

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with Mr. **Wirt Mineau**

at his home  
St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin

September 30, 1955

by Helen McCann White

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Mr. Wirt Mineau: One time when they was building Nevers Dam they had an old fellow working there scaling pilings that he was buying from the farmer, and this old fellow thought he was going to get a good standing' by stealing from the farmers. Mr. Sauntry was up there and visited the place and as he went along there he noticed this old fellow was stealing from the farmers. He went to the boss there, the foreman, and asked him, "Who is that man you got there scaling those pilings?" He says, "He's an old man by the name of McPherson lives up here at Wolf Creek." He said to him, "Discharge that man." Forman: "What for? He's a good man for us." "Yah? He was stealin' from the farmers." Forman: "Well, that's good for us." "Well," Mr. Sauntry says, "a man'll steal for you will steal from you."

Hope Garlick Mineau: Say, Wirt, was it up at Mullen's they sent the young fellow out to cut the round turn?

WM: That wasn't at Mullen's.

HGM: Was he working for Edmans?

WM: It was in that Clam Falls country there.

HGM: Tell Helen about that young fellow they sent out. He wasn't so foolish. They always used to play jokes on greenhorns.

WM: Greenhorns. They always used to play jokes on them. Sent him out to do something when he didn't understand the language. They sent this young guy out, told him to go out by the logging road there, cut a cross haul and a round turn. The kid went out and he cut down a great big tree right across the road. Just haul around it or cross it just as you please. You know, a cross haul is where they pulled the horses. You see, you have a skidway that would be on one side of the sled and a team on the other side, and the men would put a line around these logs and hook it on the sled, hook the team to the other end and load the logs on the sled. That's what they had the cross haul for. A round turn was where they turned around at the end of the road.

HGM: Was he the same greenhorn they sent in for a cant hook?

WM: And he brought out a muley ox (an ox without horns.) One outfit, I don't remember who it was, had a greenhorn who'd never been in the woods, didn't know how to do anything. Told him to go in town and bring out a left-hand monkey wrench. So he went to town and inquired around, innocent as the devil, about where he could find a left-handed monkey wrench. There wasn't any, of course. He asked, "Will ye ever have any?" "Well, I don't know. We may have some day." He went to a hotel and stayed there all winter and in the spring the boss had to pay his wages and pay his hotel bill. He had been ordered to stay 'til he found one.

Helen McCann White: Waiting for the left-handed monkey wrench? How many years did you work in the woods?

WM: Well, I worked in the woods, some way, nearly all my life, the young part of my life.

HMW: When did you first go out?

WM: Oh, when I was about 16 or 17 years old. I'm 77 years old now.

HMW: Who did you first work for?

WM: First I worked for Mullen, C. E. Mullen.

HMW: Where?

WM: Well, it was up near Clam Falls. He landed about a mile from Clam Falls. The logs were landed at High Landing a mile below Clam Falls dam, called by old loggers "The Dan Smith Dam". Smith sold water to the lumber companies to float their logs.

HMW: Did they float logs down through Clam Lake, and then on out to the St. Croix?

WM: Yes.

HMW: How big an operation did Mullen have?

WM: Oh, he had four teams hauling. I don't know how many men he had cutting and scaling the logs. He had quite a crew there. The last time I worked for Mullen he had a mill there. It was about four miles east of Frederic.

HGM: Was that when he and Edmans logged adjoining tracts there? When they had the mill there?

WM: Well, I'll tell you, Mullen had a camp on McKenzie Creek.

HMW: A branch of Clam River?

WM: Yes, it comes in at Clam Falls. Edmans had a camp there and Mullen boarded his men in there. He boarded us fellows there. At Edmans' camp. Then Edmans had some timber down by Mullen's camp and he boarded his men at Mullen's. That's the way they worked it - all together.

HMW: Who was Edmans now?

WM: Charlie and John Edmans, two brothers.

HMW: They were from St. Croix Falls?

