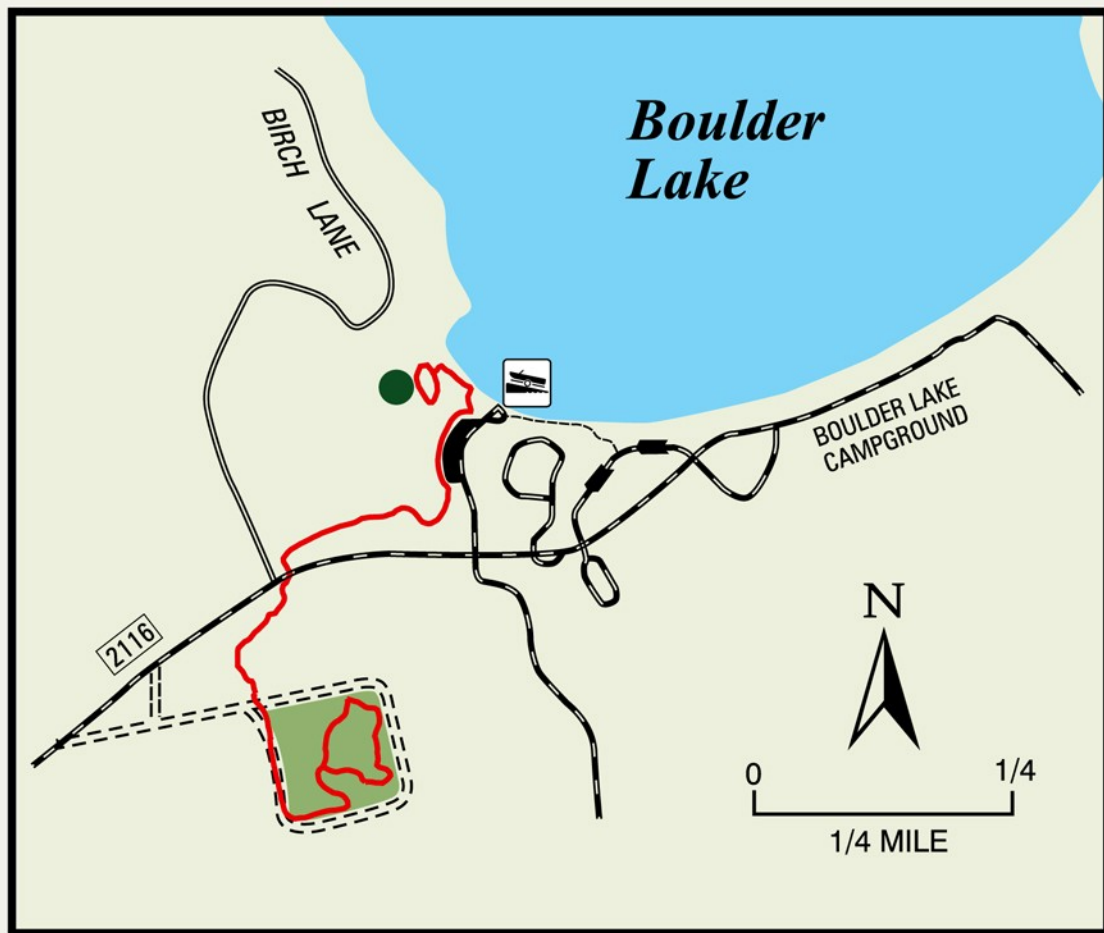


# BOULDER LAKE

## *Interpretive Trail*



	Trail (total trail distance .4 mi.)
	Boat Landing & Trail Head Parking
	Native Settlement & Logging Camp Interpretation
	Wolf River CCC Camp Interpretation
	You Are Here



Eastern National Forests  
Interpretive Association



# Menominee

**W**e are the Menominee, "People of the Wild Rice." This is what our neighbors called us, and it is the name we keep to this day.

The Woodland Tradition peoples are likely our ancestors. They walked these trails before us. From generation to generation, through oral tradition, they passed our heritage down to us.

Today, you will find us doing many of the things our ancestors taught us. Some of the tools have changed, but we hold strongly to our traditions.

## Wild Rice



Like our ancestors, we harvest wild rice each year. To insure the rice's future, some is gathered, more is planted.

We follow traditional steps in the harvest, much like hundreds of years ago.

The "Sugar Bush" is not a plant, but is an area where we tap maple trees in spring for their sap.

Collecting sap and making maple sugar is done much the same way as it has always been.

## Sugar Bush

## A Life in Logs

## The Sturgeon

Each spring, our people would wait for the Sturgeon—*Noma'eu* in the Menominee language—to migrate upriver. Now, as then, we do the same.

The forests of this area have been important to our people for generations.

Today you can still find us harvesting logs in sustainable ways as we have done for decades.

After a successful harvest, we hold a Sturgeon Ceremony, Feast, and Fish Dance to give thanks.



