

Liberty School News

Volume 16, Number 2

August, 2014

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. Check out our web site at www.germansettlementhistory.org GSHI is a 501(c)3 not-for-profit tax exempt organization. **You are welcome to visit us at any time, but call ahead to make sure we are home to show you around.**

Back Yard Sugaring by Edward Scheller



Cook Shack, 1982, 65 gal. gathering tank pumping sap into barrels in the Shack
March Madness to a lot of people refers to basketball play-offs. I have a different take on “March Madness.” To those of us who undertake the process called back yard sugaring this is our March Madness, except this year and last Mother Nature played another of her tricks on us and postponed it to April, but it’s better than 2012 when she gave us three weeks of 60 degree weather and we basically had no season at all.

A Sugarer’s Prayer by Brandon K Gibbons kind of sums this up:
God give us the cold nights and warm days
Let the sun shine, and heat those Sugar Maples
Let the sweet sap run into the buckets and fill them to the top (cont. next page)

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So we can collect them like a harvest crop
 A hundred gallons of sap is worth a hundred bars of gold
 But the sweet smell from the pan never gets old.
 The work has been hard but it has been fun
 And afterwards it feels as if you have won
 The syrup is sweet and after a hard day of work
 You won't forget it when you go to sleep.
 At the end of your rainbow there is a pot of gold
 But at the end of ours it's all the memories we'll have to hold.
 Thank-you, God, to create such a thing
 So you could let us share this wonderful thing.



I remember as a kid I would walk 3/8 of a mile to where Roy Meier had a basic flat pan set up in what we called "Ronnie's Woods" and helped a time or two to gather sap collected in coffee cans.

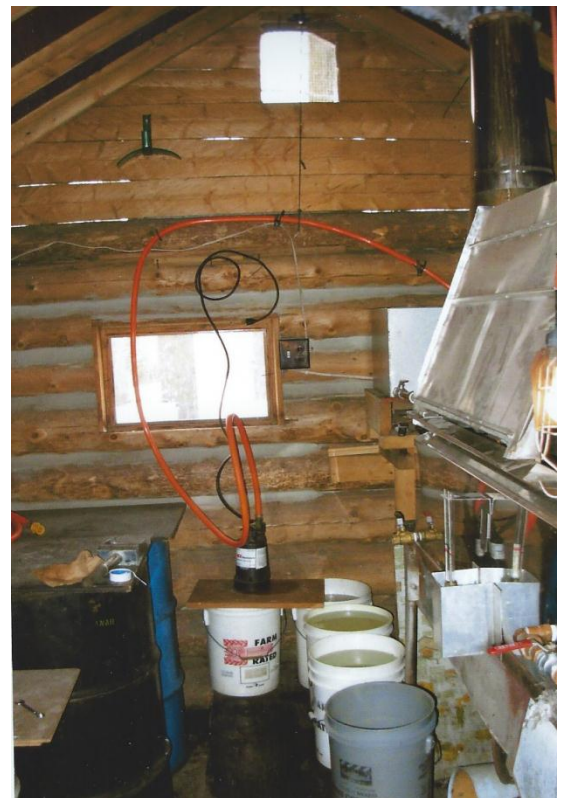
I then tried my own version with spiles made from odds and ends of copper tubing, coffee cans, and boiling in a pot over a make-shift fire. It didn't pan out very well.

Sherryl and her brother did like-wise as kids after school—come home, gather sap, cook it down over fire in a kettle and her mother made pancakes for them to use the fruits of their labor.

Inside Ed's Cook Shack

In my early teenage years, my to-be-good friend had clamp-on roller skates and he rented the Spirit Town Hall, the Park Pavilion in Medford and for a couple of years a place in Chelsea to provide recreational opportunity for youth. I helped Bud on the skating nights, putting on the skates and taking them off at the end, and with concessions. Duane Lind and I would go along to Medford with Bud to help on Friday nights—remembering the humid days of August going past the aromatic mink ranches along the way with Pepsi Pete riding in the back of the pickup with the skates and enjoying his Pepsi. Then at the end of the evening to Sis's Café and ending up having community pie as our treat for helping—we all chipped in paying.

The Spring of 1965 Bud Swanson asked if I would like to help out with his family's maple syrup operation on Wisconsin's highest farm (the high point on a field southwest of the house and barn is 15 feet lower than Rib Mountain, Wausau, Wisconsin.) This was the Risberg family homestead, I believe. Bud's father said there was evidence of Native American sugaring on the trees—slash marks in the form of a V for collecting sap—when the family started the homestead. So, sugaring had a long history in this land.



Ed's Cook Shack

I said yes not knowing what I was getting into. Following Bud through almost waist-deep snow at times, tapping trees, I got my initiation into the process of making maple syrup. After the 2800 taps were put in, the trails had to be broke open so we could haul the buckets and bags out to be hung on the taps. Then get the evaporator ready. By that time the sap was ready to drip. It was always tough

gathering at first, with all the snow, but as the snow dropped it got better, plus we were in better physical shape. Bud had enough confidence in me that he taught me the evaporation process, firing with wood, checking for syrup so the automatic draw-off worked correctly. So, I was now working days plus half the night. “Just don’t burn the sugar shack down” was the main thing I had to be careful of—the rafters had been charred by others a couple of times.

At home our syrup consisted of sugar water boiled with maple flavoring added, as I’m sure a lot others had the same. Once I had the real stuff it would never be the same.

I helped Bud every year for 5 years, with the tapping, gathering, cooking, bottling, washing up and helping saw the slabs for firing, before the oil-fired evaporator was purchased. The washing up was probably the least enjoyable part of the enterprise.

