

# Liberty School News

Volume 18, Number 2

October, 2016

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

## “TODAY WE FOLLOW; TOMORROW WE LEAD”

Liberty School Eighth Grade Graduation, 1949



Jack Bockholt, Eugene Komarek, Ken Andreae, Gladys Meier, Emmy Lou Siroin, Lora Meier, Darlene Andreae, Jeannie Scheller, Gloria Brietzke, Mr. Richard A. Marheine, Teacher

*[Editor's Note: I was in second grade when these nine graduated. The school was decorated with crepe paper streamers. I believe their colors were fuchsia and white. As you can see, they each wore a corsage. They were an unusually large class. In fact, there was no class of 1948 at Liberty and only three students, I believe, in the class of 1950.]*

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Recently, Tim Meier gave us a number of historic items that our mother saved and that he had in his collection. On the left side of this page are two cartoons from a Liberty School “Newspaper” called “The Midget.” The top cartoon shows the teacher asking “If I had 15 apples and ate ten of them what would I have?” “A stomach ache,” is the reply. The second cartoon has a person hollering “Hey Joe. Wake up! The ship is sinking!” The reply: “What do we care, we don’t own it.”

“The Midget” was four pages, printed on a Ditto machine or a Hectograph. This issue is not dated but the Staff is listed as follows:

Chief Editor	Florence Hall
Assistant Ed.	Mary Jane Hall
News	John Siroin
Sports	Ronald Meier
Comics	James Hollifield
	James Rhody
Class Work	Betty Meier
	Caroline Brietzke
	Bunetta Meier

Though we do not know the date of publication, we do know that Betty Meier was born in 1928 and Ronald Meier was born in 1930.

Under the “Class Work” column we learn what each grade was studying. For example, the report for the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade reads as follows:

“In Reading class we have just finished reading the story of the ‘The Invasion of Siafu Ants.’ We are going to begin the story of ‘Rip Van Winkle.’

We are on page 21 in our arithmetic pad.

In Language we are learning how to paragraph correctly.

The Science has been studying about the Sun and Solar System.

At present our Social Studies class had been studying about the early English Colonies. We are using the new Rugg Social Studies Books in our class.”

August 16, 1952 Winners Listed for Fair in Spirit as reported by The Bee,

7-16 252 THE BEE

## Winners Listed For Fair at Spirit

Officers of the Spirit-Hill-Ogema 4-H Fair have reported that the crowd attending Saturday was the largest of any during the 10 years it has been held. Entries of the eight clubs reached over 700, the highest of any year.

The listing of prize winners in the animal classes and the dress revue is given below:

**SHEEP**  
 Ewe lamb—1st, Jerry Boggs, SCB.  
 Old ewes—1st, Jerry Boggs, SCB.

**CATTLE**  
 Holstein  
 Junior Heifer, 1st, Jerry Evans, WW; senior heifer, 2nd, Jerry Evans, WW; heifer, 1 year up, 3rd, Wm. Sandquist, KM.  
 Guernsey  
 Grand champion, yearling heifer, Jerry Boggs, SCB.  
 Junior Heifer: 1st, Paul Nelson, SCB; Albert Meier, BB; and Marie Swanson, BB. Second: Loren Nelson, SCB. Third: Phillip Scheller, BB; Joanne Briant, HB. Fourth: Everett Johnson, WW.  
 Senior Heifer: First, Jerry Boggs, SCB; Michael Meier, BB; Loren Nelson, SCB; Marvin Meier, BB. Third: Kenneth Swanson, HB; Phillip Scheller, BB. Fourth: Everett Johnson, WW; Frank Molley, WW; Gladys Swanson, HB.  
 Heifer, one year up to first calf: First: Jerry Boggs, SCB; Marie Swanson, BB. Second: Kenneth Swanson, HB; Harvey Rhody, BB; Richard Edlund, WW. Third, Jerry Siroin, BB. Fourth, Wayne Swenson KM; Tommy Siroin, BB; Gladys Swanson, HB; Palmer Blomberg, HB.  
 Producing Cow: Second, Eldon Edlund, WW. Third, Roger Zielke, BB.  
 Senior Bull Calf: Second, Arne Meier, BB.

Jersey  
 Senior Heifer: First, Dennis Johnson, WW.

Beef  
 Yearling Heifer: Second, Marilyn Meier, BB.  
 Producing Cow: First: Marilyn Meier, BB.  
 Showmanship: First, Albert Meier, BB. Second, Marie Swanson, BB. Third: Marilyn Meier, BB. Fourth: Jerry Evans, WW.

### DRESS REVUE

Cotton Skirt or Jumper: First, Annette Rhody, BB. Second: Mary Ellen Rhody, BB; Mary Frazier, WW.  
 Skirt and Blouse for School: First, Penny Hartig, WW. Second, Helen Wojcik, PW; Bernice Wojcik, PW; Patsy Jones, SCB.  
 Cotton Dress for School: First, Virginia Koch, SCB; Judy Evans, WW. Second, Janice Larson, WW; Elverna Johnson, HB.  
 Wash Dress for School: First, Gladys Meier, BB; Marvene Nelson, SCB. Second, Beverly Bergman, LC; Doris Arkola, LC; Nancy Johnson, SCB. Third, Verna Bergman, LC; Shirley Frankki, LC.  
 Skirt and Blouse: First, Marie Swanson, BB.  
 Summer Dress or Suit: First, Leannore Sunwall, WW; Roberta Rinehart, OHM; Sylvia Nelson, OHM. Second, Joanne Briant, HB; Gloria Swanson, LC.  
 Summer Sport Outfit: First, Edith Blomberg, HB. Second, Joan Hoffman, BB.  
 Winter Sport Outfit: First, Marilyn Meier, BB.  
 Wool Dress: First, Gladys Swanson, HB.  
 Dress for Best Wear: First, Sandra Garlow, WW; Patricia Marheine, WW; Charlotte Christianson, WW; Jeanne Scheller, BB; Bonnie Christoffersen, HB.  
 Garment for Another Individual: First, Edith Blomberg, HB; Jean Hoffmann, BB; Penny Hartig, WW. Second, Judy Evans, WW; Janice Larson, WW.  
 BB—Busy Beavers; WW—Wilson Workers; KM—Knox Mills; SCB—Spirit Center Badgers; HB Hillbillies; LC—Leavitt Creek; PW—Pinewood; OHM, Ogema Handy Maids.

The Spirit Fair will celebrate its 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary next summer, Saturday, August 19, 2017—Plan to Attend!

**Letters & News:** During World War II, Pastor T. Zaremba at Zion Lutheran across the road from Liberty School wrote to members of the church who were serving in the military. Here are some excerpts:

From January, 1945: "Hi Fellows...we are sorry it has taken so long in writing to you. Your letters have been received and greatly appreciated. Also your many Christmas Greetings cheered our heart and made our Christmas more enjoyable...With this letter we are sending you a new communion card...We hope all will have opportunity to attend the Holy Sacrament and may the Lord increase your faith which you show thru your attendance.

