

# Liberty School News

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Liberty School News is edited by Michael and Toni Meier and is published by **German Settlement History, Inc.**, an organization dedicated to the preservation and development of historic artifacts in the Town of Spirit, Southeast Price County, including “Our Yesterday House” built in 1885, **Liberty School**, built in 1919 and “**The Machine Shed**” housing logging and farming tools and equipment from 1880 to 1950. You may contact us at N894 S. German Settlement Road, Ogema, WI 54459. (715)564-3299 or [gshinc@centurylink.net](mailto:gshinc@centurylink.net). Check out our web site at [www.germansettlementhistory.org](http://www.germansettlementhistory.org) GSHI is a 501(c)3 not-for-profit tax exempt organization. Your financial support may be tax deductible (check with your tax advisor). **You are welcome to visit us at any time, but call to make sure we are home to show you around.**

## Barn Dance, Sunday, May 28



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GSHI Open House and Picnic, Last Saturday in

July—July 29





*Old Tyme Photos from Bill Nelson*



Logs we are familiar with, (see the top photo of a steam hauler pulling sleds loaded with logs), **but 38 cords of bark!!?** Well, before plastics and before easily- available rubber, leather was used for harnesses, industrial belts, all kinds of things that needed to be strong and flexible. You make leather by putting animal hides in vats of tanning liquid which comes from the bark of Hemlock trees. Every town had a tannery. And, you could smell it! The smell may have been bad. But the economy depended on the bark, the tannery and the resultant leather goods.

# HAYING SEASON/A TRACTOR GIRL'S PERSPECTIVE

I loved being outside working with my Dad, Carl Hatlestad. Our farm was in Holway, Taylor County, Wisconsin, about 20 minutes from Medford.

The pressure was on once haying season started. Nothing was more important than getting the hay into the haymow—preferably light and dry.

Dad would go out with the mower, starting at the outside edge of the field working to the center. I followed with the crusher which chopped and fluffed the hay. You knew when the crusher hit a rock—a horrible screeching sound occurred and if the rock was big it jammed the roller. After a day of drying, Dad was back with the rake which rolled the hay into a neat roll. The outer edge of the field had a double roll. More drying and then the big event. The tractor towing the baler and wagon behind. Now came the part I hated the most. Picking up the first double roll. This was accomplished by going counter clockwise around the field very slowly. The tractor, baler, wagon and I didn't want to go around the field backwards picking up a double load so this was where a lot of breakdowns happened. The tractor had a hand clutch which I would throw in and inch along. Not very good for the clutch I'm sure. The baler would make a straining, rhythmic noise, chomping the hay, making it into neat rectangular tied bales. Once the double outer roll was over I felt relieved.

One of the tricks that a tractor driver has to know is how to get around a corner without leaving a wisp of hay on the ground. You didn't want the other farmers to think you were a sloppy hayer so this was important, plus if you did leave some on the ground and you looked back at Dad, you knew that you should do better next time.

On the very hot days, I would go slow thinking that Dad was tired and I didn't want him to work so fast. Dad would motion to me to crank it up so that's what I would do. CRANK IT UP . . . .

Dad made the neatest looking highest load of bales on the wagon. This was a great accomplishment because he had bales shooting out at him every minute and he had to place the bales just so to get the most on the wagon. Towards the end, he hardly had room to stand on the wagon and he had to throw them way up high, all accomplished with fingers missing from his left hand from a construction accident when he was 25 years old. He hooked the bale with a bale fork in his right hand and hauled it back to the wagon and then got his left hand under the tight twine on the bale.

Another curse besides breaking down was when the string broke on the bale. I could probably tie a square knot in my sleep. This was the only knot that would hold the bulging hay together and, if you didn't tie a square knot and it fell apart, you might have heard a few Norwegian swear words.

Now we switched to an empty wagon and filled that one up. Then back to the farm hoping we wouldn't get a flat tire and tip the load off.

The big side barn doors would be open and we drove the load in. We had a signal system. When Dad set the fork on the bales and was ready for me to haul them up ( I think six or eight at a time), he would yank on a string and a board would fly up telling me to start the tractor. A heavy cable was attached to a pulley system in the top of the haymow which came down to be attached to the back of the tractor. The hazard involved with this was driving too far and making the fork go off the track. This was a nasty job to fix. This was one of my biggest fears so I was very careful not to go too far. I believe this tragedy happened to one of the other previous tractor drivers but we won't mention any names.

Now came Mom's job (Ruby Harrold Hatlestad). A hot, nasty job of rolling the bales from the middle of the haymow to the sides. I'm sure Mom saved our barn from several combustible fires.

Dad and I were off to the fields again.

We looked forward to the end of haying season because Dad always treated us to a case of "pop" and a gallon of vanilla ice cream.

In my opinion, my Dad was the best hayer in Taylor County.

This story was written for my Dad, Carl Hatlestad for father's day, 1985. I added the part about his missing fingers, May 2017.

**Kate Blake aka Kathy Hatlestad**

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## **Orville Muska lived in the Yesterday House, attended Liberty School**

A lot of people visit us and our museums, but it isn't often we play host to someone who lived in Our Yesterday House and went to Liberty School. That is, however, what happened on Thursday, August 19. Orville Muska showed up with his wife Helen Faye Muska. They had driven here from Greenville, West Virginia. They had with them a niece, Marilyn Campbell and her husband Jeff from Grandview, Wisconsin. Marilyn's mother, Edna Helen Muska, sister to Orville, had also lived in Our Yesterday House when she went to school here. Orville and his sister attended in the late 1930's. These folks were tickled to come "back home" and they showed their appreciation in many ways including by giving us the gift of a classic antique carpenter's brace with a special kit of a dozen auger bits, all in beautiful condition. We'll have those items on display with other treasures so you can see them, too. We enjoyed meeting these folks and hope they come see us again.

## **Two Stories from Prison**

**A word from the editor:** *We have two cousins named Paula. The Paula on my mother's side lives in Florida. She is forty-two years old and has spent more than half her life in prison. Why?*

*She was living with an abusive man. She moved out. She went back to get some of her belongings. He found her there. They struggled over a weapon. He died. She is in prison for life. No parole.*

*I have met her and spent time with her. Several of our family members write to her. She is a very faithful correspondent and a model prisoner. Here is something she wrote in June:*

“I do not think I’ve recently told you about a particular Friday afternoon several weeks ago: I am on my bunk gazing out the jalousie-style windows. A soft persistent rain continues to saturate the grounds. I am ambivalent towards the typically rainy weather South Florida receives this time of year. I much prefer overcast days to the full-on sunshine so many Floridians thrive on. At the very left-most edge of my view, I spy a security officer standing at the edge of the small, but deep, man-made lake. The man is fishing. In all the years I have resided here, I have never seen any of the personnel fishing from the lake. As he patiently casts and reels, my roommate and I stand to the window attempting to make sense of why this man is fishing in the rain. He periodically re-baits the hook with an unknown temptation. An hour elapses. The man finally jerks the rod and furiously reels in the line. Nothing. The hook is rebaited. I brush my teeth and put my shoes on. It’s Friday and I must go light candles [Paula is an observant Jew and this is the beginning of Sabbath.] The rain continues to fall upon the man, the ground, the lake, and whatever prey the lake holds. It’s now nearly 5:30 p.m. Two hours have elapsed since I first noticed the fisherman. He has walked from the far side of the lake, to the site closest to my window. There are perhaps 20 yards separating the lake and my window. I hear other people in the dorm shouting, encouraging the guy to catch “it.” My roommate and I are not quite certain we know what “it” is. I am in awe of this man’s fortitude. I wonder what time his shift ends. Surely he cannot continue on like this indefinitely. He has no protection from the rain, save a company issue baseball-style cap. He tugs on the line so suddenly and then reels, pulls, hops, drops and finally lands his catch upon the grassy perimeter. A two-an-a-half-foot alligator is quickly subdued with a length of rope around its snout. The product of the man’s labor is hefted and disappears from view amidst the whoops and hollers of the women watching. I hear the women had been feeding it peanut butter sandwiches. Perhaps that was the temptation that lured the reptile to this fate?”

***Here is a more recent letter from Paula:***

“Homestead Correctional Institution, Florida City, Florida

25 September 2017 (2 weeks post Irma)

Dear Cousin Michael & Toni,

I cannot believe it has taken me this long to write and tell you of the recent adventure here. Having been through several hurricanes, to include both Katrina and Wilma back to back in 2005, I knew what to expect. I stocked up on batteries for the AM Radio, snacks that wouldn’t require hot water to prepare, mosquito repellent wipes and some other odds and ends. My roommate and I stuffed the cracks in our southeast facing window to help eliminate the rain from coming in. We hand washed everything the day before because once the power goes out, nothing dries in the sweltering humid laced south Florida heat.

I turned the radio on around 8 PM and listened until well past midnight when I finally fell asleep.

I awakened at 3 AM to no power. The wind was really blowing, though the rain had not yet begun in earnest. The radio was now my only connection to the outside world. The Keys were bracing for a direct hit, which occurred at Big Pine Key, where a work release center for male inmates had closed down last year. Good thing, because they would have been evacuated and had nothing to return to. I prayed that the inhabitants of the Keys had left for safer ground, though I knew from past experience, many residents choose to stay and ride it out.

