

Liberty School News

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Liberty School News is edited by Michael and Toni Meier and is published by **German Settlement History, Inc.**, an organization dedicated to the preservation and development of historic artifacts in the Town of Spirit, Southeast Price County, including “**Our Yesterday House**” built in 1885, **Liberty School**, built in 1919 and “**The Machine Shed**” housing logging and farming tools and equipment from 1880 to 1950. You may contact us at N894 S. German Settlement Road, Ogema, WI 54459. (715)564-3299 or gshinc@centurylink.net. Check out our web site at www.germansettlementhistory.org GSHI is a 501(c)3 not-for-profit tax exempt organization. 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.**

Now is the time for YOU

To write your story, share your memories, relate your family history, complete your memoir, and label your photographs.

Remember, none of us is getting any younger—what you write down now will be a treasure for your children, friends and grandchildren for years to come!

And, here at Liberty School News we’ll be glad to print anything you want to share with us!

Now is the time!

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Writing Your Memoir or Story

by Michael Meier

During the past few years several of us were privileged to take a class in memoir writing from Sue Roupp, an accomplished writer and editor who lives in Rib Lake, Wisconsin. The class met for two hours each week. We started out by learning to write, write, write. Yes, Sue gave us a topic and asked us to write for five minutes everything we could about that topic. “You can edit it later,” she said, “For now, just write.” It is amazing what comes to mind when you approach a subject that way.

After our five-minute writing exercise Sue would ask us each to read aloud what we had written. She would not allow us to preface our reading by making excuses such as, “This isn’t very good,” or “I didn’t do this very well,” or any other disclaimer. She insisted, “What you wrote is good! It’s good! You can edit it later if you want. Right now—No apologies!!!” And, she insisted that after we had read our writing out loud the other members in the class were not allowed to be critical. She instead asked each class member, “What stayed with you as you listened to what (name) wrote?” “What stayed with you? What images or quotations or insights struck you especially?”

She also taught us to be fearless if we chose to share our writing with other family members or friends who may have different memories of events about which we have written. “If they say, ‘that’s not how it happened, I remember it differently,’” Sue said, “Then simply say respectfully, ‘Listen, this is my memoir, you remember that event differently? Then write your own memoir.’”

Starting with this basic information and continuing on in a supportive, encouraging environment helped all of us produce singular accounts, chapters, even a whole memoir (mine is almost complete!) Of course, there is more one can learn from a teacher like Sue Roupp. She taught us much more and helped us with our sentence structure, descriptions and dialogue.

You may not be able (time or distance constraints) to take a class taught by Sue, but you can consult with her and get her advice for steps you might take. Write her a note or an email. Her address is Sue Roupp, Box 237, Rib Lake, WI 54470 or sroupp@gmail.com

Your stories, your memories, your insights, your visions are valuable. They should be captured, cherished and shared. Whether lengthy and detailed, or short and sweet, write it down! You know your story! Some of what follows in this issue has been influenced by Sue’s teaching.

The coming generations will thank us for what we have experienced and recounted. Leave a legacy!

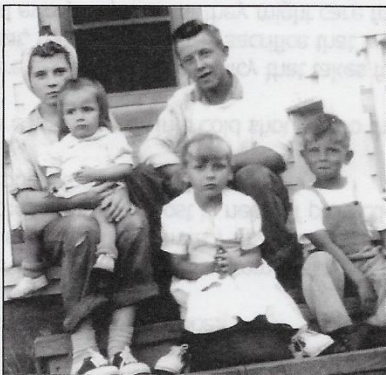
My Story by Diane Nelson (Larson) compiled in March 2017

My Dad Carl Larson was born and raised in the town of Spirit. When he grew up, he left Spirit and went to live in Chicago. There he owned a tire shop. A widow lived upstairs with five children. One day the tire shop caught on fire. My Dad was able to get the fire out before the firemen got there, but he inhaled a lot of the smoke. He couldn't make it home on his own, so they had to take him the few blocks to his home in a little wagon. After that he never felt good, so he had to sell the tire shop.

I was born in Chicago on Feb. 16, 1934 along with my twin brother Donald. We were both only around 4 lbs. Carolyn, who we always called Lynn, and Dale were also born in Chicago.



Diane & Donald



Diane holding Joan, Donald
Lynn & Dale

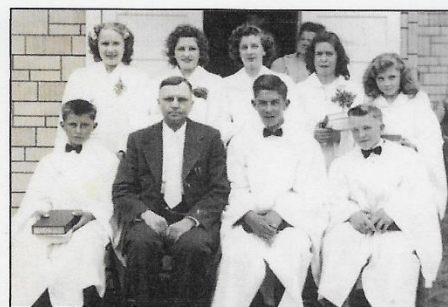
In 1946 my family moved back to the town of Spirit and Dad bought a farm from a Walgren (can't remember his first name). This was the farm on Hwy. 86 where Loren and Lois Nelson now live. The original barn is still standing today.

Joan was born in Spirit, so there were five of us kids. Donald and I were confirmed at Our Savior's

Scandinavian
Lutheran Church in

1947 in Spirit. The church was located next to the Spirit Cemetery. The only thing left there now is the bell.

One morning in the fall of 1947, I was walking to the corner to catch the school bus. It was my first day of high school in Tripoli. My Dad was on his tractor that day headed for his home place where he was raised, to help his brother



Confirmation Class

Back: Margery Nieme, Lillian Johnson, Betty
Nelson, Rhodora Enders, Diane Larson
Front: John Larson, Pastor Baalsan, Rodger
Nyberg, Donald Larson

Henry Larson fill silo. I remember he turned and waved to me as he went (he had never waved to me in the morning before).

Some time that day, he was climbing the silo and had a heart attack. Emil Nystrom caught him as he fell.

There were sad times after my Dad passed away. We kept the farm going. So I helped my mother on the farm. There was a lot of work as you might know.

By the time I was a Junior in high school, my Mom was really tired of farming so she sold the farm to the Goldsworthy family. She had a new house built in the German Settlement area of Spirit. It was just south of what was then Bennie Swanson's place, off County YY on the east side of the Spirit River. We moved in just before my senior year.

I started attending Rib Lake High School my senior year. That didn't last very long. All my friends were in Tripoli and I wanted to finish school there. So my brother helped me get my temporary driver's license and every day I would drive a car Mom purchased from the Oberli brothers, a 1929 Marquette with a rumble seat in back, to Frasse's Store on the corner of Hwy. 86 and YY. There I would meet Melva Vullings who was a teacher in Tripoli, and I would catch a ride with her the rest of the way. Actually I didn't get my driver's license until I was older.

Well, I lost seven weeks in my senior year too. My Mother almost died with a ruptured appendix. She was in the hospital and had a stomach pump going for seven weeks. She finally was able to come home, but was terribly weak. The nuns at the hospital told me she would be back, but thank the Lord she got well.



1953 - Diane at the home farm on Hwy. 86

It was hard for me but I finished high school and graduated from Tripoli in 1952.

The family that had bought our farm couldn't make the payments, so my Mom got the farm back and we again moved back on the farm. I was happy to be back 'Home'. Soon after that the Frank Komarek home was struck by

lightning and totally destroyed by fire. Mom sold our new house to them and they moved it a few miles west on YY to its present location.