"I have a request to make. In order to establish a closer link between you and your church back home, we would like to have you send us the name of the hymn or two hymns you like best of all. These hymns will then be sung at the close of each church service, stating that it is your request hymn. In connection, the members will be asked to remember you in their prayers. So then, fellows, as soon as possible, tell us what your favorite song is.

"...I suppose most of you heard that Earl Hartwig and Vangel Komarek walked down the aisle this fall and set up permanent housekeeping. Alma Zielke also said, 'I will' and made Phillip Ernst a very happy man. They had a very quiet, but pretty ceremony, with only the immediate family present. Henry Zielke, who was home on furlough, and his wife were attendants.

"Last Sunday the church had its annual meeting. Bennie Swanson is our new secretary and Mr. Zielke and Mr. August Lange were elected as trustees. The Ladies Aid had a complete change in the Personel Department. Pres.- Mrs. A. Semrow; V. Pres.-Mrs. A. Lange; Sec.-Mrs. Ed Andreae; & Treas.-Mrs. H. Rhody. We are all set now for another year of church activities.

"Three red stars have been added to our Honor Roll in church. Harry Schroeder, Glen Meier and Art Schmidt have been wounded in action. Harry caught it in the foot and has been laid up several months, but is improving very well. Art Schmidt got hit in the chest and was sent to this country to regain his health. We did not hear the extent of Glen's wound, but guess it was not too serious. Our prayer is that all of these men will recover rapidly.

"Several of the fellows have been lucky, in that they have had furloughs recently. At Thanksgiving time Paul Meier came home. He managed to get in on the deer hunting season and again renewed his taste for venison. Bob Binder finished his 'Boot training' at Great Lakes and was home on leave at the same time that Paul was. He wasn't quite as lucky in getting a deer.

"Several of you inquired about my luck during the hunting season. After tramping all season without even so much as seeing a horn or a tail, finally on the last afternoon I met up with a nice fork horn, to his sorrow and my joy. He dressed at 135 pounds.

"We received several nice letters from the three Brietzke brothers in Italy. Art says he is just fine and sent a picture along to prove it. Thanks for the picture, Art, it is very good of you. Bill wrote two very interesting letters. What seems to bother him most of all is that there is snow but no deer hunting. He says 'Adolf' hunting has been very good. We hope too, that next year you can chase the real McCoy. It seems that Erwin is dreaming of the time that he can come back to a little cottage just for two. According to latest reports it shouldn't be too long. Ray B. wrote from New Guinea that the worst hot summer weather we have ever had in Wisconsin has nothing on the sultry weather they are enduring all year. How would you like 30 below zero, Ray? [page 4]

“Ruby Meier was home for Christmas, and I must say Ju Jitsu is doing more for her than the other fellow. (Ask some of our big husky men around here.) Did you know that Ruby has been raised from the rank of Private? Yep, here is a little tune that has been going thru her head:

‘My rookie days are over, no more squawks from me  
No, I’m not a sergeant, but I made PFC.’

And then there is the lady who thought that the WAC’s with MP brassards on their arms ought to have more to do than picket for ‘more pay.’

“Time and space is running short so must sign off. In the next letter we hope to have an account of each fellow in service. -Don’t forget the request hymn. Your friend & Pastor, Rev. T. Zaremba

“May 1, 1945—

A Letter From Your Church and Home  
May the Dove of Peace Soon Bring V.E. Day

Psalm 46 – God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; -- The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our Refuge. Come, Behold the works of the Lord. He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge.

Your response to the request that you send us your favorite hymn was excellent. A goodly number sent in their favorite hymn and these were sung at the close of our services. The singing of your hymns made an impression on all of us in the church, and in addition to the regular prayer offered each Sunday for your safety and the end of the war, all of us in the church offered a silent prayer for you individually, imploring our gracious Lord to be with you in particular and bring you back safe in body and sound in mind.

“...We would like to make another request, which will closer unite the members of the church with you who are doing so much for us. If it is possible, send us a souvenir or an article which in some way depicts the country in which you are stationed...

“...Keeping the Home Fires Burning—

The Young Peoples Society has lost several more of its members to the Armed Forces. Several months ago Jimmy Rhody left for Michigan to begin his schooling and training for the air corps. We notice that he is home on a furlough. – Owen Meier also received his greetings and has been in the army for several weeks. – Two weeks ago Herby Semrow, Robert Zielke, Harold Rhody and Vic Brietzke took a bus ride to Milwaukee. The doctor saw that they all stand on their own feet without assistance and pronounced them physically fit. However, we don’t know yet how many will be deferred as essential workers at home. What is left of the Y.P.S. has been trying to have a sucker fishing party some nite for the past weeks, but rain, snow, cold weather and high water has kept us at home beside the stove. We have hopes of having at least one warm day this summer before fall comes.

...

“A week before Palm Sunday the congregation rejoiced with Linds and Swansons in the double baptism of their babies. Bennie Swanson is the proud Daddy of Karen Ann. Roy Lind was more concerned about the future farm work. He displayed another boy – Duane. I really don’t know which Mother is the happiest.

“Another misfortune occurred in the congregation. Louis Schmidt’s home burned completely to the ground April 19. It was a total loss as Mrs. Schmidt was alone and was unable to save any of the household goods. Last week a party was given in which the people brought numerous articles to help the family in their need.

#### WITH OUR SOLDIERS:

“Erwin Brietzke writes from Italy saying that he hopes to be home by next Christmas. I guess your wish will be granted as the surrender of Italy was announced, and that means you should be on your way to the good old USA before too long. Erwin’s favorite hymn was: ‘What a Friend we have in Jesus.’

“Art Brietzke took time off from his letter writing to a certain ‘Miss’ and wrote a long letter to us, thanking us for the Communion record card and the Letter from Church and Home. His favorite hymn was: ‘Rock of Ages.’

“Fritz B. writes an interesting letter from the Hawaiian Islands. He says he doesn’t mind the absence of snow too much as the swimming in the ocean and the beautiful rainbows stun each day because of the daily rains makes up for it. He then says, ‘perhaps you have heard a lot about the hula girls. – Well, there are a few of those too; they are not so much a matter of my interest, but the Islands are worth seeing anyway.’ Fritz’s favorite hymn was: ‘Thine Forever.’

“Bill Brietzke also wrote a very nice letter, but we mislaid it some place. Say Bill, did you know old ‘Adolph’ was dead? You won’t be able to keep him on the run anymore. We must say you did a good job of it anyway. If I remember correctly, his favorite hymn was: ‘Stand up for Jesus.’

“Ray B. wrote to us twice. He forgot to send his favorite hymn the first time. We can understand that as he was transferred from the heat of New Guinea to the heat of the Philippine campaign. Ray writes: Two days ago we had church services just about 3 miles back of the front lines. I will never forget the little group of soldiers kneeling on the ground with their weapons at their side listening to the Word of the Lord. It is a wonderful thing that even here amidst the roaring of guns the Word of God is brought through the Chaplains. (The rest was censored.) Ray’s hymn was ‘Just as I am.’

