

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. 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.**

We Still



Don't Know

By Michael Meier

We still don't know who carved the cross in this rock or when it was carved or for what purpose. The cross is 9 inches on the long axis while the shorter axis measures 6 inches. (More next page)

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The carving is about a half inch wide and 3/16 inches deep. The rock appears to be a piece of glacial granite. It is approximately 16 inches long and is of a somewhat triangular shape with the top (where the cross is carved) measuring about 10 by 8 inches. It was mounted in a block of wood a few years ago by Marvin Meier.

The rock with the cross carved on it was found in 1917 on the Albert Meier homestead by Roy Meier (age 15) and Carl Meier (age 10) while they were picking stones. The place where it was found is about a half mile SE of Liberty School. The Meier family has protected and preserved the rock since it was found.

The Meiers were the first settlers on this piece of property. The only Euro-Americans who preceded them in the area were the pine loggers.

So, who carved the cross and why? Pine loggers would not have had the resources or time or inclination to carve a cross in a rock. We know it is not an item used in the surveying of Wisconsin. Surveyors did not carve crosses in rocks and the rock was not found near any significant survey line.

Could it have been a grave marker for an important person? Consider this *Wikipedia* entry:

“René Menard (2 March 1605 in Paris - August 1661) was a French Jesuit missionary explorer who traveled to Canada in 1641, learned the language of the Wyandot, and was soon in charge of many of the satellite missions around Sainte-Marie among the Hurons. Menard also worked with the Iroquois, and was said to speak six Indian dialects. He survived the continuous attacks from the Iroquois on the Huron.

“In 1660, Menard was sent west from Montreal with a trading party of Ottawa and the fur traders Radisson and Groseillers, heading for what is now northern Wisconsin, aiming to establish a mission among the Ottawa. The 55-year-old Menard didn't expect to return. The night before departure he wrote to a friend, *"In three or four months you may include me in the Momento for the dead, in view of the kind of life led by these peoples, of my age, and of my delicate constitution. In spite of that, I have felt such powerful promptings and have seen in this affair so little of the purely natural, that I could not doubt if I failed to respond to this opportunity that I should experience an endless remorse."*

“Leaving Trois-Rivières, Quebec at the end of August, they paddled for six weeks up the St. Lawrence, up the Ottawa River, and across Georgian Bay. The party didn't go easy on the frail Father. Separated from the French traders and his assistant, he was forced to paddle continuously and carry heavy loads with meager rations. When they passed Sault St. Marie into Lake Superior, Father Menard had penetrated further into the Great Lakes region than any Western official before. After his party's canoe was destroyed by a falling tree in mid-October, Menard wintered with some Ottawas at Keeweenaw Bay near what is now L'Anse, Michigan. He sheltered in a hut he made of tree branches and at times he subsisted on fish begged from the Indians and boiled moss. Despite the hardships and resistance from many Indians, he baptized and taught the Christian faith.

“In the spring he heard that a band of Hurons in the interior was starving, and he set off to minister to them, though he himself had only a bag of sturgeon and some dried meat. He and a fur trader nicknamed L'Esperance walked and canoed down into what is believed to be present-day Taylor County in north central Wisconsin. At a rapids a day's journey from the Huron village, Menard, now weak with hunger himself, left his partner to carry some supplies, and disappeared. Bishop Laval of Quebec wrote of Menard and the fur traders, "Seven Frenchmen attached themselves to this Apostle, they to catch beavers, he to gain souls."

There are many sources relating the story of Father Menard, this *Wikipedia* entry is really a brief summary of what is known about his passing. From other sources we have learned that the Huron people whom he was

going to visit had been chased out of Michigan by the Iroquois and had fled to present-day Wisconsin. They had sent messengers asking that a priest be sent to them to provide the sacraments of Marriage, Baptism and Holy Communion as it had been several years since they had a priest serving in their midst. We have also learned that the Huron people were indeed camped in what is now Taylor County, in fact, they were said to be at the headwaters of the Black River (this is a few miles south of the present-day Village of Westboro and about a mile north and east of the junction of Highways 13 and 102.)

If one is paddling south on the Wisconsin River intent on getting to the headwaters of the Black River the shortest water route is to turn up the Spirit River at present-day Tomahawk, follow the Spirit to Spirit Lake and then traverse another seven or eight miles on small lakes and streams. What about the rapids “a day’s journey” from the Huron village? Spirit Falls fits that description exactly. (Check all this on your topographic or GPS.)

The rock was found about 4 miles from Spirit Falls on high ground a stone’s throw up from the Spirit River.

Perhaps Father Menard died there by the river. His partner did not find him, but perhaps the Huron did later find his body, a little less than a day’s journey away, and carved the memorial stone.

It is my understanding that there are instruments that can, at a molecular level, determine the composition of the metal used to carve a cross like this and from that analysis to conjecture when it was carved. Is this true?



Of course, another possibility is that it is a Viking artifact from an even earlier time!



"Memories of The Church on the Corner" ①

Zions Lutheran Church. It was (still is) a little white country church right across from Liberty School, the one-room country school which many of us attended. It is located in the small townships of Spirit, Wi.

I was baptized there as an infant, with my Uncle Carl & Aunt Vera Lind being my sponsors. My first Sunday School teacher that I recall was Marilyn Meier.

That little church provided for a lot of my social life growing up, as well as teaching me some important spiritual truths, such as the Ten Commandments, which, by the way, most of us tried to live by in those days.