One day the sap really ran. When I arrived at 10:00 a.m. the bags were over half full. Bud had already called some of my friends to help—five in all—and by 7:00 p.m. we had gathered 3600 gallons of sap. Bud’s dad started cooking at 10:00 a.m. also. By 7:00 p.m. we had everything Bud had to hold sap full. I stayed and cooked till 1:00 a.m., got a few hours of sleep and was back around 6:00 a.m. We had only gathered about 2/3 of the sap the previous day.

Back to “**Back Yard Sugaring.**” In 1976 I was fortunate to be able to purchase 20 acres of land on which we built our present home. A large portion is covered with maple trees. Maple syrup had been produced here over the years. There were two piles of 2-gallon oil cans and the remnants of a flat pan and fire pit.

In 1980 we decided we would make our own real stuff. I bought 25 spiles, hung 25 five-quart ice cream pails, cut the top off a barrel stove, had a 30-gallon tank made and we were on our start to March Madness. We enjoyed it so much I decided to get bigger next year. I built a 28-inch wide x 7-foot long arch and made two flat pans.

Cooked outside when we had enough sap. Didn’t go well as whenever I cooked I would be outside at night in a rain suit cause it rained. So in 1982 we peeled some popple that needed cutting, then cut 40 balsam trees and peeled them for a sugar shack. The girls were not happy with me as the balsam didn’t peel well. The biggest pieces of bark were like six inches square. In fall of ’82 Dad and I erected our sugar shack out of the dried balsam logs. Made hood for pans in Spring of ’83 before season in cold garage. Added fire brick in ’84 and added more taps. Kids helped gather and profits were used for vacation trips as incentive for their help. Along the way kept adding more taps, up to 350+ at peak.

I was working full time, kids grew up, Sherryl eventually started working part time, the March Madness continues.

With trying to keep the sap from getting 24 hours old we’d take turns cooking and it would get to be challenging—pulling “all-nighters” at times. Have made more efficient pans now but still Mother Nature liked to have the sap run on Sunday so we would have Sherryl’s Mom and Dad come some times to help us catch up. Helping Bud those early years Sapping or Sugaring got in my blood, to coin a phrase.

Gene Meier called the other day to see how we were doing. His ten-year-old grandson is helping him on his small-scale operation. Lane’s other grandpa has a large operation. I’ve heard Bob can produce about 50 gallons



**Spile with a drop of sap on the end.
March 29, 2014**

of bulk syrup an hour off his evaporator. Depending on sugar content I can produce about 3 gallons in five or six hours. Gene told Lane that I was about in the middle of his two grandparents' operations. Not quite. But, we do have our fun.

As this Sapper is sitting writing this April 16, 2014, after a record snow fall of 88 inches so far this year, it's snowing and no drops have dripped for three days and two snow falls. It's nice to have a break. Bud always said a snow will make the sap run again.

After 9 ½ inches of snow the sap did run. I had taken the tank off the sled and put it on the trailer, now had to put tank back on sled and snowmobile, pack down and drag trails to smoothen them up. Used sled Good Friday when gathering 300 gallons of sap. Most snow was gone by late Saturday afternoon, so had to switch tank back to trailer so oldest grandson and his father could gather sap while I started cooking another batch of syrup. Mother Nature likes to make the sap run over Easter.

Back Yard Sugaring is alive and well. As of this year I know of two friends who are playing around with making their own syrup for the first time.

Why I reference Back Yard Sugaring as our March Madness, to some it might seem, is what we go through to enjoy our hobby. I hear last year Don Rhody spent an all-nighter out in the woods cooking sap. Esther Hollifield and her husband lived on Strucker Road where Dawn and Pam live now and is said to have cooked their maple sap on their kitchen stove. The steam from her cooking loosened the glue that held the wall paper on the walls and the paper let go.



Ed's son-in-law Paul & grandson Bradon gathering on Holy Saturday afternoon with tank back on trailer

Roy Meier always dreamed of being a maple syrup producer. So from his basic flat pan operation from years back he took his first Social Security check to purchase a used evaporator and put up a building to shelter it. He bought sap from local people, youth, as well as sap collected from Ronnie's woods.

Roy was living a dream he had. Roy Meier's purchase wasn't madness, as always being considerate of youth in the area being 4-H Leader and all, helped with spending money for youth it may have had a 4-H connection as well. Plus it gave a healthy outlet after school. We had no computers or video games at the time.

So, as we Sappers await another year's Drip,

God is Great,
Maple Syrup is Good,
and People are Crazy.

A special note to our readers:

In every issue we include an annual membership form. It may be that you already signed up for the year so please don't be offended that we included the form in your copy of LSN, we include the form in every copy.

Please also note that you don't have to be a member or contribute to stay on our mailing list. We are glad to have you as our friend and we appreciate your encouragement.

Would you like to receive LSN electronically? Let us know at gshinc@centurylink.net

Our annual Barn Dance, held on Sunday of Memorial Day Weekend, attracted some 300 people. Here are some folks looking at silent auction items. We had good weather and a happy crowd. Once again we enjoyed the hospitality of Darrel and Luann Lind and their barn!



Square Dance Caller Gary Edinger



GSHI President Luann Lind

Plan to join us next year, the Barn Dance will be Sunday evening, May 24, 2015 at the Lind barn, just $\frac{3}{4}$ mile north of our GSHI Liberty School, Yesterday House and Machine Shed site.

4H in Last Liberty School News, by Marvin Meier

It was very interesting to read the piece by Donna Lind Stolhammer about her involvement in 4H while growing up. I too was very involved in 4H and liked the Busy Beavers 4H Club a lot. There were several aspects for me. One was the socializing. That is playing together outside before and sometimes after the meetings and during our sleigh rides. Then there were the projects from which we learned. I was interested in Forestry. One of the first projects was to learn the local tree species. We had to gather and then press the leaves of different tree species. Later there was a project where you made little wood samples of different species to help you identify the bark and the the wood itself.

