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Dr. Amy Cummins

English 874 — Culminating Experience in English

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The Waldesruh Journals: Living Literature in Peace of the Woods

Reflection Section

The beginning was modest — a woodshed converted to a shack and a spiral notebook with a red cover and black stenciled letters that read “LOG BOOK.” From this fairly inauspicious debut evolves a history of the land and the people who visited it, managed it, used it, and respected it. The property is a 40-acre parcel in the western Wisconsin town of Adams in Jackson County. It’s about 10 miles to Black River Falls, 60 miles north to Eau Claire, 140 miles south to Madison. Once the shack, with its two small windows and cramped quarters, was placed on the land, it became the destination for overnight trips, and a journal was introduced as a record of the property. The entries at first are spare in detail and occurrence, but more details emerge over the years. These journals contain 45 years worth of writing about a scrap of land and a cabin more aptly described as a “shack,” which was how visitors regularly referred to it even after it was christened “Waldesruh” in 1972.

The original owner, Elmer W. Sprick, and his family owned the property before selling to my parents and three other families in 1979. Since then, one of the property owners sold his share to another party who eventually sold it to my parents. For the past 45 years, the property has been held by families who put the land first and share it with friends and family with the only provision that they return it to the state in which they found it. Since then, life has taken place there. Four generations of the Frank family have used the property. Hunting dogs were buried,

and ashes of those who loved the property were spread. The improvements have been gradual: There is no running water; electricity was added in 1999; the outhouses have been moved and updated, so that the current one now has electricity for a light and a space heater for those cold winter mornings. However, there's no pavement, no ATV trails. An adjacent forty acres were purchased to bring the property to eighty acres. A new cabin was built in 1999, replacing the shack that had become a mouse haven. In fact, when the old shack was taken down and the planks of the wooden floor were removed, we found a couple of raccoons beneath the floor. As each plank was lifted, they scooted further back, until the last plank was removed and they dispersed into the woods. It made you realize how close you could be to nature without realizing it.

Throughout all of this, the integrity of the land has always come first. The land has been managed, mainly through timber sales that have raised money for use at the cabin and prompted new growth in the forest. Some visitors come and see the outhouse and the lack of running water and never return. Others fall in love with the eighty acres and return again and again.

The whole aesthetic of those who use the property is generally summed up in a quotation from Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*. The quotation is the first entry in the Waldesruh journals (Appendix A): "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essentials of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived" (Thoreau, *Walden* 98). While some have taken liberties with the property and used it for more bacchanalian pursuits — i.e., the drinking of beer — they never lost sight of the integrity of the property and the cabin and repaired it to its pre-use stage.

The entries provide a narrative of place and natural history. Some are basic, thanking the owners for use of the property, some are silly, some are strictly the facts — weather conditions,

hunting results, improvements/changes to the property — and others are insightful, offering context to the time in history as well as observations of the land.

Connection of Project with IDS Coursework

The journal entries are handwritten in spiral notebooks and on loose-leaf papers. A more formatted journal was introduced in the 2000s, used for four years, and eventually replaced before all the pages had been filled. It was around the time that journal writing as a hobby seemed to gain in popularity. Formatted, or scripted, journals could be purchased in stores. This one, which had the title “Up North: A Cabin Journal” printed on the cover, had a basic template on each page with words and lines for the writer to record the names of the people visiting, the weather, the activities. Several entries followed the prescribed format, but eventually writers ignored the prompts and just filled out the page with their narrative. Before the journal was filled, it was retired, and a new notebook was employed.

This example shows that the handwritten journals in blank, lined notebooks were the appropriate media for the shack. The use of appropriate media was discussed in the course IDS 803: Origins and Implications of the Knowledge Society, taken in the fall of 2008 under the direction of Dr. Marthann Schulte. In videotaped discussions, Dr. Chris Crawford’s lecture “Current Research in Computer-Mediated Communication” looks at what he calls “media richness.” The basic premise is that bandwidth determines the innovation — we will use whatever technology the bandwidth will allow. We will then determine which technology — e-mail, face-to-face meetings, blogs, webinars — to use based on different factors. Therefore, Crawford says, we devalue media that is cheaper. For example, mass e-mails and e-cards are already passé. E-cards supplanted the signed, store-bought greeting cards for some people. A handwritten journal at a cabin that has no running water might seem like the Stone Age to

today's media-savvy society. But if we apply Crawford's factors in determining the appropriate media — time constraints, number of people involved, structure of the information — then the journal is the most appropriate media for Waldesruh. The journal needs to be handwritten.

Electricity has been only a recent addition to the cabin, thus computers weren't an option. Plus, the property is isolated —even now, you can't pick up a cellular telephone signal unless you go out to the road, and then it is weak — and Internet connectivity would detract from that isolation. There's no TV, and those who have tried to pick up a signal could get only the NBC station out of Eau Claire.

Also, the journal is used only when people are around, so leaving a laptop or other sort of technology in the shack is impractical, and it is an invitation to thieves. The remote location of the shack allows thieves to usually work without interruption or detection. There are few neighboring landowners who occupy their properties year-round and who might be relied on to take note of suspicious activities. A number of journal entries over the last 40 years document when the shack was broken into. For example, an October 10, 1976, entry documents a theft as well as a poaching: "Deer shot in driveway and cabin broken into. Stove taken. Reported to sheriff" (Appendix B). The entry is concise. The brevity might have hint at the anger of the landowner. Thieves breaking into the cabin was not an uncommon occurrence, as journal entries attest. But out of all the break-ins over 45 years, no one has taken the notebooks that comprise the Waldesruh journals. While Crawford's lecture focused on computer-mediated communication, I believe the concept of "media richness" is applicable to the type of media used at the shack — a notebook. Even the use of a "high-tech" formatted journal was dismissed in favor of a blank spiral notebook.

A notebook is ideal because a journal is a cumulative document. Each day adds to the previous one and sometimes informs the next. The journal has to be something that is left in the cabin for the next users to record their actions and observations and to satisfy their curiosity of what has happened since their last visit. The structure of the information is the written word, sometimes with photos, drawings, and hand-drawn maps added. The medium, therefore, needs to be able to accommodate the whims of the writer, and a blank, lined page fulfills that need, and the journals can be what they are — an aggregation of knowledge.

Knowledge is a key concept in the course IDS 802: Ways of Knowing in Comparative Perspective, taken in the summer semester in 2008 and administered by Dr. Paul Marvin. In the videotaped lectures by Dr. Stephen Tramel, he defines knowledge as “justified true beliefs.” The entries in the Waldesruh journals offer examples of ways of knowing consistent with the course. The accumulation of that information provides a certain knowledge about the property.

The journal entries provide the most basic type of information, empirical, as well as knowledge derived by inference, in which the writer’s prior knowledge and reasoning combine to form a conclusion. The empirical data are contained throughout the journals. For example, observations of weather conditions and the number of deer killed during the gun-deer hunting season coincide with what was seen throughout the state. From 2001 to 2007, 0.57 deer was killed per hunter, a figure reached by dividing the number of deer killed by the number of hunters on the property. Throughout Wisconsin during that time, 0.58 deer was killed per hunter (Dhuey 58). The deer kill at Waldesruh was culled simply from observations — empirical information — from journal entries. There was no need for expensive monitoring devices and years of careful examination of the observations. One could look at the entries and tally the results.

In another example, inference was used to determine the validity of an alleged wolf attack. A journal entry from March 12, 1971, contains a second-hand account of a wolf attack. The entry, in part, says, “Report from Clark Co. that man was attacked by a pack of wolves. He reportedly escaped on his snow sled” (Appendix C). The report sparked interest because the Clark County line is probably less than a mile from the north end of the property line. Thus proximity bred interest. The writer of this entry, Elmer W. Sprick, used the type of inference promoted by Charles Sanders Peirce — abductive inference in which you know the outcome and some rules and you reason backward. The outcome was that someone had been attacked by dog-like creatures in northern Wisconsin. The rule: The wolf population was virtually gone from northern Wisconsin at that time. The conclusion: A wolf attack was unlikely. Elmer, as a forester, conservationist and employee of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR), was probably aware of the status of the gray wolf population at the time. According to the Adrian Wydeven’s report for the DNR, *The History of Wolves in Wisconsin*, the gray wolf was all but extinct in northern Wisconsin by 1960. It wasn’t until 1975 that “wolves began to re-colonize Wisconsin in the northwest portions of the state, along the Minnesota border” (Wydeven). From his experience in the DNR, Elmer knew that many people couldn’t differentiate a wolf from a coyote from a feral dog from a large loose dog. Elmer, who was at the shack with his son, Dave, concluded that it wasn’t a wolf attack. He writes that they believed the victim “might have been followed by two small dogs who thought his snowmobile was a car” (Appendix C). But the second-hand, unverified reports of these type of occurrences, whether one believes them or not, affect the psyche. Later, Elmer and his son “took a night hike — very dark and quiet. Dave kept an eye out for wolves” (Appendix C).

The course's examination of Ways of Knowing in the Fine and Performing Arts is applicable as well. Dr. Tramel lectures that the way of knowing is not just cognitive but is also appreciative and evaluative, which is exactly what the journals are. The introspection of the journals takes something that's private and reflects it as a universal. In the Ways of Knowing in Literature, the journals fall under both the extrinsic, an aesthetic experience common to the outside world (or at least accessible to the outside world), and intrinsic, in which meaning is derived partly from the form — a journal, which on its surface is generally accepted as trustworthy. Because the journal is ostensibly recorded history, it can be considered of a way of knowing. By looking at the journal entries and putting them into the context of the surrounding community, they can be used for a richer picture of the county, region, state, time. In our quest for and understanding of knowledge, the journal serves an important function.

Connection of Project with English Coursework

Journals can come in many guises. The dictionary differentiates between a diary and a journal, with the former reserved for a more formal recording of facts and observations, while the latter is open to philosophizing, drawing, creative writing. The Waldesruh journals follow more closely the diary dictates. Still, you'll find some philosophizing, some drawings, some creative nonfiction in its pages. For this paper, the terms diary and journal are considered synonymous.

Many literary works have sprung forth from diaries and journals. One of the most famous nonfiction ones is *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*, published in the United States in 1952. It recounts Anne's hiding from the Nazis during World War II. The diary was also the structure used in the popular fictional work *Bridget Jones's Diary*, published in 1996. The two examples are very different, but both use the diary format to great effect. Literary works

published as diaries differ from autobiographies in that they are immediate — the opinions are instant, and sometimes they're changed as more information becomes available. They are told chronologically so that events occur as they did for the protagonist. They are not afforded the benefit of hindsight. Two literary works studied in the English classes illustrate this point.

Isak Dinesen's memoir *Out of Africa* is clearly an autobiographical literary work that is told from a distance, time-wise, from when the events occurred. The memoir was studied in the course The European Novel in fall 2009 under the direction of Dr. Michael Meade. Dinesen looks back at her time in East Africa and arranges her story as a collection of anecdotes, with thematic chapters. In his essay "Cultural Multiplicity in Two Modern Autobiographies: Friedländer's *When Memory Comes* and Dinesen's *Out of Africa*," John Burt Foster Jr. writes that unlike letters or diaries, "an autobiography has been composed at a certain temporal remove from the events it records," allowing for the writer's experience and present-day knowledge to "deeply influence such elements of the narrative as point of view, choice of events, and style." Therefore, the writer of a memoir or autobiography can take the most exciting events and put them into context based on later developments or new information. Events can be altered or omitted by the writer.

Not so with the diary. In *Ruth Hall: A Domestic Tale of the Present Time* by Fanny Fern, first published in 1855, the events have the feel of journal entries. The book was discussed in the Nineteenth Century Women Writers course in the summer of 2009 under the direction of Dr. Amy Cummins. The impressions in *Ruth Hall* are immediate, the structure is chronological, the writing is lean, without a lot of overwrought description. In the "Introduction" to the novel, Susan Belasco Smith writes that Fern, which was the pen name for Sara Willis, broke new ground in the structure of the story with a "series of short scenes" (xxxv).

Also, much like a journal, the story is ongoing. In her preface, Fern writes that it is a “continuous story” that breaks the convention of the structure of a novel (1). Fern has given the novel the immediacy of a diary and has “avoided long introductions and descriptions” and “entered unceremoniously and unannounced into people’s houses, without stopping to ring the bell” (1). Like a diary, *Ruth Hall* dispenses with character development and instead presents “a collection of vignettes, scenes, and snatches of overheard dialogues, with limited narrative exposition” (Smith xl). In this way, *Ruth Hall* is similar to a journal. In the Waldesruh journals, the back story and certainly character development are often omitted because they’re understood by the people who visit there, or they’re not necessary to what’s being recorded — which is the cumulative, ongoing events at the cabin.

While diaries and journals can become literary works, they can also inform other stories and poems by authors. In the course *Literary Theory and Application* in spring 2009 by Dr. Amy Cummins, we learned about biographical and historical criticism and how authors’ lives often shed light on what they published. In his book *Texts and Contexts: Writing About Literature With Critical Theory*, Steve Lynn writes that many readers want something beyond the text-only approach of analysis. They “want to know about authors, what kind of lives they led, how they were able to create their works, what was going on in the world around them” (Lynn 145). A lot of this type of information can be culled from journals. The poet Sylvia Plath and the writer Virginia Woolf kept exhaustive journals from a young age. By using historical criticism, the reader often gleans knowledge about a literary work through the background of the author, and sometimes the reader gains insight about the author through the literary work (Lynn 147).

When these theories are applied to the Waldesruh journals, the reader can come to know the families that use the shack and visit the property. Much like *Ruth Hall*, introductions and

back story are often dispensed with, but the reader is usually able to piece together the different narratives and see the bigger picture. The entries reveal something about the writer as well as the property, much like what Steve Lynn explains in his writing on historical criticism.

For example, the original owner, Elmer W. Sprick, was a frequent visitor to the shack when he lived in Black River Falls, which is about 10 miles from the property. The entries in the journal are regular, but at some point he and his family moved to Eau Claire, which is about a one-hour drive from the property. The only mention of this is from a May 8, 1971, entry in which my father, Joe Frank, and Elmer, “the Lord of the Manor” (Appendix D), meet for the opening of fishing season. The entry states that after supper, “the conversation centered around the move to Eau Claire” (Appendix D) for the Wisconsin Conservation District headquarters. After Elmer and his family moved to Eau Claire, they visited less often, and the number of entries decreased. There’s a one-year gap from the 1977 deer-hunting season to the 1978 season, and then another gap until September 1979. The journals don’t contain Elmer’s decision to sell the property or why, but finally there’s an entry on December 15, 1979, in which he writes that “Joe Frank, Charles Evlend, Doug Morrissette and Keith Hutchison arrived about 9:30 a.m. to look over the area” (Appendix E). (Elmer recorded “Charles Evlend,” but it’s Glen Eveland.) Those four would become the new owners of the property. The drawback to culling information from journals is that it requires the reader to fill in the blanks at times. Not all the decisions or events are fully explained. But with a bit of detective work and following strands from previous and subsequent entries, one can pick up the thread and get the big picture.

The Waldesruh journals are kept for visitors who are welcome to read the entries. They are a document of the property and are shared in the same spirit the shack and the property it sits upon are shared, as envisioned by Elmer, who writes:

This hunting shack is the result of the kindness of many good friends. Each board and brick brings back a memory. Each friend who wants may have a key and use the building as his own. The lock is only to discourage those who view the open door as a place to vandalize. (Appendix A)

Waldesruh Journals: Living Literature in the Peace of the Woods

Research Section

Abstract

This section of my culminating experience in English will examine the Waldesruh journals — the log books kept at a cabin in western Wisconsin. The journals were started in 1964 by the original owner, Elmer W. Sprick, and have been maintained by subsequent owners. The journals are more than a tally of temperature, weather conditions, and hunting results. Those things are present, but what becomes apparent in reading the journal entries is the importance of and camaraderie fostered by hunting. The journals show that when practiced honorably, hunting places man among nature as a part of nature, not separate from it. The analysis of the journals will also reveal a history of the Frank family. The journals weren't intended to document one family's life, but as the primary users of the cabin and property known as Waldesruh, the Franks are well-represented, and in the process, their lives are documented. In addition, this section of the paper will show the importance of journals and diaries for writers and non-writers, and it will analyze how journals have been incorporated into literary works by such authors as Jim Harrison, Henry David Thoreau, and Aldo Leopold. The main thesis is that the Waldesruh journals represent literature despite the original intention of them, which was to document the natural life, wildlife and human life at the property.

Introduction

In 1935, Wisconsin conservationist and writer Aldo Leopold bought an abandoned farm on the Wisconsin River in Sauk County, converted the old chicken coop into a shack, purchased 80 acres of surrounding property, and “began a new journal” (Meine 342). For Leopold, the

journals recorded his family activities at that property. This inauspicious beginning led to an important part of a literary work. In the Foreword to Leopold's *A Sand County Almanac and Sketches Here and There*, the author writes that what his family did on the weekends at its "refuge from too much modernity" forms the basis for the first part of that book, *A Sand County Almanac* (viii). More than 25 years later, that modest beginning resonated at a property on a 40-acre section in the town of Adams in Jackson County, Wisconsin, where Elmer W. Sprick began a journal for his hunting shack. Later named Waldesruh, the shack and its 40 acres became the same sort of refuge from modernity for Elmer and subsequent owners. The journals not only record the activities at Waldesruh but also weave in the fabric of the lives of those who visit the property. In their utility as a recorded history and in their content, the journal entries form a living literature that continues to grow to this day.