I remember the autumn Missions Festival from the very early years. A special speaker would come & we would have a delicious pot luck dinner. In the afternoon, you could buy pop & ice cream cones for nickels & dimes. I remember all of us Lind kids coming to Dad for coins to buy treats. Some of the neighbor men teased Dad, "Boy - They just keep coming, don't they Roy?" Dad laughed & reached deep into his pocket. (He had on his light blue dress slacks that I loved when he wore - no suspenders - no overalls - I thought he looked so cool.) I got the coin & ran off to spend it quickly.

Vacation Bible School was another exciting event which the little church sponsored. For a whole week in June, we would hike the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from our farm up to the corner to learn Bible stories & verses. He would get to do crafts. One year, my older brothers, Darnel & Duane, got to build really neat wooden crosses; I was too young. ☺

We carried our syrup pails as lunch buckets & would eat our picnic lunches outside in those early years. I specifically remember having heart or tongue sandwiches sometimes. Trust me - No one ever tried to trade lunches with us! (Seriously, they weren't half bad, & my Mom never let ANYTHING go to waste... & she always included some kind of treat for us.) We would get to play with our friends at recess & that was very special.

Often, on the way home, we would take our time, & pick & eat strawberries we found along the German Settlement Road as we hiked.

The year I was 6, 1953, I had a memorable moment while hiking home from V.B.S. It was July 1st. Dennis & Danny came running up the road hollaring their heads off, "Donna, you got a sister!" I remember running the rest of the way home, hollaring my own head off, "I

got a sister! Finally - I got a sister!" After having 4 brothers, I was more than elated to have a little sister named Diane. (Another 5th brother, Dave, was born a year later.)

It was probably the next summer after Di was born, that Darrel & Duane were allowed to take our one bicycle to Bible School. Thea Martwick lived up the road past us & helped at VBS, so she would stop in & let me ride with her on her bike. And Darrel would pedal & Duane would ride with him. Well, that was pretty fun, UNTIL the day Thea & Darrel decided to race on the way home - from the top of Oberli's hill - which was much steeper then, than at the present. Well, race, they did!

Thea & I were practically flying! Finally, we slowed down when we didn't hear my brothers. He stopped & looked back up the hill & there they lay. Totally crashed. They had hit a bad patch of crushed rock going at high speed. Duane was nearly knocked out, I think. Thea was trying to help him walk. She was also getting water from the ditch (on her handkerchief) trying to wipe off some of the blood & embedded rock.

Leaving our bikes in the ditches, we finally got Duane home & Mom took over cleaning him up & bandaging his wounds. That took a while. He were all so solemn, & after Duane seemed better, Mom looked at Darrel, & noticed his whole arm scraped & bleeding. (He had not said a word.) She then started in on repairing him.

He went up & got the bikes home & Thea went on her way. However, it wasn't long & she was back for a few hours. I think she felt badly - maybe like she should have known better. She helped Mom all afternoon with the babies & housework & even washed windows.

The church on the corner is also where I attended my first funeral. That was, of course, in Sept. of 1955, when my Dad died of polio. I remember the Reverend preaching & then reading in a loud voice from 1 Cor. 15: 55-57 - "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

I felt anything but victory that day. And my little 8-year-old body was certainly feeling the sting of death.

Coming out of the funeral, I kept my head down. I don't know if the school kids were out for recess, but I didn't want them to see me. I remembered the times we would all stand on the playground & watch the sad people file out. I never thought I would be one of them.

After that, we continued on in the little church & everyone was always very kind to us. Mom didn't know how to drive,

so us kids continued walking on up to Sunday School each week. In the winter, we took our runner sleds and could slide all the way to the church, once we had climbed Bill's Hill. On a good icy day, we could also slide all the way home from the top of the hill. Mom eventually got a drivers license & drove to church, but for years, we continued to walk up early for Sunday School, Confirmation classes, etc.

Lions Lutheran is also where I attended my first wedding. It must have been 1956 or 57? Anyway, Mom wasn't going - maybe not up to it yet, or maybe because of two little toddlers to care for. But, I so wanted to go. My Sunday School teacher was getting married! And so, Mom allowed me to pick out a gift. I chose a popcorn popper & wrapped it ever so carefully. Then I carried it to the church as I hiked the 3/4 mile by myself. I was so proud to put it on the gift table & sat myself down feeling quite grown up. I thought the wedding was just beautiful & told my Mom all about it. (Marilyn Meier's wedding.)



1958 - Ready for Christmas program - 7 Linds.

The next major event that came to each Junior High was confirmation. He had classes every Sat. afternoon from 2:00 - 4:00 during the school year... all through the 7th & 8th grades. I was too crazy about giving up my Saturdays, but it's just what you did. I remember memorizing all the books of the Bible & learning a couple of Bible verses - but the really big thing came in the spring after 2 years.

On Good Friday, we would receive our 1st Communion. This was a very memorable day for me - not because of what Jesus did on the cross, but

because Dennis Borman was standing right next to me. (There were 7 of us in the class: me & 6 boys - Kenny Swanson, Benny Miller, John Rhody, Tim Meier, Harold Swenson, & Dennis Borman.) Anyway, I was really nervous about being up in front of everyone, & wouldn't you know? all of a sudden, Dennis Borman fainted dead away. He went down stiff - just like a tree. His head hit the first step going up to the altar & there was blood coming out of his mouth! Bennie Swanson was the first one on the scene, & he & another man carried Dennis outside for fresh air to bring him to & to clean him up. I was so scared of that happening to me, me with my new dress on, of all things! I certainly never closed my eyes

for the following prayers etc. I totally concentrated on not fainting.

Just the Sunday before that, on Palm Sunday, we had gone through our Confirmation. We all wore long white gowns & had red Carnations pinned to them. He repeated words that Reverend Gaichen (EP?) quoted to us & answered some questions.