By 4 AM, the rain began pounding the windows and the stuffing my roommate and I pushed into the cracks between the 7 pane jalousie style windows had become saturated. The water leaked down to the floor and pooled upon the tiles. It wasn't too much for the rag to sock up in one swipe. The sky should have begun to lighten by 6:45 AM, but it remained dark. Landfall was expected to be 8 AM, west of us, but close. Over the next hour the water seeping down the wall intensified and by 8 AM it was raining in my room. The radio reported 80-100 mile an hour wind gusts. My southeast facing window was taking the brunt of the storm. The stuffing so carefully pushed into the cracks was completely useless. The winds pushed the rain through in sprays that reached several feet into my room. My bed was getting wet. My roommate began to stuff the cracks with fresh material so the water would soak through and roll back down the wall to the floor. At this point we began mopping in earnest. We took turns using 3 wash rags to sop up the water from under the window, turn to our sink, squeegee, bend, soak, stand, squeegee. After 5 minutes of this, a 10 minute break ensued, then we'd switch for 5 more minutes of mopping. 10 minute break, mop, break, mop. After hours of this we were both exhausted and sore. There seemed to be no end in sight. The water from the small pond had long since crept up higher and higher until the waters wrapped around the back of the dorm. My roommate pointed out that the lake actually had white caps due to the fierceness of the wind lashing across it. My roommate finally had the idea to open the window a crack to put a rain poncho out the cracks at the top and bottom to keep the rain from coming in a spray—which had again begun.

We enlisted the help of 3 other people. 2 of us climbed up on the top bunk and leaned over the window, bracing on the top pane, 2 people were at the bottom to hold an edge of the rain poncho to be placed out the window. The 5<sup>th</sup> person was responsible for turning the crank to open the window. Holding my edge of the poncho I braced for the wind and rain I knew was about to come racing in once the window opened. It took two tries, but eventually we all succeeded in getting the top and bottom of the poncho secured in the window. Only one person had her fingers stuck in the window as it closed—not me. We were all soaking wet and the room was completely flooded, but it worked. The rain filled the bottom of the poncho. I poked a hole in the bag of water which quickly filled and placed a bucket under it.

An hour later the rain stopped. We opened the window to allow fresh air in. The back side of the storm, which was finally north of our latitude brought more wind and rain, but not in our window—thank Heaven. The aftermath was not as bad as other areas. We lost the top layer of

our roof. A lot of large trees were completely uprooted. The green house was gone. We remained without power until the following Saturday afternoon. A week. A week of sleepless nights tossing and turning in sweat soaked beds. A week of slapping at thirsty mosquitoes that left all of us looking as though we had chicken pox. A week of ice cold showers and cold coffee. Honestly, both the showers and coffee were welcome since the thought of anything hot was unbearable.

I thanked G-d profusely for the return of our power and thus the AC. I have a renewed appreciation for a lot of things. We recently celebrated Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year. All is well. How was your month? Take care. Love, Paula

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## See Last Page for a Membership Form

### A word to our readers—

We deeply appreciate the support we receive—words of encouragement, financial gifts and time spent helping us keep and expand our collection of artifacts. We have so many supporters!

**Thanks to all of you and each of you. We couldn't do it without you.**

We want to take this opportunity to remind you that we mail over 500 copies of Liberty School News each time we print it (usually twice a year) and we also email another 50 or more. Your financial support through donations at our events (Barn Dance on Memorial Day Weekend and Picnic on the last Saturday in July) keeps us going. **In addition**, you can become a member of German Settlement History, Inc. Membership categories are described on the last page of this issue and summarized below:

This coming year, **2018**, is an opportunity for you to be a non-member “**Swamper**” (with a gift of less than \$25 per year) or a member “**Sawyer**.”(gifts of \$25 to \$49 per year)

Or you can move up in the logging hierarchy by becoming a “**Teamster**”(\$50 to \$99 per year) Or a “**Woods Boss**”(\$100 to \$499 per year). Some become “**Homesteaders**” (\$500 to \$999 per year) or “**Settlement Builders**.”(\$1000 or more per year.)

Every category of membership at “**Sawyer**” and above is eligible to vote at our **annual meeting**, which begins at **12:30 p.m., Sunday, January 28, 2018. We'll see you here!**

## See Last Page for a Membership Form



# Butter

I love butter! I believe it was one of the first words I learned as a child. In our home on the Price County farm, there was always a stick of butter sitting out at room temperature. Often, my brother and I would climb onto the kitchen counter to eat it, plain on a spoon. Yum. We would play the farm game of gathering the sweetest, freshest, golden dandelions in the yard and then take the “butter test” to see if we loved butter. When we stuck our noses into the golden, flowered heads, we would arise with yellow pollen on our noses, a sure sign we loved butter. No one failed the test. No wonder! We lived on a dairy farm. Butter was as good as gold to pay the mortgage and other bills. My dad would not allow any “Oleo” into our home. That was okay with me. I loved butter.

In 1973, I married another University of Wisconsin graduate. When we moved to begin our life together in Virginia, we located an apartment in Blacksburg, the town that is home to Virginia Tech. We were unable to move into the apartment for two weeks. Financially-strapped students, we simply camped in the Jefferson National Forest where rent was free.

Our first fight as couple was over butter. I had butter standards that my husband was ignorant of. I needed to educate him. He had standards of saving money, he needed to educate me. Guess who won. We have butter. He likes butter. We learned to save money elsewhere.

Living in the campground following the butter fight, in early August 1973, we needed a way to keep the butter cool. We decided that putting it in a Mason jar with a lid screwed on, and placing it in the creek would preserve it. The next morning, we found that a raccoon had outsmarted us. The Mason jar had been unscrewed, the butter gone. Raccoons love butter too. Another lesson learned.

Now, in 2017, we have an agreed upon butter standard. We do not allow “Oleo” in our home. My friends tell me I have the best bakery, but the real secret: butter.

Dianne Rhody-Scott 5/19/17

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Diane says: “I have decided to send a story about a Wisconsin product that I love. I hope to convey how much it has meant to me—Also, a limerick about a dairy product: It’s Butter”

It’s a wonderful world with butter! Its’ flavor sets eyelids aflutter.

But, in markets it’s twisted, seeing folks so tightfisted;

They’d choose less than true gold from d’udder.

Dianne Rhody-Scott 5/19/17

# Obituaries—all are folks known and loved by us “long-timers”

## Obituary of Barbara Scheller

Barbara A. Scheller, age 74, of Ogema, WI passed away at her home on July 5, 2017 under the care of Hope Hospice and Palliative Care.

Barbara was born in Rib Lake on August 26, 1942 to Clarence & Mary Banks. She attended Rib Lake Schools and graduated in 1960. On May 5, 1962, she married Philip Scheller in Rib Lake. They lived in Tomahawk until 1973 when they moved to the Scheller family farm in Spirit. Barbara was a homemaker who devoted her life to raising her children and caring for their home. She especially enjoyed having her grandchildren spending time at the farm making many memories.

She was active as a volunteer with the St. Joseph's group at St. Mary Church in Tomahawk. She served as an election worker for the town of Spirit and for 16 years she belonged to Tops group #1013 of Rib Lake where she was a great inspiration to all to keep fit.

Barbara loved to crochet, making Afghans for grandchildren and great grandbabies. She spent the seasons outside working in her flowers, vegetable gardens, and using her push mower to cut their large yard. She also enjoyed feeding and watching all the birds that came to visit year round. Her love of baking was especially seen in the apple desserts she made for grandchildren.

Barbara is survived by her sons, David (Deb) Scheller, Jody (Nicole) Scheller; Daughters, Jan Plachetka, Christine (Jeffrey) Kislow, Sherrie (Derek) Scheller; Brother, Ronald (Sally) Banks; Sisters, Leila Halpin and Nancy (Norm) Hahn. She is further survived by her grandchildren (14), Cassandra, Desiree, Dylan, Damion, Drew, Jamieson, Brandon, Brittany, Dustin, Max, Ryan, Brooke, Cole and Derek; and great grandchildren(5), Cooper, Carson, Chloe and Corban, Kaden, and one more due in January of 2018.

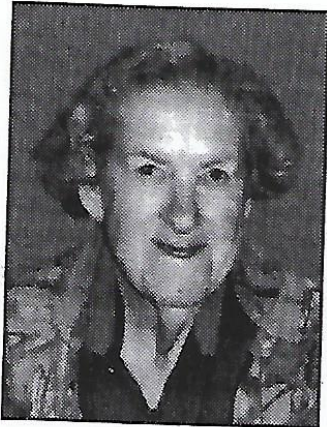
She is preceded in death by her husband, Philip just 2 months ago; a son Scott Philip 73); parents, Clarence & Mary Banks; her in laws, Max and Bessie Scheller, and son-in-law, Jack B. Kislow.

The Mass of Christian Burial for Barbara Scheller will take place at 12:00 Noon on Saturday, July 8, 2017 at St. Mary Catholic Church, Tomahawk. Fr. Louis Marram Reddy will officiate. Visitation will take place in the church from 10:00AM until the time of service at Noon. Burial will follow at Spirit Hillcrest Cemetery.



