One man's memories

Steve Plautz, one of Willard's early residents, recalls all from fires to logging to pioneer life

following notes in 1976.

a store here. I remember that they from Gus Sandberg and he moved out. I bought a gallon of kerosene there, he pumped it out of a barrel. They left about 1915. Steve did.

Joe was a great hunter and very much. He was a likeable guy. Steve ran the store. then Joe's was a great one to drink whiskey and wine. Everyone made wine in those days. My folks always had plenty boys. He always had a group of boys around him.

He and I were good friends. him holding a store bill, which he It's near where the old Omaha couldn't pay, but said he'd give Joe some cordwood. The wood was on land down south of where Mike Krultz lives now. I was out of the eight grade (March 1916). George got a team somewhere in Willard to haul the wood back to Willard. It was about four miles one way. Soon after, they left Willard, closing the store. I haven't seen them since.

Soon Ignac Cesnik bought the store when he was the land agent for N. C. Foster Lumber Company. He used to live where Leo Gregorich

N. C. Foster built a railroad from Fairchild to Owen. Before he went to Greenwood, he built a spur down to the Eau Claire River. He owned all the land here which was covered with virgin pine and some white oak timber. He logged the timber and used the railroad to haul the logs out. When we came here in 1908, that railroad was abandoned. He had the rails pulled up. We used that railbed for a roadway. It was the only road we had in those days.

Dad came to Willard on Sept. 9, 1908. He built a log cabin east of the Lucas property. Darwin Kokaly bought our land after my mother died. John Routar (Happy) came in 1910.

Mr. Cesnik came to Willard every day to meet the train. He picked up any newcomer that was interested in buying land. Trains came here about 7:30 a.m.; they had left Fairchild about 6:30 a.m.

We came to Willard on Oct. 16. Our uncle, John Popovich, lived with

Editor's note: Willard resident us in Calumet, Mich. He worked in Depot used to be. We stayed there kept store in the depot for a couple changed trains in Astoria, Mich., of days before they bought the store and in Bibben, Wis., southeast of Ashland. The train was called Little South Shore and Atlantic R.R. It's the Soo Line now. My uncle came with us and John. Joe was just a baby so mother carried him. We sat up in trapper. He didn't stay in the store the train all night. That morning we got to Bibben and had to wait for the Northwestern to take us to Eau brother-in-law came in there, Mrs. Claire. Had to climb a long flight Justin's brother. Joe was always of steps. Bibben isn't on the map trapping and hunting and fishing. He now. It was a junction for the above two trains. There is a tavern now, where Bibben was. We got to Eau Claire at 3 o'clock and waited until of wine -- also our neighbors. He 9 for a train to come from St. Paul liked to drink and he could carry a to take us to Fairchild. When the lot before showing any effects of train came I was so sleepy, I barely alcohol. He liked the kids, the young remember getting on the train. I don't remember anything until my uncle was shaking me when we arrived in Fairchild. We walked up I had to cut poles for him one from the depot to the Gladstone time, cordwood. Some guys left Hotel. That's a nursing home now.

Steve Plautz Jr. recorded the the mines and boarded with us that night. My uncle went up on the ever since he came from Europe in Foster train early the next morning, Joe Justin didn't have any 1902. We left Calumet on Oct. 12, before I woke up. He went to tell children. Steve Legatt and J.J. had Columbus Day, in the evening at 10 my Dad we were in Fairchild. He p.m. We rode most of the night. We returned on the noon train to meet us and take us to another hotel called Stearns Hotel, a less expensive hotel. We stayed there two nights while they were buying furniture. When we came, we had no furniture and had to buy everything. On Oct. 16, we loaded it all on a boxcar and went to Willard. My Dad went to see Mr. Trunkel to get a team to haul the furniture in for us. My mother and I walked down to the Cesnik place. There was an old log camp where Foster had a logging camp (by Leo Gregorich's house). It was on an old railroad grade. It goes past Happy's back of the parish house, along the trees. You can see signs of it yet, there is a ditch on each side. It went straight north through a field with a big fill (Ludwig Artac owns it now) west of Gabrovic's old place. Mrs.

> Please see Memories. page 15