The best part of those two days was that I did not faint like Dennis Borman, that I got a brand new dress at The Tomahawk Federated Store, & I got to wear white high heels. Uncle Carl & Aunt Vera came to celebrate & gave me a gray overnight case, & Mom gave me a Lutheran Hymnal & a wonderful special meal. Oh, & Clara Hoffmann, the organist, made me a lovely cross book marker of different pastel threads. I still have it.

Having been confirmed & being ready to go into high school, meant that I could become part of the youth group. We had great times once a month meeting in different homes. Sleighrides, hayrides, & ice skating parties were popular events. We always went Christmas caroling too. I especially remember liking to carol for Gus Zielke 'cause he always gave us a box of chocolate-covered cherries to share. ☺



8th grade graduation w/ Ken Swanson & Joe Johnson. I got to wear my Confirmation dress again! AND high heels!

In the fall, we often had a fund raiser. He would serve a chili supper at the Parish Hall to replenish our treasury.

Once you were in high school, you could also join the choir. I even did that, in spite of the fact that in first grade at Liberty, I'd been asked to "just move my lips" so I wouldn't wreck the song. I never had confidence in my singing; I just wanted another chance to be social, & mostly to see my friend, Karen Swanson, who actually could carry a tune.

I have so many fun memories that came from the church on the corner. I remember ~~falling asleep~~ falling asleep in church & his head jerking back. That set Dennis Borman & Harold Swenson off into a giggling fit.

The bench was shaking so hard that others of us started laughing. The more we tried to stop — the worse it got.

Another memory I have is of one day feeling I was a bit too mature to sit w/ Mom & the little kids — & so I ventured on over to the other side of the church where we never sat. I casually slipped in next to Olga Meier. That I admit (at age 9)

(5)

figured on was her big tall husband Carl coming in after he rang the bell. There I was, wedged in between Carl & Olga for a whole hour. After that, I stuck with my Mom until she allowed me to sit by my friend, Karen.

Another fun memory of Zion's happened one spring morning when we were all standing outside visiting, as we always did before & after church. Nell, Ted & Florence Martwick pulled in & parked their car. They joined us all in visiting. Pretty soon, one of them looked at their watch & said, "Shouldn't we soon be going in?" Everyone started to laugh & said, "Church is over. Here all needing to think about getting on home." (They had forgotten about daylight savings time & hadn't re-set their clocks. ☺)



My sister, Diane, 9, & me, 15, heading to the Christmas Eve program (in matching dresses I made for 4-H) 1962.

There are sweet memories of Christmas programs we worked so hard on for every Christmas Eve. There was the beautiful tall Christmas tree, each year decorated by the youth group. The ladies aid provided little gifts for the Sunday school kids & treat bags for each child in attendance. Those were magical moments in that country church.

In high-school years, I taught Sunday school & Bible school & worked on the Christmas program. Those were good things for me to do. There was a wholesomeness of lifestyle that was encouraged by the people in that church on the corner. It was a safe place of my childhood, where I felt noticed & cared for.

Then it was time to go off to college, they wished me well. And it was always Helen & Olga, Jerona & Viola, Lorraine & others, who always welcomed me home & took an interest in what I was about.

Then I got married, it was the Ladies Aid that hosted a shower for me & my new husband. Later, they did the same when we had our first baby.

The years came & went, & just that quickly, it was August of 1996. All of us 7 Lind kids were back in the little white church on the corner. Another funeral. Our mom's. It was a nostalgic time of remembering the young widow & the years she dedicated to raising her large family. Between the 7 of us, we had given Mom 33 grandchildren, & most of them were in the front of church singing in honor of their grandmother, Agnes Zellinger Lind.

They sang "The Old Rugged Cross" - the song Mom had taught to me,

as we washed dishes together when I was a little girl. They sang another favorite of Mom's, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," the song I played over & over again the day I heard of her cancer diagnosis. And then the Gaither song, "Because He Lives, I Can Face Tomorrow." They sang, from their hearts, of the victory that can be ours through Jesus Christ.

It was the same little church on the corner. And it was 41 years since my Dad's funeral there. But this time, it was different. Through the years, I had come to know what I didn't understand at age 8. Death really doesn't have the final sting & the grave does not have the final victory, just as 1 Cor. 15:55 tells us... just as was quoted at my Dad's funeral.

At Mom's funeral, my Pastor-Husband was able to stand in front of my childhood church & share the truth of God's word that "Jesus is the way, the truth, & the Life, & that no man comes to the Father, except through Him." It was Jesus alone the whole time — not my baptism, not my confirmation, not my sewing, not all my warm memories.

I sat there that day & reflected on the first Bible verse I ever learned. I had learned it in the little church on the corner. It was John 3:16 — "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life!" What a promise — what a certainty — what a peace!

I am so grateful today for the fond memories I have of growing up in a loving & caring church family, & I am even more grateful for the spiritual hunger that came from hearing God's word at a young age & wanting to understand it. Hearing God's word, for me, started in the little white church on the corner... and

led eventually to ^{the} coming to trust in Jesus Christ alone as my Savior from sin & the only means of salvation...

well, that has made all the difference in my life on this earth and for all eternity — (1 Jn. 5:11-13)

