

Liberty School News

Volume 17, Number 1

May, 2015

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.**

Mattress Making at the Spirit Town Hall in 1941

By Joyce Swenson Bant

A little known history at the end of the Great Depression was the government’s program to turn government-supplied surplus cotton into mattresses for low income families. It was a way to use up surplus cotton, as profitable cotton prices had crashed along with the stock market at the beginning of the Depression. I inherited my Grandmother’s (Sophia nee Goetzke Lind) diaries and when I was reading through I found that she was an integral person in getting mattresses to families in the Knox Mills and Spirit area. From research on the internet I found that each family would be given 50 pounds of cotton, 10 yards of 32-inch ticking and needles. The average cost per family was 26¢ for needles, twine, and thread. A suitable site would be found to store the supplies and where families could gather to construct their mattresses. The program lasted two years and some 1.1 million mattresses were made nationwide. The Spirit project, led by Sophia Lind and Jessie Meyer, added 66 to that amount in 1941.

Sophia made two mattresses, one for herself and one for her daughter, Grace. When sharing this story with Lois Johnson I found that she still has the mattress her mother made. That means there are 63 more mattresses that Spirit and Knox Mills ladies made that are still unaccounted for and it would be interesting to hear who has them, if there are any more left.

From my Grandmother’s diary, I found how the mattress project evolved in her community. Ladies in the Spirit area found out about it at a “Homemakers meeting at Ahl’s on **January 7, 1941**, county agent gave a talk on homemade mattresses”. It piqued Sophia’s interest enough to write about it in her diary. The next Homemakers was **February 4th** at the E. Swenson (Mathilda) home and “Mrs. J. Riedel gave a talk on mattress making.” On **May 20th** she wrote “Arthur, I and Mrs. Peterson (Florence)

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went to Phillips to attend a mattress meeting. Nothing definitely decided.” A few weeks later, **June 3**, she “went to Prentice with Art Johnson and Jessie Meyer to attend a mattress making demonstration. Miss W. Hale of the N.W. demonstrating. About 50 people attending.” On **July 31** she wrote “I went to see Jessie Meyer about the mattress program.” The mattress project was beginning to take shape, and I’m sure Grandma Lind was thinking about this more than she was writing about it.

On **August 4th** the project was started, “I went with Jessie Meyer to the Spirit Town Hall and started to get the tables ready for mattress making.” On **August 11th** the entry read: “started making mattresses in Spirit Town Hall. Jessie Meyer and I are the chairmen of the



project”. There are entries on days 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 26, 27, 18 and **29 in August** and 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12 and on the 13th they finished in September. On the 14th she and her husband, Arthur, went to the town hall to clean up and on the 16th they went to Phillips to pay their bills at the county agent’s office. She also wrote of putting in hard days and of being very tired by evening. She had helped everyone make their own mattress. Working for 22 days, they averaged 3 mattresses a day to make 66 mattresses. Only a community effort could have accomplished this and I can only imagine the camaraderie that also went with all the work involved.

Here is how they were made:

(Photo & Description from: “[Making Cotton Mattresses at Home.](#)”)

URL: <http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00084614/0001>, Site: University of Florida Digital Collections)

SUMMARY OF STEPS IN MAKING A COTTON MATTRESS

1. Assemble materials and equipment.
2. Square ends of mattress ticking (never tear).
3. Cut one piece 24 inches long from the 10 yards and then cut it crosswise into 6-inch strips for side boxing (4 strips).
4. Cut remainder of ticking (9-1/3 yards) into 4 equal lengths.
5. Cut one 6-inch strip from the sides of each of two of the lengths for end boxing.
6. Pin the selvages of one 32-inch and one 26-inch piece, and stitch, allowing ½-inch seams. Do same with the other two lengths.
7. Pin together and place on table and mark for tufts.
8. Round corner (while bottom and top are pinned together).
9. Make boxing by sewing one crosswise strip to each end of a lengthwise strip.

10. Find center of each lengthwise strip and mark. Find center of ends of bottom of tick and mark.
11. Match marks of bottom of tick and boxing and pin. Join boxing at center sides, cutting away extra material.
12. Make and insert mattress handles (made out of material left from boxing).
13. Stitch boxing to bottom of tick.
14. Beginning at center side pin boxing to raw edge of top of tick. Continue around the corners for 15 to 20 inches. Stitch, using ½-inch seams on machine; this leaves one side and two ends open.
15. Place 50 pounds of fluffed cotton in layers on the bottom section of tick.
16. Pin top to boxing, being careful to match marks.
17. Slip-stitch seams, using a heavy thread.
18. Beat.
19. Tack.

Even though the instructions were taken off the internet, they seem as though they're the instructions that were given with the mattress making project because I have both of the mattresses my grandmother made and they have the tufts, the rolled edges, the rounded corners, the handles and the slip-stitched seams that are done with a heavy thread.

They've been in use almost continuously since they were made. We have them encased in covers but when we take the covers off to wash them we see that the ticking and stitching are perfect and the mattresses are flat and firm. Grandma did an excellent job of something that was made from high quality surplus and was well done and made to last.

The Rock With The Cross Carved In It

Dear GSHI

December 18, 2014

“The article about the granite rock with a cross carved into its top is intriguing. While the puzzle may never be solved, it does capture one's imagination. I look forward to reading about any follow up research.

“My father, William Damm, was born in 1911 and grew up on a farm just 1 mile southwest of Stetsonville. His grandparents, immigrants from Germany, bought land in 1887, cleared and broke ground and began farming in Taylor County.

“Dad, one of 13 children, learned to work hard, respect and love others and always kept God in his heart. He was always proud of his home area and its people.

“Keep up the good work you are doing of preserving, interpreting, and presenting history to new generations.

“We hope to see you next summer when we are back on Pier Lake.

Merry Christmas,

Arlen M. Bird

Gil Larson Wrote: "My Mother, Delores G. Larson (1927 - 2014), went to Liberty School as a kid."

"I love u and miss u mom....u are at peace now."

- Gil Larson



Delores G. Larson, 87, of Aborview passed away on [December 18, 2014](#) at Strawberry Lane. She was born on [April 15, 1927](#) in Ogema, WI to Ira and Isabell (Walgreen) Gilbertson. She married Charles J Larson Sr. on [November 4, 1953](#) at SS Peter and Paul Catholic Church. She was a resident of Wisconsin Rapids the majority of her life. She was a housewife and mother a member of the Catholic ladies Society and volunteered in the church kitchen for funerals. She was also a member of the Christian Women's Club.

She is survived by her seven children; Shirley (Richard) Otto, Dorothy (James Frank) Larson, Lois Schiesser, June Britz, Charles Larson Jr., Audrey (Mark) Keuntjes and Gilbert (David Ortiz) Larson. Seventeen grandchildren, twenty two great grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren. Two sisters; Mable Diem and Corinne Davis. One sister-in-law; Barbara Williams.

She is preceded in death by her parents, her husband Charles J Larson Sr., grandson; Christopher J. Pfaff, son-in-law; Kenneth (Wolf) Alexander and her furry pets.

Services will be on Sunday, [December 21, 2014](#) from 4:00-8:00 p.m. at Higgins Funeral Home with a 7:00 p.m. prayer service. A Mass of Christian Burial will be on Monday, [December 22, 2014](#) at SS Peter & Paul Catholic Church at 11:00 a.m. with visitation one hour prior, Father James Altman officiating.

Arthur Andreae

1937-2015



Arthur J. Andreae; 77, town of Spirit, died on Friday, Feb. 6 at his home. Funeral services will be held on Friday, Feb. 13 at 11:30 a.m. at Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church in the town of Spirit, with Pastor James Heffner officiating, and military honors performed by the Spirit American Legion Post No. 452. Inurnment of his cremated remains will take place at Hillcrest Cemetery in the

town of Spirit at a later date.

Visitation will be held at the church on Friday from 10 a.m. until the time of service.

Hemer Funeral Homes of Medford and Rib Lake assisted the family with arrangements.

Arthur Andreae was born on June 20, 1937 in the town of Spirit to the late Clarence E. and Clara M.

(Schliepp) Andreae. He attended Liberty School in the town of Spirit. He joined the United States Army Reserves Infantry on Feb. 16, 1956 and served as a sharpshooter with the light machine gun, pistol and mortar expertise in Germany until Feb. 4, 1958.

On April 18, 1959 in Rib Lake, he married Shirley A. Heiser, who survives. He worked for Michel's Pipeline for 25 years until his retirement.

He was a member of Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church and International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. He enjoyed hunting, trapping, fishing, watching NASCAR and western movies.

