

Sawmill Word Search

DRQXJFMUUGSEZOGEC PGD
 OFRIVERCCLBTBOPDHKUH
 SJXUDRAFTBILEFPCKMYP
 HNDLLYOFEMFMNAXGENZJ
 PHODKJBPEAVEEYLMKUIWJ
 MFWAQPEQEMIFNDVDUGCZ
 YFHFFQLKPHIUXSQBPXOX
 WSIJMLJAIUXLLGVCRCIA
 YSWNWXTSVLMYLGVJSWVC
 KLTNWWUWQQNVEUNRMUBR
 BMESVDP SHARVANMUGAMU
 ELSXACQXZJQAASBPFS
 NSYVUWPSDTRAINIOEWA
 UTCOBGYILIAKRCLDJRWW
 EEMDNPREUNFPDXYAXDMZ
 PBMVRSZURFEQYEXBHLIX
 UFGSMQJIXPGLOALROULD
 GZYPMEIREANVABHOYDLF
 ORRSXKJEWQLDDLTGTIYT
 ORHBCIZOYATCJXRLNSAC



AN AMERICAN LUMBER EXPERIENCE

- Clinton, Iowa -

- | | | | |
|---------|--------|--------|--------|
| Sawmill | Peavey | Lumber | Sawyer |
| Steam | Train | Lyons | River |
| Logs | Raft | Kiln | Ax |

A Primary Source Reader & Activity Book
 Discover How Clinton Became A Lumber Capital
 & All The Jobs Along the Way

2231 Grant Street Clinton, Iowa

www.thesawmillmuseum.org



Match the Letter To The Word And Discover The Locations of Our Stories

___ Mississippi River & Log Rafts

___ Forests

___ Lumberjack

___ Sawmills

Using Other Map: Draw Railroad & Color River

Our Steps Got Mixed Up. Help Our Sawmill By Labeling the Correct Order of Steps (Hint: Just think about North to South and Seasons)

_____ Use a steamboat to push down a raft of logs to holding ponds in Clinton

_____ Lumberjacks need to notch trees with their ax and cut them down with their two-man saws

_____ Pool the logs in the river to wait to be cut

_____ Send the lumber to markets to be sold.

_____ Survey a forest with a Biltmore stick to locate trees you want to harvest, cut down, for logs

_____ Pile the logs up and wait for spring thaw to send the logs down thawed river

_____ Saw the logs into boards of lumber

_____ Other lumberjacks need to cut the fallen trees into logs. Then use horses to drag the logs to the frozen river banks

The River and Railroads Made Clinton.

Can you label the two?



A True Lumberjack of Minnesota & Wisconsin's Letter About Life

All I can say is stick to it. I have had one of the hardest jobs in the woods so far, but think I will change off to-morrow and go at something else. I have been working on the landing. We have to get up at about 2:30, get breakfast at three, and then walk four miles to work and take a cold dinner with us, and get back to the shanty all the way from seven to nine o'clock. So you see we have pretty long days in the woods. Two suppers in one night; that is more than you can get in a civilized community. And then after supper we roll into our soft, downy couch of lousy blankets, and lay and listen to the mocking bird, with music by the entire band, and snoring in seven different languages, mostly imported-- professional snorers from Germany and Norway, warranted never to miss a note, and to keep in any climate, and while the beautiful odor of wet socks and foot rags is heard in the near distance, and finally fall sleep to slow music, only to be awakened in a few minutes by the melodious voice of the cook, singing, "roll out your dead bodies, daylight in the swamp," etc. Then we get up and go to our beautiful and sumptuous repast of fricasseed pork and beans on the half shell, with a basin of reduced ice water, flavored with copperas, and called, by the low and uneducated, "tea." Such is life in the woods, but as for me, give me six months, twice a year for two years, in Waupun, or some other place of enjoyment. Well, Ralph, I hope you will learn some useful trade or usefulness, that will keep you from ever having to go to the woods. If I get out this time I will stay out, and don't forget to recollect to remember it.