WM: No, they was from Balsam Lake. This Charlie Edmans was county clerk for quite a good many years. He had a hand as big as a ham, but you'd see him writing so very fine - well, it'd be taken for a lady's handwriting. He was a very good writer.

HGM: There may be some of their records out there. I wouldn't be surprised if you'd find something out there.

HMW: Do you remember the first winter you went in the woods?

WM: Oh, yes.

HMW: Was it exciting for you?

WM: Yes, it was, but of course I'd been around logging all the time I was growing up. It wasn't so new to me because I'd been around the river drives. When Nevers Dam was finished I was twelve years old.

HGM: He used to go with his father down there. They used to buy rocks to fill cribs and, you see, the farmers hauled rocks down there and sold to the company.

HMW: Your father was a farmer, here in Polk County?

WM: Yes. Eureka Township.

HGM: Homesteaded in Eureka in 1870.

HMW: Did he ever send his horses to the woods in the winter?

WM: Yeah, he did. He took them to the woods. When I was a kid.

HMW: Somebody was telling me that a horse didn't last very long in the woods.

WM: Some of them did. I've known places where the horses never got into the barn more than four hours during the night. That shows the long days they put in.

HMW: Didn't it kill a horse in one season?

WM: No. Depends on who drove them.

HGM: And if they were well taken care of. I can remember when I was a little girl seeing as many as forty head of horses harnessed and, with wagons and sleds, go through Osceola from Stillwater up to the logging camps, in one group.

HMW: They say a Mr. Scott at Hudson used to bring a lot of horses up to the woods. Did you know about him?

HGM: No, I didn't. Staples used to send horses, men, and so on every year to his camps.

WM: Turnbulls down here always had horses.

HMW: Turnbulls? Who are they?

HGM: They lived south of town here. Old settlers. They have always had horses, even Dick Turnbull's son, Charlie Turnbull.

WM: Billy Turnbull.

HGM: All of them.

WM: They all went to the woods.

HMW: Did you have good food at the camps?

WM: Oh, the best you've ever seen.

HMW: What did you eat?

HGM: Hot biscuits and pancakes, you might know.

WM: One camp I was in - Nels Simonson's, about five miles from Kingsdale, Minnesota - the last time I was in the woods, had a cook there and every morning they had sourdough pancakes and every night we had sourdough biscuits.

HMW: Buckwheat?

WM: No. Sourdough.

HMW: Did you have lots of beans?

WM: They used to. Years ago they didn't have potatoes or turnips or anything that'd freeze. They didn't have those, but they did there at Simonson's.

HMW: Oh, is that why they had rice?

WM: Yes. You could always tell the night before at supper what kind of pie you was going to have for dinner the next day because if they was going to have raisin pie, they had raisin sauce for supper the night before.

HMW: I see. Did you have lots of raisin pie?

WM: Oh, we had all kinds of pie.

HMW: Pumpkin pie?

WM: Yes, after they got so they had canned pumpkin.

HMW: When did they start having canned goods?

WM: Well, they had nearly everything, had a lot of canned goods in those days.

HGM: But not in Father Mineau's days they didn't. See, he was a lumberman in Canada before he was ever married.

WM: He was born in Canada. My grandparents came from Paris.

HGM: That's where he gets his style from. The lumbermen, there were a lot of them that were superstitious. Here in the early days there were so many of the Scotch and Irish from New Brunswick and Maine and they had these ghost stories and told them in all camps. Wirt, where did you hear the story about the Dongolian Whooper?

WM: I heard that from Joe Arnold, an old resident neighbor of the Mineaus in Eureka who worked in lumber camps until he lost his leg by slipping under a sled runner and getting his leg

caught. They had to pry up the load to get him out. They had to amputate the lower leg.

HMW: Was that an old story?

WM: A story about logging in Miramachi.

HGM: Back in Canada.

WM: Maine and Miramachi were like Wisconsin and Minnesota, you know, on either side of the river.