My twin brother left when he was seventeen and went to Chicago. He became a fireman on a train. Later he finished his GED and went on to be a train engineer.

I tried going to Chicago to work a few times, but Mom always needed me to come back to help her on the farm. I had one job in the office at Allstate Insurance Company. Another time I worked for Oaks TV Factory doing soldering and wiring on TV panels. I even tried my hand at being a Soda Jerk for Walgreen's Drug Store for a while. I was living with a friend of Mom's at the time. We went to a theater one night and I was bitten by a spider on my leg. It got infected and eventually got so bad that I had to spend all my hard earned money for a train ticket home. Arriving in Tomahawk, we went straight to Dr. Henderson's office. I never went back to work in Chicago after that.



In 1957 I married Carl Nelson at St. Matthew's Lutheran Church in Brantwood. We also farmed and had 4 children, Randy, Terri, Lori and Michael. They are all grown up now. My Mom passed away in 1975 and my husband Carl passed away in 2013. My oldest son is living with me now and I also have 3 grandchildren by my son Michael and his wife Angie. I'm very proud of them.

I now am a member at the United Methodist Church in Spirit and have been there for a long time. My Dad was raised Methodist, so I feel at home in either a Lutheran or Methodist church.

Thanks for your story, Diane!!!

From our friends at Knox Creek:

“The Brantwood community will be hosting an exhibit of Finnish Folk Art at the Brantwood Credit Union Gallery, every Friday and Saturday, from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., from June 17 to August 12. The opening reception on June 17 at 2:00 p.m., will feature Jim Kurtti, Editor of the *Finnish American Reporter*. Music by *Finn Power* with debut of the *Centennial Polka* by Rod Maki. For more information, please contact 715-564-2253 or cyrilla@centurytel.net”

FARMING IS IN OUR GENES

By Bill Hoffman

2016

Farming is in our genes.

The name Hofmann means man from a farm or farmer.

I have traced my maternal family roots back to the 1500s in Germany, and my paternal family roots back to the 1700s in Bohemia. All were farmers with a few exceptions.

In 1882, my maternal great grandparents Carl and Augusta Scheller, emigrated to the United States, from Germany, and made their way to southeastern Price County, Wisconsin, in 1884, where they acquired a 160 acre homestead under the Homestead Act. Through ambition, hard work and talent, the Scheller's created one of the finest farms in the area.

On [July 3, 1908](#), Julius Koehler, a gentleman from Phillips, Wisconsin, went on a visit to the town of Brannan, in Price County. In the [July 16, 1908](#), issue of *THE BEE*, published in Phillips, he wrote:



Filling Silo at the Carl Scheller Farm, 1908

“Carl Scheller, one of the oldest settlers in the southeasterly part of Brannan has about finished the finest silo in the county. The same is 14 feet wide inside by 25 feet in height and will hold

about 67 tons of silage. It stands about 6 feet under ground and stone and cement reaches about 4 feet above. The Schellers are progressive farmers; their windmill operates a threshing machine, grist mill and hay cutter and for the silo they intend to put in a gasoline engine. They must have from 60 to 80 acres clear; have quite a number acres of corn which stands splendid. They have a blacksmith shop on the place and are able to do most all of their carpenter and blacksmith, as well as mason work.”

In 1893, my paternal great grandparents Joseph and Theresa Weber, emigrated to the United States, from Bohemia, and made their way to Spencer, Wisconsin, where they purchased an 80 acre farm. Again, through ambition, hard work and talent, the Weber's created one of the finest farms in the area.

In reporting the death of Joseph Weber, on [March 9, 1914](#), the *MARSHFIELD HERALD* noted on [March 14, 1914](#), that he was: “...an old and respected farmer citizen...He was a sturdy and hard working man and lived to see the farm he took 21 years ago develop, through his energies, into one of the best in that town.”



Barn Raising at the Weber Farm, 1910

My grandparents took over both of those farms from my great grandparents. And both farms remain in their family's [today](#).

My grandparents John and Mary Hoffman, purchased an 80 acre property in Brantwood, Wisconsin, in 1898, and developed it into a fine farm.

My parents Joseph and Bernice Hoffman, purchased an 80 acre farm in Brantwood, in 1928, and improved it. There they raised four sons, me being the youngest.

We have all heard of the derogatory term “dumb farmer.” That term certainly does not apply to the farmers in my family. To me, it is mind-boggling how the Scheller and Weber families could come to their respective wildernesses in the United States, with essentially nothing and create, in a little over 20 years, the finest farms in their areas, by ambition, hard work and talent. There were no Menards’, Wal-Mart’s or Ace Hardware’s to run to every other day for materials and supplies. They had to create their own, including many of the tools to work with.

Likewise, *today*, it takes a lot of intelligence to operate and maintain the über expensive and sophisticated farm equipment and machinery...and create the proper nutrition for cattle for optimum milk production.

Aldo Leopold wrote in his classic, *A Sand County Almanac*: “*There are two spiritual dangers in not owning a farm. One is the danger of supposing that breakfast comes from the grocery, and the other that heat comes from the furnace.*”

After an out-of-state career of many years, I returned to my roots in Brantwood, in 2000. I now make cheese from cow’s milk from my nephew’s farm. He is creating the largest farm operation in our family’s history. And his son is planning to study agriculture in college.

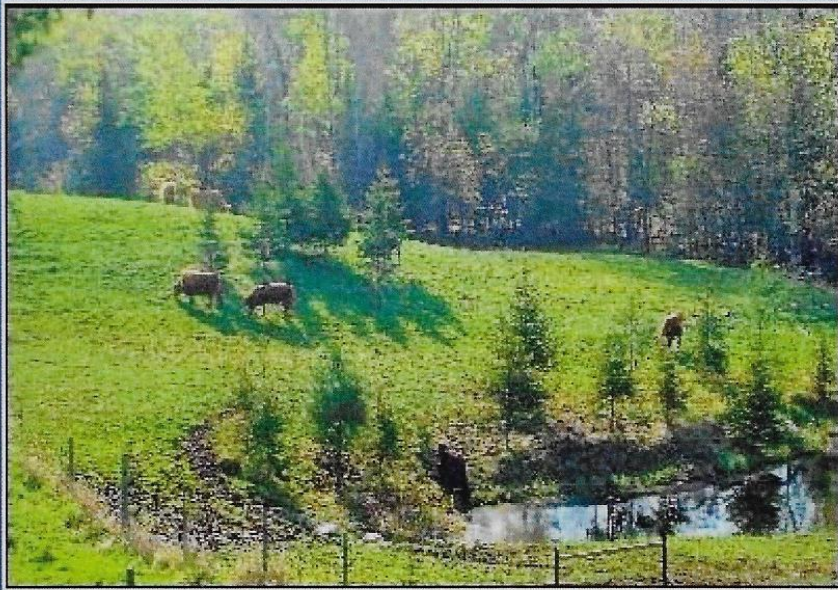
Why would he study anything else?

Farming is in our genes.



Everyone is invited to join us at Liberty School (pictured) for our “Friends of GSHI Picnic,” Sat., July 29, 2017, 11:00-3:00. We will provide brats, hot dogs, buns and beverages. Bring a dish to pass. We’ll eat, talk and explore our museums.