Written with a grateful heart,

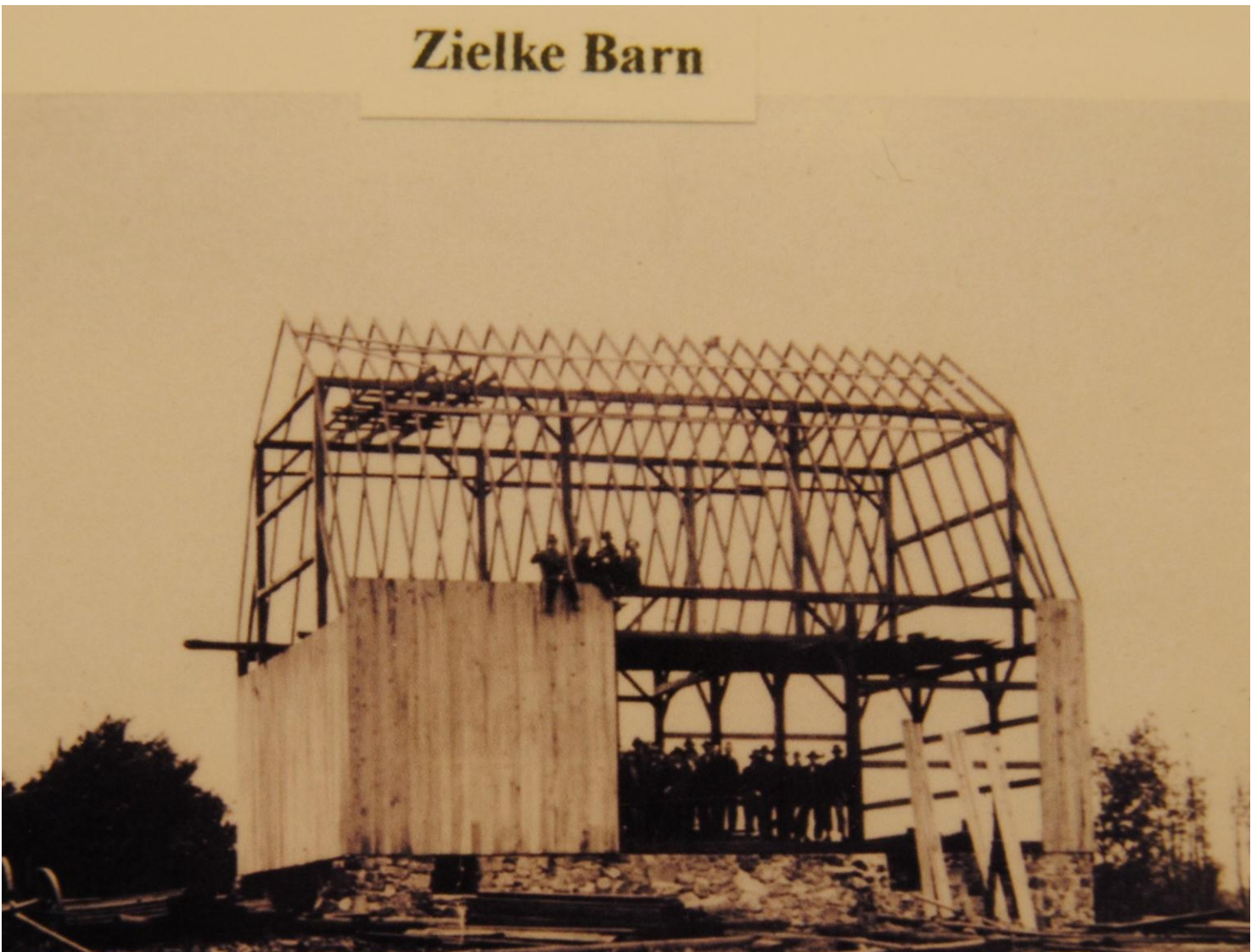
Donna Lind Stolhammer

October 11th, 2014





Traditional Post and Beam Construction in the Barn Next Door
You can see the axe marks on the hewed beams.



This barn was built in 1913 by Gust Zielke and his family. It is a beautiful example of traditional post and beam construction. It is owned by Marvin Meier and his daughter Kristina. I think they are planning to put a new roof on it in the near future. Overall, the building is in good shape.

Letters from France, 1918

By Michael Meier

After Harold Rhody passed away a few years ago his children began sorting the papers and memories left behind in the house. They found four letters that Harold's mother, Ellen [Meier] Rhody, had received from her brother Edward Meier when he was in the army in France during World War I. Thanks to Harold's daughter, Jennifer [Rhody] Sarkkinen, for saving these (and several other interesting documents.) They will go in our GSHI Archive. Here is one of them:

Cpl. Edward Meier
Base Hosp. 27
APO 733
AEF

TO: Mrs. Henry Rhody
Ogema, Wis.

July 28, 1918,

Dear Sister Ellen,

Well I'm going to have a surprise party on you, and write you a letter. I have all kinds of time to write now days.

I suppose you have read the letter I sent home telling about getting wounded again. So I won't have to repeat it in this letter.

