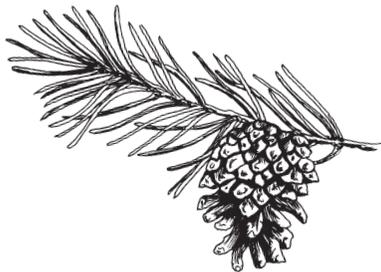




# WISCONSIN FOREST TALES

BY JULIA PFERDEHIRT    ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAMELA HARDEN



TRAILS CUSTOM PUBLISHING  
BLACK EARTH, WISCONSIN

©2004 Wisconsin Environmental Education Board  
and Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without permission from the publisher.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 2004107492  
ISBN: 1-931599-47-5

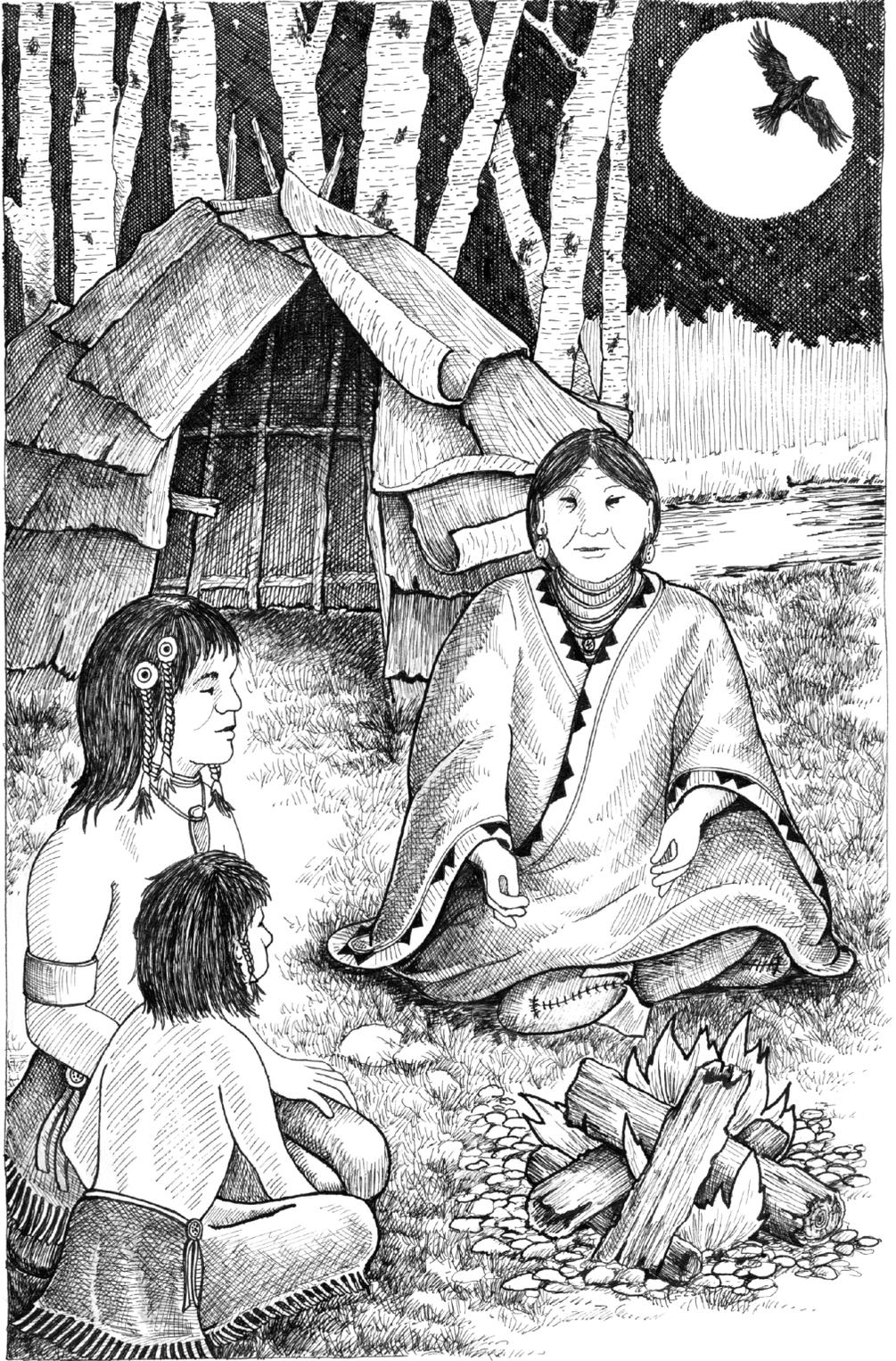
Printed on recycled Wisconsin paper by Worzalla in Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Editor: Becky Peck  
Designer: Kathie Campbell

09 08 07 06 05 04                      1 2 3 4 5 6

Produced under a 2003–2004 grant from the Wisconsin Environmental Education Board.