Also, of course I had both garden and dairy projects. At the Spirt and Price County Fair we got to show off our projects and win prizes. That was the other big thing about 4H, we earned money! That was our main source of spending money. Both my brother Albert and I earned enough to buy basic shotguns from the Sears catalog. The other big thing was staying over night at the county fair because we had to take care of the animals we were showing. We got to be around the grounds at night! Then in the morning we would go around the midway looking for lost change. The best place was at the beer stand! We would often find change and on rare occasions a dollar bill! Wow that was something. Being in 4H was fun and also educational.

First Plane Ride by Harold Rhody, submitted by Grace Ann [Rhody] Hansen

Not many nowadays can claim to have flown in a World War I Jenny, but I had my first airplane ride in one. It was when I was about 12 years old. We were at the county fair at Phillips and this guy was giving rides in his plane from a field not far away. They called it “barnstorming.” It cost \$1 for a ride, and I had a dollar, so without saying anything to anyone I ran over there and got taken up for a view of the fair and surrounding area. It’s so long ago that I can’t remember if we were strapped in or not. Of course it was an open cockpit with a seat for the pilot and one for the passenger. It was a great thrill and I could hardly wait for my next ride, but it was probably ten years later that that happened, and I never again had a ride in an open cockpit plane.

Those were the days that the stunt fliers would come around to the fairs and so on, and they’d have “wing-walkers” performing in the air. I was never tempted to try that.

It reminds me of the time after World War II that Fred Strombom was giving helicopter rides at Ogema. He had been a pilot during the war and was then in the air guard. One little boy had his ride and then ran home to get his dollar-or however much it was. His mother said to him, “You’re not going up in any helicopter.” He said, “I already dood.”



Summer Visitors at Liberty School

Never Forgotten Honor Flight, May 19, 2014 by Michael Meier

On June 24, Herb and Joan Magnuson invited Alvin and Laverne Schudlach and me for coffee and conversation. The main topic of discussion was Al's trip to Washington, D.C. on a "Never Forgotten Honor Flight" on May 19. As you can see below, Al's trip was a FULL day!

Never Forgotten Honor Flight

May 19, 2014 Itinerary

ALL TIMES ARE "LOCAL" TIMES

4:30 AM	GUARDIANS check in
5:00 - 5:30 AM	VETERANS check in (snacks, coffee provided at gate)
6:00	Load aircraft
6:50 AM	Charter departs for Reagan (morning snack on plane)
9:35 AM	Arrive Reagan (bathroom break)
11:00 AM	Depart Reagan in Motor Coach
11:15AM	Arrive WW II Memorial (Group Photo)
1:05 PM	Depart WW II Memorial
1:05 – 1:45 PM	BUS TOUR (Capitol; Navy Memorial; White House)(box lunch on bus)
1:45 PM	Arrive Korean, Vietnam, and Lincoln Memorial
3:15 PM	Depart Korean Memorial
3:35 PM	Arrive Air Force Memorial and Drive By Pentagon / 9-11 Memorial
4:15 PM	Depart Memorial (snack bars)
4:30PM	Arrive Arlington National Cemetery
5:00 PM	Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier
5:40 PM	Depart ANC
5:55 PM	Arrive Iwo Jima
6:50 PM	Depart Iwo Jima (box lunch on bus)
7:15 PM	Arrive Reagan Airport
8:45 PM	Depart Reagan
9:45 PM	Arrive Wausau (arrival at CWA dependent on weather/unexpected delays)



**Never Forgotten Honor Flight Veterans
Flying May 19 2014**

Francis Austin, Marshfield
 Erle Barber, Ladysmith
 Kenneth Barden, Plover
 Wallace Beedle, Mosinee
 Lee Bergman, Nelsonville
 Victor Bielen, Wisconsin Rapids
 Joseph Biwan, Manitowish Waters
 Lloyd Boneck, Manitowish Waters
 John Boudry, Antigo
 Howard Breutzmann, Rothschild
 William Browne, Rhinelander
 Charles Cassaday, Marshfield
 Leonard Clark, Rice Lake
 Richard Clarkson, Medford
 Arthur Collien, Eagle River
 Duane Dobbe, Rosholt
 Richard Donahue, Bloomer
 Charles Dove, Wisconsin Rapids
 Jerry Evans, Wausau
 Eugene Fox, Wausau
 Robert Gierl, Bessemer, MI
 Harry Glinecki, South Milwaukee
 LaVern Hanke, Waupaca
 William Harvey, Wausau
 Stanley Holt, Phelps
 Marvin Huser, Vesper
 Carl Janz, Mosinee
 Willard Jerue, Wausau
 Allen Johnson, Conover

Burton Jolivette, Greenwood
 John Jones, Wild Rose
 Robert Junion, Schofield
 David Katzmark, Stevens Point
 Fredrick Kerksieck, Spencer
 Thomas Kniech, Wisconsin Rapids
 Raymond Koss, Mosinee
 Ervin Krahn, Wausau
 John Krajewski Sr., Antigo
 Eugene Krutza, Rudolph
 Joseph Kruzitski, Wisconsin Rapids
 Lloyd Larsen, Sheboygan Falls
 Donald Lippert, Ingram
 Donald Losinski, Stevens Point
 Norman Madden, Weston
 Richard Maeder, Wisconsin Rapids
 Irvin Marg, Neillsville
 James McNichol, Manitowish Waters
 Wayne Molitor, Wisconsin Rapids
 Raymond Moore, Weston
 Lovel Morris, Eagle River
 Chester Nelson, Eau Claire
 Farrell Niles, Cudahy
 Ralph Nystrom, Cable
 Allen Phetteplace, Ladysmith
 Joseph Phillips, Stevens Point
 James Purcell, Woodruff
 James Ray, Phelps
 William Reed, Nekoosa

