

# More tales from Thompson in the 1800's

by Elaine Hastings

In the days of the sawmill they emptied all the plains of wood, leaving the stumps. I can still see my dad and uncles cutting off dead parts of those stumps in years after to furnish our homes with kindling wood. Thompson consisted of two other small communities called Swede or Finn town and Dog town. Swede Town right on the Lake was so called as all the tenants owned their own home. Also our small Lutheran Church many buildings beside it. The church burned in the late 1920's or early 1930's. I still can remember watching them all burn from the school windows. We moved back to Thompson in 1928.

Dog town was so called for the eight or nine families that lived there were owners of two or three dogs each. Many of the original of older generations still call it that. The Hatchery was built in Dog town or just across the road from the creek that first fed the ponds. It is the same creek that Ernie said he fished in. It still is running but don't think it does much for the hatchery now. My Gram signed all rights to the creek away to them though none my family ever was employed by them.

One summer our oldest son about 10 or 12 years old broke

his arm playing baseball at school and had it in a cast all summer with being all boy all he could do was fish which he did at all hours. Imagine our surprise when the doctor removed the cast to find such a smell. Seems he carried his worms inside his hand in the cast to fish with. PHEW!

Ernie mentioned many more things in his history of Thompson but forgot about the large pine tree across the road from us that guided ships into the Harbor on the Englebresen farm. My dad and Osborn Stanley cut it down. Many a ship was guided by that. He tells of all the rats leaving the Christmas tree ship before it sailed. So many sailors would not make the trip that being a bad omen I guess it was as the ship never reached its destination.

Reading the old timer on cemeteries I recall one that

was missed yet I never could find out from no one what it was. One fall day in my dad's last hunting years he was hunting in the Camp Eleven area and between it and Grass Lake he came upon an old cemetery. The next day he took me too. It was quite large with many sunken graves marked by wooden crosses that had rotted and was mostly covered with dirt and deadfall from the forest. At the time one of the Thompson ladies was writing of its history but she had no idea where it was or why. Pa thought it might been from campers of Camp Eleven that had no home and were buried there or an old Indian Cemetery. I do not know where the one on Little Harbor is but think if someone were to walk around there it could be found as this one Pa found. I think I could point out the spot of the log cabin my grandparents

lived in below the big hill as I was shown it often as a child. It was one of our picnic spots when Gram was still able to do things so the cemetery should not be far from it. On the Little Harbor Road is a big open field which was where the school house use to be. My older aunts went to it, not the field called the Farley field but in between the hunting cabins of John Putvin and Hinksons. It and the Farley Field now fenced in were a well-known spot that poachers used to look for deer maybe being as the school was there the cemetery might have been too.