In addition to his wife, survivors include three children, Debra (Leonard) Sommer of Ogema, Diana (James) Marshall of Rib Lake and Donna Crapeau of Park Falls; 10 grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by two brothers and three sisters.

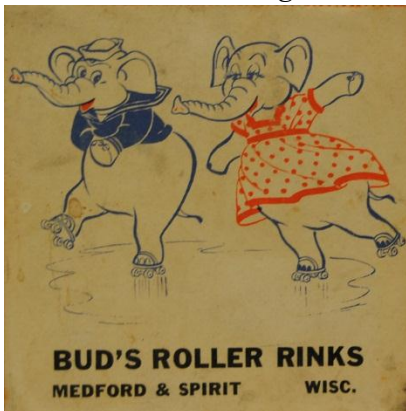
In lieu of flowers, memorials can be made to his family to be designated at a later date.

Roller Skating in Spirit

by
Gene Meier

Ice skating in Spirit goes back to when the first Scandinavians arrived in the late 1800's but roller skating at a rink didn't begin until about 1949. The Flood brothers from Ogema had offered skating at Kelly's Dance Hall in Ogema. In 1949 "Bud" Charles Anderson and Joe Peterson from Town of Hill bought about 50 pair of clamp-on roller skates and offered skating at the Spirit Town Hall. Friday night 7:30—10:00 p.m. Skate rental was 50 cents. Pop (soda) could be bought for 5 cents/bottle.

In 1950 or 1951 Buddie Anderson went into the army and "Bud" George Swanson joined Joe Peterson so it was still Bud & Joe's Rink. Later on Frank Ulrich became a partner when Joe left for other pursuits. Bud and Frank carried on for about 10 years and expanded the business to include for a time, at the Pine Tree Pavilion in Chelsea and the Park Pavilion in Medford also, for a time at the Ogema Town Hall.



The clamp-on skates were difficult to put on especially if your shoes didn't have hard soles. So, Skate Boys were employed to help get them on properly. Pay was free admission and maybe a bottle of pop or candy bar. Some Skate Boys included Ed Scheller, Duane Lind, Gene & Wes Meier and others. Bud had built boxes for this work. The Skate Boy would sit on the flat part facing the skater with his/her foot on the incline. A good way to get to know the clientele. After the skating had shut down for the night, us Skate Boys would show off by skating around and jumping over as many as 3 skate boxes placed side by side. I don't remember any broken bones.



Music would be played on a record player to skate to. Bud and Frank had whistles to control the crowds if someone got out of hand. Also they would blow the whistle to clear the floor. Different skates would be called for; girls only, boys only, different age groups, couples, and reverse, etc.

Age of skaters ranged from about 6 to high school, but most were young teenagers. Kids came from the surrounding areas: Brantwood, Prentice, Ogema, Spirit Falls, Tripoli, etc. This was how we got to know kids from other schools.

As it was a kind of community service, the town did not charge for hall rent. Some people objected saying it would wear out the floor. At one of the town meetings a discussion was going on when an older man without kids stood up and said if skating here on Friday night keeps one kid from going wrong, it's worth the cost to replace the floor. The floor never needed any fixing although it probably wore off the paint strips for basketball.

Skating was mainly just during the warm months except for parties. When we ran the rink in Medford, Bud would often take us out for a snack afterwards. We would go to Babe Bauer's Cafe for pie and ice cream. To save money we would order one pie and all share it. We called it "community pie". In the late fifty's to early sixty's shoe skates were purchased from a rink in Eagle River. Some of us regulars bought our own skates.

Roller skating can get in your blood. For a few years some of us older folks went skating at area rinks; Crystal Rock in Rhinelander, Rothschild Pavilion in Wausau, Eagle River, Marshfield, mostly Sunday nights. Bud Swanson, Albert Meier, Ed Scheller, Phil Scheller, Myself, Brother Wes and Darrel Lind were among those who went regularly. We met a lot of nice people through skating, even a few girlfriends.

While I was away on my Peace Corp adventure things changed. Up until this time (1963) insurance was never an issue. But now the company that covered the Spirit Town Hall became concerned. So a Recreation Club was formed called Spirit Recreation Club and Bud Swanson turned the business over to them.

Darrel and Luann Lind were in charge and continued to run the rink for many years. The equipment is still available for private parties; 4-H clubs, church groups and families.

Spirit Recreation Club **by** **Darrel and Luann Lind**

The club was formed due to insurance restrictions on activities held in the Town of Spirit. To facilitate this a "Save Harmless Agreement" was written up which stated that the Town of Spirit and the Spirit Recreation Club were not responsible for any damages or legal claims in case of injury or accidents. These agreements were dated and signed by the members and their parent.

Taken from the club constitution:

The Spirit Recreation Club was formed in July 1964 to provide better recreational opportunities for the youths of Spirit and surrounding areas.

Membership was open to anyone upon payment of a membership fee. Anyone over 21 didn't have to pay to be in the club.

Boundary of membership area was - west to highway 13, south to Price/Taylor county line, east to county T, north to highway 8.

Members may invite friends outside the membership area who will be able to participate for membership fee.

Persons under age 10 who are club members may participate in activities free until they become 10 years old.

Seven Club members will be chosen to act as the Board of Directors with a Chairman and Sec./Treas. Elected by the board.

Activities will start by 7:30 and finish by 11:00p.m.

The first board members were:

Wes Meier – Chairman, Karen Hartwig – Secretary, Darrel Lind – Treasurer, Joanne Fickel, Harold Swenson, Dale Lindwall

With Board Advisors being: Bud Swanson, Albert Meier & Ronald Meier

When the club was organized it paid Bud Swanson \$75 for the clamp-on skates that he had been using. In May 1965 the club purchased about 100 pair of shoe skates from Hi Pines Stable/Roller Rink in Eagle River for \$284. In later years other new shoe skates were purchased. Girl's skates were taller and white, boy's skates were shorter and black.



Shoe Skates still used in the Town Hall today for parties



Skating in Ogema Christmas Tree Parade 1975

The club held many different activities besides roller skating at the Spirit Town Hall. These included hayrides, volleyball, basket social, beach parties at Spirit Park, bowling, going to Rhinelander to skate, Easter party, New Year's Eve dance, ice skating, participating in local parades with floats or roller skating in the parade, entertainment programs at the Spirit Town Hall; Hootenanny (July 1966 & Sep. 1967) and Spiritnanny (Apr. 1967, Aug. 1968 & Mar. 1969).

In the late 1960's into the early '70s the club sponsored a men's softball team. Men who umpired the games were; Walter Pfalzgraff, Robert Zielke, Clarence Nyberg and Dennis Myer. At this time they also built wooden bleachers at the Spirit Ball Diamond.

Short sleeved sweatshirts were sold two different times by the club with '**Spirit Rec. Club**' written on them. The first ones were green with a cartoon ball player on. They were purchased in 1968 and sold for \$1 for softball team players, \$1.50 for club members, and \$2.00 for anyone else. The second ones were short sleeved also, bright red in color with a cartoon roller skater on. They were purchased in 1973 and sold for \$2.50 giving the Rec. club a 20 cent profit per shirt.

In 1971 Darrel married Luann Hoffmann and together they took over the operation of the Rec. Club functions which consisted mostly of roller skating with a couple years of volleyball. The roller skating rules will be in our memories for life:

- 1 - No skates allowed outside on the ground. If you have to go to the bathroom take your skates off first. (At that time there were only outdoor toilets where the yard light is located now.)
- 2 - No eating or drinking while skating.
- 3 - No tag playing allowed.
- 4 - No more than 3 skating together at one time. (this discouraged crack-the-whip!!)

Of course we were no different than the generation before us – when all the kids would go home some of us would play basketball on roller skates or see how many benches you could jump over!

Some of the different skates we would have during the evening were;

All skate; Backwards skate; Reverse direction (skate counter clockwise); Moonlight skate (most of the lights turned off); Flashlight skate (lights off, couples skating, singles formed a line in center of floor – person in charge would shine the flashlight on the couple you wanted to cut in on and you would take over skating with that person and the one cut out would go to the center and wait for a turn); Trio – 2 boys & 1 girl or 2 girls & 1 boy; Couple's skate; Boys only; Girls only; High school only; Adults only; Jr. High only; Grade school and younger.

Pop, candy & potato chips were sold as refreshments during skating. The first pop machine was a self-serve air cooled machine that took 10 cents per 10 oz bottle. Later machines were water cooled. Pop was purchased from Stueber's Beverage, Park Falls and Trusty Beverage, Rib Lake.