THE VIEW FROM MY PORCH



I

A Collection of Poems, Essays and
Stories by One Who has Lived His
Life from the Perspective of a
Country Dweller

DONALD RHODY

Don Rhody has a new book:

In his introduction
“**LOOKING AT LIFE
FROM A RURAL
PERSPECTIVE,**”
Rhody says—
“Generalities are
dangerous things. As
soon as one makes an
observation about a
matter, and in doing so,
tries to simplify things by
making a general
statement about it, he is
instantly met with a
chorus of opposing voices
citing many instances
where the generality is
off-base.

Having said this, I will
still make a bold
statement involving what
have noticed to be two
general perspectives of
life: The view of living
that comes from an urban
perspective, as it differs
from the view coming
from a rural perspective...

[R]ural people have their
own perspective on how
they face life, and they

have their own way of interpreting what is happening around them...you now know a little bit about what I mean when I speak of someone having a ‘country way of looking at things.’—Life can be contemplated from many perspectives. Among all of these, the very best perspective is that which one receives while sitting on a porch. Almost any porch will do, but none will offer you a better view of life than the one you gain while sitting on the porch of a country home.”

One of the poems in the book is called **CHORE TIME**. Here it is:

I think it must no longer be common-
It was the last generation's chore,
But what has been gained in efficiency
Has been taken from what I value more.

My growing up years were as a farm-boy,
Ours – a simple and small dairy farm.
But what our farm lacked in proficiency
Was gained with compensation of charm.

I think it must no longer be common –
A gift as rare as one could endow.
With a pail as one's only machinery
To sit quietly milking a cow.

The chore is one of complete contentment –
Squirting warm, foamy milk in a pail.
And the cow, slowly munching her greenery,
Only rarely switches you with her tail.

The barn cats have returned from their hunting.
They grow tired of their diet of mice.
So now, they busy themselves explaining
That a warm squirt of milk would be nice.

And I am more than glad to oblige them -
They open their mouths and I take aim.
Our farm dog is patient – not complaining.
He considers their behavior a shame.

The book has many essays and poems about the passing of the seasons, the attractiveness of life in northern Wisconsin, outdoor observations, thoughts concerning life and death, and even some sage advice about driving at night in Venezuela. (Don't).

The book is available from us at GSHI or from the author at donaldrhody@gmail.com The price is \$16.95 plus \$3.05 for postage and handling for a total of \$20.00.

The dog knows when chore time is finished
I pour milk in the old iron griddle.
And some days he is even persuaded
To let those begging cats have a little.

And then I must feed the new calf
That was born the middle of last week.
The mother was barely dissuaded
To let me bring the calf home from the creek

Now I am teaching the new calf to drink.
For the first week she nursed from the cow,
But small calves jump into maturity,
And before long she'll eat hay from the
mow.

The cow with her calf, the dog and the cats
May sometimes long for a life in the wild.
But my barn offers them security –
A motherly barn, who cares for her child.

My barn was a home of nourishment –
Like an extension of the mother's womb.
Much different than modern factory-farms
That seem only to foreshadow the tomb.

That which was once entirely common,
Has in these days become all but dead.
And despite my growing sense of alarm
We continue with the lifeless instead.

The Demise of the Elms

By Gene Meier

When I was a kid the river bottom was filled with massive Elms with four-foot trunks and 50-foot crown spreads.

There are basically two types of Elms in this area. Most abundant were the American Elm or “Water Elm” or “Piss Elm” as it can grow in quite wet areas although they do well on high ground also. The American Elm is fast growing but tends to branch out at a fairly low height, producing multiple stems to create a very large crown. Lumber from any Elm is not highly prized as it tends to warp as it dries. It is quite hard and makes good planks for trailers or decks where a smooth finish is not critical. It is generally very hard to split. When cut as veneer it can be bent easily and was used a lot for round cheese boxes. It makes good fire wood when dry, but is very hard to split. I believe the baskets that were made in Grayville (the Pete Johnson sawmill) were made from Elm as it could be shaped without breaking. Black Ash could also have been used. Most times when a tree dies it will lose its bark and dry out and harden into what we call a “Bone Elm,” but some will get punky, especially near the ground, so they blow over.

The Rock Elm is different in that it grows straight and tall with a bushy crown. Its bark is rougher and it sends out small branches from the trunk that don't develop much. Rock Elm is more stable so it was used a lot for barn timbers. One hand-hewn timber in the Meier barn is over forty feet long. It must have been quite a tree. Rock Elm is so hard it is very difficult to drive nails into it. The beams are drilled and held together with one-inch wooden pegs. Rock Elm was used a lot for sleigh runners and other farm implements. It does not rot easily.

In the 1950's when the Tomahawk paper mill began using hardwood for pulp we finally had a market for the large limbs that were generally too curved for saw timber. This was about the time that chain saws became available so we cut a lot of Elm pulpwood. I remember loading a butt log on a double-runner dray and it filled the whole dray. Bob Zielke's truck jammer couldn't lift it so they rolled it on with skids. The mill was not too thrilled about logs this size as the chipper could only handle about a 30-inch log. They had to saw it into pieces to run it through.

Cutting these trees was a challenge as the saws wouldn't reach all the way through. We would have to use a hand pine saw to finish the cut. Also, the crowns were so large you couldn't tell which way they leaned. You had to wait for the wind to be in the right direction to push them over.

In the late 1970's and early 80's the Elms were attacked by the Dutch Elm Disease. It is spread by a beetle and travels from tree to tree. Some trees growing in the open survived but 90% of the Elms in the woods died. When it was apparent they would die we cut as many as we could

before we lost them. Log buyers came from all over to buy the best logs for export as the disease had killed much of the good trees out east.

Chemical treatments were tried to save some of the shade trees and were successful to a point. Some smaller trees seemed to have some natural resistance to the disease and survived. Some trees in my pasture have grown rapidly and have trunks up to three feet across but they aren't very tall. Some growth rings are over a half-inch wide so they are growing over an inch a year.

Now they are dying again. It seemed to hit the smaller trees first, but now the larger ones are being affected. I 'm afraid we will lose most of them again. I know of only a few left. And now if the Emerald Ash Borer kills the Ash trees we will have a very different forest.

The problem for us is that we live on a 70 to 100-year cycle. The forest is on a 300-600-year cycle. Who knows when the river bottom will be covered with Elm again. In the 1930's the Tamarack trees were killed by a bug disease. Now they are plentiful though a lot are dying again.



American Elm



Rock Elm

Courtship Days

By Clare Meier

We met at the DNR office in Hayward, WI, he in his baggy green work pants and I, a wanna-be ecologist stuck in the office.

Wes was Sawyer County forester after stepping away from teaching at Virginia Poly Tech for a semester. He preferred the outdoors to academia. I too was trying to escape academia. This was as close as I could get with a summer work study job through UW Eau Claire where I had one year to finish as a biology major. I secretly wondered if Nan, the spinster, lifetime office boss, would ever consider hiring office help from UW Eau Claire again after coping with my lack of secretarial skills and my anti-establishment bent.

