

Woodman's Life Shorn of Romance When Dan Wields His Cynical Quill

Editor's Note:—Last autumn Daniel Kohlsaadt decided to give up his studies, for a spell at least, and take a fling at the lumbering "game." Downtown offices of great lumbering concerns did not appeal to him, nor even the huge city lumber yards. Dan wanted to get down to the "source of supply," so to speak, step into a genuine northwoods lumber camp and "rough it" with the "Jacks," and, not incidentally either, "learn the game from the ground up."

Dan has been in northern Michigan all winter and his latest letter affords an insight into the life of the modern woodsman. Dan cruelly strips the lumber-jack's life of all its old-fashioned romantic appeal, but, here we have it!

A LETTER FROM NORTHERN MICHIGAN

Have you ever been in a lumber camp? No? Then you have doubtless depended on books and on "silver sheet" for your information concerning them? I have to admit that I did, until I got the traveling bug in my head and decided to find out for myself. So here I am, and this is what I've learned.

When I came to Camp 14 I half expected to find a group of buildings in a small clearing surrounded by huge forest monsters; for the most part, pines and hemlocks. I would not have been surprised to have found them inhabited by a rough, care-free gang of stocking-capped, scarfed, and moccasined men, who would work as hard as they looked, and would as soon fight as eat. For the most part they would be French-Canadians and "Breeds," with here and there a Swede or a Nordic.

They would rise by moonlight, grab a hasty meal and hasten to their respective tasks. Through the day they would toil with a fierce pride in the difficulty of their work and in their own brute strength. At noon, they would snatch a bite and hurry back, to work until dark, when they would race back to the camp for a hearty dinner. In the evening there would be joking and the rough pranks of hard working men. There would be card games, songs; perhaps someone would bring out an accordion or a mouth-organ and give an impromptu "stag" dance, or there would be some tenderfoot to haze.

The men would "go in" in the fall and would stay until the camp broke up in the spring. They would be ruled over by a huge foreman whose word was law and whose scepter was an axe handle or a cant-hook stock. Yes! I was really for all this, and more!

My first impression of Camp 14 was a group of farm buildings nearly lost in a huge clearing. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but brush, wild cherry, and, here and there, some larger tree that had been so rotten as to escape the axe.

There had been a fall of snow in the night and a shabbily clad South Italian was clearing away a drift from in front of the office. To my greeting, he replied that he did not speak English. Later, I learned that the common vehicle of conversation was a mixture of Polish and Russian. It seems that this country is flooded with a conglomeration of Poles, Russians, Italians, Fins, Austrians, and Czechoslovakians. They came over here at the start of the War to evade impressment into service. Needless to say, hiding away up here, they were equally successful in evading the "draft." They are of the poorer class, and are making themselves an obstacle in the way of progress in this section of the country.

They refuse to talk English, work only a week or so at a stretch, and are all I. W. Ws. as well as confirmed Reds.

But, to come back to the original subject there are also one or two of the old "Jacks" still in the country, and they, with the help of a few French, Germans, and Americans, manage to keep the camps going. But there again is a change. The day of the hard working woodsman is over. The modern men sleep late, linger over breakfast, and then walk out to the "work" as slowly as they can. They readily grasp at the slightest excuse to stop and rest; in fact, resting seems to be their specialty. They eagerly await the noon whistle, when they huddle around the fire and spend a good hour eating their lunch. In the afternoon, after wasting a good half hour in getting started, they work on a bit faster than in the morning, but they always keep their ears peeled for the whistle. Going home, they walk silently in single file, and there is no racing between the teamsters to see who will get to camp first. At supper, as at all other meals, absolute silence is the rule, and a man may sit next to another for months without ever hearing his name.

Then too, the old air of rough sociability in the evenings has passed. There are no games, no pranks, no music. The new men are left to themselves. Over in the corners the various races congregate to talkover, in their various jargons, the advisability of going on a strike. Even these meetings are shortlived and soon dissolve, the various members going off to sit silently by themselves until bedtime.

