






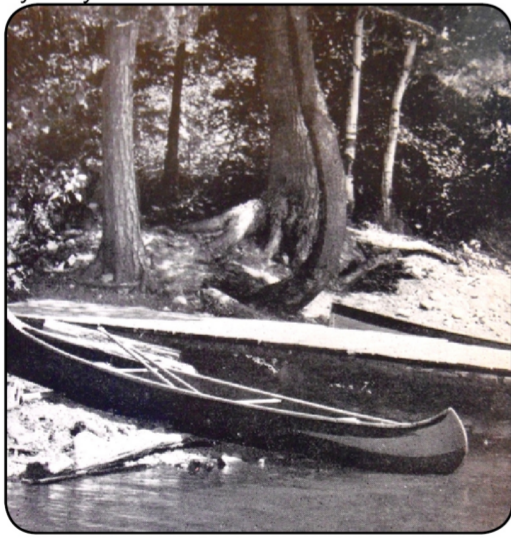






AUGUST, 1910.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	<p>The following Northwoods adventure is the exact transcription written by Henry Foerster (Sr.) while he was in college. First names referred to are; brother, Oscar Foerster (referred to as "Ock"), Otto Roehling, and George Goetz.</p> <p>Photo Post Cards shown are from the 1910 era, a couple photos are probably exactly what these men encountered that day.</p> 		<p>The following Northern Wisconsin canoe trip with Ock, George, Otto & Hank started at 10:25 p.m. when they left Milwaukee by train for White Sand Lake, Wisconsin.</p> 	<p>11 a.m. arrive Star Lake. Change to lumbering train. Missed rifle, rod and Kodak when about to unload. Otto and I walked 8 miles back but found that outfit had been stolen. Came back on 5 p.m. train. Camped at Armour's spur. Side track and telephone connection. Fine camping spot.</p> 	<p>Otto and I tried to get to Star Lake by water but found creek dried out and full of dead falls. Hunted for outlet creek to Manitowish River and went down it until we snagged a hole in the canoe canvas. Found creek choked with wind falls. Returned to camp in time to take 2 p.m. train to Star Lake. Hunted around. And, inquired for lost outfit but had no success. Returned 5 p.m. in time to make dinner. Slight rain in evening. Went swimming after dinner. No trouble with mosquitoes.</p>	<p>Otto and I paddled over to consult Al Marion en route to Fish Trap Lake. Found beautiful lake, which we called No-Pingosh Lake, about 50 yards from the lake. Cleared a trail to it and portaged across a 1/4 mile of railroad track. Then cleared a 220 rods path through swamp full of dead falls into Nixon Creek. Made our way into Manitowish River, clearing wind falls and jams. Paddled up wide creek turned back at 2 p.m. and reached camp in time to make a late dinner. Four railroad men had come up the spur with two cabooses. Went swimming after dinner.</p>
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
<p>Got up early, broke camp after breakfast and left for Fish Trap Lake at 8 a.m. by way of Nixon Creek. Reached Fish Trap Lake 2 p.m. then into High Lake. George and Ock fished for musky while Otto and I hunted for the trail. Camped at the end of the logging road half-mile from the trail. While getting water at the spring and scouting up the trail, George and I unexpectedly ran into Otto [Foerster, Harry's older brother] and Dr. [Albert] Elser portaging their way in from Tenderfoot Waters. Had a late dinner and later Otto and Dr. Elser came over to camp and we built a fire and sat around for a few hours.</p> 	<p>Ock and I went fishing early and I caught a small black bass. After breakfast Otto and Ock went fishing again, but had no luck. At 5 p.m. Otto and I made dinner and Ock and George caught a 5-pound musky on their way to Piper Resort for butter.</p> 	<p>Left camp to High Lake 8 a.m. Portaged 271 rods of rough trail into Devil's Lake. Ock caught six black bass. Portaged 74 rods Devil's Lake to Jones Lake and 45 rods into Cochran Lake. Beautiful forests. Met Dr. Pateck and Mr. Paine and families camping at end of trail. Passed through Indian village between Cochran and Palmer Lakes. Stopped at noon on shores of Palmer Lake to fry the bass. Paddled up the Ontonagon River from Palmer Lake into Tenderfoot Lake. Paddled around Tenderfoot Lake and pitched camp in a dense second growth of timber on the southern shore. Had late dinner and visited at Camp Tenderfoot on the island.</p>	<p>Rain early in the morning. Had late breakfast. Otto and I left at 10 o'clock for Marnie Lake. Saw Otto and Dr. Elser at C. A. Bents' camp at Mamie Lake. Went through Palmer, Big, West Bay, and Crooked Lakes into Mamie Lake. Then up Crooked into West Bay, into Morley and Lindsley in the Ontonagon River. Up into Cisco Lake then in Thousand Islands Lake then back into Lindsley and Fish Hawk Lake. It was now 5:15 p.m. Paddled the eight miles from Fish Hawk to Tenderfoot, making the mile portage and up the river in 1 1/2 hours. Cleaned up at camp and had dinner at Mrs. Miller's camp on the island. Called on Mrs. Hinrichs, Mr. Weiggell and Emily Weiggell at Hinrichs' cabin. Got to bed about 11 o'clock.