Through the years the club donated money to help out the Spirit-Hill-Ogema 4-H Fair, and donated to the Town of Spirit to help with upkeep of the Town Hall. The Recreation Club was dissolved in January 2003.

Spirit Recreation Club Membership List Found in Records

Audrey Eslinger, Wendy Eslinger, Dianne Eslinger, Joanne Fickel, Myrna Hoffmann, Glenn Hoffmann, Karen Hartwig, Jim Hohman, Joe Johnson, Wayne Johnson, Jill Kring, Darrel Lind, Dennis Lind, Danny Lind, Donna Lind, Dale Lindwall, Karen Lindwall, Wesley Meier, Linda Oman, David Rhody, Danny Rhody, Jennifer Rhody, Don Rhody, Frank Waszkiewicz, Mike Waszkiewicz, Ranse Weatherford, Pam Zielke, Harold Swenson, Tim Meier, DuWayne Nelson, David Lind, Dave McCumber, Bud Swanson, Grace Rhody, John Evans, Linda Hoffmann, Diane Lind, Ed Scheller, Ernie Brown, Ron Meier, Anita Nyberg, Luann Hoffmann, Dennis Borman, Frank Borman, Kenny Swanson, Susan Krings, Sally Krings, Karen Strombom, Delores Swenson, Pat Swan, Bev Swan, Shelley Hueckman, Danny Dums, Sharon Swenson, Albert Meier, Dennis Dums, Chris Strombom, LeRoy Sommer, Lynea Waszkiewicz, Yvonne Rieman, Elaine Rieman, Judy Nikila, Veronica Rhody, Donna Rhody, Gene Lind, Art Lind, Cindy Lind, John Anderson, Joan Anderson, Jeannie Anderson, Walter Pfalzgraff, Deanna Weinand, Dorene Ernst, Nancy Hoffmann, Randy Halstrand, Marlene Schilling, Tom Lind, Tim Lind, Larry Hass, Willie Pfalzgraff, Gene Meier, Henry Schilling, Steve Swan.

Logging for GSHI—we got our financial start in large part through the gift of pulpwood and logs from Ron and LaVonne Meier. Here is Ron, February 19, 2005 at our “Logging Day.”



How to Survive a Midwest Winter

by
Paula Grieve

[Cousin Paula Grieve had an assignment in her writing class to write a 2nd person narrative in the present tense. Her instructor said of this narrative: "Wow, this is just so vividly imagined and completely described that it really is amazing to read in the middle of this Florida heat." (Paula lives in Homestead, Florida and hasn't been back to Wisconsin for nearly twenty years).

"All of the sensory details are so clear and convincing that the reader is really transferred to this frosty winter's day in a midwestern teenage girl's life...I've never been skiing, but this really made me feel that I knew what it'd be like!"

No doubt about it, winter in Northern Wisconsin is brutal, as the gelid temps frequently dip into below zero double digits. Minus 40 with the wind-chill factor is not uncommon. You glance at the thermometer and note it is currently minus 27. You contemplate spreading a map across the dining room table and picking a random destination—preferably in Florida—to spend next winter. You hear it never freezes in Key West. You sigh and shake that errant thought from your head. Really, there is nowhere else you want to be. You look out the window and see that it is snowing again. It is nine a.m. on a Sunday morning and you decide to make the most of the day.

Digging through the closet, you attempt to locate the old woolen leggings your Grandma gave you. Perhaps one of the children took them, you decide, as you layer long underwear and sweatpants before seeking your ski gear. Armed with car keys, thermos, and necessary ski equipment, you head for the garage. Even with the defroster on, you must scrape the windshield free of ice. Luckily there is no snow in the driveway. The neighbor always hits your driveway with the snow blower by sunrise. You appreciate your neighbor and often reciprocate the kindness in the summer months by issuing invites to BBQ's.

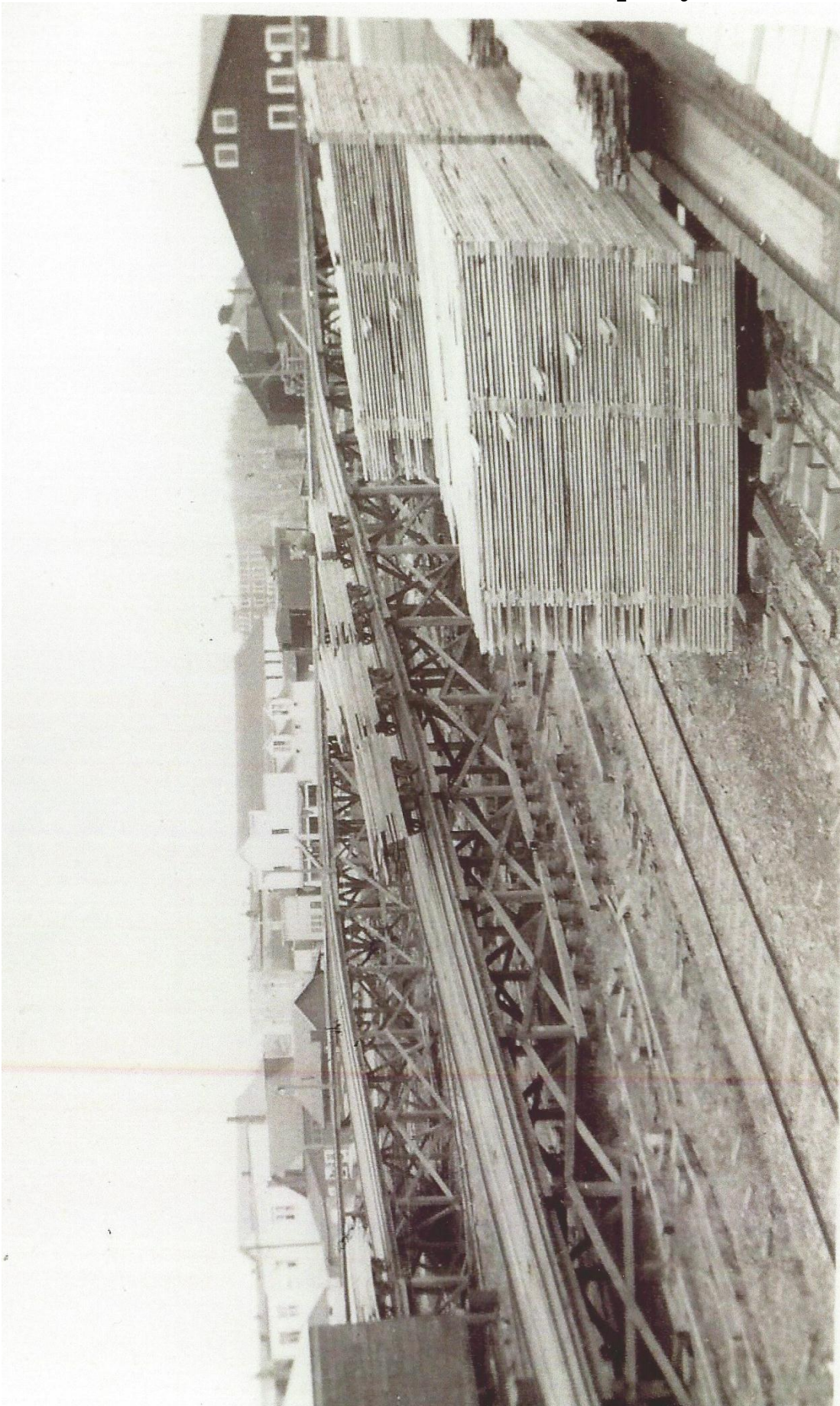
It takes 30 minutes to reach the ski resort. You check your items into a locker and hit the slopes. You decide to start off with a moderately challenging run. Hare's Flight boasts a few moguls and a couple of tight turns that will get your adrenaline flowing. At the bottom you see an acquaintance and take the lift and next run with her. You amicably chat about nothing in particular as the snow-capped firs, pines, and spruce trees pass on either side of you.

This isn't really a mountain. Not like Whiteface or Sugar Hill, both of which you will hit again on your next trip East. For today you are content with your pseudo-mountain in the Midwest.

You glance at your watch and notice its lunch time just as your stomach grumbles its desire for satiety. The single Black Diamond run is White Tail Drop and you stamp your skis prior to the descent. Even with your stocking cap pulled low around your ears, the whistle of the wind penetrates the lavender yarn Grandma lovingly knitted for you all those years ago. You pick up speed and feel sheer exhilaration, as your knees bend to absorb the shock of the twists and turns. You have never been so alive, so free, as you zip down the slope at a breakneck pace. Your abrupt stop sends a shower of snow many feet arcing through the air and you whoop in delight.