# Bernice "Babe" M. Stellick

1927-2017



Bernice "Babe" M. Stellick, 89, of Rib Lake, passed away on Tuesday, July 18, 2017 at her residence.

Bernice Stellick was born in Medford on Aug. 26, 1927 to the late Charles and Lena (Gehrig) Stellick. She attended Medford Elementary School and was a 1945 graduate of Medford High School. She furthered her education at U.W. Superior and

graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in 1949. She moved to Rib Lake and began her teaching career in 1949 where she stayed until her retirement in 1990. She went back to school in 1971 and received her masters of science and teaching. Bernice enjoyed being very involved in the Rib Lake community. She was a member of the Rib Lake Lions since 1988 and has been the secretary since joining Rib Lake Community Club, WEA and the NEA, Thursday evening

women's bowling league at Little Bohemia and Tuesday evening women's curling club. She also enjoyed hunting and fishing and staying at her cabin on Stone Lake.

Bernice is survived by a special nephew, Gary Hosking of Slinger and other nieces, nephews and many special friends.

Bernice is preceded in death by her parents; one brother, Elmer Stellick; one sister, Evelyn Francis; and niece, Barbara Hosking.

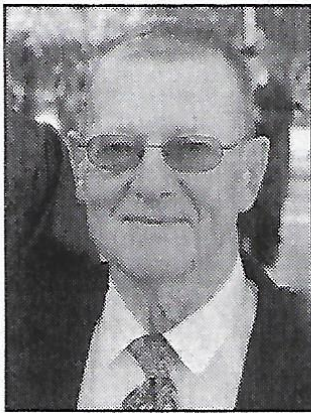
A funeral service will be held at 11 a.m. on Saturday, July 22 at Rib Lake United Methodist Church with Pastor Mary Jo Laabs officiating. Burial will follow at Evergreen Cemetery I in Medford at 2 p.m. Visitation will be held on Saturday morning at Rib Lake United Methodist Church from 9 a.m. until the time of the service at 11 a.m.

In lieu of flowers memorial donations in honor of Bernice can be given to Taylor County Humane Society. Hemer Funeral Service of Medford and Rib Lake has been entrusted with arrangements. Online condolences can be left at [www.hemerfuneralservice.com](http://www.hemerfuneralservice.com).

Paid Obituary 36099

# LaVerne Herman Schmudlach

1934-2017



LaVerne Herman Schmudlach, 83, of Carthage, passed away on Wednesday, May 17, 2017 at Maple Grove Apartments in Carthage.

LaVerne was born on Jan. 7, 1934 in Spirit, the son of Herman and Myrtle (Curran) Schmudlach. On July 12, 1964, he was united in marriage to Linda Ellefritz at Trinity Lutheran Church in Carthage and they later

divorced. LaVerne served in the U.S. Airforce during the Korean Conflict and received his honorable discharge. LaVerne was an avid outdoorsman. He loved hunting, fishing, gardening and spending time in the woods cutting timber. LaVerne loved his family and enjoyed spending time with them. He especially enjoyed attending all the grandchildren's sporting events. LaVerne never knew a stranger and became an instant friend to everyone he met. He worked and later managed the Carthage Elevator for 29 years and then worked for Ag Seeds for another ten years. He was a longtime member of Trinity Lutheran Church in Carthage, which held a special place in his heart.

LaVerne is survived by four children, Lois (Jeff) Hills of Liberty Township, Ohio, Mark (Julie) Schmudlach of Carthage, Leah (David) Sullivan of Zionsville, Ind. and Lydia (Shawn) Gutting of Carthage; ten grandchildren, Andrew (Kandis) Hills, Evan (Megan) Hills and Eric Hills, Allison (Mark) Jacob, Jacob (Bentley) Schmudlach, Drake and Zane Schmudlach, Zachary Sullivan and Paige and Peyton Gutting; four great-grandchildren, Hallie, Garrett and Grant Jacob; and a great-granddaughter due later this year. LaVerne is survived by one brother, Alvin Schmudlach of Rib Lake and many nieces and nephews.

LaVerne was preceded in death by his parents; one sister, Zelma Ehlert; and three brothers, Raymond, Harvey and Norman Schmudlach.

Funeral services were held at 10 a.m. on Saturday, May 20 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Carthage, Ill. Visitation was held from 4-8 p.m. on Friday evening at Trinity Lutheran Church in Carthage with family meeting friends from 6-8 p.m. Burial was held at 11 a.m. on Monday in Hillcrest Cemetery in Spirit on his family's lot. Memorials may be directed to Trinity Lutheran Church in Carthage or to the family of LaVerne Schmudlach for W.O.W. Park in Carthage. Printy Funeral Home in Carthage is in charge of arrangements.

Paid Obituary 32591

# Delores "Dori" Rhody

1943-2017

Delores "Dori" Rhody, age 74, passed away peacefully surrounded by her family on Wednesday, July 19, 2017.

Dori was born on Jan. 30, 1943, in Medford, the daughter to John Philip and Edna Ann (Krasin) Schreiner. On Aug. 18, 1962, she was united in marriage to Richard "Dick" Rhody in Rib Lake. Together they were married 54 years and raised two daughters.

Dori graduated from Rib Lake High School and then the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, where she received a B.S. in mathematics and education. After college, Dick and Dori moved to Sun Prairie and became very active in the Sun Prairie community. Dori worked as a microbiologist and then later operated a very successful furniture shop, Prairie Furniture Services, where she restored antique furniture. During her free time, Dori was very involved in her children's activities and was known to be an adventurous and practical joker fun mom. She was a leader in her daughter Diane's Girl Scouts and loved to explore and share adventures with her troop. Dori also enjoyed meeting and conversing with people. She made many friends and some of her great friendships were those she met volunteering for 15

years with Sun Prairie EMS. Some of Dori's favorite pastimes were traveling with her husband to places like Alaska, Germany and Big Sur, California. She was an avid gardener, collecting turtle figurines and Christmas shopping all year round at various garage and estate sales.

Dori is survived by her husband Dick; her children, Sharon and John Jacksack, Diane J. Rhody and Erik Shetney; grandchildren, Angela, Valerie, Christina, Kenneth, Monica and Philip; her siblings, Donna (Henry) Thums, Karen (Herb) Schubert, Bill (Laurie) Schreiner, Barb (Ronald) Budjimula, Sue (Jane) Schreiner, Kathy Alden and Robert (Sandy) Schreiner; she also leaves behind many extended family.

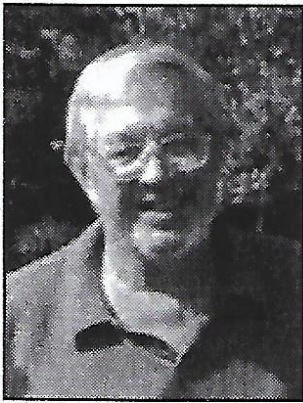
Dori was preceded in death by her parents.

Funeral services for Dori were held at Living Water Church, 3075 Prospect, Sun Prairie on Sunday, July 23 at 4 p.m. with Pastor Isaac Fleming officiating. The visitation was held before the service from 1:30 p.m. until 3:30 p.m. at Cress Funeral Home, 1310 Emerald Terrace, Sun Prairie on Sunday.

The family would like to thank Agrace Hospice Care for their professional and compassionate care.

# Arne R. Meier

1939-2017



Arne R. Meier, age 77, most recently of Milwaukee, formerly of Boston, London, Minneapolis, and dozens of other cities and towns, died early in the morning of July 15, 2017.

Arne was born on Oct. 4, 1939 on the family homestead in rural Spirit to Roy R. and Helen A. (Risberg) Meier. He attended Liberty School in Spirit and Rib Lake High School. Arne

always wanted to see the world and left home immediately after high school. He liked to mention that before he turned 40, he had more mailing addresses to his name than years of age. He also valued education, receiving his bachelor's degree from the University of Wisconsin-Superior, with a four-year stint in the Air Force between his second and third years, a master of fine arts in theater at the University of Minnesota and doctoral work in theater at Minnesota. He spent time in the UK working at theaters in London and in Scotland, directed summer theaters throughout the Midwestern US, and finally settled near Boston, Mass. where he taught theater at a small liberal arts college. Though Arne always wanted to return to England, Boston became his home. He was a lifelong Boston Red Sox fan, and attended many games at Fenway Park.

In the early 1990s, Arne moved back to Wisconsin to help with his aging parents and a brother who had been diagnosed with prostate cancer, keeping the bills paid by finding odd jobs here and there. He missed the big city, though, and only stayed in Spirit for a year or two, moving first to Wausau and finally to Milwaukee in the late 1990s. He had resided since then in a small studio apartment that he loved in an old brick building a half a block from the Marquette University campus. Arne was married twice and divorced twice, he enjoyed living life on his own.

Arne was preceded in death by his parents, Roy and Helen; his older brother, Ronald; his younger brother, Wesley; his brother-in-law, Eugene Erickson; his sister-in-law, Marie (Gene) Meier; and by his niece, Vicki Pearson.