For this project, I read the Waldesruh journals, which span more than 45 years. I was struck by the picture that emerged from them. The most I had previously read had been the entries since my last visit or an entry from a specific visit, usually done to prove someone, or myself, wrong. To me, they were singular entries — snapshots representing specific visits. But as I read all of the entries over a two-month period, those snapshots coalesced into an album that presents a specific history of a place and people. The history can be broken down into several themes, or categories, but the chief among them is hunting. The other major theme to emerge is that the history of this property is tied up in the history of my family. This made the research for the Waldesruh journals quite personal. I came to better understand the property — all 80 acres and cabin and outhouse — and the importance of it in my life and in the lives of the my family members and the other property owners.

This section of the paper will include an analysis of the primary text — the journals — with a focus on hunting and the Frank family. It will show the importance of journals and diaries, and it will analyze how journals have been incorporated into literary works. The main thesis is that these journals represent literature, in their utility, content, and poignancy of writing.

Because they will be recurring members in these journals, I'll briefly introduce the main members: Joe Frank, my father; Toni Frank, my mother; Jim, Ted, and Tim Frank, my brothers; Keith Hutchison and Doug Morrissette, current owners; Glen Eveland, former owner; and Rodney Jacobs, family friend and former owner who bought Eveland's share and eventually sold it to my parents. Frank Morse owned an adjacent 40 acres and had a right of way through Waldesruh so he could access his property. Hunting dogs are mentioned, too, such as Rachel, Bess, Rags, Mattie, and Lucy — a popular name used for a beagle, a cocker spaniel, and my brother Ted's first daughter.

Journals analysis: hunting

Hunting plays a major role in the Waldesruh journals. In the introduction to the journals, Elmer refers to the cabin as a "hunting shack" (Appendix A), and the only entries in 1964, 1965, 1966, and 1967 are from November of those years and recount the deer-hunting season. But the importance of these modest entries can't be stressed enough, because hunters grow old, memories become fuzzy, leaving the journals as the arbitrator and final judge of disputes and curiosity. In his book, *A Hundred Hunts Ago: Seasons of the Past*, Mert Cowley uses photographs, camp journals, and interviews to look at the history of hunting, fishing, and trapping in northern Wisconsin, and in the process also documents logging, homesteading, cabin building, and blizzards. The tradition of camp journals is evident throughout his book. One of the journals Cowley uses is from the Nehr-Bit Camp in northern Wisconsin:

A long tradition of the Nehr-Bit Camp is to keep a camp log of the daily activities of the group's members as each day of the season goes by. For those of you that have developed this tradition, the log makes excellent reading for years to come. As one's memory begins to fade, the log will be there to refresh the hunt as it occurred years ago. (Cowley 246)

The Waldesruh journals serve this tradition and in the process create their own tradition. There are entries at Waldesruh every November during the gun-deer season. Later, as the popularity of bow-hunting increases, entries from bow hunters begin to appear in October and early November. The cabin is used the most from September through December, which coincides with the bird and deer hunting seasons and is the best time of the year to be there because the bug and tick populations are waning then. Those staying at the cabin hunt small game (grouse, rabbits, woodcock, turkey) and big game (deer).

Waldesruh became a base camp for hunting and fishing excursions in western Wisconsin. As pointed out in an earlier section, the journals record the "bag," or the number and kind of animals killed, providing empirical data that in the case of deer hunting corresponded with the deer harvest throughout Wisconsin. With grouse hunting, a similar correspondence between local and state harvest is noted.

Next to deer hunting, grouse hunting was the outdoors activity that generated a large number of journal entries. Beginning in 1968, "three Penn State foresters" — Joe Frank, Rodney Jacobs and Blair Stutzman — and a friend of Blair's, Dick Tawney, began annual grouse hunting trips to the area (Appendix F). The November 10, 1968, entry is the first of many for my father, Joe Frank. The number of grouse the four killed in a week's worth of hunting is something that hunters in the 1980s, 1990s, and 2000s dreamed of. The bag the first day included two grouse,

two rabbits, and “one miscellaneous” (Appendix F), which usually indicated an animal accidentally taken out of season. In six days of hunting, they took home 20 grouse, 16 rabbits, and four pheasants. At the conclusion of the hunting trip, on November 14, 1968, they grouse that the bird numbers “are definitely down from last year” (Appendix G).

Those decreased numbers would look like a bountiful harvest in subsequent years as the ruffed grouse population dropped even more. In 1982, Joe and Ted Frank arrived for a weekend of grouse hunting. Joe Frank writes that there were “slim pickings” as they saw only four grouse and had eight flushes in six hours of hunting (Appendix H). It gets worse. On November 4, 1983, Joe Frank writes that the grouse population “is as low as I’ve seen in my 25 years in Wis.” (Appendix I). The numbers didn’t improve, and by September 19, 1993, Ted Frank hunted for 2½ hours and didn’t see a thing (Appendix J). In subsequent years, some daylong hunts yielded only one or two grouse flushes.

Part of the explanation is the cyclical nature of the bird’s population. Grouse follow an eight- to 10-year cycle, going from low population to high population over that time. The reason for this cycle is “unknown but it is believed to be the result of a number of different factors including food, cover, weather, and predation” (Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, *Grouse*). But when I take this into account, I believe something else is at work because the grouse population never rebounded to the numbers seen in the late 1960s, even during peak cycle years. Many a fireside chat at the cabin concerned this decline (Appendix K) and led to speculation of such things as the return of predators (hawks, fox, coyote, fishers). Another likely explanation is that the land evolved, and once-prime hunting spots grew up and didn’t provide the dense undercover needed for grouse. Ted Frank first hinted at the changing landscape in 1995. After flushing 13 grouse at a hunting spot referred to as “the block plant” (because a

nearby building made cement blocks), Ted writes that it is “time to hang that place up! Little cover remaining, leaving only bottomland” (Appendix L). Still, 13 flushes would have been welcome 14 years later when Joe Frank walked the 80 acres of Waldesruh and saw nothing. He is amazed “that you never flush a grouse no matter where you go and I was in about every cover type we have” (Appendix M).

While the grouse numbers were declining, the turkey population was on the rise. The first entries of turkey sightings were almost breathless and reported in great detail. Prior to 1986, the only reports of turkey were the ones roasted for the Thanksgiving Day meal eaten during deer season. However, that changed on November 25, 1986, when Joe Frank hunted deer at Trump Coulee, a hunting spot in Trempealeau County, about 30-40 minutes west of Waldesruh. He did not see any deer, but “the high point though had to be a sighting of a wild turkey. Jumped 4 of them next to the corn field” (Appendix N). Over the next four years, there were a few more turkey sightings, including this entry from October 19, 1990, when Joe and Tim Frank and Rodney Jacobs “saw a big flock of turkey cavorting in a field” on the way to lunch (Appendix O), and an especially prescient entry on August 15, 1991, from a conversation with Ron Kautz, owner of the Innwood supper club of Hatfield, a nearby little crossroads that boasts a summer population of 5,000 and a winter population of 500. Hatfield has a couple of restaurants, twice as many taverns, two bait shops, the Thunderbird museum, two campgrounds, access to Lake Arbutus, a little motel, cabins for rent, and a gas station. Joe Frank writes that Kautz reported seeing “a hen turkey and 4 chicks near the Hatfield cemetery. Maybe we will be hunting turkey here in a few years” (Appendix P). This, indeed, became the case. The reintroduction of turkey in 1976 in Wisconsin “is truly one of Wisconsin’s wildlife management success stories,” so successful that a turkey hunt was instituted in 1995 (Wisconsin Department of Natural

Resources, *Turkey*). Meanwhile, the turkey sightings move closer and closer to Waldesruh, until finally on June 25, 1995, Ted Frank reports seeing a turkey with “6-8 chicks near the gate, crossing the woods-road heading west” (Appendix Q).

Finally, in May 1996, a turkey hunt was held at Waldesruh. Jerry Rieckhoff, a friend of part-owner Doug Morrissette, stayed for a week to hunt turkey. The hunt yielded no turkey, and it wasn't until three years later that the first turkey was killed on the property. Joe Frank begins the journal entry for May 14, 1999, with: “This turkey hunting is easy” (Appendix R). He went out at 5:30 a.m. and returned with a bird at 7 a.m. For all the bragging and digs at other hunters in the journal entry, that has been the only turkey he has shot. He and Tim Frank have hunted turkey almost every spring since then, with no turkey suppers. It isn't for lack of trying. On April 14, 2007, Joe and Tim Frank hunt on some public land near the Palm's supper club, where they see some turkeys on the road with a “big gobbler demonstrating” (Appendix S), but efforts to get ahead of the flock are unsuccessful. So they return to Waldesruh, where they have had no luck three days' running. There, Joe called in a hen within 10 feet of him, but the turkey gets spooked and “stalked off, putting like an old outboard” (Appendix S). The lack of success did not stop them hunting, though it did change tactics, as evidenced by this entry from Joe Frank on April 16, 2008, which also shows the self-deprecating humor present throughout the journal:

We have adopted the theory that the best time to kill a gobbler is mid-morning. By then he has finished with his early morning affairs and is desperately looking for a willing hen. This theory has not been any more successful, but we get to sleep in and enjoy a good breakfast before hitting the woods in full light.
(Appendix T)

If the kill were the only reason to visit the cabin, hunters would have stopped going there long ago. The hunters who first used Waldesruh were both hunters and conservationists, much like Aldo Leopold, who took a dim view of the notion that a sportsman was a hunter who filled his bag with trophies. In his book *Aldo Leopold: His Life and Work*, Curt Meine quotes Leopold as saying that “a reputation for killing limits is a doubtful compliment, at best,” for a hunter (163). Leopold viewed hunting “not as an abomination, nor as an inconsistency but as active participation in the drama of life, to be conducted in a civil manner” (Meine 163).

The same values hold true at Waldesruh. For example, in a November 24, 1998, entry, Ted Frank reports having a spike buck “in my sights,” but it “looked young (to me) and I let him go” (Appendix U). After an unsuccessful deer season, Joe Frank writes on November 25, 1984, that “there is something very special about a deer camp. . . . It would have been nice to get a deer but not a necessity. Better luck next time” (Appendix V). After a fruitless day grouse hunting, Joe Frank writes on October 30, 2006, that it was sad to hunt the areas “where we found so many grouse over the past nearly 40 years. If we didn’t enjoy slogging thru the muck and the mice and the briars and the ticks there would be no reason to come here at all” (Appendix W). A year later, after a grouse-less hunt with Ted and Tim Frank, I complain about the lack of game, not because we didn’t bag a bird, but because we didn’t even see or hear one: “I don’t mind not shooting anything, but I do mind not rousing up even one flush” (Appendix X). As Jerry Rieckhoff writes during his visit to hunt turkey, “the kill is the least of the hunt” (Appendix Y). These are just a few of the sentiments shared throughout the journal entries as the hunters are shown to be true sportsmen whose respect for the hunt isn’t confined to filling their bag but is encapsulated in the bond between man and nature and the belief that man is part of nature and needs to treat nature with respect. The kill is a small part of the hunting.

In all the hunting and fishing entries, an affinity for being in the outdoors and staying at the cabin shows through. On November 8, 1969, Joe Frank and Rod Jacobs conclude a grouse-hunting trip, and Joe writes about how he and Rod “wish they were bedding down here for the night” (Appendix Z). After moving from Black River Falls to Eau Claire, Elmer wished he lived there. His journal entry of July 15, 1973, reports a day trip to pick blueberries, and he writes that if he and his wife “lived here, we’d be home now!” (Appendix AA), and on October 13, 1973, after spending a day doing maintenance at the property, Elmer makes this journal entry before heading back to Eau Claire: “Will split a load of wood before heading ‘home.’ Actually I’m home now” (Appendix BB).

Journal analysis: Frank family

My father, Joe Frank, felt as much at home at Waldesruh as he did in any of his homes. From his first visits in the 1960s, the Waldesruh property has remained a constant while the houses that were considered home changed as he and his family moved with his job from Black River Falls to Waunakee to Horicon to New Glarus, Wisconsin. The property became a second home to him and his family. In an analysis of the journal entries, once I got past the hunting and fishing entries, I realized I was reading a story of my family’s life, from the early days, when some of us were still in diapers, to today, when my brothers and I go to the cabin with our families. And the common thread sewn through the middle of all these entries and stories is my father, Joe Frank. The journals tell of his life and his family’s lives.

The Frank family first started going to Waldesruh when it didn’t have a name and when Elmer W. Sprick was still the owner. In 1967, Joe Frank was a forester for the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources in Black River Falls and procured an old office building that was attached to the original shack and used for sleeping (Appendix A). His first trip with his

forestry classmates from Pennsylvania State University was in 1968. Our family first shows up in the journals on May 30, 1969, when we went there with my mother's sister and her husband and son. Toni Frank writes: "First martinis — then business of catching fish and wood ticks. Buried the baby's dirty pants. Others are fine!" (Appendix CC). Thus begin the entries from the Frank family.

In the meantime, Elmer's family held daylong annual reunions, which they called Stump-Ins, at the shack. A competition was set up in 1972 to name the 40 acres. Waldesruh is selected as the winner (Appendix DD). In keeping with the Sprick family's philosophy of the shared use of Waldesruh, Elmer allows Joe Frank and his family to use the property even though they didn't own it. After moving to Eau Claire, Elmer's entries dwindled while Joe Frank's entries increased. There are two gaps of almost a year each in which no entries are made, from November 20, 1977, to September 9, 1978, and from November 18, 1978, to September 15, 1979, when the 11th annual Stump-In was held. On December 15, 1979, Elmer made an entry for a meeting with the four families that would be the new owners of Waldesruh (Appendix E). The Frank family's first visit as new part-owners was Easter weekend in 1980. Toni Frank records this visit on April 6, 1980:

Joe and Toni Frank, Jim, Pete, Ted, Tim and Lucy arrived Holy Saturday afternoon. It was a glorious early spring day; blue sky and five patches of snow in the woods. After years of dreaming of having some land near Hatfield it is hard to really believe that we are owners, with Evelands, Morrissettes and Keith Hutchison, of this lovely spot. For our family it is especially meaningful since we've spent many happy times in this area, and the menfolk in this very spot for

many a deer hunt. Our sincerest hope is that friend Elmer will return often to this home-away-from-home! (Appendix EE).

Elmer did visit, often showing up during deer camp and making dinner of walleye or venison. Of the new owners, the Franks had already been using Waldesruh for years. Ted and Tim Frank made their first memorable visit to the shack in 1977. Though they had been there in 1969, when a diaper of Tim's was so foul it had to be buried, this was the first trip that stuck in their memories. They loved the place. Compared with camping, it was the height of luxury. Joe Frank writes on September 30, 1977, that "the boys were enchanted by the cabin. Tim thought he could spend an entire summer here. Ted was impressed with all the conveniences" (Appendix FF).

The September 1977 visit was Ted's first grouse-hunting experience. The journals recount many a first hunt and a first kill. On October 29, 1977, Ted Frank shot his first grouse and Tim Frank "notched his first rabbit" (Appendix GG). Jim Frank shot his first buck on November 24, 1979. Tim Frank shot his first buck on November 22, 1981, with a 20-gauge shotgun slug at 70 yards. The deer died in front of another hunter, who helped Tim gut the deer, and by the time Joe Frank arrived "Tim had quieted down enough to tell me about it. A perfect day for this 14-year-old" (Appendix HH). The entries show the bond this family and these young hunters built, as well as a certain pride that is evident in Joe Frank's journal entries.

Perhaps one of the more ironic aspects of life at Waldesruh is the treatment of porcupine. On the 80 acres of Waldesruh, porcupines are shot on sight. It doesn't fit with the conservationist and sportsmanlike nature of the visitors. For example, Ted Frank passed up a shot at a spike buck because it seemed too young; a hunting party spent five hours looking for an injured deer; Joe Frank had a chance to kill a big beaver that was flooding the property with its dam, "but couldn't

bring myself to do it” (Appendix II). Porcupines, however, are *persona non grata* and not accorded the same benefit. From the time my parents took over ownership of Waldesruh in 1980, at least 40 porcupine have been killed. The reason given is that they damage trees and, as Joe Frank notes in an August 15, 1980, journal entry, “They are just too big a problem with dogs around” (Appendix JJ). Included in the journal entries that mark the death of a porcupine are the dogs with snouts full of quills, and trips to the veterinarian, who put a dog under “and removed 6 quills from her mouth” (Appendix KK). But the dispatching of porcupine wasn’t callously undertaken. It caused consternation and rethinking of values. Joe Frank writes in April 1989 after killing a porcupine that “Ted and I agreed we don’t like killing them but they can’t be tolerated this close to the cabin” (Appendix LL). Porcupines close to the shack posed two dangers — to the dogs, who despite receiving mouths full of quills over the years would still go after the porcupine, and to the shack itself. Porcupines started girdling huge white pine trees that surrounded the cabin.

