

Forest History Foundation, Inc.  
St. Paul, Minn.

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with **Mrs. Hope Garlick Mineau**  
and **Mrs. Maud Carlgren**

at Mrs. Carlgren's home  
Taylor's Falls, Minnesota  
September 14, 1955

by Helen McCann White

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Durham, North Carolina

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DATA SHEET ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

FOREST HISTORY FOUNDATION, INC.  
2706 West Seventh Boulevard  
St. Paul, Minnesota

{THE INTERVIEW}

Date: September 14, 1955  
Interviewer: Helen McCann White  
Persons Interviewed: Mrs. Maud Mullan Carlgren, Taylors Falls and Mrs. Hope Garlick  
Mineau, St. Croix Falls.  
Place: Taylors Falls. Mrs. Carlgren's home.  
Other persons present: None.  
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MAUD MULLAN CARLGREN  
and  
HOPE GARLICK MINEAU

Maud Mullan Carlgren: My name is Maud Mullan Carlgren and this is my home, Taylor's Falls. My son's in Seattle and I go out there every winter, but I will give this as my address because any mail coming here is forwarded.

Helen McCann White: Then your address in Seattle is what?

MMC: 3700 E. 42 Street.

HMW: Oh yes. And Mrs. Mineau?

Hope Garlick Mineau: My address is St. Croix Falls, and my full name is Hope Garlick Mineau.

HMW: Mrs. Carlgren, will you tell me first about your uncle, Smith Ellison?

MMC: I was raised by my uncle, Smith Ellison, and therefore I have known of his life. He was born in Marine, Illinois, on the 15<sup>th</sup> of March, 1823. He came to Minnesota about 1841, a young man, and came to some relatives by the name of Judd, in Marine.

HMW: In Marine?

MMC: Marine it was, and he was with Walker, Judd and Veazie for some years working for them. Then as I get it, he went to Osceola and started lumbering on his own in 1844. You have the records at the Historical Society.

HMW: He was a relative of the Judds?

MMC: His brother's wife was a relative of the Judds – a sister, I believe, of Mrs. Judd. I think you have all the records, I've forgotten how long he lumbered at Osceola. They later moved to Sunrise, Minnesota, and cleared the land with a couple by the name of La Floyd and Nancy Bates. The three of them had formed a partnership.

HMW: That was the Bates who was his partner for a while in logging?

MMC: It was a three-way partnership. My aunt kept the books and kept track of the money and everything the men earned and they kept everything that way always.

HGM: You called Mrs. Bates “aunt”?

MMC: Yes. Aunt Nan. Mr. Ellison was a bachelor always. The Bates were a young couple who came from Maine, and when they got to Stillwater he met them there at the hotel and the three agreed to keep an unbroken partnership as long as they lived. Which they did. Until they died they were an unbroken partnership, so that was quite remarkable over all those years.

HMW: How many years were they in partnership?

MMC: Uncle Smith was the first one to go, and he went September 28, 1899.

HMW: How many years was it?

MMC: From '45, I think, or '46 until '99. That was a good many years. They always maintained a home together and had the same friends and lived as though they were relatives all their lives and took in all their relatives and also me and my mother who lived with them, attended school and later was their housekeeper. Aunt Nan had a leather-works business, using buckskin she purchased from Indians for gloves, mittens, britches, jackets and moccasins. The beading was done by a family named Cadott who were breeds living on old River Street near Ellisons, and a neighbor named Mitchell, related to the Cadotts, who did specially artistic beading for Mrs. Bates. I do not remember the firm who handled these leather garments in the Twin Cities. This was during Mrs. Bates' early life at Taylors Falls.

HMW: How many years were they at Sunrise?

MMC: Well, I can't tell you, but the records you have will tell you. He, Mr. Ellison, bought the meat for Fort Snelling during the Civil and Indian Wars. He also had charge of the conscription in this part of the country for those wars. I think you'll find the papers down there. I didn't keep any. I let a man in Minneapolis have some and he agreed that after he read them he'd bring them to you. I hope he did.

HMW: Really? What was his name?

MMC: Oh, dear, what was his name? I have it somewhere. I've rather forgotten. I'll look it up. However, he said that he would read them and then he'd turn them over to the Historical Society. I think he will because he'd have no reason not to. They weren't anything a person would want unless it was in their family.

HMW: Were they small books – about fifteen small books?

MMC: No, these were mostly letters – from the commandment at Fort Snelling and from Governor Sibley, Alexander Ramsey, President Pierce and President Buchanan. Uncle Smith Ellison was a land man after that, what they called a “land man”. He had charge of the U.S. land around here for a good many years before other people came in and we had land offices. I really have forgotten the dates. He served in the first legislature, too, as a representative from this part of the country.

HMW: Well, Mrs. Carlgren, do you remember any stories about his lumbering days? Early logging days?

MMC: No, I’m afraid I don’t. You see, I was only fourteen when he died. It was really in my early childhood that I heard things, and I don’t presume I paid too much attention.

HMW: Tell me, did you keep any other records? Any other records of your uncle, or family records, letters, and so forth?

MMC: No, I let this man and the Historical Society have everything I had. The reason was I was ill at the time and no one thought I could ever come back here to stay. In three months I cleared out almost everything here. However, this was the place for it, in Minnesota. This was where they had lived all those years so we didn’t take much out to Seattle.

HGM: May I interrupt, Maud? You told me one time about letters that he received from the soldiers during the Civil War. What did you do with those?

MMC: ...And the Indian wars. Well, Mr. Norbeck of Minneapolis got those, as I previously stated.

HMW: I know the Historical Society has the account books of Smith Ellison, but I don’t believe there are any other papers.

