fall of 1920 we left Gleason, due to the fact that our children had reached high school age, and moved to Merrill where I established my practice.

Such is some of the history and some of the medical experiences of a pioneer physician shortly after the turn of the century in Gleason and a goodly part of the east-central section of Lincoln County.

Notwithstanding the hazards, hardships and difficulties of those early days, they were largely compensated for by the attainments achieved; by the many friendships made and by the pleasant memories held; so I do not regret that "I HUNG UP MY SHINGLE IN GLEASON."

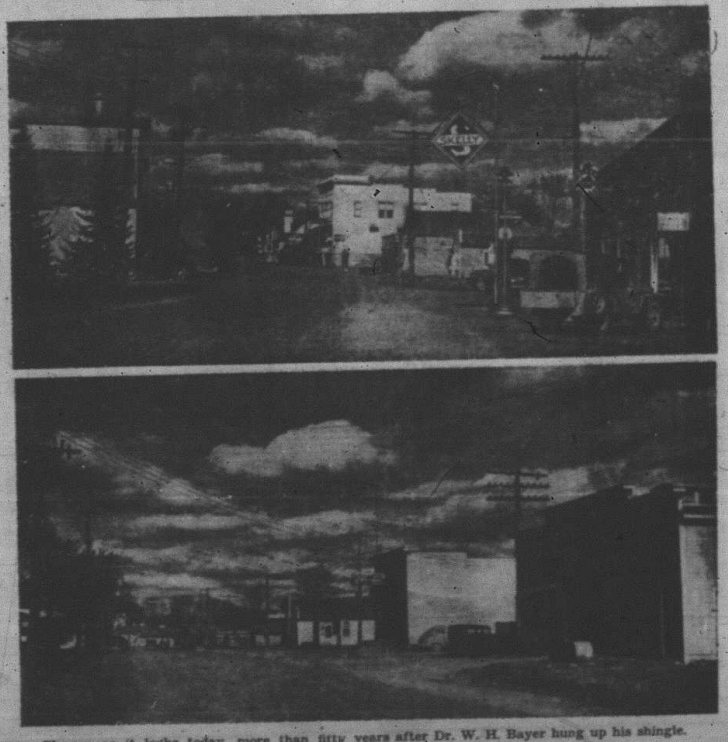
Indian Pete of "Merry Christmas, Ten Cents" Fame

Indian Pete, one of the most prominent of the Wisconsin river Indians, made his home in Merrill for many years. He was highly respected among the whites as well as among the members of his own tribe, the Chippewas.

He fished, hunted and trapped from Merrill to Rhinelander for over 60 years.

He seemed to have a life pass on the various railroad lines and no fare was ever asked or collected from him.

Meeting Pete on the streets of Jenny and stopping to have a word with him, he would shake your hand heartily and say, "Merry Christmas, ten cents." He got many a dime this way and it didn't go for whiskey, either.



Gleason as it looks today, more than fifty years after Dr. W. H. Bayer hung up his shingle.