There were those who wouldn’t have minded seeing the shack meet its demise if only as an excuse to build a new one. The original shack that Elmer put on the property served its purpose, despite its oddities. There was little insulation in the walls and none in the floor so that in cold weather you wore boot socks, boots, long johns and a T-shirt in the cabin. The heat rose, leaving the person in the bottom bunk bundled up and the person in the top bunk lying on top of his sleeping bag. In one of his first winter visits to the shack, Jim Frank “said it was the first time he ever saw his breath in the house” (Appendix MM). The temperature extremes between the air below and above the waist was illustrated in a November 23, 1989, journal entry from Ted Frank who points out that “the snow we tracked into the cabin finally melted when we got up the next morning” (Appendix NN).

By the 1980s and 1990s, though, the cabin began to deteriorate, and the mice and other varmints started taking over. Upon arriving, the first thing a visitor had to do was wash all the surfaces and clean up the mouse feces. Rodney Jacobs, one of the part-owners and a friend of the family, notes this during a visit on October, 11, 1985, when he writes about his “love/hate feelings” for the shack and how “it would be lovely if one wouldn’t have to cook here, sleep here, and crap here. Can’t believe I continue to suffer thru these inconveniences” (Appendix OO). On April 12, 1990, Ted and Joe Frank visit, and Joe writes about some movement “in the wall behind the space heater. It just let out quite a squawk. Too hot?” (Appendix PP) The mystery was solved the next day when two flying squirrels exited through the chimney (Appendix PP).

Going to the cabin was already something of a chore because of the lack of electricity and running water, but the deterioration of the cabin made it even more of a chore. The number of visits dropped. In 1997, there were entries representing five visits to the cabin, the duration of each visit ranging from one day to a week. Just three years earlier, in 1994, there were 14 visits. By March 1998, the shack conditions hit rock bottom for Ted Frank and his new wife, Shirley, as they arrived for a visit. Ted seems fed up by the conditions, noting that the “cabin is deteriorating at alarming rate. Bedroom ceiling about to cave in any moment, two holes have formed already. Critters everywhere. Ate a hole near the east facing window, to gain access between roof and ceiling” (Appendix QQ).

Help is on the way. The owners meet on May 1, 1999, to talk about a new cabin. Rodney Jacobs, who in the meantime has sold his share to Joe and Toni Frank, donates the cost of running electricity to the new cabin. Part-owner Keith Hutchison enlists his brother-in-law, Brian VanHout, a homebuilder who had been deer hunting at Waldesruh for a couple of years. In fact,

during the 1994 deer season, after killing his deer, Brian did some maintenance around the cabin. This included cleaning the oven pilot and adjusting the top burners. Joe Frank is impressed with Brian's work and writes that they "should have asked him to build a cabin" (Appendix RR). That is exactly what happens five years later. Brian donates the know-how, equipment, and labor. In return, he is welcomed to use the cabin. Work on the new cabin begins on August 21, 1999, and all the owners and their families pitch in as well as some friends who had visited the cabin on occasion. It takes 26 days of work over five separate visits to make the new three-room cabin livable. On November 1, 1999, Toni Frank writes that "everyone is a bit wistful as we leave this little brown mouse trap behind. ... It'll be fun to look forward to seeing my sons and their families here and, hopefully, more of the folks who have built this place and become such good friends" (Appendix SS).

The new cabin, which remains mouse-free to this day, is such a step up that people start using it more. In 2000, there were 23 separate visits, compared with the five in 1997, when the old cabin was at its worst, and 14 in 1994. The new cabin is bigger with more windows so that sitting inside on a rainy day is much more enjoyable than the bunker-like existence of the old shack and its two tiny windows.

Despite the upgrade, the wariness bred by the old shack persisted. For years, visitors during cold weather had survived the vagaries of a fuel oil stove that seemed to work when it wanted. For example, on December 29, 1981, a visit by Doug Morrissette and his sons was cut short because the stove wouldn't light and it was 2 degrees below zero outside (Appendix TT). On November 24, 1983, Joe Frank woke up at 11:30 p.m. "and found the cabin full of smoke" (Appendix UU). And on November 28, 1986, Joe Frank woke up at midnight "smelling smoke. The stove had back fired and blown soot all over the place. Smoking badly so I turned it off and

went back to bed” (Appendix VV). When the new cabin was built, they put in a propane-fueled heating panel to heat the whole cabin, with the tank outside. Still, Joe Frank worried and on March 13, 2000, he purchased a carbon monoxide detector. Even though the heater is supposed to have an automatic shut-off, Joe writes, “I feel better having a back-up system” (Appendix WW). This paranoia leads to some good-natured teasing from Rodney Jacobs who visited on March 18, 2000, reads Joe’s entry, and writes, “after years of surviving the oil burning stove and a leaking gas fitting for the cook stove, he’s worried about a modern heating element???” (Appendix XX)

In spite of the so-called hardships at the old cabin, the Frank family still visited the shack regularly. The importance of this place can be seen not only in the number of visits but also in the timing of the visits. When Jim Frank and I attended the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, Waldesruh became a convenient meeting place. Jim and I could travel there and get some home cooking and be back in Eau Claire in the evening. On October 4, 1986, Jim and I hitchhiked from Eau Claire to Black River Falls (about a 45-minute trip). We then tried our luck from Black River Falls to Hatfield and got a ride with someone who was happy to give us one. Joe Frank writes that “Toni returned from shopping in BRF with Jim and Pete who had hitched from Eau Claire” (Appendix YY).

Only in researching the Waldesruh journals did I realize that whenever we were back in Wisconsin visiting our parents, no matter where we were living, we made a trip to the cabin. When each one of us entered the Army, we visited Waldesruh during our time off. The departures and returns were captured in the camp journals, as well as the longing by those left behind. I’ll use my brother Ted Frank as an example of these type of entries. On July 21, 1984, Joe Frank was at the cabin with Toni, Ted, and Ted’s girlfriend. In just over a month Ted is

about to enter the Army, and Joe Frank reminisces that “it seems like only yesterday that Ted and Tim were little crappers screeching around the cabin” (Appendix ZZ). In an entry on August 25, 1984, the absence of Ted Frank weighs on Joe Frank. He writes that for breakfast they “had pancakes, as usual, but the pancake eater is far away in Fort McClellan, Alabama” (Appendix AAA). Ted Frank returns home on leave from the U.S. Army in December 1984 before shipping out to West Germany and visits the cabin. He writes that “this will be my last time here in quite a while till I get back from Europe. Until then, take care WALDESRUH” (Appendix BBB). In December 1985, Ted is home on leave from West Germany and makes another trip to Waldesruh, where part of the evening on December 7, 1985, is spent talking about life in Germany (Appendix CCC). While living in Warsaw, Poland, I visited my parents twice, and each time I made stops at the cabin. A trip to Waldesruh takes on the same importance as a trip to see relatives, perhaps even more.

Before moving into the new cabin, the old one was enough to scare off potential repeat visitors. But we still enjoyed going there. My mother is the only wife among all the property owners’ wives who goes there. This is attributed to the fact that she’s the only one willing to use the outhouse. Her willingness to go to the cabin may be one of the reasons our family uses it more than the other families — our whole family, mother/wife included, is willing to put up with the hardships and enjoy the refuge. In the first entry after we take ownership, Toni writes, “Good heavens how I do love this place and all surrounding it. Hatfield is my idea of a real vacationer’s paradise” (Appendix EE). After she retired in 1994, she visited more often. In the last 10 years, she has accompanied my father on almost every one of his trips to the cabin. For example, in 2006, she accompanied my father on eight of his 11 trips to the cabin. In 1982, two years before she retired, she accompanied my father on only three of his 10 trips to the cabin.

At times Waldesruh is not an easy place to be because of the lack of amenities and the unpredictable nature of life in the wilds. Thus, the hold the place has over my father, my mother, and my brothers is hard to explain. My parents told my brothers and me that when we were teenagers and we wanted to go to a party or do some activity they didn't really approve of, they would tell us, "We planned on going to the cabin that weekend," and that would be the end of the story.

In *A Sand County Almanac*, Aldo Leopold does a good job of describing nature, but he doesn't really explain the enchantment his shack held for his children. Perhaps no one can. But it exists. In the Meine's book on Leopold, the author interviewed Leopold's secretary, Vivian Horn, who told him of the same phenomenon that gripped Leopold's children:

The children preferred going to the shack to some other activity they had an opportunity to do over the weekend. Their family activity seemed to have more attraction. What was the secret? I didn't know, but it made for a happy and congenial family life. (375)

As we grew older, we started going to the cabin on our own, accompanied by girlfriends, then wives and eventually our families. These developments are chronicled in the Waldesruh journals. Sometimes it's signaled by nothing more than a change in the last name of a girlfriend; other times a husband, wife, and a new child arrive. Other times, the news arrived at the cabin. For example, on October 28, 2005, during a visit to Waldesruh, Ted and Shirley Frank "announced they were expecting child #2 next summer" (Appendix DDD).

However, the life most represented in the Waldesruh journal entries is that of its chief contributor, Joe Frank. He has been a regular guest since 1969, visiting in any season but mostly for hunting and fishing. To get an idea of the number of journal entries he has contributed, I

analyzed one notebook, which runs from October 28, 1983, to November 1, 1987. There were 198 journal entries comprising 74 visits to Waldesruh. One visit might produce three journal entries on a Friday night-Sunday stay, for example. Of those 198 entries, a member of the Frank family made 164 of them. Joe Frank alone made 116 of the entries. Forty-eight were made by other members of the Frank family, who were usually accompanied by Joe. The other owners and visitors made 34 of the entries over that four-year span. What the statistics show is that Joe Frank was the chief visitor and author of the Waldesruh journals.

He was the prime mover in maintaining the shack and arranging timber sales to manage the forestland and also raise money. As a forester, Joe Frank started visiting as a young man in his late 30s. He introduced his children to it and made it a part of their lives, and he took his father there. In a bittersweet entry from October 1, 1971, he writes about a fishing trip with his father. A year later, he adds this note: "This was our last outing. My father died Feb 72 but this was a trip he enjoyed immensely, as did I" (Appendix EEE).

He watched his children grow up and move on. In a September 22, 1984, entry during a solo trip to the cabin, Joe Frank reflects that "I've come full circle. All the kids are off doing their thing and Joe is back to camp alone" (Appendix FFF). After another deer season, on November 24, 1986, Joe struggles with being there alone after spending all those years with a child or two, or four, along, yet he doesn't want to go home:

This place is a little too gloomy w/o the sounds of the kids. I don't think I want to spend the whole week like this. But if I go home I'll wish I were here. What I really want is to spend the week here in the company of the whole family. That's not likely to happen again. (Appendix GGG)

What he didn't realize at the time is that he had instilled in his children a love of the place that was to bring them back again and again.

Interspersed between the happy memories and sad realizations is the inevitable march of time as Joe's hunting buddies start to die. The entries recording their passing are sad, but tinged with the humor and friendship these men had. On October 25, 1991, Joe Frank, Rodney Jacobs, Dick Tawney, and Blair Stutzman's wife spread Blair's ashes at his favorite hunting spot:

I'm sure Blair would have approved of the site and the ceremony, especially the Coronet VSQ. Blair's relationship w/Wis. started in this very cabin in 1968.

Every trip was a gem. Rest well Blair. Wait for us on the other side of the alder run. We'll be along bye and bye.(Appendix HHH)

The man who owned the adjacent 40 acres, Frank Morse, died in 2003 from Alzheimer's. He hadn't been his property in years, but, as Joe Frank writes, "he was always here in spirit. Now he can stay full time" (Appendix III). Joe Frank's best friend, Rodney Jacobs, died in 2008. Rodney was a bachelor and a family friend whom my brothers and I knew as Uncle Jake. He liked the property as much as my dad, evident from an entry dated September 11 and 12, 1987. Rodney spends a late summer day at the cabin, sitting in the sun and enjoying "the quietness — the soft breezes through tree tops; a raven 'crooking' in distance; the blue jays; and today 4 buzzards circling very high. Overall I want more out of here, yet these times are precious each visit" (Appendix JJJ).

Rodney had been in declining health, so his death wasn't unexpected. On June 20, 2008, Joe Frank writes that he and Toni had visited Rodney earlier in the month and he was given two to four months to live. Two days later, they learned he had died. It made for "a melancholy weekend but yet it was a good place to be to recall all that Jake meant in our lives. He will be

missed” (Appendix KKK). Joe Frank was at the cabin again when he found out another hunting companion, Kerry Schell, had died. In a November 23, 2009, journal entry, Jim Frank writes that the news was sad, “but afterwards, stories about him and Jake predominated the rest of the evening. It’s odd to imagine them not coming back for a visit” (Appendix LLL). In 2004, a member of the Jackson County Sheriff’s Department came out to the deer hunting camp to let Joe know that Tim’s twin boys were born three months prematurely and died (Appendix MMM).

The entries showing that while these losses are sad, the writing down of the details serves as a way of allowing the events to become part of Joe Frank’s history. In her book *The New Diary: How to Use a Journal for Self-Guidance and Expanded Creativity*, Tristine Rainier writes that in recording the deaths of people, “you admit them on a feeling level and accept them into your life by including them in your book” (Rainier 115). In this case, the Waldesruh journal is my father’s book.

And despite outliving his hunting buddies, Joe is aging, and the Waldesruh journals show it. As an 80-year-old, he still enjoys walking the 80 acres with one of his sons and recalling the history of the property and the four generations of the Frank family that have visited Waldesruh. But he no longer hunts all day, and some days he skips altogether, settling for a “sentimental journey,” driving by favorite, old hunting spots, like “Taylor, Trump Coulee, Morgan Marsh, and Trout Run. I get tired just looking at those hills” (Appendix NNN). He and Toni still visit often and keep up on maintenance, but instead of hunting or fishing, they might drive north to Augusta to the Amish furniture store, west to Osseo for pie, south to Merrillan for the “old farts” lunch (Appendix OOO), and back to the cabin to watch the chickadees and wonder if it’s a bear or a hawk that keeps knocking down the bird feeder.

Yet as he and Toni age, their grandchildren are growing and visiting the property. New blood is flowing through the veins of Waldesruh. Joe and Toni's sons are recording their visits, and introducing a new generation to the wonders of the outdoors, sitting around at night and talking and enjoying each other's company. Already my daughter Eleanora is making journal entries, in much the same way we did when we were her age. Her first entry on July 27, 2008:

Eleanora Frank and family arrived today, around 3. We ate supper, went to the beach, and had ice cream. The kids ran on the trails and played soccer. We had to do a tick check, then snuggled in to bed. We read some books and colored. Ada fell asleep, then mom and dad had a beer while the kids colored with Phoebe on the couch. It was an awesome day at the cabin and everyone fell asleep hoping for another awesome one. Written by: Eleanora Frank (Appendix PPP)

That visit was one of the first for my wife, Sandra, our kids — Eleanora, William, Matthias, and Adelaide — and our dog, Phoebe. In my entry, you can hear whispers and echoes of my father's entries over the last 40 years. My entry for that visit notes the highlights but zeroes in on the simple pleasures, like hearing your children running and yelling in the woods, having fun in the place that was so important in your life: "It was nice to see and hear them calling out as they played a game (that involved chucking pine cones at each other) around the circle, as the dog, Phoebe, kept tabs on them" (Appendix PPP).

Importance of journals

The primary analysis of the Waldesruh journals shows how those entries, when viewed in their entirety, form a story about a place and a family. They are living literature that continue to grow to this day. They also are testament to the importance of keeping a journal. Tristine Rainier

writes that when you reread a diary or journal, you find “a unique unrepeatable story of self” (17). While Rainier is talking about personal diaries, the example can be extended to a camp journal, and instead of a “story of self,” you find a story of a place and a family. In rereading the entries that cover several months or years, you get “a sense of the inner movement and continuity of your life behind the words” (Rainier 267). I found this to be true. For example, I found an 11-month gap from November 24, 1996, to October 17, 1997, when there were no entries in the journal, indicating, probably, that no one had visited the cabin. The gap begins and ends in the middle of the page, so it isn’t a case of missing pages. When I asked my father, he consulted his personal diary and found that, indeed, no one had visited the cabin during that time frame. The time was occupied with other events: My uncle — Toni’s sister’s husband — was dying of cancer, my brother Ted got married, my parents spent a week at a northern Minnesota lake with Rodney Jacobs. So as Rainier points out, rereading the entries led me to a “life behind the words,” or in this case, the lack of words.

Mert Cowley, author of *A Hundred Hunts Ago*, regrets not keeping a journal. Relying on memories and photographs tells only part of the story; the written record tells the rest of the story, because “for every memory that has survived through the years, and for every photo that’s found in an album, there are a hundred experiences that have been lost” (Cowley 446). When his son, Dan, turned 12, Cowley told him he had to keep a journal if he wanted to go hunting. Cowley wonders if his son would remember his first hunt if not for the journal. The journals give him “a written record of his experiences in the outdoors he can hold in his hands and reflect back in time” (Cowley 447).