MMC: No letters?

HMW: No, so we must check. He may have forgotten, or may be still using them. This organization, the Forest History Society, is interested in the history of the Valley, particularly anything relating to the lumber industry – people like your uncle or any others who were logging. Now, I remember there was another man whose name was connected with your uncle – that was Bates?

MMC: Well, that’s the one I told you of. They formed the unbroken partnership.

HMW: Oh, that was the same Bates? Do you know anything about how long he lived or what happened to him?

MMC: Yes, I do. I don't remember when he was born, but he died February 26, 1900. Mrs. Bates was really the backbone of that family, wasn't she, Hope?

HGM: Oh yes, she was.

MMC: I doubt if Mr. Ellison, who became a very wealthy man, would have done so without her. She held on to the pocketbook.

HGM: She held onto the pocketbook and she was an anchor, Maud. She made a home.

MMC: She was a little bit of a woman, but a strong character.

HGM: Oh, wasn't she!

MMC: And the men were not as strong characters as she.

HGM: They usually aren't.

MMC: Mrs. Bates and Mr. Bates were both born in Old Town, Maine. Later she lived in Bangor. Her father was a banker in Bangor, Maine, and she married this Mr. Bates before her father died, I believe, and then she came west with him; her mother and two brothers followed later, after her father's death. She came out west with Uncle Bates and that's when they met Uncle Smith at Stillwater, and formed this partnership and thereafter they lived together.

HGM: I knew Aunt Nan. I didn't know her husband.

MMC: They had a farm out in North Dakota, a big stock farm and wheat farm there. Mr. Bates ran that the latter part of his life when Hope and I knew him. He was out there running the farm; Aunty was out there part of the year, and then she'd be here, taking charge of the money end of everything.

HMW: What was Uncle Smith doing then?

MMC: Well, he lumbered as long as he was able to – that was his business. Then, he had farms.

HMW: In Chisago County?

MMC: Yes, right up out of Taylors Falls.

HGM: Franconia way. He invested his money in farms.

HMW: That was land, I suppose, that had been cut?

MMC: Yes, he always had people running them but he oversaw them himself. You see, he was an old man by that time.

HMW: Did he have a special land company?

MMC: Not to my knowledge, but he may have had connections with the U.S. Land Office here.

HMW: Tell me, do you know any person named Forsythe who was connected with your Uncle?

MMC: Yes, I do, but I'm trying to think what I know. I have his picture, but it's in my little albums out west. I keep those things for my children because they wanted them. Mr. Forsythe was a very, very close friend of Uncle Smith's; I've heard him speak of him often.

HMW: Did he do any logging with Mr. Forsythe?

MMC: Not that I remember, but he was in a partnership with Sam McClure and Dave Tozer.

HMW: David Tozer?

MMC: Yes. Sam McClure was an Irish boy who came alone to Stillwater, I think. When they found him in Stillwater, he was fourteen-years old. He wanted to come in here to lumber. He thought everybody was getting rich and wanted to get rich too – and he did. They took him up to their little farm at Sunrise. He stayed with them and grew up. They set him up in business for himself, and they were the firm of McClure and Ellison. I was raised to call them aunt and uncle and cousins, and so far as I am concerned they are much closer to me than my own relatives – and always have been, too. A man by the name of Hank (Henry) came in at that time: he was a cattle buyer from Ohio, bought cattle through the country; also, he carried the first mail on horseback from Superior to St. Anthony. He stopped overnight at their place up on Goose Creek out of Sunrise. That was when the families became acquainted and they, too, were like relatives of mine.

HGM: Is there any of that family living?

MMC: Yes, one daughter, Mrs. Helen Mary Davy, is living in St. Paul. Her address is 118 Virginia Avenue, St. Paul. I can never remember whether Helen or Mary comes first. We always called her Babe.

HMW: He was the mail carrier – this Mr. Smith?

MMC: Yes, he carried the first mail from Superior to St. Anthony. Now wait, Mr. Doble got the contract for carrying the mail after that.

HMW: Doble? I've heard his name before.

MMC: Yes, he was a pioneer man in St. Paul or St. Anthony, I'm not sure which. I can't remember his first name because it was long before my day, but his wife's name was Ella. They all called her Ella. His brother's wife's name was Mary, but I can't remember the two men's first names; however, the last remaining descendant of the Dobles passed on about two years ago.

HMW: Where did she live?

MMC: She lived in St. Paul, at the Commodore. Her name was Mrs. Peart.

HMW: She had no family?

MMC: No. She had one child and it died, when it was fourteen or so.

HMW: I was wondering if you knew any more about Sam McClure?

MMC: Oh, yes. Yes, I do. He has been gone now, oh, since about 1903.

HMW: Did he log all his life? Was he a lumberman?

MMC: Yes, all his life. He wasn't as old as my folks were when he died. My Aunt Nan Bates died in 1901. The three of them went in three years. They didn't last long; after one went, they all went.

HMW: McClure was at Sunrise for some time, then?

MMC: Or on Goose Creek Meadows. Oh yes, he lived there with the folks until he married a girl by the name of Ella Warner – the Warner family came in there. They lived there a good many years before they came down here to Taylors Falls. I don't remember old man Warner's first



name, but Ella, the daughter, married Uncle Sam McClure and then they settled at Sunrise and their children were born there.

HMW: Was Sam married twice? Ella was his second wife?

MMC: No.

HMW: His first wife?

MMC: Yes. That was his first wife. Laura was his second wife; I have forgotten her name before she married Uncle Sam, but - no, he was married three times. Ella died when the children were babies, and he married Ida Wilkes because the children wanted him to. She was their schoolteacher. They loved Ida and they asked Uncle Sam to marry her, which he did, and it was a very successful marriage, but she, too, pass on when the children were half-grown or more; the youngest one was probably twelve.