“From the Marine Corps in the Pacific comes a letter from Robert Anderson. Bob writes, ‘I hear that it was a pretty tough winter back home. Out here it is warm the year around. Where I am there are cocoanut groves, no wild animals except for a few parrots and some land crabs...We have Lutheran Services every Sunday, also communion. The chapel is covered with canvas like a tent, and has wooden seats. The pulpit and little organ are painted white. It really is a beautiful looking chapel. I guess this will be all for now. I would like to have the congregation sing ‘Nearer My God to Thee’ for me.

“Ed Hakala was stationed in Belgium and writes: ‘Jerry has kept us busy, knocking out our telephone lines with their shells. There was a time when we no sooner got our lines repaired when they would be out again.’ (Ed, do you remember when you were in the States and stringing out the line on maneuvers and then sleep for a couple of hours?) ‘Rev. one of my favorite hymns is “Rock of Ages.” I am surely pleased with what you are doing for us in the service and I am sure the other fellows think the same. I guess this letter will soon have to come to a close as one of the boys made some coffee and of course they could not keep me away from that. Your Friend, Ed. H.’

“A Sailor is famous for his shore leaves, but Bobby Binder instead of chasing ‘Bobby Sox’ goes bowling and roller skating in his spare time. Bob says, ‘You should see the nice roller skating rink we have near here. I go out every time I have liberty. The rink is about 50 feet wide and 150 long and it sure is smooth, nothing like Kelly’s. Up here, where we are stationed now, we got some more firefighting school, cargo handling, line or rope handling, handling of all kinds of guns. We also had some “WAVES” teaching us to shoot guns by the panoramic control; that is, with a camera. That was lots of fun.’ Say Bob, I bet your score was way off. Didn’t the bull’s eye “wave” a little, or didn’t the “wave” seem heavy on your arm? Bob’s favorite hymn was ‘What a Friend We Have in Jesus.’

“Art Meier did not have to write, he was here in person – home on a 45 day furlough. After visiting with Art we realize more than ever, how necessary our prayers are for you boys and that God has been very gracious to our church in that he has preserved the lives of all of you ‘boys’ in service. – Art looked very good after his stay here in Wisconsin. In fact Wisconsin did him so much good that he got up enuf courage to ask a certain little “Miss” to be his future bride. Congratulations, Art! And here’s hoping you will not have to wait too long before you can have a home of your own.

“Last on our list of letters received is our favorite WAC. In fact the only WAC we personally know. – From Ruby’s letter we gather that the life of a WAC and especially an MP isn’t all a bed of roses, for she tells of guarding a ward where the inmates are as nutty as a peanut field. (Very descriptive.) But then there is also the better side, for when this same stern guard is sitting under the beautiful Georgia moon and looks at a 6 x 9 colored picture of Chet, she sighs and says: ‘Oh, its beautiful. Golly it makes me weak in the knees. Sure is natural of him.’ Ruby, I’d say you were in love. Write soon and tell us more about it.

“In closing, we wish the Lord’s blessing upon all of you,

Your friend and pastor, Rev. T. Zaremba

P.S. Let’s hear from the rest of you.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION  
**WAR RATION BOOK TWO**  
IDENTIFICATION

611871CW

Michael Meier  
(Name of person to whom book is issued)

R.R. 1 - Box 112  
(Street number or rural route)

Ogema Wis 13 M  
(City or post office) (State) (Age) (Sex)

ISSUED BY LOCAL BOARD NO. 6850 Price Wisconsin  
(County) (State)

Phillips  
(Street address of local board) (City)

By Della Anderson  
(Signature of issuing officer)

SIGNATURE  
(To be signed by the person to whom this book is issued. If such person is unable to sign because of age or incapacity, another may sign in his behalf)

**WARNING**

- 1 This book is the property of the United States Government. It is unlawful to sell or give it to any other person or to use it or permit anyone else to use it, except to obtain rationed goods for the person to whom it was issued.
- 2 This book must be returned to the War Price and Rationing Board which issued it, if the person to whom it was issued is inducted into the armed services of the United States, or leaves the country for more than 30 days, or dies. The address of the Board appears above.
- 3 A person who finds a lost War Ration Book must return it to the War Price and Rationing Board which issued it.
- 4 PERSONS WHO VIOLATE RATIONING REGULATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO \$10,000 FINE OR IMPRISONMENT, OR BOTH.

OPA FORM NO. R-121 16-30863-1

My Mother saved a lot of items from the 40’s and 50’s. You have seen some examples on the previous pages. Here is one more:

This is a book of War Ration Stamps issued to me, Michael Meier, in 1943. I was 1 ½ years old. Everybody had to have Ration Stamps for sugar, for shoes, for tires—you name it. The Agent who issued this book for the government was the local Teacher at Liberty School, Della Anderson [Page 7]

# We had a big crowd for our annual Fund Raiser/Barn Dance, May 29, 2016

Here are some photos:



Cars lined both sides of German Settlement Road as folks climbed the steps or the ramp into the haymow of the barn. Young and old came. Some danced, some watched, some enjoyed the free pie and ice cream. There was also a successful silent auction. This is our annual major fund raiser and in addition to raising funds through generous donations from everyone, it is a lot of FUN!





Gary Edinger, our Square Dance Caller leads about half the night. Eric Gladson from “That 1 Productions” is the DJ for the other half. They trade off about every 20 minutes.

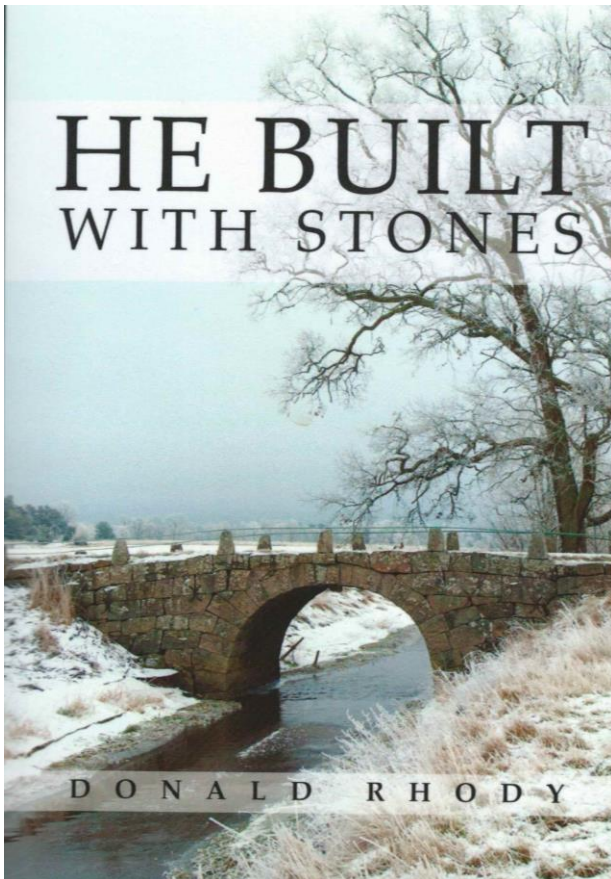
Meanwhile, folks are placing bids on the silent auction items and enjoying the coffee, juice and pie with ice cream.