The break room of that DNR office is where it all began. I did not think much of him at first, but apparently he thought something of me. A few days later when he saw me on Main street, he asked me out for a beer. He liked the fact that I did not care to have a beer with him, so he asked me over to his place just off main street. Fact was I had had too many beers in bars. I had it with that scene.

So it was that I stared at that pot of rutabaga stew, wondering if it was fit for human consumption. "I just add a few more 'beggies each day for flavor," he reported. I secretly was concerned for my life.

We listened to Richard Harris' album "Slides" on his 33-rpm record player with the yellow and brown checked speakers. Terry Moncel, otherwise called Wallflower, a 4-H kid Wes had befriended, made those speakers for him.

Harris sang about his Kodacolor memories. He sang of November's chills he felt when he met his old friend by the fisheries as the seagulls flew over the surf. More snapshots across bridges while the horses clop clop. Then on to the Grand Canyon with all the colors of the rainbow. Sunset. Another sunset, "indistinguishable from the last, but he remembers the difference." Participating in Harris' panoramic slide show made me want to see more. It was the beginning of my own slide show with Wes Meier.

He moved from his apartment off main street in Hayward ten miles north to the sawmill town of Seeley after he was accused of selling drugs to minors like Jackie and Joan. Those 20-year old girls had just completed their final years in 4-H which Wes, a strong 4-Her himself, stepped up to lead when he moved to Sawyer County. When the neighbors saw a stream of youth dropping in at all hours to this strange bearded man's house, they were alarmed. That's all it took for Wes to pack up and head out from this tourist town to the wide-open spaces of the Seeley hills.

The wayside stop called Seeley, really was a company-store town, something like Rib Lake of the old days. Loggers and sawyers would work for the lumber baron, getting their pay and spending it in the same swoop at the same location. The saw mill lay on one side of Hwy 63 and the tavern, where wages could be drunk up, lay on the other side of Hwy 63. Shots of Old Forester or shorties of Leines tap were downed here. Not much else in the town. Wes liked to hear the stories of these old guys, and down a few himself. Guys like Scotty Sommerfield. He could not hear or see too well but that did not stop him from keeping warm in his red and black plaid woolly pants even in July.

To get to Wes' cottage, I could either turn off 63 onto Larson Road or head through Seeley to Peterson Road. At the junction of Peterson and Larson, amidst some tall red pines, lay the cottage. The Namekagon River lined the route to Seeley. Often, I would meet him after work at this cottage. It had all the comforts of home: an out-



house out back, a box heater that did not help the temperatures very much at all in this shady locale, a screened-in porch and the scent of sweet fern in the air. This was sand country, soils that loggers like because it reduced the troubles of getting stuck in heavier soils like clay.

Before that summer was over, he asked me to marry him. I liked this outdoorsy guitar pickin' forester with the baggy green work pants. He danced to a different drummer than college students in tight fitting blue jeans. Seems there was always some action around him whether it was picking wild blueberries or making homemade ice cream or singing at the Price County fair or canoeing the Namekagon.

He sent me a card after I went back to school in the fall. It was the first note I ever received from a boy. A farm photo framed the front, while the inside spoke of how he missed me. This must be the real thing. He cares.

We announced our engagement on [Thanksgiving](#) at supper at my grand-parent's house. The news probably was of concern to my parents though they did not raise objections. Those were the days when a Catholic did not marry a Lutheran. I myself began a truth search. Along the way, I found the words that rocked Martin Luther: the righteous shall live by faith. That is how I wanted to live, not by rules but by faith.

Our letters and visits kept me on track back at UW Eau Claire. I just wanted to finish the course and have something to show for myself. After dumping nursing school in Marshfield, which I felt was too domestic, I chose biology as a major. I chose chemistry as a minor when attending Mount Scenario in Ladysmith. It was easy to get A's there in organic chemistry with only four kids in the class and a professor who liked me. It was not so easy to get A's when I transferred to second semester organic in Eau Claire. I cheated to get a D but couldn't keep that up. Psych credits were my next numerous class so psych became my minor in the rush to complete college.

I learned to cross country ski that winter from my boyfriend. Those first attempts were far from glamorous. Slipping and falling even on flat terrain were common for the course. It took a while to learn to glide rhythmically through the glistening hardwood slopes while a more experienced skier swished ahead of me. I often returned home frustrated with the sport, but did eventually get it. Skiing became one of our favorite pastimes. Wes' best man, Norn Moody and his wife Sue, joined us. So did Pam Jakes, a woman forester from North Central Experimental forest station in St. Paul, and her husband Don, a hydrologist. Norm brought his white and black English setters along too. The place really went to the dogs then.

I was a few credits short in my biology major when spring came around, so I took a few summer sessions in ornithology and ichthyology at Pigeon Lake, an outdoor ed site strategically located near Hayward. Graduation was in August, but I did not attend. I was just happy to be out, working on wedding plans.

We hosted a “prenuptial event” in the field across road from the cottage in Seeley. Bill Bailey, Wes' forest assistant, set up an army surplus tent. We dug a pit and Gene, Wes' brother, supplied a side beef to Bar B Q. The day itself was a foggy September day. I was surprised my family made 100-mile trip off the farm. It was that day that my brother, Frank, gave us a grater with the words “you think Wes is great but this is a little greater.” Thus started a great tradition of giving greater gifts at wedding showers.



Site of “prenuptial event”

the
of
the

On [October 5, 1974](#) we were married in St. Hedwig's Catholic Church In Thorp, WI in the presence of Wes' non-Catholic best man and my Catholic best girl-friend. Officially, we were supposed to have two Catholic witnesses. Wes thought of having Ed Scheller stand up, but then decided on Norm Moody, his college buddy. Officially the priest did not know. We did not raise our kids Catholic either like I promised the priest we would.

I wanted to get married across the Spirit River on Roy Meiers' land, but my mother would not stand for it. I wanted as little frills as possible. She wanted to invite the neighbors. She wanted polka music too and chicken and a full course meal. So we ate in St. Hedwig's basement.

Dad said, “take good care of her” to Wes as we left for our three week honeymoon out east. We visited Wes' good friend, Dean Hunneshagen, a Lutheran pastor Wes lived with while going to school in New Hampshire for his masters in forestry. Dean and Wes introduced folk music, the likes of Jon Yilvisaker, to Dean's congregation which was cutting edge worship at the time. We toured the banks of Niagara Falls and the lobster and clam shacks of Maine but balked at an escorted tour of the Big Apple. Too much city for us.

We traveled in the gray Chevy Vega my parents bought me during college days. I was eager to travel along Lake Superior's shores, but the way out was so soggy we often spent the nights in the back of that Vega rather than on the shores. One bleak morning Wes surprised me with a roaring campfire in spite of the drippy conditions. I was impressed.

The miles soon got to be long for even me, who wanted to take in all the sights. Freeways and meeting people I did not know eventually wore me out so we headed home. After thousands of miles we snuck back to set up our new home on Apple Ave in Spirit. We hoped to avoid a chivaree, the local rabble-rousing marital reception for childless newlyweds. And we did...for the moment

FORESTERS

By Clare Meier

We walked along that logging road one bright October morning. He wore his red and black mackinaw. He scribbled a few notes about the volume of timber stacked there. I accompanied him that day as I enjoyed the remote location and the beauty of the woods. It was a wonder he was even able to be in the woods [today](#) after having his insides hacked on in six different surgeries the past few months. I relished the reprieve from sterile surroundings to real living



Wes Meier

I suddenly wondered who would fill this role for me if things went from bad to worse. I sobbed, “Who will be my forester?” He continued, “I’ll get better.” I doubted his confidence but walked on. Cancer DID claim him but “death be not proud.”