Cowley is echoing beliefs held by Aldo Leopold years before. In addition to his shack journals, Leopold kept hunting and fishing journals. His regard for recording observations was

on a more scientific level. Julianne Lutz Newton in her book about Leopold writes that he believed the hunter “who looked beyond the kill itself and recorded his nature observations . . . enriched not only science but himself” (279). In *Aldo Leopold’s Odyssey*, Newton quotes an introduction to a never published essay in which Leopold expounds on the benefits of a journal and its accumulation of memories that can be “put down so that they can be classified, correlated, and made the basis for conclusions that the owner never even dreamed of” (280). Despite Leopold’s scientific leaning, this approach works with any journal and any creative endeavor, bridging science and art.

The writer Henry David Thoreau kept voluminous journals and obviously saw the benefit in them, mainly as a way to keep up the habit of writing but also so that “we remember our best hours and stimulate ourselves” (Thoreau, *Journal* 328). The Waldesruh journals do that and more. Even an entry on the death of a friend or loved one is a remembrance of the “best hours.”

The habit of journal writing, though, is not practiced by everyone. Some people are reluctant because of fear — “the fear of being judged” (21), according to Michele Weldon in her book *Writing to Save Your Life: How to Honor Your Story Through Journaling*. This self-conscious fear might explain some missing entries at Waldesruh. In analyzing the Waldesruh journals, I eventually realized that my youngest brother, Tim, did not author one entry. Although there were some entries I could not discern the author of, in examining the details of the entries, I don’t believe they were his. He provides no reason for his reluctance to record his activities at the cabin, but self-consciousness might be a reason. There are some who are too shy to share their ideas and actions and have them examined by whomever follows and reads from the journals. Writer Pam Houston admits a certain disdain for journals because when she kept one, the writing “was so horrendously stifled and self-conscious” (161). She got around this by

writing letters to people she loves. It was her way of recording her thoughts and activities without keeping a formal journal. She found her letters contained better writing than her journal entries, so she “began writing letters at the end of most days to some named beloved” (Houston 161). They serve as her audience, which she needs because “when I have an audience, I’m far more inclined to excel” (Houston 161).

An attempt at inducing people to write in the Waldesruh journals was introduced in 2000 after my father received a structured notebook — “Up North: A Cabin Journal” — for Christmas. The formatted notebook included fill-in-the-blank entries for date arrived/departed, weather/temperature, guests and visitors, “what I (we) did,” “projects/chores,” “favorite moments/special highlights (fun).” The first couple of entries followed the format, then people had fun with it and wrote such things as “none of your business” in reply to the prompt “What I (we) did.” Eventually, it was used like a notebook and the introductory words were crossed out. In a Waldesruh journal entry on January 5, 2001, 10 days after receiving the gift, Joe Frank writes that he hopes “it will encourage those shy folks who are reluctant to record their passage” (Appendix QQQ). The idea was you didn’t have to be a great writer to fill in the blanks. You didn’t have to use complete sentences. But that idea never seemed to catch on, and those who eschewed making journal entries continued their ways.

Despite that attempt, many others continued to make entries, showing that when “done honestly, writing acknowledges who are and what affects us” (Weldon 1).

Journals as Literature

Turning journals, or diaries, into literature is a common enough practice that it might not seem to need much illumination. But in this sub-section I will show how journals informed some works of literature and how authors have incorporated journal entries into their works.

Some are as obvious as Christopher Isherwood. David P. Thomas writes in his essay “*Goodbye to Berlin: Refocusing Isherwood’s Camera*” that “much of Isherwood’s fiction has been based upon actual diaries.” In doing this, Isherwood invokes “the verité of actual events with an acute sense of specific place and time” (Thomas). This sense of place and time is evident in the Waldesruh journals, illustrating how the immediacy of the writing lends to its heft. The entries are clearly remembered and bring the writer and reader in to what Thomas calls the “unusually close” relationship that Isherwood sought with this writing style. Isherwood himself is very forthcoming about it. In the introduction to *The Berlin Stories*, Isherwood writes that he lived primarily in Berlin from 1929 to 1933, during which time he decided to write about his experiences, “so I kept a detailed diary, which in due course provided raw material for all my Berlin stories” (Isherwood, “About” v). He uses the metaphor of a diarist as a camera in the second paragraph of the chapter “A Berlin Diary” in *Goodbye to Berlin*:

I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking.

Recording the man shaving at the window opposite and the woman in the kimono washing her hair. Someday, all this will have to be developed, carefully printed, fixed. (Isherwood, *Berlin Stories* 1)

He shows his intent on faithfully recording everything, like photographs because they expose the good and the bad. They are impartial, like a mirror reflecting one’s true image.

The author Jim Harrison has mined his journals for his stories and poems. Many of Harrison’s stories are set in Michigan and involve hunting and fishing. In his essay “Germinating Work,” for Sheila Bender’s *40 Contemporary Writers and Their Journals*, Harrison writes that he doesn’t keep a daily journal but uses journals to record “notions and images I can’t live without, which are mostly concerned with germinating work” (94). He cites as his influences

Henry David Thoreau, Tom McGuane, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Gustave Flaubert, and Loren Eiseley (103). Harrison's journal for the novel *Dalva* numbered about 100 pages and "included particularly germane or poignant thoughts to the actual book" (Harrison, "Germinating Work" 103). For example, in his "*Dalva Notebooks*," a sample of which are included in a book of his writings, *Just Before Dark: Collected Nonfiction by Jim Harrison*, Harrison writes about "a ranch foreman named Samuel Creekmouth" (283). That character makes an appearance in the novel *Dalva* as a ranch foreman (Harrison, *Dalva* 251). His "*Dalva Notebooks*" include the following dream: "Rode an enormous crow, flying down to the Manistee River to drink from a sandbar" (285). In *Dalva*, Harrison writes about a dream in which the narrator "rode a huge crow to the river with silver reins. He drank from a sandbar" (288).

But there is some dispute about whether Leopold and Thoreau mined their journals in the same manner. Dennis Ribbens contends that Leopold's shack journal "is no way the basis for the essays in *A Sand County Almanac*" (11). He bases this on the brevity of the journal entries and the lack of prose. Leopold's observations consist "entirely of listings and descriptions of natural events" (Ribbens 11). He calls the shack journal a "land journal" (11). Ribbens has a very valid point. For example, Curt Meine includes a typical shack journal entry from May 31, 1946, which, in part, reads:

Weather Warm, calm, hazy at daybreak, 58 at 3 a.m. Changed suddenly to cold NE wind at 7 a.m. with a long streak of cloud marking the NE front. 54 at 8 a.m., cloudy. 41 at 6 pm.

Daybreak Song A favorable morning for early song:

2:45 song sparrow

3:00 " "

3:05 field sparrow

3:07 song sparrow . . .

The only difference between this and recent days is the scattered very early songs of the two very early species, song & field sparrow. . . . (Meine 484-5).

The entry for May 31 continues in this manner and includes sightings of robins, the number of woodcock seen or heard, quail, flowers coming into bloom and going out of bloom, deer food, raspberries and bees. As Ribbens points out, this typical entry is heavy on detail and light on prose. In the *Sand County* essays, Leopold's purpose was to address "conservation issues, not description of nature" (Ribbens 4). In fact, only two of the 15 essays used the shack experience, Ribbens writes, until later revisions were added at the behest of the publisher who wrote to Leopold that "instead of trying to cover so much territory, you might concentrate on the 120 acres of woodland you bought" (Ribbens 9). Ribbens compares the tables of contents from 1944 and 1947 and finds in the 1947 table more essays in "based on the shack experience," which came from the publisher's insistence (Ribbens 9).

I contend that Leopold's shack journals might not have served as first drafts to *A Sand County Almanac*, but they were used to inform his essays. The entries were prompts, prodding the recorder's memory into a more thorough accounting. I saw the same thing in the Waldesruh journals. A 1969 entry from the Frank family's first trip to Waldesruh shows this. Joe and Toni Frank were there with all four boys, who ranged in age from 7 years old to infant. After a late night of martinis, Joe Frank writes on June 1: "At 3 a.m., Toni woke me to kill a bat. I killed it with a towel by flashlight. I doubt if I could have seen it by daylight" (Appendix CC). Using that entry as a prompt, I talked to my parents and found out that there was more to the humorous story. My mother, Toni, was in the back room with the four young boys, and my dad was

sleeping on the floor in the main part of the cabin. At 3 a.m., Toni told Joe there was a bat in the back room, but he ignored her pleas to do something about it. Then the door to the back room slammed shut and Joe heard Toni's muffled voice, "There. Now it's by you." Only then did he spring into action and dispatched the bat using a flashlight and a towel.

I believe that Leopold's shack journal probably brought other memories to light and served as prompts to his writing. Writer Denise Levertov maintains that the information in journals won't be used word for word because good literary works are "not patched together from 'effective' scraps," but the main value is that the writing "deepens our experience" (186). I believe this is the case with Leopold. For example, Leopold writes about banding chickadees in *A Sand County Almanac*, and the family's efforts to band birds, specifically chickadees, appears in Leopold's shack journals (Meine 381-2). Meine also shows that a four-day shack visit "provided grist for a new essay" (472), which was "The Green Pasture" and was published in *A Sand County Almanac*. The shack journals end up being used for articles in the *Wisconsin Agriculturalist and Farmer* and the *Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin* (Meine 449). Leopold might have been pressured to write more about the shack, and his early drafts of *A Sand County Almanac* might not have included them, but what matters is the finished product, and in that the shack experiences are part of the mix.

Ribbens writes that other nature writers did use their journals as a sort of first draft: "Those who have studied the literary process are familiar with the personal journal extracted and reshaped into essays and finally into books. John Muir and Henry Thoreau wrote that way. Aldo Leopold did not" (11). Even if Leopold's shack journals weren't a first draft, they preserved empirical data that were used in his writing. The journals don't have to be first drafts; instead,

they do the heavy lifting of recovering data from the fuzzy warehouse of memories. Journal-keeping is important to Leopold's writing.

In Henry David Thoreau's time, journal-keeping was "standard means of self-improvement" (77), according to Henry Seidel Canby in his book *Thoreau*. He wrote that Ralph Waldo Emerson had 10 volumes of journals, and that Nathaniel Hawthorne "set down his ideas for stories in the midst of careful narrative and character description" (77).

Sharon Cameron, though, contends that Thoreau's *Walden* and his compiled journals "are autonomous writings" (22). In her book *Writing Nature: Henry Thoreau's Journal*, Cameron compares journal entries with passages in *Walden*, and she asserts that Thoreau used his journals as a vehicle for getting the nature right. She sees his published journal as "a book to which *Walden* is a prelude" (6). But her assertions come under fire in a book review by Kevin Van Anglen of the Humanities Research Institute in Madison, Wisconsin. Van Anglen points out that Cameron confined her research to journal entries from 1848 to 1852. Thoreau was at Walden from July 4, 1845, to September 6, 1847. Van Anglen is critical of her research "based on corrupt text containing only half of what Thoreau wrote," and she ignores the fact that writing between 1848 and 1852 "reflects experiences later recounted in other writings (including *Cape Cod* and *The Maine Woods*)."

Leonard N. Neufeldt also contradicts Cameron and writes that Thoreau borrowed from his journals. Thoreau "filled early notebooks and then cannibalized and transcribed them, . . . borrowed phrases, sentences, and pages from these volumes for his other writings, and came to understand his journal notebooks as increments in an independent, self-justifying work" (Neufeldt 107).

I don't think this debate lessens the ability for journals to be considered as literary works. Some might not prefer reading diaries or journal entries. Writer Kyoko Mori in her essay "Like Running" finds excerpts from journals interesting, "but for long sustained reading, I think the journals are of interest mostly to the writers themselves. . . . I would as soon read the result novels, poems, etc., instead of the journals" (229). Laurence Stapleton echoes that thought in his introduction to *Thoreau: A Collection of Essays*. He writes that he prefers "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack and Walden to any section of the journal" (161). That is not to say that Thoreau's journal is without merit. Stapleton calls it Thoreau's "principal, if not his greatest work" that provided "the motif and much of the substance of his books" (161). And a reading of Thoreau's journal "will induce the thoughtful and responsive reader to proceed to an acquaintance with the whole" (Stapleton 161).

In this way the Waldesruh journals fulfill the order of literature. In reading the entries, two intertwined story lines emerge, one of hunting and one of the Frank family. As literature, what the Waldesruh journals might provide is the randomness of real life that occurs all over the world but is told within the fixed setting of the property. A.A. Mendilow writes in his essay "The Position of the Present in Fiction" that:

the journal or the epistolary novel . . . can introduce more of the random nature of life which has little or / no apparent bearing at the time on the main incidents. One follows the events as they evolve; there is no time-lag between the event and its recording as one feels a pattern is imposed on them subsequently. (261-2)

Conclusion

Whether you like to read journal entries or prefer the finished product inspired and produced by them might affect how you approach the Waldesruh journals. The journals are

parochial in their setting for much of the action, but the feelings found in the pages are universal. The entries weren't intended to be a literary work, but I contend that they are, based on the story they tell, of hunting and a family, and the quality of writing seen in the excerpts used in this paper.

Waldesruh Journals: Living Literature in the Peace of the Woods

Reaction Section

While I was living in Poland, I was writing a novel in which Waldesruh property and its environs provided the inspiration for the setting. The power of writing was evident when I sat down on a Monday morning in Krakow, Poland, and wrote about the main character arriving at the cabin on a Friday afternoon, drinking beer, sitting in the autumn sun, catching up with friends, and then going for a Friday night fish fry. I was transported to that place. At 10 a.m. on a Monday, I wanted a beer and a fish fry. I could smell the musty forest odor of crushed pine needles and autumn leaves. For the rest of the day I had to keep reminding myself that it wasn't Friday. I blamed the reaction on the power of writing. After reading the Waldesruh journals, I believe the power of place also played a significant role.

The "power of place" bursts through when one reads the journals. The entries transport the reader. I think that readers who have spent time "up north" at a cabin can identify many of the themes and anecdotes found in the journals. They can construct a cabin and its environs in their minds. They recognize the effort needed to enjoy time at their getaway and the rewards it confers on them. They can identify and relate to the many experiences we've had at the cabin.

Take hunting dogs, for example. Dogs and a trip to the cabin go together like marshmallows and campfires. The cabin and its environs were their nirvana, where they could run free. It seemed like something was missing whenever we went to the cabin and didn't have a mutt with us. A walk in the woods seemed wasted without a dog busting through the underbrush. Ted Frank expressed that feeling in an entry on September 16, 1994. He wrote about being there without Lucy, a cocker spaniel I owned and who met an untimely early death, and my father's English setter, Bess, and how they added to some excitement to the day. The dogs displayed

unconditional love and “whatever the plans were for the day, they never questioned, they were always just ready to go” (Appendix RRR).

Any reader who has had a hunting dog from pup to old age can identify with the sadness that comes when the dog dies. When we were all still living at home, my father and Rodney Jacobs each bought English setters from the same litter — brother and sister. Ours was Bess; Rodney named his Rags. When they died, their ashes were spread in the same area as Joe and Rodney’s hunting buddy, Blair Stutzman. The dogs were getting old in the spring of 1992 when Joe and Rodney were at the cabin. Joe writes in the journal that it was “probably the last time Rags and Bess will run together” (Appendix SSS). On November 9, 1992, Bess had her last hunt. Joe was at the cabin and recorded an entry about grouse hunting. On October 17, 1993, he adds this to that entry:

This was the last hunt for Bess. I had to have her put to sleep on 3-5-93. Her last point was a beauty and we killed the bird. She continued to hunt as hard as she could while she was in the woods and even on this last hunt found birds when the birds were scarce. She was a real hunter. (Appendix TTT)

On June 10, 1994, Joe writes about sitting outside at the cabin with Ted Frank and Rodney Jacobs and “reminiscing about Rags and Bess and other days gone by” (Appendix UUU).

I think most hunters would identify with this nostalgia for hunting dogs and the teary-eyed sentiment that goes along with it. I think they would also identify with the frustration fomented by the vandals who prey upon hunting cabins that aren’t used for weeks, sometimes months, out of the year. It’s a common theme in any writing about cabins. The Canadian writer Mordecai Richler in his book *Broadsides: Reviews and Opinions* wrote about it. The book is a

collection of his essays, reviews, and journal entries. He wrote about his cabin outside of Montreal. While visiting the local bar, one of the patrons hit him up for \$100 and when he asked why, he was told, “Insurance is why” (Richler 247). This familiarity with the bar’s regulars “can prove compromising on occasion,” especially when two provincial police officers approached him and explained “that the neighbor to my right had been robbed the previous week of his 85-horsepower outboard and that the two neighbours to my left were missing their TV sets, a VHS, many bottles of wine and two outboards” (247). Even Aldo Leopold’s shack was broken into in 1939 and ransacked (Meine 391).

Waldesruh was subjected to numerous break-ins over the years. The thieves would often gain access by the window over the sink, and one of their favorite items to take were knives. The frustration of these repeated break-ins is evident when Joe Frank writes on August 31, 1986, that “apparently our little friends are still taking knives out of the knife holder” (Appendix VVV), and on April 18, 1987, vandals “crawled through the west window and left with our knives” (Appendix WWW). In 1991, the thieves weren’t content with taking three lanterns, a charcoal grill, all of the silverware, some glasses and cups, a white enamel coffee pot, and a sauce pan, they had to discharge the fire extinguisher, spraying white powder all over the cabin (Appendix XXX). The number of break-ins dwindled after 1992, and with the new cabin there has been only one.