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**Never Forgotten Honor Flight Veterans
Flying May 19, 2014**

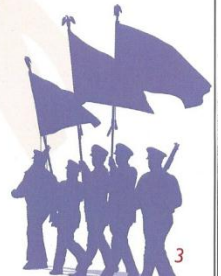
Norman Reichert,
 Wisconsin Rapids
 LaVern Reigel, Hazelhurst
 Berden Ruechel, Wausau
 Harold Saeger, Port Edwards
 Lawrence Sass, Weston
 Dale Schmidt, Nekoosa
 Melvin Schmidt, Marshfield
 Alvin Schmudlach, Rib Lake
 Wayne Schoepke Sr., Wausau
 Charles Shipway, Wausau
 William Shnowske, Mosinee
 Herbert Simon, Merrill
 Joseph Sinnott, Phillips
 Kenneth Smitala Sr., Wausau
 Warnard Sroda, Stevens Point

Joseph Suchon, Birnamwood
 Leslie Swan, Deerbrook
 Kenneth Tesch, Merrill
 George Van Ert, Wisconsin Rapids
 Byron Van Meter, Woodruff
 James Vandenberg, Rothschild
 Glen Washburn, Mosinee
 Gordon Washburn, Mosinee
 Donald Weis, Port Edwards
 Leo Welling, Wisconsin Rapids
 Donald Wendorf, Wausau
 Donald Wisinski, Eland
 Patrick Wisneski, Wausau
 Raymond Wunrow, Port Edwards
 Raymond Yach, Stevens Point

Thank you, Guardians, for supporting our veterans and the Honor Flight.

Special thanks to Emma Krumbie's Restaurant & Bakery for helping with tonight's dinner, Ghidorzi Company and Howard Johnson for donating rooms to our guests, and all our volunteers, sponsors and donors.

*Our debt to the heroic men and valiant women in the service of our country can never be repaid. They have earned our undying gratitude. America will never forget their sacrifices.
 ~ President Harry S. Truman*



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Do you recognize any of the other Honor Flight Veterans in this roster?
 Here's a photo of Al and his brother Laverne taken June 24 at Magnusons:



Alvin Schmudlach & Laverne Schmudlach

Electrifying Connections by Michael Meier

(A version of this story is scheduled to be printed in the Price Electric News in October)



Price Electric Cooperative CEO Bill Caynor presents the “Muster Out Roll” to German Settlement History, Inc. President Luann Lind

On Saturday, July 26, 2014 German Settlement History, Inc. in the Town of Spirit held its annual “Liberty School Picnic.” Among the special events that day was a presentation of a personal gift by Price Electric Cooperative CEO Bill Caynor of a large hand-written document containing the “Muster Out Roll” of Company K of the 18th Wisconsin Regiment, dated July, 1865. GSHI President Luann Lind received the gift on behalf of the Board of Directors and the Members of GSHI. It will be displayed with other historic artifacts in the 1919 Liberty School building (including items from the 28th Wisconsin Regiment in which Siegfried Meier served.)

This is not the only connection GSHI has with Price Electric. Liberty School was one of the first electrified buildings in the Town of Spirit. Old timers remember that the lights came on during a dark afternoon in 1942. In addition to Liberty School, GSHI has two other buildings at the site, one is a museum of logging and farming implements in use between 1880 and 1950. The other is “Our Yesterday House” which is a two-story log building erected in 1885 about a mile from its present location. It was first moved by Gene and Roy Meier to the Meier homestead in 1972. Then, after Roy’s passing, it was acquired by GSHI and moved to the Liberty School site in 2003. It is a carefully-crafted Swedish log house with double dovetail joints and logs fitted so closely no chinking was needed. Most interesting is the fact that the first child born in the house, Arthur Johnson, in 1888, grew up to become, among other things, the first President of the Board of Directors of Price Electric Cooperative. He served in that position for twelve years and was honored as a founder by being given Meter #1. His granddaughter, Maryalice McHugh, Hayward, currently serves on the GSHI Board of Directors. In addition, the current residents at Liberty School who are also members of the GSHI Board of Directors are Michael and Toni Meier. Michael has been a member of the Price Electric Board of Directors since 2007.

Electrifying Connections? You bet! You are invited to visit the museum sites, call 715-564-3299 to arrange a time that works for you. More information: www.germansettlementhistory.org

DO NOT USE KEROSENE OR GASOLINE FOR STARTING OR KINDLING FIRES. It is Very Dangerous. Gasoline Not Sold For Illuminating Purposes.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

DATE: July 8, 1952

NAME: Roy R. Meier

ADDRESS: [Handwritten]

R.F.D. NO. [Handwritten]

ROUTE NO. [Handwritten]

CUSTOMER REQUIRE SPECIAL BILLING? []

PRICES AND EXTENSIONS SUBJECT TO CORRECTIONS	GALLONS	PRICE	LESS DISC.	NET PRICE	NET AMOUNT	TOTALS
STANDARD WHITE CROWN Gasoline						
STANDARD RED CROWN Gasoline	200	18.5				37.00
STANDARD Power Fuel PERFECT						
STANDARD Heater Oil						
STANOLEX Furnace Oil						

WISCONSIN MOTOR FUEL TAX 200 Gals. @ 4¢ = 8.00

FEDERAL EXCISE TAX 200 Gals. @ 1.5¢ = 3.00

TOTAL AMOUNT TO BE PAID BY PURCHASER 49.00

GOODS AS SHOWN HEREON RECEIVED BY: Roy R. Meier PURCHASER

PAYMENT WILL BE MADE ON OR BEFORE [Handwritten] DATE 1952

RECEIVED PAYMENT STANDARD OIL COMPANY - DRIVER [Handwritten] DATE 1952

STANDARD OIL QUALITY SAVES MONEY IN THE LONG RUN

990—Wis. Rev. 12-49 La Crosse, Wis. Field 87—RIB LAKE, WIS.