Last year, I hiked the woods with another man in a mackinaw. He has a masters' degree in forestry. He measures regeneration and habitat and DBH. He hammers in his beard bristles and bites them off inside. He can find his own way in the woods. He is my forester. He is my son.



Last month I hiked the trails of S. Carolina with a boy in fourth grade. He disappeared from time to time, but somehow made his way back to us. He knows how to climb to the tops of those southern hardwoods. He has learned how to whistle loud enough with an acorn cap to make me jump. In his school report he says he wants to be a forester when he grows up. He is my forester. He is my grandson.



Son Andy Meier and Grandson Elijah Scott

Stories from Stone Lake - By Herb Magnuson

“THE FIRST SCHOOL BUS”

The first school transportation for the high school students in the Township of Spirit was in 1937. Before that the way of going to school usually involved a lot of walking. Our early settlement had a lot of small schools which were within walking distance for its people. As the big depression wound down the Rib Lake School District hired Gust Johnson who ran the movie theater in Rib Lake to go each day with a big old car (I remember that I heard it was an Overland) to bring in the students from the Stone Lake area. In 1938 that route went to Highway 102 and back past Spirit Lake. It picked up two kids from the German Settlement and one at Spirit Lake. In 1939 the school district bought two school busses and laid out a bus route. By 1949 there were seven kids from the Stone Lake area.

There were two buses that operated for the school system. One went south and one went north. The south one was usually referred to as the Greenwood bus and the north one was called the Spirit bus. Each bus put on about 100 miles each day. For those of us on the north bus the driver became a part of our lives. Our driver was Art Schultz and he ran a filling station at the end of main street in Rib Lake. His wife ran a small candy and ice cream shop beside the station. That bus was part of him. When it broke down he fixed it as there were no back-up drivers.

When the war started in 1941 the government started everyone in the country on war time. This was one hour ahead of the usual time which was much like daylight savings time is today except it lasted all year long. In December it was a problem as it was really dark in the morning. Our bus would leave Rib Lake at 6 o'clock. We had to use a flashlight which we left in the mailbox as there were no yard lights.

This remarkable machine driving on bumpy roads and burning 20 cents a gallon gas, changed the country life for our kids. To fix any worn-out parts required some real ingenuity. Tires were rationed by the government. I recall one tire that was made out synthetic rubber (all the tires of that time were made out of our native tree sap rubber), Art was real proud of it. He put it on the front of the bus and it sure looked good. It held the new shiny black look longer than the tire actually lasted. This bus which was painted red, white and blue ran forever. All through the years until 1947 when a replacement painted forever yellow took its place.



Art Schultz

H. B. Lindal

Among the papers from our old class reunion was found the Ode to Our School Bus. It was unsigned and I asked some widows if the hand writing was their husband's. We have decided to leave it as a writing from one of us.

THE SPIRIT BUS

Now there are a few things that I think should be told before we get too terribly old. I'm sure no one will doubt us, when we say we were the riders of the Spirit School Bus.

Things were always buzzing from early morning until night.
Art Schultz had his hands full, so he kept us all in sight.
Mirrors were a great invention, any driver can tell you that
He could see everything that happened, and nail you at the drop of a hat.
Burnett had the back seat—automatic
If any of us tried to take it—it caused a lot of static.
Schmidt was always talking and Herbie believed it all,
Orville, he just sat there with his back against the wall.
Roy and John were farmers and you could tell that a mile away
Art never seemed to notice, but then nice guys are that way.
Now Marheine was the one who had it made in the shade.
No little sister to come home and tattle,
He could make anyone's cage rattle.
Now don't get me wrong, we all did our share,
But everyone tried to play fair.
One came to class—no pencil in hand, like a soldier without a gun (Schmidt)
He never could forget it from that day on cause we reminded him just for the fun.
What's this I hear you are hungry for knowledge,
Leslie Schmidt has gone on to college!!
All the Spirit kids then did their part
They all sent him pencils to give him a start.

Dark in the morning---Dark when we got home.
Chores on both ends of the day,
A little supper, a little study, and then we'd hit the hay.
No T.V., no Boom Boxes, but it all seemed ok.
We never made a fuss
The next day it would start all over again when we got back on that tri-colored bus.
Some of us would save a seat for a "very pretty young lass"
Important to be seen sitting with a "touch of class"!
School was great!! I'm not sure about that??
Some of us maybe even felt a little flat.
But we made it through even though it was tough, the teachers passed us that was that.
But before we go, we want you to know, there really was no fuss,
We enjoyed the old Spirit Bus.
Pete, Arleigh, Herbie, Orville, Leslie, Arlen and Roy—we were the guys that year,
We were brave and bold and we had no fear.
In '46 it all changed for us, no more would we ride the Old School Bus.

Tribute to a Hero

By Luann Lind

The hymns have been sung.

The prayers have been said.

The Commander barks out:

Firing squad attention!

Two men in uniform reach for the American flag lying atop the casket. Carefully, triangle by triangle it is folded, saluted, then presented to the family. Tears flow. Words are spoken in whispers as the precious flag is received and again saluted.

Port Arms!

All is quiet except for the occasional sobs from those who were closest. Even small children have stopped moving in anticipation.

Ready Arms!

Load!

Aim!

Fire!

The loud blast echoes through the stillness. Bodies flinch at the sudden noise and somewhere in the back a baby cries.

Fire!

A finality is sinking in to all present. This is the last rite performed in honor of the deceased veteran.

Fire!

Silence...but only for a moment. You can hear the American flag rippling in the breeze as an elderly veteran holds it up proudly.

Present Arms!

I raise my trumpet and begin to play. That oh so familiar song of taps.

Slowly, respectfully, note by note until the last note is played and the familiar words are on everyone's whispered lips. 'God is nigh'.

Again silence, as the finality of it all fills the hearts and minds of everyone present.

Order Arms!

Fall Out!

Slowly, small movements begin again.

Another veteran has been laid to rest.



We invite you to join us and many members of our community on **Memorial Day, Monday, May 29**. A delicious lunch prepared by the American Legion Auxiliary ladies, begins at the Spirit Town Hall at 11:00 a.m. and is served throughout the afternoon. A short program honoring veterans and others will be held upstairs at the Town Hall beginning at 1:00 p.m. Immediately following the program we will march or drive to Hillcrest Cemetery where the Veteran's Roll Call will take place at about 2:00 p.m. Afterwards, everyone is invited back to the Town Hall to visit and enjoy some ice cream.



Memorial Day at Brannan (Spirit) Cemetery.

May 30, 1907

Thanks to Bill Nelson for this photo.

Thanks to Ed Scheller for this second photo from Memorial Day, 1914

It was taken just east of the Spirit Store where the parade started out. The building on the right was at the end of Lloyd Nelson's farm.