Trails Custom Publishing  
A division of Trails Media Group, Inc.  
1131 Mills St., Black Earth, WI 53515  
(800) 236-8088    [www.trailscustompublishing.com](http://www.trailscustompublishing.com)



## CHAPTER ONE INTRODUCTION



Names in this story:

Sāēnōmehsah: sah **nom ay** sah

Mesāēnēhsah: mey **shan eh** sah

Sūpomahkwan-Kēsoq: soo po **mah** kwan **kay** sok

Maeqnapos: **mauh** na pos

Pāhkwan-Kēsoq: **pock** wan **kay** sok

Wānesew-Kēsoq: wah **nee** sah **kay** sok



MAGINE THIS STORY happening around the year 1830. Small bands of Menominee people lived together. During the year they traveled. The band moved to the maple **sugar bush** in early spring. Then they moved to special places to hunt and fish. During the wild rice harvest they returned to the lakes where wild rice grew.

**sugar bush:** grove of sugar maple trees where maple sap is harvested to make maple syrup

By 1830, white people from Europe and the eastern states were coming to Wisconsin. As more people came, they wanted land. Soon, the government wanted Menominee land. The Menominee people's lives would change in hurtful and confusing ways.

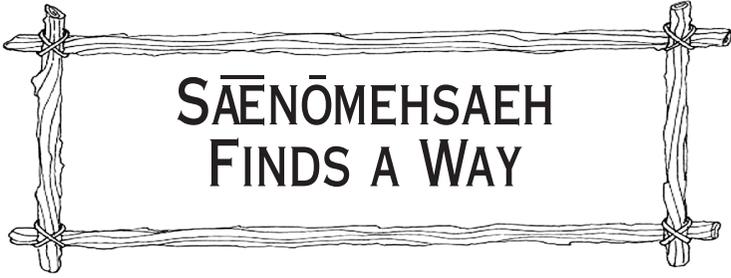
In this story, the main characters are Sāēnōmehsah—meaning Little Jerome—and Mesāēnēhsah—meaning Little Michael. Sāēnōmehsah and Mesāēnēhsah grew up listening to stories and learning skills. It took skill to live in the forest. Boys and girls were taught the proper way to harvest birch bark without hurting the trees. They learned how to harvest wild rice and how to gather sap from maple trees. Parents, grand-

parents, and neighbors taught those skills to the children.

But the Menominee way was more than learning how to do things. It was also learning how to think and act as part of **creation**. Older people taught younger people. Stories were often used to teach the Menominee way of thinking and living.

**creation:** nature; everything created

“As a boy, I was taught that what I did would come back to me,” says Menominee elder James Frechette. “I was taught not to waste. Not to destroy.” For Menominee people, this is the right way to live.



**I**t was almost Sūpomahkwan-Kēsoq, the month of the sugar-making moon. The nights were cold, so everyone sat close to the fire as Grandmother told the old story of Maeqnapos and the white birch.

Sāēnōmehsaeħ had heard stories all his twelve years. Stories were the Menominee way.

The stories about Maeqnapos were Sāēnōmehsaeħ’s favorites. The stories were told for special reasons: to teach skills or traditions. Some could only be told while the ground was frozen.

Sāēnōmehsaeħ felt a chill of excitement. The days were warmer now. Soon the families in his **band** would move to the sugar bush. Mother and Grandmother would collect maple sap in birch bark trays. Sāēnōmehsaeħ could almost taste the maple sugar just thinking about it!

**band:** a group of families living together

He pulled a blanket around his shoulders as Grandmother began her story.

“The creator sent Maeqnapos to Earth to complete the work of creation. Maeqnapos set out to catch the greatest fish in the lake. He took copper, hickory, cedar, and rawhide to make a bow and arrows. But what feathers would give his arrows enough power to catch the great fish?”