Arne is survived by two sisters, Marilyn (Eugene) Erickson of Prentice and Marie (Marvin) Arneson of Ogema; one brother, Gene, of Spirit; as well as two sisters-in-law, LaVonne (Ronald) Meier and Clare (Wesley) Meier, both of Spirit. He is also survived by dozens of nephews and nieces.

Arne's body was donated to the Medical College of Wisconsin to be used for teaching and clinical research, according to his wishes. His legacy will live on in the family he has left behind as well as in the medical students and researchers who will learn how to save other lives through the donation of his final remains. A memorial service for Arne is being planned for this fall.

# In Memory of Verona Lind 1917 - 2017

Verona N. Swanson Lind, nee Liebelt, age 100, passed away August 21, 2017 at Riverview Health Care Center.



Verona was born on July 5, 1917 to Carl & Nanny (Peters) Liebelt in Fifield, WI. She graduated high school in Fifield. She attended Normal School in Phillips in 1936 and later graduated from Northland College with an Education Degree. She taught elementary school in Spirit and Ogema area for 28 years.

In 1941 Verona married Bennie Swanson and lived in Spirit until 1990. They had two children- Karen Ann & Kenneth. Bennie passed away in 1988.

In 1990 Verona married Arthur "Henry" Lind and moved to Prentice, where she lived until 2008. Henry died in 1994.

Verona enjoyed family get-togethers, grandchildren, her teaching career, playing cards with neighbors & friends, gardening and attending church activities. She was a member of Zion Lutheran Church, in Spirit.

Verona is survived by her children - Karen (Terry) Johnson & Kenneth (Cheryl) Swanson; 5 grandchildren - Tammy (Dan) Lundberg, Amy (Neal) Gebauer, Michelle (Andy) VanderWyst, Karla (Gil) Saylor & Todd Johnson; She is further survived by 9 great grandchildren, her sister-in-law Ann Liebelt and several nieces and nephews.

Verona is preceded in death by her parents, her husbands- Bennie Swanson & Henry Lind, brothers- Elmer & Robert Liebelt and a sister in law Martha.

The Funeral Service for Verona Swanson will take place at 11:00AM on Saturday, August 26, 2017 at Zion Lutheran Church in Spirit, WI. Visitation will take place from 9:00AM until the time of service at 11:00AM. Burial will take place immediately following the service at Spirit Hillcrest Cemetery.

## Charles Arthur "Penny" Siroin – 1943-

**2017** Funeral Services for Charles Siroin of Clintonville, Wisconsin were held at the Bovina Cemetery in Shiocton, Wisconsin with the Rev. Ben Hollingsead officiating at the Private Services. Charles was born on August 29, 1943 and passed away on August 2, 2017 after a short illness. Charles was raised by his grandparents Gust and Anna Brietzke of Spirit and baptized at their home. He was



confirmed at Zion Lutheran Church (see photo at left) in May of 1958 and attended Liberty School up to the time that Liberty consolidated with the Rib Lake school system. (photo on right shows him coming home-not smiling-after a visit with H&R Block.)



**Alvin R. Schmudlach**, 90, of Rib Lake, passed away on Tuesday, September 5 in Tomahawk.



He was born on March 27, 1927 to Herman and Myrtle Schmudlach in Spirit, WI. He married Carol File on November 24, 1956, she precedes him in death.

At age 15 he got a special license to drive milk truck. He served in the US Army during WWII. After being discharged, he bought a dairy farm and worked on the homestead until retirement.

In his spare time he loved to travel and sight see, raise bees, spend time with his family, and play cards, especially Skipbo.

Alvin is survived by his three children, Rodney and Randel Schmudlach, and Dawn (Greg Quednow) Krueger, all of Rib Lake. He is further survived by 10 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren with one on the way.

In addition to his wife and parents, Alvin is preceded in death one sister, Zelma Ehlert, 4 brothers, Raymond, Harvey, Norman, and LaVerne, and one great-grandchild Adrian.

Funeral Services for Alvin will be on Monday September 11 at St. John's Lutheran Church in Rib Lake. Visitation will take place on Sunday September 10 at St. John's Lutheran Church from 4:00 PM until 7:00 PM. Visitation will continue on Monday September 11 at St. John's Lutheran Church from 10:00 AM until the time of service at 11:00 AM.

The family would like to thank the staff of Tomahawk Health Services for their great care and compassion.

Hemer Funeral Service of Medford and Rib Lake has been entrusted with arrangements. Online condolences can be left at [www.hemerfuneralservice.com](http://www.hemerfuneralservice.com).

## MELVIN HULTMAN



Melvin Ray Hultman, 91, Town of Hill, Ogema, died on Monday, September 11, at the family homestead, while under the care of his family and Hope Hospice and Palliative Care. He was born on the family homestead in the Town of Hill on July 22, 1926, the son of Fritiof and Julia (Olson) Hultman.

He worked as a logger his entire life, but for a number of years was employed by Press Steel Company in Milwaukee. He served his country in the United States Army during the Korean War. He was married to Kathlene Borgenhagen in Richfield, Wisconsin, on February 4, 1961. In latter years he served as a janitor at the Rib Lake High School through the Green Thumb program. In his free time he enjoyed spending time with his family, fishing,

and spending time in the outdoors.

He is survived by his wife, Kathlene; by one son, John, Theresa, Wisconsin; and by one daughter, Cindy (Richard) Wendt, Rib Lake. He is preceded in death by one brother, Arland.

Memorial services will be held at 11:00 A.M. on Friday, September 15, at the Spirit Baptist Church in Spirit with Pastor Duane Harper officiating. Military Honors will be conducted by the Spirit American Legion Post No 452. Inurnment will be in the Garden of Memories Cemetery in the Town of Hill.

Friends may call at the Spirit Baptist Church on Friday from 10:00 A.M. until the time of services.

Online condolences may be expressed at [www.heindlfuneralhome.com](http://www.heindlfuneralhome.com)

The Heindl Funeral Home in Prentice is assisting the family with funeral arrangements.

# Stories from Stone Lake—Motor Boat Races

## by Herbert Magnuson

The Chicago World's Fair was heralded as a great event in 1933. It was a wonder that something like that could take place in the middle of the Great Depression. My father and a neighbor, Frischauf Hultman took a trip down to it. They were enthusiastically invited by their old neighbor boys. There was a homestead near our farm that raised six boys. Their name was Enander and today there are no more relatives of this family in our township. One of the boys was killed in World War I and one was killed by a falling 2X4 in building a home. The other boys worked in Chicago and they were exceptional carpenters. They worked a lot on the World's Fair exhibits. They had a good time showing their boyhood friends the big city of Chicago.

I was completely mesmerized by dad telling about boat racing on the Chicago River. It was to have been brought about by the outboard motor that was developed by a Norwegian guy named Ole Evinrude. It was a 2-cycle outboard motor which could produce an unbelievable amount of revolutions per minute. They were manufactured in a small factory near Chicago. This motor was put on a small flat bottom boat called a hydroplane. It was about 8 feet long and 4 feet wide. The driver knelt like a race horse jockey and he had a steering wheel and a throttle lever. It went like the wind. It was a most exciting event of that World's Fair.



Young men have always found ways to try and beat each other. Motor Boat racing was a popular sport in the 1930's. There were three fellows from Rib Lake who were the great ones in this area. They were: Ray Mauch, the dentist; Ray Voemastek, who had the Rib Lake Herald newspaper; and Elmer Taylor from the Funeral Home. These fellows each had a boat and an Evinrude outboard motor and they were very good at this sport.

### **July, 1939, Scene from the Harper Lake Summer Motor Boat Race**

In the warm days of the summer is when the races took place. Rib Lake was not the best place for this sport but I do remember seeing it on the July 4th celebration posters. The lake smelled and was full of logs from the lumber mill. That lake had a lot of pollution in it from the old days of the Tannery and on the hot days of the 1930's you could smell the lake from miles away.

The best place for racing was on North Harper Lake. A big corner marker was on the North Bay in front of the Harper Lake Resort. There was a dock here that served as a pit stop for the racers. In a race that corner was where the lead often changed and the big waves in the lake would



upset the most skillful driver. The big July race drew lots of boats and spectators. One of the top racers with our Rib Lake boys was a fellow from Phillips. His name was Len Williamson and he had a garage and filling station and sold Evinrude outboard motors. He was good and had the latest factory speed equipment. Our Rib Lake boys would “box him in” so other racers could win.

### **July, 1939, Motor Boats at Harper Lake Summer Motor Boat Race**

The racing motor had exhaust manifolds that produced a sound that was unlike anything people had ever heard. Some were a little different and we knew our favorite boat sound. These racers were master drivers and great showmen and also good swimmers because they often flipped into the water.