</p>	<p>Made a trip with Mrs. Weiggell, Mrs. Hinrichs, Emy and the two boys. Tenderfoot Lake 106 rod trail into Plum Lake. Then into Ink Pot Lake. 169 rods trail into Long Lake. Short portage into Bay Lake. Had a fine lunch on this portage place. Paddled around Bay Lake, which was very beautiful. Then made a quarter mile portage into Peter Lake and an equal one into Bergner Lake. Then a difficult portage of a mile into the Ontonagon River and several miles up the river brought us into the upper end of Tenderfoot Lake just before dark. Had dinner at Hinrichs. Sat around a big grate fire drying our feet and singing songs. Ock and George bunked in Hinrichs' tent. Otto and I returned to camp at 10 o'clock.</p>	<p>Oscar and George went to Thousand Islands Lake and Mamie Lake then to the upper end of the trout stream with Otto and Dr. Elser and were in a forest fire. Otto and I paddled up the trout stream from Palmer Lake but did not catch any trout. Stopped at the Indian village in our return. Made dinner at 5 o'clock. Ock and George returned at 7. Paddled to Mrs. Miller's camp for supplies.</p> 	<p>Left camp at Tenderfoot Lake at 11 a.m. Portaged quarter mile into Sanborn Lake then down creek into Presque Isle River and up river a mile to trail. Portaged 197 rods into McCullough or Bogyman's Lake and then into Morton or Badger Lake. Went up creek from McCullough Lake for a few miles and then portaged 109 rods into Beaver Lake. Met Paul Ledruse, guide and sole inhabitant of this lake district. With aid of his handcar we portaged our outfit a mile up the Blue Bill spur of the C. M. & St. P. [Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Paul Railroad] and then portage a difficult 3/4 mile into Twin Island Lake. Paddled across lake and landed at a vacant deer hunting camp at 7:30 just as it was getting dark. Had good dinner in the dark. Did not pitch tent. Slept in open. Slight rain during night.</p>
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
<p>Cloudy. Had late breakfast and laid around camp. Ock caught a large, 4-pound black bass. Paul Ledruse came over with a 2 year old doe he had shot at Moosehead Lake, Mich. We washed the dish towels and some clothes, went swimming and watched Paul skin the deer. Paul decided to accompany us to Crab Lake Tuesday morning. Prepared dinner early, ate at four o'clock. Black bass fried, venison ribs, potatoes, spinach and rice served to fill us up.</p> <p>Paddled across to the spring for water. Heard eight echoes off little island. Made corn pone and started to clean up things before an apparent rain storm.</p> 	<p>Had a slight thunder and rain storm in the early morning and got up and rustled some fire wood. Got up at eight o'clock and had a late breakfast of oatmeal, corn pone and syrup and apricots. I walked the trail to Moosehead Lake, Michigan. Ock and Utz [Otto Roehling] investigated the trail to Lone Pine Lake.</p> <p>p.m. George and I went out for raspberries along the railroad track to Beaver Lake. Charlie Carman's train* passed us and slowed up for us to get on, but we shouted at them to go ahead. Sky overshadowed by a yellow haze of forest fire smoke.</p> 	<p>Got up early. Hustled breakfast and packed up. "Om Paul" the oldest living man in the lake region, a 70-year-old French "Canuk" was at camp early to accompany us and showed us how to pack tumplines and canoes. Portaged a mile to Edith Lake and then a short quarter to Lone Pine Lake. Across this lake we had a very difficult portage of a mile. I reached Bettine Lake in an hour and the last canoe at the end of two hours. Here Paul built a fire and made tea to which we added "jerky," bread and crackers for lunch. A party of 5 from Camp Tenderfoot coming from Fosterville met us here and we had a good time for a few minutes and shared part of their elaborate supplies.