“Only the Thunderers have such powerful feathers,” said Sāēnōmehsaeħ’s grandmother. “To get those feathers, you must

travel up to the clouds.”

“Maeqnapos was smart. He changed himself into a small rabbit. One of the great Thunderers swooped down and snatched him.”

Sāēnōmehsaeh listened. His father’s **clan** was the Golden Eagle—first of the Thunderer clans. Like the Coot clan knew about birch bark and the Wolf clan knew about hunting, the Thunderers knew about fire.

**clan:** all the relatives in a family

Grandmother smiled at Sāēnōmehsaeh. “Up in the clouds, the Thunderer’s mate said, ‘Why did you bring that rabbit here? Maeqnapos might be angry!’

“But the Thunderers never suspected the little rabbit was really Maeqnapos. The young Thunderers played with the little rabbit. Maeqnapos waited until the old Thunderers went hunting. Now was his chance to get Thunderer feathers! He changed into a man again.

“Quickly, Maeqnapos pulled feathers from the young Thunderers. He raced to the edge of the nest. Then Maeqnapos jumped!

“Down, down, he fell. He hit the ground so hard that he fainted. When he woke, he heard rumbling in the sky and saw bright flashes. Thunderbolts!

“The Thunderers were coming! Where could he hide? Maeqnapos ran like wind, but the Thunderers followed him. Thunder rumbled. Lightning flashed all around him.

“The Thunderers hurled lightning at Maeqnapos. He darted here and there, like a rabbit running from a fox. Maeqnapos saw a hollow birch log. He crawled inside.

“The Thunderers threw lightning bolts at the birch log. Lightning struck the birch bark over and over, but it couldn’t reach Maeqnapos.

“Finally the Thunderers gave up. ‘The white birch is our brother,’ they said. ‘So Maeqnapos is safe even from our strongest thunderbolts.’

“Maeqnapos stayed still until the Thunderers finally left. Then he crawled out of the hollow birch log.

“The white birch had saved him! ‘As long as there are people in this world, this white birch will grow,’ Maeqnapos said. ‘People will thank Grandfather, our creator, with gifts of tobacco in honor of the white birch tree.’

“From that time, the white birch has not been struck by lightning. To this day, when you pass a white birch, you’ll see black marks on its bark in the shape of thunderbolts and flying Thunderers.”



That night, Sāenōmehsaeh dreamed of Thunderers flying and Maeqnapos running through the forest. He woke early the next morning, pulled his moccasins on, and raced to the end of the village, where his friend Mesāenēhsaeh lived.

Sāenōmehsaeh whispered, “Mesāenēhsaeh, wake up!”

Mesāenēhsaeh and Sāenōmehsaeh were like brothers. In spring, they hunted for mushrooms. In summer, they climbed Diving Rock and jumped into the river. They helped their fathers harvest wild rice and hunt. And always, always they were friends.

“Throw off your blanket and let’s catch fish,” Sāenōmehsaeh called to his friend. “Unless you want me to be the great hunter instead of you!”

Mesāenēhsaeh belonged to the Wolf clan. His father was the best hunter in the band. Already, even before he was twelve years old, Mesāenēhsaeh could stand in a canoe and spear a sturgeon. He could bend a bow like a man.

“You’ll be the best hunter, like your father,” Sāenōmehsaeh always said. He knew Mesāenēhsaeh would never act too proud. But Sāenōmehsaeh loved to say good things about his best friend, because they were true.

Mesāenēhsaeh’s father was head of the Wolf clan. He called the men together to hunt. Mesāenēhsaeh was learning the ceremonies and stories from his father and grandfather. Someday he

would prepare for the hunt with ceremonies and thank the animals for the gift of their lives to feed the people.

Mesāēnēhsaeh came out, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. “Who told you to wake up so early?” he teased. “Even the fish are still asleep!”

But the fish were not asleep. Mesāēnēhsaeh and Sāēnōmehsaeh grabbed nets and spent the whole morning at the river. They dashed home when their stomachs started to roar for food. Then they went back again to the river.



The days grew warm, but the nights were still cold. When the squirrels began to scurry in the maple trees, the whole band moved to the sugar bush. The two boys worked, carrying buckets of sap and hauling stones.