Time to eat. Who needs Florida on a day like today!

Rib Lake Lumber Company Tramway



Stories from Stone Lake

by
Herb Magnuson

This horseshoe was on a horse from the Rib Lake Lumber Company. His name was Dan. He was a big strawberry roan and people always said that he weighed a ton. Pa bought him for fox feed in 1946 when the Lumber Company closed the big saw mill.



His job for years and years was to pull the big carts of fresh sawed lumber from the mill to the yard for piling and drying. The Rib Lake saw mill was one of the biggest in Wisconsin. It employed one hundred and fifty men. It had a big smokestack and had its own railroad for hauling logs from Lincoln County. The logs were dumped into the lake and then they went up a big conveyor into a two story sawing mill. It had a tramway over Fayette Avenue. The mill was east of Fayette Avenue and bordered on the lake. The lumber yard was located where the Rib Lake Library is today.

Dan would walk up the tramway, wait for the big cart of fresh sawed lumber to be loaded, pull it across the street on the tramway and then stand aside as the cart rolled down to ground level. Then he would catch up to that cart and pull it to where the piling was being done that day. He would then be hooked up to an empty cart and would pull it back to the saw mill and wait for another full one.

Every work day was from 7:00—5:00 and this went on for many years. He got a dinner break of oats, hay and water. At 5:00 he would go back to the big horse barn which was located where the Rib Lake High School is today. Dan knew the route and didn't need anyone to lead him.

He was the gentlest horse that I had ever known. He was the closest thing to an elephant that was ever on our farm.



ALBERT HARROLD MEIER, age 81, was called to his heavenly rest on Thursday, March 12, 2015, at his home in Spirit, WI. Albert was born December 19, 1933, in a log cabin in the Town of Spirit to Carl and Olga (nee-Harrold) Meier. Albert attended grade school at Liberty School in the Town of Spirit and graduated from Rib Lake High School in 1951. In 1955 he enlisted in the US Army. He served three years, learning Russian and translating intercepted Russians messages while attached to the National Security Agency (NSA) in Fort Meade, MD. After his service, Albert farmed with his father. In 1977 he married Carol Schultz of Athens, WI, continuing to farm until 1995. Albert was a dairy farmer who took pride in his herd of Guernseys. As a young man he trapped furs and he logged throughout his

life. He also enjoyed hunting and fishing. Albert was a lifetime member of Zion Lutheran Church, Spirit where he regularly worshipped his Lord and served in various capacities. Through the years he served on the boards of DHI, Badger Breeders and Morning Glory as well as serving as president of the Spirit 4H Fair Committee for 25 years. He was also a volunteer fire warden for many years. Albert was preceded in death by his parents and his infant sister Rosalie. He is survived by his wife, his two children, Dorothy (Cody) Grivno of Slinger, WI and Albert Meier II of Jackson, MI, two grandchildren, one sister, three brothers and many nieces and nephews. Funeral Services were held at 11:00 A.M. Saturday, March 14, 2015 at Zion Ev. Lutheran Church in the Town of Spirit. Interment was in Hillcrest Cemetery, Spirit, Wisconsin.



GEORGE 'BUD' SWANSON

George "Bud" Swanson , 84, Township of Hill, died on Friday, March 27, 2015, under the care of his family at the home of his sister Gladys Jensen. George was born on April 29, 1930, in Ogema, the son of George William and Angela (Risberg) Swanson. He spent his early life and schooling in the Township of Hill where he attended the Ring School. He then attended Prentice and Rib Lake High Schools, where he graduated from Rib Lake High School, Class of 1948. He was involved in many occupations including a dairy farmer, a logger, partner in Swanson's Sugar Bush, and operator of a roller skating rink in the Township of Spirit and Medford, prior to his retirement. He was actively involved within his community and his church. He was a member of First

Lutheran Church, Ogema, where he served his church and congregation in many capacities, was the Chairman of the Township of Hill for many years was a member of the Ogema Lions Club, the Ogema Development Committee, the Garden of Memories Cemetery Board, Sprit 4-H fair for over 75 years, the Our Town Ogema, Board and the Ogema Credit Board .He served his community and church whenever he was called upon. He is survived by his 2 sisters; Gladys Jensen and Marie (Marvin) Arneson all of Ogema, by 1 brother: Kenneth (Margaret) Swanson, New Baden, Ill., also by many nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.He was preceded in death by his father George William Swanson, his Mother Angela Swanson, his Step Mother Nina Swanson, by one sister, Joyce Sjostrom, and by 1 great nephew Michael "Phin" Jensen. The funeral was held at 11:00 A.M. on Tuesday, March 31, 2015, at the First Lutheran Church, Ogema, with Pastor Robert Giese officiating. Interment was in the Garden of Memories Cemetery, Township of Hill.

RAYMOND BRIETZKE

“Another World War II Veteran Goes Home!”

Raymond Robert Brietzke, age 89, of Omaha, Nebraska passed away on February 8, 2015. His funeral was February 13 at Mount Calvary Lutheran Church, Omaha. Interment at Hillcrest Cemetery, Spirit, Wisconsin. Raymond was born on June 19, 1925 in Spirit, Wisconsin to the late Gust and Anna (Heller) Brietzke. He was the middle man in the family of thirteen. He had six siblings older and six younger. He attended Liberty School and Rib Lake High School. Ray served with the U.S. Army during WWII and later joined the U.S. Air Force. He retired after 22 years of service to his country. He was a life time Lutheran, serving with many churches in Omaha and enjoyed his work with Meals on Wheels. He was preceded in death by his wife Lois Jane Willett and by seven brothers: Ervin, William, Arthur, Fred, Victor, Chester and Kenneth and three sisters: Erna Kabulin, Caroline Langer and Joyce Premeau. He is survived by his three children: Jerry (Adrienne) of Little Rock, Arkansas; Robert (Julie) of Council Bluffs, Iowa and daughter Sheryl of Omaha. He is also survived by two sisters: Elaine (Arlen) Andreae of Richland Center, Wisconsin and Gloria Brietzke of Rice Lake, Wisconsin and by eight grandchildren, four great grandchildren and many many nieces and nephews and great nieces and nephews too numerous to mention by name.

A special memorial gift to German Settlement History, Inc. has been given in Raymond's memory by Dave and Sharon (Brietzke) Gauthier and Danny and Diane (Brietzke) Brandner.

We are pleased to print the eulogy delivered by Sheryl Brietzke's son, Ray's grandson, in part because it tells so much about Ray's roots and the men and women of his generation:

My name is Damon Moss, and I am Ray's grandson. I'll do my best to keep this short, as I know that my Grandpa would not like us talking too long about him.

He was not that kind of guy. It's not that he wasn't a proud man, he was proud of his heritage, he was proud of his family, he was proud of his country, proud of his military service—proud to be a Packers fan—but I wouldn't describe him as prideful. I think he saw himself as an average Joe, just a guy who wanted what everyone wanted. A family, a career, a house and a decent retirement. Just the normal run of the mill stuff. Average stuff.

But he wasn't average, he was *exceptional*.

Raymond Robert Brietzke was born on a farm in the middle of the woods near Ogema, Wisconsin, almost 90 years ago. One of 13 kids, somewhere in the middle there, in a time when you had 13 kids because they were your farm hands, and not all of them would survive. It's just the way things were back then. He thrived on the farm, and would often just randomly tell you a story about walking to school through the woods, you know, the uphill both ways type of story.

He was proud to come from Wisconsin, and that love for his home state never wavered. He was proud to be a Brietzke, and would regale us with stories of this family's antics. When his granddaughter Leann had her daughter, he took such pride in her choice of the name Amelia, as that was the name of his grandmother. Later in life, my mother would send him clippings from the local Rib Lake paper and he would anxiously await news of his old friends and family from “back home.” All of this to say that when he had the choice to stay he made the more difficult, but the more exceptional decision. He may have started off in a one room school house, but he soon enough found himself in the jungles of Luzon.

He joined the Army during WWII. He was Artillery, among the first out there to push back the enemy lines. He fought under Gen. MacArthur, and was a part of the invading force that liberated the Philippines.

Statistically, artillery are the men who don't come back from the war, in fact, he told me once, while we were watching a Royals game on TV, that there was a point that he really thought he wasn't coming back from the war. Things weren't going so well and they had retreated to a small island to regroup. His unit was two days away from heading back into what would've been a very bloody long battle and word went around that many of them might not be coming back. They were two days away from invasion, when word came that they had dropped a new kind of bomb that stopped the war, and he and his friends were saved.