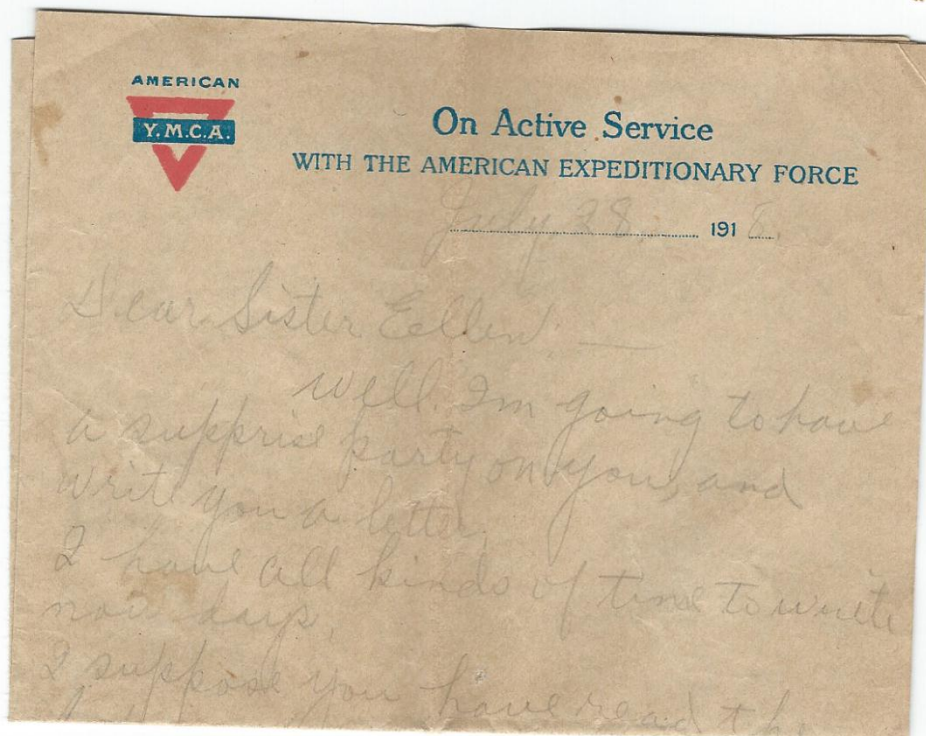
Well, you are all busy as can be, now days, I know. Haying, working in the garden, picking berries, and keeping your eyes on your boys. I bet Carlie can help do a lot of work now.

How is Eddie? Has he started to grow any yet?

I suppose Henry has made quite a farm by this time. How was the hay crop this year?

I imagine you must have a lot of new vegetables by this time.

I'd like to have some nice green pea soup, some that have just been picked in the garden.



Are those people still living in the woods back of your place, I can't think of their names now.

Does Carlie practice on the organ?

I wonder does he learn music easy?

Well Ellie I suppose you have your cellar almost filled up with canned goods. Were there a lot of raspberries this season?

How about blue berries. Did you get many of them. You want to be sure and save some strawberries and blueberries for my when I come marching home next winter. Ha.

I wish I knew that to be true. But thats almost to much of a good thing.

But then we can't always tell, you know.

I don't believe this will go on much longer. I make myself think so anyway, even if I do get badly disappointed.

Well, I will have to close now. My arm still bothers me a little to write much. I doubt if you can read all this anyway.

I have to write laying back.

Well don't worry about me now. I will be all right again before very long. I sure have a fine place to get well here.

They sure do everything that can be done to make us comfortable in these Hosp.

All I have to do is eat, sleep and read.

Hope this finds you all well.

Love from Edward Meier (The letter was given an "OK" by censor 2nd Lt. Jacobs)

A second letter from "Cpl. Edward Meier, Co. L 28th US Inf. AEF" was written to his sister on September 9, 1918. By the way, Ellen was born 9/30/1890 and Edward was born 8/18/1896. So at this point she is 27/28 years old and he is 22 years old.

Dear Sister,

I received your letter a few days ago, the one you wrote in June after hearing that I was wounded.

That was a long time for a letter to reach me, but I was moving around so much that it took a long time for the letter to catch me.

Was glad to hear that you are all well and getting along fine. I wrote a letter to Gertrude **[a younger sister of Ellen and Edward]** a few days ago.

Did she get it all ready? Well, it will soon be winter again I guess it must be getting real frosty at night up in that part of the country by this time.

You have all your garden truck in now I suppose. Is Henry through with the road work? I bet he is getting ready for the woods by this time.

Len **[brother of Ellen and Edward]** is planning on working in the woods again this winter. That's what Nora said in her letter. I suppose they are paying good wages for that kind of work now.

They must all be very busy at home now with Geo **[another brother]** gone. I was thinking all the time that he was going to stay home and help in the haying, but I suppose it isn't good for him to do heavy work if he has heart trouble. That will be a good job for him at the store, if he likes it.

I suppose John **[another brother]** is working like a good fellow. I have been wondering if he will have to leave. That would be awful hard on the folks if he did because that's about all the help they have now except Roy **[another brother]** and he isn't big enough yet to do much.

I suppose Gertrude helped a whole lot in the field work this summer.

And I know Mamma does more than she should. She used to always work in the hay field when more of us boys were at home. So I imagine she works all the harder now. Well, better times will come again and before long I think.

Well, as for myself, I sure have spent a lazy life this summer.

Have done hardly anything to speak of but eat and sleep since May.

But I guess I will get a chance to make up for lost time before long.

I'm not sure yet if I will get back to the front or not. But you know there is a lot of work to be done behind the lines that I could do.

How are the boys? Carl, I suppose is going to school regular now. Well, I hope this finds you all well.

Love to all, Edward (OK from censor, Capt. S.R. Irwin)

A third letter is dated "France, Oct. 11, 1918"

Dear Sister & Brother,

I will get busy this afternoon and write a few lines. I suppose the folks at home got my letter, saying, I had been back to my company, but was back in the hospital again on account of my old wound getting sore again.

It is in pretty good shape now again, and I hope it won't bother me again.

I am feeling better now than I have for a long time. Don't know how long I will stay here, or where I will go when I leave.

How is everything at your place this fall? I suppose it must be getting rather chilly up there now. The weather has been quite cool here for a few days also. Just a reminder of what is coming in a couple of months from now.

I suppose Henry is about through with the work in the field, and will soon be hitting the tall timber.

Have you people got your kitchen finished all right?

You surely must have been crowded in the old house with so many big boys.

Carl, I suppose, is going to school every day now. Well, Henry, I suppose you'll soon try your luck at hunting. I should think hunting should be pretty good this fall seeing so many of the boys have gone away to hunt other game. Ha. Well, leave a few until next fall whatever you do. I intend to be back there by that time myself. Things are looking pretty good now for peace, but of course we can't take too much stock in that.