In 2017 we plan to have our 13<sup>th</sup> Annual Barn Dance!

You could join us! Why not mark your calendar for Sunday evening, 7:00 p.m – Midnight, May 28, 2017! At the Darrel & Luann Lind Farm located 3/4 mile North of Liberty School

We do this every Memorial Day Weekend and we would love to have you join us!



## He Built with Stones—A Novel by Donald Rhody Reviewed by Michael Meier

Donald Rhody has written a novel set in late 19<sup>th</sup> Century Sweden and Northern Wisconsin. Because it speaks directly to the historical experience of many in our community, German Settlement History, Inc. will carry it among our sale books.

This is the story of a young man who grows up in Sweden with few financial and physical resources. We follow him as he becomes a stone mason and builder, meets his true love, starts a family, becomes interested in spiritual matters and eventually emigrates to America and settles in Ogema, Wisconsin! On the way we learn a good deal about Swedish culture and the economic challenges facing so many ordinary people at that time. We also learn some history and gain some practical knowledge of stone masonry, carpentry and farming.

The author has, no doubt, drawn on family stories and traditions passed down by his mother's side of the family (she was a Blomberg.) The privations, achievements, joys and sorrows of the family speak to both heart and mind.

Of particular interest to this reviewer is Rhody's treatment of religious and spiritual matters in the book. Though Sweden's official religion was Lutheran, in the late 1800's a number of citizens sought religious freedom and the somewhat different emphases of the Baptist movement. Many emigrants left Sweden (and other European lands) not only in search of economic gain, but also in search of a place to practice their faith without hindrance from the government. Rhody provides an even-handed description of the search for religious liberty.

This reviewer was reminded, while reading this book, of a conversation forty years ago, in the 1970's, when Jerry Falwell was promoting his "Moral Majority." I was, at the time, serving as Lutheran Campus Pastor at Oregon State University in Corvallis and a friend and colleague, Father Ed Bliven, was serving as Pastor at St. Mary's Catholic Church. Father Bliven said to me, "Don't these followers of Jerry Falwell read any history? Why are they promoting the idea of an established religion, a theocracy led by Christians? Don't they know what you Lutherans did in Sweden, Norway, Finland, Iceland, Denmark and portions of Germany when you were the State Church and imposed your Lutheranism on everyone? Don't they know what us Catholics did in Italy, France, Spain, Austria and portions of Germany when we were the State Church? Don't these people read any history?"

As I said above, I appreciate the even-handed way Donald Rhody deals with the faith-history of the Swedish people of that time. And, the book is a good read.

The book is available from us for \$18.00 See the order form at the end of this newsletter.

## Betty Lou [Meier] Schneider

One person who came to nearly every Memorial Weekend Barn Dance was Cousin Betty Schneider. She would sit with friends and her sister Gardia Arredondo on one of the hay bales and watch the crowd on the floor. Her son, Matthew, always accompanied her. This year she passed away at Aspirus Care and Rehab just about the time our Barn Dance was drawing to a close. We miss her. Her obituary follows:

## Betty Lou Schneider

1928-2016



Betty Lou Schneider, 87, passed away Monday, May 30, 2016 at Aspirus Care and Rehab in Medford.

Betty was born June 8, 1928 in Spirit, Wisconsin to George and Sadie (Salvesen) Meier. She attended Liberty Grade School in Spirit. She married Walter J. Schneider on February 8, 1947 in Rib Lake, Wisconsin. Walter preceded her in death on July 3, 1996.

Betty is survived by her children, Sharyn (Robert) Thompson of Medford, Michael Schneider of Bruce, LuAnn (David) Heidmann of Wausau, Daniel (Sheila) Schneider of Rib Lake, Matthew Schneider of Rib Lake; grandchildren, Tara (Brad) Carstensen, Tim (Laura) Thompson, Jason (Angela) Schneider, Michael (Nicole) Schneider, Jr., Cassandra Schneider, Liberty Heidmann, Ryan Heidmann, Derrick Schneider, Dustin Schneider, Dilan Schneider; and a sister, Gardia Arredondo of Milwaukee.

Betty is also preceded in death by her parents and siblings, Dorothy Vlach, Ardis Koepsel, Norma Mill-

er, Bunetta Drew, Lora Thums, Glen, George, Owen and Jack Meier.

Following her education, Betty moved to Milwaukee where she watched over four children as a mother's helper. She then moved back to Spirit where she met Walter shortly after his return from World War II. Betty and Walter owned a dairy farm in Rib Lake, and worked on the farm until 2006. Betty enjoyed to travel with friends. She traveled to Switzerland with friends and family, and also throughout the United States. She enjoyed the outdoors, farming and gardening. She cherished her time with family, especially her grandchildren.

Betty was of the Catholic faith, and was a member at Good Shepherd Catholic Church in Rib Lake.

Funeral services for Betty will be held at 11 a.m., Friday, June 3, 2016 at Hemer Funeral Home, Rib Lake Chapel. Visitation will be held from 9 a.m. until the time of service, at the funeral home. Pastor Michael Meier will officiate. Burial will follow in Lakeview Cemetery.

Hemer Funeral Service of Medford and Rib Lake have been entrusted with arrangements.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations in honor of Betty Lou Schneider may be given to Hope Hospice and Palliative Care. Online condolences can be left at [www.hemerfuneralservice.com](http://www.hemerfuneralservice.com)

Paid Obituary 10530

STAR NEWS JUNE 2, 2016



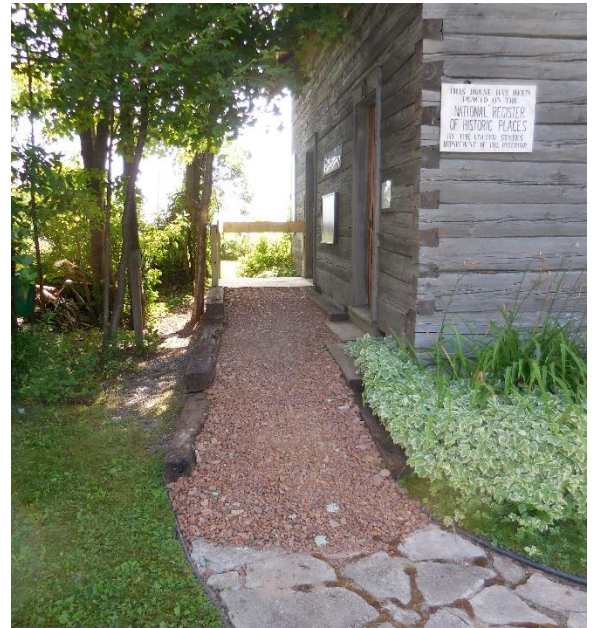
Cousin Nora McMahan, whose obituary we printed in our last issue, asked that we have a potluck picnic at her Memorial Service at the Schoolhouse. She also asked that her books and household items be given to her family and friends and invited them to contribute to GSHI in her memory. On July 16 we did just that. It was a sunny day and a happy day as we bid farewell to Nora. Her friends & family contributed more than \$1700.00. We miss her jaunty spirit and her intellect and her iconoclastic presence.