</p> <p>Portaged one third mile from Bettine into Lost Canteen Lake. Another half mile portage into Rudolph Lake from which we traversed a "hog's back" into Lynx Lake. A third mile portage from Lynx Lake into Anna into Rolantaney. A quarter mile portage brought us into Crab Lake, the most beautiful lake of all. Beautiful shore lines, bays and pretty islands, 22 in number, were disclosed to our view toward sunset. We had dinner in the dark, pitched our camp and turned in for a good night's sleep. Paul crossed the bay to Dick's Island to spend the night with a friend.</p> 	<p>Paul came over after breakfast and we made the trip to Fosterville with empty canoes. The route was northern end of Crab Lake through a creek into "Water" lake, as Paul called it, then through another short shallow creek into Little Crab Lake [North Crab] and a half mile portage into Armour Lake. Across Armour Lake a short quarter mile portage into Horsehead Lake and at the northern end of Horsehead we beached our canoes and walked the half-mile trail to Fosterville where we bought supplies and observed the lumber mill in operation. We returned to the canoes and had an elaborate cold lunch. Shortly after returning to camp a heavy rain set in, preventing our making dinner. We dug for shelter and slept till morning.</p> 	<p>This was a cold, windy, rainy day. We had just finished half our breakfast when another downpour set in. Otto and I took Paul from the southern end of Crab Lake over a hog's back into Wells Kitchen and down a creek into Lower Crab Lake. There then was a half mile portage over the Mississippi-St. Lawrence watershed into Round Lake. Rice Creek took us a stretch of "32 looks and a harp" (3 miles) into Big Lake. We crossed to the extreme southwestern end of Big Lake to an abandoned camp. From there Paul walked to the railroad track while Otto and I built a fire on the shore in the rain and warmed up.</p> <p>The lake was rough and we had a hard time crossing. We made pancakes for lunch. Upon reaching camp, built a big camp fire and dried and warmed up. Had dinner about sunset and then sat around the camp fire for several hours.</p> 	<p>Clear sky and sunshine for first time in six days. Started for Big Lake after breakfast. had lunch at Big Lake and found Rice River choked up so we fought the waves at the extreme western end of Big Lake where we portaged a mile into Clear Lake and made camp on a beautiful sandy beach shore. Had big camp fire after dinner. Cold night.</p> 	
28	29	30				
<p>Paddled to Buck's Resort. Otto and I decided to make a few days trip down the Flambeau River while Oscar and George planned on catching an evening train at Manitowish. Paddled down through Stone Lake, Rest Lake and Vance [?] Lake and down the Manitowish River 18 miles to Manitowish. The current was very swift and we shot two riffles called rapids by the "natives." After getting a few supplies Otto and I left George and Ock and the desolate clearing called Manitowish about 4 o'clock. We pitched camp ten or more miles down the river in a very wild district. Scared up a young deer below our camping spot.</p>	<p>Got up at 5 o'clock, had a hearty (sic) breakfast; packed up and left at six forty-five. Paddled consistently all day, eating crackers for lunch while on the river. Reached the confluences of the Flambeau and the Turtle rivers at 2 p.m. Here were several rapids. We portaged past the first ledge of the first rapids. After this we shoot (sic) at least a dozen rapids of more or less consequence. Stopped to repair the canoe at about four o'clock. At 5:30 we stopped for camp, having paddled for eleven hours and canoeed about 60-70 miles. Very tired.</p>	<p>A very heavy rain set in during the night. Got up at 5 a.m. Made breakfast and broke camp in the rain and set off before seven o'clock. Shoot (sic) a dozen rapids scattered in the first seven miles of river after which we struck smooth water, but a strong wind and heavy rain handicapped us severely. Reached Park Falls at 9:30 a.m.</p> <p>Big Time! Left 10:30 p.m.</p>				
				Rod = 5.5 yards or 16.5 feet		

Written by **Henry Foerster**.