Obituaries

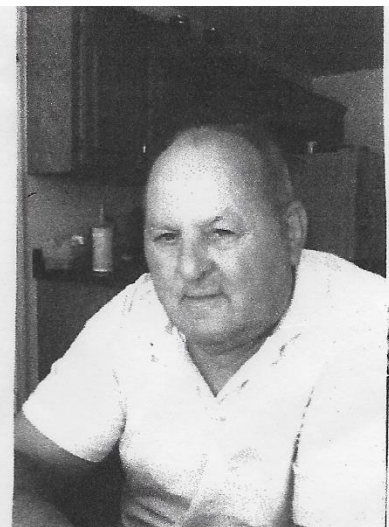


Mary S. (Scheller) Driscoll, 74, of Enfield, entered in to Eternal Life on Friday March 17, 2017 at Hartford Hospital, Hartford, CT. She was the beloved wife of 54 years to Robert L. Driscoll. Mary was born on Aug. 18, 1942 in Spirit Township Price County, WI, daughter of the late Max and Bessie (Rzeszutek) Scheller. She had resided in Enfield for the past 52 years and in Marlborough and East Hartford before that. She attended Liberty School. She was Valedictorian of Rib Lake H.S. Class of 1960, Rib Lake, WI & attended the University of WI – Stevens Point. Prior to retiring Mary was employed with Women's Specialty Retail in Enfield for many years. She was a member of St. Martha Church, Enfield and its Prayer Line Group, as well as a Pro-Life advocate. She enjoyed outdoor activities & spending time with the grandchildren as well as assisting them with their home-schooling program. She also enjoyed gardening, reading, sewing, camping, cooking, & baking.

Besides her husband, Bob she is survived by her three children; Ellyn Driscoll of Enfield, Christopher Driscoll of Kansas City, MO and Susan (Driscoll) Demers & husband David of Enfield, three cherished grandchildren; Madelyn, Jacqueline and Evan Demers. She is also survived by her sister, Jeanne Glenzer & husband Eugene, two brothers: Philip Scheller & wife Barbara and Edward Scheller & wife Sherryl all of Wisconsin, along with many nieces, nephews, cousins and friends. Relatives and friends may gather with her family during calling hours on Tuesday March 21, 2017 from 4:00 to 7:00 pm at Browne Memorial Funeral Chapels, Enfield. A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated at 9:30 am on Wednesday March 22, 2017 in St. Martha Church 214 Brainard Rd. Enfield (Meet at church). Burial will follow in the Massachusetts Veteran's Memorial Cemetery Agawam, MA. Memorial donations in her memory may be made to St. Gerard's Center for Life, 10 Jefferson St Unit C-2, Hartford, CT 06106.

Donald Bockholt passed away Aug 10, 2016 in Munford, Tenn. He was born in Chicago, Il Feb. 3, 1937 where he lived until the family moved to Spirit, Wi in 1948. He attended the Liberty Grade school & Rib Lake HS. He served two years in the Navy after which he moved back to Chicago . After retirement he moved to Tenn.

He is survived by his wife Mary of 53 years
Children: Michael (Angela) Farley, Susan Gay, Donald,
Barbara (Joe) Lepe, Heidi and John
12 grandchildren and 6 greatgrandchildren
Sisters: Elaine Ulrich and Donna Kelley
He was preceded in death by his parents, John & Lucille Bockholt
Brothers John (Jack), Jim and sister Marge Mitchell
Nephews John & Tom Kelly



She was a mother who could straighten you out with a glare, yet make you understand why with a forehead kiss. She taught that you should speak your mind, but still respect others' opinions and feelings. She was rich in faith and always spoke of right and wrong. She nurtured her children and grandchildren to be strong, independent, kind, and intelligent. She never let anyone quit and encouraged those she encountered. She said you should never let anyone put you down, but to know that you are not perfect either. She was quick to befriend and gave everyone a chance.

Shirley remained superwoman even after her dances with cancer. She was diagnosed with stage 4 colon cancer and was given 6 months to live. That was 18 years ago. A couple years later she had a recurrence in the same place. Doctors told her she had no more than a year, but she whipped it again. She just kept living and never questioned why. She got to see grandkids and then great-grandkids. She never simply existed. Though illness robbed her of many comforts, she refused to let it take her faith or her spirit. Instead, she chose to live with ferocity and love. She had Sisu.

On behalf of the family, please cherish the time you have with your loved ones. And live with purpose, resourcefulness, and Sisu, like she did.

Survivors include: Husband, Tuffy Marheine; Children, Rebecca Marheine, Brantwood, Angela (Eric) Carlson, Nekoosa, Joel Marheine, Brantwood, Corey (Heather) Marheine, Tripoli, Colin (Therese) Marheine, Tripoli; Sisters, Miriam Duellman, Bonduel, Linda DuBois, Tomahawk, Victoria (Michael) Steiner, Omro, Wis. Shirley is further survived by 9 grandchildren, Kylee Marheine (Rebecca), Kirsten, Laurel (Carlson-Olson), and Nils Carlson (Angela), Drew, Hailey, and Brett Marheine (Corey), Cole and Montana Marheine (Colin) and 4 great-grandchildren, Malachy, Finley, Crosby, and Harvey Flood (Kylee) and many beloved nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents, a brother, Ronnie, and a sister, Marilyn.

The Funeral Service for Shirley Marheine was held Saturday, January 21, 2017 at 11:00 a.m. from the Krueger Family Funeral Home, Tomahawk. Pastor Jim Langebartels officiated. The family received friends at Krueger Funeral Home Friday, January 20, from 4:00 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. and again received friends Saturday from 10:00 a.m. until the hour of services. Memorials are appreciated to St. Jude's Children's Hospital. Krueger Family Funeral Home assisted the family with arrangements. You may view the obituary and share online condolences at kruegerfamilyfuneral.com.

Shirley J. Marheine

Shirley J. Marheine, age 77, of W1309 Old Mill Road, Brantwood, Wisconsin, passed away Wednesday, January 11, 2017 at Riverview Health Care in Tomahawk.

Shirley was born November 23, 1939 in Santa Monica, California to Julius and Helen (Salmi) Kaihlanen. Shirley moved to the Brantwood area when she was 4. But truly remarkable is what she did with the years between then and now. She embodied the spirit of Sisu.

Shirley was a woman who knew how to live and love. A woman who lived for family. A mother of five who loved only one man for almost 58 years. A mom with working hands as hard as leather yet as soft as silk. A proud Finn with radiant blue eyes; though on occasion they were bright jade, which meant you were probably in trouble. She had legendary gardens and could cut up venison and beef so clean and fast it would make your head spin. She was the first to help anyone who needed it and the last to leave cleaning it all up. No one was allowed to leave her house hungry. This included any and all traveling salesmen. She even took in a young man "Tuffy" picked up hitchhiking because he looked down on his luck, sending him off with their last few dollars. She always helped the less fortunate and loved the underdogs. Her holiday meals were massive and brought so many family and friends cozily packed into a house waiting for her announcement that dinner was ready. And *everything* was on the menu.

She was a poster child for doing more with less. She was practical and frugal and would fix everything with a hammer, vise-grips and a screw driver. A repair man was rarely called. Through example taught you should never be afraid to get your hands dirty. "It's not gonna fix itself!" She exhibited work ethic instead of talking about it.