HGM: This Wilkes family were old settlers there. They lived up toward Horn's settlement, I've been told.

MMC: They were a pioneer family, but not lumbermen. The only ones Uncle Smith was in the lumbering business with, that I know of, were Sam McClure and Ellis Bates, and Dave Tozer.

HMW: What about somebody named Stannard?

MMC: Oh, Mr. L. K. Stannard was the first lawyer in here. He came from Vermont, as I remember, and was someone I knew out of the past very well. He was a very, very close friend of my family. He settled on a little farm right out of Taylors Falls, so in bad weather he often came up home and stayed with us. We ran that kind of a place. Everybody came and stayed with us.

HMW: Minnesota hospitality?

HGM: Indeed!

HMW: Stannard wasn't in the lumber business?

MMC: He was a lawyer always.

HGM: Didn't he deal considerably in land, too?

MMC: I think he did, Hope. I think he dealt in land.

HGM: Wasn't there a Mr. Chase that dealt in land with him?

MMC: Yes. He was a land man, after Uncle Smith was. Mr. Chase was a land man, and Oscar Roos was a land man, too.

HMW: Tell me, what about the Rooses? Do you know anything about them?

HGM: Maud, is May still here?

MMC: Yes. You'd better run down and see her.

HMW: The Historical Society has one small book called "Foster and Roos" lumbering book. Would that be the same Roos?

MMC: A man named Roos is recorded in Easton's History as coming to St. Paul and later having been interested in lumbering in St. Croix County, Wisconsin, but he was the only Roos in this part of the country.

HMW: What was his first name?

MMC: Oscar.

HMW: And he lived here among the early settlers?

MMC: Oh yes, but not the first settlers. You see, the Scandinavians didn't come in here until the 50's. I think May (Mr. Roos' daughter) said her father came in '58, if I remember, and I said, "Oh boy, we were here long before that." Even my grandfather Mullan was here, running a steamboat from Dubuque, long before that.

HGM: To settle some controversy, I have some information from the Wisconsin Historical Society as to the exact date when the Scandinavians came into Polk County and that was a much later date, a much later date.

MMC: Three men, Scandinavians, came to Scandia first. Oscar Roos was one of them. They settled down there. You know, there's a monument there. One man died, as I remember May telling it, and the other one went away. She can tell you their names.

HMW: How long was Roos in the lumbering business?

MMC: I never knew he was, so that is news to me.

HGM: I never heard that he was.

MMC: He was a land man.

HGM: They were in land speculation.

MMC: What he did was this – he brought the Scandinavian farmers over here and sold them land.

HGM: They would repay him for their passage by working for him or for these land men; Ole Larson (Judge Larson at Osceola) was another man who brought numbers of Scandinavians to the Valley around Osceola.

MMC: That's right, and Wohlmark Brothers at Chisago City. Yes, a number of them had cut-over lands they resold to these Scandinavians who would make homes on them.

HGM: My grandfather, that is, the Garlick family originally came from Ohio, and back of that from Connecticut – Massachusetts Bay Colony. We have their history back to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. They were the Garlick-Kirbys. We believe that it is a Welsh name. The family originally came from England; we know that, to Massachusetts Bay Colony.

MMC: My folks did too. My aunt came from Wales.

HMW: That was your Aunt Mullen?

MMC: No, Aunt Nancy Bates. She was of Welsh descent. Her name was Knight, Nancy Knight. Her people were Welsh.

HGM: We believe from the records we have in the East that they are of English and Welsh descent. The Kirbys, of course, we know they were of English descent; they came to Massachusetts Bay Colony, went into Connecticut, and settled near Woodbury, Connecticut. They called this particular settlement Judeae Society. It was eight miles from the Woodbury Society which they thought was too far away for them to conduct any civic business or any religious services, so they organized this society. That is where my family originate. They went up into Vermont – after the Revolutionary War, after they helped drive Burgoyne back at Bennington – and there the first family monument is erected at Middlebury, Vermont, in that old cemetery there. Then they migrated through Pennsylvania to Ohio.

HMW: Your grandfather's name?

HGM: Carmi Porter Garlick. He was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, on Darby Creek. They have carried this name Darby clear across the United States. I can trace their family clear across the United States because they never forget to put the Darby in – also Mt. Hope. There are many cemeteries named Mt. Hope. The one at Osceola was named Mt. Hope. I think my father got my name from that family home near King Phillip's home lodge on Mt. Hope, Connecticut.

MMC: Hope, you know, and Charity and Patience were names they used those days.

HGM: Oh yes, they did; but this Mt. Hope – I don't know just why – but they carried that across the United States with them.

MMC: Aunt Nan's people carried the name of Patience from Wales. They settled up in Maine, and Uncle Smith's people came from New York.

HGM: We can truly say, Maud, that we are Americans. So far back there's no argument there. Just go, go, go on westward.

MMC: Yes.

HMW: Mrs. Mineau, you were telling me about your grandfather's education and how he came west.

HGM: Yes, well, after they organized the Ohio land company, they came out into Ohio and settled there, and that's where he was educated, at Columbus College. I can't identify that college with any college that is there now. We've tried, but it was evidently a small college. I had letters from old settlers there – about twenty years ago I got the letters, and these settlers were in their eighties then. There, before my father was born, they organized the Darby Plains California Overland Company to break the jinx – there were thirteen of them who made up this company – and went overland by going down the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, and on west to California by the old Santa Fe Trail.

MMC: This Sam McClure went to California too.