Well I got a nice warm sweater from the Red Cross today and also a Red Cross bag with candy, tobacco, chewing gum, soap, tooth brush, and paste and other little articles. They sure come in handy. I thank all you Red Cross workers very much for same. We sure appreciate those presents very much.

I'm just as crazy about finding out what is in my Red Cross bag now as when I was a little boy. (I'm not much more now) and was anxious to see what Santa Clause brought.

The sweater sure is a dandy, all wool. That will sure help keep me warm if I am in the trenches this winter or wherever I am.

Well I will close now. Hope this finds you all well and enjoying yourselves now that peace will be declared by that time.

Love to all, Edward (OK from censor Capt. K.T. Riddell)

A fourth letter is dated "Waldhausen, Germany, April 15, 1919"

Dear Sister,

Just a few lines today to let you know that I am still alive and kicking. I am taking life quite easy now days.

I am shooting on the range now getting into shape for a big competition that will be held in France the first part of May.

It will be a competition between the different US divisions still over here and also between the Allied countries.

One man was picked out of each company and I have the honor of representing old L Company. Ha. I made Expert Rifleman this year so after a few weeks of training watch me break the world's record. Ha. Ha. The weather has been very nasty here lately. Raining most all the time. I bet you are all glad that spring is here again so that the children can go out and play.

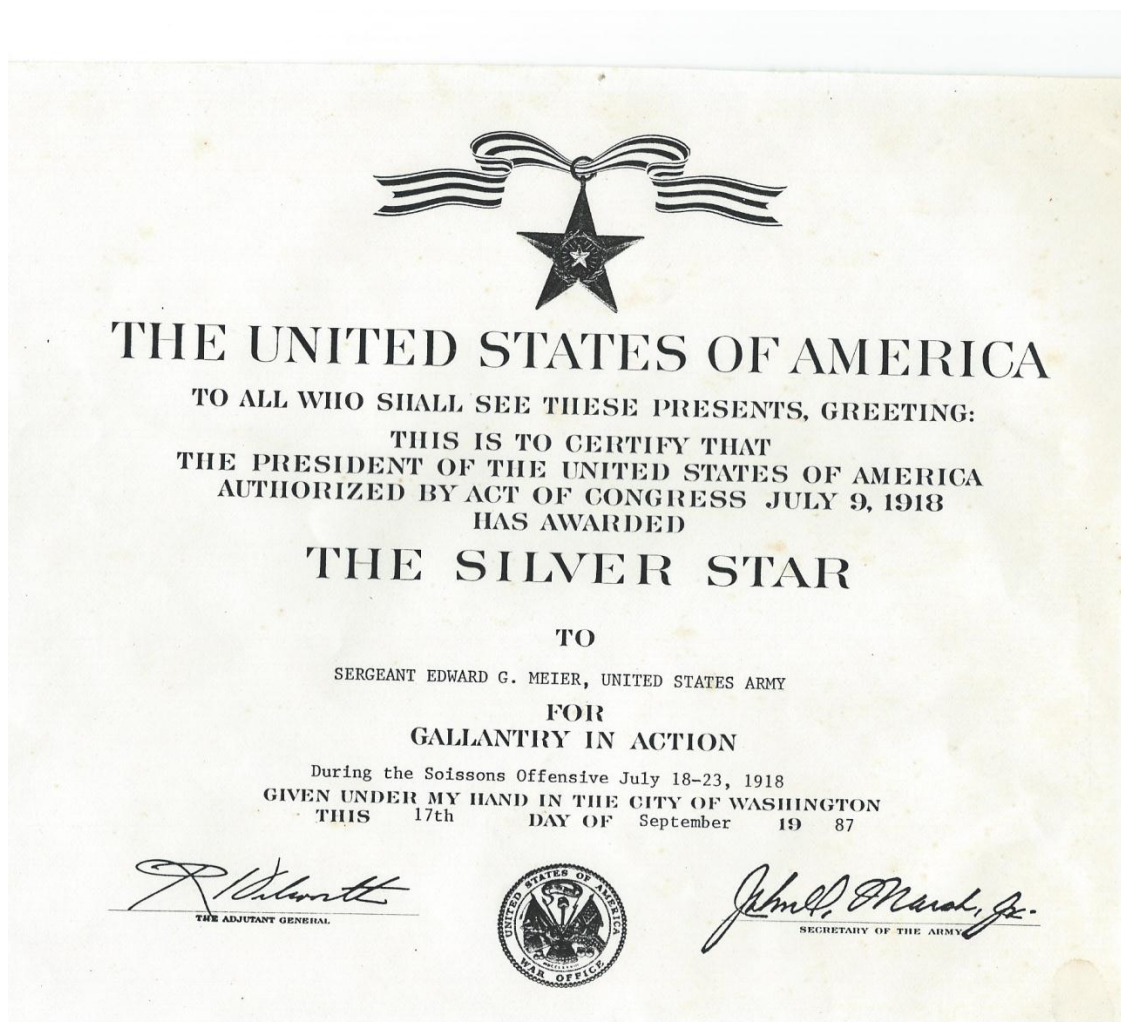
I suppose you will soon start work in the garden and field.

Well, I'm not sure yet how long it will be before I can come home but I don't think it will be many months.

Hope this finds you all well as I am.

Love to all, Edward

[Edward was wounded three times and in addition to the Purple Heart he was awarded the Silver Star. His father, Albert C. Meier, died after an extended bout with cancer in June, 1919 before Edward returned from France.]