CUSTOMER'S ORIGINAL INVOICE

R 2558

Family Farm Tractor Covers Wide Needs



MILWAUKEE, WIS. A new power package for the family farm has just been introduced by Allis-Chalmers. It is the new CA Tractor with a complete line of quick-hitch, hydraulically controlled companion implements.

New features include: (1) complete hydraulic control for implements, (2) exclusive power-shift rear wheel spacing and (3) two-clutch power control.

The CA Tractor comes equipped with starter, lights, muffler, adjustable shock-absorber seat, fenders, hydraulic system, belt pulley, power take-off and four-speed transmission. Auxiliary hand clutch is optional equipment. The tractor is available in three styles, dual front wheels, single front wheel, and wide adjustable front axle.

Ogema Tractor Company

PHONE 43 - - OGEMA, WIS.

Ad in the Phillips Bee
March 8, 1951

Standard Oil Receipt, 1952, Gas was \$18.5 per gallon Below: the old Town Cat with snowplow and wings

TIMBER WANTED

Hard Maple, Soft Maple, Birch and Basswood
8 feet and longer - \$45.00 per M

ELM LOGS
9 ft. and longer - 10 inch top - Woods Run
\$43.00 per M

POPPLE BOLTS
7 inch and up - \$16.00 per Cord

BASSWOOD BOLTS
7 inch and up - \$18.00 per Cord

Prices Paid for Timber Delivered at Our Yard.

MIKUL BROS. LBR. CO.

RIB LAKE - WISCONSIN

Ad. in Phillips Bee
March 8, 1951



Brant's Bear

Brant's Bear © 1979 by James A. Rhody is out of print. On the web you can find one or two copies and they sell for \$20 or \$30 each. Here at GSHI we own two copies and we are not planning to part with them. However, if there is enough interest in the book, we could *perhaps* have it re-printed as we have done with some of Carl Rhody's and Jeanette Gilge's books. Would you buy a copy if we had it reprinted?

To give you a taste of the book here is Chapter 27:

Chapter 27

The big bear had heard the sounds of Brant's truck and power saw since the time he was a cub and he was familiar with Brant's scent, so these noises and smells didn't bother him at all. Many times he had crept through the brush to some vantage point where he could watch Brant at work, and he felt some strange kinship with this man who shared the land with him.

But when Joe had started bulldozing the road the bear became upset. If his range was his kingdom, then Brant's square mile was his castle. He had been born on it, and ranged almost exclusively on it the first two years of his life. After he had extended the borders of his territory, this still was home, the place he returned to most often.

Now they were defacing his own private hills and valleys. This land was his. He shared it with The Man, but it was his. This stranger was moving about on it with a strange machine that made a great deal more noise than the machines that belonged to The Man, and he was disturbed by it.

He did not run. He stayed well back in the woods from where Brant and Joe were working during the day, but at

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night he came out and inspected the torn earth. He was perplexed. He could leap across the ribbon of open ground with one bound, so he could get any place he wanted after all. But what was the purpose of it? He gingerly tried walking on the soft ground and up the road. It didn't seem forbidding. He stopped and sniffed the air. It couldn't be all bad. He could faintly detect the scent of The Man, mixed in with that of the stranger, and the acrid smell of diesel fumes that hung on the leaves when they were wet with dew.

The bear decided to take a swing around the perimeter of his range. Time to check up on it anyway, and he hadn't eaten much now for several days while he had worried what that noisy machine was doing. So he left the area for a week. When he returned, the ribbon of fresh earth remained beneath the trees, but the strange machine was gone and his world had returned to normal once again.

Brant had seen the huge tracks of the bear in the soft-turned earth along the road when he and Joe were working on it but had wisely said nothing. Brant wasn't sure what Joe's reaction would be if he told him he shared his land with a monstrous big bear. His reaction might be that the bear presented a potential danger and should be disposed of.

Lots of people around here, Brant had learned by listening, had strange ideas about wild animals. They thought they could understand deer because they were vegetarians, and their meat was good to eat. But bear or fox or coyotes, and even smaller animals were mostly thought of as varmints that should be destroyed and left where they fell, or taken for their hides. *No use arguing with them*, Brant thought. The more civilized man became, the more his attitude seemed to be of that bent. The early Indians, the so-called savages, didn't have that alien relationship with the creatures of the forest. But the more educated man became, the less tolerant he became, it seemed to Brant. If they didn't understand something, get rid of it. If something ran counter to man's civilized rules, eliminate it. But man was messing around with nature by so doing. And Brant believed that, in the long haul, nature would end up being the stronger of adversaries, and man would eliminate himself trying to make over nature. Then the earth would go back to belonging to the creatures of the forest. Or be destroyed.