The reaction to these is disheartening and leads to a less-than-hospitable and charitable landowner. Mert Cowley wrote about it in *A Hundred Hunts Ago*. His hunting cabin was initially accessible “for anyone stranded . . . or just travelling through the area,” but “eighteen years and fifteen break-ins later, outsiders are not welcome any longer” (Cowley 480). He summed up

what many of the victims have felt: “You almost feel sorry for anyone that has so little respect for another’s property and so little in their life to look forward to” (Cowley 480).

These shared sentiments found in the journals are one of the reasons I want to try to publish these journals. However, I’m a realist and I don’t know if that is possible or practical, given the fact that I have a family, a full-time job, and I’m just finishing two years of neglecting some of my duties in order to finish my master’s degree. In this section I will go over my plans for this project, from the simplest to the more elaborate. Whatever I do, the primary goal is to preserve these journals as a historical family document.

Plan 1: Electronic resource

The first thing that I will need to do is type up the rest of the entries from the Waldesruh journals and create an index. Certain entries have been typed for the purposes of this project; I would need to type up the rest. With that done, then the most basic plan is to preserve them digitally. I would:

- Save an electronic version of the Waldesruh journals on CDs and on a Google Documents website.
- Give each property owner a CD with the Microsoft Word documents on them.
- Print out a copy for the cabin.
- Update the CDs every five years.

Plan 2: Bound copies, or just copies

If the property owners are interested, and willing to help with costs, I would compile the journals into booklet form so each of the owners could have bound copies, or simple paper copies.

For paper copies, using the standard 8½-inch by 11-inch piece of paper, the journal entries through 1981 constitute 55 pages of single-spaced pages. The length of the entries are longer after 1981 as Elmer Sprick's entries are poetry in their brevity. I estimate that the entries would total about 200 pages. In getting my price estimates for a simple "self-publishing," I went to Sir Speedy Printing and Marketing Services in Green Bay. I estimated about 10 copies — one for each of the three partners, one for each of my three brothers and me, one for the cabin, and two extra. That would total 2,000 copies, reducing the per-copy price to 4 cents, for a total of \$80, or \$8 per journal.

Fastback Binding, with no photographs, would cost \$126.13 for 10 copies of a 200-page journal. A spiral bound journal in black and white, no photos, 200 pages, and 10 copies would cost \$144.80. So the cost is not prohibitive.

Plan 3: Formal publishing

The third option would be to formally publish the articles, charging readers in order to recoup expenses. I understand that these journals wouldn't apply to a wide audience, so I would probably go the route of self-publishing. First, though, I would have to secure permission from the current property owners — my parents and two other partners. As a courtesy, I would secure the approval of the previous landowner, Elmer W. Sprick. His entries constitute the majority of the early entries in the Waldesruh journals until about 1980, when he sold the property. I would look to add photographs, asking each of the shareholders and the previous owners to donate some photos. In addition to the words, the photos would help document the transformation of the land from 1959 to the present.

Through self-publishing, I'd have two options: publish on demand or publish and distribute. For the on-demand option, I would use the Lulu website — www.lulu.com. It allows

you to upload a book, specify page size, binding, length, and color format. One can then order the book from the website. A 200-page book with the specifications mentioned above would cost about \$12. The advantage here is that it would be stored digitally and if someone came across the book and wanted to order it, they could, and 80 percent of the sale price would go to the author, or editor. Books could also be ordered in quantity.

The second option would be to self-publish a certain number of books and try to sell and distribute them. I would again use Lulu.com and order a quantity. I would propose the following:

- Distribute the published journals to the friends and families of the current and former owners.
- Provide a copy to a historical society and/or museum in Jackson County, including the Thunderbird museum in Hatfield.
- Provide a copy to the Black River Falls public library.
- Offer a copy to a state historical society.
- Offer a copy to public and college libraries in Wisconsin.
- Sell the published journals locally, at bookstores, tourist stops, and/or from a stall at the Memorial Day and Labor Day flea markets in Hatfield, the closest community to Waldesruh.
- Sell the published journals regionally at tourist shops and independent bookstores.

In an effort to do some marketing, I would put together a brochure and send brochures to some of these institutions, like the libraries. The brochures would include an order form.

Regardless of whether the journals are published, my main goal is to preserve their contents — on CDs, on paper, and in the hands of the various owners and their families. The family copies and index would be updated periodically.

The electronically stored journals and an index would allow for quick perusal or searches for items of interest. Patricia Hampl in her essay “A Book with a Lock and Key” writes that the problem with journals is that they “have no retrieval system. You write and write, and it all swirls away into the unnumbered, unindexed pages of notebooks that stack up, year after year, in the dark of a closet shelf” (83). Such is the current plight of the Waldesruh journals.

If I pursue publishing this book, I would consider expanding the analysis I did for the research section of this paper and include other themes, such as:

- Trespassing
- Hunting dogs
- The other owners
- The Spricks
- Pictures of Waldesruh

This would serve as a sort of foreword for the journals. It would require interviewing the other families, such as the Sprick family, and soliciting the other property owners for photographs as well as memories. It would require a deeper analysis of hunting (including bag, pressure, and census) than what I have done in the Research Section. These things would help fill in the gap of some of the journal entries. The paper would serve as the introduction to the complete Waldesruh journals. Filling in the gaps would provide context to the journals and insight into the concept of parallel lives that Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg talk about in their essay “The Problem of Reality: Illustration and Representation.” This would take the book into another level beyond the simple journal, what Scholes and Kellogg believed would be a shift from illustrative to representational. Those making journal entries “may simply record specific

data, but the autobiographer or historian seeks a pattern which drives him in the direction of generalization” (Kellogg and Scholes 375).

The project would grow, especially my involvement in it and my perception and analysis of what the journals represent and how they are the individual representing the universal.

Conclusion

If all I do is get the journals typed and provide copies of CDs to other landowners and my brothers, I believe this experience will have been a worthwhile one for me. It has brought to the surface memories from my times at Waldesruh and brought to light incidents that I was unaware of. It has given me a greater appreciation for the property and for the owners who over the years have been true to the idea of a shared refuge and a respect for the land.

This project also brings to a close a chapter in my life. For the past two years I’ve been working on my Masters of Liberal Studies. Because I have a house full of kids and other distractions at home, I have taken refuge at various coffee shops, with names like The Attic and Kaverna, and spent time at libraries, such as the one at Northeast Wisconsin Technical College in Green Bay. Primarily, though, I found refuge at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay’s Cofrin Library, squirreled away on the largely unoccupied fifth floor, my papers and books spread out on a table as I sat facing a sliver of window that affords a view of the bay of Green Bay. From that perch I’ve spent hours and days reading, writing, thinking, watching the bay turn from blue to white to blue; watching what began as small spits of snow turn to huge gobs as I spent 12 hours finishing up a paper on Jeremy Rifkin’s *The European Dream* for an IDS course; seeing my view of the bay become slightly obscured by the bare branches budding into full leafiness as I worked on my casebook on Kurt Vonnegut’s *Cat’s Cradle* for the spring 2009 semester. As I drive by these places now, I’m reminded of my father’s entries in the last couple of years, when

he talks of sentimental journeys past his favorite old hunting grounds, and the metaphor seems apt. I did a kind of “hunting” in those places, looking for the right books, the right words, the right lines of thought. These places offered me a quiet place, good coffee, and a chance to collect my thoughts.

The result is I’ve been on a kind of circuitous journey. It began with me, the individual, and my family. Through the virtual nature of this class, I was in touch with students and instructors around the United States, and one in China, studying and analyzing literature from afar. It all led back to my family and a place that has been influential in my life, Waldesruh. If the only result is a printed and electronically stored copy of the journals, it will have been a worthwhile journey.

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APPENDIX

A: Foreword and History of Waldesruh, written by Elmer Sprick

(Note: Below is the first page of the Waldesruh Journals. It was written by Elmer W. Sprick in a spiral notebook with a red cover that said in big black stenciled letters, “LOG BOOK.”)

— Foreword —

“I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essentials of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.” — Thoreau, 1854

— History —

Sometime during the summer of 1959 the main room of this shack was still a woodshed on a farm owned by Jim Hagen 3 miles west of Black River Falls on County Trunk “C.”

A moving permit and a licensed mover would have cost more than the building was worth so at 5 a.m. one morning Jim Hagen backed his truck under the building and hauled it to this location via the back roads.

The building leaned west and south before bracing gave it some degree of respectability. Frank Morse helped with the moving and many of the subsequent refinements.

In 1960, Jim Hagen and I did some logging on a cooperative basis and sawed enough lumber to complete flooring, siding and paneling. The brown stain job was a family affair.

The shack accommodated only two during the 1964 and 1965 deer seasons. It was apparent that more room was needed for not only sleeping but for after hunting social hours as well.

Joe Frank came to the rescue with an offer of the old office building from Castle Mound for a nominal fee. In 1967, the two buildings were attached and a common door was cut with a chain saw.

This hunting shack is the result of the kindness of many good friends. Each board and brick brings back a memory. Each friend who wants may have a key and use the building as his own. The lock is only to discourage those who view the open door as a place to vandalize.

B: Waldesruh journal entry from October 16, 1976, written by Elmer Sprick

Still dry — no hunting. Deer shot in driveway and cabin broken into. Stove taken. Reported to sheriff. Extreme fire conditions.

C: Waldesruh journal entry from March 12, 1971, written by Elmer Sprick

Dave and I came in to spend the nite. Deer are heavily using snowmobile trails but can also move about freely on snow crust. All browse we cut is eaten. Weather mild, 30-40°. East wind. Report from Clark Co. that man was attacked by a pack of wolves. He reportedly escaped on his snow sled. We would believe he might have been followed by two small dogs who thought his snowmobile was a car. Took a night hike — very dark and quiet. Dave kept an eye out for wolves.”

D: Waldesruh journal entry from May 8, 1971, written by Joe Frank

Opening day of the Fishing Season —

Joe Frank and the Lord of the Manor spent Friday nite at the shack. After a supper of steak and Elmer's hash browns the conversation centered around the move to Eau Claire for the WCD Hq Personnel. About 10 they called it a day.

Opening Day dawned bright and fairly clear. It was almost a perfect day, but the fish failed to cooperate. The wind made casting a little difficult, but the cold water has slowed down the bass activity.

By 4:30 the two fishermen retired to Spricks for cocktails and supper.

After supper, Mr. Frank tried his luck at Hatfield for walleyes but by 10:30 p.m. decided it was not his day.

E: Waldesruh journal entry for December 15, 1979, written by Elmer Sprick

Spent the night here alone after attending the Black River Area Venison Feed. Joe Frank, Charles Evlend, Doug Morrissette and Keith Hutchison arrived about 9:30 a.m. to look over the area. Had a lunch of venison bar-b-ques and told a few buck stories. Cut birch. Saw 5 deer go through NE stand.

F: November 10, 1968, to November 16, 1968, written by Joe Frank

Nov. 10, 1968 — This is a reunion for three Penn State foresters, Joe Frank, Rod Jacobs of Marquette, Mich., and Blair Stutzman of Eden, No. Carolina. Blair brought along a co-worker, Dick Tawney of Franklin, Va. We arrived at camp about 11 a.m., four men and three dogs. We hunted near Alma Center in the p.m. Our bag was two grouse, two rabbits, one woodcock and one miscellaneous.

Nov. 11 — A cool night with the temperature at 16°. The southern gentlemen thought they might freeze. We found the pump was frozen and spent an hour thawing it out. We hunted on French Creek today for pheasants. It was a beautiful day with lots of action. We accounted for six rabbits, three pheasants and two grouse. Blair was trapped in the john when the wind slammed the door.

Nov. 12 — Another beautiful day! We hunted in the Beaver Creek county today. It was a quiet morning but we had lots of action in the p.m. Rachel treed one rabbit at Morgan Marsh. We had quite a bag again today with seven grouse, two rabbits and one pheasant. A real cool evening and it took a bottle of brandy to keep us warm while cleaning the game. We had grouse and rabbit for supper. I was self-appointed chef.

Nov. 13 — Jake had a sore throat this morning and stayed in camp. Dick, Blair and I hunted on the state forest and compared northern and southern forestry. Blair noted that we are not more than 20 years behind the times! We had a lot of shooting today hunting old timber sale areas, but our hitting wasn't too good. We ended up with seven grouse for a day's work. Roger Amundson, Knute Waggoner, and Cully Erickson dropped by after supper. We gave game management hell until midnite. Roger left when the booze ran out.

Nov. 14 — I slept on the floor last night and gave Jake the bed. It was quite an experience sharing that space with three dogs. Jake is apparently coming down with the flu. He moved into a motel today to try to get rid of it. The three of us hunted around Disco today. The rabbit population is phenomenal. We bagged six rabbits today but only nailed one grouse. The grouse are definitely down from last year. Jake was at camp when we got back. He had been give a shot by the doctor and was feeling better. He had supper ready for us of grouse grilled in foil

and baked apples. Our best meal, yet. Frank Morse stopped in after supper. We chewed the fat and drank Frank's beer till midnite.

Nov. 15 — Jake was still too sick to hunt. The rest of us spent the day sightseeing and comparing forestry. We hunted a couple hours on a few of Roger's seeded trails. We put up a few birds and shot one. We quit early and went to B.R.F. to pack our game. Blair loaded up a plastic garbage can with dry ice and game for the trip home. We met Jake at the Corner Room and had supper at Club 12. We turned in early after Blair was again trapped in the john.

Nov. 16 — A good, gloomy day to break camp. We had the car loaded and broke camp about 9 a.m. It rained most of the way home. It looks like winter is here. It was a great trip with good weather, good companions and good shooting. We all enjoyed the opportunity to get together again. We relived old hunts and built some great stories for future get-togethers.

[Someone else wrote] By the way, thanks again ELMER!

G: Waldesruh journal entry from November 14, 1968, written by Joe Frank

Nov. 14 — I slept on the floor last night and gave Jake the bed. It was quite an experience sharing that space with three dogs. Jake is apparently coming down with the flu. He moved into a motel today to try to get rid of it. The three of us hunted around Disco today. The rabbit population is phenomenal. We bagged six rabbits today but only nailed one grouse. The grouse are definitely down from last year. Jake was at camp when we got back. He had been give a shot by the doctor and was feeling better. He had supper ready for us of grouse grilled in foil and baked apples. Our best meal, yet. Frank Morse stopped in after supper. We chewed the fat and drank Frank's beer till midnite.

H: Waldesruh journal entry from November 6, 1982, written by Joe Frank

Ted and I (Joe Frank) arrived in camp about 9:30 after dropping Pete in BRF. He is going to spend the weekend in Eau Claire with his school buddies. [Editor's note: He's home from the Army before shipping to Europe.] After dropping our gear we started hunting on Stockwell Road. Not one bird was flushed. We had a late breakfast in Taylor and then hunted Trump Coulee. I killed one grouse shortly after starting and missed another a short time later. But it was slim pickings after that as I flushed only 2 more birds in 3 hrs and never got a shot. The Fish Ponds provided our final challenge of the day. I saw 4 grouse and shot at one when Bess pointed a double near the car. In all I had 8 flushes in 6 hrs of hunting which is close to my average flush rate this year.

I: Waldesruh journal entry from November 4, 1983, written by Joe Frank

It was 15° when we got up this morning. After breakfast we made another tour of the deer stands and built two more blinds. Found several buck rubs just east of the cabin. It is a beautiful quiet fall day but I have no enthusiasm for hunting grouse. The population is as low as I've seen in my 25 years in Wis. We filled up the small stove in the side camp in case we need it for deer season. I guess we will sweep out and go home.

J: Waldesruh journal entry from September 19, 1993, written by Ted Frank

Partly sunny, balmy-cool day that turned cloudy by noon. Dad and I hunted the Group Camp for 2½ hours and saw nothing. The low grouse pop., predicted for this fall, may be true. We ate lunch at 12:30, cleaned up the cabin and will probably be gone by 2:30 p.m.

K: Waldesruh journal entry from October 29, 2006, written by Joe Frank

28° cool and sunny. While Toni was at church, Rod, Mattie, and I took an hour walk around the grounds. Since Rod's back was still sore we took a ride to Osseo for lunch and pie and then on to Chippewa Falls to the Mason Shoe outlet. We took Hwy 27 to Augusta and then back to camp. Now that DST is over it makes for some long evenings in camp. We really worked over the subjects of genealogy, why grouse are scarce, child care, dog care, and I don't care. In bed at 10.

L: Waldesruh journal entry from October 16, 1995, written by Ted Frank

Up early to hunt the west side of the county. First stop was Trump Coulee. Visibility was good on the hilltops; still a bit green in the bottoms. We flushed about 13 grouse and 6 woodcock mostly along the bottoms and in the Hart property. Pat shot two woodcock and I shot two grouse. Others had little opportunity to shoot. We didn't hunt the oak sapling ridge near the savanna leading to the bottomland. Northwest side avoided also. Everyone was fairly beat so we skipped Morgan Marsh and hunted the block plant. Time to hang up that place! Little cover remaining, leaving only the bottomland. Flushed 1 grouse and 5 woodcock. I shot one woodcock and Paul shot 2. We celebrated that night (like all the other nights) and when the Miller beer was the only thing left, we hit the sack. Warm front moved in, 54° at 5:30 a.m.