How Pennants are really won
HOW PENNANTS ARE REALLY WON

By **JOE McCARTHY**

SEPT. 30,
1933



Liberty 5¢

**THE WAY
TO PROSPERITY**

By
EDWARD A. FILENE



Recently, Raymond Borg gave us some old magazines including several copies of "Liberty" magazine.

We thought it appropriate to have "Liberty" magazines in our Liberty School archive.

The cover here has been reduced in size to fit on this page. Actually, it is a little more than a full 8.5 x 11 inches.

Liberty was a weekly general interest magazine with some serious essays and articles and lots of stories and melodramas. It was published from 1924 to 1950 with a later revival in the 1970's.

This issue contains 56 pages and was published for September 30, 1933.

The blue "NRA Eagle" in the upper corner references the National Recovery Administration, an effort to deal positively with the terrible effects of the Great Depression.

All companies that accepted President **Franklin D. Roosevelt's** Re-employment Agreement or a special Code of Fair Competition were permitted to display a poster showing the Blue Eagle together with the announcement, "NRA Member. We Do Our Part." Consumers were exhorted to buy products and services only from companies displaying the Blue Eagle banner.



The "Iron Bridge" on the Spirit River

The Night the Cat and Snow Plow Fell Through the Bridge

By Michael Meier

Ed Scheller brought us some pictures that his mother had saved from the January, 1950 accident



when the Town Cat and Snow Plow fell through the bridge across the Spirit River on what is now called Meier Road.

Ed wrote, “The town usually put poles under the bridge in winter to help support the weight of the Snow Plow & Cat, but this year the Road Boss didn’t think it was necessary to do that.”

“The Cat was a 1937, bought new, RD7 with a Wausau Snow Plow System with a wing on each side. It had a wooden cab for winter. It required two men to



operate it—one to operate the Cat and the other to operate the wings. Wooden blocks were bolted to the tracks to go on blacktop roads.”



Several men in the community had experience running the Cat and manning the Snow Plow. The Cat moved slowly and didn't throw the snow aside, but with the wings extended it could push the snow up and over the shoulder of the narrow dirt roads. Ed Andreae was at the helm that January night. I do remember that we got the news in the morning that we could not go to school by our normal route. We lived down at the end of Meier road about a mile and a quarter from the old "Iron Bridge" as we called it. So, we had to go the long way around "the block," taking what is now called Wildwood to what is now called German Settlement Road and on up to Liberty School. How did they get the Cat out of its predicament? They asked Max Scheller, a man with a cool head and steady hands, to walk it out of the river and up to high ground. He did it and the Cat was none the worse for wear. But, it took several months before the bridge was replaced. Folks who lived here in 1950: do you remember this event?



The Spirit River (perhaps 1930's)

“Alders had not grown in because log drives kept the stream open until 1914. Large holes would be gouged out which were deep enough to swim and dive. Suckers could be caught in holes when they were running in April”

The photo above is inscribed by the same hand as the photo of the (intact) “Iron Bridge.” (page 16) Not sure where these two photos came from. We work diligently to record the source and

donor of documents and items, but we don't always succeed.



Here, to the left, is an item we received recently from Philip Scheller. It is an early 20th century “Roller Mill” for use on the farm. It would have crushed/ground grain for cattle feed.

When folks give us something we write up a “Deed of Gift” as an acknowledgement. Everything we have is being accessioned by Karen Baumgartner and Luann Lind.

One thing we would like to have: **A World War II army helmet**. In our military display, we have a World War I helmet, but we would also like to have an **World War II helmet**.



1959

Jennie Lind	Jean
Louie Hughes	WANDA
Daniel Lind	FICKEL
Joan Vanderhoob	Ronnie Bergeson
Elizabeth	Myrna Hoffmann
Penny Blomberg	Rose Marie
Frank Waghmeier Jr.	
Linda Hoffmann	
Jason Fickle	
Dianne Rhody	
David Rhody	
Judy Aichele	

Jennie Lind	Ronnie Bergeson?
Louie Hughes	Jean
Joan Vanderhoob	WANDA
Elizabeth Bergeson	FICKEL
Frank Waghmeier Jr.	
Linda Hoffmann	
Jason Fickle	
Dianne Rhody	
Penny Blomberg	
David Rhody	
Judy Fickle	
Myrna Hoffmann	
Joyce Vanderhoob	
Glenn Hoffmann	
Daniel Lind	
Frances Rhody	
Veronica Rhody	
Michael	
Dianne Lind	
EDITH	
Luann Hoffmann	
Kathleen Ann	
Rose Marie	

SUS 9th

Bonna

Joyce Vanderhoob

Glenn Hoffmann

Frances Rhody

Veronica Rhody

Kathy Larsen

Michael

Yvonne Jerry

RANDY

Bonna Rhody

Luann

EDITH

DiAnne Lind

Thanks to Jennifer Sarkkinen for sending these Liberty School Christmas Greetings from 1959



Stories from Stone Lake
By
Herb Magnuson

“This plate is over 100 years old and I’ve had it for 75.”

Years and years ago one of my Pa’s old hired men gave me a Wisconsin car license plate. He said that it was on the car that the famous lumberman, William Bradley drove. Bradley was the founder of Tomahawk.

I found a publication on license plates in the Brown County Library in Green Bay. It states that there were 40,766 licenses issued in 1913. It was a flat, metal plate with zinc numbers riveted on it and the cost was \$5.00. That was the first year that a certificate of registration was included.

The 1916, ‘17 and ‘18 plates were on my father’s Model T. In 1916 there were 124,603 licenses issued. By 1918 the number jumped to over 200,000. In 1917 the fee jumped to \$10.00 and in 1916 was the first year that the embossed number was used. In 1916 the Waupun Prison purchased the equipment to begin the manufacturing of the plates. Before that the state purchased them from private manufacturers.