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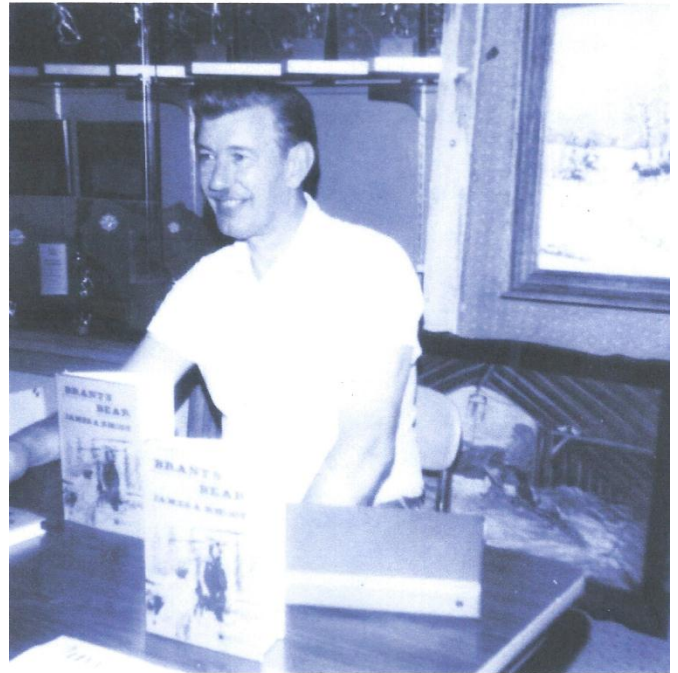
**James Rhody
Prentice, WI**

"I'll bet one thing," Brant said to Dog. "I'll bet there won't be anyone around to print a calendar for the year 2300."

But Dog wasn't listening to Brant. She was looking off across a small valley at the hillside beyond. Her hair stood on end along her back and she emitted a low growl. It had taken some doing, but Brant had her trained to where she never strayed more than a step or two from his side when they were in the woods, and she stood still now instead of running off. Brant followed her line of view by standing behind her and using her upright ears as a sight.

Then he saw that mammoth bear on the opposite hillside. It was digging out a gopher from under a rock. Brant could distinctly see the brown marking on the left shoulder. *God, that brute is huge!* Brant thought. He didn't think black bear got that size. Maybe it was a transplanted grizzly. But no, it was black except for that one spot. The bear got the gopher. One bite and it was gone. Then it must have winded Brant. It stood facing him, and they stared at each other through the trees for awhile. Then taking its time, it ambled over the crest of the hill and out of sight.

No, Brant thought. *I better keep my mouth shut to everyone about him. Somebody would have to try to kill him; just to be able to say they had killed the biggest bear in the history of the area.*



Author of *Brant's Bear*

Date Unknown

Photo contributed by: [Dale Heikkinen](#)

Chapter 28

So, please let us know if you think we should reprint this book. It is a good story, well-written, and at 214 pages, an easy read.

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We were recently gifted with a number of items from Wayne Johnson including an ice scorer used for cutting ice blocks for iceboxes (before folks had refrigerators) Here is a photo of one similar to ours:



Stories from Stone Lake

by
Herb Magnuson

The Town of Spirit changed a lot when the young men came home after World War II. They were a happy and energetic lot. The government in its wisdom hired a learned instructor to conduct classes on modern farming for them. They would meet with fellows from southern Price County at different farms in the area. One project that was presented was the pruning of apple trees. The sight of these young men in their army clothes pruning our neighbors' apple trees was a sight to remember.

The agriculture instructor told the fellows that there was a good future in dairy farming. He predicted that the dairy herds would get larger and there were a lot of cows in the Town of Spirit. Every farm had some cows. Many milk trucks with cans of milk would travel our roads. The instructor said that loose housing was a way that a farmer could care for more animals. He claimed that our neighbor's barn was a good candidate for the new practice of loose housing.

Our neighbor's barn was a wonder. It looked like it should have been in Sweden. It was built right next to the road and had matching windows on all sides. It had big hay doors that would open up to a spacious hay mow in the center. It was really two barns in one with hay in the center. It had plank floors with matching stalls and several sizes of pens. There was a separate part for horses. It really was a showplace. Most of the wood came from the around the building site. The "snickare" (Swedish for carpenter) was Adolf Helm who homesteaded on the north end of Stone Lake. He had learned his craft in the old country. He was someone our forefathers owed so much to.

The barn was built in 1890. It was built mostly because of the work of a gallant lady, Caroline Danielson, who was the wife of Simon Danielson. Caroline, with a house full of young kids and the help of relatives and friends convinced Simon to build the barn rather than go to the Alaskan gold rush. They were born in the old country. Simon was a big, tall man who could do a remarkable amount of work. The pictures I see of him remind me of Andrew Jackson. He built four barns, three farms, a lot of stone root cellars and is remembered on a plaque in the Town of Spirit Park as the builder of Stone bridges.



Simon Danielson's barn, 1890-2013

Our cousin who owned the farm agreed to the loose housing barn. It worked fairly well, but later he sold the farm to Lester and me. I used it for years to store hay and machinery. It started to lean and the best advice I received was that it would not pay to fix it up. In 2013 a big backhoe took it down just before it was tipping and would have blocked the town road. Seeing the old barn go down was a disheartening sight for me. It seemed to say that there is not any "old country here no more."

The classes on modern farming were a part of the GI Bill on Education and in a small way transformed our country into greatness.

Rose Marie Truitt

May 7, 1952 - June 7, 2014

Rose Marie Truitt, 62, Phillips, died on Saturday, June 7, 2014, at the Howard Young Medical Center, Woodruff, after a brief illness. She was born on May 7, 1952, in Tomahawk, the daughter of Clarence and Clara (Schliepp) Andreae. She spent her early life and schooling in the Spirit and Rib Lake area. She attended and graduated from Rib Lake High School, Class of 1970. She attended North Central Technical School in Wausau. She was married to Robert Joseph Truitt in 1985 in Ellisville, MS. He preceded her in death in 2009. She was the caregiver for her parents for many years. She was employed at the Phillips Counseling and Development Center for many years prior to her retirement due to ill health.

In her free time, she enjoyed reading, puzzles, crafts, bingo, and working with special Olympics projects.