All photos courtesy of the Menominee Tribal Historic Preservation Office



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# Gateway to the Past



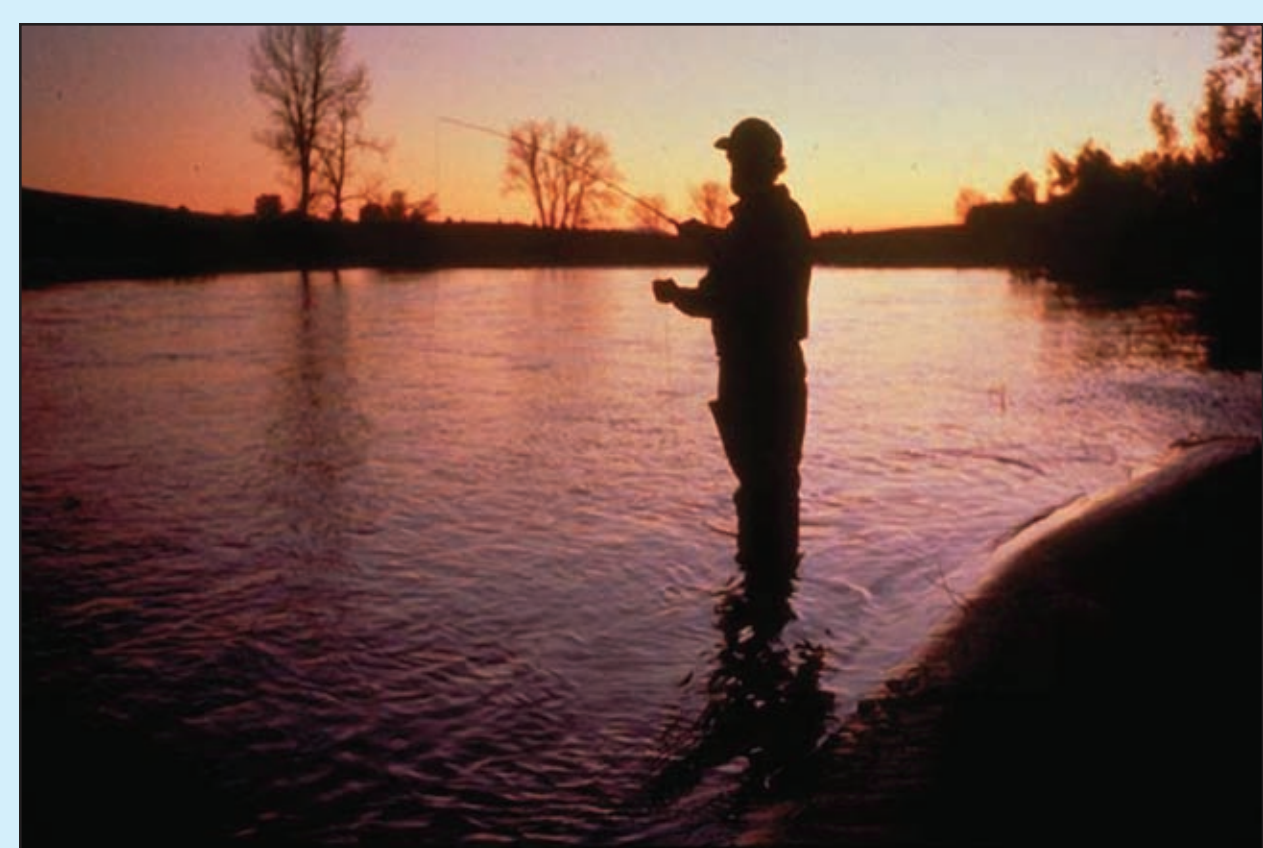
For thousands of years the presence of Boulder Lake has drawn people. Water, trees, wildlife, or a place to stay — what drew you here?

## A Summer Retreat

“Getting away for the summer”— this idea is something you share with the people who used this lake hundreds to thousands of years ago.

Archaeologists call these former residents the “Woodland Traditions” people. They used Boulder Lake as a place to live during the summer.

It is a warm summer day. You wake early, slide your canoe into Boulder Lake, and glide off into the calm waters.



The perfect fishing spot is at hand. Your hook and line are ready. The first cast gets a tug. There is give and take. Finally, you pull the prize into your canoe — but did it take a minute, or an hour to get? It is time for a feast.

Is this a story of the past? Or could you tell it around the campfire tonight?



Look around you. This was the “grocery store” for the Woodland Traditions people.

They hunted animals like deer, small mammals, and birds. Edible plants were, and still are, plentiful in the surrounding forest.

We don't often gather wild plants to eat, but hunting and fishing at Boulder Lake are much the same today.

This has always been an important campground for people. Like you, the Woodland Traditions people also “pitched their tents” here.

The shelters were called wigwams and were made from saplings, bark and other natural materials.



## The Lure of Logs

Most visitors to the Northwoods are attracted by the natural beauty of its lakes, forests, and wildlife.

Early settlers were also drawn to valuable resources of this area. Hardwoods were the main reason Oconto Lumber Company loggers came here in the 1920s.

Imagine hauling some of the trees around you to the railroad miles away. Logging took place in the winter, and the logs were skidded across the ice.



In the early days, horses and sleds dragged the logs to a river's edge or the railroad. Later, steam engines and then trucks did the same.



Early loggers floated buoyant white pines down rivers. Soon, the pineries were gone.

Loggers next turned to hardwoods. These heavy logs sank in the rivers. Putting their work on the line, lumber was shipped to sawmills by railroad.

Loggers lived in “Jobber Camps,” cramped into small cabins.

The cabins weren't much, but they let loggers get the job done. As a temporary place to eat and sleep, camps like this were abandoned when the last log was shipped to the mill.

