

Game Warden For 28 Years Was Also Woodsman, Farmer

By Ed Bosworth

My dad, E. T. Bosworth, came to this section of the state over 100 years ago. He was born in Clinton county, New York, near Lake Champlain at a place called Moore's. When he first reached Wausau there were only three houses on an island at that place. He came to Lincoln county in 1843.

Mother, whose maiden name was Katherine Koerble, was born in Germany near the city of Heidelberg. She came to this country and to Wisconsin, settling first where Slinger is now located. She had a sister in Wausau and on a visit to her sister the met-dad. They were married in 1850 and moved to Pine River, then part of Marathon county. I was born in Pine River on October 22, 1866. There were seven children in the family, all born here, and I was next to the youngest. I have a sister, Alice Rocher, 90 years of age, living in Butte, Montana, and another sister, Jenny McInnis, Spokane, Wash.

Dad worked in the woods and on the river and gradually cleared land for a farm.

We lived about a quarter of a mile from a mill built in the 50's on the Pine river by Tom Grundy. Oliver "Perky" Paquette and a man named Deneny had an interest in this mill later, and then came the Armstrongs and Huntingtons and Beebe. We used

I lived on the farm in Pine River, and worked in the woods in the winter and on the spring drives, until I was elected county treasurer in 1904. I moved to Merrill in that year. I served four years in this office, the only practicing farmer ever to hold the office.

I became a game warden in 1909 and served in this capacity for 28 years, until my retirement 10 years ago.

Deer were not so plentiful in the early days and they had so much territory in which to roam that I sometimes would see scarcely one a year. There was wonderful trout fishing in the Prairie, Haymeadow, Pine, and Dudley. Fishermen would come from all parts of the country to try their luck and skill on these streams. For a long time pike fishing was good on the Wisconsin, but it became poor for a time while the sawmills poured their sawdust into the water. Lake fishing was excellent. In the early days some hunters ran hounds when after deer. This practice became illegal, but was continued occasionally, even after that. There were also some who put out half deer ticks, or raised rutabaga patches to lure the deer.

The 4th of July always called for a big celebration and in the pioneer days there was always a big bonfire on the 4th at the place where the Rohde apartments are now located. There were some fine displays of fireworks. Someone always took this occasion to fill the square hole in the bottom of a blacksmith's anvil with blasting powder placing another anvil on top of the first, and shooting the works off. It sounded like a big cannon.

In the late 90's there was a big log jam at Grandfather. It has been said that 60 million feet were tied up and that the jam cost \$1,000 a day. There wasn't much dynamite and the jam had to be broken by picking away at the logs with hand tools.

We had very substantial food in the woods. On the drives we would place our food for the day in a sack we carried over our shoulders. We called it the nose bag and the food would get quite dry. Of course if you were at the rear of the drive you could take advantage of the fact that the wannigan followed the logs. Then we'd have four meals a day, the ones at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. being called first and second lunch, respectively. We worked the long hours from daylight to dark. I remember that some of the cooks on the drives, and they were good ones, were Ben McCarthy, Chris Johnson, Gus Packard, Johnny Burns and a man named Agnew.

Some of the most expert of the log drivers couldn't swim a stroke, and yet there were few fatal accidents on the drives. I recall that

safety bicycle, which followed the high wheelers. There were many tours, races and century runs. A little magazine called "Wheeling" was devoted to the sport.

I was married in Merrill in 1896 to Mary Jane McDonald, who was born in the Town of Texas and who passed away six years ago on her birthday, May 25. Four of our five children are living. They are Walter, at home; Mrs. Bernice Ruprecht, Merrill; Katherine, at home; and Mary Jane Kaibach, Pomona, Cal. A daughter, Ruth, has passed on.



The late Mrs. E. T. Bosworth

three drowned on the Coppas and one at Grandfather.

Johnny and Dave Scott, twins, the Snows, Spragues and Fishers, the Mayo brothers, Stewart, and others, were top notch men with the logs. It is reported that Stewart once got into a contest with another logger and they rolled for two days, both deciding to call it quits at sundown of the second day.

Bicycling was quite popular, especially after the appearance of the

Father's Advice

When George Anson was elected mayor of the City of Merrill, his father gave a short talk from the porch of the family residence following a victory torchlight parade. The elder Mr. Anson said: "George will try and have a good administration, they may make some mistakes, but any man that never made a mistake was a darned fool."

Picket Fences

There was a day when almost every property owner had some kind of fence around his lot. Some were picket fences, others were made of boards; some painted and others just plain. Some of the fences were for show, but most of them were for protection of lawns and gardens from cows that came down the streets when going and coming to pasture.

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The late E. T. Bosworth

to hang around the mill as youngsters and watch them make up the cribs of lumber. These cribs were 16 feet square and six or seven of them would be tied together. There was a food dam at the mill and when ready, these cribs would be floated out to the Wisconsin and start on their journey to St. Louis and other points. Mill crews and all would join in the work of getting the rafts underway. These rafts were taken to their destination by pilots, and I often rode out with the pilots. The lumber for the rafts was all 16-foot long, of varying widths and mostly one-inch thick, or planking.

I went to a one-room school at Pine River. Among my schoolmates were the Swopes, Ed, Elmer, John, Charlie and Helela; Jim and Mathilda Grundy, the Adams girl and the Schumacher girls. Some of the teachers were Ella Wilcox, Clara Fernald, Clara Whiting, Ella Finn and two men, named Beckwith and Stiles.

I recall that Andrew Warren's brother, Dennis, had a mill on Pine River about a mile from the mouth of that stream. Fwood had a mill at the mouth of the Pine. It was the first steam-operated mill in this section.

To get to Jenny, using horses, we would follow the river in Pine (Called Joppa in the early days). We'd more often walk through the woods, and occasionally would catch a ride on the stage.

I worked in the woods many winters and drove logs on the Wisconsin from its source at Lac Vieux Desert to Wausau; and out of the Minnesota lakes, source of the Tomahawk river.

Once while breaking out a small pathway, a log flew from the pile and caught me on the cheek, opening up the flesh from the eye to the chin. Jim Anderson, foreman, took me to the cook shanty and there an old woodsman applied first aid. He whittled out a cork as a guide, and using a three-cornered buckskin needle and shoe thread, he took seven stitches, and then applied horse liniment. I came into Merrill and when Dr. Reinhardt saw the job done by the woodsman he said it was so good that he wouldn't have to touch it.



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