Watch Our History Video & Explore More:



Build Your Own Log Raft

Materials:

1. 10 straws
2. 10 pieces of tape
3. A 12 inch by 12 inch piece of plastic wrap
4. 25 pennies
5. A tub of water

Directions:

1. Using just the supplies above, build a raft that can hold 25 pennies.
2. Place raft in a body of water and see how much weight it can hold

Bonus Project:

Utilize only materials available in the 19th century/1800s. For example, just use sticks, rope, chain, or a hand drill. See if you can make a raft that will float and hold weight.

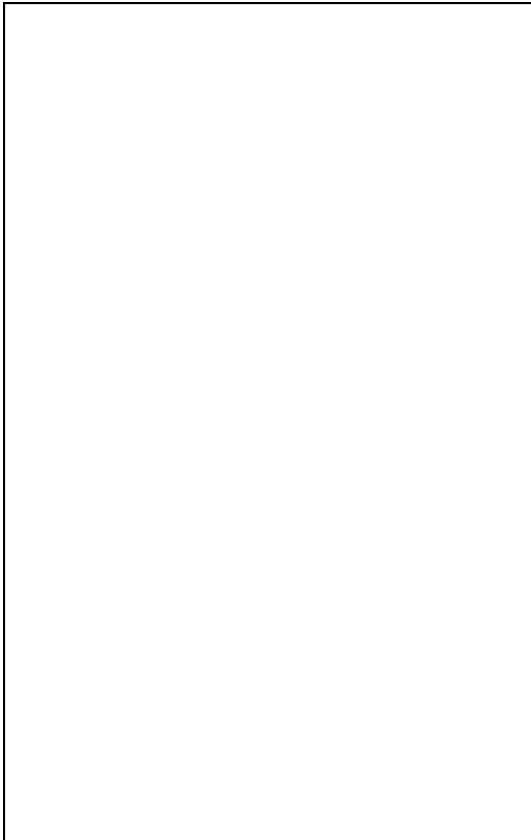
Working at a Sawmill in Wisconsin

“At the age of 13 I went to work. When I got to be 15 years old my dad got me a job for the Alexander-Stewart Lumber Company. When I started in the sawmill I got \$1.60 a day. I started on the pond, where the logs come from the river. That was a big mill. It had two sides. It had a rotary side with circle saws-that’s a quarter-inch cut when they go through a log. Then on the band side, that’s the big band mill. That’s only got an eighth of an inch cut. That’s where all the big logs go. On the rotary side, that’s where all the small logs go. Then they’ve got a gang edger. Whatever that gang edger is set up for, 1” lumber or 2” lumber or 1-1/2”, why it’ll come out on the other end all lumber. From the edger it goes through the trimmer. Then they cut the length – they pick up the best and the poorest is sawed off. An then it [the best] goes on a conveyor. It rolls along and there are three or four men there and they pile it up on trucks. Then they’ve got a lumber piler and he would pile that lumber way up in the air. I worked myself up there and, when I got to be 21, I was a setter there on the rig that saws the logs. I’d set up the dimensions the head sawyer wanted. We go through in the spring of 1911 – in 1911 we sawed the last log. That’s all the timber they had. -August Hoertsch

Build your own Log Mark

In the spring loggers would send their logs down the river to the sawmills. The logs would become mixed together as they traveled down river. As the lumbermen arrived at the saw mill they would pull their logs from the piles and send them down the channel to the mill. How could the lumbermen tell their logs from the others? The logs had a mark hammered in each end. The lumbermen looked at the end of each log for their mark.

Design your log mark on paper in the box below. Place the drawing on top of the bar of soap and trace it using enough pressure to leave an indention in the soap. Remove the drawing. Carve away the outside of the soap around the drawing. After the carving is finished, wet your finger or a brush and rub the soap to smooth the edges. Let the soap dry. You have just created the hammer end of the mark. You may try stamping your log brand into paint or ink and stamping it on paper.