HGM: And, by the way, it was a St. Croix River, too.

HMW: The Dongolian Whooper, what on earth is that?

WM: There was a man killed in camp. The cook killed him. The rest of the men were all out to work and this fellow wasn't feeling well and was going downriver, so he drew his time that morning and the men all went out to work before he packed up and got ready to leave. This cook killed him for his wages - he settled up and had his money - and this cook buried him under the floor in camp. Then the whoop commenced every night; it sounded like it was in the camp and yet they couldn't locate it, couldn't tell where it was, and it went on and went on for a long while. The cook, he kept getting more nervous and more nervous and frightened and excited. Finally they got the story out of him.

HGM: Didn't the cook leave?

WM: Well, yes, he did leave. They got part of the story out of him and then they dug the corpse up. After they dug the corpse up there was no more whoops.

HMW: Oh, my!

WM: It wasn't true, I don't suppose.

HGM: That's a typical ghost story but it was told in the camps. That was the kind of story. Their fun was a lot of horseplay and some of it was pretty rough.

WM: Oh, and they had stag dances and that, and fiddles and accordions, mouth organs, and some of them had guitars. Of course they sang and played cards.

HGM: Sometimes liquor caused trouble?

HMW: Did they have liquor in the camp?

WM: No, there wasn't any liquor allowed in the camps, but sometimes they had some. They'd have the tote team bring it in when it was hauling supplies.

HGM: Did you know those two men who buried the Indian who came to their camp?

WM: Yes, I knew them both but we better not name them.

HGM: This was told to me by a party that really knew the incident, and it was true. These two men had the tote team that stayed on the road and hauled. Every camp hauled their own supplies. They used to fill orders here for them at St. Croix Falls. At Osceola they filled orders for the camps, too, and the lumbermen from Stillwater usually toted most of their supplies from there.

WM: Shell Lake and camps up that way toted from the St. Croix settlements.

HMW: They toted from here?

HGM: Yes, St. Croix Falls. They toted from here. There was a government trail on this side of the river and one on the other side, and the last creek north of town here is called Whiskey Creek and that is where they would get their jugs filled. You see, they'd get their jug of liquor and that was the last place where they'd mix it so it was fit to drink. They would drink quite a bit on the tote, you know, going out of town. They pretty nearly all did and when the drive came down, why, people stayed inside pretty much. I know the old settlers from Taylors Falls told me that. There was very little violence but a lot of rough talk. They were pretty rough, so when the drive was in people stayed off the streets. If they saw a light and they were drinking they might shoot at it or something like that, but if folks stayed off the streets and left them alone, why, those men wouldn't molest you. But these two guys were driving a tote team and they both of them drank. I knew one when I was a girl; the other one I didn't know, but I knew the family. They were going upriver and had an open camp one night. They had their drinks, and when an Indian came to the camp, they gave him some liquor and he got laid out. All three of them got laid out. But the two white men woke up in the morning and, though not sober, were ready to go. The Indian was still out. One of them said, "What're we going to do with him? We can't leave him here." The other one said, "I think he's dead." "Oh, I guess he's dead all right," the first fellow said. (He wasn't really sober enough to know.) "I guess he's dead all right, but what are we going to do with him?" "Well, maybe we better bury him," the other one said. "No," the first man said, "then the Indians wouldn't know what become of him. We can't do that."



WM: He might have come to. They couldn't be there and didn't dare take a chance.

HGM: Yes. So they buried him, but left his head sticking out so the Indians could find him. The Indians came through there during the morning and found him. You can imagine how they followed the tote team into the camp, but the men were out when the Indians came and demanded to see them. The boss kept them hidden at the camp until the Indians went away - after the crew pacified them in some way. Though he wasn't hurt, it was a serious insult to them.

HMW: He was sober by then?

HGM: He was sober, but those guys never dared go back into that section of the country again. The Indians would have done something to them, and they were not sure what it would be.

