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It is with a feeling of deep appreciation of the honor the D. A. R. Chapter of Antigo have extended to me in asking for my personal history for the national D. A. R. publication "Pioneer Sketches of Wisconsin Women," that I write these lines.

My father, Christopher Hill, was born in the state of New York in 1835, and my mother, Rachel Rice, was born of English parents in a village near Quebec, Canada, in 1838. Both having come to the village of Winneconne, Wisconsin with their parents, they met and were married in 1856.

I was born on January 31, 1860.

The first memory I have of my father was his return from the Civil War. Like most men who gave themselves to their country at that time, he had to make a new start in life and with his family came to Northern Wisconsin, settling on land near Clintonville, where he made a home and for a few years was quite a successful farmer and lumber operator.

Most people of northern Wisconsin are quite familiar with the old military road. It was constructed during the Civil War for military purposes, but it proved to be the gateway to the wonderful pine and hardwood forests of that section of the state and especially of Langlade County. It seems that a great part of this road was built over old Indian trails and is known among tourists of the present day as the Indian Trail.

During the early 70's, after the pine forests of central Wisconsin had become depleted, the large lumber companies turned their attention to the great tracts of timber lands north of the Menominee Indian Reservation. This reservation was something over twenty miles across and as no white people were allowed to live within its

borders, the only hotel accommodations were two or three stopping places, as they were called, kept by Indians. As may be imagined, they were very inadequate for the great number of men who had to drive over the Military road, through the reservation to reach the lumber camps.

It was in midwinter of 1874 that my father, hearing of the extreme need of hotel accommodations for the lumbermen on the Military Road, purchased land just north of the Indian Reservation, and built what was known as The Log Cabins. As it was twenty-seven miles from a lumber yard the cabins were almost literally hewn from the forest. There were a few loads of lumber hauled from Shawano, used for flooring, doors and window frames, but the roofs were covered with what were called shakes. They were made by hand, split from cedar logs. These were replaced the following year by shingles and the cabins were made very comfortable and cozy in the interiors, but during the seven or eight years the place was our home, with the exception of adding more buildings, the cabins remained the same.

It is needless, perhaps, to say that a clean, wholesome place where the food was good and plentiful was immensely appreciated by the lumbermen. Many would drive far into the night to reach The Log Cabins.

In recalling those days I can still hear the sounds of quiet summer evenings. The rumble of a heavily loaded wagon far down the road—the murmur of the river over the distant rapids—the hooting of owls across the river—the plaintive notes of a whippoorwill in a nearby tree.

The first summer we were there some of the lumber operators brought their families or friends with them and after visiting their camps would be our guests while enjoying the hunting and fishing. They were just as enthusiastic those days over the Northern Wisconsin climate, and out door sports of the woods as people are at the present time, and after the first summer we were never without a fishing party or two, sometimes the cabins being filled to their capacity.

There was one party that stands out vividly in my memory. It was composed of four ministers, each one from a different state. Of all the people we entertained I think they were the most appreciative. I can clearly remember the wonderful catch of speckled trout they made, and how proud they were of their skill as fishermen. But what has been the most happy memory of their visit, was the little service they held in our dining room, the Sunday they were with us. There were just those four ministers and our family, including three or four of our help. The lesson, one of them read, was the sixth chapter of St. Matthew. It has always been one of my favorite chapters since that time.

I think I am safe in saying this was one of the first religious services held in the Langlade County, long before it was a county, and that "The Log Cabins" was the first summer resort of Northern Wisconsin.

In recalling those days I am reminded of how bountifully nature had provided for the early settlers. People could have lived and planned a well balanced diet from the wild game and fruits of the plains and forests. Only for the Indians we would have reaped little benefit from these provisions of nature, but they were glad to trade for the supplies father kept in a well filled storehouse. We had only to order venison, partridge, trout or other wild meats or fish to have them promptly delivered.

During the berry season it was nothing unusual to see a caravan of Indian ponies drive into our yard, each burdened with a box on either side of blueberries or blackberries. They also brought us in their seasons cranberries, wild plums and grapes.

In the spring of the year we purchased maple sugar from them. They made their sugar like the brown sugar of commerce today, in a granulated form and we melted and cleaned it for syrup. We not only used it ourselves but sent hundreds of pounds to friends and others of the cities who ordered through us. They sold it in containers made of birch bark and in any size from five to fifty pounds. The Indians called these containers moocoks.

In following the old Military Road, now called County Trunk Line "A," tourists pass Rice Lake. In those early days the Indians gathered the wild rice and through some process of their own invention, they prepared it for table use. We learned to use it and it came to be one of the favorite dishes on our table. The wild rice was in its natural state, with the valuable mineral food elements unchanged.

I could mention the occasional finding of a bee tree from which we gathered many pounds of honey and other wild foods, that space will not allow me to describe.

The wilderness was our flower garden. From the first trailing Arbutus of spring to the last Goldenrod of autumn, we gathered wild flowers for our table. I have never since seen some of the flowers we found there.

It was on February 13, 1879 that I was married to Arthur Martin Janes, who had become manager of The Log Cabins since my father had been engaged in the lumber business. In March of 1882 we moved to Antigo, Langlade County, Wisconsin, then in its infancy, where we have since lived.

I have heard the statement that women's lives are divided into three periods—the first twenty years to prepare for her life work, the second twenty to the rearing of her family and the remainder of her life to doing for others. It proved to be the rule of my life, as my nine children were born within a period of twenty-two years.

We have been so blessed in our children. Through their varied occupations and interests, life is so broad and full that we have no time to think of growing old.

I remember a conversation I took part in some years ago when the subject under discussion was our ideas of what heaven would be. Some one quoted a noted Bishop as saying it was just a continuation of our life in this world with none of its sadness and suffering. I remember saying at that time, and still can say, that I could wish for no greater happiness than to keep on watching and doing for my loved ones, and lending a helping hand to whomsoever needed help.