Rest in Peace, Nora!

4<sup>th</sup> Graders from Rib Lake Schools visited us on May 17, 2016. There were more than thirty students and a dozen adults. They split into three groups and took turns visiting Our Yesterday House (where Karen Baumgartner served as docent), The Machine Shed (docent Gene Meier), and Liberty School (where Toni Meier served as docent.) A fun time was had by all. We look forward to next year!!!

## Open House and Picnic, July 30, 2016





You are invited to join us next year for our Potluck Picnic on Saturday, July 29, 2017. Notice the new ramp for Our Yesterday House—makes it more accessible for everyone.

And—before next year's Barn Dance and Open House—You are invited to attend our **GSHI Annual Meeting.**

**Sunday, January 22, 12:30 p.m.**

**Potluck at the Schoolhouse**

## The Andreae Family in Spirit, by Arlen Andreae

The Hadel family, John & Julia, came from Germany and homesteaded on the north side of highway 102 (1/2 mile west of YY) in the Town of Spirit. Their children were Emily (Millie), Mathilda (Tillie), and Ida.

The earlier generation of Andreaes came from Germany and settled in Oshkosh. From there they moved to Phillips.

Then Ervin Andreae & wife Minnie and Richard Andreae (married Tillie after move) moved to the Town of Spirit. Ervin's son Arthur was two years old at the time. Ervin homesteaded on highway 86 (farm that is diagonal from where the Green Lantern Tavern was located). Later they moved to the south side of highway 102 (1/4 mile west of YY). So the Andreaes & Hadel's lived almost across the road from each other.

Richard married Tillie Hadel and they moved to the house on highway 86. They never had any children. Arthur married Millie - the oldest of the Hadel daughters and lived on the Hadel homestead. Their children were Rob, Clarence, Florence, Alice and Edward (my Dad).

Art was the road patrolman on 102 from the county line at Spirit Lake to the Spirit Store. He went to Rib Lake to have shoes made for the horses. I think my Dad (Ed) and I also went to Rib Lake that day. I remember seeing Art, probably at the blacksmith shop. He left Rib Lake in his Model A truck and

headed for Westboro to get nails for the horseshoes. **Photo of Julia, Ed & Tillie** I don't know why he couldn't get those nails in Rib Lake. Anyway, before he got to Westboro he didn't make one of the sharp turns in the road and he hit a tree. A local farmer took him back to Rib Lake to Dr. Baker's office. Dr. Baker got him in Taylor's Ambulance and they headed for Marshfield. He died at the Marshfield hospital later in the evening. He had been accompanied in the ambulance by Dr. Baker.

Grandpa Art loved his baseball. He was well known and he would schedule games on Sundays. He would take that truck and drive around the area and load up his team and go to the game. They played in Andreae's field. My Dad told about how he used Ferdinand Hartwig to pitch well into the game with his curve ball. Then



he would bring in his young left hander Hank Meier and he would throw his fast ball right by the hitters.

Back to the night of the accident. We all congregated at Grandma Millie Andreae's. I can still hear that phone ringing that night. My Mom answered it. When she told us he was gone we were a very sad household. I will be forever grateful to Arvid Blomberg for picking up Grandma and following the ambulance to Marshfield.

This happened in Oct. 1934 and my Dad (Ed) took Grandpa's road job until 1937 when Reinholdt Marheine took it over with a power grader. The road was blacktopped soon after.

### **Ed Andreae on road grader**



My Dad married Grace Helvey in 1927, a school teacher in Ogema. She boarded at Andreae's that year and taught at Liberty School. They had a police

dog that was trained to pull a sled and he pulled her to school and slept in the Liberty school basement during the day. I was born the next Oct of 1928 and she had to quit teaching.



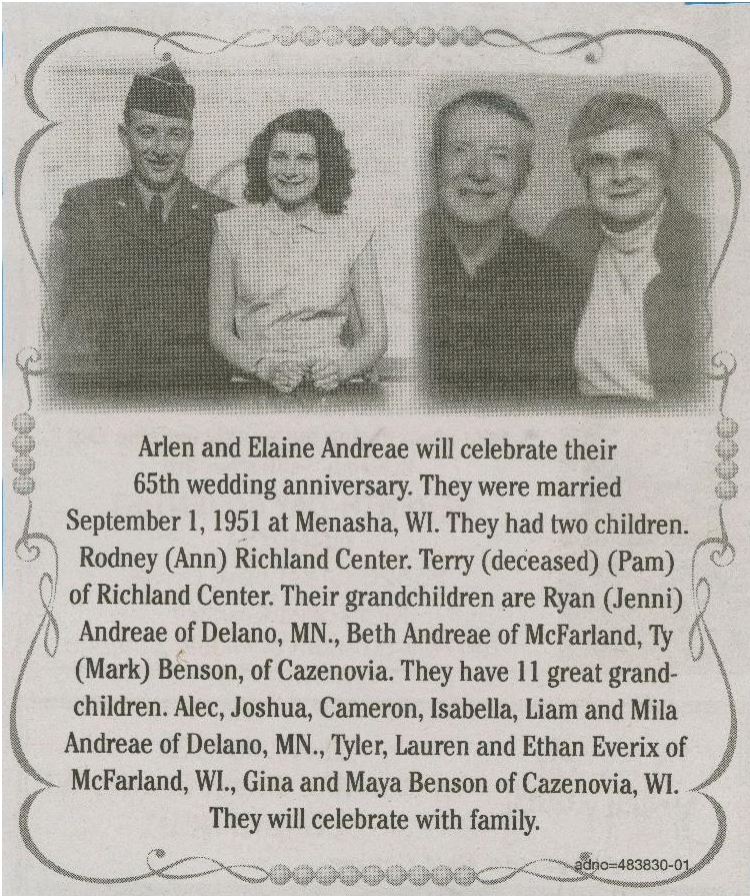
I had five more siblings: Joyce, Delores, Ken, Bob and Larry

**Here is Arlen with his siblings:  
Joyce, Dolores, Ken, Bob and Larry.**

**Ed & Grace Andreae family photo.**



## Arlen & Elaine Andreae Sixty-Fifth Anniversary!



### Terry, Rodney, Arlen & Elaine Andreae



Here they are with their youngest Great Grandson.

Elaine was a 1947 graduate of Liberty School. Arlen attended Stone Lake School.

Congratulations on your 65<sup>th</sup>!

More about **Abram Adams**, featured in the last issue of Liberty School News:  
**THE REST OF THE STORY** by Bill Hoffman

Since I wrote the article on Abram Adams, I have been contacted by his great, great grandson, Duane Adams, who lives in Canada. He related information told to him by his grandfather (who died in 1994) about his grandfather, Abram Adams. The following words are all his.

As far as the Civil War goes he enlisted in the army in January 1865 and was sent to Tennessee to guard the railway of General Thomas' army. He was then captured by the confederates and sent to the Andersonville Prison in Georgia.