When the making of maple sugar was over, the geese flew home to the lakes. The snow melted away. Pāhkwan-Kēsoq, the Budding Moon, came to tell the world to grow. Along the river, the grass grew thick and green. Ferns bloomed like tiny green feathers. But in the forest, the voice of the Budding Moon was still. Only a few green sprouts poked out from the thick covering of dead leaves.

On the first hot day in the month of the Budding Moon, the boys came home from fishing with empty nets. Mesāēnēhsaeh’s father took the boys back to the lake. “Here’s the secret,” he said. “Remember, the fish are your brothers. Don’t you hide from the sun on a hot day?” He dipped his fingers into the water.

“Dip your fingers into the lake until you feel cold water,” he said. “Follow the cool water and you will find the fish. They are hiding from the sun on a hot day, just like you.”

“Are the deer hiding, too?” Mesāēnēhsaeh asked. “Two summers ago I saw many deer. Last summer, not so many.”

Sāēnōmehsaeh thought about it. Mesāēnēhsaeh was right. “This year, I’ve seen just a few deer. And not many rabbits or turkeys.”

Mesāēnēhsaeh’s father said, “Remember how the fish are like

you? Well, the deer are our brothers, too.”

“The deer are hiding from the heat?” Sāenōmehsaeh asked.

“No,” Mesāēnēhsaeh’s father said. “The animals have moved away, looking for sweet things to eat. Look around you. The forest is old. Every year the trees are bigger. Leaves and dead plants cover the ground. How many new, green plants do you see?”

“The deer are looking for new, green plants like we look for the sweetest strawberries?” Mesāēnēhsaeh asked.

“That’s exactly right,” his father answered.

That afternoon Mesāēnēhsaeh and Sāenōmehsaeh talked. If the deer left, how would the band have food this winter? The coldest time of winter was called Wānesew-Kēsoq, the month of the Hunger Moon. Sāenōmehsaeh did not want to be hungry! He asked his father.

“We won’t be hungry. The men will hunt,” Father said.

They might hunt, Sāenōmehsaeh thought. But what will they find? The deer have wandered away.

Father smiled. “Why did your brothers the deer leave?”

Sāenōmehsaeh thought. “They were hungry, of course.”

Father nodded. “If new grass and plants grow, they’ll come back.”

“Maybe,” Sāenōmehsaeh said. “But the ground is covered with dead leaves and grass. How will new plants grow?”

Father pushed aside some dead leaves. “We’ll just uncover the ground.”

Uncover the ground? How?

“With fire.” Father held up a dry, brown leaf. “The **council** has decided. We’re going to set the dead leaves and grass on fire.”

**council:** government of the tribe



The next day a light rain fell. A few days later, it rained again. Father said it was safe to set fires. The men planned. When the

wind blew from the direction of the sunrise, they'd set three fires—one at the widest part of the river, one in the direction of the sunrise, and another in the direction of the sunset. Sāēnōmehsaeħ's father said the fires would burn fast through the dead leaves.

Father said, "Fire is like a hungry boy; he eats the first thing he sees. Even the creator uses fire to clean the forest. The Thunderers start fires with their lightning bolts. Quick fires sweep the ground clean, but they don't burn the forest."

Father was right. Sāēnōmehsaeħ had seen lightning fires. They burned dead leaves and branches on the ground.

Suddenly Sāēnōmehsaeħ understood the wisdom of the creator. Lightning cleaned the ground with small fires, so big fires wouldn't destroy the whole forest.

*What if quick fires never cleaned the forest,* Sāēnōmehsaeħ thought. Dead branches and leaves would pile up until they looked like mountains. New plants would die without sunlight. Fire would eat and never stop!

"The wind will chase the fires toward the river. When they reach the burned grass they'll have nothing to eat. So, they'll swallow each other like hungry snakes," Sāēnōmehsaeħ's father said. "Then new grass will grow. Deer will come."

Sāēnōmehsaeħ's father always said, "Fire is a powerful friend to be honored and respected. Honor fire, and it will save your life in winter. It will cook your meat and heat maple sap into sugar."

Father said, "Remember, fire is a gift from the creator. A friend. But fire is powerful. If you don't respect its power, fire can burn and not stop burning."

Father had taught Sāēnōmehsaeħ to start a fire with sticks or metal and flint. He learned how to smother fire with sand or water.