The tri-state area of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin was a great area for racing. Every week-end the drivers could go to an invitational race recognition by an association. It ended with the start of the war. When the boys came home from the war they wanted cars. American factories responded and they began to make them more powerful and flashy. Some maybe a little more so than others but they all sold. Out of all this came a new American icon—“The Stock Car Race Driver.”



for

**1936—22 Horsepower Racing Outboard Motor**



# Deer Hunting with Cousin Albert

## by Larry Prochnow

Sometime in the distant past, like about the mid-1950s, I started to deer hunt with the Carl Meier Family of Spirit. Deer hunting was a really, really big tradition back then and probably still is to some extent today. Carl was my uncle as Olga Meier was my mother's (Gladys) oldest sister. My father (Arthur) started to hunt with Carl when they still used the hunting shack. Although my dad never shot a deer, I tagged along at a young age until I could carry a gun. At first I followed Carl around as he was the main driver of the deer hunts. I learned about the woods and tracking skills. Carl and Albert, who was the oldest son, were exceptional deer hunters.

We hunted in a group with the likes of Albert, Marvin Michael, Timothy, Arthur, my brother Neal, Uncle Ray Hirsch and Uncle Carl Hattlestad at different times. The Roy Meier group also hunted with Carl's group from time to time which consisted of Ron, Gene, I think Wes plus Uncle Len. There were many others. When Carol and Albert married we added another valuable member to the gang.

Now you understand that my old mind can be a bit Quirky, however events and happenings through the years are still very vivid and pretty crystal clear when it comes to deer hunting stories.

So it came to pass that Albert, Carl and I spent a great deal of time in the woods for many, many years as others in the gang had growing adult type responsibilities. Early in my years of hunting, Albert gave me some important pearls of wisdom. "Now Larry (Lar) if you get confused or lost out there, you can always back track if there is snow, wait for me to find you, or head for Camp 10." Camp 10 was one of the old logging camps down the fire lane. It was a great meeting site.

In the early years of my deer hunting it became the tradition to have Thanksgiving dinner at Carl Meier's home. We would hunt in the morning and after the noonday meal, one afternoon they decided to drive the swamp behind the homestead with a big group. My brother, Neal, and I were posted by the backfield when a huge buck came out between us. We opened fire and wounded the beast. Neal & I then tracked it as it went by the remains of the old hunting shack. We kept on the blood trail until Marvin caught up with us and he then took the lead. After sometime Albert caught us and he said he would win that buck and run it down. Needless to say, the buck kept going and the blood trail pretty much stopped. It was dark and we needed to head out of the woods. Albert said "which way? How about Camp 10?"

One of Albert's favorite tactics was to get us posted and then take off usually into the swamp. Throughout the years we had great luck hunting the last day and especially in or around the swamp. One Sunday I was posted at the "big road". The humongous buck came right at me. I think it would have run me over had I not shot it from about 10 yards. Albert came out, picked up one of its feet and said this is not the big one he was tracking. He went back to pick up the trail. This was a massive deer as it would have come in 2<sup>nd</sup> for the big buck contest which I did not enter as it cost \$25.00. This buck had about a 24 inch inside spread.

One day when it was Carl, Albert and I hunting, Albert & I made a swing along the swamp edge toward Carl who was posted on the edge. Albert says to me when you get to the "big road" Lar turn up to where Carl is posted. I never saw the road and when Albert finally found me I said "Oh Albert what "big road?". Everything looks the same in the swamp. I was about ready to head for Camp 10.

Whenever we drove the swamp, you entered it with a great deal of trepidation and even fear as even with the sun out you could not see. I think it was Mike who said when you put your left foot down you give a yell. Albert spent much time in the swamp and always said if the swamp was not frozen, it was useless to carry a gun as it hindered your attempt to forage through the mess.

One last swamp story. I believe it was a Friday afternoon when Ron and Uncle Len came over to drive the swamp to the "big road". I was posted on the edge and heard a group of deer go by me with Len following behind. I could hear the deer and Len but not see anything. Carl was posted in the middle of the swamp. He wounded a big buck which was tracked until dark. Carl, for some reason, was using an old 38/40 instead of his long barrel 32 special.

Carl and Albert decided to pick the trail up and track the next morning. We jumped it out of a bed and followed with Carl on the track and Albert on one wing and I on the other. We followed this buck for hours until the blood sort of stopped. We stopped and Albert said to Carl "do you think we are closer to Merrill then the farm?" Merrill was 30 miles from the farm. The compass comes out and Albert stated it looks like we're headed for Camp 10.

Throughout the years we had pretty good luck deer hunting. I think our best years was 1963 with Carl shooting an 8 pointer on O&I land opening weekend. I shot a 10 pointer on Thanksgiving (guess where?) off Camp 10, and Albert shot a massive 12 pointer the last day of season in the last hour on Sunday.

Deer hunting with Albert has provided me and perhaps all of us with a life learning lesson. For when we face trouble, despair, anxiety, confusion and a feeling of being lost, we all need a safe meeting place to go to, like maybe a "Camp 10". Well Albert, many thanks for the wonderful memories and your wisdom. I will be seeing you one of these days in "Camp 10".

"Memories of the Spirit Fair" by

Donna Lind Stolhammer

(Shared at the 75<sup>th</sup> Annual Fair on Aug. 19, 2017)



Growing up in Spirit, Wisconsin, in the 50's & 60's, the annual Spirit-Hill-Ogema Fair was almost as exciting as Christmas for some of us.

All year long, we 4-H clubbers worked on our projects to enter at The Community Fair in August.

The seven of us Lind kids belonged to The Busy Beaver's 4-H Club, under the leadership of Roy & Helen Meier.

As the time of the fair drew near each summer, we all went into "Fair Mode."

On our farm, that meant we could be found digging up the family garden. He would choose the best, most uniform vegetables to enter; also the prettiest ones for our variety baskets.

[Poor Mom. She was left to deal with the left-overs that didn't make the cut.]

The kitchen was also abuzz as my sister & I chose our best canned peaches, pears, & raspberry jam for display. We also tried to bake four perfectly matched cookies out of each kind we made.

[The five brothers willingly helped Mom deal with those left-overs!]

We ironed our home-sewn skirts, blouses, & dresses, along with the outfits we'd made for young children.

[Bringing a cute little child to model in the dress revue almost always meant a blue ribbon.]

Out in the barnyard, there was much activity as well. There were cattle being brushed, tails being scrubbed and braided, rope halters in place to practice leading the animals.

[Then there was the one brother dragging his young heifer behind the Ford tractor. A last minute mini-lesson in how to lead!]

And... there were the years of training the horses. It was always a challenge to see just how they would perform at the fair.

[I particularly remember the year that Dan's "Navajo," with the very long neck, managed to bite several of our faithful fair-goers. Perhaps not a blue ribbon that year?!?]

I recall the early mornings of "fair day" when Albert Bergeson would stop by to haul our animals. Competition & showing began at 9:00 A.M. The barns were always filled to overflowing with animals.

One of the side-line things I enjoyed at the fair was getting to work in the famous H-H popstand when I was old enough.

There were varied glass bottles of soda in huge tubs filled with melting ice. He loved collecting a dime per bottle, & then popping the bottle cap off for the thirsty customer.

We were also excited to check out our club's fair booth. On Friday night, we would display our props & a message, & then hope for a blue ribbon on Saturday.

A lunch buffet was always served in the town hall basement. However, my memories are of a 25¢ hot dog, a 10¢ pop, & a big 5¢ ice cream cone.

[A grand 40¢ meal indeed!]

Of course, all through the day, we would keep checking on the judging of our exhibits. Blue, red, or white ribbon. Oh, which would it be?

By 4:00, we had all picked up our projects and the guys were hauling our animals home. Barn chores had to be done and everyone had to get "spiffed up" for the evening program.

It seemed the whole community came out for that. The town hall was always packed.

Each Club would do a skit or a song - some kind of performance to show off our talents or creativity.

And then . . . It was dress revue time! What a special occasion to model the clothing we girls had sewn throughout the year.

At the end of the dress revue, all of the girls would gather on stage.

This was the nerve-wracking & exciting time, when one of the older girls was chosen to be the 4-H fair Queen for the following year.

[Oh, who would it be?]

During my high school years, I had the honor of being chosen as Queen in 1963. → That was for sure a high-light of my years of growing up in Spirit.

And now, tonight, August 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017, we have the privilege to gather here, as people have for the past 75 years, to celebrate the Spirit Fair and those who have made it possible.

I have many fond memories of growing up in this caring community. Life-long friendships were forged here. Spirit has always been a place to come home to and to find people who cared about what happened in your life. My roots go down deep into this place I called home for 32 years.

Tonight, I applaud each one of you who have played any part in keeping this wonderful tradition alive . . . for helping to make memories for young people . . . for just plain being there for so many people for so many years at the Spirit-Hill-Ogema Fair.

Congratulations on a job well done! And . . . THANK YOU for your many sacrifices to do that job.