M: Waldesruh journal entry from November 9, 2009, written by Joe Frank

45° at 6 w/clear skies. It was a perfect fall day, more like Oct. Warmed to the mid-50s. Took a walk after breakfast. It's amazing that you never flush a grouse no matter where you go and I was in about every cover type we have. Did a little pruning for Christmas greens. Bought

some paint and used one can to mark the east line of our lower forty. I used barbed wire when I could find it, or will use the remnants of the marks from our timber sale. We are heading home in the morning.

N: Waldesruh journal entry from November 25, 1986, written by Joe Frank

Went to Trump Coulee today. Saw everything but deer. The high point though had to be a sighting of wild turkey. Jumped 4 of them up next to the cornfield. Saw them again down in the valley just above the beaver dam. Lots of hunters around and there must have been an army there on opening weekend. The area looked like it had been used for maneuvers. After lunch I hunted Stockwell Creek at the block plant. Not much sign of deer or deer hunters. We'll be taking Jim and Pete home for Thanksgiving and back on Friday . Must have reached 50° today.

O: Waldesruh journal entry from October 19, 1990, written by Joe Frank

This was a beautiful day to hunt. We started out at Morgan Marsh. Jake saw 3 grouse, Tim saw 2 and I saw only 1. Tim and I each shot a WC. On the way to lunch we saw a big flock of turkey cavorting in a field. After lunch, we went to Trump Coulee. I had shots at 4 grouse and killed one. One of my shots was a hisser. Another good reload! Jake cleared the air of grouse. He actually killed two birds and tried to lay claim to mine. When we got back to camp Pete was there and Ted arrived a short while later. We had supper at the Innwood.

P: Waldesruh journal entry from August 15, 1991, written by Joe Frank

It was about 11:30 a.m. when I arrived from New Glarus. By 12:15 Jim and Pat pulled in from Eau Claire where they were celebrating their third wedding anniversary. After receiving

written instructions from Jim on how to get to New Glarus, Patty was on her way. I took time to eat a sandwich and then Jim and I went to Potters Flowage. Our hopes were high but the fish weren't cooperative. We raised a couple fish but never had a solid hit. I caught a bunch of small bluegill but not a keeper. Next year should be great. We quit fishing about 6:30 and ate supper at the Innwood. Ron Kautz saw a hen turkey and 4 chicks near the Hatfield cemetery. Maybe we'll be hunting turkey here in a few years.

It was a pleasant day in the low 80s. A pretty decent breeze kept it comfortable. Very still now and 73° at 9 p.m. Looks like rain.

Q: Waldesruh journal entry from June 25, 1995, written by Ted Frank

Very pleasant night for sleeping. Too groggy to get out of bed. We finally did and took a walk to repair the road and check out survival with the Buartnut. The road repair was rather unsuccessful due to lack of fill. The seedlings were about 50% successful with many having top-kill but still have a "live" lateral. We then drove to Halls Creek (bridge) to do some fishing. I caught 9-10 brown and 3 rainbow. I kept one brown 12 inches long and fried it up at the cabin. I ate a little before Shirley devoured most of it in about 5 minutes. We ate pie at the Merrilan Café, packed up and headed out at 2 p.m. I hope this place gets some rain soon.

One note! Yesterday we saw 1 turkey (mother) w/6-8 chicks near the gate, crossing the woods-road heading west.

R: Waldesruh journal entry from May 14, 1999, written by Joe Frank

This turkey hunting is easy. I left the cabin at 5:30 a.m. and was back w/a turkey at 7. When I finally got close enough to a gobbling turkey it took only two calls to bring him in.

Russ Kind was here at 8:30 to mark the timber. Russ estimated 180-200 cords plus saw timber. It's not the way I'd have marked it, but it will work. When I get the tally from Russ I'll mail it to the loggers.

Jake got here late in the morning. We alternated short walks w/the dogs with long sits in the shade. Still lots of wood ticks.

S: Waldesruh journal entry from April 14, 2007, written by Joe Frank

26° and clear at 5 a.m. I sat at Frank's for an hour and a half. I thought I heard a distant gobble, but it was so far away I couldn't tell direction.

About 8:30, we hit an area south of Old 54 east of Palms. Tim went in at Palchik Road and I took a trail ¼ mile east of there. Tim flushed a grouse and a WC. I saw fresh turkey droppings and tracks. We drove almost down to the Black River on Palm Road. On the way back to E we saw a huge flock of turkeys right off the road w/a big gobbler demonstrating. I backed up and Tim tried to get ahead of the flock but some flushed and the rest went away. After lunch I walked up to oak knoll. I saw a turkey momentarily. I started calling as I looked east till I realized there was a bird behind me talking to me. I hunched down in some small PW and was able to call her to w/in 10 feet. When she realized something was amiss she stalked off putting like an old outboard. In mid-afternoon we drove back to Palm Road to scout an area to hunt in the morning.

Roast chicken w/all the fixings for supper. It was really good, but I almost feel bad about all the dishes Tim is washing — almost.

We didn't quite register 60°. The thermometer read 59.9 at its highest.

T: Waldesruh journal entry from April 16, 2008, written by Joe Frank

We have adopted the theory that the best time to kill a gobbler is mid-morning. By then he has finished with his early morning affairs and is desperately looking for a willing hen. This theory has not been any more successful, but we get to sleep in and enjoy a good breakfast before hitting the woods in full light.

This was another very windy day. If there was any turkey talk we couldn't hear it. I was out from 8 to 11 w/no activity other than being circled by turkey vultures.

We went to town for lunch and bought some more groceries. We replaced the light in the oven and the bulbs over the table. About 2:30, Tim and I went over to High Bank and Palm Roads. I saw 2 grouse and a deer. Tim had no better luck on our place or elsewhere.

Toni treated us to shake and bake pork chops and roasted veggies for supper. The spring peepers are in full voice in the pond near my old deer stand. It hurts the ears when you get close.

U: Waldesruh journal entry from November 24, 1998, written by Ted Frank

Last day (for all practical purp.) to get a buck and it didn't happen. We tried around the Group Camp and saw some deer, but none sporting antlers. We sat here for the rest of the day from 2-4:30. At 4:25 I saw a spike buck at the 3 pines — even had him in my sights. But his spikes look more like fangs of a wolf (with a lot of plaque). He looked young (to me) and I let him go. Though that doesn't make my pocketbook feel any better (\$135 non-resident license). Dad saw nothing at SE. Cool this morning (28°), warm again during the afternoon.

V: Waldesruh journal entry from November 25, 1984, written by Joe Frank

It has been a very pleasant week even without deer. There is something very special about a deer camp. It really makes deer hunting. It would have been nice to get a deer but not a necessity. Better luck next time.

W: Waldesruh journal entry from October 30, 2006, written by Joe Frank

28° to start off and it reached 61°. Rod and I hunted the Stockwell Creek piece at Sand Road. Really soupy starting out. There is a surprising volume of water flowing. The deer sign, as usual, is everywhere. Not so the grouse. We never flushed a bird. The cover may not be as good as it was 30 years ago but it's not that bad. We flushed 2 WC on our way down. Rod killed one on a point by Mattie. When we got down to the boundary fence we flushed 8 WC on the hill side. I shot at and killed one of a double flush. Two other flushes flew at Rod and allowed no shot. We hunted back to the car along the field edge and never flushed a bird but incredible deer sign. We ate lunch in Hixton after failing to locate Toni. I bought a new plat book in BRF and came back to camp. I gathered some greens for home after a short nap. Rod cleaned the birds, saving feathers for his nephew. It's kind of sad to hunt these coverts where we found so many grouse over the past nearly 40 years. If we didn't enjoy sloggng thru the muck and the mice and the briars and the ticks there would be no reason to come here at all.

X: Waldesruh journal entry from October 27, 2007, written by Pete Frank

We were shutout. Not one flush. Nothing. We hunted in the a.m. by Levis Mound in Clark County. We hit some pretty good cover, but nothing. It was sunny, with a brisk wind, but nothing too cold. Just right, temperature-wise.

We came back here to lunch and listened to the Badgers beat up Indiana.

In the afternoon we hunted along Brockway Road in Jackson County. The cover was not very good and not surprisingly we saw and heard nothing.

To celebrate our futility, Ted went home, and Tim and I went to Pat Langreck's house in Neillsville for grilled chicken.

I don't mind not shooting anything, but I do mind not rousing up even one flush.

Y: Waldesruh journal entry from May 6, 1996, written by Jerry Rieckhoff

Doug [Morrisette] and Jerry Rieckhoff arrived mid-day on a fine spring day. Unfortunately for Doug, he had to back to Madison. Jerry spent several delightful days trying to bag a gobbler but didn't. Son Scott and his friend, Mark, joined me on Thurs. We saw turkeys, heard gobbling, but couldn't call them in. The kill is the least of the hunt so we had a great time anyway. Saw several deer near the cabin and I did see a turkey cross the road just west of the creek on Tues. a.m.

Thanks Doug and Joe. You've got a great hide-away. We surely appreciated sharing it for a few great days. Heading home at noon on 5/12. — Sunny, cool.

Z: Waldesruh journal entry from November 8, 1969, written by Joe Frank

Another busy day. We hunted in the Disco-Taylor area today. We saw lots of grouse but only a few rabbits. The deer sign make it a quite tempting area for opening day. It is now 5 p.m. and we are packing up to head home. These are two days and two men who wish they were bedding down here for the night. Promises, promises.

It was a very pleasant two days. The weather was great and there was lots of shooting. Today we totaled five grouse and two rabbits. We hope to try it again in December if all goes well.

AA: Waldesruh journal entry from July 15, 1973, written by Elmer Sprick

Mavis and I came down to pick some more blueberries. If we lived here, we'd be home now!

BB: Waldesruh journal entry from October 13, 1973, written by Elmer Sprick and then an entry on the same day from Joe Frank

A beautiful October day! All alone at Waldesruh. Invited Grampa to come along but he had to look at a house. What a waste of time! Went up to Frank's to cut a white oak post for a bird feeder. Found a big clump near the road which I cut. Released 8 Norway pines and set succession back 100 years on 1/5th acre. A lunch of stew and time to prepare a Sunday school lesson. Couldn't find a better spot to concentrate. Will split a load of wood before heading "home." Actually I'm home now. — EWS

Joe Frank and Rod Jacobs moved in about 7 p.m. We missed the proprietor again. We spent the day hunting grouse on the west side in Curran and Springfield. Lots of walking — not many birds. I had one grouse and two woodcock. Jake had one shot. We only flushed four grouse all day. had a few beers and turned in about 11. A beautiful night with a moon bigger than the Skelly sign at B.R.F.

CC: Waldesruh journal entry from May 30, 1969, written by Toni Frank

Joe Frank and family arrived. Sister and brother-in-law already here (Jerry and Arline Berend, son Tom and friend Steve). First martinis — then business of catching fish and wood ticks. Buried the baby's dirty pants. Others are fine!

DD: Waldesruh journal entry from September 16, 1972. First paragraph written by "Grandma Sprick," the rest by Elmer Sprick

We named this spot in Wisc. Waldesruh in German. Woods rest in English. It's a joy to all of us to get together here and picnic lunch and games. I hope the grandchildren will have it a long time and get together here. Grandma Sprick

Summary of 4th annual Stump-In, considered a smashing success by most. Reasons given:

1. Perfect weather. Sunny with low of 28° and high of 84.
2. Food plentiful. Hamburgers, links special 4 oz. each. Who wants wieners?
3. Attendance nearly perfect. Only Adelaide and Norm missed. Special guests were Aunt Emma, Alma and Bess W. from River Falls University.
4. Tractor rides great for young and old. Shook down lunch for supper.
5. Contest, Name the Forty. Very spirited. About 75 entries (see attached) "Waldesruh" got 20 out of 40 votes. Everyone won something, but not much.

Hart — "Sol Skoggen" — Most Norwegian

Annette — "Camp David" — First Entry

LeRoy — "Okie Haven" — Hokiast

Tex — Most Naturalistic — "Sylvan Acres"

Ed — Most Descriptive — "Donut Hole"

Chris — 1st runner-up — “Sprick’s Stix”

Anna — 3rd runner-up — “Elmacida Acres”

Brobergs — 2nd runner-up — “The Baum Shelter”

Yours truly — 4th runner-up — “Someplace Else”

Bill — Sexiest — “Enchanted Encampment”

6. Songfest. The girls did well with guitar accompaniment. Sam sang a solo to represent the men.

7. Panda Trap. An immediate hit with the kids would couldn’t figure out what it was, how to get inside, or how to wreck it.

8. Beverages. Consumed 2½ cases of pop but only one case of beer. If those kids ever switch, look out.

No casualties and we pulled out of camp at 7:45 p.m. Just 24 hours after we arrived for an exhausting but fun day. — Joe [Elmer Sprick]

P.S. Hart offered to run a trap shooting contest at the 5th annual Stump-In in the event I am unable to arrange for an earthquake!

EE: Waldesruh journal entry from April 6, 1980, written by Toni Frank

Joe and Toni Frank, Jim, Pete, Ted, Tim and Lucy [beagle] arrived Holy Saturday afternoon. It was a glorious early spring day; blue sky and five patches of snow in the woods. After years of dreaming of having some land near Hatfield it is hard to really believe that we are owners with Evelands, Morrissettes and Keith Hutchison, of this lovely spot. For our family it is especially meaningful since we’ve spent many happy times in this area, and the menfolk in this

very spot for many a deer hunt. Our sincerest hope is that friend Elmer will return often to this home-away-from-home!

Last night Jim and Ted and Lucy slept in the little cabin and the rest of us were cozy inside the main cabin. We woke today to the patter of rain on the roof. Nevertheless, the temperature is mild and we set out to Black River for some kerosene; then to Hatfield to see if Lake Arbutus was still in peace. Good heavens how I do love this place and all surrounding it. Hatfield is my idea of a real vacationer's paradise. *If you can do it in Hatfield it's probably not worth doing.

Before lunch we had some target practice. I was not my usual shot, but Joe insisted I stand behind three trees at about 500 paces. I found that the reindeer moss in bloom — just lovely with its bright red “flowers.”

Joe moved the lantern fixture 3 times and I think it's going to be fine now.

The Easter Bunny found us and we're all sitting about munching, playing cards and, occasionally, scrapping.

(see above) *Last night we even colored Easter eggs.

Pussywillows are beginning to bloom. We have to go home tomorrow, but I'm planning the next trip already.

FF: Waldesruh journal entry from September 30, 1977, written by Joe Frank

Joe Frank, Horicon, arrived about 7:30 p.m. with two sons Ted and Tim. (See 5-30-69 — Tim, then two, had his diapers buried in the bare spot just north of the cabin.) The boys were enchanted by the cabin. Tim thought he could spend an entire summer here. Ted was impressed with all the conveniences. We had ravioli for supper and by 8:30 the boys were in bed. We drove

through rain all the way up here and at 9 p.m. it is still raining. I hope it doesn't foul up Ted's first day as a grouse hunter.

GG: Waldesruh journal entry from October 29, 1977, written by Joe Frank

The boys were too tired to hunt this morning. So I hunted by myself near the East Fork campground. Shot my first grouse ever coming out of a tree. Then I missed what should have been an easy double. On my return I found the Lord of the Manor elbow deep in beer batter and fish. I accepted gladly the offer to partake of Lake Pepin PCB's. We moved to the Albion fish ponds where Jim shot a rabbit on a nice chase by Lucy. Ted shot and returned his first grouse. I added another grouse to my bag. Our next move was to Stockwell Road. Tim notched his first rabbit on another good chase by Lucy. Returning to camp we supped with Grandpa and Mr. Sprick. Our mixed fare included everything from soup to grouse.

HH: Waldesruh journal entry from November 22, 1981, written by Joe Frank

This was Tim's red letter day! He shot his first deer, a 6-point buck. Tim was on the 3-Pine stand and had 2 bucks looking at him about 8 a.m. They finally moved along and Tim hit him in the lungs at 70 yds with a 20-gauge slug. The deer ran a little ways and dropped in front of another hunter who called him over and helped gut it out. When I arrived on the scene Tim had quieted down enough to tell me about it. A perfect day for this 14 year old.

Tim saw 11 deer, Ted 5 and Keith 1. I never saw a deer. The hunting pressure all but disappeared after lunch. So we will be back later in the week.

It was 2° at 5 a.m. It warmed up to between 15° and 20° but never real warm.

II: Waldesruh journal entry from May 4, 1985, written by Joe Frank

Even Bess slept in this morning. After breakfast we hauled a dozen loads of sand in the trailer to fill in some low spots on the road. About 10 we went over to the canal. I had been fishing about a half-hour when I hooked into a huge fish just below the old bridge support. For ten minutes he cruised all over the pool. There was no way I could head him. Finally he came to the surface and I saw it was a carp at least 20 pounds. I never did tell if he was foul hooked although I suspect so. A few minutes later the hook pulled out.

After lunch I went over to the beaver dam and tore a hole in it. In about 15 minutes I got to see one of the beaver, and it is huge. I had planned to shoot it but couldn't bring myself to do it.

In the evening Tim and I fished below the high bridge. I had one short strike. I went to bed about 10. There is still a nice breeze. Heard a grouse drumming tonite.