Mary Driscoll and Don Bockholt (previous Page) both Attended Liberty School

Shirley Marheine and her family are long-time supporters of GSHI

John Marshall was our good neighbor who helped us in so many ways!

John W. Marshall

Nov. 29, 1946 - Jan. 16, 2017

John W. Marshall, age 70, of Ogema, passed away Monday, Jan. 16 at his residence in the Town of Spirit. He was born Nov. 29, 1946 at Milwaukee, the son of Mary Joyce Kalt and James Alexander Marshall. He attended Fisher Elementary School, Milwaukee, and was a graduate of West Bend High School.



John W. Marshall

On Sept. 25, 1971 John was married to Linda L. Mayer at Holy Trinity Church, Newburg. After his education, he entered the US Army serving from 1964-1966 and was a veteran of the Vietnam War. After the service, he worked road construction for a period of time. Then he worked construction for Stevens Construction

while residing in Newburg. He then owned and operated an auto salvage business in Fredonia for three years. In 1980 he moved to the Town of Spirit where

he owned and operated Spirit Sales and Service doing auto sales and repair. Then he worked as a field tech for Entech Electronics until retirement in 2013. He enjoyed hunting, the outdoors, guns, gun shows and fixing things.

John was a member of the NRA, Rib Lake American Legion and the Spirit American Legion.

He is survived by his wife, Linda L. Marshall of the Town of Spirit; children: Jennifer Marshall of Wausau and Michael Marshall of the Town of Spirit; siblings: Janet (David) Bath of West Bend and Jim (Diana) Marshall of the Town of Rib Lake; and nieces and nephews.

Preceding him in death are his parents.

A celebration of his life gathering will take place at 12 p.m. on Thursday, Jan. 19 at Hemer Funeral Home, Rib Lake chapel with Mr. Dan Layhew, Funeral Director, officiating. Interment will be in Hillcrest Cemetery, Township of Spirit, where there will be military rites performed by the Spirit American Legion.

Visitation will be from 10 a.m. until the time of services at 12 p.m. on Thursday, Jan. 19 at Hemer Funeral Home, Rib Lake chapel.

For online condolences, please visit hemerfuneralservice.com. Hemer Funeral Homes of Rib Lake and Medford serving the family.



Helen E. Breyer

June 19, 1929 - February 22, 2017

Helen E. Breyer, 87, of Antigo, Wisconsin was called home to be with our Lord on February 22, 2017. She died peacefully, surrounded by family, at Homme Home in Wittenberg, Wisconsin. Helen was born in Antigo on June 19, 1929 to Robert and Mathilda (Kunza) Manthey, lived in Gleason and Summit Lake before her parents bought a home in Phelps, Wisconsin.

Helen attended high school in Phelps, pursued higher education at Langlade County Teacher's College and graduated with her teaching degree from University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point. She married Lloyd Breyer on June 17, 1950 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Birnamwood.

Helen and Lloyd lived in Milwaukee, Shawano and Birnamwood before making Antigo their home. They were devoted members of Peace Lutheran Church, where Helen taught Kindergarten for 10 years, participated in prayer circles and was a member of the Altar Guild.

Helen had many creative talents including needlepoint, crocheting, cooking, macrame, cake-decorating and crafting. She was especially proud of the 40th Anniversary quilt made from squares crafted by family and friends and the publishing of our family's favorite chicken recipe in the cookbook County Chicken (Country Home) in 1995. She also enjoyed spending lots of time with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She affectionately spoke about sharing her birthday (6-19) with her Mother and Grandmother.

Helen leaves to cherish her sweet memories two daughters: Barbara Opper and Gloria (Dean) Manthe; one son-in-law Dana Mikkelson; five grandchildren: Jamie (Donna) Opper, Steffi (Eric) Mikkelson, Jenny Opper, Chely (Ted) Welch and Janell Opper; three great grandchildren Bradley Poch (Kessler), Ellie Poch (Kessler) and Jocelyn Welch.

Helen was also survived by special family and friends including her sister-in-law Anita, step-grandson Brett (Sayira) Mikkelson, step-great grandchildren Kimberly, Brett and Brandon Mikkelson and one step great-great grandson Raul in Panama. She was treasured and loved by many, including cousins, nieces, nephews and the staff at Homme Home.

Helen was preceded in death by her parents, her husband, her brother Robert Manthey; son-in-law James Opper; niece Becky Holverson, and many cousins.

A funeral service for Helen will be held on Monday, March 13, 2017 at Peace Lutheran Church in Antigo, Wisconsin. Visitation begins at 10 am with Pastor Dave Karolus officiating the service at 11 am. A lunch will follow at noon. In memory of Helen's love and vibrancy her family encourages all to dress in your favorite color.

Helen was a relative and a long-time supporter and encourager of our history organization.



Celebrating the Life of Harold E. Johnson

Born to Life: September 7, 1924
Born to Eternal Life: January 4, 2017
Spirit United Methodist Church
January 13, 2017 11:00 AM

Harold E. Johnson, U.S. Navy WWII Vet, age 92, passed away peacefully January 4, 2017. Survived by his loving wife of 59 years, Aileen J. (nee Magnuson) Johnson. Loving father of Craig (Mary Beth) Johnson; Cherished grandfather of Erik and David Johnson. Visitation Saturday 1:00 P.M. at the Orland Funeral Home, 9900 W. 143rd St. until time of service at 3:00 P.M. Visitation Friday January 13, 2017, 9-11 A.M. at Spirit United Methodist Church, Highway 86 West, Spirit, Wisconsin, until time of service 11:00 A.M. Interment Hillcrest Cemetery. A skilled carpenter and stair builder by trade. The joy of his life was his family.

Harold's wife, Aileen Magnuson, taught at Liberty School, 1950-1951.

The following poem was printed in the bulletin for Harold's Memorial Service:

"The Carpenter" by G. E. Nordell

There was once a master carpenter and he lived a good life for he loved to work, building things of wood. He was loved by his family, by his sons and daughter, and especially by his wife.

He was loved by everyone who knew him. And at the end of that good life when it came time for him to die the old carpenter soared into the white light of death for the white light is where the good souls go to.

And the white light warmed him and nurtured him and fed him great peace.

And when this carpenter arrived in heaven he was expected and immediately he was put to work: for the Pearly Gates were a bit loose and St. Peter's desk had a couple of drawers that stuck. And before long the old master carpenter began to build a new throne for God.

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** _____

Other Non-Membership gift _____

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

Consider a **Legacy Gift**, a contribution to the long-term mission of GSHI.

Your accountant, banker, investment advisor or insurance agent may be able to help you with a will, a power of attorney and a medical directive. When you discuss these matters you may also want to discuss how you can contribute to the long-term Endowment Fund of GSHI. This Fund is intended to preserve the land and the buildings of GSHI so that our mission can continue on into the future.

- **Send me more information on Legacy Gifts to GSHI**

Book Order Form

Please make check or money order payable to German Settlement History, Inc.
 Mail to: German Settlement History, Inc., N894 S. German Settlement Road,
 Ogeema, WI 54459

Name _____
 Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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 by mail or stop by and pick them up.