Story of a River Pilot:

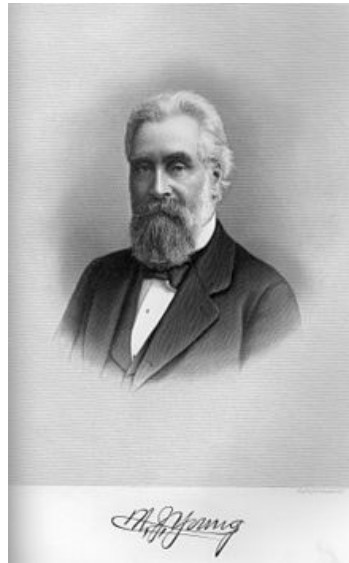
In the early days of floating logs and lumber down the stream on the Mississippi river, there were five rapids pilots living at LeClaire, Iowa, at the head of the Rock island rapids. They were kept reasonably busy piloting floating rafts over the rapids. When steamboats started to tow rafts down the Mississippi river, there seemed to be only two of these pilots that were able to make the change successfully--Captain Wesley Rambo and Captain De Forest Dorance.

When boats towing lumber and log rafts reached Dubuque, they must not let other boats pass them before they got to the head of the Rock island rapids. If a boat got by them, they might be delayed at the head of the rapids waiting for one of these pilots, as the rule was always the first boat is the first served with one of these pilots. I have in mind one of my trips with the steamer Golden Gate. The custom was if I had a full raft, to land on the east side of the river about two miles above the railroad bridge at Dubuque and take one half of the raft through the draw of the bridge, land it about two miles below the bridge, then go back and get the other half. Our crew was very much elated in getting ahead of these other two boats. They knew we were getting ahead of a couple of boats that had the reputation of what they called sooners' and that we would get to the Rock island rapids first and get one of the good pilots first.

Clinton's Famous Lumber Barons



Chancy Lamb



William J. Young



David Joyce



George M Curtis

Life of a Child In Iowa During the 19th Century :

Can you see the difference between rural and city life?

I was born in the middle west. Out in the state of Illinois...and it was quite a while before the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. We lived on a farm, and even telephones were curiosities to myself and the country boys of my age. Electric lights were something to marvel at...the old Edison phonograph with its wax cylinder records and earphones was positively ghostly...and trolley cars, well they too were past understanding!

"Speaking of trolley cars reminds me of a trip to the 'city' once when I was about a dozen years old. My father and a neighbor, Old Uncle Bill Brandon, had to go up to the Big Town, which was Chicago, on some sort of business...and I suppose I'd been extra diligent at doing chores, weeding potatoes, killing worms on the tomato plants, or something...and Father rewarded me by taking me along.

"You can imagine what a time I had seeing things I'd never seen before, in fact had only dreamed about or heard about. "But when I saw my first trolley car slipping along Cottage Grove Avenue in Chicago...slipping along without horses or engine or apparent motive power...well it was just too darned much for me. I didn't know what to think.

"Uncle Bill Brandon was, locally, that is out on the farm, considered a very, very wise and sophisticated person. And he was wise, too. He had seen a lot of life...Too much, he sometimes said--especially during the four years of the 1860's when he was fighting in the Union Army.

"Uncle Bill could understand horses, hogs and cattle, steam engines, army mules and row boats, and such thing--but that trolley car, with the little spinning wheel at the end of the pole, spinning along against the electric wire above it; was too much for him. Still, he didn't want to confess 'that there was any doggone thing on earth that he couldn't figure out!' And he didn't want to show his 'ignorance' and especially to my Father or to myself, a twelve year old edition of young Americana, species rusticana.

"I wasn't so anxious to conceal my own ignorance, so with legitimate curiosity asked my Father and Uncle Bill what made the thing go.

"My Father was a thoughtful man, and before answering studied for a moment. Uncle Bill was more spontaneous.

"'Gosh a'mighty, can't you see what makes her go?' he exclaimed, 'It's that danged rod stickin' up out of the top of her. People's gettin' so cussed smart these days all they need to do to run a street car is to got a fish-pole and stick it up out of the roof of her!'"