"Tomorrow we set three fires in the forest," Father said. "First, we'll burn the grass at the widest part of the river. Then, we'll set a fire where the sun rises behind the pines. The third fire will be where the sun sets behind the maple and aspen woods."

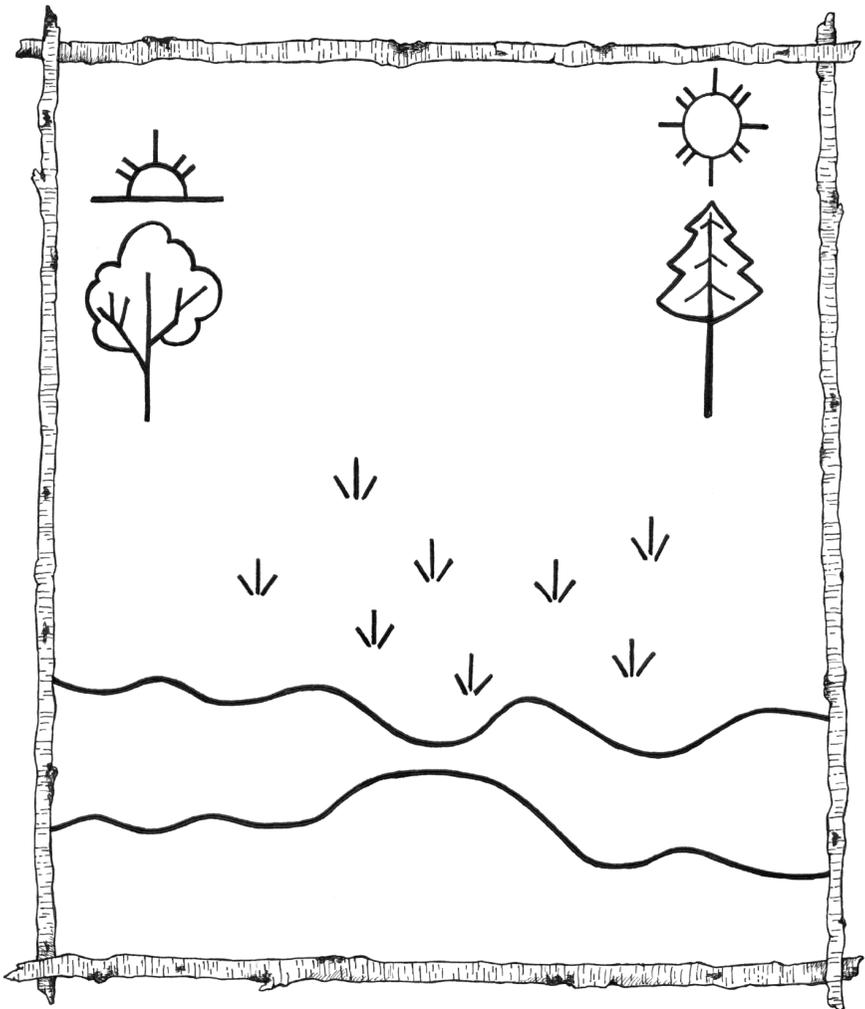
Sāēnōmehsaeħ pictured three fires in his mind. Suddenly his

mouth felt dry and his heart beat fast. The wind would chase the fire toward the river. The fires would meet. But what if the fires didn't burn one another up?

“Father, what if the fires don't swallow one another? What will we do if they keep burning?”

Father got down on his knees and cleared a space on the ground with his hand. He drew a wiggly line in the dirt with his finger.

“The river?” Sāēnōmehsach asked. Father nodded. He was drawing the land where the fires would be set tomorrow.



To the far right, Father drew a rising sun and the branches of a white pine. To the far left, he sketched the setting sun and a maple tree. Between the trees and the line he made tiny scratches that looked like blades of grass.

“Look around you, Sāēnōmehsaeh. You know the ways of our friend, fire. You know how to honor fire. And you know how to respect fire.”

Sāēnōmehsaeh wanted Father to tell him what to do if the fires kept burning. Instead, Father stood and led Sāēnōmehsaeh into the forest. It was time to make fire sticks.

Sāēnōmehsaeh found a fallen cedar tree. The bark was perfect—rough and brown on the outside, smooth and gold-brown on the inside. They cut and pulled away strips of bark.