HGM: Did he? It was in '50 that Grandfather went out there. We have his day-by-day journal of this trip. I have some clippings from it that sometime I'll let you read, if you'd like to.

HMW: Now, tell me where the original journal is.

HGM: The original journal is in the possession of my sister, Grace Brown, at Long Beach, California, and she is taking care of it. They want it at Sutter's Fort, but what the ultimate disposal of it will be, I don't know. That's not decided.

HMW: That would be a very interesting record because he was a doctor at that time, wasn't he?

HGM: Yes. And he was the secretary of this company, and he kept a day-by-day journal.

MMC: That would be wonderful to have.

HMW: Do you remember, did he record in it any cases of sickness or illness that he treated?

HGM: Some sickness or illness was spoken of, but nothing special that I know. He was just a general practitioner and took care of them as they went along, but he did speak of the Indians. He was a great champion of the Indians. He felt that the Indians were wronged and much misunderstood.

MMC: My people were too, and they lived here among them, but they were always friendly to our family.

HGM: And especially the Chippewa Indians. In his diary he speaks of the attacks being made on the wagon trains, but he said it was not done by the Indians. It was done by renegades dressed as Indians and the only Indians that were with them were Indians that were bribed with liquor. That is true. We find that all the way through the history if we follow it closely. He spoke about finding graves molested, and he said the Indians were blamed for those. That, he said, wasn't possible because no Indians – because of their superstitions – would open a grave. So they knew that they were made by renegades. His diary ended in the Humboldt Mountains where the going got so bad they had to take the wagons apart and lower them through the canyons and haul them up the other side, but he speaks in there of finding the grave, he calls "of the ill-fated Sarah Keyes," and I think it would be quite interesting to know who this was. It seems that there must be records of that. The clipping mentions this death as being a blessing to her as she was saved the hardship and death of the Oregon Trail. So I assume she was of some ill-fated wagon train bound for Oregon Territory. She was of a party that were evidently destroyed by the Indians or sickness, but they found her grave. He also speaks of meeting Kit Carson and describes him quite minutely in this record, and the conception we have now of Carson's appearance is quite different from the one that Grandfather gave. Grandfather stayed out there several months and then went back to Ohio. About that time the land boom was on in the St. Croix Valley and they sent out a great deal of literature on it inducing the people to come in. He had land in Ohio but

the hard timber wasn't worth anything. They came up here for pine. He came for pine and, I think, adventure, too. My dad was about a year old when they came.

MMC: Pardon me, Hope, but Auntie used to say Lou slept on her bed more than he did on his mother's.

HMW: That was your father?

HGM: That was my father. Louis Garlick. Louis was his name.

MMC: Auntie always spoke of him as Lou; she said from babyhood up the father and mother came, and then the mother and the baby stayed while the father went on his circuit. She used to laugh and say she knew Lou Garlic, all right.

HMW: That was at Sunrise?

HGM: Yes, at the Amador settlement.

HMW: Now tell us how the Doctor got to Sunrise.

HGM: My grandmother's name was Elizabeth Thompson. She was the daughter of a physician up near Bellefontaine, up in Ohio, not far from Marysville. The old family records are at Marysville. She was raised as a doctor's daughter would be in those times. She left all her family to come west. She had two little girls and a little boy older than Dad, and Dad a baby. They came down the Ohio, up the Mississippi River, up the St. Croix River to Stillwater, and on up to Taylors Falls. He was interested in this pine country up here. They spent their first winter on the Uncle John Dobney farm.

MMC: No!

HGM: Yes, up here on the river, on the St. Croix.

HMW: Now, who was Uncle John Dobney?

MMC: A pioneer here.

HGM: A pioneer. He lived to be 103, was it? I think so. He was a very interesting character here in the Valley. He is recorded in Easton's History as a lumberer on the Ann River and St. Croix River, at one time in company with Daniel Mears.

HMW: Are any of his family still around?

MMC: No, there are none of them here.

HGM: Hazel is living.

MMC: Oh, out at Chisago City.

HGM: Sure, Hazel – she would be a great-niece.

HMW: What is her name?

MMC: Hazel Dobney. She is at the Old Folks Home at Chisago City.

HMW: Oh, yes.

HGM: They went up into what is now Amador Township, and there he and two other men – now I don't remember their names, but you'll find it recorded in {Fifty Years in the Northwest}, and I believe also in Neill's history of Washington County and the Upper St. Croix Valley.

HMW: You think Neill is very accurate, then?

HGM: Oh yes, very accurate, because he was among the very first settlers. He worked among the missionaries, and he is very accurate. He was a well-educated man.

HMW: He was a scholar?

HGM: Yes, he certainly was. They surveyed out this township and named it Amador. Amador was a Spanish settlement outside of Sacramento where Grandfather had his gold claim. Members of the family have visited it and even picked up some nuggets off the ground there.

HMW: Have you been there?

HGM: No, but my sisters have. I have a sister living in Sacramento. In his diary overland, the last page told of outfitting at Hangtown. Hangtown was just out of Sacramento, just out of Sutter's Fort. So we know that is where he outfitted. They looked up his claim records, and they're recorded at Sutter's Fort. He came here with this money that he made out there and took an option on a large acreage of pine land up here in Amador Township. They lived just close to the west end of what was afterwards Nevers Dam. That was a camping ground for the Chippewa

Indians. They met every spring and fall for their ceremonial dances there on that flat there by the Nevers.

HMW: What's Nevers Dam?