Transcribed by: Jack L. Winegar.

* **Carman, Charles B.**, a well-known resident of Minocqua, was born in Portage, Wis., March 22, 1863, son of Charles J. and Harriet CARMAN. The parents were natives of Indiana; the father, who was interested in lumbering for a great many years, died in July, 1907, and the mother passed away in 1912. Charles B. CARMAN was educated in the grade and high schools of Grand Rapids (now Wisconsin Rapids) and then took up the study of telegraphy, which vocation, however, he subsequently followed to only a small extent. He also took special courses in surveying at the State University and followed this line to some extent, but later took up railroading as his life work. He has been with the Wisconsin Valley division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul for a great many years, first coming to Minocqua in 1892 as a freight brakeman. The following year he was promoted to be passenger conductor and was transferred, but in the winter of 1896-97 he was again assigned to this territory and in 1898 he took up his home in Minocqua permanently, being the first resident conductor here. He has continued as passenger conductor ever since and the run he operates is known as "**Carman's Train**" better than by any other appellation. His residence in Minocqua is beautifully located on the shores of the lake. Mr. CARMAN is a member of the Order of Railway Conductors and is a 32nd degree Mason; he is a stockholder in the Security State Bank of Minocqua and owns lands in South Dakota as well as quite extensive oil lands in Oklahoma. Mr. CARMAN was married in Ironwood, Mich., May 14, 1910, to Ivy ROGERS, who was born at Waupaca, Wis., Oct. 2, 1880, daughter of Charles and Phoebe (SUSTINS) ROGERS. Mrs. CARMAN'S mother was born in England and came to America when a young lady; the father was born in Wisconsin; after their marriage the parents settled in Waupaca, moving from there to Rhinelander in 1892. The father established a grocery store at the latter place and later a variety store, and is now living retired. Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. ROGERS, Ivy, who is now Mrs. CARMAN, and Oliver, now a resident of Rhinelander. Mrs. CARMAN was educated in the grade and high schools of Rhinelander, graduating from the latter with the class of 1897. She later entered the Stevens Point State Normal School, and after graduating from this in 1906 she took up the profession of school teaching, being so engaged at Stoughton, Mercer, Three Lakes, Rhinelander, and Minocqua, her last work in this field being in the high school at the last named place, where she taught for three years. In 1919 she took the civil service examination for postmaster and was appointed to the office at Minocqua for four years, which she has filled with credit to herself and to her constituents. Mrs. CARMAN took a prominent part in patriotic work during the World War, serving as chairman of the Red Cross in Minocqua village and township and as a member of the council of defense covering the same territory. She is a member of the Eastern Star lodge and takes a very useful part in the social and public life of the community. Transcribed by Susan Swanson, from pages 239-240; History of Lincoln, Oneida and Vilas Counties Wisconsin; Compiled by George O. Jones, Norman S. McVean and Others; 1924, H. C. Cooper, Jr. & Co.