She is survived by one daughter: Shannon (fiancé Michael Mickelson) Andreae, Phillips; one brother: Arthur J. (Shirley Ann) Andreae, Ogema; and many nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by: her parents; by her husband Robert Truitt; by two sisters: Darlene and Lorraine; and by two brothers: Marvin and Ervin.

A memorial service will be held at 11 a.m. on Monday, June 16, 2014, at the Heindl Funeral Home, Phillips, with Pastor Thomas Reiff officiating. Friends may call at the funeral home on Monday from 10 a.m. until the time of the service.

The Heindl Funeral Home, Phillips, is in charge of the arrangements.

Memories of School Days, by Michael Meier

Recently we were hosting extended family and waiting for a meal to be heated when someone jokingly suggested that we use one of the candles on the table to cook our meal. That conversation brought back a memory from the 1952-53 school year at Liberty School:

Cousin Arne Meier, eighth grader and aspiring playwright, wrote a play for the Christmas program that consisted entirely of jokes and stories taken from the weekly issue of "Current Events" newspaper. One of those stories was about Salman, a Turkish fellow, and his friends, who wagered that he could not survive all night out in the winter cold with no heat. The bet was for the loser to provide a dinner. Well, Salman stayed awake all night and survived and when he was asked how he did it he replied that he had looked at a candle across the street all night long. His friends said, "Aha! You had the heat of the candle, now you must give us a good dinner." Salman acquiesced to their demands and a date was set for the dinner. When the friends arrived the meal was not yet ready, in fact, it never was ready—Salman was heating it with a single candle!

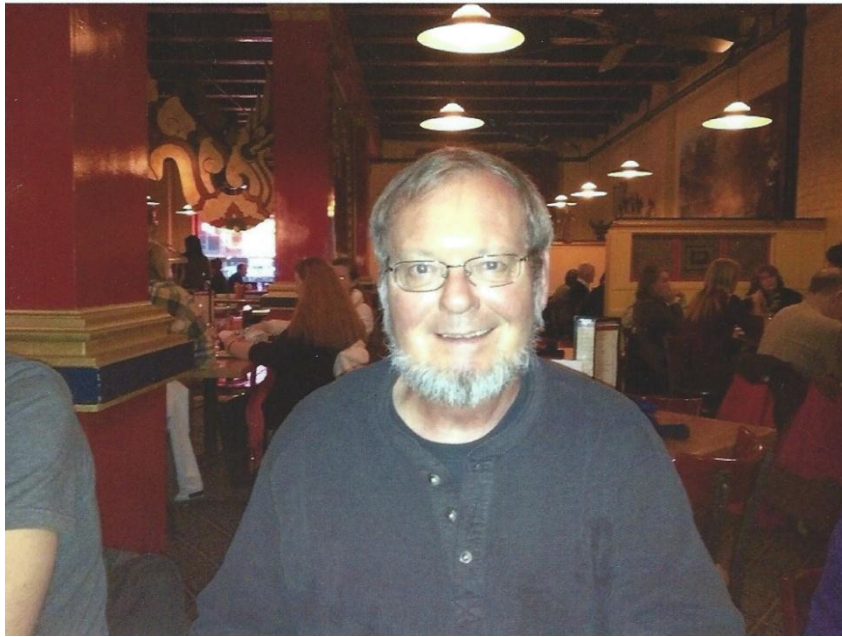
We mourn the passing of Rose Truitt. She attended Liberty School. May she rest in Peace.

More summer visitors at Liberty School:



Before the weather gets frigid and the snow piles up we welcome visitors to all three of our buildings. Give us a call at 715-564-3299 to make sure we are available. When winter sets in we welcome visitors to our Liberty School home, but the other two buildings are closed until Spring and warm weather.

David Carl Rhody



David C. Rhody, 63, St. Paul, MN died October 24th, 2013 at United Hospital, St. Paul, MN from complications from cancer and leukemia.

He was born February 13, 1950, to Carl and Elizabeth [Kauer] Rhody at Tomahawk, WI. David graduated from the University of Wisconsin, Madison. He was in the U.S. Navy and discharged with a conscientious objector status.

He married Katherine Fulkerson of Madison. They were later divorced. He married Marla Ray and they later divorced.

David worked as a bus and truck driver. He was an artist and worked in wood and metal. He was also a great story teller.

Surviving are his two children, Allassandra Rhody of Ojai, CA and Kristofer [Erin] Rhody of Denver, CO and their daughter Fiona Rose, his sisters Mary Zielke of Fraser, CO, Annette [Michael] Cullen of Barron, WI, Catherine [Dennis] Schlais of Chico, CA, Dianne [Jeff] Scott of Pearisburg, VA, and Veronica [Ron] Lessard of Ames, IA, as well as many nieces, nephews and couings and friends who miss him very much.

He was preceded in death by his parents and two sisters, Therese and Carla, and a brother in law, Mike Zielke.

Cremation Society of MN assisted the family. He was buried in Hillcrest Cemetery in Spirit after a memorial and celebration of his life at 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, August 9, 2014 at the Cullen home in Spirit.

(Submitted by Annette Cullen)



Deacon Michael Cullen and David's sisters Veronica, Dianne, Annette and Cathy with memory quilts at the memorial service on August 9.



David and Dianne Rhody swinging at Liberty School, Christmas Day, 1957

At the Memorial Service for David on August 9, Dianne gave me this picture and I believe she said this was Christmas Day, 1957 (I had the details written down, but I seem to have misplaced what I wrote down) I believe she said that David was seven and she was nine and they were celebrating Christmas at their grandparents, Henry and Ellen Rhody, who lived kitty-corner from the school and sometime that day they walked over to the school and had the swings all to themselves. Those who are old enough will remember that there were three swings on chains hung from strong metal uprights that were also fastened to the exterior of the school. The seats were wooden boards and many of us, myself included, got hit in the forehead by a swing as we carelessly ran around the school behind those swinging. If you survived the hit on the head you became wary of swings the rest of your life. I don't think any kid was ever killed, but I think some of us were almost knocked out. It hurt. Notice the stack of 30-inch fire wood ready to be thrown into the basement through the wood chute and then fed into the big brick furnace. Bob Zielke's barn still stands, more than a hundred years old now.