HGM: That was named for the Nevers who lived there. My father and his brothers and sisters had learned to talk Chippewa, and they played with the Indian children. Grandmother used to tell about how the Indians would never question any of Grandfather's decisions because he was a doctor, a medicine man. He told about one time how he came home and went out to get melons and found not a melon but a lot of moccasin tracks. He went down to the St. Croix River and saw the Indians swimming across the river, each with a melon held in one hand and swimming across the river with the other hand. Grandfather took his boat and went over and told them to take them all back. So the Indians swam the river again and took the melons back. Then he gave the melons to them, but he had to teach them as children that they couldn't steal his melons.

Grandmother washed outside by a spring. Grandfather fixed her a place to wash and heat water in a large kettle near a spring. She was washing her clothes one day, looked up, and here was a big bear looking over the other side of this dirt embankment back of her outside fireplace. They really had a rugged life there.

HMW: How long were they at Amador Township?

HGM: Until 1878. He built the first dam and mill north of what was called "The Falls" – a wing dam at the mouth of the Sunrise River. I have talked to old people who have fished up there, and the piling was still there. In fact, Mr. Mineau's father had seen these pilings at the mouth of the Sunrise River. They cut off this timber, and opened it for farming. Well, then the panic of 1857 came on. From what I heard from old settlers it must have been very, very hard for them. They have told me, some of them that really came here with money, of the hardships.

MMC: 1857?

HGM: 1857. They told me they didn't even have the money to buy a postage stamp to write back home to their people in New England. You know that these people who came here first were New Englanders; and their families had means.

MMC: Oh, yes.

HGM: And the reason for that – can I go into this? It's interesting. The reason for that was that this was a part of a Massachusetts land grant and a part of the Northwest Territory, and the



people who came here from Massachusetts came here to stake the claims at the Falls. They came for pine and for minerals. Copper was greatly in demand at that time, and they came for copper.

The logs weren't worth floating down the river at that time because there were no mills down below then. They floated the lumber down on rafts, and it went on down to the towns that were building up along the St. Croix, and even on down as far as St. Louis. Grandfather just simply pulled up and went to Osceola where he started an office and his profession until the Civil War.

HMW: Why did he go to Osceola?

HGM: That I don't know. I don't know, only that it was building up.

HMW: Yes. Now, when he was at Osceola did he go out on a circuit?

HGM: Oh, yes. We had his medical books but they were taken from storage and we could not locate them later.

MMC: We must, Hope, have been at Amador – instead of Osceola as I have said – when he used to come to Sunrise.

HGM: Oh, yes. He was up there, but he was at the mouth of the Sunrise River.

MMC: Oh, I thought it was Osceola. I never remembered hearing. I just knew they, the Garlicks, lived at Osceola all their lives.

HMW: What year was your father born?

HGM: My father was born in '52. They came up here in '54 – that was the time of the big land boom. When he enlisted he was examining physician at Lake Providence, Wisconsin, then went into actual service. He went south, but was taken ill at the officers' hospital near Memphis, Tennessee. He worked in a field hospital that was nothing more than a tobacco shed. It was very cold and rainy, and he took cold, developed pneumonia, and later developed what they called in those days consumption – and never lived to get back home. He died at Port Washington, Wisconsin, and is buried at Osceola.

Grandmother raised her family and stayed at Osceola. She started what was known then as a "ladies' furnishing store," like Grandma Peasley used to have here. She lost two of her children with TB, but she raised Dad. Dad lived there until about 1904, and then he went west to Tacoma.

HMW: Well, no one else in the family continued in the lumbering business?

HGM: No, that was the end of the lumber business as far as they were concerned.

HMW: Now, can you tell? I suppose Mrs. Carlgren has heard before the story of how your mother's grandfather and grandmother came. I think it's such an interesting story.

HGM: I must have pioneer blood in me so thick you could cut it with a knife because my people seem to just move on.

MMC: Well, the story of my own family is the story of migration – moving west, yes, always going west. Came from Italy into Sweden, and from Sweden over here to the East Coast, and then migrated to my son's in Seattle. We can't go any farther!

HGM: Well, my mother was Mary Johanna Shay. She was the daughter of Timothy and Ellen Shay who migrated from Ireland after the famine in Ireland in the late 40s. Grandfather Shay and two of Grandmother's brothers, Dennis and John Brosnahan, left Ireland. Their home was on the shores of the Lakes of Killarney. Their mother stayed there – and lived there until she was over a hundred – in a little cottage on the banks of the Lakes of Killarney. Her son always supported her, sent her money from here to take care of her.

MMC: Isn't it interesting?

HGM: After Grandfather earned enough money working on railroad construction west from New Yourk, he sent for Grandmother. During his absence she had lost their little girl, Mary, and she had one little boy under two years, as I remember the story. He sent her money, and she picked up her belongings and came by steerage.

Of course, you know the Irish people were not allowed to have an education unless they could pay a tax every week, so a great many of those Irish people who came here could not read nor write; and Grandmother was among them.

I do not know the name of the ship that started from Ireland for America. It became disabled at sea, and after some anxious hours the passengers – for lack of room they could take very little with them – were picked up by a ship headed for Boston instead of New York. Grandmother, and I suppose other Irish Catholics with her, went to the church in Boston where they received aid. Grandmother had her husband's address and knew he had planned to meet her at New York; so, with her child she worked at places along the highway westward from New York. Grandfather had waited as long as he could, but not knowing what else to do had gone back to his job. Working till she had money to go on, Grandmother followed and finally caught up with them in Pennsylvania. They continued westward to Ohio, where my mother, Mary Johanna, was born in

Highland County. The same year, Dad was born in Logan County, Ohio. The Shays came through to Chicago and on to the Mississippi River. There they took a steamboat to Stillwater, and in 1854 bought 40 acres two miles east of Osceola, Polk County, Wisconsin, and built a home there.