The story that was told was that William Bradley drove the first car in this area. He came down the Old Road which is now Forest Drive past the Danielson farm, past our place to go out to the Peterson farm. He went to see a young fellow, Ole Peterson there who later would become an important fellow in the lumber business. The Old Road or now, Forest Drive was the main way here and it went down to the Spirit River crossing. When Highway C and 102 were built after World War 1 that all changed.

Our family got the first Model T in 1916 for \$700. It was a good year for the ginseng crop. In those years ginseng grew as big as carrots. In the fall buyers would come along and pay cash for the crop. Pa, Grandpa and Grandma drove the buckboard wagon to Ogema, paid \$700 and came home with a car. Pa always saved the license plates which are the ones I’m proudest of.



“The reason these plates survived is that Pa nailed each one with a big roofing nail to a log wall in the old barn.”

Gasoline for the first cars here was sold in Rib Lake by the Livery Stable fellow. He drove a wagon out to our place and sold us a 55 gallon barrel with a faucet on it. He would come back once a year to fill it up. All the first car was used for was to go to church on Sunday, go into town every two weeks and for an occasional birthday party.

Pa always saved the license plates every year and I keep it up. Collecting plates became more complicated in 1942. The corners were rounded and that extra material was turned in for the war effort. Boy Scouts were encouraged to collect plates and turn them in for the war effort. Filling Stations had barrels to collect old plates for the war effort. Soon windshield stickers were issued to save metal and a little metal tag was issued to place on the old plate each year.

1947 was the first year registrations went over one million. By 1960 scotchlite sticker replaced the metal tag. By 1967 registrations went to over 2 million and the renewal sticker was delegated to the bottom right hand corner. Here is where the fun went out of collecting. These plates were used for 7 years.

One sharp eyed lawman pulled me over and said the sticker was supposed to be in the bottom corner. I told him I was a collector of license plates and was trying to keep the evidence of each year. He let me go but insisted I should mend my ways and put the sticker always on the bottom right corner.

By 1979 the first personalized plates were issued. In 1986 we all got a chance to vote for a white graphic plate which is used today. By 1991 the registration went from \$25 to \$40 and passed the 4 million mark.

There was in the Town of Spirit one other fellow with a nice collection of plates, Ray Nelson. Ray was missing a 1936 plate. When he was battling cancer I gave him the 1936 plate. The place to look for a replacement for old stuff like that is the Old Car Show in Iola, Wisconsin. There are hundreds of vendors there. This year an old car enthusiastic, Joe Berger found me one. It is in mint condition and cost just \$5.00.

Today there are over 5 million cars in Wisconsin and the cost of the license plates is \$75.00.

The “Ladies Aid” from Zion Lutheran, “The Church Across the Road” What Year? Maybe 1924?

(left to right) Tillie Andreae, Selma Scheller, Clara Hoffman, Florence Andreae?, Mrs. Schliep, Mrs. Kutchedorf, Mrs. Zielke, Millie Andreae, Emma Semrow, Leah Marheine, Emma Meier, Mrs. Oberli, Alice Andreae (holding baby), Kurt & Alfred Kutchedorf





This photo was taken at Dr. MacKinnon Day in Prentice in November of 1945. These are some of the 3000 babies he delivered in his more than 30-year career.

You see him wearing a hat and standing a little bit left of center

This photo was supplied by Beryl [Lofquist] Nyberg who was nine years old when it was taken. She is the little blonde girl standing in front of a woman dressed in white about half way between Doc and the left border of the photo.

Here are some more Dr. MacKinnon babies to add to the list of babies names in previous issues of this newsletter: Sidney Bryant & Eldora Joan Bryant (Dallaire), Therese Marie Rhody, Mary Ellen Rhody, Annette Rhody, Catherine Rhody, Carla Rhody, Dianne Rhody.

2015 Dates to Note!

German Settlement History, Inc. Annual Meeting, Sunday, January 18, 2015, 12:30 potluck lunch followed by the meeting. All are welcome to attend and listen as the Board of Directors makes plans for the year ahead. Your input will be valuable for the Board. Bring your ideas and come!

Annual Barn Dance, Sunday, May 24, 7:00 p.m.

Friends of German Settlement History Picnic,
Saturday, July 25, 2015
All are Welcome!

A Note to Our Readers:

In every issue we include our annual membership form. It may be that you have 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.

Our next issue should appear in May, 2015.

If you would like to receive LSN electronically just let us know at gshinc@centurylink.net

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.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Email _____

Phone _____ Date _____

Amount _____ Membership Year _____

Categories: Please check one

- Swamper (non-member)—\$1.00 to \$24.00 per year _____

The following categories qualify you as a Member:

- Sawyer—\$25.00 to \$49.00 per year _____
- Teamster—\$50.00 to 99.00 per year _____
- Woods Boss—\$100.00 to \$499.00 per year _____
- Homesteader—\$500.00 to \$999.00 per year _____
- Settlement Builder—\$1000 or more per year _____

=====
Non membership gift of \$ _____

Please make checks payable to GSHI and mail to:

German Settlement History, Inc.
N894 S. German Settlement Road
Ogema, WI 54459

Telephone: 715-564-3299
Email: gshinc@centurylink.net
Web: germansettlementhistory.org

Thank You for your generous gift!

Please make check or money order payable to: German Settlement History, Inc.

Mail your order to:
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Ogema, WI 54459

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name of Book	Price Each	Qty.	Total
German Settlement History Pamphlet	\$2.00		
A Winter's Promise	\$5.00		
Never Miss a Sunset	\$5.00		
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		
		Merchandise Total >	
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.