(**)That close, and certainly an exceptional brush with history. He would later reenlist with the Air Force, and put in over 20 years as a **physical conditioning specialist**, retiring as a non-commissioned officer. His Air Force career took him and his family to Offutt Air Base in Omaha, as well as Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico and back. Grandpa was a proud service member, and throughout his life, he would fondly reflect on the time he spent in the Air Force. I think the Air Force gave him a taste of the wider world that perhaps appealed to him. And though he chose to stay in Omaha, he encouraged his kids and grandkids to explore the world. He regularly gifted his grandchildren subscriptions to National Geographic, and would delight in our stories of traveling abroad.

In May of 1947, he married a **strong headed and beautiful Willett girl from Rib Lake, Lois Jane**, who would give him two sons and a daughter, Jerry, Bob & Sheryl, all of whom he loved dearly.

Ray and Lois had their struggles, like all young married couples do, it wasn't easy to pick up and move across country, from everything and everyone they knew and start a new life, but they made it work. They didn't come from a time when you gave up, and I can't think of a time when I ever heard him advise any of us kids that we should give up on anything. Their marriage meant a great deal to him. I remember the pride in his eyes as they danced in front of all of us at their 50th Wedding Anniversary party.

Grandpa was never really one to initiate a party, but he was awfully fun at a *party*. He'd chat you up with stories—**so many stories**—stories about life on 14th Street. Ray and Lois made life-long friends during that time—the Valenta's, the Prerosts, the Chardell's—and the only thing more common than Grandma's famous pot roast at family gatherings, was laughter to the point of tears, telling stories about life on 14th Street.

After retiring from the Air Force, Grandpa worked the proverbial 9-5, as a Hospitality and Supply Manager for Bergen Mercy. Supper was at 5:30, the cross word puzzle was done in ink, and done by the time the 10 o'clock news came on. Once a year, he would take his vacations home to Wisconsin to see family.

None of this is extravagant, I know, but you have to understand that he came into his own during a time when extravagance was in fashion, and hard work was an eroding ideal. He happily kept his family, his faith, his job and his work-a-day life because I believe that he knew, though he'd never say it out loud, that he had it all.

He survived the Great Depression on a farm. He had fought a war in a jungle and lived. He had made a life for his wife and his children, sent his own son off to war, which had to have been difficult for a man who had seen war himself, not to mention the courage it took to keep Grandma calm while Jerry was away—he raised a daughter, my mother, and began to enjoy a new generation of Brietzkes as us grandkids were born—and I know he beamed with pride for their accomplishments, the recitals, the baseball games, the graduations, and then the start of a whole new generation in these, his last years. He didn't need extravagance, because he had his family. They were his treasures.

We all experience a person differently, and my memories of him were not that of a farmer, a young soldier or a new father. To me he was my Grandpa, and I don't take for granted how lucky I was to have someone as patient, and kind in my life. Grandpa *loved* his Grandchildren—and while preparing this eulogy, I reached out to all of us cousins for ideas. I asked them to tell me what their favorite memories of him were. None of us were at a loss.

You could never be bored around Grandpa. He'd put you to work in the yard or pepper you with questions from his crossword puzzle. (Erin, *Who is this Art Deco?*) Tyler told me how Grandpa would set up a bucket of water next to the porch and they would "Go Fishing" with two sticks and string tied to the end. He would dole out nicknames like Beezus and Herbie. Once, he got me up at 3 a.m. and took me to the top of a hill in Council Bluffs to look for Halley's Comet. I'll never forget that, because we didn't find that comet, and after standing out in the cold for the better part of an hour, we ended up going for pancakes instead. When I asked him if he thought we'd ever see Halley's comet, he looked at me over his newspaper and said "When that comet comes back, I'll be long gone, but you'll be a grandpa by then. You can take your grandkid out to find that comet—it can be our family tradition. Now let's get home before Grandma wakes up and wonders where the hell we are."

(Turn to Pastor: "I apologize for the language. If it makes you feel better, I edited a whole page out of this eulogy based solely on language.")

Grandpa taught me a lot, but he never knocked me over the head with his lessons—even when I deserved it. He taught me never to lie. He taught me that no matter what, family matters, and you should be there for them. Sometimes in a grand gesture, but more often than not by quietly slipping a \$5 bill into your pocket when you need it most. He taught me that generosity should be from the heart, not for any sort of recognition.

Even in his retirement, he volunteered for Meals On Wheels, bringing meals into the most difficult neighborhoods for those who were in need. He taught me that hard work wins every time, even it feels like the short cut would be easier.

He raised three very strong-willed children, and taught them to stick to their convictions—and never gave up on any of them, even when it would've been easy. All of us Brietzke kids and grandkids always joke that we get our stubborn, fiery nature from Grandma, but Grandpa gave us the quiet courage to stick to our guns.

He gave us tenacity and the steady hand. He gave us a love of country, and a passion for reading, the exuberance of a Packers winning touchdown and maybe a colorful comment along the way—especially if the Huskers were losing.

Grandpa B taught me that being a man meant being bigger on the inside than the outside—though he didn't have much choice there—he was only this tall. And he taught me that even when it hurt, there was room for tolerance, acceptance, and forgiveness. I believe that we all carry these lessons within us, and we always will. Because of him.

The last thing that Grandpa taught me was about choice. About choosing how you want to live your life. When Grandma got sick, he chose to give her the last years of her life how she wanted them. At home, in a safe familiar place, with her husband and family around her. I know this wasn't an easy choice. I know that it would've been easier on him and many others to have done things differently. But when you work so hard for everything you have, you earn the right to choose how you live your life, and he did that. As a gesture of love and devotion for his wife, he was there for her, in all he ways he knew how, until the end. He gave up a lot in those years, but I never heard him regretting it. There again he gave us a lesson in how to live our lives, but not in the grand gesture—rather by slipping it into our pockets to be used when we really needed it.

The hardest part of memorializing Grandpa, is coming to the end of this eulogy. Because I could go on for hours about the laughs, the jokes, the special moments, and all manner of anecdotes that would inform us all on what a great man he was. But I know he'd be uncomfortable and irritated with me going on and on, and by this time, he'd be wondering what kind of cake we're going to have afterwards.

If I leave you with one thing to remember about Ray Brietzke, I want you to remember this. He was exceptional. He was loved dearly. And we'll carry him and the lessons he left us, in our hearts forever. Thank you, Grandpa. For Everything. I love you.



Brant's Bear by James Rhody has been out of print for several years.

We have arranged to have it reprinted and should soon have copies available for purchase.

The price will be \$10.00 per copy.

If you would like a copy, write in your request on the order form included in this newsletter. New order forms will list it as an option, but right now we will use the old order form with your write in request.

By the way, it is a good story about a man and a bear. A good read.

A Friendship Quilt, by Joyce Swenson Bant

On the following page you will see a "Friendship Quilt" made in 1933 - 35. Owner, Grace Lind Swenson, made her blocks when she was about 16 along with her mother and her mother's friends. Two of Grace's friends, Inez Hendrickson and Ariel Lofquist, also made blocks. Quilts were made by members of a community birthday club and my grandmother's sister, Agnes Beaumont and her daughter-in-law, Ethel. The blocks were made of flour sacks or salt sacks. Each member made enough squares to give to the ones making quilts. Grace's mother, Sophia Goetzke Lind, sewed her own and Grace's quilt blocks together and made both quilts. This quilt belonged to Grace because Sophia's block reads simply "Mother".

Before they could even start their quilt each lady had to embroider 30 squares to share with each other. Not everyone finished their quilts. According to Lois Johnson (Ella's daughter) and Helen Hendrickson Felser (Rhoda's daughter) in January 2013, their quilts still remain unfinished. Lois has someone who will finish her Mom, Ella's quilt, but the blocks are different sizes so they will have to either add more to some of the blocks, or cut some of them down so they're all the same size. Sophia's quilt is done with additions of 2-1/2" squares which alternate between plain and patterned fabric and set at a diagonal around each block and then a 1-1/2" strip of fabric between each those finished blocks. My Grandma's quilts were always made out of left over fabric from dresses and shirts. She sewed all the clothes for herself and my Mom's family. Before I went to sleep at night I would look at my quilt and think fondly of the article of clothing a piece in the quilt matched up with and who wore it. My Mom said she looked at the quilt before she went to sleep and thought fondly of everyone she was related to either through my Dad or herself as all of our families (Swenson/Johnson – my Dad's family, and Lind/Goetzke – my Mom's family) were first settlers in Knox Mills and Spirit.