HMW: What camp was that?

HGM: I believe it was up on Yellow River.

HMW: For the record I would like to know what other camps Mr. Mineau worked in. You worked for Mullen first, and then?

WM: I worked for Lee Hammond. He was the man that logged there when Frederic was first built. The railroad was built in 1900, north from Dresser to Coon Lake and up there.

HMW: You worked for Hammond, and then who?

WM: I worked for the Nevers Dam Company.

HMW: You said you worked for Nels Simonson?

WM: Yes. Then I worked out east here, too, in Mikanna. That's here in Wisconsin, northeast of Rice Lake, and near Campia, Wisconsin. It was named for Mike Hanna.

WM: I want to tell you, Mrs. White, a story about Billy Seeds. He was a character here. He always went in the woods and on the drives. Well, when they started to build the dam here, they built the railroad, from the end of the line up here, out to what they call Mindy Creek, and then they turn, made a "Y" there, and they came back down, to carry material to the Northern States Dam site. That old Billy Seed, he come in here and up where we was working - he come over, saw me, talked to me a little, and says, "Say, I'm going to work here. I'm going to work at noon." He says, "Give me a quarter to get my dinner with." "Sure," and I give him a quarter to get his dinner with. He worked there a few days. "Why," he said, "I put in more time here in one

week than I have in fourteen springs on the drive. I hope the rain'll swell water in Clam River and I'll be gone out of here awful quick." He was, too. I never saw him again all summer. 'Way 'long early fall, about this time of year maybe, I was out north of town getting timber - trestles, one thing and another, for the dam, for Coffey Dam, when along the road comes Billy Seed. Stopped to talk to me and says, "I owe you a quarter, don't I?" I says, "I forgotten it."

HMW: How long after?

WM: It was a good six months or so. Billy was rough but honest.

HMW: Well, good for Billy!

WM: I was going to tell you about the time he had to pull out and leave home and go to the woods.

HGM: Tell about the time he went to Stillwater.

WM: It's all the same story. He lived out on a farm there. His folks farmed in the summer, logged in the winter. They had an old Swede fellow working for them. He stayed out there and worked for them on the farm. Worked in the woods in the winter. They had a little tool shop there. He used to go in there, light a light, and make ax handles and peavey stocks and stuff they'd need for the camp the next winter. And Billy said every time he'd do anything at all, that old fellow'd squeal on him. Said, "I got it in for him." Says, "One night while he was in there making ax handles I went and rapped on the door. Old fellow said, 'Come in.'" He says, "I kept right still. I had one of these (they used to have these big dried codfish, was about that wide, and the tail tapered off, made a good handle), had one of them, harder than..." He said, "Pretty soon old fellow had to come see who was there. He come stuck his head out the door and I nailed him with that codfish, knocked him out, and," he said, "then I flew, got out of there, and later my folks thought it was getting time for Andrew to come in, went out to investigate, found him knocked out there, picked him up carried him in the house, brought him to, asked him what happened." "Somebody sto'ma mit codfisk, I tank 'twer Billy." He says they looked for Billy but Billy wasn't there. He said he went and hired out, went in the woods - he was seventeen years old - and they had to build roads and build camps in the fall. He worked at that and worked in the woods all winter. Next spring when camp broke, they had a dam to repair. He stayed and worked on that, then he come down on the drive and never got down to Stillwater until away along in June. He thought he had a pretty good stake coming a kid, then drawed his money and he said, "After that I don't know. Did celebratin' or something and anyway when I woke up the next morning I was in the jug." He says pretty soon here come two great policemen, said one got on each side of him, "took me in the judge's room, left me standing right in front of the judge." Judge says to him, "Young man, what brought you in here?" He says, "Two damn great big

policemen.” He says, “Drunk?” “Yes, both of them.” He says, “Where was you going? Billy says, “St. Croix Falls.” He says, “Well, be on your way.” Judge was laughing himself. Billy said, “After that I never was scared. Thought I could talk my way out of anything.”