MMC: But they could use their heads, Hope.

HGM: Grandmother's two brothers, this John and Dennis Brosnahan, had land adjoining them to the west. Great-uncle John never married. He lived there with his brother Dennis, and the Dennis Brosnahan family still have that home in their possession after almost one hundred years.

HMW: Uncle John was the one that was shipwrecked with his mother?

HGM: This is Great-uncle John that I'm speaking about now, one of Grandmother's brothers. Uncle John was my mother's brother, who as a small child was shipwrecked.

HMW: Oh, yes.

HGM: Then they came to Osceola, where Dad and Mother met and were married.

HMW: My, that's an exciting story!

MMC: Pioneer days were exciting, weren't they?

HGM: Sometimes I actually feel ashamed of myself when I complain of conditions.

MMC: Hope, I remember Aunty telling about her youngest brother, Frank Knight, falling. They were stacking hay and they had a spike up, you know. He fell onto this spike somehow or another. He was putting the hay up there and ran it through his side, and, my goodness, they didn't know what to do. Dr. Garlick was so far away! Uncle Smith started out horseback, and I thought he had to go to Osceola, but evidently only to Amador.

HGM: Well, even the trip between their homes was far under those conditions. It was at least seven or eight miles.

HMW: Mrs. Carlgren, will you tell a little about James Mullen?

MMC: James Mullen came here as a steamboat captain. He had a steamboat called the "Aunt Betsy" that plied between Davenport, Iowa – or Dubuque it was – and Taylors Falls. They had the navigation on the St. Croix at the time, and I do not know the dates but you can get them

from {Fifty Years in the Northwest}. Then he brought his family here and settled on a little farm about a mile and a half from town.

HMW: From Taylors Falls?

MMC: Yes. Later they started a hotel, one of the first hotels here in town. I don't remember the name of it. It was where the Coheco afterwards was.

HGM: The City Hotel, I am sure it was named.

HMW: City Hotel, Taylors Falls?

MMC: Yes, and he ran that for quite a few years. Then he went to St. Croix Falls and ran a hotel there. What was your hotel called over there?

HGM: Well, they built the Vincent House at that time. Vincent built it and the Mullens operated it.

MMC: It was called the Vincent House. Later he started to look for lumber and he logged up around Siren and Webster, and Frederic.

HGM: His son Elsworth carried on the business

HMW: Elsworth Mullen? What happened to him?

MMC: He's dead. They're all dead. He was my father.

HMW: Were any records kept of their lumbering?

MMC: No, I don't think so.

HGM: Not unless Margaret would have them, Margaret Mullen.

MMC: I don't imagine she would.

HGM: I know that she was with Grandmother Mullen and Elsworth before he was married. Margaret always stayed with her grandmother over there, you know, after her own mother died.

MMC: Was Grandmother Mullen living at that time?

HGM: Yes.

HMW: Margaret is the one who works for the telephone company in St. Croix Falls?

MMC: That's right.

HMW: Well, Els had a sawmill too, didn't he?

HGM: Yes. And they had a heading mill. They were interested in that heading mill that was at St. Croix Falls and was moved to Frederic. They moved that to Frederic when Frederic started. Frederic was called Coon Lake when they put the Soo Line through to Superior about 1900.

HMW: But Mullen was there before 1900, wasn't he?

HGM: They had the sawmills up in there. I think Mr. Mineau could give you information on that because he worked up there.

HMW: He worked for Mullen?

HGM: He worked up in there when the Mullens were logging up there.

HMW: How many years did the Mullens log up there, do you know?

MMC: No, I don't. Oh, that must have been in the '20s. Billy Masterson ran their livery barn for them, and they were lumbermen.

HMW: Mastersons were lumbermen?

MMC: No. The Mullens. My father and grandfather were lumbermen, and this Billy Masterson ran their livery barn at St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin.

HGM: There was much pine land east and north of Frederic, and they were up there until they cut off all the pine.

HMW: Well, who else around Taylors Falls would be apt to have information about the lumbering days? Someone mentioned the librarian.

MMC: I talked to Frances this morning. Did Folsoms ever lumber?

HGM: Well, yes – William H. C. Folsom did. That is, he had a sawmill.

MMC: That's right, he had one brother. I don't know which brother had a sawmill. They had a store too.

HGM: they came here to run a sawmill at St. Croix Falls in '44, I believe it was, before they came here on this side of the river.

HMW: Frances is Mrs. Murdock?

HGM: Frances Folsom Murdock. She's a granddaughter of W. H. C. Folsom, and the daughter of Wyman Folsom. He was a river man, a river pilot.

HMW: Wyman Folsom was?

HGM: William Folsom came to Taylors Falls and built the sawmill down at Milltown. He built a wing dam there – what they call a beaver dam; there was a wing dam in the river for his mill.

MMC: But I never knew he lumbered.

HGM: Well, they had some pine holdings in through here. He had quite a lot of acreage in here, and, you know, there was a lot of pine land here at that time. He's listed with the lumbermen because he did cut this off.

HGM: They called that Milltown because there were mills there.

HMW: Was it Franconia?

MMC: No. It's in the lower part. It's one of the oldest mill sites here.

HGM: Where the park camping site is on the Minnesota side, that is Milltown.

HMW: A stream comes in there?

HGM: Yes, there's a little stream comes in there, called Lawrence Creek in early days. There are some houses there. Quite a little settlement in there, a couple of houses down there yet.

MMC: But they had stores and everything. Clark brothers had a store down there.

HMW: Who were the Clark brothers?