According to Abram's own words: *"It was a hell-hole, completely over-run with huge, vicious rats and all sorts of other vermin...all just as hungry and gaunt as the human prisoners. We hardly ever saw any bread or water so we sopped up the moisture on damp, musty stone walls that dripped down as weeping over the miserable decay of human filth and doors held within the prison walls. In desperation we cut up our boots and chewed on the leather for some sustenance and to keep our stomachs from paining so much. We entertained ourselves, and to get exercise, trying to catch a rat...though I'm pretty sure we couldn't have eaten one if we had caught it. After the South surrendered and we were released we were all so weak, literally walking skeletons, skin sores, that we were like living ghosts who had no strength to walk out of that prison. No one can realize that the lack of food for several days--the weakening dysentery and emotional impact the body receives."*

Abram was discharged on September 4, 1865 at Crab Orchard, Kentucky where they lived at that time.

The parents of Helen Stevenson, Abram Adams' wife, were Benjamin Stymist Stevenson and Sarah Helen Walker.

Abram migrated to Brannan in 1878.

He left Brannan for Juliaetta, Idaho in 1901 because there was more timber out west and little was left in Wisconsin. He designed and built the Adams Castle as it became known. Today it is a museum.

While on a trip to Alaska he shot a goose and found some kernels of grain in its crop. He took the grains home and planted them. They became today what we know as Alaska wheat. With this wheat he won the gold medal in the World's Fair in San Diego, California in 1915.

The problem was that the wheat had a large head with four spikes coming off the side making it a large head. Abram and his business partners claimed that the wheat would increase the yield on the farm. This claim was later proved to be false as though the head was large it did not increase yields so there were complaints, but they were never sued.

He was in partnership with O.K. Hobe and he (Hobe) was on a business trip to promote the Alaska wheat in Spokane, Washington when he suffered from a diabetic coma. The people at the hotel thought he was drunk and he was put in jail and later died of the diabetic attack. The whole business sort of died when O.K. Hobe died and the business sort of ended.

Benjamin Adams, Abram's oldest son, immigrated to Canada in 1921 to get more land for farming. That is why there is a huge part of the Adams' family who now lives in Canada. Also, why Abram visited Canada.

Abram was hit by a car while visiting his brother in Tampa, Florida on October 31, 1925 and died two days later on November 2, 1925 and was then buried in Juliaetta, Idaho. Not sure of the date of burial.

I asked Duane about the source of Abram's apparent wealth and he was unsure but thought perhaps it was from his mother who was a Green from New York, which was quite a prominent New York family.

He also added that Abram's parents lived for a while in Pickett's Station, Wisconsin before moving to Crab Orchard, Kentucky.

This apparently explains why the Adams were married in Oshkosh, as Pickett's Station is a stone's throw from there.

Abram also invented a machine to make the cement blocks used to build the Adams castle and a binder machine to cut grain.

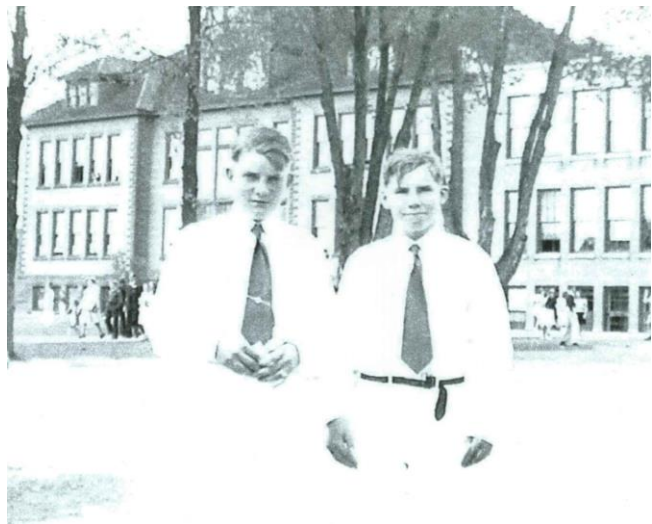
I was unable to verify these inventions by researching patents.

So, this is the rest of the Abram Adams' story.

Bill Hoffman

# Stories from Stone Lake, by Herb Magnuson

This is a picture of the Price County 8<sup>th</sup> grade graduation. It was held June 1, 1942 in the Price County Normal building. The two



graduates were Herb Magnuson and Arland (Pete) Hultman. We are the same age as our birthdays are three days apart. I attended the Stone Lake School and Pete was a student at the Norlin School. We all received our diplomas for finishing the 8<sup>th</sup> grade.

All of the graduates were asked to wear white. Just about all of the over 100 kids did. The girls sure looked good in their white dresses. Gasoline rationing was on but it was said that just about everyone made it to the ceremony.

This was a very sad time for the township of Spirit. The war was on and our army was getting beat. We all heard that on December 7<sup>th</sup> Lee and Charles Clendenning from Spirit Lake were killed at Pearl Harbor. A while after it was changed to that Lee had been killed and Charles was wounded. The boy's mother took it very hard. There were defeats in the battles and Americans were killed every day. In Russia the Germans were advancing steadily and in England bombs were falling every night.

Just a few years ago the Clendenning family was informed that Lee's grave had been identified. It was one of seven unmarked graves from the Pearl Harbor battle. Another sad event of the war was when Buddy Blomberg was killed. His father, Arvid, told my dad that when he saw two soldiers walking up to his house he fainted.

The people who were attending the graduation sang lots of songs. The big one was just out that spring was "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor." It went like this: "Let's remember Pearl Harbor as we go to meet the foe. Let's remember Pearl Harbor as we did the Alamo. We will always remember how they died to make us free. We will always remember as we go on to victory." The speakers had us sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and they predicted that the Pearl Harbor Song would be another long remembered song. The graduation ceremony was mostly singing.

Pete Hultman and I were lifetime friends. My grandpa, Carl John, and Pete's grandpa, John Malcom, were the best of friends. Our fathers, Harry and Fritiof, grew up as close neighbors. Pete is still remembered in this neighborhood as the fellow who went to California on his bicycle. It took him a few years but it was a great accomplishment. He died a few years ago and his grave lot is close to ours.



Avid ball player and 1949 graduate of Liberty School, Gloria Brietzke, (front row, second in from the right) poses with her teammates from Barron, Wisconsin when they were the 1961 League Champs. (Close as she got to the Majors!:-)



Pictured from left to right: Margaret (Klemm) Stauner of Greenwood, Herb Magnuson of Ogema, Phyllis (Pries) Wirt of Fayetteville, Ariz. and Arlen Andreae of Richland Center.

Thursday, September 22, 2016

## Rib Lake High School Class of 1946 reunites

The Rib Lake High School class of 1946 held its 70th reunion at Camp 28 in Rib Lake.

There were 35 graduates in the class and nine of them are still living. They have had seven reunions and many were gala events.

Herb Magnuson and Arlen Andreae helped put together this 1946 RLHS reunion. We heard they all had a good time at their reunion!