HMW: How much did they pay in the woods in those days?

WM: Oh, that depended on what they did. The teamsters and loaders got a lot more money because they had longer days and more responsibility.

HMW: About how much did the teamsters get?

WM: Teamsters’d get about fifty a month, and the loaders maybe around thirty. I tell you, a fellow driving a team, he put in a long day. He had to take care of four horses and get them harnessed and ready to go before daylight in the morning, and what kind of luck he had depended on when he got in at night, but he had to take care of them horses.

HGM: Speaking about going out before daylight, was it in Mullen’s camp the ghost walked up the road?

WM: That was right at Godfrey Creek Hill.

HMW: Where did the ghost walk?

WM: He walked at night.

HMW: Every night?

WM: Yes.

HMW: Who was the ghost?

WM: It was a bunch of snow on top of a broken-off trunk of a tree.

HGM: Well, the teamsters, they would see that when they’d go out in the morning?

WM: No, not in the morning. They’d ride a pole horse - one of the horses hitched to the sled - and drive the other team ahead. The horse moving caused the teamster to sway and that in turn made the stump appear to move just like a man walking up the logging road that led to the camp through the swamp. The stump looked just like a man dressed in dark clothes and a cap with a white top. (Many wore knitted caps in two colors.)

HGM: Hadn't somebody been hurt or killed on that road?

WM: Not that I know anything about. I scared Brown pretty near to death there, though. He'd stopped by a hollow tree where I'd hid. I stuck my head out through a hole and whooped. Lord, how he jumped!

HMW: Did you ever hear of Paul Bunyan in those camps?

WM: Oh yes, they used to shoot them big stories about Paul Bunyan. The men that came from Canada, from New Brunswick and Miramachi, they brought those stories with them.

HMW: Do you think so?

WM: I know they did.

HMW: How early did you hear them? When you first went to camp did you hear those stories?

HGM: We heard them practically all our lives, and our folks before us. All the old lumbermen told them.

HMW: When the Mullens logged, who did they sell their logs to?

WM: Sold them to Hershey. Yeah, they put Hershey's mark on them.

HMW: What was that?

WM: H Y Cross. (HXY)

HMW: They always sold to Hershey?

WM: When I worked for them they did. Of course, after he got the mill he sawed the lumber.

HMW: When he was at Frederic?

WM: Yeah, the mill was about four miles east of Frederic.

HMW: When did he go out of business, do you know?

WM: It was after we moved to town.

HGM: It was in the twenties. I think those clippings that Margaret has will tell because in there it tells, she says, of where he sold his property.

HMW: Do you remember any songs that you liked especially?

WM: "The Jam on Gerry's Rock."

HMW: Did you ever hear "The Little Brown Bulls"?

WM: Yes, I did.

HMW: Did you like that one?

WM: Yes. Where did you hear it?

HMW: Oh, I'll tell you after the record is made. Do you think of any other songs?

HGM: They used to sing quite sentimental songs, too, you know.

{ SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES: }  
MINEAU INTERVIEW  
ST. CROIX FALLS, WISCONSIN  
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Mr. Mineau remembers some of the songs that were sung in the lumber camps where he worked. Among them: "The Jam on Gerry's Rocks", "The Little Brown Bulls", "On the Banks of the Little Low Plain (Little Eau Plein)", "Goodbye Dolly, I Must Leave You" (a Spanish American War song), and "The Raffle for the Stove".

He remembers the Malloy brothers who, although they became successful lumbermen, could neither read nor write. Once they were on their way into the woods with a team of oxen. Accompanying them was a young Swede (another who did not read or write English). They came to a fork in the road but could not read the sign. One brother tried, but he could not make it out. The other tried. No luck. "Bring up the Swede," said one brother. They did, but he couldn't make it out. The other brother then said, "Stand aside, let's bring up the oxen." The Malloy brothers sent picture messages from the supply base at Stillwater to be sent to camp by tote teams. One such message, Mineau remembers, was a round sign which was intended to represent a grindstone, but Malloy forgot to put the square in the center so the boys brought out a cheese instead.