MMC: The Clark brothers were in Franconia where they were interested in businesses connected with steamboating and in store business, and they lumbered here, too. Rufus was one brother's name, but I've forgotten the other brother's name. There was a widow of a man named Clark who lived in Taylors Falls in the early 80s, but there are none of them around here now. The brothers left; they both went to California and started the city of Los Angeles – although their friends here thought it a poor investment to start a town on a sand bank – and then one of them died.

HMW: There was another man connected with the Clarks named Ansel Smith.

HGM: Ansel Smith is recorded in most of the pioneer histories of this section. He had a sawmill at Franconia, but pioneered in other parts – mostly in Polk County – and, I believe, built the Dalles House.

MMC: He lived where Carl Muller lives now.

HMW: What happened to him?

MMC: He died years and years ago. His widow married Dr. Whiting, as the doctor's second wife, and there were no children. They're all here in the cemetery right close to where our family are buried.

HMW: A beautiful place there. Can you think of any other people? What about Stannards?

HGM: They were interested in land – more like the Cushing Land Company; the elder Stannard was a lawyer.

MMC: Yes, that's right.

HGM: You see, the U.S. Land Office for this upper St. Croix Valley was here, and they had offices serving both sides of the river – located at times on one side of the river, sometimes on the other side.

MMC: There's a man by the name of Setzer that was in here.

HGM: What about the Seymours? What was he?

MMC: They had a drug store here.

HMW: Was he the Seymour that was with Senator Sabin in the lumbering business and had some woodworking business at the State Prison?

MMC: I don't know.

HMW: What was his first name?

HGM: George, wasn't it?

MMC: They were here when I was a little girl. Jock and George Seymour, and they had a sister, Mrs. Lowell, that came out from Massachusetts and stayed here a few years with them.

HMW: Was she the Lowell who married William Lowell?

MMC: She wasn't the Lowell of Lowell Inn, but a relative of hers.

HMW: I see. William, who started that inn, was here at Taylors Falls, wasn't he?

MMC: I do not think so, but he might have been.

HMW: I meant to ask you what was the creek that comes in at Sunrise?

HGM: Sunrise River comes in to the St. Croix, and Goose Creek runs into the St. Croix River just above it, doesn't it? There's what they call the Goose Creek meadows up there.

MMC: Do they?

MMC: My folks came in there when there was nothing and they decided to settle there. They found a place on Goose Creek. They always tried to get near water and were really afraid of the Indians. They didn't know the Indians then. They built a stockade around the home, just one little house. I've seen the little house because when I was a child it had been moved and the big house had been built; but this little, old, log-hut cottage – one room downstairs and a loft was what it was – was big enough to take in the Smith family and anyone who came.

HMW: That was on Goose Creek?

MMC: The Smiths came through and asked if they could stay – they and their children. They had two children living and a dead baby with them, and Aunt Molly and Uncle Hank and Uncle Smith and Uncle Bates and Aunt Nan and the Smiths could all stay. There was room for everybody, room downstairs and in the loft.



HGM: Those were the days when the latch string was always out.

HMW: I want to ask one more question about the Smiths, Henry Smith. You said he went on down to the Twin Cities?

MMC: No, he was at North Branch always.

HMW: At North Branch? After he carried the mail, then what did he do?

MMC: He was a cattle man. He bought cattle and sold in Duluth and Superior and the Twin Cities.

HMW: Where did he buy the cattle?

MMC: Through the country. By this time the Scandinavians had come in, you see, and settled the cut-over region.

HMW: About what time was this?

HGM: Following the Civil War, when Count Taub's Company came in here – that was in the late 60s – in '68, I believe.

MMC: This would have been in the 1870s when Uncle Hank bought cattle. When I was a little girl in the 90s, he was still in the cattle business.

HMW: I have found the record of some Smith who bought cattle and sold them to the army out on the plains. I believe the name given was S. E. Smith.

MMC: That wouldn't be the same one.

HMW: This was definitely Henry?

MMC: Yes. Uncle Smith Ellison also bought cattle for the fort.

HMW: One more question I was going to ask you. You said Sam McClure went west?

MMC: Yes, on the gold rush. He didn't make his fortune, so he came back and lumbered again, and did make his fortune. He made it all right, but he didn't make it on the gold rush.

HMW: Did you ever hear any stories about his going to the gold fields?

MMC: Yes, I did. There were big stories, and I used to have letters that he wrote, but I destroyed them some years ago.

HMW: Oh, how sad!

MMC: Yes, but they were personal letters, and I knew that my aunt wouldn't ever want personal letters to be distributed.

HMW: Oh, of course. But do you know that his experience going west to the gold fields was that of many other people, and the Historical Society is publishing a book now of the experiences of people who went at the same time he did, and we have looked and looked for letters? We have some diaries of people who went.

MMC: Well, I used to have, but I don't know whether I saved any or not. If I did, they're out in Seattle. I don't know – I tried to save one or two letters.

HMW: Will you look, Mrs. Carlgren, when you go out?

MMC: I'll look when I go out.

HMW: I'll tell you why I asked especially about it. A few years ago Mr. McClure's nephew visited Ireland. When he was there he found a letter that McClure had written to his father and mother in 1883 telling about his life in America and telling very briefly about going to the gold fields. The Historical Society now has a photostatic copy of that letter. I read it just before I came out. I have been looking for information about McClure and the other people who went on the expeditions. I've looked all over the country.

MMC: Oh, for goodness' sake! Well, I know that I destroyed a lot of letters because, really, with things that are so very personal it is just as well.

HMW: Well, we have a little different idea of history nowadays, I think, than they did in the past. It's not so much dates and presidents and so on, it's the everyday people and the way they lived – and how can you make a picture of the past without diaries, letters, and so on, to create it again and make it living?