That afternoon, Sāēnōmehsaeh and Mesāēnēhsaeh helped the men chip and peel wood into fine, dry shavings. Then strips of cedar were carefully rolled into sticks and filled with shavings. In the morning, hot coals would be slipped into each stick. More shavings would be placed gently on top. During the long walk into the forest, the coals would slowly burn inside the fire sticks.

That night, Sāēnōmehsaeh dreamed. In the dream, he saw fire in the pine trees, fire in the maple and aspen trees, and fire by the river. But in his dream, there weren't three fires. There was one fire. And it was big.



When Sāēnōmehsaeh woke, the fire was still burning in his mind. His thoughts raced like flames through dry grass. What will I do if the fires don't burn each other out?

Last night the ceremony for fire had been celebrated by his father and the band. They had asked the creator's help and honored the Thunderers and the fire.

Father says fire must be honored and respected. We've honored fire with our ceremonies and gifts of tobacco, Sāēnōmehsaeh thought. But what about respecting the fire?

Sāēnōmehsaeh crawled from under his blanket and slipped on his moccasins. He thought about respecting fire. His people respected the river. Every Menominee knew the river that gave food and water could also become a flood. So, they respected the river's power by building their homes away from the water.

Sāēnōmehsaeh stepped outside. He found Father and the men already awake and talking in the center of the village.

"The wind is coming from the direction of the sunrise, moving toward the widest part of the river. First, we'll burn the grass along the widest part of the river. Then, we'll set fires in the pines and among the aspen and maple trees," Father said.

Sāēnōmehsaeh and Mesāēnēhsaeh could come along and even carry fire sticks. But only grown men would set the fires. The two boys were told to wait at the sandy riverbank where the river was narrow. They'd be very far away, but not too far to see the fires meet between the forest and the river.

Mesāēnēhsaeh said, "Your father says the fire will clean the forest floor. New plants will grow and deer will come to eat them. Some of the boys say if this plan doesn't work, the whole band will be hungry this winter."

"We won't be hungry this winter," Sāēnōmehsaeh said. He put his hands on his friend's shoulders. "My father knows fire. Your father knows hunting."

The men carried fire sticks into the forest. At the end of the line of men, Sāēnōmehsaeh could see little curls of smoke from each fire stick. With one step, Sāēnōmehsaeh told himself, *Father's plan is good. We won't be hungry this winter.* With the next step, he remembered his dream.

Thoughts whirled in his mind. Honor fire. Respect fire. The way of fire is to burn.

Near the river, the men split into three groups. Sāēnōmehsaeh watched his father carry a fire stick into the pines. Three men headed toward the aspen and maple trees.

Mesāēnēhsaeh's father and two other men walked along the

river until they were almost hidden in the tall grass and trees. The two boys stayed on the sandy riverbank.

The men set fire to the grass at the widest part of the river. The flames did eat the grass quickly, like a hungry boy. Then, Sāēnōmehsaeh waited for the first gray smoke to appear in the sky above the trees.

“I dreamed about the fire last night,” he whispered to Mesāēnēhsaeh. “I keep thinking about the fires meeting.”

“They’ll crash together like two bucks fighting to be chief!” Mesāēnēhsaeh laughed.

Of course Mesāēnēhsaeh the hunter would think of bucks pawing the ground. The fires would be quick and fierce like bucks in a battle. But the picture in Sāēnōmehsaeh’s mind was different.

“Fire runs from the wind, like Maeqnapos running from the Thunderers,” Sāēnōmehsaeh said. He lifted his face and hands. “Feel the wind? It’s coming from the sunrise, like Father said. It will chase the fire toward the widest part of the river—where the grass is burned and there’s nothing more to eat.”

A thought slipped into Sāēnōmehsaeh’s mind. Respect fire, like Maeqnapos respected the power of the Thunderers. Maeqnapos knew better than to stand and fight when the thunderbolts crashed around him. He ran and hid.

Just then, far away above the white pine trees, a line of smoke climbed high into the sky. The boys waited. Sāēnōmehsaeh held his breath.

Wherever the fire sticks touched, flames would catch, leaves and dry grass would burn.

Suddenly Sāēnōmehsaeh felt something. Something wrong. One second he felt a gentle wind from the direction of the sunrise. Then, as quickly as breath could make a hot coal burst into flame, the wind changed.