Sophia Goetzke Lind moved to the Town of Prentice in 1891, at the age of 4, with her parents, Wilhelm and Amanda Topp Goetzke, who were German immigrants. The farm they built was at the edge of the Town of Knox. When she married Arthur Lind in 1912 she moved to the farm he was born and raised on in Knox Mills, a farming community developed around the mill town of Knox Mills. Arthur's parents immigrated from Sweden and homesteaded that land in 1882 and Arthur was born there and had the distinction of being the first white child born in the Town of Knox, Price County, Wisconsin.

In 1924 Elsie Pack moved to Knox Mills and became friends with Sophia and they began celebrating their birthdays and included Sophia's long time friend and next door neighbor, Rhoda Hendrickson. They added more neighborhood friends to their circle and birthday celebrations soon became a community event. The ladies would gather at the home of the person whose birthday they were celebrating and each would bring a little gift. A pot luck lunch was served and there was an afternoon of socializing. The men brought the ladies to the home (there was only one car in each family) and when they came to pick them up they were invited in for the pot luck bounty which served as the evening meal so the ladies didn't have to go home and cook. There were never any invitations extended. When the birthday rolled around the house was cleaned and the coffee pot was put on for the guests.

The quilt has been passed on to Grace's daughter, Joyce Swenson Bant, who treasures it in spite of its used condition (and that the wool batting made from wool from Sophia's sheep has been removed) because almost everyone who made a block has now passed away and the quilt recalls fond memories of them and their families. – Joyce Swenson Bant

Alma Engstrom Birthday Apr 9	Astie Astie nee Erickson (Johnson) Burkow	"Mother" Sophia Helena nee Geetyke Lind 7 Apr 1891 - 2 Nov 1976	Jenna Olson	3 Florence Peterson 19 Sept 1893 - 9 Dec 1970
Spouse: Joseph	Spouse: Tom	Spouse: Arthur		Spouse: Oscar
Hilda A. Pearson	Aloora Lind Aloora "Nera" nee Johnson Lind 24 Jan 1907 - 10 Feb 1992	Ruth Anderson 24 Jun 1911 - 25 Feb 1992	Minnie Olson	Mathilda Nystrom Mathilda nee Nelson Nystrom 1878 - 1944 Birthday Mar 14
	Spouse: Carl	married Joel Svenson 1941		Spouse: John "John"
Ella Johnson Ellen "Ella" nee Faxon Johnson 02 Mar 1896 - 16 Mar 1978	Ariel Soffquist married Stanley Peterson	Inez Hendrickson 22 Feb 1917 - 19 Aug 2011	Mabel Johnson Mabel Olivia nee Faxon Johnson 31 Aug 1898 - 24 Sept 1992	Mrs. J. Hendrickson "Rhoda" Rhoda nee O'Man Hendrickson 14 Oct 1889 - 7 Apr 1974
Spouse: Paul		married Gordon Reeve	Spouse Gust	Spouse: John
Ethel Beaumont Ethel Elna nee Thompson Beaumont 20 Feb 1915 - 10 Jul 1996	Grace Lind 18 Feb 1919 - 19 Nov 1994	Agnes Beaumont Agnes nee Geetyke Beaumont 21 Jun 1889 - 1965	Jennie Ahl Jennie nee Danielson Ahl 25 Mar 1889 - 9 Sept 1976	Elna Pack 9 Oct 1895 - 6 Feb 1989
Spouse: William embroidery of name wore off - one of Alma's daughters) Engstrom Victoria Florence Maryorie Francis	married Arnold Wilmer Svenson 4 Mar 1939	Spouse: Francis	Spouse: "Dennis"	Spouse: John
	Jellie Severson 11 Sept 1909 - 7 Dec 1991	Hertha Severson 17 Feb - 30 Nov 1982	Jola Larson Jola Elnora nee Svenson Larson 14 May 1909 - 16 May 1986	Mathilda nee Berbow Svenson 5 Jul 1889 - 15 Oct 1975
	Spouse: Ralph	Spouse: Gilbert	Spouse: Henry	Spouse: Elmer
Reby Nelson 24 Mar 1916 28 May 1988	Mellie Kreig 20 Sept 1907 15 Jun 1972	Ida Christenson Birthday Oct 9	Wenona Svenson 15 Jul 1930 - 6 Oct 1964	Elna Pierson Birthday Apr 16
married Fred Zelke	Spouse: Richard		married Eino Sammi	Spouse: Sven

Joyce Swenson Bant has listed the names connected with each square



The quilt is on display at Liberty School during the Summer months

Thanks to Linda Marshall and to Marci Braski for some tips regarding research of the rock with the cross carved in it. Also, the May, 2015 issue of *Wisconsin Energy Cooperative News* on page 23 says in an article regarding early fur trade in Wisconsin with a focus on Black River Falls: “It’s the absolute perfect location. The Black River was used extensively in the fur trade. In fact, there’s an interesting story here—Father Rene Menard, a French priest and one of the first Europeans to explore the wild land that would become Wisconsin, disappeared in the Black River Falls area.” [*Editor’s Note: We noted in our last issue that Father Menard disappeared on his way to a Huron encampment located at the headwaters of the Black River near present-day Westboro and it is our contention that he was ascending the Spirit River when he disappeared. It is further our contention that the rock with the cross carved in it has something to do with Father Menard. This is why we believe it is essential to do some forensic study of the artifact to determine when and how the cross was carved in the rock. If we can ascertain tools and dates we can speak more certainly about its purpose.*]

Manure Lagoon

by

Harold Rhody (submitted by his daughter Grace Ann Hansen)

When I was dairy farming, I usually kept a herd bull – not that I didn't believe in artificial insemination, but because I wasn't good at detecting cows in heat. Well, this one time my neighbor, Frank Waszkiewicz borrowed my bull for a while to get his cows bred. It came about that I wanted to get some of my cows bred, so I called Frank up and told him I needed to have the bull back for a while.

One morning shortly after breakfast, Frank came up the driveway leading the bull. Both man and beast were generously coated with manure. Frank had a manure lagoon into which all the manure from his gutters was sluiced. It seems that when he tried to catch the bull, it jumped into the lagoon. Frank had a boat there, and he tried to catch the bull by rowing after it, but the bull could out-manuever him when he was in the boat, so he ended up jumping into the lagoon and getting a rope on the bull.

It seems that Frank refused a cup of coffee. "I'm going home and start my day over again."

The thing I absolutely love about this story is that in Spirit it was standard procedure to offer anyone who came by a cup of coffee. It didn't matter what one may have had planned or was doing at the time. It not only didn't matter how a person was dressed, it obviously didn't even matter if he had just had a round with a bull in a manure pit. And we didn't even know we were receiving these lessons in neighborliness.

Comment by Grace Ann Hansen

Dad's Loaded Truck

I'm going through old photos and found these of my Dad's loaded truck. My Dad was Arnold Swenson. It was loaded in Woodruff and I have a note on the back of it that he couldn't remember how he got that particular load on his truck. He had other big loads that we have photos of so to remember what he did with each load 40 years after would be too hard to remember. This photo was developed in May of 1956 and I assume that was near the time the photo was taken. I recall when truckers were sometimes sitting their fines out in jail because of overloads and now I see why. My Dad never got caught...I would think this is an overloaded truck. *(Submitted by Joyce Swenson Bant)*



A SHORT HIKE TO HISTORY

by
Robert Rusch

On **May 26, 2015**, the mobile skills crew of the Ice Age Trail Alliance will begin construction of a four-mile segment of the Ice Age National Scenic Trail in the Town of Rib Lake. To date, over 600 miles of the trail have been constructed; when complete, the hiking trail will be 1100 miles long between Sturgeon Bay and St. Croix Falls. The non-motorized trail is designed to show off land forms resulting from the Wisconsin glacier, including eskers, kames, drumlins, and ice-walled lake plains. Nowhere in the world are better examples of these unique features than the state of Wisconsin.