(Comments by Michael Meier)

More Summer Visitors at Liberty School:



Dr. MacKinnon Babies by Michael Meier

In our last issue we told the story of Dr. George MacKinnon, Prentice, who delivered nearly 3000 babies, most of them in homes. Since I am a “Dr. MacKinnon Baby” I asked who else might be. Here are some responses:

Doc MacKinnon baby, Marcella Aho Braski, [Jan 7, 1930](#) at midwife Eva Pasanen home in Brantwood
Doc MacKinnon attending

Per your request, yes I am a Dr. M baby, too... Bill Hoffman
At the Barn Dance people signed a list of Dr. MacKinnon Babies...

Carl Elmer Johnson
Louise K. Johnson
Everett D. Johnson
Don L. Johnson
Frank Molley
Patricia Swenson
William Swenson
Marilyn Erickson
Raymond Borg
John Anderson
Gardia Arredondo
Nancy Sanders
Clare Sanders
Mary Sanders

Later, Luann Lind gave me a list that included **Darrel Lind, Beryl Lofquist and Dale Lofquist**

Then we received the following letter from Gloria Brietzke: July 23rd, 2014, Rice Lake, Wisconsin
Hi Mike & Toni,

Here I am on a warm July day with the air conditioner going full speed thinking I could help you out with the baby's born with Dr. MacKinnon's help. Ervin, Erna, William, Arthur and Fred were born in Waushara County & Fond du Lac County. But starting on August 21st, 1923 Dr. MacKinnon brought my brother Victor into the world, followed by Raymond in June of 1925, Chester in July of 1927, Caroline in May of 1929, Kenneth in August of 1931, Elaine in March of 1933, Gloria in April of 1935 and Baby Joyce in December, 1927 and nephew Dale Hoffman born July 22nd, 1938—that's 76 years ago today as I'm writing you this note!

Marilyn mentioned to me as we were discussing the Brewers that you may be printing another Liberty School News in August or whatever. I even remember as I got older they talked about some of the midwives. There was Hazel Lovendahl mentioned, I believe that was for Dale. Ella Rhody was down home when I was born but probably just as a neighbor. She called Hank and said “We have a Gloria Jeanette here today!” And Aunt Emma had made a remark to someone. She said and I quote, “Gust sleeps upstairs and Anna sleeps down and yet every two years there is a new baby.” Ma and Ella Rhody must have been good friends besides neighbors as Myrtle Rhody was Elaine's Godmother and Harold Rhody was my Godfather, as you heard over the years, and Grace Rhody was Dale's. Also heard that Raymond & Elaine, the two siblings that I have left were born before the Dr. got there.

Love, Gloria

PS—Thanks for printing this whenever. I don't come up at all any more since Arlen & Elaine sold their property at Willow Lake and live year around now in Richland Center. Was up a year ago in August it will be a year for a reunion in Tomahawk. Got to see Raymond's two sons whom I hadn't seen for I don't know when, probably in the 70's when Ma & Pa were still in Brantwood. Take Care & God Bless you Both, Gloria. Page 17

Who else should be on this list? Please let us know. Thanks. mm

German Settlement History, Inc. Membership/Gift Form

You are invited to become a member of GSHI. German Settlement History, Inc is a 501 (c) (3) tax exempt organization whose mission is to protect, conserve and display buildings, artifacts and documents of historical value for educational purposes. Members are persons who contribute \$25.00 or more at any time during the year. Membership continues through the month of January the following year. As a member of GSHI you will be contributing to our mission, receive the Liberty School News and will be eligible to vote in person or by absentee ballot at the GSHI January Annual Meeting.

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Name of Book	Price Each	Qty.	Total
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All Things Heal in Time	\$5.00		
Best of Intentions	\$5.00		
Satin in the Snow	\$5.00		
As Long As I Have You	\$5.00		
Set of 6 books "Pioneer Family Series"	\$20.00		
City-Kid Farmer	\$5.00		
Growing Up Summer	Not Available		
The Saga of Spirit Valley	\$7.50		
The Saga of Spirit Valley - Part II	\$7.50		
The Saga of Spirit Valley - Part III	\$7.50		
The Saga of Spirit Valley - Part IV	\$7.50		
The Saga of Spirit Valley - Part V	\$7.50		
Set of all 5 "Saga of Spirit Valley" books	\$35.00		
Spirit Falls Logging Boom Town	\$7.50		
The Pleasure of the Sorrow	\$5.00		
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Shipping - Orders for \$10 and under - add \$3.50			
Orders over \$10 - add \$7.50 Shipping >			
		Total Order >	

Here is an order form for books that have been written by folks right here in The German Settlement. We have had several volumes reprinted and/or rebound and now have a sufficient supply of each of these titles. We think these books give an accurate flavor of life and people here from 1880-1950. You can order them from us or stop by and pick them up. They include:

- The entire "Never Miss a Sunset" series by Jeanette Gilge
- The "Saga of Spirit Valley" series by Carl Rhody
- "Spirit Falls Logging Boomtown" by Carl Rhody
- "The Pleasure of the Sorrow" by James (Jim) Rhody

For those of you who have asked, we are exploring the possibility of reprinting Jim Rhody's beloved novel, "Brant's Bear." Drop us a line if you'd like to see this classic reprinted.