# First Hunts, Good Times and Luck!

By Dick Zielke

My first deer hunt was 1957. I used a Winchester lever model 1892, 38-40 caliber family gun from my Great Uncle George Oman. It's a wall hanger. The magazine is cut off. The stock has notches and bolts in it. Party tags were available in 1957. Since I was a kid, I was to shoot a doe. Needless to say that didn't happen.

The summer of 1958 I bought my own rifle. It was a Marlin lever 32 Special caliber. Northland Furniture in Phillips had it for sale at \$45.00 with a box of ammunition and a case. I only had \$20.00 so Uncle George Oman loaned me the balance, which I paid back over time.

**The Hunt:** 1958 Hunting season was 16 days long. This was the first Saturday. The Gang included my Dad Fred, Luddie Sommer, Frank Waszkiewicz Sr., Herb Semrow and me. We were on Dad's old place on Strucker Dr. I was put on post with Frank, so I wouldn't get lost. Frank and I were posted on the line fence between Dad's and Luddie's land. I could hear the drivers coming through the hardwoods. Out came some does and a BUCK! When he crossed the line fence, I opened up. As he was going straight away, with my sixth and last shot. I got lucky. GOT-EM! It was an 8 pointer. I was told later – when I was shooting, Frank hid behind a tree.

## Another Story, this one by Marv Meier

While I was growing up the 4H Club program was popular and my siblings and I belonged to the local Busy Beavers 4H club. By the time I was in high school I had been active for several years (you could join the year you were to turn 10). You could choose different projects to take part in. I always choose cattle, forestry, gardening and agricultural field products. I don't remember the actual names of the projects but each required you to do things and keep track of them in a project book. The payoff for doing the work was that you were expected to exhibit samples from each project at the Spirit fair and the County fair as well. And, at the fairs the best exhibits in each category won prizes. Prizes came with MONEY! The only real source of money we received!

Once I was in high school I was becoming interested in hunting. My older brother Albert, 3 years older than me, was already hunting and of course I wanted to join him and dad. For hunting I needed a gun. Guns cost a significant amount of money so dollars from prizes on exhibits at the fairs were highly sought! First prize for top exhibits in some categories were a few dollars. I always exhibited a heifer, some forestry exhibits, things from the garden and the fields. I believe it was my junior year, 1952 or 53, that I won enough prize money to buy my first (and only) hunting gun. We hunted grouse, always called 'partridge', and deer so to get by with only one gun I bought a 16-gauge shotgun from Sears. I believe I paid between \$20 and \$25 for it. We used birdshot for the grouse and slugs for deer. I shot some grouse and at least one deer. The long unused gun is still in our basement ready for use.

## Dale Hoffman says his first buck was:

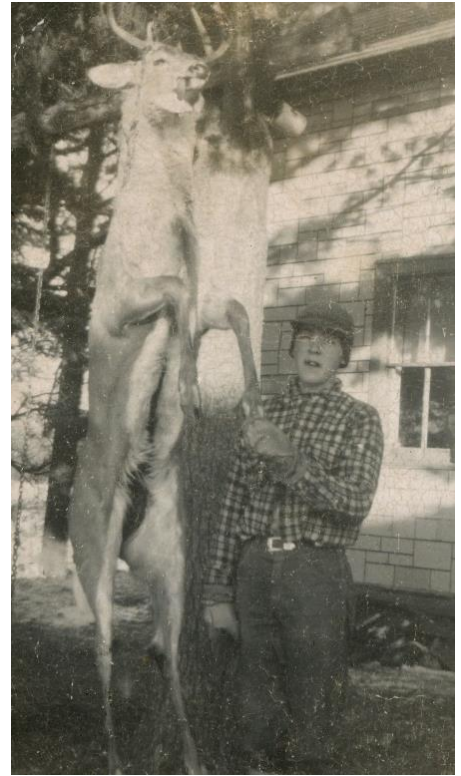
South of Grandpa's by Cliff Larson's shack and they put me in an alder swamp between 2 ridges. They gave me a big old long long 12-gauge bolt action. Two 8 pointers came through there together. I got one and another guy got the other. Then after that they gave me a different rifle.

My first rabbit I shot with a .22 when I was 11 years old. In what we called the Brietzke swamp. After that they figured I could shoot.

### **Dale with his first buck >**

The guns we used were 'household' guns. We didn't own one ourselves. Most of the time we didn't have shells because Grandma & Grandpa would go to Richford and we'd blow the shells target shooting.

The first gun I called my own was a .22 that Ed Brietzke gave me.



## Duane Lind says:

I started hunting with a single shot .22 when I was 10, mostly partridge hunting. The first 3 years of deer hunting I used a 20-gauge shotgun with slugs. Then when I was 15 I bought my own gun. It was a 35 caliber JC Higgins ordered from Sears-Roebuck for \$64.00. I shot my first buck that year. We were hunting north of Roy Meier's place. I still use that gun for deer hunting to this day.

### **<Duane Lind with his first buck**

## Terry Johnson says:

My first gun was a 16-gauge single shot Ivar Johnson that I got from Ray Baghun for \$6.00. I mostly used it to hunt partridge.



**Arlen Andreae says:**  
I was a senior in high school when I shot my first buck. The year before I hunted though. We had a 38/40 and I hunted with that. Didn't get anything. When I was a senior I got a different gun. My Dad worked for Dick Kring piling lumber and instead of paying my Dad he gave him an old gun. It was a 38/55. Then we put a new 30/30 Marlin barrel on it. It was a beautiful light little gun. It was so dog gone old

that it would jamb once in a while. I lost a beautiful buck one time when the gun jambed. But the 1<sup>st</sup> year I hunted with it I shot a 12 point buck. I got it at the end of Jahn Road by the Spirit River. The guy from Fond Du Lac that I was hunting with said "Did you done that Jack?" I still have that gun.

**Photo of Arlen Andreae, Clifford from Fond du Lac, Clarence Andreae**



Arlen hunting in the 90's



Today with his first buck & the gun he shot it with



## Darrel Lind writes:

My first gun was a .22 single shot that I ordered from Sears-Roebuck catalog for \$9.95. I used it for shooting squirrels, gophers and partridge. One time I shot the head right off of a partridge. When I was 10 years old I carried that gun while deer hunting with my Dad. We were hunting with Albert Johnson's gang in the woods north of his place. When I started hunting deer legally, I used a 30-30 Savage that had belonged to my Dad. Eventually I purchased a used 30-30 Marlin which I still use today. I was about 24 when I shot my first buck. My brothers and I were hunting SE of home in Albert Meier's woods making a drive along the creek. Duane jumped a buck by the creek, and it came all



the way up across the field to where I was posted. **Photo of Darrel with a buck shot in 1972** When I thought it was going to run me over I shot at it. It put on its brakes, made a left turn and ran off along the edge of the woods. I took another shot at it thinking I had missed it. It dropped there. When skinning it we found out I had hit it with both shots. No photo was taken.

## Gene Meier writes:

I think I was excited about hunting from about 12 years on. My Dad was a very good hunter and enjoyed it very much. He had hunted a lot with his brothers & neighbors.