It got up to 76° today but it is quite dry and a good breeze made it a pleasant day. This is probably the last bug-free weekend.

JJ: Waldesruh journal entry from August 15, 1980, written by Joe Frank

The Franks arrived about 6:45 p.m. After cleaning up all the mouse droppings we ate supper. We killed a porcupine near the picnic grounds. They are just too big a problem with dogs around. Beautiful night for sleeping. The temperature was down to 56°. It warmed up over night when the cloud cover moved in.

KK: Waldesruh journal entry from October 10, 1981, written by Joe Frank

A fine rain fell all night. While I was cooking breakfast, the boys went for a walk with Lucy. They were back in short order to show Lucy with porcupine quills in her face. I was able to pull three but couldn't get at the ones in the roof of her mouth. So off we went to the vet in BRF. He was out on calls, so I rassled a tranquilizer down her throat and left her in a cage. We ate breakfast and set up a bunk set in the small cabin. No room for two sets. Instead, we took the rollaway out of the shack and put a set of bunks in the master bedroom. Then it was back to BRF to meet the vet. He gave Lucy a shot to put her under and removed 6 quills from her mouth. We filled up the extra propane tank and bought some D-Con. I used some cedar siding to case the windows in the little cabin.

After eating a sandwich, Ted, Pete and I hit the spot south of Alma Center. As we drove in we saw two guys and two women with 3 grouse. As soon as I stepped in the woods I flushed a grouse and killed it. We flushed 3 more grouse, but neither Ted nor Pete connected. We moved north of Alma Center where Ted killed a grouse and I missed one bird on two flushes. In all we flushed 14 grouse. I was 1 for 3; Ted 1 for 4; and Pete 0 for 2. Toni had a great supper of spaghetti and meatballs.

LL: Waldesruh journal entry from April 22, 1989, written by Joe Frank

No rain again today. The fire danger rating went to extreme. There was a strong SE wind all day. Ted and I put the canoe in below the dam. Pete and Sandy moved the truck down to Perry Creek. We took about 3 hrs to fish the river. No hits. It sure is a good-looking stretch of river. The electric motor moves the canoe quite well. After lunch Ted found the porky over by the trap field. It was dispatched and buried. Ted and I agreed we don't like killing them but they can't be tolerated this close to the cabin.

We made another trip to the abandoned beaver dams and pulled out some more brush.

Sharon Durst and Carol visited. They were on their way home from a visit in Clark Co.

After a spaghetti dinner Toni and I took a ride to look at real estate. Pete and Sandy went back to Eau Claire. I'm ready for bed.

MM: Waldesruh journal entry from September 30, 1973, written by Joe Frank

It dropped to 38° overnight. Jim said it was the first time he ever saw his breath in the house — a sheltered existence. Hunted north toward K. Spent an hour looking for a lost beagle. I believe I have a deer hound. We are going to try our luck in the Millston area and then head for home. It was a pleasant stay. Thanks again Elmer.

NN: Waldesruh journal entry from November 23, 1989, written by Ted Frank

Joe and Ted arrived at 3 p.m. for 3½ days of deer hunting. We threw on some clothes after unpacking and headed out. Pretty quiet in the woods. I saw a doe with a fawn that dad pushed into me from Frank's garage. It got down to -5° that night. The snow we tracked into the cabin finally melted when we got up the next morning.

OO: Waldesruh journal entry from October 11, 1985, written by Rodney Jacobs

10 WC flushed, 5 pts, 3 shots, 0 kill and 1 grouse flush (wild) at Group Camp; 2 grouse flushes here. My love/hate feelings about this place continue; it would be lovely if one wouldn't have to cook here, sleep here, and crap here. Can't believe I continue to suffer thru these inconveniences. By the next trip we'll have no more excuses about the leaves interfering with our shooting. Tramped in crap at the gate; thought it was dog but now suspect it was Toni getting

even for the long gate pole. Heading home at 4 p.m. — 18° at dawn, 52° by mid-afternoon, clear, pleasant.

PP: Waldesruh journal entry from April 12 and 13, 1990, written by Joe Frank

Ted and I arrived about 5:30. It was 52° in BRF but doesn't seem that warm here, especially in the cabin. It was still January inside. After unloading and lighting the stove we took a walk up to Frank's. While we were admiring his handiwork w/a chain saw, Ted spotted a number of deer east of Frank's place. They moved north and crossed the survey line onto Frank's 40.

After the usual supper of beans and hamburgers, Ted did the dishes. We walked up the east side and back w/o seeing anymore wildlife. There is some wildlife activity in the wall behind the space heater. It just let out a squawk. Too hot?

I'm soon to bed.

20° at 6 a.m. when I left Bess out. We all went back to bed and slept till 7:30. It was a clear, sunny day that topped out near 60°. We cut some jack pine east of the cabin that the porcupine had girdled.

We shot 3 boxes of shells thru my new shotgun and I don't know if we hit 20 birds. I just wasn't following thru and was stopping the gun.

After a light lunch we planted some white pine seed near Keith's tree stand and pruned some. While Ted went for some beer I swept the pine needles off the roof. Spooked two flying squirrels out of the chimney. Now we know what lives in the attic.

Toni arrived about 2:30. When I finished tarring the roof we drove to Northfield to look at a farm — 180 acres for \$80,000. I never saw so many squirrels along the road.

For supper we went to the Innwood and then to BRF so Toni could buy a pillow. Ted and Toni have quit arm wrestling and are now at cribbage.

QQ: Waldesruh journal entry from March 14, 1998, written by Ted Frank

Shirley Frank and I stopped in and stayed the night, left Saturday — late morning. Approx. 6 inches of snow has fallen since Thursday making the woods look lovely. Bright, sunny and 14° on Saturday. Cabin is deteriorating at alarming rate. Bedroom ceiling about to cave in any moment, two holes have formed already. Critters everywhere. Ate a hole, near the east-facing window, to gain access between roof and ceiling. I guess that's all, see ya. TJF 10:25 a.m.

RR: Waldesruh journal entry from November 19, 1994, written by Joe Frank

We were up at 4:30 to 32° and quiet. I heard the first shot at 6:32. Brian shot a nice 6-pt. buck at 6:45. I had a deer move in on me from the SW about 7 a.m. He saw me before I saw him. I saw 5 deer east of me about 9. They came down the double track and apparently cut to the road. Ted killed a spike at 3 Pines at 8:50. He saw 5 other deer including a spike travelling w/the one he shot. Keith saw 5 deer by 9 and never saw another deer. Tim saw 2 does after lunch in the new tree stand. One of them probably came by me. After playing hide and seek I missed her. Temperature got up to 40° today. Forecast for tomorrow is wet.

After Brian shot his deer he cleaned the oven pilot and adjusted the pilots for the top burners. We should have asked him to build a cabin.

SS: Waldesruh journal entry from November 1, 1999, written by Toni Frank

It is a sunny, damp, cold morning. Joe's pancakes and effervescent humor help us all warm up. I have started to pack some dishes for the move. Joe is on one last trip to B.R.F. Doug, Keith, Brian, Ted, Tim, and Pete are putting the finishing touches on the cabin. Everyone is a bit wistful as we leave this little brown mouse trap behind. I'm sure we'll all adjust to our new and brighter surroundings. I know I will! I'm done for now so others can sign off. It's be fun to look forward to seeing my sons and their families here and, hopefully, more of the folks who have built this place and become such good friends.

TT: Waldesruh journal entry from December 29, 1981, written by Doug Morrissette

Doug, Jeff, Jay and Dan arrived about 10 a.m. No one had driven in and we broke trail. Temp was -2° and we started up the fire. I also tried to start back stove with no success. Because of that we decided to head home because of cold. Did see two deer by creek and 3 coming in on "E." Went to Merrilan to eat lunch and reluctantly headed home at 1 p.m. Snow about 1½ ft. deep.

UU: Waldesruh journal entry from November 24, 1983, written by Joe Frank

Thanksgiving Day

A stranger arrived in camp last night — old man winter. By early evening there was a dusting of snow and strong winds brought the temperature down in a hurry. The stove insisted on smoking tonite. I don't know if we kept it too long at the low setting and had a soot build-up or if it was the wind. I woke up at 11:30 and found the cabin full of smoke. I turned up the stove and

it quit smoking. The boys were out early this morning expecting the hunters to move deer. It was the quietest Thanksgiving I remember. I didn't hear a single drive. Jeff left for home about 9:15 w/o seeing a deer. I made a push up the east side and jumped some deer just south of Ted's deer stand. A few minutes later I heard Tim shoot. When I got to him he was looking for blood. At first it looked like he had missed but then he found a small spray of blood. We slowly trailed him down to the swale. It was even slower going across the swale because of the water. About halfway across we jumped the buck who took off across the swale. We tracked him for another hundred yards when Tim finally spotted the deer lying dead. It was a tough drag across the swale to the old wagon road. Jim saw three deer at the 3-Pine stand just as Tim shot. Ted arrived in camp about 1 w/6 stitches in his left thumb. He sliced it while cutting up my deer Monday nite. Ted took his tree stand and Jim sat across the swale where we found Tim's buck. Ted saw 5 deer but couldn't see any horns. Jim didn't see a deer. When they got in I had a Thanksgiving dinner ready — roast chicken, stuffing, sweet and mashed potatoes, cranberries and parched corn. We nearly demolished the 8-lb. chicken. It's getting real cold tonite w/a promise of more snow by Saturday.

VV: Waldesruh journal entry from November 28, 1986, written by Joe Frank

Got here about noon after taking Jim to Eau Claire. Didn't bother starting the stove because it was so warm. Poked around all p.m. No deer and no hunters. Went to bed about 9:30. Woke up at midnite smelling smoke. The stove had backfired and blown soot all over the place. Smoking badly so I turned it off and went back to bed.

WW: Waldesruh journal entry from March 13, 2000, written by Joe Frank

29° and cloudy. The CO alarm we bought Saturday has been silent so we must not have a problem. The heater is supposed have a carbon monoxide monitor and shutoff, but I feel better having a back-up system. Did some pruning this morning after a pancake and ham breakfast. Rolled up the fiberglass insulation that was under the cabin. We are heading home later today. After “enjoying” the fumes from the varnished window frame I don’t want to try painting until it is warm enough to open the windows.

XX: Waldesruh journal entry from March 18, 2000, written by Rodney Jacobs

Stopped to see that Joe/Toni locked the doors when they left last weekend. Matti’s leg was stitched and she was to stay out of muck/H₂O/and so forth for a week. Close enough. See Joe’s 3/13 comments — after years of surviving the oil burning stove and a leaking gas fitting for the cook stove, he’s worried about a modern heating element????

YY: Waldesruh journal entry from October 4, 1986, written by Joe Frank

Joe and Toni arrived about 11 a.m. to find Rodney unloading his car. Toni went to BRF shopping while Jake and Joe took a turn around the property. The rain is over for now, but the 12-plus inches of rain in Sept. has the swamps full. We flushed 5 grouse and each of us took a shot w/o effect. Since Toni wasn’t back from town we went over to the Group Camp where we really got into the woodcock. I had 12 shots and killed four WC. Jake had 2 WC for 7 shots. We also flushed 3 grouse but never got a shot. When we got back to camp we helped Frank pull an old culvert out of the road and put in a replacement. Toni had been back in our absence and had a turkey in the oven. About 4 she came back w/Jim and Pete who had hitchhiked to BRF. Enjoyed a great supper of turkey w/all the fixings. Toni went to The Mug w/Jim and Pete after supper.

Beautiful clear night w/a sky full of stars. It's now going on nine o'clock and I'm about ready for bed.

ZZ Waldesruh journal entry from July 21, 1984, written by Joe Frank

Toni, Joe, Ted, and Lisa Koepsel arrived in camp about 12:30 p.m. after buying groceries in B.R.F. Main St. is completely torn up so they can replace sanitary and storm sewers and new water line. They hope to have it done by November.

After lunch, Ted and Lisa went swimming. Toni took a nap and I dug a drainage ditch for the mudhole near the gate. Too hot for that kind of work — 82°. When Ted got back I went to Trow Lake to cool off and get clean. For supper we had the first sweet corn of the season. After supper, Ted and I went fishing. Nothing doing below the high bridge. Ted caught a crappie and a walleye at the canal. They are likely to be his last fish here for awhile. On Aug. 30 he goes to the Army for a 3-yr. stint. It seems like only yesterday that Ted and Tim were little crappers screeching around the cabin.

It is a hot night for sleeping — 68° at 10 p.m. and no breeze. It is also starting to rain. That should improve the humidity.

AAA: Waldesruh journal entry from August 25, 1984, written by Joe Frank

Bess doesn't believe in sleeping late in the morning. I let her out at 6:45 and back in at 7:15. I tried to get back to sleep for another hour but finally gave up. Had pancakes as usual but the pancake eater is far away in Fort McClellan, Alabama. Bess ate Ted's share. We were all going to go into B.R.F., but Bess was out on a tear. So Toni and Tim went, and I stayed in camp. I released some red pine that were over-topped with aspen. I sure am in lousy shape! Later I took

a walk around the property. No deer rubs anywhere. Am I looking too early? Toni and Tim got back with 2 dresses \$3 and \$4 and 3 shirts. Jim pulled in after lunch from Eau Claire. He and Tim went for a swim. I used some Pine-Sol to wash down the inside of the toilet. It smells better and looks a little cleaner.

It was overcast till about noon, but then it cleared off. The temperature stayed about 70° with a nice breeze. Mosquitoes aren't bad but there are lots of lies. All the waterholes and swamps are dry.

BBB: Waldesruh journal entry from December 13, 1984, written by Ted Frank

Woke up early this morning, about 7:30. Waited around for a possible deal making on our wood. But the people never showed up. So Jake finally left around 9:45, and we went hunting around the Group Camp. Saw 2 birds but that's it. Beautiful morning, sparkly snow and blue skies, temp around 16°. Everything is just so white and pretty. So we're getting ready to leave. This will be my last time here in quite awhile till I get back from Europe. Until then, take care WALDESRUH.

Left at 1:15.

CCC: Waldesruh journal entry from December 7, 1985, written by Joe Frank

This is a beautiful winter day, 28° at noon after a low of -2°. After breakfast Ted and I took a walk. Met Bill Stasak going out with a load of pulp. He said that is the fourth load they have hauled. Ted is not real pleased with the looks of the places where they have logged. I must admit it is not a pretty sight. Went to town for another 10 gal. of fuel oil and a refill of propane. Shoveled the snow off the roof of the sleeping room, and pumped some water. After lunch Ted

wanted to do a little hunting. We followed the creek up as far as Frank's place. By then we had our fill of wading thru the snow and hit the logging road back to camp. Took a look at the Bruce Mound winter sports area. It is a real nice looking ski hill. I'm surprised Jim hasn't shown more interest. Toni and I cut some Christmas greens although I don't know how we will ever get them home. Ted really mauled Toni at King's Corners. We had spaghetti for supper. Ted told us about his life in Germany. Not as cold tonite — it's 12° at eight o'clock.

DDD: Waldesruh journal entry from October 28, 2005, written by Joe Frank

27° but another beautiful day. We planned to hunt at Fees Rd. We found 3 loads of deer hunters for the T Zone. We went back to the iron bridge where we flushed 18 WC and 3 grouse. Rodney killed a WC and I knocked one down we never found. After lunch we hunted downstream from Fees Rd. Pete and Jake flushed 8 grouse. Pete and Jake each got a shot but no hits. I hunted downstream to the block plant. Saw one grouse but no shot. Ted, Shirley and Lucy got here in late p.m. We went to Club 95 where Ted and Shirley announced they were expecting child #2 next summer. Tim was here w/Casey when we got back.

EEE: Waldesruh journal entry from October 1, 1971, written by Joe Frank

Joe Frank and Joe Frank Sr. spent the night. We fished Harkner's Flowage yesterday without much luck. Dad caught one L.M. bass about two pounds and I had three or four crappie trolling. The wind was terrible and made casting quite difficult.

Today, if the wind stays down we hope to hit Lake Arbutus and try for some walleyes.

Elmer, if you keep on with these improvements you are liable to be reassessed.

(This was our last outing. My father died Feb 72 but this was a trip he enjoyed immensely, as did I.)

FFF: Waldesruh journal entry from September 22, 1984, written by Joe Frank

It looks like I've come full circle. All the kids are off doing their thing and Joe is back to camp alone. Not quite alone. Bess came along. It was about 10 a.m. when I got here. After unloading and changing clothes I was ready to go hunting, but Bess was already at it. I found her over along the creek. Did flush a grouse but couldn't get a shot. I tried that stretch between the canal and the river. Flushed 3 grouse and 3 woodcock. I shot the first woodcock off a point by Bess. Then I missed the next two. All three grouse flushed together. I shot at the second bird but didn't see it after I shot. I found it on the ground as I followed up the birds. I would not have ever looked for the woodcock. I never saw it after I shot, but Bess saw it come down and pinned it for me.

After lunch I hunted that stretch of tag alder below the campground. No flushes. For four hours of hunting I had 4 grouse flushes and 3 woodcock.

Very warm today. I hunted in a short sleeve shirt and vest. I sighted in the '06 and the 30-30. Tonite I have sore shoulder.