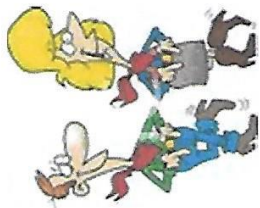
| Name of Book | Price Each | Quantity | Total |
|--|--|----------|--------------------------|
| The "Never Miss a Sunset" Pioneer Family Series by Jeanette Gilge | | | |
| A Winter's Promise | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Never Miss a Sunset | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| All Things Heal in Time | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Best of Intentions | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Satin in the Snow | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| As Long As I Have You | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Full set of all six books | \$20.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Also by Jeanette Gilge: | | | |
| City-Kid Farmer | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Growing Up Summer | (no longer available) | _____ | _____ |
| The "Saga of Spirit Valley" Series by Carl Rhody | | | |
| The Saga of Spirit Valley | \$7.50 | _____ | _____ |
| The Saga of Spirit Valley II | \$7.50 | _____ | _____ |
| The Saga of Spirit Valley III | \$7.50 | _____ | _____ |
| The Saga of Spirit Valley IV | \$7.50 | _____ | _____ |
| The Saga of Spirit Valley V | \$7.50 | _____ | _____ |
| Full set of all five books | \$35.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Also by Carl Rhody: | | | |
| Spirit Falls Logging Boom Town | \$7.50 | _____ | _____ |
| Books by James Rhody: | | | |
| The Pleasure of the Sorrow | \$5.00 | _____ | _____ |
| Brant's Bear | \$10.00 | _____ | _____ |
| German Settlement History Booklet | \$2.00 | _____ | _____ |
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| Shipping: | Orders for \$10.00 and under please add \$3.50 | | _____ |
| | Orders over \$10.00 please add \$7.50 | | _____ |
| | | | Total Order |
| | | | _____ |

Special Introductory Offer for two new books:

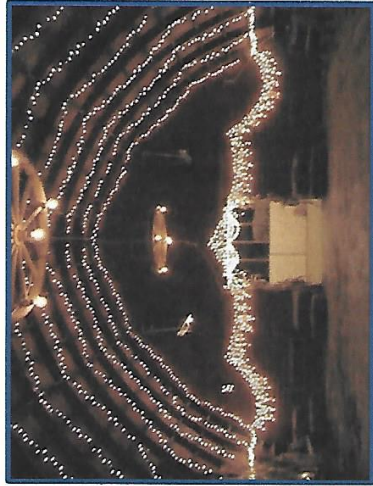
| | |
|---|-------|
| "He Built With Stones" A novel by Don Rhody | 18.00 |
| "The View From My Porch" by Don Rhody | 16.00 |
| TOTAL | _____ |

Please add "Special Introductory Offer" to items on top portion of the page

COMPLETE TOTAL _____



13th 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.

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 28th, 2017 7:00 p.m. ~ Midnight

Free Will Donation

gets you into the barn dance.

There will be free refreshments
of pie, ice cream & lemonade.

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:

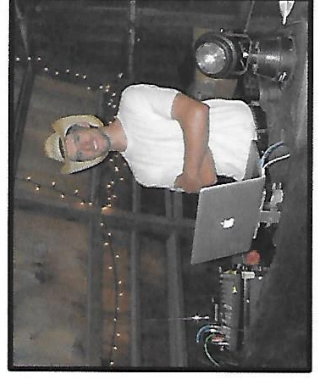
G.S.H.I. and mail to:
German Settlement History, Inc.
N894 S. German Settlement Road
Ogema, WI 54459

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



Gary Edinger
will be calling
square dancing.

DJ Music provided
by
Eric Gladson
'That 1 Productions'



75th Annual Spirit-Hill-Ogema 4-H Fair Saturday Aug. 19th at the Spirit Town Hall

Judging will begin at 9 a.m.

Lunch will be served from 11 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.

Outdoor games will begin during the noon hour.

Recognition of past royalty will take place at 1 p.m.

In the evening a program will begin at 7 p.m. It will include songs, skits, trophy presentations and past royalty recognition.

*Check out our website: <http://sites.google.com/site/spirithillogema4hfair>
or find us on Facebook.*

See you at the fair!

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*Check out our website: <http://sites.google.com/site/spirithillogema4hfair>
or find us on Facebook.*

See you at the fair!

Philip S. Scheller, age 78, of Ogema, WI passed away at St Joseph Hospital, Marshfield, WI on May 4, 2017. Philip Scheller was born in the town of Spirit.

Philip attended Liberty School, Spirit, grades one through 8 and 4 years High School at Rib Lake. After High School, he served in the Army from 1956 to 1959. He was stationed in Berlin, Germany, his whole tour of duty.

After service, he worked for Francis Melvin one year, Roger Johnson's Service Center, Rib Lake, & Londs Sinclair Service, Tomahawk.

He was married to Barbara Banks in 1962 in Rib Lake, May 5, one day less of 55 years. He worked at the paper mill in Tomahawk in the Woodlands Department as an Equipment Operator from 1965-2003. He also farmed dairy from 1975-2002 where they still live and raise crops.

He was a proud member of the American Legion.

Philip enjoyed going for walks in the woods, playing by the river with the grandkids, working on farm machinery and tinkering in his shop building bird houses. He enjoyed gatherings, summer fun (potato salad), grilling out with his family, and shooting the breeze with his friend, Howie. He enjoyed going for rides, and out to dinner with his special lady. He was proud of all his children, grandchildren and all their children. He always welcomed new members into the family. Philip enjoyed his love for tractors (Allis Chalmers). Our Dad enjoyed going to air shows and touring the planes. He took pride in building roads with his Caterpillar dozer. Whenever someone needed a new road made, they knew who to go to. His work was top notch.

Phil is survived by his wife, Barb; Sons, David (Deb) Scheller, Jody (Nicole) Scheller; Daughters, Jan Plachetka, Chrstine (Jeffrey) Kislow, Sherrie (Derek) Scheller; Brother, Ed (Sherryl) Scheller and Sister, Jeannie (Eugene) Glenzer. He is further survived by his grandchildren, Cassandra, Desiree, Dylan, Damion, Drew, Brandon, Brittany, Dustin, Kaden, Max, Ryan, Brooke, Cole and Derek; and great grandchildren, Cooper, Carson, Chloe and another great grandbaby due in June. He is preceded in death by his son Scott Philip (1973); parents, Max & Bessie Scheller; Sister, Mary; his in-laws, Clarence & Mary Banks; and son-in-law, Jack B. Kislow.

The Mass of Christian Burial with Military Honors for Philip Scheller will take place at 11:00AM on Monday, May 8, 2017 at St. Mary Catholic Church, Tomahawk. Fr. Louis Reddy Marram Reddy will officiate. Visitation will take place on the evening of Sunday, May 7 at the Krueger Family Funeral Home from 4:00PM until the time of vigil service at 7:00PM. Visitation will continue on Monday at the church from 10:00AM until the time of Mass at 11:00AM. Burial will follow at Spirit Hillcrest Cemetery.

Krueger Family Funeral Home & Cremation Services is assisting the family with arrangements. You may view the full obituary and leave online condolences at www.kruegerfamilyfuneral.com