He recalls this story of Jim Orr, Sr., the father of Mrs. Maggie Orr O'Neill. Orr came out into the woods from camp, looking for his son Tom: "Did ye see anything of Tommy?" "No." "And did ye hear his whistle?" "No." "Well, then, he's not here."

Mineau worked for a time on Sam McClure's farm in Dakota. He also worked on the Nevers Dam crew. A Mr. Leng from Eau Claire supervised building of Nevers Dam. The first foreman after the dam was built was called "Hooper" McGraw. He was followed by Jack Ryan of Stillwater, and then, until his death, James Frawley was foreman until operations of mill, etc. were ended. Frank Williams sawed out the timber for the dam. There were a lot of buildings at the dam site. The St. Croix Lumber, Dam and Boom Company bought the Nevers farm and flowage land. It was a Sauntry, Musser and Weyerhaeuser enterprise. There were two or three different sawmills there and many cattle and hogs. The men working on the dam made up many comic poems about each other. An example are the verses about old man Lynch who had care of the hogs.

"Old man Lynch goes around in glee,  
Chief engineer in the swill factory,  
With old Rock and his four-wheel gig  
All you can hear is pig, pig, pig."

Mineau remembers the time Sauntry, Musser and Weyerhaeuser came to the dam site in a three-seated sleigh driven by Billy Masterson. Something went wrong with the harness and Mineau helped to repair it.

He tells some greenhorn-lumberjack stories. One greenhorn was sent out to get a “cross haul” and a “round turn”. He cut down a tree which fell across the road. Then he returned to tell his jokers that he had what they wanted. “There you are,” he is reported to have said, “You can either haul across or turn around.” Another greenhorn, sent back to camp for a cant hook, returned with a muley ox (an ox that had been dehorned). “It can’t hook,” he said. A new lumber-camp cook who didn’t look any too clean was criticized by the boys in camp. “I may not look too clean, but I tell you these beans are clean,” he said. “I washed every one in soap and water.”

Joe Arnold used to sing many lumberjack songs, including “The Little Low Plain.” (Eau Plein)

Mineau remembers much of the Irish song, “The Raffle for the Stove,” which was sung in the lumber camps.

#### THE RAFFLE FOR THE STOVE

Last Wednesday I attended  
A raffle of a stove  
For aid of wife and family  
Of Timothy Jake Cosgrove.

The Kelleys, Hogans and O’Briens  
All came in a drove  
To take the dice and shake them nice  
And try to win the stove.

Nine o’clock in the evening  
The raffle it begun  
Then the boys struck up a tune  
And started up the fun.

Forward four and allemande left  
The music it did play  
‘Twas my delight to see the sight  
Of the Irishmen so gay.

I never laughed so hearty  
In the course of all me life  
Looking at Plug McCarty  
Cavorting with his wife.

Six o’clock in the morning  
The raffle it was o’er  
Tom Kelley he got stavin’ drunk  
And stole away the door.

O'Brien yelled out "murder"  
With a brick his eye was closed  
And on that night I had to fight  
While raffling for the stove.

Mrs. Mineau has written a long account of the early history of St. Croix Falls and the Valley; it was published in the 1930s in the {Standard Press}. She has clippings of it in a scrapbook. She also has a photograph of her grandfather, Dr. Carmi Porter Garlick.

Mrs. Mineau's grandmother always said, "Love will go where it's sent, even if it lands in a cow splatter - which often happens."

Mineau's father worked on the river in the Glengarry country of Canada, the scene of Ralph Connor's books.