GGG: Waldesruh journal entry from November 24, 1986, written by Joe Frank

Much too quiet in camp tonite. Jim and Mike went back to Eau Claire about 10 this morning. This place is a little too gloomy w/o the sounds of the kids. I don't think I want to spend the whole week like this. But If I go home I'll wish I were here. What I really want is to spend the week herein the company of the whole family. That's not likely to happen again.

Mike had left his Pinto parked out on the road because of the snow. When they were ready to leave this morning. Mike found the driver-side window smashed. No other apparent damage but a real blow for a college student.

I messed around the area all day. Not many hunters in the woods. Only occasional shots thru the day. Saw 3 deer late in the afternoon on the east side — no horns.

Temperatures went from 16° at starting to 40° this p.m. Snow disappearing in the open areas.

HHH: Waldesruh journal entry from October 25, 1991, written by Joe Frank

We had to move out of the Group Camp today. Joe Frank, Rod Jacobs, Kerry Schell, Dick Tawney, Tim Frank. In mid-afternoon w/Marge Stutzman and daughter Sue, we spread Blair's ashes in our favorite coverts. I'm sure Blair would have approved of the site and the ceremony, especially the Coronet VSQ. Blair's relationship w/Wis. started in this very cabin in 1968. Every trip was a gem. Rest well Blair. Wait for us on the other side of the alder run. We'll be along bye and bye.

III: Waldesruh journal entry from November 20, 2003, written by Joe Frank

When I got here at noon it was a pleasant 52° outside and a chilly 37° inside. I checked out my tree stand and set up a blind on the east side. The rut seems to have slowed. Many of the scrapes I saw a week ago have been abandoned.

Frank Morse died last Saturday. He was 77. while it has been a couple years since Frank was able to come out to his 40, he was always here in spirit. Now he can stay full time. He sure liked to come up here and just piddle around. Ted got here around 6:30 after dodging deer all the

way. Keith's gang had hoped to get here this evening, but they apparently couldn't get away at a decent hour. Ted and I are nearly ready for bed at 9:30.

JJJ: Waldesruh journal entry from September 11 and 12, 1987, written by Rodney Jacobs

Rod arrived 5:30 p.m. of 11th. The place has been abandoned — no evidence that anyone has driven the roads for ages — not since Ted in July. (I knew it was Ted even before opening this — because of the dirty socks on the rack and the stale cookies on the table.) There is no evidence of Frank driving the road either. Rags and I walked the south 40 on the 11th (Fri.). Much, much pine regeneration at the picnic site. Surface and ground is as dry as ~~I've seen it~~ I remember it. (There's a difference.) NO H₂O running in creek along road (Evergreen); yet ground vegetation is lush/green.

Sat a.m. — up early for season opener, have decided to get out as in olden days, rather than 9 a.m. like schedule Joe has started. Even after breakfast in Bl. River Falls I hit Group Camp at 8:05 a.m. — 2 gr. pts., 1 WC pt. and 1 shot, 1 gr. kill. Heavy rain and thunderstorm about time I got to furthest west. But nice; Rags pointed all three and if I could have seen through the darkness I'd have shot all three. Walked north 40 when I came back — 1 gr. flush wild. Seeded 40 lbs of mt. ash. (No shovel so it went on surface — undoubtedly wasted effort.)

Sun out at 11 a.m. and sat in lawn chair and said thanks for the opportunity. Camp is like Prairie Home Companion — a few cherished moment each time, prairie for its humor, its laugh-out-loud moments once or twice each show. Here I think it's the quietness — the soft breezes through tree tops; a raven "crooking" in distance; the blue jays; and today 4 buzzards circling very high. Overall I want more out of here, yet these times are precious each visit.

Leaving for Twin Cities — 2 p.m. Rod

KKK: Waldesruh journal entries from June 20-23, 2008, written by Joe Frank

June 20: Toni and I got here around 2:30 —85° and lots of ticks. I picked up a dozen in a ten-minute walk. We went back to BRF to do a little shopping. Very little, in fact, since Toni declared she won't be cooking. We had a fish fry at the Merrilan Café — a good deal at \$6. Had an ice cream cone in Hatfield. Arbutus is still half full.

For the record: We visited w/Rod Jacobs in Pa. earlier this month. He had surgery in March for a brain tumor but it is growing again. They give Rod 2 to 4 months to live. Sad news. He and I made our first hunting trip here in early November of 1968. 40 years of memories.

June 21: Cooled off nicely over night. A blanket felt good. Not quite so hot today, 77° w/a nice breeze. After breakfast I mowed the front yard and the road. That Toro lawn mower that Tim salvaged runs like a deer and it had to. The grass was knee high. After that we went to Hixton. New owners of the Hixton Cafe and they made a marvelous pancake and good coffee. Stopped at Wal-Mart. I bought some Sir Foam to clean up the valves on the land mower. Finished mowing around the cabin and the loop. Tonite washed up 2 qt of strawberries for the freezer. Then we took a short nap. It's 4:45 and I'm trying to decide if I can grill a couple hamburgers before it rains.

It didn't rain, but all night we saw lightning in various directions.

June 22: The first hummingbird hit the feeder at 55°. We got the word this morning that Rodney died Friday night. What a sad day. Yet the condition he was in 3 weeks ago, his death is a blessing. While he's gone now, you will always feel his presence here where he spent so many hours w/just his dogs for company.

June 23: We should be ready to hit the road by 6 a.m. This was a melancholy weekend but yet it was a good place to be to recall all that Jake has meant in our lives. He will be missed.

LLL: Waldesruh journal entry from November 23, 2009, written by Jim Frank

We had an uneventful day. Joe rolled us out of bed at around 6:30 a.m. I was glad to sleep in a little after an evening and night fighting off Sam's blows as he attempted to take over the entire bunk.

We woke up to gloom, 43°, and fog; all of which more or less persisted until this evening when at 9:30 p.m. it's 45° outside.

We were all on our stands by 8 a.m. and spent a peaceful morning admiring nature. Sam observed an enormous nuthatch. Joe and I listened to crows cawing from Keith's gut pile. Sam sat on the west line and I hunkered down in Keith's. Neither of us saw a thing despite a light push through Frank's 40 and the north line.

Sam and I repaired to the cabin around 11:30 and at lunch.

After lunch, I headed to BRF to find some wireless internet so I could tend to online students. I got back around 3 p.m.

Sam and I went back out around 3:15. He sat down on the oak knoll and I walked up to the ladder stand of the north end of the trail. I sat under a white pine since I didn't have a harness and we both watched night fall by 4:30.

We headed in and had a Salisbury steak for dinner.

After dinner we found out that Kerry Schell had died last week Thursday. It was a sad moment, but afterwards, stories about him and Jake predominated the rest of the evening. It's odd to imagine them not coming back for a visit.

Tomorrow Toni and Maddie will arrive, and Sam and I will be out a little earlier to see if we can get an early morning deer.

MMM: Waldesruh journal entry from November 23, 2004, written by Jim Frank

Joe left early to take Toni to Sussex to be with Tim and Sherri who lost their little boy Aidan during the night. Ted and Jim remained unaware of the loss and headed out toward Pray to scout and hunt CFL south of Knute's Road between Schumann and Knute's creeks. The rolling land fell toward the East Fork, and Ted and Jim traversed some interesting clear cuts filling up with aspen promising grouse and woodcock in the near future. Jim tripped over a big tom in an aspen clear cut in view of Saddle Mound. Ted sneaked down along Knute's Creek, and Jim stalked the edges of Schumann's. Ted spied 4 deer and one horned buck, passed up the shot and watched the deer go unnoticed by two hunters across the hollow. Ted and Jim worked their way down to the river and followed the East Fork to the CFL line with Wayne Hood Trust FCL. At the line they admired the rapids and inspected a gut pile. From there, they searched for a timber road to the north, found it, and walked out along swaths of clear cuts filling up with aspen. It was a sunny day, in the 40s at Pray, but Ted and Jim returned to the coldest spot in NA and found the temp at the cabin in the low 30s. After strategizing the two set out for one last hunt. Ted posted on the oak knoll while Jim circled round the marsh coming up through Petersen's and Bohac's. He saw lots of marsh action. Ted saw no deer and they packed it in at 4:30 p.m. Dinner was at Mollie's, and Ted and Jim found out the sad news about Aidan in a phone call after dinner. So ends another deer hunt for the Franks.

NNN: Waldesruh journal entry from October 2, 2007, written by Joe Frank

Cloudy, muggy day in the mid-60s. Piddled around all morning. Looking for signs of wildlife, but it is barren other than the chickadees and nuthatches at the bird feeder. We had planned to go home after we had eaten lunch in Merrillan. Shortly after deciding to stay over it started to rain. So we went to the Antique Mall in Hixton. Took a sentimental journey to Taylor, Trump Coulee, Morgan Marsh and Trout Run. I get tired just looking at those hills. When we got back here I put new batteries in the solar lights and hung my trail camera on the east side of the our run-off pond. It's going to be dark by six o'clock by the looks of things.

OOO: Waldesruh journal entry from September 10, 2008, written by Joe Frank

It was 34° here at the cabin. No sign of frost, but it was frosty nonetheless. By mid-morning the sky was clouded over. I spent two hours marking oak trees that will be left when they log Frank's 40. The aerosol paint doesn't show up very well. I'm going to wait and mark the rest of the 40 just before the logger moves in.

We went to Merrillan for the "old farts" lunch and then drove to Augusta to look at the Amish-made furniture. From there, of course, it was an obvious opportunity for a "pie stop" in Osseo. Took the back roads back to camp w/a drive thru the Northfield area.

The sign at Lake Arbutus claims the filling of the lake is under way. It looks like it might be up 6 inches or so since we were last here. It's dry, but the mosquitoes are pesky.

PPP: Waldesruh journal entry from July 27 and 28, 2008, written by Pete and Eleanora Frank

Pete writes: Pete Frank and family (Sandra, Eleanora, William, Matthias, and Adelaide) arrived in the afternoon. Bird feeders were on the ground. It was buggy and we had at least one tick.

After a quick inspection — which revealed the horror of the outhouse and a thousand living flies inside — we set off a bomb inside, ate, and went to Arbutus. The lake is still down but it is swim-worthy.

When we got back I cleaned up the outhouse, swept out fly carcasses, and watched as the kids played outside. It was nice to see and hear them calling out as they played a game (that involved chucking pine cones at each other) around the circle, as the dog, Phoebe, kept tabs on them.

After a tick check and a wash-up, the kids are quieting down. It's 9 p.m. and 72 outside, but about 78 in the cabin. The fans are deployed to bring in some cooler air. Phoebe's on the floor panting. And Sandra and I have cracked open two sweating beers. We'll toast Rodney.

Eleanora writes: Eleanora Frank and family arrived today, around 3. We ate supper, went to the beach, and had ice cream. The kids ran on the trails and played soccer. We had to do a tick check, then snuggled in to bed. We read some books and colored. Ada fell asleep, then mom and dad had a beer while the kids colored with Phoebe on the couch. It was an awesome day at the cabin and everyone fell asleep hoping for another awesome one.

Written by: Eleanora Frank

July 28, 2008 — Another day of fun at the cabin. We went to the beach and got a snack. When we got back from the beach we got packed up with Ada asleep. She looked soooo cute! Phoebe got to run all day! She loved it. Our exciting weekend had ended but we'll come back to the cabin another time and have just as much fun.

Written by: Eleanora Frank

QQQ: Waldesruh journal entry from January 5, 2001, written by Joe Frank

Sunny, 23 outside, 13° inside. Joe and Toni Frank.

Huffed and puffed thru the snow to inspect the timber sale. Everything has been cut and hauled. I'm waiting for the final tally and payment. So far he's receipted about \$3,400 of pulp. No log tally yet.

Brought along another mattress cover for the other double bed.

This log was a Christmas gift from Ted and Shirley. I hope it will encourage those shy folks who are reluctant to record their passage.

RRR: Waldesruh journal entry from September 16, 1994, written by Ted Frank

I arrived at 8:10 p.m. The drive from Marion seemed to take forever. I think leaving right after work will be better ... and I won't have to unpack in the dark. Anyway, I plan to stay for the weekend and perform many, many things. I will keep this journal posted as I complete each one. My load consists of fishing rod, slugs, hickory nuts, waders, shotgun(s), acorns, creel, hunting vest, increment borer, flagging, baseball game, many pairs of boots and some food with beer.

A walk down the road, past the manure-house, left me fairly shaken. To think that we may see the road due to fallen-dead timber is not a pleasant thought. Something needs to be done about the beaver family. The red pine on the west side of the cabin looks like shit and the white pine looks to be shedding a few lower branches. A chain saw with various sized wedges and a

long pruning saw might be needed. A new location for a new cabin. A front is moving through, but it should be nice on Saturday.

Boy! Didn't I usually have someone else, or some other furry thing with me? Seems strange to be here w/out Lucy or Bess. There was always excitement abound with Lucy and Bess usually find time to chat during the evening. And whatever the plans were for the day, they never questioned, they were always just ready to go . . . Misting tonight, 70°, mouse shit low to moderate.

SSS: Waldesruh journal entry from March 28, 1992, written by Joe Frank

Once breakfast was over we went to Merrilan and bought 10 gal. of kerosene. Then we were off to Augusta to visit the Woodshed where they sell Amish arts and crafts. We took advantage of our location to have lunch and a piece of pie at the Norske Nook. Back at camp Toni made a trip to BRF, and Jake and I took the dogs for a walk. It is probably the last time Rags and Bess will run together. Found two dead fawns that must have been victims of the winter. Jake and I went to BRF for propane. For supper Jake made his famous Swiss steak. The dogs were ravenous and are sleeping. We were in bed by 9. It is raining. Jake also saw a flock of turkeys over at the Group Camp.

TTT: Waldesruh entry from November 9, 1992, written by Joe Frank

Almost sunshine today warming to 52° at noon. Pete, Jake and I hunted Trump Coulee. Not many birds — 3 grouse flushed and 1 WC. Pete killed a WC and I shot a grouse that Jake claimed. We also found the remains of a dead turkey. We will be on our way by 1.

(This was the last hunt for Bess. I had to have her put to sleep on 3-5-93. Her last point was a beauty and we killed the bird. She continued to hunt as hard as she could while she was in the woods and even on this last hunt found birds when the birds were scarce. She was a real hunter. Her ashes are at the Group Camp w/Rags and Blair. 10-17-93)

UUU: Waldesruh entry from June 10, 1994, written by Joe Frank

I (JMF) arrived around 5 to find Rod getting ready to move to a motel. Some critter (Jake suspects a badger) had been digging all around the cabin trying to get underneath. Whatever it was was strong enough to move our big box about a foot away from the cabin. We watched storm clouds swirl around to the NW looking very ominous. All we got out of it was a shower. Ted got here around 7 p.m. We never did get around to eating supper. We sampled the Mai beer from the Summit Brewery in St. Paul and pronounced it a superior brew. We sat around reminiscing about Rags and Bess and other days gone by till 10:30. It was a great cool night for sleeping. The spring peepers in the beaver pond are keeping us serenaded.

VVV: Waldesruh entry from August 31, 1986, written by Joe Frank

August ends and another grouse season is near. Bess pointed a grouse for Jim this morning. I saw some droppings between the cabin and the shed. Reports from the NCD and NWD sound promising, but I haven't heard much of anything about this country.

Apparently our little friends are still taking knives out of the knife holder. I thought there were knives missing again. The screen was slashed and the pine section from the sink was knocked off again. This afternoon I found one of our stainless steel filet knives laying near the old shed. By the looks of the handle someone was using it as a throwing knife. There doesn't

seem to be anything else missing although we seem short of sauce pans. I'll latch the window when we leave and see what happens.

Jim and I fished for a couple of hours at the canal. I had one strike. The kids went back to Eau Claire about 3:30. Toni went to Merrilan to do the wash. I cleared up the dishes and took a walk.

WWW: Waldesruh entry from April 18, 1987, written by Joe Frank

Toni and I arrived from Eau Claire about noon. We had spent the night there w/Jim. The warm, dry weather continues. In fact, it was really hot today, registering 88° by late afternoon. Fire danger rating is "extreme." I replaced the old screen door with one that was in our basement in New Glarus. Toni went to BRF for groceries and came back w/3 pairs of shoes. Jim and Patty Coyle got here about 2:30. Too warm and too dry to cut any firewood. We all sat around, had a few beers and talked smart.

We had our visitors again in our absence. They crawled thru the west window and left w/our knives. Once again, they left the slicing knife w/the stag handle. They only want sharp pointed knives. No other damage.

We had steaks for supper. Then Jim and Patty went for a ride and Toni and I took a nap. It's not cooling down very quickly. It's 7:20 now; the sun is just about ready to set. It's 76° and no wind.

XXX: Waldesruh entry from May 13, 1991, written by Joe Frank

Frank Morse called me yesterday to report a break-in. Toni and I drove up today to survey the damage. Three lanterns taken. Mine was left behind for some reason. The Smoky Joe

charcoal grill was taken, all of our silverware, one drawer and the contents of the little chest, a frypan, quite a few glasses and several cups, my big white enamel coffee pot, a sauce pan, the fire extinguisher, which was first sprayed all over the cabin. I replaced the hasp on the door, but a cleanup job is called for to get rid of the powder from the extinguisher, but not today.