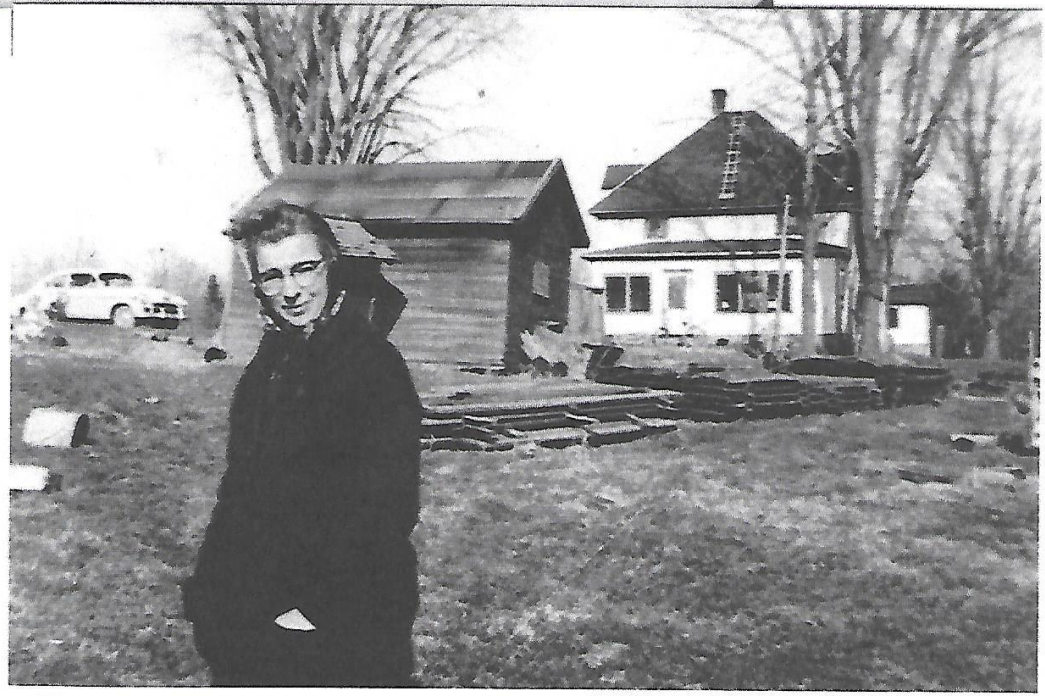




4-H Buddies at County 4-H Camp 1960 or '61?  
Susie Larson, Donna Lind, Karen Swanson, Carolyn McCumber, Anita Nyberg.  
(Three made it to the 75<sup>th</sup> fair for the parade of queens.)



1963 State 4H Club Week in Madison. Tim Meier, Wes & Gene Meier, & Donna Lind from The Busy Beavers Club.  
What a wonderful week that was!



Agnes Lind on the Lind Farm where we worked on our many projects for the Spirit & County fairs. Sometimes it takes years to really appreciate how much our parents sacrificed to make our childhood's special.



Everett & Florence Johnson rode in the American Legion Legacy Run  
(see map on next page)

## Legacy Run donations top \$1.2 million

The American Legion Riders rode more than 1,400 miles to Reno from Dodge City, Kan., and raised more than \$555,000 for the American Legion Legacy Scholarship Fund along the way.

And that was just the start. Together, the Riders and Legion Family raised more than \$667,000 on the convention floor, bringing this year's Legacy Run total to a ride record of \$1,224,653. It's the fourth straight year the ride has raised more than \$1 million.

The Department of Minnesota led the way, donating \$200,000. Other top department contributors were Missouri (\$78,241), Wisconsin (\$67,627), South Carolina (\$67,056) and Ohio (\$50,000).

American Legion Post 133 in Millbrook, Ala., donated \$15,133, while the Legion Riders from Stevens-Christian Post 557 in Wintersville, Ohio, gave \$13,500.

The Legacy Fund provides college money for the children of U.S. military personnel killed on active duty on or after 9/11, as well as children of post-9/11 veterans with a combined VA disability rating of 50 percent or higher. In 12 years, the Legacy Run has raised more than \$8 million.

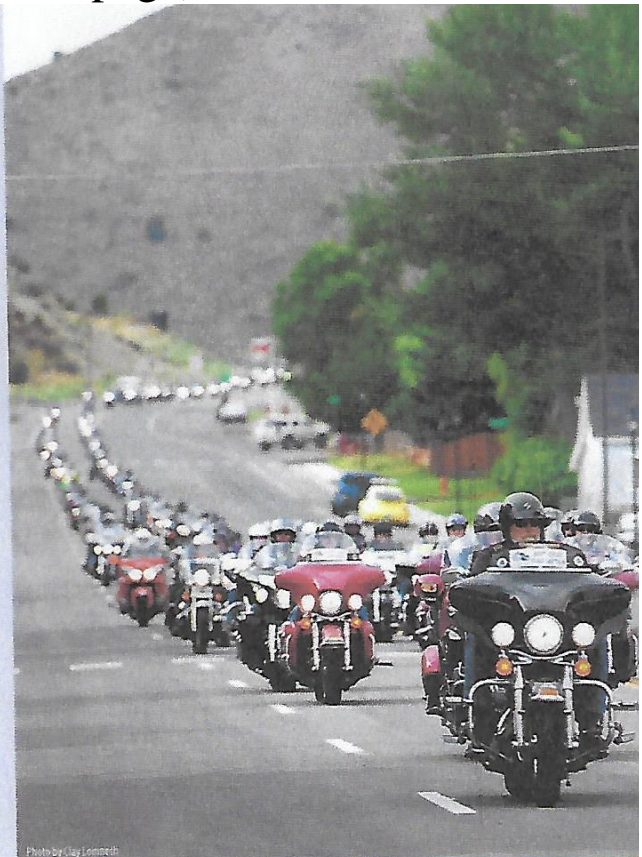
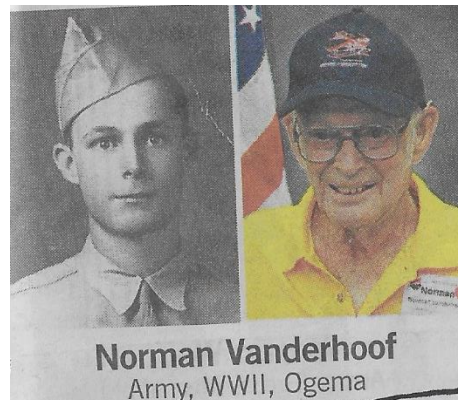
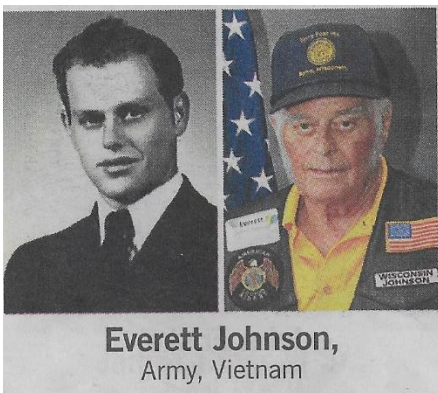


Photo by Clay Linneth



The **Legacy Run** was from Fort Dodge, KS to Reno, NV August 12-17, 2017. Everett and Florence are part of the American Legion Riders, Dist. 11, Post 452. June 8-11, 2017 they did the Rev's Run (Ashland, Green Bay, Fond du Lac, Milwaukee Veterans Memorial) raising \$45,000 with more to come in. Sept. 2, 2017 they rode the Prentice Progress Days Parade in memory of Robert Tripp and all vets and MIA/POWs.

Everett was also on the Honor Flight April 19, 2016 with his son Dale Johnson as his guardian. Everett has not missed a flight since then (seven Honor Flights as of October 10, 2017.) Two recent Ogema participants are Edwin Blomberg and Norman Vanderhoof, September 13, 2016, also Steven Griffiths from Ogema was on the October 10, 2017 flight. Everett and Florence encourage other military persons to sign up for the Honor Flight. It still is a 2-3 yr. waiting list to go. They will place people first depending on health and age.





## “My Story” by Gloria Brietzke

I was born on April 15, 1935 at home in the town of Spirit. I was baptized on June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1935 and confirmed on July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1949, both at Zion Lutheran Church in Spirit. I went to Liberty School in Spirit and Rib Lake High School in Rib Lake!

I spent some time helping Aunt Emma & Uncle Carl Semrow in Spirit. Carl was very sick with cancer at the time and Emma not in much better shape. I remember the older Lind kids, Darrel, Duane and Donna, used to walk over to Emma’s and we would play Old Maid. That’s another story.

My sister Elaine, husband Arlen and their two boys Rod and Terry, lived in Barron at the time, and I went down to visit them and stayed. Arlen worked at the “Lab” in Barron testing milk for “Bangs.” He would go to the farms to collect milk samples and take them back to the lab. The lab is now a rooming house or apartment house for the Somalians who used to work in town, with a vet clinic for small animals in the basement.

I went to work at the turkey factory nearby for \$1.25 an hour. This was seasonal work. We would start in about June & work until Christmas then get unemployment. Oh boy! I think it was \$16.00 a week. The turkeys came to the factory live, were butchered, and then came to us to be prepared for market. We did the last Hurrah! (Ha Ha) We worked on a thing called the Eviscerating Table. One man stood to the right with a long iced cart and a vet to the left of us, sorting the A Birds & B Birds and some a lot worse. There were about ten or twelve of us women whose job was to pull the skin down over the back end and insert the wires that keep the bird’s legs attached to the tail end. We wore the style of the days (Ha Ha)—boots up to our knees and aprons down to our ankles, hair nets, rubber gloves, and sometimes a paper hat. We were a crew. Ha Ha.