Mineau remembers that the Indian squaws used to make landscapes on birch bark by biting the design with their teeth. These were Indians near the lumber camp at Clam Falls. He recalls that Frank, Horace and George Perkins used to log on the Clam River and lived at St. Croix Falls. He thinks Mr. Husband of Balsam Lake may know about the Worthy Prentice memoirs. Prentice was a civil engineer and surveyor for many years.

Mr. Mineau recalls a story about a Swede (lumberjack?) called into court by an attorney who was determined to show him up as a stupid fool. The attorney, "rough devil," tried to excite the Swede who placidly answered, "Ay don't know," or "Ay don't remember," to everything. Finally the attorney shouted in great exasperation, "Who did you marry?" "Ay married a voman," the Swede answered, undisturbed. "Of course, you stupid \*\*\*\*\*!! Who ever heard of marrying a man?" "My sister did," said the Swede.

More Billy Seed material and some other stories typical of lumberjacks:

At the Mullen camp near Frederick there was a bunk, high in the peak of the roof. It could only be reached from the top bunk so no one wanted to sleep there. The air was hot and not too fresh, but one night a newcomer had to use it. It had been a catch-all, for tin foil from tobacco plugs, and so forth. Someone had made quite a large ball of the foil; and, when the newcomer shook out the blankets over the side, this hard ball hit Billy - who sat at a card table below - on the head. In his droll way he said as he looked up, "Why didn't you take up a broad ax?"

When Mr. Mineau worked with him on the railroad in 1905 (see recording), there was a young man from out of town driving a mule team on a scraper. The team was very mismatched, and one of the mules was so old it was gray around the eyes and so slow it irked one to see the team work. Billy stood and watched them and said to Mr. Mineau, "I been athinking where I've seen that mule before, and now I remember. It's the mule that stuck its head through a broken window and ate the last sack of flour at the Lost Hope Mine."



An old teamster who worked in the woods for years was such a heavy drinker he wasted all his property and wages on liquor. In later life he visited a local doctor after a spree. The doctor pressed his tongue down for a throat examination. When it was over, the man asked, "Did you see a lot of horses, wagons, sleds and harnesses down there?" the surprised doctor said, "Why, no." "Well," the man continued, "they're down there. I know for I put them there."

The lumber jacks had a droll sense of humor and some queer characters were counted among them. One, a relative-by-marriage of Isaac Staples, sold a team to Staples who went out to the stable to take another look at the team. There he found Godfrey taking the shoes off them. "Hi there!" he shouted. "Those are my horses. I just paid you for them. What do you mean by taking off those shoes?" "I want anything said in the deal about these shoes, so I guess they're still mine," the man retorted. To settle it, Staples had to pay extra for the shoes or have all the shoes replaced before he could send the team out to work.

### JACK HAGGERTY: A RIVER-DRIVER'S SONG

(A shanty-boy song about a raftsman)

I'm a heartbroken raftsman  
From Greenville I came;  
They call me Jack Haggerty  
And that is my name.  
I was a boy that stood happy  
On the bright-flowing stream;  
My thoughts were of Hannah  
She haunted by dreams.

I dressed her in ribbons  
And the finest of lace;  
And the costliest muslins  
Herself could embrace.  
I gave her my wages  
For to keep safe,  
And begrudged her nothing  
I had on this earth.

Till one day on the river  
A letter I received,  
Saying of her old promise  
She now would take leave.  
A marriage to another  
She'd a long time delayed;  
The next time I saw her  
She'd not be a maid.

So farewell to Flat River,  
For me there's no rest;  
I'll shoulder my peavey,  
And I will go West.  
I'll go to Muskegan  
My fortune to find,  
And leave my false sweetheart  
On Flat River behind.

So all you bold raftsmen,  
Both steadfast and true;  
Don't depend on the women;  
You're left if you do.  
And whene're you see one  
With bright chestnut curls,  
Just think of Jack Haggerty  
And his Flat River girl.

NOTE: Sometimes the "Flat River" was changed to "Platte River." Which one is correct we do not know, but as these songs were passed on by word of mouth the discrepancy is understandable.