The young foreman is no longer the master of his men, but rather an agent of the company whose diplomatic task it is to urge the men to remain at work. He is in an unending quandary as to how to get new men to replace the ones who are constantly leaving. Hardly a day passes but some five or six men go out, and not always are there incomers to take

their positions. Nowadays the goal of each foreman is not to get out more logs than his rival camps, but rather to keep his camp from closing down from lack of men.

No! The romance of lumbering has largely become a myth in this section and is doing so in the others.

Be that as it may; this is a wonderful country in spite of the cold and snow, both of which are plentiful. I used to think that Winnetka was cold in winter but, after wearing my entire wardrobe and even then nearly freezing I've changed my mind. We've had the weatherman predicting "snow and colder" so long that he's forgotten that there ever was any other kind of weather.

Well, the weather's pretty good right now, so I guess I'll go out for a little hunting.

Yours for warmer weather,
Dan W. Kohlsaadt.

FORMER RESIDENT DIES

Word reached the village this week of the death on February 12 of the Rev. E. O. Wiederanders at Oswego, Oregon. Mr. Wiederanders was well known in the village and left about a year ago to make his home in the west. He was an active member of St. John's Lutheran church and for many years was prominent in the Lutheran ministry.

CATERING

Sunshine Cake
Frozen Pudding
Frozen Charlotte Russe
Punch made-to-order
Also Birthday Cake
Wedding Cake

*We deliver promptly
in Winnetka
Glencoe and Wilmette*

Mrs. Smith

819 Oak Phone 112
WINNETKA

The Patrons of the Phoebe Jane Shop

will be pleased to know that we have secured the services of an expert marceller.

PHOEBE JANE MARINELLO SHOP

Formerly Delebecque's
747 Elm St. Phone Winnetka 822

SPECIAL OFFER

During the Month of March
on purchases of

"Devoe Paint Products"

We will give away FREE to every customer making a purchase of ONE DOLLAR or over

One Fine Large Sponge

With a purchase of TWO DOLLARS or over we will give away FREE

One Fine 3-in. Paint Brush

With a purchase of FIVE DOLLARS or over we will allow you a discount of ONE DOLLAR or \$1.50 Worth of Merchandise FREE

DON'T FORGET: This Offer Is GOOD ONLY During this Month

If you need anything in the line of

**PAINT VARNISHES
ENAMELS WALL PAPER
KALSOMINE and BRUSHES**

Be Sure to Take Advantage of this SPECIAL OFFER and SAVE MONEY

WILMETTE GLASS and PAINT WORKS

"Anything in the line of Glass and Paint"

1193 Wilmette Ave. Wilmette, Ill.

1559
Sherman
Sat. Only

PALACE Cash Meat Market

WE HANDLE NOTHING BUT THE BEST
OUR PRICES ARE NEVER HIGH

Evanston
Illinois
Sat. Only

Highest Quality Meats at the Lowest Price

Very Best Peacock Hams per lb.	24 ¹ / ₂ c	Very Best Pot Roast per lb.	18 ¹ / ₂ c
Very Best Peacock Rib Bacon per lb.	32c	Fancy Leg of Veal per lb.	28 ¹ / ₂ c
Very Best Sirloin Steak per lb.	40c	Fancy Roasting Chickens, per lb.	36 and 40c
Very Best Porterhouse Steak per lb.	50c	Fresh Calves' Sweetbreads per lb.	65c

Saturday Special 3 lbs BEST BACON Sliced \$1.00

Fresh Pork loins (small) per lb.	17 ¹ / ₂ c	Swift Premium Bacon (whole) per lb.	32 ¹ / ₂ c
Fancy leg of Spring lamb per lb.	35c	Very Best Peacock Bacon per lb.	29 ¹ / ₂ c