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Logging Days were Good Days.

Steve H.

"The year was 1947 and I just got out of the service and I was looking for a job and it just so happened that my uncle was logging up in the Big Bay area at the time and said I could go to work for him during the summer months before going back to college." explained Arnold Hendrickson. He continued on describing, the life style at camp "was tremendous!" First they would get up in the morning, usually at the crack of dawn, which in the summer time was primarily 5:00 a.m. Of course there was the customary freshening up and cleaning up but then it was off to the cook camp where the cook was setting all the food on the table, and man they had everything from soup to nuts, I tell ya! As he went on, You would onset with a cup of coffee

and a stack of flapjacks eggs fried potatoes or just about anything else, "it was one fantastic meal." was how Arnie describe the meal.

After the loggers ate their breakfast they would grab their cross-cut saw because back then there was no power tools. The trees to be cut were white pines, all, "virgin timber." these trees were so huge that at the base of them three men could stand and put their arms around the tree they could just reach around. The trees were so large that you could only put two or three logs on a truck. Arnie goes on to say, it was a selective cutting and terraine that they had to haul the logs out of was treacherous, the logs had to be taken to the landings, were trucks would take them to the sawmill

He described the sleeping quarters,
they had a separate bunk house
that could sleep twelve to
fifteen men. It's a typical
old bunk house, with a big
pot belly stove, kept full at
night, that did the job and
it was plenty hot in there I
tell ya. "His words told it
was a rough job but the look
in his eyes and the expression
on his face told me he enjoyed it.