The first real hunt that sticks in my mind was about 1956-57. Robert Zielke had a logging job near Lac du Flambeau (popple peeling) so we decided to try our luck up there. Our party at that time was the Zielkes and Schellers, Dad, Ron and myself. Maybe some others. I was hunting with a .25-20 Remington pump action. It was a very light gun used mainly for varmints. They didn't expect me to shoot a deer anyway. Near the end of the day a spike buck came out where I was stationed. It came close enough to me and I shot it in the neck. I was a very excited young man.

In 1959 I bought my first gun, a Winchester 94 carbine, .32 Winchester Special. I thought it was a better choice than the .30-30 that most people were buying. I was a Junior in high school and it was time to order class rings. A friend of mine, Janet Kauer, and I decided to buy guns with the money we would have spent on a ring. I think she bought a shotgun and I got my .32 Winchester. I think I paid \$75.00 at the Coast-to-Coast store in Rib Lake. I may have traded the .25-20 because we don't have it anymore.

I had some pretty successful seasons, bagging a deer each year until I went to the Peace Corps. I came home in 1966 and that fall had a good chance at a trophy buck. It was a

running shot, but I missed. From then on my luck changed and I went 15 years without a good chance at a buck. I guess that's why I'm not much of a hunter anymore. I still go out but I spend more time cruising timber than hunting. **Good Luck Hunters for 2016!**

## **The Unexpected by Ed Scheller:**

Our hunting group which consisted of Schellers, the Roy Meier family, Robert Zielke & sometimes McCumbers and sometimes others, usually hunted around our farms opening weekend and Thanksgiving for some years. When I first started hunting Dad hooked onto the wagon we used to pick stones with, put a few boards on for seats and we'd head south past what is now Don Rhody's to hunt either side of the railroad grade that used to connect Rib Lake to Spirit Falls. The wagon was in hopes of hauling out deer but as I recall that only happened once, plus it also carried some of the lunches.



On these Friday hunts, the high light was the camp fire lunches with Roy Meier telling hunting stories from years past and the coffee Roy made in his syrup pail that he carried his lunch in. Roy usually made the camp fire and would melt snow if water wasn't available. At the end of the last drive before lunch we'd all gather for lunch and the syrup pail would be on the fire and when the lid on the pail began to dance he'd put coffee grounds in, let it set for a bit, then anyone with a cup if they wanted, could have some. Not being a coffee drinker at the time I would still have some coffee, grounds and all, it was a treat.

**Photo of lunch time, 1967, near Cliff's shack along RR grade in the area were "Unexpected" story and "Big Woods" story take place. Roy Meier, Bill Kite, Ron Meier, Duane Strause, Robert Smith**

One occasion after the fire was put out and the hunters went to retrieve their rifles which were leaning against a tree, a buck which had come to investigate the smoke, took off and was gone before anyone could get a shot at it.

Only on one time do I remember the wagon put to use to haul a buck out. On one of the drives I was placed with my back to a large marsh grass swamp, with high ground in front of me. Posters on either side were on high ground but we liked to post in a line so we knew where it was safe to shoot. I was standing with arms folded with my hand in the lever of my '94 Winchester and I thought I could hear "swish—swish—swish" behind me. I slowly turned my head and directly behind me all I could see was face, ears and antlers coming towards me through the marsh grass. I knew if I moved it would spook, so I just cocked the hammer and waited, as I knew I'd have only a split second when it spooked. When he snorted and whirled I fired. He turned and headed to the poster who was stationed to my left and I heard him shoot. I was Marven Arneson who dropped it.

The buck came to 12 steps behind me before he smelled me when I stepped it off the tracks when he turned in the snow ran straight back a few jumps before turning left, probably where I shot at it, a couple drops of blood at that point. Marvin had shot a ten point buck opening weekend in Douglas County, so I got to put my tag on it. It was a nine point buck



**Photo: Back Row: David McCumber, Tom Meyer, Don McCumber, Max Scheller, Ron Meier, Wes Meier, Ed Scheller. Front Row: Robert Smith, Eugene Glenzer, Philip Scheller, Roy Meier, Marvin Arneson, Gene Meier, Wendy Glenzer & Debbie Glenzer.**

**Uncle Bob's last buck shot with .25-20 on the Polack Farm, Apple Avenue. 1965**

## Big Woods

I guess 1959 would have been the first year I was old enough to buy a deer license. Dad didn't hunt much till I was old enough. Sad to say I don't remember my first buck. When I started hunting we probably had the best situation possible. By that I mean the family groups: Linds to the north, Komareks to the west, Rhodys to the south, Roy Meiers family and us hunted together, Carl Meiers to the southeast. These family farms land and land owned by the paper company plus county land was a good mix. Johnson & Swanson to the northeast. These family groups made drives that helped keep the deer moving back and forth. We sort of knew everyone's system and stayed out of each other's way.

Our group hunted around our farm areas the first weekend and Thanksgiving and then on Fridays for some years we would take the tractor & wagon and head south of where Don Rhody lives now to Taylor County land where the RR grade was. Big Country, at that time to me. Highway 102 to the west, fire lane to the east and town roads way south. Henry Zielke had 80 acres out there and Cliff Larson had a shack and logged an area out there.

Our group had taken to blowing on an empty rifle shell so the drivers could keep track of each other and the posters had an idea of where the drivers were. The deer probably appreciated that too, but we still drove deer out and we felt it helped make us safer. The area that we hunted to the south there had a big tag alder swamp. My first real Big Woods encounter! The first year we went back there I was put to drive the swamp with posters on ridges 3/8ths of a mile away. At first I (12 years old) could hear other drivers, then lost contact (no whistling). I got scared, thought I was lost, blowing a lot on my whistle hoping someone would answer. None. Settled down, constantly looking at my compass heading SW. Finally came out to Ronnie Meier. I asked him why he didn't

answer my signal whistle (certain way of whistling) his answer was “You were coming right so I didn’t see a need to.”

## Buck Fever

One of the stories Roy Meier would tell of a hunter that was with him one time. He had purchased a lever action rifle. The group was making a drive and chases a nice buck past the fellow with the new rifle and they could hear him holler “why don’t you shoot him?” several times. When the drive was over they walked up to the hunter who said “Why don’t you shoot him?” And he said, “I did shoot at it. I emptied my gun.” See, every time he said “why don’t you shoot it?” he worked the lever and emptied a live round. The group helped him pick up his live rounds.



**1965 Photo: Ed Scheller with “Unexpected” buck. Max Scheller with buck he shot on Thanksgiving during a snow storm. Buck was started on drive off Apple Avenue followed through Linds, Oberlis, and shot on field west of Jody’s house.**



## November 10, 1907—Spirit Women Hunting

Sitting: Emily Nelson Johnson, Evelyn (Unknown), Alice Nelson Johnson, Olga Nelson Johnson, lady standing unknown. Emily, Alice & Olga are sisters.  
**Thanks to Maryalice McHugh who gave us this photo of her relatives!**

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