“Mesāēnēhsaeh, feel the wind!” Sāēnōmehsaeh shouted. “The wind is moving. It’s blowing from the sunset, not the sunrise.”

In a flash, Sāēnōmehsaeh realized the wind was no longer

blowing toward the widest place of the river and the burned grass. Now the wind was blowing toward the sandy bank where Sāenōmehsaeh and Mesāenēhsaeh stood.

This was like his dream! The flames would burn and keep burning. Sāenōmehsaeh's mind raced like Maeqnapos fleeing the Thunderers. His first thought was to run.

Mesāenēhsaeh was thinking the same. He grabbed Sāenōmehsaeh's arm. "Run! We've got to run."

Like thunderbolts, his father's words crashed into Sāenōmehsaeh's mind. You know the ways of our friend, fire. You know how to honor fire. And you know how to respect fire.

Maeqnapos couldn't outrun the Thunderers. Think. Sāenōmehsaeh had to think. They couldn't outrun the fire, either.

"Can't run," Sāenōmehsaeh said. "Wind chases fire. No one can outrun the wind."

Look around you, Sāenōmehsaeh. The river where Sāenōmehsaeh and Mesāenēhsaeh stood was narrow but deep. They could hide in the water.

Sāenōmehsaeh remembered Father saying, "Fire is like a hungry boy, he eats the first thing he sees." Sāenōmehsaeh knew the fire would burn along the river until it came to a narrow place. Then, like a hungry boy reaching for more maple sugar, the fire would reach across to the other side.

If the fire reached the other side of the river, it could burn the whole forest. Suddenly Sāenōmehsaeh knew what he would have to do.

They couldn't run. They must not hide. They could only honor and respect the fire.

He called out, "Fire, I respect your power. Thank you for keeping me warm. Thank you for cleaning the forest so we can have food. I know your way is to eat. But there's a time to eat and a time to stop eating."

Sāenōmehsaeh pulled Mesāenēhsaeh toward dead trees at the edge of the river. "Bark. We need bark!" With shaking fingers, they

pulled bark from a fallen log. “To the river!” Sāēnōmehsaeħ shouted.

The fire moved toward them, eating the dry grass. Smoke filled the air and stung their eyes. Mesāēnēhsaeħ and Sāēnōmehsaeħ waded into the water. “Water and sand,” Sāēnōmehsaeħ gasped. “Water to wet the grass. Sand to put out the fire.”

The boys waded across the river. “We can’t stop the fire from eating everything,” Sāēnōmehsaeħ said. “But we can stop it from reaching across the river for more.”

The fire crept closer every minute until the boys couldn’t see anything but fire and smoke behind them and the grass on the other side of the river.

“Watch for sparks,” Sāēnōmehsaeħ said. “Every spark is the fire trying to eat more.”

Each time a spark landed in the grass, the boys ran toward it. Mesāēnēhsaeħ tossed wet sand from the riverbank. Sāēnōmehsaeħ used the bark to scoop and throw water at each spark.

Sand. Water. Sand. Water. Faster and faster. The boys’ arms and backs hurt. The smoke made them cough. They splashed water over their heads to escape the heat. Then the search for sparks continued. Sand. Water. Faster and faster.

It seemed like they had been working for hours. Sāēnōmehsaeħ’s whole body hurt. He couldn’t think of anything but scooping water with the bark. Mesāēnēhsaeħ stood beside him, throwing sand on every tiny fire.

Suddenly they heard shouting. The men ran out of the smoke and jumped into the water beside them.

Sāēnōmehsaeħ handed his bark scoop to his father. Mesanaesaeħ’s father reached down for a handful of wet sand. They worked like brothers, side by side, putting out every spark. Finally they watched as the fire burned itself out in the clearing between the trees.

“When the wind moved, I knew the fires would find grass to burn along the river,” Sāēnōmehsaeħ’s father said. “We crossed the river and ran to find you.”

“Sāēnōmehsaeħ knew what the fire would do,” said Mesāē-

nēhsaeh. “He knew we couldn’t run. He thought of stopping the fire by feeding it water and wet sand.”

Sāēnōmehsaeh could see the last threads of smoke reaching from the burned grass into the sky. The fire had done its job.

Sāēnōmehsaeh’s father put his arm around his son’s shoulder. “You did well, Sāēnōmehsaeh. Without you, the fire would have jumped across the river. Who knows how much land it would have eaten?”