I played soft ball for the Barron girls’ team. We were league champions in 1961. I stayed with my catching job I had in grade school. But that has already been put in the Liberty School News.



If I hadn’t been staying with Elaine’s family I would have starved to death.

<<< “Young then” –Gloria, July, 1984

Then Arlen got transferred to the Southern part of Wisconsin, to Richland Center, where they still live today. I had their two boys pretty spoiled by then. Rod always called me Goeee and Terry who was my God son called me Mabel. He would say, “Mabel, Mabel, set the table. Don’t forget the Red Hot Peppers”. Terry passed away with stomach cancer six years ago this month.

So I took off for Rice Lake where there were more factories. It was only 12 miles away and I had been there before. My lungs at that time were starting to really be nasty. They were working overtime, classed as chronic bronchitis. Now it's classed as COPD.

Anyway, I got a job at Nichols Homeshield. It was a sub company for Anderson Windows. The building was pretty new at that time. Andersen Windows in Bayport, MN were our only suppliers. I stayed there until I retired a few months short of 25 years. I did a lot of jobs at Homeshield when & where I was needed. My main job was the latch machine that cut out window latches. I lifted and threaded in an 80lb coil of wire (this is why my back went out later in life). Then I checked for quality, taking measurements with a thing called a Vernier. If they were bent or not sized right, they had to be rejected. The window latches would fly into barrels and later into boxes for packing & shipping.

I lived out in the country at that time so getting to town for a 5:00 a.m. start was pretty rough at times. I moved into town during the 80's, and sometimes worked at the American Legion Club on Friday nights setting up salad bar or washing dishes, for Friday Night Fish Fry. Two ladies I worked with at Homeshield were from Weyerhaeuser, WI, (the biggest Polish settlement in this state besides Milwaukee). Anyway, they called me Boom Boom because that's the noise the machine made, when running. And they also insisted I was a Polack on account of my last name. I tried to tell them many times it doesn't end in SKI its ZKE. They were sister in laws and their last name was Stynsnoski. Anyway I am a full blooded Kraut. Ha Ha.



**Gloria says: "1991, Me and my little Kraut car lived in the country then!"**

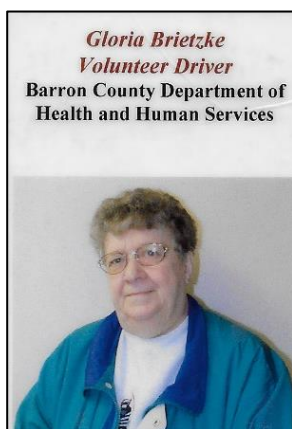
One year, about a dozen of us girls and a few men traveled to two of our sister companies, one in Chadwerth, Illinois, and another in Davenport, Iowa. The trip & lodging were free. We thought our Rice Lake plant was kept up better and neater. We shared two women to a room. I stayed with a woman from our plant that I knew, but we worked in different parts of the factory. We had lots of laughs. Now come to find out a quite a few years later, her granddaughter works in the downstairs office of my apartment building. Small world! She was probably in grade school during those years.

I retired in 1997 and thought I would rest now but Aunt Martha Wichner's Power of Attorney called and asked if I could come down and stay with Martha and sort of take her nephew Herb Semrow's place as he wasn't feeling good. That job of helping out lasted 5 years. I went whenever I was needed. It was 200 miles one way, back & forth, rain or shine. And there were some pretty cold, cold, mornings. I bought a 1997 Mercury Tracer when I retired so that Little Bug got many miles on it. I went to Martha's at least once a month. It was a very boring job as she was not exactly sick, just didn't like being alone, especially after dark. I spent a lot of time at the Coloma Library. I took her to church, washed clothes, cooked, played cards— "Smear" till I was blue in the face. Ha Ha. Thank God her church was the same as mine (ELCA). So the minister there which was a woman would send my communion record to Rice Lake's Trinity Lutheran, where I still belong. Sometimes I would go in to Wautoma for her to pick up stuff at the drug store. She seldom went along. And most of the time I'd tell her when I

left, “Now don’t go walking out to the mail box and fall down”. “No, I’m going to take a nap” she’d say. When I’d get back I could see she had been on the back porch connected to the garage doing something with the flowers, and she would forget to pick up her flower clippings that were lying on the table. I said, “What did you do while I was gone?” She said, “Oh, I slept all the while.” Ha Ha.

I finally had my bed moved downstairs, which was donated by Joyce, her husband’s niece, so I could keep a better eye on her. Well, the last year I was there, Martha got sick. I called the ambulance and they put her in the hospital. She ended up having her gall bladder removed. She was 103 or so at that time. She said “I’ll never do that again”. It reminded me of when I was only 24 years old and had my gall bladder removed. I was in a lot of pain before and after surgery but she didn’t have her’s done the same way. I had my surgery done in Merrill, and Marie Swanson was my nurse or she came in every day. One time she brought me some balloons to keep blowing up to keep air going. My brother Pete lived in Merrill at the time, and Ma stayed there till I got better! She was bound to be there even if I was a grown woman.

After a short stay at home in Spirit Martha again needed assistance from someone to give her a bath. It was her nephew Len Schroeder’s turn to take care of her, but Martha’s Attorney told me to come back and do the girl duties! So that was that! I stayed until she went into a home, against her will, of course! She was there until she passed away on April 13<sup>th</sup>, 2006. She was 107 years young. Ha Ha. Had she lived until the 22<sup>nd</sup> of August that year she would have been 108. My sister Elaine had talked to her the day before and she seemed normal. Elaine said “We’re here to play cards and no cheating”, and she smiled and held Elaine’s hand. Elaine and Arlen did some of this sitting too but they had each other for comfort & to talk to. I went back to Rice Lake after the funeral and sat down in the living room & cried my eyes out. I knew I wanted to keep working as long as I could because I was used to it. My lungs were getting worse and I was on one inhaler at the time. Now I’m on four!



In Rice Lake I had a neighbor by the name of Joanne. And I told her “I can’t handle this sitting idle”. She said “Why don’t you do what I do? Go to the Courthouse in Barron; show your car ins. and driver’s license. They are looking for volunteer drivers”. So I did and was practically hired the same day. I did that for seven yrs. with some tough weather. Good thing I had my brand new car. We took people where they needed to go. I drove east to Ladysmith, south as far as Chippewa Falls, north to Spooner and a little beyond, west to Barron, Turtle Lake, Cumberland and some here in Rice Lake. My boss who sent me on each run was stationed at the Courthouse in Barron. I had to turn in my papers once a month, and get new orders almost every night or early morning by phone. We got paid gas mileage. I think it was 33 cents a mile. I didn’t get rich but it kept me going. I had already moved into an apartment in Rice Lake, more or less, Rice Lake Housing for the Elderly. I have a bedroom, bath, living room, kitchen, one large clothes closet in bedroom and one closet for storage of suitcases, boxes and so on. Plenty of room for me. The hardest part was taking someone for dialysis and they would be on it for 2 to 3 hours. I got sick of going to McDonalds and the Dime Store. Sometimes it was longer and I would run into a few people I knew, so that

would help pass time. Sometimes I would drive for an old couple. He would get his blood tested and she would pick up groceries. I also took young boys and girls from foster homes, not real young, somewhere between 13 & 15. They were usually from broken homes. I would take them into Barron to a special building or a room where they could meet with their mother's. There was a place for us drivers to wait. I did a lot of reading about that time. We never actually were allowed in the room where they met, but I knew there was a counselor in with them. Then I took them back to their foster homes. I did that for seven years and even got an award for Lifetime Volunteer.

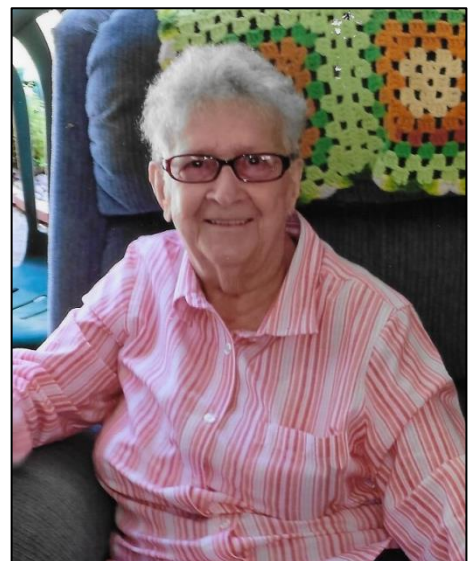
I had my right knee replaced in between trips in 2011. I spent a month in a convalescent center. When I came home the at home therapist came and gave me treatments. I wore a knee sock for a while but it didn't take long and I was back on the job and carried my cane along. Ha Ha. In August I sold my '97 Mercury and just walk now. Ha Ha. Neighbors and friends I go to church with get me to Doctors appointments and so on. I get meals on wheels.