MMC: That's right. Although I haven't seen them for years, I am sure that somewhere I have a little box of letters of one of the aunties – of Uncle Smith's, one or two of Uncle Sam's, you know, that I have saved.

HMW: I would think about it seriously before I destroyed them, because although they may have been personal in those days, now their historical value is more important than the personal, and I think it would be no reflection of the people and their days. It would describe them.

MMC: There was nothing in them that would reflect; what was there was something awfully close. We were very closely knit. We were not a blood family, but we were a family that was so closely knit that to the sixth generation we're still closely knit. You know, that is a long time.

HMW: That is wonderful!

HGM: I sometimes say 'our friends we choose, our relatives are thrust upon us.' That's why I like my friends so well. You were raised, Maud, much the same as I was. My mother died when I was nine, and I made my home with a pioneer family, the Nasons; and the Nason children were closer to me than my own brothers and sisters because I was separated from them.

HMW: Your point about the records, I think, is very good; and if you hear of anyone else destroying old records, stop a minute and think.

MMC: I never would have destroyed any had I been staying here.

HMW: Any records that give a picture – the kind of picture you and Mrs. Mineau have been giving us – of the daily life of people, are very valuable.

HGM: And that's the only way you understand it.

HMW: Of course, we're interested particularly in the history of the forest industries; but that was the economic base of the Valley, so it's really the history of the whole St. Croix Valley. You can't separate Smith Ellison from the daily life of the Valley.

MMC: That's right. I was going to say that my people said that the Indian was a very good man. They came in and lived among them when there were no other white people there and they had to make friends.

HGM: The Indians were their friends, and, the friends of my family, too.

MMC: The Indians were the people who helped them out, and they said the Indian was a good man until the white man taught him his dirty tricks. At the time of the Sunrise Massacre, 1862, it was right after the New Ulm Massacre and they had heard of that. My aunt had a woman by the name of Mrs. Wilkes who lived in North Branch visiting her at that time. They would come up

and stay two or three days or a week, you know. Uncle Smith had a horse and buggy by this time and he had gone into North Branch where somebody came and told him that the Indians were on a rampage and they were coming. They had massacred a lot of people and that they were bloodthirsty. Ellisons and Bateses lived on this little place I told you about on Goose Creek. It had grown to be a bigger place by that time, but it was still the same old place. Aunty said she was so frightened that she didn't know what to do. Uncle Smith was gone, and Sam was so frightened; he was a boy, you see, he didn't know. Even the dogs were frightened – they got under the bed, clear in the corner; they could sense that there was something wrong. Aunt Nan looked down the road watching for Uncle Smith to come back. He had taken Mrs. Wilkes home, that was it, so she couldn't see him, and there were the Indians coming the other way. And she just didn't know what was going to happen, because she had been told they were on the warpath.

HGM: I imagine that uprising was agitated by the Sioux Indians who wanted the Chippewas to join them and drive the whites out of the Valley. They didn't want the whites to stay and cut the timber. That would spoil hunting and fishing. The Sioux hoped to drive the Chippewas out if they could drive the whites out first.

HMW: Were they bloodthirsty? Did they bother them?

MMC: No, I told you my folks were friends of the Indians. They had always got along so nicely with them. This time one of the chiefs that knew them came in. Aunty had learned – they all learned – to talk Chippewa, and, they could speak some Sioux, so they could get along. They said this old chief came in and said they were going to camp in their field. They had some wounded among them and they would have to camp there, put their wounded down, and get water, but no harm would come to her and hers. She should not worry about it because they were putting two old squaws in there to guarantee that they would be looked after. So two old squaws came in and sat down, and Aunty said she was so scared of the squaws she didn't know what to do. They looked so ugly! She said they had lost some of their men, their boys; they were mad. They were mad at all whites. Well, they sat in her kitchen – they never smiled, they never spoke, they didn't do anything – they just sat there like two old lumps, and she said she was just as frightened as she could be of those two old squaws.

HGM: My grandmother used to say they would come, just come and sit and watch you, and, you know, those people that came from the East, you can't blame them for being frightened.

MMC: No.

HMW: Now, Mrs. Carlgren, when you go back to Seattle, you look and see if you can't find those letters. You might find a lot more information, you know, about those days.

MMC: No. The letters I kept, you see, were more of my childhood.

HGM: You mentioned something about the Foxes. There are newspaper records of Pat Fox logging, but he seemed to have worked at it under contract to the timber owners and not as an owner of pine land. The Foxes were engaged in business in Taylors Falls in the early days, he and his sons – Dan, Garrett and Charles.

MMC: Oh, say, there were people, the Deattleys. I can tell you where their daughter is. The Deattleys settled on a farm out where our cemetery is; in fact, they gave the land for the cemetery. There was a mother and three boys, I think. The daughter had married Bill Colby. They, the Colbys that is, came from Virginia. They came here and lumbered in the early days.

HGM: Doesn't Floyd Deattley's sister live in the city?

MMC: I'm trying to think of the father's name – Grace's father. It comes to me – it was George Deattley. He lived for a great many years, so I knew him, but I didn't know the others. They were gone long ago.

HMW: The Colbys?

MMC: No, the Deattleys. I knew the Colbys, yes.

HMW: And you don't think they would have kept any records?

MMC: Well, not unless the granddaughter has some.

HGM: Well, Grace might. Floyd lived on that old place. Floyd saved everything else, why wouldn't he save them?

HMW: What is the name?

MMC: Grace's name is Mrs. Grace LaBarre, and she's at 1815 Stanford, St. Paul, Minnesota.