Mesaēnēhsaeh’s father walked between the two boys to the village. The rest of the men stayed to watch the fire. Of course, Sāēnōmehsaeh’s father would never leave a fire unwatched.

Sāēnōmehsaeh knew that when the last sparks had died, his father would speak the words of the ceremony of thanksgiving for the gift of fire.

“In spite of the wind, our plan will work,” Mesaēnēhsaeh’s father said. “Rain will come. In a few days, tiny blades of grass will begin to grow. And when the deer come to eat the sweet new grass, we’ll be ready to hunt.”

Sāēnōmehsaeh smiled. His father had honored the fire with ceremonies and gifts. Sāēnōmehsaeh had respected the fire, too. He had remembered everything his father had taught him. He remembered the power of fire to eat and burn. He knew when the wind moved and remembered how to use sand and water.

Never had Sāēnōmehsaeh felt so sore or tired. But never in his life had he felt so happy to be Mesaēnēhsaeh’s best friend. Never had he felt so proud to be his father’s son.

## FIRE IS A TOOL

**I**N OUR STORY, the Menominee used fire to clean the forest and make room for new grass and shrubs. Today fire is still used to keep forests healthy. Fires set by people to help the forest are called *prescribed fires*.

### WHY USE FIRE?

- Small fires clean the forest and keep dead, dry branches and leaves from piling up. This prevents future fires from becoming big ones.
- Some kinds of trees need fire to grow.
- Fires kill plants that may not be good for the forest (see page 131 for information on invasive exotic species).

### GETTING READY TO BURN

THE DNR WORKS with prescribed fires often. However, they are very careful. The weather needs to be just right for the burn. Too much wind might cause the fire to change direction, as in our story. If it's too dry, the fire might spread more than it needs to.



WDNR

**A wildlife biologist performs a prescribed burn on state land in southern Wisconsin.**

# SUSTAINABLE FORESTRY:

## ABLE TO KEEP GOING, MAYBE FOREVER

**L**ONG AGO, the Menominee people had a plan for living with the forest. They knew the ways of trees and plants. They honored and respected the forest.

The elders said, “Start with the rising sun and work toward the setting sun. Take only the mature trees, the sick trees, and the trees that have fallen. When you reach the end of the reservation, turn and cut from the setting sun to the rising sun, and the trees will last forever.”

The Menominee people lived with nature. They hunted adult deer for meat, leaving the young deer to grow and have young of their own. They caught big fish and threw the little ones back. In the same way, the Menominee elders understood that by cutting only full-grown trees, the young trees would continue to grow.

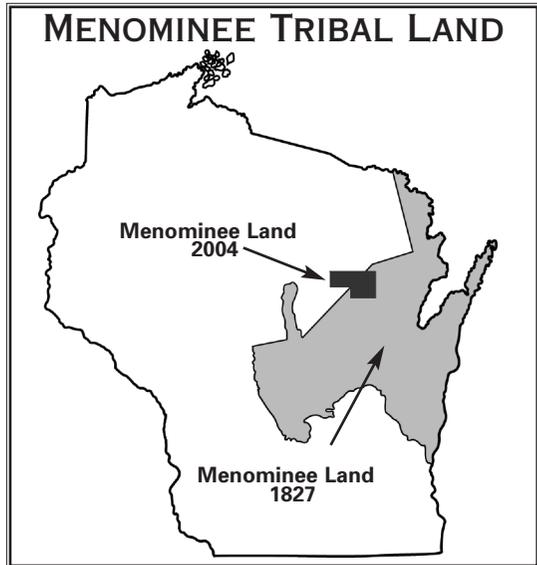
By following this plan, the Menominee forest would always provide wood for heat, boards for houses, and logs to sell. The elders didn’t want to use the forest just for themselves. They wanted the forest for their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

This is called *sustainable forestry*. The Menominee people have been practicing sustainable forestry for hundreds of years. Today, Menominee foresters carefully plan when and where to cut trees in the Menominee forest.



BOB QUEENAWDNR

**A logger cuts a tree in the Menominee forest as part of the management plan.**



REPRINTED FROM INDIAN NATIONS OF WISCONSIN WITH PERMISSION OF WHS

**The Menominee have always lived in Wisconsin. However, in the 1800s, much of their land was transferred to the United States government through treaties.**