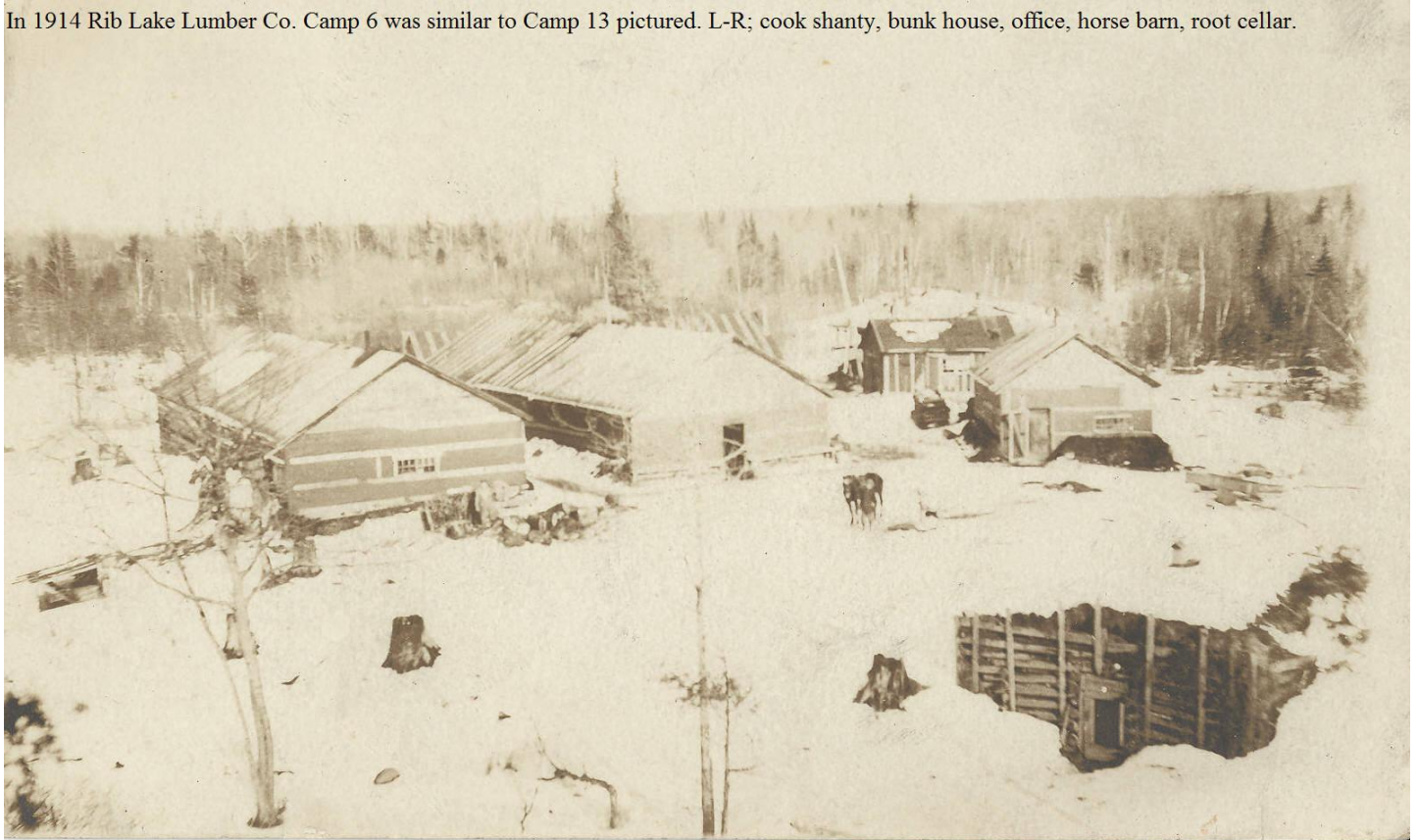
The May, 2015, trail construction will begin at the Rusch Preserve 1/4 mile south of Rustic Road #1 on County Highway C. The Rusch Preserve is named for Rib Lake born Herman Rusch and his wife, Martha, nee Gebauer, who taught at the Spirit Lake one-room school in 1926-28. The Rusch Preserve serves as a trail head, providing access, parking, potable water and campsites for two hiking trails, the Ice Age National Scenic Trail and the Timms Hill National Trail, as well as the extensive Rib Lake Ski & Snowshoe Club Trail.

For the past several years the Ice Age Trail Alliance, the trail building, not-for-profit corporation based in Cross Plains, Wisconsin, has made successful use of the “mobile skills crew.” The MSC consists of unpaid volunteers from throughout the United States who spend up to one week building or maintaining the Ice Age Trail with hand tools. Seventy to eighty such volunteers are expected to make up the MSC at the Rusch Preserve. They will be led by trained staff of the Alliance, including Kevin Thusius and Tim Malzhan; their work will include clearing and constructing a trail tread 18” wide. It is expected to take several years to complete the trail from County Highway C westward to County Highway D where it will reconnect with existing Ice Age Trail in the Taylor County Forest.

A special feature of this year’s trail construction will be the erection of historic signs and photos. The Rusch Preserve protects two important local history sites, the location of Rib Lake Lumber Company Camp 6 and a portion of the ice road connecting Camp 9 to the sawmill. In 1906 the Rib Lake Lumber Company was bought out by the United States Leather Company of New York, New York. This large and well-financed company immediately announced the construction of Camps 1, 2, 3 and 4 to supply logs for its giant Rib Lake sawmill. Camp 28 was its last camp, located in the Town of Corning, Lincoln County, and closed in 1948 when all saw timber was exhausted. Remains of Camp 6 can still be seen on the Rusch Preserve, including a camp well, tin can dump, building foundation and an excavation which was once part of a root cellar. About 50 men worked at the camp under the supervision of its foreman, Johann “Otto” Rusch, from 1911 through 1914. Mud Lake native, Peter Enders, provided unique first-hand insights into camp life to local historian Bob Rusch; according to Enders, when Camp 6 opened the only trees that had been cut in the area were the white pine. While white pine was the most valuable and therefore coveted tree in the Rib Lake area, it made up only a small portion of the virgin forest. The dominant tree was hemlock. Not only could hemlock be made into lumber, but its bark was the indispensable raw material to produce tannic acid used at tanneries in Rib Lake, Westboro, Phillips and elsewhere. The first job at Camp 6 began in late spring when a 4-foot high strip of hemlock was pried from a standing tree. The next step was to fell the tree and to remove additional 4-foot-long strips of bark, “tanbark,” from the trunk. The fresh bark would

be piled against stumps, rocks and other objects to air dry. In fall the bark would be moved to piles along future roads; the bark was piled along the sleigh/ice roads in 4x4x4-foot piles constituting one cord. The next step in logging then began. This step was the wholesale cutting of any tree of any type that had any commercial value. This would include “soft woods” such as balsam and spruce, and “hardwoods” such as birch, maple, ash and others. These trees were cut to standard lengths to manufacture into lumber.

In 1914 Rib Lake Lumber Co. Camp 6 was similar to Camp 13 pictured. L-R; cook shanty, bunk house, office, horse barn, root cellar.



Klostermann Creek is a small, one-time trout stream named after the Heinrich Klostermann family that homesteaded a half-mile south of Rustic Road #1 on the east side County Highway C. The nearly level creek valley provided a ready-made location for an ice road. Between 1906 and 1922 the Rib Lake Lumber Company operated a steam hauler manufactured by the Phoenix Iron Works of Eau Claire, Wisconsin. This locomotive-like device had caterpillar treads rather than wheels and a pair of sleigh runners in front which were operated by a “steersman” turning a steering wheel, which he straddled between his legs. In December, 1911, the Rib Lake Lumber Company constructed an ice road between its Rib Lake mill and Camp 6. Photographs of the steam hauler will be a portion of a special historic exhibit sign board to be erected where the Ice Age Trail crosses the route of the former ice road in the Rusch Preserve. The same sign board will contain a 1916 photograph of Joe Enders and crew members posing next to the “Star Load.”

In 1916 Camp 9 foreman Hugh McMillan announced a contest between the three loading crews of that camp to determine who could load the best pile of logs on a sleigh. The winning load was put together near Hultman Lake and pulled by two teams of horses down the ice road along Klostermann Creek. When it reached the hill near the Albert Knop farm, one-half mile north of current Zondlo’s Bar on County Highway C, the tired teams were unable to pull it. The steam hauler pushed the sleigh load from behind as the team began the final mile, ending at the shores of Rib Lake. For two weeks this awe-inspiring sleigh load of logs was gawked at by



18569 c. 1916 "Star Load" at Rib Lake Lumber Co. Camp 9 in Price County. With assistance from steam hauler, horses pulled sleigh on ice road to Rib Lake.

hundreds. It was eventually pushed onto the lake where its heavy weight soon caused the sleigh to break through the ice and settle to the bottom. In that position the chains were removed from the load and logs were taken off, which eventually permitted the wooden sleigh to be retrieved.