I never did mention that I took a trip to Germany with a friend of mine. She was from Cumberland and her son was getting married over there! She said "Brietzke, you're going along, as I know you understand German!" We drove to Minneapolis/St. Paul and got on a plane to Boston. We landed in Frankfurt, Germany on Sunday July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1984. We stayed with some people named Rhode, Jergen & Rita, which got to be Bettys son's in laws, later. My brother Raymond had sent me a German-English translating book when I left for Germany. I'm not going to tell you about the German trip it would take another ten pages. Ha Ha. The Rhode name was pronounced like the Rhody family back home. Mr. Rhode said I spoke good German. It was July there, very hot, and the beer was on the back porch soaking up the sun. Ha Ha. The Rhine River was just as dirty as the Rivers in this country, although I'm not that familiar with all of them. Visited the Black Forest or 'Shavtz Vilt', a very very large wine factory. They had a 4 year old granddaughter who spent more time with Betty and I than she did with her Grandma. One morning she came in our bedroom and said "it is ocked ooha do moost ooop shtowa Freestick is AHA." And Betty said, "What does she want?" and I said, "It is eight-o-clock you got to get up breakfast is on!" Ha Ha.

Both my Heller Grandparents and my Brietzke Grandparents came from Germany!

Lotsa Love, Gloria B.

**Summer of 2016**



**John Borg** grew up in Spirit and went to Rib Lake High School. Later he moved to Eagle, Alaska where he still resides with his wife Betty. He sent us the following material:

PS: He mentions that the “Lady School Teacher” from whom they bought the 1935 Ford was Aileen Magnuson and the “Local Garage” was Staliga’s in Prentice

**ANTIQUA AUTOS IN EAGLE, ALASKA**  
By John Borg

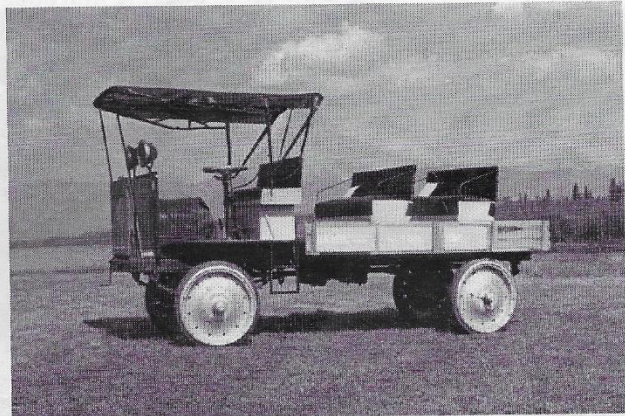
I grew up in northern Wisconsin on a farm where I had plenty of opportunities to gain practical experience at many things. I had already been driving tractors and cars for three years or so when my Dad decided it was time to purchase a second vehicle. We needed the second vehicle so that I could drive mom to the local stores and social events. I was at the ripe old age of nearly fourteen years at that time.

A neighbor lady school teacher sold us a 1935 FORD 2 door sedan for a princely sum of \$75.00. At age 14 I was issued a restricted drivers license. This provided me with independence, many adventures and a few close calls until at the age of 19 I entered the military service. I parked the dear old Ford in a lean-to attached to Dad’s garage where it stayed until the late 1980’s. A local garage specializing in restoration work picked it up and began to make it look as it does now.



Sparing you the details, the 35 has been a resident of Eagle since April of 1992 and is often seen on our streets and in the 4<sup>th</sup> of July parade. Tourists coming through here by Holland America and Westours often share with me their stories of their first car or the Ford that dad or granddad or uncle or neighbor had and wished they would have held on to it as I did. I am convinced there are pictures all over the world of our 35 Ford by now. It has been a great source of enjoyment and a great conversation starter with total strangers. Along with the privilege of owning this sweet old car is the fact that we are still in contact with the lady it was purchased from over 50 years ago.

Many of you in the car club will recall that the Eagle Historical Society and Museum acquired a 1915 Jeffery Quad a few years back that was used here back in the teen years. Well, this is



how it looks now with the canopy installed. The canopy was located here in Eagle and donated to us by Jeff Austin of Fairbanks and Eagle. Our own Squeaky Benham overhauled and installed it 2 years ago. So far, I’ve been able to locate only one other Jeffery in the US that runs. It is in Albany, Minnesota and is not restored. There is another one in storage in Wisconsin also not restored. There may very well be others that run that I haven’t located out of the 1,400 that Jeffery built before selling out to Nash. This Jeffery starts relatively easy with a hefty turn of the crank and sure gets attention coming down the streets of Eagle. We are pleased and proud to have such a rare vehicle in operating condition. Come over to Eagle next summer and check it out for yourself.

# Century-old Jeffery Quad still cruising in Eagle

Remnants of the past are everywhere in the Yukon River village of Eagle, but nowhere is that fact more striking than in the anonymous water wagon shed at Historic Fort Egbert.

When **Eagle Historical Society** board member **John Borg** rolls open the door to the old wooden building, he reveals an unexpected auto museum. The shed at the former Army post contains a 1925 Model T truck, a vintage road grader and a 1932 Model B dump truck. But perhaps most notably, it also houses a **1914 Jeffery Quad**.

Exactly how it spent its life in **Eagle** remains something of a mystery, but the old vehicle has become the pride of the collection.

"We've got some good theories, but we don't know why or who," Borg said.

Anyone who hasn't heard of the Jeffery Quad can be forgiven — the boxy trucks were first produced a century ago in **Kenosha, Wis.**, at the **Thomas B. Jeffery factory**. The workhorse Quads were built for the U.S. military to replace mule teams and were used during World War I as troop transports and ambulances. Their moment of glory may have come when they were part of a slow-moving

caravan that pursued the revolutionary general Pancho Villa into Mexico.

But some of them also headed north to the young and relatively unpopulated territory of Alaska.

Borg said the Eagle Historical Society has tracked down four that were brought up by the **Northern Commercial Co.** in 1915. At least one arrived in Eagle on the barge from Circle before heading up the Yukon soon afterward to Dawson City.

The Quad emerged in a transportation museum in **Whitehorse** in the 1990s and was eventually purchased by the Eagle Historical Society. It was fixed up in **Fairbanks** before returning to Eagle in about 2000.

The Jeffery has a four-cylinder Rambler gasoline engine, four-speed manual transmission, four-wheel drive and four-wheel steering. It even still has the original owner's manual, Borg said.

The vehicle is old enough that its pedals include basic instructions for drivers unfamiliar with cars. The clutch pedal is

imprinted with a "C" and the brake has a "B" on it. It tops out at about 15 miles per hour.

At least once a year the Quad works its way through the streets of Eagle during the **Fourth of July parade**, which is why it's decorated with tiny American flags. With its hand-crank starter, Borg can still bring it to life with a little effort.

"I need an apprentice, and I need to write down the instructions for starting it," he said with a smile.

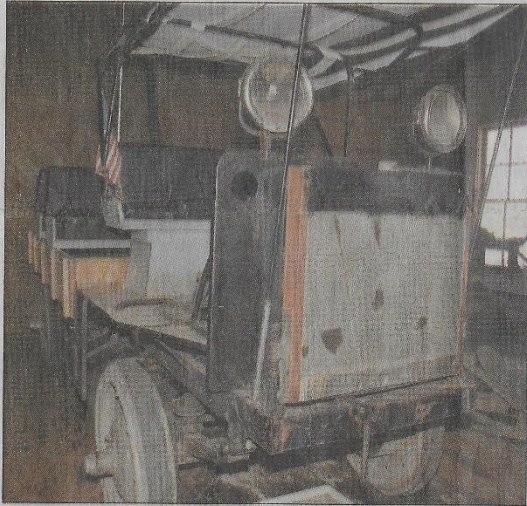
A running century-old vehicle is a rarity, and Eagle's Jeffery Quad is no different. Borg knows of only one other Quad in the U.S. that runs, a model in Albany, Minn., that chugs down the street with old farming equipment during local parades.

**Only 3,096 Quads** were produced in **1914**, according to the **Antique Automobile Club of America**, but the club doesn't keep records of the number that are still functioning.

Based on the response the Quad still gets today, the novelty isn't lost on visitors to Eagle.

"I have taken hundreds of people here through the years, and they are always just blown away," Borg said.

Contact staff writer Jeff Richardson at 459-7518 or email him at jr Richardson@newsminer.com.



The old Jeffery Quad, which first arrived in Eagle in 1915, is a boxy four-wheel drive truck that was likely used in the mining industry in Eagle and, later, Dawson City. The Eagle Historical Society acquired the vehicle in the late 1990s from a transportation museum in Whitehorse.

## About Quads

The Jeffery Quad was produced beginning in 1913 by the Thomas B. Jeffery Company in Kenosha, Wis. The company later became Nash Motors, renaming the vehicle the Nash Quad. The boxy World War I era truck featured the following:

- 32-brake horsepower Rambler engine
- 15 mile-per-hour top speed
- 5.2 mile-per-gallon gas consumption
- Four-speed transmission
- Four-wheel-drive
- 1914 production of 3,096 vehicles

Sources: Eagle Historical Society, Antique Automobile Club of America

Photos by Jeff Richardson

Eagle Historical Society board member John Borg points out mechanical features on the 1914 Jeffery Quad in Eagle. The vehicle, which still runs, has been owned by the Historical Society for more than a decade.

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