A second mobile skills crew is scheduled to complete work at the Rusch Preserve in September, 2015. Following that, the newly-constructed Ice Age Trail will be open to the public. Both the Camp 6 and Ice Road signs will then be easily accessible by way of a 1/8 mile hike from the parking lot on County Highway C.

ICE ROAD

Between 1911 and 1922 a heavily-used, 9-mile long, ice road ran adjacent to Klostermann Creek at this site. The Rib Lake Lumber Company's steam hauler pulled up to 13 sleighs loaded with tanbark and logs from Camps 9 and 6 to its Rib Lake mill. Each winter night, two crews of men used wood heated tanker sleighs filled with water to sprinkle water and build the ice road up to two feet thick.



STAR LOAD

This is the "Star Load" which won a log loading competition among three crews at Camp 9 in 1916. The winners earned a total prize of 35 cents worth of chewing tobacco and more importantly bragging rights. Four horses pulled the gigantic sleigh load over the spot where you are now standing.



RIB LAKE COMPANY - CAMP 6

The Rib Lake Lumber Company, once operating the largest sawmill in Wisconsin, ran Camp 6 here from 1911-1914. Its foreman, Johann "Otto" Ruesch, supervised about 50 men. Their first job was to cut the dense stand of virgin hemlock trees and peel its bark; the "tanbark" was ground at the huge Rib Lake Tannery to provide tannic acid to cure hides shipped there from as far away as Argentina and Australia.

The peeled hemlock logs were hauled on sleighs pulled by a steam hauler, a locomotive-type machine running on an ice road the 6 miles to the Rib Lake sawmill. Once the hemlock was gone, all other trees were cut for the mill, except for white cedar, which was made into railroad ties, posts and telephone poles.

By 1914 all trees having any commercial value were gone, leaving a sunny wasteland that supported prairie chickens until the present forest naturally grew back.



More Nugget

by

Harold Rhody (Submitted by his daughter, Grace Ann Hansen)

As I wrote somewhere else, I was about eight-years-old when Nugget came into our lives. My Dad sent away to a WWI Army surplus catalog and got a McClellan cavalry saddle. So one day when the older boys (Carl, Edward, and Harvey) were riding, they decided to let me take a little ride. They were to watch that the horse couldn't get out of the yard, but he easily eluded them. Down the road we went heading east. I had about as much control of him as I had of a Trojan horse made of wood. The stirrups didn't fit me, but I had my feet in the stirrup straps above the stirrups, so I was pretty secure in the saddle. When we got to the Rocky Crick almost half a mile down the road, he, that is the horse, decided to go down under the bridge to get a drink. At that point I decided I could get off if I wanted to but getting off into the water wasn't very appealing.

When he finished drinking, he continued going upstream and when we came out the other side of the bridge, he just went up the bank and started home again. By that time my brothers had run most of the distance after us, but we just galloped on home, where I dismounted.

It was several more years before I was able to mount up and have a degree of assurance that I would be able to get where I wanted to go. Nugget was not a mean horse – he would never try to buck anyone off – but he had a mind of his own and a hard mouth, so it took a stronger arm than a small boy had to make him go where he didn't want to go. He had a trick of going a little past a side path along the road and then when I thought I was safely past, he'd make a sharp turn down the side path. When I'd get him turned and arrive back on the road, there was no way I could make him do anything but go back home.

I remember one time I started to go to the mailbox which was up at the church and school corner.* I didn't get more than ½ mile from home when I arrived back home again. My brother Edward, who was three years older than me, got on him and made him run at top speed for the entire four mile round trip. I don't think it taught the horse anything though.

Then there was the time we were butchering a cow, and I was sent to Meier's, two miles away, to get tackle to raise the carcass up. I was bigger then and more able to handle him, but poor Nugget was getting old and stiff in the front legs. Coming home at a good gallop, I suppose I did not keep a tight enough rein, and going down a hill he lost his front legs and somersaulted. My guardian angel kept me from being crushed, but it lamed Nugget so bad I had to lead him the rest of the way home. Then I got bawled out for taking so long.

I think it was soon after that that they sold Nugget over my protest. He went to Sunwahl's, and Larry rode him quite a while yet.

**[Grace Ann comments: This made me recall that our mailbox was not always directly at the end of our driveway. I don't remember when it was moved, but more than likely until the mid-1950's we had to go to the corner of North German Settlement Road and Cheese Factory Avenue (as we lovingly call it) to get our mail. Also the mailman would be happy to deliver your letter that same day to anyone who lived further along the route. He would just put an x through the stamp, no worries about postmarks.]*

Do You Remember “Ranger Mac?”

by

Michael Meier

If you are a certain age you will remember how we got to listen to the Wisconsin School of the Air when “Ranger Mac” came on once a week. We had to be quiet and we were quizzed after the half hour program was over to see if we really had been listening! Ranger Mac always ended his program with the words “May the Great Spirit put sunshine in your heart, now and forevermore. Heap Much!”

The Wisconsin Conservation Hall of Fame



Wakelin 'Ranger Mac' McNeel

1884-1958

Inducted 2006

"Statistics are dull. Kids prefer down-to-earth realism." – McNeel

The kind-faced gentleman pictured here was an early genius in mass media. Wakelin McNeel, "Ranger Mac," reached an estimated 700,000 young people in Wisconsin with his Wisconsin Public Radio program, "Afield With Ranger Mac." The program ran between 1933-54, reaching out to students in one-room school houses and big city schools alike with colorful but knowledge-filled messages about conservation and nature. The mere mention of "Ranger Mac" evokes warm memories among those who looked forward to his program each week.



McNeel described his preference for using non-technical language to teach children about the environment this way: "Statistics are dull. Kids prefer down-to-earth realism. Every creature has some place in the scheme of nature, from the angleworm that buries in the ground to the hawk that swings at anchor in the sky."

Children loved the program, but its influence was also well understood by adults and the broadcast industry. It received the prestigious Peabody Award for broadcast excellence in 1942.

ANOTHER PIECE OF NEWS: You want to know how wild it still is in this neighborhood? We still have wolves around here. Check out Don Rhody's blog at www.donaldrhody.com Here is his posting from April 25: "Our heifer cow, Maisie, was standing on a rise in the paddock. It was she that was bellowing. I had been expecting her to be having a calf this week, and I suspected her vocalizing had something to do with this. It would be her first. But when I saw the reason for her bellows, I became frightened for her. There were two wolves also with her in the pasture, running back and forth and circling her..."—read the rest on his blog.

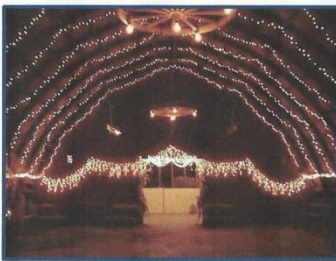
Other News

More MacKinnon Babies: Bonita Samuelson, February, 1939 and Raymond and John Borg, too. Did we miss getting your name in, anybody? Sometimes things get lost in the files. Send us a note and we will fix it!

THE BARN DANCE IS COMING!



11th Annual G.S.H.I. Barn Dance/Fund Raiser



At the Darrel & Luann Lind Farm
located 3/4 mile north of County YY
or 2 1/4 miles south of Hwy. 86
at N1169 German Settlement Road
in the Town of Spirit, WI.

A Silent Auction will be held during the dance.
If you would like to donate items for the silent auction
please contact Luann at 715-564-3340
or to make a cash donation make checks payable to:
G.S.H.I. and mail to:
German Settlement History, Inc.
N894 S. German Settlement Road
Ogema, WI 54459

The Board Members of German Settlement History, Inc.

Invite you to join family and friends on
Memorial Day Weekend
For an evening of fun and socializing!

Sunday
May 24th, 2015
7:00 p.m. ~ Midnight



Gary Edinger
will be calling
square dancing.

Free Will Donation
gets you into the barn dance.
There will be free refreshments
of pie, ice cream & lemonade.

G.S.H.I. is a 501 (c)(3) tax exempt organization
to protect, conserve and display buildings, artifacts and
documents of historical value for educational purposes.
Visit our website @ www.germansettlementhistory.org

DJ Music provided
by
Eric Gladson
'That 1 Productions'



For All of Our Friends

JOIN US AT THE "FRIENDS OF LIBERTY SCHOOL" PICNIC

Here at the Schoolhouse 11:00 to 3:00, **Saturday, July 25, 2015**

Please bring a dish to pass and we will have brats and hot dogs and
lemonade and coffee ready to share!

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

Mail your order to:
German Settlement History, Inc.
N894 German Settlement Road
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		
Brant's Bear	\$10.00		
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

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!